

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Onward From Chicago

By ANDY CHRUSCIEL

Organized politics, like organized religion, is irrelevant when it operates in a vacuum. Unfortunately, the more organized either becomes the more it tends to stray from the vision of its founder or founders and the more it tends to operate in a vacuum. Because both deal with man's relation to man and man's relation to the universe, both are worth talking about.

It seems to me that the validity of either is in the vision of life that it offers rather than in the organization which distorts that vision.

In that context, the Chicago conspiracy trial and the events which led to it become not disgraceful events nor causes for fear but rather reasons for hope.

It really doesn't matter who was on trial. It doesn't matter who wore the judge's robes or who sat in the jury seats. It does matter how they dealt with each other as people.

It doesn't matter which political party was convening in Chicago earlier. It doesn't matter how many people were demonstrating for a change of political position or who they were. It does matter what vision of life and life's realities prompted them to be there.

Whether political organizations, or courtrooms, have any validity at all is not my concern here. They do exist. The premises which give rise to them are my concern.

I don't think that prison is a good place to be or that dead is a good way to be. I would much prefer to live my life with people who love and trust each other and speak the truth to each other.

Given the existence of structures whose operation depends on power and fear, in order for me to remain optimistic I must believe in the basic goodness of all men including those who function in oppressive structures. I must believe in the power of truth and love over prison and death.

It is consoling to know a really truthful, trustful, loving person in Oklahoma City and another in Los Altos, California. It is encouraging to know people who refuse to be intimidated and can remain positive and constructive in the face of the forces of death.

But even if I knew none of them, and even if I knew less than I do about what went down in Chicago, I would be inclined to question the power of money over my life, the power of sex over my life, and the power of authority over my life. And I would seek such definitions of poverty, chastity, and obedience as would really set me and all men free.

Chicago is important, not in terms of goods and bads, of victories and defeats. It is important, not because ultimate solutions have been found to age-long problems.

It is important because people were willing to take risks in making their own the burdens of other people. It is important, because they refused to be intimidated by threats to their lives, security and comfort.

It is hopeful because men are recognizing the connection between the various structures which enslave them and are rejecting the very premises upon which those structures are based. And a new world is emerging.

Chicago did not take place in a vacuum. Certain men were affected more directly than others. It was not the perfect nonviolent action. There are still wounds and scars and angry feelings.

But this should not obscure the larger issues. Men still kill one another.

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Workers On The Land

By JEFF RUDICK

I still feel something of an outsider to those at Delano. One inevitably feels a bit pretentious discussing those embroiled in struggle. I joined the strikers in Delano, now well into their fifth year of a frustrating battle, for little more than five weeks, and hardly claim to know in a real way what their hardship is. But my impressions from the experience were and are strong and lasting, and I would like to share some of them.

I yet remember clearly bussing up from Bakersfield to Delano through the flat commercial roads interspersed with long rows of vines. Delano appeared an ugly flat monotonous town devoid of woodland, crammed with the commercial clutter that plagues the landscape of America. I was later to learn that the railroad which slices through the town, the planted orange trees and palms, and the long fields of vines on the outskirts were the only pleasing diversions for the eye.

As I sat on the bench in front of the small Greyhound station, I felt increasingly defensive. Many drivers in the traffic I was watching turned their heads and eyed me suspiciously as they passed by. I became conscious of my long hair as in so many small towns. But here I wondered if they knew I had come to join the strikers.

I stepped into the nearest phone booth and leafed through the book for the number of the strikers' headquarters. It was nearly dark and the last rays of the setting sun were fading. I noticed a dark shadow of rusted red through the yellow pages of the phone book becoming more prominent as I neared the U's in the list. Over most of the office numbers of the United Farm Workers was a large blotch of crusted blood.

Reverend Jim Drake came to pick me up and drove me to the Filipino Hall where the strikers take their communal meals. Supper was almost completed and as I ate I met some of the earliest organizers of the strike; Pablo Espinoza, a warm Chicano, and Julian Baladoy with Pete Velasco both Filipinos.

When I mentioned to Julian the hostility I sensed from the people of Delano he smiled patiently and said, "Well, sure, most people in this town have been opposed to our strike from the beginning. Many growers live here, and if you mention the strike to many in Delano they will look at you and say 'What strike? I didn't know of any grape strike.'"

After supper Pete Velasco drove another newly arrived volunteer and me to what I believe is known as the Filipino Camp. There were two rows of long white clapboard cabins and a mess-recreation hall. Outside the hall two men were turning two lambs on spits over an open fire. Beyond the fire the wind was picking up and chilling a huge dark field of vines.

The lights of Delano flickered far off around the rim of the field. I learned there was to be a barbecue as it was Saturday night and strikers would soon be coming out. A man who had been on strike some time was talking to Pete. I heard Pete telling him, "I know you need the money. If you must go back to work that's your decision." With the dark cold winds through the vines these words brought the problem home. Those of us there sat around the fire.

I pulled out my guitar and we began singing. Soon I handed the guitar to a warm and melancholy man who said he would like to play. Marcarlo began playing and singing beautiful Mexican songs, and eyes closed to listen. Songs about Zapata quick and romping.

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Doing One's Time Well

By JONATHAN BELL

On Sunday I refused to work so I could talk to my friends in I Block, which is where they put people who won't work. My job is putting out the trash in the morning and cleaning a ten by ten foot area four times a day. All taking at most fifteen minutes. My commander and officer is Mr. Myers, who was twenty years master sergeant and is now lonely or strange in his old age. He gives useless little tasks I think just to talk with someone. He puts his arm around my shoulder and wants me to say I'd rather have gone in the Army. Mr. Myers once said, "This is the loneliest job in the world. It's like hell."

On Sunday, I upset Mr. Myers, for he didn't want me to spoil my record. I wasn't ordered to work so I couldn't refuse. I was sent to the lieutenant to be told terrible lies about the hole. The lieutenant said this wasn't a report. I began to laugh which upset him. On Monday, I was sent to the Adjustment Committee. The man adjusted before me had just been in the hospital 10 days, was accused of being run over by the tractor which has no brains and runs through fences and over people regularly. This man told me he was a model prisoner, said it several times. He was bitter about this, he said, but he would go on being a model prisoner.

In half lotus I waited while the model prisoner was given a long warning and a suspended sentence; this is an acquittal in their terms. The Adjustment Committee wanted to know who was pressuring me, who put me up to it, and what I hoped to accomplish. After I explained my position they told me my mind was beginning to crack, I was only hurting myself. They didn't care, they went home at night and drank martinis. They did care, they were truly sorry to see the direction I was taking. I wasn't being honest with them.

I really wanted to mediate. The logical result of my attitude could mean losing months of good time.

I told them how one does one's time is more important than how much time one does. I was laughing and they didn't know whether to join in or disapprove. They wanted me to know I wasn't putting anything over on them and to agree they had no choice under the regulations. They took no good time off but put me in segregation until further notice. Segregation I is a cell, a bed, a mattress, two blankets and a sink. There are two doors, first one of bars and then one of solid steel. But the solid one is not closed except as extra punishment. Wherever you are there is always an extra punishment to keep you in line.

The light comes from far-away frosted windows during the day and a remote light bulb at night through a quarter inch steel plate with 42 holes.

The telephone rang (the ventilation system is the telephone), and my friends told me the events of I block: whose letter to his congressman had been opened, whose court writ had been denied, that Mike Schwartz hadn't eaten for seventeen days, that Peacemaker wasn't allowed anymore, and one person had received one letter as a result of my previous efforts to find correspondents for men refusing to work.

On Tuesday I was ready to leave but no one came for me. On the wall was pencilled, "What am I doing here?" I thought about that for hours. Late that afternoon came pencil and paper, and I began writing the residuum of my deep thoughts to Dorothy.

Three guards dragged the naked body of Mike Schwartz past my cell. Mike does not cooperate with evil, does not wear clothes, does not bend

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Although this is the March-April issue of the Catholic Worker, I must begin my On Pilgrimage with January 14, the day we went to press with the January issue and the day I flew to Kansas City to be interviewed for the Lenten series at the office of the *National Catholic Reporter*. It was there that I received news the next morning of Ammon Hennacy's death in Utah, so that I hastened there by "milk plane" (because the airliner made so many stops) to be present at the funeral Friday morning. The February issue of *The Catholic Worker* is devoted entirely to Ammon so I did not write in my column of the hospitality I received in Kansas City from Mary Katherine Rabbitt and three other Sisters of Loretto who are living in an apartment and teaching in an academy of the Order where half the pupils are black. I could not help thinking of what a wonderful opportunity they had of learning more of our black fellow citizens as well as to study more about their backgrounds and histories. It is only these last years that we begin to realize how much we have studied all histories save the histories of Africa and her peoples, and how little we have learned of the minorities in our own country.

But I saw little of Kansas City, hastening as I did to Salt Lake City. I remained in Utah only from Thursday to the following Tuesday, but I had time to visit the famous Mormon Tabernacle and not only hear the choir on Sunday but also attend one of the symphony concerts. Ammon's daughters, who are such fine musicians themselves, also went with their mother and their husbands to hear the rehearsal for that same concert which I heard later, before they drove back to Los Angeles. My own next stop was Florida.

Tallahassee

It was my first visit to Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, and Dr. William Miller (formerly head of the History Department at Marquette) who is now teaching at Florida State University, met me at the bus station and drove me out to Lloyd, a tiny place twenty miles east of the capital, where they are living in the beautiful, rambling house of his wife's aunt while they are rebuilding their own house across the road.

Dr. Miller and his wife were both born in northern Florida but both are anguished by the appalling poverty and ignorance which surround them, and by the contrast with the affluence of the north where they have lived for some years and in which, of course, they still live, both of them being teachers (and white). We drove through the pine woods all around them and came across a family only that hour rendered homeless by a fire which had burnt down the shack they lived in.

The remains were still smouldering.

The weather was cold though sunny. It was not the hot stove, but a child playing with matches that had caused the fire. Fortunately the family escaped, but they lost all they possessed. Dr. Miller offered them refuge but another family next door had already taken them in. The job was to find another shelter. He himself had beds and blankets which he could contribute.

A few days later I was at Koinonia for a brief visit and saw the housing project which the Koinonia Partners are engaged in putting up on their property. What need there is for such projects, such very positive work for peace! Putting up forty houses for displaced families may be "too little and too late," but what insanity to take such an attitude, to say, "no use our doing any of these works because it is but a drop in the bucket and comes too late, and revolution is already upon us."

In war-torn countries rebuilding goes on continually: bridges, homes, schools, churches, destroyed and rebuilt even while shelters are being also constructed beneath the ground in such long-continuing struggles as that in Vietnam. To let men go hungry and naked and homeless just because of the vastness of the tragedy around us is madness indeed.

I am constantly being reminded of the need to keep up our courage and our work, not to give way to useless lethargy. The members of this family, burnt out and suddenly homeless, are our brothers, our sisters, our mothers and fathers. They are Jesus himself. "You have done it unto me."

To get more news of Koinonia's work write to Koinonia Partners, Route 2, Americus, Georgia, 31709 and ask for their February Newsletter.

I spoke to the history classes at Florida State College and met a number of the young people. Members of the SDS wanted me to speak but they are forbidden to hold meetings on the campus and they could find no other place at such short notice and I was leaving the next day. Dr. Miller drove me the short distance to Koinonia where the work is thriving in spite of some continued hostilities.

We felt it when we asked directions from some neighboring gas station attendants. Later when I asked one of the young people about it he mentioned that a recent visitor asking directions had met with no reply but a lunge at his throat. One must be prepared for anything, it seems. It was good to lunch with the entire community and later to have a visit with Mrs. Clarence Jordan and with the Wittkamper young men who are doing alternative service now at the Friends' World College on Long Island which I hope to visit soon. There are other families at Koinonia and a continual flow of visitors, some of whom stay and work for months at building, or in the

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36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

It seems quite a spell since last jotting down the impressions that comprise the First Street column. So much has happened that only silence would equitably tell the most part. One is reminded of Leo Tolstoy's short story "God Knows the Truth but Waits," reminded of it because of the times and the column, but more so because of the season and the streets. I am thinking in particular of the awaiting, the patience that, these days, engulfs such a strand as Allen Street, two stone-throws from us and just beyond the booc courts. In this city of unusually few trees, spring is slowly, patiently, but nonetheless perceptibly advancing into the arboreal species that line such a decaying boulevard as Allen's. And the trees' return to suppleness, their jointed swellings, these say once again that it is happening: death is turning slowly to life, life again is standing on its record, the resurrection is an awaited fact, the sheer tenacity and persistence of continuous creation is here.

Change

Change is evidenced in a new issue of the paper, in those green buds on Allen Street. But while change may be an absolute in the order of the uni-



verse, it does come in altered strides, at different speeds. For example, when some time ago Della said spring was just around the corner, Mr. Anderson countered that that corner must be at 110th Street. (For Mr. Anderson the groundhogs' is a distant second coming, for Della a more realized and immediate eschatology.) Evidently, Arthur Lacey is partial to quick spring, as is Della, for his somber winter longclothes have jumped into gladder, greener rags. With winter and massive coverings gone, Arthur looks ten pounds lighter (which he is) and ten years younger (which he is not).

The snow and ice have waned from our street, and with them much of the color Walter had ravished on our sidewalk during one block party last August. Inside our house the wall decorations of the first floor have again been juggled, Martin Luther King's image replacing three other poems, Ammon Hennacy's picture ascending to the left hand of Gandhi. The patter of handballs is heard down the block, wagers transpire at the booc corner, and Mary dally becomes more surrounded with newness from the potted plants that forest the windowsill adjoining her desk. If one looks across the street directly he will see the First Street Lunch, a new addition to these parts' geography. Just a few doors down can be found Barbara Hawkins in the CUANDO center (called the quanday by Ed Brown). With Barbara's help the community project's undertakings have taken on a broader scope.

Back in the house, papers and postal bags seem constantly in process. Dennis was up at the Mount for a while and Louie on vacation. Now both have returned, and the work goes on. Harry Woods, mustache gone, has developed a flair for Tom Swifities in the mid-winter months, and he blushes to realize that a defense committee has been formed to honor his action at the N.Y. Federal Building last August. His trial, if not postponed again, comes to the bar in early April. Teddi Gilliam and Connie Parks, among others, have formed the New League of Women's Cigarette Rollers. They keep Smokey in what he is named for, and it takes some fast rolling to do it. Peter Boss, friend of Chekhov and thus of D. Day, has been an amazingly capable and conscientious helmsman. When Harry and others were away, he did everything from soup to shinola. Meanwhile, there comes rousing good news from Canada: Bob Gilliam has been awarded a fellowship in graduate work at

McMaster University. On hearing the news Smokey beamed, Julia repeated, "A good man, a good man." There are few whose horizons seem as broad as the Pacific's on a crystal morning. Bob's are. We await great things in his pointing the way.

Other changes. Gary Sekerak and Br. Paul have gone into partnership in the clothing room, with everyone benefiting; Carol Hitchen, Mark Silverman, and Mike Scallill (Mike's departure was complete with abrazos and Smokey's demonstration on how to handle a Navy 45) have tripped off to Cuba for the sugar cane roundup; and Gordon McCarthy, Frank Donovan, and Kathleen DeSutter have incorporated to manage the stenciling department. It was Gordon who saved the whole Works in late January by smelling an upstart fire in our basement. For him, the alert nose award. And the alert nurse award, that goes to Joan Drilling. She received gracious praise from even Italian Mike: "That girl is tops," he said. "She goes through hell and fire for me." (What Mike is going through for her we will see in just a moment.)

The comings and the goings—there were so many I can only note a symbolic few. Sr. Donald's twin, Sr. Emmet, visited from Minnesota, as did Peter Meier. Sal Roselli returned from VISTA, Paulette Curran from Saginaw. Mary Todd, Dale Alley, Tom Temple: all renewed our already Oklahoma-flavor with spot visits. Br. Paul of Chicago Talze touched down for an evening of exchange. And many goodly people stopped in from the farm, Chris Montesano becoming a substantial contributor to our community here.

One coming especially called us to integrity and recharged us to live. It happened one Friday night meeting when Morton Sobell spoke, a meeting in the real sense, one all the others are named for. I'll never forget Dorothy Day after the talk, surrounded by friends (among them Mr. Sobell), pitched on the edge of the kitchen table like a young girl, legs dangling, rejuvenated at this first meeting with an old friend now for the first time met ace to face. It was, as I said, a rebirth for every individual present. For Morton Sobell is a singularly sensitive man, without bitterness or resentment toward his persecutors. And from his audience he evoked wonderment at the possibility of a man being one with himself and one with his brothers. The next morning, upon waking, a cry of victory was on my lips: all this from meeting a man of patient suffering for whom the Lord knew the truth but waited.

Continuity

The complementary side of change is continuity. It is continuity that keeps the First Street house (with paper, soupine, meetings) viable. For while many come to stay and go, a while many come to stay and to go, a chosen number for whom this is the of the CW. With them comes the weight of full moons, the misery of Block and Fall (a draft after which one walks a block and then falls), and the scrutiny of a pecking order that sometimes is merciless and brutal.

With a full eclipse of the sun, 1970 had to be an extraordinary year. Joe Unruh summed up the state of the house after one particularly calamitous evening (one of those evenings when we longed for a full eclipse of the moon!) as Swift might have described the Lilliputians: "Great excitement prevailed, but nothing could be learned." Excitement did prevail. One old timer, Al O'Connell, came back, a roaring lion in winter, to demand "his eighteen months' back pay." (We could only be thankful Smokey hadn't demanded his pennies for some thirty-odd years.) Scotty called the house the "biggest, fanciest jail I've ever been in," said we'd be sorry when he closed the place, and that Walter Kerell would be in jail by four o'clock that afternoon. (Walter is still around, but complains of a toothache early almost every afternoon.) Smokey, coat buttoned unevenly and right of center, celebrated his birthday in February but dubbed this place "The Last Resort." We did not inquire as to

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Peacemakers Propose To Liberate Land

By H. LAWRENCE LACK

At a conference held in Cincinnati over Thanksgiving weekend, the Peacemakers, whose pioneering noncooperation campaigns helped set off nationwide movements of draft and tax resistance resolved to tackle what they see as a crucial characteristic of the American garrison state: the private ownership of land.

The Cincinnati conference established a Peacemaker Land Trust to serve as a demonstration project in how the control of land and other basic natural resources can be handed over to communities that need access to these resources and are presently deprived of that access.

The new Land Trust which will be incorporated as soon as possible will work

The Peacemaker Land Trust

like this: Peacemakers will solicit gifts of land accepting only parcels that are held free and clear and with the understanding that the lands will be held by the Trust in perpetuity. The gifted lands will be listed and thoroughly described in the Peacemaker (10208 Sylvan Ave. Cincinnati 41 Ohio) the Green Revolution (Rt. 1, Freeland, Maryland 21053) and other publications. Persons interested in these lands either for themselves or for others will be asked to communicate with the Trust. Whenever possible, the Trust will try to find out whether there are landless people in the vicinity of gifted lands who could make use of the offered parcels.

After a few months of listings, a meeting will be arranged at some convenient time and place for all those who have expressed interest in a given Trust site. Someone representing the Trust will also attend. At these meetings the prospective users (Trustees) of the site will discuss how they can jointly make use of the land that has been made available. If there are more parties interested in a given plot than that plot can support, they themselves will decide which of them can best use it.

A tentative outline of how the new-born association (or "trusthold") will use its land will then be given to the Trust, which will examine and approve such plans.

The Trust itself will not attempt to influence how these groups of trustholders will make use of their lands, but certain ground rules have been laid down for the operation of the Trust:

(1) Those making use of Trust lands should not, prior to their becoming trustees, be landowners; and, should they acquire other land holdings during their tenure on Trust lands, they should, within a reasonable time, either return their Trust lands to the Trust and move to their own land, or else donate their non-Trust lands to the Trust. Use of the Trust lands, is to be offered only to previously landless people.

(2) Trustees shall not sell or lease

their trustholds or any part thereof; when they no longer have use for Trust Lands they will so inform the Peacemakers, so that the land can be offered to other users.

(3) No user of Trust lands will be asked to pay anything for the use of those lands.

(4) The trustees using Trust lands, rather than the Trust, will be responsible for dealing with local land and other taxes during their tenure and will also be responsible for the upkeep and maintenance of the land and any improvements which exist upon it. Trustees will be encouraged to make improvements on the land they use, but should they no longer wish to make use of their trusthold, these improvements will revert to the Trust along with the land.

(5) If outside workers are employed by trustees on Trust lands, the increased profits that result from their work shall be shared equally with them.

Aside from these conditions the Trust will leave the use of lands it provides up to the users. Even the above conditions will not be enforced by legal instruments. The Peacemakers avoid recourse to the law on principle, convinced that moral suasion is preferable to the "legitimate force" of law wherever differences among people arise. Eviction, or anything akin to it, will not be practiced by the Trust, and users of Trust lands will have secure tenure in these lands as long as they need them.

Those who pointed out the possibility that lands assigned for use by the Trust might be denuded of trees or misused in a host of other ways were answered at the conference by others who pointed out that if verbal persuasion by Peacemakers was unsuccessful in warding off such problems, satyagrah (the Gandhian "truth-force") could be used.

The issue of how to acquire lands for the Trust came in for some examination. A good number of people argued that if the idea of a trust is to free land from the deprecations of the property system, where speculative buying and selling inflate the value of

most land beyond what many who need it can afford to pay, then purchase should be avoided in the procurement of Trust lands. This feeling reflects the general means-ends position of the Peacemakers, who hold that a violent means cannot accomplish a nonviolent end. If the property system is a form of violence, it should be by-passed in the formation of a Trust, not bought off, so at least the conference tentatively concluded.

To those who were skeptical about the efficacy of the voluntary-donation method for getting significant amounts of land, the example of Gramdan was cited. Gramdan, which was begun in India in 1949 by Gandhi's chosen "successor," Vinoba Bhave, is a massive application of the land-trust idea. The Gramdan movement now controls more than half of all the lands previously held by indigenous landlords in Bihar, one of India's poorest states, and is expected to "take over" from three to six more of the remaining fifteen states by 1975. Although Gramdan does plan to control the legislatures of these states, its program calls for the wholesale decentralization of government to the village level and the abolition of "politics as usual."

Precedents

The Peacemaker Land Trust joins several other such ventures which are also attempting to accomplish land redistribution along with the development of new communities by means of land trusts. A number of still-existing small trustholds have been organized or influenced by economist Ralph Borsodi, who has been experimenting in this "medium" since the early 1930's, when he set up a network of new and substantially self-sufficient homesteads around Dayton, Ohio. These homesteads (and others of the Borsodi type) have convinced many of the value of rural revival as a defense against the insecurities and dangers of an overindustrial economy.

The New Hampshire Rural Land Trust, set up by Art Harvey and others in 1968, is somewhat similar to the new Peacemaker Trust except that it contemplates purchasing low-cost lands and applying a low-rent lease to those who will use its lands. N.H.R.L.T. now has 74 acres of woodland and orchard for assignment to new users. (Write c/o Arthur Harvey, Canterbury, New Hampshire 03224).

A much wider scale land-trust effort is in the works; it is New Communities, Inc. (c/o Robert Swann, Voluntown, Connecticut). Organized in 1968, New Communities also expects to employ a lease basis for use of lands it assigns, and to purchase lands. Income from rents would be used to help acquire new lands for distribution to more users. The Voluntown group, which Borsodi helped to found, is convinced that if viable and diverse new communities are to be established on their Trust's lands, sizable tracts should be purchased. New Communities is presently negotiating the purchase of forty-eight-hundred-acre farm in Lee County, Georgia, which, if secured, will be opened for the use of presently dispossessed sharecroppers in the arena.

New Communities is patterning its efforts in large part after those of the Jewish National Fund, which purchased large, contiguous tracts of land so that fairly substantial communities could be developed. Lessees of the Jewish National Fund now use almost all of the rural lands of Israel. Robert Swann, the director of New Communities, along with an assistant, Erick Hansch, succinctly explain the goals of their organization in an article called "The Land Trust," which is available from them at the address given above.

The Peacemakers have received offers of several small tracts of land and are actively seeking more land, both urban and rural. Until incorporation is accomplished, donated lands will probably be held by one or more individual Peacemakers with the understanding that they will be signed over to the Trust as soon as it becomes a legal receiver. Anyone interested in the possibility of donating lands, or in finding out more about the Trust, is urged to contact the Peacemaker Land Trust Committee, c/o Kay Farwell, Route 1, Box 129, Freeland, Maryland 21053.

Daily Work, Daily Pay

By TRUMAN ALLPOWER

The first day of my new life. Got up at 5:00 a.m. Dressed in long underwear and wash pants, T-shirt, cotton sweatshirt, work shirt, woolen hunting shirt, padded jacket, double cotton work gloves, knit woolen cap, socks, shoes and three handkerchiefs.

Forgot to take my packed lunch.

Paid 40 cents for carfare. Went to Truman Labor Service. Arrived 6:00 a.m. No work for me there 6:20 a.m. The dispatcher said, "Stick around. I have work for everybody here this morning. Waited a couple hours. The dispatcher still said there will be work for all. About 8:30, three of us still sitting there, I said to him, "Well, it doesn't look too promising at this point." He says, "Yes, wait a few minutes." Around 8:45, he said, "Well, it doesn't look too good." About 9:00, we left.

Walked around for a few hours. Stopped at several places to ask about prospects for the second shift. Stopped in at Manpower around noon. Dispatcher said, "Come back about 2:15. We'll have a few jobs." Walked around some more. Went in to the Yankee Grill for two grilled cheese sandwiches and a cup of coffee. Check came to \$1.16. Make that \$1.26 with a 10-cent tip for the counter girl.

Walked some more. Went back to Manpower. The dispatcher said, "I have a job here. They need someone right away, unloading a trailer full of 80 pounds bags, about five or six hours," looking at me, a small slender man, to see if I'd flinch. I said, "All right." He sent out two of us, but the other guy just didn't go. He said he had to stop off a minute and call his wife and for me to just go on and he would meet me there, but he never did make it.

Forty-five cents bus fare to get to the job. They looked at me there. The driver was a big man and the receiving clerk was a big man too, so they helped me. We unloaded 382 bags, took about an hour and a half; but I got paid for a minimum of four hours. I walked back to Manpower to pick up my check, a \$6.00 draw at \$1.50 an hour; I can pick up the balance due, minus social security and other deductions, Wednesday of next week, about \$1.50 net the man said. Nothing doing on the third shift.

Got home about 6:00 p.m. Forty cents carfare. Totalled up my proceeds for the day: net pay: \$6.00, minus expense: \$2.91=net proceeds: \$3.09 for the day.

Ed. Note: A group concerned with the plight of the day laborer has recently been formed in Chicago by Fr. Thomas Millea under the title Project Amos (the prophet Amos having been a day laborer). Project Amos is in need of volunteers. It also hopes to spread its activities to other cities. If you can lend a hand, a talent, or an interest, please contact:

Rev. Thomas V. Millea
4200 Sheridan Rd.
Chicago, Ill. 60613
Phone: (312) GR 2-3711

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a March afternoon—Thursday, the twelfth it was—several of us sat out in front of the house where the view overlooks the Hudson River with its cargo of daily diminishing but jostling winter ice. Winter, at last, seemed in a diminished mood; the air was fresh and good, and sufficiently sun-warmed for those not yet rejecting winter wraps. Here and there ragged heaps of snow still stood as reminders of early winter's heavy snowfall, but in the flower bed before the house the upward probing tips of crocuses and hyacinths were green with the hope of spring.

Dorothy Day, who was with us that March afternoon, read aloud to us some letters from Catholic Worker friends and readers. John Filliger ambled about, looking for ravages of winter and promises of spring. Stanley Vishniewski kept clicking his camera from every possible angle, it seemed. Miriam Jarski brought out her little son, Matthew Merton, born in February, to breathe the fresh air and mingle with some of his many fellow-communitarians. Ron and Elizabeth Gessner discussed with Dorothy plans for building a coop to house the chickens we hope to get this spring, the possibility of roofing our badly leaking main house with the help of volunteer workers from the farm, and finally our desperate need for a more serviceable, practical car which could withstand the bad roads and hard usage almost unavoidable here. But little Stephen Gessner, one year old in February, posed for his picture holding John Filliger's large rake, his diminutive farmer's stance seeming to say: "Let other men talk, I'll do the farming." From the winter-bare boughs of a nearby tree, a gossipy

conclave of starlings eyes this March emergence of house-bound human beings curiously, filling the air with an acerbic commentary. Then from farther away, I hear the high clear whistle of the chickadee's springtime song, and hear in it the glad refrain of the crocus' unheard melody.

The leonine month of March is not yet ready to lie down with the lamb. This afternoon—Saturday the fourteenth—when Clarice Danielson and I went out for a few breaths of fresh air, we walked through new-fallen snow, snow which began to fall on Thursday night, and has continued off and on through Friday and today. Friday morning, driving being hazardous, local schools were closed as in a mid-winter storm. The air, however, does not seem cold; and even as fresh snow falls I hear the sweet water music of melting snow and ice, trickling in multitudinous rivulets to fill the brooks of spring. Tomorrow is Passion Sunday, the fifteenth of March, the fateful Ides of March. But then, not far away, St. Patrick stands, blithe and eager to protect us from all harm. And the great penitential season of Lent will move, as it has always done, every year, through all the many centuries, through Passion Week, Palm Sunday, and Holy Week to its great climax of Easter morning. Then as I ponder Resurrection a sudden duet of cardinals, vibrant with springtime ecstasy, evokes in me the triumphant music of an Easter liturgy.

This particular Lent has seemed to me the more penitential, I suppose, since I spent much of it in the hospital undergoing an operation, and later here at the farm undergoing the discomfort (Continued on page 4)

Doing One's Time Well

(Continued from page 1)

over to be searched, does not shave, and is dragged up and down stairs, dryshaven, denied visits, searched by being turned upside down, and sometimes put in strip cells.

The prisoners call him Jaybird for being naked and singing. Some say he's crazy, but even these admit he's got will power. "Complete openness," says Jaybird, "complete trust." Jaybird told me not to smuggle letters out because my lack of trust will hurt me more than my letter can do good. Jaybird smiles when they drag him around. I admire Jaybird greatly.

On Wednesday, I got a Bible. All day I read it and all evening I tried rewriting my deep thoughts sent back from the censor. That night I talked with a guard about penology. The guards are lonely too, shuffling down barren hallways and always afraid. This guard had been a social worker who wanted to do something in the prison system but, he said, got trapped and was now serving out his time until retirement. I learned about stress points and master criminals complete with percentages. Perhaps there was even some truth in it, for the guard said Lompoc was worthless "penologically speaking." That night I thought again about under what circumstances I'd have to kill these guards or they me.

On Thursday, the CCCO visitor came. They cleaned me up and took me to the visiting room where I blink at the lights and colors, told about Mike's fast and read a brief on my legal rights as a prisoner, which are almost none.

The CCCO visitor believes in all the right causes and handed me campaign literature for her candidate this election. It had a law and order platform and I felt offended. I told her about the CO's that have been hit, threatened and had their bedding burned. One CO is paying \$15 a month protection money. She was horrified, and I hoped that had put her and her candidate in their place. The visiting room guard overheard my telling about L. Block, and as I left, he explained I could get in a good deal of trouble for that but he wouldn't tell on me. "There are reasons for everything we do down there," he said, "that the general public wouldn't understand."

That night I heard how to light a cigarette with a pencil. File down the pencil until only the lead remains and stick a piece of toilet paper on the end. Stick this through a hole in the steel plate and form a short circuit with the wire leading to the light bulb. The toilet paper catches on fire and the pencil is reusable.

On Friday and Saturday I finished the Old Testament, arguing constantly with the wall as to what it could mean. My thought came in King James' English. My eyes would go out of focus and I would find myself staring at nothing for hours. My biblical commentary came back from the censor to be revised.

On Sunday, the Protestant chaplain came to give me a copy of *Home Life* magazine. The life showed how to use prayer to make your child do well in school and clean the yards. I imagined millions of mothers raising millions of children all clean, all obedient, all little Protestant chaplains with glittering eyes, after my soul. Dauntless, persistent, quiet and ignorant, the Protestant chaplain holds prayer meetings, shows movies, and visits the men in I Block. The Catholic chaplain was in the military twenty-five years, says Mass on Sunday, drives a Cadillac and goes on vacations. The Protestant chaplain won't approve books for me because I'm not a Protestant. The Catholic chaplain has given up on me and every other prisoner, so he approves books.

Sunday and Monday, I read the New Testament through. Something about solitary made me sure that everything happened exactly as it is described. The Roman authorities were exactly as Federal authorities are. Said a centurion to St. Paul as he arrested him: "Are you not the Egyptian that lead 500 Assassins into the desert?"

Monday I discovered the great sheet of steel that supported my mattress.

By drumming on it and chanting with it I could create tremendous sound. At various pitches the bars would hum and the echoes created interesting effects. I could have spent another week just drumming.

Late Monday I was let out into a prison that now seemed bright, noisy and bad smelling. Prisoners rushed around, chatted trivia and tried to con one another. The outside world, "the streets" we call it, will probably seem that way when I get out.

January 27 I was playing with Debussy's whole tone scale which is much more interesting than the riot. After a hundred demonstrations or so, it seems like there is only one riot run over and over again with the same flames and catcalls.

From my shaving mirror, tilted out my cell window, and later conversations I learned this version of it: Some Indians were drunk. Two of them decided to get the guard as he walked into the ping-pong room, but the guard managed to lock them in the ping-pong room and dial 222 on his office telephone before the telephone was torn out of the wall, the office smashed, laundry baskets and trash set on fire and every available window broken. The goon squad came running with clubs, took four men to the hole and sprayed water all over. Every inmate in the prison was locked in his cell while the guards came down to our unit.

My mind was calm but my body was very afraid because it remembered being teargassed and kicked too often. However, nothing happened except that as an orderly I had to spend hours cleaning the unit out among the guards. An old guard showed off his new vacuum cleaner that sucked up fifty gallons of water a minute. This caused much conversation. Although a few guards wanted more blood, most were glad enough to just talk about the damage, glad for the change and something to tell their wives.

Next day the attacked guard was back on duty. Nothing changed except for the prisoner whose head was cut open on the glass and those who would receive extra time. The windows were left broken out so that the cold air would come in. We were forbidden to cover them even at night. Several weeks later another orderly told me to pick up some trash but I didn't. One thing lead to another and then to an unenthusiastic fight. We became good friends afterwards. He told me how to blow up police cars with flairs and kill guards with disposable blowguns.

My liaison officer told me I could put a girl on my visiting list. After three months of delay he told me she was "involved with another man at the prison." I listed the lies he had told me and asked what he was trying to do. He told me to leave his office and never come back. Liaison officers control mail and visitors, so I've cut my bridges there until I get a new one.

Almost as exciting as the riot was the shakedown. All the doors in the unit were left open that morning while twenty guards went through every-

(Continued on page 7)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

and depression of convalescence. I am much better now, and am truly grateful to all who helped me and put up with me during this rather difficult period. Now, for full recovery—like the flowers and grass—I await the warmth and healing of the springtime sun, which is the therapy God Himself has given us. *Deo gratias.*

As might be expected in such a large and diversified community as ours, many events occurred during my Lenten period of hospitalization and convalescence. One of the most exciting events took place on the first Sunday after my return. Although I was still very weak, I made a special effort to attend our eleven o'clock Mass in the living room, and was certainly glad that I had done so. At the beginning of Mass, Father Andy Chrusciel announced that the latest news from Rita Corbin, who had entered the hospital the night before, was that she was in the delivery room. Our prayers at Mass were particularly for Rita and the new baby perhaps this moment being born. Just after Communion the telephone, located in an alcove near the living room, rang and Marty Corbin was called. In a moment Marty returned with a beaming face, I was told, and announced in a proud and happy voice: "It's a boy." Mass had not yet quite ended, but everyone spontaneously broke into applause. There was a special note of joyful thankfulness in the final prayer of thanksgiving. As for young Martin John, which is the name of

our Tivoli farm. We always looked forward to their visits; for they brought us much, and were truly a part of our family. Frances was a very vital person, with a scholarly and brilliant mind and a gift for stimulating and witty conversation. As I stood there, that March morning, beside Frances' grave (which had been dug by our own Catholic Workers—Ron Gessner, Daniel Dauvin, Walter Jarski, and Chris) and listened to the simple but beautiful burial service read by Monsignor Kanie and Father Andy Chrusciel, I thought that Frances would have liked it so. *Requiescat in pace.*

Against this pattern of births and deaths, those mysterious boundaries of ultimate mystery, the routine rhythms and tasks of community living have continued. Ron and Elizabeth Gessner are good managers, the more so because they are such excellent workers. There has been a kind of orgy of painting, with a number of persons competing to make the shabby bright and beautiful for spring. One senses too a real eagerness in many to begin real work on the land. I think and hope that John Filligar will have more help with the farming this year than he has had for a long time.

In spite of routine work and many special work projects, discussions have flourished as never before. For a number of weeks, Saturday nights were given over to the study and discussion of the life, works, and teaching of the founder of the Catholic Worker movement—Peter Maurin. Under the leadership of Joe Geraci, the poetry group has held another meeting in our living room, which, I am told, was well participated in and much enjoyed. Daniel Dauvin has given two talks on St. Peter, to whom he has a great devotion. Clarice Danielson is scheduled to speak soon on the greatest mystery of suffering, with special reference to C. S. Lewis' profound and beautiful book — *The Problem of Pain*. On the last Sunday of February, Professor Jacques Travers of Brooklyn College spoke to us on Father Pouget, a French priest of the Lazarist Order who was a kind of precursor of some of the theologians of Vatican II in much of his thinking and an important teacher of Emmanuel Mounier, the great personalist. Jacques emphasized his teaching on authority and obedience.

This afternoon, the third Sunday of March, the First Sunday of Passiontide, most of us from the community, with a number of visitors—including our faithful friends Larry and Judy Borzumato, Father Jerry Bouge from the Redemptorists and several Bard College and New York City friends—gathered in our living room to listen to Helene Iswolsky speak on the great contemporary Soviet writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Three of this writer's novels are *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *The Cancer Ward*, and *The First Circle*. Since this last book has been recorded in talking-book form, I had the privilege of reading it several months ago and felt that I had at last discovered another writer to stand with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Helene, who is Russian-born, a writer and a translator, is really steeped in Russian literature, both of the past and the present. She is also familiar with the best of Russian criticism and scholarship. Her talk was a brilliant introduction to the work of Solzhenitsyn, the world from which it springs, and the world it evokes so vitally, so powerfully. We should all, I think, be better prepared for a true and full understanding of this great Russian writer after hearing Helene's talk.

It is Sunday night of Passiontide. From my window I can hear the water music of the brook, flowing toward Easter, toward Spring. Last week Elizabeth saw, through her field glasses, Canadian geese and the great black-backed Canadian gulls taking their ease on the Hudson River. There are pussy willows in the living room, and the wands of the willows are gold. We move toward April, that breeder of lilacs out of dull earth, that maker of apple-blossom garlands to bower the nests of singing birds. Our own dull earth quickens, and we too begin to participate in Christ's Resurrection, in Nature's perennial Green Revolution.



LETTERS

Chicago

March, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

A few weeks ago Brother Dominic, one of the Franciscans in our community (we now have ten people in the community, four Franciscans, our family, and two young men, Paul and Will), asked the unemployed husbands of some families we know to join him doing a painting and plastering job he had lined up. With that St. Joseph's Work Coop was started.

For the past three weeks Dominic, who is a carpenter and skilled handyman, and his crew have finished one job for pay and have done almost a week of painting and repairs on the house of a family nearby who can't afford to fix it up themselves. The men working with Dominic have proved to be exceptionally good workers.

Meanwhile the rest of the community has been working to get a workshop set up where we can offer other types of work for men and women who have other interests and abilities.

We've sent along a description of the plan of the Coop. Perhaps some of the readers of The Catholic Worker would be interested in the idea—perhaps in helping.

Since we've been working on the Coop we were particularly interested in the stress you put on alternative work systems at the end of that interview in a recent issue of "The National Catholic Reporter."

We'd like very much to learn more of what you had in mind then. We're happy about the way the Coop apartment building is going. A spirit of cooperation seems to be growing. We specially want the people who loaned us the money to start the project to know this.

We've been able to lower rents in two of the apartments to make them \$10 cheaper than they were before the Coop was set up. Our community here pays rent for the use of the basement of the building where we're setting up the cooperative workshop and thereby shares equal membership in the cooperative with the families in each of the four apartments.

Some of our Mexican and Puerto Rican friends at St. Teresa's Church across the street are beginning to show some interest in this housing plan.

Our love to you & to Pat Rusk, too.
Phil and Kathy Bredine

New Mexico

Box 10173
Alameda
New Mexico

Dear Editors:

Thank you for your excellent coverage of the farm workers' strike.

Please add the following to your list of boycott centers:

Angie McKinstry
1005 Girard, NE
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106
(505) 256-2464

Best wishes,
Barbara McMains

Italy

Milano

January 30th, 1970

Dear Dorothy Day,

As you probably remember, I am the Italian who spent a few hours with you and Bob Gilliam by the Catholic Worker about 50 days ago. Please excuse me for the delay—I promised you to send back information immediately after being back home but, every time I was thinking about you, I took your book, trying to discover something more. Doing this I discovered more and more about myself, too; yes, about me, because I felt the situations described by you as my own, the same for every human being looking for truth. I am really amazed by another evidence: years ago the same problems, the same issues, people are the same in spite of the social theories, the technological destruction of individualities, the miseries of the paganism in today's life, both there and here.

Now I'll inform you that one of Father Milani's pupils thanks you for the copy of your newspaper with Milani's writings you gave me. I met him just a week ago. We talked about the Catholic Worker and probably now some other people will know you a little. He also said that their book "Lettera a una professoressa" (literally "letter to a lady-teacher") will be published by June in the English language and I'll let you know the exact title and publisher. This book is a team work of several of Father's pupils.

Father Giussani, Via Martinengo 14, Milano, is the theologian who started a big student movement.

You know, Bill Congdom, Via Bagutta 1, Milano.

Cardinale Pellegrino, Curia Arcivescovile, Torino, is the most progressive cardinal in Italy.

"Famiglia Cristiana" is a traditional Catholic weekly magazine of about half a million copies a week. It is mainly sold in the churches on Sunday. Everybody of the lower classes knows it in Italy. My opinion is that it doesn't teach because it is printed for everybody.

The situation in Italy is at this point. After the long strikes we are going back; prices of foods and goods have been raised, so, nothing good for the

workers resulted. On the other side, something better for manual workers during illness or accident—they now will get welfare.

A lot of workers and union leaders are now on trial because of disorders during demonstrations and the police are increasing pressure against demonstrators.

The reaction of the conservative minded people and the industrial man-



agers is very strong, too, because now workers are tired with strikes and are looking for quiet, not conflict.

The unions asked for working hours reduction, the companies are facing workers with more extra work, keeping the number of unemployed constantly high in order to have a mass of people asking for jobs so that for the bosses

it is possible to threaten the worker in this way: "If you don't accept my conditions, I'll reject you and I'll take another worker for less money."

On the front of non violence there is actually nothing under the sun, every demonstration is violent, nobody, practically, is speaking for peaceful behaviour.

I am going to collect some documentation about this matter from a convention seminar. I'll send you a copy of it.

In Milan I arrived just a few days after the bomb which killed fourteen people in a bank. It seems almost sure that this has been organized by an anarchist organization and the man who put the bomb is a "strange" guy, but we don't know the main one responsible. One anarchist killed himself (??) during interrogation jumping down in the street from the fourth floor. This doesn't seem believable.

The police and the fascist or conservative wings, and the big companies are asking for what they call order, and a repression campaign has been started. During a workers' demonstration the police attacked directly without reason. Now 21 workers are imprisoned before trial and several thousands are denounced because of the demonstrations during the last months. My job is going on till now. I am looking for an apartment to get married, but it takes patience and I lack it in these times. Everything else is good. I wish you and all the good people of the Catholic Worker all the best.

In Cristo,
Franco Torti

Israel

Dear Miss Day,

Greetings from the land of Israel. I am presently living at Kibbutz Yotvata, where the Catholic Worker arrives more or less monthly, addressed to one Ed Sanders who evidently had been here at one time. As I am interested in the social movements at home and concerned about the salvation of America, which at the present I fear for, I read each issue that arrives. I noticed your reference to kibbutzim in the May issue. I also believe that the kibbutz movement has (more or less) succeeded in creating a natural and feasible communal way of life from which other people concerned about building human communities can draw much. What is saddening, however, is that because of the terrible and tragic situation in which the state of Israel now finds itself, this movement and its people, particularly its young people, seem to be more and more concerned with nationalism and less aware of their role as an example and a part of a development which isn't peculiarly Israeli, or Zionist, or Jewish.

I feel that the development of workable, living, cooperative communities in America that would attract ordinary people because they offer a better way of life rather than just social activists because of their idealism, would be a very positive step. The initial communities, of course, would have to be created by idealists that believe in them, but if they are to have any effect on the mass of America, they would have to be constructed with the end of providing a real alternative way of life to the mass.

As I feel that you might be familiar with such communities or such attempts, I would be glad if you put me in contact with them. I would be very interested in finding out what kind of experiences they have had and are having.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Shandling

Ammon's Legacy

The fifth and final edition of Ammon Hennacy's autobiography "The Book of Ammon," including illustrations and an additional chapter on his final days by Joan Thomas, is now available. To obtain this important sourcebook, please send \$6 to:

Joan Thomas
PO Box 2132
Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

St. Joseph's Work Co-op

— to do the work for which there are no wages —

St. Joseph's Work Coop operates on four central principles.

1. We must let needs and not profit determine what work will get done.
2. If for the work needed there is no pay, we must "do the work for which there are no wages."
3. We must find fellow workers not only in those who have ability, but also in those who simply have need to work.
4. We must distribute the earnings of the Coop among one another according to need.

1. Needs, Not Profit

In our society profit determines what work will get done. For that reason, palatial residences get built while families in our cities lack adequate heat; luxuriant fur coats are produced while children go in rags; tables are smothered with rich foods and wines while many suffer from malnutrition. The Work Coop, on the other hand, puts priority on what needs to be done and not on what will produce profit. In our neighborhood, as in all poor neighborhoods of American cities, there is no lack of work to be done: broken windows to fix, cold to relieve, apartments to make liveable. . . But all of these fields of work lie fallow in our cities year after year, for there is no profit in them.

2. Where There Are No Wages

But whether there is pay or not, we are committed to doing the work that needs to be done. The members of the Coop are enabled to do this in two ways: first, we spend part of our time working for those who can pay (carpentry, painting, plastering, general maintenance) at just wages; second, we ask those who have been blessed with more of the world's goods than they need to contribute to our work fund, which assures that those who need get paid, even when doing the work for which there are no wages—the work that most needs doing among our friends and neighbors here.

3. Those Who Need Work

In all poor areas of our cities there are many who wish to work, but for one reason or another (from slight retardation or age, to being brand new in town) find it difficult to obtain work on the competitive job market. The Work Coop seeks out and accepts fellow workers not only on the basis of ability, but on the basis of who needs work and who needs an income. The work that needs to be done must be done but, at the same time, those who need work must be given the opportunity to do it. Providing this opportunity involves us in a variety of projects in order that we might have work that will fit many different interests and abilities. Work varies, from plastering and painting, to potting and making Montessori school materials (materials for which schools for children of the poor cannot afford to pay) in our Coop workshop.

4. Distributing Earnings

Since there is a limited amount of goods in the world and a limited amount of money in our work fund, and since we believe that what each of us takes of those goods should be partly determined by the remaining needs of our brothers, we divide the earnings of the cooperative according to what each worker needs. Thus, those of us who work in the Coop as our sole means of support get full wages for the same work that those of us who have some other partial means of support may get half wages for, and those of us whose total support comes from somewhere else may accept no wages.

You can help with St. Joseph's Work Coop in any of these three ways:

1. Hire us to do painting, plastering and other work that needs doing around your house for a just wage.
2. Contribute money to our work fund, your money will be used to do the work for which there are no wages.
3. If you have your own sources of income, but have some spare time, join us in our work. Your work done with no wages will subsidize the work of your fellow worker who depends on the Coop for his living. You may be able to help in other ways, too. If you are interested, write us care of:

"The Catholic Worker"
1024 W. Armitage
Chicago, Ill. 60614

WORKERS ON THE LAND

(Continued from page 1)

and slow and gentle love songs. The voice was thick and emotional, the fire illuminated his face with the eyes closed as he lifted his head to sing. All of us entered the mood of the songs with him.

Soon others had arrived and the meat was cooked. We entered the brightly lighted mess hall and began to eat. More and more people came in and the spirit was very high. Soon there was a great deal of noise—laughing and joking and shouting. As each new group of strike-workers entered they were met with delightfully silly ovations. Everyone would begin a rhythmic clap or pound the table or the floor, and the tempo would increase to a deafening roar until it dissipated in chaos and laughter.

Gallons of accepted wine appeared though spirits were high enough without it. Pete turned to me smiling and said, "It is very rare we get to relax like this. It is good to see everyone happy, letting go and having fun. Saturday night is our one night to rest like this." He and Julian pointed out those who "have been in this struggle since the beginning." Pete emphasized the good in Filipinos, Chicanos, and Anglos coming together for their common good. "It is beautiful that there is no discrimination here. We are all together and any man is welcome to join us if he will help us." Pete, Julian, and all the Filipinos very often refer to fellow workers as "Brother," and they use the term with great sincerity. The tone in which they say it implies all that it can mean: We must work together.

Guitars appeared and songs burst out as natural things. Old and young alike pounded tables in rhythm and freely yelled out additions and cries of delight. Then there were brief, fiery speeches; some rhythmic ovations followed these. They follow every speech of spirit and good news at Delano. And always the love of song is a unity. Songs went on until guitar strings broke and voices were hoarse. Eventually I walked outside, a bit overwhelmed with the noise. It struck me that first night that there was great optimism and energy, real joy and togetherness, an intense kind of peace, that all this energy and togetherness would have to go some where, move something.

In the weeks that followed, I worked in the office of *El Malcriado*, the union newspaper, and in the headquarters office. As all causes are organized there inevitably begin the reams of paperwork, the tasks at times seeming removed from the real issue. The real issue is indeed in the fields—organizing, picketing, communicating—and in the stores of the cities and towns boycotting. Yet Delano is the administrative center at this point. As Chavez said in a meeting, "The action is not in Delano. It is not here that the strike will be won or lost. But there is work here that must be done. Almost all of us at Delano were itching to be out 'where the action is,' including Chavez himself, I think, but it was important to me to see how much of themselves the 'full time strikers and volunteers' at Delano put into their work at one remove from the 'action' and how little they felt removed. Of course many at Delano this winter had in the past years and in the beginning been in the fields, picketing soaps and organizing, and in the lonely cities boycotting. Many women in Delano who once endured the pre-dawn hardships of picketing now cringe at the word. But there is the pervasive attitude in Delano that all work for the strike is important, that without the paper to publicize recent events and information or without the defense fund to bring in the crucial flow of donations, the strike would soon be crippled.

I worked a great deal with Pete Velasco in the defense fund office. Pete, who was once an orange orchard foreman, and who was one of the most important early organizers in the fields, has for the past six months been given charge of the tricky responsibility of bringing in the life money for the strikers' sustenance and the operation of the strike. Although he longs to be back organizing he has totally committed himself to a new calling. He is

meticulous in his work, out of his love and appreciation for all those who donate to the strike. Every donor, no matter how much he has donated, must be thanked, contacted.

"People," he said to me, "people are this strike. It is people like these that keep it going, bringing food to our table and providing the expense money for our boycotters and organizers. These people must know that we are here, and that we thank them and depend on them to go on. These letters are a river and the river must keep flowing."

The full time strikers at Delano are paid five dollars a week, for "spending money." The union provides meals at the Filipino Hall, rent for those who cannot meet it and for emergency funds. There is a cooperative gas station with reductions for strikers and a clinic begun by the Ladies' Garment Union volunteers. But, needless to say, for everyone funds are tight and necessities must be enough. A volunteer is given a room in one of the strikers' homes.

Though it was known I could stay only two months, from the first night on I was made to feel at home and felt I was part of the community.



While I was in Delano, I felt there was a change coming about, some new turn of tactic to be resolved and enacted. There was a general feeling that the boycott had not been successful enough, that there had not been enough of a nationwide drop in grape sales from 1968 to 1969. The growers were hurt through loss of sales, grapes rotting in cold storage, a significant drop in the selling per lug, and expensive legal expenses in meeting counter-suits from the union. They had lost well over fifteen million dollars, but they were still making 80 million a year. Surely the growers feel the impact of the strike's publicity if they are spending millions of dollars with Whittaker-Baxter and other firms for public relations work against the strike. The strike has been hurting them but not enough to win. According to a recent article in *El Malcriado*, "Grape growers began 1970 with over 6,000,000 boxes of unsold grapes remaining from the 1969 season." The article continues to note that all of the top ten cities show a decline in grape sales since 1966 with the exception of Montreal. Outside of nine rather "low consumption" cities which have increased sales, every major U.S. and Canadian city has dropped in sales. Some cities have dropped remarkably, such as the biggest three consumers in America: New York dropped 769 carlots in 1969 from its 2294 in 1966, Chicago dropped 448 from its 1084, and L.A. dropped 354 from its 2161 in 1966.

Larry Itliong, the boycott director, also noted in this article the importance of the price drop in grapes. He said, "Emperors, the main variety of grapes left in cold storage, are selling at \$2.50 a lug, a drop of 38 cents from the price at this time last year. Riblers are selling at \$2.50 a lug, a drop of \$1.25. Calmerias are selling at \$2.38, a drop of \$1.50. All these prices have been declining. When they try to unload the 4,300,000 boxes of unsold Emperors, 700,000 boxes of unsold Riblers, and 600,000 boxes of unsold Calmerias on the mar-

ket, those prices will drop even further. They are in real trouble."

Thus, he implied, it is especially important to intensify the boycott through this year: "If we can block the sale of these grapes, and shut off more markets to the 1970 harvest which begins in May, then the growers will simply have to sit down at the table and work out an agreement with their workers to end the boycott."

The impetus of the boycott in the past has been seriously interrupted and impeded twice—once before '68 when the growers diverted the effort by a pretense of negotiations, and in 1968 when the defense department suddenly ordered huge shipments of unsold grapes for the army's consumption. The impetus of the boycott was becoming especially strong at that time, and that was a crucial blow to a possible breakthrough that year. The union is especially concerned to prevent such diversions from impeding the intensity of the boycott again.

As I mentioned before, there was a sense of change in operations afoot in Delano the first two weeks I was there in January. There was a kind of unspoken tension and restlessness about

old man already (he smiled shyly at this touch of melodrama); I'm over forty anyway. I want you to know that I think most people here are getting things only half-done. Everything's got to be all done, or we'll lose this thing. The growers aren't going to help us. I want you all to feel this thing gnawing at your guts, because I'll tell you, this strike gnaws at mine all the time, and I don't want to be the only one that feels it. I lose a lot of sleep worrying about how to win this thing. I want you to worry too. I want some ideas. I think we're floundering here in Delano, like a rudderless ship, placing too much emphasis and time on administrative work, and dividing our emphasis. There's three things we can do—boycotting, picketing, and organizing, and administrative work here in Delano. We've got to concentrate our emphasis on one or two; we can't divide our strength in all of them and win this strike. I've asked Pablo (Espinoza) to immediately set up small discussion groups. I want you to talk this out in these groups, for each group to present a plan of emphasis to win, and then we'll have a big meeting, hear the plans, argue them and vote. One thing's for sure, if we're going to win this strike, it won't be in these offices; it'll be out in the fields, in the stores, and house to house. The action isn't here in Delano. The Thompson seedless grapes are going to be picked by late May, and they'll hit the stores by June. We've got to stop those grapes, and if we're going to, we've got to start stopping them now!"

The ice of the tension had been broken, and many agreed with Chavez that the emphasis had been divided, and that a lot of good organizers who had been trapped in administrative work at Delano should get back to the action as soon as possible, including Chavez himself.

Cesar had asked people to speak their grievances to his face. And out they came, one after another, answering the charge of half-done jobs with counter-charges of misplacement of talent and partial assistance from the top of the administration to certain select, trusted people. The meeting went on and on, into the afternoon, and the anger was there, the built-up frustration Chavez had sensed so well. And most importantly, the spirit was there. The anger was constructive once it surfaced. The anger demanded the change of emphasis and harder work from everybody. The meeting seems to have been called, if anything, a bit later than it should have been. The restlessness had been about for long enough. A change in organization, a new and harder punch of tactic was on its way.

The small discussion meetings commenced immediately, and the first consensus in most of them seems to have been that many of the best and most experienced organizers and boycotters who had been trapped in the administrative offices at Delano should immediately be sent out, again to the front—the cities around the country, and the fields of California. Also, those younger volunteers who had the potential to organize and boycott, but who had yet to gain experience, should be sent out also, as many as the office could afford to lose. In the discussion group I attended were Gil Fodilla, an experienced bi-lingual organizer, Pablo Espinoza, the Chicano organizer who picked the groups and moderated them, and Doug Adair, the *Malcriado* editor, among others. Gil immediately emphasized that a skeleton crew could be trained to run the offices in Delano, thus freeing the organizing talent for renewed action. Several positions of crucial importance in the Delano headquarters could never be vacated, of course, such as the ranch and negotiating committees, accounting, and the Legal Department. Pete Velasco would be hard to replace in the Defense Fund; there must be someone such as Leroy Chatfield to handle negotiations, should they arise, and workers' grievances in the wine vineyards where there were contracts. As Chatfield makes a point, getting a contract (ten wine growers have now signed) is only the first leg of the battle, because contracts may be and have already been, greatly

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abused. Therefore, some people talented in organizing and boycotting will inevitably be found indispensable at this point in Delano. But many, Gil said, including Chavez—"the best boycott organizer there is"—could be freed.

Doug Adair's idea was a concentration toward a fully organized strike in the Coachella Valley, where a strike was almost successful in '68. The strike there, he felt, if successful with a contract and wage rise, would break ground for a larger successful strike in Delano and toward the north, for other workers would demand equal breakthroughs. All agreed that picketing and organizing in Delano at this point is fruitless, for the resistance has been too great there, and the only chance would be a resumption of house to house organizing, "person to person, night and day," which hasn't been done in Delano for years. Gil disagreed strongly with Doug. He said, "In Delano we were afraid of the cops. I couldn't get pickets out. I could convince people to walk out of the fields, but for how long? I'm not going to promise them food and money." This seems to be the crux of the problem. Gil was saying that even if organizers can clear a field completely of grape-pickers, in a day or two the growers will be able to import scabs from Mexico and the fields are full again. The misuse of the "green card visa" allows a steady flow of Mexican migrants to enter the states at harvest time. Though the wages are low to Americans, they are worth twelve times in Mexico what they are here. The Filipinos are afraid to quit their jobs and see Chicanos take their places. There has been some success at turning Mexicans back at the border, explaining the strike to them. A radio station has begun broadcasting the facts of the strike across the border from Calexico. But Gil's point was that unless they, as a group, agree not to scab, a fully successful strike is impossible. Therefore, Gil's conclusion was the boycott is the only weapon that will win. "The Thompsons are going to get picked anyway," he admitted, "so let's get out and stop 'em before they hit the stores."

Although the Murphy Bill outrageously is attempting to declare the boycott an unlawful tactic because it interferes with the consumer's choice to buy or not to buy (what about the rights of those that produce the food the consumer eats?), Chavez says, "If that law passes, I'll be the first to break it." Picketing, however, has been repeatedly blocked with injunctions, and as Gil and others conclude, until the green card visa is lawfully enforced, organizing will prove the myth of Sisyphus. It seems that the intensification of the boycott is the only hope to win. Of course, picketing of stores goes hand and hand with the boycott, and, if possible, organization of green-carders at the border and of Texans before they reach the vineyards should be increased. If enough of us could only get together . . . the old story.

In my last week in Delano, the consensus seemed to be, however, that the emphasis must fall heavily on the boycott, as soon as possible. As Larry Itllong said, if this year's harvest could be well-blocked, and last year's stored grapes kept rotting away, the contracts would have to begin to come, and the pitiful waste of grapes could end. But the boycott is such a hard thing—(have you ever tried to argue with a supermarket manager?). It will take a lot more support to make it break the wall down. Another thing that irked Chavez was the lull in contact with the workers in the contract fields. He said it was not enough that they come to a meeting once a month to air their grievances. He did not want the union apparatus to become distant from the farmer. These workers, he said, must be constantly informed in the fields of developments in the struggle.

"We must stay together. In four or five years the grape-picking machines which are ready now at the University of California will hit the fields. What will we do then if we are not together? It's not the Schenley workers and the

Delano strikers, it has to be all of us together, the United Farm Workers."

At the monthly Schenley meeting I attended, there was a great deal of grievance and concern for the future, even though the wage was now above two dollars an hour. As a vote was on the floor for a withholding of two dollars a month from each worker's salary for their own union committee's emergency fund, some workers were confused and thought the money was going to the Delano funds. Chavez walked to the front of the hall and said, "It's not the two dollars we're concerned about. We don't want your money. We need your commitment, your strength!"

Naturally, the big planning meeting stretched into many continued meetings, for the figures and plans discussed were very complex. As I left, these meetings were still going on. Mac Lyons, a negotiator about to join the boycott and the creator of one of the "plans," was still sitting through the long meetings, fidgeting on the edge of his chair, "C'mon, Cesar, I want to get going."

"I know, we all do," Cesar kept answering, and then went on to insist that everyone must understand all the variables before they could vote and understand.

And there are so many fronts, so many areas to cover and handle, so much resistance to such a basic cause. Yet after almost five years, I felt the strikers' spirits could only have intensified all the more since the beginning. They are committed, and they will not give in. And if there is great resistance, there is also much greater support than they once had. Donations each week keep pouring in, from all kinds of people and sources. There are more and more requests for speakers from Delano to come and inform organizations of what is going on.

As Pete Velasco told me my first night in Delano, "We are all together and try for our goal peacefully. There is real love here. We don't care what nationality or color a member or helper is, if he is willing to work with us. If we can remain united and continue with this spirit, we will have to win. We will."

I think what he was saying was, "They may break our strike, but they will never break us, our spirit, or our cause."

There is much to remember. I remember that during one of the last meetings I attended, five Catholic Bishops appeared, several of whom have had long years of experience in labor-management relations, to speak on their recent efforts to mediate in negotiations between the union and the growers. They had returned frustrated; the growers would not answer many of their questions and seemed as little willing as ever to negotiate. They would try once more, they said, this spring, and if things looked as bad, they would, on behalf of the National Council of American Bishops, urge every Catholic priest across the country to encourage their congregations to boycott grapes.

I remember one striker reporting he saw a new bumper sticker on a Delano vehicle: "Fight the Commies! Eat Grapes!"

I remember the walks through the streets to my room each night, and the long rows of monotonous one-floor bungalows. Passing each house, a new angry little watchdog would set up a howl and bark and make his pre-tentious rush. It seemed each family had a bit of their security tied up in a set of fangs.

I remember Dolores Huerta, who never seems to rest, laughingly telling me one night how Cesar had handled a group of skeptics at a meeting. "I never would have thought of it," she said, "he just killed them with kindness. They kept pretending to be concerned, asking questions without caring to hear the answers. All the rest of us were getting furious. But Cesar just kept patiently giving these long, beautiful answers till they were so tired that they wished they'd never faked an interest."

I remember a grower's wife working

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which meaning of "resort" he had opted, but after a hard day we had our suspicions. They were furthered when Italian Mike noted that here even the cups are cracked, and went to the hospital at Joan's bidding for a checkup. One of his parting sallies (he will soon return with more of the same, no doubt) was: "I may be old, but I have young ideas." Earthy ones, too.

Mark Samara came back to visit and help with the paper. John Geis began his own newsletter, *The New Earth*. Mike Kovalak consistently allowed Philip to beat him at checkers. Darwin Pritchett and Ed Forand celebrated birthdays. Darwin took a trip along the trail of the N.Y. Rangers to Toronto, Philadelphia, and Minneapolis. Ed watched his birthday cake plunge to the floor, candles ablazing in a moment of astonished celebration.

Doing One's Time Well

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one's cell looking for contraband. Contraband is anything that makes you happy like extra socks, pictures or old magazines. Sometimes nine different guards would go through the same cell, each deciding different things were contraband and finally throwing everything but the bed on the huge contraband piles. I looked through the guard that came to search my cell, spat on the floor and went on reading my newspaper. Perhaps afraid of me, he hurried through my locker and left. After finishing my newspapers, I stole back contraband from the piles and chanted "Power to the People" and "Bacon for Breakfast" with some of the more politically-minded prisoners.

Rumor came that Ammon Hennacy was dead, but it didn't make me sad: When I'm 70 there will be kids all over the world in prison for resisting the idiocies of their societies. When Ammon was a kid there was Berkman and Debs, abolitionists before them, Chartists before them and on back, Levellers, Diggers, Mennonites, Anabaptists, Quakers and peaceful people. Or Nihilists, Social Revolutionaries and Bohemians for that matter.



Late February I had another fight because another inmate ordered me to wear shoes and I wouldn't wear shoes. The next day he apologized, said he didn't know why he acted like that. I didn't either, but decided to be polite to people giving absurd orders. None of us have much control over our environment and we begin to act like rats in an overcrowded cage. Being imprisoned has not changed my mind about the draft. I doubt I would register for it if the penalty were death. But I cannot feel enthusiastic or happy that I've made the right choice. Never have I felt so detached, powerless, and separated from other men. Whatever actions one man can take seem very unimportant compared with the general miserableness of the situation.

At night when I look out at the fences topped with barbed wire, the guntowers and lights, it reminds me of the first demonstration I was in. We sat in the cool night air and rain, watching the napalm trucks roll into well-guarded facilities. The members of that demonstration have long scattered to different ends. Now I'm in a well-guarded facility, and, somewhere out of sight, the napalm trucks keep rolling. Ah well, good luck to you. P.S. Also should be mentioned that Mike Schwartz didn't eat for 37 days until they would let him see his girl friend.

Ildore and the sisters from Brooklyn cooked splendid Italian vianda. Jimmy shined the toaster to such an extent Earl could shave in its reflection. Before leaving for Bellevue Mike pronounced his traditional curse on liver and the warts on the hot dogs. Bill Harder, now the shadow of an old, bearded Leonardo, was often seen entranced at the open refrigerator door. It would seem that, as ever, food was a common bond, the classless commodity.

As I said, solar eclipses are few, but in a house of diversified peoples, judgments are many. In the course of a day's gossip there is every reward for unbeing. So to fight against it is magnanimous. That is why Herbie Sund's the-other-day words came so clear. He said, "I can't knock a drunk. I get drunk myself." For those of us here and perhaps for you, that's the crux of it. The fact is we all get drunk, some of us on our own righteousness. With Herbie I'm reminded of Rilke: only love can fully grasp and fairly judge.

Finally, and more positively, there was a sense of continuity in the Friday night gatherings. Paul Frazier of Merton-Buber House, Rita Davis and Ruth Collins of a Harlem housing co-op, members of the Fortune Society, Dr. Oliver Fein of Health-Pac, Fr. John Lloyd (traveler to South Africa), and members of the Pax Association—all gave us new and reconjured ideas. In such a spirit, station WBAI again transmitted a tape of Dorothy and A. J. Muste, made some ten years ago. The times seemed more contiguous.

Dyings

Last month's issue of the paper made Ammon Hennacy's passing more than a reality. The news came to us as Bach's "Passion of St. Matthew" rolled over the office phonograph. Perhaps one of highest tributes came from John McMullen watching a TV report on the late Bertrand Russell. Said John of Russell: "Sounds like our Hennacy." Last month's issue also told of Mike Herniak's death. Separate memorials were held for Ammon and Mike. Frances Bittner left us. She was buried at Tivoli. Bob Stewart and Arthur Lacey made the trip from here.

A different sort of dying was imposed on several of our friends whose apartments and possessions were robbed during the past two months in this degenerating area. For them the thieves were little known. However, they will be long remembered.

Meanwhile, Frances' legs deteriorated, Charlie Keefe returned to the hospital, Millie lost a brother. We do look forward to spring, to a relief from these wearisome treadings.

Solidarity

Perhaps this is what keeps us going, solidarity. As the Archbishop of Canterbury recently put it, to share Christ's sufferings is to know Him alive. So Bob Gilliam was thrilled to see a graffiti in the 66th St. subway station on the Broadway line that proclaimed Mike Cullen alive and well, and Pat to meet a fellow from Milwaukee at the Muni who knew of Michael "McCullen" and his trial. So we were animated by the valentines from Janelle Hongess, Mike and Nicole Ketchum, a crowd of ingenious perceptions and laughs out of the great grain regions. So did we feel a part of all humanity by partaking in the liturgy with Lyle Young, by Kathleen and Barb going to Washington for the trial of the D.C. Nine, by a number of us marching here in protest to the Chicago Guffaw, by being able to compare Melvin Laird's statement that the U.S. trails (or will soon trail) the Soviet Union in ICBM strength with Dostoevski's "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man." From it all we were taught to choose life, to serve out of love rather than slave out of compromise, to crack our lungs in the expectation of fresh air, to know and reiterate that the resurrection is a fact, that we must go into the darkness without fear to meet the God who judges and raises from the dead. With you, for you, because of you, we shall go on.

Since the time this article was completed we have learned, once again, of

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Workers On The Land ON PILGRIMAGE

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as a cashier at a supermarket in Delano, who was shocked that I should have come "all that way from Maryland to work with Cesar Baby and his kooks." "He just wants money, just like us. He just likes the power," she said.

And I remember Jerry Cohen, one of the crack lawyers at the Forty Acres, intense and almost pulling his hair in frustration at Friday night meetings, as he reported such employers' demands at "contract ranches," as Spanish-speaking workers must write out all their grievances in English or they cannot be accepted.

And there was Pete "Money" Velasco in one of his comic moments, winding up an appeal to all strikers and supporters to send blue chip stamps to the defense fund. "So we must all think from now on in terms of blue chip stamps . . . and also blue chip stamps . . . as well as . . . blue chip stamps." I never could get used to that in a Filipino accent.

And there was Philip Veracruz, one of the union's vice presidents, once a Filipino migrant worker and now in charge of the Filipino Retirement Village which is being funded by the union. Each time a new group of students comes to visit, he takes an afternoon to talk to them, patiently explaining the background of the strike since the depression. I remember him speaking to such a group once, with a controlled fury of conviction on the crime of surplus crop destruction: "While thousands right here in California are starving, what happens?"

Last year there was a surplus of oranges, what should have been a bounty and a thing of joy from God and the earth. But no, the prices may go too low if there are too many oranges, so they are dumped in huge piles, and kerosene is poured on them to keep off scavengers. Then they are buried. This is inhuman!"

I remember Larry Itllong once speaking in the same fury of the conditions before the strike. "Sure a worker could complain," he said, "once a man was willing to lose his job and his bread, then he was free to complain!"

But mostly, I remember the joy of song at the Friday night meetings, the persistent smiles, and the determination. I remember Father Mark Day explaining to the Bishops that he was glad they were going to actively help the strike, for if the growers continued their refusal to negotiate much longer, even he would have to struggle with himself to continue a position of non-violence.

I picketed for one day in Oakland after leaving Delano, and I learned as much of the real struggle in that one day as I did from my six weeks at Delano. The indifference, even from minority groups, is greatly frustrating. It becomes a two minute verbal struggle with each customer heading for the front door of the market, and the struggle is often fruitless.

We turned fifteen cars away that afternoon, received countless pledges of "next time we won't shop here," and yet I couldn't help but feel when leaving, exhausted, that as soon as we were gone there would be more droves of people coming in, many unaware of the issue. And there are so many stores and so few pickets. And the store manager always turns his vacant eyes at you: "We don't order the grapes here. I have nothing to do with it. You'll have to talk to the chain owner. No, his office is four states away. Well, sure, good luck."

And yet the boycott has been gaining momentum. The chain stores are little upset when their small stocks of grapes do not sell, but they are moved when they see customers refuse to shop at all in their stores and take their patronage to stores that have the conscience to refuse the sale of grapes. May all who read spread the words to friends to do this.

I have wondered of the future of the union. Should the strike be won, the problems would begin again, and the danger would be to avoid the path of earlier corrupted unions, bureaucratically removed from the spirit and needs of the worker, rife with politics within. Yet the U.F.W.O.C. seems deter-

mined to detach itself from that direction. Its emphasis is to maintain contact with the workers of the land, and to win in the only lasting way possible, through nonviolence and unity of numbers. From those I met at Delano, it is clear to me that there is great potential for other leaders in the union. And those that feel the union depends on the charisma of Cesar Chavez are mistaken. Cesar is loved, but his love will encourage others to lead after him. Too much has been accomplished to be undone.

As Mac, Steinbeck's organizer from *In Dubious Battle*, explained to a comrade, "I guess we're goin' to lose this strike. But we raised enough hell so maybe there won't be a strike in the cotton. Now the papers say we're just causing trouble. But we're getting the men used to working together; getting bigger and bigger bunches working together all the time, see? It doesn't make any difference if we lose. Here's nearly a thousand men who've learned how to strike. When we get a whole slough of men working together, maybe—maybe Torgas Valley, most of it, won't be owned by three men. Maybe a guy can get an apple for himself without going to jail for it, see? Maybe they won't dump apples in the river to keep up the price."

Of course it does matter whether or not the strike wins. I believe it will. But even if it should lose, over the past five years, 18,000 farm-workers have gone on strike, and all of these workers know the power of unity. The important thing has happened. The different groups of farm workers have come together in a common cause, and the eventual breakthrough cannot be stopped. Delano is preparing to counter another bitter harvest, and God knows we are with them.

Jeff Rudick is a student at Bard College, a near neighbor.

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death's visit to one of our oldest and dearest. Bill Harder was found unconscious in his room at the Palace Hotel, March 15. No one who has ever eaten an evening meal at the Worker will forget this slight, exquisitely be-whiskered, peasant-faced man who spent so much time at the sink. His declining months were painful for us all as we saw his body becoming a mere whisper. Now we will miss him all the more. May his will to live be reborn, made eternal.

Onward from Chicago

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Men still support themselves and their families by making instruments of death and destruction. Men still operate in their own—not even enlightened—self-interest in dealing with other men and with their own environment.

As long as these and similar conditions exist, no matter what we are doing it is not enough. If conditions are to improve, it will be through bold and adventurous experimentation.

The vision of freedom, truth, and loving concern which brought people to Chicago must find expression in other ways. In a creative and imaginative atmosphere, it cannot fail to be clarified and purified in its growth and expression.

When the angry words have turned to smiles, I will know that mankind has a chance to survive.

Meanwhile, I cannot measure the effect of Chicago nor take comfort from the suffering of other men, but if one person lived one hour longer because of Chicago, it was worth it.

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pecan products, work which employs more than thirty of their neighbors.

I have often thought of our Catholic Worker community at First Street and at Tivoli, that it is a valid community, maintaining, in a way, a school of non-violence (theory and practice) pointing the way to a new order, a classless society; and also running a small industry which is what getting out a paper which circulates 85,000 copies a month all over the world and whose circulation department and mailing circulation department gives employment, though without salary, to many of our housemates and neighbors from the Bowery. We are all paid in food, clothing and shelter.

Conyers

I had visited the Trappist Monastery at Huntsville, Utah and so could not miss a visit with our Trappist friends at Conyers, Georgia which is not far from Atlanta. Fr. Anthony has been given the job of almoner and he drove me around the neighborhood to deliver supplies in the way of food and warm clothing (much furniture given also) to the destitute families in their neighborhood. One house we visited had four rooms housing seventeen people, three married couples and their children. Another one-room house on our way into Atlanta was the home of a couple where the wife had suffered a stroke two years before. She sat all day in a chair and was nursed by her husband who worked in the neighborhood. Neither could read or write and both were comparatively young. There were no children.

The only thing that sustains Brother Anthony is prayer, he said. The idea of living in a great monastery in the midst of such destitution so bothered him that he lost his peace of mind until the Abbot made him the almoner, and all the time away from the hours of prayer which are the work of God and the work of the monk, were spent in these tasks. It takes courage to do what Fr. Anthony does, to accompany such work with prayer, with the people who are suffering so grievously.

I mean he does not fear to be a fool for Christ, he does not fear to bear the reproach of those who cannot bear the horror of giving so little and then accompanying it with prayer. He is not afraid to stand over this crippled, silent woman, and place his hands on her head, begging God to help her, to comfort her, to heal her, to give her strength, when he himself can do so little.

What I am trying to say is that we have all of us become so accustomed to liturgical prayer, the recitation of the psalms, morning and evening, praying in church during the Mass, that it is hard to pray spontaneously, with others, and for others, "at all times and in all places." Twenty-five years ago young people were self-conscious about praying the psalms of Lauds and Vespers with others. Now it is the immediate prayer of petition, intercession.

A breakthrough has come in the Catholic Pentecostal movement and the meetings which young students are having in colleges all over the country. There is truly a return to prayer. But it takes a great deal of courage and faith: Not only to do the praying, but to submit to being prayed for. I felt this at a little prayer meeting at the Trappists before I left. Fr. Anthony and some of the other priests wanted to pray for me, and as we sat in the little room in the crypt which they had made into a prayer room, they surrounded me and placed their hands upon me and prayed God for a safe journey and good health. God bless them.

We certainly need to pray for courage these days. "Dear God, please deliver me from the fear of my enemies." That is a line from the psalms. And another from the *Benedictus*. May we

"serve him without fear in holiness and justice before him all our days." We need to pray to overcome our fears these days while we see the violence escalating and spreading to Laos and Cambodia, and continuing between Israeli and Arab, and at home in street fighting and bombings. It seems irreversible, the trend toward total war and only God can save us.

But what prayer has done for me is certainly to make me recognize the intensified growth in the non-violent movement through the country. The non-violent opposition to war is expressing itself in the fight against poverty and injustice which is carried on not only by Cesar Chavez' strike of the Farm Workers of California and the continued organizing of public opinion through the grape boycott, but also through organizing the unorganized into a union which is connected with neither CIO or AFL, the National Council of the Distributive Workers, both black and white. *The Distributive Worker*, the official publication, comes to us from the national office at 13 Astor Place, the headquarters of District 65 which has joined forces with the new union. There is organizing going on in fifteen states, and for the first time a wave of organizing is building up in the South.

A few years ago, I walked on the picket line during a hospital strike with the late Norman Thomas and was horrified to learn that although the workers put in a good eight-hour day at hard labor, these workers in the kitchens, laundries and wards of our hospitals did not receive a living wage, but had to receive a welfare check to be able to pay their rent.

I visited the Atlanta headquarters of the new union while I was there, and felt the same sense of friendship that I had felt in Chicago when I attended the great Saturday mass meetings of Operation Breadbasket. Newspapers give space to news of violence, and young people are told again and again that the non-violent movement died with the assassination of Martin Luther King. But there is plenty of positive, constructive work going on.

While I was in Atlanta I stayed with Judy Felker who is working for the St. Vincent de Paul society. When she left her teaching with the Franciscan nuns of Minneapolis, she stayed with us for a while, both at Tivoli and New York, and later taught in Harlem. She had friends in Atlanta and joined them and is active in this society which was started by Frederic Ozanam, a student in France during the last century who wished not only to do the works of mercy but also to carry on historical studies. He wanted his students, when he became a professor, to study history to guide them in the present so that they could make the future different. I always remember the line from the movie "Monsieur Vincent" where he speaks to a peasant girl who has come to work for the poor in Paris:

"You will have to love them very much to make them forgive you for the food you give them."

It has always been a hard and bitter task for both giver and receiver, and the closer we can share, living together and working together, the more we will learn to love.

I returned to New York February first, and during the last month have made only one short trip to Detroit, Windsor, Worcester and Boston.

In Boston I was most impressed with Haley House, 23 Dartmouth St. This house of hospitality was founded in 1967 and was named after Leo Haley, a young civil rights worker in Boston who suffered a sudden and tragic death while performing a work of mercy. The McKenna family are back in charge after a year off, and I was happy to have a short visit with Cathy and some of the others in the house.

In Worcester I had good meetings both at Assumption College and at the home of Michael True, who teaches American literature both at Assumption and Clark University.

In a world of fugitives he who takes the opposite direction will appear to run away.

T. S. ELIOT

Wanted And Needed:

Utility vehicle with four-wheel drive, in good running condition. To be used for pulling a trailer loaded with vegetables, for plowing the road in the winter, and for numerous trips to the train or bus. Must have seating capacity for at least four people. Suggested model: Jeep "Wagoneer" or "Commando," International "Scout." Thanks, Tivoli Farm.