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Highlander Folk School

By JUDITH GREGORY

Integrated Highlander Folk School has again been attacked in the most preposterous fashion. According to a statement issued the school, "On July 31, the last night of a workshop on "Community Leadership,' Highlander was 'raided' by a band of some 'twenty state troopers, sheriff's deputies, and a cameraman and reporter from the Chattanooga Free Press, a newspaper long opposed tto Highlander policies." They had a searth warrant. "Early in the searth Mrs. Septima Clark, Director of Hilucation, was arrested and charged with possession of intoxicating hoverages. (Highlander is in a day country.) Although a small quantity of liguor was found, it was in a private home and was not im the mossession of Septima (Clark. Highlander has never served intoxicants to its students, there was no diffinking (public or otherwise) during the workshop, and no liquor was used on school grounds. In the purported search for lliquor, there was confiscation and destruction of personal and school property. A personal letter, a billfold, cash and ceredit cartis were stelen; pages were torn from a thack thy Martin Luther King, students' workshop notes were ripped up, and a cabinet was centered thy spaying off a wooten panel adjacent to the unlocked disor."

Mrs. (Clark and three white men also arrested were released on bond. Shortly after this, two hearings were held before justices of the peace. To quote again: "Immediately following the thearing on August 122th, the Attorney General filed a petition to secure en injunction for mailedking the school. The metition alleges that the school its a public muisance. Specifically, we are charged with "... maintaining a place . . . where conducting and engaging in the sale, furnishing, storing and consumption of intoxicating beverages is carried on, and a boisterous, noisy, rowdy, and drunken cerowid makes a habit of gathering and becoming drunk.' Also: The place that a reputation of being one where people drink and reignage in immord, lewel and unchaste practices.'

Another hearing is scheduled and Mrs. Clark and the three men "have been bound over to the county grand ijuny, which will meet in Grundy county on November 2." The state officials are desperately anxious to close the school, but this may be the llast act of the flaree, for if they can think of nothing better than this they will have to leave the stage.

The real crime of Highlander Folk School is that it has, in its twenty seven years of existence, fought for the rights of all people, whatever their race, religion or political persuasion, the meet thogether and the discuss their problems. Because of this, it has theen intermittently at tacked by governmental and non-governmental forces that appeare the principles of human brotherhood. It has also won the support of such people as Eleanor Roosevelt, Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. and Bishop Bernard Sheil.

In her latest letter, Mrs. Clark writes: 'On the basis of abourd charges, court action is being taken to patilask Highlander This attack like all the others does not embarrass me one thit. It than increased attendance at the school and brought many new friends. But it is expensive to educate and to defend the right to educate at the same time. Highlander meetls fluxtls immediatly so that its educational program will not suffer thecause of the cape legal expenses tutte im Mexico II arrived im Mor-Will you please give liberally and give at once." We of the Catholic elia with a raging headache. I was Worker strongly urge our readers to send contributions to Mrs. Clark at Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee.

the school in Nashville ing committee. They tried to dis- any member of the NAMCP. Mrs. is a "Communist training school" teachers to resist, and together devigorously promotes and has continuously practiced racial integrator of Education of Highlander and two southern state governments.

Her father was a slave on the

The Highlander Folk School of plantation of Josel Roinsette. He vigorously-though not physically War and after the Wear the settled -attacked by former Governor in Charleston. Mrs. Clark grew Griffin of Georgia and lately by up there, and after finishing high the Tennessee state legislature, lo-school became a school teacher. cal officials and neighbors. When She got a college diegree after I attended the public hearing on twenty years of summer school, little dining froom facing off the att Hampton, I was horrified and amused in and Columbia. After the Supreme turn by the bullying farce put on Court decision of 1954, South Caroby the legislators on the investigat- llina refused public employment to credit Highlander, not because it Clark thried to persuate Negro as they pretend, but because it clare their membership, thut only tion. It has been integrated in meeting, and lost her tidb as a its classes and workshops since it teather, just a year or two hefore started in 1932. I worked last win- retirement. She had absently heen ter for Mrs. Septima Clark, Directo Highlander, and shortly began working for the school, where she head of its extension program iin is mow Director of Education. By Charleston Co., South Carolina, 1958 many people from Charleston and so can describe the sort of County had come to Highlander thing that has provoked at least through her efforts. They have now built up such an extensive lo-Mrs. Clark is a remarkable woman, a great leader in the South.

(Continued on page 8)

IN MEXICO

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI Morelia, the Capital City of the State of Michoacan, is easily reached by has or train from Mexico City. The ttrain takes sa little

longer as the tracks skirting the mountain ranges cover a distance of 230 miles, and one would be wise to take along a full lunch basket and plenty of reading matter.

Helen Palecki, who teaches school in Pittsburgh, and I boarded what we hoped was a first-class bus to Morelia, but which a few miles later turned mut to the a second class bus. There was nothing to do but to relax anti enjoy the seenery. We were fortunate in that the bus took seven hours to cover the 194 miles of highway and stopped to pick up a few passengers.

A second class hus is the best means of getting acquainted with the Mexican people and the countryside, that if is recommended only for those who are mentally and physically strong and have a good command of the Spanish language. Otherwise it pays to travel first class which while not as much fun diges get you there safely and without having the feeling of being crushed in a press.

New York subway riders who complain of the crowding in their subways would do well to attempt to ride a second class thus in Mexico. Ilt is almost unhelievable to see the amount of people that con be encompassed within the limits of a thus. And to top it all the busses which are the principal meens of transport carry cargoes of live chickens, goats, bales of produce, furniture and even cof-

The Mexican thus driver repre sents a special breed of humanity. He must the able to keep his hus running smoothly on the roads of Mexico which wind in and out off mountain passes and skirt dangerously close to wawning precipices. But every thus has a shrine of our Lady of Qualidappe and there are fresh flowers placed there daily. This is typical of the faith of the Mexican people.

After a seenic ritle through the pine fforests off Michoacan and along a wintling road that at times reminded me of the roller coaster at Coney Island we approached the coutskirts off the City of Morelia. The ffirst huilding that came to view was a modern-almost futuristic structure—of glass and concerete. A strange anomaly to be fountlinallant of attobe and primitive structures. The strangeness was ffurther compounited when II learned that this most modern structure im Worelin was the prison.

As a result off the hat hus rite and the constant change in altitude tone illiames reverything on the altitutte iin Mexico) II arrived in Morin mo mouth the enjoy scenery or Mexican customs, so II was grateful to Frank Pavis who found me a room in the Mexican Rension Monteagle, Tennessee has been was a young man during the Civil where he was staying to had was 8 Resos a might; the room came with the theti).

The meet morning headache gone, Il jjoined Frank Batis and Helen Palecki for breakfast iin the courtvard. The Ihn reminded me of the Inn off the Sixth Happiness and momentarily II was expecting Ingriti Rergman to march in with

(Continued on page 3)

RECOLLECTION

By John Fantle!

Hall spring theen thalf the flower I thought it meant forever, The winter off this flover Would be a passing thour,

And I would watch the season Turn colti, anti poke the ffire And smile at the desire Of wind, and smile with reason.

But since the sun of Eden Spring has been half November, Even as I remember The altitudes of Heaven.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By AMMON HENNACY

"It is o.k. to go through your picket line for Ifm getting money back instead of paying it iinto the tax man," spaid a smilling union man to me as I was picketing the office of internal revenue at Varick and .W. Houston from the 6th to the 20th of August. I lost five pounds the first day and a pound now and then until the last four days I lost nothing: a total of fourteen pounds. The picketing is in the shade and my twenty miles of walking each day went hurriedly. Jack Baker was down every day. Pretty Ellen Hollinde ffrom Santa Fe in her have feet walked along with me atttimes. She stot no criticism con this score for people took her to be some wariety of beatnik I suppose. The Atomic Energy Commission has offices at the far end of this federal building and nearly every diay II welked to work with my ffriend who heads their publicity. My "shadow" as the saying goes, was Hugh Mailtien from California, ex-farmer, ex-frappist, barefact, whiskers jutting out like Uncle Sam and a scratchy twisted rope around his neck, dangling or wrapped around his hodyffor many lengths. He ffasted also and knelt in prayer at intervals

Bob Bates came thown at times, as did John Stanton, a height sizeteen year odd who that theard me speak at St. Brancis Xavier School. He had his initiation when a huge man thought we should have a permit to picket and grabbed him and his sign and showed him into the huilding ito call the andice. The guard at the inside told him to end off as we picketell here every year. John took all of this without rancor, even when the man tore CW's out of our hands and threw them on the pavement. One eliterly Trishman stopped and told me that he had fasted once in Ireland for five days to make his father stop drinking, and that it worked

for a time. I told him my fasting was not to coerce anyone, but to awaken their conscience, and as a Departe

Hor tine first time in my ttax picketing the NRC gave me good coverage, on Channel Four. Several other stations interviewed me. One sign read, "It is a high crime to break the laws of Uesus Christ in order to yield obedience to earthly rulers." Pope Leo XIII and the other side told of my fasting and picketing as penance.

Meetings

A Catholic friend who had heard me speak someplace asked me to give a five minute talk at the Toastmasters Club downtown on Chambers Street. This club is international and seeks to-develop public speaking on the part-of its young businessmen members by self criticism and study. That night three members spoke for the teaching of Communism in public schools and three against it, all on a few minutes notice. Three other 5 minute speeches were made on different subjects; one on Communism. I spoke last on The One-ManiRevolution. As they were all anti-radical and for the status quo II had an interesting discussion afterward. They rated me according to their rules and it seems I used all of the approved methods of public spedking without knowling ift.

I spent a week enti at a conference of The Student League for Industrial Democracy at Three Arrows camp near Pedicikill, W. Y. On the subject of poverty and equality Haul Gastiman, the psychologist and writer, and I gave the anarchist view of compassion being more important than equality or justice, while Ed Gottlieb. Socialist teacher, gave the welfare state approach. This community is composed of about 75 Bocialist families who came here mostly during the depression, built sum-(Continued on page 6)

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROGHY DAY

yellow. Out con title ffarm at our conferences of Er. Menard from Mt. Saviour, the thrown lleaves ffrom the threeth threes ifell gently all around us, linecause there was no wind. There was still the loud summer sound of circulas singing ttheir hat sweet song, but in the city there is only the loud moise of traffic, thrudes, thuses, the shifting of gears, the scream of brukes, and the heavy fumes of exhaust pipes rising in the breathless air.

Besittes our St. Joseph's Loft there are the flour apartments and tthe heds on the Bowery but we are all in the same meighborhood. There are plane tires planted along the Bowery mow, and plane tress in the children's playground across Spring street, and plane trees and two girligo thres in the inv t my missal or in whatever back II am reading. A bit of theauty in the city to look upon and thank God for. There are many of these glimpses of course—the pigeons wheeling in the stay overhead in the sharp summer sunlight, a few stray feathers on the pavement under foot, the grace of children, the gaiety of the "feasts;" the biggest of which is beginning in mid-September, San Gennaro.

"He saved the people of Naples from the lava of Vesuvius," my neighbor told me. "It is a Neapolitan feast. The people of Bari have their feast and the people of Sicily have theirs." We are already

The heaves are turning on the getting friendly with our neighbors trees in the little square across the anti sit on the stone ledge around street and time grass in the patches the ttiny park and talk in the eveof dirt around the ffew trees is ming while little girls wheel their didll carriages. We meet in church Lahor Day retreat when we satt in too, either old St. Patrick's or in the grove listening to the heautiful Holy Crucifix on Broome street where there is a noon day mass.

"But there are Spanish priests there now, since the foreigners moved in—the Puerto Ricans. And tthey ttook all our statues, hundreds of them and we don't know what they have done to them. We love our saints and they are gone. It is like a Communist church now," and our neighbor repeated this phrase many times in the course of the evening "it was like a Communist Church."

The Past Month

We went to press on August 5, feast off the Transfiguration, the day Ammon began his 14-day fast his penance, for our dropping the bomb fourteen years ago today.

(Reading in the book of Acts this month, II was interested to see that the apartment II share with Rudith Paul, ffasted for fourteen days the soldiers and sailors with St. Gregory and Pat Rusk. In addition when they were in imminent danger to the cards with pressed seaward of losing their lives in shipwreck. from the beach houses I have a few So it was not only the desert pressed leaves of the ginkgo tree in Rathers, and Moses and Elias and St. John and our Lord whose fastings are mentioned. Dear God, send us tike spirit of penance that we may lkearn to fast, because we are far from it yet. How can we be termed medly devoted to poverty without (123)

The next day Sister Peter Claver came tto thown and I had dinner with her and spent the night. Cecilia Hugo arrived in town too and sine allso came to dinner at Agmes Bahy's house, and we all talked late. We heard from many others besides his sister, how Fr. Hugo was honored this month by the new Rishon, Richon Wright,
(Continued on page 6)

ERGENT AN

higher and higher as four hustling was very clever and he could do whirling snow behind? Negro waiters emptied their trays the same thing today if he wanted into my sinks. Over the 2nd cook's to really bother somebody bad general tone to be on a high level. steam tables, I shot a swift squint enough. into the diner. The last call had! been sounded and though over two hundred appetites had been satis-

ffed! the end was not yet in sight. I'was aboard the Sante Fe's cracks all-chair train, the El Capitan, Los-Angeles bound as a 4th cook, erstwhile spud peeler and dishwasher.

At the end of our first full fifteen hour. day we four. of the kitchen, crow had cooked those beastful Santa Ee meals, including a turkey dinner with the trimmings. for seven hundred people!

Back to back in our sixteen foott steam bath, we fought the battle of catering to 270 palates for the five meals over the two day trip. To provide gastronomier pleasure aboard such a cramped area has its occupational! hazards and headaches but it can have its eye-openers too.

Witen I had heard of the 4th cook's berth being vacant over my Christmas holidays; I put through a call to the commissary boss of the A.T. & S.F. He ticketed me for two II.A trips, one of which was on the famed Hose Bowl' carrier:

They turned out to be two of the most work rewarding weeks of my life. Since my status was strictly Holiday casual, I was in a position to look and learn and enjoy.

So, what can be so absorbing in a Railroad galley?

For the first time I worked with a mixed crew-Negro and white in a together atmosphere that contradicted the disguised "separatehut-equal" policy Ishad experienced before.

The dining car was different. I found the men taking me into their confidence, teiling me their backgrounds, their ideals and dreams. My portly "third." (Gook), Babe, told me of the grinding poverty off his Arkansas youth; how he had! worked a wirole week as a young man for "a dollah."

Benny, a waiter, told how his-father had hoped he would aspire to the Baptist ministry.

"And why didn't you Benny," I

Tiere was no false ring in his liumility when he told me that he was not worthy of the calling.

We slaved; literally, in our gallies all day, and part of the night! and their retired in the same car, sharing the triple-tiered bunks together. That was it:

On our first return trip while watching the New Mexico plains move by from my bank; the discussion at the end of our sleeper grew louder and hotter.

Négroes are keen on nicknames found out that I had gone to college, and was teaching some rather tough lads at a private school.

"Hold it; hold it; everybody, Let's ask the professor;" one kingly look-ing waiter said: Strange how a whirl at night sehool can set you apart; even though you slept through most of it:

As stentorian voiced Negro who. held first baritone in his church boomed: "Professor-did you ever study metia-physics?"

I told him that I had read a bit

He beamed now as if his point

"A great study isn't it?"

"Yes: But why-"

"We got an unbeliever back here," he cut in. He says he don't put no faith in that devils can appear to human bein's."

"(1) b?"

"Air' he don't believe in mental telepathy either." He grabbed me by the arm and led me to where an open forum was convening about the unbeliever's bunk. Hé turned out to be a third cook:

"You tell him Professor about the devil, O.K.?"

They were dead serious.

I' did what I' could to explain how a devil is an angel and if he

The evening dishes mounted to 'Adam and others in the Bible; I lowa the mood was left in the

The 3rd looked uneasy. He began feeling his back against the wall.

"You mean that he could be here right now, listenin' to all this?" he

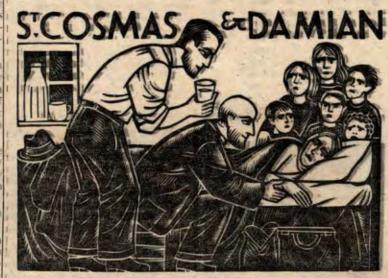
The whites of his eyes began to show more. His ring of adversaries day. There was work—constantlyoldsed in for the kill.

"O.K. O.K. I agree: I believe in it: Den't want to talk no more 'bout it." His skepticism crumbled.

Benny was overjoyed at this sucss and went on to tell me how he had gone to the Chicago Collège

There was good reason for the The job was truly dignified! We catered to a basic human need and to look from fact to face about him understood it without having to be told! There-was an autonomy to the job and a creativeness to the cookery end! Benny took pride in making me a saladifit for adding when our kitchen was shining in its stainless steel splendor at the end of a from 5 a.m. until 9 at night but the rests between runs of four or five- days. compensated for the strenuous shifts and there was no sense of drudgery.

One jarring note in these excursions was the great waste of food. of Metaphysics and began, as an I threw away gallons of milk epilogue; to make mouths fall nounds of butter, bread, meat, pas I threw away gallons of milk,



agape with his slick but unintelligible lingo.

Naturally race came into our talk. We mentioned it without restraint of self+consciousness: They felt the winter of discontent with three poor: relations: between blacks and white but the sun was warming more as the days went by Itt always ended on a high key of opti-

They criticized their own kind

Johnny, fry cook of our galley whispered toome as two men talked of sexual exploits in L.Al: "Some guyssjust dom know no better?"

I suppose itt could be argued that my trips were rare exceptions. Berhaps they were but! I! hardly think: It could have found as riper time for tempers to be short and trouble to start brewings The AT & SF was imaugurating "cafeteria" carss on chair car runs and itt was our waiters distress to land this car of ours omits maidemrun, With cafe style meals our waiters were little-more than gloriffed bus-boys. Add to this the fact that they had and I was almost automatically, to leave their Christmas behind by as this high priced fare? tagged "the professor" when they, a day and you have good reason for . "Man, That waste is a

tries, coffee and fruit. It was sick ening; At. night on my bunk, I used to speculate: this is only one train on one railroad. Multiply this by the thousands of diners wheeling across the country. Multiply again the hundreds off thou sands of restaurants, bloteis and beaneries: It was an awful picture of gluttony running wild.

I found one Negro with sweat caseading into his eyes who must have feltilike I did. He was holding aside rolls and bread and baked apples and other staples doomed to our garbage pets. While stopping for water in a lonely Arizona deserti town, he distributed his savings from the window between cars; to the poor Mexican laborers who were not proud to disdain the gift.

It was strictly against the rules, of course, but that did not bother my friend. He went about it calmly, with no fanfare attached. It was a clear, cut affair to him. How many days, it would be interesting to know, had he cried as a youngster in his pokey shack in the South for something even half as tempting

"Man, That waste is afwul," he edgy nerves: After we were into sighed and went back to his ovens.

Most Mexican Ihns look drab and to have discovered AID) He studuninteresting from the outside, but ied there for one year and then once you enter into the patio one was assigned to his present work enters into a world of beautiful in Mexico: flowers, tile works and bubbling fountains.

Frank Pavis, who is:42 is one of: the lay missionaries working in Mexico under the auspices of AID) Americans are not allowed to work for money in Mexico, and must depend on outside aid for their livelihood. Erank told me that it is possible for an American to live in as Mexican Inn for about 45 dellars a month. This would take care of room and board, but of course extra: money would be needed to take care of incidental expenses.

Frank who has a great love for Mexico and the Mexican people came to his present vocation after two years service with the United States Navy in the Mariana Islands Area. This followed by several years in the business world! showed himself before to Our Lord. But he was not satisfied by just

her troop of singing, children making maney and was grateful

Břeakfast over; Fřank drove us over to meet Arthur and Emilia Vigil, and their family of four children. Both Arthur and Englis have been working as lay missionaries in Mexico for the past nine years; I had known Arthur when Is was working for the Register in Santa Fee New Mexico. He-had left to go to Yucaian to work with Eather Hessier: Thereshe had mot English who had come from Mora; New Mexico. They are both enthusiastic about their work in Mexico and feel that families have a great deal to offer in the mission apostolate of the Church:

Both Arthur and Frank are working with the Credit unions in Mexico and though handicapped by a lack of funds and the use of a good jeep with which to visit

(Continued on page 5)

Change

Change and change and change; rumpled; pummled; rolled down hill, handled, pokled; and kneaded, ffattened, raised, and shaken out. This is what I hope; and this is what I fear.

What good days that always wear a golden nimbus? What about the little days that gnaw along, like rats? Thee days om: guard: in: Halifax im winds that build from those forgotter placements north off Liabrador? Or on the "As" train screaming north at: fivethose August afternoons as black as mines? Never carrot, never whip, just something that you have to do to get the next thing done to get the next thing donelike eat! or go to war:

Once spring morning, dreaming west on Berry Street, Il saw two men.go walking towards the docks, hands im pockets, honks in budts. cigarets im steady lipus one walked young and lean and bright underneath his happy cap; the other: heavy; sagging like a ferry slip; the much meat and too much beer; toe much laughter, too much rage; the much lifting, fleaving, bruising; too much hoping for the end.

You cannot fly Your cannot: burrow underground: Walle slowly in?.. Beet two blocks of ice: and sealp all litchy underneath your wool watch cap glittering with melted snow?

The Baby Ben still chugs its life away. The candle dies more quietly; it knows more simply. classic heats and pressure of the rampant earth.

Oak Street-Chicago

By EDWARD MORIN

Toward the end of the month fourteen were sleeping here—three on the floor using spriffgs we had hoped to send back to Friends' Project House a month ago. Some cots were delivered and that would ave eliminated congestion somewhat, but they had to be jettisoned on the Sears Roebuck dock because when they came I lost a well-paying job Ild held just a short time. My boss told me I didn't fit into the structure of his organization and that I seem to be one of those people who has to work by himself: It's not the easiest thing finding a firm to hire one to work by oneself; but I'm still looking.

The Chicago CW Center is definitely not the place for working by oneself: Besides the men living here we give supper to about fiffy a day, seven at a time in our small kitchen, and right now that seems preferable to irritating our neighbors with a soupline outside.

Fortunately, as mearby fishmarket gives us enough halibut every Friday to supply the main But no one kept an accurate count. meals through Monday if we vary Three days after, things are back the diet with something else once to normal; we have a new generaduring the weekend. We've been thomost Angry Young Roachess the wholesale markets. Vegetables and fruit are easy to get because there is surplus and spoilage: we've even managed to do some home canning for a rainy day, Obtaining meat is more difficult. The most generous people seem to be the poultry dealers, and someone offered, a tentative explanation.

In the rebellious twenties and thirties the ideal of every American family was to get away from the big dirty city and start a clean little-chicken farm outtin the country. Hundreds of adventurous people began these enterprises; many of them fell by the wayside; but for the persevering the old American success story repeated itself. Small farms grew to big businesses: Now eggs are addruggand chickens the cheapest meat on the market. I watched as bedraggled, cigar-

smoking egg dealer screaming over the phone at his creditors and whimpering that he'd be out of business if things get worse. Is it any wonder people get frustrated fighting the system!

Loretta D'Agostino, a graduate student at the University of Chicago, works in a restaurant during the summer and brings us a variety of surplus bakery goods. Corbett Bishop has introduced us to a summer delicacy which grows in vacant lots. It is called lambs quarter (Ben Premack; who cooks here sometimes; calls it "hind quarters") and is as good as spinach when prepared with mustard and onions.

Irv Cosby and his boss (Anderson Exterminating) brought us a big. bag, of roach dust, giving a small applicator and careful instructions for use. L came home one evening, and found all the men on the steps outside: they told me Ed Bodin was inside exterminating, though I couldn't see him through the haze. We all rushed in together and turned in. The bugs are pretty well cleared out and we may have even lost a couple of men.

A

Ed Bodin moved out, but not because we ran out of roach powder. He-lives in the neighborhood and visits us quite offen. He has the distinction of being the only person I know in Chicago who owns a copy of Peter Maurin's Catholic Radicalism. I'm told a new edition is coming out and, of course, there is Arthur Sheehan's forthcoming biography of Peter Maurin. We'll be glad to see them both.

The Sunday discussions at the Center during August were on the works of Emmanuel Mounier and Peter Maurin Much conversation was sment on thee war charity should be dispensed and on the wisdom of operating houses of hospitality. Bob Ryan; who homes to begin a group of Little Brothers of the Good Shepherd in Chicago,

(Continued on page 77.

Another Chapter in t

By FRANCIS GORGEN

Ammon asked me to write and tell you to send him FREEDOM, the anarchist weekly and to remind Robert Steed to be sure and mail the New York Times. I would like to give you a first hand accounting of what happened after leaving you at the Quaker Meeting House in Chicago last Saturday night Aug. 22nd.

Ammon and I spent Saturday night sleeping in a friend's apartment on the south side of Chicago, not far from-the Friends Meeting House on 56th and Woodlawn. We got up at 5:30 AM, phoned Janet Burwash at the Atlantic Hotel in the Loop that we would be down to pick her up and take her home to Peoria, Illinois, as she was, on our route to Omaha. Janet was starting her vacation from office work in New York City. We picked Janet up about 6:00 AM, and as Saint Peter's Franciscan Church was nearby, we planned to go to Mass and Holy Communion before starting our trip to Omaha, Neb. Arriving at St. Peter's we were informed that the next Mass was to be at 7:00 AM. We decided to have breakfast and start on our trip and stop at some church en route for Sunday Mass. We had breakfast; and after Janet finished her second cup of coffee we were off to Peoria and Omaha. Driving along the South Side of Chicago's Ogden Ave. and Highway 66, Ammon was talking about how he met (with you) the Little Sisters of Jesus. Janet wished that she had time to meet and visit these Little Sisters who live in the world a consecrated life of poverty, manual labor and adoration. Just then, as we were turning a sharp corner, Ammon noticed the two young French girls coming down the street in their blue dresses with a red heart in front. I quickly backed the car up and Ammon introduced the two Little Sisters of Jesus to Janet and I and we had a little visit. Janet's wish was granted. Ammon commented, as we drove along, that if we all took a second cup of coffee at breakfast we would of missed seeing and visiting with the Little Sisters, on their way to Sunday

No Corn-on-Cob

We stopped for Sunday Mass at 10:30 AM about 17 miles from Peoria and heard a good sermon on "Seeking First the Kingdom of God, and all things will be given to you." This was a Franciscan parish also. We arrived at Janet's home in Peoria about noon and Janet fixed Ammon and I and her father Sunday dinner. We also visited with a friend of the CW in Peoria, a grade school teacher whom Ammon and Janet know. We left Peoria, Ill., about 2:00 PM for Omaha. Driving through the state of Iowa, Ammon and I kept our eyes open from 5 PM on, for a restaurant that featured "corn on the cob." Sunday closing of business is very effective in Iowa. It's hard to buy a "lolli-pop." Very few business places are open. We stopped about seven o'clock in a small town and had a vegeterian dinner, but no "corn on the cob." We arrived in Omaha, Neb., about 11 PM Sunday night, and Ammon phoned John Holman, who telephoned long-distance to Chicago C.W. house requesting that we spend Sunday night at his home in Omaha. John was home, and said he was waiting up for us and had been down to the bus station to check the arrival of the next bus from Chicago, thinking that Ammon was coming into Omaha by hus. Mrs. Holman made us a lunch and we visited and talked till about 1:30 AM, then retired for the night.

Monday August 24

Ammon and I got up at about 6:30 AM and John Holman took us to the cathedral for 7 AM Mass and Holy Communion. We arrived back at the Holman home close to B AM and Mrs. Holman had breakfast waiting for us, and we became and clocked the two miles on the out of here. Come on, get out of Sermon on the Mount way of life as acquainted with the two young car speedometer. At exactly two that car, I am the U.S. Marshal I the norm, and works of mercy.

make a family of four children. They have a daughter and are hoping for another daughter which will even up the sexes, two boys and two girls. After breakfast Ammon finished writing some letters and made a list of people that he wanted John to write to in case his trial would be delayed a few days and he would have to be in the local jail till his trial came up. John soon left for his work at the local insurance company, Mutual of Omaha. He is an insurance underwriter for Mutual of Omaha. Ammon and I stayed and visited with Mrs. Holman until about 9:30 AM. Ammon was oue at the missile base at 10 AM, and John told me it was about a twenty minute drive out to Wahoo, where the missile base is being constructed. We thanked Mrs. Holman for her hospitality, and we were off for "civildisobedience" at Omaha missile base near Wahoo, Neb.

On the highway out to the missile base Ammon asked me to stop if I saw a drive-in open as he had taste for an ice cream cone. I told him it was too early in the morning for a drive-in to be open but I'd keep my eyes open. About fifteen miles from the missile base we stopped at a drive-in and had our ice cream.

It was then about 9:50 AM as we headed on toward the missile base in the car. Nearing Walloo, Neb., we noticed a sign that said, U.S. Ordnance Plant left, 2 miles, so I turned left and went two miles and came to the entrance to the U.S. Ordnance Plant. We stopped behind an Allied Moving Van, which was trying to get clearance through the gate with a load of officer's furniture, perhaps, who was being transferred. Ammon said we would wait until the officers in charge were free before we would approach them. We waited about fifteen or twenty minutes he fore the authorities in charge were free at the gate. During this fifteen or twenty minutes (there is no way of telling you exactly, Dorothy), I think Ammon made his "Prayer Ammon was completely silent and meditating. Again I say I have no way of knowing, and I didn't ask Ammon but I believe this is what he was doing. I read the signs on the gate: No Trespassing! All cameras, films, etc. not checked with the guard will be confiscated beyond this gate. I had my camera. There were other signs there that pertained to trucks driving in and out of the Ordnance Plant. Ammon had given me my instructions previously as we drove toward the base: stay as close as you can, but don't get yourself arrested . . . try to hear as much as you can as to what is going on, and in case I get "beat-up" you can be my witness.

Missing the Road

Soon the moving van was cleared for passage through the gate. Ammon took a CW out of his traveling bag, and with a CW in one hand and his traveling bag in the other he approached the armed guards at the gate. I followed him. Approaching the gate the armed guard came up and Ammon offered the armed guard a CW and asked if this was the missile base. The guard answered, "Oh, you are the Pacifist they are expecting! You missed your road. You must go back to the main highway and turn right and go down about two miles and you will come to a gravel road, turn right again and go south about three miles and you will come to the entrance of the missile base." Ammon thanked the guard. We got into the car and turned around and headed for the missile base. At the main highway we noticed a filling station, and stopped and inquired about the gravel road to the missile base. The gas station operator told us it was two miles down the road and to our right three miles. We headed for the missile base gravel road

sons of John's. Mrs. Holman is ex- miles from the gas station we came am going to put you off this proppeting another baby, which will to a gravel road and a big con- erty," the U. S. Marshal continued. struction truck was coming out of the road. We asked the truck driver if the missile base was down the road and he said yes, so we turned on the gravel road and proceeded to the missile base. About three miles down the road we came to a gate. A sign said, "Restricted area, U.S. Property!"

Unguarded

We stopped but found no guards or authorities. Ammon said to keep going. I continued driving on. Soon we came to construction and cement buildings being built with reinforcements. Working men in gangs of ten or twenty or more. We then realized we were right in the center of the missile base. No one stopped us yet! We had driven three miles or more into the missile base in my car and had not been stopped. We came to a sign which said, "Road Closed." I turned the car around and headed in the opposite direction. Ammon kept saying, "Keep going until someone stops us!" No one stopped us. We toured the missile base. No one stopped us. Finally we came to a workman coming down the road



and Ammon asked me to stop and ask him where the authorities of the base were. The workman told us to see the Field Engineer over to our left a few hundred yards. I drove over to where a sign over a mobile unit house office said: FIELD ENGINEER, C. Johnson Construction Co. Ammon got out of the car and talked to the men in front of the office buildings. Then he went into the office of the field engineer to inquire as to where the authorities were. Soon Ammon came out, and the field engineer was with Ammon, He had offered to take us over to the government authorities, and Ammon got into the engineer's car. I was to follow behind. I followed the engineer in my car about a block behind, From here on, Dorothy, things happened FAST. I mean real FAST.

Driven to Trespassing

The engineer in his government. olive-drab car came to a stop about one-half mile away in front of a group of men and cars. A uniformed Air Force officer came up to the engineer's car. Now we both stopped. I pulled my car in back of the car Ammon and the engineer were in, quickly got my camera and got out of the car. Soon plain clothesmen came up to Ammon as he sat in the engineer's car. One plain clothes man said, in a loud, nervous manner that he was the U.S. Marshal, and asked, "Are you Hennacy?" Ammon said yes, he was Hennacy. "We don't want you on this property. You got to get

"O.K., O.K.," said Ammon, "but I'll continue to come back on the property as that is why I came here." The U.S. Marshal grabbed Ammon's right arm near the shoulder and proceeded to usher Ammon out the gate. It was then I realized we had come in the wrong road to the missile base, unknowingly and by mistake. The Air Force officer read to Ammon the trespassing law of the U.S. government as they walked Ammon to the gate along with a detail, of Air Force Military Police. They put Ammon off the missile base and closed the gate. Immediately, and I mean immediately, Ammon went to the right of the gate and "jumped the fence." The U.S. Marshal grabbed Ammon and said, "I told you not to come back on this missile property." Ammon said that that was what he came to Omaha to do. "I'll have to arrest you and take you into custody." After saying that, the U.S. Marshal grabbed Ammon's arm again and escorted him to his car and drove Ammon off to Omaha and jail.

Forgotten Companion During all the excitement with

Ammon, the authorities forgot about me. After Ammon and the U.S. Marshal left for Omaha, the authorities came up to me, as 1 stood there, inside the missile base. They wanted to know who I was, and someone shouted, "Oh, he's one of them too." With that, a plain clothesman came up to me and started asking questions. He said he was a UP newsman, Then another plain clothesman came up to me and said he was an AP newsman. They began asking me questions. Who was I? Where I came from? How long did I know Mr. Hennacy? What were my plans? Where did I pick Mr. Hennacy up? How did I get into the missile base with my car? Did we talk to the workmen on the construction on the base? I answered all these questions as fast as they asked them. I soon noticed that all the activities were being photographed. Soon a man came up to me with dark glasses on and in a white shirt carrying a large pad of paper and with a pen in his hand. He started asking questions. I asked him who he was and he said he was with the government. Then the Air Force Commanding Officer came up and read the law to me about "no trespassing on U.S. Government Property" and told me to get off the property now. I told him I'd get off, my job was finished as I offered to drive Mr. Hennacy to the missile base from Chicago. The air-force Commanding officer and his detail of Air Force Military Police then escorted me off the property. At the gate someone wanted to know who that Ford Fairlane belonged to. I told him it belonged to me. He then told me to go back into the missile base and drive the car off. I did so, and stopped at the gate. The Air Force Security officer came up to talk some more with me at the gate along with the newsmen. Soon we all left the gate, as the group disbanded as they were not expecting

Boystown

I drove back toward Omaha. Near Omaha, I stopped at Fr. Flanagan's Boystown and had a nice visit with the Monsignor priest who is in charge of "Boystown" Foundation. I told him of Ammon's going over the fence and being arrested and mentioned how the Monsignor is doing such constructive work and just a few miles away the government is building a "foundation" for destructive work. The Monsignor asked me what you thought of Communism, and I said that you didn't spend much time on Capitalism and/or Communism as both were atheistic, but you leaned more to the third position of community life, Peter Maurin's "Green Revolution" and used the

Leaving "Boystown" I drove into Omaha. It was about 12 o'clock Noon. Ammon was arrested about 10:55 AM. I started looking for him and to find out any information I could as to his whereabouts. I stopped, parked my car and asked a motorcycle policeman where the best place to go seeking Ammon. He directed me to County Court House, as that is where all Federal prisoners are locked up in the County jail. I went to the County Courthouse and went to the County Attorney's office. I asked the procedure in the "fence-jumping" cases at the missile air base. He asked me when Ammon was arrested. I told him that morning about 10:55 am. The County Attorney's office staff directed me to the Old Post Office building and the U.S. Marshal's office and gave me directions how to get there. I went to the post office building.

I found the post office building

and looked up the building directory posted on the wall of the lobby. It listed the U.S. Marshal's office on the third floor. I got into the elevator and asked for the third floor The girl on the elevator told me that no camera's were allowed and I must check my camera with the U.S. Marshal's office on the third floor. That was where I was going, but I didn't feel I wanted to hand over my camera to the U.S. Marshal as I had at least one picture I took of him arresting Ammon on the missile base. He may take the film. I got off on the third floor and walked around. Then I decided not to go into the U.S. Marshal's office with my camera. I'd returned to the post office building lobby and phoned the U.S. Marshal and find out the whereabouts of Ammon, and try to find out if Federal Charges were filed with Federal Court Commissioner. The telephone booths in the lobby were full so I had to wait my turn.

Interviewing Citizens

While waiting for a phone booth. visited with a pencil salesman, the lad at the cigar counter, and with a local citizen of Omaha who was interested in the progress of the new post office building being built just across from the present post office. I asked this Omahaian if there was much government building going on in Omaha. He said, "Yes, Omaha is becoming more and more an ideal government location, especially for the Air Force. He then told me of S.A.C. headquarters, and how he had visited there recently. Strategic Air Command Headquarters in Omaha is in immediate and constant touch with all air bases in West Germany, France, everywhere in the world where U.S. Government has an air base and with Jet flights which are criss-crossing the world and countries with their bombs and direct any Jet planes to any destination in the world within seconds. A constant alert. He told me that if I drove by the Air Base here in Omaha and noticed all the buildings on the grounds there, then to try to visualize that there's just as many or more constructed underground buildings beneath the shock-proof ground depth, bomb shelter type onstruction w h dua same type as there is above ground. He pointed out to me that this was in the event that the buildings above ground were atom bombed and put out of operation, the buildings underground will take over with the same functions as the controls above ground.

I soon noticed a booth free and telephoned Jackson 7900 the U.S. Marshal office in Omaha. His secretary answered. I asked for some information as to the whereabouts of Ammon Hennacy who was arrested at the missile base about 10:55 A.M. that morning. The secretary said she would transfer the call to the U.S. Marshal himself to give me that information. I then talked with the U.S. Marshal and asked him if he filed any charges against Ammon Hennacy. I asked him where he was, and if I could see him. The U.S. Marshal asked

he Life of God's Fool

the fellow who was with Hennacy at the Air Base. The U.S. Marshal asked me where I was telephoning from. I told him 16th near Dodge Street. He asked me to come up as he wanted to see me and that Hennacy was in his office. I told the U.S. Marshal I would be right up. I quickly checked my camera with the lady at the cigar counter instead of taking the camera with me to the U.S. Marshal's office.

I walked into the U.S. Marshall's office on the third floor of the post office building in Omaha and the secretary asked who was I and I told her I was the one who phoned asking about Mr. Hennacy. She then told me to go right in to the Marshall's office. On the way I saw Ammon talking to two Air Force Security Officers, I greeted Ammon. He looked very relaxed, and was explaining things to the Air Force Security Officers. The U.S. Marshall greeted me and told me to sit down. He seemed nerve bothered and upset. He asked me who was I. He missed me and missed seeing me at the missile base he said. Wanted to know my part in this missile base action. 1 told him I was the one who drove Ammon into the base. He wanted to know if I planned on doing it again. I told him no as my instructions were not to get arrested as I wasn't "ready" for such Civil-Disobedience as yet. The Marshall wanted to know if I belonged to this Catholic Worker Organization also, and if I was a member. I told the U.S. Marshall that the Catholic Worker is not an organization and does not have members. The Catholic Worker is a movement which consists of pacifist, decentralist and anarchist ideas all within the Catholic Faith, and all were individualists doing things mostly alone or in very small groups such as Ammon and I did that morning at 'the missile base. He wanted to know what I did to make a living. I told him I was in the water-conditioning business as cation and driving Mr. Hennacy around by avocation.

Kindly Officer

He told me he didn't have any charge against me, and I was free to talk with Ammon. He told me that Federal Charges of Trespassing on U.S. Government Property, knowingly and willfully by Ammon had been filed by him and that Ammon must stand trial at 2 PM that very afternoon. The U.S. Marshall then told me I could stay with Ammon until after the Court trial at 2 PM. I then went into the next room where Ammon was talking to the Air Force Security officers and visited with Ammon. I told Ammon of my experiences in locating him. Ammon told me he was well treated by the U.S. Marshall whose name was Raab. He had sent out for sandwiches and coffee for Ammon, but the sandwiches were made of meat and Ammon only drank the coffee as the Marshall didn't know Ammon was a vegetarian. Soon Ammon and I were joined by the Federal Probationary Officer along with 2 Security Officers from the Air Force and the U.S. Marshall and a round table discussion along the meantime the U.S. Marshall background. Ammon told the with plenty of "questions" on missiles, war bases lots of "prison talk" for a time until the Court elerk notified us that Ammon's trial would be delayed until 3 o'clock that afternoon instead of

Good Salesman

metered zone and if I had to wait "feed 2 more dimes into the park-

about 2:15 PM and the Marshall's box with Ammon seated just along secretary was serving the group side the jury box. Ammon seemed hot coffee and cookies, and the to be in deep meditation and discussion was still in progress. I prayer as the Court was announced asked the secretary if she baked as being officially opened, by the the cookies and she said no as she U.S. Marshall Raab. The U.S. Dishad no time. I noticed a far of trict Attorney arose and announced PREEM on the table and told the the Criminal case to be heard and group that I was in the same business as what made this product. PREEM is made by an "ion exchange" method. A chemical mineral is made which when raw milk is passed through it absorbs the minerals in the milk but allows the fat solid to pass through the mineral without losing any of its ingredients. The fat solids are then evaporated to allow the water content to escape and the resulting product is PREEM, milk fat solids in powder form and will not spoil like raw milk or raw cream. I told the group I did the same thing with raw water. I passed raw water through a chemical mineral bed called "zeolite" and the "zeolite" absorbed the calcium, magnesium, iron, from raw water and made the raw water "soft water," excellent for washing, savings on soap, making coffee, etc.

Marjorie Swann

Ammon asked the Marshall's secretary if she took Marjorie Swann to Alderson, W. Va. and she said "yes," I did . . . I asked if she went by air line? The Secretary said "yes." I then asked if she told the air line that she was transporting a "convict" to prison and the secretary, said, "no we never tell the airline we are transporting a convict to prison when we buy an airline ticket." I told her of how recently in the Midwest a U.S. Marshall was "put-off" a large commercial airline because of fear the convict would keep the rest of the airlines passengers upset and nervous enroute. It seems the convict told a fellow passenger "his prison destination" and the Captain of the airlines plane put the U.S. Marshall and his prisoner off at the next airport and to shift for himself in getting his prisoner to the U.S. Prison. After more coffee and discussion it was soon time for Federal Court and the U.S. Marshall asked Ammon to come along to Court. I asked if I could come and the U.S. Marshall said "this is a free country." come on along but you must sit in the seats back of the railing in the court room. Ammon's Federal Court Trial was before U.S. Federal District Judge Richard E. Robinson in Omaha, Neb.

More Waiting

As I sat in the front row behind the railing in the large court room and the air-condition machine going and the fans blowing it was rather difficult to catch all that was sald, but I'll try and give you most of what I heard from my position in the spectators section of the Courtroom. Ammon and the U.S. Marshall came in. Ammon took a seat next to the table in front of the judge's bench but the U.S. Marshall told Ammon to take a seat along side of the jury box until his case was called. There out a ten minute wait before the Judge made his entrance. In mon. What is your educational and the U.S. District Attorney had a short conference in the doorway leading to the Judges chambers. Soon the Judge made his entrance, everyone stood up at attention as the U.S. Marshall announced The Federal Court was now in session.

Seated in front of the Judge was the Court Clerk and to the left of I asked if I could go out in the the Court Clerk was The Court's street and be permitted back in secretary, a dark haired middle again as my car was parked in a aged lady, with her typewriter and tape recording equipment. To the until after 3 PM I would have to extreme left facing the Judge was the U.S. Marshall seated. To the ing meter." The U.S. Marshall said table at the left facing the Judge it was o.k. and I went out and put was the U.S. District Attorney a City, New York. Ammon was then to open and returned, picking up my thirties, and his secretary or a "salaried job." Ammon answered people. camera from the lady at the lobby news reporter. To the right was a that he received "no salary." Again,

asked that Ammon step forward. Ammon then came forward and stood with the U.S. District Attorney before the Court Clerk, who sat below the Judge's bench. Ammon and U.S. District Attorney standing side by side.

Charges Read

The U.S. District Attorney then presented his case to the Court reading from a legal sheet of page the charges that were filed in the Criminal case against Ammon. "On August 24, 1959 Ammon Hennacy, (you are Ammon Hennacy he asked Ammon before the Judge, Ammon said yes, he was Ammon Hennacy,) the defendant Ammon Hennacy unlawfully and willfully re-entered the missile base at Wahoo, Nebraska after being told by the U.S. Marshall to stay off and was



put off the U.S. property. Ammon Hennacy violated Federal Code and Law and the specific Section of the law Section 1382 was broken. The U.S. District Attorney then asked Ammon if he was represented with legal aid. Ammon said no. The Court wanted to know if he wanted any legal aid. Ammon said "no I want no legal aid to represent me." The U.S. District Attorney then very slowly asked Ammon if he understood the indictment and charges against him and if Ammon understood that he could ask for a delay, to study the charges, and postnone the court case until a later date, in order to prepare himself. Ammon said he understood his rights but refused a delay and told the U.S. Attorney to continue on with the case as charged. The U.S. District At-66 years old answered Am-1 am Court that he attended Ohio University, the University of Wisconsin. Hiram College in Ohio, and several other schools through the United States but received no degree in any school, college, or university. The U.S. District Attorney again repeated slowly to Ammon that he had "rights" he could exercise before this Court. The Arthur told me. U.S. District Attorney then asked Ammon his occupation. What Ammon did for a living. Ammon told the Court that he was an Associate Editor of the Catholic Worker Paper, 39 Spring Street, New York This small sum would enable us

me who I was. I told him that I was the U.S. Marshall's office it. was the rextreme right was the jury stood the charges filed against him | In the Marshall's office Ammon and if he wished legal aid, or a aid again and asked that the trial continue. The U.S. District Attorney then summed up his case to the court and asked for a conviction on the charges that the Government filed. The Court then took the case and the Judge began.

> The Judge said that the Court accepted the charge as presented and would render its decision. The Judge was nervous and kept twisting his fingers left hand over the right hand, and mispronounced a few words. He asked Ammon that in such cases such as this, for first offenders, that the Court would offer a "probationary period". If the defendant would promise the Court that he would stay away from the Wahoo missile base here in Omaha, and all other U.S. Government Property throughout the United States, and the Court would grant a suspended sentence and fine if such was accepted by Ammon. Ammon then told the Judge that he didn't want "probation" that he would do the same thing again, and that he willfully entered the missile base to give out Catholic Worker papers to the workmen and would do so in the future, and that he was guilty as charged. The Judge again "offered" Ammon "Probation" but Ammon refused. The Judge, Richard E. Robinson then said he would render his decision, but first asked Ammon if he had anything to say. Ammon asked if he was Judge Robinson. Yes, answered the Judge I am Judge Robinson. Ammon asked if the Judge received the letter he mailed the Judge from New York City. Yes, the Judge said, I received your letter. Ammon said he had nothing more to say. Six months sentence in a Federal Prison plus a \$500.00 fine and that such sentence was to commence immediately and empowered the U.S. Marshall to take Ammon to a Federal Prison. Court was dismissed. The Judge left.

> The U.S. Marshall then took Ammon by the arm and asked me to come along as I could be with Ammon until arrangements for his transfer to prison were completed. The courtroom emptied of the U.S. District Attorney, the 2 Air Force Security Officers, the 2 FBI men (they may have been newspapermen), the court clerk, and the court recording secretary all left. That was all there was in Federal Court room to hear the trial, 12 people including the Judge Richard E. Robinson, who was rather reluctant to pass sentence on Ammon, but did.

and I visited. Ammon finished postponement for further study some letters that he wanted me to of the case. Ammon refused legal mail before I left town and to enclose any newspaper item that may be in the local newspapers about the case of "fence jumping at the missile base." Ammon asked the U.S. Marshall what prison he was to be sent to. The Marshall answered that he couldn't tell Ammon because of Government regulations, but when Ammon had reached his destination he could give a postcard to the Deputy to mail for him to anyone and tell then where he was being imprisoned. Early in the day Ammon found out that Sandstone Minnesota was reopened and that Art Harvey was imprisoned there. Chances are Ammon is also at Sandstone, Minnesota. At 3:40 pm the deputy Marshall came and took Ammon to prison and asked me to wait in the office until the Deputy and Ammon were out of the building. I left the U.S. Marshall's office about 4 PM after thanking the Marshall and his secretary for the courtesy they showed Ammon and I. The U.S. Marshall Raab gave me his Postoffice Box number and asked me to send him the Catholic Worker, Ammon gave him his book, "Autobiography of a Catholie Anarchist" to read and to share it with Judge Richard E. Robinson.

I went into the street, purchased an evening paper, and looked for an accounting of the "civil-dis-obedience" and "fence-jumping" at the missile in the Omaha evening newspaper, a copy of which I mailed to you from Omaha.

I left Omaha about 6:30 pm after calling our friends in Omaha the Holman's and telling them of the events that happened and that Ammon was on his way to prison for six months and got a \$500.00 fine. I got back to Wisconsin and home about 2:30 AM Tuesday morning completing a trip, a round-trip of 1208 miles. As of this date I haven't gotten a confirmation of what prison Ammon is in but I wrote to Marshall Raab yesterday asking if he could now give me that information and thanking him for his courtesy shown on Monday Aug. 24.

I have some pictures to be developed and if I get them in time will enclose them with this letter. or will mail to you separately.

> Kind regards, in Christ Francis Gorgen Mineral Point, Wisconsin

P.S. Ammon is in Sandstone, Minn. Federal Prison, and to this date, mid-September, we have heard nothing from either him or the institution. (D.D.)

In Mexico

(Continued from page 3)

the outlying Pueblos they have side Morelia. I was impressed by been instrumental in organizing the friendliness of the people who five credit unions. It is but a small smiled and greeted us. Juan, a beginning, but Frank and Arthur torney then asked Ammon his age. are not discouraged. They feel and with enthusiasm told Art of if they do God's God will in time send the money and the workers to carry on the work.

> One of the great needs in Mexico Arthur told me is for pamphlets and leaflets on Catholic social questions and also the labor encyclicals. "We have many books on social questions published in Spanish, but there is a great need for small pamphlets and leaflets,"

> It would be an excellent idea. Frank told me, if the credit unions in the United States would set aside one percent of their income to aid the credit unions in Mexico. to open a central office and to train more leaders among the Mexican

That afternoon I joined Art and cigar counter. Upon my return to table and six chairs empty, and at Ammon was asked if he under- Frank in a drive to a Pueblo out-

small shopkeeper, came up to us the coming meeting of the credit union-he had placed a sign in his shop inviting the people to a small play they were going to produce on the work of the credit unions.

Frank had told me that the man had been very suspicious of their motives when they had first come around (as had been most of the people) but he had been finally won over and now was their most enthusiastic supporter of the credit unions in that particular Pueblo.

We left the Pueblo to visit a small Benedictine monastery which has been started on a hill overlooking the City. There we met Father Peter, a Benedictine from Boston. He was very much in love with Mexico and the people.

The church which is still in the (Continued on page 8)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

that, he had to stand all day to greet his new flock after his first Mass at the cathedral. He dedicated Fr. Hugo's new Church which he built in two years and told of his happiness in finally meeting Fr. Hugo whom he had followed with interest over many years. Perhaps if he does not have to go on building, Fr. Hugo may be able to give retreats again-those famous retreats which "enlightened the mind and inflamed the heart" and "made all things seem new."

Sister Peter Claven is the same as always-warm and happy, and fall of jest "Woman's place is to lave," she toldime many years ago, when I was troubled; about problems always the same problems, much to do, and how little we could: de.

Sister, and I passed the Women's House of Detention to go to the bahery after, Mass, and we said a decade of the rosary for the women crowded there. I, told Sister haw many women, were there more than 500 in a place meant for 250, imprisoned for long sentences although the jail, was built for a house of detention before trial. Sister had passed it many times and never knew it was a jail. We bleg everyone to pray, for the women struttin here.

Heavy Raine

Beaving the office crowd to mail out the paper; I went to the farm for the weekend and there were Meaver rains, which forced Pat Maloney and his nine street boys who were camping in the woods to come into the house where they slept in rows on the floor They are not all Puerto Rican, but also colored and Italian, and the average age of this group was fourteen He works with them beautifully.

Don Sturzo Dies-The newspaper account of Don Sturzo's death on August 8th told of his great accomplishments—he was our greatest Christian sociologist. How I wish I had been more faithful in keeeping a diary to write more fully about such a man. Someone said he reminded them of the noble priest in Silone's Bread and Wine, but Don Sturzo never retired from active work: Even when he was in exile in England her formed the Beeple and Freedom, group, and issued a publication which kept alive his ideas about the corporative order (not the corporative state), and when he came to this country in the midde of the war during the bombings of London, he was so ill he had to be carried off the boat. He got in touch with us right away, and we visited him in the home of his former Sicilian housekeeper, who was then living in the Bay Ridge district of Brooklyn. He wrote articles for our paper, and sent us help too, out of his most, meager resources. He met, each duty as it came, fearless, outspoken, understanding, trying to give guidance in the world of men. He was not one who thought in terms of how many souls there were in his parish. He thought of them as hedy; mind and soul and realized their needs the kind of society suited to man and his freedom. I hope there will he a shrine to him in the little village in Sicily, where he started working for the poor, and that biographies will be written. To read of such men arouses courage in

Ammon's Shadow

All during Ammon's picketing. Hugh Madden, the California rancher; seaman, ex-Trappist. walked too, barefoot, bearded. strabby, pants drooping around his hips and giving the appearance of either being too small for him, or else that hips were non existent or incapable or keeping them up. He wears a heavy flannel shirt and sometimes an extra one over that in the hottest weather. He fasted. he wore a rope about his neck; and he picketed Three times as day hid knelt down on the pavemeent; and said the Angelus, on his hands and

who was so welcomed to Pittsburgh | little bell, as, is, done during the Angelus in monasteries he pounded with his bare knuckles on the cement payement.

He reminded me of the Moslems who pray openly, regardless of human respect; three times each day: Once we were viewing television; a program showing life on the desert and the search for oil, and when our CW family, who were watching the travelogue saw the Moslesa prostrating themselves in prayer, they laughed, so unused are they to public worship. One could help but remember how note Charles de Foncauld's conversion hegan, because of this, public wor, ship.

Later, in, the month, when Ammon and Hugh had finished their fast and picketing, Hugh disappeared for five days, Some time after he returned he wrote me a note and put it on my desk.

Hugh Writes.

"In Tokyo they rope off streets for the people to sleep in. In New York they chase you out of the parks (if you call them such) and into the jailhouse: Twenty-one men in a paddy wagon built for twelve and then jammed in a cell 8 by 8 for three hours. Five days in the hoosegow and got lousy in the deal for passing through one corner of the park at three a.m. and the cops hijacked our knife and corpenter's rniè.

He had been working steadily the rest, of the month, taking out all the windows, replacing the window sash cord and broken panes, and puttying the loose glass. He is poor, and he is devoted to manual labor. And, if, he goes around the Loft or the farm, waking people up at five thirty every morning can put up with it for the help he is giving us.

Bronnie-Warsaskas

Another visitor during the summer whom we would like to keep foresver is Bronnie, Lithuanian, been im Boston, former Gill, who earns his living by furniture repair He loves his work and he loves his materials. He read Peter Maurin and Eric Gill and this brought him to the Catholic Worker, movement and resulted in his spending his vacation with us. Besides being a worker, he can discuss ideas, and we wish he would get a store or a strop in Boston which could be a headquarters for that area where people could meet and by mutual aid, perform the works of mercy, which include enlightening the ignorant; counselling the doubtful, comforting the afflicted and so on. What a center it could be; with a person with Bronnie's back. ground. He is a musician too; and in himself there is certainly a good balance of cult, culture and cultivation: Difficulties in the way of this headquarters would be the city's rules and regulations again. If you are in business, a woodworking shop is a fire hazard and there are many rules to be observed, some most sensible and others impossible to keep. Like our own laws which keep piling up on the books which penalize people like us (I am a convicted slum land lord with a suspended sentence; to postpone any repairs while they pay their little fifty deliar fines and permit rooming house keepers to pile ten in a room, the refugees of the Moses demolition eras

Conferences-

It was a month of conferences for me, which took me to the Catholic Art Association meeting at St. Elizabeth's, New. Jersey; to the Peacemakers school at Manumet, outside of Philadelphia, and to the Liturgical week (only three days) at Notre Dame. I had never attended these conferences before and found them very stimulating. I'went to the Liturgical conference on the invitation of Terry McKlernan and Ruth, who earn their living at the House of Bread, in South Bend. Terry is an anarchist-pacifist and his wife was with the Grail knees, only instead of ringing a and worked with us a few months

to get our bakery started, when we baked the bread for the "line." They have three beautiful children and it is an jew to visit them.

Ever Present Trouble

As II write, Pas Maloney telephones to say trust three of the boys: he had brought to the farm during the summer had been arrested for robbery and were now in Youth House which is filled to overflowing. I. wonder how many people-know that there are prisons like the women's house of Detec tion for children. Pat has gone to court for them but he must go back toothe seminary in late September sor theree is not much her can do

when I read Harrison Salisbury's book, "THE SHOOK-UP GENERATION" which; won the Pulitzer prize this year for reportings I had just come to his conclusion which spoke of simple remedies; like more common sense and getting away from the "let+Georgede-it." attitude, when as knock came at our door. We were presentedi with two young fellows who needed attention. It was as priest who brought them to us, and with in as week, they too had been arrested; and they are now out on bail. One bail bond costra hundred dodlars and the other seventy five.



L spoke to Er. Luce, an Auglican priest during a meeting later in the month and he said he too had made as practice of bailing out as many young offenders as he could, regardless of how little it seemed: if we only disregarded money, thought less of it, and more of peoples we would begin to be poor spirit

More and more when students and seminarians, writee to, us or speak to us about voluntary poverty and what does it mean and how they can achieve it when they live in fine buildings and all their wants are so cared for. I can only say we should not he looking to the romantic, outer aspects of poverty, the sack cloth, the bare feet, the unshaven look, but give ourselves generously, at each moment of our time, our listening, whatever we possess of talents, or books or understanding, with patience and with love, and we would begin to he truly self-sacrificing and poor.

An incident

Am incident: while h. happened durings the months

An old friend, Helen Wing came in seeking advice and help. We had known her some five years ago when she was in the hospital, put there by the relief headquarters because she was disturbed, troublehome, uncooperative, It is one of the practices of the relief people, te puttaway clients who make too much trouble, and who have no friends tool nrie medie for them. Toon Sullivan and II went to see her on a number of occasions and after she came out we did not see her again until dast week.

She had been put off relief again, this time because she and her

(Continued on page 77:

In The Market Place

(Continued: from page 2)

mer homes among the trees and not convinced that spiritual weaare now bourgeois with good jobs pons are stronger than military in the city. They are however, weapons it is too much to expect broadminded enough to have as camp counselors a young Catholic and his Greek Orthodox wife whom they, appreciate very much for giving their young folks a different stant on life. I went to Masss with them and they were glad to learn more of the CW.

Traveling west when my fast was over I spent a couple of days with my mother, and sisters and brother. in. Gleveland, resting up and eating corn on the col. Lam writing this before my meeting at the Quakers in Chicago where I meet. Dorothy, who is speaking Tomorrow. Francis. Gorgen will drive me to Omaha where I will "go over the fence" at the missile base. Here is the letter that I wrote to the Judge I also notified the missile folks, the press, and the EBI as to my activities. I do this as a courtesy, not as their right to rule me Dear Judge Robinson:

In accordance with the Gandhian approach of good will to these whom one opposes I am notifying you that on Monday morning the 24th of August I will go over the fence at the missile base as my coworker. Karl Meyer has done, and as my other pacifist friends have done in our witness against the crime of this age: atomic war.

I have also notified the SAC authorities, the FRI, and others, as has been my custom since 1943 when-first refused to pay an income tax for war. I' would have been out in your city with the others but I just finished fasting and picketing at the income tax office here for 14 days as a penance for the 14 years since we killed the innocent people at Hirashima. I was a conscientious objector and refused to register for the draft in both wars and did time for it: Like Karl Meyer I also refused to take part in the war game which they call air raid drills here in New York City and was arrested for it for five consecutive years.

My mother's folks were Quakers in Ohio and before the Civil War they hid the slaves that escaped from below the Ohio River. It was St. Peter who said to obey God rather than man after he had been arrested twice for openly disobeying the law. You mentioned to my friend Art Harvey that laws came from the consent of the governed. but I am an anarchist since 1918 when in solitary in Atlanta prison. and I de not vote, take any pension, social security or subsidy from the government, and I.do not feel myself obligated or bound by any law that I' did not make.

I obey only the law of God as I see it: A bad law is: no better than any other bad thing. Good people don't need laws and bad people den't obey them. I am also a pacifist who was a social worker in Milwaukee for 11 years for the county during which time I handied the most difficult cases of violence with success in my pacifist manner. Most people believe in either shooting or voting to change the world; and as I do neither I believe the only way left is to possible. Accordingly we at the Cathodie Worker live poor here by the Bowery, helping the destitute, and working only for our keep. We Japan and the Philippines. are Catholies who go to Mass and Communion daily:

the International Court of Claims wages-all these describe the inin Cairco Egypt at the turn of the century. He read Tolstoy; as Il did and renounced allegiance to any government and resigned his jeb, writingy "Captain Jinks; Hero" and "Swords and Ploughshares" later In World War I a US Distriet Attorney in California resigned his job and became a pacifist. You may be reluctant to sendoubt the efficacy of missiles to yours in heaven and earth." defend this country, but as you are

you in a few months to upset your whole life and resign, so you will have to take your contact with us as a wear, and tear of overhead of your jobe as a penance you make for not having thought these matters out before Read Clarence Darrow, and Frank. Tannenbaum's book "Osborne of Sing Sing," Tolstoy'ss "Resurrection," and reread the Sermon on the Mount and you will understand us better.

It may be difficult for you to believe that I do not come to Omaha to cause you and the missile folk trouble—this is only incidental or that I have any hope of stopping the missife development. My mission is to awake those Quakers and half pacifists over the country who say they believe in peace to wake up and do something more than write letters to Congressmen, or to sign petitions addressed to them. I am then teiling you in advance that I am coming here on my own and representing the Catholic Worker, a copy of which I enclose. I'do not wish any parole but will cheerfully take the sentence which you have given to my friends.

Sincerely, for peace and freedom, Ammon Hennacy. Associate Editor.

PERIODICALS

(From time to timeethe bookersview page will call the attention of Catholic Worker readers to magazines which seem to this reviewer superior, either in the form of excerpts from particularly good articles, or by calling attention to the magazine as-a whole,)

The Christian Family, for June, 1959, in which the article on overpopulaton by Fr. Anthony Zimmerman, S.V.D., appeared, is an unusually good issue.

Another article appearing in it is Robert McGeagh's "Nomacis of of the United States," which is an count of the situation of migrant workers and a particularly introduction to this whole pressing problem. There are also two articles by Theodore Vermilye, one, the first of a series entitled "The Liturgical Life," and the other on the much discussed instruction of Pope. Pius. XII on congregational participation in the liturgy. The editorial in the June issue is a fine-discussion of Scripture, giving some practical suggestions on making Bible reading part of our devotional life.

The Christian Family is published by the Divine Word Missionaries, Techny, Illinois. Subscription is \$2:00 a year, \$5:00 for three years, or 35c per. issue.

Slave Labor Camps: American Style

A million migatory workers in thee United States are living in a situation "which is little removed from the slavery of the labor compas of: communism," according to thee Rev. Paul J. Murphy, S. L. change myself as much in accord Lahor Day mass im St: James with the Sermon on the Mount as Charch im Boston, said that haif of these workers are comiract lahorers imported from Mexicos the Bahamas, Britishi West: Indies,

"Open pit; sewage, porous and infested housing, squalor, child Ernest Cresby was a judge of labor slaving in the fields, pittance credible injustice, which our supposedly enlightened, freedom-loving and prosperous society has long tolerated and presently allows ten grows at will," he said.

"O' God, help us who roam about Help us who have been placed in Africa and have no dwelling place of our own. Give us back a dwelltence us and you may personally ing place. O' God; all power is

Chief of Herero tribe, S.W. Africa

On Pilgrimage

were uncooperative and would not answer questions and so on. They hall been living for sixteen years in a little walk-up spartment, a cold-water flat; and now the rent had not been paid and the gas meter had been taken out and they had had neither gas nor electricity for some months. The bill was around sixty dollars she said. She and her husband had been living on cold foods which was all right in hot weather, but they would like hot tea once in a while, and they had to go to restaurants. If they only had a little one burner oll stove to cook on.

How had it all started? Well, she thought it was that newspaper account of an old woman who had been living on old-age relief and had three thousand dollars hidden in her mattress, Ever since that came out in the paper the investigator had been making the rounds, searching the rooms of their clients, opening thoset theors, poking under beds, even going so far as to feel in the pockets of berold husband to see what he had there. They accused him of selling things on the street, and perhaps he had sold little magical ladders during the Parade of the Dragon, Another time they accested him on the street corner where he was sitting on a box with papers by his side which he had retrieved from litter basicets on the street. (We have several men who do this for us. at the (Catholic Worker, and in this way we are this to get all the English language papers published in New York, Even on occasion I pick up a copy of the Wall Street Journal on the ferry.) The relief investigator receased old Wr. Wing of selling papers, and made a scene on the street corner in front of his neighbors so that the went away into a coffee house and sat down and cried. He had been so mounter sted.

What They Live On

The rent for their apartment is \$25:50. There is an allowance of six tioliars a week each for food. Then there is the gas and electric. There are supposed to be extra checks for chothes and I thought of the difficulties of mothers getting that extra money for shoes for school when I read in Mrs. Roosewilt's Hook How size spent \$6,000 or was itt\$\$8,000 a year for clothes.

How does one get behind on rent or Edison bills?

L heard of one young mother tryingtto get an extra hell so thattithe baby would no longer have to sleep with the adults, and how many requisitions in triplicate had to the gone through, and show many bureascrats placated, until ffinally the mother took part of the rent money and thought a second hand bed. And when we were in Mail this April, a poor Spanish withow had cheated the relief people for a number of relief electr after the had got work, in order to catch up on back rent and grocery bills, and since she was one of the first offenders caught, they had to make cheating.)

The destitute are notoriously had managers. They smoke, they drink they are even known to buy television on the instalment plan. Yes, we sat in jail and watched televiston in the recreation room (we are nampered in fall) and over and over again, it was, "pay nothing down, just telephone and this handsome hedroom suite, this frigittaire, this television set will be delivered to your home Monday morning, and nothing need be paid down!" Oh, the advertising men, 'the radio, television 'itself. are the robbers of the poor, the real caulprits!

It is hard to write about summer conferences when these things happendailyon one's return. Other magazines, Worship and The Catholic Art Quarterly same samong the God is, and true doy.

eighty-year old husband, a Chinese, best, will publish some of the talks and an account of the proceedings. The address of Worship is College ville, Minnesota, and the Catholic Art Quarterly, 53 Ridgewood Rd. Buffalo 20, New York. Bubscription for the first is four and for the latter five dollars a year.

Men Gulpa

I speak disparagingly of television and last week! I went to the studio of Mike Walkere and went through the fearful ordeal of being televised, if that is what you call it, a program to be used on one of his ten oo'clock interviews some time soon. They made the recording twice and Isshould not wonder if they did not use it at all, so hard he worked to bring out ideas which were to say the least unfamiliar to thim (such as (preifism) and so fumbling were my replies. I go where I am invited, to give reason for the faith that is in me, as St. Reter said. And each day



there are invitations from end to end ouf the United States to come for "elarification of thought." Both Reter Maurin and Ammon Hennacy have always felt the importance of that as a think steep, and now that Ammon is in fall for six months, I must set out on the road in mid-October and wist thim att Sandstone, Minnesota, and Karl Meyer at Springfield, Missouri and then on to the coast where if have engagements in Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Lingue I do not sound bitter when I talk about the treatment of meeple on relief. It all comes down to the attitude and the behaviour off each individual comployed by the city. Courtesy and respect for the poor, just because they are poor, seeing Christ in each one, "inasan example of her and they gave much as we have done it unto the her three years. (The Dally News least of these, ye have done it unto I had never appreciated the next asked its realers to inform on their me"may sound easy, but of course point she made: hospitality he neighbors if they knew of any it is not. We each one offend by impatience seven times daily. We have to be forgiven seventy times seven, each one of us, at the Cathdie Worker family as well as in each individual family. The beginnings of peace are at home, in one's own heart.

So excuse my faults in presenting the case for the poor, who are always expected to be courteous, respeciful, honest, thriffy, self sacrificing, hard working and sensible people. And unfortunately destitution brings with it greed and grasping, and lying and cheating and every man for himself! One does not work for 26 years in the Catholic Worker family and not realize this. But we also know, as St. John of the Cross told us, that where there is no love, put love, and you will ffinti llove; and where love its,

Oak Street-Chicago

(Continued from page 8)

dividual efforts of more or less charity. unskilled laymen. He thinks the personalism of Mounier and Peter Maurin inspires workers in thespitais, social agencies, and charitable organizations, and that neare the one(s) in charge worked and people should give their time to them. Town Sullivan, on a threef visit from New York, commented on "the gentle personalism of Christian tradition" as Recer Maurin defined and lived itt. He said this approach to secial problems works alongside perspectives different from its own, attempting to achieve a transformation of the individual in society completely distinct, but not always opposed to, the reform of other groups.

Toward the end of the month Dorothy and Ammon visited. Derothy was on her way to the Liturgical Conference at Wotre Danre and Ammon to Omaha, Dorothy came on Fishay, August 21st, rested after the bus ride, and had supper with us. She tried my typewriter and I want to apologize now to wheever received letters ideme on that machine. There's a trick of padding the matten roller whith I failed to show ther, but Ammuon used it when the stopped the mext day for about the time It took to write his column.

On Saturday afternoon all of us were invited to an outdoor lunch at Mary Walman's new Martin de Porres Center. A West Side mansion donated by the Archdiocese is being rehabilitated by Mary's group of lay apostles. Their old neighborhood center was claimed for demolition by Urban Renewal. Mary's girls have atreatly done wonders remodeling, but even though fley have donated materials and some labor, they still had to do such heavy work as tuckpointing and putting up twelve-foot planterboard slabs. Anyone wire wants to literid a hand to help them get their new home in shape and meet a moving deald-line can inquire with us at the CW

After lunch Dorothy and Anneon spoke. Dr. Blli Pieper, Hermione Evans, and Tom Reddy were among the thirty or more who came to participate in the meeting. Jim McCawley passed out copies of an informative atticle he wrote: "Germ Waffare and the Pentagon."

It's a rare vecasion when Dorothy and Ammon conduct the same meeting, and one of the best introductions to the 'CW movement. Ammon concentrated on peace campaigning through civil disobedience, while Dorothy emphasized what she considers to be the basis and principal contribution of a vocation in the Catholic Worker Movement: 'voil un'tary poverty.

Dorothy observed that hospitality houses which follow the complete CW program usually ifold after a time, and then dioceses get the idea and start their own house of hospitality-without the OWs social theories of course. Somehow directed by the hierarchy would be preferable to a handful of independent CW houses, and every parish should have one.

A large center, like old Mott Street with its thirty-eight rooms, erteven Chrystie Street became an institution instead of the best kind of example ifor well-off Catholies who might be disposed toward doing "a little something" ffor the neetly with a "Christ moom" in their domes, Small centers, many of them, and more extensive personal involvement are the ideal.

On the same Saturday, in the evening, Dorothy amid Ammon appeared at Quaker Meeting House on the South Belle; a group of about fortyffive like the nie d to speeches and discussed many es, pacifism especially. We trust that Dorothy and Ammon

Trying to begin small and stav that way, Karl Meyer and I started something that could be run while supported the place with a salary. We'd hoped that people in the area and, eventually, over the citywould try something of the sort themselves. But this kind of development takes decades. Somehow a plan for many small hospitality houses gets to be irrelevant



when the line for supper and lodging gets higger; a salary or two and our working with the men part-time doesn't answer the problem. Before you know it you're not working for money, you learn to panhandle food and take donations with ease, and you are an institution. You begin thinking you belong in one when finances get tight and the men's problems multiply simply because you have more time to see them. Two dilemmas present themselves.

stay with your personalism, or the suite of rooms in a nice hotel. You grim necessity of drifting to in-stitutional status. The second di-lemma is more gruesome for the ciple and you won't give up your "haves." 'If you're going to have principle."

thinks the problems of destitution enjoyed their visit as much as we the poor into your home you have can be solved through organiza- did. They certainly left us some to take into account the possibility tions more effectively than by in- encouraging thoughts on peace and that some of them will steal. The solution is simply not to have anything around worth-stealing, or else to keep one's few valuable things under lock and key. A fellow suggested: "Be so poor that when a guy sees 'the inside of the place he'll wonder whether you'd steal from him."

Voluntary poverty needn't be that extreme, but it's just as "bad" as it was when Christ talked to the rich young man. You're no longer well-off and doing a little, but you're poor, doing a great deal for the needy because you can afford more. This may sound unbelievable to someone who hasn't tried it. There is an invaluable change of perspective in sharing the hardships of the poor and "seeing society from the 'bottom": efforts 'to conform with stock American economic and social mores are a wasteful expense of spirit.

'At 'the Chicago center we're prospering in most of the important ways besides money. There are still eleven to thirteen men staying in our storefront, but about fifty men eat here each evening. For a white, we'll continue taking meals for about forty of the monprofessional hospital strikers who were making between 78c to \$1.03hour. I can't help feeling the assistance we give the men here is too superficial; the final diagnosis of this house might be: the patients died but the operation was a success. Sometimes the men's problems are practically ignored, and some people have to be turned out for minor breaches of discipline simply to insure that order is kept. The kitchen is the only part of our work that approaches efficiency. Fortunately, Phil Meighan, oldtime pacifist of Minneapolis and New York CW houses, has volunteered professional services for group therapy with the alcoholics.

In our wrestling with theory and practice, we need the kind of philosophic serenity I met this week in a man off Clark Street. He has a recurrent, erucial problem with liquor and he's been in and out of residence here several times. I hadn't seen him for a while and Lasked how he was,

He said jovially, soberly, "Everything is going OK with me-that is, in comparison to how it usually rlees.'

"Il speid, Then you're contented with life as we find it."

"II wouldn't say that," he said. It's like when I had my fortune told vesterday-for free of course. That woman was a real artist at her thusiness. She looked at my palmand she said, You would like One is the choice and effort to to have a Lincoln and a great big

Hands and Heads

By PETER MAURIN

Some said that the Catholic Worker is a movement for down and outs. And it is a movement for down and couts including down and out businessmen down and out college graduates and down and out college professors. In the Catholic Worker. besides being fed. clothed and sheltered. people dearn to use their hands as well as their bends. And while they learn to use their heads to guide their hands the use of their hands improves a great deal the working of their heads.

Khrushchev and Henry Ford

By ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

If Khrushchev in his visit to this country doesn't include the Ford plants in and around Detroit, it will certainly mark a lack of respect for a revolutionary who has done so much to further the Marxist idea. Without Ford and his mass production methods, copied world-wide, Russia just wouldn't be the power she is. The Detroit Ford took these numerous ikons wizard so efficiently organized material into the production of his that other manufacturers copied him enthusiastically. If today the Russians look with envy at the Sears-Roebuck catalogue, it is largely because of this second Industrial Revolution, fostered by Ford. Between World War One and World War Two, Germany and Russia copied these methods and stressing the importance of protheir industrial rise is a fact of

Khrushchev should stop for a bombers rolled off the assembly line to subdue Germany and make the world safe for Communism.

Khrushchev should certainly pay tribute to the Detroit genius for the control of material is the Communist ideal and no one has ever come down the pike with a technique equal to Ford's.

Khrushchev would probably have an understanding sympathy for Mr. Ford's right and left hand man, Harry Bennett of the Ford Protective Service, a nice name for the Ford OGPU. This association of strong-arm boys, thugs and general tough guys kept the indeempire at a minimum. I once saw an executive in a Ford sub-division, some two thousand miles from Detroit, fired by telegram one morning. He didn't pass the test for his private life. He wasn't going around with the right woman and Ford didn't want less than moral attitudes among his employees. Khrushchev will probably ing the Edison shrine of the light understand Bennett's ownership of five homes and his secret getaway tunnels to his waiting cars and boat. Mr. Bennett had an appropriate sense of doom, something Khrushchev probably understands well.

Ford was an inconsistent genius. Khrushchev at times seems to slide away from the Marxist line of thought. He casts eyes of envy at the Capitalistic production successes. Ford once called history the bunk, then spent a great many years carefully recreating colonial history at the village of Sudbury, Massachusetts. He fired a carpenter once for even cutting of a projection in one building, marring the early effect. Ford hired the man back when it was explained to him that visitors might be hit by the projection and bring suit. Ford was annoyed by automobiles passing along a state highway, lending an anachronistic note to his colonial re-creation. He paid a quarter of a million dollars to

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buy up land and asked and obtained the state's permission to reroute the road.

Khrushchev may wonder at the odd turn of history which saw Ford accepting ikons of the Blessed Mother, thrown out by the thousands durng the Revolution as part payment for the Ford factories which were taken over in Russia. and sold them through a New York art dealer. At first they went for a few dollars each but now some are rare ones, worth five hundred dollars. The Blessed Mother must smile wryly at this deal which spread her face to the four corners of the earth.

The Ford empire and the Communist empire are one in their duction and their lesser interest in human beings and personality. Ford at times had misgivings about moment of silence before the River the Frankenstein he had created Rouge plant where some 80,000 and he himself fled to a smaller part of his Goliath factory set-up to get the feeling of not being overwhelmed. He was social minded in his unique way, built a hospital where doctors had to reluctantly accept standard fees and patients had to receive the same kind of service and stay in the same type of room. Pure egalitarianism.

Electric power, of course, is a mark of an industrial age. Ford followed Edison around: faithfully, Charlie McCarthying his ideas on God, cigarette-smoking, reincarnation. Ford thought he had had recollections of living in a previous pendence of thinking at the Ford life. Henry Adams wrote a penetrating essay on the two spirits dominating society. He called it The Virgin and the Dynamo.

I thought of this when reading a strange coincidence. In the same issue of the New York Times, relating the amazing red sky of January 25-26, 1938, on the same page, there is a reference to Ford visitbulb in New Jersey. The paper used the word shrine and we know that Lucy of Fatima said this red sky was the warning given to her concerning the start of the Second World War.

If you visited the Ford plants as I did, you would note the awful dirt and ugliness of the work in the assembly lines and the immaculate neatness of the dynamos with their attendants dressed in white like the cleanest of street cleaners. I once asked my host, an employee of Ford how he could work in the filth and noise of the assembly line. "I use cotton wool in my ears," he said. I remarked that the scene reminded me of Hell. His answer was that Detroiters used to say "only foreigners work for Ford, Americans feel it is beneath themselves." I used to look at the evident Slavic faces of the men shovelling the bolts and nuts and perspiring over the machines that never stopped pouring out their products, and wonder hey were so evidently displaced ersons, especially displaced peasnts living under a new czar.

Khrushchev probably has heard the Fatima prophecies concernig the ultimate conversion of Rusa to Christianity. He might well onder a strange thing. Henry Ford ied while the winds howled and ne rains tumbled down and the lectric wires were broken and the ght bulbs lost their power. He led by candlelight.

Possibly he got a last loving bit illumination from the Blessed lother as to the significance of the candle, of life in general. He had been a strange one but he had been influential in spreading her Russian ikons around the world

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

Highlander Folk School

(Continued from page 2)

office there for this past winter to supervise the work. I was then working in the office at Highlander, and went with her as her secretary and "chauffeur," and lived in her home. I met only a few white people all winter, and it's possible that I was at times taken for a Negro-I don't know. I do know that I have never been made to feel more at home than I was in Charleston and on the islands.

Mrs. Clark's first teaching had been in a country school house on Johns Island—one of the Sea Islands along the coast of South Carolina and Georgia—and though later she moved away she never lost interest in the island people, who were so isolated for so long, and who knew few of the public service benefits that even the Negroes of the mainland had come to have, let alone the white people. In 1916 it took Mrs. Clark from 10:00 in the morning until midnight to get to Johns Is., traveling in a small open boat through creeks with muddy, oyster-covered banks. Now it is a twenty minute drive over paved roads and a few short



ST ISAAC JOGUES

Yet the first health bridges. clinics for Negroes on the islands were set up only last year. The people of Daufuskie, a wild and beautiful island near Savannah that we reached after an hour in an outboard motor boat, weaving our way among many smaller islands, must still pay \$100 for a visit from a doctor.

The Sea Islands are very flat, and thickly covered with vegetation, both wild and cultivated. The rich soil used to produce the famous Sea Island cotton, but now the commercial crop is vegetables which are grown all year round. The Negro women work in the fields, and most of the men pick up stevedore jobs in the city, or work in the Navy Yard or dry dock, but nearly all of them own their place, however small.

Mr. Esau Jenkins of Johns Is. is another remarkable leader. He was born on the island, finished fourth grade and then got married. He later took lessons from the minister, and now still takes high school courses at night. He armed for a while, but felt pushed out by farmers with machinery. Now, after many years, he owns a motel, a restaurant, and some passenger busses, which he uses also for all kinds of community work. He has had 15 children, half of them still living, and has so far put three through college; others are now attending. Mr. Jenkins has been a leader on the island since 1940. At that time white men often shot and even killed Negroes on the slightest provocation, and Mr. Jenkins got a group of men together to help each other in such troubles. These men paid 10c a month and formed the Progressive Club. Mr. Jenkins led them, and has been working ever since to teach the island people to register and vote, to ask for improved roads, schools and school

sistent, and by now is known and respected by both whites and Negroes, though some of his own people still call him "our silly Esau" and for a long time they didn't believe in him. He was the first Negro ever to run for office on the school board. He did this on return from his first visit to Highlander, where Mrs. Clark had brought him in 1954. He was not elected, but he made a great impression, campaigning from door to door even among the white people. One Negro walked 14 miles to vote for him. Now the white people are scared and have made the office appointive! Mr. Jenkins was once threatened with death if he went to a certain political meeting. He went of course. Also he once signed a note for a man who needed money, a Negro who was at the time trying hard to undermine his' work in the community; he even offered this man's son a job. There are many other stories about him, but the only one I shall tel is the one about how the adult schools got started.

These are Mr. Jenkins' own words: "Miss Alice Wine (in her sixties) is the woman that made me feel that we could have got an adult school. I was teaching people in the bus in the mornings (he ran a bus line into the city from the islands). I typed, it out (this refers to the voter registration blank) and passed it around to the various ones in the bus to read, for that was the problem: for them to read that. So this woman said to me, 'Mr. Jenkins, I stopped school in the first grade. I'm not going to be able to read those vords, but if you're willing to take time with me I could memorize it. You can imagine how many letters and words she had to memorize. And so I taught her in the bus.' When they went to register Miss Wine went along. "One of the ladies who could read right well went in. Happen she went in at the same time, and the lady who could read started reading but she missed one of the words, so Miss Wine started to coach her in there that that was the wrong way, so the registrar said, 'No coaching in here,' not knowing that she couldn't read it herself! Now you wouldn't see many persons smart enough to do that, and so I thought, we need a school. 'I was happy when Highlander consented to help us to do that."

Highlander loaned enough money for the purchase of a small building for the Progressive Club, and a co-op store in the front of the Club has earned money regularly to repay the loan. It is a community building and the adult school is held in it twice a week all winter. Miss Alice Wine has attended for three years, and now reads and writes very nicely.

After the first two years of the adult school the people of neighboring islands saw that those who attended it were able to register to vote, and last fall requests for schools came in from two other islands. Mr. Jenkins' daughter, who is a tailor, taught one. She is a college graduate who could lic schools, probably because of her father's activities. A minister's wife taught the new school on Edisto Is., 50 miles south of Charleston. A third school was started in a beauty parlor in North Charleston. One woman who came to it said she also took an adult course given by the city, but she greatly preferred the Highlander approach, with lessons in citizenship that the city refuses to teach Negroes. The teacher on Johns Is. and in No. Charleston is a hairdresser and seamstress, and when she started teaching at the Progressive Club three years ago she had never done anything of the kind before. Her work has been a tremendous success. All of the teachers are volunteers with their expenses paid by Highlander. It Our Lady of Guadalupe).

He has been extraordinarily per- is wonderfully rewarding work, as I know, for on several evenings I helped a young mother of five with her reading lesson. Because she had grown up on a small isolated island she had never been able to go to school.

So Mrs. Clark, as director of the program, had to visit all these schools, and take out-of-town visitors too. We took films to each school in turn, films about Gandhi, the Montgomery Bus Boycott, and other more general subjects. At times I felt that the people would rather have continued the literacy class than stop for the movie. They have a great thirst to learn.

We had one evening gathering with discussion groups on co-ops, safe driving (for young people) and voting, lasting about 45 minutes. Then all together had an oyster roast. It was a frosty night, and all the water pipes were frozen, but we drank pop and ate oysters around the outdoor fire. I believe about a hundred people came from the city and the islands, some from as much as 80 miles away. Later in the spring we had another oyster roast at the Progressive Club, with a program of questions and answers about human rights. The closing cere-mony for all four adult schools was held on Edisto Is, at the end of February. Dorothy Day happened to be visiting me at Mrs. Clark's then, and she came to the meeting and spoke to the group. The main part of the program was made up of readings and presentations by the students of the adult schools who had learned to read. One was a statement of thanks by a woman who had learned to make clothes for her numerous children. People who know them well say that an extraordinary change is coming among the island people.

30 Highlander has simply tried to help people to help themselves and each other. Because many of these people are Negroes, some southerners hate the school and want to destroy it. There is little chance that they will succeed, but even if they do, there are people all over the South who, like those Charleston County, have learned how much it is possible for them to do themselves. Their new consciousness and hope will certainly never be destroyed.

(Continued from page 5)

process of being constructed from the soft stone which is quarried in the neighborhood is a copy of the Iglesia de Santa Maria which is claimed to be the oldest Church in Morelia.

There is a lot of traffic on these roads, Frank informed me. One morning Father counted some sixty-five burros loaded with wood being driven to the market place from the mountains.

We had dinner with the Vigil's that evening before taking the first class bus, which left at midnight for Mexico. The air in the bus not get a teaching job in the pub- grew perceptibly colder as we roared through the night and I was grateful for the warmth of the serape which I had bought in the market square that afternoon. I wrapped myself in it and lulled to sleep by the swaying and twisting of the bus fell asleep only to waken when we approached the outskirts of Mexico City.

(Those who would like to help Arthur and Frank in their missionary apostolate are requested to get in touch with AID, 374 Grand Street, Paterson, New Jersey. AID (the Association for International Development) was established to train and help lay missionaries for the mission apostolate of the Church.

Next month I hope to write about my visit to the Shrine of