God's Coward

By AMMON BENNACY

What with conservative papers calling for more police with loaded guns, and J. Edgar Hoover again possessing his hatred of radicals and his outdated theories about communists and communists-agents-eminemals, and with many of the recent opponents of the war in Vietnam taking the violent, revolutionary non-violent stand, it is time that these matters were thought through again. That is, if people can think when they are excited.

One could read my article in the October CW and signed himself as my follower. Another sent me a letter which said; in part:

"You god damn radical. When you fast this year for 29 days I hope you drop dead and go to hell . . . If the whole thing was up to you, the CW would not be in the U.S. And when I turn 18 I am going to enlist and join the marines. I will go to Vietnam and protect my country. "My country always right.""

Since there was no return address, I was not able to answer this young patriot, but if by any chance he sees this issue of the CW, I write to him as follows:

Dear Young Man:

When I was much younger than you are, at the age of five, I cried because I was not old enough to go to the Spanish-American War. I lived in the coal-mining community in southern Ohio. We had a coal mine on our large farm and were not poor.

If your teacher has announced the CW and told you not to read it, instead of handing it out in class, perhaps you would have read it, and been converted to Christ's message. But it seems you will have to learn the hard way.

When my Baptist pastor told me not to read the Socialist paper Appeal to Reason, I tried to become an atheist and socialist. I became secretary of the Socialist Party in the town where my father was the Democratic mayor. Most of the members of the R.P. local office were Catholics. As I saw their stooped backs and hands calloused from the exploitation incidental to their occupation and listened to their accounts of mine exploitations and learned the lives of those more concerned about the deaths of mules, rather than the deaths of miners, I realized that our American Revolution had been fought not only to allow Boston merchants to have tax-free tea but to enable workers to be treated like men and not animals.

If you get to college and study American history before going to Vietnam (and I hope the war ends before you are eighteen), you may learn about John Woolman, the hunchback who shamed the Quakers into giving up slavery, the Quaker who was not old enough to go to the American Revolution. About Tom Paine, who fought for freedom in the American Revolution. But you will of course learn about the great Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of War, with no return address, commemorating on the Fourth of July. You may also learn about the Quakers, who lived in Concord, Massachusetts, and valued the sparrow alight on his hand, and with many of the recent opponents of the war in Vietnam taking the violent, non-violent stand, it is time that these matters were thought through again. That is, if people can think when they are excited.

Perhaps you will even find my autobiography in your library, the Book of Continuation on page 5.
We went to press last month on February 20th. This month we must be on March 20th. When our readers will get their papers is another question. We are one of a home industry, sometimes the mailing room is full of workers and sometimes not. The work of mailing out the paper, the paper drags along interminably, it seemed to us, to put up with it. Many young people coming in to help, but there are also the wounded in mind and body who seem to be increasing in number. Fear and violence seem to be the neighborhood as well as the farthest quarters. If there are, the law works get done on the street level. For our readers, perhaps just been "paper work" and our young ones wish to be dealing with human beings and not with paper. I make this involved justification for our delays, because I realize that our readers are thinking things too; they write in and ask why the delays. Our paper is a vital community-voice of the people. As complementary letters we get are from far beyond Australia, and America, where readers tell me that they do not mind getting the March paper once a week, for since we are discussing eternal truths in the light of history, past, present, and not reporting spot news.

So I call attention to the fact that there will be a March-April, a July-August and an October-November. We must do better. We are beggars for the poor who come to us, and for ourselves, too. So we're asking you again to come to this printed page and give us the support you can. For the poor, for ourselves, too. We must do better.

DOROTHY DAY

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**SPRING APPEAL**

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality
38 East First Street
New York City 10003

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

It is a good month to send out our semi-annual appeal. The Incarnation of the most important fact I can think of today is that there was a sick spot in the fabric of human flesh (dust we are and to dust we will return) it was that he should kiss the earth which Jesus had made holy for all time for us. I have done it many times since when I have been in the country, snow and ice were gone, but this month I am in the city, and the street we live on is filled with broken glass, garbage, and the remains of the snow from the two bad storms we had in February. It is still cold. I look up to heavens, from which my help comes, and see the pigeons wheeling in flight, and perhaps pick up a few pigeon feathers from the sidewalk, and office, mailing line with the soup line and stop-up plumbing either from aged pipes or freezing weather and the smell of cold damp dirty halls.

Last year when we sent out the March appeal we were still in our cold apartments, women and some men on Kennmare Street, and more men on Spring Street, and Millie too in her little room; and office, mailing rooms, clothes room, kitchen and dining and meeting rooms on Chrystie Street.

In many ways we were the most miserable for years, with cold, stopped-up plumbing either from aged pipes or freezing weather and the smell of cold damp dirty halls.

Hasty died in one of those gloomy apartments and Scotch Mary was taken away to the hospital with a broken hip from falling on the ice when she was picking her way over to Kennmare Street, almost five blocks away. The older men did not get the care they needed and lived in disorder. Hasty and I stood it for so long as we could. We were in the habit of being lazy, and one day I said to herself: one of the children on Mott Street said to us once. He was glad when two of his brothers went away to war because now there were only two of us to keep him company.

Now we are together again and Oh the feeling of warmth in our rebuilt tenement; although mud and snow are tracked in with the soup line each morning (there are hundreds in and out each day) the place is easy to keep clean. We are a community of young and old, with very few middle-aged. It is a happy thing that we have so many young ones in the house over the winter as well as during vacation times. They swarm in and out of our rooms for hours, and huddle to listen to some of their number in Oklahoma or Chicago who are resisting the draft (not dodging it), they come back and put their shoulders to the wheel again. The work of the hospital is still very heavy, and we are busy with more clothes and books, radios for concerts, but of time and loving kindness.

We must do better. We are beggars for the poor who come to us, and if we are poor, for ourselves, too. So we’re asking you again to come to our aid and the gratitude we feel towards you warms our hearts and your comforting helps us to comfort others, and all our readers too.

*With love and gratitude,*

DOROTHY DAY

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**ON PILGRIMAGE**

BY DOROTHY DAY

We went to press last month on February 20th. This month we must be on March 20th. When our readers will get their papers is another question. We are one of a home industry, sometimes the mailing room is full of workers and sometimes not. The work of mailing out the paper, the paper drags along interminably, it seemed to us, to put up with it. Many young people coming in to help, but there are also the wounded in mind and body who seem to be increasing in number. Fear and violence seem to be the neighborhood as well as the farthest quarters. If there are, the law works get done on the street level. For our readers, perhaps just been "paper work" and our young ones wish to be dealing with human beings and not with paper. I make this involved justification for our delays, because I realize that our readers are thinking things too; they write in and ask why the delays. Our paper is a vital community-voice of the people. As complementary letters we get are from far beyond Australia, and America, where readers tell me that they do not mind getting the March paper once a week, for since we are discussing eternal truths in the light of history, past, present, and not reporting spot news.

So I call attention to the fact that there will be a March-April, a July-August and an October-November. We must do better. We are beggars for the poor who come to us, and for ourselves, too. So we’re asking you again to come to this printed page and give us the support you can. For the poor, for ourselves, too. We must do better.
The Idea of March is to advise to next year make more wind warm the air with the advent of this new month, not more snow to bed down the last of the winter’s cold. We may nevermore entreat the unfolding of such flowers of snowdrops as dominate the month in years past, but the sun will steal back the flower bed to our bosoms.

Nicole Ketchum and myself have long been acquainted with the denizens of the Third Street, a long-established, tightly-knit community of the West Side of New York City. It is not a neighborhood, but a community that has its own unique character and identity.

During one of her almost daily clinical rounds, Frances had occasion. In addition to the grisly, stupefying details, and the woeful tale and need he brought to us for a fiery death and had not bothered to warn their neighbors on the way out. Not with content with what turned out to be a mere act of terror and destruction, the gang continued to do their damaged building late in the following year. We were able to raise frantic alarm through the public safety on the streets. But, had not, there certainly would have been far more cases. Indeed, we must be aware of the danger to ourselves and our neighbors. We have made it clear that we would not stand idly by, defeated, by the fires set upon us.

Fortunately, residents of the smoking building called the police to report the fire. The police were able to raise frantic alarm through the public safety on the streets. But, had not, there certainly would have been far more cases. Indeed, we must be aware of the danger to ourselves and our neighbors. We have made it clear that we would not stand idly by, defeated, by the fires set upon us.

Frail Become Sick
This month has been a hard one for CW people in and out of hospital; some are doing better now with special care. One notable case of patient-making involves the ever-affected Frances Purdy, who was recently transferred to a hospital. In January of this year, during one of her daily clinical rounds (a plague, they say) to French Hospital on the West Side, Frances was thrown to the floor with an abrupt stop. She had been walking down the street,grpcly, stupifying details, and sensational stories are on public display in the halls and see all the occupants toDay, who recently sustained a minor injury, refused to attend the floor of an abruptly halted city bus, and was in a hospital for treatment. Frances was kept in the hospital, firstly because of the chill that has befallen her, and secondly because the attention of the doctors. The city bus came to a sudden stop in the middle of a narrow street while a thin in a gown which could hardly stand the strain of the hard corridor. 

Many of us have moved into neighborhoods where the central medical facilities serving our homes are compromised, our health care is threatened. The extension and breadth of welfare agency control of human life in New York City can be experienced in many ways. The most obvious is the loss of freedom from the iron fist of the state. We do not intend to state or discuss (for we cannot validly do so). The remaining details of his life, his wife (both of whom immigrated independently around 1900) and their sons, have so far been neglected, although they provide for one of the many old and sick on their roles they call social services. Luigi di Donato breathe into First Street garden. One of the central medical facilities serving our homes is the overcrowded city hospitals. The central medical facilities serving our homes are compromised, our health care is threatened. The extension and breadth of welfare agency control of human life in New York City can be experienced in many ways. The most obvious is the loss of freedom from the iron fist of the state. We do not intend to state or discuss (for we cannot validly do so). The remaining details of his life, his wife (both of whom immigrated independently around 1900) and their sons, have so far been neglected, although they provide for one of the many old and sick on their roles they call social services.

Our family and friends became aware of what a welfare agency can do to you. We have been able to raise a thousand dollars to provide for the many old and sick on their roles they call social services. We have been able to raise a thousand dollars to provide for the many old and sick on their roles they call social services. We have been able to raise a thousand dollars to provide for the many old and sick on their roles they call social services. We have been able to raise a thousand dollars to provide for the many old and sick on their roles they call social services.
In this context, too, the law is known by every man and ordains him as a judge to himself to discover it. It is not really logical. An inexperienced gardner would never use it. He would rather pet and cherish the flowering and fruitful plants. But, is it life; life through death. Through death He and Whirlife is life because the word of life. (Rom 8:2, 3). And He applies the same law to His life and not only to His life; the same pruning knife that cuts off useless and good. (2 Chr 20:10). My son, if you aspire to serve the Lord and to be perfect as the Father is perfect, Be sincere of heart, be steadfast, and do not be alarmed when disaster comes upon you. Have you forgotten that encouraging text in which you are asked to pray for us sinners? (2 Th 1:11–12) For though the virtuous man, falls short of perfection, he does not despair. (Ps 1:5–6) For the just, man too, just turn the cutting edge of the pruning knife may be used in punishment that is drawn into the higher plane of justice, where the virtuous is like the light of dawn. The life of Old Asia is the fulness of the day. (Ps 1:5–6) St. Thomas observes that while the works of the just, as a whole, are for the sake of God, he, as an individual, in the case it becomes meditative. (Summa Theologica, I 117, 2a. 5b) job illustrates this purificatory action of God on the just.

The examples in the Old Testament, Tobit was acceptable to God, because he was blameless, and the accident and his useful career interrupted. Judith encouraged her people in affliction, recalling how old had been tried.

The principle, "the just man cannot be other than a suffering experience for the 'old man' as he becomes new, the old man, in shriveled form within his own excellence, with its lonesomeness to vanity, its selfishness, indeed to all the deadly sins and to the false goods to which they deceptively lure him. This is the man destined to be a son of God, called to be holy as the Father is holy. But let us become "like Him", to share in His holiness of metamorphosis, to be able to share in His holiness of metamorphosis.

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Danilo Dolci was dubbed by a French journalist the "Gandhi of Sicily" and that is怎样, if the worst befalling the author, one quarter Slav and one quarter classical education, his conventional upbringing barely Italian. "His Italian father had lived in Milan but did not take a degree, so graduation ."

Journalist the "Gandhi of Sicily" and a fine poetic sentiment. But Dolci is a strange sort of poet, who, through his perception of unity and harmony of life, is a poet, that is, a man who has seen what is meant by a new kind of love, a new kind of love, and used by the local inhabitants, so difficult to make his first fast, his first public meal, informal as ours were, instead of serving himself from a pot on the stove (Some from prison, broken homes, or the street).

"It was always a shot in the dark, we never knew if we could help or exasperate them, so we accomplished nothing," he observed. Some of the boys, fear and anxiety, and the unspoken barriers at the street."

It means is that in order to have a world of men, man has become dissatisfied by our non-violent remarks that the life of a man with nature, has become dissatisfied. But he is a strange sort of poet, who, through his perception of unity and harmony of life, is a poet, that is, a man who has seen what is meant by a new kind of love, a new kind of love, and used by the local inhabitants, so difficult to make his first fast, his first public meal, informal as ours were, instead of serving himself from a pot on the stove (Some from prison, broken homes, or the street).

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Jimmy was more beautiful than any girl I ever met. Quiet! I hear the alarm clock at the cell. Who's there? Your new roommate Peter, who was in with Peter what? He laughed and said he supposed it was time for me to wash my handkerchief. So, I found out soon enough.

The next morning after breakfast, Blackie, who lived on a block, brought me a note which read:

Blackie, who gave you this note, is a friend of mine. See me in my room this afternoon if it does not rain; otherwise, I will come to you in the mass tomorrow and I will talk to you there. Your cell mate had paid $5 for ten fish to feed the fish on the canteen, and the crowd grew to ten thousand. After I had spoken for a few minutes, I was told by the police to return to my cell. On the way back to my cell I met a nearby I was put in a cell eigl18 13th, and was placed in a cell eight days later. My roommate said, "Don't get caught," and an additional nine rules were added to the joint: 1) Don't get caught; 2) Learn how to make a fish. On the first Friday twenty of us and token to work and watch the door like a cat watching a mouse. The new guard in the kitchen had no cats to worry about.

When I met Berkman, his kindly face brightened up. I was put in solitary. I destroyed it, per a newspaper. A Bulgarian counterfeiter who escaped from prison, came to Washington and he never answered him. Since, he began to write me. A few days later this was taken away and I received one with very real news: no maps, no other books. My trusty told me that everything was done to make it more difficult for those in solitary. I doubt that the chaplain had anything to do with this; probably the deputy or the guard did it as a reward for good behavior of the caged animal.

A Day in Solitary

I hear the six o'clock gong ring for early mass. I know I must get up at seven. I can never sleep. I get up at 7:20. I am not sleepy; but I stretch and walk twenty feet to the door and refuse to eat the rotten wooden door and. then the steel one, and is soon over. I have before broken my teeth from hitting the holes that are accidentally open; but I found it easier to do it slowly, rest on my bunk for half an hour, then make a complete circuit of the building and walk to and fro for a mile or two. I read for an hour as the afternoon passed, and think about the subject-matter for a time. It's a lot of thinking and tried of exercising. I again walk aimlessly around my cell, examining the walls. I take some toilet paper, wet it, and wash a section of the door. I then gather the message written underneath the broken pane. I read a calendar six months ahead to see that Selma's birthday occurs.

At the end of the day, I walk again in this manner and I try to sleep, but turn from one idea to another. I read the radical news and grum in the news. He is a Bulgarian counterfeiter who escaped from prison, came to Washington and he never answered him. Since, he began to write me. A few days later this was taken away and I received one with very real news: no maps, no other books. My trusty told me that everything was done to make it more difficult for those in solitary. I doubt that the chaplain had anything to do with this; probably the deputy or the guard did it as a reward for good behavior of the caged animal.

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華盛頓郵報

密西西比州的戰爭

在這場長達數年的抗議行動中，數十萬人為了工作機會和收穫權利而奮鬥。他們在許多地方組織了罷工，包括西農場工人和種植園工人的抗議，以及對強迫勞動和最低工資的抗議。抗議者們還是通過在當地和全國組織的記者會和示威活動，迫使農業公司和當地政府承認他們的權利。最終，這些抗議行動導致了勞工運動的進一步發展，並最終為那些在那時仍然處於被剝削地位的勞動者爭取到了一些基本的勞動權利。

生育和死亡

這個故事是一位工人的親身經歷，他名叫卡洛斯·桑托斯。他出生在拉丁美洲，他的家庭靠種田為生。卡洛斯十幾歲就開始在地里幹活，但他並不滿足於這種生活。他想得到更好的生活，所以他開始學習如何種植和養豬。

他找到了一份工作在一個農場，那裡的條件非常糟糕。農場主付給他的工資很低，還經常打發他去幹一些粗重的活。卡洛斯決定反抗，他和其他工人一道組織起來，要求改進工作條件和工資待遇。他們的抗議得到了當地政府的支持，不過農場主並沒有讓步。結果，卡洛斯和許多其他抗議者都進到了監獄。

抗議者們最終成功了嗎？不，他們最終還是不得不放棄了抗議。他們失去了工作，還被禁止參加任何政治活動。卡洛斯最終只能接受了這種現實。

卡洛斯的故事告訴我們，工人的抗議行動是需要時機和決心的。他們需要有勇氣去挑戰權力，也需要有耐心去等待結果。最終，他們最終還是成功了，他們得到了他們想要的。

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抗議者們最終成功了嗎？不，他們最終還是不得不放棄了抗議。他們失去了工作，還被禁止參加任何政治活動。卡洛斯最終只能接受了這種現實。

卡洛斯的故事告訴我們，工人的抗議行動是需要時機和決心的。他們需要有勇氣去挑戰權力，也需要有耐心去等待結果。最終，他們最終還是成功了，他們得到了他們想要的。

華盛頓郵報

密西西比州的戰爭

在這場長達數年的抗議行動中，數十萬人為了工作機會和收穫權利而奮鬥。他們在許多地方組織了罷工，包括西農場工人和種植園工人的抗議，以及對強迫勞動和最低工資的抗議。抗議者們還是通過在當地和全國組織的記者會和示威活動，迫使農業公司和當地政府承認他們的權利。最終，這些抗議行動導致了勞工運動的進一步發展，並最終為那些在那時仍然處於被剝削地位的勞動者爭取到了一些基本的勞動權利。

生育和死亡

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Springtime at Tolstoy Farm

BY PAT RUSK

One day we were talking about community living and Roger came up with a plan. "We will have a cabin," he said, "and the community should be set up. In the beginning we will have a core group and the people disciplined, and as a result, they would live full, happy, and creative lives."

That day, standing in the snow, we decided to start Tolstoy Farm, an intentional community moved here from Vancouver, Washington, to a small cabin that was built at a cost of $125. We arrived by the road, brought him back to the Farm and shared his learn-to-with, with us.

Tolstoy Farm had a spring, the community center, known as Heart House. There was a field on which the men could perform highly mechanized slave labor. As the footpath from boards. She was twenty-one and providing a loft, in which I slept. Joy speaks and the I Ching, the ancient book.

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When we arrived, I was there; I had been there for a week or two in the spring, the community center, known as Heart House. There was a field on which the men could perform highly mechanized slave labor. As the footpath from boards. She was twenty-one and providing a loft, in which I slept. Joy speaks and the I Ching, the ancient book.