

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Archbishop Roberts Writes On Gandhi, Christians, War

By the Most Rev. T. D. Roberts, S.J., Archbishop of Sygdea; from 1937-1950, Archbishop of Bombay. Reprinted from PEACE NEWS, Dec. 12, 1958.

My first public address on war was a broadcast in September, 1939, at the request of All-India Radio—then virtually a department of the British Government of India—on the aims of Britain in World War II in the light of Mahatma Gandhi's teaching on non-violence.

Presumably it did not displease the Government, for the Viceroy Lord Linlithgow had it sent to various neutral or isolationist centres including the U.S.A. I was no less anxious to satisfy Gandhi because his seemed to me the best application of Christ's example and teaching to the problem of modern war.

I took the line that the war then beginning in defense of Poland represented the minimum of force without which the Nazi-Fascist

philosophy of violence would infect the souls of free-men everywhere. Our choice was for some violence in self-defense as the only possible price for teaching non-violence to our children.

But I had my misgivings. My memories were still vivid of the world war begun 25 years before as "the war to end war." Those intervening years had not ended war, but amounted to 25 years cold war, Hitler replacing the Kaiser. Worse even than the concentration camp and the gas chamber was the danger that the crusaders of freedom would be infected by the very disease they were attacking—the deification of

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## Passive Resistance Among the Tuscaroras

By BARBARA GRAYMONT

On Bedloe's Island in New York harbor there rises a symbol of Liberty which for generations has welcomed the throngs of immigrants seeking a new life and freedom from oppression. The words carved upon the base of the statue speak from the depth of humanity to the burdened and distressed peoples of the world.

Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning  
to breathe free,

The wretched refuse of your  
teeming shore,  
Send these, the homeless, tem-  
pest-tost, to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the gold-  
en door.

But the great Lady's back seems to be turned upon the land she so proudly represents. There in the shadows behind her, in the corners where the light from her torch scarcely reaches, the memory of liberty, justice, and equality is dim. What does it mean to be a native American and to be continually driven, oppressed, and made homeless by your own government? How does it feel to have to bow to the wishes of the master race? The one group which has suffered the longest from white imperialism in this country is the American Indian. Today, our shameless treatment of this still proud people continues unabated.

For the past two years, New York State has been the scene of the last stand of the remnants of the once mighty Iroquois Confederacy against state and federal attempts to oust them from their lands.

The projected Kinzua Dam on the Allegheny River above Warren, Pennsylvania would inundate nearly all of the Cornplanter reservation in Pennsylvania and 9,000 acres of the Allegany reservation in New York State. On the latter reservation, 1,000 Senecas would be made homeless and their communities destroyed. This flood control project has been proposed by the Army Corps of Engineers and has been challenged as unnecessary and ineffective by such leading engineers as Arthur E. Morgan

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## EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Roman Law

In a book entitled:  
"A Guildsman's  
Interpretation of History,"  
Arthur Penty  
has much to say  
about the revival  
of Roman Law.  
To the revival  
of Roman Law  
must be attributed  
the historical disputes  
between Kings and Popes.  
Jacques Maritain told us  
that Machiavellism  
is the modern heresy.  
By refusing  
to mind the Popes  
the Kings allowed  
Machiavellism  
to become  
their guiding principle.  
"Divide to rule"  
is their slogan.

Minding The Pope

Voltaire used to say:  
"If God did not exist  
He would have  
to be invented."  
If the Pope  
did not exist  
he would have  
to be invented.  
Because they refuse  
to mind the Pope  
modern nations  
are now busy  
cutting their own throats.  
In time of peace  
(Continued on page 7)



Fritz Eichenberg



# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

This day's feast was spent at Peter Maurin Farm and after Mass we played the English Grail record of the Gelineaux psalms, a monks and children's choir. We had the book, so could follow it and the translation from the Jerusalem Bible is beautifully clear and simple. One can sing the refrain, the antiphon, very easily, and it stays in the mind. Now we have the Welch choral singers' version, and the French and the English.

They are unutterably beautiful gifts, otherwise we could never have afforded them. Still, expensive as they are, they should be a part of a Catholic family's library of records. They are well worth making sacrifices for. One sings with them, rather than just listens to them. It is all part of the new synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation, Peter Maurin's synthesis, he called it, on which I am invited to speak somewhere around the first of April up in Boston, under the auspices of the St. Botolph Group. They ask me also to bring up some of the "art" of the Catholic Worker, which can include some beautiful pieces of wood carving that were made by a carpenter, a seaman and a prisoner for us especially. We once had a shop on Mott street, run by what we called the Catholic Union of the Unemployed, and it was so successful that the men were able to start what they called cooperative apartments, where they lived together as craftsmen. Some of them moved to the land where they rented an old farm house for ten dollars a month, and they earned their living by clamping and making cribs and crucifixes. All these ventures were so prosperous that in the first case the men ended the experiment in a wild party which scattered them to the four winds after a free for all fight, and the rural venture ended with the marriage of the man and woman who sparked the venture. There also some of the men absconded with funds, after selling the bicycles and clam forks and tools. I am pretty well convinced, what with my experience of the CW activities of the last twenty five years, that God wants the total dedication of those who are working together with us, to voluntary poverty and the works of mercy. Which would mean that the money earned should go into a common purse, that all feeling of independence would be given up and our sense of the Mystical Body so deepened that we would always be working with the idea—"Let your abundance supply their want." That doesn't mean that aside from the Catholic Worker and its particular program of action, such small groups would not be very successful, indeed, a healthy cell within the old society, or rather a new society within the shell of the old. A few failures, a few falls! There is always the work of helping each other up again and starting again. Chesterton said "It is not that Christianity has not been tried. It has been tried and found difficult." People give up too easily.

Within the Catholic Worker,

there has always been such emphasis placed on the works of mercy, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sheltering the homeless, that it has seemed to many of our intellectuals a top heavy performance. There was early criticism that we were taking on "rotten lumber that would sink the ship." "Derelict" was the term used most often. As though Jesus did not come to live with the lost, to save the lost, to show them the way. His love was always shown most tenderly to the poor, the derelict, the prodigal son, so that he would leave the ninety nine just ones to go after the one. We are plunging deeper and ever deeper into the problem when we put aside these most workable ways for the time being, to stress the mutual aid of a war torn society. It is, in a way emergency work, the vanguard work we are doing. Others will come along, and have come along, to go forth from this school of action to work in the adult education movement, the credit union movement, the cooperative movement, to start new schools, to work as teachers, writers etc., apostles in new fields, wherever God leads them, wherever they find their vocation.

Yes, this was successful in its way, groups of unemployed who through self employment could become self-supporting and could have continued with persistence of direction. Examples of dedicated workers who have worked for the common good, however, to keep a house of hospitality going on the land, have been the men at the Peter Maurin Farm who have lived through many a crisis with us and who work and lead disciplined lives of labor. I remember Hans saying, "When I am confirmed I will take the name of Francis because I want to never work for wages again." He had been a cook on tug boats who could earn a fancy salary, but he preferred to stay with us, and he built a chapel, an altar, started our bakery and still bakes our bread and does all our repair work. To write about each one of them would take a book.

### The Synthesis

But I was talking about our synthesis: faith, the foundation of our lives, out of which springs all culture, all beauty of song and wood-carving and stained glass windows and printing, and poetry (I am thinking now of Brother Antoninus who as Bill Everson headed our Maurin House of Hospitality in Oakland, California.) And the basis of it all is the land, the good soil from which we ourselves spring, the dust of the earth.

It is good to think of these things, this first month of the year when we have been so distracted with our moving in the midst of bitter cold and high winds that froze the marrow of our bones. When I have stayed with Tamar and Dave in Vermont, I have never been as cold as here in New York with the dampness of the city winter.

This moving! Will we ever be settled? But of course the worst is over. I write here in our great

bright loft, St. Joseph's loft at 39 Spring street, New York 12. There is plenty of room, thank God and St. Joseph, for the breadline to come and wait inside, for the first time since 1938 when we started it, or rather when it started itself. It grew by itself,—we did not start it or ever intend to submit men to the indignity of standing in line for a meager meal. (It always consoled me to see folk standing in line at expensive restaurants waiting for a table, or at a movie on Broadway!)

### Other Moves

When we moved from Mott street in 1950 the breadline came right after us, up the ten blocks or so along the Bowery, over East another block and there they were the next day waiting for their meal. This time we had to stop the line, had to put a notice out in front of the house on Chrystie street that there was no more line. By that time the house next door was being torn down, and it being in the neighborhood of the poor, little care was being taken by the wreckers to spare the passersby. A heavy dust of plaster, wood and brick dust settled over us all, literally inches thick. Every one in the house tolled and swept and dusted but we could not keep up with it and finally gave up. I was



constantly shamed, though I am not a good housewife, at the dishevelled state we were in those last months around Chrystie St. We breathed dust (you can imagine what that meant to the asthma people who are with us) we had it in our eyes, our clothes were heavy with it, we ate it in our food. Our pleasant back yard became a shambles of wreckage. Bricks flew in all directions, and on one occasion all but killed our cook as he went out to the back yard ice box to get some meat.

It was the falling bricks that made us give up the line. We have no public liability insurance, and cannot get any, considering the "nature of the work" we do, as Lloyds of London says! Our good lawyer, Dorothy Tully did everything she could to get it for us, and she could not. We just stopped the soup line a week or so before we moved, and everyone in the kitchen used to serving others, felt lost.

### Neighbors

And then we moved here! A family neighborhood, most tenements sound and well cared for, a small playground across the street, with a few trees, and the Judson clinic across the street, a good little bakery downstairs and a few doors over where good crusty Italian whole wheat bread is baked, old St. Patrick's one block away—oh so many advantages that I began to rejoice in moving. Women like to move furniture and men hate it. So I was beginning to cheer up. A sarcastic helper for the Puerto Rican mission across the park from us commented that he was surprised that we moved out without my making some dramatic move

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## In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"There comes a point of saturation," said a cop to me as I was selling CW's at St. Patrick's, "when I would get tired of beating up pacifists when they didn't fight back." This was the conclusion of a ten minute conversation I had with an intelligent and inquiring Catholic officer who had not heard of the CW before. I had described Gandhi's salt campaign where thousands of his followers were beaten and did not retaliate.

I have received letters, some signed and some unsigned, saying that I was not a Catholic because I was a pacifist, and full of vituperation because of our anarchist attitude on the state. Other letters have come from clergy who have opposed our ideas at meetings but who have after some prayer and thought found that it was not a sin to aim to practice the Counsels of Perfection. A college student was told by his pastor that it was a mortal sin not to go to war. He had not heard of the CW but had come up to see the futility of war through his studies. He had registered for the draft and now his first act was to refuse to take ROTC. He first met the Quakers who sent him to us. Another young man I know was a Catholic and he became a pacifist in the army. Later he attended Fordham and never having heard of the CW he became a Quaker and married a Quaker girl. Before this marriage he went to jail twice with us in our air raid defiance.

### Fasting As Penance

As CW readers will have gathered I believe in fasting as a penance to awaken those who are doing a little to do more. I do not fast against the authorities although I disagree with what they are doing. If any of them are awakened it is up to them. So during Lent I will fast as a penance because of the worship of materialism and the conducting of preparations for war which nearly all people in this country accept for one reason or another. It was Christ who said, "Why call me Lord. Lord and do not the things which I say?" If any CW readers wish to fast for a few days, or to cease paying taxes for the consumption of liquor and tobacco, it will help me and help themselves and all of us toward a better world. I fast under direction of my spiritual advisor. I will not do any picketing during this time but will go about my regular office duties and selling the CW on the streets, although at a reduced speed. I will drink water only, except sassafras tea, or tea or coffee when I get cold.

"Here, hold my bottle," said a young, slightly tipsy woman, as she took a CW from me on the street corner. Handing me a dime, she said "I never buy religion." I told her that she did not need to give me money, that perhaps she needed it worse than I did, but as she insisted I thanked her. "Give me my bottle," she said as she took it and dashed waveringly against the red light across the street.

### Books on Revolution, and American Radical Tradition

- Berkman, Alexander—ABC of Anarchism, Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist.
- Borsodi, Ralph—This Ugly Civilization. (One best book to debunk American commercialism)
- David, Henry—The Haymarket Affair. (Strike for 8 hr. day in 1886. 4 anarchists hanged 11-11-87)
- Fischer, Louis—Life of Gandhi.
- Ginger, Ray—The Bending Cross. (Life of Eugene V. Debs, great radical labor leader)
- Gregg, Richard—Which Way Lies Hope? (Discussion of philosophy of Gandhi by American pacifist)
- Hennacy, Ammon—Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist. (out of print)
- Ibsen, Henrik—The Enemy of the People (is "the damned compact liberal majority")
- Kropotkin, Peter—Mutual Aid (an answer to Spencer and Darwin); Prison Memoirs. (The former page to the Czar chooses prison as a rebel); Fields, Factories and Workshops. (Still the best book about life on the land)
- London, Jack—Martin Eden (Struggles of a young rebel); Iron Heel (What might happen)
- Noek, Albert Jay—Our Enemy the State (by one of the best writers of our time)
- Nutting, Willis—The Reclamation of Independence (A Catholic Professor wants decentralization)
- Thompson, Laura—The Hopi Way. (An analysis of the pacifistic and anarchistic Hopi Indians)
- Sinclair, Upton—Boston. (Story of Sacco and Vanzetti anarchist martyrs); The Jungle (Story of life in meat packing plants. Novel that made him famous)
- Stavis, Barrie—The Man Who Never Died. (Play about Joe Hill, I.W.W. poet and martyr)
- Thoreau, Henry David—The Duty of Civil Disobedience (Handbook for rebels); Walden. (Life as a hermit)
- Tolstoy, Leo—Resurrection. Short Stories. Kingdom of God Is Within You. (This great Christian Anarchist, who gained his inspiration from the Sermon on the Mount and the teachings and example of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, first American Christian Anarchist, has in turn inspired millions over the world)

Many of these books are out of print. Perhaps they could be bought at McCosh's Bookshop, 1404 4th St. SE, Minneapolis, Minn.

### Picketing Missile Bases

California pacifists are on the radical map in their protest the day before Christmas at the Vandenberg Air Base near Santa Clara where TITAN ICBM's are to be made. I had met some of them when I spoke to the Quakers in San Francisco last September. Trent Brady, George Weber, Mary Ann Myers, Bruce Benner, Alan Graham, Richard Pierce, students, and Walter Chaffee, an instructor from San Luis Obispo were the participants. They went 50 yards inside the government property and when ordered to move by General Wade they answered that they were citizens who had to pay taxes for all this missile business.

In any demonstration against authority a line has to be drawn as to what form disobedience should take. At Cape Canaveral we stayed on the highway that went through the missile base and guards followed along to see that we did not set foot on government property. Some of us did not figure that we were citizens and some of us did not pay taxes so we did not feel that we owned any of this property even in theory.

U.S. fire trucks sprayed water on the picketers and then came a full stream of water that knocked Bruce Benner down twice. Mary Ann Myers was helping lift him up when she was hit full force with the stream and her shoes were carried 50 feet away, but Benner was finally placed in an auto to rest a bit. While Chaffee knelt in prayer in front of a Christmas nativity scene on the highway he was drenched and knocked over. Then followed an incident which might happen to any of us but which detracted from the pacifist testimony, when Alan Graham took a pocket knife to cut the fire hose. He was grabbed and

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# FROM THE MAIL BAG

## Stowells Write From Vermont

Dear friends,

You ask us what changes we have made in our lives since our article in the *Catholic Worker*. The biggest one is our little girl, Alison Laurel (Laurie), now twenty months old. She seems to like life in the country, and through her we, too, appreciate it even more. For Laurie, all horses are "Jessie" after our horse. She picks up wisps of hay to put on the wagon when we are loading hay. We have just been for our first sleigh ride (December 7th) of the year and Laurie is singing "Jingle Bells." Washing diapers by hand has not been much fun, but that is nearly over.

We happened to find Bob's father's old account books for the year he was born, and strangely enough it cost almost the same for him as it did for Laurie—about \$121.00. Of course mothers were expected to stay in the hospital two weeks after birth of a child in 1920. Our expenses for the year will be more than \$1,000, but still well under the limit for federal income tax. Much of the expense has been in rebuilding the barn and the addition of a new printing shop to the end of the house. We found two boys who wanted to build a camp so we traded; they took off the roof of the big barn in return for one-half of the metal roofing and many of the timbers. The new barn that we rebuilt is only 24 by 40 feet and much more suited to our needs.

We have also built a tiny pit greenhouse as an experiment, using plastic for the covering instead of glass. We hope to grow endive, kale, parsley and other cold-resistant greens for winter use. Our old printing shop we towed into the pasture near a small brook to be used for a guesthouse some day. The new printing shop is attached to the end of the house so that we don't have to go outside to print.

We have continued to sell some milk and garden produce, but much of our income recently has been from carpentry and other jobs such as building a fireplace and chimney for friends near here. We have not earned much from printing because of the building of the new shop. Beginning in October Bob has been going one or two days a week to Montpelier to work as a printer, but we hope this will be only temporary. We have also bought a rather shabby looking pick-up truck which we use for the carpentry jobs and bringing supplies from town. Without too much repair expense the truck has served us well. Another change has been the purchase of a power saw—the reciprocating kind, not a chain saw. It turned out that we were not tough enough to cut all our wood by hand so it is a compromise solution—a noisy, smoky, and generally unpleasant one. A friend of ours said it was about like trying to carry a bag full of wild cats. The use of chain saws in the woods has done much to destroy the tranquility—they sound like great angry mosquitoes in the distance.

Many asked us last year if we REALLY lived on less than \$1,000 a year. We are now spending about \$1,200, not counting some permanent repairs to the house (like insulation). Our kerosene Aladdin lamp is a nuisance to light at night to see about a crying baby but it still satisfies our needs. We have tried to find a satisfactory hand-powered flashlight, but so far the three we have tried all failed to perform after a few days. The wind charger we bought as a source of light was tipped over by the cow last summer (through our own carelessness) and the wooden propeller was broken. We still hope

to make a new propeller and get it working.

Our greatest concern is lack of companionship and closer "sympathetic" neighbors with children for Laurie to play with. Our idea of a community or "neighborhood" is to have each family own and operate its own homestead, but to share some land in common and cooperate together on all the heavy jobs like cutting wood and haying. Maybe some form of cash income project (such as building contracting) would also be possible together. The very close forms of community with common ownership of all things does not seem natural to us any more than a completely competitive economy seems natural to man. A real advantage of having a "neighborhood" of families would be the opportunity it would give for each family to be away from the farm for a month or so each year—perhaps to do work camping or peace work or something useful to offset the common criticism that we live too isolated from the world's problems.

Vermont is a beautiful place to live, even in the winter, and despite the short growing season there is no great problem in growing enough to eat. We realize that it is not a life that would satisfy many people. It is sad how many people try life on the land and fail—often due to lack of adequate preparation. We would be glad to share our experience and our library on country living with anyone seriously interested in moving to the land. We would also be glad to hear from anyone interested in a "neighborhood" somewhat similar to ours.

Sincerely,

Robert and Ann Stowell  
Cabot RFD, Vermont

## Can We Eat Good Food Cheaply? Controversy Goes On

Dear Mr. Stanley,

I see a letter addressed to you on the last page of the September CW. It is written by Jeanne F. Mansfield of Atlanta, Georgia and maintains that poor people can not have adequate "... nutrition at the rock bottom level of our present economy." She disagrees with the Mildred Hatch letter of June which said that the poor CAN have adequate nutrition, & she supports this conclusion by pointing out how expensive it is to buy food in a health food store.

I admit that health food stores charge from 50% to 200% more for their tasty, nutritious varieties than do the super-markets, but I also agree with Miss Hatch (even though I haven't read her letter) that the poor CAN have adequate nutrition.

I have closely observed the "Minimum Daily Requirements" recommended by the Bureau of Human Nutrition and published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and done so on 17c per day. I ate better than the average American on less than the average American smoker spends on cigarettes. However, I didn't buy food at either the health-food-store or the super market.

I bought my whole wheat at 4c per pound instead of 16c to 20c. I bought my "complete" proteins at 8c per pound instead of 35c (for meat), and got up to four times as much protein per pound to boot! I bought black-strap molasses at 7c per pound instead of 29c, and I made my own bread for about 4c a loaf instead of buying it for 35c. These are a few of the most notable savings, and I didn't have to scrounge or beg to get them

either. Neither did I do any special bargain shopping. I bought these items in stores from coast to coast (Calif. to New York), and in stores, almost as common as super-markets. I bought this wheat and corn and soy-beans and molasses in the "feed-stores" where farmers buy feed for their livestock.

Another idea...

Having worked in a bean warehouse I learned where to get a wide variety of dried beans for practically nothing; they were split or cracked, and the salesman thought I was buying them to cook for sheep or pigs, but they came from the same fields and the same pods as those polished and fancy beans in cellophane wrappers which cost you 20c per pound instead of 2c. Having worked in the vegetable fields of Calif. I also knew how to get "cull" carrots (called "cull" because they are too large, or too small and sweet, or slightly crooked, or have 2 legs), and "cull" cabbage, and sweet, luscious, tree-ripe fruit that was too soft to stand long-distance shipping. These items were picked up for little or nothing and were not included in my "17c per day" experiment because they depended on local conditions and specialized knowledge and "contacts." I mention them now merely to present additional ideas on how to cut food expenses.

Another idea;

During the war years and the times of famine and food shortages a Los Angeles nutritionist worked with University of Calif. in developing the cheapest nutritionally



sound diet possible. Because so many of the world's people are vegetarians, it had to be acceptable to vegetarians. Vitamin "C" is very elusive, and cheap, starchy foods are bulky as well as relatively abundant, so these two items were not included in MPF (Multi-Purpose-Food). As I recall, this balanced diet costs about 7 to 12c per day and is available from CLIFTON'S CAFETERIA, 618 S. OLIVE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Contact Clifton's for further particulars.

Enough for the topic of purchased foods, now for the topic of living without costs of any kind:

On less than half an acre of ground (a plot about 50 yards square) and for a little over 60 man hours of labor, and with nothing but a shovel and a hoe and a few seeds, I have grown enough food to last me for more than a year. I could have gotten along nearly as well without the shovel and with only a bent stick for a hoe. The average American consumes and wastes from 12 to 14 hundred pounds of food a year, and the average American working man spends 1/3 of his total income for food. Though I am a heavy eater I found that I used closer to an even thousand pounds of food per year than the statistical "12 to 14 hundred," and though I was completely unmechanized I found that I could have theoretically supported the average family of 4 on a mere 320 hours of bossless bankerless-labor instead of the civilized and mechanized 640 hours of the average American working man. No wonder "primitive" peoples have so much time for elaborate art, religious ceremonials, large families, and neighborly sociability. No wonder "civilized" people jealously call us lazy because we happen to have more leisure time than they.

Gandhi found that 7 year old children attained self-sufficiency as

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## The Blessed Martin DePorres Hospice

38 Eye Street, Northeast,  
District 1273  
Washington 2, D. C.

Dear Friends of Blessed Martin:

Again we are asking you to help God's most lowly, and the only way we can show love for God is by loving His poor, for it was among the poor our Lord was always found.

Call any hospital or the Public Assistance in the City of Washington, D.C. and they will tell you that The Blessed Martin Hospice never refuses to help when there is a real need. We are known by all for the generous help we give to all who need our help.

One day a young man arrived in town from North Carolina, he was young, he had no money, he had no friends, just a stranger in a very strange town.

Some Good Samaritan who had no money to give him tried to find a place for him to spend the night. They tried many places but nowhere could they find any place that would take him. In desperation they carried him to one of

the precincts, and the Captain said, "Take him to that Colored fellow's place, Scott. he never turns anybody down."

Now we have trouble, first, we are going to have to find another House as these are to be torn down, second, we have not been able to pay our last winter's fuel bill, which means we can have no heat until it is paid. Third, our food closet is empty, and we have no money, so we are forced to send you this letter and ask you to send us a donation, whatever you will. Our Lord takes us at our word and works. He tells us if we love Him, we must do what He tells us. He says we must shelter the homeless, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give drink to the thirsty.

You are the only source of help we have. So we ask you please help us, and we will pray for you, it is the only way we can pay you, but Our Lord will bless you for you will have fed, clothed and sheltered his poor and your least brother.

In the Love of Blessed Martin,  
Llewellyn J. Scott

## The Dream Of A Soldier

I have been reading the *Catholic Worker* for a period of years. Mr. Hennacy came up to Dartmouth when I was going to school there, but it was one of the faculty at Dartmouth who introduced me to the Worker before that. After graduating from Dartmouth I went for a time to graduate school at Lehigh University, where I also taught English. I was drafted away from my job there, and, though I was a peace-loving person, did not conscientiously object. I am now in the army, and have the grace to be turned more and more against the use of force in personal or international disputes.

Particularly, I want to thank you at the Worker for maintaining an island of holy sanity in the midst of general chaos. I guess that many, many people, like myself, find you and your works an example and a hope.

But also I want to tell you of a plan I have, considering that you might in charity give me both advice and information. I am planning to go to Vermont when I am released from service (early December of this year) and there to establish a community of workers.

To begin with I am aware of the practical difficulties which stand in the way of such an undertaking. I know the area well, having many friends there and having been born in nearby New Hampshire. I have almost no money. I have, I confess, been trying to put this idea out of mind for some time. But I cannot, in conscience, avoid it and now feel I must do what I can, relying on God to take care of me.

I know "community" is a formidable word. But I feel that if harmony is not possible among those who realize the need for it, it will scarcely be possible elsewhere. I am looking for people to join me in this enterprise. At the instant, I particularly want people with skills. I would like woodworkers, potters, weavers, and all kinds of craftsmen. This does not exclude farmers and all others who are able to work independently and individually. Briefly I specify these types of individuals because I believe that, at first anyway, they might more easily support themselves. Crafted items will be marketed, and from the land the community can draw additional sustenance. I have investigated the means of distributing the things we craft, and have concluded that our community has a

reasonable chance—providing farming is also undertaken—to maintain itself in this way.

I have begun the search for land. Provisionally, I wish to begin with an old farmhouse and the cropland surrounding it. I do not see any difficulties in the way of finding a place such as this. Finding people is more difficult, and I have prayed that they be sent to me. I want workers who are willing to abandon ambition after position and wealth, and to live in peace and simplicity. I want men of tolerance who understand the preeminence of love in relations with others. I want women of courage and modesty. Age is not particularly a factor, nor is state, single or married people are both suitable (married people with children are not excluded.) I cannot too much emphasize though, that sober industrious, moderate people are needed. I also announce a need for funds which I will use to buy the land and by other means prepare the way.

Let me expand on the purpose and nature of the community or society. It is intended as a logical method of escape from the industrial capitalist society. Namely, it is intended to provide the means for self-expression in daily work. It is intended to allow the practice of works of charity. It is intended to permit the achievement of a durable tranquility by eliminating competition, ambition and insecurity. It is above all intended to give opportunity for a full and vigorous development of the religious faculties. Not, therefore, a means of "escape" in an unwholesome sense, the society will provide formidable challenges in the exercise of virtue and love.

I should be happy to write to anyone concerned with my interests, and to give whatever information I can. Be assured Dorothy Day, of my continuing prayers and good wishes.

In Christ,  
Howard R. Webber  
Company F, Infantry School  
Detachment, Fort Benning, Ga.

### 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. Every one is invited.



## Poverty

"Of poverty—the affliction which actually or potentially includes all other afflictions—I would not dare to speak as from myself: and those who reject Christianity will not be moved by Christ's statement that poverty is blessed. But here a rather remarkable fact comes to my aid. Those who would most scornfully repudiate Christianity as a mere "opiate of the people" have a contempt for the rich, that is, for all mankind except the poor. They regard the poor as the only people worth preserving from "liquidation," and place in them the only hope of the human race. But this is not compatible with a belief that the effects of poverty on those who suffer it are wholly evil; it even implies that they are good. The Marxist thus finds himself in real agreement with the Christian in those two beliefs which Christianity paradoxically demands—that poverty is blessed and yet ought to be removed."

C. S. LEWIS "The Problem of Pain."

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BIG BILL HAYWOOD** (reprint from 1929) 1958, International Publishers, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Trade edition \$4.50. Popular \$3.50. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

"Haywood was asked by his lawyer, Vanderveer, if he was conspiring to interfere with the profits of munition makers. This was his answer: 'We are conspiring to prevent the making of profits on labor power in any industry. We are conspiring against the dividend makers. We are conspiring against rent and interest. We want to establish a new society where people can live without profit, without dividends, without rent and without interest if it is possible; and it is possible, if people will live normally, live like human beings should live. I would say that if that is a conspiracy we are conspiring'."

Wonderful words! And in the face of twenty years in prison! The Sacramento I.W.W.'s in their War Trial sang the International after being sentenced to long terms. That is the spirit in which Eugene V. Debs said at the Socialist Convention outside the Canton, Ohio jail that if these men (Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht and Baker) were in jail against the war he should also be in jail for he agreed with them that the war was not to end war, but to assist the enslavement of men.

One cannot help but contrast the Smith Act trials and most other cases since World War I where the radicals were led astray by their lawyers, and instead of boldly opposing the system their line was to try to make the Government prove that they had really said anything seditious. The romanticism of the radical movement is further evidenced by radicals today who think that the capitalist class of Guggenheim, Ford, Rockefeller, etc. will give up their exploitation peacefully. Guggenheim, who in Telluride, Colorado where there was "no rest days, no Sundays, no holidays and the fires that melted the ores like the fires of hell must

not cool," and Rockefeller, where eight state laws of Colorado were violated, and men, women and children were burned by thugs at Ludlow!

Bill Haywood, one of the founders of the I.W.W. in 1905, belonged to the line of union men who were fighters and who believed in the class struggle, the Molly Maguires (in fact it was an old Molly Maguire who taught him unionism when he was a boy working in the mines in Nevada) the Knights of Labor, the Western Federation of Miners, and the American Railway Union of Debs. Instead of feather-bedding, sweetheart unions, and special privileges for skilled workers, the slogan of the I.W.W. was, "overtime is scab time, any time there are some working no time."

This book was written by Bill Haywood near the end of his life in Russia and published then. It tells of his early life among the Mormons in Salt Lake City where he was born Feb. 4, 1869. His father died when he was small and his mother remarried a mining engineer, and Bill was working in the mines before the age of 15. He married Nevada Jane Minor, delivered a baby girl himself on a lonesome ranch. His brother-in-law was a prize cowboy and they tried to start a cowboy's union. When small he had accidentally put out one eye with a jackknife. His wife was an invalid much of her life and Bill spent one season carrying her in and out of mud baths. Finally she turned to Christian Science, which disgusted Bill. His mother had persuaded him once when he wanted his middle name changed like that of his father that the only way this could be done was to be confirmed in an Episcopalian Church. Bill was never in any Church again. He was a big boy and a big man. Once he hurt his hand in a mine tunnel, 3,000 feet underground. He refused amputation or any anaesthetic for he didn't trust the Doctor not to cut off his fingers when he was asleep. In Boise jail for many months he went on "small fasts for general health from two to six days. He quit drinking and gambling at dif-

ferent times. His wife died in 1917 and two daughters also passed away before Bill died of diabetes in Moscow May 18, 1928. (Half of his ashes are under the Kremlin Wall and half at Waldheim cemetery in Chicago where the Chicago Haymarket anarchist martyrs are buried.)

He attended two terms of a parochial school in Salt Lake City and knew Father Hagerty, who it is said wrote the I.W.W. preamble. When in the jailyard in Boise a nun waved at him and later when Darrow spoke for 11 hours to the jury and won his freedom in the famous case where Harry Orchard had sworn to lies to implicate Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, the nuns told him that they had prayed that he should be free. He was one of the organizers of the Western Federation of Miners. These were the days when the employers shot union men on sight, and hired thugs to kidnap and beat up miners unmercifully.

In calling the I.W.W. convention to order, Haywood did not feel like using the trite words "brothers and sisters," and he could not say "fellow citizens," for some there were not citizens, so he called them "Fellow Workers," and this has been the term since used by the Wobblies as the I.W.W. are called. This was the only union that took a stand against the war. "Any one

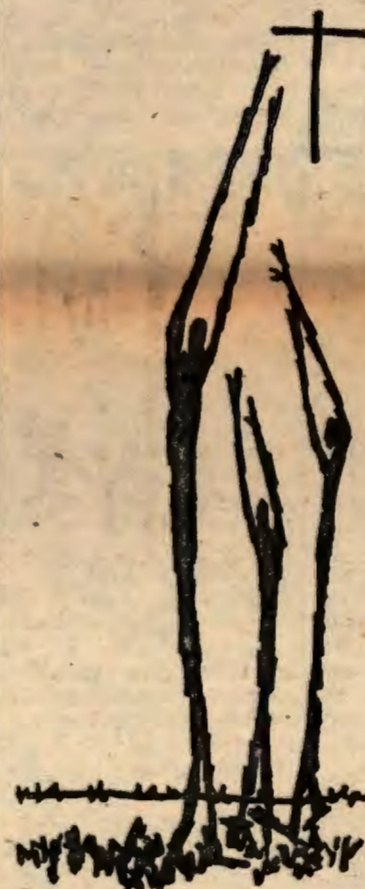
and crowbars and go to the granaries and warehouses and help yourselves."

"When the war broke out I was struck dumb. For weeks I could scarcely talk. I spent much time in the libraries, the chess club and at Udell's little shop on N. Clark Street in Chicago. I could not concentrate my mind on chess. I could not read as my mind was fixed on the war. I never felt any doubt about the U.S. being involved." Hundreds of I.W.W.'s were arrested. Haywood, along with others, was given 20 years, some got 10 and some got 5 years. Later he was out on bail on July 28, 1919, the anniversary of his acquittal in Idaho (I was an I.W.W. just out of Atlanta, in Delaware, Ohio county jail for refusing to register for the draft). In Leavenworth he worked in the out-going clothes room. The Wobblies were allowed to hold classes and 34 members taught in the prison school. My wife and I visited Red Doran and James Thompson there in 1922. Always outspoken, Haywood told the Chaplain that, "Three institutions in the country, used bars and locks. One of them was a prison to confine a man's body. One was the church to imprison his soul, if he had one. And one was the bank that kept his money guarded. Our almost united opposition to churches or religions of any kind resulted in an order being issued that men who did not want to attend Chapel on Sunday morning should remain in our cells." In Atlanta, Chapel was compulsory.

In 1920 I was in N.Y. City and heard Haywood speak at the Rand School. He did not have much education but he was a powerful speaker, emotional in tone, like Debs, and full of energy. He joined the Communist Party about this time, and together with several others whom I knew that were out on bail, skipped and went to Russia. Several of us knew the day before what was happening. For a Christian or a pacifist to skip bail I think is a despicable thing, especially when their comrades remain in jail. He had heard that Harding would pardon all I.W.W.'s except Bill Haywood. He thought that the workers paradise had started in Russia, so not believing in the Christian or the pacifist heaven he had to go to the only one he knew: Russia. Those who have not made serious compromises with principle might criticize Bill's action. I disagree emphatically with skipping bail but I tend now to remember his good fight up to that time rather than to castigate him for going to Russia. Many Wobblies feel bitter toward him though.

Before this time Haywood had centralized all of the many I.W.W. papers in Chicago. There was much opposition to this method, for the lumberjacks on the job, the migrant workers of the west, the textile workers of Lawrence and Paterson, all knew their problems better than a pie-card in Chicago. I have talked to old timers who knew Bill well and they describe him as a man with violent dislikes who insisted on his own way. Very few people whom we admire but whom have feet of clay. The virtues that make for heroism generally make for narrow mindedness, and as a person grows older a tyrannical attitude dominates the situation. Very few are like Gandhi or Debs. Some old time Wobblies say that Haywood was disillusioned in Russia. But there is no way for us to know his inner motives and fears. The other I.W.W.'s in jail were offered paroles. Some took them and some didn't, and the ones that remained true were released anyway a few months later. But the results as far as the I.W.W. was concerned was the decline of the organization in numbers and in spirit.

The radical message that the Western Federation of Miners and



Haywood was not a pacifist in any sense of the word. When asked by Commissioner Weinstock who was investigating the I.W.W. if he believed in violence, Haywood quoted Lincoln, who, when in the Civil War as prices increased sevenfold, said, "take your pickaxes

the I.W.W. made is one of the bright spots in labor history. Especially now in the days of Reuther who advocates, not the class struggle of his youth, but profit sharing with the capitalist. Haywood, union organizer; Haywood the staunch fighter against war; Haywood the Communist; at least the man was a man among men in the frontier west and this book gives a good picture of that man from whom radicals of any persuasion cannot help but gain inspiration.

**Kibbutz: Venture In Utopia**, by Melford E. Spiro, Cambridge, Mass.; Harvard University Press, 1956. \$4.50. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

This excellent book came out of a study of a kibbutz, a type of collective settlement, in Israel by an anthropologist at the University of Connecticut. In 1951, he and his wife lived for ten months as members of the kibbutz, spending part of each day working like everyone else at chores assigned them and the rest collecting the material for the study.

Kiryat Yedidim, the fictitious name given by Mr. Spiro to this collective, was founded in 1921 by young Jews, mostly eighteen and nineteen years old, who had emigrated to Israel from Poland the year before. The group's philosophy was molded by two factors, one negative, the other positive. Negatively, they were in rebellion against a bourgeois Western European society which regarded manual work as demeaning and exalted private property and the individual at the expense of the community. Positively, they came to the movement through Zionism and the Youth Movements which were so prominent a factor in the lives of young Europeans in the 'twenties and 'thirties. It was natural that the way of life which they evolved should be colored by these two influences. The main points may be listed as follows:

### A New Way of Life

Exaltation of manual work, particularly agricultural work;

Release of women from traditional household and child-rearing tasks and their participation equally with men in types of work traditionally the prerogative of men;

Common ownership of property, including collective production and equal sharing of everything produced. An effort is made to live by the doctrine "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need";

Precedence of the group over the individual in all matters;

Absolute equality of all individuals. Executive and authoritative positions are held temporarily and are rotated. In theory, such rotation is among all members of the kibbutz, but certain posts call for special skills, training, and ability, so that in practice many of the posts of leadership are rotated among a small core group;

A high degree of communal living;

Collective education of the children. The father and mother see the child for only a few hours in the evening when they can give it their undivided attention; parents and children are also together on Sabbaths and holidays.

A particular factor in the kibbutz under study is that it is anti-religious and Marxist in philosophy. This fact does not affect materially the principles described above, which seem to be common to all the kibbutzim, including those with a religious basis.

### Factors for Disintegration

At the time of the study, the kibbutz was in a period of crisis which seriously threatened its existence. The factors involved included the lure of more comforts or luxuries in the cities, the lack of privacy, the tensions between members of the group, the desire for private property, be it only a refrigerator or a radio. Spiro adds that he be-

## THE REMEMBRANCE

And one day, the remembrance  
will come and all men  
shall find their hearts opened  
to one another, and their dreams  
shall be resurrected  
from the fiery deaths of bitterness.  
It will be  
as if time turned back  
upon itself to the first dawn  
and the first wonder which befell  
the world, the first day  
and the naming of marvels.  
And everywhere men will know  
the acid presence of tears  
melting away all separations,  
dissolving the scars of the heart  
till there is nothing more  
to hide from any man.  
For this remembrance will foreclose  
all practical considerations,  
strip us to the one naked reliance,  
our heritage from the dawn  
and the promise of our destiny:  
our brotherhood.

JEANNE BAGBY



## REVIEWS

+ + + + +

lieves much of the personality frictions come from the sheer physical hardships of the life, not only the long day's work and lack of manpower, but the climate, which is malarial and conducive to arthritis and rheumatism. There are also external factors contributing to tension, e.g., Kiryat Yedidim's location on the Arab border. In the early days of the kibbutz there was practically no private life for any of the members, but lately, Mr. Spiro observes, many, particularly among the older members, seem to feel the lack of privacy. Many couples now go to their own apartments for the evening instead of remaining in the communal dining room. Nevertheless, Kiryat Yedidim has retained the marks of communal living to a greater degree than many of the other kibbutzim.

But there are factors which hold the kibbutz together despite all the difficulties. One of these is the possession of a common faith, which, though Marxist and not supernatural, nevertheless serves to make the individual willing to sacrifice for a greater good beyond himself. One of the causes for dissatisfaction with kibbutz life, Mr. Spiro feels, is that the members feel the discrepancy between their ideal and what they have actually attained. Spiro, on the contrary, points out that "Kiryat Yedidim can be justly proud of its accomplishment. For the kibbutz is characterized by a high degree of equality, freedom, self-labor, communal ownership... The ideal of brotherly love, to be sure, has been the most difficult to achieve, and it is marked by the least success. Rivalry, envy, jealousy, gossip and backbiting are probably as prevalent in Kiryat Yedidim as in other communities."

One of the interesting facets of the kibbutz experiment is what is called "the problem of the woman." Mr. Spiro feels that, so important is this problem that, if the kibbutz ever collapses, it will be one of the main causes. It has come about in a very interesting way:

#### Problem of the Woman

As has been said, one of the values of the former society which the kibbutz rejected was what was regarded as the inferior status of women. This in turn, so the theory goes, was related to the woman's dependence on her husband and her relegation to "menial" household and child-rearing tasks. So when the kibbutz was organized, household and outdoor tasks were shared as equally as possible between men and women. But with the coming of children, things began to change. A pregnant woman had to work shorter hours, and nursing mothers had to be given work in or near the children's quarters. Added to this was the fact that many women could not do certain types of very heavy work. When a woman left a "productive" job, even temporarily, she often found when she was ready to resume it that her place had been taken by a man, who then was allowed to remain in it if he had proved satisfactory. The women, therefore, found themselves back in the old traditional service jobs of cooking, laundering, cleaning and raising children. With this difference: work in the kibbutz, even that in the kitchen and laundry, was highly specialized, so that a woman found herself relegated for the whole of her day, week after week, to one small job such as sorting clothes. The author feels, and this reviewer agrees, that the traditional type of housework, with its variety and lack of monotony, is far more rewarding. In addition to boredom, the woman finds herself in a job which is regarded by the others as inferior. To add to the difficulties, the actual working conditions in the "service" jobs are difficult, since when there is a choice between, say, buying a piece of equipment for the farm and improving the kitchen, the farm brings in

income to the kibbutz, gets first choice. Spiro feels that the situation is an explosive one and that it may well disrupt the kibbutz some day.

#### The Good Life

This reviewer has only one or two comments to make. One of the greatest strengths of such a community lies in its emphasis on the dignity and value of work and on the balance between manual and intellectual work which seems to be its ideal for all its members. The accompanying weakness is the group's feeling that "service" tasks such as the kitchen and laundry, which do not produce economically for the community, are inferior. (A contrast which comes to mind is that described in Claire Bishop's *All Things Common*. The European committees of work regard the wives' housework as being as valuable as the husbands' factory work and they are paid accordingly. There is, consequently, no feeling that the husband contributes more to the support and welfare of the family than the wife.) One wonders whether the younger generation in the kibbutz will achieve a better balance in this regard than their parents.

The spirit of sacrifice and the rejection of luxuries found in the kibbutz are admirable, and the ascetic ideal which the members have always had is extremely attractive; their goals are in sharp contrast to the restless seeking which results from a constant effort to obtain an ever higher standard of material things.

Mr. Spiro points out that the lessening of the communal living pattern and the demand for more private ownership has occurred mostly among the older members of the kibbutz, and tentatively relates it to the fact that their early life was spent in a society which puts a premium on privacy and personal possessions; among the young adults who were born in the kibbutz or came there as young children, condemnation of these two tendencies has been widespread. So there seems to be some evidence that these cultural traits can be greatly modified in a short time. It will be interesting to see the results if the kibbutzim last another generation or longer.

**A TIME TO SPEAK**, By Michael Scott, Doubleday & Co. Inc., Reviewed by Mme. Anne-Marie Taillefer Stokes. \$4.50-358 pages.

"Why won't they tell me?"

"Because you was born with a silver spoon in your mouth!" This first searing lesson is taught by an old cobbler, who could neither read nor write, to a small anxious boy whose name was Michael Scott.

The loosely clenched spoon has long since been flung into the gutter and only, when gripping the wooden spoon of an old West African chief, whose tribe he was to represent at the United Nations by sheer force of love—and, one would say, incarnation—has his birthright been restored, to this singular pastor who, at last, has gathered his flock.

The passionate pilgrimage of an Anglican clergyman, born to the slums of his father's parish in England, introduced to horror in a South African leper mission, met with mass misery in India, unfolds as an awful indictment of the indifference of the world.

How it came about that the void encountered induced him, at the time of the Hunger Marches in England, to turn for a time towards the Communist Party, in search of truth; even to become its messenger in India—an uncommon clergyman indeed—is of infinite value, told as it is, ruefully and humbly. When one closes the book and realizes the virtuosity of its Christianity, one thinks, with a pang, of those akin to the author, whom we have lost.

But what gives the work its deli-

cate balance and fulfilled message is that the first commandment constantly hounds the second. Humanism has no appeal without the touch of God, and the quest goes on relentlessly. The first rebellion, the first lesson are washed away by that great tide that has come over our century, that of Gandhi and his full message of Satyagraha in behaviour, word and deed. To be creatively non-violent we must direct our violence in the sense of our love and this new phase lands the Rev. Michael Scott, cassock and all, in the gaol of Durban, the Tobruk Shantytown and in face of the hating crowds of Bethal. This love, arid and persecuted as it appears to be, bears its fruits by awakening the love and trust of an obscure West African tribe, the Herreros.

In deadly peril of being forever subjected to the doom of South African apartheid, restricted in every liberty by the South African Government under whose mandate they had been placed, these people could not carry their plea to the United Nations and ask justice from the world. A messenger had to be found. Who but he who had cloaked himself in their mantle?

Thus, for the last eleven years, admitted upon a restricted visa, a modern form of manacles, during the General Assembly, a white man impersonates thousands of black men in front of all nations and voices their plea for freedom. Alas, the support he has gained by his relentless efforts as a one-man delegation—a work of Hercules—does not include the Christian nations of the West, laden as they



are by their own guilt in colonial or domestic matters. They remain inert or hostile at a time when the organization with all its limitations is drawing the blueprint of world government.

Prohibited from South Africa since 1950, Michael Scott at the end of each Assembly returns to London where he directs the Africa Bureau; there Africans are helped and welcomed and their problems met and exposed.

His book is a book of facts and figures, of social problems and solutions for economics and government. The fantastic amount of work this implies speaks for incessant labor and secular statesmanship. Yet this is not its core.

It is a book of poetry. Its form, a circle from birth to death gives it a breath of eternity. The personal poems are of much beauty, the many quotations reveal what prose would grope to say; the great touches upon nature create a climate where much is expressed in a language of incantation. The cosmic scene shifts from Europe to Africa, from America to Asia as if travelling with the blazing sun.

It is a book with the intelligence of Christianity. In Dr. Zhivago, Boris Pasternak says that history only begins with Christ as the history of man; before it was that of the race. It is the position taken by man in the history of his time that is a token of his faith. This is to be found here in the purely personalist approach strongly emphasized. That single people, with ordinary lives, can suddenly choose

## WHAT MORE?

What more could Christ tell us? In what other way could He more earnestly arouse us to works of justice or mercy, than by telling us that what is given to the needy and the poor is given to Him; and that He is offended when the poor or the needy are denied? So that he who in the Church is not moved by the distress of a brother may be moved beholding Christ in him; and that he who has no thought for a fellow servant in poverty and need will have a thought for the Lord dwelling in the one from whom he turns away.

The means to propitiate God are given us in God's very words. The divine teachings make clear to us what sinners must do: make satisfaction to God by good works; and that sins are purged away by the rewards of mercy. The Holy Spirit has declared this to us in the psalms saying: Blessed is he that understands concerning the needy and the poor, for in the day of evil the Lord shall deliver him.

St. Cyprian, Bishop and Martyr

to change the world becomes true and that one very definitely will do so in legend is overwhelmingly evident.

Yet robbed of all this, a book remains that could have been written in a monk's cell. The soul hunting its quarry, a perpetual question: "O Lord what would you have me do?" A doubt breeding a faith, a faith breeding a doubt. The rather shamefaced and deceptively simple description of the answer of God, at night, in the Durban Prison cell is the axis of the whole book. This answer comes to a man when he has stripped himself of all and stands naked before a naked God, as closely identified to the work of Redemption as is possible. And then the words of St. John are transfigured and become personal and filled with light—at least for an instant. This is the moment when the ardent questioner accepts this command at the foot of the Tree of Knowledge: Not to know, but to go onward blind step through blind step, in final dis-possession.

It is, above all things a book of solitude and this makes for much of its greatness and its one weakness. Brushing all aside, Michael Scott stands face to God on top of a mountain and realizes that the kingdom lies within man; his compassionate gaze falls upon all the miseries and humiliations and he makes them his. But what about the joy? With an Englishman's dedication to nature, he has given us the larks soaring above the burning gorse in derision of a loved one's death, the flaunting riot of an archdeacon's garden in South Africa and the cold, pure grey sky melting into the cathedral's vault during his ordination. But no human being, not even his mother, comes to life; all flit through like shadows.

Maybe this may be accounted to an experience painfully told and painfully read: that of his hurt bewilderment when his father, in halting words tells him of the mystery of creation and human love—and its blasphemies. Backed by surroundings of squalor and vice, a child, in a pang of angelism, refuses the circumstances of his birth. Never, in the book, does the man correct this by a bow of recognition to the tender feast of Cana; nor does he acknowledge celibacy as an active form of renunciation, as the greatest of His gifts restored to God. This reserve is made on account of young readers that might be led astray by the implied puritanism. For others, if this is frustration who would regret it; its magnificent results might have been impeded by a more human view of life and more emotional lucidity.

Theologians will also wince at his solitary position in regard of the organized churches but poets will see this fine point at which all great religions meet and outdistance all reason. On this note does finish with a final quotation from T. S. Eliot's *Journey of the Magi*:

... Were we led all that way for  
Birth or Death  
With all alien people clutching  
their gods  
I would be glad of another death.

And the reader cannot doubt the many deaths that have come to this gaunt Shepherd who has also

remained awake upon Twelfth Night.

Thirty-four people, including the Rev. Michael Scott, were arrested and charged with obstructing the police after they had entered the R.A.F. rocket site at North Pickenham, near Swaffham Norfolk.

The Rev. Scott, who had flown to England especially from the All-African People Congress in Ghana, said he thought something useful was being achieved. "It's not just what you see; there's a considerable spiritual conflict going on," he said.

Before the march to the site, the Rev. Michael Scott, well known for his advocacy of African's rights said: "What is being tried out here is a method which is going to grow in the world—civil disobedience. It is a method by which people can dissociate themselves from policies of which they disapprove."

"We have to discover techniques of non-violent resistance to injustices—which is what the Africans are trying to do—and I believe we must oppose the use of nuclear bombs by the same methods."

Rev. Michael Scott served two weeks jail sentence when he refused to promise "to keep the peace."

Anne Taillefer-Stokes, a French Roman Catholic has been observing on South Africa at the U.N. for several years. She is on the U.N. board of the American Committee for Africa and Officer of the "Episcopal Churchmen of South Africa," a group of laypeople devoted to helping the Africans win their freedom through non-violent means.

**SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY**, by Elisabeth Elliot. New York: Harper and Bros., 1958. \$3.75. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

Jim Elliot, whose testament this is, was one of five young Church of Christ ministers who were killed in 1956 by the Aucas Indians of Ecuador to whom they had come as missionaries. His wife, who compiled these writings drawn from his journals and his letters to her and his family and friends, disclaims the title of "martyr" for him, saying that the Christian who lives by Christ dies daily. This is true, and her authority for it is St. Paul, but it is also true that these young men were martyrs, witnesses—in the ultimate sense, those who die for love of Christ.

Jim Elliot kept, all through college, a journal in which he recorded his meditations on the Bible (the Psalms were a special love), and his spiritual advances and failures. His letters home and

(Continued on page 8)

## YOU ARE THERE!

I peruse the evening paper  
Seeing the usual things:  
A total eclipse of the sun  
An earthquake just at three  
A sad young anarchist betrayed,  
His outstretched arms  
Proclaiming order.  
And then this morning  
An up-and-coming Wall St. broker  
Went out and hung himself  
Upside down with a halter,  
His greedy bowels  
Bursting into chaos.

Joe Frattall



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

or demonstration. We had threatened, after all to do just that,—sit out the eviction and make things difficult for the city. But on the one hand one cannot use human beings for demonstration purposes. We never have and never will.

We ourselves demonstrate each year in a protest against wargames and risk the consequences, which have been jail each year for from one to thirty days and that is I suppose what people consider "dramatic." Suffering is very often dramatic to those who are not enduring it.

Also we were bowing to the inevitable. These are occasions where non-resistance takes the place of non-violent resistance. Our house was a beauty. Rented out for profit, one could have paid a hundred to two hundred dollars a floor for such a house. For eight years we lived in comparative luxury, in warmth, with baths and plenty of hotwater, plenty of space, which of course rapidly filled up so that at the last even the parlor floor was covered with sleeping men at night.

We were not insensitive to the contrasts of men on a soup line and ourselves in our good warm house, to men sleeping on the floor and ourselves in beds (not all of them too comfortable). We began to search for evidence of poverty and sacrifice in our lives to reassure ourselves. Our poverty had to become more real, more interior. At the risk of offending him, I must tell on Tom Sullivan, so long one of our editors, both in Chicago and New York, and now teaching the poor in the Bronx. I was told by one of the Commonweal editors that when Tom went to his weekly meeting with John Cogley who had been his friend since school days, he never ate lunch with them, but just had coffee. He was just as penurious with others too, as he was with himself. When Charles McCormack, also a former editor drove the station wagon out to some of the hospitals on Long Island to visit the sick, always taking along others to share the ride and the work of mercy, Tom gave them just enough for gas but never enough for a cup of coffee on the side. Or that is the report made by Bob Ludlow, and he might have been teasing.

## More Poverty

Anyway, the moving is done, and Bob Steed bore the brunt of it, not only driving the station wagon but doing a great part of the carting and lifting, fearful of the strains and ruptures for the older men.

We are scattered, but not altogether settled yet. Some of the more feeble are visiting Peter Maurin Farm until we find better quarters for them. We have two small, two-room apartments on the sixth floor walk up, of an old tenement down the street. Sometimes the heat doesn't reach the top of

the building, and we are pretty cramped. The rooms are painted atrociously, cerise, or a hideous pink. I cannot describe the color of the bedroom. The kitchen is green and there are two or three patches of linoleum on the floor. The bathtub is beside the sink and one must climb into it, via a steady chair. Maybe a rope from the ceiling would enable old bones to hoist themselves in and out. These little rooms are literally cells, and mean one person to a room. The house is quiet and decent, and thank God for hot water and heat, one of the moves of the city in the betterment of the slums.

## Jeanne d'Arc Residence

The rest of the women are staying temporarily at the Residence on 24th street, maintained by Sisters of Providence from France. The place was started back in the last century by a priest from the French Church who saw the need for French immigrant girls. Later it included Irish and South Americans, and the original red brick building not as large as St. Joseph's House at Chrystie street, was rebuilt to become a place for 250 women where they pay fifty cents a night for a room, a small additional charge of 25c a week for gas to cook a chop or warm up soup or boil an egg and water for tea in a common kitchen in the basement; and 10c for electricity for using the washer and iron for their clothes. There is a chapel with a most beautiful painting of Joan of Arc amongst her sheep, one of them a nursing ewe, and every morning Mass is offered at seven o'clock. In the evening at six there is the rosary. It is dormitory accommodation of course at that price, and there are four or six in a room, each bed with a large locker with plenty of room for clothing and for food too. There are no rules about leaving the premises—one can stay all day, and there are sitting rooms and library and a television set for the evening. But smoking is forbidden and lights must be out in the dormitory at ten o'clock at night. I stayed there for a week and what a welcome rule that was. To go to bed like a child at ten, and sleep until six and arise to Mass in the house and a good breakfast of cereal, French bread and coffee which is almost all milk—what a welcome interlude after so many years of having visitors come in at all hours of the night. Some of our women are still there, but I am part time across the street with Hattie and Mary and part time at Peter Maurin Farm, trying to straighten out the materials which were moved down there into the loom room. We have brought two looms and a spinning wheel into the loft room from the farm, and our friend Mary Allard will work with us removing the pieces of material now on them, and helping us to set them up again. Both Charles Butterworth and I are going to try to do some spinning and weaving each day as an exercise, an act of faith, a meditation. Also it makes for conversation.

## The Men

Naturally I was most interested in the women moving and getting settled. I was happy to see Veronica who had helped us so in the clothes room for so many years, happily settled with her two parakeets, her potted plants and her own bed at Roger and Mary's on Avenue B. Too far away for casual calls, but I'm taking them up on a dinner invitation soon. As for the men, we are paying an enormous price each month for accommodations on the Bowery. To take care of 25 men, at 75c a night for thirty days costs \$562.50 a month. The only way I can console myself for this huge outlay is to think how much one family spends on rent these days in New York. I visited an apartment a few months ago which I am sure must have cost five hundred a month and it housed only two. So I am sure St. Joseph will not

think we are extravagant. As long as we have the money we will spend it for "flops" as the saying is along the Bowery. These are the men who have been with us a long time and who are in the physical state which keeps them from getting jobs. They are also men who are very much a part of our work and who have been working with us for long periods. After all, we console ourselves, our Father is a millionaire, who owns heaven and earth and all that in them is.

The greatest suffering is the stairs we have to climb. Two long long flights up to the office on Spring. Six flights to the apartment and the same stairs too in Jeanne d'Arc home. So one gets in the habit of taking them easy. All the hotels on the Bowery are the same too.

## The Soupline

And what of the soupline. Stopped last month around the fifth, it was not more than ten days later that more and more men began dropping in around meal time, so that now we are again serving 125 at a meal, and this time an entire meal and not just soup. Somehow the food stretches and if it doesn't we get back to soup again. And now the men are standing inside, out of the weather. There can be no line in this neighborhood, our neighbors have impressed that upon us very vociferously. One in particular has come in and made a great fuss, but our good landlord who has a name like a grand opera aria has reassured us. So we ask your prayers and of course always your help. We feel weak and defenseless in the face of the opposition which betrays such a materialistic and unloving attitude, but in Him we can do all things, in Him who strengthens us. Our parish priests are for us, so who can be against us? Come visit us on Friday night. Our meetings are still going on.

# LETTERS

## Good Food

(Continued from page 3)

to food and clothing as a result of his Basic Education Schools. I can believe this because of my experience amongst Navaho and Hopi families. Education for Life, such as that practiced by Gandhi, Navaho and Hopi, and other peoples, produces a higher type of human being, I'm convinced.

I tell you these things about 7 year old kids and about living on 17c a day—or on nothing a day!—because I want you to know that the so-called "American Way of Life" is not the ONLY way of life; and, because there is absolutely no excuse for having such small families and depriving so many millions of potential people the joys of experiencing life; and, because there is absolutely no excuse for war or cops or cities or dictators. I tell you these things in order to point out that there is not only something morally wrong with the Western Culture, but something terribly wrong with it economically as well. How much longer will the apathetic-confused stay in it, beating your head against it in trying to change it or adapt to it when freedom beckones from 97% of the earth's land surface?

Sincerely yours,

Craig (Mohawk)

## "Durban Parliament"

December, 1958.

Dear Sir:

My attention has been drawn to a report published, I understand, in "The Catholic Worker" in September, 1958, according to which "Archbishop Dennis E. Hurley, O.M.I., of Durban spoke out vigorously before the Durban City Council about the economic situation of African families etc."

Archbishop Hurley did not address the Durban City Council on this subject. It was on Monday, 28th July, 1958, that he led a

(Continued on page 8)

# All College But No Knowledge

By JIM MILORD

Almost every incendiary article on Education or the School which has come my way the past few years has professed that the red hot issues are a host of crying Shortages. A shortage of profs, a shortage of facilities, of buildings, of retorts. Shortages of every conceivable type which are keeping our suffering Youth away from higher education.

All these variations on the same theme—our Junior isn't getting his due—strike me as being very, very funny.

I had hoped that when the deluge of G.I. college vacationers abated somewhat about 1953 that the old sheepskin mania had lost its epidemic hold. But by the measure of fiery words of this past year (statistics, anyone?) I am beginning to see my own cobwebs.

Precious little in the way of fatherly advice is being dished out on why we should not pack our gangling halfbacks off to ole Tech the next term.

Well, I for one am not going neurotic yet over President Eisenhower's (a bogus college prexy, if there ever was one) directive to expand, expand and knit our brows over the baggy sweater crowd and their nebulous future at State Poly. Uh-uh. On the contrary, this blood pressure talk from morfarboard-heavy University mentors has worked the opposite effect on me. As yet I cannot believe that walking slide rules and white collar mechanics will give us a new Apostolic Age or hasten the Marian era.

Army brass, jittery alumni, Ph.D's and insurance men can pump the guilt complex windmill all night long. I can think of a thousand better ways to spend tax money and teacher's salary than to have it turned over for more acres of ivy-covered dormitories to house ivy league boondockers. Taxes are panicky enough as it is. A few thousand more fumey labs, Coke unions, and heaven help us—Quonset huts—certainly won't help much.

My mind turns somersaults when I envision another generation of suede shoe crew cutters bumming about the campus. I know which way the wind blows, I think, being one of the scarlet shirt and saddle shoe kids in the late 40's. After hanging around colleges and universities for over five years, hit and miss (mostly miss), I think that one of the wisest things I heard in all that time was that only 35% of us belonged there. This from the English Department chairman, a past President with forty years on the lecture podium!

All this gobbling up of valued Real Estate by our beehive Universities has cheapened the Bachelor's degree to the ten cents store level. This churning out of B.A.'s and B.S.'s in Ditto machine fashion only has value for those parents who still cherish run down ideas like "nothing is too good for our kids," or "you can never have too much of a good thing like education." Worst of all is the "equal rights to education for all young America," routine. This one gets funnier all the time and its repetition by the Presidents of the So-and-So Educational Federations make it even more of a classic joke.

A good number of these phrases have been around too long simply because we have not taken the trouble or the time to put them where they belong. The right to an education in college is no more of an absolute right than my right to eat banana splits. These ultra-refined "rights" we hear being mouthed by the thought control groups are synthetic, a hangover from the man-centered, man deified aftermath of the Protestant Revolt. A long progression of great crusades for human rights: all well and good for a while. Man has had the last word on almost all human vital processes. It is as if God had nothing to say at all.

The let's-be-fair-to-the-kids drive is a tissue paper cause wrapping about it a whole mythology of success nonsense and equating success in this life with a degree. Again man scores with his shoddy thinking. Has a man a right to success?

The plain fact of the matter is that unless Johnny or Jane fits in every way for college training and the professions and uses that training validly, the degree, notwithstanding its scrollwork signatures and seals has about the same value as a Boy Scout Merit Badge.

And when we assess the campus courses offered today, like Folk Lore, Square Dancing, Banking and Finance, Television Critique, Outdoor Life & Camping, Gold and Radio, we are reminded of W. H. Auden's comment:

And when he occupies a college  
Truth is replaced by Useful Knowledge;  
He pays particular  
Attention to Commercial Thought  
Public Relations, Hygiene, Sport  
In his curricula. (Under Which Lyre)

The average weekly "load" as the classroom number of hours is called and usually only sixteen or seventeen hours per week, cannot be rightly called a "challenge to American Youth." From such pleasant get-togethers we can expect and get a strong clique of rah-rah boys with four years of doodling, necking, lip-flipping and little else. Such cultural antics might look good in the Bible-sized catalogues the colleges mail out by the carload but they have little connection with Christian living on a useful, responsible level.

A host of my Varsity chums are home now and settled in everyday non-make-believe living, minus their sweaters which they wore so tenderly. After killing thirty-six months on Papa's or the G.I. bill. I find among these savants, a car insurance salesman, a bank clerk, (title attached), a Ph. D. doing sanitation surveys, a milkman, a mortician's huckster, an MA who sold vacuum cleaners, to mention a few. I have a suspicion that Mom and Dad had the strong University calling and Junior had to limp along. Conscious at first of his uselessness, he soon adopted the bandwagon rationalization. Boredom can get to be a habit and educational bumming gets in the blood. Have you ever noticed the ecstatic look in the faces of but a few dozen of the hundreds of thousands of hangers-on as the semester approaches and the "new" courses are announced? Exhilarated over the tempting fare offered, the course narcotic addict ponders: what shall it be? Badminton or Bunyan?

The really smart ones among our cordy crews cleared out at the end of a year or two, donned the blue collar, took up watchmaking, apprenticed to a piano tuner or started emptying waste baskets and digging into a lifetime of paper. These men, with few exceptions in my experience need a week-end Cocktail lounge for solace and forgetfulness. They were two to three years ahead of the game.

The Ivory Tower Song runs prettily along like this: College makes one a better man. University teaches one how to live. If this is so, I never encountered very much of it. At one University, I found a pitiful few enrolled in Philosophy courses outside the even more pitiful few "required" for a degree. I wonder how many would study philosophy at all if the requirements were lifted? A philosopher I was told, was a lover of wisdom.

Most of the alert and happy men and women I know and have

(Continued on page 8)

## LIBERATION

The Independent Monthly

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## Archbishop Roberts

(Continued from Page 1)

war not in theory but in practice—so that we came to adopt, one after another, the very courses we had condemned in the enemy.

### Moral Question Neglected

Here I ask leave to quote Fr. L. C. McHugh, of the Editorial Board of the Jesuit Weekly, "America," of November 18, 1958. He is but summing up the teaching of religious thinkers of the past 20 years, many non-Catholics, not a few Catholics on the Continent, of all too few in England and America, who see with him that the "strategic thinking of modern large-scale war has severed its ties with all the rational aims of just-war in the traditional sense. Worst of all, the majority of our people have somehow been conditioned to look with complacency on strategic concepts and war objectives which are completely unrelated to the demands of essential morality. What is the moral status of total war? What judgment shall we pass on mutual suicide among States?"

"In the radio talk over WMAL last month, William J. Nagle, Consultant to the Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, took note of the appalling lack of concern among religious-minded people over the moral aspects of all-out war. He charged that Protestants, Catholic and Jews have let this rupture with tradition go uncriticized and unopposed. To a large extent, Mr. Nagle feels that the responsibility of public apathy toward the moral crisis of war lies at the door of American educators, writers and religious leaders—the very people who should be most effective in forming the conscience of the community.

"Why are professional moralists and theologians so silent?"

One reason is that, like most other human beings, they pass through barriers much as air passengers today pass through the sound barrier without having shared the tribulation of the pioneers who first achieved the "impossible."

### Father Regamey's Book

To take one example, one of the very rare books on the subject published by Catholics is Pere Regamey's "Non-Violence et Conscience Chretienne" (Editions du Cerf, Paris). Within a few years no one will find in his examination of Gandhian non-violence in relation to Christian principles anything remotely shocking. Yet this is his fourth version after three had been rejected by censors—priests liable to conscription, to leave their ministry of healing to kill (of course in self-defense) in defiance of the Church's law for her clergy.

Latin priests are as liable to be conditioned by circumstances in their attitude to conscription and conscientious objection as the German bishops and priests who, in two world wars, taught the duty of dying for Germany in self-defense; or as Italians justifying killing first with, then against, Germans.

Such facts, incidentally, help to explain why Sir Stephen King-Hall finds that appeals for disarmament on purely religious grounds are not taken seriously as are his pleas on purely strategic grounds. A lifetime of meditation (including a whole day weekly) and prayer about non-violence based largely on the Gospels convinced Gandhi that hardly any organized Christian body except the Quakers really faced up to the implications of

"The individual in any given nation has in this war a terrible opportunity to convince himself of what would occasionally strike him in peace time—that the State has forbidden to the individual the practice of wrongdoing not because it desires to abolish it, but because it desires to have the monopoly of it, like salt and tobacco."

SIGMUND FREUD ("The Disillusionment of the War," 1915)

Christ's teaching and example on non-violence against evil.

An English adaptation of Pere Regamey's important book should be less scholastic in approach, more concrete in such illustrations as America has in her Civil War of a century ago. Those who want a morally clean bomb on the ground that it is not intrinsically evil might be reminded of half the population of America fighting to the death for retention of slavery.

To call slavery intrinsically evil is forbidden to the Christian: Christ refrained from condemning it, the Apostles worked to sanctify it—but only because and as long as slavery remained so deep in the very structure of society that it could not be bombarded from outside. It had to be first understood within, then hated, then thrown out.

Probably, Catholics quoted Popes for and against slavery (e.g., in Papal States) just as Catholics now are quoting Popes for and against retaining nuclear bombs.

Incidentally, if vested interests in the very heart of the Southern States pledged them to fight for slavery, what of our vested interests in "defence"—billions poured out all over the West? About a hundred dollars for war, it is said, as against every dollar spent to relieve Eastern poverty.

(Peace News is an international pacifist weekly edited in London. U.S. distribution office is 20 S. Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

## Easy Essays

(Continued from Page 1)

modern nations prepare for war.

In time of war modern nations do not find time to prepare for peace.

If modern nations listened to the Pope when he talks about peace they would not have to worry about being ready for the next war.

### We Catholics Believe

We Catholics Believe what Dualist Humanists believe, that there is good and bad in men

and that men ought to express the good to get rid of the bad.

We Catholics believe what Orthodox Jews and Quakers believe: the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men.

We Catholics believe what Fundamentalists believe: Virgin Birth and Redemption through Christ.

We Catholics believe what the other believers believe plus beliefs that the other believers don't believe: Papal Supremacy and the Universal Church.

### The Catholic Workerisms

The Catholic Worker stands for co-operativism against capitalism.

The Catholic Worker stands for personalism against Socialism.

The Catholic Worker stands for leadership against dictatorship.

The Catholic Worker stands for agrarianism against industrialism.

The Catholic Worker stands for decentralism against totalitarianism.

## Passive Resistance Among the Tuscaroras

(Continued from Page 1)

and Barton E. Jones. Dr. Morgan a former president of TVA, worked with Barton Jones on the building of the Norris Dam and numerous other flood control projects. They contend that diversion of waters by smaller dams on the Allegheny's tributaries and reforestation would not only obtain complete flood protection but save a great portion of the hundred million dollars the Army wishes to spend, and leave the Seneca lands unharmed.

Even though it would violate treaties made in 1791 and 1794, Congress and the United States Court of Appeals have approved this ill-advised Army project.

Further north, in Niagara County, the State Power Authority and Robert Moses have been attempting to condemn 1/4 of the Tuscarora reservation so that the 1,383 acres may be turned into a reservoir. The State Power Authority has an alternate choice of building the reservoir on private lands, but



county officials have brought pressure to push the project onto non-taxable Indian land. Blithely ignoring the Treaty of 1794 with the Iroquois in which the United States Government promised that these Indians would forever be secure in their property "until they choose to sell the same," the State of New York has fought doggedly every attempt by the Tuscaroras to preserve their lands.

When surveyors from the State Power Authority appeared on their reservation this spring, enforced by over a hundred well-armed state and county police, the Tuscaroras stood firm. They resorted to passive resistance to block the efforts to take over their homelands. Standing in front of transits and lying down in front of trucks, men, women, and children completely halted the attempted construction work. One small boy carried a sign asking, "Must you take everything the Indians own?"

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## In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

beaten by three officers but did not resist, but Richard Pierce ran to help him and an officer pulled a gun threatening to shoot. This fire hosing went on from ten until 1:30 when the fifteen firemen and twenty air force police withdrew. Of course the signs were destroyed but some were improvised from pieces of old cartons, as they continued picketing until late in the afternoon.

Those interested in a follow up of the activities of these courageous young folks can write to the Northern California Committee for Abolition of Nuclear Tests, Box 151, Station A, Palo Alto, California.

Hundreds of pacifists have demonstrated and many have been imprisoned at missile bases in England.

Last night I had the honor of accompanying Gurley Flynn to see the play about Joe Hill, *The Man Who Never Died*, by Barrie Stavis, still at the Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74, Phone LExington 5-6310. I had seen it before and Dorothy had seen it and liked it. Joe had written his song *Rebel Girl* dedicated to Gurley and she had visited him in prison in 1915, and knew Ed Rowan, Bill Haywood and the I.W.W. leaders. Gurley is one of the very few rebels of the old days who has integrity, and that saving grace so scarce among radicals, a sense of humor.

Today I sold a CW to the Irish secretary of a large national union as the wind blew lustily across the street from St. Patrick's. He had admired our going to prison against the air raid drill. Near St. Francis I met a seaman whom I had seen at odd times for several years. He has my book and Dorothy's and the CW in the library on ship, and he took some extra CW's to give to his mates. He was drawn to us because of our radicalism. We have received letters from our subscribers chiding us for boasting about our exploits and requesting that we be humble. There are too many falsely humble people already, and too many mice. What is needed now as in the time of John the Baptist is men. For those who feel like it and have the courage to cry in the wilderness and shout in the deserts and not to hide our lights under a bushel is a vocation not to be watered down. God knows whether we are vain or humble.

### Reginald Reynolds

Word comes from England of the death of our comrade Reginald Reynolds who worked with Gandhi, sympathized with the Loyalists in Spain, and who visited us here at the CW a few years ago. He was one of the most articulate pacifists I have met, not doctrinaire enough to hurt, but to be depended upon in any crisis. Our sympathy goes to his wife, Ethel Mannin, the anarchist writer.

### My Friends

About 300 Mohawk Indians told the attorney for the N.Y. State Tax Department, Nicholas Di Marco, that they would not pay income taxes and tore up their summonses before him. They were from St. Regis Reservation where the government has tried to move them off their land for the St. Lawrence Waterway Project. They were backed in this anti tax effort by representatives of the Six Nation Confederacy gathered at the uptown hall. They rejected a state compromise to drop penalties and reduce by half the 12% annual interest fee on unpaid back taxes.

"The state does not have authority to govern the Indian people. The only law the Indians recognize is the treaties made with the Federal Government" they told the tax man. Mr. Di Marco said that the Indians would be held in contempt of court.

The white man has broken nearly every treaty made with the Indians. They have legalized the sale of liquor among Indians and are confiscating their lands wherever possible. Indians were drafted in World War II although they were not allowed to vote in New Mexico and Arizona where there are most of the Indians. Why should any Indian go to war to fight for the white man? Now they have the vote in the southwest.

## You Can Prepare A Banquet For the Poor!

It is rare that the poorest people of the world — huddled in bleak camps and jam-packed slums — can eat their fill. To a Chinese refugee in Hong Kong, a full rice bowl and a piece of fish is a banquet.

The recipe for such a banquet is simple—Lenten sacrifice. One of the Church Fathers made it clear that whatever we save by Lenten austerity belongs to the needy. The way he put it was: LET THE SACRIFICE OF THE FAITHFUL BE THE BANQUET OF THE POOR.

Send your Lenten sacrifice to the CATHOLIC BISHOPS' RELIEF FUND—1959 APPEAL. It will join a great stream of other gifts in providing meals for those whose anguish is unrelenting and silent, for those who know hunger as a constant and dreadful companion.

### Your gift will:

help continue a massive school-feeding program for the poorest children of Spain;

help feed Korean villagers who are being resettled in new areas as a result of war displacement;

help stem the terrible scourge of TB that afflicts the under-nourished and homeless refugees of Hong Kong and Calcutta;

help alleviate the suffering of the "hunger season" that precedes the harvest in some regions of Africa;

help restore energy for working to slum dwellers of some of South America's cities;

help supplement the inadequate diet of families in the depressed areas of Southern Europe—Italy, Portugal and Greece;

help keep alive feeding, medical care and rehabilitation in fifty-one areas of the globe.

THE RECIPE FOR THE BANQUET IS THE SIMPLEST—MAKE YOUR GIFT TO THE 1959 APPEAL of the CATHOLIC BISHOPS' RELIEF FUND through your local parish or direct to Campaign Headquarters, Suite 6515, Empire State Building, New York 1.



## All College But No Knowledge

(Continued from page 6)

worked with are mere lackeys by collegiate white collar standards: bricklayers, Pullman porters, hog raisers, track laborers. A farmer with whom I correspond in Ireland, with only elementary National School, is an expert on the encyclicals, co-operatives, reads theology and philosophy regularly. He tills eight stony acres in Western Ireland. Gustave Thibon, probably the most eminent French philosopher is a French self-educated peasant. Perhaps the wisest man I knew was a track worker on the Railroad. An Indian woman, mother of five small children with only sixth grade scratching Education at best, never missed my night classes when I taught school on an Indian Reserve. She reads more in one month than many of my college friends do in a year.

I maintain that the University is for those who deserve it, yes. And I feel that more financial aid should be coming to them but not at the taxpayers expense. The University is a precious Institute for those who can take its rigid standards. If any Tom, Dick or Harry with a High School diploma can enter the arches tolerably well and fumble about on the gridiron or the Econ lecture hall, then we have glorified Hoboes for our degree candidates instead of the doctors, lawyers, social workers, teachers, engineers for which the University has its being. And I say that if we are going to continue to cater to making egotistical clerical workers and vaunted hucksters, that's all right, but let's drop the chant and ritual and call it St. Joe's School of Allied Crafts, Trades and Incidental Professions. Let's quit inflating a four year course that could be reasonably telescoped into two years. Except for a spare half dozen subjects, I and many, many along with me came pretty close to doing nothing and still managed to get up in the morning. Singing around the fraternity houses in checked argyle socks is a pleasant pastime but it is a stupid training for manhood.

Hoopla curricula is now our national endowment which a sizeable group of false educationists have helped us to swallow, cap, gown and sweaty gymnasium—all in the name of exposure. This quackery has entrenched us all the more in what is probably the lowest standard of morality and culture the world has ever been inflicted with; a standard which engineers its abortions across a world, watches the contraceptive stock market, manufactures sexual abnormalities according to schedule. A tragic mysticism has engulfed our thinking somehow. It is hardly likely that the Pat Booneers and pennant wavers will resist the armament pressure and fear (and contradictory) groups.

Our thinking apparatuses need an overhaul on the Success Theory of a generous kind. How much training in college, let's face it, leads to taking Jesus seriously? And if we do not take Him seriously, does taking anybody else seriously matter very much?

How much do our Seminars, Convocations, Researches encourage us, in the words of St. Francis de Sales' *Devout Life* (and written for poet and painter alike) to "... be only too happy to serve Him in His kitchen and in His pantry, to be His lackeys, porters, chambermaids?" In our wearisome prattling about democracy at round tables, have we committed his advice to heart? "If you love the poor, be often among them: be pleased to see them in your house and to visit them in theirs; associate willingly with them; be glad that they are near you in the churches, in the streets and elsewhere. Be poor in speech with them, speaking to them as their equal; be rich in deed giving them of your goods."

If our courses in college could be derived from the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, then all would be well. Unfortunately, Jesus is constrained to yield to the richest and professedly most enlightened country in the whole world.

"If you love the poor, be often among them: be pleased to see them in your homes ..."

In the long hours I logged in the campus bookstores and Unions swilling obediently the Cokes demanded by the ads, I found little talk of that kind and at an age when such talk should be received with joy. The ideal now seems to beat it out to Sunshine Knolls or Windy Hill or some other innocuous suburb in search of freedom, again, for the "kids." So the sheepskin-bearers avow. It couldn't be to disassociate themselves from anything but the poor?

I truly believe that when work with our hands is held up in the highest esteem because it is the imitation of Jesus, then, and only then will young men and women pursue happily, a life of cooking, aircraft mechanics, landscaping, toilet installing and butchering without feeling inferior to their lauded brethren of the framed fleece. After all, Jesus was a Carpenter and not a coupon clipper or a used car sharpie. Every event in His life had great significance and meaning for us. Why did He choose to be a Carpenter? Certainly, He meant to enable this and allied hand work and if we have His Divine approval of humble work, then what else do we need?

When my three lads start whacking nails into the kitchen cupboards or the window sills, I am not concluding that they are budding candidates for Merry old Tech and the slide rule set. Nor will I talk of seminary if they play priest with cassock and rosary draped plously. Instead I'll remind them of the tailor shortage and the hundreds of in-service vocations from radio repair to psychiatric nursing. If he cares to study Thomas Aquinas, Shakespeare or Goldsmith, that will be fine with me. With a full time job all day and study at night, the Great Books perhaps, a short course possibly, there would be little yawning and sophomore *savoir faire*.

I hope he won't be lost without his magna cum laude when he applies for his bus driver's job. By that time will a bus driver be called a traffic conveyance expeditor in order to elevate (after deliberation by college trained company psychologists) his inferior morale? Who knows? One airline is allegedly calling its doormen by the airy name of Aperture Control. You see, the contagion is everywhere.

### MEDITATIONS IN LENT

SEBASTIAN BULLOUGH, O.P.

These meditations on the Liturgy of Lent were originally published in *The Tablet* last year and now appear in book form. We feel sure that they will prove every bit as popular as the author's *Meditations in Advent*, of which tens of thousands of copies have been sold. 25c.

Payment may be made by I.M.O. or check.

BLACKFRIARS PUBLICATIONS

34 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

## Peter Maurin Farm

by Elizabeth Rogers

A "Recovery" meeting was held at Peter Maurin Farm on Sunday, January 25. An article in the January issue of the *Catholic Worker* by Bill Oleksak, who has been active in starting Recovery groups in various cities, described the organization. It is a group-therapy program for people suffering from nervous trouble or who have had breakdowns. As Bill pointed out, Recovery does not supplant the physician but trains its members to control their symptoms so that, despite their difficulties, they can live and work more effectively. Another meeting is scheduled for February 22 at two o'clock; about two dozen people attended the first meeting, as a result of several stories in the *Staten Island Advance*, the local daily paper. An attempt is being made to find a central location for the meetings. From the turnout at the first one, we are hopeful that an active group will develop on Staten Island to help people with their mental health problems.

### Visitors

On January 4, also a Sunday, two couples, Bill and Gina Robinson and Wilfred and Rose Marie Declercq, from Paterson, N.J., came for a day of recollection. They are training there with AID, the new training center for the lay missions of which many of our readers have probably heard. They were joined here by Margaret Gibbons, a Catholic Worker friend from New York, and the group listened to records of conferences on the spiritual life by Father John Hugo.

Carmen Mathews, TV and stage actress, and a young friend from California, Drusilla Eaton, visited one Sunday. We have had several visits from Jim Day, a New Jersey neighbor, who is studying anthropology under Margaret Meade at Columbia University. Learning of this, we asked him as many questions about his studies as he asked us about the Worker. On his second visit, Jim went to the beach cottages with Norman Foret, and they did some repair work and hedge-clipping.

### Butchering and Planting

John Filliger has butchered the second pig, and promises pork chops soon. In a few weeks we will have smoked hams, bacon, spare ribs, etc., since we now have a smokehouse.

The seed catalogues have begun arriving, and John is beginning to think about spring planting. We are still feasting on the beans, tomatoes, beets, pickles, and relish that John Cotter and Mike Fitzgerald canned last summer, plus fresh squash and carrots which are still stored in the barn and root cellar.

## Shadow of the Almighty

(Continued from page 5)

to friends were another rich outcome of his prayer and meditations on his faith. In a letter about his experience in baptizing some of the Indians, he has this sentence, "God is my witness that I have fulfilled His word as I knew how." One feels that this is a true summary of his life, along with another sentence of his: "He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep to gain what he cannot lose."

The quality one feels most lacking in these writings is humor. But he was, after all, a very young man—he died at 29—writing about spiritual matters, and what counts is the record of a spirit much in love with Christ and with his fellow men. This book is a fine example of a type of literature that Jim Elliot himself recommended—that of "Christian biography," and of what this reviewer will have the temerity to classify in Catholic terminology as "Lives of the Saints."

## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

debate on it in Durban Parliament, which meets in one of the large Committee Rooms in the City Hall, but is not of course an official body nor in any official way connected with the Council of this city.

The Archbishop spoke in his capacity as "The Rt. Hon. Member for Howick," being a life member and patron of this Society, and adequate publicity having been accorded the occasion well in advance, the "House" was packed with Members and visitors. The press of this country strongly took up the Archbishop's arguments, but I have been asked to make clear that the credit for providing Archbishop Hurley with a forum for his observations belongs not to the Durban City Council, but to Durban Parliament, of which body he is a most distinguished member.

Durban Parliament, now in its 62nd year debates topics of the day in public, with the press in attendance, and we are happy to know that the debate led last July by Archbishop Hurley has been noted in your columns. Perhaps you would find room for a correction of the statement that the Archbishop's plea was made before the City Council?

Richard F. Robinow  
"Prime Minister" for 1958.

### APPEAL

Dear Ammon:

A missionary that I know in India (met him via letter he had in C. W. about ten years ago) has use for old used Christmas cards.

Would some of your readers send him theirs? The cards should be sent without anything being cut away. Both religious and non-religious cards can be used. Simply place a strong piece of cardboard about the cards (as it's a long trip to India) and use strong paper and strong cord. Postage is little considering the good one package will do for the poor of India.

One year Fr. wrote he was able to provide one of his chapels with a set of the Way of the Cross pictures and to buy books for needy children in the school from sale of cards. So isn't it worthwhile to go to the little trouble of gathering your own and your neighbor's old cards and packing and mailing them. Religious cards are used as Catechism class prizes also.

God bless all of you. Send cards to Rev. J. Ferretti, Catholic Church Malapota—Putimari P. O. Nadia Dt.—West Bengal India

Sincerely your in Christ,  
Julia Porcelli Moran

## NEW POETRY MAGAZINE

Dear Dorothy Day:

With the generous help of my friends at CCNY, I am putting out a new magazine of poetry, *THE HALF MOON*, scheduled to appear this summer. It will cost \$ .50 a copy, and include a few established poets and several new poets—the accent is on the new since the established poets may be read in established magazines.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could possibly announce the magazine in your paper. Perhaps that way I could get more new poets to submit their work (like those who publish in your paper) and also it might sell a few copies—and these new poets must be read, I feel.

All mail may be addressed to me. Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Kelly  
37-05 64th St.,  
Woodside 77, L.I.  
New York

## FROM BUFFALO

Dear Dorothy Day:

Enclosed is \$25 from a bond, which I am thankful to God for being able to send. Now, many persons who cannot set aside money for charitable purposes from their current income, salary or wages, might be given the inspiration to do as I am doing: cash in a bond that is lying in wait for some uncertain future ...

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
Miss Esther Latshaw

## FROM N. Y. C.

Dear Miss Day:

Enclose please find \$3; please use this money for shelter for some homeless man. I work in a freight yard and when I got to work that bitter cold day last week there was a young man about 35 years old frozen to death. It is not much but it might give some man shelter for one night.

Anne Burke

"In the eyes of a sound political philosophy there is no sovereignty, that is, no natural and inalienable right to transcendent or separate supreme power in political society. Neither the Prince nor the King nor the Emperor were really sovereign, though they bore the sword and the attributes of sovereignty. Nor is the State sovereign; nor are even the people sovereign. God alone is sovereign."  
—Maritain, *Man and the State*, p. 24.

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