

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## C.W. Editors Will Picket Kohler

Readers of *The Catholic Worker* are not strangers to the struggle, of the Local 833 UAW with Herbert V. Kohler, sometimes indelicately referred to as the "Bath Tub Baron." This strike\* which began on April 5, 1954 has been the most publicized in recent U.S. labor history. Only a few weeks ago *Time Magazine*, which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a champion of labor, ran an article championing the rights of the striking Kohler workers.

The list of the Kohler Company's sins is a long and adamant one: refusal to accept any and all arbitration, the employing of an army of "scabs," eviction of striking employees from company-owned homes and apartments, cancellation of life and hospitalization insurance of strikers, discharge of ninety strike leaders including all local union officers and the condoning of the use of violence against the striking workers.

It is true that the strikers have been guilty of violence too but we feel that they are more sinned against than sinning. For this reason we want to do our share to bring moral pressure to bear on the Kohler Co.

Beginning this month a number of us from *The Catholic Worker* will fast and picket the Kohler Co. Showroom at 99 Park Avenue on the first Thursday of each month for the duration of the strike. Any of our readers from the metropolitan area who want to picket with us will be welcome.

R. S.

\*The plant on strike is located in Kohler, Wisc., near Sheboygan.

## A Belgian Objector: Jean Van Lierde

By Bernard Coutaz

Jean Van Lierde became a conscientious objector while armed with a machine gun, fighting for the liberation of Belgium.

"I realized then," he told me recently, "that peace, true peace (after all, are there different kinds of peace?) can never be built on the corpses and ruins of enemy nations."

Jean Van Lierde has earned the right to resist war. Because he never trembled under the German occupation, he is able today to face up to the difficult struggle of the pacifist. No one can accuse him of basing his decision on sentiment or of reacting without reflection. It was after many contacts with the occupying forces, after having pondered the question calmly and (in every sense of the word) conscientiously, that he took a stand for conscientious objection and non-violence.

### An Anti-Militarist Resister

On October 10, 1949—he was 23 years old at the time—he was arrested for refusing to accomplish his military service. It was then that this man, who had taken an active part in the liberation of his country, astounded the officials by arriving at the barracks with his pockets stuffed with anti-militarist tracts, pockets of the civilian clothes that he was refusing to exchange for a new uniform.

"I am a civilian. I deny your right to try me as a soldier," he declared.

They locked him up. Thus began for him the familiar pattern of successive prison sentences, which, in Belgium as in France, forces heroism upon those men of tomorrow who refuse to kill their brother merely because they were born on different soil.

Belgium, like France, has no provision for the legal recognition of conscientious objectors. What happens is that they receive prison sentences, which can be continually renewed; they are thrown into prison with common criminals, who, paradoxically, are exempted from military service because they might "contaminate" the army.

The arrest of Jean Van Lierde, who had been a leader in the Catholic Action movement, aroused a good deal of feeling throughout Belgium. To hush up the affair, the authorities freed him after 42 days, without offering any explanation for his release. But a year later he was again arrested and this time received a sentence of nine months in prison. When he had served his term, he was tried once more and given a six months sentence. A sad and familiar drama, whose last act often takes place in a sanatorium.

### Measures of Intimidation

These repeated prison terms, for all the hardships they involved, in no way diminished his courage. He drew his strength from his acute sense of the dignity of man as a free creature of God and from his unceasing concern for his fellows.

But all kinds of pressures were brought to bear on him and attempts were made to bribe him. A social worker was sent to his cell to speak to him of his grieving mother and of his fiancée who was waiting for him outside; a priest urged him to submit to established authority; he was visited by officers of all ranks, who went so far as to threaten him.

Jean Van Lierde was willing to talk to anybody as long as the discussion was conducted on a courteous level, but when a colonel met him and began addressing him with the familiar "tu," he casually responded in the same way; when three captains took the only chairs in the room in which they were interviewing him, he sat at his ease on the edge of a desk. It was not that he was impudent—not at all. It was only that, peacefully and on occasion humorously, he claimed that measure of respect due to all men as a right.

### Refused Special Privilege

When, at the end of his first period of detention, they came to tell him he was free, he immediately wanted to know if this determination applied equally to the other C.O.s in jail with him. And when he realized that he was benefited (Continued on page 7)



... Job is a type of Christ. And what argument of men can convince Christ that He ought to be put to death for us? Jesus did not die to prove any argument of ours. His death was not measured by

## JOB

any human standard of justice. The Pharisees who reviled Him and told Him to come down from the Cross were Job's friends speak-

ing now no longer as personages in a drama, but in their own name and in that of fallen man.

(From *THE SIGN OF JONAS*, by Thomas Merton, Harcourt Brace & Co.)



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## Reply to "The Liguorian"

In this month's issue of the Redemptorist magazine THE LIGUORIAN sent to us by a priest in Minnesota with a note attached reading: "I hope someone at the C.W. will answer this" there appears in the question and answer section a letter from a sixteen-year-old Catholic who asks: "Is it wrong in the eyes of the Church to be a conscientious objector? My heart just doesn't think that it is right to fight in wars. I am only sixteen, but as far as I can see there should never be a war with Christians forming the battle lines. When I try to imagine Jesus as a soldier, I can see Him only carrying a cross. How can I imitate Jesus Christ with bombs and guns in my hands? The Blessed Virgin said we must pray and do penance. That is the way we should fight wars. I believe that one saint could do far more to end a war than all the armies in the world."

This is the answer that young man received from the editors. "Any person who truly feels obliged in conscience to be opposed to war has the obligation of following his conscience. At the same time, since his conscience is objectively in error, he has the obligation of seeking the truth about this question and correcting his erroneous conscience. The writer of the above letter seems to be making an effort to do this, but as he says, he is thinking with his heart and his emotions, not with his soul. The Bible itself will tell him about God's attitude toward war. Further, while he is looking to the saints for example to lead him, he had better not overlook St. Joan of Arc and St. Louis of France who did more than pray to win a war."

Perhaps it is just pride but I cannot believe the "Catholic Worker" has made its influence so little felt in almost twenty-five years that the editors of a nationally circulated Catholic magazine such as the "Liguorian" are not familiar with the pacifist or the conscientious objector positions. And yet if they are how can they answer the way they did? They don't even make the distinction between just and unjust wars and suggest that their questioner work from that position. Is their national pride so great that they always assume that the United States is justified in any war she gets herself into?

Why do they immediately assume that the young man is "thinking with his emotions and not with his soul"? Leaving aside the confused terminology it is, I think, a mistake to so completely ignore the possibility of a valid intuition (inspired by grace) as to the immorality of war, certainly as to modern warfare, in the light of the life and teachings of Christ and to suggest that one follow a nationalistic interpretation of the Old Testament.

It is also a mistake to rely entirely on the "American Ecclesiastical Review" in such matters and to ignore the European theologians who have reviewed the question more deeply and it would seem with less partiality such as Fr. Stratman, Fr. Ude, Cardinal Ottaviani, and Fr. Lorton. At least one American priest, Rev. John Hugo, has written exhaustively on the subject and his book, "The Gospel of Peace," has the imprimatur of Cardinal Spellman.

It should be remembered that the Church includes in her catalogue of saints, Francis of Assisi and Martin of Tours, as well as the saints who led crusades. It is said of St. Joan of Arc that she never killed anyone and wept at the sight of blood and St. Louis once said to his son: "In one thing you must not imitate me; I have loved war too much."

It seems to me to be a little dangerous to give short, over-simplified, dogmatic answers to such complex and serious matters as conscientious objection and pacifism while the magisterium of the Church itself is seen to be so seriously and delicately searching for the answers to these questions. Won't such a one-sided presentation occasion a loss of respect for the Church by her more intelligent and sensitive children?

And there is another thing that is a little puzzling, something that has occurred to me a number of times and which was voiced by John Stanley at the Pacifist Conference: it seems that most theologians have gone out of their way to make a case for war and when others work just as hard to make a case for pacifism they are treated as if they were advocating the most dangerous of heresies and the most heinous of crimes. And yet the Christ said: "Love your enemies; do good to those who persecute you."

Robert Steed



E. ZUTRAU

## In The Market Place

By Ammon Hennacy

During the last month Kerran Dugan who has written articles for the CW came up from Washington, D. C., where he had been doing social work and newspaper writing and he has been going for the mail mornings and answering most of it. This has given me time to finish making an Index of the CW from the first issue in May 1933 to Sept. 1956. I have listed names, subjects, places. Also a separate index of book reviews as to name, author and reviewer, and of poems, plays, editorials and cuts. Also a summary of changes in the masthead during these years. I made five copies, one for the Catholic Periodical Index of the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C. One for the Labadie Library at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Joe Labadie was President of the State Federation of Labor for thirty years and also a leading anarchist. He gave his library to the University and it is about the best collection of American radical thought. One copy is to be chained here in our office so that readers can look up what they are interested in, and one copy is for Dorothy and one for myself. This 90 page index will be bound and I hope will be able to stand much use. I included a sketch of Peter by Fritz Elchenberg in the front and our CW Resolutions by Tom Cain in the back of the index. I put more time on this work than I did on my Autobiography and would not have started it if I had known it would have entailed so much work. I plan to keep it up each year.

### Mr. Heresy

A joke was often made around the office as to what I was doing and the answer was, "Hennacy's on the Index" when I was working on the compilation as stated above. I was invited recently to meet some students from Viet Nam and the Philippines. Just as their names are unfamiliar to us so ours are to them. When I was introduced, "Meet Mr. Hennacy," one girl innocently greeted me: "Glad to meet you Mr. Heresy." Then they sang Viet Nam revolutionary songs and I replied with the I.W.W. classic, "Long Haired Preachers" and the Red Flag.

In Chesterton's book on George Bernard Shaw he says that: "A man must be orthodox upon most things or he will never even have time to preach his own heresy."

### Voting

Now at election time it is well to emphasize the CW view that we will have a better world when we have better people and that this is to be brought about by the one-man-revolution within each of us rather than by bullets or ballots. We are to choose between a part time President and his energetic running mate whose chameleon like tactics would have us forget his McCarthyite past, and liberal Democratic candidates who have watered down their principles to keep their racist Southern group from again bolting the ticket.

We hear the argument that if you don't vote for the good liberal candidate the bad conservatives will get in. The fact is that good men are worse than bad men for they figure out so many good reasons for doing a bad thing that a bad man would not think of it, and in so doing they lend their goodness to an evil cause. It has not been the die-hard conservative who has led us into war. It has been the liberal Wilson whose New Deal gave us a war to end war; the crusading F.D.R. who said in Boston: "I tell you again and again and again that your boys will not be sent to a foreign shore," and whose war to make the world safe for democracy multiplied the dictatorships; and the liberal Truman who ordered the dropping of the

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY



THE HOUSING department announces itself as satisfied in regard to our New York House of Hospitality, but we have not yet received our certificate of occupancy because our night watchman has not been going around every hour on the hour with a clock within which is a record which certifies that he has visited every floor through the night. Right now members of the staff are taking turns being night watchman. When I came in at 2:30 a.m. from Boston last night (I was speaking before the M.I.T. Catholic club), I found Charlie, Kerran and Hank still up, and Mike Kovalak was night watchman and making his rounds.

We have also had other summonses recently for leaving garbage can lids off (only for a moment while the garbage truck was approaching). I think Mike was trying to make things easier for them. He was fined fifteen dollars. Yesterday another summons was given to the two fellows who were painting the front fire escape, for dropping some paint on the sidewalk.

Down on Staten Island, we have been notified that the housing department has us classified as a multiple dwelling, and we are not permitted to have more than two families and four roomers in the farm house. We had to fill out an affidavit and swear to it before a notary public as to just who was staying in the house. At present there is Beth Rogers, Agnes, Sidney, Stanley Vishnewski and Magdalene and her two children. In New York we are classified as a hotel. There is no such thing as a house of hospitality in the language of the housing department. So much for our trials.

I had one day of recollection with Dorothy Clarke and Blanca Nardi of Pittsburgh, and two days at Regina Laudis at Bethlehem, Conn., with Helene Iswolsky. The Regina Laudis stay was a visit, rather than days of recollection. I visited with Sister Prisca who is an oblate sister, and who used to be a member of our Rochester House of Hospitality group. One feels the strength of this community of nuns, this power house offering up adoration, thanksgiving, supplication and contrition for us all. There is the primitive simplicity of the early Benedictine communities, and the life of work and worship (they practice various crafts) is integrated and intelligent. They pray with the understanding, as St. Paul recommended. It is good to ask spiritual counsel of Mother Benedict. She advised me to read St. Gregory on Pastoral care, as good for anyone living in community and I departed too with a copy of the meditations of St. Gertrude, translated by one of the nuns of Regina Laudis. I thought of the work done by the Nuns of Stanbrook, in the field of Carmelite spirituality, and Regina Laudis will be doing the same thing for the great Benedictine writers of the ages, we hope.

I had the joy of stopping for two nights with Margaret and Norman Langlois who has charge of some building operations there right now. There is not enough time to do all the things that have to be done—farm, build, study, pray. In this life we can only make beginnings. There is an intense life in this Benedictine center, and the joy radiates into the life of the families around. Norman and Margaret have nine children and their house is so big there is always room for guests. Marie Kenny who worked with us for a year on Mott Street, arrived just as I left, to stay for a few days of prepara-

tion before her marriage, at the guest house.

The Labor Day week end was a great joy this year, and went off smoothly and happily with conferences and discussions and good meals. There were families and children visiting too, and we wish we had more than cow and heifer and geese to show them. We should have a sheep, a goat, a pig, some chickens and rabbits—all of which we have had in the past, as a sample of a little farm. We had a wonderful garden this year, but no one to care for the animals (aside from the cow).

Eddie Egan spoke extremely well and Bob Ludlow better than he did a year ago. His talk on tradition spurred us to invite Fr. McCoy to give us a talk on that subject this month.

I had a most wonderful week with Tamar and Dave's seven children in mid-September, while they drove with Al Gullion to visit friends through Vermont, with the hope of finding work and a place to live there. Such a move would be depending on a job, perhaps in one of the printing plants, in Chester or Brattleboro, and being able to sell their little house and four acres on Staten Island. I should be happy for them if they can do this, not only that they may be in the clear atmosphere of Vermont, where many of our friends live, but so that my visits with them may be more leisurely and complete. As it is now, I run in and out, on my way to and from the city, to and from Peter Maurin farm. We will miss them terribly at P.M. farm,

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Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of The Catholic Worker, published monthly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1956.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Associate Editors, Charles McCormack, Ammon Hennacy, Robt. Steed, Beth Rogers, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Managing Editor Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Business Manager, Charles McCormack, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only).

Charles McCormack, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1956.

(Seal)

John Jurkow.

Notary Public, State of New York. Qualified in Kings County No. 24-7132400. Certificates filed with Kings, New York, Queens & Bronx County Clerk & Register Offices. (My commission expires March 30, 1958.)



# Dying And Yet We Live

By KARL STERN

The first time there was an entire group of people in the German resistance it was, curiously enough, a group of Catholic students of the University of Munich: Hans and Sophie Scholl, Christopher Probst, Professor Huber, Alexander Schmorell and Wilhelm Graf. These people had begun, in 1942, to circulate what were called the pamphlets of the White Rose.

On Feb. 18th, 1943, Hans and Sophie Scholl threw pamphlets from the gallery into the main lobby of the University and made a quick get-away. However, the janitor of the University recognized them and denounced them to the police. They had a very quick trial and were beheaded within two days. At the same time Christopher Probst met his death. Then Professor Huber, Schmorell and Graf later in the same year.

Christopher Probst's mother and sister were shown a letter he had written to them by the jailkeeper but they were not allowed to take the letter with them. They memorized the letter and here I am quoting it to you: "I never knew that dying is so easy . . . I die without any feeling of hatred . . . Never forget that life is nothing but a growing in love and a preparation for eternity."

Alexander Schmorell wrote to his parents: "In case my plea for mercy is rejected, remember that 'death' does not mean the end of all life, but actually, on the contrary, a birth, a passing over into a new life, a glorious and everlasting life. Hence death is not a fearful thing. It is the separation that is hard, and heavy to bear. But it becomes less and less heavy to bear when we remain mindful that we are indeed not parting forever, but only for a time—as for a journey—in order afterward to meet again forever and always in a life that is infinitely more beautiful than the present one, and that then there will be no end of our being together. Remember all this and your burden will surely become lighter."

Christopher Probst who had been toying with the idea of Catholicism for quite some time entered the Church, confessed and went to Communion before his execution.

In my book, *The Pillar of Fire*, I speak of a lady, Frau Flamm, who had an extraordinary influence on me. After the war was over I found out that she was still alive and active in the same laboratory in which I worked with her in Munich. This lady had a confessor and spiritual director, a Jesuit, Father Delp, who had become one of the outstanding figures of the German resistance movement. He was hanged on the second of February, 1945. One day later his judge, Freisler, the man who condemned all the Christian martyrs of the Third Reich to death, was himself killed by an enemy bomb in the cellar of the Palace of Justice. There is a popular saying in Munich that during Father Delp's trial, Father Delp predicted to the judge the day and the hour of his death. Father Delp was condemned together with the great resistance fighter of the German Confessional Church, the Lutheran Count Helmuth von Moltke. Here is what Count Helmuth von Moltke wrote to his wife from prison about the Jesuit Father Delp and himself: "All we had been doing was thinking . . . and the National Socialists are so afraid of the thoughts of us lonely men, the pure thoughts that everything that is infected by our thoughts must be destroyed. We are going to be hanged because we have been thinking together." These words of Count Moltke could be the motto for the entire ecumenical movement in Germany. Count von Moltke was a member of one of the most famous northern German aristocratic families. He was the great great nephew of the famous field marshal of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. It is interesting that the dirtiest accusation in the whole "treason" trial of Count von Moltke was the charge that he lined up in the resistance movement with Jesuits. This, more than anything else, was regarded as a true betrayal of the tradition for which Count Moltke stood.

Father Delp was born in Mannheim in 1907. In one of the last years of High School he became a Catholic and joined a Catholic youth association whose motto was: "We dedicate ourselves to you, the one who is victorious over all the enemies of her Son. We want to be a group of apostles." At the age of nineteen he entered the Jesuit novitiate. At the age of twenty-eight he wrote a critical book about the existentialist philosophy of Heidegger, the greatest of the non-Christian existentialists. It was he who originally inspired Jean-Paul Sartre and from a philosophical point of view there is no doubt that Heidegger is more original than M. Sartre. It was obvious in the book that Delp felt even at that time the symptomatic significance of the atheistic aspect of existentialist philosophy. In this book, "Tragic Existence," one can feel the program of the man's life. He puts his finger on the central sore spot when he says that present-day man is not only Godless, he has become what one best translates, very poorly, from the German, "God-incapacitated." "It is the tragedy of our time that we cannot find man because we do not seek God and we do not seek God because there are no men." He saw the tragic element in German existence in the "mystery of the missing centre." Man must have his gaze liberated again for total being with all its commitments and ties, including the tie and commitment to God. "Then it will happen that we can find that center again, that we shall settle in that central area again in which all tradition and all anxiety and all worries and decision attain a new meaning. In that area all existence will be freed of tragedy because here he who loses his life finds it again fully."

Father Delp became a sociologist, contributed to the famous Jesuit journal, "Stimmen der Zeit," which was banned in 1939 by the Government. From then until he was arrested in 1943 he did parish work in the parish of the Sacred Blood in Bogenhausen, a suburb of Munich. The church now contains the epitaph of Father Delp, a big marble plate, which also contains the epitaph of three

other Christian martyrs of that time. He once wrote a small book of eighty pages, "Man and History." One of the sentences in this small book reads: "History demands of man a long-range aim, great courage, the sense of risk and bloody sacrifice."

In 1942 Father Delp began a secret circle to which Count von Moltke belonged.

In one of his articles Father Delp wrote: "All true reality must be related to the mystery of the Incarnation, and every hour is true reality before it becomes treason or distortion." In his meditations on the Our Father he wrote in prison: "Bread is important, freedom is more important, but the most important thing is unbroken faithfulness and prayer without betrayal."

Another sentence he wrote in prison, although it expresses a very simple thought, is something we should remember today, at this hour: "If there has been a little more light and truth in the world through the existence of a human being then the existence of that human being has not been in vain."

After the verdict of capital punishment had been read Father Delp wrote: "As for myself, however, I intend to wait here faithfully for the dispensation and guidance of the Lord God. I shall trust in Him until they take me away. And I shall strive to see that even this release and its passport do not find me small and despairing." On the morning of execution, a few hours before his death, he wrote a letter to his fellow priests of the Order, of which the last words read: "Around noon I shall once more celebrate Mass, and then in God's Name I shall go the way of His dispensation and guidance. To you God's blessing and protection. Your thankful, Alfred Delp, S.J."

Those among you who are close to the Catholic Worker movement might be interested in the case of Brother Max Joseph Metzger. He was the founder of the brotherhood of Christ the King of the White Cross which had three aims: social work with an emphasis on spiritual aid, Christian pacifism, and union among the Christian denominations.

He was arrested very early in the game because this pacifist Catholic was regarded as extremely dangerous. He was imprisoned for four weeks in 1934 and again for eleven months in 1939. In June 1943 he was again arrested and on Oct. 14th, 1943 he was condemned to death. He was executed on April 17, 1944. He wrote the following to his fellow prisoners: "That man is truly free who is superior to every condition and who finds a reward in every lot. Can this be? The Apostle Paul, when he was himself in chains, said: 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' I have written this to you because I wish that you could all be as free and as happy as I am."

I should like to end my story with the story of the Dean of the cathedral of St. Hedwig's in Berlin, Bernard Lichenberg. This man was already a famous figure in pre-Hitler Berlin. He was tall, striking-looking, powerfully built man who would, for instance, walk up and down in front of the Adlon Hotel in Berlin saying his breviary. What that means is very difficult to describe unless one knows the general atmosphere of Berlin between the two World Wars. Or he would sit in the Berlin subway saying his breviary and the man opposite him would start making mocking remarks and Lichenberg would say to him: "Look here, I don't mind you reading your newspaper and you'd better not mind my reading my breviary." When Hitler was in power there came out, during the War, a decree that anyone who was seen helping a Jew or doing any kind of act of charity toward a Jew was regarded as an enemy of the State. Dean Lichenberg had a letter read from the pulpit of the cathedral demanding that every Catholic ignore that decree and act according to his conscience on the basis of the command of "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is hard for you to realize what that meant unless you have lived in Hitler Germany. The same Dean at the end of every Mass, read aloud: "Now let us pray for the Jews, for the concentration camp inmates and for all our persecuted brothers." Two students who heard that prayer denounced him to the Gestapo and on October 23rd, 1941 he was arrested, tried and condemned to two years in prison. While in various prisons he decided when he was discharged to become chaplain to the baptized Jews in the ghetto at Lodz. But after being two years in prison, instead of being liberated, he was transferred to the concentration camp in Dachau. However, he was so completely weakened from mal-nutrition and sickness that during the transport between Berlin and Dachau, about in the middle, in Hof, he died on Nov. 5, 1943. A letter from his last prison in Tegel said: "I shall consider everything that happens to me, joyful or painful things, elevating or depressing, in the light of eternity. In my patience I will possess my soul." "I have enough courage to live for another twenty years, but should God will that I die today, may His holy Will be done." His body was brought back to Berlin at a time when there were already quite heavy bombardments, and his funeral was what amounted to be a popular demonstration. After the funeral, one of his former fellow-prisoners, a non-Catholic, walked up to one of the Catholics around the tomb and said: "Today you have buried a saint."

These are only a few examples of the people to whom Edith Stein would like us to draw attention today if she were with us. Their lives are tremendous examples to us and I am sure that the world is able to go on after all that torrent of hatred, nihilism and destructiveness which we experienced in our time, only because people like these have lived and still live unknown in our midst. But let us always remember that the sanctification of every one of us does not depend only on trials as dramatic and as striking as the ones I have been talking about here. It depends equally on the little inconspicuous tests of everyday life. This is something which Edith Stein, the Carmelite mystic, would like us to keep foremost in our mind.

Concluded

# Sweatshop

By J. Michael McCloskey

It is common to believe that the sweatshop went out with the nineteenth century. But those who work in western fruit and vegetable canneries know better. The conditions in the canneries may not be as bad as those in the mills at Lowell and Lawrence in the 1870's, but they are still too bad to belong in the mid-twentieth century.

The conditions in the cannery at Eugene, Oregon, which is one of the world's largest string bean canneries, are typical. Workers toil between 70 and 80 hours per week for the company. They work a seven day week, always putting in at least a ten hour day, usually a twelve hour day, and sometimes even a thirteen hour day. The day shift takes over from the night shift at 7:00 a.m. and continues until it is in turn relieved by the night shift at 7:00 p.m.—each shift working nearly from dawn to dusk.

And the sweat of the sweatshops of the nineteenth century is there along with the hours. Twelve hours is worked in the heat of the day amidst steaming boilers, hissing and shooting clouds of steam from myriad jets. Not a fan can be found, and air conditioning could just as well be as far from being invented as it was in the 1870's. The atmosphere becomes choked and stifling, and girls, sorting beans on long conveyor belts, frequently faint in numbers.

Not only is work hot and long, but much of it is hard. Men stack heavy, full gallon cans in dank, musty storage cellars as fast as they can, the foremen constantly checking on them and speeding them up. Conveyor belts from which men unload cans are set so fast the crews can barely keep up with them. And to make sure the workers do not get too much time to catch their breath, the company sets the clocks five minutes ahead in the rooms where the employees take the 15 minute mid-day rest periods required to be granted by state law.

Unions have helped to banish the sweatshop in most industries, but they seem to be taking their time in the canned food industry. Though it is not readily apparent that there is a union in the Eugene cannery (except for the fact that dues regularly disappear from one's paycheck), there is one. It is a Cannery Warehousemen and Food Processors local of Dave Beck's Teamsters union which took over from an old company union a decade ago, and so far, on its record of accomplishments, Beck's union has continued the finest traditions of the company union. The union has most graciously refrained from pushing the company on the matter of improving conditions or hours ("After all, you make all of your real money on those long over-time periods"), and it has secured only



token two and three cent hourly wage increases each year to justify its existence. (The union was responsible for the replacement of a shape-up with a seniority system when it was first organized, but it has done little since.) Compared to some other exploitive wages paid, the cannery's wages may not be out of line. But in relation to the exhausting work performed and the cost of the necessities of life for workingmen, the wages are unjustly low. Wages seem higher than they actually are on an hourly basis because of the unconscionable number of hours worked, but even on this count the advantage is with the company. Into the federal hour and wage laws, cannery interests have had special provisions inserted permitting them to delay paying overtime and double-time for many hours past the normal period. The excuse is that the crops must be canned right away when they are ripe. Though this may be an excuse for working around the clock, it is no excuse for failing to pay normal overtime or for failing to put on a third shift. The production demands of an industry are no excuse for exploitation.

The types of people working in canneries are particularly liable to exploitation. They are principally transient laborers and students of high school age. Neither stay long enough to put real backbone into the union, and neither are capable of resisting exploitation—the transients are too helpless and the students do not know any better. (As one grizzled veteran commented about a similar situation—picking beans in the fields: "The papers said no one objected when they set the bean picking price at 2½ cents a pound. Now that's real funny—who do they think is going to protest, school kids and winos?") Some of the transients are single and can subsist on what they earn, but many have families and have recently arrived from Missouri, Arkansas and Alabama. They are working in the fields and in the canneries until they can get established. Their welcome is bitter, indeed.

Most disillusioning of all is the fact that this exploitation is not the product of rugged private enterprise but is perpetrated by a farmers' cooperative, the Eugene Fruit Growers' Association. Producers' cooperatives may solve the producers' problems, but they solve no problems for the worker!

Little is likely to be done to cure this situation. Dave Beck and his union get dues on schedule without having to give much in return. The vegetable farmers get their labor wholesale and a wider profit margin. When it gets too tough, the students quit and go back to school, the drifters drift on, and the Arkies pack up and move on to the next town, hoping to get on something better there—something permanent. But until it does get too tough—for tonight at least—they will be working a twelve hour shift in the sweatshop canneries out west.



## FOUR INTERVIEWS WITH PETER MAURIN

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

(From the CATHOLIC WORKER, issues of April, May, June and July-August of 1943. Peter Maurin died in 1949).

### Part I: On The Land

Do you believe that people must have an agricultural college training before going on the land, Peter?

These colleges don't always educate persons to stay on the land. I am in favor of people learning by doing.

How can this return to the land be made a dynamic movement?

It takes dynamic persons.

What do you mean by dynamic persons?

Persons with convictions, who foster actions based on convictions, not based on someone giving orders.

Then the driving impulse must come from within people, you would say?

A leader must be a personalist. If he is a personalist, he will not be a dictator. He will change the attitude of others through the power of example. It takes an awful lot of patience.

Would you have the members of your farming commune all eat at a common table?

No, I am against the community kitchen idea. Each family should have their own house.

How about single persons on a farming commune?

The ideal is to have them live in the homes of the married couples. However, this must not be forced but must come through the couples themselves accepting the single persons.

Why do you prefer this way?

To develop a community spirit. In my town, there were two brothers, one married, with a wife and children and the other unmarried. The latter lived with his brother. One day his brother was killed by a tree as they were working together. The unmarried brother then became the guardian of the family. That was the true Christian spirit.

How would you break down that feeling of isolation people have in the country?

It must come from the development of a community spirit. We wish to be halfway between the collectivist idea of everything in common and the hermit way with people being rugged individualists.

Could you mention a book where some ideas on the personalist and communitarian way could be found?

There is something on it in Guardini's book, "The Church and the Catholic."

How about community prayer?

There should be some prayer life in common, but it should come from an inner desire, not be forced. There also must be intellectual discussion as well as the work to be done in the fields and crafts.

You speak of the "three C's" often. What are they?

They are cult, culture and cultivation.

By cult, do you mean liturgical prayer?

Yes, community prayer and the relationship of our work to it. For this study, I recommend Guardini's book.

What do you mean by culture?

There must be intellectual discussion, but it must come spontaneously, not be forced. It can be in the fields when you're working. It makes the labor lighter and breaks down that rugged individualist spirit which comes when people work alone.

Have you any books along this line to recommend?

Yes, there is one by a Polish priest, "Is Modern Culture Doomed?"

And what about cultivation?

The private gardens needn't be so big. Then they will not take too much time for isolated work. More time can be spent in the fields together.

Have you a book that might interest along this line?

I would advise this book by Father McNabb, "Old Principles and the New Order."

On which of these three phases should the emphasis be placed?

If too much attention is paid to one to the detriment of another, things go wrong. There must be a balance. Different persons have different inclinations. Those whose inclination is to work with their hands more than their heads will become disgruntled if too much time is given to discussion. If not enough time is given to discussion and there is too much physical work, the intellectually minded will fall away. People must sense when there is a lack of proportion.

What makes for a good morale on a farming commune?

It comes from harmony when the emphasis on prayer, discussion and work is rightly balanced.

How many families do you think there should be on a farming commune?

You must adjust yourself to your acreage. It does not make for the ideal to have limits. It ceases to be a personal idea. There must be crafts besides farming.

Are you in favor of small groups?

People must know each other. You must try to do away with factionalism. Even one family could begin on a farm and build for others. You build as you go along. It is a progressive thing.

In other words, you want to get people on the land?

First to get them thinking so that they see they should go on the land.

Why don't you believe in a formal training previous to going on the land?

Education is a life process. People learn by doing. Trouble is, people want blueprints. I don't want to give blueprints. Let them struggle with it. As they face problems, they get light. I must be available to discuss problems with them for clarification.

If the place is too small, there are not enough crafts, not enough variety. One thousand families wouldn't be too many, if they had the right idea. The craftsmen were the villagers. St. Dunstan's College on Prince Edward Is. is doing the right thing, fostering a movement to bring craftsmen back to the villages. Then the farmers there wouldn't have to sell their wheat and fish and have to ship them out at a loss.

My grandfather was a craftsman and a farmer. He was a carpenter, a quarryman, a slate worker and he made baskets to carry dough to the bakers. Dick Ahern, of the Philadelphia group, was a city boy but he learned so that now he can teach others. He learned by working. The trouble with agricultural colleges is that they prepare people for business farming. Better go out to a farmer to learn.

My aim is to make people think. I am a personalist medievalist, which makes me a medievalist communist.

But what about ownership, Peter?

Families want their own land, their own house, although St. Ger-

## FAMILY VENTURE

**ART FOR THE FAMILY**—By Victor D'Amico (Director of the Museum of Modern Art's Dept. of Education and Art School); Frances Wilson & Moreen Maser (teachers in the Art School). Published by the Museum of Modern Art, Distributed by Simon & Schuster. Reviewed by Julia Porcelli. Price \$2.95

Too much criticism of art rests on a broad and complacent foundation of ignorance. Much enlightenment is needed. **Art For the Family** is a book on art that is the essence of simplicity, clarity and brevity for everyone "from three to thirty or nine to ninety, for anyone who can hold a brush or work a pair of scissors or fasten things or wants to." Many prejudices and misconceptions now too usual in the average adult can be overcome if they read this delightful book with an open mind. The best way to learn about art is to create, or—as the authors say simply—to do.

This book describes many ways of creating art, from the simplest to the more complex. There is nothing here to copy or color as this does not help one to be creative, it hinders. Creating is thinking, imaging, choosing, selecting, and then working out these ideas with love. That is why if a class or a family all worked drawing the same house, each drawing would be different. Whether portrait, puppet, clay model, wire drawing, "feeling picture," or space design that moves—all are found in its pages. Practical instructions are given, — frequently using such household equipment as buttons, paper bags, beads, wire and paper clips. Many ideas can be found for your next family party or feast day celebration. The 112 pages are amply and engagingly illustrated with 195 pictures of children and families making things and of things made or on exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. This is a practical book from the classroom experience of the authors.

Emphasis is placed on art as a family venture. In this sense the book is truly Catholic. The authors write of the fun that a family can have together, but even more lasting would be the unity that would develop. There are projects for children and for those who are older. The authors emphasize that everyone grows in a different way and at a different speed. Quantity is not necessarily a sign of growth. Parents, bewildered by their children's drawing and unable to truly appreciate or encourage them, would learn how to develop the creative ability that too frequently is left dormant in their children (and in themselves!).

There is nothing frightening about this book. **ART FOR THE FAMILY** is an excellent primer for every parent interested in being a better parent, for priests working with Cane groups, or the Christian Family Movement, as well as for young people in the apostolate. This book will help all to develop their latent talent and to understand art. By the former it will bring good religious art into our homes and eventually into our churches. Catholics with an ounce of faith and good taste who long for this happy day will hasten it by prayer and by reading and passing on **ART FOR THE FAMILY**.

trude said, "Property, the more common it becomes, the more holy it becomes."

About ownership, the size of a piece of land depends on the size of the family. There can be the combination of the two kinds, private ownership and communal ownership. I always make a case for the communal ownership, which is the ideal. Here in America people homesteaded but they became the victims of their isolation and their children left the farms and went to the cities. They forgot the village idea which was in Europe and went off by themselves. It was really the spirit of individualism which came from the Reformation, and Catholics unfortunately followed it, forgetting the community, the liturgical idea.

(continued next month)

# CULT :: CULTIV

## A Week At Peter Maurin Farm

By MARIE



It seemed amazingly beautiful to me, that the chapel should be in the barn and that the stations of the cross should be in the meadow!

Following the stations with grass under your feet and sunshine all around you is a charming difference, and for Our Lord to be right above a manger again as He first was when the shepherds found Him—that, too, brings an immensely profound beauty to the simplicity of His closeness.

In the main house, there is peach-peeling to do, and tomatoes to slice, and swiss-chard to wash.

One of our "chores" was cleaning the chapel. This was a privilege!

Imagine us in our knee high socks, peasant skirts and kerchiefed heads, kneeling with a broom in front of the tabernacle. I myself shined Saint Joseph, afraid that the oil might ruin it. I experimented on shining the tip of the foot. When it shone brightly, I went on with my oil cloth and was amazed at the finished job. The sun was coming in the small side window, shining on the large Bible which was on the stand, opened by chance at the Book of Wisdom.

More flowers were needed for the side altar statues and while I was picking some, the children wanted to help too. So we each held a bunch, and like a line of ducks, we walked across to the chapel, to bring Saint Joseph his flowers and Our Lady hers.

The bell at this time rang for lunch.

Before lunch grace is said by all—the Angelus first—and there is a wonderful community spirit, which is the main thing I think that impressed me. We did everything together as one.

The day started with us as one going to Mass.

Eating breakfast as one.

Working as one.

A Viennese priest visited us, and after he said compline with us and we went back to the big house as the sunset was beginning to disappear completely, we asked if he'd play the piano for us. It was our pleasure to hear a German March. Some way or another accordions were mentioned and it turned out that Father had one in his car. So that was the beginning of a very enjoyable evening. The minute he played the first polka-note, Stanley and Magda, and two boys who were visiting us pushed away the tables and we found ourselves dancing the polka and the waltz. Plum tucked out, we be-

gan tossing songs ourselves with just each other for accompaniment and then, for our last rendition we sang the Salve Regina.

The next morning we got up and went into Huguenot town to Mass and after breakfast worked in the field for the first time. It was very interesting. (If my poor friend didn't have hayfever she would have found it even more interesting).

Best of all was when you see those vegetables going into the back of the car for New York. Going to Chrystie Street and to the bodies of those who use the C. W. food line as their principal place of nourishment! But the best of all is the thought that you could have a hand in being a hand.

Other chores—Hanging up the clothes in the sunshine, or pulling them off as fast as we could before the rain.

Getting up earlier than usual for Mass was a very interesting experience. Before the dawn was up—we were!

There was a peace conference during the Labor Day weekend that was very interesting. Ammon Hennacy started it, talking to us on Saturday afternoon under the trees in the grove. A very pleasant and peaceful place matching the topics themselves. Helen Iswolsky, who came from Russia via France, lived with Tolstoy's daughter and has taught Russian at Fordham University spoke to us about Tolstoy and his teachings and made him seem as if he were right there under the trees.

Eddie Egan, Bob Molineaux and Martin Corbin spoke also.

The conference over, and the people gone back to work after the holiday, there was a sort of "breathing spell."

What I mean is, to sit at the same table and hear these comments and thoughts which she points out to us is wonderful indeed, and I am glad her thoughts are spoken to us and take no "breathing spell."

Each Sunday, when Ammon comes he brings a rose. As we were walking to the village we saw white hair with the sun on it and feet in sandals, one hand carrying a knapsack and the other a rose. He always comes with someone, young or old, man or woman. On the lawn when the sun was thinking of leaving the day; he sat talking to visitors and telling secrets to little Magda, four years old, and she told some to him.

In the morning, Miss Day made us some cottage cheese and real butter. In her room, you can see the loom and the spinning wheel. Her daughter weaves curtains, tablecloths, and material for skirts on a similar one. As it became evening, I played the piano in the semi-lit hall and the darkness seemed to make the notes even nicer.

After rosary and compline, I got my things together and left with "the Gospel of Peace" and back issues of the C.W. and on the ferry I remembered our Lady's image at the head of the table and Ammon's rose. On the ferry, going away from the deep red clouds, reading about Peace, I looked out across the water and stared and stared and stared. It was so beautiful.



# CULTURE ATION ::

## Indian History

By AMMON HENNACY

Recently we had Sunbird: Anita DeFrey, a Modoc Indian from Mt. Shasta, California, and secretary of the Indians living in New York City, speak to our Friday night meeting. She is a singer and gave the Zuni sunrise song, and also native songs of her own tribe. She told of the ceremony at puberty, common to many western tribes, where the boy goes alone to the mountain, and fasts and prays for four or more days, with a bowl of food nearby which he does not touch, until he gets his vision from the Great Spirit. From that time he has untied whatever apron strings there were and is on his own to complete his vision in life. I attended a meeting of these Indians later and was permitted to join as an associate member.

While we read headlines about Cyprus and North Africa and the end of colonialism it is well to remember our own history of treaty breaking with the American Indians. Before going into the details of our shame I want to mention those groups today who are interested in the welfare of the American Indian although they seek different remedies according to their philosophical or religious background. First there are the traditionalists among the Hopi who do not want any aid from the Government and who refuse to go to court for the land which has been stolen from them; for they claim that the Government is both court and judge and jury. Although not using these terms their philosophy is pacifist and anarchist. They are the only tribe that has no head chief and who refuses to have a tribal council. Then the Zuni and Taos Indians, while accepting some things from the Government, hold aloof from the white man's ways for the most part. Recently Sam Greywolf, a Cayuga of San Diego, Cal., was elected president of the League of North American Indians. The secretary is Tom Pee Saw of Parsons, Kansas, who is a lawyer. This group believes in the legal approach. Then there is the National Congress of American Indians with offices in Washington, D. C., and The Association on American Indian Affairs with offices in New York City and Washington, D.C., the local Indian Confederation of American Indians in Brooklyn, and the American Friends Service Committee on National Legislation in Washington, D.C. All of these groups are trying to get claims in money from the Government for the lands which the Government has stolen from the Indians. They are also fighting the current bills in Congress which would assimilate the Indian into the American society by closing the reservations, allowing the Indian to have free access to liquor, and also the supposed privilege of owning land themselves instead of having it for use without private ownership as is the custom with Indians. This administration is the worst since President Grant for the liquidation of the rights of the American Indian. The best recent pamphlet on the subject is that written by Harold Fey in the Christian Century and obtainable from them in Chicago for a quarter. He visited 8 reservations, including the famous Klamath Falls in Oregon where under the guise of mineral rights private interests were cutting the finest stand of timber remaining in the country. The Marquette League for Cath-

olic Indian Missions of which Msgr. Bernard A. Cullen is director, has been trying since it was founded in 1904 to help the Indians. Recently he protested against the policy of terminating services of the Indian Bureau and locating them in industrial centers. He believes that the American Indian as a whole is as poverty stricken as the poor of Asia and Africa.

The history of our treachery of course began with the Puritans in the east and the Spanish in the west and the offering of money for scalps by the French and English in the French and Indian War. In 1798 at Fort Duquesne, Pa., a solemn treaty was made with the Delaware Indians telling them that if they went south of the Ohio River in the unsettled sections away from the big towns and left the land north of the Ohio River to the whites they could remain unmolested forever. Around 1828 an Indian boy in Dahlonga, Ga., found a bright pebble. He showed it to the white storekeeper and at once the whites were crazy for gold. Meanwhile the Indians had carried their objection to the encroachment of the whites in violation of the 1798 treaty to the Supreme Court and they won, but Andrew Jackson said: "John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it." Accordingly he ordered General Wool to round up the 17,000 Cherokee Indians in the south and escort them to Indian Territory where again it was solemnly sworn that they would have this land for their own as long as the grass grows, the sun shines and the water flows. General Wool resigned from the Army rather than be a part of this despicable action. President Jackson then ordered General Dunlap to remove the Indians but he refused and resigned from the Army. General Winfield Scott then did the dirty work and 7,000 Indians died on the way. As they were marching one of the soldiers prodded the wife of Tsali, a Cherokee Chief, with a bayonet, whereupon Tsali and about 300 others broke their chains, killed the soldier and escaped to the wilds of Klingman's Dome in the Carolinas. It was impossible to find him but word was sent by a friendly white trapper that if Tsali would come down and give himself up and be executed for the death of the soldier his 300 comrades could remain in their native stronghold and not be sent westward, but if he did not give himself up all of the U.S. Army would eventually track him down. He wondered if he could trust the white man but in this case he was executed and his descendants have their own reservation at Cherokee, N.C. I drove through there with the Hopi in 1950 when we went to Washington, D.C., to argue with the Government. Mr. Fey describes in his pamphlet how the cooperatives which have developed the life of these Cherokee are being liquidated by the politicians in the Indian Bureau in Washington. The present secretary of Indian Affairs is a banker by the name of Emmons from Gallup, N.M. The man slated for Secretary of the Interior in charge of Indian Affairs is the notorious Wesley d'Ewart, tool of the copper interests in Montana. He has not yet been cleared by the committee in charge in Wash-

(Continued on page 7)

## Developments at Koinonia

In the last issue we reprinted a portion of the newsletter from Koinonia Farm at Americus, Ga., concerned with the recent bombing there. Since we are so familiar with this group we neglected to mention just what Koinonia Farm is and why they were bombed. We would like to rectify our mistake and then give our readers the story on some of the latest developments.

Koinonia Farm is a Protestant church, in its own words a "local church" and also a community and they are all Southerners. On Sundays and on most week-days the group meets for worship, Bible study, and prayer. They are an interracial community and support themselves by raising cotton, peanuts, laying hens and hogs. This spring the county health department obtained an injunction against their integrated camp for children (which was recently dropped) and then came—the dynamite.

The Southern segregationists are in many cases quite religiously sincere in their rejection of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ when it includes the Negro but we believe that the heroic



witness of groups like Koinonia will eventually turn the tide.

Here is a portion of their latest newsletter:

"Cotton and peanut harvest is in full swing now. Our first bale of cotton was taken to an Americus gin, which refused to gin it. The only remaining gin also refused. So we're having to get it done by 'air-lift' at Shangri-la. (We can no longer divulge names and places.) Our peanut crop is exceptionally good this year and might exceed 70 tons. But the peanut butter factory won't buy them, and several local buyers have refused. Thus far, however, we have moved them somehow, and hope to get through the season without having to eat them. (We like peanut butter, but not that well.)

You've been asking about our children. Marguerite Butler, our kindergarten teacher was reviewing her class on the story of creation. "Now who was the first man?" "Adam," piped a small voice. "And who was the first woman?" she asked. Came a second wee voice: "Madam!"

More seriously, it has become necessary this week to evacuate our first Koinonia child. He is 13, in the 10th grade, and the only one from Koinonia attending the local high school. On the bus and between classes the older boys beat him and harassed him in countless ways. The Bruderhof community, Forest River, in North Dakota, invited him to come up there to go to school. He left Friday night, Sept. 21, after a party celebrating his 14th birthday. The

## For One Who Is Love

At the warm sure center of Your love,  
My dearest Lord, miracle glows, plain  
And absolute. Fused in Your incandescence,  
Light of Light, O God of God,  
My night, translucent with Your triune  
Day, shall shine as sun transfixed  
Forever at high noon; my sins, anealed  
With Your sweet innocence, reborn  
As good shall chant their happy lauds  
In Your eternal canticle of praise;  
My pain, deepgrafted in Your tree  
Of agony, shall bear immortal calyxes  
To sheathe Your flowers of joy.

Yet, here and now, my only Lord,  
Where is Your miracle? Now, here, I  
Round the far periphery that rims  
The changeless vortex of Your will—  
My night still gloomed in Eden's night,  
My sins still panged in woe,  
My pain, a barren sapless bough.  
I falter; then, half-falling, kneel  
At Your thrice-blessed refectory  
To beg Your houseled Bread.

And miracle is here, is now.  
For I, upleaping all fiery barricades  
That ring the purgatorial hill  
Guarding Your door, am caught, instantly  
Cradled in Your heart's core, Who  
Downleaping swifter than instant (O  
Most high to spring so low)  
Do make my heart's base hovel  
Bright monstrosity of Incarnate Love.

Deane Mowrer.

dozen or so Koinonia children in grammar school seem to be faring pretty well at present. There are enough of them to lend moral support to one another.

An editorial concerning Koinonia Farm in the August 23rd issue of The Christian Century brought many favorable letters from all parts of the continent. Many sent gifts which, coupled with these from other sources, have completely covered the \$3,000 damage caused by the dynamiting of the roadside market. There was also an article in the Sept. 17 issue of Time. Accounts have also been run in The Nation, The Progressive, Fellowship and other publications.

One question which keeps running through the flood of letters is: "What can I do to help?" The eagerness of people to share the burden with us has touched us deeply and filled us with great hope. It has brought us joy and encouragement. However, we do not wish all of this good will to remain mere sentiment. In our next letter we would like to deal more specifically with the answer to the question of what one may do to help.

In one letter we mentioned that State Farm had cancelled six automobile and truck policies. Some of you wrote to State Farm and protested. The company replied that the cancellations were due to Koinonia Farm's high loss ratio resulting from young drivers and clear-cut negligence. This is not the truth. At the time of cancellation, the reason given to us was that in the event of bodily injury involving one of our vehicles, it would be impossible to get a fair trial by jury and this would subject the company to unusual risk, which they did not wish to take.

The economic blockade is now virtually complete. How long it will stand, and how long we can stand, is in God's hands."

## Letter from a Soldier

Thanks for the magazines. Request you continue to send me things including religion pamphlets, etc.

Am feeling horrible. I got over being airsick (apparently) then suffered a total relapse at a critical time. Ironic thing is that I can really fly. We do hard work up there and it's hard on you. Today we practiced a 2-turn precision spin and recovery, stalls and recovery, high and low altitude emergency procedures, and about 10 touch and go landings at two different nearby airfields. Right at end of hop I got sick. Have felt weak all day.

We live in very dissimilar existences. My world is non-intellectual, exciting, discouraging. I am in the phillistine army and live by the sword. It is a frightening thing. Guys get killed here every week, yet we don't amend our ways or seem to care.

In Christ,  
Tom

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THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



# WHO SPEAKS FOR THE CHURCH?

—by Most Reverend Robert J. Dwyer, D.D.  
Bishop of Reno

Who is entitled to speak in the name of the Catholic Church?

Whose word are we to trust as the expression of her mind?

Few questions reflect a greater degree of confusion in the public mind, whether asked by Catholics themselves or by those outside the Church. They are constantly recurring, in matters of general or particular interest, in matters transcending time and in the purely contemporary.

Only recently they were raised here and elsewhere throughout the nation in connection with a moot point of labor legislation.

## Impression Unwarranted

Individual priests were widely quoted in support of one side of the issue, and the impression was fostered that their opinion necessarily represented the thinking of the Catholic Church.

At the risk of a certain pedantry, it may be useful for our guidance to recall a few general principles governing this matter.

The Catholic Church asserts her infallibility in questions of faith and morals. This infallibility resides in the office of the Sovereign Pontiff as Vicar of Christ on earth. It resides also in the Apostolic College as represented by the bishops of the Church, teaching in unison with the Bishop of Rome.

## Only Reflected

This infallibility is reflected—no more than that—in the approved teaching of the theologians and (in a somewhat theoretical fashion) in the common acceptance of the body of the faithful.

When the Holy Father, by himself or in concert with the bishops of the world, deems it necessary or useful, he speaks "ex cathedra," and the question is settled once and for all. The voice of infallible authority has been heard.

But such pronouncements, confined as they are to the spheres of dogma and morals, are both solemn and rare. More commonly, without invoking his supernatural prerogative of infallibility the Holy Father speaks to the faithful simply as the divinely appointed guardian of faith and human behaviour.

## Duty to Obey

In this pattern he is followed by the bishops of the world who address the flocks committed to their care in like manner. On the parish level, the teaching of the Church is transmitted through the pastoral office. So long as these pronouncements are confined to their proper spheres, it is the duty of Catholics to give them their unqualified adherence.

Now it happens that the sphere of Morals is less well defined than the sphere of Faith.

This is not to say that the Church is uncertain about what is moral or immoral. It is merely to point out that the problem of morality is inextricably interwoven with all human relations. It is bound up with government, with politics, with economics, with sociology, with art, with literature, with applied science, and even with entertainment.

It involves the application of the virtues of justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude to all these manifold and highly intricate relations.

## Specific Condemnations

Where the distinction between right and wrong is clearly defined, the Church has not hesitated to speak out. Thus, in the political field she has condemned Socialism and Communism, and in the field of social behavior she has condemned birth prevention and mercy killing, not to speak of genocide.

In the wake of the industrial revolution, she has given her closest attention to the vexed questions which have arisen in labor-management relations, attempting to define what is basic and minimal for the preservation of human rights and human dignity.

But she has not pronounced, and she could not reasonably be expected to pronounce, on every item of legislation throughout the free world. Especially is this true in areas where debate is still justified.

## Issues Must Be Clear

All such issues are by no means solidly black and white. It is not always clear whether they are injurious to human rights or are actually beneficial to them.

In such areas she prudently prefers to abide by the clarification of the points under debate.

In other words, the Church is not a sort of universal umpire ready at all times to jump into every discussion with a cut-and-dried answer.

In many instances individual theologians and even in-

dividual bishops may feel that the issues are sufficiently clear to warrant their pronouncement upon them. The Church, save in notorious cases of imprudent action on obviously faulty thinking, does not forbid this.

## More Than Liberal

Indeed, she is far more liberal in this regard than most of the professional liberals themselves.

Her common sense and her long experience of human events have taught her that trial and error are the best solvents of many problems where rights and wrongs are not absolutely defined.

Nor does she follow a policy here of prohibiting discussion and debate, particularly among her qualified theologians.

All she asks is that charity be preserved and that it be made clear that she has not officially spoken to end the matter.

## Authority Usurped

The difficulty is that some theologians and Catholic publicists are prone to write and speak as though they were the Holy Father himself.

Instead of stating the facts and drawing their conclusions with emphasis upon the actual limitations of their authority, they sometimes create the impression that they have a private pipeline to infallibility.

It is unavoidable that a certain amount of confusion should arise from this.

It is not the Church that is at fault, obviously, but the overzealous or over-opinionated among her children.

Nevertheless, it is a tribute to her basic tolerance that she prefers to encounter this risk rather than to stifle intelligent discussion.

And oddly enough, it is the liberals who are always denouncing the Church as obscurantist and authoritarian, who most frequently complain about this.

One final point: In political debate, above all when it becomes heated and violent, it is a fairly common practice for professional publicists to quote anything and anybody out of context, after the ancient pattern of the Devil quoting Scripture for his purpose.

Great care should be taken in the case of quotations from individual priests or theologians to make sure they have been fully and correctly represented. More than one man has been damned on the strength of a sentence taken out of its setting.

(Reprinted from  
The Way of St. Francis.)

## Chrystie Street

By ROBERT STEED

One blazing day in the middle of August, Al Gullion and I drove over the Brooklyn Bridge, through King's County and out into Long Island to the little town of West Babylon to take some clothes and the rocking chair to Mrs. Lillian Furnari and her mentally retarded nephew. After asking directions to 800 Beverly Rd. we came to a street of small houses and drove to the last house on the dead end street, which was the smallest.

As we walked up the path carrying the chair and the clothes we were greeted by a cheerful "Good morning" from the lady next door who was cutting her hedge. When we got to the house the screen door opened and an elderly lady peered out in a way that indicated she didn't have many visitors.

"We're from the Catholic Worker" we said.

"Oh, you brought the chair," she said, "put it there under the tree; the boy likes to sit there."

We left the chair outside and went into the house and gave her the clothes and the money that was sent in. The minute "the boy" saw the box he became very excited and though he cannot speak made it known that he wanted the box. Mrs. Furnari took the clothes out and gave him the box which he grabbed eagerly saying "He loves to play with boxes. Whenever I get one he won't leave me alone until I give it to him."

The "boy" who is about forty years old, short and very thin had a week's growth of beard.

"He has been very nervous lately," she said in a slightly anxious voice, "That's why I haven't been able to shave him. He's helpless; can't do a thing for himself."

She told us that she had not been outside her yard in some twelve years since she can't leave her nephew alone. A priest from the local church comes to her house every day and brings Holy Communion.

As we were leaving she said, "I don't know how to thank you for all of this. I'll pray for you and all the people who sent in money; that's all I can do."

All during the next month money kept coming in and was mailed to her. Then on the seventh of September we received this letter: "Dear kind friend,

I hope you will pardon me for not answering your letter but I was very sick. I had sent you a letter when I received your letter in the letter box but I could not answer it right away as I was pretty sick with high blood pressure and had the doctor. My heart was not so good either but now, thank God, I am feeling much better, so if you will excuse me I am writing to thank you and all the good friends that have been so good to me and I thank you with all my heart for the money you sent to me in your letter as I had to pay the rent with it.

Now that it is getting cold I will have to try and fix up my little place for the winter. It is going to be pretty hard for me just now as I have to try and get a gas heater. I am afraid to burn the oil stoves as they went afire last year twice so I am trying to put a gas heater in. My landlord doesn't supply the heat. I have to do that myself. I am afraid of fire with the oil.

It will be very hard for me as I will have to pay fifteen dollars every month until I pay for the stove as it is better to eat less and have the gas heat instead of getting burnt out."

Last week Hattie Croft celebrated her 70th birthday with a little party upstairs arranged by Roger and Agnes Bird who bought a couple of cakes and a box of candy. Veronica made tea and the privileged few who attended had a grand time. Hattie was really pleased with the little china figurine of a ballerina with a very delicately constructed, lace-like skirt that Veronica gave her. She has the top of her chest-of-drawers covered with other things of this sort which she collects. She insisted that Roger and I come in

and see it; our eyes were on the cake though!

There is a lot of painting going on in the house and on the outside too this month. Clyde, our electrician-plumber-carpenter, Harry Dodge, a college student from Minnesota, Stanley Borowski, and some of the other men in the house whose names I don't know are on the job. The fire escapes with their coat of red lead make the house the most colorful building in the neighborhood. St. Joseph has had to move into the hall for the time being along with the "Catholic Worker" sign.

Smokey Joe got back from his vacation up-state a couple of weeks ago looking as brown as a south sea islander. We are sorry to say that Tom Cain joined Larry O'Donnell at Seaview TB Hospital out on Staten Island. Most of our readers will remember Tom's really fine re-statement of the "Catholic Worker" Aims, Purposes and Positions that appeared in the November, 1955 issue. I got a letter from him to-day thanking me for some magazines. I can't decide from the letter whether he is cheerful or depressed. A hospital is never a cheerful place. I worked in one; I know. Annabelle was out there not long ago but for some reason wasn't able to get to see him. We'll try again soon.

A new member has been added to the staff, Kerran Duggan, from Washington, D.C., who did social work at the city jail and helped out at Friendship House and wrote the Washington column for Today.



His greatest distinction is that of having introduced me to Ezra Pound.

We've had a lot of people, mostly girls, spend a week or so doing volunteer work and being indoctrinated by Hennacy: Peggy Reeves from Washington, Frances Rokosz from the University of Pennsylvania, Mary Gargan from Nova Scotia, and Betty Hughes who is taking courses at the Grail Center in Philadelphia.

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It is getting colder now and the days seem longer even though they are in reality growing shorter. I suppose that is the trouble with most of us; we don't have much contact with reality. Those who don't should walk past St. Joseph's House about 1 a.m. Almost any morning there they are, lying on old copies of the Daily News. And you would probably hear the deaf and dumb young man, who lives with his mother in Tom Sullivan's old room next to the kitchen, screaming through the night. That's reality!

Not long ago the police made one of their periodic clean-ups along the Bowery. The men get ten days or thirty days, the length depending on how many times they've been picked up before. When they get before the judge if they have presence of mind enough to lie and say they have a home or a job they are released. We've seen this sort of thing a number of times when we have been sitting in on night court or at the various civil disobedience trials. In one way it is good, at least they have a few good meals and have a warm place to sleep, but the loss of the sense of human dignity that is imposed upon them outweighs the material benefits. A few more houses of hospitality and a few less jails would seem to be in order.

We had great response to our appeal for mattresses and not such a great response to our appeal for sheets!

Ade Bethune, whose art has appeared in The Catholic Worker for over twenty years, and who has taught art and craft work to many

## A New Independent Monthly Liberation

### "Hope in the Midst of Apathy"

"LIBERATION will seek to inspire its readers not only to fresh thinking, but to action now—refusal to run away or to conform, concrete resistance in the communities in which we live to all the ways in which human beings are regimented and corrupted, dehumanized and deprived of their freedom; experimentation in creative living by individuals, families and groups; day to day support of movements to abolish colonialism and racism and for the freedom of all individuals from domination, whether military, economic, political or cultural."

(The editors of Liberation March, 1956)

LIBERATION's September issue is devoted largely to the problems of children in present-day society and features an eight-page photographic essay by Harold Feinstein. The October issue will examine the coming national elections, the issues they involve—and the issues they neglect.

Editorial contributors to LIBERATION include: Claire Huchet Bishop, Dorothy Day, Eileen Fantino, Michael Harrington, Norman Mailer, Milton Mayer, Lewis Mumford, Pitirim Sorokin and George Woodcock.

Editors: Dave Dellinger, Roy Finch, A. J. Muste, Bayard Rustin, Charles Walker.

LIBERATION:  
110 Christopher St.  
New York 14, N. Y.  
CH-3-5411  
30c. per copy \$3.00 per year

people connected with the work, has had her St. Leo Shop organized as a "non-profit corporation for the liturgical apostolate"; her ad for liturgical Christmas cards appears in this issue.



## Conscientious Objector

(Continued from page 1)

fitting from an exceptional ruling, designed to "file away" a case that was causing some embarrassment, he refused to leave. For the first time in his life the warden found himself in the position of having to expel one of his "lodgers" with a military guard and deposit his suitcase in the street.

Jean Van Lierde was offered "soft berths," quiet posts where he would not have to bear arms. He refused to settle for anything less than a statute guaranteeing freedom of conscience for C.O.s.

Single-handed, with no weapon other than his faith, he began waging a wildly uneven battle against the laws, the authorities and the customs of his country. It was then that Maxence Van der Meersch, the Catholic novelist, wrote to him: "I salute you for being ridiculous enough to proclaim and resolve to live today that which will be the ideal of tomorrow. You are a fool? Granted. A mystic doomed to failure in the face of earthly reality? Granted. But the most perfect example of a life that was a failure is the life of Christ. On such failures, on such shattered careers, the ages to come will erect their temples. Such ruins will one day become the lofty heights of the world."

### Miner in le Borinage

The clear-headed obstinacy of Jean Van Lierde one day won out against laws and blind regulations. Faced with wide protests from the Belgian public and from deputies of all parties, the Ministry of National Defense decided to order him to spend two years in civilian service as a coal miner rather than arrest him for the fourth time.

Although this too involved an exception in his favor, Jean Van Lierde accepted the decision as one that would create a precedent for alternate service (for which he would continue to press) and from which others would eventually benefit.

But in le Borinage the working conditions and the safety measures were wretched—they still are. Jean Van Lierde was there only two years, it is true, but during that time he acquired a strong sense of solidarity with his fellow workers, who were mostly Italians and Algerians, beaten and cowed by hunger. He agitated for better conditions and tried to breathe some life into a syndicalist movement that had been enfeebled by too much general cowardice and individual fear.

Evidently, he was quickly "labeled." Again he was offered quiet little jobs on the surface where he could await without undue discomfort the expiration of his term. But, having been sent out as a miner, he intended to remain one, in spite of his swollen hands and his back, in spite of the crushing fatigue and the blows he received

from some of the foremen. Could he forget those men whose entire lives—and sometimes deaths—took place in the pit? Could he refrain from giving them whatever help was in his power? And besides, if he gave in, not only would he be casting doubt on his own sincerity, he would also be gravely jeopardizing the cause of conscientious objection itself.

### Victory Seems Near

He was transferred from mine to mine and soon placed on the blacklist. His situation was an illegal one. He wanted to serve peacefully; he was looking forward at last to the enactment of a statute for C.O.s. For by this time various members of parliament, moved by his experience, had drawn up a bill. The military authorities called him to the barracks for the fifth time, but several Ministers opposed his arrest, promising an early vote on the statute. In December, 1953, the Ministry of National Defense gave Jean Van Lierde an "indefinite furlough" in anticipation of the statute and halted all proceedings against him.

But he has not given up his campaign for a vote on the proposed law, which has up to now been delayed by academic debate.

Already, by a decision of the Ministry of National Defense, objectors are no longer disturbed after they have served one prison term, equal to the eighteen months of military service.

It seems likely that Jean Van Lierde's victory is in sight. At most, it is a question of the parliamentary calendar. Standing alone, without violence and without hatred, has he not won the most glorious of battles?

Translated by  
Martin J. Corbin

(Tr. note: The article on Jean Van Lierde by M. Coutaz was published last year in *Faim et Soif*, the bi-monthly magazine founded by the Abbe Pierre. The issue in which it appeared was devoted almost entirely to the subject of conscientious objection. Included was the following theological opinion by the Rev. John J. Hugo of Pittsburgh:

"There are four grounds on which a Catholic can base his position as a conscientious objector:

1. He can regard conscription as immoral.
2. He can be convinced that all the necessary conditions to render a war just are not present in the existing situation. In that case he has a duty to be a conscientious objector.
3. He can hold to the opinion of certain theologians that a just war is impossible in the modern world.
4. Finally, a Catholic can oppose war because it is not the true way of Christ and because he elects to follow the most perfect way."

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

but the neighborhood swarms with children and the house will always echo with them, and Charles Butterworth is studying weaving and will teach it to us there, lesson by lesson as he is taught. The lessons Tamar gave were always interrupted by babies, and setting up a loom in three installments is a hard job. We can weave; it is setting up the warp that is hard.

My vacation with the children was delightful and all the children were as good as gold. I would have had a hard time managing three, of the age of Martha, Maggie and Mary, but with four older ones, up to eleven, helping, it was much easier. Magdalene helped me at the farm with the wash and we ate some noon-day meals there, and Ammon came and gave a day's labor, cleaning up the yard, and a happy time was had by all.

Aside from colds in the head and ringworm (which is now cleared up) no casualties. But I did a lot of praying to the guardian angels, especially when seven of the Zamarckies came over to dig and climb, build fires and engage in other exciting games.

The following weekend I spent near Stroudsburg at Kirkridge retreat house with the Philadelphia



group of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. It was a rigorous weekend with conferences Friday night, Saturday morning and evening and Sunday morning. One-night-stands are much easier than these weekend affairs. What with Pendle Hill, Friendship house farm in Virginia, and this one, during the summer I was too worn out to speak at our own farm over Labor Day.

And now I am setting out on a trip visiting, although there will be some speaking too.

I will visit Washington, Louisville, Ky.; Memphis, where my address will be that of Helen Caldwell Riley, 218 (Rear) Turley, and from there will go down to various missions in Mississippi and Alabama, including a visit to Montgomery where the bus boycott is still going on and where the notion of non-violent resistance to oppression is slowly taking hold. I want to get interviews with some of the women who are helping in the struggle there. I can be reached at Montgomery, general delivery—and Gadsden, Holy Names Hospital.

I must return for a meeting in Lancaster, Pa. by October 19 and will write about my pilgrimage in the November issue of the Catholic Worker.

## BOOKS

### On Catholic Sociology

by

Pius XII, Chesterton, Belloc, Gill and many others.

Write for free leaflets and price lists to:

David Hennessy,  
Distributist Bookshop,  
201 Winant Ave.  
Staten Is., N.Y.C. (9)

## French Community

Paris, France.

Dear Miss Day,

I feel sorry for not having written before, but since my friend Yves Goussault and Abbe Pierre came back to France time has passed too quickly. Moreover, to tell you the truth, it seems to me that I have a lot of things to tell you and to ask you, but I would hardly be able to write them in French and even less able in English. (I have not written it for over twenty years.)

I must first tell you that Abbe Pierre has been feeling better for about a month . . .

In the name of my friends I thank you very deeply for accepting to be the godmother of the "Communaute de Bougival." Maybe one day you will be able to come over to France . . .

Our friends at Bougival have started to read *The Long Loneliness* and I expect that at the end of the year a good many of them will know the work and fight for their godmother.

Maybe you will be interested to know that our "Communaute de Bougival" is situated on an island of the river Seine fifteen kilometers from Paris. About forty-five men are working here. Four lorries go into Paris and its suburbs every day, called by people who give us furniture, clothes, bottles, etc. Everything is sorted and sold. At the present time the monthly amount of the sales is about 1,500,000 francs, and our expenses being 700,000, we have a net profit of 800,000 francs (about \$2,000).

For nearly two years this Communaute has given all its profit to the Association Emmaus and the Association spent it for homeless people and Building Societies.

In June, when Abbe Pierre asked me to take charge of the Communaute, I told him that I wished to keep all the profit until the end of September in order to buy new lorries and to build dormitories for the men, who had absolutely no comfort (sleeping thirty in a shed with no shower).

If you care to have more information it will be a pleasure for me to write you, and as soon as possible I will try to have photos taken.

Sincerely yours,

Andre Bercher

Communaute de l'Abbe Pierre  
Ile de la Loge  
Bougival, Seine et Oise, France

Those of our subscribers who are interested in Abbe Pierre's Emmaus community and who can read French are urged to subscribe to *Faim et Soif*, the community's publication. (Illustrations make it easy reading even for beginners in la belle langue.) "In order to survive," Abbe Pierre says, "*Faim et Soif*," needs you. The price is one dollar per year (plus 25 cents for overseas postage). The address is Communaute de l'Abbe Pierre, Ile de la Loge, Bougival, Seine et Oise, France.

## Abbe Pierre Speaks

In his talk to young seminarians Abbe Pierre begs these future priests to be haunted by the sufferings of the world. The poor man needs not a program, not a plan, just food and a home. But the politician finds it impossible to imagine the condition of the homeless. In a world where babies die of cold quite legally—but are kept alive illegally if you have not the necessary building permits—the Prophet must return, standing in poverty near God and proclaiming God's judgment on human indifference.

To convert the poor you must be like them, to convert the rich you must be unlike them.

from Sheed & Ward's  
OWN TRUMPET,  
Sept.-Oct., 1956

## Indian History

(Continued from page 5)

ington and his nomination of course is being fought by all groups interested in the welfare of the Indians.

After the Indians were settled in Indian territory and had improved their land and built homes along comes Teddy Roosevelt at the turn of the century and opens up their land for settlement by the whites, forming the new state of Oklahoma later. By accident some sorry looking land near Guthrie contained oil so some of the Osages struck it rich. Books by Angie Debo and others published by the University of Oklahoma tell of judges being appointed as guardians of Indian children and selling or leasing their land to the oil companies and putting the children in homes where they nearly starved to death. Howard Fast has written one of the best novels based on the flight of the Cheyenne Indians from Oklahoma to their home in the north in the Last Frontier. There is also the story of the Sioux and others in the Dakotas and Montana who after the Civil War beat off the U.S. Army and signed a peace treaty whereby all forts of the government in that territory were dismantled and this was one war which the U.S. lost. However 12 years later gold was discovered in Leadville, S.D., and the troops moved in and broke another treaty thus providing for the continued prosperity for the white man. Blood Brother by Eliot Arnold, later shown in the movie Broken Arrow, tells of Cochise, the Apache chief in south eastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico who kept his word as given to Tom Jeffers, a courageous and honest white man. But the double crossing by the Government and Army Officials counteracted the good that Jeffers tried to do. The best thing that the white man can do is to keep away from the Indian and allow him to lead his own life. All that we offer him is a watered down religion and the opportunity of increasing our relief rolls in the city after we have dispossessed his land. I have not mentioned the injustice of drafting the south west Indian for World War II when he was not then a citizen. Justice Udall, Mormon, of Arizona first brought citizenship to the Indian after the war and New Mexico followed after.

The INDUSTRIAL WORKER, the I.W.W. paper in Chicago, has an item from J. A. McDonald's "On the Record" describing the contrast between the Indian and the white man's way of life. I quote: "A Kansas farm journal once promoted a contest to explain the existence of a deserted farmhouse in an area that was once fertile. An observant young Indian won the award with this brief essay: 'Picture show white man crazy. Cut down big trees. Make big teepee. Plow hill. Water Wash. Wind blow soil. Grass gone. Door gone. Window gone. Whole place gone. Buck gone. Papoose gone. Squaw too. No pigs. No corn. No plow. No hay. Indian no plow land. Keep grass. Buffalo eat grass. Indian eat buffalo. Hide make teepee. Make moccasin. Indian no make terrace. No make dam. All time eat. No hunt job. No hitch hike. No ask relief. No shoot pig. Great spirit make grass. Indian no waste. Indian no work for wages. No alarm clock. White man loco.'"

Those especially interested can see *The Arrow Maker* at the Davenport Theatre, 27th and Lexington Ave. beginning Oct. 2, produced by Arthur Junaluska, a Cherokee who is President of the Indian Federation of the Americas which I mention above, and to which I belong.



## GRAIL COURSES

September 28 to December 21, 1956

January 7 to June 9, 1957

"New dimension in adult education" at The Grail Center, for young university, business or professional women, 17 to 30, who want to contribute in the lay apostolate. Lectures, discussions, workshops by Catholic leaders; a shared experience of Catholicism as a way of life: common prayer, work, recreation, study flowing from the Mass and the liturgy of the Church. Participants live at the Center during the course, continue with ordinary work or studies during the day.

Contact: Miss Anne Mulkeen,

THE GRAIL CENTER

4520 Chester Avenue

Philadelphia 43, Pa.

Evergreen 2-5873

## Friday Night Meetings, 8:30 P.M.

Oct. 5th ..... Fr. Rogers  
Oct. 12th ..... Eddie Egan  
Oct. 19th ..... Fr. Culhane  
Oct. 26th ..... Carey McWilliams

From 6:15 to 8:15 each Friday there will be folk and square dancing. Those interested are asked to bring any phonograph records they might have that would prove useful.



## Union Organizer Victim of Witchhunt

Sept. 17, 1956

Dear Miss Day,

What person in this country would want to see a man spend five years in the penitentiary on perjured evidence?

We believe that your readers will be interested in learning that on Oct. 15, 1956 the Supreme Court will for the first time, hold a hearing on a conviction which grew out of the non-Communist section of the Taft-Hartley Law. The defendant, Clinton Jencks, a former organizer for the International Union of Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers, was convicted in a Texas court in 1954 by the testimony of Harvey Matusow, who has since admitted that his testimony regarding Jencks as a Communist was a wholesale fabrication.

The great issue is whether or not Clinton Jencks is entitled to a new trial on the basis of Matusow's admission that he gave perjured testimony against him. Can any fairminded person give anything but a "yes" answer to this question?

Because we believe this hearing considers so many issues of importance to the rights of Americans, we ask that you print this letter. Perhaps those who read it will feel that a Supreme Court reversal for Jencks, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, a man close to the hearts of thousands of us in this area for his years of work beside us—that such a reversal can go far to end the use of notorious informers in our courts to obtain convictions through hysteria rather than the presentation of fact.

Thank you,  
Juan Chacon, President  
Local 890, IUMM&SW  
Box 98  
Bayard, New Mexico

### Editorial note:

Last week the New York Times reported Harvey Matusow as saying that he was not telling the truth when he said that his earlier testimony against so-called Communists was perjured. Even if this were so no one should be denied a new trial after having been convicted on the testimony of a man who has changed his story as often as Matusow has.

The impression one gets when reading Matusow's most recent statement is that he is either a victim of psychosis or brain washing.

R.S.

## Plea from the Clothes Room

Our need for children's clothes is becoming greater. The poor tell others of the possibility of securing what they need here at St. Joseph's House and the number of women coming for clothes increases. Sometimes in one day, five or six women will come looking for children's clothes. So many mothers were here in search of clothing for their children for school. We gave them what we had but that was little compared to their requests. Several had to be turned away.

There are so many cases of extreme poverty such as a child of eight years or so, wearing a play suit for a child of about four, children with holes in their shoes, and other needs that anyone would be moved to compassion. The children look with such hope and expectation while I am looking through the clothes, that it is really difficult when I must tell them there is little or nothing for them. We try to distribute the clothing equally so there will be justice as well as charity. But when there are few clothes here and two women come who have families of five children it is hard to know how to divide the clothes.

During the spring we were obliged to send most of the heavy clothing to Europe because we have no place to store it. So now there is need of warm clothing for both women and children.

You have been so charitable in the past—please enable us to help others now.

Annabelle Lund

## Letter to France

A break has been created in the Christian conscience between the order of charity, in which everyone strives to attain God, and the political order, which has its own laws—the first of which is based on a refusal to believe that the word of God carries binding moral obligations. . . . We . . . were reading the Beatitudes . . . devoutly while blood flowed in Madagascar and Indochina.

Quite unwittingly, we have all remained attentive to another sermon. "Blessed are the strong! Blessed are the hard of heart! Blessed are those who scoff at Justice and deliver the innocent to the torturer; who order their police to fire on the poor. For theirs is the kingdom of earth."

Well, no. . . . Political wisdom is not separated from that wisdom which was taught from the Mount. When the meek were promised that they would possess the earth and those who thirst after justice that they would have their fill, this promise was also addressed to the nations of the world.—François Mauriac in *Commonweal*, Sept. 14, 1956.



## Quest For Community

Dear Miss Day,

I am enclosing our small contribution to the work going on at St. Joseph's House. What a wonderful love reaction Mr. Auden's gift set off!

Though I imagine you are much, much too busy to think about community, I am also daring to intrude some personal thinking on that subject, roused by your article on the Community Conference, which if I can state it clearly and freshly now, perhaps you can lay aside for reading in some quieter moment.

First the personal part: in ten years, and apparently as the result of marrying and raising a family, I have swung full-pendulum from thinking of the community panacea as the answer to my deepest needs, to feeling that I could not adjust to community living as I have encountered it so far (chiefly at second-hand and through reading) because I was now too egocentric or "set" in my own ways to merge myself in the common good. This despite the fact that our recent experience in trying to "live on the land" (and only partly off) has shown how hard it is for one poor family to make out, no matter how low it sets its material sights.

As for the thinking: as I read your article and your word's "the vision of community is not yet clear, there are not yet those . . . who have the vision, or the time, the skill, the ability to work it out, or even the spiritual foundation," I pondered again the reasons why even a religious community like Rifton doesn't seem to "speak my condition." And suddenly, I seemed to know . . . your own "On Pilgrimage" and the word's quoted from the message of the Pope opening up the way.

Isn't it true that those who have tried, or are trying, to live in some type of intentional community, while they are willing to "lose their lives" in their own type of community endeavor, are nevertheless making a witness that is primarily personal? For those of us who have been and are interested in a religious community isn't it because we wished to express our love of our fellowman; to share with, while we helped support, another; to receive aid while we contributed according to our ability? For those of us who feel that this can best be done by living a simple wholesome life "off the land" amid natural and health-giving surroundings, isn't it because we feel personally a benefit to be derived from direct contact with God's good earth and the things thereof, and would like to join with others who feel as we do?

Am I wrong in thinking that this, still, is too self-centered? St. Joseph's House is a community. "intentional" or happenstance as you choose to think. But its dedication to the poor, its effort to feed and clothe and house those in need, raises its activities out of the personal to the point where the work you do may be said surely to follow in Jesus' steps, "to help, to heal, to feed," just as in Africa Dr. Schweitzer's hospital is doing. There, too, is a community . . . a "family" of dedicated doctors and nurses, working with healing hands and loving hearts to help the sick, in the midst of native workers and accompanying families of the patients.

It seems to me that the dedication of your group is as much to the service of others as that of Dr. Schweitzer's and that this is the Big Something that communities have not had, at least those I know of.

I can dream a dream of a "community," on the land, built up around a hospital or a home for the aged or crippled children, where those living on the land worked to care for a group in need, other than their own community group. Perhaps families of "patients" would live there and help, too, for a while, until their need was answered. (Have you ever been a pa-

## IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

A-Bomb and acquiesced in the execution of the Rosenbergs.

I am reminded of the verse of Charlotte Perkins Gilman at the beginning of the century:

Two men with their ballots  
Went out to vote;  
One was a Christian,  
The other a bloat.

The Angel of Light  
Looked down with shame  
To find their ballots  
Both marked the same.

### Selling CW's

Now that school has started I will commence my evening selling of the CW as follows:

Monday—9:30 to 10:30 p.m.—Cooper Union.

Tuesday—9:30 to 10:30 p.m.—New School—12th St. near Sixth Ave.

tient in a hospital, or had some loved one in a hospital, and longed for a way to show your appreciation by personal work, instead of words added to a paid bill? If so, you will know what a real need for this I think there is, besides the longing of parents or family members to be close, to stay close, to the sick one.) While a hospital or home might provide the physical rehabilitation needed, the life in the country and the contact with growing things and nature would provide a spiritual healing for both the ill or aged, the community workers, their families and those of the patients. And if within the dedicated worker group there were those trained or spiritually developed to lead the small or the larger group in worship, then surely this would serve the needs of many individuals in many ways.

How such a "community" might be begun or maintained, I have not the vision to know. But I can say truly that in such a community I could work and feel at home and hope to "lose" myself in helping others. Voluntary poverty in trying to heal the sick would make sense then, as voluntary poverty in the communities I have read of does not. And as in-voluntary poverty in trying to live by oneself off the land does not either!

I hope this makes some sense.

Sincerely,  
Frances Calhoun

Wednesday—9:30 to 10:30 p.m.—Jefferson School—16th St. and Sixth Ave.

Thursday—7 to 9:30 p.m.—Corner of 14th St. and Broadway.

This is in addition to my regular selling at:

Tuesday—11:30 to 2—Pine and Nassau.

Wednesday—noon to 4 p.m.—Fordham Gate uptown.

Friday—11:30 to 2—43rd and Lexington.

Saturday—noon to 2 p.m.—Corner 14th and Broadway.

Sunday—8:45 to 10—St. Patrick's.

Sunday—10:30 to 1:30—St. Francis, near Penn Station.

For the past few months I have been recording a fifteen minute summary of my thoughts on events every two weeks for KPFA, the radical non-commercial FM station in Berkeley, California. This has helped me to get my ideas together. To do so I read the NEW YORK TIMES, the DAILY WORKER, the N. Y. POST and TIME magazine as well as The Davenport, Iowa MESSENGER. FREEDOM, the London anarchist weekly is one basic paper which I would not miss.

I spoke to the Socialist Party picnic at Massapequa, L. I., recently along with Conrad Lynn, the NAACP and civil liberties attorney. We emphasized civil rights and civil liberties. Earl Browder was there this year as he was last year when I spoke. He spoke for a united Socialist Party. I stressed the one-man-revolution. I am to speak to a forum in the Bronx in October where a Communist and a Socialist will also give their views.

## The Third Hour

In the last issue we ran an ad for "The Third Hour." Unfortunately there was a mix-up at the post office so that all communications were returned to the senders saying that the "Third Hour" post office box was closed. The difficulty has been settled now. If your cheque was returned please send it back to the same address: THE THIRD HOUR—P. O. Box 6 Lenox Hill Station, New York 21, N. Y.

## FRITZ EICHENBERG

We do not need to introduce Fritz Eichenberg to our readers, who have been enjoying his beautiful work for the last few years on the front page of the Catholic Worker. He is not only one of the greatest artists, but also one of the great teachers of the day. This year he begins full time to teach at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, after part time teaching in both Pratt and the new School, in addition to all his illustrating of Dostoevsky, Tolstoi and many other books. For a time he is ceasing to illustrate books, which has meant subordinating his genius to that of the author, insofar as he came under the spell of the author, and will work on his own, and at teaching. The stimulus of this give and take will mean even a greater blossoming of his great work we know.

Fritz was born in Germany half a century ago, in Cologne. He

studied art, and lithography, attending the State Academy of Graphic Arts in Leipsig, where book making and illustration and work in the graphic media, like etching, and lithography and engraving in wood were taught. He was staff artist on a Berlin newspaper, traveled in Italy, France and England. With his family he left Germany under Hitler and has lived in New York since. His latest illustrating has been of *The Idiot*, by Dostoevsky, put out in revised translation by the Heritage Press, 595 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 22.

Portfolio's of his wood engravings can be procured from the Thistle Press, the advertisement for which appears below. These would be good Christmas presents to give your friends. The two folios we have are treasures in our library at Peter Maurin Farm.

## Fritz Eichenberg's

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### A Modern Crusader

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Esmond Klimeck, O.P.

The inspiration for this book, and indeed, for the whole of the author's life, lies in the words of St. Bernard: "When you follow Mary, you will not go astray; when you pray to her you will not despair; when you think of her, you will not err; when she holds you up you will not fall; when she protects you, you will not fear; when she leads you, you will not be fatigued; when she favours you, you will arrive safely." Here indeed is the story of a modern crusader, his travels, adventures and battles in the service of our Lady. The story he has to tell lives and breathes of his own strong feeling and convictions and is as enthralling as any novel. Of particular topical interest is the long section he devotes to his experiences at Fatima.

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