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FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH

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Story of the Week

Catholic Worker in Cuba Moves Up From Nonviolence

By Mike Scahill

Behold, he is coming with the clouds, and every eye will see him, every one who pierced him; and all tribes of the earth will wail on account of him. Even so. Amen. Book of Revelation.

★ This essay is to be a chronicle of impressions I have from a two-month visit to Cuba as a member of the Venceremos Brigade. I will caution you at the beginning of the particular biases I bring to the subject by first informing you of my credentials. They are, to be honest, quite modest. The preceding months before I journeyed to Cuba I worked with The Catholic Worker in New York City. My concerns there were of an eminently practical nature, as they must be if one is to daily practice the works of mercy: peeling potatoes, making soup, putting out a monthly newspaper, and providing hospitality. It was the days spent at the Catholic Worker which formed the convictions I brought to Cuba; it was time spent in the Bowery — which the Catholic Worker serves — that gave me a contempt for the theoretical and the abstract. I took offense at men of thought who dared to enter and explain that mysterious realm of individual human destiny, as if sociologists and

psychologists and theologians could rationally explain away how men and women born with obvious gifts and talents can suddenly abandon themselves and give way to waste and indulgence.

In grasping this I began to grasp the meaning of revolution. One does not necessarily enter into revolution by reading Marx or Lenin; men will know and fight their oppression whether or not they have read the fathers of revolution. One enters into revolution only by first entering into that strangest of all riddles which is the common, ordinary, transient life of the world and entering into the souls of the people who give such a world its life. Not only to enter into it, but once there to put to a full and creative use the faculties given a man by God so that it is obvious both to himself and others that he has eyes and ears and a heart. These are the only credentials any man brings anywhere; these are the credentials I brought to Cuba. That being said, let me tell you how I used them.

The Venceremos Brigade consisted of about nine hundred American citizens — and also a group from the U. S. colony of Puerto Rico — representing every age group, every racial and ethnic group, and every po-

litical passion. The purpose of the trip was to participate in the historic harvest of the ten million tons of sugar which would hopefully be a big step in pulling Cuba out of underdevelopment. There were two trips to Cuba by the brigade. One took place in November of last year; the other, which I attended, went in February of this year. Each group stayed in Cuba for two months; cutting sugar cane for six weeks and touring the island for two.

The origin of the Venceremos Brigade is rooted in two ideas. The first is the economic blockade which the government of the United States has imposed on the people of Cuba. Given the nature of the Cuban economy, given the underdevelopment and the medical, educational, and technological needs, such a blockade is a crime. Its name is economic aggression. Thus, for me to go to Cuba was to merely be consistent with the protest I voice against the crimes the United States daily commits against the underdeveloped world.

Secondly, the Venceremos Brigade is rooted in solidarity with the Cuban Revolution. In 1970 work is the meaning of the revolution in Cuba. To be a revolutionary in that land today means to be a worker with a machete in your hand. We actively participated in the work of the revolution, and by so doing said it was right and good for the people, that such a revo-

lution should even happen elsewhere. Since most of my time in Cuba was spent in the canefields, and since most of my impressions were formed simply by working in them, it might be of benefit to record a "typical day" in the camp of the Venceremos Brigade.

A Typical Day

Our day began at five a. m. with a bugle reveille "De Pie" — meaning "on your feet" in Spanish — breakfast, consisting of coffee and a roll, then off to your machete rack where along with the other thirty members of your work brigade you sharpened your machete. There were twenty-five work brigades, each consisting of about twenty-five Americans and five Cubans. At six o'clock we were off to the canefields and cut until nine, at which time we had a "merienda" for fifteen minutes — equivalent to the American coffee break at which a pastry and cold drink were served. Back to work until eleven then to the camp for lunch and a break until two-thirty. During the break you either slept, read, wrote in your journal, chatted, or listened to the news which was daily broadcast over the loudspeaker in the camp. I particularly enjoyed the news every afternoon because it was so informative about events receiving little or no publicity in the States, especially accounts of guerilla struggles in Latin America.

At two-thirty we again made the long walk to the canefields — sometimes as far as two miles. It was in the course of these long walks that I came to know and become good friends with the Cuban students in my brigade. Wilfredo, Rafael, Cristobal, Maria, and the rest of us would pass the time away singing or discussing numerous political questions. At six-thirty

we came back to the camp, washed up, and had dinner. Three evenings a week we had films in the camp. A number of them were documentaries by the Cuban director Santiago Alvarez. Most of the films were on various aspects of the revolution ranging from the early days in the mountains to agricultural experiments and to the history of Cuban ballet. After the film it was usually right to bed. We lived in tents with bunk beds to house twenty-five.

Production Meeting

We worked five and a half days a week and on Saturday afternoons we had a "production meeting" with the entire camp in attendance. This was to discuss the work of the week, whether or not each work-brigade met the quota they set, and also to set work goals for the following week. It was meetings such as these that made me more enthusiastic about the work and more conscious of its importance. I have worked at many jobs in the States, ranging from office work to construction, and I can recall that every time I reflected on the meaning and value of my work and who it benefited, I became terribly depressed and even felt like quitting. Not so when I worked in Cuba. The more I learned of the purpose of the sugar harvest, of its importance for the economy, of what it would do for the people — the more my sweat and fatigue took on meaning. For the first time in my life I was employed to labor for people.

Essence of Revolution

Without a doubt I can say I experienced the very essence of the Cuban Revolution in the canefields. In fact as we rode into camp that very first day I was to learn the basic lesson

upon which that revolution and all others like it are founded. It was a lesson which the United States would learn by its embarrassing defeat at Playa Giron in 1961; a lesson which Fidel would stress with all the clarity and passion that is his; a lesson which the mother of Camilo Torres would explain in a manner so convincing and gentle that she could have been your mother or mine; a lesson, finally, which the Vietnamese testify to simply by their history and their lives. Let me go through with you, step by step, how this lesson was taught to me; for whenever it is asked of me, "What did you learn in Cuba?" my reply is "I have learned the meaning of la lucha armada — the armed struggle."

Many Schools and Colleges

Riding into the camp on that hot February day, the first person I spotted was the armed guard at the entrance. There were two others elsewhere. During my stay in Cuba I was to see innumerable arms: guns, machine guns, and pistols worn by young men and women as well as old men and women. I would swiftly learn the meaning of all this artillery. Not only would I learn its purpose but I would come to appreciate and condone its use. I think the meaning of all this military preparedness was best put at Playa Giron, the first step of our tour.

Playa Giron is now a school and a museum displaying tanks, jeeps, army fatigues, machine guns — all made in the U.S. — captured in the U.S.-financed and supported mercenary invasion of Cuba in 1961. A major who commanded a battalion in one of the battles spoke to us. "A people who have built up a happiness have a right to defend that happiness," he told us.

On our two-week tour of Cuba we had an opportunity to see the

happiness which the revolution is building up. We spent three days on the Isle of Youth—formerly the Isle of Pines where Fidel Castro was once imprisoned — where agricultural experiments are being tried by groups of students in the hope that a more original form of socialism or communism can be achieved. The experiment on the Isle of Youth reminds me, oddly enough, of one of the basic ideas of Peter Maurin — founder of the Catholic Worker — who wrote that “workers should become students and students should become workers.”

Meaning of Patriotism

From the Isle of Youth we went on to many schools and universities. As we traveled through the five provinces of Cuba I began to feel a strange sensation, as if for the first time in my life, I was discovering the meaning of patriotism. People exhibited a certain pride, a sense of purpose and vision in their lives. All this came out when they spoke of the need to defend the happiness they were building because all I spoke with—from fifth graders in Havana to simple farmers in the mountains of Oriente — had a vivid recollection of the past and never, never again, they vowed, would that return.

It was to this very point Fidel addressed himself upon his visit to the camp.

Keep in mind as I offer a description of Fidel that it is a very superficial one since I only had contact with him on the one day he was cutting cane with us and conducted a lengthy question and answer period. On the one hand he is a very shrewd marxist theoretician, a near genius; on the other hand he is like a fiery baptist preacher, possessing that rare brand of charism which excites men to follow him.

He has that coveted gift of being able to speak to people of their problems in their language. Keeping in line with the point I am pursuing, he said that if one wished to find out why Cuba is striving to arm itself so heavily one should not ask the Cuban government but should instead ask the government of the United States. While Fidel spoke, my own thoughts drifted back to the Mexico City airport a few weeks previous.

As we awaited the Cuban plane to take us to Havana, numerous government agents scrupulously observed us and took our pictures, agents of a frightened and desperate government. I began to wonder how anyone could be so angry and disturbed with me for going to Cuba because my motives were of the most innocent nature. It seemed to me that any person who has even minimally witnessed the events of the past few years in America should eagerly want to see Cuba, to see a society which has resolved many of the basic ills currently rending this nation asunder.

Why Castro Threatens

But as Fidel spoke I began to understand why he is a threat to the United States. Not militarily or economically — that is certain. Fidel is a threat because of his example. Here is a man who can not be bought off, who has no price, who, as the saying goes, does not live on bread alone. If the rest of Latin America and the rest of the world were to take up this example — as they are now doing — then the American way of life, a way of life based on cash registers, stocks, and multi-million-dollar businesses—in short, a way of life based on greed — if the rest of the world were to follow his example then that

way of life would quickly perish from the earth.

The mother of Camilo Torres also picked up on the idea of example in the life of a revolutionary as she spoke of why her son, a priest, took a gun and went off to fight in the mountains. He really had no hope of winning but only sought to show others the way.

If Fidel and Cuba now set the example for the rest of Latin America, the Vietnamese certainly set the example for Cuba. Everywhere we went in Cuba billboards and posters could be seen with the saying, Como en Vietnam. It means to imitate the Vietnamese in all that you do; in your life, your work, your study.

Vietnamese Workers

I had the occasion to experience this in a unique and moving way. On one of the visits of the Vietnamese to our camp my work brigade was one of the ones they worked with. Each of us had one of the Vietnamese for a cutting partner. There were five worker-students from Hanoi and five fighters from the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. My cutting partner for a good part of the morning was one of the fighters from the NFL. A Vietnamese girl named Susan, who is studying at the University of Havana, translated for us. Carlos is his name in Spanish—I can't recall his name in Vietnamese. He is twenty-two years old and has been fighting with the Front since he was fifteen. Both of his parents were killed in the course of the war. He holds the rank of captain in the NLF and has won seven out of thirty-two battles. We spoke a little of one of the battles he was in where he led an attack on an air base, was wounded, but still managed to capture the base. Much of our conversation was on the

politics of the war — common knowledge to most of us by now — but a more horrible tale when it is spun from the lips of a man who has lived his life in the midst of it. Needless to say, the morning spent with Carlos brought the war to a new point of unbearableness in my life. Think of the finest person you know being executed for a crime he did not commit. Think of the Vietnamese.

Learning from Carlos

More than anything else it was the conversation with Carlos that inspired the title of this piece — Up From Nonviolence. I did not intend the title to be witty or clever. It would, I hoped, connote a new understanding of certain issues on my part; as if for the first time I was seeing and feeling within my own guts what was taking place in the world. I mentioned earlier how prior to going to Cuba I worked with the Catholic Worker. I mentioned how my main concern was with the tradition and life of the Catholic Worker, that is, with nonviolence. Yet in Cuba I found some of my basic premises for nonviolence to be shaken. A violent revolution seemed to produce a decent society. Guns and coercion were not necessary to preserve the revolution. Workers preserved it.

Still, even questions as these approach the issue vaguely and theoretically. There was something which pushed me beyond all theory in speaking with this little man with the almond-shaped eyes, the high cheekbones, and the speech that was more like song than speech. Something about the compassion expressed in being overly apologetic for having killed American soldiers; a compassion so vast a number of Americans fail to show. Finally, in his constant distinction between

the American government and the American people there was a great similarity to that command given in one of the Testaments about separating the sin from the sinner. In learning this I was to learn to see the issue of Vietnam and even Latin America in a more profound way. What exists in these lands is not so much a revolution in the sense of a planned and calculated overthrow of a tyranny, as it is a classical case of self-defense against an oppression so sophisticated that its means range from corporations to napalm.

So, to support the Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front is not so much to support a people striving to bring on a new society; no, it is a far deeper issue, of saying they have a right to be men, a right to the most venerable and ancient of all aspirations — the right of a man to live as he wants. In such a context not only do the Vietnamese have a right to shoot down B-52's; they have a moral obligation — out of demands of justice and charity — to do so.

Militant Friendship

I suppose in light of the foregoing and my obvious affirmation of Carlos and the cause he represents that it means I support him and the NLF. If that be an abandonment of nonviolence, so be it. I only intended to state in this essay all I saw and felt and learned while in Cuba.

The final word I have to offer is taken from a meditation I recorded in my journal upon the first visit of the Vietnamese to our camp. Speaking of the Venceremos Brigade they referred to it as "an act of militant friendship." Somehow that is the only way to describe the bonds and ties which were formed between myself and Cu-

bans and Vietnamese, bonds and ties which neither time nor distance can separate. The significance of the Venceremos Brigade, at least to me, is that a friendship has happened between citizens of America and victims of America. No longer is it a case of the United States government committing aggressions against faraway lands which many of us could barely write a single page essay on at one time. It is now a case of aggressions against our friends.

What is Demanded

My thoughts this moment are of the Cuban students I worked with. Suppose Rafael, Wilfredo, Cristobal, or Maria are killed the next time the U.S. finances an assault on Cuba? And Carlos. What awaits him on his return to Vietnam? I call these questions to mind with you because the degree of intensity and spirit, the degree of courage and hope with which a man struggles is incredibly heightened when a man struggles on behalf of his friends. Since the struggle of today is no different from any other struggle, in any other place, in any other time, it means that at some point the ultimate act of friendship will be demanded — the laying down of one's own life for one's friends.

And so, in the year nine-hundred and seventy, Richard Nixon being president, the whole world at war, we pray for the strength to accept that demand.

Dorothy Day, editor of the Catholic Worker, in giving us permission to reprint Mike Scahill's account of his visit, tells us that the paper is not copyrighted. We take the opportunity to say that neither is the Witness.

Since many of our readers are friends and admirers of Miss Day, we present briefly her reaction to Scahill's conclusions on page ten.

EDITORIALS

Learn the Hard Way

ACCORDING to Robert McAfee Brown, the U.S. may have to experience "humiliation" and "defeat" in Southeast Asia in order to recover "national health and sanity."

A Stanford University professor and a United Presbyterian theologian Brown held that the truly patriotic stance today is one insisting that the U.S. is loved "too much to let it escape from Southeast Asia without having learned some very hard and searing lessons."

He used the word "defeat" in a "particular concept." He recalled that German martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer said in 1941 that he prayed "for the defeat of my country, for I think that is the only possibility of paying for all the suffering that my country has caused in the world."

In light of the U.S. "invasion" of Cambodia, said Brown, American Christians "have to ask ourselves whether we have not come perilously close to the position in which Bonhoeffer found himself."

The theologian stressed that he was not saying none of the American experience was worth saving. He said there "is still so much potential good . . . that it must at all costs be saved from destroying itself, even if the cost of that salvation is now going to be the 'defeat,' or at least the 'humiliation,' of America in the president's attempt to extricate us from Southeast Asia under guise of some supposed military 'victory.'"

Brown added: "If our present foreign policy is going to be predicated on the assumption that our military prestige must remain untarnished, then surely we are called upon with Bonhoeffer, to will and pray for the defeat of such a notion."

He did not hold much hope for "any victory for justice" in the present world. "Perhaps the most we can hope for is the defeat of certain injustices."

PRAYER OF AN OLDER PERSON

LORD, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out

everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all but thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of other's pains but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint — some of them are so hard to live with — but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. And give me, Lord, the grace to tell them so. Amen.

— Anon.

Gospel in Barrio Japon

By David B. Rivers

Rector at San Pedro de Macoris, Dominican Republic

I CAN'T SAY that I blame Americans for getting sick of all the criticisms Latin Americans make of us. After all, our government has spent a good deal of money down here, and so has the American church, and so have many private organizations. And while some of this money may not have been spent too wisely, at least it does represent a genuine concern for and interest in Latin Americans and their welfare. So why do we keep getting damned?

I think I've begun to see the explanation through what has been happening in a place called Barrio Japon. Barrio Japon is a slum neighborhood located a few blocks away from our house. It's fame rests on a project that has been going on there for a few years, a project that is quite unique in the Dominican Republic. Through the abilities of a Dominican Episcopal priest named Edmund Desueza, an effort was started to get

these people to help themselves. With some local help in the planning, a school was built, and for the first time, some educational facilities became available to the slum people. With the help of some local doctors, a health clinic was built, and medical aid became available at a very low cost — \$1 per visit, including medicines. Through the help of the local branch of Church World Service, food was supplied to the school children, guaranteeing them at least one small, but wholesome meal each day. Through the same agency, food was made available to pay some men — with the food — to extend the public water system into the barrio — not into each house, of course; but at least at most corners.

My wife and I worked to get a well-baby clinic going, a program which is run by another American clergyman of another denomination — and a program which is badly needed; nine out of ten babies that are brought into the clinic are seriously under weight. All these things are good things. And all of these things have been possible largely because Americans have been willing to spend money on this project — a good deal of money, something like \$100,000 plus thus far.

People are Powerless

SO WHAT'S the problem? It's a problem of power. What gives is that the people who live in Barrio Japon are very poor; most of them are living on incomes of between \$25 and \$50 per month, if that. And what this means for the individual is that he is powerless. He can't plan anything, because he has no means with which to carry through a plan. He may find a job for a day or two; or he may not. Most of the time is spent simply sitting around waiting for something to happen — something over which he has no control. He must live with the children he can't feed or clothe as well as he wants to. He must confront a life which seems to have no future. Much as he may wish to find a job, for the most part, there simply are no jobs. He simply sits there with all his frustrations — if he's alive enough to know that he's frustrated.

The project that is there doesn't change this powerlessness. Yes, to some degree or other, the residents are consulted about the projects; they are asked if they want a school or a clinic or water, etc. But the decision as to whether or not this school or this clinic or this water will actually

appear is not made by the residents in Barrio Japon. Rather, the decisions are made by people in Santo Domingo and New York, and occasionally, by people working with the World Council of Churches in Geneva, Switzerland. Other people control the money. Other people, therefore, have the power in fact.

I began seeing this somewhat more clearly one day about a year ago. All of a sudden, word arrived that there was an American in town, an American who purportedly represented a certain group of Americans who were willing to invest money in Latin America. Within two hours, a big meeting was organized in Barrio Japon, and this man began asking the group a series of questions: what have you done? what do you want to do? what are the local resources? what plans do you have, etc. And the group played the game. They answered the questions one by one, and when it came to the question of plans, out came a drawing of a floor plan for a new market in the barrio. It was the first time I had ever seen it. I suspect it was actually put together that very morning. In any case, during that time, one man from the barrio asked the American who he was, what group he represented, and what could he do for the barrio. The American refused to answer the questions. He told them that that didn't make any difference! It was all a fishing story; the barrio people were putting out pieces of bait trying to find out what he'd bite on. If one thing didn't work, they'd try another. And during the whole time, it never was very clear what the American was actually fishing for!

This is the type of thing that I mean by powerlessness. The barrio people can draw up any number of theoretical plans, but whether or not they will come to pass does not depend on them — it depends on other people.

We Keep the Power

AND EVEN MORE frustrating is the fact that none of the things done thus far in Barrio Japon will change this situation. A school program does not create income. The clinic program creates some income, but not enough to change anything. Water is great — but it is not and cannot be sold. There is not yet a single project going that will give a return on the investment, a return that will eventually give the barrio people a chance to make some of their own decisions, because they will then have some resources of their own.

This is what angers Latin Americans about the ways in which North Americans have worked down here. We are willing to help them. We have helped them. But rightly and wrongly, we have tended to keep all the real power in our own hands, and we have generally refused to invest in programs which will ultimately create power for them.

What's needed, then, is not so much a matter of money as it is a matter of a change in orientation and thinking on the part of North Americans. Barrio Japon needs money that can be used to make money — with the Barrio Japon people making the decisions. The church down here is in the same boat; yes, it is independent, it will shortly have a native bishop and native clergy, but unless something is done, it will always need something near the \$125,000 annual grant it now has from the United States just to operate what it already has. I'd love to see some money given not for program directly, but rather for investment purposes — for the purpose of making local financial support possible. This same issue is what lies in the thinking of Latin revolutionaries; they don't want American companies developing

native industries, they want the ability to develop their own industries — for the welfare of the natives, not for the profits of foreign companies.

Things a Bit Better

LATIN AMERICANS refer to the present American attitude as paternalism — or at least the more gracious ones call it that. The others call it imperialism. Our paternalism, though, has moved. There was a day when we treated Latin Americans like twelve-year olds; we did everything we thought necessary for them without ever asking them what they thought about it. Now, we are treating them like fifteen-year olds; at least we ask them what they think even though we won't yet give them much direct power. The day may well have now arrived to treat them like twenty-year olds. We need to give them their own means of earning an income, and they will have to have all the rights that go along with the money, including the right to do some stupid things. The day may have arrived, then, when we had better stop thinking of ourselves as fathers, and begin thinking of ourselves as more or less mature men dealing with other more or less mature men.

Urge Recognition of Mao Regime As Sole China Representative

★ Prominent churchmen are serving as national board members for a committee for new China policy that calls on the U. S. government to recognize the People's Republic of China as the "sole legitimate representative of China." The committee also urges the U. S. to recognize that Taiwan is Chinese territory, withdraw all forces from Taiwan and the Taiwan Strait, and terminate all aid to Chinese Nationalist authorities.

Formation of the committee, which includes many professors, was announced at a press conference by Prof. Hans J. Morgenthau, national chairman.

Churchmen serving as board members include David Hunter, Episcopalian and deputy general

secretary of the National Council of Churches; United Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord, of Washington and president of the United Methodist council of bishops; United Methodist Bishop James K. Mathews Jr., of Boston; John C. Bennett, president-emeritus of Union Seminary; Francis X. Pirazzini, president of the United Church of Christ's Central Atlantic conference and head of the council of conference presidents; George W. Shepherd Jr., chairman of the council for Christian social action of the UCC; and Carl Soule, head of the U.N. office of the United Methodist board of Christian social concerns.

Rabbi Balfour Brickner, director of inter-faith activities for the Union of American

Hebrew Congregations (Reformed), is serving as a co-chairman of the committee's executive committee.

Soule served as chairman of the steering committee that brought the group into existence. Both he and Morgenthau expressed confidence that a substantial number of American citizens would support the committee's goals.

The committee will issue public statements, lobby in Washington, and try to organize a "large mass" of citizens in favor of its policies, Morgenthau said. "We will make it known that there is a large and responsible group of American citizens who will support a new policy if the government decides to follow it. I find it a moral duty to speak out on certain issues regardless of the chances of success in the short run."

Morgenthau said that normal relations between Communist China and the U.S. will be im-

possible so long as the U.S. keeps its 7th fleet between China and Taiwan. "Mao Tse-tung and Chinag Kai-shek agree on one thing," he said, "that Taiwan is an integral part of China."

He said the present American policy would be comparable to the British government establishing a government headed by Jefferson Davis on Long Island following the Civil War, and protecting it with the British navy.

Soule said committee members concluded that a "two-Chinas" policy is impossible since neither the Communist government of Peking nor the Nationalist government of Taiwan would accept it. Thomas B. Manton, director of international relations for the UCC council for Christian social change, is general secretary of the committee, with offices in the Church Center for the U.N.

The committee's policy of recognizing the People's Republic of China as the "sole legitimate government of China" would apply not only to American diplomatic relations but also to the hotly debated issue of U.N. membership.

The committee's policy statement also advocates ending "the current policy of military encirclement and trade embargo" and ending the Indochina war "since the continuation of that involvement increases the possibility of war with China."

Asked about taking into account the desires of the people living on Taiwan, Morgenthau replied that that was a "technical question" that could be worked out after the main issue was decided.

"Once you have decided that you cannot force the separation of Taiwan and China," he said, "formulas could be found." He suggested that a plan might be devised giving Taiwan some relative autonomy while recognizing the ultimate sovereignty of Peking.

- - People - -

DOROTHY DAY, commenting on Mike Scahill's changed opinions (page three) also tells us about David Miller. He is out on parole from Lewisburg penitentiary after serving more than two years and says he is no longer a pacifist nor a Catholic and wants to discard all labels. Says Miss Day: "But in both of these young men I can see only the deepest honesty, and soul searching and recognition of the fact that we are not indeed, any of us, Christian or pacifist, and they are indeed labels which we have taken so much for granted and are quite content to wear them. To be honest we certainly cannot say we are Christians. Being and becoming are two different things. We might better say that unlike the just man who falls seven times daily, we are failing seventy times seven times, to follow in the footsteps of Christ. It is all very well for a St. Paul who was struck blind with the grace he received on the way to Damascus to talk about 'not judging himself.'"

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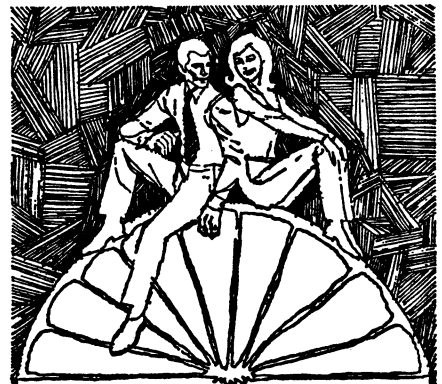
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But we belong to that 20 per cent of the world which possesses or uses, or has at its disposal 80 per cent of the world's goods. And of that 20 per cent we are the whites, and should be able to see around us conditions analogous to those in Latin America. We are the guilty ones and cannot help judging ourselves. So it is good for us to be confronted with a David and a Michael and recognize that we do not deserve, have not earned the title pacifist or Christian. Dom Helder Camara says, "The 20 per cent who let the 80 per cent stagnate in a situation which is often sub-human — what right have they to allege that Communism crushes the human person?" Yes, Cuba is a Communist country and Dave Delinger — whose nonviolence is



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proverbial — and these young ones scarce past their twenty-first birthday, return with enthusiasm, the deepest admiration for the struggle which goes on in Cuba to build up an economy which will provide for the common good."

CYNTHIA WEDEL, president of the National Council of Churches, told delegates to the international Christian women's fellowship of the Christian Church that the ways in which churches are beginning to work together are "humanly speaking, a miracle." However, she warned that "we need to take off our middle-aged, middle-class American blinders and learn to look at the world . . . as it looks to the poor, the young, the oppressed and the persecuted."

GEORGE H. (Jack) WOODARD Jr., pioneer in church urban ministry development, has resigned from the staff of the Executive Council to pursue a career as a church management consultant. He has been associated with the council for six years, four of them as director of the joint urban program. For the past two years he has been associate director of services to dioceses. During the past six months Woodard while on a sabbatical leave has been engaged in working with Trinity Parish, New York, on a study which is expected to result in the development at Trinity of new forms of ministry. He will continue to work with Trinity as a management consultant on a part time

basis while being associated with a firm of church management consultants in Cambridge, Mass.

EDWARD HEATH has been living and working out of No. 10 Downing street since his surprise victory as prime minister and exerted full control for the first time on July 2 when the new Parliament was seated with a heavy Conservative majority. At that point the Church Times could be forgiven if it describes the turn of events as something achieved "by one of our editors." For 20 months — from January 1948 through September 1949 — Mr. Heath, an Anglican, served as news editor of the church magazine. Religious journals noted with approbation Mr. Heath's appointment of Richard Wood as his minister for overseas development. He has been president of the former universities mission to Central Africa—now merged with the Anglican Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He took the post in 1955, succeeding his father, the late Lord Halifax. Overseas development ministry is, in the view of the major British churches, one of the most important posts in the new government. That ministry, more than any other, has been urged by churchmen, notably Archbishop Ramsey of Canterbury and John Cardinal Hennen of Westminster, to step up Britain's aid to the

underdeveloped nations of the Third World.

C. RICHARD CADIGAN, rector of St. Elizabeth's Church, Westville, Durban, Natal, South Africa, is returning to the U.S. to join the faculty of Wooster School, Danbury, Conn. He was informed by the South African government that his visa would not be renewed beyond August 31, 1970, and that his application for permanent residence in South Africa had been rejected. In a letter to his parishioners he expressed his disappointment at the rejection of his application but said he held no bitterness.

DAVID STREETT has resigned as rector of St. Bartholomew's, North Augusta, S.C., to become the director, Augusta area planned parenthood association. He will continue as vicar of All Saints' Beech Island, S. C.

RAYMOND L. STURM has resigned as associate at St. Timothy's, Cincinnati, to join the south-western ecumenical ministry in the city.

MICHAEL HAMILTON, canon of Washington Cathedral, will have an article in our next issue giving his slant on the Indochina war.

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