



ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Dear fellow workers in Christ,

Good news first! On July 11th we received absolution from the U.S. Government in relation to all our tax troubles. In the May Catholic Worker this year we told of the notice we had received—that we owed the government nearly \$300,000 in back income taxes which included penalties for "late filing and negligence." The examining officer of the Manhattan District had arrived at these figures through the reports we had obediently made to Albany on our appeals for funds, which we send out once or twice a year. We accept this compromise with our local state because we are decentralists, personalists, anarchists (in addition to being pacifists). When we first thought about Federal income taxes, most of which go for war or "defense," we simply considered ourselves exempt because we had no income; no salaries are paid at the Catholic Worker, nor ever have been since we started in 1933. I myself have been questioned because of my writings, and lecture fees which were not really fees but offerings made to the work which covered all expenses of travelling and supported the work besides. A crowd of people living together as we do, in houses of hospitality, has to give something of an account to each other as to how well we are living up to our profession of voluntary poverty. We are always bound to have healthy guilt feelings about that, and keep trying to do better. Certainly a number of us do work on the side to provide what we need for books or rent on cheap apartments in the neighborhood, since our house at 36 East First Street is always so crowded.

But with the growing tax resistance throughout the United States, the government has become concerned. Telephone calls and official visits made us realize that trouble was impending. And we have been having it and have reported on it in both the May and June issues of our paper.

Now we are happy to report the outcome. In a conference in late June with William T. Hunter, litigation attorney from the Department of Justice, one of the Assistant Attorney Generals of the United States, we reached a verbal settlement couched in more human and satisfactory terms than the notice we later received.

"They" were willing to recognize our undoubtedly religious convictions in our conflict with the state, and were going to drop any proceedings against us. They had examined and looked into back issues of the Catholic Worker, and they had noted the support we had from the press (the New York Times news story and the editorials of the Times and the New York Post), and had come to this conclusion that ours was a religious conviction. They had come to the conclusion also that it was not necessary that the Federal Government seek for any other kind of a "conviction" against us.

The conference took place in a law office in Manhattan, 9:30 of a Monday morning. John Coster, our lawyer, Mr.

(Continued on page 2)

THE COURAGE TO MAKE PEACE

Speaking before the "Angelus" on July 9, Pope Paul VI said:

"And now, beloved sons and brothers, there is the . . . subject, peace in Vietnam. This is a subject which for many years has lain heavily on our heart and certainly on the hearts of all of you.

"Now when grief over the aggravation of the armed conflict in Indochina is growing day by day, a new gleam of hope appears. As has been announced, and not without new accents of goodwill, discussions will reopen in Paris, to achieve a solution to the intolerable and bloody dispute . . .

"We echo the groans of so many innocent victims; we make ours the voice of a population worn out by slaughter and ruin; we raise the cry of civilized humanity believing in justice and in love which must hold first place in relations between men and nations, to plead with those who can and must deliberate and discuss: it is enough! May you who are now responsible for the fate of these regions demonstrate the wisdom and magnanimity which knows how to place the life and dignity of man above every other interest! And we wish for all those who are involved in the fierce conflict, the courage to make peace."



Catholic Workers Vigil IBM

By JAN ADAMS

For the last month, many of the young people from the Catholic Worker house on First St. have been carrying on a weekly vigil and leafleting action against International Business Machines' sales of computerized weaponry to the U.S. military for the war in Indochina. Every Monday we attempt to spend the full working day in front of IBM's Maiden Lane office in the Wall St. area. We pass out leaflets describing the air war and IBM's profitable stake in it, and talk to IBM workers and other passersby about the individual responsibility we all have to withdraw from war-making if we would end war.

The vigil enacts our understanding that powerful corporate interests compel the continuation of America's Indochina war despite desire of the majority in the U.S. for peace. We see the war as something that huge corporations demand from our willing, militarized government in order to show all the world's nations that the U.S. will not permit changes in the status quo which threaten the commanding position of U.S. business.

IBM is one of these enormous American corporations, gobbling up 70% of the world computer market and maintaining holdings in 108 countries. Economist Robert Heilbroner contends that if IBM's present rate of growth continues, the

(Continued on page 8)

People's Blockade

By A. J. AVERY

"They're getting better organized and a little more militant all the time," he added. "If they get a hundred boats out there, we're in trouble."

Bridge foreman near Bangor Naval Ammunition Depot, referring to People's Blockade participants.

Precisely. The thought of 100 small boats, nosing their way under the bows of death ships, slowing down, even stopping, the flow of the U.S. munitions to Indochina is one that worries harbor masters and delights those of us working on the People's Blockade.

Nonviolent blockades, people affirming life by putting themselves in front of instruments of death, are not a new concept. In the early 1940's there were a few instances of Europeans lying down on railroad tracks to prevent Jews from being taken to concentration camps. We can only imagine what would have happened if thousands had joined them. More recently, hundreds of federal buildings, military installations and corporate offices were "blockaded" by people expressing outrage at the mining of Northern Vietnamese ports and the escalation of U.S. bombing. The current People's Blockade effort carries the spirit of earlier actions, while speaking to issues confronting us now and in the coming months.

Critical Months Ahead

It is clear that the next few months are critical to the people of Indochina. If Nixon, or any candidate committed to the support of Thieu, is elected in November, the Indochinese face another four years of bombing. Obviously, ending the air war in Southeast Asia must be a campaign issue in the eyes of the American public. Just as obviously, it would be a mistake to solely rely on "peace candidates" to define the politics and strategy that will end this hideous war. If nothing else, the anti-war movement has an increased responsibility to take public, affirmative actions that will maintain pressure on those candidates, and their supporters, to "stay honest" on the issues of stopping the bombing, ending support of the Thieu regime, and setting a date for total withdrawal of U.S. military forces.

On another level, there are those of us who believe that the critical nature of the air war, especially in light of recent disclosures about bombing dikes in the northern plains of Vietnam, and the admission of U.S. cloud seeding activity in that same region (with the resulting possibility of immense flooding), places a new degree of responsibility on us. We are willing to take greater risks, both physically and in terms of "legal consequences," to disassociate ourselves from the U.S. Government's criminal acts of war and to directly and nonviolently intervene in the process by which those acts are facilitated. In Bangor, Washington, kayakers have been hit by ammunition ships, with one person receiving minor injuries. In Bangor, and in Leonardo, New Jersey, people going "too near" ammunition ships have been arrested under the 1917 Espionage Act, which carries a maximum sentence of ten years in jail and a \$10,000 fine. In

(Continued on page 7)

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

Hunter and Ed Forand, Walter Kerell, Patrick Jordan, Ruth Collins and I attended. There were no hostilities expressed. As peacemakers we must have love and respect for each individual we come in contact with. Our struggle is with principalities and powers, not with Church or State. We cannot ever be too complacent about our own uncompromising positions because we know that in our own way we too make compromises. (For instance, in having a second-class mailing privilege from the government we accept a subsidy, just as Mr. Eastland does in Mississippi!)

It was Jesus who said that the worst enemies were those of our own household, and we are all part of this country, citizens of the United States and share in its guilt.

I think Mr. Hunter (our opponent) shared with us the conviction that you could not kill an idea, and that we would continue to express ourselves and try to live the Catholic Worker positions as best we could, no matter what steps were taken against us by government. To resist and to survive—these are growing convictions amongst the best of our youth, also. We see it in all our Catholic Worker groups. Harder for the aged and ill, but many of those among us have had a background of practice through the Depression, unemployment and war.

It was a good confrontation we had for those three or four hours with the lawyers. We left to celebrate with a lunch at the Automat before we returned to office and work. Ed Forand, who half the time now prepares the soup for the "line" which is supposed to sit down to eat from ten to eleven thirty but somehow keeps on dribbling in all through the day, did not partake of our extravagance. He hastened off to a half-time job which enables him to pay the rent for an apartment across First Street.

Yes, we would survive, I thought to myself, even if the paper were eventually suppressed and we had to turn to leafleting, as we are doing now each Monday against the I.B.M. Wall-Street offices, trying to reach the consciences of all those participating by their daily work in the hideous and cowardly war we are waging in Vietnam.

And Landlords

Jan Adams, who is at present home visiting her family in Buffalo, has been in charge of putting out 6,000 leaflets every Monday, ably assisted by Steve and Martha and others. She has a story on it in this issue, and she has also written about the situation of ten-

ant and landlord, a more than usual tragic account since it involves our fellow Catholics, even the Church itself, as a religious order of Sisters is the offender. Many of our young people have worked at Columbus Hospital.

In speaking of harassment of tenants, she did not mention that the landlord of the house where she lives, across the street from our St. Joseph's House, has harassed the tenants by turning on the heat, as has also happened in the house where Ed Forand lives, when the outdoor temperature was over ninety degrees. Happening in the night, one is driven to the streets to breathe.

From: District Director
Internal Revenue Service
Department of the Treasury
P.O. Box 3106, Church St.
Station
New York, N.Y. 10008

To: The Catholic Worker Movement
36 East 1st Street
New York, N.Y. 10003
July 11, 1972

Years 1966-1970

Gentlemen:

After examining your financial records and reviewing your activities for the above years, we find that you are not required to file annual returns for the years shown, and no further action is necessary regarding the proposals in our letter of January 17, 1972.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,
District Director
Form L-259

First Street Column

With a number of our family here suffering summer colds, no one got down to writing the column which tells of the doings on First Street, which is a continuation of the columns Mott Street, Chrystie Street, etc. So I am incorporating it in my own column On Pilgrimage. I did indeed make three pilgrimages this summer, one a weekend to Oakridge, New Jersey, the Paulist novitiate which was turned over to Catholic Peace Groups for conferences all during July. I attended the PAX Conference there and rejoiced at seeing the large number of peace workers from the Washington D.C. Center for Creative Non-Violence with Fr. Ed Guinan in charge. Emmaus House workers and the Catholic Peace Fellowship assisted nobly. Monica Cornell had

(Continued on page 6)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

After the prolonged July heat wave, today brings cool respite from torrid weather. A pleasant breeze stirs summer music from the leafy tops of trees. Yesterday a very little shower brought some relief to parched vegetables, herbs, and flowers. From time to time the wren, which has nested near my window, breaks into ebullient song proclaiming his territorial rights, fulfilling his God-given role to defend his family and home. Although the buzz of cicadas and other insects has replaced the great chorus of birdsong which surrounded us in May and June, I still hear—even on hot afternoons—the towhee and indigo bunting, and frequently the melodic whistles of the cardinal. Then in the late dusk of summer evenings, I also hear the sleepy but liquid notes of a wood thrush singing a lullaby to his mate and young.

That mammoth oil tanker lumbering cacophonously up the Hudson, rattling my windows with its earth-shaking vibrations, reminds me that—for all the birds and flowers and trees—we are not living in Arcadia. And how often when we are at Mass, Compline, or attending a summer conference, a seemingly endless freight train envelops us in that infernal din which seems to be the theme song of "progress." How often, too, the perfumes of lavender, sage, mint, nicotiana, wafted from St. Francis' garden, are lost among the toxic fumes emanating from the internal combustion engines that power our decrepit vehicles. Then there are the voices of children, often happy, but sometimes shrieking in childish rage. And the voices of adults, sometimes engaged in pleasant conversation, but at times rising to an angry bellow more worthy of a jungle than a human habitation.

No, this is not Arcadia. But there is green grass for barefooted children to play on, trees to shade them from the hot summer sun, and the flamboyant beauty of blue jays, scarlet tanagers, cardinals, and orioles to delight their eyes.

Theater of Reconciliation

As for the adults of our community, I hope that before the summer is over, the Theater of Reconciliation program, which Clare Danielson is directing here, will have had a reconciling effect and the bellows of anger will have diminished. Certainly the opening of the program, the weekend of July fifteenth, was auspicious. The very setting in Peter Maurin House ought to help inculcate peace. For Clare, with the help of her cousin, Bill, and of Jean-Pierre Boyette, has transformed the long lower-level room of Peter Maurin House into a combined theater and conference room with rare good taste and simple functional beauty. Since the house is built into a hillside, this lower room is the coolest, pleasantest around. Clare's cousin, an expert electrician, has arranged the necessary theatrical lighting effects. Much also is owed to the craftsmanship of Jean-Pierre, as well as the imagination and planning of Clare.

Saturday afternoon of that opening weekend, Helene Iswolsky spoke about the great St. Catherine of Siena, emphasizing the essential modernity of her views and way of life. Although she was a Third Order Dominican, and was truly ascetical in her way of life and profoundly mystical in her experience, she continued to live with her own large family and to go about performing works of mercy wherever she heard of the need. She knew the power of protest against the evils of her time, and became the adviser of Popes and potentates. It was she who persuaded the Pope to leave his luxurious exile in Avignon and return to Rome. A great contemplative, she was also an impressive activist.

After Helene's talk, there was some

demonstration of psycho-and-socio-drama. Later in the evening, Father Tony said a beautiful Mass on the lawn. Since Joe and Audrey Monroe were with us, there was music. After Mass, there was more music. Then Stanley, to the delight of children and adults, enacted his dramatic stories of the Lion Hunt and Oswald, the Hungry Lion. After this performance, which Stanley has been practicing on three generations of Catholic Worker children, Clare took the children to Peter Maurin House for some drama of their own.

Sunday morning before Mass, Clare conducted further drama sessions. At eleven, Father Andy said Mass on the lawn, where the view of the Hudson River and the mountains beyond ought to remind everyone of the glory of God.

Sunday afternoon Dorothy Day spoke to us of the many areas in which reconciliation is needed. One must begin with reconciliation with oneself. In our own community, there are many areas in which reconciliation is needed. She spoke of the need for reconciliation among groups, especially between the more fortunate and the terribly deprived. She spoke of the terrible retribution our country may be building up for itself as a result of greed, of exploiting the wealth and resources of many parts of the world at the expense of the people who should enjoy those resources but are condemned to starve, to die in utter misery and destitution. All of us must share in the guilt of our country. She spoke of the alienated young, who, turning away from an exploitative and oppressive Establishment, practice for survival choosing to endure hardship, making long treks with bags of rice, picking greens from the roadside, as recently many did who traveled to the gathering of the Rainbow Tribe in Colorado. She spoke of property, which is theft, particularly that property which is in excess of what we need; and most of us have more than we need.

Drama From Gandhi's Life

After Dorothy's talk, there was a dramatization of a famous episode involving theft which is recounted in the life of Mahatma Gandhi. This led to further dramatization and discussion through the rest of the evening. Those who participated were interested and appreciative. More Theater of Reconciliation weekends will be held in Peter Maurin House in August and September.

For Clare's reconciliation program, for excursions in the country (many who come for outings are from New York City's ghettos and slums), for studying the Catholic Worker, for many reasons, we have many visitors through the summer months. This inevitably means heavier routine work. Many visitors are real working visitors and share in the work. We are deeply grateful. But routine work with such a large family is always heavy. In the summer we average around seventy, without visitors.

George Collins is not only a man of deep prayer, most faithful to Compline, but also most faithful to washing up pots and pans. Ed Turner comes in early in the morning and washes up the dishes left by those who sit up and talk most of the night (this seems to be a Catholic Worker tradition); then Ed sweeps and mops the dining-room. John Fillgar comes into the kitchen very early, makes a huge pot of coffee, then tidies up the work tables for Alice and the other cooks. Sean cleans up the dishes after breakfast. Tom Likely and Sean look after table preparations for the noon and evening meals. Joe Geraci, Dennis, Geoffrey, and many visitors help with dish washing after these two main meals.

We have had some, very good meals

(Continued on page 6)

Landlords Uproot Manhattan Tenants

By JAN ADAMS

The island of Manhattan houses some of America's wealthiest institutions, businesses, schools, cultural centers, and hospitals. For institutions, there is abundant space: presently available, unoccupied office space is estimated to exceed the demand for it by 30%; the new World Trade Center, the twin towers which set a new world height record, is not expected to be fully occupied until 1980. Yet this wealthy city is increasingly poor in dwelling space for people.

The repeal of the rent control laws effective July 1, 1971 makes for one aspect of the crisis in dwelling space. Rent control protected the poor and the elderly from rent increases above legally-enacted percentage ceilings when apartments turned over. Repeal means that landlords can charge whatever the market will bear, often doubling or tripling rents.

Poor People Removal

Since apartments remain rent-controlled until vacated by tenants who lived there prior to repeal, landlords have every incentive to harass long-standing tenants into moving. Typical harassment measures which we see on the Lower East Side include denying heat in winter, turning on heat in summer, refusing to repair electricity, hallways, doors, or ceilings, complete neglect of the building except to collect the rent. When a building is emptied of its low-yielding tenants, the landlord can give it a superficial "renovation" and rent the space as luxury apartments, so great is the demand for living space. Rent control repeal has amounted in many instances to poor people removal.

The constant pressure of the city's institutions to occupy more and more space is another threat to people's homes. Like anywhere else in the country, wherever there is a healthy business area, or a school, or a hospital, there is a new building going up. But on crowded Manhattan, especially since the repeal of rent control, expansion means destruction of dwelling space, leaving not only the poor, but also middle income people, with literally no place else to go.

Columbus Hospital Expands

The three year battle between Columbus Hospital, run by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, at 227 E. 19th St. and its tenants at 210-214 E. 19th St. illustrates the clash between institutional expansion and people trying to preserve their living space. (This article will have to pass over the merits of Columbus' expansion plans. Located in an area oversupplied with hospitals, including Beth Israel Medical Center, the Veteran's Administration Hospital, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, the New York Infirmary and Bellevue, Columbus' need for a whole new building and consequent demand for a new parking garage could certainly be questioned. When a small voluntary hospital like Columbus, serving predominantly private patients, pushes ahead to build a new hospital building, while nearby Bellevue Hospital, serving the poor, cannot open its completed new building for lack of funds, the inequitable, profit-making character of the health business comes into sharp focus.)

Columbus Hospital acquired the buildings at 210-214 E. 19th in December, 1968, using a dummy corporation as the buyer. Tenants discovered that the hospital was the purchaser only after learning that a sister from the hospital had signed the buildings' insurance policy and that building electric bills were addressed to the hospital's Cabrini Towers.

Columbus Threatens Demolition

In March, 1970, Columbus told tenants in the 48 apartments that the buildings were to be torn down for a 27-car parking garage. The hospital of-

People Removal Is Profitable

fered to pay tenants' moving costs. Few were willing to go, as finding equivalent housing, in a neighborhood so relatively secure, at reasonable rents, was next to impossible. Moreover, many had lived in the building for ten or twenty years and could not face being uprooted.

The hospital then fired the long-time superintendent, a 72-year-old man who had lived in the building with his family for many years. It gave management of the property over to Urban Relocation Corporation. Urban Reloca-

tenant Ted Kristian's apartment was burglarized, he went for 36 hours with no door at all in the unlocked building. After he threatened a sit-in the hospital administrator's office, Columbus security forces made the repairs. The roofing tar paper was torn up to ensure leaks over the apartment of tenant Irene Wastock who insisted on staying in the building.

Tenants Respond to Harassment

The hospital's harassment tactics succeeded in part: 27 of the 48 units were emptied. The most vulnerable



tion makes its profits out of Manhattan's housing shortage: it specializes in tenant harassment to empty buildings for their owners. Its new "super" let loose his huge police dog in the hallways; one of the remaining tenants remembers seeing the dog attack a child who lived in the building. Garbage was allowed to pile up; hot water and heat became erratic; the exterminator ceased to visit the building. When

were the first to go—the building had had a good mix of blacks, Puerto Ricans, Orientals, whites, families and single people; the remaining tenants are mostly white and single, those most able to stay and protest.

The tenants publicized their plight with paint-ins, a clean-up and repair weekend, and a march to the hospital. Local officials gave their support. Most important, they brought suit against

You Folks Are A Bit "Mad"

June 3, 1972

Dear Dorothy,

I first learned of your work about seven years ago. My parents had always managed to enroll me in so-called Catholic schools and most of my acquaintances were Catholics. I was living with my parents between my freshman and sophomore years at the University of Notre Dame when I struck up a relationship with a girl of no religious persuasion but who was profoundly influenced by the Quakers. Her family subscribed to *The Catholic Worker*, and it was at her house that I first read about Catholics who did not lead their whole lives convinced that the only way to live was in blind obedience to whatever the Authority, especially the government, could dish up.

It was not until after I had graduated from Notre Dame and again had a taste of the world outside, as a law student at Columbia University, that I considered my position in our society and became a conscientious objector. After Columbia I spent a couple of years as an attorney for the poor, especially the farm workers, in California. Although I left that work for a wide variety of reasons, one of the strongest was, I believe, a general feeling that organized "anti-poverty" efforts while just, because inequality is essentially unjust, do nothing more than encour-

age the poor to "Share the American Way." The poor in many instances were merely the pawns of those who felt a need to exert power and be influential.

Will you be offended if I say that I usually feel you people to be mad? You do what your imagination tells you to do rather than what the world would seem to require. I guess artists are the same, only you make your lives the poem to be read and viewed by those of us who do not have the gift of doing so, just as most people do not have the gift for writing a poem rather than drafting memos in room 304 B of the Senate Office Building.

I often wondered why you spend so much time and effort on skid row, but after having done a bit of bumming about myself, I have just begun to understand that the most horrible thing for a man is to be cold and lonely, sick and hungry. It's tolerable in the summer, but when our great friend the sun disappears, and all of society is a stranger, it takes a real psychological trickster indeed to convince oneself that there is a reason to be.

Please continue to plant the road-signs for me, stuck out here in the world. If I ever get a postal address I will shoot off a subscription to the *Worker*.

Peace,
Dan Moyser

Columbus' requests for state loans for expansion, picketing Governor Rockefeller.

"Good Neighbor Policy"

This last challenge persuaded the hospital to adopt a "good neighbor policy" in August, 1971. Sister Cyprian Branco and Nicholas P. Iannuzzi (for the hospital) and William Worthy and Neil Hitzig (for the tenants), as well as local officials, signed an agreement in which the hospital promised it would not try to evict the tenants, would not offer any tenant money to leave, would replace Urban Relocation as building management, would repair all violations of the housing code, set up a joint committee to determine the future of the building, while the tenants agreed to drop all suits.

Hospital Breaks Agreement

The tenants lived peacefully under the new agreement until June, 1972 when Mother Josephine Migliore, coordinator of hospitals worldwide for the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, summoned them to a sudden meeting. She told the tenants they could either unanimously accept \$8,000 apiece for moving immediately, or the building would be sold. She admitted that the ultimatum violated the August, 1971 agreement, but kept insisting "we really need that garage . . . we really need that garage."

Tenants were told that they would have right of first refusal for apartments to be built on top of the new garage, now planned for 50 cars. Robert Valente, Director of Financial Development and Public Relations for Columbus, said rents in the new building would be "whatever the market will bear." Rents in the neighborhood for apartments of similar size average \$300 a month. Thus tenants were asked to go through the dislocation of moving, finding new quarters, and returning to new apartments belonging to the same landlord who had harassed them, at rents of three to five times the former amount. The tenants unanimously rejected the \$8,000 pay-off and renewed their suits against the hospital. As of this writing, Columbus officials insist the building will be sold, but tenants doubt this, given the hospital's emphasis on its need for the property for the garage.

The significance of the struggle between Columbus Hospital and its tenants is that it is not unique. The tenants have been fortunate in having the resources and cohesiveness to mount a sustained campaign to keep their homes. Evidently such a campaign can win for tenants some security, but only at the cost of willingness to continue the struggle indefinitely. The hospital has only followed the usual practice of profiteering landlords and expanding institutions, callously using any unscrupulous and deceitful tactic to drive people out of their homes.

Private landlords, often agents of banks and insurance companies, straightforwardly aim to maximize profits with no regard for people's needs; one First St. landlord asked a tenant: "Why should I subsidize poor people?" Institutions call their destructive expansion "progress." Since "progress" and profit both amount to the same thing i.e., people-removal, in wealthy Manhattan the wealth of the city would seem to amount to what John Ruskin, a century ago, called "ill-th."

"Perhaps peace is not, after all, something you work for, or fight for. . . . Peace is something you have or do not have. If you are yourself at peace, then there is at least some peace in the world. . . . I am not speaking of quietism, because quietism is not peace, nor is it the way to peace."

Thomas Merton,
Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander

Harlem Credit Union

Union Settlement
237 E. 104th St.
N.Y., N.Y. 10029
June 20, 1972

Dear Dorothy:

In responding to the fine letter about the value of credit unions by the priest in Africa, I would like to add some comments about how credit unions work from the experience of Union Settlement.

Union Settlement in East Harlem founded its credit union, a mutual aid banking association in 1957, primarily for its staff. By the early 1960's, membership had extended into the neighborhood, one of the spirited, low income areas in the City.

Today three full-time staff members, one Spanish-speaking, serve about 1,000 members, 900 of them East Harlem residents. Members receive interest on their deposits and are charged 1% interest per month on their loans.

The East Harlem population is Puerto Rican, black, and white, mostly of Italian descent. Its citizens really want to do for themselves. But the average income is \$3,000, and a few years ago a study made about savings showed that East Harlem individuals had savings of only about \$25. For this reason, too many East Harlem residents are hard pressed for loans. The local loan sharks do a landslide business and sometimes at an interest of 1,000%.

The Settlement Credit Union made several interesting discoveries:

1. that an ordinary person with a feeling for people and bookkeeping ability can serve as treasurer, and that his skill and sensitivity are likely to grow in the job;
2. that commercial banks find it economically unfeasible to make small loans, the kind East Harlem people need. Economically feasible bank loans start at \$750;
3. that East Harlem people were able to evaluate and recommend their neighbors as members;
4. that the poor actually were better at repaying loans than middle class people, with losses of less than 2% a year on loans outstanding;
5. that one credit union staff member working full time can service 350 accounts per month;
6. that credit unions serving the poor cannot be self-supporting unless the staff serves at less than full pay, since the useful, small loans of \$100 to \$200 take as long to process as the larger ones;
7. that credit unions offer great opportunities for other services, such as consumer education; for forming buying clubs for clothes or fruit or meat; for organizing a funeral society.

The Settlement's Federal Credit Union, so called because it is run in accordance with the federal charter and by-laws, has further advantages regarding life insurance based on deposits and age; deposits are insured up to \$20,000 by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Several years ago, with accumulated assets, the Credit Union began to make loans to other credit unions. Currently the staff is investigating the possibilities of using its assets to recycle small mortgage loans in the neighborhood. In East Harlem some houses can be bought for between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

Union Settlement has various programs in housing rehabilitation, training and employment, and day care.

But the Settlement is particularly happy about the record of its Credit Union which has reached out into the community and offered its members a special kind of help and opportunity they are not able to get elsewhere.

Sincerely,
Anne Perkins

"Land Holding" Co-ops

Michigan, July 8, 1972

Dear Miss Day,

I read with pleasure the story on "Co-op Housing Proposal" in the June issue of this paper. It brings back old memories of our work in Harlem, N.Y., when we faced the same problems of how to buy up old buildings, repair them, hold them at near-cost for tenants, and yet to do it in a practical co-op way that prevents speculation.

We discovered that an old twenty-family house built sixty years ago, that had an average rent for each unit of \$60 a month, paid in rent a total of \$864,000 over that sixty years. This was many times the original cost of the land and building. Yet the tenants, the community, did not own the property and instead it had fallen to disrepair but still had on it, as debt, first, second, and third mortgages equal to the first cost. A lot of money had been repaid for mortgages with interest, agents, speculative sales, taxes, all from the rent of tenants. In these ways, such property is better than a gold mine for the owners.

How can we change this to make tenants owners, to include the community at large as a co-operative partner to protect the rights of families to fair prices for good housing? If we do not think this way, I am afraid we use much effort but in the end will lose the property to real-estate people who do commerce for banks and speculators. The possible answer is to form in the poor neighborhood a Tenants' Union that raises funds and co-operatively holds the land. This is called the "Land Holding Co-op." It



DANDELION

then improves the buildings and leases them to tenants at almost cost price. Tenants in them can build up a saving on the improvements they pay for, or themselves make. The land, however, remains a community co-op property.

When the land is ready for new housing, the community through its land co-op will vote on what kind to build, and at what cost. This is a social ownership of land without the State in control, or companies with huge capital resources who work for speculative profit. If then the richer tenants want to move in, they have to consider the tenants in the neighborhood and deal with them. And even

then, the land itself is never sold to private owners but remains a mutually held property of the community.

To do this we need to form, with new ideas, new ways to use co-operatives. The object is to first help tenants who are poor immediately by giving them ownership rights in a co-op way, over their present housing. This is beautifully explained in the June issue on "Co-op Housing." What I might add, is that the tenants in all the neighborhood have to be somehow persuaded to join mutually in the property ownership. Without this, ten years later, the tenants in the building, however you may write up a constitution with good co-op intentions, may sell out for a high price to a speculator and let their neighbors be speculated upon.

Therefore, a sound land co-op has to include tenants who live in the community, who have a concern for future housing, and will make a fair deal to hold the property with the tenants on their land. This is the political construction of a co-operative, and without heeding this problem it is much work, expended hope, and short results. One must think for the future to keep off profit-making on the poor.

William Horvath

Chicago Co-op

1024 W. Armitage
Chicago, Ill. 60614

Dear Dorothy Day,

The peace of the Lord be with you in your work!

First of all, we want to thank you for giving such excellent coverage to the Co-op Housing Proposal (CW, June, '72). Through donations and no-interest loans, God has given us the building; we are grateful to both the Father and our brothers in this work. One of the loans, \$2,500, must be paid within six months.

Secondly, there are quite a few of our group who feel called to a life of prayer and service, in the spirit of the Catholic Worker. We are just beginning, however, and feel the need of prayerful reflection. Prayer is necessary, both for the spiritual unity of the group and to determine in what direction the Spirit is leading us. And so we ask for your prayers, too.

We pray for you and the CW in your time of crisis. We support both your action and vision.

Gratefully,
Catholic Worker Co-op
(Tom & Carol La Pointe,
Jim Flynn, Karl Meyer,
Kris Pierle, Marty &
Gloria Feeney)

Myrdal

Apartado 4043
San Jose, Costa Rica

Dear Miss Day:

I was very much interested in Jan Adams' article, "Can We Return to the Land," in the January, '72 Catholic Worker, which has just reached me here. In the article Miss Adams assesses Emiliano Zapata's successful—at the time—attempt to return land to the peasants and to secure guarantees that the land stay with the "pueblos." The subject of land reform and getting land back into the hands of the poorest of the landless is of enormous interest and importance today, as Gunnar Myrdal stresses in his book published in 1970, *The Challenge of World Poverty* (Pantheon, hardcover; Penguin—England—paperback).

Basic Land Reform

Myrdal emphasizes again and again the need for basic land reform. It is to serve the fundamental purpose of

pulling the submerged millions of desperately poor out of their apathy and of giving them the stimulus to make use of their under-utilized labor and to try new, more efficient agricultural methods. Miss Adams' quote from John Collier's *Indians of The Americas* is a fine example of the new spirit that Myrdal looks for: "Utterly poor men, these Indians were yet touched with light. Nothing could exhaust their merriment, their hospitality. After hundreds of years of enslavement, they had made themselves free" (through the acquisition of ejidal lands). The need to give the peasants hope and to pull them out of apathy, which Zapata accomplished by the ejidal land reform, is exactly the spirit that Myrdal knows will grow out of serious land reform and what he considers essential for a significant rise in world food production.

The fact that "No government is quick to discomfort its wealthiest citizens," as Miss Adams notes, is another point that Myrdal makes strongly in his book. Myrdal believes that it is because of the power of the "haves" and because of the political pressure that the wealthy and the middle classes in both developed and underdeveloped nations have exerted on their government, as well as the lack of political voice of the very poorest everywhere, that significant land reform has been shelved in the non-communist developing world. Myrdal believes that land reform should not be forgotten, but rather should be given absolute priority in a serious development effort in the long-term best interests of us all.

Will To Change

I do not think that Myrdal would agree with Miss Adams, however, when she writes, "In modern societies, efforts to create cooperative agricultural communities have to take into account, and harness for their purposes, all that modern economic organization and technology can teach." I do believe that Myrdal probably would be in agreement with Miss Adams and with Ivan Illich in assessing the helpfulness of a "mechanical mule" instead of costly auto transportation for the underdeveloped world. Myrdal's first point, however, is that "where there's a will there's a way" and that until you tap the will to change and to produce of the submerged poor, then no significant change in food production will result. Land reform is the first priority, according to the Swedish economist. After that would naturally come more efficient utilization of existing labor—an absolute essential—and some adaptation of modern industrial techniques to the particular problems of each production situation.

Under-utilized Labor

The under-utilized labor of the landless and apathetic poor is the one big resource which the developing nations possess and which, up until now, has not been taken into account for development, states Myrdal. The policy of indiscriminately bringing modern technology and its artifacts to the developing world in no way makes use of existing, under-utilized labor and, in fact, produces more unemployment where already too much is there. Machines take work away from men and press more unemployed workers upon the huge mass already existing. The policy of the developed nations of exporting their technology without selectivity to the poor nations makes the poor even poorer, suggests Myrdal.

Making Reform Stick

Miss Adams writes that after the Zapatistas attained their land, "the villages still lacked cash or credit facilities to maintain themselves in an increasingly industrialized economy."

T E R S



also, "Meanwhile, the modernizing political classes of the country still denied village claims in order to bring more land under private ownership." These are roadblocks to successful land reform indeed. If land reform were to be seriously undertaken and not to be a matter of politics only, or mere form, of course the necessary economic, political and legal support required for it would have to be demanded and secured. We can learn from the "ejidos" how to attain land reform and also (from their mistakes) how to maintain it. Myrdal would never agree to give up on land reform just because Zapata's "ejidos" have proven largely a failure. He would say, "We must learn from Mexico and Zapata how to make land reform stick."

A note about cooperatives from Myrdal's book. He warns the reader that cooperative land reform movements are often shams that keep the land still in the hands of the few in the village who have always run things. The village elders again often keep from the truly deprived any real voice over the cooperative lands. Cooperatives may or may not be a solution to the land problem, according to Myrdal, but one should not latch onto them as a standard panacea without a critical eye on each case.

I strongly recommend the reading of Myrdal's book for all those who look for justice for the poor not only at home but throughout the world. Myrdal pulls no punches in criticizing the developed world's "development programs" to date, and also the lack of accomplishment by the underdeveloped governments themselves in bringing about greater social justice for their people. It is social justice itself, to be insisted upon by the developed countries and to become a reality through programs of the poorer nations, that Myrdal considers to be the key to greater food production and a better life for the landless poor.

Very truly yours,
Jean P. Patterson

Casa Maria

Casa Maria Hospitality House
1131 North 21st Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53233
July 19, 1972

Dear Dorothy,

It's a hot and humid midsummer evening in the midwest. Nine families, totalling thirty-six people, live here tonight. We believe tonight, like any other night in Milwaukee, many more homeless families unseen by us sleep in cars and under viaducts. At the present time, we only have enough bedding and room space in this single family house to sleep about twenty people on beds and mattresses. But somehow we find room for the others.

Because we squeeze so many people in this house, neighbors and some friends of the house have become critical of our crowding. We see as the only solution not turning the people away, but for people to open their own doors as wide as Casa's to the homeless.

All the people living at the house cooperate to keep the house clean and meals on the table. Through a community effort within our home, there exists an atmosphere of cooperation, of helping each other out and working together. Despite the crippling destitution of our home and the people who live here, we continue to share what little we have amongst ourselves and all those who come through our door. Because of this, we find abundant joy and celebration in our poverty.

We're attempting to share our way of life with various people throughout the Milwaukee area, mostly through

the Catholic Church. Received by open ears and positive help, we find encouragement for our lives. As if we're destined to struggle as the poor, no matter how much we receive, the more we need. But it is because of our struggles that we know we are alive.

Sometimes our energy and enthusiasm drain when problems mount and tensions strain. The continuing miracle of a providing God keeps our faith alive and once again fills us with energy and enthusiasm to continue our way of life.

We hope you will pass our way soon. You'll be hearing from us again in the near future in the form of a revitalized Catholic Radical. May we all find the joy to celebrate in our struggles.

Peace Forever For All Mankind,
Dennis Kane

Lockout

323 Fourth St.
Cloquet, Minn. 55720
July 11, 1972

To the Editors:

15,000 construction workers in Minnesota have been striking for more than a month now because of speedups (disguised as a demand for greater productivity; see CW May '72), attempts to lower standards to what they were in the Twenties, and to destroy completely the minimal Union role in hiring procedures. Two weeks ago, the AGC (the Associated General Contractors, a supra-corporation to which 400 construction companies in Minnesota have surrendered their managerial prerogatives) began a general lockout of construction workers. The newsmedia usually describes 100,000 as being locked out; however Governor Anderson, calling for arbitration, gave the figure 175,000.

Members of the following unions began the strike: Ironworkers, Bricklayers, Sheetmetal Workers, Carpenters, and General Laborers. Other unions voted to strike but were hit by the lockout before they could. There isn't a town in Northeastern Minnesota without a picket line involving some type of construction worker.

Jim Cain

Prairie Life

P.O. Box 42
Midland, Ore. 97634

Dear Friends,

During the fall of 1906 my father and grandfather filed on 160-acre homesteads. That took place in eastern Oregon in an area that was almost the last section of the nation where the federal government would give 160 acres to the person who would clear it and use it. The growing season was short. The rainfall was inadequate. The soil lacked humus. It soon became apparent that 160 acres might not even provide subsistence.

By 1916 the nation was prospering because of a war in Europe. That also happened to be the year when two large sawmills were constructed less than 100 miles from the homesteaded area. Consequently, most of the settlers were unable to resist the many good jobs which had become available.

Many, however, preferred to stay even though they knew their one-time neighbors were prospering while they could expect little more than subsistence.

When I was a boy I felt that all homesteaders should move away and enjoy the prosperity that seemed to exist in all other parts of Oregon. But when I grew up I became a factory worker and soon found the monotony of such work to be intolerable.

For 30 some years I have performed

a variety of tasks. Many of my jobs have been skilled, and at least one was semi-professional. Changing jobs, however, is not the way to earn money and I have consequently ended up with less income than the laborer who never misses a day of work. Fortunately, I am capable of repairing my 1929 washing machine and my old cars.

The story of the homesteaders who stayed on the homestead has what most people would consider to be a happy ending. By 1931 there was evidence that they had made a wise choice in that they produced some of their own food and could gather free



WATER CRESS

firewood, while some of their one-time neighbors who had moved to the city actually suffered from hunger and cold.

Of course, those who stayed on did not try to make a living on their original 160 acres. When their neighbors moved away, they acquired many of the homesteads that were close to their property. Some purchases were made for as little as 25c an acre. By 1940 a few families had acquired several thousand acres of land and had built up herds of cattle that might number 150 head.

In 1940, however, prices were still low and the man who owned several thousand acres of desert land still considered himself to be poor. But that all changed during the next decade. During that next decade it was only the people who did not change. I can think of no old-timer who tried to emulate a city cousin who might have comparable wealth. The people have newer pickups, better farm machinery and have managed to get electricity and phone service into the area. Occasionally they buy some modern convenience, but I can think of no one who has purchased a Cadillac.

Simple living has offered certain advantages for a long time, but now it offers the additional advantage of minimizing the waste products that are rapidly making our nation unfit for habitation by man, beast, fish or bird.

My father's neighbors made it through each winter because they were frugal. If they had sold a few head of livestock in the fall and then spent the money on something that only a rich man could afford, they would have gone hungry, and would have received little sympathy from their neighbors. If they had not been frugal, they could not have occasionally scraped together enough money for another quarter section of land. When I go to the city, I think about how the quality of life would improve if city people would become too frugal to continue with

the foolish practice of using a bulky, high powered automobile to transport one person and a briefcase down a city street at a speed of less than 25 miles per hour.

Sincerely,
Joseph D. Stratton

War Coffins

Box 356
Paoli, Pa.

Dear Friends,

I have seen boxed coffins in train stations which I suspected were war dead. The coffins I saw were boxes made the same way I remember that artillery shell boxes were made, only the coffin boxes were a little bigger than the shell boxes; but the lettering of the names and numbers on them were exactly the same; a regulation death and a regulation 155mm. shell are lettered the same way.

There is something sacrilegious about calling out the names of the war dead in front of the White House as peace demonstrators have—just as there is something sacrilegious when these names are invoked by defenders of the war.

We should let these war dead alone. We should leave them to their families and those who knew them, who remember them. We never knew them. When we call their names we don't care about them, about individuals who cursed a lot, or flunked out of high school, or won a medal. We call out an idea, not the name of a person, and we have no right to imprison them in our ideologies that way. If their names are to be called out, let them be called by their relatives and friends.

How horrible it is for those who defend continuing the war, or slowing it down, or mechanizing it from the air, or who are concerned with the so-called national morale, to invoke the war dead as justification. They portray a dead army marching behind them, giving them the right to scream blasphemies in their name.

They cannot let them alone. They drafted them, trained them, shipped them out, and killed them, and now they still use them.

We should protest in our names, in the names of the living and of the victims to be, not in the name of the dead. The dead should not be pawns to be used for any ideology.

Richard J. Gaffney

Vietnam Vets

Vietnam Veterans Against The War
25 West 28th Street
New York, New York 10010

July 6, 1972

It's the same old pitch for the same old war to the same old people, and... probably at the worst possible time. We know that! We also know that too many people would be too happy to see us collapse for good people not to care.

VVAW is about to be forced to close down its national headquarters. We have no money for rent (last month's), telephone, office supplies and postage, just to skim the top.

We feel our voice is important. We feel we are important. Please think of how we can help you; please think of how you can help us.

Peter Mahoney—VVAW

DEFENDING THE RIGHT TO LIFE
"The fight against legalized abortion and against the imposition of contraceptives, and the pressures exerted against war, are significant forms of defending the right to life."
JUSTICE IN THE WORLD
Synod of Catholic Bishops

A Summer's Walk

By PAT RUSK

It was one of those summer days when the sun can't make up its mind what to do. I had planned to visit friends whom I had not seen in quite some time; they had moved to Staten Island. My decision, despite the perfidious sun, was to follow the waterfront to Battery Park where the boats embark for the island. I struck out from The Catholic Worker and went along tree-lined Allen Street, then west to Grand. Crossing the Bowery I felt some reluctance in continuing in my westerly direction as I had spotted a group of the Bowery's habitués in a doorway. I searched the men for my uncle's face that I both wanted and did not want to see. I felt relieved that he was not among them. At the same time across my path fast asleep was the strong body of a young male; as I moved around him I wanted to cry. Whether at the sight of the blood-stained face of the man on the ground or at thoughts of my uncle who was my mother's favorite brother, I could not be sure.

I walked my way over to Hester through Little Italy, when, at the corner of Mulberry, I was stopped by another human disaster. Two men were lifting the body of a shaking man who had fallen to the street. They carefully laid him close to the building out of the way of passers-by. His chest heaved as he lay on the hard ground and the few men standing around decided he'd be ok. Still I felt concerned and stood there. Suddenly two women dolled up in fancy hair-dos appeared. They expressed compassion, remarking that the old man could be anybody's father. Yet another man came out of the building with a wet cloth and stopped by the side of the old man to wipe his face.

I fled the advances of a curious hanger-on to wend my way through Chinatown. Just as I was preparing to cross Park Row I heard a roar and turned to see Mott Street crowded with hundreds of teenagers bearing aloft signs. My curiosity led me to investigate the purpose of their presence. They were Chinese kids and their signs spoke of JESUS in many ways: THE REAL THING IS JESUS and so on to a boy at the back of the parading kids bobbing his sign which read HAPPINESS IS THE LORD. I was given a 20-page tabloid on "The Life and Teachings of JESUS" and discovered that I had met the JESUS FREAKS. They lingered awhile on Mott, outside Transfiguration Church where a Flea Market was in progress and sang: JESUS LOVES ME and AMAZING GRACE. As they continued their march through Chinatown they loudly chanted the name of JESUS and JESUS IS THE WAY.

My curiosity satisfied, I hurried along St. James Place to South Street along the waterfront under Brooklyn Bridge, passing the Paris Bar and Grill, the Dawn Fisheries, Northern Fish Co., Sloppy Louie's fish restaurant on Fulton Street, and the waterfront which is now being restored to a 19th-century seaport. Tied to the dock were sailing vessels, including an 84-foot schooner that had sailed the seas from Newfoundland to Mexico leaving its catch at the foot of Fulton in the old days.

Then I boarded a beautiful sailing ship at the invitation of a Portuguese Naval Cadet. He was able to speak some English. There were crowds aboard already exploring, while the midshipmen clad in immaculate whites stood around looking at us. I was amazed by what I saw. Immaculate quarters. I found it hard to believe that 14 officers, 145 crewmen and 130 cadets, 289 men in all, could live together crowded into small spaces without creating any messes. The mess hall had benches and counters;

the counters being no wider than a schoolboy's lunch tray, and their tops gleamed as though untouched. So with the floors and every corner.

There were several men in the tiny kitchen preparing a meal. One of them pulled a large tray from the oven and tested the dozen or so plump chickens. Nowhere could I see droppings of food or traces of potato skins about. A dog aboard would surely starve. When a vessel is outfitted there is no doubt in my mind that space is calculated to the fraction of an inch. An office was an area that one stepped into, sat down and then stepped out of again.

The three masts reached very high, 147 feet, and when the sails are full blown bear the crosses of Christ as all Portuguese ships have since the days of Vasco da Gama. This particular vessel, the Sagres, a training ship, would be in New York a few days, then head north, bound eventually for the Azores.

My desultory walk to Battery Park was filled with so many events that I never reached my destination. The sun and the cool breezes off the East River made walking pleasurable, but while I was enjoying the pier and the ships, the sun hid and the sky blackened threatening a downpour. I also overheard someone exclaim that it was pouring down on Staten Island.



Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

this summer, thanks in part to the garden from which fresh vegetables and salads come, but thanks also to some very good cooks. Chief among them are Alice Lawrence, Steve, Cliff Lichter, and Claudia Beck, though others help from time to time. Arthur Sullivan is with us again and takes time out from looking after Marty John to do much of the baking. Others—Susie, Bill, Mike, etc.—also help. Last Friday, Father Tony used a beautiful loaf of pure whole wheat bread baked by Susie for the Host at Mass.

Dominic takes time out from working for McGovern to keep up with his duties as sacristan and chief bathroom cleaner. Roger comes for weekends and helps with window washing, cleaning, etc., or takes the children for an outing. Marge Hughes, who is in charge here, is busy with shopping, correspondence, and too many things to enumerate. There are indeed many who help, though with our anarchist lifestyle, it sometimes seems that nothing will ever get done.

Excellent Gardeners

Thanks to some excellent gardeners—John Filligar, Mike Kreyche, Bill Ragette, Tony, Andy, Claudia, and others—our gardens thrive, in spite of being almost washed out at one time and burned out at another. Nature's garden has also provided us with many raspberry desserts, this with the help of Andy, who was the chief picker.

With the good gardening of Eliza-

charge of the kitchen, her three children there with her, lots of other children besides. In fact quite a swarm from our Tivoli Farm also enjoyed this vacation.

My two other pilgrimages meant trips to Tivoli for a week and another week in Vermont with my daughter and the four children who are at home. Visitors are always coming and going there. Becky and her husband and baby Lara dashed up from Virginia for the July 4th holiday, and now Susie and her three-year-old Tanya are there. Is it really a farm? Well, not really. There are a bantam hen and a dozen chicks, and a mother duck and a dozen ducklings, a Siamese mother-cat and her three beautiful kittens (for sale but no buyers), couple of bedraggled old farm cats, four dogs, two steers and a heifer grazing on the hillside, being fattened for Eric and his friends (construction workers and meat eaters). But there is a big garden and lots of fresh vegetables, home-made bread, and milk from a neighboring farmer. I'll be going back for a visit during what New England calls the "color season."

In the City

The only livestock I glimpse now as I wake up mornings and glance down from my third-floor window to the roof of a factory, is a few very dirty

white cats, and a couple of brindle ones. A black one has trespassed on this territory and there are occasional howlings (or is it really a concert I am hearing?). There is also an allan-thus tree which has grown up in our ten-foot-deep back yard which waves its frond-like beautiful green leaves with every slight breeze. A neighbor from Jersey has brought us in some more earth and some pachysandra, which is doing very well indeed. Paul has put in four ivy plants and two geraniums.

That factory which comes within ten feet of our house is one-story high and takes up what used to be four back yards of houses on First and Second Streets. Out of the few feet of what remains of one back yard on Second Street there is another taller allan-thus tree, a feast of green. On the roof of our own five-story building, someone a year ago left an old mattress and out of that piece of waste there have grown two more little allan-thus trees, almost two feet high now, and they will continue to grow, hopefully. "If that mattress is cotton," someone said, "it makes a mulch. Cotton is organic." As I look at these trees gratefully, I think of the delightful dialogue in Uncle Vanya between Sonya and Dr. Astrov about planting trees.

I must not forget the beautiful young ginkgo tree which we purchased from the city last year, and which we planted in honor of Carmen Mathews, herself a great lover of the countryside (and of drama). She rescued us from a foreclosure when a first mortgage fell due and so has become part of this house on First Street, and of the bits of greenery back and front of it. The fact that prisoners on Riker's Island, so I have been told, grow these trees which brighten our streets makes that tree especially dear to me. When I pass it, I make the sign of the cross on its bark, to encourage it to grow fast and strong. Maybe we can plant another this year in gratitude to God for saving us from the hands of the tax gatherers. Fr. McNabb, the French Dominican, said that when Jesus left his apostles, "Peter could go back to his nets, but Matthew could not go back to his tax gatherings."

The ginkgo, according to my encyclopedia, is native to the Orient, and a living fossil, sole survival of a large group of trees from geologic times. Its form has not changed in millions of years. It is a sacred tree in China and planted near temples.

Sacrament of the Present Moment

I dwell on little things like this because Fr. Joseph McSorley, my first teacher in the faith, to whom I used to go in the large Paulist church near Lincoln Center, introduced me to this idea many years ago. I thought of it this morning when I looked out of the window, depressed by the increasing horror of the world today. Last night I saw a film on television about the rock group, Rolling Stones, and their free concert at Altamont, California, some years ago, which ended in the knifing of one of the audience which in its hysteria and frenzy seemed to me a vision of damned souls in hell.

Bits of old proverbs come to mind, about "chickens coming home to roost." A recent comment in the New Yorker reads, "There are all kinds of factories, and the American machine in Vietnam is a death factory. We are its workers and its consumers, our ships and planes its moving parts, and the Vietnamese its raw materials. In this new guise 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 merely as something we are doing; it is what we are."

Dear God, let us not accept that
(Continued on page 8)

ICS ASSEMBLY: POLITICS NOT RECONCILIATION

The Catholic Worker has received a notice about the Second International Assembly of Christians in Solidarity with the Vietnamese, Laotian and Cambodian Peoples scheduled for Laval University, Quebec City, Canada, October 6-9, 1972. The Assembly's chief sponsor is Bernard Schreiner, editor of *Temoignage Chretien*, French Catholic newspaper well known for its support of liberation movements, including the movement for Palestinian liberation. The First Assembly, held in Paris in May, 1971, was under the same sponsorship.

The Rev. Harry Bury of Minneapolis is serving as one of the American Co-ordinators for the Second Assembly. Father Bury, along with Mrs. Marianne Hamilton, also of Minneapolis, formed an "ad hoc" Catholic group, called the Catholic Commission of Enquiry, to visit the delegations at the Paris Peace Talks and were invited to attend the First Assembly.

Father Bury, whose outrage against

US participation in the Vietnam War led him to chain himself to the railing of the US Embassy in Saigon, was interviewed by a Catholic Worker editor on a recent fund-raising visit to New York. He stated that about 300 persons are expected at the Quebec meeting, with a third of the delegates coming from the US, a third from Canada and a third from Europe and Vietnam. Mr. Schreiner is in charge of inviting the international delegates and it is expected that six priests will come from Vietnam, from among those who support the NLF, military arm of the Provisional Revolutionary Government. A number of Catholic priests and at least one bishop are expected from North Vietnam. This will be arranged in concurrence with the Hanoi authorities.

When asked if peace groups, including the Overseas Vietnamese Buddhist Association, would be asked to take part in the meeting and the formulation of a declaration, Father Bury replied in the negative. The leaders of

the Overseas Vietnamese Buddhist Association, Thich Nhat Hanh and Vo Van Ai, have talked extensively in the US, explaining their allegiance to neither side in the war and their stance of nonviolence. Neither of these peacemakers will be on the program, nor will there be sessions where exponents of Christian nonviolence can have a hearing at the Assembly. The agenda calls for much discussion of political aspects of the Southeast Asian conflict, including the topic "Churches and the National Liberation Movements."

Settlement in Arms

The declaration of the First International Assembly called for total withdrawal of US armed forces from Southeast Asia and the ending of the imposition of the South Vietnamese Government "which is not supported by the people." This declaration was printed in IDOC (International Documentation on the Contemporary Church) for August 29, 1972, along with a report by Professor Diana Johnstone giving the

position of the Provisional Revolutionary Government. When asked about the feasibility of a Third Force, Buddhist and Christian, which might serve as a reconciling force for the future, Father Bury dismissed its possible effectiveness, pointing out that he went along with the organizers of the Assembly in seeing only two viable sides, the Provisional Revolutionary Government and the Saigon Government. The choice had been made already in favor of the Provisional Revolutionary Government.

Among the sponsors of the Assembly are Professor Diana Johnstone of the People's Commission of Enquiry of Minneapolis and Ruth Gage Colby of New York City as well as many American Catholics who may not be aware that the Assembly is a political rather than a peace meeting and is committed in advance to the violence of one side of the conflict.

Attendance at the Assembly is not open but by invitation only.

PEOPLE'S BLOCKADE

(Continued from page 1)

Leonardo, a group of 52 people, who held a worship service on Federal railroad tracks that lead to the ammunition depot, were arrested and charged with trespassing, were convicted, and were individually fined \$250.

Sustaining the Blockades

Yet the initial response of a government which is violating both the Geneva protocols and the Nuremberg statutes has not stopped men and women of conscience. In Bangor, the sea blockade is growing and a land blockade on the railroad tracks leading to the Bangor terminal is being planned. In Leonardo, sea blockades also are continuing. One of the 52 people arrested on the railroad tracks went back and chained himself to them, delaying a loaded munition train for over an hour. People engaged in blockade actions have steadfastly maintained that they have an international responsibility, both legally and morally, to continue to confront the lawlessness of the U.S. government, despite penalties incurred.

As a closer look at some of the actions will show, the People's Blockade has also had its share of "victories." In Leonardo, New Jersey, the arrival of the USS Nitro in late April occasioned the first attempted non-violent sea blockade of the war. Before the ammunition ship left, 20

canoes interfered with the ship's launching, 21 people had been arrested trying to block an ammunition train going out of the pier, and 7 sailors literally jumped ship as it was heading out to sea. On the weekend of June 11, 89 people were arrested; 37 for "loitering" (they were peacefully picketing the Earle Depot gates) and the 52 mentioned earlier. In addition, 12 canoeists have been arrested, 10 for violation of the Espionage Act. All of the actions were well publicized and people in Leonardo are now engaged in organizing community support, with a sea blockade "alert" being called for the last week in July.

In Norfolk, Virginia, June 5th saw the aircraft carrier USS America sail for Indochina with one of the most memorable departures in Norfolk history. 13 People's Blockade canoes sailed around the carrier, with some of them actually tying themselves up to the side of the ship. The event received nation-wide publicity and there were about twice the usual number of AWOLs from the carrier, including two sailors who surfaced three days later and held a news conference outlining their opposition to the Indochina war. Norfolk people are now discussing the possibility of creating a "carrier project" when the J.F.K. comes into port.

The first attempted blockade of an ammunition ship in Bangor, Washington, occurred at the end of May. Since that time, a group of from 25 to 50 has kept a constant vigil along the Hood Canal landing from the Bangor Ammunition Depot and has launched its canoes and kayaks whenever an Indochina-bound ship has been spotted. Besides the land blockade being planned, there will be a car caravan from Portland to Bangor the weekend of August 5-6, Hiroshima Day.

Sounding the Call

Other blockades have been discussed or are being organized in Minneapolis, New York, Chicago, Pasadena, San Francisco, New England, Colorado, Rochester, and York, Pennsylvania. We hope you will join us in our efforts to expose and blockade the ships, trains, planes, and trucks that have anonymously been leaving this country, carrying death to our sisters and brothers in Southeast Asia. We have contacts, leaflets, posters, buttons, stickers and an organizing manual we would be glad to share with you. Please write or call us at the People's Blockade office, c/o AFSC, 180 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102 (215 L03-9372).

Alternatives Conference Report

By MIKE KREYCHE

The last weekend in June a group of us from the farm and Steve Nowling from First Street headed for New Hampshire for the Conference on Adequate Action for a Human Future, sponsored by the School of Living, which was announced in the May Catholic Worker.

Unfortunately, we had some car trouble and missed most of Friday evening's program on decentralized industry and agriculture, arriving in the middle of Ralph Borsodi's talk. I had just read his *Flight from the City* (Harper Colophon Books, 1972) and was sorry not to have heard more from him; he had to leave that night and wouldn't be around for the rest of the conference.

Saturday morning, Helen and Scott Nearing spoke on their homesteading experiences, and were a pleasure to listen to. I reluctantly passed up another chance to spend time with them in favor of Murray Bookchin's presentation on alternate power sources. He has done a lot of research in this area and has written quite a bit (until recently, pseudonymously as Lewis Herber). An anarchist, one of his strongest convictions is that industry should be decentralized and reduced in scale to provide economic viability for small cities. (I think he proposed 20,000 as an ideal size). The discussion following the talk was the most lively of the conference. I considered it and the discussion on land trusts (led by Bob Swann the next morning) the most interesting.

The community land trust is difficult to explain. Essentially it is an alternative to private ownership of land that eliminates land speculation. It aims at making more land available to more people and protecting the land from destructive usage. Bob Swann has prepared a book *A Guide to Establishing a Community Land Trust*, which should be available now. You can write to him at International Independence Institute, Box 183, Ashby, Mass. 01431. Cost was to be \$3.00.

In spite of the clear success of the conference I have two criticisms. The first is that there never seemed to be enough time to get into any of the subjects very deeply. The talks were generally short but by the time they were over there wasn't much time left for discussion. The other thing is that there just wasn't enough opportunity to get around and meet and talk with the other people. By Sunday morning several groups were trying to get together in informal ad-hoc gatherings, but at the expense of missing out on the scheduled program.

So many people turned out that the facilities were strained, but everything was handled pretty well nevertheless. There was talk of repeating the conference and of perhaps doing something similar in other regions, all depending on the willingness of people to get together to plan and coordinate.

A good way of keeping in touch would be to subscribe to the School of Living's newspaper, the *Green Revolution*, Freeland, Maryland 21053.

Setting Sail for Peace

By EILEEN EGAN

One of the memorable talks we had at our Friday evening meetings was given by Able Nathan on the need for reconciliation in the Middle East conflict. Speaking as an Israeli, Able Nathan told us that Christians have a special role as mediators in the terrible conflict between Israelis and Arabs that may lead right into World War III.

We heard nothing from Able Nathan for quite a time. While he was away, a former editor of the *Catholic Worker*, Arthur Sheehan, stayed aboard the Peace Ship that Nathan hopes will serve as a Peace Radio Ship in the Mediterranean.

Now, Able Nathan is back. The Peace

Ship is completely outfitted as a Peace Radio Ship, ready to broadcast messages of peace and reconciliation to Arabs and Jews. It docked in the Hudson River, on the Jersey side, at the foot of Pier 60. All the ship needs is to be sent to dry dock to be put in shape for sailing.

Able Nathan is a voluntary exile from Israel for the sake of peace. He has put all his possessions and his whole life into this peace witness. We ask all our readers to pray for this great work of peace and to send him encouragement in the form of whatever help they can afford for the dry dock and sailing expenses. His address is: Box 179, Fairview P.O., New Jersey, 07022.

CW SLIDE SHOW

To commemorate the Fortieth anniversary of the Catholic Worker Movement, which will be celebrated in 1973, it is my hope to put together a slide show of the activities of the Catholic Workers during the past forty years.

I am particularly interested in obtaining old photographs that our readers may have of the first ten years of the Worker. If you have any photographs of 436 East 15th Street, the Garden Commune in Staten Island, 144 Charles Street, the Easton Farm and the first few years of 115 Mott Street, I would appreciate hearing from you.

I am also interested in newspaper clippings and articles about the early activities of the Catholic Worker. These will be placed in the Catholic Worker Archives at Marquette University.

Please write to Stanley Vishnewski, Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, New York, 12583.

Strip Mining and the Church

By CHUCK SMITH

In his book *Night Comes to the Cumberlandlands*, Harry Caudill calls Appalachia "the last unchallenged stronghold of Western Colonialism." In its concern for meeting the needs of the poor of the mountains, the Church has not been able to divorce the mountaineer from the society around him. Man becomes meaningful to himself and his fellows only as a member of society. If we talk of the development of a people, we must talk of economic, social and political development. We must work for the kind of community which serves man, enhances his well being, and preserves his dignity.

For most Appalachians, their economic environment means a condition of near-slavery, destroying their health, their minds, stripping away their dignity with a violence as real as that which is laying our mountains to waste. If the Church is to identify truly with the poor of the mountains, then of necessity it must put itself at odds with economic and political structures which sustain their poverty.

The Appalachian Region is one of the richest in natural resources in the country. Under our mountains lies the largest known reserve of bituminous coal in the world. Most Appalachians lost the mineral rights to their land a century ago. Today almost all major energy sources—petroleum, coal and uranium—are under the control of a very few powerful corporations. The wealth in Appalachia is controlled by these companies and the determining factor in all their decision-making is whether their activities will yield a monetary profit, or power, or prestige, to them. The needs of those of us who live in the mountains are secondary, when they are considered at all.

There is no better example of the attitude of the coal companies than strip mining. Strip mining is rapidly destroying our land and its ability to sustain life. Our region has been laid seige to by an array of strip-mining bandits, who have yet to demonstrate the lengths they will go to in pillaging our land.

So the Church finds itself in a bind. In the past, and today, it finds itself not only on the side of the corporate interests, but in some cases even a part of them. But the church has the knowledge that man is created in the image of God. It cannot accept the image of a God who is poor, ignorant, superstitious, fearful, oppressed, wretched—yet this is the lot of the majority of the men he created in his own image.

The Office of Appalachian Ministry of the Catholic Diocese of Wheeling, West Virginia rejected the oppression which it has found in the mountains. On May 5, after months of consideration and study, it issued the following statement calling for an end to strip mining in Appalachia because strip mining's oppressive nature makes it irreconcilable with the liberating good news of the resurrection of Jesus.

The Statement

"Our church, the Diocese of Wheeling, covers the State of West Virginia, with the exception of the eight eastern-most counties, and also includes the seventeen western-most counties of the State of Virginia. The area within its boundaries is the nation's leading coal producer. The coal industry is the mainstay of the economy of the region. Coal, wisely mined, can provide for the economic well-being of the area for generations to come.

"But the people and mountains of West Virginia and Virginia have also suffered much at the hands of the coal industry. Appalachian coal has provided the steel and power to build the industrial strength of America. Coal companies, owned by corporations based in other states, reap enormous

profits, while the mountaineer has been left with dirty coal camps, black lung disease, smoking slag heaps, swelling welfare rolls, and crippled miners.

"Today, America's unquenchable thirst for electrical power demands more coal. The industry, seeking higher profits, has turned to strip mining. Strip mining threatens un-



told suffering and loss for the Appalachian people.

Strip Mining Destruction

"Strip mining in our mountains results in great, unrepairable ecological harm. It causes virtually complete destruction of the land surface and subsurface, as well as enormous and perpetual pollution of surrounding waterways. These effects have been documented by the U.S. Geological Survey, the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, and numerous studies by universities and other organizations. The

productivity, beauty, and usefulness of the land are destroyed for generations and perhaps centuries.

"More importantly, we must focus attention on the human side of this problem. Such a violent disruption of nature's balance soon has adverse effects on the human communities living in and near the destroyed land. Strip mining is directly responsible for many human losses: flooding, loss of private and municipal water supplies, land slides that destroy homes, roads and gardens. People who live near strip mines live in constant fear, anxiety and danger.

"The economic well-being of communities is affected by strip mining. People are driven from the area and the tax base has been cut by as much as 33% in heavily strip-mined counties, thereby decreasing school and social services. New industries cannot locate on the unstable lands or near polluted, flood-prone streams. The strip mining process is a short term, low labor industry.

"Strip mining is the darkest cloud hanging over our area as we struggle to insure the common good of our people. Over two-thirds of the area served by our church is potentially subject to stripping. West Virginia's strip mining regulations are recognized as being among the most stringent in the country. Yet, in the five years under these "tough" laws, the environmental degradation caused by stripping has increased.

"The strip mining industry has not considered the ecological balance. It has turned its back on the moral law, has laughed in the face of regulations and has ignored the rights and dignity of our people. Money, not men, has been its supreme consideration and the justifying end.

End Strip Mining!

"As men and women who have accepted the saving Good News of the Resurrection of Jesus, we cannot remain silent in the face of this oppression. There has been throughout history a divine discontent when men are oppressed. We seek to bear witness to that discontent. We carry out this witness in the light of the Resurrection of Jesus. When we examine ourselves in the same light, we see that we are not without blame; that, as a church and as individuals, we have failed to be always just in our dealings with others. In making this statement we challenge ourselves to follow the Gospel more closely.

"We call for an end to all strip mining in our region. Our call to the strip mining interest is an invitation to repentance, a call to turn away from excessive profits and irresponsible use of the land. We are challenging the industry to see that the life of a people is of more importance than the profits assured by stripping coal.

"We also recognize the plight of those caught in the midst of this con-

trovery, those employed by the strip mines. The coal industry has exploited this issue to hide its concern for strip mining profits. The industry, which laid off some 200,000 miners for the sake of automation and without a second thought, now cries "save jobs" because "save profits" is less appealing to public sympathies. But the need of the miner is real. Any public action to abolish strip mining must recognize the right of these men to work, and should provide relief through insuring alternate jobs to them. Their suffering is not an acceptable price to pay for abolition. Neither are the jobs strip mining provides sufficient rationale for continued oppression of the overall community.

"The Office of Appalachian Ministry, as that part of our church especially concerned with the quality of life in the mountains, calls for a complete halt to strip mining in the Appalachian region. We unite our voices with those of all others concerned with the survival of our land and people and invite the people of the Diocese of Wheeling to join us."

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 6)

judgment, that this is what we are. Enlighten our minds, inflame our hearts with the desire to change—with the hope and faith that we all can change. Take away our hearts of stone and give us hearts of flesh.

And even as I say this prayer, I recall a selection from Thoreau's *Yankee in Canada*:

"It is important to preserve the mind's chastity . . . Think of admitting the details of a single case of the criminal court into our thoughts, to stalk profanely through their very sanctum sanctorum for an hour, ay, for many hours! to make a very bar room of the mind's inmost apartment, as if for so long the very dust of the street had occupied us—the very street itself, with all its travel, its bustle, and filth, had passed through our heart's shrine. Would it not be an intellectual and moral suicide?"

LETTUCE BOYCOTT

The nationwide lettuce boycott begun by Cesar Chavez's United Farm Worker's Union continues. Help America's poorest workers win their own union by refusing to buy any iceberg (head) lettuce, unless the wrapper carries the aztec eagle union label.

A law effectively prohibiting farm worker union organizing is scheduled to go into effect in Arizona on August 15. If the law is really implemented, the Farm Worker's Union plans a state wide strike by farm workers and massive non-violent demonstrations.

Catholic Workers Vigil IBM

(Continued from page 1)

company "will be the largest economic entity in the world" in another generation.

IBM also profits directly from war-making. It has an on-going contract with the U.S. Air Force for the IGLOO WHITE operation, the Electronic Battlefield system which uses unattended sensors to detect movement, feeds the information into IBM 360 computers which plan air strikes, and dispatches planes to bomb the target areas using automatic computerized navigation systems, many designed by IBM. The Electronic Battlefield system, dependent on computers and unattended sensors, cannot distinguish between a cow, a soldier, or a child. It amounts to bombing anything that moves.

A 1971 U.S. General Accounting Office Survey revealed average profits on 156 defense contracts of 56%. Use of computers and other sophisticated technology makes war cheap in American lives. With this kind of profit possible, what do over 300 Asian lives daily matter to our prosperous weapons manufacturers?

We ask Catholic Worker readers to join us in asking IBM to get out of the business of death. Write Frank T. Cary, President, IBM, Armonk, N.Y. 10504.