Air Academy Action: Speaks Message of Peace

By Fr. Stephen Handen

One year ago, a small group of us spoke a message of peace to the men and women of the United States Air Force Academy. We spoke quietly, sincerely, and unequivocally. We may have disturbed; we never disrupted. Our message was not heard. It was met with official scorn and letters of expulsions from both the Academy and communion with our brothers in the Chapel.

One year later, November 14, 1972. The bombing, killing, terrorizing and destroying were still going on unabated. The power and the hope of the word of God and his holy Thursday was not heard.

The federal government’s Internal Revenue Service on December 8 began proceedings against Gano Peacemakers, Inc. and against Ernest and Martin Bromley for taxes and penalties amounting to over $30,000, for the years of 1969 through 1971. The address for both is 10308 Sylvin Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. The locality is on the map as Guadalupe Church.

As many people are aware, Gano Peacemakers, Inc. is a nonprofit corporation established by the Bromleys and others soon after they went to Gano as a community in 1950. It has held property, but has never operated a program, had any income from work or contributions, or had a treasury.

In 1968, the mailing address of the Movement of Peacemakers, together with its organ, The Peacemaker, was brought to the attention of the Bromleys, and they accepted responsibility for circulation of formerly existing The Peacemaker files were brought from Yellow Springs, and financial records were brought from the former business address in Germany, and the sharing fund from Oelberlin. As is well known by all volunteers, who have had the records, everyone close to the Peacemaker Movement, The Peacemaker magazine's assistant editor was imprisoned as a community in 1950. It has held property, but has never operated a treasury. Apparently, IRS took these from copies of cancelled checks kept by the Bromleys and others.

Whether IRS has made this more with the calculated intention of disrupting and diminishing the Peacemaker Movement and Gano Peacemakers is, of course, not known. The Peacemaker Movement is a nonprofit corporation. IRS has consistently refused to give IRS any information—partly because they wanted to make collection as difficult as possible, even though the amount might be very small—and partly because they wanted to offer legal noncooperation with the machinery of a racist and murdering government. Having gathered information, which IRS is totally false, as the basis for a claim, IRS should not be permitted to proceed in infringement of the total misrepresentation.

The Vietnam War:

“That Rough Slouching Beast” by Patrick Jordan

The words are more haunting than ever. The words of that now often-quoted New Yorker editorial of last summer. For the recent catastrophic bombing of North Vietnam, coming Christmas week 1972, has made those words even more dreadfully fortuitous. The editorial stated: “There are many kinds of factories, and the American machine in Vietnam is a death factory. We are its workers and consumers, our ships and planes its moving parts, and the Vietnamese its raw materials. In this new gale the war has become so much a part of our lives that we scarcely notice it any longer. In a way, those who claim that the United States is no longer active in Vietnam are right. The war cannot now be seen as something we are doing; it is what we are.”

It is Christmas week and we awaited the Second Coming. Instead, we came again to the Vietnamese with our thunders, to that Indian official forced to leave Hank because of the bombing: “People were dying everywhere.” In the week that President Truman died, we had all but equalized the agony-producing terror of the A-bomb, but not once had we answered the basic question of why we had ever begun our efforts in Vietnam, why we find ourselves exempt from the Fourth Commandment.

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world;
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned.
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.

Could these lines of Yeats, written in 1920, be more apt? Do they not speak of America in the ’60s and ’70s, of Christmas, bombs, 1972? Do they not echo the New Yorker (Continued on page 8)
I write this in my room at Tivoli which looks over the garden. The snow is not yet full of ice floes as is usual at this time of the year. But the place is not uncomfortable. The snowball shall be house-bound for a few days. But Jan. 1-3 were three beautiful nights, with ethereal thaw and a quiet mist as the sky darkens. When the bright light of December, the little garden in a glass dish of mosses and tiny plants, which is the most graphic. Surprised by joy describes just such a tiny garden which his beloved scholar and teacher, and had done the life, adventure, and freedom. He was the one all the young boys could play with. Beauty is more useful than the simple useful, for it is the ultimate goal of beauty without which, perhaps he might not want to live upon earth.

When a man is in discord with reality, in conflict ... the thrust for beauty and harmony appears in him with his greatest force. Art is useful here because it pours its energy, sustains the forces, strengthens our feeling of life. Man accepts beauty without any conditions and so, simply because it is beauty, with veneration he bows down before it, not asking why it is useful and what one can buy with it. Beauty is more useful than the simple useful, for it is the ultimate goal of beauty without which, perhaps he might not want to live upon earth.

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**Tivoli: a Farm With a View**

By DEANNA MARY MOWKER

A light rain is falling after a light snow last night. The air is raw and chill, though not really cold for early January, and the snow lay on the earth all night time to time a downdy woodpecker searched on moss and twigs. Now and again a chickadee calls cheerfully, "You persist in cheerfulness, little chickadee? Do you not know that this is early January, and that we have little sun left to guide us toward the weather? Do you not know that the world of men is still dominated by God-given gifts of air, earth, and water, and that the day may come when neither birds nor flowers can survive. God-given gifts of air, earth, and water, and that the day may come when neither birds nor flowers can survive. Do you know a secret, O my chickadee? Do you know a way to end this war. Do you know a way to end this war. What prison life—if life it can be called—is like. We experienced sufferings, the American crew expressed the fear of more government repression of free speech in radio, television and press, but not today.

They know of our own conflict with the IRS. We live in what we can only regard as a temporary peace, we have not applied for or received tax exemption. The letter we received (and published in a paragraph on page 298, in speaking of art, Dostoevsky is quoted as saying: "It has its own integral organic life, and it is answer, as it were, to the mad desire of beauty "without which, perhaps he might not want to live upon earth.

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Nonviolence in Vietnam: An Exchange

September 12, 1973
To The Catholic Worker:

An article in The Catholic Worker (July-August, 1973) in which my name is mentioned has just come to my attention. I am extremely appalled by the wholly inappropriate and bigoted appearance in a publication I have always associated with a spirit of courageous charity.

It is mentioned that I wrote a report "giving the position of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam." It is thereafter implied that by my name and the sponsors of the Second International Assembly of Christians in Solidarity with the Indochinese People being held in Quebec, October 6 to 9 that indicates the Assembly "is committed in advance to the violence of one side of the conflict." To begin with, I recognize and restate the fundamental principle that we, as Catholics, are committed to non-violence. We are taught this by non-violent means, let it be understood, in the historical context of the current Vietnamese situation. This understanding of non-violence is what we as a movement are trying to communicate to others.

The rest of the short article repeatedly presents us to a priest of a priest, who was helping to organize the Quebec Assembly. His answers were presented as more accurate than the original literature regarding the Assembly, which I wanted to ascertain with regard to the original literature. We gave an accurate picture of what the Assembly was about. I found that it did not. The report of the Assembly was factual, and pointed out that some open its mailing list. This was not illegal. Non-violence would not be present, in particular, in the March 16th letter of the Vietnamese Buddhist Peace Delegation.

This brings us to the whole question of the violence of the victims who have had to flee our past few years, motivated solely by our horror of the war. If this horror is genuine, it has taken the time to inform ourselves about what has "given" what we have learned to our fellow Americans. This work has been through a process of coming to grips with our own distortions, to that position in the American press, reflecting the counter to the violence of the American Government.

Secondly, the "position" in question is nothing other than the peace proposal of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam calling for a government of national reconciliation and union of all Vietnamese groups we revere as adherents, and all organised religions would be represented. It is biased to imply that the writing of the report presents us to a priest, who was helping to organize the Quebec Assembly. His answers were presented as more accurate than the original literature regarding the Assembly, which I wanted to ascertain with regard to the original literature. We gave an accurate picture of what the Assembly was about. I found that it did not. The report of the Assembly was factual, and pointed out that some open its mailing list. This was not illegal. Non-violence would not be present, in particular, in the March 16th letter of the Vietnamese Buddhist Peace Delegation.

This brings us to the whole question of the violence of the victims who have fled from our past few years, motivated solely by our horror of the war. If this horror is genuine, it has taken the time to inform ourselves about what has "given" what we have learned to our fellow Americans. This work has been through a process of coming to grips with our own distortions, to that position in the American press, reflecting the counter to the violence of the American Government.

Inaction is of course always non-violent, but those who practice inaction non-violent as a matter of faith are regarded as moral authorities on questions of violence and non-violence.

When you are working for the peoples of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodan, you are attacked, and when you are working for the peoples of the peasants of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodan, you are attacked, and when you are working for the peoples of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodan, you are attacked. Non-violence cannot expect to be recognized for the truth of the rhetoric of each opposing side. Winnowing out the truth from both sides of an ongoing conflict is just not possible. Neither side wants a third force which is free, which is bent on simple truth, in whose name one party or another can be deprived of an advantage.

The Christian reconciler goes even further and says that, as he can only serve one master, Jesus Christ, he must give his life to the truth as he sees it, whether it be the victim or the perpetrator. Thus the reconciler finds that he is exposed to the darts of those who truly believe in violence, who see violence as the synthesiser of evil and the suppor of the victor. It is a complicated task, but the reconciler becomes a danger to the regime, to whoever is or wants to be a third force. Thus the regime that the regime of South Vietnam is silencing the pacemakers and Hanui is silencing the reconciler. The reconciler is only a position for those who refused commitment to either side and are terms neutralism.

Those who commit to nonviolence makes them a third force, and by that force is meant a position that is outside both sides. "The Gospel Message of Liberation," as understood by those who organized the Peace Assembly, is not the gospel message of liberation. Those of us who managed to escape from the complications of the options are quick to recognize the new theology of liberation as a re-packaging of second-hand "Gospel Message of Liberation." It brings us back to the old "Devil-Angel" concept of a struggle, where one side is just and the other side evil, then we can thus unleash on the "devilish" side, on the oppressor. Some simplistic concepts project the struggle onto the world outside the "devilish" dichotomy in our own psyches, and ourselves kill and injure human creatures with a clean conscience. Those of us who opposed the "just war" in theory and practice were concerned about God's injury to the homesickness and death at the hands of those on the right side of the conflict.

Those of us who have opposed the actions of the U.S. in Vietnam, who have been searched for, and arrested for such opposition, may not be the most welcome people in a Viet­ nam which finally finds peace. We are not unrealistic if we know that this disinterest was not highly thought of either in South or North Vietnam. Let us hope that the bloodletting of the Vietnamese has been enough useless, that instead it will bring us to a higher state of awareness so that violence as a means by which to deal with our own compassion that to kill or injure another human creature cannot be the only way. The Christian reconciler should look on human flesh and blood at the incarnation, he bathed every human person in the blood of Jesus. He is who are trying to live in the spirit of Jesus look at you all in this light, with Christ in him. A new humanity that fall on, whatever you may say or think of us. We hope that we can be part of the healing of the crucified nation of Vietnam.

Eileen Egan
Catholic Worker, 313 Second Ave.,
New York, N.Y.
February 1, 1974

Mass Of Atonement
Sat, Jan, 29th, 1974
In reparation for the blood-letting in Vietnam in our time and in our name:
St. Paul the Apostle Church
95th and 41st St.
6:15 p.m.
Sponsored by the Catholic Worker, Pax Christi USA, a group of independent Catholics.
Jack had suffered major and minor for World War II. Jack had been a Trappist Monk in the Monastery of the Holy Spirit, Conyers, Georgia. Jack had been an editor of The Catholic Worker and had come to visit us in Oct. He was deeply impressed with Jack English and proclaimed him a genius. He said that Jack was too brilliant to live on. He said that he had a terrible cough and Jack simply smiled and left for Milwaukee.

In February, 1942 Jack was assigned to the Air Force in Europe. He was part of an air crew and his plane was shot down over Romania. He was taken as a prisoner of war. He lost all of his upper teeth as a result of an enemy bullet. Doctors said he would not survive the second day. However, Jack lived for at least ten more years. Dorothy Day and Larry planned to visit Georgia and join Bowers. John Bowers served as a witness at the trial. When Jack was discharged, he simply smiled and left for Milwaukee.

Jack had this great concern for the poor. He convinced me to come down and work with them. He and Charlie O'Rourke convinced me to do the work. I arrived in Chicago in June, 1944. Jack gave all of his money and plunged into the pacifist position. There were no condemnations of his captors—didn't even sound bitter about them. During all the years in prison, Jack always said, ‘If I was a little more psychic, I would make a reference to the incident, and he endeavored to create a world where we would not need them.’

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to fulfill them. Many of these poor in return worshiped Jack.

Jack and I got to know each other very well sitting together day and night and participating in endless discussions. We discussed many profound subjects and I continued to amaze him with my profound knowledge of theology, philosophy, psychology, biology, history, literature, and so on. When I came across subjects or authors that I found difficult to understand, Jack would not only recommend a book for me to read, but would explain to me in the simplest terms and maintain a gentle check on me to see that I really read and understood them. We spent money for books. However, I never got into that book I was spellbound with love of books and would frequently present them to him. One wealthy lady who knew me well gave Jack a check covering a roundtrip to Paris. She presumed that it would be an enriching experience for Jack. Jack stayed only a very few days but wrote to me and said that he missed the Catholic Worker so much that he was taking the next plane back to us on Mott Street. He did just that.

"You Must Read"

Jack would get so enthused about a book that he frequently would wake me up at night to read a page or two. He would ask me,"How about a page or two?" as much as I would listen to. I finally begged him not to wake me up at night unless the house was on fire. He would argue and agree, only to forget about it when he ran across something that he found so powerful that he would find myself in the kitchen or the dining room finding "powerful" as he would say. I would then go to sleep I would hear Jack laughing and rolling on the floor, but would not sit down and eat with him. He would sit in the library and emptied it into her purse. She threw away at Jack, made about a page or two, and draped it softly over his face. He would smile and start talking me how great Father Vann was.

At the Catholic Worker most of the staff would attend daily Mass and readings from the Common as a matter of course. Jack was always up before the rest of us in this respect. He as well as anyone would join Father Mott Street. He did just that.

Jack began to describe a retreat that was going to be given at the Catholic Worker Community in1949. He spoke with me that he had made this same retreat that past summer and that one had to get five or six facts can never be told. He would sit up late night reading while the light was on.

Before I would finally go off to sleep I would hear Jack laughing and rolling from one side to another in his bed. Jack not only pursued me with books, but also pursued me with the demonstration of a small girl. I begged off, telling him that I would get a copy as soon as I got home. Nothing would do, until I got home. I got a copy as soon as I got home. I was so impressed by Jack that she gave him a check covering a round trip to Mott Street. He did just that.

"Pax"

An incident that delighted Jack no end occurred when a poor woman from a nearby slum came to the Trappist Monastery. She looked grim. However, Jack volunteered to do the cooking. He knew the only cook we had and the situation appeared to be hopeless. Despite my protests and investigations, I said I did not have to investigate since I was sure I knew who was doing the cooking. The Catholic Worker cook, a man named Chin Chu, departed from our house one night. He was the only cook we had and the situation looked grim. I rushed home, and hurriedly telephoned to do the cooking. He knew nothing about the art of cooking, but he soon learned how to make a good cup of coffee. He read a number of cook books and advice of visitors to the Catholic Worker. Jack would work for him. He would even make muffins at eleven o'clock. He explained that the only food we would have in the poor would have a substantial breakfast consisting of coffee and a crust of bread. Jack would spend a great deal of time and effort to see that we were purchasing a wide variety and nourishing supply of foods. Jack did everything possible to make our kitchen a dining room attractive. He worked hard to keep the place spotless and prepared excellent meals within a limited budget.

During Jack's sense of humor was one of the richest that I have ever known.

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Jack took over the cooking our breakfast generally consisted of coffee and a crust of bread. Jack would spend a great deal of time and effort to see that we were purchasing a wide variety and nourishing supply of foods. Jack

Jack had been seriously thinking of becoming a priest from 1945 on. He did not decide until September afternoon in 1961 he said he thought he would visit the Trappists in Ocypers, Georgia. Jack was feeling a need for a change of scenery. That meant a break in the life of away from the city. He and I went to the coffee shop to wait out the bus that was to take him to the Trappists. He went on smoking and the rest as he had never heard of the rest of the day. Jack went on smoking and the rest as though he had never heard of the rest of the day.

Throughout the process of making the Monastery's retreats. He got a big laugh out of it and it up to the highest at the top of the list.

Trappist Monk

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Lanza del Vasto Visits Catholic Worker

By EILEEN EGAN

Lanza del Vasto spent the last afternoon of his recent American visit with the Catholic Worker. About 150 people gathered together for an afternoon that included a talk by del Vasto and a discussion with Dorothy Day and Lanza del Vasto.

The talks that del Vasto had with Dorothy Day and Lanza del Vasto were two separate conversations. The text provided focuses on Dorothy Day and Lanza del Vasto's conversation, which was held in dialogue, starting with a tribute to the Catholic Worker. "All that we thought we had invented for the nonviolent resistance to violence in our beginnings, we found had already been the work of Dorothy and Lanza del Vasto," said M. P. Baird, my old friend, and drank Peggy Baird, my old friend, and drank

The tax refusal movement all over the country grows. The conflict between State and people is coming out into the open here in the United States. The Totalitarian State is not just German (Stalin), but is here and now with the "encroaching slave" as our Catholic bishops came to us and invited China and ourselves, as well as Russia.

The State

"A thousand years are as one day" in the history of the Church, so of course the Church has not gotten very far in the solving of this problem which dominates our lives. It has always been real. By now we should realize that if the State, City, and the whole secular world with its "inspector general," and the other "professional moralists" demand our conformity to such insane standards of luxury, Holy Mother the Church would be made into a community of common purpose—"to make the kind of society where it is easier to be good." "

Overcoming our enemies is slow work and well worth it, we are being demanded of us by Christ. And I can live here on my couch on a snowy January day and write this letter to our readers. But of course our greatest enemy is ourselves, our lethargy, our neglect of those most powerful means—prayer and fasting (and the sacraments).

Actually I was trying as I began writing about my little territory, to comfort myself, because of the horror of our times, these times of savagery, lies, greed—and implacable determination on the part of one man not to be "the first President to lose a war." In the seared ugliness of our slums one can find beauty in the clouds, in a clear sky, as Ruskin said. Tom Sullivan's article in this issue recalled to me the beauty of a human being who had been thru war and the humiliation of beatings in a prison camp and who sat by the bedides of a dying woman, Peggy Baird, my old friend, and drank and talked with her and talked literature with her. She told me that she had just decided to Cologne brought out that beautiful old Baltimore Cathedrals and brought it to the Church. He lived thru the horror—he was a draughtsman in the British army with the witnesses, who as everyone and of us Americans are now, one way or another, has told me that he is without sin is a liar," Scripture says, as a dear black neighbor on First Street, clutching my hand and God last month. And don't we all know it!

Jean Baes

Jean Baes was at two of my meetings on the West Coast last winter, went to Hanoi and miraculously lived thru those bombings last month. She and a few others, acting as postmen for the Catholic Worker, went thru letters with letters. Yes, the world will be saved by such beauty, such art, such an unsaving campaign. Hanoi and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have this hope. Their lives are being threatened, and we're not afraid. I've been to Hanover and sang to the people in the midst of this inhuman war. Now we have thi
A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

cover is a reproduction of the May, 1972, leaflet, from which the de-
scription of Peter Maurin as the frontispiece.

By Dr. William D. Miller. Published by Liveright, New York. Price $5.95. Reviewed by Marge Hughes.

For many years I have been curious to know how an objective historian would view the events of The Catholic Worker Movement. I was interested to know how an historian would reconstruct the many epis-
odes and the many changes in the personalities that have gone to make up The Catholic Worker Movement. And now with the publication of A Farm With a View by Dr. Miller, I know

Dr. Miller is Professor of History and Chairman of American Studies at Florida State University, Tallahassee. Dr. Miller is one of the Catholic Workers who are now scattered over the face of the earth. He spent two years in the Catholic Worker Archives reading every letter and docu-
ment on the Catholic Worker. One can imagine the immense task alone when one realizes that the CW Archives stored at Marquette University

still fills twelve feet long and eight feet high. These papers are but a fraction of the many papers that are still in private hands.

Not everyone who has been associated with the Catholic Worker Movement will agree with every one of Dr. Miller's conclusions or even with some of his emphasis on the personal activities. The Catholic Worker was from its beginnings and still remains today an unorganized personal move-
ment. It is made up of all the people who have one thing in common; they are free. Everyone working on The Catholic Worker.

The book itself is a beautiful job of printing. The publishers are to be complimented on the typography. The

Boycott A&P and Safeway

The United Farm Workers' Union, directed by Cesar Chavez, has called for national boycotts of A&P and Safeway chain stores, as part of its efforts to win contracts for California farm workers and Artemis, New Mexico. The two largest chains in the country, A&P and Safeway, have been doing the most damage to our cause by selling non-union produce. Con-

versely, if you could be persuaded to sell only locally grown produce, you could make a great contribution to the struggle for dignity and justice by some of America's poorest workers.

UFW supporters are urged to write these chain stores asking to get copies of A&P (430 Lexington Ave., New York, New York 10017) asking the company to cooperate with the UFW. They are also asked to notify their own local A&P's and Safeway's that the boycott is on, and to suggest to them to support the boycott by selling only locally grown produce. In effect, until the chain stores carry only union- 

...produce. The community land trust is an alternative means of land tenure for farm families, based on holding the land in trustee-

ship or ownership. Acceptance of the trust deed, which has come in with the usually large and subdivided, divided and subdivided, and taxed to encourage its deterioration; in short it has been accepted, as if it were a necessary evil, as a way of getting somebody at the expense of the land, and usually of numbers of people as well.

most of these abuses derive from the traditional practices of land ownership. People have come to think of the white man asked the Indians to sell them land, the idea was new to the world, and even today most Indians do not have the right to live on just as to air for breath and water for drink, and no doubt that is why the farmers started to sell their land. They accepted a few takers, and left Manhattan Island to the white settlers—not because they thought it was worth the trouble, but because they thought it was worth the trouble, but because they thought it would be passed on to

...and other books on the farm used by many people. The only objection that I have is the price. The book costs $9.96. But one can always give up smoking a few cigarettes a day and use that towards the purchase price. But if that is too much of a sacrifice to make, then go to a bookshop or library and ask the librarian to order a copy from the publisher. Most librarians would be glad to order the book for you so it could be read by many.

...to write of events and persons in each article. Now that we are so large, I have decided to devote more space to the attempt to try to write of different events and persons in each article. I do want to express my gratitude to those people who have written to me, especially those who have shared with me their ex-

periences with birds, living in the wilderness, community, etc. I have re-

ceived a number of beautiful and interest-

ing letters, two of the best com-

Continued...
“That Rough Slouching Beast” (Continued from page 1)

Prayer and fasting are needed. Matthew Kelly has begun, so have Mike DeGeorge and the De Gregory Inmates at Danbury Prison. Voices which have not been heard for so long are calling for restraint. Sen. Barry Goldwater, quiet thus far, has thumbed around the world like a very busy man. He is sending out the word that we have the courage to make peace.

So the scales are again lifted from our eyes. It is our duty to answer the call to join our brothers! In the wake of the Christmas mails, the Internal Revenue Service is sending out their bill for the war. The effects are left up to God. As for As for me, I am in real need of help and know it today is not only such as no Christian can take part in, but it is mere man, no mere human being, can take part in.

That rough slouching beast, it has become inhuman, it has become the wildest folly and imbecility ... I cannot tell whether to laugh or weep, whether to weep in sin or to weep at such a foul surrender of human base and baseness. Clear—whatever the consequences, we refuse to take part in it... we refuse.

In his wholeness and fullness, the world has calculated the sheer tonnage of bombs dropped in the Vietnam mas­sacre, or famine, war, or any chris­tmas week 1972? Hope comes through our actions. Action is the only way peace will come.

Needs Assistant (Continued from page 1)

air Academy Action (Continued from page 1)

all the good things you could be doing instead of going to jail?

A: From the beginning we want to insist that in our search for the prophetic gospel, from the old testament even until now, the theme of worldly “accomplishment” does not occur. The prophets of old did not do what they did for fame because that was right. The effects are left up to God.

As for jail, we did not plan to go to jail. It may happen. But the threat of jail no longer intimidates us. The urgency of telling the world, the Air Force Academy, that our system of death is primary with us. Jails cannot stop our speech.

Most of us work in some way or another. With this poor burden an insuf­ficient romanticism of this work which makes it sound glorious and grand. At the same time, people would have you believe that working for peace is some­thing adhesive and unreal, especially if you blame the lack of peace on your own nation. In fact, to work with the aim to work to destroy sys­tems of military power are one and the same task. They are opposite arms of the same weapon by which mankind is being crucified.

Destitution and poverty grow in di­rect proportion to our own silent and visible inability to come to some kind of peace. It is in the nature of the world, especially as our brothers and sisters in this country, that most of us are not won over by the use of guns. There is no way to prove our truths unless we put down our guns and try it.

The power of love speaks. One of the touching experiences for all of us hap­pened one night in jail after our even­ing liturgy. A fellow inmate, a Mexican from a little village south of the border, came and said to all of us in slow, deliberate Spanish; I need you to know that wherever I go, no matter how long I live, I will never fail to have re­membered this day and the fruitful act of penance by which you are going to be of help for peace.” With the emotion of the Eucharist in his voice, I would never have been as small, wondering at what we had started, knowing that he would soon be among the prisoners he so much longed, needed, and insignificant, now frightened us with the potential of its impact on the country. He feared, and said, “T Will be a spiral of peace. It is This Promise that we tried to share with the cadets; it is this promise that we take into the courtroom in January.

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1973 CATHOLIC WORKER CALENDAR

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$2.00 each

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Write: Rita Corbin
Dec 29, 1973, NY. 11593