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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

paper on May Day, 1933, I'd like to reaffirm my belief in the non-violence of poverty, chastity, and obedience as a means of achieving our ends as far as we can achieve them in this world. Of course I believe in working for the here and now, and not a pie in the sky. St. Catherine of Siena said, "All the way to heaven is heaven, since Jesus said, 'I am the Way.'" When the disciples came down from the mountain after the Transfiguration, "they saw only Jesus." You love God only as much as the one you love the least. That takes some pondering. Maxwell Bodenheim once said in one of his poems, which he used to declaim to all who would listen in the old village days.—

"I know not ugliness, it is a mood which has forsaken me."

Of course we know suffering. To love is to suffer, but to love is joy. One should read that mysterious book by Georges Bernanos called Joy.

Appeal, Appeal

Ed Forand and Walter Kerell, who are our steady "responsibles," have been at the Spring Street, Chrystie Street, and now the First Street homes for the last ten years, in charge of office and funds and ordering of paper and supplies. They initiate most of the things, including begging food at the Hunts Point market, which the students and volunteers take up and carry on. And they are the ones who beg me to write the appeal this month "for the front page, so that everyone will read it—not the second page as we usually do. We don't want to mail out an appeal—it costs too much: three thousand dollars."

We used to use newsprint for paper, and our printer did the job, not mechanically, but putting his heart into it. In the early days, when he sent the bill the bookkeeper wrote, "Pray—and pay." I was glad they got the point; that prayer should precede action. I pray before I write an appeal, before an "On Pilgrimage" too.

One of my grandchildren once talked of "honeybuns," and when I mentioned it, Marge Hughes said that one of her children used to talk of the "bread-lions." Lou Murphy's daughter, Shella, as a child, said solemnly, "Bum is a bad word. We don't say it in our house."

Some of the students going home for Easter vacation were wondering how the work at First Street would get along with so many of the young ones away. I reassured them most joyfully. The Catholic Worker has carried on for years and in many a crisis and through the Second World War by the work of men among the "bread-lions." Those men who have come to us and made up our family in many of our houses in different cities over the years have kept things going. "Personal responsibility" is not a cliché.

"What is it all about, this Catholic Worker movement?"—so many ask us this question by mail or in person; there are so many people beating a

path to our door. I usually try to explain it in simple terms. "We are a school not only for the students, the young, who come to us, but for all of us. We are also a house of hospitality, for worker, for scholar, for young and for old. There are racists, patriots in both the good and the bad sense, nihilists, anarchists and socialists. There are alcoholics. An agency nearby tried to send one over to us for care and when we explained that personal responsibility also meant that each one of us should take on the burdens encountered, the worker replied, "I thought you specialized in that sort of thing." The New York Times usually identifies us as people who run some kind of a mission on the Bowery. The Daily News, more discerning for once, looked us squarely in the eye and identified us as a group of pacifist-anarchists.

Love One Another

But what we really are, and try to be in all the Catholic Worker houses around the country, is a family—and gentleness and loving kindness is the prevailing mood. The other day Chris was on hand in the basement room where the "bread-lions" were waiting for soup and one pulled a knife on another. "Put it away!" Chris's voice



was strong enough so that we could hear it upstairs. "All the men have knives," Mary Galligan, who sits behind the desk from eight to four every day, said calmly. There is liquor and there are drugs. The young ones are generally under the influence, in a leaping, laughing state as they come in to eat. But they are all hungry, black and white together, young and old, and the soup is good. I often wonder if they read the beatitudes which Rob lettered on the white stone wall or if they look at the cross, a bit on the slant, which Jimmy, who has a beautiful African hair-do, painted on the wall, black with a black Christ, an unself-conscious primitive.

I wonder how many of our readers have read Knut Hamsun's book *Hunger*. Or remember the incident in James Baldwin's *Another Country* where a young lad almost sells himself for a hot meal, and a place to sleep.

Judge Not

There is a statue on top of my bookcase which a young boy whom we took care of some years back, gave me. He had lived this life of the streets. To prevent such things, even for a time, is something. I. F. Stone in his recent *Weekly* commenting on the bomb tragedy on Eleventh Street, said, "Man

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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

CHRISTIANITY UNTRIED

Chesterton says:

"The Christian ideal

has not been tried

and found wanting.

It has been found difficult

and left untried."

Christianity has not been tried

because people thought

it was impractical.

And men have tried everything

except Christianity.

And everything

that men have tried

has failed.

and sheltered

at a personal sacrifice

and the Pagans

said about the Christians:

"See how they love each other."

Today the poor are fed, clothed,

and sheltered

by the politicians

at the expense

of the taxpayers.

And because the poor

are no longer

fed, clothed, and sheltered

at a personal sacrifice

but at the expense

of the taxpayers

Pagans say about Christians:

"See how they pass the buck."

WHAT THE CATHOLIC WORKER BELIEVES

The Catholic Worker believes

in the gentle personalism

of traditional Catholicism.

The Catholic Worker believes

in the personal obligation

of looking after

the needs of our brother.

The Catholic Worker believes

in the daily practice

of the works of mercy.

The Catholic Worker believes

in houses of hospitality

for the immediate relief

of those who are in need.

The Catholic Worker believes

in the establishment

of farming communes

where each one works

according to his ability

and gets

according to his need.

The Catholic Worker believes

in creating a new society

within the shell of the old

with the philosophy of the new,

which is not a new philosophy

but a very old philosophy,

a philosophy so old

that it looks like new.

PASSING THE BUCK

In the first centuries

of Christianity

the poor were fed, clothed,

WHAT THE UNEMPLOYED NEED

The unemployed

need free rent;

they can have that

on a Farming Commune.

The unemployed

need free food;

they can raise that

on a Farming Commune.

The unemployed

need free fuel;

they can cut that

on a Farming Commune.

The unemployed

need to acquire skill;

they can do that

on a Farming Commune.

The unemployed

need to improve

their minds;

they can do that

on a Farming Commune.

The unemployed

need spiritual guidance;

they can have that

on a Farming Commune.

36 East First

By PETER ROSS

For us, Spring has arrived. We are surrounded by the teeming life which comes with the warmer weather, the longer days, the early morning roof-top bird chatter, and the watermelons we now get from the market. Someone brought fresh daffodils for Mary; workers Harry, Connie and Kathleen can often be seen taking in the sun outside the house with John McMullen after a hard morning's work; Smokey, too, sits outside now at different hours in the day, the fruitstands along 1st Avenue are crowded with people morning and afternoon eager to purchase fresh fruits—oranges, tomatoes, pears, bananas, lettuces, everything (though we hope not grapes); the open-air stands we pass on the way to the meat market are thronged with buyers for everything from candy to shoelaces. On East 3rd street the local community held the first block party of the season, and the children painted pictures of ships, trees, flowers, themselves and where they live, on the faces of their buildings. And way over in the West Village the People's Pier opened—where friends relax and watch the ships go by or just feel close to the water and its eternal movement.

For others, Spring means little or is part of their eternal hell. The grape boycott is still on as Andy Imutan, head of the New York grape boycott, reminded us at a stirring Friday night meeting. Two of our workers, Harry Woods and newcomer Greg Shepherd, are daily picketing Gristedes Markets, a stubborn holdout which still sells grapes. Harry and Greg have been harassed and the police been called, but they are not so easily intimidated. The farm workers are in need. Harry and Greg will persist. Gristedes cannot hold out if we all apply the pressure.

There is no Spring at the Men's House of Detention where I recently

worked taking the census. Some of the men may not see a season till Winter or longer. They are cruelly detained. No light reaches their cells but through a tiny window far above them. They sleep 4 in a cell along with numerous rats and bugs. Some have been inside for months, years, and do not know why or have forgotten. The guards in charge are either cruel or indifferent. There is a special section for the "very dangerous." These are small cages and the men are allowed out but once a week for a shower. The other prisoners are allowed limited recreation but within a maze of cells and crowded conditions that would be damaging to animals in a zoo. I assume the Women's Detention house is not any better.

In *The House of the Dead*, Dostoyevsky expresses great joy upon being allowed to go outside to work after the first thaw. And upon seeing the first robin of Spring, he's overcome with nature's beauty. Here is the joy found in daily living, in the miracle of each day lived—which we have here but which is cruelly denied to those in other places. David Miller perhaps felt this joy upon being released from prison in April and returning to life with his family.

The freshest news at First Street is that Italian Mike has come home. How good and refreshing it is to see him out of the hospital. His legs are much better and he's looking well. His only complaint about the hospital is he did not get enough to eat. He's eating heartily now. Welcome home, Mike.

Chris Montesano, here just a month, has been discovering how fast the subways are and how difficult it can be to act Christian all the time, under all kinds of pressure. At times, it is very hard living here, and the pressure builds and builds until we want to explode. But it is all a part of the daily

Farmers Against B-52's:

STRUGGLE AT IEJIMA ISLAND

By WAYNE HAYASHI

The United States military refer to Okinawa as the "keystone of the Pacific." It serves as a nuclear-weapon staging area for the Far East and an advanced base for daily bombing raids over Vietnam. Mammoth military bases, a hundred and seventeen in all, bristling with Nike-Hercules, Hawk, and Mac-B missiles as well as B-52 bombers, can be found all over Okinawa.

The country is under United States military control. A Lieutenant General of the United States Army serves as High Commissioner of the Ryukyu Islands (the largest of which is Okinawa) armed with the power to kill any bills passed by the legislature. He can also appoint or remove anyone from office including the popularly elected Chief Executive and even the Chief Justice.

Iejima Island is one of sixty-odd small islands in the Pacific Ocean that make up Okinawa. More than half of Iejima is occupied by the American military (its population, including the American military personnel, is seventy-two hundred) and for fifteen years the people of this tiny island have been waging a militant, nonvio-

lent struggle against the oppressive rule of the military.

In 1953, the first United States "expedition" came to Iejima. The officers told the inhabitants that they were just "looking around." A year later they returned and began taking over farm land for use as artillery target areas. Feeling betrayed, the villagers organized and began a classic nonviolent campaign, which included everything from sitting down and blocking troop convoys to offering the troops fresh eggs and talking to them on a human level.

Ahajun Shoko who is a leader of the struggle, and a delegation of his fellow farmers began to travel about to make their plight known and gain support for their campaign. One of their trips was a visit to Ryukyu University to talk with the president. After hearing of their problems, the educator told the farmers that he would like to help them, but that since it was a political matter they should see the politicians. Shoko told him that the people did not trust the politicians. After a pause, the university president suggested that if they waited a few years, the Zengakuren student movement might become powerful enough

to help them. Shoko shook his head and said, "The students should stay in class and study. It is the professors, who profess the truth (or what they say is the truth) who must actively join our struggle."

He went on to point out that farmers and professors had a great deal in common: "The only difference is that we cultivate land, while you cultivate young minds. Other than that, it is the same thing, working with fertile soil to bring up a beautiful crop — whether of food or of ideas. So our struggle must be your struggle." With this simple and yet powerful argument he changed the university president's mind.

When the United States military began to apply economic pressure, some farmers sold their land. But the money they received in compensation was inadequate and they were soon reduced to begging. Many old people and children turned to searching for the brass from bullets in the artillery target areas in order to live. So far, 38 children have been shot while trying to subsist in this way.

The body of a twenty-eight-year-old Okinawan was found in the confines of an American military compound. He

had been tortured to death. The reason for this atrocity is unknown. He had trespassed on government property, but why was he tortured? Why murdered?

Eventually a seventy-three-year-old great grandfather named Nozato Takematsu, who had been reduced to the pitiful condition of collecting bullets and begging, decided to protest. He went to the capital city of Naha and brought his people's grievances to the attention of the Ryukyu government. When the government failed to respond, Nozato led a one-year march around Okinawa. As he marched, he led the singing of protest folk songs and played his shamisen (a banjo-like Japanese instrument). People listened to Nozato's songs and the struggle of the Iejima Islanders became publicized throughout Okinawa and also in mainland Japan.

Today the struggle begun in 1954 continues, led by the hard-core group of a hundred and forty-three families who have refused to move. Their land is situated right inside a United States Air Force base. The soil is dry and the main crop is peanuts. The peanut fields are right next to the B-52 runways.

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Helder Camara — Bishop of Development

By PATRICK JORDAN

Helder Camara is a small man of interminable motion. Archbishop of Recife, Brazil, of the Northeast, a man of action he is considered the champion of the poor and the favelas, one of the government's most effective adversaries, a Christian man who has made it his vocation to share in the creation of a new Third World. A man of suffering who believes his days numbered by the claims of extremists on his life, Camara bears in himself the cross and its marks.

As a man finely tuned to others, his very slightness draws his whole 5 feet 4, 120 pounds into the event of meeting. He is a compressed ball, the flurry of intensity, his gestures launched and centrifugally retrieved. He is a man entirely seeking to undo isolation. He told his fellow bishops at the Vatican Council (and it is evidenced in his *amistad* with the episcopal hierarchy of his continent) that he is a man who longs for dialogue. As bishop of Olinda-Recife six years ago, he articulated: "My door and my heart will be open to everyone, absolutely everyone." And so it is, to friend and foe, foreigner and native, to the old and the erring.

Camara is a man whose words are rarely subtle. His speech demonstrates the directness of the Gospel. He allows his fears, as well as his hopes, to appear openly. When a dialogue becomes the struggle for dialogue, he remains ever unpretentious. And one will note the power with which he calls forth openness, even to that which threatens him. He admits that his clericalisms are now instinctive. But beyond this, his is a simplicity, a daring, a poverty of spirit which compels him to always search for the heart of the matter.

Coupled with this is his sense for the dramatic, a force in keeping with his carriage and its thirst for motion. A lack of mass that might limit others has become for him the method of far-flung activity. He has a sense for the media and its uses, a sense he wishes to put to use in the processes of developing his continent. For a man whose house is not new to government raids and riddling by machine-gun fire, Camara enjoys a good celebration and a flair. His proposals for the closing of the Council would have made it the event of the century. All this time he deeply enjoys life, but knows that it is not enough.

Renewal

It is probably not by chance that the Archbishop, soon after his arrival in Recife, moved from the episcopal palace to the dilapidated two-room

rectory of the Church of the Frontier. Not surprising for a man who, it is rumored, advised Pope Paul to do away with the portable papal throne and the ostrich feather fans, a prelate whose customary dress is a plain black cassock and a simple wooden cross. Nor probably was the title of the church happenstance, the "Church of the Frontier." To be on the frontier is precisely where Helder Camara would have the Church.

Camara is rootedly an ecclesiastic. While his days extend well beyond

the limits of even liberal churchmen, his core of reference is undeniably clerical. He is well aware of this fact and intends to use it. For today, as Pope John said, "almost nobody hears, much less pays attention to isolated voices." So Camara desires to move the Church, the body, and create a tremendous wave whose combined effect will be geometric in the wave of development.

Very much a part of the Vatican Council, his spirit can be detected in its documents on Liturgy,

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWREK

The promises of May—lilac-perfumed, bright with buttercups and daisies, melodious with the full chorus of singing birds—intrude on the mood of an April afternoon. Robert Frost's lines come to mind: "You know how it is with an April day. When the sun is out, and the wind is still. You're one month on in the middle of May."

May, the month when thrush and oriole and wren weave garlands of songs for Our Lady, when woods and field grow gardens of flowering prayers for her, is a month of much importance to the Catholic Worker. On May Day, 1933, the first copies of the Catholic Worker paper were distributed in Union Square by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, the editors of the paper and the founders of the Catholic Worker movement.

On May 15, 1949, Peter Maurin, whose synthesis of cult, culture, and cultivation provided the ideological basis of the Catholic Worker program, died. On this date Catholic Workers not only pray for Peter Maurin's soul and ask him to pray for us but also try to re-examine and re-dedicate ourselves to that program of houses of hospitality, clarification of thought, holy poverty, communities living and sharing together on the land, and the nonviolent struggle for peace and justice and brotherhood—a program of work and thought and love which is the very root of radical Christianity, by means of which Peter Maurin taught his followers to seek the Green Revolution.

The wind springs up and sings through the trees through not quite bare boughs where young and tender leaves are just beginning to emerge. For the moment the dream of May is forgotten, for an April chill is in the wind. But the grass is young and tender-bright.

Beside the steps there is a frail flowering of hyacinths and daffodils, those fragile blossoms that seem to depart almost as soon as they arrive.

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon."

Although I do not write in May but in April ("The sun was warm, but the wind was chill"), Dorothy Day is now sitting in our living room telling the story of the Catholic Worker to a group of high-school students from Albany, telling as she has done so often to so many audiences in so many places the story of the founding, meaning, and function of the Catholic Worker, which she and Peter Maurin started thirty-seven years ago.

It is a story of personalism, of perseverance through adversity, of God's grace operating in a midst of human imperfection. It is a story being told in a present-day house of hospitality on the land, where, by the grace of God, there is hope and love in the midst of, perhaps in spite of, all manner of human imperfection.

Those who are listening this April afternoon are members of an Albany diocesan sodality who have chosen to come to visit us and help with the hard work of our community. They have been working on our road, which is in constant need of repair; they have been helping with the construction of the new chicken house; they have been helping with cleaning and window-washing.

They are teen-agers; but they are not rioting; they are not destroying. They are engaged in the practical task of helping their fellow human beings, of giving meaning to God's great commandment of love. We thank them, and the priest and Sister Jeanne Albert who brought them here. Deo gratias.

On another April afternoon, a group sat out on the lawn while Dorothy Day answered the questions of the Provincial of the Spanish Society of the Sacred Heart. Sister Camacho was young and dynamic and was eager to

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on the Missions, and in the Decree on the Church in the Modern World. His spirit is also felt in the theme of collegiality that dominated the Council, and in the themes of development and peace. To the pastor of Recife, union with Rome is an essential. (He accepted the encyclical *Humani Vitae* with the surety of an unblind and thinking loyalty.) At home, one of his strongest wishes is to spend the greater portion of his time with his priests and seminarians, to stimulate in them the renewal. His phraseology, while nonetheless direct is sometimes reminiscent of the papal social encyclicals. His is definitely life in the Church. Despite this, despite the possible routinization that goes with deadening ecclesiasticism, Camara is permeated by a rich and rudimentary humanism, an undying love for the Word of God and its newness. These magnetisms draw him beyond the compass of mere churchly categories into solidarity with all men and the transcendent.

Before the Council Fr. Houtart had told the sad tale of Catholicism in Latin America: "In most of the key points of social change, it is the non-Christian values which have gained the upper hand. Too often," he wrote, "as a matter of fact, the Christians were absent, or were not given any support by the institutionalized Church." It was during the Council that there came again from the Church a restatement of her solidarity with the poor. In Brazil, under the leadership of Helder Camara, the bishops of the Northeast took up the task of the Council (the *New York Times* reported in August, 1966), to be "preferentially concerned with those who can't earn bread for themselves and their families and are condemned to subhuman conditions of life." These bishops pledged themselves to the development of their region, and to a total sharing with the poor. At one time Camara stated that Church renewal is possible only when there is a rediscovery of Lady Poverty, a thesis he said could be demonstrated historically. Then as now Camara believed that if the Church is to be the Church she must have no lasting city here, even on the Miracle Mile. She must rather seek to serve, not be served. And she must serve primarily the poor, not as some powerful corporation would do, but as an approachable and willing brother.

Renewal, even of a great church, is only by the day. It is tied to life or not at all. In the Church rejuvenation depends on the daillness of poverty, especially in the Third World. For Helder Camara renewal means re-evangelization. His is a search that intends to reach the whole man. His

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BOOK REVIEWS

A DEGREE OF DIFFERENCE: Memoirs of George Barry Ford. (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.95). Reviewed by HELENE ISWOLSKY.

At a time when such concepts as renewal, ecumenism, dialogue, have become current, it is good to read the story of one of the precursors of these ideas put into practice. Father George Barry Ford was not entirely a voice crying in the desert; he had the support of the best men of his time. But he was on many occasions a lonely warrior and a long-suffering one. He would have suffered even more had he not gained the love of his own parish, as manifested by the citation conferred on him by his curates: the "Degree of Difference."

The "difference," to my mind, consisted in a charismatic sense of urgency. The pastor of New York City's Church of Corpus Christi (today retired) demanded incessantly and with insistence, here and now, tolerance of other religious faiths, recognition of man's dignity, freedom and absolute racial equality. He conceived and applied these principles existentially, as often as he could, and as radically as he could, ignoring hostility, reprimands and interdictions.

It was indeed, a rare spiritual gift—this fighting spirit which he showed at Corpus Christi and still shows today in his book. According to his memoirs, he received this gift in his youth, and even in his early childhood, thanks to his environment, but, we feel, especially because of the "difference."

George Barry Ford was born in 1885 at a farm in Ansville, New York, where English, Irish, German and Jewish people lived as good neighbors overriding the boundaries of race, religion, nationality. "Perhaps," writes Father Ford, "this warm-hearted brotherliness which was part of my childhood made it impossible for me in later years to look calmly at racial and sectarian prejudices."

Later, at school, the boy was deeply wounded by these prejudices. And when the family moved to Utica, he saw Christian children upsetting the pushcarts of poor Jewish street vendors while the Christian parents stood by and laughed. "I think," the author tells us, "that the anger I felt as a boy at the sight has never really been appeased."

It is because of this youthful experience that Father Ford, who was kindness and generosity itself, was in a sense "an angry man," manifested this wrath many a time when roused by injustice, and will go on manifesting it as long as he has a breath of life.

Young Ford attended public school in Utica, where cultural events were rare and where, unlike Ansville, denominations were strictly set apart and openly antagonistic. In this desert of inhumanity and intolerance appeared a

man who shook the young man's soul. He was neither a scholar nor a theologian—he was General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. "I shall never forget this patriarchal figure," writes Father Ford. "I realized as I listened to him that there was a man to whom the welfare of his fellow-men was of greater importance than anything the average person would choose as his first commitment in life. From that time on, every individual, whoever he might be, whatever his creed, nationality, the color of his skin, his economic position, or his politics, became precious to me."

The young boy's encounter with the first committed man he had ever seen

Japan, which made him "cross many barriers," not only geographical but cultural and spiritual; these encounters deepened his awareness of the brotherhood of nations, races, religions.

Upon his return, Father Ford took a course at Union Theological Seminary in comparative religion, which meant once more to be "out of bounds," since an enrollment in a Protestant religious institution was not merely frowned upon but actually unheard of in Catholic ecclesiastical circles. He somehow avoided overt criticism and served successively as curate of several Churches in New York City and its suburbs. He continued his studies, obtaining a master's degree at Fordham

pleased and tried in vain to moderate the revolutionary pastor's zeal. When the Cardinal died and was replaced by Archbishop Spellman, his appointment, as the author writes sadly, "brought little change in policy." In fact, Father Ford's worse troubles were still to come. He was severely reprimanded for having been a character witness at the trial of a judge of the United States Circuit Court and for having spoken in his favor. He was relieved from his chaplaincy of the Newman Club for some critical remarks made at a student meeting. He was rebuked for sending flowers to Riverside Church on the occasion of its jubilee. And he was forbidden to speak outside his church.

There are many similar incidents that are described in *A Degree of Difference*. One of the chapters is, most appropriately, entitled "Collision Course." After a stormy encounter with Archbishop Spellman, Father Ford offered his resignation, which was not accepted. He took a leave of absence "to breathe," as he writes, "the precious air of freedom," and went on a lecture tour with the president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, travelling from coast to coast lecturing along with Jewish and Protestant speakers.

When the speaking tour was over, he returned to Corpus Christi with the deep realization that "Home is Where the Heart Is," as another of his chapters is entitled. He took up his pioneering work where he had left it, taking part in innumerable activities on behalf of tolerance, freedom, justice, working with priests and laymen, with influential men and women as well as with dedicated parishioners and students. He graciously accepted honorary degrees, but was delighted with the citation from his own "home." Retiring quietly, Father Ford has retained his deep sense of dedication, his dynamism in defending justice and humanity, and his love for all that promises renewal. The last chapter of his book is devoted to what the Church has yet to do on behalf of this renewal, still incomplete, whose forerunner he was at Corpus Christi.

THE LIVES OF CHILDREN by George Dennison (Random House, \$6.95).

Reviewed by JOSEPH GERACI

I think of books as bearers of particular messages, interpreted by each in his own way. Some say little, a few words, most of them already known, more reminders than bearers of insights. They make a small impression and pass as visitors who have only minutes to give and even these hesitantly. But there are those books one comes upon at the right moment, that say volumes more than their few pages contain. They make an entry into one's life at a point most calculated to affect.

Their authors have put into them full perceptions, blood and breath, and we are strongly moved by the delightful play of humanity and vitality upon the page. I think of this kind of book as a gift, as a great good fortune and when I have put it down, a little sadly, to pursue the mundane I am often, though alas not always seized with gratefulness that it has come to me across the great gulf of incommunicability separating us.

Such books are always private visions; private responses meet them. Nearly every page is a catalyst for another idea. To talk about such books before the years of assimilation and rereading have occurred is but to share first impressions, somewhat scattered and disorganized as first impressions are, or personal impressions strongly felt within one's own private moment.

Two recent books have been this latter kind of book for me. The first, Erik Erikson's *Gandhi's Truth* was very well reviewed in these pages by Eileen Egan (December 1969).

I can only add my own "read it," hoping it will be as revelatory to you. The second book is George Dennison's *The Lives of Children*, the story of his First Street School on the lower East Side of Manhattan.

Written in alternating chapters of
(Continued on page 5)

THE LARGER THE CROWD THE MORE PROBABLE THAT THAT WHICH IT PRAISES IS FOLLY, AND THE MORE IMPROBABLE THAT IT IS TRUTH, AND THE MOST IMPROBABLE OF ALL THAT IT IS ANY ETERNAL TRUTH.

guided his own thoughts toward a vocation. After studying at the Vincentian Fathers' Niagara University, where education was good but discipline "monastic," he entered Dunwoodie Seminary in Yonkers in 1908. "My motives," his book tells us, "in choosing my life-work undoubtedly arose from a strongly imbedded desire to minister to mankind . . . I wanted to strike a blow at the intolerance and cruelty" witnessed in boyhood. The discipline was even more rigid than at the Vincentians, and the faculty offered no real preparation for future parish duties. It was a closed society, which the author defines as follows: "our instructors were mandarins; we were peasants." Ford's later criticism of religious education in general, and of seminaries in particular, dates from his personal, never-forgotten experience.

But the "Peasant" did not succumb to the stifling atmosphere. During one of his vacations he went to a meeting in Utica sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. which Catholics were forbidden to attend. Nor did the Y's in those days show any sympathy for Catholics. At the Utica meeting, the young seminarian heard Rabbi Stephen Wise, who spoke of the corruption which poisoned political life. Once more, the awareness of social responsibility was stirred in Ford's heart and mind. Years later, as a priest, he became a great friend of Rabbi Wise, and they fought together for the same cause.

After his ordination, George Barry Ford was assigned a parish in Monticello; he liked his work and, as he says, "crossed the denominational barriers," establishing friendly relations with the rector of the Episcopal church nearby. This was the beginning of the dialogue with non-Catholics of all denominations which was to continue throughout many years.

After Monticello, Father Ford was curate at St. Aloysius Church in Harlem, where in those days there were but a few Negro families and where the White clergy, both Catholic and Protestant observed, and we quote, a "loyalty to the God of a Jim Crow Church . . . one of the most widespread of modern blasphemies and a glaring denial of the gospel of love and equality of persons."

During World War One, Father Ford served as army chaplain. He was not sent overseas, but when the dread flu epidemic struck American soldiers at home, he saw human suffering and death at close range. Throughout his years of service he was drawn once more into dialogue with Protestant and Jewish chaplains. Though offered a permanent position if he remained with the Army, he returned to civilian life immediately after the war was over. He was granted a long vacation and visited the Near East, India and

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Book Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

diary and discussion the book chronicles one year of the life of Mr. Dennison's school. There were twenty-three children, Negro, Puerto Rican and White, all but one from lower-middle-class families, almost all of whom had learning problems and some who had more severe emotional problems.

Most of the children were from the immediate neighborhood. The staff was small, five or six, and the ideal was to establish strong interpersonal relations between the children and the staff.

We conceived of ourselves as an environment for growth, and accepted the relationships between the children and ourselves as being the very heart of the school. We might cease thinking of school as a place, and learn to believe that it is basically relationships: between children and adults, adults and adults, children and other children.

Strongly influenced by A. S. Neill and Tolstoy, Dennison attempted to substitute organic structuring for rules. Thus, a class would often be private and spontaneous, occurring at odd hours of the day. "To give freedom means to stand out of the way of the formative powers possessed by others," he writes, and it may rightly be concluded that his view of authority is what he terms "natural" rather than "coercive."

He hesitated at all times to interfere with a child's behaviour and very often stood back to allow it to run its course, though he was always watchful and concerned. On the other hand he did on several occasions more directly interfere and it is instructive to note the times he did and the circumstances.

Here is one description of his handling of a problem boy whose violence was threateningly murderous and who, contrary to Dennison's warning, persisted in bringing a knife to school and using it to threaten another boy. The boy has just threatened someone with his knife and here is how Dennison handles him:

I gripped him firmly by both shoulders and began to shake him, not a brief shaking, but a long, long, long shaking that made even his arms go floppy. His face changed moment by moment, as if masks were falling away. The scowling thug-face vanished, revealing the face of a boy almost twelve whose head was spinning and who was simply trying to get his bearings. Then that face too, vanished and there was the face of a young child who had a plea to make and wanted to cry. Baby tears formed in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks on both sides of his nose. I stopped shaking him and sat him in a chair beside me... I told him that I would never let anyone attack him with a knife... or let him attack anyone. He started to say something, but I repeated the whole statement word for word, and he listened to me with a slightly bowed head.

Dennison's concept of discipline is tempered by the necessity to react directly to more radical forms of behaviour, though he at all times understands the need of the child to work things out for himself. What is of first importance to him is that discipline be a response born of caring.

Authority must be tied, once and for all, to the persons who not only do care, but will go on caring. In my opinion, there is no other hope than this.

Dennison's program is always to start with the child, to "encounter" the child and provide him in return with a learning environment that does not separate the classroom experience from his private life, what Dennison calls a "continuum of experience." It is the division between outside world and school that he is trying to break down.

The really crucial things at First Street School were these: that we eliminated—to the best of our ability—the obstacles which impede the natural growth of mind; that we based everything on reality of encounter between teacher and

child; and that we did what we could (not enough, by far) to restore something of the continuum of experience within which every child must achieve his growth. It is not remarkable that under these circumstances the children came to life. They had been terribly bored, after all, by the experience of failure. For books are interesting, numbers are, and painting, and facts about the world.

There are, however, two reasons why this book, though interesting to read, may be difficult to assimilate. First, the book on every page gives the impression that the center is always being aimed at and sometimes hit, namely, a communication of the experience of these children's lives.

This a-linear movement of the writing gives the book an incredibly rich and complex content, too rich to absorb at one reading. Second the book relentlessly delves into the cultural imagination of the children and makes us see this mental underworld as also ours.

It is painful to see it, doubly painful because we are seeing it through a child's eyes, a child, that is, who is suffering from it. Take, for example, a seminar Dennison held with the boys.

I had wanted to talk to them about police and courts and jails, and to make clear somehow that law was not simply an array of force, and the cop on the corner, and a vast saying of "thou shalt not," but also, or should be, the protection of persons, including themselves, and of rights, including their own.

Dennison then tries to explain to the boys the meaning of "court" and "jail" and finally the link between these two, the police. But when he gets to this point an incredible thing happens. At the word "police" the children, who had been sprawled, somewhat indifferently, in the chairs suddenly jumped up and began shouting excitedly. "They ran around the room, leaping and gesticulating and making all kinds of noises in imitation of mechanical sounds. They were acting out fantasies of escape." And he goes on to say, remarkably, "These escapes, however, were not from the police, but from an explosion, some vague catastrophe of war which, however vague it may have been in their minds, was nevertheless quite obviously 'the bomb'." The children had made an associational fantasy leap from "police" to "bomb" in one easy motion, for to them the very real threat of violent death by nuclear annihilation was no different from the fear they experienced of their own immediate environments. The police had become for them the immediate symbol of fear invoked by violence.

This leap from the police to war lay close to the surface in them all, and was so highly charged that each one possessed an idiosyncratic fantasy of escape.

And the passage ends with a description of each of the children's method of "getting away from the scene," whether by hiding in the hills or by private jet, flight to the jungle or a swift car.

The extreme vulnerability and openness of the child's imagination to the facts of contemporary existence, as illustrated in this passage, must make us aware of what an effect our contemporary society can have on us. Certainly the adult has the security of his own ego growth, his own brand of faith, his learned capacity to cope with incoming perceptions and struggle with them. But the question remains, how much has our fantasy-life already been seized by the same visions these children have shown? In the face of such a threat as the Bomb, in possession of such dreamlike fears as these children found themselves coping with, their lives, the lives of children, take on heroic stature. Seen in this light, the statement by Paul Goodman that the purpose of education today should be survival takes on added significance.

Though First Street School inevitably closed both because of lack of funds and, as the author candidly admits, because he and his wife were simply tired of dealing with problem children and needed a rest, the feeling at the

(Continued on page 10)

LETTERS

Merton House

Thomas Merton House
110 1/2-112 N. Warren St.
Saginaw, Mich. 48607

Just a month after my wife and I and some good friends opened a storefront House of Hospitality here in Saginaw, Michigan, Karl Meyer wrote his piece on universal sanctuary for the *Catholic Worker* (March-April, 1969). It was a haunting and lucid statement in defense of just the sort of people we would be coming to know, in defense of their fundamental worth as human beings and children of God.

In the early autumn of last year, some few of us met and debated with Diane Oughton. Diane was the young revolutionary whose single finger was left to identify her in the wreckage of a Weatherman "bomb factory" in New York City. In a sense our discussion many months earlier had been a clarification of thought. Also, it had been a sorting out of the emotions of young people who see a fundamental change as the order of the day. Diane had been recruiting for the "Days of Rage" action in Chicago. She brought with her underground films from the Newsreel outfit, a radical film making operation. She spoke of the deep sense of personal liberation that came to her with revolutionary violence.

Tony the Hat ought by rights to be healthy enough to understand Meyer's theme of sanctuary. And if this, also Luther's motto "Pecca fortiter, sed fortius fide"—sin boldly but believe more boldly still. This last qualifies as the standard spirituality of our end-of-the-line neighborhood. None the less, Tony's long battles with alcohol have left him too wet for Franciscan or Lutheran theology. But Tony and Marcos, who came today, and Al, who died a few days after painting the washrooms, and Gwen, who finally had to go back to the state hospital, accepted our sanctuary while offering us their own in return. That is to say, that it is only within the sanctuary of their poor spirits that there has been a kind of affirmation for us rich ones.

Isn't the moral of the story that the works of mercy of us Catholic Workers are safer, more humble, and at once

tion at Thomas Merton House is still very much this business of bread labor—the little way, if you choose. Our one-time workman's hotel requires constant maintenance. A sort of treadmill catches our spastic steps. There are a number of crucial battles currently being waged: the kitchen battle (who shall cook and wash dishes?), the building-code battle (the restaurant owner on the corner wants our building), and the marathon sensitivity struggle (just who needs help here the most, buddy?). Eileen Egan's bit of research showing this to be the typical ashram routine is consoling. But a more sober second thought is that the weight of this is an indictment of our own hesitancy and lack of discipline.

It's good nonviolence to search for the truth in an opponent's position. I cite this by way of red-faced agreement with Mr. Agnew that there is an effiteness about Americans. Saginaw is certainly as middle America as anywhere. Categories like imperialist, militarist, and bourgeois come across to local folks as awkward concoctions. Yet even our poor hippies are effete. Their rebellion comes increasingly incoherent without a return ticket to the weathered nest. When the story broke on the identification of Diane's body, local police noted that she had been observed leafletting our high schools. But pretty much without result, for in the main she had only us with whom to share her austere, play-for-keeps politics.

We have a good-sized Mexican-American (chicano) community in Saginaw. Many of them first came as migrant farm workers. Each summer many more come from the Rio Grande Valley of Texas. For the last two seasons some of us have worked with them. It's hard to miss the deep contrast marking them off from us anglos. The testament of their lives to poverty, not chosen but endured, and now through the union (United Farm Workers Organizing Committee) to creative nonviolence and disciplined social change calls us back to a creative sobriety, surely. Yet we see in them a real festiveness that grows out of a sense of community. But without this sharing of need and sustenance, I find only inflated superficiality and peevishness.

This summer the government-subsidized sugar-beet operations (we must be able to rely on American sugar) are urging local growers to try complete mechanization. Translation? No labor in place of slave labor for the migrants. We are planning ahead for a number of stranded families to stay with us over the critical period. The pattern of following the crops will be broken down only bit by bit, and doubtless many workers will be coming north for jobs as always. This year there will be little hoeing and blocking in the thousands of acres of beet and bean fields. Paradoxically, the farm workers will give abundantly to us. But their "saving grace" can not be much different for us than Greek gifts. Their kind of grace, the grace of the Third World, of our internal colonies, turns people upside down and inside out.

Dom Helder Camara brought it to nearby Detroit just a couple of months ago. After he left, Cardinal Dearden issued a strong plea for fundamental non violent change. He spoke warmly of his sense of solidarity with Father Dennis Maloney of the D.C. 9.

The biographical sketches in the popular press hint that the ragged, hungry children of Guatemala brought it to Diane Oughton. For the media, of course, it is no gift. It is just another aberration. Something to catalogue. Something to defend oneself against.

So a time of gift giving becomes a time of revolution in men's hearts. For us a way has been chosen. Not even to ride on the donkey with the Lord. We protect ourselves too much and pass on the Easter gift for fear of opening it. Simone Weil says it straight out:

"The treasure of suffering and violent death, which Christ chose for himself and which he so often offers to those he loves, means so little to us that we throw it to those whom we

(Continued on page 8)



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loftier than bringing the war home to Amerika? (While a seminarian I heard a missionary from Chichicastenago speak. Now I read that Diane had worked there with the American Friends Service Committee. He seems to have gone back rather than moving to New York to work with dynamite.)

I suppose that Diane felt she cut the knot with her own formula: "I would kill anyone that I thought it was politically necessary to kill." For us? No. We can only accept the invitation to come and die. If there comes with this a deep sense of personal liberation, I have yet to experience it. The sober second thought, then, is not about the rightness or wrongness of Diane's life. It still speaks strongly to me in its own right. The sober second thought is about the quality of this man's yes-saying.

The yes-saying side of the proposi-

Story of a "Grower"

By HISAYE YAMAMOTO

Ed. note: We are reprinting this story of the struggle of a group of agricultural workers in New Jersey which took place so long ago and was written by one of our associates who lived with us on the Peter Maurin Farm for a few years and is now living on the west coast with her husband and children. Many of her relatives are still engaged in agricultural labor, both on the east coast and in California. We reprint it to show the victory gained at that time, and to show how much more comprehensive is the vision now of the Farm Workers' Organizing Committee who in their strike demands are also working for us all in calling for the elimination of harmful pesticides which pollute, air, earth and water. The Farm Workers' strike in California against the table grape growers has gone on for five years and needs our continued interest and support. Here are men, Mexican and Filipino, dedicated to voluntary poverty, giving their lives in a non-violent struggle for a "new earth wherein justice dwells."

June, 1954.

Twenty years ago, in July, 1934, Seabrook Farms in Cumberland County New Jersey, was the scene of the state's worst agricultural strike.

It was then an enormous hothouse, farming and canning enterprise totaling about 4,000 acres, which Mr. Seabrook had accumulated by gobbling up mortgaged and tax-burdened small farms in and around Bridgeton, Millville and Vineland. At that time, seasonal workers were mainly Italians recruited from the nearest big cities under the padrone system (the padrone received a flat fee from the grower for hiring, transporting, feeding and lodging the worker) and Negroes brought up from the South.

The trouble started when the Agricultural and Cannery Workers Union, an affiliate of the Trade Union Unity League of the Communist party, decided to start its southern New Jersey organizing with the several hundred workers at Seabrook Farms, Inc. The first strike, just at cabbage transplant time in April, of about 250 organized workers resulted almost immediately in union recognition, raises to the basic pay of 30 cents an hour for men and 25 cents for women, plus time-and-a-half for overtime. Late in June, however, Mr. Seabrook, who had had to resort to federal aid as a result of the 1933 "bank holiday," announced he would have to follow federal advice to lay off workers and reduce wages until

on his side, through full-page newspaper advertisements, sought support from other large-scale farmers and big businessmen, whom he organized into a vigilante committee.

The union emphasized the "fascist" character of the opposition; Mr. Seabrook, of course, pointed up the "red menace" behind the strikers: each side accused the other of "terrorism." In the end, with the government mediating, Seabrook workers not only won back pre-strike conditions for themselves, but, by threat of their example, were responsible for the bettering of cannery wages throughout the state.

However, repercussions of the strike lasted for months. In connection with strikes at other farms and in other industries and in the pressure of the specific and vague pro-unions vs. anti-Communist emotions aroused by the Seabrook disorders, 54 Seabrook workers were arrested (only two were ever jailed) and public meetings were banned in Bridgeton: the atmosphere was perfect for an infant labor group; the union and interest in it grew. So much so, that 1934, a state legislative committee appointed to have a sweeping look into "Communist activities in New Jersey", particularly in relation to the Seabrook disturbances, not only confirmed the left-wing leadership of the union but brought to light the labor abuses at Seabrook in the form of low wages and the use of child labor.

In 1935, the Trade Union Unity League was dissolved at Seabrook, to be replaced by the Agricultural Workers Union (AFOFL), which spread throughout the state but remained strongest in Cumberland county. In 1936, when other counties reported field wages of 10 cents to 15 cents an hour, Cumberland county farmers were paying as much as 30 cents. In 1940, the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America (AFOFL) signed a closed shop contract with Seabrook Farms, Inc., covering 500 year-around and several thousand seasonal workers, with a minimum wage of 35 cents an hour.

Seabrook Farms today is still quite a story, even in size and stunning in its details. Its speciality in late years has come to be quick-frozen foods—fruits, vegetables, chicken—which is packaged under about 50 US and Canadian brand names, including Birdseye, as well as for hotel and institutional use. It claims to be the world's largest quick-frozen foods producer, and the legend carried by Seabrook's large fleet of blue trailer trucks and vans is "We Grow Our Own So We Know Its Good." (This is not strictly true; Seabrook has always been a good market for farmers in out-lying districts). The frozen foods packaging and cannery plants are officially known as Deerfield Packing Co., while the main, four-level frozen foods warehouse, which at the peak of harvest holds as much as eight million tons (normal capacity, four million tons) at a temperature of 18 degrees below zero or colder, is registered as Cumberland Warehouse. There are other storage houses to take care of the overflow, which is sent to Seabrook warehouses in Maryland and other states. Other Seabrook projects include hothouses specializing in roses and Koster nurseries.

The power moving the varied and intricate machinery in all the plants comes from Seabrook Farm's own generator plant; all the waste is taken care of by Seabrook Farm's own disposal system. And Seabrook has most of the other accessories of any small town—a volunteer fire department, a police station, first aid station, and company cafeteria, all located in the plant area. There is a good sized general store, a community hall with a well-visited snack bar, both Protestant (non-denominational) and Buddhist churches and Sunday schools, a children's nursery, a school which is also attended by other children in the area. In addition, employees are allowed, if they wish, free plots of land on which to grow their own vegetables. For recreation, their company teams which meet outside teams in such sports as bowling and softball.

If there are Italians and U. S. Ne-

farm prices improved. The union, dubious, called a second strike which lasted 15 turbulent days and included, at its height, a free-for-all between pickets and police with a tear-gas ending.

The whole countryside was involved. The union, anticipating conflict, had appealed to small farmers through the affiliated United Farmers League, organized the jobless in surrounding communities into unemployment councils, and such groups as the International Labor Defense had worked for sympathy among small businessmen and professional people, Mr. Seabrook,



CULT + CULTUR

—Feet On The Ground— Hands In The Dirt

By THOMAS MERTON

There are some monks who are so diffident about their charism that they try to make their lives relevant to the rest of the world by systematically emptying them of everything monastic. That is to say, by repudiating all that is eschatological, contemplative, otherworldly, everything that has to do with the desert, with asceticism, with hope and with prayer. There is certainly every reason for an incarnational and worldly Christian witness, especially in the Christian apostolate. But just as in the past there has been a one-sided emphasis on the eschatological, so today we tend to see only the incarnational side and to forget the necessary dialectic between eschatology and incarnation. The reality with which the monk lives is not a deduction of God from the mystery of creation, still less a pure divine immanence at work in the technological world of man: the monastic life is centered on Christ as Alpha and Omega, as the final revelation of God the Father, in whom one day the meaning of all the rest will be made finally plain—not by man's zeal or ingenuity but by the pure grace of the Spirit. In any case, the monk not only retains the eschatological privilege and duty of smashing idols—worldly, ecclesial, secular and even monastic—but he also has the incarnational privilege and duty, of having his feet on God's ground and his hands in the fruitful dirt.

The monk should not be too quick to repudiate his admittedly unprofitable task as a farmer. (Or perhaps forester—conservationist, fire guard in a National Park, game warden . . .) There is both incarnation and eschatology in the monastic praying community which is daily aware of the presence of the Kyrios in the word and the breaking of the bread, and celebrates that awareness for those who are less attuned to it. Is it too romantic still to suppose the monk can bake the bread he will eat at table and consecrate on the altar—and bake it well? His work is part of his witness, both to the goodness of God's world and to its transience.

It might be mentioned in passing that the purest kind of monastic witness in this area of work has been given, in America, not by Catholic monks but by the Shaker communities, where an extraordinary integrity of eschatological faith bore fruit in work of consummate perfection. The craftsmanship of the Shakers is the most authentic, tangible and impressive fruit of the monastic and mystical spirit in America. It is also completely American, and remains as a model of what the native American spirit can achieve in the monastic sphere. The Shaker spirit is entirely monastic in its celibacy, its poverty, its humility, simplicity, faith, pacifism, gentleness and in its combination of otherworldliness with a profound respect for materials and for their proper use in everyday human existence.

Whether in the city or in the mountains, the monk works for his living and his work is "worldly," not churchly: he is (at least ideally) more directly in contact with matter than other religious and clerics. His should be the least abstract of vocations. The instinct that pushes modern monastic experiments toward salaried employment in industry is sure and authentic, though it raises special problems of its own.

The wholeness that is, or should be, the hallmark of monastic experience, is able to resolve the apparent contradiction of sacred and secular not in theorizing but in the proper use of work as a means of livelihood and as a way of prayer.

Monastic work remains, however, eschatological. It resolves the apparent contradiction, sacred-secular, in terms of "the beginning and the end," of creation fulfilled in eschatology, rather than in striving for unambiguous joy over the world as such.

Passages from "Ecumenism and Monastic Renewal" by Thomas Merton in *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, Volume 5, No. 2 (Spring, 1968), pp. 275-276.

groes still employed at Seabrook Farms they are lost in the crowd. Seabrook was not immune in the thirties to the competition offered by the government relief rolls, and the manpower situation became even more desperate during World War II. The problem was partially solved by flying in plane-loads of Jamaicans in summer and flying them home at harvest's end, keeping on a few the year around to supplement the machine-farming. Jamaicans are still being used, at minimum wages (75 cents per hour). The company furnishes shack housing, located outside of Seabrook Village proper. Out of their wages, the lowest

at the Farms, the Jamaicans must pay rent and buy their own food, which they go all the way into Bridgeton, about six miles away, to get. A hint about Mr. Seabrook's attitude toward Jamaicans may be had from one of his 1934 newspaper appeals, in which he asked "Down there in . . . Alabama . . . when Communist agitators began to incite strikes and disorders in the farm districts, to preach equal social relationships and mingling between the different races and to denounce all religion, what happened? . . . Do you know that they set International Labor Defense Lawyers to Alabama to defend

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Gulf Coast Poor Launch Mutual Aid Program

By H. L. MITCHELL

Along the bayous and pinewooded coastal plains of Louisiana and other states on the Gulf of Mexico there is restless stirring among poor whites as well as blacks. This quickening among those at the lowest economic levels is due to the hopes aroused by the civil-rights movement and the promises of the "war on poverty."

New organizations among sugar-cane field workers, commercial fishermen, food factories, garbage collectors, salt mines and even among domestic servants are being formed. Sometimes these community organizations take the form of a child-care center, a co-operative, a credit union, a self-help housing program, a job-training and placement project, or a trade union.

To coordinate the work being done by various individuals and organizations along the Gulf Coast, a group of men and women, nine black and eight white, in late 1969 formed the Southern Mutual Help Association and incorporated it in the state of Louisiana. Included on the board of directors is a priest, a nun, a social worker, a teacher, a civil-rights lawyer, a student and several labor-union people, plantation workers, and retired citizens. At their first meeting, they adopted a symbol of clasped black and white hands, across the area from Houston, Texas to Jacksonville, Florida.

Organizations and individuals in the Southern Mutual Help Association have been responsible for building over five-hundred homes for poor families in rural areas of Louisiana who never had a decent house in their lives. There are five credit unions and five child-care centers. There is a vegetable production and marketing co-operative. There are community organizations and unions directly representing more than three-thousand workers. Among those involved in SMHA is H. L. Mitchell, co-founder of the historic Southern Tenant Farmers Union of the 1930's, who is now agricultural representative of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters A.F.L.-C.I.O.

In the eye of this new "poor folks' hurricane" on the Gulf Coast stands a charismatic nun, who is the administrative director of the SMHA.

Sister Anne Catherine, a native of France, is a member of the small order known as Rural Dominican Missionaries, which some fifteen years ago established a convent near the colonial town of Abbeville, long a center of French-speaking descendants of rebel Cajun culture. These Cajuns are Acadians transported by the British from Nova Scotia to the swamps of Louisiana nearly three hundred years ago.

Educated at the University of Grenoble, Sister Anne Catherine was one of the first nuns to enter Tulane University School of Social Work, in New Orleans, where she received her master's degree. In 1965, she organized the first Head Start Program in the area and succeeded in uniting black and white parents on an integrated basis seldom achieved in such projects in the

South. Early in 1967, a union of fishermen, already organized and under union contract, came to Abbeville. Soon the fish factory workers wanted to organize. Sister Anne Catherine provided the union with a meeting place. Black and white people met at the convent, and were made welcome by the youthful Mother Superior.

They won a Labor Board election and got the first union contract in 1967. This was just a step in the movement of the poor people but for the power structure in the town of Abbeville, it was the point at which the Louisiana nun became a threat to their way of life. In May of last year Sister Anne Catherine was fired from her post as Head Start director without notice. Later she was charged with violating Office of Economic Opportunity guidelines. Under questioning by a news reporter, the O.E.O. program director admitted that Sister Anne Catherine had been discharged because she was putting "ideas in the heads of poor people which they would never have had otherwise."

Her fellow workers set up a picket line about the O.E.O. offices, in protest. A young black civil-rights lawyer, Marion O. White, filed a suit in local courts contesting the discharge. She then became involved in encouraging sugar-cane plantation workers to organize. She joined a group of college students in making a survey of conditions on plantations and appeared at a hearing held by the United States Department of Agriculture under the National Sugar Act, to demand higher wages for the plantation workers. Sister Anne Catherine again opened the convent grounds to employees of the largest industry in Abbeville, a rice mill owned by Riviana Foods Inc., one of the nation's largest conglomerates. The workers wanted a Union. The company immediately unleashed a reign of terror on its employees and by the time the National Labor Relations Board held an election, the men and women were so fearful that they rejected the union. Now the N.L.R.B. is holding a hearing on charges that employer representatives threatened and interfered with the legal rights of the workers and is expected to order another election held in the near future.

If the readers of the Catholic Worker feel that this program and organization is worthy of financial help, contributions may be sent directly to P.O. Box 9159—Metairie, Louisiana 70005.

"We must teach the world once again how to see, not with the bloody vision of oppressors, or through the visors of armies, but with the eyes of men. Men whose proper inheritance is life itself; men who refuse any longer to be the messengers of death. With those sacred lives the new world will be built. Those lives are the seeds of liberation for mankind."

DAVID HARRIS

A Farm Worker's Viewpoint

By PHILLIP VERACRUZ

After spending four and a half years with the Delano Grape Strike, it is my opinion that what we asked for on September 8th, 1965 (the date of the strike vote) was nothing but peanuts. If the grape growers had exhibited just a little common sense in making a fair and responsible decision, they would have granted their worker's request: a pay-increase of one lousy dime to make the wages \$1.40 an hour.

Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz had then set the criteria of \$1.40 an hour for wages to be paid to Mexican imported laborers (called Braceros). The employers would gladly pay this rate to foreign labor but not to American citizens and tax-payers who happened to be farmworkers.

The growers however, arrogant, indifferent and somewhat childish rejected the few more cents pay increase for domestic workers and denied their workers the basic right to organize and bargain collectively. Their refusal to recognize the rights of their workers triggered the longest and costliest farm worker's strike in U.S. history.

Its deadliest weapon is the international boycott of table grapes, which is currently gaining momentum by the increasing involvement of millions of people throughout the world.

I did not become involved in the grape strike until it was in its third day. I was then living, as I am now, in the small grape growing community of Richgrove, near Delano. I was then a member of AWOC, the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO. I searched all day for the union hall, but later found out there was none—no one would rent them a space to have their meetings! Then I found out that a meeting would be held in the Filipino Community Hall on Glenwood Street. I knew most of the people attending the meeting, since I had lived in Delano previously. I listened carefully to the speakers. I heard Larry Itllong, Ben Gines and Refugio Hernandez. In subsequent meetings I met Pete Manuel and Andy Imutan. Of these men the only one I knew was Pete Manuel whom I had seen around Delano occasionally. Later on AWOC director Al Green and Jim Smith, an organizer from the Teamster Union spoke to the strikers. Everything seemed to be working pretty well toward winning the strike.

Though the Filipinos generally agreed that a Farm Worker's Union would be beneficial to them, there were dissenting opinions coming from foremen, contractors and small businessmen in town. They would talk to the growers and distribute anti-union leaflets on the one hand, and give some token donations to the union to keep us alive on the other hand. Our feelings were so mixed up that in a Filipino Council meeting the members authorized the union to use the Filipino Hall and its premises for the duration of the strike. Yet a few outspoken critics would have thrown us out into the street if they could have found the backing and the legal maneuvering to accomplish their objective. But most of the members I knew wanted the union.

In principle, Filipinos believe in a union. The decision they made in this grape strike was not the first of its kind. They had been involved in many strikes before. But how to go about it was the question. It is still being debated in the Filipino Community.

After the strike was declared, most of the Filipinos left the strike area and worked in other places. Some went to Lodi and Sanger; others went to Arvin and Lamont. Most of them complained that their jobs were being taken by labor imported from Mexico.

Growers who had become rich during the war years continued to pile up more profits thereafter, so that they had millions of dollars to absorb the expense of strikes. Besides this they have been the favored few recipients of 3.3 billion dollars in federal subsidy money. They then recruited green carders (alien workers with a green visa card) from Mexico and illegal entries (called wetbacks) from Texas. They brought them here to replace domestic workers.

At this point our lawyers advised us that it was against the law for a green-carder or a wetback to take citizen's

job in a struck area. A green carder is a little bit more complicated for a local farm worker to understand, but they knew for sure that a wetback shouldn't be here since he had no papers.

The growers and the immigration officials seemed to be identical twins. They were raised together in the same environment, taught the unwritten rules of conduct, and in short, made to understand who buttered their bread. When one of them calls white black the other one endorses the statement. They have always worked as a team. Coordination and understanding are more important to them than honesty itself. The truth is told only when it is convenient. For example, when a grower has too many wetbacks working in his field, he calls the immigration authorities and complains that the wetbacks are costing him too much money. They are packed in his army-barracks type labor camp. They are using his light and water, and pay day is drawing near. The immigration officials get a phone call from the grower. During the next morning, in the grey light of early dawn, and with one day to go before pay day, all the illegal entries are on their way back to Mexico at the expense of the Federal Government. Law and order has been observed! Their uncollected wages will be an added investment for business expansion next year when more illegals will return to their ranches. The growers have a great sense of equality—they treat the illegals and the illiterate local workers the same way. The labor commissioner's office is useless to them, because they could only use it if they could read English or trust those who spoke it.

Basing their judgment on their past experiences and with their consciences blurred by greed and selfishness for more profits, the growers lost touch with the realities of the world. They seldom go beyond their ranches because their main concern is increasing the use of harmful pesticides like DDT to kill bugs, rabbits and birds that affect the bountiful harvest. They have to stay close at hand to keep an eye on their labor problems too. Perhaps this is why they can't read the signs of change taking place in every part of the globe—the students' revolt, dissensions in the churches, social, economic, and political clashes. One little dime distorted their vision so much in 1965 that they committed a serious blunder that will eventually break their tight-fisted monopoly of privileges, rights and power.

The Filipino decision of the great Delano Grape Strike delivered the



initial spark to explode the most brilliant incendiary bomb for social, economic and political changes in U.S. rural life. Its tremors are being felt throughout the world and they have been rocking all the Farm Bureau Federations into a nightmare. Before the strike, growers went to bed happy and contented and woke up with beautiful plans for expanding their empire. But today they retire for the night in a state of depression and get up tired and worried. It is because it is just against the law of nature that a few own everything and deny the right of a decent livelihood to others. This is what happened in Delano; the weak

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Helder Camara — Bishop of Development

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model is the poor and lonely Christ, the Man of patient suffering, supremely attentive to the concerns of the least of His brothers.

Real Questions

The question of development or renewal is always one of values. It is finally a spiritual matter. Camara knows this instinctively. His task is therefore broader than mere development. It is rather a direction toward, a being faithful to the essentials men of action so often become forgetful of. For Camara, the individual is the treasure—the whole individual. Camara came to this realization because his ultimate home is with ultimate questions. He makes his appeal for human dignity in men's givenness as sons of God, as persons in a community. And he is well aware, as is Msgr. Illich, that for the most part technological development has not broadened the humanity of the developed nations. It has rather stunted it, often turning it to a gross and violent materialism. Camara wishes to keep the humanity of all men alive. For the majority of mankind that means that after the technological battles have been won, the humanity of the sufferers, their suffering now eliminated or made easier, must be entrusted not to atrophy but to preservation and growth. Camara sees countries already tackled with the morbidity of materialism as being helped by the poor to regain their openness. Salvation, it seems, is eternally from the poor.

Development is a demographic necessity of the times. It must still be conducted with justice. The word liberty, largely unknown to the poor of the world, must be made known, made real. Such values transcend social and economic techniques. Man, while a physical giant, must grow beyond his plateau as a spiritual pygmy. Camara uses the saying of Jesus as his motto for development: "I am come so that they may have life, and have it to the full." This is his strong, clear faith, a force he thinks must deepen with every advance of technology. "Our love for mankind is inspired within by a love which is greater than the dimensions of the world and which provides it with a radically new element . . . The social revolution which the world needs will not come by an act of parliament, nor by guerilla warfare, nor by war. It is a profound and radical transformation which presupposes divine grace."

Church and World

Camara considers himself in the world but certainly not wholly of it. He has repeatedly warned those who would wish to smear his endeavors as political that the Christian's only inspiration is the word of Him who spoke to the prophets and the apostles, that as far as the Christian is concerned, "the Church has only one spouse—Christ. It is not wedded to any system." He stated this rather officially and pointedly by joining fourteen other bishops in "A Message to the People of the Third World" (cf. Catholic Mind, January, 1968), a message that declares the Church not only has a duty to denounce unjust regimes, but must cut herself free from them and even collaborate with new systems "more just and likely to meet the necessity of the times." Elsewhere he writes: "We are not political revolutionaries. Christians are not die-hard extremists, but if something is unjust it must be removed, even if for a long time it constituted part of the traditional social order."

To be apart from the world yet committed to it, this has long been the way of the substantive man, the man of dark times as Hannah Arendt calls him. For such a man the plunge into politics is usually assumed for the purpose of souls rather than ideas. So Helder Camara tells his people: "There are spectacular miseries which give us no right to remain indifferent." No right to remain indifferent because the heart of Christianity is the binding up of wounds, walking the mile a second time, giving away refreshment and self. So Camara goes about awakening a people's conscience (conscientizar), making them responsive by developing their political consciousness, by showing them salvation is generally in and

on account of the world. "It would be scandalous and unforgivable if the Church were to abandon the masses in their hour of greatest need," he says. "They would think we had no interest in helping them achieve a degree of human and Christian dignity and to raise themselves to the category of people." And this would be a catastrophe greater than the present underdevelopment. Then the statement of John XXIII would come to haunt Christians: "When men become Christians they feel bound to work vigorously for the improvement of institutions in the temporal environment" (Mater et Magistra, 179). Helder Camara wishes to avoid this judgment, not out of fear and pride for his own endeavors, but out of the love he holds for all men.

Solidarity

This love is Camara's underlying genius, his source of weighty compassion. It has led him to voluntarily and readily take on the sufferings of the oppressed. It is most evidently the result of his faith in the risen Christ, and the dramatic strengthening he daily gains from that encounter. In faith is his solidarity with the emerging Third World. He believes that Latin America



has a special responsibility toward the other developing continents because it is the Christian continent of the Third World. "This is demanded not in charity alone but in justice . . . The imperative is particularly grave for the Christian, not because he is a better man than others, but he has greater responsibility, in fact the greatest responsibility, because he has met Christ."

The problem of the world's fragmentation, augmented not only by the battle that betrays East and West, but more so by the gulf that grows between the poor and the rich, can be solved only through the brotherly love of all human beings. Camara says if that happens the rest will follow. When the capitalist divests himself of his anti-communist myths, and the socialist of his fears of capitalist imperialism, then and only then a sense of respect will evolve so that man can meet man. Then embargoes of Cuba will not only be but seem ridiculous, then the fraternal thread of solidarity among men will be clear, and as Martin Buber says, we will do what is to be done, we will be taken in hand by our comrades and not withhold ourselves.

Communism

The human condition is generally most apparent in its shadows, its failings short, its inconsistencies. Helder Camara's quest for solidarity is somewhat flawed by his Catholic fear of Communism, an automatic feature that comes from his situation in a struggling and threatened region, and which is influenced by the papal messages of Popes Pius XI and II. Camara's fear of (and consequently his aggressiveness toward) Communism mars his ear, usually so sensitive in dialogue. When it comes to the Communists, he often seems more keenly interested in removing their ideology totally from the picture of development (albeit through the positive means of beating the Communists to the issues) than in learning from them. But as the Church needs the world, perhaps development needs communism, not to oust it, but to be continually challenged by it.

Helder Camara is not picaresque toward Communists. He has recently made strong attempts at a Christian-Marxist dialogue. As he says, he wishes to liberate the truthful element in the Communist error. In this dialogue he admits that Christianity has sometimes been an opiate of passivity, but he introduces Communists to the possibility that one need not deny God and eternal life in order to love man and fight for justice on the earth. He also describes religion to them in other terms than an opiate, as a force that exalts the humble and puts down the mighty,

that fills the hungry and sends the rich away empty.

It is somewhat ironic that this man, with his reticence towards Marxism, has been labeled by some the "Red Archbishop." Such is the fate of anyone who attempts to conscientize the masses of the Third World. And Camara warns those who are willing to demand social and human advancement, that they will be slandered likewise. This is nothing less than a backhanded tribute to the dedication of his region's active Communists, for whose work Camara's respect was never in question.

Development

The issue of development permeates the life of Recife's bishop. While solidarity is his soul, development is his program. It is the platform on which the integration of his beliefs is most readily seen in concrete terms. A frail man, he is visibly conscious of the vulnerability of emerging peoples. To him, the struggle for development must be a deeply Christian event. Indeed, he defines development in those terms: the realization of man in his full human dimension and, by the grace of God, the realization of his divine dimension.

Camara comes from the molten landscape of the Northeast where, he says, "six percent of the land owners in this country own ninety-six percent of the land. The average income in Brazil is only \$240 a year. Three children out of ten do not reach the age of one year . . . Official statistics show that forty percent of Brazilians over fifteen are illiterate, and yet very few children attend elementary school." Brazil is in a state of "pre-violence," the result of serious deprivation, and Camara likes to repeat that if Joaquin Nabuco, the Brazilian statesman who ended slavery, were alive, he would have to abolish slavery again (meaning this time the rural and urban poor). "In Brazil," Camara says, "the Church's task is a difficult one because the Church must help to make men out of those whom poverty has reduced to beasts."

The process of progress begins by rousing people from their lethargy. It is too easy to say economic and social problems should be solved by the State. This is why Camara wishes to involve the individual and the Church in the process. "Development cannot come from above, it cannot be imposed," he says. All men must apply themselves to the technicalities of planning. They must act as a community, as whole regions, to overcome their difficulties. The rich must be encouraged not to alms-giving but to the more necessary practice of social justice. Unless the people themselves are prepared and want development themselves, no governmental program will be sufficient. Should it begin, it will soon dry up, evaporate. Following the Church's teachings in Mater et Magistra, "The Church in the Modern World," and "The Progress of the Peoples," Camara sees land reform as the only starting point of real development in Latin America. Land touches every man; the key to success in any revolution stands or falls on it.

The challenge of development brings added responsibilities to the Christian. He must experiment with and for a new, a Christian dimension of development. "We must lift ourselves out of the subhuman situation of misery without falling into the inhumanity of super comfort and super luxury," says Camara. His is the warning of Ivan Illich that Latin Americans must seek survival in a Third World in which human ingenuity can peacefully outwit machined might.

Practically, development and political independence are an illusion without economic independence. Camara proposes an "economic bolivarism" for Latin America to stride against the international colonialism that still plagues whole continents. He minces no words in denouncing the international dictatorship of economic power (the real source of violence), and says the whole world is in need of a "structural revolution." "Development can only be a plaything if there is no radical reform of the international politics of commerce," he told a group of young businessmen. This, he says, is a cyclopean undertaking to be sure.

He says specifically of the U.S. that it grows fat on the wages of the Third World's poor. "Today eighty-five percent, tomorrow ninety percent, rot in misery in order to make possible the excessive comfort of fifteen percent, tomorrow ten percent, of the world's population. Who can now fail to understand the need for a structural revolution in the developed world? He notes that the irrationalism of the U.S.'s rationalism has only succeeded in creating a one-dimensional, robot sort of existence. Crumbling from within, the U.S. must look elsewhere for its renewal. Camara says Christianity alone possesses the autonomy to make rich and powerful countries understand the value of disinterested giving. This understanding, he believes, could bring another chance to the U.S., and the whole world nearer to peace. "When I was very young," he says, "I thought Christ was exaggerating when he spoke of the danger of riches. Now I know that it is extraordinarily difficult to combine wealth and human sensitivity."

Recife's pastor has this to say to the youth of developed countries: "Instead of planning to go to the Third World to try and arouse violence there, stay at home in order to help your rich countries to discover that they too are in need of a cultural revolution which will produce a new hierarchy of values, a new world vision, a global strategy of development, the revolution of mankind." Stay at home and create public concern for the emerging countries, support and understand the Third World, mobilize the media to look into the vaster areas of human concern, create at home a Christian social order.

The Third World itself must awaken its masses and take a united action

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LETTERS

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least esteem, knowing that they will make nothing of it and having no intention of helping them to discover its value."

There is no dearth of work in the meantime. We need to research the purchase of a new house. Renting makes sense only as a second choice. We need to clarify our own ideas enough to put out a regular newsletter of some kind. We have to develop more of an outreach into the neighborhood. A well organized food co-op, with our contribution of a freezer, would be a start. Any donations (of freezers or volunteers) are invited.

JAMES G. HANINK

Ammon Hennacy

Many thanks to those friends of Ammon who have responded so charitably in helping to get Ammon's books out. THE BOOK OF AMMON is now available, and the printer tells me that as soon as a down payment is made, he will start making the plates for the ONE MAN REVOLUTION. He will do this without waiting to be paid in full for the Autobiography. At the present time, the ONE MAN REVOLUTION is camera-ready for the plates.

At present, I am working on the second draft of Ammon's Biography. I have decided to make this a two-volume work. In the first volume, I will not be so interested in the outward events of Ammon's life, which he, himself, has chronicled pretty well in his own Autobiography. Rather I will be interested mainly in his "psyche," and in particular, just what did happen to him in Solitary to make him forever after the fearless "saint" which he was. (I use the word "saint" in the qualified sense in which Ammon used it when he referred, for instance, to Vanzetti as a saint, or when he spoke of the Haymarket martyrs.)

The second volume I am tentatively leaving to Ammon's friends. I may attempt some sort of minor pilgrimage to interview people; if anyone sends me what I feel is an excellent sketch, I will publish it "as is" in what I am proposing to make into perhaps an anthology.

I've had some comment on the \$6

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

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know of the more vital aspects of Catholic Action in this country.

She too had many questions about the Catholic Worker. Since no one in our group had much command of Spanish, she spoke to us in French. Daniel Dauvin, who is French Canadian and speaks French fluently, did most of the translating, with some help from Helene Iswolsky.

Sister Brennan, of a Detroit convent of the Sacred Heart, brought the Mother Provincial to us, took part in the discussion, and helped with translation.

Here at the Catholic Worker Farm, we have a very warm regard for Sister Brennan, who spent a week with us last summer, cooked some wonderful meals for us, and in general went about trying to help and to make people happy. We look forward to her return this summer.

Discussions of this kind, whether they take place out on the lawn, facing out toward the beauty of river and mountains or in the living room or the dining room, are not mere idle talk but part of that clarification of thought, those round-table discussions of which Peter Maurin spoke so often. Such discussions are in a very real sense work, work that is done gladly, work for the love of God, but work nonetheless.

And often quite exhausting. As a kind of reward, however, I think that the fact that on succeeding days high-school students from Albany and a rather important superior from a Spanish religious order come to the Catholic Worker seeking to learn of our work and our program is evidence of the continuing vitality of the Catholic Worker movement.

On another April afternoon, that same week, in fact, I was delighted to hear during Communion time at the Mass which Father Jack English was saying in our chapel the voices of Mike and Nettie Cullen praising God in song. After Mass we sat in the dining room while Mike and Nettie ate a much delayed lunch.

There was talk, and good talk; for Mike is Irish, with an Irish gift of tongue. Mike and Nettie are the founders of the Casa Maria house, the Catholic Worker house in Milwaukee, and have done—I am told—much good among the poor, as well as much work for peace. We do not see them often, but we often hear of their work. On Ascension Thursday, Mike will come up for sentencing for his part in the Milwaukee 14 operation. Marty Corbin testified at Mike's trial a few weeks ago.

Father Andy Chrusciel drove Marty to Milwaukee, and several of our young people accompanied them. Later, here at the farm, Marty gave us a detailed account of the trial. Our prayers are with Mike and his family.

There is another kind of work which often takes place on our lawn, and which may not seem like work at all to some. But work it is, as any mother will affirm; and though done with love, nonetheless exhausting. I am thinking of the mothers here who regularly take their babies out for much-needed sunshine and fresh air.

Since three of our five babies are over a year old, they are very active and require close supervision. And since babies will grow, the other two will soon be just as active. To make things somewhat easier for the mothers this summer, Ron and his helpers—who usually include Daniel and Walter, and sometimes others—have fenced in a good-sized grassy area down by the old mansion as a playground for the small children. There are some tree stumps, a young tree, and there will soon be a sandbox.

There is ample space, and no danger of running in front of cars. But most important, the children—especially when they are together—really seem to enjoy it.

There are other evidences of work—real manual work—around our lawn this spring. During past summers we have had cars which insist on parking on our grass. If they were horses, one might sympathize. As it is, they crush and kill the grass, and deprive people of needed space. To keep the cars in their places, Ron and Daniel and others have extended the grassy area

in front of the main house, and made it beautiful with flagstones and a trellised entrance built by Mike Sullivan, and finally, as barrier against cars, have bordered the whole lawn area with rocks, logs, and some young trees transplanted from the woods. The general effect, I am told, is quite beautiful.

To most of us cars are necessary. Here at the farm, we could hardly exist without one. Indeed we are in considerable need of a better car now. Yet we should not forget that the internal-combustion engine of the common automobile is the chief source of pollution in the air. If cars continue to increase at the present rate, within a few decades air in many places will no longer support life. These views are held by many experts in the field of environmental damage. I do not think we can afford to ignore their warnings. We should insist that the automobile manufacturers devise a new engine, one which will not pollute the air. With some of the billions now being wasted in Vietnam, the problem could, I think, be solved. Meanwhile, here at the farm, we prefer that cars shall not graze on our grass.

We feel differently, however, about chickens. We hardly expect them to feed on our front lawn, but we do expect them to have a good-sized area adjoining their new house for their own private park and pasture. Certainly the chicken house is one of the most exciting works in progress on the place. Ron, Daniel, Ellie Skohr, John Murray, and others have put in some hard work on it. Perhaps they have worked too well, for some of the would-be hermits around the place are threatening to take it over as a hermitage. As for me, I like fresh-laid eggs, and so vote for the chickens.

It is our hope that our chickens will lay enough eggs so that our cost of living will go down a little. But one must not count eggs before they are laid. Anyway, having grown up on a farm, I am sentimentally disposed to—

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Viewpoint

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and oppressed of the land combined and fought the powerful for a just share of the harvest.

The grape growers were a few pennies wise but several millions foolish. They keep losing but deny any losses. Some of them have not only lost their profits but their ranches too. Perhaps they are tired of looking at their boycotted grapes rotting in their cold storage sheds. Knowledge can only be acquired through the hard way for those who wish to live as solitary individuals rather than as brothers and sisters with all mankind.

And so our movement progresses slowly but surely. Intelligent leadership is a pre-requisite for any movement. It must be fair, honest, and democratic in principles and practice to enhance its effectiveness. Its decisions must not reflect the slightest sense of guilt or vacillation. It must recognize its mistakes and correct them promptly. It demands a strong character, an understanding of people with their myriad of problems, and a tenacity of spirit to fight for justice. A mediocre man cannot make the grade.

I believe we have the right brother with a greater sense of judgment and proportion than anyone of us. He has a strong mind to compensate for a painful back. He is known to be color-blind while leading a Farm Workers' Union consisting of a rainbow of races. We will always need such an honest, compassionate and fearless leader. His name is Cesar Chavez.

(The author, Phillip Veracruz is a vice-president of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee in Delano, California. He was born in the province of Ilocos Sur, Philippines in 1904. He came to the United States as a student in 1926. He graduated from Lewis and Clark High School and attended Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. After being discharged from the United States Army in 1943 he came to Delano where he has worked as a farm laborer ever since.)

Story of a "Grower"

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Negroes against charges of rape?" If there has since been any broadening of his views, the Jamaicans are not aware of it.

But the wartime operation of the Farms got into firm ground when about 3,000 West Coast Japanese were recruited from the several inland "relocation centers" for work in the plants. They began at wages of 50 cents per hour in 1945, paying \$8.75 a week for room and board. As their families joined them, they were given free and good government housing. When the housing was later sold to Seabrook the rent was set at \$11 a month.

Today, the number of Japanese working at Seabrook is a thousand or less, including a later recruitment of Peruvian Japanese interned at Crystal City, Texas. Many have returned to the West Coast or other wise dispersed; many have jobs outside the Farms while one member of the family works at Seabrook to insure housing; a few have their own small business (barbering, shoe repair) within the Village. Mr. Seabrook, who at first welcomed the Japanese for their industry and reliability, is now said to be cool towards them, ever since they obeyed union instructions and participated in a "walk-out" a few years ago. This, he reportedly felt, was his thanks for rescuing them from the concentration camps.

As the Japanese diminished, Seabrook Farms had to cast around for another manpower reservoir from which to draw. Refused government permission to import Mexican help, Mr. Seabrook went abroad a couple of years ago and arranged for the hiring of 1,500-2,000 displaced persons—Estonians, Latvians, and Germans, most of whom were formerly professional and business people—for factory work. These with their families, now make up most of the population of Seabrook Village and receive preferential treatment in such matters as housing.

The Jamaicans in the fields were joined a couple of harvests ago by Puerto Ricans, probably recruited from New York City, who receive the same wages and housing.

The workers are all protected by an American Federation of Labor union, Local 56, with headquarters in Bridgeton. Although it is considered a company union, the minimum wage level of \$1.11 per hour for women and \$1.16 for men engaged in plant work matches higher levels for comparable work in such cities as Newark, Hoboken and New Brunswick, because decent com-

Work at the plant is just as seasonal as that in the fields. July and August finds workers on the job for twelve or thirteen hours a day, seven days a week, with no overtime pay. In winter, employment is sporadic and usually involves re-wrapping, under some name brand, surplus frozen food that has been packaged in plain wrappers and stored. And within the past few years, a great deal of new machinery has made manpower obsolete in such tasks as wrapping individual boxes and filling cartons.

Mr. Seabrook, who is now in his eighties, lives on a quiet country road outside Seabrook called Polk Lane. His mansion, a new one, sits far back from the road amidst elaborately landscaped grounds. Although he has officially retired and sent in one of his sons as replacement, he is still the real head of Seabrook Farms and the most influential man in the community.

What all this calls to mind is feudalism, with Mr. Seabrook as the lord of the castle atop the hill. He surveys a tremendous domain, comprising thousands of acres, thousands of buildings, and thousands of workers representing a goodly section of the races of mankind.

SEABROOK FARMS TODAY

March 23, 1970.

If you want to bring the story up to date, here are a few more items:

John M. Seabrook, the son of Charles Franklin Seabrook, headed the farms before his father's death, but the company has since been sold to an outfit calling itself Seeman Bros., Inc., which is not a conglomerate. But Seeman Bros. has recently acquired Carnation Seafoods Co., and reports profitable years both this year and last and is planning a larger pack this year. Besides the fancy frozen foods that it has been putting out lately, it is always experimenting with new products. The main output is institutional convenience frozen foods.

There are still quite a few Japanese employed from the wartime recruiting, and quite a few still remaining from the displaced persons brought over after the war. The unions there are now the Amalgamated Food & Allied Workers Union and the International & Teamsters. Wages have generally kept up with the cost of living, though there have been two recent strikes. A contract negotiation strike in 1968 took three days to



pany housing is available at \$22 a month. It is not impertinent to note, however, that rent raises have consistently kept up with wage increases, that the company, as landlord, feels no responsibility for maintenance, and that the newest company housing, rents for no less than \$60 a month. Also, last year the company threatened to remove all furniture, excepting stoves and refrigerators, unless it was purchased by the tenants. Since the furniture was about ten years old and scarcely worth the small price asked, most people preferred to have it removed in order to buy some of their own choice.

Thus, while there is no labor unrest at Seabrook Farms today, there remains some concern for the future.

settle, and one in 1969 took ten days.

Employee benefits include Blue Cross & Blue Shield for employees and dependents; life insurance and temporary disability benefits; pension plan; liberal vacation plan at company expense; and also nine paid holidays. Housing is no longer company-owned, and rents run between \$65-95.

Jamaicans are no longer hired for field labor. Puerto Ricans are used in the fields, with wage law minimums observed. No other large groups have been hired since the displaced persons were brought in. Many of the workers have been employed by Seabrook Farms for over 20 years.

Helder Camara

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against international colonialism. Camara wishes Christianity to again lend its support by providing viable social principle for reform, by commending land redistribution, and by supporting the social action of non-violent revolutionaries. Camara agrees with Cardinal Felton that development is the new name for peace.

Some have suggested that birth control holds the key to development, and some make it the sole key. As a man in situ, Helder Camara speaks from his own understanding. He is not so alarmed as the Paul Ehrlichs, and says those who use birth control as a "precious alibi" should be examined. The battle against underdevelopment can only be won, he believes, by profound reforms in international commerce, agriculture, industry, finance and labor. Sterilization en masse is too simplistic an answer which takes no account of the psychological and religious convictions of the peoples it involves, nor is there telling what damage such widespread practices would have on the institution of the family. Supporting the Bishop of Rome, Helder Camara sees the transformation of socio-economic structures, rather than birth control, as the fitting means to prepare a workable place for human society.

Violence

"Love alone constructs. Hatred and violence serve to destroy." This is the essence of Helder Camara's non-violent philosophy. Life has taught him that "if kindness does not resolve everything, that which kindness does not resolve will never be resolved by violence." Characteristically, when a belligerent army general chastized the Bishop for granting sanctuary to a political prisoner, Camara responded by welcoming the general to similar asylum should a change in power put him in an embarrassing situation. Camara sees no permanence in the fruits of destruction. Violence does not plant roots. It cannot change mentalities. Only love does that.

The violence of the world today is omnipresent. It is a threefold violence: that which exists in the Third World itself, that in the developed world, and that between the two, a friction which largely destructs against the poor. In such times it is no wonder violence looks redemptive to so many. Helder Camara is never judgmental of those who desperately react to violence with a violence of their own. "I respect, those who feel obliged in conscience to opt for violence—not the all too easy violence of the armchair guerrillas—but those who have proved their sincerity by the sacrifice of their life. In my opinion, the memory of Camillo Torres and of Che Guevara merits as much respect as that of Martin Luther King." He remembers that violence and non-violence alike are under the judgment of the Lord, whose judgment is ultimately the only judgment.

On the other hand, Camara has made his own choice for non-violence. It is based on the gospels, particularly the beatitudes, and is a supreme challenge to any man. He puts it this way: "The choice for Christians seems clear: we Christians are on the side of non-violence . . . Non-violence means believing more passionately in the force of truth, justice, and love than in the force of wars, murder and hatred." The result of violence is what Camara disdains. He reminds us that a violent action includes the later reaction of those afflicted by the violence. These fruits are unpredictable. But whenever violence has erupted, the poison of its reactions has become somewhat legendary. To avoid this plague is to reap a fuller harvest, even if that takes longer and is won only by hard labor. "It is only those who achieve an inner unity within themselves and possess a worldwide vision and universal spirit who will be fit instruments to perform the miracle of combining the violence of the prophets, the truth of Christ, the revolutionary spirit of the gospel—but without destroying love."

Finally, realizing the possibility of police actions by the U.S. should a serious violent revolution occur in Latin

America, Helder Camara has asked the Northern countries to support the non-violent philosophy of development by ensuring the credibility of democracy in the emerging nations. Since he knows the Third World is a stream ready to chart a new course, he would preserve the developed nations by channeling that torrent into the way of non-violence. And he is the last one to deny that he needs all the help he can find to do it, yours, and mine and our neighbors'.

Hope

The facts are, according to Msgr. Illich, that more people suffer from hunger, pain, and exposure in 1970 than did at the end of World War II, not only numerically, but also as a percentage of the world population. Is it possible to hope in such times? Camara's life says so. His hope is somewhat audacious, even to infer that a Pentagon could reorganize to direct its forces in a global strategy for the world-wide liquidation of misery! He thinks man capable of realizing the political necessity of peace, and ~~and~~ too, in the ~~world's~~ ~~world~~. And as for the powers of egotism, sin, and the diabolical shadow in the world, he is still hopeful because, as he says, "I am hoping for a little respite." Camara's optimism is rooted in his faith and his impeccable sense of human dignity and solidarity. "I hope not only in the help of God who will not abandon to destruction the chief work of creation, but also in man's intelligence and good sense." Once again we detect his poverty of spirit, his willingness to try again. His words to his flock confirm us: "We beg you to remain firm and daring, like a Christian leaven in the world of work, trusting in those words of Our Lord: 'Look up and raise your heads, because your redemption is drawing near.'"

Conclusion

As he lives it, Dom Helder Camara is a man of faith for whom the gospels are a call to daily conversion. He is a dynamo of action, yet a man faithful to the essentials, a man conscious of the higher things, a man for whom the riches of Christianity are far from being tapped or exhausted. His communion with the family of men is tangible. He wishes to share all the joy and the sorrows, the hopes and preoccupations, the works and weariness of each. Dialogue is his lived reality. As a servant and leader he does not count on success. "Utopia? God does not command success. It rarely depends on us. Our job is witness, effort, striving for dialogue." Who is not touched by such humility? It was in this poverty of spirit he told the Council Fathers his desire to be "surrounded by priests who are holier, more intelligent, more trained, harder workers, more capable, more understanding, and more loved than us." In these illusory times we can take strength that there has been found in Christianity a bishop.

Ed. Note: Helder Camara's *The Church and Colonialism*, published by Dimension Books (Denville, N.J., 1969), is now available.

JOHN WOOLMAN

(Continued from page 1)

that he might now feel free to return to his home."

John Woolman covered his face with his hands and prayed. After a time he got up and said that he had a message for them but did not desire to deliver it to them unless there was a unity between them and himself; that he did not want their hospitality unless there was this unity. Meanwhile he would work and support himself at his trade of tailor, and if they had any employment for him he would appreciate it. He sat down and the air was not quite so tense as before. After a time he got up again and such was his eloquence about the sin of slavery and of great wealth that Dr. Fothergill got up and apologized and he was made welcome by the whole congregation.

Slavery

Where did John Woolman get this power? He did not seem to be born with it, for he kept store and was a tailor for some years and acted just like other people. What first awakened him up was when an old Quaker wanted him to make his will, and in that will there was to be the disposition of a slave. Being of shy nature and slow to act without considering an action, John made the will and then repented of it, and told the old man that he should have gotten someone else to make it as it had something to do with slaves. He said, "For the only way for a Christian to treat a slave was to free him." He looked around and most of the Quakers owned slaves and certain ones owned slave ships. He spoke about this in Meeting and went all over the colonies speaking about it. He would enter a house and perceiving that the owner had slaves he would remonstrate to him about it in the name of the Lord, John Fox and John Woolman. He would pay for the hospitality or sleep in the barn or on the roadside rather than take the hospitality of a slave-owner. One such man defended his owning of slaves by saying that God had put the mark of Cain, which was the black skin of the Negro. Woolman replied that this did not add up, for every one in the world was supposed to be drowned in the flood, except Noah and his family. So there could not have been any blacks left.

At another time in Rhode Island he converted the son of the wealthiest slaveowner in the state, and the young man freed his slaves. During a Quaker Meeting in Newport a Quaker would hear the whistle of his boat of slaves and leave the Meeting in haste. John Woolman would then speak of the iniquity of slavery.

John Woolman was not only against Slavery but also against 7% interest. The rich Philadelphia Quaker who prided himself that he was not a tobacco-growing, cotton-growing slaveholder of the South would not be allowed much comfort, for at any time of the year John Woolman was likely to visit him with the message of the Lord pertaining to the camel and the needle's eye.

During this time there was a special

war tax for the Indian wars. John Woolman spoke up against that. He was told if you refused to pay the tax the government would get it anyway by distraint of your money or goods. John said that in Virginia Quakers had refused to pay a church tax to the Episcopal Church and had suffered distraint, so why not continue it now on war? His wife was a quiet woman but she was willing to give up her cow or whatever the government wanted. Every householder in the town was told by the Army that they had to quarter two soldiers in their homes, and would be paid a certain sum for it. Woolman said that they could stay in his home as guests but he didn't want any "blood money" for it. They sent him one soldier for two weeks.

Travels

In his travels Woolman met a young man who was a Quaker but had never heard any one speak against war especially. He had spent time in prison for not going to the war. John Woolman probably had the first Draft Counseling Service. This was in his orchard when young men came and asked him what to do. He was very clear about it: "No running away, or hiring a substitute," the thing to do was to go to the officials and tell them that you would not serve; and then stick by it and go to jail in the same, or better spirit, of the soldier going to war. Woolman asked these young men: "What is it that you are objecting to? Do you just object to yourself being drafted? Or do you object to the whole method of war? If it is the first you cannot honestly claim a religious motive. If it is the second, you cannot put another man in the ranks in your place."

The non-Quaker Governor of Pennsylvania had a clever method of harassing the rich Quakers, many of whom had indentured servants. The rule was that if an indentured servant would go to the war he was then a free man, and the rich Quakers would be out of the work of what was practically a slave-worker.

John Woolman did a positive thing, which was to raise money to pay the Indians for the land which the whites had stolen from them. He also raised money to help the families of the young men who went to jail instead of going to war.

Janet Whitney, in her book, *John Woolman, American Quaker* tells in detail of his many experiences. At one time he was ill and he had a dream in which a voice said, "John Woolman is dead." From that time he commenced to get better. He prayed and he thought about it and he came to the conclusion that, "The old John Woolman who did less than he could for the freedom of the slaves and the Indians, was dead."

He now renewed his trips over the colonies speaking against slavery. At one time he journeyed to Western Pennsylvania where there was war with the Indians. He wanted to show these Indians that there were some white men, Quakers, who were friendly. He soon had a chance to do this, for early one morning as he came out of his tent an Indian with a tomahawk raised in his direction was a few feet away. Quickly he went to the Indian with outstretched hand and made a friend of him. Woolman was a very solemn man. He had the idea that if a white man smiled at an Indian it would be taken as a sign of conquering him instead of being a real friend, so this welcoming hand without a smile seemed to work.

John Woolman blazed the way for himself and for us in the deep forest of fear, compromise and greed, and above all, in that desire of wanting to be with the winner, which is the modern curse. By the time of his death he shamed the Quakers of his country for the most part to free their slaves, and to discontinue their slave trading. In this century Rufus Jones sprang loose from the Quaker prosperity and lethargy and founded The American Friends Service Committee. He had charm like Woolman for he talked the Gestapo and Hitler into allowing milk for the German children in the Thirties.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

end of the book is hopeful. Dennison demonstrates the possibilities of a community school, a school, that is, that grows out of the environment and participates in it. That children, left to themselves, have a curative effect on one another is the starting point of hope here. The children's method is play, their manner is "a matter of observation, discernment, generosity, intelligence, patience." Children should be allowed what George Steiner has called "the anarchy of unobserved self-perpetuating games." In this lies the possibility for them of finding a way out of childhood fears, and culturally created horror fantasies.

Why is the book so significant? It is not only that it exposes the failure of our educational system, demon-

strates a viable alternative, and discusses this alternative in a living language, rich, perceptive and intelligent. Nor is it only that the book is alive, energetic and loving, filled with lucid discussions of radical methods of education from Tolstoy and Dewey to Neill, and important new ways of looking at such concepts as "freedom" and "authority" in education. It is rather that, better than anything written today on contemporary education, *The Lives of Children* permits us to understand, through the child's mind, the imaginative links between various seemingly disparate elements of our cultural milieu and further, and most importantly, the imaginative-fantasy response this creates in us.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

himself is obsolete unless he can change. That change requires more altruism, more kindness, more—no one need to be ashamed to say it—more love."

Love shows itself in gentleness, in tenderness, and manifests itself physically in serving and accepting service from another. Hans Tunnesen, our Norwegian seaman cook, uses the word gentle as his highest form of praise. When he says a man is gentle, he makes us all realize how good a word that is.

We are, too, a community of need, rather than what sociologists call an "intentional community." When people ask us how long people stay with us, meaning "the poor" (though we are all poor), we say, "for life"; one of the works of mercy is burying the dead, and we remember them all as we say compline in the country, and vespers in the city, each night.

And certainly too, praying for the living as well as the dead, we are remembering all those who answer our appeals, and send us what we need to keep our two households going. "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." We have had these prayers answered too often for us to doubt now.

I never know, when I am quoting scripture, what translation I am using, whether King James, or Douey, the revised editions or the new translations. It would take more time than I have to check on this. So please excuse.

To answer simply the question, "What do you mean by anarchist-pacifist?" First, I would say that the two words should go together, especially at this time when more and more people, even priests, are turning to violence, and are finding their heroes in Camillo Torres among the priests, and Che Guevara among laymen. The attraction is strong, because both men literally laid down their lives for their brothers. "Greater love hath no man than this."

"Let me say, at the risk of seeming ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love." Che Guevara wrote this, and he is quoted by Chicano youth in El Grito Del Norte.

One must write about these things now when in these last weeks three young people were blown to bits in a house on Eleventh Street, just off of Fifth Avenue, reportedly in an attempt to make bombs to blow up banks, department stores, the offices of giant corporations, all those impregnable homes of high finance in this affluent society. One can only use cliches to express these things, it seems. That is one reason perhaps for the use of those four-letter words which shock by their contempt and hatred almost for life itself, for the ecstatic act which is part of the beginning of new life on earth.

Anarchism and nihilism are two words familiar to the young and now attractive to them. They do not believe in building a new society within the shell of the old. They believe that the old must be destroyed first. That is nihilism. In a way it is the denial of the "here and now." Perhaps St. Paul defined The Catholic Worker's idea of anarchism, the positive word, by saying of the followers of Jesus, "For such there is no law." For those who have given up all ideas of domination and power and the manipulation of others, are "not under the law." (Galatians 5). For those who live in Christ Jesus, for "those who have put on Christ," for those who have washed the feet of others, there is no law. They have the liberty of the children of God.

But, my God, what a long and painful process this is, and yet how powerful! How long enduring!

"If there is no law," I have been asked many times, "then why are you a member of the Roman Catholic church, the authoritarian church?"

I can only quote Newman in answer to this, and, strangely enough, in a most peculiar context? I believe it was during a time of war for England and he was asked at a banquet whether he would go against his country if the Pope called a war unjust. He answered that if he were asked to drink a toast

it would be to conscience first, and then to the pope. During the second Vatican Council it was again affirmed:

"In the depths of his conscience man detects a law which he does not impose on himself but which holds him to obedience... For man has in his heart a law written by God. To obey it is the very dignity of man. According to it he will be judged... Conscience is the most secret core and sanctuary of man. There he is alone with God whose voice echoes in his depths. In a wonderful manner conscience reveals that law which is fulfilled by love of God and neighbor."

One must follow one's own Conscience first before all authority, and of course one must inform one's conscience. But one must follow one's conscience still, even if it is an ill-informed one. All those young ones and older ones, who are committing themselves to violent revolution as the only way to overcome evil government, imperialism, industrial capitalism, exploitation—in other words evil—are not only following their conscience but also following tradition.

All Men Are Brothers, that Chinese classic which inspired Mao, and the Buddhist and Hindu classics tell of the gigantic struggle between good and evil with profound faith in the eventual triumph of the good. Even that fool for Christ, Don Quixote, setting out on his donkey with lance in hand, was trying to overcome evil, to right wrongs. It is all another concept of the Incarnation, an acting out in flesh and blood, and in the shedding of blood, man's hope against despair, the belief that physical activity, violence, the pitting of all one's life forces, is the only path that is open to us today. This is the way young people are reasoning. To do otherwise is to betray one's brothers, they believe, to leave them to slow and agonizing death in war or by cold, hunger and disease.

So we cannot judge the young. But we are challenged to answer.

Jesus said, after he had washed the feet of his disciples, "What I have done, you shall do also."

No one coming into contact with this Man fails to be affected by Him. In a recent *Commonweal*, John Deedy quoted from the Communist Roger Garand's article about Christianity in the *Franciscan review* *Evangile Aujourd'hui*:

"About the time of the reign of Tiberius, no one knew exactly where or when, a person whose name was unknown made a break-through in man's horizon. He was neither philosopher nor tribune, but one who lived in such a way that his life signified that every one of us can, at every moment, begin a new future."

"In order to proclaim the good news to the very end, it was necessary that he announce that every limitation, even the supreme limitation, death itself, had been conquered. Thus his resurrection."

"Various scholars are able to challenge every fact of this existence, but that changes nothing in regard to the certainty which changes life. A fire had been lighted."

"This fire was first of all a rising of the poor, without which, from Nero to Diocletian, the 'Establishment' would not have persecuted to the extent it did. With this man, love was to be militant, subversive; if it weren't he would not have been crucified... His death was like the birth of a new man."

"I look on that cross, and I think of all those who have expanded man's horizon—John of the Cross, who teaches us by dint of having nothing; Karl Marx, who has shown us how we can change the world; Van Gogh—these and others who have made us realize that man is too great to be sufficient unto himself."

"You the receivers of the great hope that Constantine stole from us, you men of the church, restore him [Christ] to us. His life and his death are for us also, who have learned from him that man has been created a creator."

"The power to create, the divine attribute of man, is there—it is, my

A CRY TO RESIST

(Continued from page 1)

up with hatred in their hearts. Our brothers, all over the world, even kill each other because other things have become more important than the brotherhood we share.

What is most deeply distressing is that our country kills. We are only 6% of the world's population, and consume 60% of the world's goods. We are not killing to obtain the necessities of life, but to protect the surplus of goods that we have. We expend enormous sums of money to provide armaments to protect this surplus. While we do this, many of our brothers throughout the world writhe in agony and die of starvation. Others, seeing their brothers die, turn in hatred towards us. We cannot turn our heads from the fact that, for our own comfort, we are oppressing and killing many of our brothers throughout the world.

If we do believe in the brotherhood of man, then we must ask the question, "How does such a situation continue?" First of all, it continues because men refuse to admit that it is wrong to kill any man. Instead of ex-

stitutions to exist, is to share in the immorality of their actions.

I have been asked to cooperate with an American institution that allows America to carry on its immoral activities. I cooperate by carrying a draft card. I have been asked to say yes to the laws that allow that institution to oppress and kill our brothers. Not to support it or its laws is to challenge its existence. I am morally bound to create a new society by challenging its existence. Here is my draft card. I hope that you will ponder these thoughts.

Recently, I came to the Catholic Worker, after having spent over six months working with and learning much from the War Resisters League in San Francisco. When I came, I sent the following letter to my draft board: Dear Local Board Members,

Over seven months ago I sent you a letter explaining to you why I was returning my draft card. I again reaffirm what I stated in that letter. Also, I wish to return to you my classification card which I did not return at the time. (I forgot.) I want to make it clear that I am not running from the consequences of my action. I wish to let you know where I am so that if you desire to take action against me you may.

Over these nine months, I have only begun to realize the implications of the act I have taken. Not only is there lack of brotherhood in the world, but also in myself. To make my protest real, I must begin to live the love that inspires it with everyone I meet. Both the hospitality house and the farm offer the opportunity for making this commitment a reality in both the personal and social context. I am very glad to be with the C. W.

Note: my friend Randy is now serving two years at Lompoc for having been found guilty of violation of the Selective Service Law by not notifying his draft board of change of address.



amining the morality of their own acts, they focus their attention on the morality of the acts of other peoples or nations. Or, if they see the immorality of the acts of their own people, they condemn them in words only and cooperate with the institutions that carry out these acts. To cooperate with any of the laws that allows these in-

Struggle At Iejima Island

(Continued from Page 3)

The military has erected barbed wire around their land and the farmers have suffered from harassment and "accidental" bombings. But they have refused to give up their land.

So far they have succeeded in having one missile base dismantled and removed from the island. They have also won many friends among the younger American enlisted men. Shoko says that many G.I.'s write to him after they leave and some even choose to spend R & R (Rest and Recuperation) on Iejima Island visiting the farmers rather than in the more exotic spots in Korea, Japan, the Philippines or Hawaii.

"The Japanese imperialists took Korea, Manchuria, Southeast Asia, and the Pacific Islands, and they were stopped," a farmer said to me. "Can't

friends. It is present every time something new is born to augment the human form: in the most passionate love, in scientific discovery, in poetry, even in revolution."

During the civil war in Spain the story is that the workers draped a statue of the Sacred Heart in a public square with the printed inscription on the Red Flag: He is ours. You cannot take him from us.

The justification for a Christ who urges militant action is the story in the New Testament of how he drove the money changers out of the temple. Over and over again, when I am speaking in colleges and universities, this incident is brought up. There are also many strong denunciations of the oppressor, the hypocrites, the whited sepulchers the lawyers, of all those who put heavy burdens on men's shoulders and do nothing to share them or lighten them.

I can only answer in these other words of His: "Let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone."

The most effective action we can take is to try to conform our lives to the folly of the Cross, as St. Paul called it.

Take and Read

Mike Cullen and his wife Nettie came

America see that taking our lands from us for military and imperialistic purposes is just as bad?"

What struck me about the Iejima people was that they, most of them, seemed to be old or still children. Most of the people in their twenties and thirties leave, because they see no future here. So young students like the six from the Osaka (Japan) branch of the War Resisters League are welcomed like sons when they come in the summer to work with the farmers in the fields and support their struggle.

When asked if the farmers would ever lose hope, Nozato said: "The question is not victory or defeat; the question is struggle until victory."

ED. NOTE: Wayne Hayashi is active in the Resistance in Hawaii. He and his wife Lori visited Iejima Island in August of 1969.

by this week and wanted to know what he should read while he is spending the next few years in jail. There is first of all the New Testament, but one has to do a good deal of praying for light while reading it. In a way we have heard it too often. One has to dig for the treasure. One has to give up many things to buy the field in which the treasure is buried. There is Father P. R. Regamey's *Nonviolence and Christian Conscience* (Herder and Herder) and *Christianity Versus Violence* by Stanley Windass (Sheed and Ward, London). And nothing has explained the Old Testament to me like Father John MacKenzie's *Two-Edged Sword* (Bruce). Unfortunately prisons demand that books be sent new from the publishers and these books may be out of print, so we cannot send them from our library. But as far as I am concerned, the Holy Spirit is always putting into my hands the things I particularly need at the moment, food for the mind and food for the soul.

"Come Holy Spirit and fill the hearts of thy faithful and kindle in them the fires of thy love. Send forth thy spirit and they shall be created (new men) and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 9)

wards livestock on a farm. I don't mean cats. We have so many that they are about to take over our house. But what better alarm clock than a rooster crowing in the early morning?

Speaking of the high cost of living, we hope to begin eating out of our garden before too many weeks have passed. At least there is a great deal of gardening activity going on. John Filligar has already ploughed and disked the large garden area in the upper field. Ellie Skohr and Johnny Hughes enjoyed the privilege of helping drive the tractor. There are also a number of smaller garden plots being prepared. Down by the old mansion, the garden plot, with the dwarf fruit trees Peter Lumsden set out, the raspberry canes Carmen Mathews gave us, and the asparagus and rhubarb beds John Filligar started two years ago, has been extended and is being planted by Elizabeth Gessner, Lora Waes, Miriam Jarski and any other "young mother" or would-be gardener who wants to participate. So far, a number of vegetables and herbs have been planted. Best of all, the asparagus and rhubarb are coming through fine. The theory behind this garden is that the mothers can work in it and still keep an eye on their children. Down by Peter Maurin house Father Andy has been working making another plot ready. Andy has also done some work in the woods clearing away brush from the wild raspberries so that we can get to them to pick them later in the summer. Near the Jarsky apartment end of the old mansion, Walter Jarsky and Joe Geraci have started a small ornamental garden with transplanted evergreen trees and myrtle. Underneath her window in the main house Dorothy Day planted radishes the other day. As for me, I have not yet planted, but some of the perennials in my garden spot are up. The lavender came through the winter fine, and that "grayish stuff," as Pat Rusk called it, is filling the air with the same sweetness that made the whole garden spot fragrant last summer.

But while we wait on our own gardens, nature's garden is already providing us with food. The young dandelion leaves are up, and thanks to Ron and Elizabeth, we have had several delectable salads from them.

Another help in combating the high cost of living here is the fact that we have a number of cooks who really try to do their best with whatever is available. We are now baking most of our bread, and there is nothing quite as good as home-made bread. Our cooks and bakers include: Hans Tunnesen, Alice Lawrence, Elizabeth Gessner, Clarice Danielson, Lora Waes, Miriam Jarski, Les, and on occasion others. In a community as large as ours, there are many people doing many things. Some of the men from the road, who come to us for shorter or longer periods, also give valuable help. In addition to the work of the household, there is also the work of correspondence and writing in which several participate. There is work. Nor is there any lack of guitar and music. Loud laughter and louder arguments also occur.

We continue to have a steady stream of visitors. Since we are so large a family—according to the census taker, we now number fifty—it is not always easy to take care of visitors unless we are informed of their coming. Will all who wish to visit, please phone or write to Ron or Elizabeth Gessner?

There have been a few important events since our last issue. On Palm Sunday, young Martin John Corbin was baptized by Father Andy, with Joe and Audrey Monroe standing by as godparents, and Marty and Rita and the whole community present as witnesses. On Easter Sunday morning, Sally Corbin received her first Communion. On the first Monday of April, Professor Edward Bordeau gave us a talk on attitudes toward religion in the work of John Dewey. The talk was very well presented and provoked a lively discussion.

Now on an April night, I hear from my window the Spring song of the brook. The night is cool, moist. But somewhere, not far away, lilacs are dreaming of Maytime blossoming.

We move toward May. The month of

Our Lady. The birthday of the Catholic Worker. The month when we remember most particularly Peter Maurin. Pray for us, Peter Maurin, that in this time of violent revolution, we shall continue to strive, non-violently, with God's grace and love, for the only true revolution, the Green Revolution.

Peace Ship

By CLARICE DANIELSON

The dampness of the ship's hold was reaching through my coat, as we stood and listened to A. B. N. Nathan talk about the Peace Ship. For an Arab or Jew living in the Mid-East today, it is a choice between murder or suicide. The Peace Ship bears witness to reconciliation, for two sides locked into reliance on force as the only solution cannot find a way out.

"The Peace Ship is a floating radio station broadcasting the Mediterranean, in Hebrew, Arabic, French, and English, calling for magnanimity from the Israelis and compromise from the Arabs. We would criticize both sides. We would show understanding of the way a man feels in an occupied area. You have to admit the faults of both sides. You cannot justify everything just because your side did it. That is the trouble, people are always trying to justify what has been done by their side. They repeat the wrongs done by the other side. That way there can be no progress. But Arab and Israeli share a common geography. Our music, food, and customs are similar. We can look beyond the hate, and the hurt, and inform and remind both of cooperation and common interests. Peace Ship broadcasts would stress the common cultural heritage, and comment on present news and events in a language of moderation—and play the best of Mid-East music."

By this time it was more than the dampness of the hold that was reaching me—I felt hope. What a practical way of witnessing! While the Peace Ship addresses itself to the Mid-East, it includes all of us, for by supporting it we show we are something more than our own nationality—we are God's children. This is the action of individuals, speaking out to many nations, saying that we have an alternative to being trapped into World War III.

A. B. Nathan has never said that he is not an Israeli, although he grew up in India in the Gandhian time. I can remember growing up in America during World War II, and being of German descent, wondering how responsible I was for the death of six million Jews. Yet I could not say that I was not part German without committing spiritual suicide, and so looked with agony for the credit side, to separate myself from the murder racism inevitably brings. What joy and liberation comes with the good news that His world is bigger than the one in which I was born!

Neither can I say now that I am not an American, nor ask anyone to deny his heritage. Yet for survival in a nuclear age, I can ask you to join with us in witnessing for something more. It is no longer enough to be American, or Jewish, or Arab, or Vietnamese, or black, or white, or brown. We can all join in the only 3 R's that will get us out of World War III: We are repenting, when we admit that we need to be more, for we give up some of the exclusivity that unites people who have common blood, or share in the same land. Yet by admitting this, we redeem our brothers and sisters of different blood or land, by making it easier for them to say the same. Then, we can be reconciled with one another.

A. B. Nathan, an Israeli, whose first loyalty is to God's service, has put his personal destiny in His hands. Will you join with him, and let the Peace Ship speak the 3 R's for you too? More than 3/4% of the \$100,000 needed to get the ship underway has been raised.

Send contributions to:
Treasurer American PAX Assn.
The PAX Peace Ship Fund
Clarice Danielson,
Box 1111, F.D.R. Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

36 East First

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living and learning that goes on here. The lower east side can be a hellish place to live unless you give the best of yourself to each new day. As the children at the block party painted all the joys their own childhood may lack materially, so we must try to give with our hearts all the more since we're surrounded by such poverty. It is the hardest kind of giving but reaps the greatest reward. Jacques Travers spoke to us at a Friday meeting on Simone Weil, whose identification with the poor was of the purest and most beautiful kind.

Earl Ovitt, our mechanic and engineering wizard, has done many things for us. His most recent contribution has been a screen for the basement room so we can open the trapdoor and let the men waiting for John's soup enjoy a little more air.

Dwight McDonald spoke to us a while ago about the art of writing and his former magazine, "Politics," which remains an apogee in American publishing.

Julia has a bright green dress she wears for Spring, and the women volunteers have come up with some new ideas. Our local women's liberation has appeared in the women sharing equal rotation with the men in taking the house at night. So far, Connie Parks, Joan Drilling and Joanie Levy have shared this task. And Kathleen DeSutter has chaired a Friday-night meeting, a first in CW history. All together the girls have been doing a superb job.

Brother Paul has been making his home-made apple-sauce for us each week and it's been a hit with everyone.

Gary Sekerak found it was more difficult to give Scotty a shave and shower than he had imagined. Gary shaved Scotty but then Scotty decided he had had enough and walked out out of the bathroom. Peter Ross had just the opposite problem, as Scotty stopped his shave in the middle to take his shower. Pat Jordan, visiting his folks in California for a month, gets both jobs done. He will have to tell us his secret when he returns.

Someone recently asked me if babies were ever born on the subway. I said yes, I thought so, sometimes, but later the question seemed symbolic of the city. Babies born on subways; bombings, fire-engines throughout the night, a tarantella of divergent sounds and sights. From the Bowery to Saks 5th Ave., from City Hall and Wall St. to the Cloisters and Central Park, this is a fascinating city.

The one constant in it is hurry. Something is always moving or changing around us so rapidly, so unlike the slow changing in the earth, that the mind is boggled by it all and retreats to what it knows. For the Bowery men, drink is their world. In their own way, these men pray as much as if they were kneeling. Every drink is a prayer to help them help themselves. So many of the men seem anxious to better their lives but only a few ever do because the city offers them little alternative to find themselves as men. So they retreat into drink. Perhaps in the bottle there is some peace and moments for reflection.

In helping these men only a little we help ourselves. We here are able to glorify our life a little bit by feeling responsible for our small task. The work pulls you apart at times but there is that feeling of successful endeavor which pulls you through. Dostoyevsky in *The Brothers Karamazov* has an old monk, Father Zossima, near death, telling the younger monks and novitiates about his youth. He talks early about a younger brother, Markel, who died young. The closer he came to death, the happier he felt. Near the very end, Markel tells his family: "... everyone is really responsible to all men for all men and for everything. I don't know how to explain it to you but I feel it is so." It is so especially here.

I remember not too far back Eleanor, a woman on the Bowery, trying to remember with Pat the last stanza of Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening":

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

It is the last line I love so much. The travelling is rough. Everyone is tired. But we go on.

A couple of weeks ago Carmen Mathews was here and read for us from Peguy, and a beautiful play, "The Terrible Meek" by Charles Rann Kennedy. It was a small meeting and there were moments as dramatic and beautiful as have ever been experienced here.

Mr. Gibbons and Mrs. Laroque sweep up for us after dinner so thoroughly now I doubt there is a niche either broom does not touch. Larry Severson came back to visit us and everyone was glad to see him. He looked very well and will be attending school in Philadelphia.

Millie's always helping us out, be it washing dishes or helping us to clean up. She continues her weekly AA meetings for those who wish a new chance on life. We sadly note her brother's recent passing. May he rest in peace.

Jimmy's been helping John with onions for the soup as well as mopping the floor when the girls have the house. Perhaps the girls don't have it so bad after all.

Ed Brown cooked chicken and giblets for us and we hope he will have a return bow soon. It was scrumptious. Also, Ed is quite the host along with Smokey for any visitors to the CW.

Gordon's been interested in the ice-hockey playoffs and was telling Earl of past fisticuffs on the ice, though the fight in progress on the TV screen seemed quite enough.

Mr. Anderson's been keeping the 4th floor spic and span. Not a day passes the floor isn't mopped, the bathroom cleaned. The younger folk on the 5th floor could learn a bit from that.

This is the year of the Census. Millions of people will be counted, millions of statistics compiled. The old will be frightened by the long forms and the penalties threatened for not filing, the young infuriated by its irrelevance. And what does the Census ask? About all the non-essentials of living. Nowhere on the form does it ask about the problems of the poor. And how many poor and black people will not be counted? There is a very short story by Chekhov which answers the only question worth asking anyone else. It concerns a cabdriver in St. Petersburg, Iona, whose only son has recently died in a hospital. He can find no one to tell his sorrow to. He tries to tell an officer, who only brushes him aside. He tries to tell 3 rowdy young men, who hire his cab at an unfair price and who are too caught up in their own private lives to listen. Their only consolation for Iona is, "We all die," which is true but does not help.

Iona returns home without bitterness but wonders if any one of the thousands of people in St. Petersburg will listen to him. Near the stables he attempts to tell a thirsty young man of his unquenchable thirst, but the other will not listen. At last, he cannot hold his sorrow in any longer and is driven to tell it all to his "little loyal mare."

We need not only to feed, clothe, and shelter the poor but to listen to them—as St. Francis says, to console, understand and love them as we need to be consoled, understood and loved.

As we go to press we learn that Polish waiter is dead. He had not been here for more than two weeks, but his staying away for short periods was not uncommon. When we would begin to get the paper out, he would be here to help us out. Gentle gentleman that he was, his presence is missed.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 8)

price for the BOOK OF AMMON. The six dollars is meant as a "suggested" price. If, however, anyone who wishes the book cannot afford this, then simply send less. If you cannot afford anything at this time, please tell me and the book will be sent as a gift. The same "policy" goes for the ONE MAN REVOLUTION.

Joan Thomas
Box 2132 Salt Lake City
Utah 84110