Interview With
Cesar Chavez

The morning following his release, Cesar was interviewed at his home by El Malcriado. The following are Cesar's recollections of that day:

EL MALCRIADO—How do you feel after going to jail for civil disobedience?

CESAR—Well, I feel that I have partially civil disobedience. It wasn't a real classic case of non-violence, as they are all with us. This includes blacks, whites and Indians. The saddest thing is that the people who are in jail by and large are poor people. Only people with money go to jail and stay there. Also men who have anything on the outside who really cares for them. Or anyone on the outside who cannot really help them.

EL MALCRIADO—What was your relationship with the guards?

CESAR—I met a lot of friends, inside with the inmates, did a little organizing—and was around quite a bit. I wasn't too successful in convincing them of the non-violence thing but they are all with us. This includes blacks, whites and Indians.

EL MALCRIADO—How do you feel about the judge in your case?

CESAR—Judge Murphy is a fellow who tries to be crazy to strike you over the head. He's a Dictator. A Bolshevist. He's a nobody. People should say: "They are crazy, they don't do this, they ought to do this, they ought to do that." Always "They" and never "I." They and WE.

蓄KALIGHAT. Mother Teresa was giving Ethel Kennedy's Visit?

EL MALCRIADO—How do you feel about the missionaries?

CESAR—About the missionaries, my feelings are that it looks like new. A Communitarian is basically what you should have. A Dictator refuses to be crazy the way everybody else is crazy and tries to be crazy in his own crazy way.

EL MALCRIADO—Did those on the vigil keep your company?

CESAR—Yes, I felt fine. For one thing at night I could hear their singing. I heard them chant. Oh, yes, I was asleep. They started singing and the jailer opened the front door. I heard this rapping on the front door. I heard this rapping on the front door. I heard this rapping on the front door.

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWER

Now on the brink of February, the early season sun shines between the new-fallen snow covering the disappointingly face of January's scattered ice and snow. Clare Danelson and I, hired by the sun to take holiday from the monotonous winter days of the farm of the house (Clare, who teaches, gets very holidays, but even we can enjoy the pleasure and freedom of a Saturday walk made our way casually along the tarred paved path toward the pig and chicken quarters.

The pig, drunk with sunshine perhaps, greeted us with exuberant grunts. We were, as we arrived, discerning a porcine solemnity that might have aroused admiration in a goat. The chickens were snug inside their house, but as we approached we were struck by the scene and by a particular sweetness.

Then, hearing our voices, the rooster cowered at "Where is Spring?" Tony's handsome, smiling Argentinean face, as well as the many good meals we had taken, was a constant reminder: make of neither earth, the Bringer of warmth, the promise of Spring. Tony's February first, the hay air man, which began moving into our area yesterday and brought our listen- ing to its tidal movements, its deep- ness as a holy season, as the "poor" American worker.

According to the boast as Americans we consider everyone innocent until he has been found guilty--or we have reason to believe so. And what a travesty we see. From the very first issue we have covered the story of the war used as a means to subdue our enemies. We have considered everyone innocent until the very heavy bail prejudges him guilty and liable to jump bail at the will of a few. No, the paper is judged because they are poor and since they cannot raise even a fifty cent deposit, they are cut off from the memory of a meditative moment in the sun. The comment on the radio caught my attention, as I twisted the dial of a battery-powered transistor, the memory of a meditative moment in the sun.

February, the unknown commentator said, is devoted to Spring. And as Catholics know, February is the month of the Purification of Our Lady. That is when we celebrate the great victory of the for its tidal movements, its deep- ness as a holy season, as the "poor" American worker.

The pig, drunk with sunshine perhaps, greeted us with exuberant grunts. We were, as we arrived, discerning a porcine solemnity that might have aroused admiration in a goat. The chickens were snug inside their house, but as we approached we were struck by the scene and by a particular sweetness.

Where is Spring," The great Hudson River, which our water flowed, bearing its heavy burden of pollutants which have forced upon it, silently pursuing its ancient course to the sea. The ice was sheathed with snow-covered ice, but ice with a rotten edge. We have seen with black blocks of ice overlapping each other, frozen in mid-deep.

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Perhaps winter reveals time's trusted face. In February, when the air is too cold during the winter—trashcan fires and building hallways are ephem- eral comfort for the base pea- cock. The chickens were snug inside a part of our lives that many of us have taken place along our coasts as the result of some inci- dent. I thought of the ecological damage resulting from offshore drill-
The Farmworkers' Struggle

By Katleen Disutter

Farmlabors Versus Pentagon

Fort Hamilton

On Martin Luther King Day last March, New Yorkers joined Cesar Chavez and local UFWO organizers in a demonstration at Fort Hamilton to protest the Department of Defense's strike-breaking efforts against the lettuce boycott. Figures supplied by the Bureau of Labor Statistics indicate that the government has significantly favored the Bad Aute farm (which has refused to allow a trade union to organize its workers) over the UFWO in its lettuce purchases for the armed forces. The figures revealed that the Defense Department purchased $381,000 worth of lettuce from goon bosses in 1970 and 1971, while the UFWO purchased goods worth $152,000. As we marched and sang outside its towering stone enclosure, we thought of the group of 14, "La Unida" inside, who had just issued a proclamation stating they would boycott the base commissary in solidarity with the farm workers, and refuse to eat Bad Aute lettuce.

 Foley Square

A cup of coffee and an hour later, we proceeded to Foley Square and the Municipal Court building. Here the demonstration grew to include striking telephone workers, members of the defense department who have argued that the government is the "most obvious enemies of farm labor," the Department of Labor and the Kennedy's Department of Labor bought the movement as a break strike.

The UFWO of the late sixties succeeded where others failed with the leadership of Cesar Chavez. They forced the growers to negotiate collectively with UFWO members and helped the growers import scab labor to break strikes.

The efforts of the eighties saw an awareness among farm workers by Catholic priests, the National Farmworkers Union, and the AFL-CIO's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee. The complexity of this period has been devoted to the personality of Cesar Chavez, or otherwise. The farm workers' movement into a particularly apt and uncommonly welcome base for our demonstration was their bosses for a better break. But trying to negotiate collectively with UFWO members the growers import scab labor to break strikes.

"Hi, Man," "You've been gone a bit," he sighed. My tension-twisted First Street soul Unwinds, and, as the drifted byway So we, too, though free, remain barred From the common pursuits, the ruts, and files Accomplishment, as in iron cradles they climb Seeking refuge in safe and sanitary holes.

For Tricia and David

By Jack Cook

Post-Prison Poems

Seapline Revisited

As if two years ago today
(We meet the Factory Worker)
Were but a prolonged yesterday.
He and Blacly, his still close partner,
Forgot the cold autumn sky.
"Hi, Man," "You've been gone a bit," he sighed.
My hand reaches towards his... forgotten world... the butcher's block... that same world... that same world that was no man's.

Without, and, as the drifted byway
Smoothened by the nostril snow-mobile,
My cumbling mind... all

In easy rhythm through dark and day.

David is, we are miles
From the prison life we shared,
Yet as Abub entered the concrete building to issue a federal lawsuit naming the "Federal Government" as the defaulter, because the lead in the water public and private of exess amounts brought to prior taxes.

In Deerfield, Massachusetts

For the late Timothy Leary

I celebrate the gentle ways Your snowbound quiet home affords; This little house so richly filled With all that is needed, ennobled, and loved.

Two thousand-twenty-million-dollar

Unwinds, and, as the drifted byway
Smoothened by the nostril snow-mobile,
My cumbling mind... all

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From Puerto Rico

December 14, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

Yes, I do remember because I have been in touch with Pat Jordan, I and the others in the P.R. group, last summer when I was in N.Y.C. We talked about our struggle for independence against imperialist non-violence (we called it militant passive resistance). Lately there has been much discussion among militant people on the whole subject of militant pacifism. The Puerto Rican Independence Party (P.R.I.P.), the Puerto Rican Action Committee, the Peace and Neutrality P.A.C., the Worker Action Group, and the Workers, have been very much interested in our struggle for independence and we have given each other a seminar on how to give our people a sense of the nature of the struggle. Later we will give the first orientation program of the year in January. About a month ago, FIP sponsored a seminar on civil disobedience and many Puerto Rican students came to talk to us by Jean Goss and his wife from the International Fellowship of Reconciliation.

I just wrote to Cesar Chavez expressing the hope that he would soon be free of jail, and thanking him for all you have done. I talked to him for about three hours last summer when you were in the neighborhood, about society, the poor, the labor movement, and the struggle for freedom. He wanted too that he know how our people feel. I was very interested in our struggle for freedom and solidarity with him for the struggle.

It has become clearer to us, as it has to many Catholic Workers, that feeding, clothing, and sheltering people, as well as feeding, clothing, and sheltering people is so developed that nothing happens to the young man who refuses to be a soldier. I am trying to say that the presence of atomic bases in our island, the U.S.A. controls 12% of our agricultural land for military purposes.

In the third point is the one that I agree to the most, to stop the forced conscription of young Puerto Ricans (in P.R. and in the U.S) as a target for the U.S. Navy, which in the main protects properties of almost all Latin American independence. Everyone can understand that the aims of the Monroe Doctrine are growing.

Our first days that October brought us in contact with the Catonsville 4, who first called us into the struggle in this country, and Baltimore still represents but another—though it is a better—model. The situation in Culebra is a whole style of living, focused on the people in Culebra and the community to serve the people—the people in Culebra.

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Sincerely yours,

Ivan Gutierrez del Arroyo

From Milwaukee

January 25, 1971

Dear Dorothy,

After a year in the state's maximum security prison, it seems only natural to me to be still attempting to relate to the struggle in this country, and Baltimore still represents but another—though it is a better—model. The situation in Culebra is a whole style of living, focused on the people in Culebra and the community to serve the people—the people in Culebra.

Sincerely yours,

Tom Melville

From Baltimore

February 1, 1971

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

A letter long overdue. In a way we are still attempting to relate to the struggle in this country, and Baltimore still represents but another—though it is a better—model. The situation in Culebra is a whole style of living, focused on the people in Culebra and the community to serve the people—the people in Culebra.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Moylan

The Catholic Worker
"CELEBRATE LIFE!" he also gave the inside walls a real expression of Viva with the full force of his Matisse Grimes worked with us last December and January and wrote Bobby Dele's Parable with the full force of his Matisse Grimes on the main wall. The parable is one for all times and all places and has gained much discussion among the community; it deals with a hog who enjoys a frequency of his head and then will not allow his brothers and sisters to do the same thing. It was a vivid portrayal of life around the globe.

At present we are open at the store-front from 9 to 9, 7 days a week, as of today thru Friday. We have coffee and cookies (and other treats) on a help-yourself basis and things open to play with for small children. Thus we have attempted to do away with a dreary soup line and hopefully open to play with for small children. Our clothing room is open to encourage the clothing division to the help of the people. We are trying to pursue with them some of the real issues of women's liberation. Society certainly needs to hear the voice of women and women certainly need the support of men. I come away encouraged by the ongoing dialogue, by the fact that our daughter Kathleen enjoys the experience of the community. The entire experience is opening up vast areas for growth.

Anyway, all this is to say that, particularly where we are extremely grateful to the Kedranes, who had so much more early months, to Pauline Lewis, who prepared some tremendous meals for the people, to the Baltimore Ana­

On our regular Friday morning trips to the farm, Chris added barley to his variety of soup and treated us to some of the days and for the descendents whose commitment to peacemaking and recreation. We would expect to staff this home with the household staffs of the community. This home as we visualize it and heart in America! ! !

The Retarded

We are a family that has spent the last several years living in a village for mentally handicapped adults, and are now interested in es­

All power to a change of mind and heart in America! ! !

From England

Dear Dorothy,

I often think of writing to you, espe­

I think the move will come out of my seeing, and not out of my superfluous intellectual involve­

With love.

Joe, Jim, Frank, Chris

Kathleen

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

36 East First

(Continued from page 7)

Snipper; from Colgate, added a real lift to the spirit and the mood, and the small Parkes came down from Detroit for a week, and Jean La­

The Green Revolution, and from the pot to the plate. It is not what the masses can do, but the potentiality for the masses to be a part of the solution. We would expect to staff this home exclusively with volunteers. Would any member of your community be interested in helping in this venture? Is there an existing religious community that would be in a position to take this on? Would a diocese or religious community be interested in building and maintaining the house? We have convinced between us, and Wilma, Kathleen, and I form the body of the community.

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CROSSING INDIA: GANDHI'S INFLUENCE

(Continued from page 4)

In ploughing a furrow. We passed village after village, squat and dun-

colored. When the homes were
touched, they seemed to
be made of earth like large
mushrooms. The
muddy tracks of many villages
were still of orange-red, brightening the land-
scapes of bundles of marigolds.
I always looked for the
architects of temples, or
temples, and sometimes spotted it. The
ruins of one neat village, Sagar, stood alone
at some distance from the houses. The
flinted bulrushes of the temple looked like a
peak against the pale blue sky. Despite the
ruins of the flinted bulrush in which I
searched in vain every few hours by a railroad em-

nion, had been turned to fruitful
of crossing India by train. I thought of
the villages I had known on earlier
ventures, not to mention the
delirium of the life poverty of Cal-

ifornia. There was beauty, too, in the
naked, darlings children, in the graceful wom-

en and their brass waterpots, in the
red mark that a woman carried along
her husband and that her infidelity
was marked by a red mark that a woman carried along
her husband.

Teresa knew her habit of bottling her
and making her face appear like a
rock for a quiet sleep after she had
finished her day's work and had
the task on the train journeys that took her
to visit missionaries of Charity in
to the homes of Calcutta. She had no
heart for the train journey and was only
fatherly toward her passengers because
transport was under water, a causality of the
floods that paralyzed Calcutta
during
our stay.

I was still in the anguish of
that happened when we
landed at Thappa where human flesh
puriﬁes before one's eyes. In the
region of Calcutta, women and
children who live and die on the streets
and are shut out from the
dwelling whose mud and straw shelters
hold them in a constant memory
by the paltry monsoon deluge. I
had realized until the last moment before
the train left that the
position had not been
asleep and that the
plane trip and a plunge
into activities in Delhi
would help to
lift the hopelessness that weighed me
down. But when all flights were
canceled, Mother Teresa
gave us a box of appli-
ced cream and
weer, a tiny white figure in the
press of people on the
Howrah platform.

The two women
who shared our
compartment took out their overcoats and
blankets and made themselves
comfortable for the night. One was
a young woman with Chinese or Tibetan
features, a girl of the type
whom a grand-daughter
was brought to her
bonfire as soon as it was
moment to stretch
her bare slab without a murmur.
There was a
quietness in the
that the dust of the plains had
begun to sweep in through the
open window. Above my head
above my face, the
swirled the dust around like light
broken threads. As the train
put out, the compartment door
was opened and two women
entered from the open window in the
corridor.

There was no breakfast at eight
o'clock because the dining car
never serves a breakfast
out at the groves of mango
trees and in the
quarters.

In the house of hospitality at First
St. John's, I had been brought
to us and
introduced to us and
the rectory to take showers and par-
take of hospitality there, which
was
acceptable to her. When
he was transferred and the house
was occupied, perhaps he was 


but we
were not
in the mood of
looking for
the arcade
was made of,

in every room of the old house
rented which had formerly been head-
quarters of the longshoremen's union.
There were many homes and
hospitals that could be
employed as we were certainly overcrowd-
ded. Perhaps a health
agency of our friends donated his truck and
the young men when
who were running the house
the train and there was
not a day when we were not
in the house:

There were four young
men running
the house and many a
donated food. They
gave up their beds
and slept on the floor to accommodate
us.

We had

the entrance of women
with safety which comes from
a deep religious faith. "Were you
never afraid?" I asked Jim Rigan once.
He
had to take a knife and
force a man. I
sure did shake a bit after
he
had told us another
rather
close to them. One night when
we
were sleeping on a bench he
woke to find a man

was a crowd, a mob

The Houma house was closed also
because of
the arrest of a black
man, a beautiful young
woman with

She
had

to the Negroes and
in her object
which, to

He
had to go
to the care of lepers. My

Teresa by Pope Paul when he came
to
Calcutta for the Eucharistic Congress.

We talked with the Parce woman
at the Abyssinian College in Calcutta. The
Parce came to
India three years ago from
the United States. The Parce
is a
century, taking refuge from the Mos-

There had been

But she

She
had

But she

The Houma house
was closed also
because
of
an early cup of coffee to start moving
in the morning, this
must have been
the best part of
the day. I
had longed to spend some
time in this
comer of the
house of hospitality,
where it
was
disappointed that all we could see from
the
depth of the lines of
the
station came. It was
to
the
of
a cup of coffee

rivers. Here at last we could
order
breakfast and
have the noise of our entry into a busy
station-
Crossing India

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 9)

other. She asked us if we had friends to stay with us. We assured her that we were worried as to whether we would be met since we did not know where we were going to be delivered. She offered to have her husband and father come and meet us. Fortunately she found a place to stay. Fortunately it was not necessary. When we arrived in New Delhi, the back of an ash color of Behera Singh, Chief of an international Guest House of the YMCA. We had completed the 900 mile trajectory in 25 hours. Most visitors to New Delhi make their way to the memorial of Gandhi, Dorothy Day and I sat and prayed at the memorial. It was not lettered large were the words of Gandhi, and they seemed to become part of our prayer. It began, "Rahabite, face the best, and the most helpless man whom you have seen and ask yourself if the solution to the world is going to be of any use to him. Will he be able to gain anything by being helped? Is he going to be at ease over his own life and destiny?"

Gandhi's message ended with the confident assurance that this solution was the truth in the direction of self-rule for the nation. His scores of starved of our fellowmen, then all our doubts about ourselves and our world would disappear. It was the hottest day of the week as we stood there, but there was no shadow. It was a healing time for us to see the reverence for Gandhi in this powerful nation. We had come from a city where there was an active campaign to burn Gandhi, to vandalize Gandhi libraries, and to destroy Gandhi's life and image. Even Gandhi teachings from the mind of the young New Delhi was in this. A young man told us, "If I had been a student of the Gandhi, I would have been a socialist."

Across a wide road from the Rajpath is the Gandhi Museum. There is a statue of Gandhi lying dead, his breast pierced by three bullets. It is said that he with his body, his mouth had framed his last words, "Oh, God." We had an appointment with the Secretary of the Gandhi National Memorial Trust, located near the Gandhi Museum. Devendra Kumaar Gupta, the Secretary, appeared to be a young man. He offered us a cold drink. The Catholic Worker was well known to him and he was a young man. He had finally reached India. He was a tall man with an open face and a broad smile. We asked him about the weaving of khadi, a self-help industry, in which the village uplift and self help is involved in the weaving.

"You know that the work of Gandhi goes on," said Gupta. "About 200,000,000 rupees worth is marketed annually in India. There is a man in New Delhi who makes $500 a week."

He took out a compact spinning wheel and started to use it. Dorothy Day was enthralled and related how her daughter Tamar had learned to use the wheel. Dorothy practiced on the little spinning wheel the technique of the Gandhi, the Mount, teaching people to practice mercy and compassion with each other, and the two of them cooperated. The representatives of the British Raj. The kingdom of compassion is a kingdom of four-fifths of our people are. Following Gandhi, we begin with the lowest and the least to build the new society of the world.

As Gupta spoke, his eyes were fixed on Dorothy with a gaze of warmth and compassion. His knowledge of Gandhi who went about the villages of India with the knowledge of the mouth of the Mount, telling people to practice mercy and compassion with each other, and the two of them cooperated. Gupta's knowledge of the British Raj. The kingdom of compassion is a kingdom of four-fifths of our people are. Following Gandhi, we begin with the lowest and the least to build the new society of the world.

But Gupta was not anchored to a spinning wheel. He was a man who had a keen and knew the tensions of day-to-day living. He was a group trained to resolve fights and tensions nonviolently. We have a real beginning that Gupta and his group learned to use, love going out to meet the needs of the world.

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Interview With Cesar Chavez

(Continued from page 1)

just points. The day after it was on TV, he had his guys. A lady came to the violin in a Cadillac and said, "I know how you feel, sir. I'm on the name and she said no, I trust you. I'm going to kill you. I think I understand one thing—I want to become an American again. I don't give you a chance to be a grower. You see, that kind of thing is going on, nobody can reject. You can't beat it.

EL MALCHIDEO.—During the confusion, how did you feel physically and mentally?

EL MALCHIDEO.—Physically I was very well. Psychologically I was prepared. Spiritually I knew I was going to jail. So I just made up my mind that I was going to go and not be suppressed. I said that they could have my body here but my spirit's going to be free. It made me think of the new life. As always, there are many persons who are doing good things going during the difficult winter months. As always, there is something in charge, deserves much credit, but she has, thank God, a number of friends.

Stanley Vishniawski and Hans Tunne-

ceres. Stansley from his heart attack and Hans from his fractured arm and that's for the rest of us, we have our ups and downs with colds, etc.

In the month of January, we were all much saddened by the death of Mary Hughes. She was buried in the Catholic Worker plot in St. Sylvia's cemetery in Truro. Monsignor Kline and Father A. C. Crumel said the burial service.

Then Dennis Cox played and sang two songs, which Mary, I think, would have loved. There were many members of the Hughes family, many of Mary's friends from the community, and some who had known Mary for most of her life; Charlie and Agnes McCorquodale, Charlie and Marie Slokes, and Mary Boyd.

The grave was marked by men from our community; and Demals's mother hung over it like a wreathe of song.

It is night of the first February, past the month which February, and tomorrow is the Feast of the Purification. We move towards Lent. Annap, serene, noble.

February, 1977

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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CLEAR — What is store for our future?

Cesar.—Back to the grind.
Crossing India

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The Catholic Worker

Page Eight

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 6)

street, castrated and hung, fingers cut out and sold to a merchant in order to match the horrors of Vietnam and Brazil today. Only a few years ago students and intellectuals were those two of them white youths and the others of them Latin Americans. In this tale of suffering. I remember the black who ran a littlecleaning estab-

lishment. It was a small shop which was sprinkled with guila- mante, clouds. Unfortunately there was no rat that took him a few days to die. And how many black students from young to the world do we see.

It is hard to be competent about giving much comfort to on my last visit to Natchez two young an old other friends in the white together, black and white, eat together at restaurants, visit the foci of each group, work together, work together. But destitu- tion is the story of the gory of the Vietnamese, Cambodians and Laos. And how many other wars are we responsible for, preparing armaments for the world as we do.

I once read this letter which I expected to be a great horror, but who knows about the conditions in the prisons today, the beatings and the torture and the trials? I have met with the face of continuing suicides of young Puerto Ricans from the streets and no one knows where or what despair of any justice. Torts take place in four city prisons. Their conditions remain the same and more torture continues. We can only say that these are some of the whites, like the Barrigan Brothers who with all the others who knew the death of Mary Hone, 28 years old, who was living in the East Village. She had been the world and the concept of the Eastern Suzuki and her sister, in one of the last medical exam

As I write, Arthur J. Lahey calls me to tell me of the death of Tony. He was a perrope, he died of a cancer in the Belen psychiatric ward one of the reason he died. And he was loved. He used to cook for us Sundays when he finished his week's work elsewhere. He was a good cook and earned his living. He had a little apartment not far from the one of our single men live. He had a girl, as hoped to get married. This was a new develop- ment in his life. He did not know her. Tony was a Russian, born in the Argentine, from that city and then newly engaged in computer science. Today his girl who had not seen him for a week asked one of us if in could have her one room apartment to find him, and there they did not have him. He had died. He was dead five days, the medical examiner said. And as I write, I must confess that I was still shocked. What is the sense of all these. What is the sense of all these people and its needs by western or- thodoxy. We have a letter in this issue from Bob Graff, one of the Milwaukee 14, about the school for ex-prisoners which he planned to build in Milwaukee and which we will write more about as it grows.

We would suggest too that more books be sent to prisoners, books such as American Journal of Criminal Justice. There are two volumes of them, published by the American Criminal Justice Association. In them are teachings for us all. Others besides Bob Graff are interested in Murrow's, nobility of thought, the practicality, the simple, the scrappiness of style. Keep asking for them in book stores. They are in paper back as well as hard cover.

As I am writing this I remember that in the very first meeting of the Catholic Worker I was invited to speak at a of the way the newspapers are being studied. They were to ask me questions, and then write a story about a young American, an editor and writer myself. The was the first of the local, the largest paper in Tanzania. I enjoyed the encounter with these two women, who enabled to me to know something about them by the questions they asked, and their response to my answers. And in- deed a few days later an Interview was granted to me. I was not invited to this meeting, and certainly did not see the significance of it until after the fact. I gave a report of a visiting English economist who was analyzing the economy of the country. He was an agrarian country, 99% of the population lived on subsistence agriculture. We have to build up the villages rather than the city where slums build up is one of our primary goals. This is not the only question of better fact. We are also looking at the food supply, building schools and clinics, but it is also a cultural prob- lem. What the world means to the small local news sheets with contents appropriate for the local con- sciousness. It is a matter of perspective. From the news, the poor need small pamphlets with printed materials that speak to them in a language they can understand. We must educate the world's poor in the ways of the people, in what is going on. In the people, in what is going on.

I wondered after I read these things if the British journalist who was lect- ing this group recognized the gulf which exists there as the country, the antagonism between the student and the worker and the worker and the general public. I see it all is a story of the Catholic Worker. You have often heard of the love of the old time healing and electrical systems failed. It was the "worker" who could teach us to think of our country.

I would hate to see groups of Tan- banews media. How does one group their people and its needs by western journalism—"giving the people what they want". This is not a substitute for thinking rather than making history.

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