

April 1969

Wally House



A great many projects have been done since Christmas due to the work of Bob, Charlie and Ed. These are not yet in place to know well over the past weeks and had been assumed much of the responsibility for the daily operation of the house. They are much too busy to mention in detail but the entire lot may purchase for each man 10 eggs and take about a month or so they can open the doors at 10 A.M. to let in out of the house. It has been already begun to see the water clean and effectively out and the room has been painted, the plaster in the dining room is operational again, the roof is being repaired - and next fall time to paint the exterior in the front hallway as well as the living and dining a beautiful green table on the north porch. He had built from scrap wood in the cellar perhaps nothing speaks so eloquently of the working of Wally House and so effectively into the way as the progress of these three job modifications: better house as they have been working out full time now at the office. Although each afternoon he is busy representing in the kitchen, he has helped to set up a corporate checking account at Valley Bank and arrange for both the water and surplus funds. The price of food stuffs is not very high, but a few items such as orange juice, cheese and butter are relatively expensive in world elsewhere he is unable to replace. At present we have plans to use the #1's factory and finally meet with them when TV offers lease for the use.

# Haley House Newsletter

## April, 1969

A great many projects have been accomplished since Christmas due to the work of Leo, Charlie and Ed. These are men we've gotten to know well over the past months and who have assumed much of the responsibility for the daily operation of the House. They rise much too early to mention in order to start the coffee (our newly purchased coffee machine makes 80 cups and takes about an hour to "perc") so they can open the doors at about 6:30 A.M. to let in out of the cold the men who have already begun to arrive,

Not only is the cellar clean and orderly, but the front room has been painted, the plumbing in the shaving sink is operating again, the roof is being repaired - and still Ed had time to paint the staircase in the front hallway as well as design and execute a beautiful chess table on the work bench he had built from scrap wood in the cellar. Perhaps nothing speaks so eloquently of the meaning of Haley House and an relationship with the men as the response of these three.

Bob MacLaughlin- better known as "Mac"- has been helping out full time most of the winter. Although each afternoon he's busy experimenting in the kitchen, he has helped to set up a corporation checking account at Unity Bank and arrange for both PBL movies and surplus foods. The range of food stuffs is not very broad, but a few items such as orange juice, cheese and butter are nutritious luxuries we would otherwise be unable to include. At present we have plans to run the films Saturday and Sunday mornings - times when TV offers least for the men.

In past newsletters we have described some of our involvement with the larger South End community.. This climaxed a short time ago with a sit-in in the local B.R.A. office. The issue was not new basically that the B.R.A. should stop demolishing habitable buildings and begin to build low-income housing for the residents who are gradually being removed from the S.E. by both private speculation and urban renewal. The demonstration needless to say, did not accomplish this basic goal; but rather brought it to public attention again, exerted a certain amount of pressure on the BRA which must be sensitive to public opinion; and also engaged the participation of some local residents to do even this small action in behalf of their situation.

Some recent Developments in CAUSE have lead to a split in the group along black-white lines. This is partly because there is a consciousness among black "leaders" here as well as across the country, that they want charge of their own affairs. Also there is a problem when educated white people are participating in an organization to which poor blacks or Spanish-speaking belong: mainly that the poor tend to be threatened by or worse, succumb to any suggestions from the articulate. Although this is not a problem for the more self-confident or active leaders, they are sensitive to it. And, thirdly, there is certainly a need in the South End as other places for the poor whites to be organized by those who can best communicate with them. This is basically our new direction in the South End and it will mostly take the form of organizing tenants councils in the neighborhood blocks and buildings inhabited by poor whites.

2.

An agreement was reached during December regarding the fate of Pine Street. Through discussions with Urban Priests and others interested in the alcoholics, it was decided to keep the building as a temporary shelter for homeless men. The Association of Boston Urban Priests have accepted managerial responsibility for the next two years and have hired Jim Buckley to direct it.

This winter has been a sad time for the House as well as busy. Bill McDonough, an old friend of the Catholic Worker since the '30's died of a heart attack. Bill came to the House one day on Upton Street to offer whatever help he could, and continued supporting us every week from then on. Often when he left a bit of money for food he would ask for change so he could get home; which is only to say that Bill was not giving out of his excess. When Dorothy Day visited Boston recently she told us of Bill's regular visits to the New York Catholic Worker when he was still working for the New Haven R.R., and of his quiet, consistent service. Although Bill did not seem comfortable in "executive" positions, he agreed to be on the Board of Trustees of the House because we asked this of him.

Then, just as Spring was about to break through, we heard that Casimer, our bearded monk from St. Anselm's had died suddenly. Cass' beauty lay in his unique ability to feel the individual needs of each person he came into contact with. And nothing was more fitting than the liturgical celebration for Cass; Bishops, workers, men from the East and West, poor and rich, all coming together pushing back the walls of the Abbey church to say goodbye to their friend.

3.

Kathie McKenna

# THE

# FOX

There he is,  
Standing on the avenue,  
His home;-  
A light weight but keen,  
On his layout,  
Amid the odd, there on.

How does he live?  
Subject to the conditions.  
He has to face,  
Well, lets follow along,  
And see.

He wakes up,  
'Tis daylight,  
The traffics running,  
He's saved a quarter,  
From the day before,  
For breakfast.

So, out of his hole,  
He crawls,  
Stomps a couple of times  
To get the circulation running,  
Bums a dime or quarter,  
And turns in  
For Breakfast.

Now then,  
After warming up a bit,  
Away he goes  
On the wings of fortune.  
Down by the market,  
Where, he makes a drink.

The world is fairly rosy,  
By now,  
The sun's shining,  
And its fairly warm,  
So,  
He parks on a wall,  
And soaks her in.

So, this system,  
Goes on,  
From day to day,  
Winter and summer,  
It makes no difference,  
He's only seen,  
But seldom heard,  
And that's,  
How,  
He, lives it.

Theodore Pyne

\* Written for Haley House Jan. 12, 1968

\* Theodore is a frequent visitor in the  
Storefront

## A Brief Diary on My Teaching in Boston

Sept., 1967 - I'm so excited this is my first teaching job. I hope I do O.K. This is really a strange area - Columbia Point- everyone seems to be squashed into a fist. Now they have a school and a shopping center. No one ever has to leave here. The kids seem great. I only have one bad class, I hope I can work with them.

Nov. 1967 - Classes seem to be going fairly well. My supervisor (the old one) came and thought my class was too noisy and lectured me for half an hour on whether to leave the ironing board up or down. I was so upset I went crying to the principal. I couldn't believe they talked about such picayune things to a teacher. She really wasted my time.

Jan. 1968- Well I'm over my attack from the old one and December went quite well - Christmas and all. This month another supervisor came (a little younger). Some of my eighth graders told her off when she criticized their things and she went storming out. Boy, am I in deep!

March 1968 -I really want to be a good teacher. Most of the time it's a drudgery but there is always a reward that makes up for it. Today I went to a vice-principal for help with a particular class, he told me not to bother as there are only three more months left of school and then they'll all be gone for good. I don't understand

April 1968-Martin Luther King, Jr. died this month. The kids don't understand. Some really want to be militant but don't know how. I wish I could help them to be angry.

June 1968- School is almost over and I have made it through one year. I don't know how much I have accomplished or what kind of teacher I am. I know I really haven't taught. I have had a great deal of experience in discipline though. I think I'll stay another year, they say the second year is always better.

Sept. 1968-School is better, the classes seem good. Most of my girls are cooperative. There are many "Black Student Union" buttons around the school, but no real leadership in that direction yet. The students seem content to talk about their friends at the high school.

Oct. 1968-There has been much organization since Sept. and the students are becoming militant. They are without understanding of what to do with it though, so usually throw it off in threats or curses. It seems to be harder to get through to them. I am representing something they hate.

Nov. 1968- Supervisor month -(the old one) She loved me! I was demonstrating how to make applesauce and the girls knew all the right answers. I'm becoming frustrated with the curriculum I have to teach and the lack of supplies I have to work with. The city is becoming a hard place to work in. Maybe I even feel how my students feel and why they are reacting like they are- hostile and almost cruel. Like when one class refused to talk to me one morning or when one girl said all white teachers lie.

Dec. 1968-I can't wait for Christmas vacation, the kids are up tight and so am I. I am depressed and frustrated with this job.

23 DARMOUTH STREET

**HALEY  
HOUSE**

BOSTON, MASS. 02116



BULK RATE

U. S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
BOSTON, MASS.

Permit No. 50070

