

CATHOLIC WORKER



FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
17608 EUCLID AVE
CLEVELAND-12 OHIO



Vol. XXIII No. 8

March, 1957

Subscriptions:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN
(Reprint from 1936)

Colonial Expansion

Some people say:

"My country
is always right."

Some people say:

"My country
is always wrong."

Some people say:

"My country
is sometimes right
and sometimes wrong,
but my country,
right or wrong."

To stick up for one's country
when one's country is wrong
does not make
the country right.

To stick up for the right
even when the world is wrong
is the only way we know of
making everything right.

Protecting France

To protect French citizens
living in Algeria
the French took Algeria
from the natives.

To protect Algeria
the French took control
of Tunisia.

To protect Senegal
the French took Dahomey,
the Gabon and the Congo.

To protect the Isle of Reunion
the French took Madagascar
for another reason.

The reason was
that the English
wished to take it.

When the English
take something
the French say:
"the English do that
because they are grabbers."

When the French take something
the French say:
"We do that
because we are patriots."

Protecting England

To protect the British Isles
the English took the sea.

To protect the sea
the English took Gibraltar,
Canada and India.

To protect India
The English went to Egypt.

To protect Egypt
the English took the Soudan.

To protect the Soudan
the English forced the French
to leave Fashoda.

To protect the Cape and Natal
the English took the Transvaal.

So the English
are just as good
or just as bad
as the French.

Civilizing Ethiopia

The French believe
that trade follows the flag.

So do the English,
so do the Germans,
so do the Japanese,
so do the Italians.

Italy is in Ethiopia
for the same reason
that the French
are in Algeria,
the English in India,
the Japanese in Manchuria.

The Italians say
that the Ethiopians
are not civilized.

The last war proves
that Europeans
are no more civilized
than the Africans.

So Europeans
ought to find the way
to become civilized
before thinking

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BEGONE, SATAN!
FOR IT IS WRITTEN
THE LORD THY GOD
SHALT THOU WORSHIP
AND HIM ALONE
SHALT THOU
SERVE



CHRIST IS CRUCIFIED IN SOUTH AFRICA

By ANNE TAILLEFER

When Ammon and I picketed the South-African Consulate in December and sympathetic passers-by asked us just why we were doing this, we realized that public opinion was not at all informed about what was going on. Yet we were protesting an injustice that ought to shame both Americans and Christians alike.

On December 5, a treason trial had been held in Johannesburg (South-Africa) against 150 people. It had a quality of peculiar "harmony, for 5,000 people flooded the streets and filled the air with the sound of their voices singing the song of Afrikaans so that upon that day the trial could not be held. The defendants were also of a peculiar quality. They were headed by Chief Luthuli, President General of the African National Congress of South-Africa, a Zulu, a gentle Christian man and a fervent disciple of Gandhi's non violence. The others ranged from ultra-left whites to conservative tribal Africans. There were three ministers, two Anglicans, Rev. J. A. Calata and Rev. W. S. Gawe, and one Methodist, Rev. D. C. Thompson. The Union Government had denounced them as Communists and Communist sympathizers. There may have been Communists among them, but their real crime in the sight of the government was that they all were anti-racists and believed in equal citizenship for all. The arrests were of people whose houses and files had been raided a year before by the police.

Since this had happened to Father Huddleston, it is more than probable that he would have appeared among the defendants, had he not been in England.

When here last year he stated publicly, "Though I love South-Africa, I do not love its government, nor its policies" which in the eyes of the Union government constitutes treason.

Alan Paton, celebrated author of "Cry the Beloved Country" and head of the Liberal Party had his own private little trial for having attended a mass meeting of which the government did not approve. All these people, in one way or another, had protested against deportation of populations, whippings, a system of passes that reduces the

black and colored people to a state of insecurity and terror; and a general policy to keep a whole population in a state of near illiteracy, disease, and economic misery.

At the U.N. Christian peoples support the South-African government and its policy that bears the name of apartheid. Those who have skeletons in their closets either domestic as the U. S. or colonial as England, France, Holland, Belgium, etc. . . . protest against interference by their vote-siding with South-Africa whilst the Moslems, Soviets and Asiatics range themselves against it. But this year, the Union of South-Africa won two victories owing to the fact that no sanctions can be passed against it as long as Russia, Israel, India continue to ignore the U. S. representations. Thus two innocuous resolutions were passed, one upon the treatment of people of Indian origin the other upon apartheid; the whole issue even risked being wiped off next year's calendar.

On the side of the oppressed in Africa was heard the voice of the Rev. Michael Scott, an Anglican clergyman from England who has already suffered much for his love and defense of the black and colored people in South-Africa. His visa in this country, limits his freedom of movement in the city of New York. He is a one-man organization representing around 30,000 black people from South-West Africa (mainly the Hereros, and also the Berg Damaras and Namas) whose mandate has been denounced as ended by the Union and who do not wish to be incorporated in it. The 7th of December he was heard as petitioner in the name of these peoples. He exposed the injustices that completely despoil them particularly in the land reforms and political representation. He implored the U. N. to abandon fruitless parleys and recommendations and seek some form of sanctions against the Union. He requested consideration of all written petitions of chiefs for the protection of their people and the dispatch of a commission to hear these chiefs in person.

The other petitioner at his side was a young Herero, a student of Lincoln University, Mburumba Getzen, raised in Catholic schools and a flat contradiction to the propa-

ganda circulated by the majority of white South-Africans to the effect that the primitiveness and illiteracy of the Africans make it wise and desirable to give them no independence or responsibilities. In educated English and with a very clear presentation he stated the case of his people. But he first told of how he entered this country under a false label (Cape Mulatto) or he would not have been awarded a passport; that he had been warned by the authorities of Union of S.W. Africa against the United States as being a Communist country because it is based on a principle of racial equality! and had been warned also he should be shot on his return if he talked about the mistreatment of Africans.

He emphasized the disgracefully low educational standards and the health situation resulting from apartheid.

In addition to this, some days later the Rev. Michael Scott presented a memorandum to obtain obligatory jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice on the South-African Mandate asking that it be supported by the countries, that is England, the U. S. and France, who relinquished the mandate to South Africa.

Ghana and Togoland

On March 6, 1957, the Gold Coast will resume its ancient name of Ghana and become an independent country; British Togoland, as a result of a plebiscite vote will be integrated with Ghana. The name of Ghana is associated with the past of a flourishing kingdom of the Southern Sudan in the Middle Ages. Its famed university exchanged professors with the celebrated university of Cordoba of Spain. The name of Gold Coast, on the contrary is associated with exploitation, on account of gold, and the subjection and slavery of peoples. Fantastic celebrations will be held in the country, and in New York there will be a celebration in Town Hall on March the sixth at 8:30 p.m., organized by the American Committee on Africa, and a mass of Thanksgiving will be said at the Catholic Center of N.Y.U. on Sunday March 3, for the African students in New York.

French Togoland's independence does not advance as rapidly. The French have conducted a referen-

INTERRACIAL COMMUNITY ATTACKED

By KERRAN DUGAN

Harry Anderson was standing watch at midnight of January 29. Behind him were 1,100 acres of the best farm land in Sumter County, Georgia, and the houses where slept the others—men, women and children—fifty in all—who make up the Koinonia interracial community. In front of him stretched the highway. He was watching because during the half year previous unknown outsiders had been plaguing the farm with dynamiting, burning and shooting. There had been no direct attempt on the lives of the members of the community, but property damage had amounted to \$13,000.

As Anderson stood watching—or sat rather (he was in a car)—a car sped into view on the highway. Machine gun fire spat from its windows. Anderson no sooner saw a spew of tracer bullets hit the residence closest to the highway than he saw another streak over his own right shoulder. Another burst raked the house further back where several people were sleeping, including Ross Anderson. One bullet whizzed over the latter's head, another by the foot of his bed, setting fire finally to the curtains. The car sped on down the highway.

Three nights later, at 9:15 in the evening, two more cars came, this time spewing buckshot and .22 bul-

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PACIFIST COMMUNITY SUFFERS FIRE

On the morning of February fourth, the Woodcrest Bruderhof lost its main building through fire. Starting somewhere in the basement, the fire spread rapidly through the saw-dust filled walls of the old converted carriage house. A dead telephone delayed arrival of fire-fighting equipment; the building filled with heavy smoke within minutes of discovery, preventing re-entry. We are very thankful that, in the speed of the whole thing, the five people living in the building were able to reach safety without injury.

Our community life had been centered around this old building, converted to kitchen and dining space for our two hundred people. The offices of our small industry, the making of educational play equipment, together with our community offices, occupied the second floor. On the far end of this floor were the apartments of a family and an older woman, and on the floor above, storage space for clothing and household goods. A month's supply of food had just been stored in the basement.

All of this was totally destroyed by the fire.

The loss of this building has meant to us not just the loss of physical space and equipment—for it was here that we ate our common meals, sign of the oneness and sharing we experience. It was here that we pushed back the long tables and met to seek our way through the daily situations of living together; and here that we

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CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

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223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-9130

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1933, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



SOUTH AFRICA

(Continued from Page 1)

sum that resulted in the proclamation of an autonomous Republic of Togoland. Some steps have been taken in the right direction but the Africans are still far from enjoying political and economic independence. The spokesman for French Togoland, Sylvanus Olympio, a brilliant scholar at home in five languages, a Catholic, has succeeded during his stay here in keeping his country from being integrated into the French Union and for one more year to have it kept under the Trusteeship System. He looks towards a West-African Federation.

Algeria

France who had imitated South-Africa last year, and walked out of the U.N. when the Algerian question was raised decided to be present this year to defend its policies. Algeria, itself, of course was not represented but members of the extremist party, the F.L.N. (Front of National Liberation) such as M'Hammed Yazid were camouflaged in other delegations. There was also the moderate, gentle, fervent Moslem, Ferhat Abbas, who has been forced, he said, to join the violent revolutionaries, his moderation having been to no avail. He ardently expressed to us, in private, the necessity of the Christian witness in such a dilemma. As the debate progressed this remark proved itself strikingly true. On the side of the French with flawless rhetoric and irrefutable arguments, Mr. Christian Pineau, Premier, and Mr. Jacques Soustelle, a former Governor of Algeria, presented a well-sustained case defending the rights of the French residents, exposing atrocities and terror. The Syrian delegation, one of the old Algerian spokesmen denounced injustice, political and economic inequality, the desire of the Algerian people to be free. On both sides there was anger, mudslinging, bad faith, and those who wished for a nice peaceful settlement are rosy-spectacled utopians. Only through Christian sacrifice can France abandon its privileges in Algeria, the fate of 1,200,000 French residents and her pride. There is no political solution. War is raging and atrocities are committed on both sides as always is in war, and this one is complicated with civil war. If the atrocities are more evident on the non-Christian side, it is but natural, but will the victims understand this? When the injustices are on the Christian side, passions are too inflamed to admit it.

Things are about as easy to settle with a sweep as in the U. S. South with about the same number of years (150) of error to repair.

The Delegate of Ireland made a very fine Christian speech calling to the men of goodwill on both sides to come together and bridge those difficulties. It is rather strange to note that Ireland did not vote afterwards exactly in the sense one would have expected. The U.N. is full of these surprises. A small number of countries, including the U. S. and Britain, sided with France but nearly the whole

General Assembly of Delegates sided with the Algerian view; a resolution was passed urging France to seek the means of a peaceful settlement.

Perhaps the whole issue was best voiced by the Ambassador of Morocco, Dr. Ben Aboud, calling out for Christian love, the birth-right of France and reminding us that the tenets of the Moslem faith stem from Judaism and from 4th century Christianity (Nestorians). On this ground he hoped some agreement could be reached.

A Frenchwoman who has lived in Morocco these last years was my constant companion during this debate. Her Christianity had won for her the utter gratitude and devotion of the Moroccans. Her system is very simple: to pray and to enlighten all those who are willing to be reached. With some friends, in North Africa, she has set aside the first Friday to offer communion and to fast for the liberation of Africa. Some of us here have joined this group by doing the same; this may be, aside from practical achievements, the very best way to help Africa.

HOW TO HELP

Letter to the Catholic Worker:

As men the world over tire of violence, they look with hope and admiration to those African nationalists who are struggling for independence and equality by non-violent means. To help support these elements the War Resisters League is collecting money, books and clothing which will be sent to Nigeria, Kenya, the Gold Coast and South Africa.

We do not look upon this merely as a relief project but as part of our responsibility to encourage those who are attempting to build an alternative to violence in terms of resistance to oppression and injustice.

Most of the money collected will be sent to South Africa to be used to carry on the non-violent educational campaign that must precede the next period of direct action and to support the families of those who are imprisoned.

Although South African authorities have set up punitive measures against Africans who receive help from abroad, we have been able to make arrangements through a highly responsible Anglican churchman in London to get the money into South Africa. The books and clothing will be sent to the other areas of Africa.

We would greatly appreciate aid from any readers of the Catholic Worker who are concerned to see that the struggle for African independence is carried on by Gandhi-like methods.

Books, money and clothing can be sent to:

Africa Committee
War Resisters League
Room 825, 5 Beekman Street
New York, New York

Trip Through the South

By ROBERT STEED

(Continued from Last Issue)

This section should be entitled "The Adventures of Anne, Lee and Little Will" but I won't steal the title because some day they will write a book about the whole business and might want to call it that. Anne and Lee Peery met at Peter Maurin Farm in the summer of 1954, married a few months later and drove down into Mississippi looking for work. In April of 1955 Lee found a job share-cropping on a plantation near Greenville in the heart of the Delta. The boss knew that they were from the North and that they were not segregationists but he needed someone who could do his work and perhaps he did not realize to what extent their belief in the brotherhood of man would affect their actions.

Lee contracted to "make" eight acres of cotton for him and do other work on the farm at 50c an hour. In return they received a house and as much land as they wanted for a garden along with access to old building materials and hunting and fishing rights. Their house was right on the levee near "Old Man River" with a forest between them and the river. Nearby was a hunting and fishing club for the wealthy whites of the area.

In the morning at seven Lee went down to the barn to see if there was any work to be done (this is outside the cotton season). He usually worked until noon then took an hour off for lunch and went back to work for five hours. The boss tried to provide as much work as they needed and was known to be thoroughly honest. The Negroes always said of him that if nothing else he was honest and paid every cent that he owed to both black and white. Any time Lee worked his own crop it had to be on his own time and it took plenty of time, so he paid some

Negroes to pick his crop and spent his time working for the boss and by doing this made more money than he would have if he had just worked his own crop. By paying to have it picked they made up what they paid by having it in early. If it is gotten in late and stands in the fields it gets dirty and the price paid goes down from thirty to twenty-five cents a pound. A lot of work goes into working a cotton crop: it has to be thinned (this is called "chopping") then hoed three times a season and picked twice, the first time most of it is taken and the second time around, the bolls that weren't open earlier are attended to. Lee tried to pay the Negroes who picked his crop a little more than the usual fee, just as a gesture, and got pleasure out of calling them Mister or Sir and tried to get them to call him by his first name and went out of his way to drink out of the common cup. Three times when the boss brought Negro workers to the plantation Lee and Anne invited them to share their mid-day meal; Negroes were not allowed on the plantation unless they were brought in to work.

On November 1, 1955, the boss came around to tell Lee that the White Citizen's Council had sent someone to complain to him and to tell him that they were planning a "necktie" party for Lee but he said that he thought they were bluffing because they never got involved in anything like that themselves but always incited others to it. Perhaps it was because Lee told him that he would be willing to leave whenever he (the boss) thought things were getting too hot or because when he questioned the Negroes they told him that Lee and Anne acted that way because "it's their religion" but he let them stay. An ex-sheriff who lived on the place and who had a

reputation as a "nigger-killer" said of Lee: "His doctrine is no good but he's a good boy."

About this time Anne gave birth to a baby boy, Will, whom Lee delivered, partly as a matter of principle (it is against the law in Mississippi) and partly because the mid-wife charged more than they could afford. Anne didn't want to go to a hospital because the mother is drugged and only sees the baby twice a day and because they discourage breast feeding. Will is thirteen months old now and still hasn't been weaned yet! The mid-wife was terrified that the authorities would prosecute Lee and offered to lie to them and testify that she delivered the baby. Lee refused but she did it anyway. She is supporting an invalid husband and sister by working in the fields and delivering babies but it is getting too hard for her and she wants to go North to live with some of her children there but can't. Anne and Lee picked cotton for her.

All winter long Lee went out to feed the cows, shoveling tons of feed every day from a trench silo into a trailer and taking it out to feed troughs in mud a foot and a half deep. He and Anne expected to be told to leave at any moment. In the Spring they slaved over their garden, got the fields ready for planting, put in cotton, corn and sorghum. Then one day while they were planting in the garden the boss came up on the porch and said "It's gotten too 'hot' for me!" He said his friends had stopped speaking to him and openly snubbed him on the streets and that sheriffs in four counties he had visited had heard of him and his "nigger-lovin' share croppers." But the thing that had been the last straw was the visit of local Southern FBI agents. He thanked

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On the Road

By AMMON HENNACY



UST pay a dollar and I'll call it off, said the tax man to me. I replied that I would never voluntarily pay a penny income tax for war. His

reply was that I would have to go to jail. I said I had been there before.

"You want to be a martyr!" he scoffed. "Sure, there aren't enough martyrs. We need more martyrs. The early Christians could live if they only put a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar, but rather than compromise this much they were thrown to the lions. The modern Christians join the Lions Club."

For the first time in my life I was able to tell the above to the members of a Lions Club. This was in the town of Unity, near Waterville, Maine, where my good friend Dr. Paquette had taken me to speak. I had come away up here in Maine in the winter because the Dr. on a visit to Chrystie Street over a year ago had his aesthetic dental sense affronted by my lonesome front tooth and had offered to fix my uppers if I came to his town. Several plans had been interrupted by waiting around for a sentence on the air raid drill case, but at last I was here. This little town of Unity is where he had begun his practice of dentistry the year the CW started, 1933, and this was well remembered as the year when it was 59 degrees below zero there. But tonight the weather was mild.

Another Rest

Dr. Paquette has six children and two of them being slightly ill it would have been inconvenient for me to stay at his house for the

week it would take to do the dental work. Accordingly he gave me a couch in his office. This office comprised the lower part of a regular house a block from the Post-office and two blocks from Sacred Heart Church. Here it was quiet, even more quiet than my recent 5 days in Hart's Island prison.

After X-rays I had 19 roots extracted in four sessions, at my insistence, without the aid of any drugs. It did hurt a little and I couldn't help a tear now and then, but I had inadvertently chosen a skillful dentist who did a minimum of gouging and who had a sure grip on the forceps. I found I could say "Mississippi" without any hissing. In fact I spoke four nights for hours to Catholic groups without being conscious of my new denture. The Catholic students to whom Fr. Gower introduced me had many interesting questions. One of the men interested in the laymen's retreat movement who had heard me speak to the youth asked me to speak to his friends. That night they spoke English instead of French and a tape recording was made of my talk. My message was so radical and so new to these good men that I had to spend two other nights explaining and answering questions, with the help of Fr. Gower and a retreat priest from Augusta, until they were convinced and in all good humor felt that a Catholic could be also a radical.

Last fall I had been invited to represent Catholic laymen for three days at a Brotherhood Week at Colby College here. Because of the delay of sentencing on the air raid drill case I could not be sure that I could keep the date so someone else was scheduled. However, I had an agreeable few hours with the student committee who had charge of the speakers and left one of my books.

My dentist friend teaches art two nights a week and has paintings in his office. He is also an amateur architect as was evidenced by the U-shaped table in his kitchen where the family sat on high stools just as in a restaurant and were served with a minimum of effort. Fifteen year old Jean was adept in changing the diapers of his nine months old baby brother, and Debbie and Virginia called for more Hopi stories after they had heard the first one. The mother walked four miles every day as a relaxing and upbuilding regimen.

Stained Glass Windows

I did not have a meeting in Biddeford, Me., as Eleanor Drouin was busy preparing an anti-fluoridation talk, but visited there Saturday night. Half of Sunday and Monday I visited Carl and Mary Paulson at St. Benedict's farm near Upton, Mass. David and Raymond had been born since my visit three years ago, and Monday was tall and beautiful Ellen's 14th birthday.

It will be remembered by CW readers that Carl did time in Danbury as a CO in World War II and that Mary came from the CW group in Rochester. His work making stained glass windows has increased so much that he has four employees much of the time, although it is difficult for him to find those who are interested in the work. I visited the work shop half a day while they cut glass for designs. Carl worked at medallions which are more intricate. Most of the glass that he uses is from one of the few remaining factories where it is blown by hand (or mouth) rather than by the machine, this plant being in W. Va. His employees had not heard radical ideas and Carl wished me to enliven the time, perhaps somewhat as the cigar workers have a reader who

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY



THE COMMUNIST PARTY Convention had been in session two full days as I came home from Mass that Monday morning. I had passed a man lying dying on the Bowery pitifully bony and dirty. A policeman stood over him waiting for the ambulance and the priest. When I got to our door at St. Joseph's house there was the usual line of men waiting for Roger to give out clothes. The women and children come into the house but there is so little room that the men have to stand outside. Then, suddenly the line was disrupted by one man falling back suddenly into the arms of a tall Negro who was strong enough to hold him until he could lay him out gently on the pavement just inside the fence. As he lay stretched out there in the naked grey morning light, he ceased to breathe.

"He's dead. That man's dead. Nothing you can do for him any more," the Negro cried. "I just caught him and he died."

But there was something we could do. Charlie called the priest from Nativity Church and Fr. Hoodak arrived before the ambulance or the police. Kneeling there in the dirty little yard behind the trash cans at the fence he anointed him and gave him absolution. A man with a gunny sack of empty bottles strung over his shoulder stopped to look. "He's a cook. Works in the arcade over on the Bowery," he commented. "Don't know his name." And he hurried on.

Another man commented. "He just got off the Island. They are prison pants and socks and shirt."

So casual is life and death on the Bowery.

Around the corner, three hundred delegates to the 16th annual convention of the Communist Party of America meeting at the Chateau Gardens on Houston St., were so intently serious on this present life and what they wanted to make of it, that fifty of them are past or present defendants under the Smith Act and eleven of the National leaders are now serving terms. A strange convention indeed, unlike any other political convention ever held in this country.

When a reporter asked me whether I thought I could be an objective observer, I told him that of course I could not. "Atheism is an integral part of Marxism," as Lenin said, and as a Catholic I know that fundamental opposition between the Church and Communism. "Why are you here?" another asked, and I could only say that I was present because I had been invited, and it was in part curiosity and interest that led me there. "Ask for nothing, refuse nothing," St. John of the Cross said.

NO ONE WHO ever read "Three Who Made a Revolution," by Bertram Wolff could fail to be interested in the historic struggle which is now going on in the Communist Party throughout the world, and certainly from any point of view, it was a privilege to be invited to attend as an observer. The Press had been excluded. One long narrow room had been turned over to them and reporters, photographers, radio newscasters had turned out in such numbers that there was only room to stand while they questioned Si Gerson, who was in charge of publicity and who promised to bring them copies of speeches and other news releases. As for their admittance, the delegates at the state conventions had voted to exclude the press, on the ground that they had not had fair coverage in the past, that some of the news men worked openly with the FBI and they did not wish to risk the livelihood, or the freedom, of those three hundred and fifty delegates who were attending from 28 states around the country.

Other members of the observers committee were A. J. Muste, Secretary Emeritus, Fellowship of Reconciliation; Roy Finch, Chairman, War Resisters League; Stringfellow Barr, Lecturer and publicist; Lyle Tatum, Peace Secretary for Middle Atlantic Region, American Friends Service Committee; Bayard Rustin, Executive Secretary, War Resisters League; Alfred Hassler, Director of Publications, Fellowship of Reconciliation and George Willoughby, Director, Central Committee For Conscientious Objectors.

Friday night before the convention, Helene Iswolsky had spoken at The Catholic Worker on the present trends in Soviet literature. She said that now finally Dostoevsky and Tolstoi were being printed and discussed, that the literature even of exiles living in France and other countries was now being published, that such a poet as Pasternak, after a silence of twenty years, had eight poems in the last issue of The Banner, one of the most famous of the Soviet magazines. A recent best seller which ran serially in a popular Soviet magazine told of the lives of Soviet families and was entitled "Not by Bread Alone!"

"It is not just by a study of politics that one learns about a people, but by reading their literature," she said. Helene Iswolsky teaches Russian at Fordham and has written a number of books on Russian literature and spirituality. She was a friend of Berdyaev in France, and became a Roman Catholic in her adult years. She attends the Liturgy at St. Michael's chapel on Mulberry street where I too am going this Sunday morning, to pray for Russia, to pray for the delegates at the Convention, to pray for all those I meet and hear today.

Waking this morning, I thought of the criticism I would get from Catholics for having the temerity to attend this convention, and I thought, "enemies of the cross of Christ," that is of course how Communists are considered. How can I consort with these enemies? But I have felt the absence of God in many another milieu in my life. I felt it of course, the six months I lived in Mexico under the persecution in 1929. I felt it when I worked in Hollywood

for a brief three months. I felt it in the midst of non-Catholic friends, who are indifferent to the things of God, and among Protestants who think of the Roman Catholic church as the Anti-christ. "I was brought up on Fox's book of martyrs," one woman told me ruefully, explaining her hostility to the Church. "After all, you're not a real Catholic, not like the political Catholics I have met," another young woman said to me recently in Lancaster.

I can only say, "I am a daughter of the Church," repeating the words of St. Teresa of Avila. It is as a daughter of the Church that I do these things. I might add as a working journalist also and the two are not in opposition, muddled as our motives often are.

"Enemies of the Cross of Christ." The phrase of St. Paul echoed in my mind. Certainly, not enemies of the Cross, I thought, as I reviewed in my mind the case of Dorothy Blumberg, whom I had met the day before and brought home to supper at St. Joseph's house. She had spent two years in Alderson Federal penitentiary in West Virginia, and it was interesting to hear her experiences. She was convicted as one of the "top" Communists in Baltimore and has served her sentence of two years. Her husband is under conviction now, and his is one of the "membership" cases, those convictions upheld by higher courts and now waiting the U.S. Supreme court decision. Under such a ruling, if it were adverse, every one of the 350 attending the convention as delegates could be arrested and sent away to detention camps, those detention camps which we have noted in the C.W. as ready for people who oppose the present regime. Opposing this capitalist-industrial system, as we also do, we may find ourselves in even closer contact yet with these our brothers, the Communists.

Dorothy Blumberg, is also a grandmother, and works in a florist wholesale shop as a bookkeeper. She is little and trim, her hair is grey, her skin young and her eyes warm and sparkling. She has a loud clear voice and seems to be well used to speaking. Her husband, one of the delegates, was put in charge of the "observers" and sat at the table with us.

They are only two of the one hundred and sixty in all who have been indicted, 30 of whom have served sentences in the prisons of this country. 70 more being un-



der conviction and out on bail. No one could say that they are not sincere workers for what they consider a better social order, one more geared to the needs of man. They deny that they seek to achieve this by class war, but if this is forced upon them by "Wall street," they are not pacifists, but will use force and violence as "self defense." They deny that they "conspire to use force and violence," that they are the aggressor, in other words.

Decentralists and distributists as we are, we find ourselves just as often in opposition to the ends as to the means of the Communist Party. But being pacifists, we believe in sitting down to discussion with them. Believing in the works of mercy as we do, to show our love for God and our brother, we would undoubtedly always be more in sympathy with the great mass of the poor, the men in revolt, those in jail, the men of color throughout the world, than we would with imperialists, the colonials, the industrial capitalist, the monopolists. (It is inevitable that I use the jargon of the revolutionist as I write this report).

"Who is the enemy," Wm. Z. Foster asked in his opening speech? Certainly not those gathered together there at Chateau Gardens, but the men of Wall street. And furthermore, a greater enemy to the worker than the government has been the corrupting influence of our prosperity, our soft living, he added.

Foster himself has never hesitated to embrace the Cross though he would not call his sufferings such. Fr. Kaszinsky on the outskirts of Pittsburgh helped him in the great steel strike of 1919, and called him friend. It was a strike which most of the American labor movement disowned

as a "Hunky" strike, engineered by "foreign propagandists." But Foster is an American.

Before I left my room the Sunday morning, of the convention, I picked up the latest book on St. Therese Martin of Lisieux, The Mission of St. Therese, by Abbe Combes, and opening it at random read: "The central issue is to determine how there may be opened a way for the effective action of the floods of infinite solicitude for each and every human soul which it is of the very nature of God to have; and how to make souls the recipients, with as little possible delay, of the fullness of that love which the Infinite Love with the sovereign force of salvific will, desires to shower upon them. Whatever may be the destiny of souls, the urgency of the missionary problem has its roots in the very heart of God. Therese shows strikingly the tragic contrast which obtains, and has long obtained, between the mortal wound in that heart, and not only the unbelief or the apostasy of entire masses, but even the ignorance or the mere indifference of one solitary human heart, closed to such love."

"To the Marxist specifically," she says moreover that "the specific remedy for humanity's ills is the process by which each one of us becomes the point of entry into the sinful world of his fellows, the point of entry for the one really liberating force, the supernatural power of God."

"Each one of us." I remembered as I read these lines, the story Madame Krupskaya told in her Memoirs, of the handful of people who used to meet in the public parks in Paris on Sunday afternoons to conduct their workers' schools, how they lived in slums and ate horse meat and endured exile and poverty and risked arrest and imprisonment. And yet now one third of the people of the world are dominated by these same Marxists, and the convention which was the first to be held since 1950, had major coverage by the biggest newspapers and news service in the country.

There is great debate in the press over the numerical strength of the party. Some wrote that the membership had shrunk to 20,000 in the United States. Others put it as low as five thousand dues-paying members. The C.P. claims 25,000 members. Not since the Hitler-Stalin pact had there been such controversy within the ranks. The The Khrushchev speech and the Hungarian and Polish revolt had touched off another world crisis in the party, and the deliberations of this convention were colored by these events. Roughly speaking, there were three factions in the party represented by these delegates who had been elected by their state conventions. Wm. Z. Foster headed one, holding to the orthodox line that the American Party was to follow Moscow in order to keep proletarian unity throughout the world. The John Gates faction believed that there should be a developing Marxism-Leninism to fit the conditions of the American scene, and that criticism of the work of other parties in other countries was to be free. As Editor of the Daily Worker he was in a powerful position to give his views, and for some time he had been manifesting his "liberal" tendencies by giving coverage to such features as Ammon Hennacy's eleven day fast and picketing of the Customs House where the tax office was located, in his protest against Hiroshima and paying taxes for war and for such bombs as demolished Hiroshima.

In addition to these daily stories, giving a pound by pound description of the progress of Ammon's fast, they covered also the protest on the War Resisters, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Peacenik, Quakers, and Catholic Worker in refusing to take shelter during the compulsory air raid drills in the last two summers. For a long time there was no recognition by the Party that any other peace work was being done except by Communist groups and affiliates and such ministers in the Protestant church as Dr. Endicott of Toronto and Dr. Melish of Brooklyn who followed "the party line."

Eugene Dennis, secretary of the party, seemed to take a middle position. He is secretary of the party (until the newly elected national committee elects another) and he went along with Foster, the old leader (he is 76, but does not look more than sixty) and Gates who is a younger man, moderating their two extremes.

There was a great call for more membership on the national committee, of youth, Negro, Puerto Rican and Mexican workers, and when the voting was completed at the end of the four days, there were three women elected, one Negro girl of 26 who received the highest number of votes, one Mexican girl of 24, born in Denver, and another older woman of thirty from Los Angeles. The three highest votes went to Negroes, Claude Lightfoot of Chicago, who is under sentence for being a "member of the party which taught and conspired to overthrow the government by force and violence" and James Jackson who is also under the same indictment. He is well used to arrests, however, as there is a record of six arrests in Alabama and three in the north where he has worked both in industry and agriculture. One comrade called attention to the fact that under Jackson's guidance the youth group had circulated 50,000 Southern Peoples' Programs through the south, and when he was released on bail many southerners had helped raise that bail for him.

Anna Correa, the Mexican girl (there were three other Mexicans from California at the convention) was also convicted under the Smith act and was out on bail of \$25,000. While they were trying to raise that bail, she spent five months in a small jail in Colorado, which housed fifty other women. She worked as secretary in business offices and of course lost job after job. Her employer always said he was satisfied with her work but that his friends and associates would condemn him for keeping her on.

Scanning the names of the newly elected 20 members of the 60-man national committee, four had served three or

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Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

Planting season is under way at Peter Maurin Farm, and John has started tomatoes, peppers, and swiss chard in the greenhouse. When you look in through the door you can see the delicate green shoots already up. It is a very bright spot in the midst of the generally dead look of the fields.

The winter megrims got us all. The virus has gone the rounds, though it was a relatively mild form. A face would suddenly be absent from the dinner table, and then as suddenly reappear two days later.

Father McCoy continues his series of Days of Recollection, giving us conferences on Scripture. He gives three conferences, hears confessions, and closes the day with Benediction.

There have been a few warm and sunny weekends, even during February. We were very happy to get to know George and Mary Gulick and their three children, from Long Island. The Saturday they visited we also had a visit from Ronnie Fessel, formerly of Friendship House, and Maria Rampello, both of whom spent some time here last summer. Maria is a photographer, and has given us some beautiful color photographs of the farm. Last Fall, she made up for us an album of pictures she took during the Labor Day week end, and it forms an interesting record of what went on during those days. Mrs. Morrell from Staten Island has also brought clothes several times, accompanied by part of her own brood of five and bringing also some neighbors' children to see us.

Kerran Dugan has been coming out from Chrystie Street every Sunday with his records and has been teaching us some folk dances. As the weather gets warmer, we hope to move the dancing outdoors so as to have more room.

Several of us are weaving now, since we have been given additional looms. Mary McArdle is teaching little Magdalene who is four, to weave, and she is doing very well at it. I am learning from Charlie, and only hope to do as well as Magdalene. A large spinning wheel also came with the looms, but needs setting up.

In January, I visited my family, and this included a stopover with my sister in Arlington, Virginia. One of the joys of the visit was a meeting with a group of women in the area who have clothing rooms which serve the poor of their parishes and neighborhoods. (This is the same group mentioned by Bob Steed in the Worker last summer.) It was interesting to learn that the priest who advises them is Father Chester Michael, who is an old friend of The Catholic Worker.

This column must not close without mentioning the very wonderful visit here by E. I. Watkin, who was in the United States on a lecture tour. We were sorry that he was able to stay only a few hours, and that there was no chance of a return visit because he was leaving for England almost immediately. Al drove him out from New York in the station wagon, and with him came Bob Lax, of Jubilee, whom we had not met before, and Eddie Egan. All of us who met Mr. Watkin remember the visit with the greatest of pleasure.

Friday Night Speakers
 March 8: Ed Egan on Camus' new book, **THE FALL**
 March 15: Bayard Rustin on Non-violence in the South
 March 22: John Stanley
 March 29: Dave Dellinger on Community

Indian History In Pictures

A Pictorial History of the American Indian, by Oliver LaFarge, Crown Publishers, N. Y., \$7.50.

Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy

This book accomplishes the difficult feat of interspersing 350 illustrations of American Indians with their historical perspective and debunking much of the fiction in our history books, so that it ought to be required reading in every high school in the country. (Someone has said that history is but a fiction agreed upon.) The map giving the ancient location of over 200 tribes ought to help put the white man in his place geographically, while the details of the government's deceit ought to put us in our place ethically.

A few figures will give the overall picture of the Indians. They lived in New Mexico 20,000 years ago, and 3,000 years ago they raised corn there. Out of 160,000,000 acres that the Indians had after the Indian wars were mostly over in the 1890's they have only 47,000,000 left. LaFarge says that this is the way the whites got the land: "Get him drunk. Talk him into signing a mortgage he cannot pay off, does not understand that he must pay off, and in due course foreclose . . . that is the system."

For instance the story of our deporting the Five Civilized Tribes from the Southeast to Indian Territory, of their re-establishment of their efficient agricultural way of life, even printing a paper in Cherokee, and of how we "put an end to the last vestiges of an experiment in the ability of a group of American Indians; not to be civilized, but to civilize themselves." The author tells of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce who conducted "one of the great retreats of military history. Cold, weary, near starvation, they were caught and surrounded almost within sight of the Canadian border. Chief Joseph was offered honorable terms, and he surrendered. The terms were promptly forgotten, and he and his band were shipped to Oklahoma where many of them died in the low altitude and heat."

With all of this bad example of the white man with his Bible and his gun, with the Indians, "Religion permeated daily life. There was no such thing as setting aside a portion of every seventh day for relations with God or the gods." Their example of pure courage as given in the story of Luna and the two Jicarilla Apache Brothers is an antidote to our wild west movies and our patriotic films:

"Luna was known to have a very powerful war medicine, which he wore in a small bag hung from his neck. Personal medicine of that kind is a Plains trait, not a Southwestern one. The brothers challenged him to combat by drumming and singing a song that mocked him. Luna accepted the challenge by drumming and singing back at them. The duel was arranged in a narrow, shallow valley, where everyone could line up along the sides and watch. Luna started from one end, cradling his rifle over his arm. The brothers started at the other end. They came together slowly, until they could almost touch each other, then Luna said so that everyone could hear.

"Well, why don't you start fighting? Here I am."

"One of the brothers answered, 'You are wearing something that is too much for us.' This meant the war medicine. Luna slipped the thong over his head, lifted the bag, and threw it to one side.

"'All right,' he said, lifting his rifle, 'here I am.'"

That the great man was so sure of himself as to be willing to throw away his sacred power was too much for the brothers. They lowered their weapons and called off the fight. (Luna died of old age in the 1920's.)

In these days of free expression, curtailed only by excited racists, it is unbelievable that the Indian



APPEAL

Canadian House of Hospitality

To our readers:

Through UNITY you know the sort of work done by Benedict Labre House. And you know too that those who carry it on have embraced voluntary poverty.

This means that, dependent as we are on Providence, we must ask and beg people, both friends and strangers, for money. And the law has kindly permitted us, in this one week of the year, to do our asking publicly in UNITY.

And so it is that now we take the liberty of asking you to send us a donation.

We need money both for those we help and for the maintenance of the means by which we help them. These needs, these poor are with us daily; they never cease, nor does the generosity of those who in turn help us.

May God bless you for being the dispensers of His Providence which you make real to the poor by your gifts.

The People at Labre House,
 308 Young Street,
 Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

School at Carlisle, Pa., years ago was "founded for a purpose of inspired and brutal benevolence. Indians of high school age were taken—often most literally kidnapped—from the Western reservations and sent there, to remain for four, six or more years. The idea was to break them completely away from their families and their tribes, forbid any speaking of their native languages or any manifestation of their native culture, and put them through a course of sprouts (a flogging with switches: Webster) that would make them over into white men . . . De-Indianizing them did not work . . . The school was closed and its plant taken over by the Army in World War I, and it was never reopened." Today the Government in British Columbia has kidnapped Doukhobor children and placed their parents in prison seeking to defeat the Doukhobor culture. And today in New York State Iriquois parents send their children to public schools but are not allowed to vote for members of the school board.

"Many missionaries think that a man cannot become a good Christian unless he dresses as the missionary does, lives in the same kind of house, eats the same food—despite the fact that, as Indians sometimes point out, Our Lord wore His hair long and wrapped Himself in something very like a blanket. The same line of thinking led

(Continued on page 7)

CULT :: CULT

Chicago Apostolate

Feb. 16, 1957.

Dear Dorothy:

Came in here hoping to see you, and also to explain that I meant to get here last night, but since I am suffering from low blood pressure, the doctor advised me against it.

There is a Peter Maurin house in Chicago, on Division and Orleans, or thereabouts. Fr. Daniel Cantwell was chaplain, but he had to resign. I do not know just what connection there is between your work here and that, if any. But the problem of Skid Row is growing more acute with the problem of the elder citizens, whose lives are prolonged, with their usefulness ended. I cannot see how this can be tackled at all without some kind of permanent commitment, whether a religious order, a secular institute, or a pious association. Paper contacts are not enough. Maybe the Petit Soeurs or Petit Freres de Jesus Christ, or Abbe Foucauld, will provide a solution; maybe the Opus Dei. We have a group in Chicago known as the Pius XII Society, which gets out a newsletter. Its purpose is to increase acquaintance with and exercise of the principles of the Mediator Dei and Mystici Corporis encyclicals. Perhaps we should exchange with you. The objective is to realize the Mystical Body in actual worship.

We conduct there an Inter-Group Mass twice a year at which all the groups—Catholic Labor Alliance, Guild for the Blind, Cana Conference, Adult Education Conference, etc., join in a Community Mass or Dialog Mass, with English hymns (usually) and everybody joining in the dialog, or else with an Office in English before the Mass begins. There is a very active spirit of cooperation among these groups. They mostly have offices at 21 West Superior, and

work almost as a unit—they are in the shadow of the cathedral there, so it builds up the family feeling in a remarkable degree.

In case you do not remember me, I was pastor of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, which was decorated with my woodcarvings. You came out to see them one time when you had the house at Blue Island Av. and Halsted (I believe that is where it was). You thought it was a R.C. church, and showed quite a bit of disappointment when you found it wasn't.

Some forty years ago, along in 1915-1920, we established the original Hobo College in Chicago, backed by James Eads How, the millionaire Hobo. Out of it came plans for a Pioneer Army, which Ickes took and out of it produced the Civilian Conservation Corps. We found the lost (unused) brain power of the migratory worker to be very considerable. Wish it could be reactivated in some constructive way. Do not believe your distributive plan appeals to them, but wanted to see how these ideas might interlock.

However, we can exchange views by correspondence, if you have the time, which only you can determine. Glad to have seen your establishment.

Sincerely,
 Irwin St. John Tucker.

HOUSING

Houses for the workers are built by the Church in the island of Malta. His Grace Michael Gonzi Archbishop of the Island of Malta, to help solve the housing problem for the low wage workers, is building three big block buildings with the Church money.

Workers with big families, are preferred and at low rent, these houses are built of 'V' shape, with all modern improvements.

Evening Mass

By KERRAN DUGAN



MASS AND COMMUNION are no longer to be the possession of old women and employers." Thus did Father Henri Perrin, priest-workman, hail the dispensation from Canon 821 which permitted round-the-clock daily Masses in war-time Europe. Unfortunately, the prophecy did not apply beyond the duration of the war. Mass and communion, recommended to all as the center of their daily lives, are still inconspicuously kept from being anywhere near as available to working people as they could easily be—at least in America. They are still offered almost exclusively in the morning hours when everyone except the rich and idle and a few people with exceptional jobs are rushing to get to work. In the evening hours, which

are the hours when the worker is most free to worship, what is he offered? Novenas. Judging by their availability, one would think that novenas were more vital to the lives of the laity than Mass and Communion. Actually, clergy and educated laity are acutely aware that novenas are a poor substitute for liturgy, and there has been much patronizing and condescension on the part of the former and much snickering snobbishness on the part of the latter in regard to the popularity of novenas among the "people." Before we judge by crowded evening novenas and sparsely attended morning Masses that most Catholic working people have a jumbled set of values, let us first make an attempt to reverse the situation and see what would happen if novenas were offered in the morning and Masses in the evening. We do not have to wait for Rome to act on this. It has done so to some extent already. The Congregation of the Holy Office in 1953 mitigated Canon 821 to the extent of allowing evening Mass on (1) all existing holy days (2) all days which have in the past been holy days (3) all first Fridays (4) other solemnities at which there is a great concourse of people and (5) one day each week in addition to these others if the good of special classes of persons demands it. Some bishops have availed themselves of this opportunity for authorizing evening Mass hardly at all. None have availed themselves to the fullest. (In the archdiocese of New York there are no evening Masses except at one place on Staten Island and in Barrytown. In the diocese of Brooklyn the privilege is used only on first Fridays and on Holy Days which fall on working days).

CULTURE VATION ::

Obscenity And Economics

San Francisco.

Dear Editor:

... More judges are finding decency laws too obscure to enforce. So the enforcers, without these judges behind them, give up trying to enforce. Postal authorities admit they can no longer get the courts to rule against even obvious pornography. Is there a "general breakdown in morality"? No—there's a general upsurge of prosperity.

If you look only at the newsstand and the picture tube and the movie screen you won't look too close at other things—at widening profit margins, at price fixing, at trust making, at subsidies and kickbacks. And the way to keep you looking instead of thinking is to make it no-holds-barred in our mass media.

Remember—the brothels are not to keep you from attacking the mill owner's daughter but from attacking the mill owner.

As long as you permit your desire for social justice to be converted into sexual energy and dissipated in obscure books, magazines and movies then you don't deserve better housing—only glossier photos—you don't deserve better schools—only more realistic words—you don't deserve better nutrition—only lower comedy.

The lackey judges who refuse to recognize obscenity are not in the direct pay of Big Businessmen, of course, but are in social and political dependency to them which is the same thing.

Freedom is the principle most often invoked by our non-feasance judges. You may use this freedom to enslave yourself to your emotions and stirred-up desires. You also may choose Christ's slavery and gain freedom—freedom from your lesser nature and your exploiters. But you have to fight—both this nature and the equally strong system. As Thomas a Kempis wrote, you must do violence to yourself—but not to your oppressors—as Christ taught.

R. French

Koinonia Community,
Route 2,
Americus, Georgia
Feb., 1957.

Dear Mrs. Day,

All of us here at Koinonia appreciate your continuing interest and concern for us. Knowing how many of our friends are holding us up before the throne of grace gives us strength and courage for these days. I do not know if you have seen any note in the papers, but our dwellings were fired upon twice last week, once with machine gun and once with a shot gun. By God's grace no one was injured, but two had very narrow escapes.

We cannot take the credit for something we did not do. The ham sent you was the gift of a friend of yours who wishes to remain unknown. We'll convey your thanks.

Continue to pray for us.

In Christian love,

Florence Jordan.

[Mrs. Jordan is the wife of Koinonia's founder, Rev. Clarence Jordan.]

St. Francis of Assisi House of Hospitality

Detroit, Mich.
February 26, 1957.

Dear Fellow-workers:

Life in the "Detroit Worker" has been precarious to say the least, but somehow each day's problems seem to resolve themselves. Needless to say we have seen, daily, and gratefully, the Hand of God in all things, to the point of making us ashamed of our spiritual and physical indolence.

The City Fathers condemned the wiring in the St. Francis House and threatened to close the place. Through the good offices of the Michigan Catholic, we were able to get some help; the Harlan Electric Co. offered to donate the labor and materials to meet the city's requirements. So that is one worry out of the way. This Winter, through a Produce Co. we have had plenty of fresh vegetables around, to serve the 300-400 men who come to St. Francis House, daily. Only yesterday we got a load of onions, tomatoes, radishes, grapes, cabbage, and potatoes. Recently, we had a run on "frozen melon balls"; I am afraid it was too rich for our blood.

As you can guess, I am only writing about the good things that have happened to us, for in the meantime it has been quite a struggle to make ends meet. We are heavily in debt, and the bills are piling up. We finally were able to get the St. Francis House fumigated, as we are no longer one of the "Great Unwashed." I am trying to get some plaster board and linoleum for the St. Francis House; we need these things badly. I would like to get the House in shape by Oct. 10 for that will be our 20th anniversary. Speaking of the anniversary could you find time to arrange to come and celebrate it with us. Nothing really special, just a quiet affair, above all no speech-making? Of course, if you can come sooner, that would be real nice. You know you haven't been in Detroit for quite some time.

As I mentioned, we are serving between 300-400 men a day. Work is scarce in Detroit; the only work available is pin-setting and car washing, and that averages about 30 cents per hour. We still have the Michigan State employment men down three times a week, but they have little work to offer the men. One wonders how much automation has brought about this condition. The demands on the Martha House have not been as great because there are more rentals available to families. Our guests are generally here for a night or two and then make their own plans.

We had a very good year at the farm, last Summer, in fact it kept the St. Francis House going. We have been able to have fresh milk, for all three places, throughout the Winter. We will have another cow coming in fresh, in the Summer, so that will be an additional blessing. We are anxious for Spring to arrive, so that we can get busy planting, and all the other work.

I thought you might like this story.

Just before Christmas a man came to St. Martha House, introduced himself, and said that he wanted to know more about the Worker. In my mind's eye, I thought to myself, "I know this type. An Irishman, shoes shined, trousers pressed, clean shaven, and



St. FRANCES of Rome
and her Guardian ANGEL

CO-OP VS. CORPERATION

MILK FLOOD. By Paul Corey.
Abelard-Schuman, New York.
\$2.50. Reviewed by Kerran Dugan.

Milk Flood is a story for teenagers about an eighteen year old boy on a dairy farm. But as a piece of propaganda and information about small family farming it would not go to waste on adults either. Big corporation farms with absentee owners are driving more and more families off the land. In Wisconsin alone, for example, between the years 1954 and 1956, the number of farmers declined by 16,000. A survey last month by economists at the University of Southern Illinois found 21 percent of the farm families in Southern Illinois in extreme trouble and lead them to the conclusion that the small farmer is in a hopeless situation in competing with the larger and mechanized farm. "Hopeless" was the word used by the economists. Actually, there is a hope for the small farmer. The hope is not in government action. The powerful Farm Bureau lobby in Washington has legislators firmly persuaded that what is good for the big farm is good for the country. The hope for the small farm is in co-operation with other small farms. Milk Flood dramatizes the success of one such "co-op." It is written in a definitely secular spirit, but secular writing apparently will have to fill the gap until American Catholics begin to say, with the Bishop of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, power house of the Catholic cooperative movement, that "the cooperative movement, wisely built on a Christian foundation, and motivated by Christian principles and ideals, is not only good for people, but the encouragement of this movement by priests is good for the Church." The Church's work is not to be confined to the sanctuary; it must reach out... for the building of a truly Christian civilization.

not a dime in his pocket. However, I invited him in and visited with him for a while, answering all his questions. He then said to me that he had made money his god, that he was too damn selfish to get married, and that he had succeeded in making a lot of money. He lived all his life in a cheap hotel, didn't smoke or drink, and then you know what happened to him—he had a

(Continued on page 7)

Workshop and Work

WORSHIP AND WORK. Colman J. Barry, O.S.B. St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., 1956. 447 pages; illus.; indexed. Reviewed by Beth Rogers.

Father Barry's book was published in celebration of the centennial year of St. John's Abbey, but its importance is much greater than that of most such books. He himself says, "The history of one abbey does not have major importance in terms of the thousands of monastic families that have followed the rule of... St. Benedict. Nor is 100 years of community observance particularly striking in over fourteen centuries of Benedictine tradition. The first centennial of St. John's Abbey does have significance, however, if the proportions and contribution of this New World house are considered. Its development is an evidence of the Benedictine revival of modern times. The story of St. John's is also a manifestation of the vitality of the Catholic Church on the frontier and in general American society during the period of its growth and maturity." The book is rather breath-taking evidence of the influence of this Benedictine center in American Catholic life.

St. John's is a daughter foundation of the first American Benedictine monastery established by Abbot Boniface Wimmer. His great concern was the spiritual needs of German immigrants to the United States, and he came with four students and fourteen laborers to this country, bought land in Pennsylvania, and established there St. Vincent's Abbey. From there, in 1856, a group went to Minnesota at the instance of Bishop Joseph Cretin.

The history of the first ten years is one of litigation over land, effort to find a balance between the discipline of the monastic life and the needs of the area for active missionaries, and the difficulties inherent in trying to find out how the Benedictine rule was to be applied in the particular circumstances of frontier life. Yet as Father Barry points out, the seventh, eighth, and ninth century Benedictine foundations in Europe had also had to contend with a frontier society, so that the problems in America were not precisely new to monks.

Wimmer believed that any religious order "prospered and spread to the degree that... it felt responsible for and responded to existing religious and social conditions." This, the history of the Benedictines in this country has demonstrated. From the beginning, the monks of St. John's were active in the far-flung missions of the diocese. Their work expanded from caring for German immigrants primarily, to the Czech, Slovak, Polish and Irish people. The school at St. John's never at any time made any distinction as to nationality of students, or for that matter as to race. Negro students who applied were always accepted.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, the work of the Benedictines expanded into the field of the Indian missions, and it was a St. John's abbot who brought Katherine (later Mother) Drexel and her sister to the Indian mission at White Earth Reservation and got their promise to build a church and school. Daughter foundations in the foreign missions were established through the years in the Bahamas, Mexico, Puerto Rico, China, Japan and Canada. And, perhaps most interesting to an American, it was St. John's that sent out monks to found the first interracial monastery in this country, St. Maur's Priory in Kentucky.

One of the great Benedictine traditions is of the abbey as a center not only of spiritual but of material help to the community around it. Early records in Minnesota show that the first monks often gave medical help and advice to the settlers who were far from any doctor. That particular kind of help is a thing of the past, but the abbey has continued to give ad-

vice and help to the farmers of the region. Official credit has been given to the monks for their contribution in plant breeding and experimentation.

Wimmer's primary interest had been in the development of an American clergy, and St. John's is best known in the field of education. At the time of the founding of the abbey, St. John's Seminary was also established. In the Benedictine tradition, a liberal arts program was also begun, and somewhat later a commercial college. The monks encouraged craftsmanship, brought art from Europe, and introduced church music. The German immigrants had a tradition of congregational singing at Mass and Vespers. The Benedictines encouraged this and also, under the impact of the revival of church music in Europe, introduced Gregorian chant, and sent out men to train parish choirs throughout the region in the singing of Gregorian.

In the 1920's, under the combined influence of Abbot Alcuin Deutsch and Father Virgil Michel, St. John's, became the center and prime mover in the liturgical revival in the United States. Both had come under the influence of the great Benedictine monasteries of Europe where the revival began—Solesmes, Maredsous, Beuron, and Maria Laach. Father Michel founded Orate Fratres (now Worship) and started the Popular Liturgical Library. Among the first publications under his direction were an *Ordo* for the laity, and a pamphlet containing a dialogue Mass. In 1923, St. John's took up the lay retreat movement started by the Jesuits, and ten years later summer retreats for laymen were an annual affair. In 1925, Abbot Alcuin brought the institution of the Benedictine Oblates to the U.S. In 1935, the Institute of Social Studies, an adult education movement, was founded. The abbey was in contact with movements of the lay apostolate like the Catholic Worker and Friendship House. In the 1940's and 1950's, St. John's developed a summer school of liturgical music, entered Newman Club work, and started a department of lay theology and a department of sacred art.

In the early days of the Benedictines in this country, Wimmer was criticized by some for expanding his activities too rapidly. One priest wrote to him, "We... have to move around for days and weeks in the world, and when we come home, what incentive is there at home to comply with the Holy Rule when there are pastors and missionaries together? Each one will be his own boss... Doesn't the good God perhaps know and take into consideration the work which you have started with such great effort and have continued up to the present?... I am living in the firm conviction that from the very beginning it was the will of God and that it still is. Therefore I think that this work should be continued as it was begun."

That it was "continued as it was begun," should give every American Catholic cause for thankfulness. The influence on the life of the Church by St. John's, and for that matter the influence of all the Benedictines in this country, has been profound. The lay apostolate has felt it greatly and has been more conscious of it than the majority of Catholics as yet, but it is to be hoped that the next generations will be more and more affected and formed by it. It is a tradition of respect for manual work, scholarship, greater participation in the liturgy, and better standards in religious art. We can be grateful that what the first Benedictines did for Europe, their modern sons are doing for us.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST

By AMMON HENNACY

Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 3)

four years in prison, and eight others were convicted and out on bail pending appeal.



LL of these people are convicted, not for having done anything, but for having believed in something, and it is a strange and remarkable thing to see such numbers of people assembled in convention having served or being willing to serve long terms in prison for their convictions. When the press and radio commentators expend such effort to assure the public of the insignificance and unimportance of this Communist Party, we wonder why our powerful government finds it necessary to sentence them to prison.

The convention went on for four days behind closed doors, in a smoke-filled dance hall which had for many years been an Eastern Orthodox Church and before that had belonged to the Episcopalian Church. The old parish house contained many offices and meetings of committees were held there. What had been the sanctuary of the Church was not used, and all speaking came from the floor, the chairman's table in the front, with his microphone and three other microphones set up around the floor. This was not from any reverence for the sanctuary. It had been made a stage where the musicians, the jazz bands, had their stands. One could not help reflecting on the "crass materialism" of the unthinking ones who could turn a place of worship into a place for weekend rout. There are wedding parties there too, and on the Saturday and Sunday of the convention brides and bridesmaids fluttered through the rainy street into the ballroom below the Church. When a Rev. Jones had a revival meeting in the Church proper, the convention itself moved to the ballroom in the basement and with its low ceilings the air became oppressive. As each committee made its report, comrades lined up seven deep behind the microphones to express their opinions. A parliamentarian with a powerful voice interpreted the Rules of Order which will always remain a mystery to me. For almost half the sessions young women presided capably.

On Sunday morning I attended the liturgy at St. Michael's chapel and since "prayer sung is twice said" according to St. Augustine—I did some heavy praying for the Russians. I love the "insistent litanies." The very first litany begins, "In peace let us pray to the Lord." And after praying for peace from on high, and for the salvation of our souls, for the peace of the whole world, for the good estate of all the churches of God, we prayed for "those at sea, those who journey, for the sick, the sufferers and those in prison, and for their salvation." Lord have mercy.

There was much discussion during those four days as to how to reach the masses, and it made me think of Peter Maurin's terse saying, "If you wish to reach the man in the street, go to the man in the street," a slogan which caused us to stand on street corners, in public squares, in front of Churches, union meetings, demonstrations at Madison Square Garden, to bring The Catholic Worker to the people. That was the first plank in Peter's platform, clarification of thought through distribution of literature and through discussion. Then the handling of immediate problems, reaching the people through the practice of the works of mercy, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sheltering the homeless.

While those days of talk were going on, the poor, the unemployed, the sick and oppressed were flocking to the doors of the Catholic Worker right around the corner. At six in the morning two hundred or so came in for coffee. At ten o'clock men came for clothes. At noon again men came for soup, again about two hundred or so, and all through the day there were the usual comings and goings. On Sunday when we have an unusually big line, a reporter from Reuters hastened into the office and told us excitedly that two Tass reporters (a Soviet news agency) were talking to men on our bread line, colored and white, and that they were going to send over reports to Moscow of the poverty, hunger and unemployment in this country. Whoever this reporter was, he had never seen breadlines before and was shocked (as anyone would be), but we assured him that St. Francis church, Divine Providence Shelter, St. Clare's Hospital and any number of other Catholic places fed all those who came to them, and the needy are so many that it is inevitable that breadlines should result. We told him of the lines at the Portland and Stockton Houses of Hospitality, where sometimes as many as a thousand are fed a day. We reminded him of the Negro and Puerto Rican, the destitution of the south, the rootlessness of the migrant worker. We should not be afraid to face the truth, we told him. His frantic desire to have the Russian press think well of our economy matched that of our own U.S. press who wants us to be assured of the ill condition of Russian economy.

HIGHLIGHTS. All through the convention a car filled with six "burly" detectives or FBI men stood outside Chateau Gardens. There was a great deal of picture taking of those who came and went during the week end. There were the two wedding parties. There was the revival meeting of Rev. Jones. I wonder if the FBI got their pictures too. The usual American confusion of interests.

On Sunday there was a picket line of fifty Hungarians from a local society, who called names and threw rotten eggs at the doors. One police inspector was splashed. They called Bayard Rustin a dirty nigger Communist. Bayard is a Quaker.

There were two farmers among the delegates, one from Montana and one from Wisconsin. Five delegates from Wisconsin or thereabouts came to dinner Monday night at The Catholic Worker where we were having corned beef and cabbage. They said it was the best meal they had in New York, and applauded our two cooks, Larry and Roy. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's sister, came to dinner

also that night and told of her bimonthly visits to Alderson, West Virginia where her sister has been confined these last years. She goes only every two months so she can have a double visit. Miss Flynn is a retired teacher.

The women were well dressed and the men were mostly without ties, with coats off. One didn't have to worry about clothes, going to a Communist Party affair. The room was blue with cigaret but there was no evidence of soft drinks or hard drinks either. There was however, literature tables that included works on anthropology, folk art and dance, prison memoirs, and of course an abundance of books and pamphlets on Marxism and Leninism. One book, paper covered, contained the letters of Clara Zetkin to Lenin and I remembered that Elizabeth Mayer who translated my *Long Loneliness* into German (it is being printed by Herder at Fribourg with an foreword by Archbishop Cushing) told me that many many years ago she used to play Mozart duets with Clara Zetkin in Berlin, so I bought it for her. I also purchased the letters of Marx and Engels to their American friends from 1850 on, and it is strange to remember that Karl Marx was a regular contributor to the New York Tribune.



WAS IMPRESSED too by the barrenness of the delegates' terminology. Delegates clung to their clichés as though they were theologians, fearful of inexactitude of expression, fearful of condemnation. They debated endlessly over their position, and such terms as liquidationist, deviatinist, sectarianism, opportunistic, were flung at each others heads. One felt that their vocabulary was not enriched by reading other than their own texts and commentaries and concordances. There was no applause during or after talks, this was serious business, and when delegates wanted to emphasize the necessity of having more time to state their views, they called attention to the fact that "this issue has been discussed for twenty hours in committee!" "The rephrasing of the resolution has been worked over for sixteen hours!"

How they would have delighted the heart of Peter Maurin with their endless discussion. Peter loved to quote Lenin, "there can be no revolution without a theory of revolution." And I thought of Mike Kovalak and Ray Scott who sat in The Catholic Worker office last Sunday from twelve noon until nine o'clock at night and sometimes the talk was desultory and critical and sometimes it was for clarification, and it covered the cult, cultivation and culture that Peter wanted. And I was reminded too of Fr. Muellerlelle in Mendota, Minnesota, suburb of St. Paul where there are weekly round table discussions of the Maurin synthesis, and tables of literature in his parish hall.

Then it came to the election of the twenty new members of the new national committee which from now on will be made up of sixty members, the other forty to be elected at the second of the state-conventions soon to be held (when the returning delegates have recovered from this one). We who were the invited observers and the other hundred or so comrades having tickets to the convention stayed until all the nominations for officers were in, which was about two o'clock. The observers left then, and the membership remained until six a.m. for the voting. No one thought of food or of fresh air, apparently. "Man does not live by bread alone, nor by oxygen either, it would seem. It was good to get out into the fresh night, and walk around the corner, through the silent streets, past the sycamore trees of the park which gleamed pale in the night and seemed to breathe freshness in those hours free of traffic.

The convention reconvened at eleven the next morning and now was all but over. I would not be able to stay for the last sessions because Norma Melbourne and her baby were driving down to Peter Maurin Farm with me for a visit. But I had seen enough to be assured, and to feel the necessity of assuring our readers, that there is an equal need with us too for self-criticism, for study, for discussion, for coming together to plan the green revolution and work towards the new synthesis.

We need our disciplines, our exercises, our meetings (Mass and the sacraments). We need to study in order to realize more what God is, what we are, what our needs are. We need to know what is going on in the Church today; the lives of the Little Brothers of Jesus, the Little Sisters, who are so closely identified with the poor and who are now spread all over the world. The secular Institutes (the newest is that of St. Isidore out in Minnesota, for farmers). The older associations, Legion of Mary and St. Vincent de Paul societies; the Sisters of Charity and the good Shepherd Nuns, the Little Sisters of the Poor. Reading about their lives and beginnings, one learns how to proceed today. Peter Maurin's program of hospices and farming communes, can be matched not only in the work that has been done before by religious orders, the Benedictines, for instance (extending it to the family and the parish) with an ever-growing increase of emphasis on the role of the laity, but also by study of the work of Ghandi and Vinoba Bhawe in India.

As St. Thomas of Aquinas brought Arabian and Greek philosophy to the western world, making a new synthesis, so we need a new synthesis today. I knew some young professors of philosophy, former Marxists and later convert Catholics, who aspired to do to Marx what St. Thomas did to Aristotle—I myself would prefer to see their energies expended on Ghandi and Bhawe.

To make vivid the possibility, let me quote from an article in the last issue of Blackfriars, edited by Dominicans. Bede Griffiths, the author is a Benedictine priest who is working in India and he begins:

"India is one of the few countries left in the world which still has the capacity to produce saints." He goes on to tell the story of Bhawe, born in 1895 and after thirty years of a hidden life in one of Ghandi's ashrams

(and also some time in prison) began his public life in 1951, "when he left his ashram for the first time and went to Hyderabad. Hyderabad after the merger with India had fallen into the power of the Communists who had established a reign of terror there. Vinoba thus met and overcame the challenge of Communism at the outset of his mission. This is of the greatest significance, for Vinoba's way represents the most authentic answer to Communism which has yet been found."

"The two principles" of his social revolution are "non violence and non-ownership." "Ultimately it would seem that he looks towards a state in which all land would be held in common and each would have what he required for his use; just as ultimately he would seem to look forward to a stateless society in which all would freely cooperate for the good of all. But these Utopian ideas do not lead to any lack of practical wisdom in his immediate plans. The most striking thing in all Vinoba's plans is his firm grasp of the principle that human life must be organized on the basis of the village community. In India where the vast majority still live in villages, this is a natural conception, but it is a matter of fundamental importance for the whole world. . . . The tendency in India as elsewhere is to drag the people away from the land and to concentrate them in large industrial towns. This is surely the root problem of modern society and nowhere have we seen it faced and answered with such assurance as by Bhawe."

"We have grown so accustomed to defending the rights of property and self defense, that it sometimes seems that the Church stands for the defense of capitalism and war. Is it not time that we recognized that the Gospel calls on us precisely to give up these natural rights in the name of a higher law?"



QUOTE THESE short excerpts to give you a sample of the kind of thinking and working that is going on in the Church today all over the world. We can look to France, to a Pere Loew, Pere Voillaume, and Abbe Pierre—and a great new leadership that is resulting in tremendous works of research on the part of Dominicans, Carmelites, and many others. The Benedictines, and the Dominicans in England are giving us "a theory of revolution." And there is still a Don Luigi Sturzo in Rome, who has written mightily and lived mightily in a long struggle for the people, a great figure who lived in exile in London as Karl Marx did and whose researches and writings should be as carefully explored by Catholics as Marx's and Lenin's are by Communists.

Perhaps by this article I may stimulate our readers to this hard study. I heard plenty of criticism from homefolks as well as the press itself for accepting the invitation of the Communists. There was more "What about Hungary?" and "What about Trotsky?" than there was "What about the persecuted Church?" But my interest was not so much political as religious, absorbed as I am at the needs of incorporating social thinking into the works of mercy. I am interested in the Communists as human beings, creatures of body and soul, made to the image and likeness of God. In the struggle ahead is it the capitalist or the Communist who will be easier to convert?

After the close of the convention I was asked to write my impressions to the Sunday Worker and sent the following letter:

It is easier to write a long account rather than a letter of my impression of the Communist Party Convention. I think your invitation to us was an important move in the light of what has been happening in Poland and Hungary. I do not go along with the lawyer from the American Civil Liberties Union who claims that the Communist Party is dishonestly infiltrating unions and such organizations for civil rights and justice as the N.A.A.C.P. I give the comrades credit for sincerely working for justice and love of the poor and oppressed. It is on the basis of our brotherhood that I too wish that we could work together in this great country which we all love and which has sheltered people from all over the world. One cannot read the Daily Worker, and such articles as those of John Gates, without believing in the sincerity of their confessions of past errors and policies. But I must frankly say that even though this move is sincere in establishing an independent American Party, it is not too logical. The independents will become innocuous liberals, and the old doctrinaire Communists like Foster will remain true to Marxism-Leninism. This is evaluating it from the religious point of view. If you truly believe with Lenin, that atheism is an integral part of Marxism, then one cannot bypass religion as an unimportant factor in the struggle for a better social order here in America.

Cardinals and bishops, through whom comes the succession from St. Peter, which makes our Church one and apostolic, have either been imprisoned or exiled, or urged to separate from Rome in countries all over the world. If you can break up human institutions you believe you have overcome the Church. The same line of argument goes for Communism. Broken up into national parties, it will lose its force as an international proletarian revolution. I am sure you recognize this as we Catholics do, and know that this move towards an independent party is only temporary move—in the light of world history, a necessary move.

We all want peace, and will make many and great sacrifices to gain the time to work for it. Cardinal Wyszynski is making these sacrifices in Poland now, and is setting an example to others in the Church. And be assured that all of us at The Catholic Worker, in our small way, will do all in our power to work for and to pray for an increase of brotherly love among us all, since it is only by love of brother that we can show our love of God.

Yours for a green (not a red) revolution.

St. Francis House

(Continued from page 5)

nervous breakdown, and the doctors told him that the only cure for him was to find a truer value in life than a dollar bill. So he says "I am a wealthy man." I leaped at that, but he quickly punctured my greed by saying that he didn't help institutions as such. He then asked to see St. Francis House.

We went over there and the men were unloading the railroad ties from the truck. (We use the ties to heat the House. We have only bought one ton of coal this year). He remarked that they needed overshoes, to which I agreed. He then went through the House asking more questions. He then told me to get a list of the men's need in the way of clothing, and bring it down to his hotel. That night I told the men the story, and expressed my doubt, etc. I took the list to his hotel and then waited. In a few days he called Justine, and left a message to pick up these things. Dorothy, he bought 18 pairs of shoes; shirts, hats, jackets, socks, overshoes. He will never know the happiness he brought to the men. It made a real Christmas for the men. The next day, in came a huge box, and in it were 7 dozen of sheets, wash cloths, face towels, and bath towels. And the day before Christmas, a special messenger brought the missing pillow cases. Wasn't it wonderful! Things we could never afford to buy. I do not think he was a Catholic. I only know his name, and nothing more. We haven't seen him since. So you can see that I was guilty of what the children call, "Doing rash judgment."

On Thanksgiving we were unable to serve a dinner to the men, but a couple days before a man came to us and asked if we could provide about 80 men to come to a dinner in one of the suburbs. We did that, and they sent school buses, station wagons, and cars to transport the men to the restaurant. The men told me it was the nicest meal anyone could possibly eat. Each man was given a pack of cigarettes, and a dollar bill. They brought the men back to the Worker. And above all, no publicity—no news photographs.

About a month ago our 49 Chevy truck was badly in need of repair. So I called the garage and asked them if they could repair it for us. In a couple of hours they called back and said that it would cost around \$400. I mentioned that the truck wasn't worth that, to which they agreed. They then said for that reason they were giving us a 54 Chevy truck in place of it.

All the above may sound like the gravy train; but let me assure you that that has been anything but the facts. It may seem that we imply that material good, means God's blessing on us, but it is much harder to put down in black and white the many great spiritual blessings that have happened around the Worker. We recently have been given a first class relic

of St. Pius the 10th, and a first class relic of St. Francis of Assisi. Of course, the relic of St. Francis we have wanted all these years.

Out of all this, one can't help meditating on the fact that we continue to do the Corporal and Spiritual Works of mercy with the wastes of this city. Be it food, clothing or furniture. If we had to buy the food we eat, it would be impossible. People are converting to gas for heating purposes, so they call us to take the coal out of their coal bins. They have rummage sales, and then call us to pick up the remains to give to the poor. They move to the suburbs and call us to give us those things they wouldn't want the new neighbors to see. And, we clean up the old place to get our reward. From all these things, we pick out what is useable and give it to our Brothers in Christ.

Lou & Justine Murphy

On the Road

(Continued from page 2)

makes the time go swiftly as they work.

In the afternoon I pruned the fruit trees and Carl and two of his helpers hauled wood from the lower woods, for they use only wood for heating. This farm had been bought in the depression and Bill Roach, who lives with his family there too, told me that he had plowed much of it but now the small brush and beech trees had taken over most of it. Each family had good garden space though. Bill had sold CW's on the street in Boston and now works in a church furniture factory ten miles away. The O'Donnell family have a house there too but none of them were living on the farm now, being in the city or in the armed forces. Carl's father had paid \$7.50 a foot to have a well over 200 feet in depth drilled just last week and plans to build a small home this summer to the left of the orchard.

Carl is janitor at the local Catholic Church and he has a bundle of CW's on hand there. He is also lecturer for the local Grange and Mary has given talks on bread making and organic food at the 4H Clubs. The house has been insulated since my last visit and I slept in a small guest room upstairs. Because of the seven boys and two girls Carl does not have to pay an income tax and he will be glad if the boys grow up to work with glass so he will not have to withhold a tax from his employees for war. The ground here is stony but with enough work in clearing it there is room for several families. Neither of the families have a cow so a real farmer could work with them here to an advantage.

Songs and prayers at meals in this Christian pacifist home, and with children happy and helpful without radio, television, coca-cola or candy bars is worth traveling many miles to feel their "organic" way of life in its best sense.

How to Overcome Injustice



HE Cross does not preach to the Christian the passive endurance of injustice with no corresponding effort to uproot injustice; though it insists that

only in the doing to death of self, in turning the other cheek to affronts to the self, is injustice to be overcome. Suffering, humiliation and death—spiritual and physical—are not merely rewarded by "pie in the sky," but are the means to work here and now for the regeneration of individuals and societies.

Fr. Victor White O.P.
GOD THE UNKNOWN

Dulles Quotation

In order to bring a nation to support the burdens incident to maintaining great military establishments, it is necessary to create an emotional state akin to war psychology. There must be the portrayal of an external menace or of internal conditions rendered intolerable by the unjust restraints of foreign nations. This involves the development to a high degree of the nation-hero, nation-villain ideology and the arousing of the population to a sense of the duty of sacrifice.

Thus the creation of vast armament in itself calls for a condition midway between war and peace. Mass emotion on a substantial scale is a prerequisite. The willingness to sacrifice must be engendered. A sense of peril from abroad must be cultivated. Once these conditions exist we have gone a long way on the path toward war. It is dangerous to rely upon reasoning as the consequence to restrain against the small additional transition necessary to the actual attainment of war. It is even dangerous under such circumstances, to rely upon the ability of group authorities to prevent wars which they would avoid as lacking adequate possibilities of success. The forces they have heretofore set in motion in order to create armament, may compel its use.

John Foster Dulles, in "War, Peace and Change," Harper & Bros. N.Y. 1939, pp. 90-91.

Pope Speaks On War

After the horrors of two world wars, we do not need to repeat that all glorification of war is to be condemned as an aberration of mind and heart. . . . It is therefore not sufficient that one has to defend oneself against no matter what injustice, to justify the use of the violent method of war. When the suffering brought about by the latter is incomparably greater than the "injustice" suffered, there may be an obligation to "submit" to the injustice.

Pope Pius XII, at the International Army Medical Congress, Oct. 1953

"The psychological accompaniments of the present war—above all, the incredible brutalization of common judgement, the mutual slanderings, the unprecedented fury of destruction, the unheard-of lying, and the inability of men to call a halt to the bloody demon—are uniquely fitted to force upon the attention of every thinking person the problem of the chaotic unconscious which slumbers uneasily beneath the ordered world of consciousness. This war has pitilessly revealed to civilized man that he is still a barbarian, and has at the same time shown what an iron scourge lies in store for him if ever again he should be tempted to make his neighbor responsible for his own evil qualities. The psychology of the individual is reflected in the psychology of the nation. What the nation does is done also by each individual, and so long as the individual continues to do it, the nation will do likewise. Only a change in the attitude of the individual can initiate a change in the psychology of the nation. The great problems of humanity were never yet solved by general laws, but only through regeneration of the attitudes of individuals. If ever there was a time when self-reflection was the absolutely necessary and only right thing, it is now, in our present catastrophic epoch. Yet whoever reflects upon himself is bound to strike upon the frontiers of the unconscious, which contains all he needs to know."

C. G. Jung in 1916

Indian History

(Continued from page 4)

well-meaning schoolteachers on the Navaho reservation to propagandize their pupils urgently against eating the 'disgusting' parts of a sheep, until a study by the Association on American Indian Affairs showed that only by eating the whole animal could the Indians achieve a balanced diet, and that those who followed the teachers' advice were more susceptible to tuberculosis than those who did not."

"Becoming 'just like a white man' is a poor thing indeed." LaFarge, like most enlightened white men who, while not pacifist or anarchist, does know that the U. S. Government in its use of force, and its bureaucracy, has sought more and more under the guise of the New Deal Paternalism to pass their Re-organization Act. This act opens liquor to the Indians, turns them over to the mercenary business men of the states nearest them, and also seeks to relocate them in the cities where they will only end up in the slums. Exploiters gain the mineral rights on their reservations while they are absent.

In our histories we are told little of the massacre at Ghanden-hutten, Ohio, in 1782. These Christian Delawares were Moravians and had moved for safety to Sandusky, Ohio. When they went back to gather in some crops that they had planted, 100 white men under Colonel David Williamson tied up the Indians and with clubs and axes, killed 35 men, 27 women, and 34 children while they were singing Christian hymns. The Algonquins who met our forefathers at Plymouth Rock and treated them kindly were debauched by liquor in the course of the early wars by the French, English and Americans and they were robbed of the best lands in the east. Black Hawk previous to the Civil War made a futile attempt to hold onto his rightful land, but Lincoln fought in the war against him, and the end of these Indians was the same as that of the others who trusted to the white man's promises and treaties. Many of us know of the movie Broken Arrow which tells of Cochise of the Apaches and how the Government double-crossed him.

The one weak spot in this otherwise fine book is the author's lack of understanding of the great message that the traditional Hopi bring to the world. His facts must have been taken from Indian Bureau men who went with machine guns after the peaceful unarmed Hopi, for he speaks of two Hopi conscientious objectors who did not register for the draft and went to jail, saying that if they had asked they could have been free as conscientious objectors. The fact is that seven Hopis, whom I know well, refused to register and one registered to see if the Government would allow them to follow their peaceful life which was their custom. All eight got the same jail terms and they were arrested again for refusing to register when they got out of the Tucson road camp.

While LaFarge praises the Hopis as "the supreme dry farmers of the world, and probably the hardest

working," he went to the spiritual leader of the Hopi, Dan Katchongva, and tried to put over the Government sponsored Tribal Council to replace the decentralized and anarchistic form of Hopi society. LaFarge's prejudice is shown when he makes fun of the "old heads" who refuse piped water, claiming that the younger element will want the luxuries of the whites and soon overturn the traditions. Today 7 out of 11 Hopi villages remain true to Hopi tradition and refuse to adopt the white man's ways, accept government money, or allow their resources to be used for war. The author also praises all Indians for being patriotic and fighting in our World Wars, saying that they have resisted Communist influence. The one place where Communists have not propagandized is among the Indians. Most of LaFarge's book tells of the communal living of the Indians. It would seem that he uses the cheap demagoguery of appeal to hatred of Communists to keep those Indians who wish to retain their customs from gaining support among their people.

Interracial

(Continued from Page 1)

lets. Children playing on the lighted volley-ball court were sprinkled, but none were hurt. One 22 bullet went through a window of the Browne family house and narrowly missed Nora Ruth Browne, the oldest daughter.

On Saturday night, February 9, Klansmen burned a wooden cross in front of one of the houses.

Because of the violence inflicted upon it, the Koinonia community has had to curtail much of its work. The boycott against it is effective for 50 miles around Negroes in the general area have been so terrorized that they no longer dare come to the farm for work, worship and recreation. Some of the community families have been evacuated to a community at Macedonia and to another undesignated. "This parting," says a newsletter from Koinonia, "hurts more deeply than any physical suffering which might come to us . . ."

But the newsletter goes on to say that "in due time [God] will weave it into His pattern of victory." Those who remain at the farm do so with remarkable faith and courage. When three KKK leaders led a 75-car motorcade to the farm last month, asking the community to sell out, and insinuating worse violence if it did not, "we told them," says Norman Long, "that this was more than an economic question, that there were principles involved . . . It's very unlikely that we would ever sell out, regardless of what they do. We feel we need to continue our witness to God here."

Lang also told the Klansmen: "We have no protection, no armed guards. We do not feel that is a Christian response. We are defenseless. We will return good for evil. We will not fight back. We will love you whatever you do."

Detention Camps Ready For Radicals

In February CW 1956 I had an article on this subject, and among the six camps mentioned there was one of 7,600 acres at Allenwood, Pa., near Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary. News came today that the Department of Justice has reserved this area as a "standby detention center" where suspected subversives would be interned during "emergency." The Congressmen from that area, Richard M. Simpson of Huntington, and Alvin R. Bush of Muncy, wanted to open this area up for private industries but the Defense Department insisted upon holding it for the detention of subversives. A.H.

Dissatisfied With U.S. Treatment of Minorities?

COMMUNITY, the Friendship House paper, gives you a positive approach to good and Christian race relations. Recent headlines from COMMUNITY include:

- INDIAN IRONIES
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Trip Through the South

(Continued from page 2)

them for all the work they had done and it is true to say that he will wait a long time to find anyone else who will do the work that they did.

They drove around the Greenville area for weeks looking for another job and they could have gotten plenty of day labor because with Negroes leaving in such large numbers for the North the employer class is desperate but no one was willing to let them live on their place and it is essential, under the share cropping system, to have a house rent free because the wages are so low. A young man close by wanted Lee to work for him and expressed sympathy for his ideas, saying that the Negroes did all the work and got nothing for it, and offered work and a house he rented for his share cropper but at the last minute the owner of the house said he needed it for another purpose: to hoard oats so as to get a better price. They talked with the manager of a cooperative gin who wanted Lee to install some new machinery but the board of directors refused to let him hire Lee. They heard of a place in Arkansas where work was available but only whites were hired there and they didn't want to go. In Winterville, a small town near Greenville, a man offered him a job driving tractors and cotton pickers but had no house. They moved, then, into Greenville but Lee didn't try to get into any of the factories. One of them made munitions boxes and the other was a Standard Oil affiliate. Finally he got a job with his next door neighbor who did truck farming, driving a tractor and setting out tomatoes (20,000 of them). They got half of the tomatoes but the land was bad and there was no rain; they didn't even get enough for the table. This was for 30c an hour. And they picked butter (lima) beans for 10c an hour. They had to make \$1 an hour in order to pay the rent and live; this meant working ten hours a day. At one time they were shelling beans for 5c an hour! The man who hired them was willing to do so in spite of their ideas and even took them to church with him (Church of Christ). Lee also did odd jobs for a Chinese grocery man, Charlie Chou. They were in Greenville for three months.

All of this took place in the Delta which, it is surprising to know, was not settled as late as 1870. Before that it had simply swampland; now it is one of the richest areas on the continent.

Piney Woods

Last summer Dr. Lawrence Jones, the "Little Professor of Piney Woods" was in Ohio raising funds for his well known school near Jackson, Miss. and met Lee's mother and through her contacted Lee to find out if he would be willing to come to Piney Woods to teach. Lee agreed and that is where I saw him in December. He is teaching biology and chemistry and Anne is teaching English to some Spanish students and also a little arithmetic.

Piney Woods School has made the headlines in the last few years. Dr. Jones got \$700,000 as a result of an appearance on Ralph Edwards' weepy television horror

"This Is Your Life" and was written up in "Reader's Digest." The "State Times" of Jackson said recently:

"Most Mississippians know the legend of Piney Woods, that small log in a clearing that in 46 years has become a modern school with 500 Negro students.

"Most know it was built with white people's friendship, gifts of funds and the labor of teachers who work for room and board and the satisfaction of helping the needy.

"But it was all these and one thing more: The very life of Dr. Lawrence C. Jones, head of the school.

"Dr. Jones, 71, has come a long way since that day in 1909 when he sat on a log at the goat pen he slept in and taught a perplexed Negro boy to read.

"Why Jones, a young man with a degree from the University of Iowa who had never entered the South, came to Mississippi — a Negro seeking to educate other Negroes—may be difficult to understand.

"Perhaps it's best to accept his own simple statement: 'I wanted to help my people.'

The fact that money is raised in such an objectionable manner and the fact that the school goes in for rather exaggerated public relations campaigns and exaggerated claims as to its achievements keep Anne and Lee from being completely satisfied with the situation but the thing that does keep them there and the thing the "State Times" did not mention is that here you have white and Negro teachers eating at the same table, white and Negro students living in the same dormitories and eating in the same dining hall, all of this right in the heart of the State of Mississippi, twenty-five miles from its capital!

When I arrived, about two weeks before Christmas, it was nearly 75 degrees, (everyone was wearing short-sleeved shirts) and the winter rains had set in, in fact it rained every day I spent there. Visitors are treated like visiting Arab kings and I was given half of a duplex to live in while I was there consisting of living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. Most of the teachers have one room and Anne and Lee have only one; the baby sleeps on a pallet on the floor. I was glad to have my little "suite" because they were able to use it too. One evening we made popcorn which little Will grabbed from the pan with both hands, ate, and gleefully threw all around the room and stuffed down behind the sofa cushions.

Anne and Lee took me for a walk around the farm, down to see the original spot where Dr. Jones taught his first pupil (the goat pen where he lived is now covered by a brick building), to the small graveyard nearby where Mrs. Jones is buried along with some former teachers, and out to an old house, now occupied by the night watchman but which is big enough for a good sized family. Anne and Lee would like to have the house but have no prospect of getting it any time soon. It sits out in the middle of a large tract of farm land that is being ruined by the continuous

rain because no one had the sense to plant a winter crop of rye or oats to hold the top soil in its place. There was an old fashioned well in the back yard and a mongrel dog tied to a tree who barked joyously as we rounded the corner of the house, glad to have his lonely solitude broken by humans. Surrounding the house and fields are the famous pines, exhibiting every shade of green in the spectrum.

The next day I had the opportunity to speak to Lee's seventh grade class and to a freshman and a sophomore college class on the "Catholic Worker" and all its wonders. I had thought that every thing I would tell them would be completely unknown but one of the students had heard of Ammon's yearly fast and refusal to pay income tax which proves that good news sometimes travels as fast as the bad.

Thanks to Anne and Lee, who are not Catholics, "The Catholic Worker" is making its influence felt in an area where its ideas are less welcome, among both Catholics and non-Catholics, than in almost any other in the country.

Memphis

To CW readers Memphis means Blessed Martin House of Hospitality and Helen Day (now Riley) and



rightly so. But now Bl. Martin House is no more and Catholic action in Memphis is no more. But thanks to Helen's work there for five years the paper goes to more people than all the other Tennessee subscribers put together and perhaps someone else will be inspired to start the work again.

Back in November Helen's husband, Jesse Riley, went out to Los Angeles to a job that was promised to him and a house too but neither one materialized and he had to take a temporary job in the post office during the Christmas holidays while his union tried to locate another job. Helen stayed in Memphis with their son Butch living in one side of what used to be Blessed Martin House and renting the other side to a poor family. I saw her a number of times while I was there. I went to midnight Mass on Christmas Eve with her and Butch and her mother and other members of the family and was invited as in the past to her mother's home afterwards to early breakfast. I was very happy to be Godfather to her second child, a boy, born on New Year's Day and baptized on Epiphany. At a small celebration afterwards some old faithful friends came to share her joy and, I suspect, to grieve at the news that she and Butch and the baby would move out to West coast as soon as the baby was able to travel. We haven't heard from her yet but I suppose they are all there by now. I was also very glad to see again the first spiritual advisor of Bl. Martin House, Father James Murphy, who lives now in Cookeville, Tenn. and takes care of Catholic missions in about six counties in East Tennessee. So the seed are scattered and seem to die but inevitably blossom elsewhere.

Society of Brothers

(Continued from Page 1)

crowded in with our children to sing and share together the joy we find in the life of community.

Too, since the beginning here at Woodcrest, two and a half years ago, a large task has been for us the building up within the community . . . for we have grown from thirty to more than two hundred people. We had seen for this coming year, a leveling off of Woodcrest expansion, the beginning of a new community in another area of the United States, and a fuller concentration on reaching out to groups and individuals we had not yet been able to touch. The destruction of our main building was a strong blow to these steps.

And yet, in its own way, our need in these days has brought new contacts, built new relationships. The neighbors around us have opened up, deluging us with pots, pans, odd chairs and high-boys. People in wider circles have written, contributed, driven in with truckloads of supplies, and stopped to talk with us. A Friends' Meeting collected diapers; six men who "never heard of us before" drove from Pennsylvania to push up three frame walls of the new dining room; a work-camp will dig in next week-end.

Here at Woodcrest, living quarters are jiggled around so that every one fits. We eat communally in two adjoining rooms in the old mansion that, before-fire, had been the school house. Sitting is elbow-to-elbow, and our singing fills all corners. In it all, we know that we stand together.

We have seen, very clearly, in these days, the limits of human capability. We experienced this, too, a few days before the fire in the sudden death of one of our small children. For all our pride and learning, for all our accomplishment, what we build over many years can be destroyed in a few hours; and the ultimate fact of death can be avoided by no man.

Through this, we feel called, in our weakness, to a new consecration to the power and great love of God.

So we begin again to build . . . block upon block the foundation rises. Our joy is great, our expectation keen . . . for we know that the power of life stands victory over the power of death and destruction. On this our community life is built.

Anne Gale

Saint Joseph Orphanage

The month of March is dedicated to the Great Saint and Worker St. Joseph who is one of the Patron saints of the People of Malta, the most bombed place during War II.

To take care of the orphan boys, mostly war victims, an orphanage was built, and a trade school is being organized for these boys to be trained for their future.

For St. Joseph's sake, I appeal to you, to help these boys, and our grateful heartfelt prayers always go with you, and God bless you all.

Yours in Christ,

Rev. Joseph Galea,
Asst. Director,
St. Joseph's Orphanage,
Ghainsielem, Gozo,
Malta (Europe).

Easy Essays

(Continued from Page 1)

about the best way to civilize Africans.

League of Nations

The League of Nations did not keep Japan from going to Manchuria or Italy from going to Ethiopia

The League of Nations is not a League based on right.

It is a League based on might.

It is not a protection for poor nations against rich nations.

It is a protection for rich nations against poor nations.

Moral Disarmament

Theodore Roosevelt used to say:

"If you want peace prepare for war."

So everybody prepared for war, but war preparations did not bring peace; they brought war!

Since war preparations brought war, why not quit preparing for war?

If nations prepare for peace instead of preparing for war, they may have peace.

Aristide Briand used to say:

"The best kind of disarmament is the disarmament of the heart."

The disarmament of Germany by the Allies

was not the product of a change of heart on the part of the Allies toward Germany.

Room Could Be Found

There is too much wheat in the United States.

There is too much cattle in Argentina.

There are too many sheep in Australia.

There are too many Germans in Germany,

too many Italians in Italy,

too many Japanese in Japan.

Room could be found in the United States,

for the Germans, in Argentina

for the Italians, in Australia

for the Japanese.

To make room for Germans, Italians, Japanese

is a better way to establish peace

than to build more battleships,

more submarines,

and more airplanes.

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