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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Caesar or God

Christ says:

"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." The Fascist Caesar, the Nazi Caesar, and the Bolshevik Caesar are not satisfied with the things that are Caesar's; they also want the things that are God's. When Caesar sets a claim to the things that are God's he sets himself up as God. And when Caesar sets himself up as a God he sets himself up as a faker. When Caesar sets himself up as a faker, he should be denounced as a faker.

Fascist Caesar

The Fascist Caesar claims that the child belongs to the state. The child does not belong to the state; it belongs to the parents. The child was given by God to the parents; he was not given by God to the State. The parents must teach the child to serve God from whom they received the child. When the parents allow the state to grab the child and to act toward the child as if God did not matter, they loose their claim to the allegiance of the child.

The Nazi Caesar

The Nazi Caesar claims that there are superior races and inferior races. The superior race is always the one one happens to belong to. The inferior race is always the one that refuses to recognize the superiority of the one which claims to be the superior race. The superior race likes to believe that God works through the superior race. The superior race conceives God as a racial God. There are no superior races; God is not a racial God, but the Father of all races and the Creator of all; Christ loved and died for all. We follow Him and we want no Caesars.

Bourgeois Capitalism

In a book entitled "Judaism and Capitalism," Werner Sombart blames the Jews for the development of Bourgeois Capitalism. Adam Smith and Ricardo, the theoreticians of Bourgeois Capitalism, were not Jews. The fostering of Bourgeois Capitalism in modern Germany is due to Bismarck. To Kaiser William

(Continued on page 6)



African Bishops Denounce Segregation

LUSAKA, Northern Rhodesia—

In a recent pastoral letter the Catholic bishops of this British protectorate made the following statements: "Some barriers may have been justified in the past. They are no longer justified today. Nothing short of this concept of a multiracial society will have the approval of the Catholic Church, because it is the only system which will safeguard the requirements of human dignity and secure equality in human rights for all its citizens. There is no multiracial society as long as the various sections of the population are compelled to live segregated from each other. One of the fundamental doctrines of the Church is that the human race is one. We appeal to all Catholics to think and speak and act in conformity with their belief in the unity of mankind, and not pay exaggerated attention to accidental differences within the human family, particularly to the color difference. It would be hypocrisy to claim that we stand for Christian civilization if we ignore one half of the most important commandment of Christ."

In this tense situation the bishops could easily have hidden behind a false prudence and remained silent. Like the hierarchy of the Union of South Africa, however, the bishops here spoke up against the country's "ruinous divisions."

Colombian Bishops Ask Land Reform

The Catholic bishops of Colombia have called on the government to expropriate land from large property holders and to re-distribute it among the poor.

"The large property owner," the bishops said in a Lenten pastoral letter, "who does not cultivate his land nor allow it to be cultivated certainly commits a grave sin for which he shall have to render account to God. Under previously arranged legal indemnities, the government should take steps to expropriate such lands and put them at the disposal of the common good."

The bishops noted that at present about 10% of Colombia's farm population owns the land it cultivates.

Bovine In The Tower

By JIM MILORD

Most of the working population, blessed by automation or not would probably raise a hue and cry against George Orwell and his coterie of gloom-prophets.

Things are a bit mechanical but not that bad—ever. 1984! You don't really believe that stuff?

I cannot say that I do. But I am beginning to wonder. And if you'll follow me on my final Railroad paper, you perhaps may have cause to look into our Brave Old World with less myopia.

"Once the wheels start rollin'," a crusty Brakeman told me once, "you'll be hearin' them all the time and you won't be the same."

I had to admit he was right. Here I was in the Summer of 1954 right back in the red clapboarded hiring office of the Belt Railway.

A subtle lure, Railroad. It is a narcotic after a few hundred nights out there in the hustling Yards. I was remembering the thrills I got when fighting and holding a full head of steam at the pop as we would run for a grade. I mused about these early dawn runs, sifting along on a big "glory" engine, a Pacific Mountain, with fifty yellow reefer cars strung out behind and a dishwasher gray plume of smoke spiraling into the sky.

My attempt at a farming experiment found my ideals of freedom not squaring too well with the feed mills and necessity as well as my addiction to tracks and trains found me back in the crazy, hard-rock routine.

Three hectic, disillusioning months they were, in a refined form of indolence which would delight an Orwellian oracle.

It was my last tap with Mother Railroad.

A dispatcher had once taunted me how head-end (engine) railroading was child's play. Taking orders. Starting at A and stopping at B. If I wanted real brain work, he said that I'd better be the one to give the orders.

So I became a lone wolf of traffic: a towerman.

Few people know what goes on up there, three stories high; a little electronic box perched on a lonely part of the right-of-way. Its interior to a passing commuter is a strange room of little Christmas tree lights and a green headshade of a man sitting by a battery of phones.

A towerman is responsible for moving trains over the right tracks under his control at the right time and at the right speed. Failure in any of these co-ordinates spells a

traffic problem for a hundred miles or, a wreck. In either case, your phone plant becomes janglingly alive with waspish dispatchers droning their everlasting: Move, Move, Move.

A towerman moves his trains by a series of interlocking switches and signals and the hallmark of his efficiency is a continuous flow of traffic. It is impossible, of course, as machinery in the plant itself as well as switch springs break down, signals burn out and trouble is a daily affair somewhere on the Pike.

In labor jargon, I suppose the "conditions" were ideal: good pay—\$2.00 an hour even while training, three weeks vacation with pay, hot plate privileges, private washroom and even janitor services. There was no slogging around in a slicker on rainy nights, no tripping in the snow. You could wear a smoking jacket to work and go home without a smudge on your hands. At one Tower my co-workers on day and night tricks rigged up a TV set in a concealed place, to watch between trains.

It all reads like a very pleasant job indeed. On the contrary, it was deadening and intolerable for the most part and is sure to become worse. Why?

Electronics and TV are slowly putting this once challenging job into a position for robots—certainly not men—at least men who want to do more than push buttons.

In the old days, the switches had to be pulled by manual work on a series of wires and pipes. They were nicknamed "Armstrongs" and it took a strong arm on wintry nights to close the switch points. It also gave the man plenty of exercise running from one to the other. The levers were eventually replaced by small electric knobs. These require a minimum of effort and by stretching the point did provide for diversion. Now, even these are fast being displayed by the push button.

As I said the old days were a challenge. The towerman would hear his approach bell, glance at his "trackage board" whose little dots of lights indicated the position of the coming train. He proceeded to work out the puzzle of where and how to put the train over his right of way. He then set the signals.

Now signals and switches are being inter-coordinated. Stifling a yawn, the towerman now has the enervating task of punching a

(Continued on page 6)

ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

A story has been sent out by the N. C. W. C. news service about "the closing" of the House of Hospitality in New York by the city. I understand that the story included the statement that we were looking for another place, but this statement was left out of many of the news stories in the diocesan press, and our friends have been left with the impression that the House is closing. This is not true. We are hunting daily for a new place and we will continue even if we have to rent a store front to feed the hungry, clothe the naked. When it comes to sheltering the harborless, with all the deaths by fire in our great and crowded cities, it becomes harder to find a place where we would get a certificate of occupancy from the city.

We repeat as we have many times before, that while there are slums, we must live in them, to share the condition of the poor. At the same time we have improved every house we lived in, and made it a place of comfort and peace. One story printed about us said that we had been living in a fire trap, and that the city had to clamp down on us. The truth of the matter is that when I was given a suspended sentence as a slum landlord (a sentence that still stands) the house had two fire escapes, back and front, though the building at Chrystie street is only two rooms deep. In our repairs, the building department made us take one fire escape down! We also had a night watchman and fire extinguishers on each floor.

When we purchased the building with the help of St. Joseph eight years ago, there were no violations against the house. In the ensuing six years, more and more laws were added to the books, so that there

(Continued on page 6)

Australian Bishops Urge Accelerated Immigration

The Australian Federal Catholic Immigration Committee, an official organ of the bishops there, is urging an accelerated immigration program. In a recent statement the committee said that the "prejudices and antipathies" that create opposition to immigration are more often than not the result of "a lack of knowledge and understanding of man's inherent right to emigrate."

These prejudices are often linked with "selfish fears of loss of employment, of power and of authority, social and religious," the committee said. "Such fears ought to be disregarded as unworthy of thinking people, and with Christians, as reprehensible and as doing violence to basic Christian principles."

It is "the essence of Christian charity" as well as a principle of the natural law that the migrant shall be considered as one "made in God's likeness," it said. Catholics "have the unparalleled possibility of demonstrating to the whole community that the marks of the Universal Church—one and Catholic—are alive and operating today as ever."

Migrants are not to be accorded "merely a courteous toleration or, at best, a somewhat sterile feeling of pity or sympathy," but "graciousness and warmth that will reveal themselves as heavenly in origin," the committee said.

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SPRING APPEAL

St. Joseph's House
The Catholic Worker
223 Chrystie Street
New York 2, N.Y.

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

May Day is our twenty-fifth anniversary and once again we must report that we are dispossessed because a subway is going under our house which renders it unsafe. This is only our fourth home in twenty-five years so we have been blessed with comparative stability. As usual I sit in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament to write this appeal. I do not think I would dare write otherwise to ask for money, which is, as Leon Bloy says, the blood of the poor, since there are so many who help us out of their meager earnings, in spite of the cost of living going up and unemployment rising. Yesterday, Kieran, who has charge of the money, told me how he was called upon Saturday night to pay the week's rent for two Puerto Rican families who would otherwise be dispossessed before they could get city relief. A room for a family in a slum tenement rents for fourteen dollars a week, a fearful exploitation. Last week Felicia finally got word she could get rooms in a "project" but she needed a deposit. We give half fearfully, wondering how we will get our bills paid, and yet yesterday a doctor came in and gave us fifty dollars! It is as though the dear God took a modern Habbakuk by the hair of his head and transported him from his field of labor into our lion's den of need, to bring the means to eat, to live. Blessed be God!

It is the feast of St. Patrick today and in the new Maryknoll missal he is listed as a "pigherd" when he first lived in Ireland. We've had quite a few pigherds in our midst, men who have worked cleaning out the pens of the swine over in Secaucus, New Jersey. One man working there came to us to die and was laid out in our chapel at Maryfarm, Easton, while we recited the psalms of the office of the dead for him. St. Patrick, the pigherd, the saint and the scholar; St. Joseph, the carpenter and the saint; St. Benedict ("work and pray") and St. Isadore, the farm laborer, member of the world proletariat—their feasts are all this week. They were followers of Christ and the Church raises them to the rank of canonized saint for our imitation.

We are called to be saints, St. Paul said, and Peter Maurin called on us to make that kind of society where it was easier for men to be saints. Nothing less will work. Nothing less is powerful enough to combat war and the all-encroaching state.

To be a saint is to be a lover, ready to leave all, to give all. Dostoevsky said that love in practice was a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams, but if "we see only Jesus" in all who come to us; the lame, the halt and the blind, who come to help and to ask for help, then it is easier.

Father Faber says we are progressing if we begin over again each day in these resolutions.

Will you begin again, though you have helped us many times before, and help us again to keep going even in this new crisis? The city is trying to eliminate slums, which is good. But they create worse slums by the overcrowding of the dispossessed. While there are slums we will be living in them, and we must expect these uprootings periodically. But our confidence is in our Lord and in St. Joseph, His foster father, and also in you, our friends, new and old. You can be assured that what you give will come back to you a hundred-fold, in this world too, and in ways you need it the most.

With loving gratitude,
in Christ, our brother,
DOROTHY DAY

25th Anniversary Celebration

We want to extend a general invitation to all those who have lived and worked in the Houses of Hospitality and on the farming communes around the country during the past 25 years to attend a buffet supper here at Chrystie Street on Saturday, May 3rd at 5:30 p.m. If you are coming please let us know as soon as possible so that we will know how much food to prepare.

THE STAFF, St. Joseph's House.

CHRYSTIE STREET

By KIERAN DUGAN

Mike and Pop

Once a day or so you can see Italian Mike carrying his impressive weight majestically amid the traffic of Second Avenue, on his way to or from the small bakery on Ninth Street where we buy our daily bread unless the Sisters of St. Francis have an overflow to give us. An indifference to the heavy traffic whizzing by him is suggested in the jaunty angle of the cap above his round face and the grocery cart jogging along behind him. He seldom makes the trip without his tie (mottled—by wear, not design) and vest (from whose pockets hang, on one side, a watch fob, and, on the other, a pendulum formed by the round label of a Bull Durham tobacco bag dangling from a string).

Mike also takes care of the garbage and trash of the house and the discarded rags of the men who come every morning for clothes. This refuse is kept in several



standard metal barrels in the backyard and is moved out to the front of the house in time for collection in the mornings — which leaves Mike also with the sweeping of the concrete on both sides of the house. His partner in these latter operations is Pop, an older, little man. Pop, like Mike, tends to roundness, and when they are both sitting downstairs in the corridor in moments of relaxation, each with a cap on and the kind of overalls that hang by suspenders from the shoulders, they would look like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, if Pop were not smaller and smiling and more cherubic looking than Mike. They are usually together, and after supper, when most people in the house go the library to watch television (Lawrence Welk is their favorite), they go upstairs to their dormitory, where they sit by the window talking, Mike doing most of it in his rough New Yorkese and out of the side of his mouth. They retire early—not long after 8:00.

Pop is up at dawn, working around the barrels in the backyard. One morning he mis-timed himself and was shuffling around out there in the dark of the middle of night until the men who get up to prepare coffee for the "line" went out and told him what time it was.

Although Pop appears older than Mike, and moves himself about with tiny steps, they are rapid steps, and he attacks whatever task is before him with an alacrity bordering on compulsion. When he used to clean the office in the mornings he would be in, under and out in what seemed like a split second. Moving out the barrels in the mornings, Mike works

(Continued on page 6)

In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"Your pacifist-anarchist ideas are not practical; got to have the government do things." I am the most practical fellow you will see in a long time; better take a good look and get acquainted. I aim to practice around 90% of the things I believe in and that is a pretty good average. You can get me on a few things: I use the postoffice for I can't afford my own. I pay a tax when I travel by bus for if I had my own car the tax man would get it for the taxes I owe for twelve years. I have worked for a decade each as salesman, social worker, and migrant worker, writing and speaking at the same time. In my sixty-fifth year I have no officers, ask for no pension or social security from the government, and am happy in both positive and negative ways to advocate the ideas of a society without exploitation, war, or the state.

If a country was run on the principle that those who knew the least about a subject were the ones to oversee it, and if people couldn't act without being restricted with red tape there would be some reason to seek for another method of running things. This is just what has happened in this country when men are appointed to Interstate Commerce Commission and other responsible jobs, not because they know anything about a subject but because they were defeated for state or federal office in some election and as lameducks are rewarded by the party in power. No wonder they are caught taking bribes.

In Phoenix, Arizona, and San Francisco, California I happened to be there when the fire departments would not put out disastrous fires because they were just across the city limits. The insurance rate would go up if fire department services went outside the city was the excuse. Any volunteer fire department in the old days would be ashamed to act in this manner. And yet in many cities firemen are "moonlighters" at other jobs in their off time. This may not be typical but it does happen.

Walking down to the postoffice here recently I saw a block ahead of me a twisted two-by-four with spikes sticking out fall from a truck. People in cars drove around it and those who were walking walked around it; they didn't drop the two-by-four and it was not their job to pick it up; it was the job of the city. I picked up the two-by-four and put it by the garbage basket. This was the practical thing for a responsible anarchist to do.

It is not practical to have a country where according to an editorial in the N.Y. Times 83% of our income tax goes for war. It is not practical to pay farmers billions of dollars not to grow food and have the agricultural department advising how to produce more food. Time magazine says on August, 19, 1957 on this subject:

"Designed to cope with the problem of farm surpluses, it brings on bigger surpluses by setting high price supports. Designed to keep small farmers from going broke when surpluses drag prices down, it actually helps the poorest farmers least and the richest most. Designed to bolster the health and welfare of agricultural communities, it has tempted many a farmer to sharp practices because 'only suckers' would refuse to take advantage of the loopholes of the law. Designed to cut surpluses by subsidized sales of grain and cotton abroad, it is so rigged that, as overseas sales are successful, price supports rise automatically—hence bring on more surpluses... The combined impact of more machinery, more fertilizer, deadlier insecticides and higher yielding hybrid seed has upped overall farm productivity by one-third since 1940, lowered the number of man hours needed to produce 100 bushels of wheat from 67 to 26."

A man makes \$40 a day for his boss and gets \$10 in wages. He can only buy back \$10 worth and

charge a little so we have depressions and wars to attend to the surplus. This surely is a crazy and not a practical system. It commenced to break in 1914 and whether it lasts until 1964 or 1984 or 2014 makes little difference. The CW program is practical if anyone wants to practice it. It calls for production for use instead of production for profit, in decentralized units. It calls for no exploitation of man by man through rent, interest, profit and so there would be no need of courts, prisons and wars to defend this exploitation. We fight wars to end wars and wars to make the world safe for democracy and we have more war and less democracy. This surely is not practical. Spending money on missiles and atomic weapons in the midst of a recession is again impractical. Anything that the government does people could do by themselves cheaper and more efficiently. Politicians are elected because they sing songs, play banjos, belong to the dominant party in the district, and it is only accidentally if they know anything about the office they are elected to. They may be honest, religious and likable and have integrity in a limited way, but their muddleheadedness is reflected in our chaotic world.

St. Patrick's Day

For several years this day was so stormy that to sell CW's was a chore indeed (although it was a lot worse for the bare-kneed girls who marched for hours). This year the weather was fine. Seemed to be some five year old girls and boys in splendid uniforms. I had not noticed girls (before) carrying guns in the parade but of course the military is always in all parades. Signs for England to Get Out of Ireland kept the old spirit of the Day. When we picketed Kohler recently Irish men were carrying these same signs in front of the British Embassy next door. I felt proud of my Irish ancestry and after the parade took a green carnation to my Communist friend Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. A pacifist, anarchist, vegetarian Catholic friend from County Mayo had read my book and sent some shamrocks for my daughters Cammen and Sharon and myself.

"You are a disgrace to the Catholic Church with such unpatriotic signs," said a young man as we were picketing the Atomic Energy Commission. "I am worse than that if you only knew it. Let me explain," I replied. Meanwhile others had gathered around and by the time our radical ideas were given the young man was very cordial, for he discovered that he knew Father Casey in Minneapolis who had baptized me and other priests there who were our friends. Then a young colored ex-soldier who was a Catholic stopped and when our ideas were explained to him he was glad to hear that there were such Catholics who were not for war and who long ago had believed in a fair deal for his race.

Meetings

Thirty-five students from Drew University in Madison, N. J., came in a special bus one night to hear an explanation of the CW philosophy. Three of them were Catholics. Many questions were asked until late and they left with books and other literature. In the midst of the worst storm of the year this vegetarian got held up on a bus by a meat truck which sneaked ahead and got stuck and delayed us for three hours, but finally I arrived in time for the meeting at Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pa. This is a Lutheran institution but Baptists and Catholics attend and Karl Adam's Spirit of Catholicism is a text book used. School had been closed for these two days because of the snow storm, in fact the house where I was supposed to stay had no heat or light and I was finally sent to another house where the electricity had not been cut off. The meeting was not a large one but made up in interest

(Continued on page 8)

L'Arche, Non Violent Community In France

By JAMES BERRY

The Gandhian ashram, started by one of Gandhi's European disciples, Lanza del Vasto, lies at the foot of the French Alps. There in the Midi of France, where 1,500 years ago Roman troops fought the barbarian invasions, Lanza del Vasto has started the first ashram in the Occident. It is hoped that this community, based on Christian principles of non-violence as practiced by Gandhi, will be able to spread by means of a secular order whose name is "The Working Order of L'Arche." This order is not another religion or sect and carries no pretention to any new revelation as to final ends. It is neither a religious or chivalrous order but contains characteristics of the two. It has for a mission work. By the Order, the esthetic, poetic and mystical values of war are transferred to work. One who wishes peace must renounce rest.

The following paragraphs are taken from the L'Arche community publication and were written by Lanza del Vasto himself.

"... The Order's purpose is to effect a human reconciliation, a purification of the means of existence, an orientation towards the spiritual life. The Order is no attempt to attack, criticize, reform or replace any established church and does not recommend any new method of adoration. The rule of the Order invites each man to convert himself to his proper religion, to intensify his study of texts and to observe, alone or by groups, his cult. All religions are tolerated by the Order; only intolerance and irreligion are not accepted.

The aim of the Order is to create, in the heart of nations, islands of perfect social life, turning men away from the current philosophic follies—to teach not with theories but with example—to reform men instead of laws. In entering into the Order the members play no part in the actions which lead to bloody revolutions. They play no part in the works or excitements which lead to war. It is strictly forbidden to teach political opinions, occupy official posts or to seize power.

The Laborious Order leads two types of labor: interior and exterior. The second is the extension of the first. This aim is realized by work in shop and fields, quiet work and forceful work, prayers, rites, feasts games, songs and studies, spiritual exercises and musical applications. The periods of instruction and confinement are alternated with periods of wandering and prediction. All these things fill the day of a man at L'Arche.

The only revolution where one can expect something valuable is the Gandhian revolution which is only efficient in transforming the world in the degree that the revolutionary transforms and purifies himself. Without a constant and an interior care, liberty is impossible. Without liberty, works and charity are worth nothing.

The Order's internal life is regulated by several rules which are designed to fulfill the conditions of a non-violent society. The "compagnons" or members of the community make 7 promises.

1. Work on oneself, on others, on the land, on things.
2. Obedience to the rule, to the chiefs and fathers who are the guarantee and the testimony.
3. Responsibility and co-responsibility.
4. Purification.
5. Poverty. Each one renounces his belongings, his possessions, his ambitions. The Order itself doesn't own anything and only rented lands are used.
6. Truth in acts and in attitude.
7. Non-Violence.

It isn't transgression to break the Rule by weakness or blindness since to sin is human. It is a transgression to break the promises without accepting an appropriate penance.

The order is a family of free men. No free man possesses the right to punish another. A free man is one who recognizes the Law, recognizes his fault and punishes himself. Whoever is witness of his brother is held to advise him in secret, in the name of the rule, and to decide with his spiritual father an appropriate penance. If the guilty one resists the witness must assume the penance himself. It is in this way that he exercises at the same time the practice of co-responsibility and non-violence. In this way the police, the spy, the judge, the hangman and executioner will disappear.

The communities are to be as

fast for the companions as well as a day of silence. I was willing enough to be silent but ate with some other visitors who couldn't take a day's work without food. After breakfast we resumed work till 10:30 and then returned to the house to wash and await lunch. I understand that in the mornings, after the work, the community often practices songs, chants and dances in preparation for various feasts. In the afternoon, after the siesta, there is work at crafts. It is at this time that the chairs are repaired, wool embroidered, type set, sandals made, wood carved, etc. There are some professional crafts as well including two doctors at the community.

There are several families living at L'Arche and the community has opened its own school for the several children who live there. This school follows the Montessori methods and is in session during the summer. The distinction between work and play is replaced by the idea of fast and feast. The children find it quite normal to attend school during the summer and the idea that work is doing

The Case Against Capital Punishment

By HARVEY V. BOWERS

In the year 1801 a 13-year old boy was publicly hanged in England for stealing a teaspoon. A short time later a 9-year old girl was hanged for setting fire to a house. It was a common practice in England to hang people who disobeyed the law. There were 220 offenses that the courts took seriously and meted out death penalties for their infraction. Stealing of silverware was a capital crime, so were the shooting of rabbits, talking to gypsies, stealing turnips, cutting down a tree, stealing a handkerchief, or picking pockets; for all these, and many more, a life was exacted for the felony.

Contrary to the opinion most people hold for capital punishment, the enactment of the law "Hanging days" were national

holidays—the servants and clerks always looked forward to those days off! One interesting aspect of the fallacy of the law was the hanging of a pickpocket. Instead of discouraging their nefarious practice—it really helped it. For pick-pockets from far and near came to pick the pockets of the onlookers.

Capital punishment has always been the quick way of disposing of a problem without solving it.

Penal authorities are mutual in their agreement that the law is useless and has failed as an effective deterrent to crime. Thirty-eight countries have abolished it, together with six of our states and two of our territories: Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Regardless of how prejudiced the reader may be to this article, this challenging statement can't be refuted: There are fewer murders in the areas that have abolished the law than in those places that maintain it.

We can't however discount the fact that many people favor execution: bus drivers, diplomats, dishwashers, ministers, atheists—are callous in their belief. The boundary is not identified by culture or income, the division is not between the rich and the poor, it is primarily between those who have charity, and those who have not. Many of these folk favor the law in theory, but not in practice. There is a strong reluctance by any of them to enforce it. Last year, as of other years, there were a great many murder trials in the United States. But of the large number of convictions only 62 were executed. It is estimated that the odds are 100 to 1 against a man paying the death penalty. In those states where first degree murders carries a death penalty and is mandatory, it is there we find many acquittals. The reason given is that inflicting the death penalty is repugnant to most people and wherever possible, juries try to avoid a conviction.

Capital Punishment is immoral, irreligious, impracticable, and it renders mistakes irreparable. The miscarriage of justice has happened many times. One asks, have there been errors? In just one year's record from the court files in London five people were hanged who afterward were discovered innocent!

The sad part about the history of crime is that the death penalty for the most part falls on the obscure, the impoverished, the friendless or defective individuals. The poor and the indigent are generally the ones apprehended and the ones who pay.

Criminologists, psychiatrists, social workers, and the rank and file of the legal profession are the ones who know best about capital punishment, and it is they who are practically unanimous for its repeal. The American Bar Association and the Pennsylvania Bar Association have both passed resolutions to abolish it.

To many of us Capital Punishment is primarily a moral issue, we believe it is evil—ignoring the tenets of faith by replacing the cross with the gallows. Most people try to balance the scales of justice with only the things that are thought of as practical—yet in this they fail, for they consider love as something impractical. When in truth there is not now, nor has there been anything more practical than it. Its force is powerful. It is life's great neutralizer. To condone capital punishment men resort to their baser elements—forgetting intelligence and love.

It is true the hangman has lots of company when he springs the trap—the company of all who agree in silence!

RESURREXIT



self sufficient as possible and without recourse to machines or outside products. The object is to simplify the work so as to reduce the complexity of it, and to detach oneself from machines and outside aid in order to acquire liberty..."

At the community there are many hand crafts including weaving and all the clothes the companions wear are spun and woven by themselves. There is a carpenter's shop and a shoemakers shop where the sandals for the community are made. The spoons and forks are handcarved wood and the designs are both intricate and beautiful. Everyone at L'Arche has a handicraft and in addition to weaving, carpentry, sandal making, forging, baking and woodcarving there is bookbinding and type setting. The community journal *Nouvelles de L'Arche* is published from their own press. Just recently the companions opened up a paper mill and now they print the journal on the thick paper they make themselves.

The food is simple and adequate, consisting of a base of cereals. The whole community is vegetarian. Their home-baked bread must be enough to live on without the help of the soup and other cereal and vegetable foods. Small amounts of cheese and eggs with some fruit are eaten as well. The soil in this corner of France is poor and water is rare but despite these handicaps the community hopes to have enough food this year so as to be completely independent from outside sources.

At L'Arche we rose early to avoid the hot Midi sun when working in the fields. If we were near enough to the house we returned for the morning prayer at 7:30. After the prayers we ate a breakfast of milk, bread and cereal. Friday, however, is a day of total

something you don't like and play is doing something you do like doesn't occur to them.

One must assist at a feast day at L'Arche to really understand the depth of their mode of life. The shoddy popular love songs and dances are replaced by spirited folk dances and old folksongs. At a feast at L'Arche there is always folkdancing and everybody joins in the almost forgotten folkdances of France. Many old folksongs are revised and the original harmony is restored so they are sung at L'Arche just as the troubadours sang them so many hundreds of years ago when folk singing was an art and an occupation.

In addition to working on the land and on things the members of the community work on themselves too. Each morning there is a period of meditation and every hour of the day there is a minute or two of silent recollection. Evening prayers are held for everybody together and then each religious disciple prays separately. The community is mostly Catholic but all traditional religions are welcome.

The community is an effort to return to a "depth" of living and to base one's life in a sane and natural routine. Each person is aided by a natural way of life to expand in the direction of his natural aptitudes and inherent talents.

The depth of the life that the companions lead comes from their refusal to secularize their personal and community life. Secularization, says Allen Tate, is simply a substitution of the means for the ends. The people in the community at L'Arche reduce to a possible minimum the poisonous attachment to means. To avoid this attachment is the purpose of the "travail sur soi."

was not designed as a punishment. If a man in heat of passion or by design kills another man, it is customary to say that as a punishment for the act, he too should be killed. Death penalties were written into violations as warnings. The purpose of these laws were as deterrents and not as punishments, and the history of this interpretation has been failure from the start. Laws enacted for that purpose have in no way lessened crime. The 220 crimes mentioned that carried the death penalty have over the years been reduced to three, and these three are still on the statute books of England and also of the states in this country that carry the death penalty. As rigid laws they, too, have failed their purpose.

In the winter of 1927 a man was hanged for murder in Auburn Prison. The hanging was like other hangings staged as a warning for subsequent offenders—but it just didn't work out that way. Within the next 30 days there were 24 murders in New York City, 10 New Jersey, and 10 in Pennsylvania.

The defenders of Capital Punishment have produced no evidence to support their cause—when challenged their answer has always been that there is no alternative. There are many arguments against and no substantial argument to defend it. No book has ever been written in its favor, while countless ones are available against it.

Executions are dramatic shows that draw the morbid and sadistic. Once there was a hanging in London that over 100,000 congregated to witness. Public highways in England, at one time, were dotted with gibbets—the early guide books used then as landmarks.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Risen Christ, by Caryll Houselander. 111 pages. \$2.75. Sheed & Ward. Reviewed by Deane Mowrer.

Caryll Houselander, who died in 1954, will be known to many readers—and ought to be known to many more—as the author of some unusually well-written and intelligent books. A scholarly acquaintance with modern psychology, together with a poet's gift for the selection and ordering of words, helps, I think, to give to Miss Houselander's work that rarely illuminative quality by which old truths are made new. It is this kind of illumination which particularly distinguishes *The Risen Christ*, making it a kind of lamp for those who are stumbling toward the way through life's obfuscatory maze of time-bound circumstance.

Yet *The Risen Christ* is a timeless kind of book, written rather as a series of meditations—nine short meditative chapters, in all—on the Resurrection and its meaning for us. In premise and essence, these meditations show us—with the incontrovertible lucidity of the first Easter morning—that Christian living is not intended to be a moroseful standing at the foot of the Cross but rather a radiant reliving of that life which no tomb could contain. That was Christ's gift to us—his Risen Life, a gift which becomes truly ours when we live it and share it with others. It is a life of love, which is joy. There is, of course, a cross; a cross which is in very truth the Cross. Or, as our Lord showed us by precept and deed, the only way to new life is through the death of the old, through accepting our passion, our suffering, our cross, dying our death of self. It would seem that we are back again at the foot of the Cross. Where then is the joy? This is Caryll Houselander's answer: "He gives that joy and peace to be at the very heart of our suffering, to make suffering and joy, for us as it was for him, not two things incompatible with each other, but just one thing, love—and he gives us his own power of consummated love to use for one another, to comfort and heal and restore one another; even, in a mysterious sense that those who have really known sin and sorrow and love will understand, to raise one another from the dead." It may sound paradoxical, but it is something that can be tried and proved by anyone. It is worth trying; in fact, it is the only thing that is worth trying.

These beautifully wrought meditations further convince us that our risen life, like Christ's, should be largely a hidden life—a life of prayer and simple living, of serving others and sharing with them, of work that is a creative offering of ourselves to God, of acceptance of others for what they are no matter how repugnant they may be to us, a life of love for all, remembering that there is in each of us a hidden Christ. We are reminded too that we have an obligation not only to work and love and pray but also to think, and that thinking involves facing the ugly facts of evil in ourselves and in the world about us. We must think with the mind of Christ which means that we too will wear the crown of thorns.

That crowns of thorns will also force us to realize, I think, something which Miss Houselander's book does not sufficiently take into account, that the complexities of our modern industrial world make any kind of simple living almost impossible for many people, that there is very little creative work available and that much of the work which people are expected to do should not be done by anyone with a Christian conscience. How could one possibly work—either directly or indirectly—on an h-bomb for the love of God? These are complex problems, of course, which

cannot be adequately treated either in a book of meditations or a review. Nevertheless, we should never forget that we also have an obligation to try to make a world in which it is easier to be good. That change, or revolution if you wish to call it that, begins—as Peter Maurin, Dorothy Day, and Ammon Hennacy have told us again and again—with ourselves. Surely the only fully effective way to change ourselves is to live this risen life which is Christ's gift to us and to share that gift with others.

The Writings of John Jay Chapman, edited by Jacques Barzun. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York. \$5.00. Reviewed by William D. Miller.

John Jay Chapman is an American essayist whose life spanned the period between the Civil War and the Great Depression. This collection of Chapman's writings, edited and introduced by Jacques Barzun, contains a biography of William Lloyd Garrison and a number of essays—"Emerson," "Shakespeare," "President Eliot," "The Negro Question," "Society" and others.

In the field of American letters Chapman is not well known, and on the dust jacket the publishers express the hope that "a larger circle will now discover his style, his humor, and the richness of his thought."

If Chapman has yet to be discovered, one asks why. Possessing wealth and married into New England's Brahmin class, Chapman did not lack the means that too frequently are necessary for recognition, nor has the period of his productive years lacked intensive interest by scholars in American intellectual history. In his Introduction Dr. Barzun proposes to answer this question. The reason, states Barzun, is simply because Chapman's thrusts at ignorance are too direct and too shattering, even for "academic pundits" and "established critics." What did he criticize that would put him in a special category, asks Barzun. Why is he not like so many other critics, "as much a parasite on genius as those he attacked?" Barzun's answer is that Chapman's attack was on "the mind of America" and for this "he suffered the penalty. For it is obvious that the Republic has no use for critics of this sort. Partisan objectors, yes; since they satisfy party feelings. But a Socrates, no."

This, then, according to Barzun, is what differentiates Chapman from the thinkers, now well known, who were his contemporaries. William Graham Sumner, Lester Frank Ward, Thorstein Veblen and others were associated with intellectual systems then in vogue—Spencerian evolution, "purposeful" evolution, and what not. Chapman was simply Critic.

What probably could be considered the core of Chapman's criticism is found in his essay, "Society." Barzun calls attention to Chapman's main theme: "We have escaped an age of tyrants because the eyes of the bosses and their masters were fixed on money. They were not ambitious." The tyranny associated with Europe, kings, dictators—even the "tyranny" of order found in "systems"—have passed Americans because everything except economic enterprise bored them. Americans have no passion. "When a man takes a living interest in anything, we call him a 'crank.' There is an element of self-sacrifice in any honest intellectual work which we detect at once and score with contempt." And, says Chapman, this concern for business brings a pressure for social conformity not equaled elsewhere, because "the weight of . . . social pressure in any particular case will depend on how loosely the individuals composing the ma-



*He is the true Lamb,
who by dying
has destroyed our death,
& by rising again
has bestowed new life on us.*

jority resemble each other." In America, this "alikelessness" is forced by a conformity to the ideal of "getting ahead." "The Suabian and the Pole each drops his costume, his language, and his traditions as he goes in. They come out American business men; and in the second generation they resemble each other more closely in ideals, in aims, and in modes of thought than two brothers who had been bred to different trades in Europe." "Listen," continues Chapman, "to the conversation of any two men in a street car. They are talking about the price of something—building material, advertising, bonds, cigars." Chapman would doubtless agree that the pressure for ideological conformity that thrusts itself on the college professor in Igor Gouzenko's novel, "The Fall of the Titan," is paralleled by the pressure on the young clerk to identify himself body and soul with the interests of the "Company" if he wishes to get ahead.

The major selection in these essays is a biography of William Lloyd Garrison. Styling this work a "biography" is somewhat inaccurate. There is no chronology; the material is haphazardly organized and there is no real penetration of Garrison.

But this essay does make its point. Chapman's argument is this: preoccupation with business interest has given America an unfeeling civilization—a cold heart that is sometimes cruel. Americans, generally, because of the primacy of the ideal of comfort and success, are conformists. And the more generally accepted the canons of conformity the more pressure there is exerted on individuals to abide by these canons. There is, to be sure, some deviation within these canons. One may conform rigidly or not so rigidly, but one does not break out of the bounds and to do so invites the opprobrium of the community. If one seeks any basic change to the social structure he can pursue his end only by following some gradualistic formula that is padded with rationalizations calculated to guarantee that the change will forever be just over the horizon.

But there are a few extremely rare persons who see such deviousness for what it is and who cannot compromise the integrity of their conscience by conforming to the accepted canons of social behavior when these canons prevent a coming to grips with injustice, however it is manifest.

Such a man was Garrison. Gar-

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rison's thinking was directed not to escape his obligation to Truth, but to meet it. Sometimes a social evil becomes so ingrained in a society that it ceases to produce a reaction of conscience. The subject becomes taboo because of its unsettling effect on business enterprise. If some "simple" minded person agitates the issue he becomes unclean and the community reviles him. Garrison was "simple" minded. Slavery was the supreme evil and abolition was the only answer. He could accept no rationalizations, no sophisticated thinking away of the subject. Moreover, Garrison had no other interests. Or the question of slavery he was "a fiery salamander, who should emerge during a glacial epoch—crawling out from a volcano that was all the time hidden, beneath the ice-crust . . . To the conservative minds of his own time he appeared to be a monster."

Chapman observes, truthfully enough, that there has been a tendency among American historians to treat Garrison with some contempt. He was a latter day manifestation of the morbid New England Puritan conscience. Criticizing motives has always been a frequently used weapon against the "simple" minded to force conformity. This form of criticism was leveled against Garrison during his time and has been taken up by some historians, the latter possessing the advantage of deepening their penetration of motives by learned references to Freudian psychology.

Chapman's "Emerson" is less strained than his essay on Garrison and more enjoyable to read. Garrison was all "act" and Emerson was all "thought" and in both essays Chapman spends some unconvincing time in sermonizing on how "act" and "thought" relate. Yet Chapman has some worthwhile thoughts on Emerson and one approves heartily with his comments on *The Transcendentalists*:

The Transcendentalists are not collectively important because their Sturm und Drang was intellectual and bloodless . . . There is something distressing about their letters, their talk, their memoirs, their interminable diaries. They worry and contort and introspect. They rave and dream. They peep and theorize. They open the bellows of life to see where the wind comes from. Margaret Fuller analyzes Emerson, and Emerson Margaret Fuller. It is not a wholesome ebullience of vitality. It is a nightmare, in which emotions . . . have no vital content, no consequence in the world outside.

Chapman further remarks on the "anaemic incompleteness of Emerson's character." It was this incompleteness and fruitless introspection that drove Isaac Hecker away from *The Transcendentalists* into the Catholic Church.

As an essayist and thinker Chapman's worth lies in a smooth readable style, his humor, and the occasional penetrating insights that he displays. But Chapman, *The Mind*, that one expects after reading Barzun's Introduction, does not come through after reading Chapman. Barzun would have Chapman leading us to a return to the rationalist spirit: "he summons us to . . . free us from the tyranny of Business Behavior. The courage for a new mind, which he wants to create in us, calls for the difficult linking of Intellect with Unconscious, instead of with violence as mankind in extremity prefers. He

would have us exert violence within, forcing old habits into the light, killing them off by intent, and forming new ones deliberately until they sink again into unconsciousness as part of our nature."

This linking of the Intellect with Unconscious is, we may agree, necessary for life. But we would add that the linking process itself must be rational. There must be order from the Intellect to the Conscious and Unconscious. And here Chapman breaks down. Chapman is not the thinker in the full sense. He is the Critic and is well worth reading as such.

A Perspective on Nonviolence. A publication of Friends Peace Committee Philadelphia, 1957. Reviewed by Ed Turner.

After eight months of frequent study and discussion, a study group of the Friends Peace Committee, Philadelphia, which was set up to clarify the understanding of the goals and methods of non-violence and its application to the American scene, has issued this small thirty-two page booklet. And, if it is "by their fruits that they shall be known", we, who grate our teeth with impatience at the mere mention of discussion groups, have been put in our place. For this group, under the seemingly preposterous title of *The Working Party on Nonviolence*, has done its work well. This booklet is the clearest short statement of what nonviolence is and its marks. And beyond this, the sections marked: "How Do You Answer These?" and "What To Do If . . .", will provoke thought, discussion, and application of nonviolence to daily problems. Finally, and best of all, there is an excellent bibliography divided into: Books and pamphlets for sale by the Friends Peace Committee, those for loan by the Committee, and those out of print but worth looking for.

Order, and do so immediately, from: Friends Peace Committee, 1520 Race Street, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania (25c apiece, \$2 for 10, \$16 per hundred, postpaid.)

Anglican Primate Blesses Memorial To Catholic Martyrs

Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, recently performed an act that will go a long way in promoting tolerance and love between Catholics and Protestants. This act was the blessing of a stone tablet honoring 18 Carthusian monks who were martyred in the persecution under King Henry VIII.

The first martyrs of the Tudor persecution and the largest single group of religious to die for the faith, Blessed John Houghton and his seventeen companions were put to death for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy acknowledging Henry as head of the Church in England.

After the Carthusian monastery was seized, it eventually became a hospital and school. The hospital is still in operation and the governors of the foundation in charge erected the memorial tablet on the site of the altar where Bl. John Houghton offered his last Mass. Queen Elizabeth II, one of the hospital's board of governors approved the plan to honor the martyrs.

The inscription on the tablet reads: "Remember before God the monks and lay brothers of the Carthusian House of the Salutation who worshipped at this altar and, for conscience sake, endured torment and death."

CULTURE VATION ::

The Life and Dream of St. Francis

... His life, patterned so closely on that of Christ will always be to us what we would be, the measure of our shortcomings, the spirit in which we should operate even when circumstances make the literal observance of his mode of living impossible. Could you run naked through the New York streets? Or operate from no fixed abode? Could you, in this, our day, prohibit learning? We could do none of these things and yet, in all, our model is St. Francis. For we can no more be slaves to the literal observance of these things than we could be to the minutiae of Pharisaical regulations. We must operate within the age, an age which figures in the general plan of Divine Governance, as well as did the age of Francis.

While all this is true, we must not, in our rationalizations, forget the weightier things of the law the permanently valid message of St. Francis. The spirit of joyous detachment. Not the glum, longfaced Jansenism of the conscious reformer, the splenetic railer at the clergy—with these St. Francis had nothing in common. He was no precursor of the Reformation, no Martin Luther, even less he was a John Calvin. But because he loved much he has become beloved of many who do not sympathize with his orthodoxy. In that way too, he emulates Christ. But it should not be forgotten that St. Francis is as much a product of Catholicism as was Torquemada. He was a saint because of Catholicism, there was no doctrine of the Church he ever denied, his devotion to the Holy Eucharist was deep, abiding, profound. His obedience to the Church and to the Roman Pontiff unquestionable.

He fought oppression as it was exercised in his time by war and feudalism. Not indeed by the direct methods used in our day, on these things it might well be said his voice was not heard in the streets. But by forbidding members of the Third Order—lay people who came to number many thousands—to bear arms or to take unnecessary oaths, he struck a blow at feudalism and the wars which supported it from which it never recovered. The rich, the lords of the day, clamored for his suppression by the Pope. And the Pope refused to suppress him. It is this same spirit of St. Francis, teaching us detachment from the things of this world, which would strike at the roots of a selfish capitalism, of a narrow nationalism, and of the wars which make these possible. St. Francis upheld always the right of the Christian to live the Sermon on the Mount. A right that could not be denied by the State for its purposes or by economic overlords for their purposes.

He knew also that the earth was redeemed, knew that the sun was bright and red and good, knew that water was chaste, knew purple grapes and the joy of wine, the silvered black of night, the still damp dawn. Knew that in Christ the world could never be ugly again, that love had made all things new. That if there was evil, if there was ugliness, it came from the will of man, not from the material universe. His compassion was not with man alone but with every creature, in the waters below, in the heavens above. Perhaps he envisioned for them a life beyond, a natural happiness suited to their capacities. So that they too felt the impress of redemption. In Christ all things live again—that St. Francis realized and that is what he would have us realize in ourselves and in society.

Robert Ludlow.

The Indians and The KKK

By AMMON HENNACY

On the night of January 18, 1958 the Lumbee Indians of Pembroke, North Carolina broke up a third attempt of the KKK of Marion, S.C. under the leadership of a Free Will Baptist preacher, James W. Cole, to burn crosses and frighten them. Sheriff Malcolm McLeod had warned Cole that the Indians had become angry and trouble might ensue. Here in Robeson County whites, Negroes and Indians form roughly each a third of the population and separate schools have been in use for years for each group.

Such was the good natured spirit in which the Indians with regalia and warwhoops shot in the air and frightened the KKK just as they were beginning their rally that the sympathy of people as reported in all shades of opinion in newspapers was with the Indians. This reminds me of the same good humored violence which the I.W.W. used in the early quarter of this century when they held meetings, sang songs in jail and established the right of free speech from San Diego to Spokane. In fact, in the case of the Indians the sheriff proceeded against the KKK instead of against the Indians.

My friend Victor Howard who visited the Cherokees in the Carolinas recently tells in the I.W.W. paper, the Industrial Worker of Feb. 2 of these Lumbee Indians who were so named from living near the Lumbee River. He gives Cherokee history:

"The Cherokees have a proud past. Under Oconosota they rose in arms against the British in 1760. A large part of them under Dragging Canoe harried the colonists during the revolution, and for twelve years thereafter. In each war, with unerring instinct, they fought the side which represented the greatest immediate menace to their lands. . . . In 1835 the Cherokee won from Justice Marshall, in the case of Worcester vs. Georgia, recognition of their status as a domestic, dependent nation, recognized by the U.S. as sovereign in the Treaty of Hopewell in 1785, and having jurisdiction over a recognized territory in which the laws of American states could have no force or effect. But Jackson, the Faubus of his day, defied the court and removed the Cherokee. The Cherokee who evaded removal built the first road across the Great Smoky Mountains during the civil war, while their western brethren

(Continued on page 8)



"I arose and am still
with thee: alleluia!"

The Lord is risen:
alleluia: alleluia!

Peter Maurin Farm

Spring is here to stay, we hope! A few flowers are beginning to appear and, of course, we've had several bouquets of pussy willows decorating the chapel. John's lettuce is coming up in the greenhouse, and is now a few inches high. Tom Caine is still bird-watching and reports that a robin has built herself a nest in our woods. Yes, though it's been snowing off and on, spring—at least a whiff of it—is definitely in the air, and the country is lovely!

We have been blessed with a wonderful opportunity for daily mass during Lent, which we all appreciate measurelessly. Father Edward Kerwin from St. Louis, Missouri, came for a visit during this season. We're certain that our beloved late Father Houser has had a hand in this!

Roy Styles, who had been visiting us since December, has gone back to Montana. We'll all miss him a lot, and hope he'll be able to come back this way some day.

Sunday, March second, Father Foley and a group of teen-agers from his parish in Brooklyn came for the day. After their day of recollection, which included outdoor stations, we cleared the floors and the kids put aside their Rock-and-Roll for a few hours and became interested in square dancing, which Father demonstrated for them. It was really enjoyable, and we hope they pay us another visit soon.

Bob Rudolph, also from St. Louis, is spending time with us. Bob is a cabinet maker by trade, and between him and Father Kerwin, who also enjoys carpentry, and aided by some of the men, a linoleum is being laid in the dining room, kitchen, hall, and playroom. So far the dining room and kitchen are finished. It proved to be quite a tedious job, and the men really must be complimented on their perseverance in the project!

St. Patrick's Day lured a few of us, Magda and the children, Father Kerwin, Bob, and I into the city to watch the parade. The children come home exhausted, and we weren't far behind. Andy Spillane, our Irishman from County Cork, marched with his countrymen and enjoyed himself thoroughly. Ah—'twas a great day for the Irish—and the rest of us mixtures as well!

Charlie Butterworth and Frank Carasinite are weaving now, as the loom is set up. It is really an interesting pastime, and we're all looking forward to seeing the finished product.

Father Foley, who is in the hospital and has been for some time, paid us a visit one Sunday. He said mass and spent the day. It was very enjoyable, and we were all sorry when he had to go.

Thank God for the children on the farm! Of course, sometimes they grate on one's nerves—such as the time the neighbor's children built a fire under the steps and

(Continued from page 8)

The Quiet Terror In The Heart Of The Public Servant

He said: I've nothing but these few pigs, no family. I'm too old, too near the end to run a big farm. Why, I've been raising them since I was young. They do no harm. And I keep them clean; at least I try. Besides they don't have to wallow in the mud, Near the shed the ground is high and dry.

Now you say, and you're the law, get rid of them all? Can't I keep a few Just for the time that used to be When I had spirit?

But now I'm old and keeping pig's a crime. Why?

I said: I'm sorry (how could I be?) but the ordinance, the law is clear. No pigs allowed, only happy, green lawned homes. The pigs, O, very, very clear, must go. (As you and I must, I nightly fear.) I said more: I wish there was something I could do. (And of course there was something. But I was wrapped up in the thing And had to let it die.)

I, the hired guardian of the clean, white houses, The upright taxpayer, the responsible citizen. I could weep if I had tears, I could sing to heaven if I had the voice, I could embrace this farmer for his right, If I had courage to end the grinding play.

But I said, as you all must be implicated Who would have so fearlessly said To this one man and his thirteen pigs Who created a stink in the summer And offended his good and true neighbors

I said: you have two weeks to kill them off. He shuddered to have the sows slaughtered. (What love have I locked up, What rudeness has grown within me?)

He said: Thank you and left. I said nothing but Goodbye.

William Sommers

POEM

Organization is not interesting, why.

If I am the chairman and you are on my committee it is not very interesting.

Of if you are the leader and we are your group and stay so who isn't bored.

Organization is all right while it is new until you thoroughly understand what is expected of you and then what is expected of you is soon no longer interesting.

It gets to be like a minuet or a masque that isn't play any longer but the whole show.

Some people like to know what is expected of them and what the consequences will be but not me.

Some like to set themselves goals and be clear about aims so that they can formulate standards and have an institution to which they can feel they belong.

But I don't want to belong to an institution.

Organization is not interesting but sometimes necessary to get things done if there is something that simply must get done, and better done wrong than not done at all, are there such things maybe

Governments are well organized but the people in the governments do they see it all so clearly, who makes the policy and is it he a house divided.

Organization and institutions and government are not interesting to me, and perhaps that's not important.

But I see more and more people expecting from them whatever they are benefits he would not expect from any of the men composing them, I mean what rare bliss will organized humanity bestow that a man will not give his brother.

When I was a child I liked to be a member of a gang and have a leader and a code and meetings and by-laws and a constitution and a declared purpose and a stern loyalty to our side. What was good was that this public life instructed me privately in the possibilities of attitudes. But as I grew and filled the rooms inside me I found the converse true: public life became a mirror. And so to play with governments is to toy with mirrors rather than with men.

Will my bold anarchic dream come true and we will govern ourselves unprofessionally, mirroring as universe our hearts' terrain. The private world is where men meet. It is much more interesting not to say what you do not know, much more interesting to look than to see what is not there.

M. C. Richards,

Who Is To Blame?

We have not committed sin, yet we sin. We sin by omission. If there is anyone homeless, anyone without food or fire, even anyone without work, whose fault is it? Whose sin is it? If there is anyone among us who does not know God or who denies or blasphemes Him, whose fault is it if not ours, since we do not know how to reveal Him by our actions and defend Him with our lives? If impurity smolders in homes and is shown even on the walls of the city, whose fault is it? If the world has become pagan or ignores God or fights Him, who is to blame?

Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

were about twelve violations, many of them minor. For instance, there is a requirement that there be lights over the doors into the halls and that these lights be on at all times. There is also the requirement that we have steel self-closing doors, each of which cost over a hundred dollars. There was also a complete sprinkler system put in from top to bottom, in the halls and in every room and office although it is only required by law in the halls. In the recent fatal factory fire around the corner from us, the fire commissioner said there were no violations, and yet there was no sprinkler system.

A New York Times reporter was recently taken around by some of our group to visit some Puerto Rican rooming houses in the neighborhoods, and he was appalled by the conditions. Yet there is nothing done by the fire department about these houses where whole families live and cook and heat their crowded quarters as best they can. There is a recent law which requires that landlords put in steam heat and that has meant the closing of many buildings and the overcrowding of others. While we are looking for a new home for the Catholic Worker, we are looking at many empty tenement houses which need just these improvements, which means that in addition to buying the building, we must make it conformable to the laws of the city. Our lawyer inquires from the city planning board as to whether this or that house is to be torn down in the near future (five or ten years) and often is given the answer that there are no plans made for that area or that block.

Yet before we made \$24,000 worth of improvements on the house at Chrystie St., these same inquiries were made, and a year and a half later, we received the warning that the new subway will necessitate our building being torn down. Next door to us are two huge apartment houses where Italian and Puerto Rican families live in some measure of decency. They too are being forced to move and it is all but impossible for them to find apartments or to get into "projects."

For many years there was poverty and yet some security as to residence. Now, all over the city, families are being displaced, human beings and their needs are being ignored.

Pike Street

As for myself I would rather live in an Italian neighborhood where there is such basic Catholicism that the ancient virtue of hospitality is understood. For fifteen years we lived on Mott Street and saw many examples of personal responsibility. Families took care of their own. The old and senile were not put away in institutions but were cared for by the younger generation. It was understood that destitution of mind and body often made it necessary for people to beg. In many cities it is against the law, and in our many visits to courts in the last few years we saw many vagrants and beggars convicted and sent to the "island." According to the New York Times real estate section of March 23, Minneapolis proposes to wipe out Skid Row and one proposal is to run all beggars and vagrants out of town. In Tucson where I visited recently on my way back from Mexico I saw a policed fenced-in encampment where vagrants were "detained," not arrested, and put up in tents and set to work on roads. I wonder if they were paid for this labor so

that they could travel and look for work elsewhere.

Kieran Dugan found a place on Pike Street last month which he thought would do as it answered very much to the description of the old place we had on Mott Street. (The younger generation look back with nostalgia to our days in the Italian slums.) There were two stores, both very narrow, below them were basements, and above, six stories with three apartments on each floor. On one side was a synagogue "and the Jews also understand about charity," Kieran said. It was open and sunny in front and had a beautiful view of the bridge to Brooklyn but the other rooms were dark. Buildings facing it had been torn down and the narrow street had been replaced by open areas. One block away was the church of St. Teresa of Avila, an old Irish parish which had now become a Puerto Rican one. There was a great mixture of Negro, Puerto Rican, Irish, Italian and Jew in the neighborhood which was predominantly a family neighborhood and not one of small industry as our present section is rapidly becoming. Fr. Myers of the Episcopalian settlements and missions on East Broadway and Henry Street has written about the gangs and their wars in this neighborhood and he has been called in as mediator between gangs, and as a prominent member of the lower East Side Neighborhood Association in one or another period of terror in the teen age gang section.

"Brighton Rock" Incident

Ammon and I walked down to Pike Street, which is at the foot of Allen, last week, to look at the house and we walked around the block to survey the neighborhood, stopping in the church for a visit. It was after five and though the church was open on both sides, and one could enjoy the vivid colors of the stained glass windows, it was quite dark within. There was only the light of the candles burning in rows before one or another of the statues of the saints and the Blessed Mother.

As we knelt there, a woman half way down the middle aisle turned from her kneeling posture and said aloud, "I know you are hiding back there in the pews."

There was a shuffling sound and a scurrying, and then a small voice piped up. "I'm going to get you, when those people go out. I'm going to get you."

The woman got up behind the altar rail and into the sacristy and then came back. "I'm going to tell the Monsignor on you," she said, as she knelt down again.

There was more scuffling, and a small boy of nine or ten went up the aisle and threatened her, coming very close to her and leaning over her.

"What do you mean by bringing a knife into church," she cried.

I had been thinking that this encounter between the small boy and the old lady was a family affair, that she was an over-indulgent relative, aunt, mother or grandmother, who was now paying in public teasing and torment for her lack of discipline at home.

But then a little colored girl ran in too, and the two children stood in front of the woman and first one and then the other struck at her. A Puerto Rican woman who had been praying before the Blessed Mother, the only other person in the dark church but ourselves, got up at that minute and went over and spoke to the children, taking the boy by the shoulder and ushering him out of the church. "I'm coming back," he kept saying. "I'm going to get her."

Ammon and I went out too and stood there on the steps, which were banked by privet hedges in wooden pails which were about to fall apart. We talked to the boy and girl. The Puerto Rican woman, who had a quiet air of authority, could not speak English. The little boy was Irish, sandy-haired, very

pale, as though he lived in a cellar. His clothes were ragged and he answered our questions though he was on the defensive. He wanted to know if we were Catholic, and then repeated, "Are you Roman Catholic?" He had seen the St. Patrick's day parade but not been part of it. The little girl was Episcopalian, but she did not know Fr. Myers she said. We were trying to bring the incident down to the normal, but there was something very gruesome about the situation, very menacing. What spirit is there in the air these days, of ugly resentment and hatred and desire for violence among children. We have always had violence and robbery and murder among adults where millions are herded together in the slums which are worsened by the too rapid tearing down of the old and the screening for rehousing. We have never before had such war of childhood against adults. Were these two children also "locked out" by parents working, and so in effect homeless?

What work there is to do to maintain these Houses of Hospitality of ours which are so much needed since "the poor we will always have with us." (I am quoting the words of Jesus.)

We have sent our appeal this month so that we can pay the bills which have accumulated these past



six months, and with the additional plea that you will help us get a new home. St. Teresa of Avila said she never was turned down by St. Joseph, and we are begging him to care for our needs. In a way it is St. Joseph against the all-encompassing State and City. He is patron of the universal Church, and our patron, and as foster father of our Lord we can ask anything of Him so we are confident.

"Lord, what would you have me do?" St. Paul asked, and we are asking the same thing. If you want this work to go on, it will go on. Thy will be done. Be it done unto me according to Thy word.

Seeing nothing else before us (and surely it cannot be against our Lord's will to practice the works of mercy) we go confidently on, hunting a new home. Nothing can stop us. If God be with us, who can be against us? Of ourselves we can do nothing. We are penniless, without influence in this world. But with Him we can do all things.

Man Mourned Only by Bishop

The body of a poor man, who died as a public charge in a hospital in Cerignola, Italy, was accompanied to its grave by a single mourner, Bishop Mario Di Lieto of Ascoli Satriano and Cerignola.

Bishop Di Lieto arrived at the hospital one morning just as the body was being taken to the cemetery. Shocked to hear that there were neither family members nor friends to accompany it, he canceled his appointments, vested himself and walked behind the bier, saying prayers for the man's soul.

EASY ESSAYS

(Continued from Page 1)

Is also due the fostering of Bourgeois Capitalism in modern Germany.

Turning Sharp Corners

Business men say that Bourgeois Capitalism is all right and the what is wrong in Bourgeois Capitalism are the abuses. Rotarians have tried without much success to correct the abuses of Bourgeois Capitalism. The turning of sharp corners by business men must be laid to the door of Christians as well as Jews. The assertion that religion has nothing to do with business is the assertion of Christians as well as Jews.

Modern Liberals

The separation of the spiritual from the material was fostered by modern liberals. Modern liberals were so broad-minded that they did not know enough to make up their minds. Modern liberals were the defenders

of Bourgeois Capitalism before coming the fellow-travelers of Bolshevik Socialism. Jews can be found among Bourgeois Capitalists, among Bolshevik Socialists, and among disillusioned fellow-travelers.

Racialism

Having given up Jewish Orthodoxy some Jews tried to foster Jewish Racialism. The Jews were a chosen people but they were never a superior race. The Nordics were never a chosen people or a superior race. And it is not because some Jews became racial minded that other people should be racial-minded. Racial-minded Jews are a nuisance and so are racial-minded Nordics.

Peter Maurin, who died in 1949, wrote phrased essays which are as pertinent now as when they first appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORKER from 1933-1943. During his last long illness he wrote nothing new. He felt that his work was done. He had set forth his theory of the green Revolution.

Bovine in the Tower

(Continued from Page 1)

round disc on a big, impersonal machine.

In one tower I had thirty switches and signals to handle and it was a challenge with fifty trains on the day track. This plant was about to be replaced with a call-on Board, eliminating the need for much intelligence. Such a bovine form of passing time can hardly be called work. The puzzle of yesterday is the moronic work today.

"What a fine opportunity to read!" someone might suggest.

Orwell has had his day on one Road on this point. Television sets installed in the towers are capable of monitoring the towerman so that he cannot read. Company rules forbid it. With every fibre crying out for action, this poor robot-bovine must sit and vegetate. Can you imagine the inevitable frustration?

I did read quite a bit in my towers. Policy hadn't issued any commands on my Road. And when traffic was light, my thoughts took the turn (very clumsily) of Chesterton's remark: "This is the huge modern heresy of altering the human soul to fit its conditions, instead of altering human conditions to fit the human soul. If soap-boiling is really inconsistent with brotherhood, so much the worse for soap-boiling, not for brotherhood." If the tower's improvement mechanically was inconsistent with man's precious creative activity, so much the worse for the tower. It would be better to do without the tower, or go back to the Armstrongs than to do without men.

"What a marvelous opportunity to pray!" someone might add.

I fear it would be an awfully desperate prayer up there. The work leads to oblivion, nothing more. And as Thoreau says that what a man thinks of himself will ultimately determine his fate, so in the Tower will the new robot of automation feel his futile, stupid, dispensable role and decide his fate.

Perhaps this could be a pre-figure of the Saint of the future. A robot by appearance, living a gadgeted push-button life and heroically entering this controlled world

everyday and superhumanly keeping contact with his God.

I suppose it could be done well enough—that is, if the Monitors still approve of prayer.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

with slow dignity, not wasting any energy. Pop at the same time is spinning barrels around and pattering after them on his fluttering legs. Mike is good natured beneath his poker face or scowl and accepts a good amount of kidding graciously. One of the things we kid him about is "that good worker you supervise in the mornings—the little man who moves all those barrels singlehanded." One of the things he doesn't seem to like to be kidded about is the time he went out to wash the house car and washed the car next door by mistake—and you can't blame him, since it happened several years ago and he deserves to have lived it down by this time.

Mike always has his own retort, unchanging though the retort may be for a given situation. Every Friday as far back as anyone can remember, probably ever since his first Friday in the house, Mike has sat down to dinner and said: "All these years eating fish and I still can't swim."

Once a week Mike systematically goes over to the Allen Street Public Baths. (Apparently by force of habit, since there are bathtubs and showers in the house). Once a month or so he takes Pop over and makes him take a bath too.

Mike smokes cigarettes, usually rolling his own from a Bull Durham bag. He smokes "tailor-mades" only with great restraint, not waiting packs of them at a time, but, like Anna, only one or two. After a meal he will sometimes come up to me and say, "Where's my cigarette?" and then go happily on his way with the one cigarette.

Pop smokes Italian stogies and never seems to wear out a pack of them. I will give him a pack of five and two weeks later I will ask him if he needs more and he will say, smiling with satisfaction and gratitude, "No I have three left." What he does is carry one in his mouth for a few days before lighting it.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

From a Pilgrimage Diary

By LARRY BLUM

Jan. 9, 1949—6 p.m. The pilgrims assembled in Mexico City and marched in procession twenty blocks to the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe for Mass at 7:30. After Mass a short time was allowed to get breakfast and at 9:15, after a short talk by our leader, we were on the march. Except for we four Americans the pilgrimage was made up entirely of Mexicans . . . men and women, boys and girls. There is one woman in the group carrying a 3 month old baby; and two old women 75 years of age. Quite a few of the men are in their sixties. We are 70 in number, 40 women and 30 men. The 350 miles that lies ahead of us doesn't seem to bother anyone. Some of these pilgrims have made the trip on foot five or six times. We sing and pray as we walk along and the time passes very pleasantly. At the head of the ranks are four banner carriers. Two announcing "Pilgrimage on foot from Mexico to San Juan," the other two Mexican flags. The women march behind these, followed by two more flags, and the men march behind the second flags. All the flag poles have crosses on the top, and all the men remove their sombreros as the procession passes. The sun is out very hot this bright Sunday afternoon and beads of perspiration trickle down our faces as we march across the mountainous country. About 5 p.m. we reached our destination for the day, Cautitlan, having walked about 15 miles. We made our camp in the front yard of a large church under the open sky. Some of the brother and sister pilgrims made fires to prepare coffee and warm their tortillas, while a few of the poorer ones from necessity or for penance set about begging their fare from house to house. These usually fare very well and are able to bring back food for their brothers from the abundance of these generous souls. We retired about 7 p.m.

Jan. 10 . . . Whistle sounded at 2 a.m. Everybody up and bustling around. There is no water to wash in . . . feels kinda funny . . . don't know what to do . . . we are so used to dashing a bit of water in our eyes to wake us up. But this is a pilgrimage . . . the main purpose, penance. Looks don't mean a thing. By three o'clock we are on the march, without breakfast. The moon is bright tonight and with the help of four lanterns we are able to walk with ease along the dirt roads and burro trails. We say our long morning prayers and the Joyful mysteries as we walk along in the early morning. Afterward there is a long silence until just before dawn breaks when one of the other starts to sing. Before long we find ourselves all singing hymns of praise to our Blessed Mother and to the good God. About 8 a.m. we arrive at a small pueblo and are told that we have one hour to prepare or find our breakfast.

Just as we were preparing to leave we were startled by a loud explosion. I thought it was one of these rockets so common in Mexico. Bob ran ahead a few steps, looked over someones shoulders and cried: "Oh my God, she's shot!" I ran and looked and there sat one of the young ladies of our pilgrimage with large wounds in both of her legs just above the ankle. The bullet had gone directly thru both legs. A man standing by had a rifle. He said he took it from the culprit who shot. Nearby was a bus surrounded by a group of shouting men. The only occupant of the bus was the driver. They finally got the door open and dragged the driver out. There was much excitement and it was hard to learn what it was all about. I heard someone say that a boy was shot too . . . he was in the church yard seeking the Padre. I went in and there he stood holding his hands on his stomach and his back. There were large blood stains on both sides of his shirt. We carried him out to our baggage truck and placed him in the back together with the girl who was shot. They bound up the culprit and placed him in the cab and set out to find a hospital and a jail. After the excitement was over we learned that the bus driver who did the shooting had a monopoly on the town's transportation. But this morning when he drove into town he saw two other buses there which had been chartered by the Padre to haul his parishioners to Mexico on a pilgrimage. This man in his anger took out his rifle, a very powerful one, and fired at the tires of one of the buses. Somehow the bullet pierced the stomach of the 10 year old boy then went thru both legs of the young lady who was sitting on a stone. We all went into the Church and prayed two rosaries and many other prayers amid much weeping for our poor sister pilgrim and the lad from the town. We waited a long time for the truck to come back. Finally when it came we learned that the girl's injury wasn't serious . . . the bullet hadn't touched any bones, and that the boy was in bad shape. Here while we were waiting a young Indian maiden began to speak with Bon and I. She seemed quite surprised to see 4 Americans in the pilgrimage. She welcomed us quite friendly in the name of her people . . . asked us to teach her English, and begged us to send her greetings to our people in the states. We thought she was native of the town, but learned that she was one of the pilgrims in the company of her father . . . a native of Michocan. Her naive manner is characteristic of the people of her state . . . one of the most thoroughly Catholic sections of Mexico. About 2 p.m. we set out across the mountainous country ascending gradually higher and higher till we reached our destination for that day . . . San Miguel. Here we prepared a little supper and retired early beneath the porch of a store building.

Jan. 11 . . . Whistle sounded at 2 p.m. and we are on the road before three. The morning hours before daybreak are beautiful as we walk along saying our prayers or singing. Again there is a great silence and one finds himself reflecting upon the goodness of our Creator . . . the mysteries of our Redemption and the other sacraments which fill our hearts with great joy and gratitude. How much we miss by our custom of sleeping till daybreak . . . the hours best suited for prayer are lost and we wonder why we make so little progress in the love of God. We are still walking across country on donkey trails. The scenery is beautiful and inspiring as we ascend higher and higher into the mountains. After a hard days walk and only one stop to eat we arrived at La Canada about 4 p.m. But since we had defaulted one rosary we had to kneel around the banners in the street and say the rosary and our other long night prayers of praise and thanksgiving. It's hard to say when we are so tired . . . and the pigs squealing in a nearby pen and the passing people and donkeys were no help to our weary minds. Most of us were so tired after prayers that we hesitated to set about gathering wood to cook our supper. We rested about half an hour then hurried to prepare supper. Afterwards some villagers gave us a few tortillas and some coffee and bread. About 7:30 when most of the "peregrinos" had retired I strolled up the moonlit hill to the little chapel where the villagers were praying the rosary. There was no resident priest here but the people all turn out for the daily rosary. Retired about 8 p.m. under a shed used to shelter animals . . . a few cows and burrows started to stroll in about 8:30 but sensing our presence were frightened away.

Jan. 12 . . . Arose at 2 a.m. on the road by 3. The moon is bright again. It's very peaceful as we walk along in expectation of attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion this morning. This is a rare privilege on the pilgrimage since we are walking in across country we rarely

Interview With Helen Sobell

By ANNE TAILLEFER

This is an interview with Helen Sobell, whose husband Morton Sobell, was condemned seven years ago, to thirty years in prison at the time the Rosenbergs were sentenced to death. There is no connection whatsoever with Sobell, the self-confessed spy, convicted last year, who by implicating others received half the sentence of Morton Sobell.

Q.—How long is it now since you have been fighting for your husband, Morton Sobell's innocence?

A.—Since 1950. Morton was tried in 1951 with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg on charges of conspiracy to commit espionage and sentenced to thirty years. In 1952 he was moved to Alcatraz.

Q.—This hampered you from visiting him often?

A.—Yes, this made the situation much more painful. I have to stay in New York to go on with the fight and I could see him more than three or four times a year because of the expense and distance. This is specially hard upon the children; our son Mark who is eight, saw him last year after an interval of five years. But I have



to go on. I believe in his innocence that he has protested from the first. As you may remember he was convicted on the evidence of one single witness, Max Elitcher, an espionage suspect himself, who later confessed that he was terrified. Neither Greenglass, Elizabeth Bentley or Harry Gold have claimed to have known my husband though their testimonies colored the trial and built up the idea of conspiracy.

Q.—As of now, what is the situation?

A.—Our appeals to the U.S. Supreme Court to take this matter within its jurisdiction have been refused on November 12, and

ly arrive at a Pueblito large enough to have a resident priest in time for Mass. But this morning we were disappointed. Upon arrival we learned that the Pastor had gone to Guadalupe with a group of pilgrims to celebrate the feast Jan. 12. The country we are passing thru today is beautiful and very peaceful. About 2 o'clock we halted in the shade of the wall of an ancient dam which encloses a large lake. The dam is made of large boulders, is about 15 feet high and half a mile long. It has been there for 300 years and will last 300 more. It serves to irrigate the nearby farms. As we approached our destination today we saw a beautiful church atop a hill which was about 300 feet high. Our leader told us that 56 years ago our Blessed Mother appeared there and left her image in stone . . . the stone is now in Rome being examined . . . The people have built a large temple upon the hill. It is made of native stone which has been hewn by hand and is one of the most beautiful churches on the exterior that I have seen in Mexico. The interior was just being finished and compares favorably with the exterior beauty. We were told also that the same privileges have been granted to pilgrims who come here to pray as have been given to those who visit the Basilica of our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City. As we climbed the steep hill leading to the Church . . . very slowly because of our fatigue, one of our brothers fainted as we neared the top. When we heard that he had a bad heart we suggested that he shouldn't try to go further . . . However, with great faith, looking up to the temple he cried out a prayer to Our Lady of Guadalupe saying that she would help him reach the top. And so she did . . . with the help of two brothers he reached the top and expressed his gratitude by many fervent prayers. Here we prayed our night prayers in the beautiful church and sang the beautiful Despidia "A dios Reina del cielo, Adios, adios." Later we climbed to the top of the belfry to enjoy the beautiful view. We could see for 80 miles in every direction the beautiful mountainous country. In the distance was a tremendous lake which served to irrigate the small farms which dotted the countryside. Each of these farms is enclosed by a fence made of boulders skillfully laid without the use of mortar to a height of 4 to 6 feet. Coming down the hill we camped around the only two public buildings in the village. Bob and our other two companions, Arthur Studley and Julius Breckenridge slept in an ox cart, while the rest of us slept here and there mostly without shelter.

so we still have the situation that no judge other than the presiding judge has ever reviewed the facts in our case, or passed upon the sentence of thirty years imprisonment for my husband. We asked for a hearing on our new evidence before a court of law.

Now we must turn to the great moral force which lies within the people and ask them to help us to free my innocent husband. Although the legal question could not prevail certainly some way must be found to free a man from the torment of an unjust imprisonment and return him to his work and to his family. Our appeals will continue to all people and to God to bring about an end to our unhappiness.

Q.—Do you get any support from the general public or from the press?

A.—There have been recently two editorials of which I would like to read excerpts: The first is from the Oregonian, Oct. 16: it quotes the petition of the attorneys of Morton Sobell to the High Court:

"A strong and free nation need not fear the open and just hearing that would take place here. If the claim of a fraudulently obtained conviction is without merit, let the nation and the world have such a resolution by our traditional judicial hearing."

The Milwaukee Journal of Nov. 9 comments with amazement upon the article in "Look" magazine, Oct. 29, and adds: "The issue is the gross impropriety and injustice of the Justice department in so obviously propagandizing just before the matter comes before the high court—and in an exclusive deal at that, to let one particular publication exploit its files."

Q.—Do you think that the general atmosphere is more favorable than in 1951?

A.—Undoubtedly. It is generally speaking much less tense, more rational, people are more easily approached; minds are not as closed as they were. The most recent developments on scientific planes (Satellites) have raised important questions. It appears now that, in view of general experiments and discoveries, the whole question of scientific secrecy from such and such a part of the world is literally untenable. This is an opinion held by many in Europe and other countries as well as our own.

Q.—We have heard here at The Catholic Worker some statements made by Mr. Irwin Edelman upon your husband's case; would you care to comment upon this?

A.—We welcome his interest as

that of everyone who takes up the case; we also would like to be able to see the material that has been impounded during the course of the trial. On the other hand, we deplore his attacks upon our Committee and his accusations of lack of sincerity, the unity of our action. This case is already so intricate in all its details to present to the public that any confusion as to motive can prove destructive.

Q.—What can people of goodwill do to help?

A.—First and above all they should get acquainted with the facts of the case, with the trial records, which furnish objective and basic information. Then they could read some of the books written on the trial, three of which appear essential to me:

The Judgment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, by John Wexley.

Was Justice Done in the Rosenberg-Sobell Case, by Malcolm Sharp with an introduction by Dr. Harold C. Urey.

Atom Spy Hoax, by William Reuben, bearing very specially on the question of secrecy or its lack.

Once documented, it would be good to take up the case with friends, to distribute the material available at the Committee⁽¹⁾; at the Committee itself we could use volunteer help for clerical work and otherwise. We know of groups that work in their own neighborhood. To sum up one should make any information collected known by any available means.

Q.—Do you fear that what was said about you in the Abel spy case will make matters worse?

A.—This was a completely gratuitous way of prejudicing opinion against me. Mr. Tompkins is that same attorney who has opposed our request to the Supreme Court for a hearing and who is also responsible for the article in LOOK magazine (Oct. 29) that misstated so badly our case. Our attorneys were able to file a memorandum with the Supreme Court asking Mr. Tompkins to task for his action in LOOK. However we had no recourse in the Abel case because the witness, Haynanan, who said he had been given the \$5,000 also said that he had never attempted to contact me, neither did he know me. All during 1955 and 1956, when the witness said he was instructed to enlist me for espionage purposes, I was carrying on the fight to prove my husband's innocence and was constantly in the public's eye, which makes the accusation ridiculous. I was very grateful to the many newspapers that did carry my statement denouncing the accusations made against me and my denials that either my husband or myself had, at any time, anything to do with espionage.

Q.—In the face of all this strain, how have you managed to exist meanwhile?

A.—Both my husband and myself draw our strength from the knowledge of his innocence and from the goodness and help of those who have joined with us. We have met with much love and hope in the hearts of our fellow-men that, without these circumstances we would never have been able to appreciate. Of course we cannot be happy, but we find courage and dignity in doing what we deem to be good.

Q.—I have read your poems "You who love life" and have been deeply moved by them; how could you pass into that realm with all the factual burden you have to bear?

A.—My poems have been the means of expressing these very personal feelings I would have been incapable otherwise to translate. I am happy that this call from my very heart has seemed meaningful to others. I firmly believe in the good that is in man, I always shall. I believe this is the highest expression of God on earth.

(1) Committee to secure Justice for Morton Sobell - 240 Broadway, N.Y.C. AI 4-9883.

Letters to the Editor

Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Dear Dorothy:

We enjoyed reading of your trip to old Mexico but couldn't help be sad that you didn't include Arkansas on your route home. Now we shall start hoping there will be a next time.

Long ago you asked Bob to write of our farm experience for the Worker. We have been jotting down some notes ever since, trying to make head and tail out of our jumbled years on the land.

Our place is only ten acres of moderately good land. We have an 80 year old house with more than enough room for our 8 youngsters. The barn is skimpy but so far has been adequate. Small chicken house and a hog house complete the scenery. Please consider too as you read that Bob and I are both city-dwellers and that we have had only two years on the farm to iron out the wrinkles.

Our goals are wonderful: we want to raise all our own food, all the hay and feed for the livestock. Our accomplishments are another thing. We have two hogs in the locker, two cows and a calf, fifty hens. We bake our bread, churn our butter. This year we are going to concentrate on making a decent garden. I spect if we creep along this way for another quarter century we might turn out to be farmers.

Lots of times our going has been rough and afterwards it has been fairly easy to pick out the reasons. We needed (and still do) a master plan to work by: crops to plant in each field each season, where to locate the orchard, when to put it in, which major project to tackle first. I recall writing to Doane Agricultural Advisory Company in St. Louis long before we even heard of Fayetteville. They wrote back that their man would be happy to come and tell us how to do it for \$50 a day plus expenses. That settled that and we have been making our boners regularly ever since.

Another thing that would have eased these years considerably would have been a small nest egg to help us out. So many projects need quick cash. So many things on a farm need repair in a hurry. So many mistakes need quick covering-up. A revolving farm fund would be a big help.

Our lack of farming experience and our lack of a lot of money have kept us going slow. And in a lot of ways that has been good. We were able to learn the important things about each new project before the next one came along. It was a joke how frightened we were of old Sue the Guernsey cow when we first got her. I guess we thought she was going to eat us.

And I truly don't know where we would be if it weren't for our neighbors. They are mostly retired farmers and take a great delight in helping us out. I'm sure we couldn't do as well from books . . . they would be lacking the wonderful humor we get along with our advice for one thing.

These spring weekends are busy and long. Bob has winter oats for

early hay and has planted some permanent pasture. The garden is tilled and waiting for potato time. Bobby will soon get his first 100 Leghorns from Sears thru 4H. The new little goat kid is growing fat on bottled milk.

So much for us. I do enjoy reading of Tamar and family. We also appreciate reading letters from other folks on farms, especially in our general area. Do hope you are all well. Hi to Ammon.

Love in Mary,
Betty Reagan.

Letter from old I.W.W. Friend
Editor Catholic Worker:

There are actually over six million unemployed in the U.S.A. at the present time and the number is growing every day. Situation is becoming desperate for them and especially is this so for those with wives and children. What these unemployed should do is picket the gates of industry all over the U.S.A. for the Four Hour Day, Four Day Week, no overtime and no wage cuts. The purpose of this picket line would not be to feed those now working off the jobs, but to dramatize and educate them to these urgent and immediate demands not only to put those unemployed to work but to better the conditions of those working by eliminating the unemployed. Divide the work among the workers by shortening the work week and work day. This would also prove to the workers on the jobs the unemployed will not scab on them should they decide to pull a general strike for the four hour day, four day week with no wage cuts and no overtime.

These tactics are good because they are anti-political and were first advocated by the I.W.W. during the last depression and they put out an excellent leaflet called "Bread Lines or Picket Lines." The Catholic Workers, The I.W.W., The Liberation League and other anarchist groups should all cooperate in putting this over. I am certain if these picket lines are started in a few places they would spread all over the U.S.A. and Canada.

Liberation, Guy B. Askew

Note: This fine old Fellow Worker has not lost his spirit. He introduced me, when I soapboxed at the corner of Occidental and Washington in Seattle in 1954. Many I.W.W.'s had been beaten by the police on this very corner for the right of free speech in the old days. I have enough picketing to do without this new plan of Askew's but appreciate his interest.—A.H.

Glenorchy, Ont.

Your articles "A Farmer in Psycho" are certainly an indictment of Bellevue and I'm sure of many other such revoltingly operated mental "prisons." I would like to speak on behalf of three of our Western Provinces and of the great strides they are making along the very line of improvement indicated by Mr. Fichter.

In Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia the attendant is a thing of the past. The former two Provinces all have three year training programmes with High



School minimum entrances for Psychiatric Nurses. British Columbia has a two year program and very intensive. Gone are the days when some untrained and often weak-minded person off the street was put in charge of a ward.

Psychiatric nurses in the above Provinces are licensed to practice by the Government and are separate in scope and training from regular Registered Nurses (R.N.'s). With few exceptions in the Saskatchewan mental hospitals, the staff is composed of psychiatric nurses. I might add that they also have their own professional organizations. Half of the male students are married men and even during training they receive a living wage. In Alberta, for instance a beginning student receives \$235 a month to maintain himself. Supervisory positions such as charge nurse or floor nurse are especially open to men who have more permanence and progress in supervision far in excess of their numbers.

Ontario still has no specific psychiatric nurse and still recruits male attendants. They do have an intensive 10 month course in class on in the various wards before being certified. They also receive a living wage while training.

It is lamentable state of affairs to read of New York, supposedly progressive falling so far behind (at least at Bellevue) our sometimes "backward" Canada.

Finally, I would like to extend an invitation to anyone interested in the life of a psychiatric nurse (up to thirty five years old in the West, forty five here in Ontario) to correspond with me for further particulars. This offers a wonderful apostolate for people who want to do something a little out of the ordinary for their truly suffering brothers in Christ. It offers a wonderful opportunity to put into practice the t.l.c. (tender loving care) which Dr. Jack Ferguson of Michigan State Hospital says cured him through the medium of a kindly Negro attendant. The psychiatric nurse is regarded in the aforementioned Provinces as the key to mental health.

Cordially,
Jim Milord.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 5)

frightened everyone, half to death, but ordinarily they are most delightful. One of the most darling sights seen in a long time was little Magda and Clare saying "mass" outside on a wooden table. They went through the ritual very prayerfully, if not exactly, Magda the priest and Clare serving. A pity such talent must go to waste!

A copy of Father Damien and the Bells by Elizabeth and Arthur Sheehan has been sent to the farm and is being reviewed. It proves quite interesting and realistic reading.

Now that Beth is on vacation, Dorothy has her hands full taking care of the "brood." Besides all her own work, she is helping with the cooking to give Hans a rest, as well as other motherly duties about the house.

All of us at the farm wish you a happy and blessed Easter!

—Sheila Johnston



Indians--KKK

(Continued from page 5)

in Oklahoma had a model Indian government supporting schools and hospitals until it was dissolved without their consent in 1906."

Our friend Father Lawrence Edwards, Superior of the Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians at Pine Ridge, South Dakota has sent us a letter from the Indians there addressed to the Lumbee Indians praising them for their opposition to the KKK. These Sioux take the patriotic stand and tell of their time spent in the armed services fighting for the whites in World War II, and also of their assimilation into the mores of the Christian whites. It is well to restate our idea on the treatment of the American Indians by the whites again, briefly. We have often quoted Gandhi to the effect that it is better to fight a tyrant than to meekly submit, but it is better to use non-violent resistance and overcome evil as Gandhi did for years. We know that few Indians, or few white men, and for that matter few Catholics are pacifists and we do not expect them to take the pacifist stand. We believe that they should be encouraged to develop their own culture and not be drafted into the armed forces to fight for the oppressor who has robbed them for centuries. We do not believe that the current policy of the government which seeks to move the Indian into cities and make him increase the number of dependents upon an industrial system that is crumbling is a good thing.

There was one Sioux Indian who was a conscientious objector in Sandstone, Minnesota prison in World War II. He and the Hopi who way from that freedom of which Thomas Jefferson spoke when he said: refused to fight the white man's battles are to be commended. While missionaries of all sects may help Indians economically they seem at the same time to sell them a patriotism which in our opinion is a long "That government is best which governs least, as with the Indians."

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

and in the questions from Lutherans who found it difficult to consider a world without the State. It was 2 a.m. before students ceased to discuss the problems brought up. I was supposed to speak to classes the next day but as school was closed I only visited with a professor who was interested in the CW and said hello to a priest at the nearest Church, and made a bus on another line home to N. Y. City in time to hear Arthur Sheehan speak about Peter at our regular Friday night meeting.

The next day I spent from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. as one of the speakers at the Railroad YMCA with a group of students gathered by the Quakers to discuss Freedom. Nathaniel Cullinan, a Quaker interested in the Friends National Committee on Legislation, and Edward Hillpern, a German psychiatrist, along with Chairman Sheldon Weeks composed the team whom the students questioned for many hours. What freedom meant, how much of it we could get, and what price we were willing to pay for it, were the subjects discussed. Students in New York cannot get a high school diploma unless they take a loyalty oath.

The Golden Rule

The Golden Rule ketch left San Pedro Harbor on the 25th to protest the atomic tests in the Marshall Islands area with a new member of the crew who was more seaworthy to replace David Gale. Bayard Rustin and Lawrence Scott and others are going to Russia via Finland to protest their testing of atomic bombs. I voted against that portion of the plan in the committee, for I believed that it was up to us to stay in our own country and protest for we are the ones who started it. How would we like the Russians to come here and tell

us what to do? Others are marching from Philadelphia and New Haven with petitions to the UN to make a protest there on Good Friday. I did not take part in this, partly because I would be on my way to picket the missiles in Florida, and partly because as an anarchist I felt that petitioning the UN was something to be done by those who believed in governments rather than by those like us who did not expect any association of politicians to liquidate the violence and force which is the basis of government.

A reader from Steubenville, Ohio, sends us a clipping about a Dr. Whiteleather of Minerva, Ohio, who has a farm in Columbiana County where I was born in Ohio, and had his automobile seized because on his farm he owed \$608.56 (in fines to the government) for planting wheat. He is head of the Independent Farmers of Ohio and wished to make a test case of this government bureaucratic regulation.

What Happened?

"If we can negotiate only from strength, what happened during the years in which we had an atomic monopoly? Raymond Fosdick in N.Y. TIMES article ad "Christmas Thoughts in 'a World Gone Mad.'" 12-22-57.

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