

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Chicago Tax Refuser Gets Year & A Day

By ROBERT STEED

Eroseanna Robinson, a young social worker and former track star was sentenced on February 18th to a year and a day on the charge of criminal contempt for refusing to cooperate with the court and the Internal Revenue Service in filing her income tax return. She had been detained in the Cook County Jail and then the U.S. Public Hospital in Chicago since Jan. 26th.

Upon her arrest she entered upon a hunger strike and refused to cooperate with the court and the authorities by forcing them to carry her limp in and out of jail and the court room feeling as she did that she could not cooperate even this much with a criminal and immoral system.

The keynote of Miss Robinson's stand is her comment to Ernest Bromley, managing editor of *The Peacemaker*, "I will not compromise." She refused first of all to file an income tax return; she refused to use the services of a lawyer; she refused to eat; she refused to walk into the court. Not many people could carry off such a demonstration with dignity but Eroseeanna did. She told Ernest Bromley: "I see the military system and jail system as one thing. I don't want to give up my own will (meaning conscience in this context). I will not compromise by accepting a lawyer or by recognizing the judge as judge. I would rather that no one try to make an arrangement with the judge in my behalf. I ask nothing from the court or the jail. I do not want to pay for war. That is my concern. Love to everyone."

In Chicago Karl Meyer of the Catholic Worker and Ken Calkins of the American Friends Service Committee immediately set up a 24 hour picket and vigil outside the building housing the judge's chambers, the Internal Revenue office and the marshal's office. Ammon Hennacy and I had the privilege of spending a couple of hours in that picket line. Here in New York the War Resisters' League and the Catholic Worker are sponsoring a picket line in front of the Internal Revenue office at Lexington Ave. and 46th Street which occurs on Thursday each week from 12 until 2. This picket line will continue through April 14 (the day before Income Tax deadline).

The Peacemakers at the Glen Gardner community in New Jersey are organizing a picket in front of the Internal Revenue Service in Washington, D.C. which will begin on March 14th, from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. and from 2 till 6 in the afternoon. They hope to continue it for the year Eroseeanna is in jail.

In Chicago, friends of Miss Robinson are demonstrating in front of the Federal Court Building (Old Post Office) on Dearborn Street between Jackson and Adams, from 5 till 6 p.m., Monday through Friday. They will continue until Eroseeanna is released.

Across the page Karl Meyer gives a more complete account of the Chicago episode. Those in the East interested in helping in this case please fill out the following form and mail it to Albert Uhrle, Box A, Glen Gardner, New Jersey.

I will support Eroseeanna Robinson by:

.... coming to Washington for the week beginning

Monday, March 14....	April 25....
March 21....	May 2....
March 28....	May 9....
April 4....	May 16....
April 11....	May 23....
April 18....	May 30....

or for the following days .....

....contributing \$.... for leaflets, publicity, transportation, etc.

for the picketing-vigil and Tax Strike

....I will need free housing while in Washington.

....I will find other housing.

....I am interested in picketing vigil but do not know now when

I will be able to participate.



EROSEANNA ROBINSON  
BROUGHT INTO COURTHOUSE

WAITING IN CORRIDOR  
(Note Hand Cuffs)

### Pray for Caryl Chessman

O God, who didst deliver from his chains the blessed apostle Peter and restore him to liberty, loose the bonds of Thy servant now in captivity, and through the merits of that same apostle grant him to escape unharmed. (from the Roman Missal)

### ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

I arrived in Chicago at two in the afternoon, and it was good to see Nina Polcyn waiting for me at the train as I got off. I am carrying too much luggage, what with a briefcase, big suitcase and over-the-shoulder bag which is always full. The shoulder bag has lunch in it, powdered coffee, toilet articles, a kimono, diary, short breviary, New Testament and a missal. I do not see how I can do without any of them, coffee included and Ammon would laugh at that. He is always talking about these people who can't start the revolution without an aspirin and a cup of coffee.

My briefcase is always full. It is an old black one, nice and soft with use, and as it was ripped open on the sides, Mary Trebein of Maryhouse, Little Canada, sewed it up for me with her strong hands. She said it reminded her of her farm mother sewing up her brothers' and sisters' ripped shoes. Mary reminds me of the women in *O Pioneers* or *My Antonia*, of Willa Cather. The briefcase has one strap of blue plastic and one broken off short leather strap. It is filled with correspondence, manuscript, clippings, pamphlets, a few books, and I am always thinning them out and sending them back home for our library. Valuable material and good for the archives.

It is always wise to carry a big enough suitcase to sit on while you wait in line for a bus. Also to have one big enough so the driver does not make you carry it inside the bus, lifting it up high steps, and then again into a high rack. I have learned all these little comforts through long experience. As to bus riding, I am sure I would have been more comfortable coming from Fargo on a bus than I was on the old car added to the half-empty train, the Empire Builder. Instead of having one of those seats with leg rests and foot rests, with plenty of room between chairs, I was put in a car with crowded old seats, broken-down, and over-heated. It was no better than the Pennsylvania trains between New York and Washington. But I got here quickly, and that is why I had taken the train, in order to see Ammon again before he went to Notre Dame and Purdue, and to have a visit with Fides Publishing House who are bringing out my *THERESE* in the fall.

Nina and I went to the St. Benet Book Shop on South Wabash long enough to see if there was mail, and to pick up some of Nina's "home work" before we went to her apartment at Thirty-third street and South Park, a great block of buildings, with sixty five per cent Negro families. It is called Lake Meadows and was built by the New York Life. There is another project going up called Prairie Shores which is 35 per cent

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## Open Letter To The California State Legislature

Gentlemen:

I like many others the world over have been horrified at the spectacle of the courts of your state refusing to commute Caryl Chessman's death sentence, and by the thought of his twelve years of mental torture. It is really astounding that he has not become insane under such circumstances.

It is now within your power to save his life. You have no right to kill him or any man but you do have the power. If you allow him to die by not repealing the law authorizing capital punishment then you will have been instrumental in plunging mankind back again into its barbaric past, and his death and the deaths of all those affected in the future by this law will be on your hands.

As a small effort to unhinge your consciences I am going to fast and picket the Criminal Court Building here in New York City from Ash Wednesday, March 2nd, until Easter Sunday, April 15th. To do without food for 46 days is a very insignificant suffering compared with Chessman's 12 years of torture and if his suffering has not moved you it does not seem likely that mine will, but in the light of the statement of the great French Catholic Leon Bloy: "the only supernatural thing in this world is suffering" this fast has a great deal of significance. St. Paul advised us to weep with those who weep and if all my fast amounts to is suffering with Mr. Chessman then it has some value.

Robert Steed  
Associate Editor of  
THE CATHOLIC WORKER

## Karl Meyer Writes From Chicago

Dear Bob,

Last month I wrote about our new center and said that we would give food and shelter there as long as we could get away with it. We did not get away with it very long. Perhaps we started out too soon and too fast without giving the neighbors or the police a chance to become accustomed to us. One night the police saw men coming into the store so they came in too. They came busting in with flashlights shining and got me out of bed. They were as rude and arbitrary as usual. I told them they had some responsibilities: to be courteous and to treat people in a decent way, especially when they came charging into a private house without any good cause. In the next three days the police visited our house eight times and asked the same questions each time. Finally I was told to go down to the station and talk with the Captain. He had received an anonymous complaint that men were loitering in the street near our house and drinking. At the station the police took a statement from me. They did not ask about the subject of the complaint. They were mainly interested in my life and background. After that they did not bother us anymore, but they did sign a complaint to the building inspectors. A few days later the building, fire, and health inspectors began to arrive in droves as is their practice. The landlord, being liable for violation, panicked and refused to rent to us any longer. So we returned to 164 W. Oak where the landlord is not so touchy

about inspectors and police. We did not resume the soup line here because the heat was on and our facilities here were always quite inadequate for what we were trying to do.

Rose Robinson

On Tuesday, January 26, Rose Robinson, a Chicago Peacemaker and tax refuser was arrested and taken to court for not complying with a summons to produce records of her income in the years in which she did not file tax returns or pay taxes. Carried into court, she did not stand or recognize the authority of the court, and she would not accept the appointment of an attorney. But she did speak to the judge to tell him why she would not cooperate with the collection of federal taxes. She said "It is true that I have not filed income tax returns, because I knew that a large part of the tax would go for militarization." Then she spoke briefly about the dangers of nuclear tests and fallout, and she said, "We have a duty to contribute to life constructively, and not destructively." The judge held her in contempt for not answering the summons of Internal Revenue Service, and he ordered her to be imprisoned until she would change her mind and agree to cooperate with the investigation of her income. On Saturday, Jan. 30th, in cooperation with the War Resisters League, Peacemakers and other of her friends, we began a continuous vigil for her outside the Federal Court. We passed out a

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# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## The Negro Sit-Downs

The growing number of sit-down demonstrations in dime stores throughout the South are potentially the seed of complete triumph for the Negro or the beginning of race riots and a long period of mutual hatred and martial law.

For this reason the greatest need is a Negro leader of tremendous spiritual stature who is totally and absolutely committed to non-violence and love. It remains to be seen whether there is a Negro Gandhi in our midst and we should all pray that there is.

During his struggle in India Gandhi was not at all averse to calling off an attempt at civil-disobedience if there was the least sign of violence on his own side. He always expected his followers to face beatings, jail and even death without the thought of retaliation. He once said that if the hearts of the British had not melted it was because the persecuted Indians had not loved them enough. In the light of this statement the outbreaks of violence among the Negroes are a cause for alarm, not because they haven't had sufficient provocation but because without a religious centered commitment to non-violence civil-disobedience and passive resistance will certainly fail and the hopes for mutual respect and integration for which all men of decency long will not be realized.

Most of the Negro students thank God have acted in a courageous and non-violent manner but the greatest need at the moment is an intensive campaign of education in the theory of non-violence. Of course the only person who has written on the subject extensively is Mahatma Gandhi. Louis Fischer's biography is available in an inexpensive paperback edition and while it is drastically edited it is better than nothing. Gandhi's own auto-biography has been published in this country and many other books by Gandhi have been published in English in India and I think can be obtained from the Quaker school, Pendle Hill, at Wallingford, Pa. The Negro communities in the South should be flooded with these books.

It is obvious that the sit-downs, if they are carried out in the right spirit, can accomplish infinitely more than any civil-rights bill, even the best. And this is because they strike not only at unjust laws but at the consciences of the whites. If all laws upholding segregation were outlawed tomorrow it would not end discrimination but if the Negroes succeed in their attempts at satyagraha (truth-love force) the problem of the law would not exist.

## Pacifism And The Council

At the Spode House conference last fall near London Archbishop Roberts, S.J. made public a letter he had written to Cardinal Tardini in response to a request the Cardinal had sent out to all the bishops of the world inquiring as to the subjects they thought it necessary for the Second Vatican Council, to be convened around 1963, to discuss. In the letter which we published a month or so ago he asked that the subject of the morality of war under modern conditions be discussed and also the possibility of a Gandhian alternative. At that time he also suggested that Catholics individually write to Cardinal Tardini, as president of the preparatory commission for the Council, indicating their concern regarding war and their desire that it should be discussed at the Council. Below is the draft of a petition which he suggested be sent:

To Cardinal Tardini  
President of the Second Vatican Council Preparatory Commission  
Vatican City, Italy  
Your Eminence:

I wish to associate myself with the prelates, priests, laity and non-Catholics from many countries who have asked for a commission preparatory to the Second Vatican Council to enlighten consciences concerning modern total war.

Impartial examination by experts in all departments—military, scientific, medical, economic—bearing on the moral issues, will assist the deliberations on disarmament of the United Nations by informing public opinion, give new hope to the hungry, to refugees and dispossessed, of using resources now devoted to potential destruction, contribute to unity by building on foundations of morality and self-interest common to all peoples.

Name: .....

Address: .....

Diocese: (If Catholic) .....

There are of course many of us who would object to the wording of the above petition and they can reword it if they wish. Many would object to the reference to the United Nations, others would broaden it to include all the problems of killing and not just "modern war" but we earnestly request our readers, Catholic and non-Catholic alike to send some sort of communication. This coming Council will have far reaching effects and whether or not one believes in its infallibility (which we certainly do) any pronouncements it might make on war or even the opinions of a preparatory commission will be extremely important to the cause of peace. Postage to the Vatican via surface mail is 8c.

R. S.

## Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

Tom Cain came up from the woods on February 28 with news of the season's first skunk cabbage. A few new songbirds have arrived also to join the ones that stuck around all winter. In John's greenhouse the little tomato, cabbage, and lettuce plants have pushed up a sixteenth of an inch or so through the soil, and so we feel that the warm breath of spring is truly upon us. The whole farm, which has been quiet and somnolent all winter, seems about to come alive, and though we know that spring is a few weeks away yet, with even the possibility of another snow, everyone feels more alert and cheerful.

Like most of the rest of the country, our population has been struck by viruses of one sort or another, and six of us were sick at almost the same time. That's a third of our population, and we will match statistics with any locality that cares to do so.

We have been having the usual Staten Island winter gales, and the rustic sign which has marked our driveway for ten years and identified us as Peter Maurin Farm, finally disintegrated completely one night after being blown down innumerable times. Tom Cain, whose lettering is a work of art, has painted a new one, a cheerful green and white, which is not up as yet, but soon will be.

Andy Spillane, back once again from sea, is painting the first and second floor rooms with Armstead Carmack, a seaman from Philadelphia who spent two weeks with us. Mack has known the Worker for a number of years, and in 1950 spent a short time at Maryfarm, Newburg, so he is no stranger to us.

### Visitors

We had an all-too-short visit in February from Tony Walsh, who runs the Benedict Joseph Labre House in Montreal, and who was visiting the AID group in Paterson, N.J. He came over on Sunday afternoon for a few hours with Bernie and Maureen Lammers, Gerald and Eleanor Shattuck, and Jim Lamb, all of whom are with that organization. AID is the Association for International Development, one of the movements in the lay apostolate, which sends lay Catholics, both single people and married couples, to the missions in professional capacities. Jim Lamb was with our good friend Father Hessler, in Bacalar, Yucatan, and brought news of our various friends there.

Barney McCaffray and Marilyn Chapleau came on a subsequent Sunday, Barney with his accordion, and we had an afternoon of music and singing as well as a pleasant visit. Marilyn is from South Bend, and knows Terry and Ruth McKiernan. Overnight visitors were Lucie Holske and her daughter Helen, from Providence, R.I.

### Scholarship Congratulations

Johannah Hughes, Joe and Marge Hughes' elder daughter, who is in her last year in high school, is one of the winners of a New York State Regents' scholarship; these are given as a result of statewide competitive examinations. Stanley came up from the beach bungalow with news of it, and also the news that John Stanton, who will finish at St. Francis Xavier this year, is another Regents scholarship winner. Johnny has attended the Friday night meetings at Chrystie Street and Spring Street, and spent part of last summer at the farm.

### FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

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

## Going South In The Winter

By AMMON HENNACY

"Wish I had known you before," said the five year old son of the McGrath's with whom I was staying in Madison, Wisconsin. CW readers may remember that this is the home where the father was a conscientious objector, at present an editor of the PROGRESSIVE magazine; and this is one of the few homes where guns are not allowed, for "guns are to kill," and there is no television. The children had a pleasant time as I gave them my Christmas cards, after copying down the names of those who sent them to me in prison. One of the girls collected stamps also and was happy to get some new foreign ones. Sunday afternoon I went with my hosts to the Blessed Martin House, first started in 1946, and built by volunteer labor. No one working here receives any pay and educational and recreational work is done in this poor section of Madison. My interest was especially for their house fifty miles up-state at Endeavor where migrants who work in the summer at stoop labor in the fields are given the Sacraments and provided with cheer in this otherwise desolate area.

As usual Father Kutchera at St. Paul's Chapel at the University had advertised my coming and I had an interesting meeting with the students although it was mid semester. I also met with a few Methodist and Baptist students. We had lunch with Helen C. White of the English Department. I bought her novel based on St. Francis for the Sandstone library, and also two books by Jim Powers, and a couple of books about Indians. This, with the \$10 which I sent for membership in the American Association for Indian Affairs, completes the spending of the \$30 the government gave me upon my release, all "for a good cause."

I am sorry that my reported talk to the students of St. Agnes High School in St. Paul did not occur, for at the last minute the Msgr. in charge became frightened and cancelled the meeting. I spoke privately to the good nuns and the students will likely wonder what this message was which they were not allowed to hear; and I think they will all the more avidly read the CW. The next day the students whom I met at the Baptist Bethel College greeted me with many questions and a score subscribed for the CW. Dorothy spoke at St. Mary's College in Winona and planned that I should answer the numerous theological questions after lunch as she had to return to the Twin Cities for a television program. The students later told me that a specially Jansenist patriot who heckled me did not represent the spirit of the school.

### Wheeler, Wisconsin

We drove that afternoon to the small town of Wheeler where a young minister who had picketed with me at the tax office in N. Y. City had a small Evangelical and Brethren church. Old fashioned sour cream pancakes were served at a supper and afterwards those interested heard



A. de Bothune

my message at the home of one of the parishioners. Some friends came from nearby towns. Leroy, the minister, said that the group appreciated my personal approach rather than the "being preached at" theory which is often given by propagandists. I was interested in an old farmer who after many years had just recently discovered that perhaps one cause of his calves dying in the winter was that the milk which they suckled from their mothers was too strong; concentrated feed instead of grass being consumed in the winter. So he poured a lot of water down the throats of the calves and thus diluted the milk in their stomachs and they lived. If I had any temptation to settle down and cease my traveling it was when Leroy's police dog was friendly to me, for a fireplace with a police dog and Navajo rug is my idea of comfort. As Francis and I drove along we could see many empty houses and here and there bills for a sale of farm goods, the bank clerk getting 10% and the auctioneer 15% of the proceeds. In the coming census statistics will likely show that business men in the cities are consolidating farms and the marginal farmer is moving to the city.

### Deadbread

I never listen to the radio on the outside and very seldom in prison, so as we drove along and it was tuned in for the weather I was astonished to hear: "Buy wonderbread; full of vitamins. If you don't think it is the best you ever tasted, and if you don't like it, return the wrapper and get two more loaves." Are people so stupid that they will want two more loaves of what they don't like, or are the advertisers so stupid in advertising their deadbread?

### Lacrosse and Milwaukee

In LaCrosse I was greeted for the third time by my Methodist preacher friend, Winslow Wilson, who was one of the very first to refuse to register and go to prison in Sandstone in 1940. He worked in the hospital, as later did my friends Jim Powers and Bill Ryan. His children were glad to get the remainder of my Christmas cards as I sorted them out. Catholic friends came over to the meeting and as usual we visited until very late.

It being mid-semester I did not have a meeting at Marquette, but I met with students across the street at Cardijn Center, permission being given by the new Bishop recently arrived from Peoria. I was pleased and surprised to speak to seminarians at St. Francis and to answer questions for hours after the meeting. That night I met with Com-

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# Leaking Roofs and Men Without Roofs

By DEANE MOWRER

The pattering of rain upon the roof is a sound that has been described often—sometimes quite lyrically—by writers of many kinds and times. I do not, however, happen to recall many descriptions of the sound of raindrops falling through the rooftop and through the ceiling of the room below into a miscellany of vessels set out to receive them. It is a sound—or rather a pattern of sounds—with which I am becoming increasingly familiar here in the sixth floor tenement apartment where I presently reside. This small apartment, which is like so many others on Manhattan's lower east side, seems well designed as a studio for research in the polyphony of raindrops. Studio or no, it is not an unpleasant place; rather the white and yellow walls, which Bronnie Warsaskas and Judith Gregory painted last summer, give it a sunshine kind of brightness. Two Elchenberg prints—one of St. Michael the Archangel, the other a copy of the cover used on the December Catholic Worker; a copy of the Joe O'Connell Sacred Heart of Our Lord, a beautifully lettered motto from Julian of Norwich; a crucifix from Nazareth; a small Russian ikon of the Blessed Virgin and Child; a few books on the mantelpiece of the bricked-up fireplace; a tropically striped Mexican woven bag hanging below; a compact, colorfully cased record player which sits like the prized possession it is—was given me together with the New Testament on records by one who knew how falling eyesight limited my reading—atop the only table which happens to be a zinc-topped bathtub standing on high oldfashioned legs alongside the kitchen sink; a few shabby but adequate odds and ends of furniture—nothing worthy the attention of a suburbanite interior decorator but nonetheless suited to purpose and setting, blending together with a kind of threadbare charm. Even the pointed tin ceiling, for all the ravages of recent rainfall, is far superior to the gaping-holed, crumbly sieve, with broken light fixture hanging down, through which the rain streamed before Bronnie set to work with new tin and paint brush. There are new rust spots marring it now, and some sinister looking bulges suggest that fallout of plaster and tin may be imminent. It is fortunate, perhaps, that both ceiling and floor slant sharply downward, since this means that the upgrade area of the room remains relatively free from drenching. The roof, of course, was repaired last summer, but it is old and did not hold for long; it has since been repaired several times, but shortly after each patching, the persistent raindrops find their way again through familiar channels down to the room below. Perhaps the fact that water flows so freely from the roof may account for its absence from the faucets at the sink and tub; certain it is that one can sometimes wait for hours and get no more than a dry gurgle from the waterpipes. Water music and all, these are minor frustrations well compensated for by hours of quiet and peace and the sureness of God's love. But what must be the exacerbation of those thousands of the poor who live crowded in tiny tenement apartments under conditions so appalling that one wonders how human beings can endure them?

The bottom of our poverty level, however, is perhaps even lower than that found in the worst tenements. This rock-bottom level was touched on by Commissioner Dumpson in a recent talk on a City station radio. It was a bitterly cold winter night, and the welfare commissioner spoke of the great numbers of homeless men who drift aimlessly about the Bowery area of the city. It was a talk documented with statistics, and in terms of the statistics reassuring.

There was comfort, the Commissioner seemed to imply, in the work done by the city's shelter for men. Admittedly the shelter was inadequate for caring for more than a small percentage of the men known to be homeless; admittedly it was understaffed, and scenes of violence did sometimes occur in the over-crowded dormitories. The Commissioner, moreover, referred to surveys which showed that many of the Bowery men worked in the resort areas during the summer (he did not mention the exploitation which has come to be the accepted condition of such work) and use their savings to pay for lodging in Bowery hotels during the inclement weather. He mentioned the problem of alcoholism which is so prevalent among these men, the complex problem of their rehabilitation which is as yet so little understood, and the practical problem which the city will have to face with the impending demolition of the men's shelter to make room for another project.

At the Catholic Worker, though we have few statistics, we do see quite a lot of the men from the Bowery. They come to us for food, clothing, sometimes for money for a night's lodging, sometimes for help in looking for a job or getting to a hospital. Sometimes they deceive us and use the money so procured for drink; sometimes they are so drunkenly obstreperous that we must turn them away. But we know their faces, the misery of their daily condition. We have seen them lying like corpses—sometimes dead, sometimes dying, sometimes merely drunk—on the dirty Bowery sidewalks among the hurrying incurious passersby. We have seen them on cold nights huddled in doorways. We know, too, that they misbehave outrageously at times, and that their very appearance offends our respectable neighbors. Some of us may wonder—Ammon Hennacy would tell us that no good can be expected from governments—why governments which have such fabulous sums to squander on the monstrous devices of destruction can find so little to spend for research into the complex sociological and psychological causes of such human misery and poverty.

Meanwhile it is obvious that not even the basic needs of the homeless men from the Bowery are being met. The work done by the few missions and by the Catholic Worker can amount to little more than a drop in the ocean of their need. For it is not under a leaking roof that these men dwell but often under no roof at all. It is good to live in solid substantial dwellings where the wind and rain cannot enter. But I sometimes wonder—even in my most exacerbated moments—what right have I to cry for comfort, comfort, while so many huddle outside all shelter, their faces ravaged by destitution, their minds warped by desperation, their souls starving on the bitter viands of despair, their eyes the murky windows through which the Crucified Christ looks out upon our habitual indifference to the "least of these." Inasmuch as you did it not.

## Appeal for Orphans

In the Island of Gozo (Malta) we have an Orphanage for boys, many of them victims of World War II. We are trying to build a trade school that will help these boys for their future. I appeal to your kindness to help them.

Your kindness is always remembered in our prayers, and may God bless you.

Yours in Christ,  
Rev. John Galea,  
Asst. Director,  
St. Joseph's Orphanage,  
Ghainsielem, GOZO  
(MALTA), EUROPE



WOMAN:  
THOU  
ART  
DELIVERED  
FROM THY  
INFIRMITY

## More Tales From A Viennese Wood

By Arthur Sheehan

Vance Packard has firmly documented the question of status in this country. Here are some additional notes to give color to his findings.

Status has interested me ever since the time a friendly boss tried to make me a success according to his well-thought out formula. He gave me the right attitude towards a bank and once sent me with \$7,500 of his money to one to pay a loan. The thought of all that money in my pocket and visions of gunmen in my imagination ready to take it from me gave a teenager a delicious thrilling sense of status.

My boss from time to time would tell me how to be recognized and cordially received at the bank. I must take out a hundred dollar loan and pay it back within a month. Then I was to take another loan and pay it back the same way, never using the money but merely keeping it for a time unused. The idea was to get the bank people to recognize me as a good risk. The interest charge was to be considered as the price of status.

Over the years I have watched a few persons using this technique with variations. I learned also the psychology of these operators in small towns where the banker doesn't find it so easy to lend his money. Oftentimes an operator gets into a bank for a lot of credit by piling one bit of collateral onto another. Thus a gas station may become two gas stations. A little oil import business is added, maybe a tanker is bought to deliver oil. A \$5,000 Dun and Bradstreet rating becomes a quarter of a million dollar rating in ways wonderful to behold. Soon the small town bank has to stay with the operator or go down the drain.

People are impressed by success. The aura and the sweet smell. Just as a lack of success lowers you in the eyes of phonies. A story is told of a young lady, fresh out of Vassar coming to work for the WPA Writers' Project in New Jersey in depression days. One day she unwisely remarked about her fellow employees "These newspapermen are just the flotsam and jetsam of the newspaper world." The next day when she came to work a cartoonist had drawn a picture for the employees' notice board. It showed the young lady coming to work. She addresses a fellow worker, "Good morning, Mr. Flotsam." The fellow worker looks up icily and says, "Young lady, Jetsam's the name."

Westchester County, heartland of status, gives us the next story. Our bureau up there reports a brave man putting in a garden. He

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## Teaching In the Bush

By JIM MILORD

Our plane circled over Lac La Martre, and we gasped as, through the late Summer rain and fog, the loveliness of the place suddenly burst from nowhere. Right to the bottom through its green transparent veil every rock could be seen studding the white sands from shore to shore.

It was a fantasy come to life. So tranquil and austere and vast! Eight hundred square miles of glass surrounded by toy-like trees and just about as far away from monoxide and TV aerials, drive-ins and apartment buildings as we could go and still be within the "tree-line."

Abruptly the fog lifted and as we skidded over the green mirror, a cluster of log shacks and tents peeked from a tiny clearing on a fingered peninsula, spearing out into the lake. And there on the beach was the entire population—eighty Dog Rib Indians, oblivious to the rain, silent and staring. We had finally arrived at Lac La Martre, a pin-point to be found only on detailed Forestry maps, a virtual blank in geography.

Seven days of travel were behind us and Yellowknife, which had seemed like the edge of the world, was now lost a hundred-odd miles away too. Our only contact with the "Outside" now would be via a sputtery little battery radio. Fort Rae, the closest settlement, was eighty dog sled miles away and more than that by canoe during the Summer.

Well, we had bargained for this and there was no turning back now. It was a long hundred yards from our little bush plane up the banks to meet for the first time those curiously scrutinizing eyes. There were the shy greetings, the one-pump handgrip, bowings and other Oriental welcomes. A fire was burning in our cabin and we entered like old Homecoming Week was starting.

Hugging the shore was our cabin and, a few yards behind, the log cabin school to which I had been assigned as the first year-round teacher for the community, medical dispenser and general holder of the village weeping towel.

What misgivings I might have had just then were quickly drowned by the disorder confronting us: mountains of paper work,

school supplies, household goods, lumber, paint, a year's supply of food for my wife and me and our five children. The flour and beans and oatmeal and bacon and pickles—even lobster in the tin—kept piling up until it looked like the Marines had landed. The biggest item on the medical supply list was head lice oil and as I unloaded case after case of it, it seemed that about all I had to do for the year was to scrub heads.

Our coming had greatly excited the Indians at La Martre. It was not every day that a white family kerplunked down from the clouds in an Otter to take up permanent residence. In fact it wasn't very often that a plane came into this out of the way spot.

Our five children, from nine years down to eight months caused quite a stir and for over a month our cabin was besieged by dubious requests for writing paper, medicines and "time settings"—all in the name of curiosity, of course.

### The Spirit of the People

The Dog Ribs cling to their old way of life pretty well here: fishing, hunting, trapping and the few odd seasonal jobs like firefighting and lately some road building. They are a serene people like the lake they seem to mirror. The placid spirit of the water seems to have crept into their bones, and I have never noticed any violence among them.

Their simplicity is what is most attractive about them, and is at the bottom of why we beat it out of Chicago many years ago for the cool timbers. Our desire to live with primitives, to be their friend without any sense of superiority has been gratified even though the big chasm of language still separates us from each other. But more of that later. A bandaid for a cut finger, a de-lousing, a letter written to straighten out some small bit of Agency business or to cheer a TB friend, a penicillin treatment, a word here and there, are a few extra-curricular services we are privileged to do without being labelled some hireling title.

### Teaching School

The school has proved to be quite a task. The main job is the teaching of the English language. Isolated as they are, Dog Ribs have had little incentive for learning

(Continued on page 8)

## Gandhi Said:

We have not been able yet to discover the true measure of the innumerable properties of an article of daily use like water. Some of its properties fill us with wonder. Let us not, therefore, make light of a force of the subtlest kind like ahimsa (non-violence), and let us try to discover its hidden power with patience and faith. Within a brief space of time we have carried to a fairly successful conclusion a great experiment in the use of this force. As you know I have not set much store by it. Indeed I have hesitated even to call it an experiment in ahimsa. But according to the legend, as Rama's name was enough to float stones, even so the movement carried on in the name of ahimsa brought about a great awakening in the country and carried us ahead. It is difficult to forecast the possibilities when men with unflinching faith carry this experiment further forward. Our usual experience is that in most cases non-violence is the real antidote of violence, and it is safe to infer from it that the highest violence can be met by the highest non-violence. (Harijan, July 28, 1940)

If we turn our eyes to the time of which history has any record down to our own time, we shall find that man has been steadily progressing towards ahimsa. Our remote ancestors were cannibals. Then came a time when they were fed up with cannibalism and they began to live on chase. Next came a stage when man was ashamed of leading the life of a wandering hunter. He therefore took to agriculture and depended principally on mother earth for his food. Thus from being a nomad he settled down to civilized stable life, founded villages and towns, and from member of a family he became member of a community and a nation. All these signs of progressive ahimsa and diminishing himsa. Had it been otherwise, the human species should have been extinct by now, even as many of the lower species have disappeared.

Prophets and avatars have also taught the lesson of ahimsa more or less. Not one of them has professed to teach himsa. And how should it be otherwise? Himsa does not need to be taught. Man as animal is violent, but as spirit is non-violent. The moment he awakes to the Spirit within he cannot remain violent. Either he progresses towards ahimsa or rushes to his doom. That is why the prophets and avatars have taught the lessons of truth, harmony, brotherhood, justice, etc.—all attributes of ahimsa.

If we believe that mankind has steadily progressed towards ahimsa, it follows that it has to progress towards it still further. Nothing in this world is static, everything is kinetic. If there is no progression, then there is inevitable retrogression.

(Harijan, August 11, 1940)



# Co-Operative Housing

By WILLIAM HORVATH

I see the co-operative method of mutual aid in the modern world as a continuation of an ancient wisdom that gathered men together to share with each other their companionship and a portion of their harvest. In its season the produce of their labor gave men joy and in music and customs of good regard, they celebrated. For the Lord's abundance was about them and each man's dignity as a worker made noble another. The centuries have moved on and from this simple landscape we have inherited great cities. How goes the welfare of the toiler now?

A single city now is as large as a nation then, and in it are the houses they dwell in. We can say fine things to compliment man. His worth is measured in many ways. But there is an economic arbiter that tests the sincerity that society makes pledges by. On this scale the wage earner is often slandered. For though we have a genius for productivity, there is a mad rationality that sends the most vital human component in the creation of wealth, to live in slums.

In a ten block square of our city where this condition of bad housing exists, dwell people of every trade and their occupations range through the entire field of labor and profession for managing a society. When the west was still open land not long ago, it was from such citizens that our nation drew the strength to expand into the wilderness. In the new nations of Asia and Africa there is a dire haste to train such populations with these skills and our ceaseless energy, to enable their land to flow with a new abundance. For of what use are land and machinery without men to labor on them? Our city uses this labor and hugely benefits. The question is why we have not found a way to reward our own people who are so necessary for our well being.

The co-operative system of economics has a way of helping the poor help the poor. Let us see how this is possible. First, I beg my friends not to allow themselves to be discouraged because we are going to use figures to illustrate an example. Every family in taking care of its household does this and often does it with an expertness that is wonderfully efficient. If we therefore think now of twenty families in one tenement house, it is but a multiplication. Their cost for owning their apartment is based on the same kind of figuring that a family makes when they own their own cottage. In the huge city kind of housing we can not do this alone, and must find a satisfactory way of joining with our neighbors. This kind of co-operation enables 40,000 families to live in new housing that they own together. New York has more co-operatively owned apartment houses than any other American city.

When they build new co-operative apartment houses a non-profit building company asks families to step forth and invest in a down payment. This is not so in old housing. The co-operation is the same, but our methods have to fit the special circumstances. There is more than one way to do it and from these suggestions many wise variations can be selected. We are trying to show how it would be to the advantage of many families to join together for buying their building. To pool the money they now pay in rent, and perhaps add a little more to it, to buy, repair and own the apartment house. We must always remember that every family has one vote and the officers they elect manage the property.

Twenty families live in a badly kept and run-down tenement. The rent is \$50.00 a month and the sale price is 3 times the yearly collection of rent. It thus costs \$36,000 to buy the property away from the owner. If this were a new co-op each family would be asked

put up \$500 cash, because this would add up to the \$10,000 that it takes to make the down payment. But we do not think that this will always be possible when the people are poor, or not entirely certain of the benefits of mutual ownership. Therefore, we can imagine there is a special fund that would lend this cash payment to help families to become owners.

In olden times we would bring our harvest and offer our labor for this common cause. This has not changed. But now it has to be a new coin of exchange. It is our pooled purchasing power, the combined rents we were paying. Thus, if we manage to borrow the down payment money, we are promised co-op ownership rights when we pay it back. This can be done on monthly installments. This buys our property. This gives our members mutual control. If a family decides to move, that portion of



money which they paid to buy the \$500 share, is returned by the new tenant. In a year this might be \$120.00. A family can now repair their own apartment for it can be theirs. If additional money is needed to make the building more suitable for living, they approach a bank and as a group they can more easily get a mortgage loan. It depends on how much they want, how much they are willing to pay back each month. While they are paying off the cost of the house it collects a "savings." The community council is separate from the business management and on this board, women like to bring about those benefits of living together that make a community more mellow and civilized. They can establish nurseries for their children, the men can make a shop in the basement. Why not, they are the landlord. When finally the new city is built, from this cultivation of co-op living, and the money it saved, the poorest family can have a right to live as tenant owner in the finest building our best architects can build. We can not do this alone.

"The bourgeois mind is optimistic; it believes in the natural harmony of contradictory interests. Socialists, in the wide sense of the word, seem to be pessimistic, because our social reality appears to them to be wicked — and in that respect they are much nearer to the Christian mind than are the bourgeois."

NICHOLAS BERYDAEV,  
Christianity and Class War  
(Sheed and Ward, 1933)

# Urgency Missing

In editorial comment on two recent peace conferences, that in Spode House, England, and that of the CAIP in Washington, Donald McDonald, editor of the *Catholic Messenger of Davenport, Iowa*, raised some interesting points. Excerpts from his column follows:

"Last week, two conferences . . . illustrated quite effectively two different Catholic climates with respect to the number one problem of our age—the problem of war."

"In (England) Archbishop Thomas Roberts, S.J., told a peace conference that, in response to a Vatican invitation extended to all Catholic bishops, he had proposed consideration, at the forthcoming ecumenical council, of the question of the morality of modern warfare."

"Both Archbishop Roberts and Father Henry St. John, O.P., English Dominican Provincial, said they are personally convinced that nuclear warfare cannot be considered morally licit, even in self-defense."

"In Washington, the Catholic Association for International Peace held its annual convention and a number of important papers were read—on behalf of world federalism, in favor of the natural rights of people to migrate from one nation to another, on the weaknesses and strengths of the United Nations and the World Court."

## Urgency Missing

"And yet, one misses in the CAIP convention the note of urgency that marked the Spode House conference . . . the implied conviction that time is running out on the human race, that, as the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists proclaims each month on its cover, it is 'two minutes to midnight'."

"(In a paper at the CAIP meeting) Dr. William O'Brien (said), it is imperative 'to develop realistic principles and rules for the regulation and limitation of modern warfare, including nuclear warfare'. He said it is urgent that more study be given to the 'law of war'. Against the argument that such study would subvert efforts to eliminate war altogether, Dr. O'Brien said:

"Once a war has begun it will not do to say the war should never have occurred . . . Human beings on both sides of the conflict will be suffering and any mitigation of that suffering is urgently wanted."

## Licitness of Nuclear War

"What disturbs me about Dr. O'Brien's statement is that it does not, I think, take into sufficient account the possibility that . . . perhaps nuclear war may not be licit even in self-defense precisely because it would be unmanageable once it was unleashed."

"The thesis that nuclear warfare is illicit is so fundamental, its implications—if it is valid—are so ultimate and so 'terminal' in terms of the survival of the human race, and the evidence of the destructive capacity of hydrogen weapons is so substantial that when an expert does not advert to this and instead, speaks of 'suffering' on both sides in a nuclear conflict and the need to 'mitigate' that suffering, the onlooker may well wonder whether the expert has grasped the dimensions of nuclear destructiveness and whether he is not assuming that which must be proved—i.e., that a nuclear war can be managed or 'regulated'."

"(The) fact that American Catholic attempts to get the thinking and the discussion of nuclear war on a sound moral basis . . . have failed to date simply illustrates my point—that there is considerable difference between the English Catholic and the American Catholic approach to nuclear war."

" . . . I am all in favor of our looking at nuclear war with a good deal more of the Englishman's skepticism so far as its moral justification is concerned."

# Bacalar, Mexico

By IRENE M. NAUGHTON

Bacalar is "unknown and yet known," an obscure, poor village that is the proving ground of a great adventure. For the benefit of you who have missed the many articles on Bacalar, I am going to give a picture of Bacalar as she was ten years ago and partly is yet, and of the missionary methods that are trying to make the Gospel a living reality here.

Bacalar is a small pueblo in the Quintana Roo territory of Mexico near the British Honduras frontier. All its eight hundred people are Spanish speaking. Many speak Maya also, and most are of Maya Indian stock. Beautiful Maya customs and dress are rapidly falling into disuse. A great number of the men work in camps in the jungle during the mahogany and chicle season, although there is a grow-



**Raise up in Thy Church  
O Lord, the Spirit  
wherewith our holy  
Father Benedict, Abbot,  
was animated: that  
filled with the same,  
we may strive to love  
what he loved, and  
practise what he taught.**

ing unemployment problem each year in these over-exploited industries. In between they grow corn, beans, and squash for their family's use. This is true of the seventeen hundred other people who live in the scattered ten villages of our parish.

They live in one or two room houses made of saplings joined together for walls, with thatched roofs and dirt floors. There are a growing number of limestone houses and wooden houses. All Bacalar is one giant barnyard with chickens, pigs, ducks, and turkeys roaming the park, streets, houses and everybody's yard, unless the numerous, starving, mangy dogs chase them out. (It is startling occasionally to see Fidelis leap up from the dinner table and fly out into the patio to shoo out a visiting horse that is approaching the laundry bleaching on the grass.) In the early morning hours, the roosters' chorus almost inspires one to put it in a symphony.

The women carry water and wood, make tortillas, wash clothes, and see that the older children care for the younger, even to the extent of keeping them home from school, which is not compulsory. The house is bleak, unadorned, and people eat by turns at little tables. The woman's status is low in her own eyes and everybody else's. Ten years ago, husbands and wives were never seen together anywhere, but now due to Father's continual support of the ideal of the Christian family, and the now familiar sight of lay mission families going to Church together, sitting in the same pew in church, and visiting other families together, the local scene is slowly and

subtly changing in this and many other things. Up until fifteen years ago, there had not been a priest here for one hundred years.

## Lay Missioners

Pretty poor material, you are probably thinking, in which to base one of the most significant experiments in the universal church, the lay mission apostolate. But missions belong among the poor, poor in every sense of the word. In 1951, Father Donald Hessler, Maryknoll missionary, was sent here. His long experience in guiding and cooperating with lay apostles culminated in the pilot project of Bacalar. For six years now, families, single men and single women have been trying to work out with Father some answers to the basic questions: Can lay people take some of the burden off the missionary priest's shoulders? How much of this help should be in the direct apostolate of doctrine teaching and catechetical work, and how much of it should go into projects to help the people economically, educationally, medically, so that they are disposed to listen to the word of God, and not embittered by too much human misery? How much of lay mission work should be done by people generously dedicating two or three years before marriage or dedicated virginity to the evangelization of the pagan nations? Would the work of these generous young people be stabilized and given continuity by the presence in the missions of lay apostles under long term contracts, —some even with the idea of permanent expatriation, in Your name, O Jesus, the great expatriate, who left your own country, heaven, for the first mission country, the world?

Meanwhile daily life and mission trips go on under the difficult physical conditions of mission life, wood fires, tropical heat, the mud produced by torrential rains, and —"You've got to remember," one of our workers says, "that the water's at the bottom of the well." Deep wells too. But we are glad to participate, as you in the human vocation of hard work and sweat. The punishment that was laid on Adam and the whole human race for original sin, "By the sweat of they brow thou shalt earn thy bread, thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to you," —the need to repent and do penance for original sin and the actual sin that produced the Deluge, and that has plunged the modern world into war and fear, —does not the need of our hearts to do penance for sin, to join in the Redemptive work of Christ, put a demand on us to feel the sting and sweat of hard, grinding work? Do we not think and pray the better for it?

## Our Program

We have in embryo here an agricultural program, carpentry shop, mechanic shop, credit union and corn cooperative, young men's and young women's programs, small "small girls' school," and smaller yet "small boys' school."

My work is in the direct apostolate, the Doctrine program, and the young women's program. We are building the doctrine program around the inspiring ideas of the worldwide catechetical revival, with a syllabus rooted around the Bible, the Church year, and integrated doctrine. We are also training young girl catechists, preparing the girls, with the whole mission family's help, to be good Christian wives and mothers in a rural culture. A seventeen year old girl from British Honduras, Fidelis Garcia, has promised a year without salary to teach a group of young girl catechists their junior high secular subjects, cooking and sewing. She is teaching them in a corner of our bedroom, waiting for the completion of our new house, already more than half-built by your generosity. Can you help us complete it? Fidelis' laughter and humor fill our house with joy.



## Friend Rat

You lived among ruins and are despised.  
I cannot love you or sympathize  
With your difficulties in acquiring food,  
For I, too, would have you removed  
From the sight of screeching women  
Who stand on chairs and sharply rend  
The air with their screams; their voices like  
Knives or a rusted iron spike,  
Drawing no blood from your heart,  
But sending you with a sudden start  
Along with that pygmy of your  
Civilization, the mouse, your inferior,  
Of course, towards the nearest exit.

I would wish you confined, for you are unfit  
For such delicate companionship  
As man provides; in the hole of a ship  
That's deliberately sunk, or perhaps  
Lentently sentenced to a life that saps  
Your cunning vitality in, say  
The depths of Calcutta or Bombay,  
Where you'd be the gnawing whip that  
Punishes evil-doers.

Friend Rat,  
When I saw you at the water's edge  
Among seashells below the hedge  
Of the marble aquarium, sunning  
Yourself and gracefully swimming  
Amongst the minnows and debris,  
I knew that you were more worthy  
Of my praise than my spite;  
And as I watched you alight  
From the water, shaking the drops from your fur  
Like a pet dog, and lifting the spur  
Of your tail proudly towards the sun,  
Setting behind white hills hung  
Like clouds in the west, I could  
Have sworn Apollo was your God,  
And you were piously praying there  
Astride a bare rock in the evening air.

Jack Lindeman

## BOOK REVIEWS

SELECTED POEMS OF THOMAS  
MERTON. A new Directions  
Paperback 1.35.

A Review by Ned O'Gorman

The poetry of Thomas Merton  
is a testimony to the lovely world  
of a life driven to the practice of  
God's praise and God's work. It  
is no easy world but it is a world  
of pure attention and insistent  
sweetness. I do not think that this  
world is very often the world of  
poetry.

I speak of the world I know, the  
world I think the poet must know,  
the world of divided attentions, of  
the present bitter rush of time, of  
the forced and solitary pursuit of  
the vision. It is true that there  
are St. John of the Cross and Hop-  
kins to gainsay me but I think of  
their shattering pursuit of the  
vision through the traps and spoils  
of existence. I find it difficult to  
criticize the poetry in this book  
because I think he has the better  
way, the gentler, more superb way.  
I find these poems simply torn  
from poetry and tending toward  
high prayers and hymns of the  
bright sun of the fields and the  
climax of the day in the hilarity  
and encounter of the choir. I find  
them no meagre history of love,  
no easy testament to grace, no  
hood-and-sandal melodrama. I find  
the sort of view of the universe  
one gets from high on a mountain  
looking through the glass of pure  
air at the ruck of the world below.  
There is all the passion and fantasy  
here but none of the crude core  
of experience since the monk  
dwells at the heart of the liturgy,  
in the narrows of the gospels where  
the world keeps its force and  
meddlings at a distance.

Here too is a certain jettisoning  
of language to the demands of con-  
templation. (I do not pretend to  
know exactly what contemplation  
demands but I tend to think it is  
everything.) It is not possible to  
turn language into poetry simply  
by adjusting it to the Mysterium,

by directing the lights of the dark  
night on the vision. St. John and  
Hopkins found in the vision the  
light, in the language the sign. But  
I still find it an exercise of wit not  
of critical judgment, this thought  
on this book. For as I read I could  
not find poetry of even minor value  
but I did find a man of purest lyric  
clarity; I found life and its pranks  
and masks put in their place and  
knew that the life of grace and  
charity are prized by wise men  
beyond all poetry.

But the poet is no camp follower  
of theology. He finds poesis a  
serious game of the heart and the  
mind. But it is a priestly game,  
this transmutation of the world  
into the small bread of the poem.  
It is best the man who plays it  
keep it in mind.

### BOOKS ON SCRIPTURE (Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers)

Two books aimed at helping the  
layman toward a more fruitful  
reading of the Bible are just out.  
200 Gospel Questions and An-  
swers, by Bernard J. Basset, S.J.  
(Sheed and Ward, \$3.50), was used  
by sodality groups in Gospel In-  
quiry sessions for nine years be-  
fore Father Basset compiled it for  
publication. It uses the YCW's  
"See, Judge, Act" sequence for  
considering various incidents in  
the Gospel, but these are intended  
merely as a framework for think-  
ing about the meaning of the  
passages. The method is intended  
to lead to deeper meditation and  
prayer about the Gospels, and not  
primarily as a way of finding out  
the, perhaps dubiously, "correct"  
interpretation of individual pas-  
sages.

Searching the Scriptures, by  
John J. Dougherty (Hanover  
House, \$3.95) is by a professor of  
Sacred Scripture at the seminary  
in Darlington, N. J. Msgr. Dough-  
erty's purpose is to put the results  
of some of the new biblical schol-  
arship at the disposal of the lay-  
man, and while the book seems  
very short to cover the entire Bi-  
ble, as it attempts to do, never-  
theless it is a good introduction  
for the layman to some of the  
problems raised by current criti-  
cism and scholarship and offers  
some of the solutions arrived at  
by scholars. The book can be help-  
ful not only to the individual  
reader but perhaps also to study  
clubs.

"To wrest from Nature is  
WORK.

To wrest from those who  
wrest from Nature is TRADE.

To wrest from those who  
wrest from those who wrest  
from Nature is FINANCE."

Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.



THE PRODIGAL SON

## Bl. Martin House Of Hospitality

Dear Friends of Blessed Martin:

This is indeed a very great time  
for us. First there is a plan, and  
if all goes well, there will be made  
a large motion picture in Holly-  
wood based on the life of Blessed  
Martin, and we, his friends, are  
praying for this to happen, so that  
all of the world will know of this  
great Saint. Secondly, on the first  
Sunday of May, 1960, the Blessed  
Martin Hospice will celebrate 25  
years of service to the downcast of  
Washington.

In this we are hoping that our  
many friends will not forget us,  
for we will need all kinds of help  
as we are trying to make up a lit-  
tle brochure of our work, a kind  
of evaluation of our 25 years.

The winter is upon us, so  
we ask you please send to us a  
little donation that we can start  
our year, as our food barrels are  
all empty and only you can help  
us.

Sincerely in the Love of God,  
Llewellyn J. Scott,  
38 Eye St., N.W.  
Washington 2, D.C.

## They Do Very Well

Dear CW folks,

What do you think of this excerpt  
from an article in the September  
20 Worcester (Mass.) Sunday Tele-  
gram?

"A Relocation Program admin-  
istered by the Interior Depart-  
ment's Bureau of Indian Affairs  
is settling Indian families in urban  
communities. Special centers have  
been set up to help Indians find  
work in Los Angeles, San Fran-  
cisco, Denver, St. Louis, and Chi-  
cago."

"Indian cultural values differ  
from those of city dwellers. Ma-  
terial possessions, job prestige,  
and competition for individual sta-  
tus are considered unimportant by  
the Indian, who respects generosi-  
ty, wisdom, age, freedom, and loy-  
alty."

"Once they are settled, however,  
Indians do very well."

R. Miner,  
Box 168  
Fiskdale, Mass.

## "SOCIALISM"

"As Socialists, we want a  
socialist world not because we  
have the conceit that men  
would therefore be happy . . .  
but because we feel the moral  
imperative in life itself to  
raise the human condition,  
even if this should ultimate-  
ly mean no more than that  
man's suffering has been  
lifted to a higher level."

Norman Mailer

"I respect only poverty and  
great adventures of the mind;  
between the two there is only  
a society which is laughable."

ALBERT CAMUS

## Reconciliation

How we have tried to banish  
darkness, exorcise each age's  
devil mask of the unknown,  
afraid always that some eternal night  
awaits us at the heart of things.

Our struggle for the light  
has led to hatred of the past,  
distrust of byways and of those  
who pause to mend some misery,  
lest they infect us as we pass.

In all dark things we glimpse  
these ancient fears, of storm  
and loss, of pain and panic,  
change and strangers. Black's  
our sign for death, and death  
to us means end of light.

Yet there are those to show  
the pits are far from bottomless,  
that filth has uses too, and we  
are strongest when we know  
our utmost jungle depths.

Time then to lead all blackness  
out of bondage, cease the duel  
of dark and bright, acknowledge  
shadow as a member of the light—  
as light's own other self—  
as space is form's necessity.

Our darkest continents  
shall then burn sharp and free,  
the inner archipelagoes of fear  
achieve delineation  
on the map of time.

O Africa, of soul, of sea,  
draw near that we may recognize  
your patient, mutilated face  
and by erasing the stigmata of our hate  
restore the dignities of love  
to you, the midnight matrix of all men.

Jeanne S. Bagby

## Nazareth in Galilee

Eighteen years of agony, it was.  
Sharecroppers with their wooden plows  
To be reshaped, they were not so bad.  
Few of them had  
Enough theology to be shocked at mine.

The family were tough.  
I was a diamond in the rough.  
To be different from the neighbors was a crime  
Even in their oldest brother.  
But when our father died there was no other  
To care for them until they came of age.

They hated tutelage  
As always fools hate knowledge.  
James was the worst,  
And so he turned out best.

Kelly Janes

## Teilhard de Chardin, S.J. Scientist Evolutionist, Priest

"Though frightened for a moment by evolution, the Christian now  
perceives that what it offers him is nothing but a magnificent means  
of feeling more at one with God, and of giving himself more to him . . .  
And at the present moment Christianity is the unique current of  
thought on the entire surface of the noosphere, which is sufficiently  
progressive to lay hold of the world, at the level of effectual practice,  
in an embrace, at once already complete, yet capable of indefinite per-  
fection, where faith and hope reach their fulfillment in love . . ."

(from THE PHENOMENON OF MAN)

"Truly and by virtue of the whole structure of my thought, I feel my-  
self today more irretrievably bound to the hierarchical Church and to  
the Christ of the Gospels than I have ever been at any moment of my  
life. Never has Christ seemed more real to me, more personal, more  
immense." (from a letter to the Jesuits' Superior General Janssens in  
1951. He died in 1955.)

## Blaming the Pope?

"If in inquiring whether today there can still be a just war,  
one relies on the natural reactions of the moral conscience,  
as well as on the opinions of eminent men, such as Cardinal  
Ottaviani and the Pope himself, then priests and laymen have  
no need to wait for express directions; they are in a position  
to make a decision themselves. It is an exaggeration of ecclesi-  
astical weakness . . . to wait in all situations of civil life for the  
directions of the ecclesiastical authority; by way of relieving  
one's responsibility of making up one's own mind. As for the  
opinion that the Pope ought himself in the case of war, to say  
to the faithful what they have to do here is what Pere Lorson,  
S. J., says in his work, Symphonie Pacifique, published in 1948,  
very much to the point: 'Christianity is not a dictatorship. It  
respects the liberty of the individual, and asks him to reflect  
and take his responsibilities. The Pope and the doctors have  
laid down the principles. They have forbidden direct coopera-  
tion in an unjust cause. It is the business of each individual  
Christian to make the application. It is convenient to blame  
the Pope for the cowardice of his faithful people.'

—Rev. Franziskus Stratmann, O.P. (in The Militarization  
of Christians, 1953)



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

colored and seventy five per cent white, which is swankier, Nina said. Gordon Zahn lives in the same block as Nina and our old friend Don Klein who spent some time with us on Chrystie street, and wrote an article about us in Milwaukee, is part of the management in this project, where he lives with his wife and children. There are twelve buildings in the block and five thousand people in them and there are great spaces all around and a vast view of the lake and sky, and the buildings are so far apart that this expanse is not obscured. Right now however, a thick fall of fine snow is coming from the east, and whereas before I could sit and look out at the lake, slate-grey yet clear so that I could see the horizon and the water towers far out, now a dizzying whiteness fills the air, and sky, lake and buildings are all obscured. It is good to be inside, no engagements, and time to sit at the typewriter and catch up on this travelogue.

But I am glad it was so clear yesterday, because Nina drove me along Cottage Grove Avenue to 37th street where the Day family lived when we came east after the San Francisco earthquake. It is still there, that long block of flats, three stories high, and there is still the apartment with one window looking out to the lake, where my sister and I used to draw pictures, and write stories and dress our dolls. It is a solid colored neighborhood now but then it was all white, and our school was the Doolittle school where I had a fine teacher in fourth grade who made school stimulating for us all. There was a little Episcopal Church where I learned to pray the Psalms and the minister's name was Wilson and he had a daughter by the name of Dorothy too.

It makes me realize what a hard thing, what a supernatural thing a devotion to voluntary poverty is, when I remember how snobbish I was at the age of eight. I was much ashamed of the house in which we lived, and used to walk down the street with my little school friends who lived on Ellis Avenue and duck into the apartment house on 37th street, pretending to live in that more respectable building instead of in a flat over a saloon and a row of stores. One could go out the back way and up the back porches to one's own apartment that way and all the buildings were owned by the same man. The laundries in the apartment house were used by the tenants on Cottage Grove Avenue as well as in the higher priced house.

What a suffering children grow go through over clothes and appearance! And yet how happy I was the year I lived there. There was a row of Stevenson and Dickens and Poe on the mantelpiece and my father would not allow any newspapers or magazines in the house. There was no radio or television then. We had to buy on the installment plan, having lost everything in the earthquake, and that was a shame to my mother. Our beautiful old things, which had followed us from Bath Beach, New York "around the Horn" we used to say, to California, had all been sold to get us east and to give my father a new start. He did not go to work right away, but wrote a novel and short stories and we had our first taste of poverty there. It was there too that I first began to pray, on my knees by the side of my bed at night, because I had seen Mrs. Barrett playing, and her little daughter Kathryn and Mary Harrington had introduced me to the Blessed Mother and the lives of the saints.

I am glad the house is still there and I should have liked to go up and see the back porches where we spent so many happy hours, and

the kitchen which my sister and I used diligently to scour, after we had read the Polly Pepper books and got a little philosophy of poverty and of work.

If I lived now in Chicago, I would like to live there in that same place, which is a slum most certainly. Or one could take one of those little houses and do much with it to bring beauty and simplicity there, the beauty and simplicity which are part of the poverty exemplified by the Little Sisters of Jesus over on West Adams street, in their third floor tenement apartment.

Of course I am enjoying mightily the comfort of this great block of buildings on 33rd St. which is interracial and most successfully so, and I feel that all families should have the conveniences and comforts which modern living brings and which do simplify life, and give time to read, to study, to think and to pray. And to work in the apostolate too. But poverty is my vocation, to live as simply and poorly as I can, and to never cease talking and writing of poverty and destitution. Here and everywhere. "While there are poor, I am of them. While men are in prison, I am not free." As Debs said and as we often quote.

Nina is doing a wonderful job of integrating cult, culture and cultivation, the synthesis which Peter Maurin was always talking about. Her shop is always my headquarters in Chicago, and it is there people come together, from there ideas are spread, people are brought together in all branches of the apostolate. She is as much a Catholic Worker as ever and her works of mercy reach out in all directions. She has an understanding of poverty and of destitution and always a readiness to share in the one and to alleviate the other.

When we got home from our little tour of the neighborhood and I had explored the view from the eleventh floor, Ammon came for supper and brought us up to date on his journeyings as well as on the news of our own workers in Chicago. He had no sooner arrived in town on Saturday when he was called on to picket in front of the courthouse for Eroseanna Robinson. They are keeping up a vigil night and day, people joining for a stint of three hours at a time. I certainly hope to join them sometime these next few days. Eroseanna is a young colored woman who has refused to pay any income tax 85 per cent of which goes for war, or to file any returns. She has been given an indeterminate sentence and she is now for two weeks on hunger strike. I suppose they will forcibly feed her. The newspapers are paying little heed to this, so it is necessary to have the picket line, and Karl Meyer has gotten out a leaflet which is signed by The Catholic Worker, 164 West Oak street and the War Resisters League which takes in all those who are not Catholic who wish to participate but might hesitate if it were only under Catholic leadership.

Already there have been complaints and the Chancellor of the diocese has telephoned the headquarters telling them to take the name Catholic off their headquarters and literature.

Fr. LaFarge, in his latest book said that one of the evils in the church (which our Lord compared to a net filled with good and bad fishes and a field filled with tares as well as wheat) was a bullying clergy and a fearful laity. Those are not the exact words but I hope I am not misrepresenting his idea. Certainly the Monsignor in this case was abusive and domineering in his telephone conversation, but Karl who is anything but fearful, submitted cheerfully and now the house is called St. Stephen's House, since St. Stephen was the first disciple to serve tables. As for the leaflet which was being distributed, the new edition was



to be signed "friends of Roseanna Robinson."

I had also been reading Evelyn Waugh's life of Ronald Knox as well as glancing through Fr. LaFarge's, and in the book on Fr. Knox, I began to get a glimpse of what was meant by various priests who felt that we should not use the name Catholic Worker.

According to Waugh, Knox was the fourth chaplain at Oxford, and whereas the others had called themselves Catholic chaplains of Oxford, he always was so exact as to term himself the chaplain of the Catholics at Oxford. When the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists started years ago, the chancery office in New York saw to it that they did not call themselves The Catholic Association of Trade Unionists.

The Catholic Association or The Catholic Worker sounds official, as though we were speaking for all Catholic trade unionists, or Catholic workers. Karl Meyer got this point right away, where as it took me years to understand the objection to our using the name. After all, we have the right to use it as well as the Catholic War Veterans, I used to say. Karl said, "After all, there are only two or three of us at Oak street doing this work, and even those who help feed and house the poor may not agree at all with us on pacifism or on the demonstrations, and jail going, and giving out leaflets. We are certainly not the Catholic worker in the broad sense."

Some few months ago we were accused before some Congressional Committee of usurping the name Catholic, and the statement was made that the Cardinal had threatened to take us to court to make us change it. And also it was implied that we were not good Catholics at all, otherwise we would not be pleading for such prisoners as Martin Sobell. We were pleased to see that James Carey, one of the vice presidents of the CIO came to our defense. Certainly Cardinal Spellman has never spoken to me on the subject, and in all 27 years of our existence, he has given us absolute freedom and shown us courtesy and kindness.

But I begin to get the point, and I am glad to see that Karl was so agreeable about it. We do not represent the Catholic worker. We are merely a group of Catholic Workers (and not manual workers at that) who are trying to express a Catholic point of view, one of many Catholic opinions. We cite our authorities, for instance, in our stand on peace.—Archbishop Roberts, S. J.; Dom Bede Griffiths; O.S.B.; Canon F. H. Drinkwater; Fr. Franziskus Stratmann, O.P.; Mgr. Ottaviani, Cardinal Secretary of the Holy Office; Pere Regamy, O.P.; etc. etc. But the vast majority of Catholics have not begun to think on these things yet. A thousand years are as one day in the sight of the Lord, and Christianity is only two days old.

Next issue: Interview with Archbishop Roberts, S.J. now lecturing at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington; visits with the Sioux Indians in South Dakota, and brief mention of settlements and work for the poor along the way.

# Going South In The Winter

(Continued from page 2)

books for sale in his bookstore and generously gave me two of them which he had not sold. I mailed one of them, or rather Fred did, to the Archbishop in Durban, South Africa, who was interested in my "going over the fence." And the other I later gave to the library of a ritzy boys' school in Alabama where I spoke, inscribed: "Courtesy of Fred Blair, Communist leader in Milwaukee." I had dinner with Dave Host and his charming family, a visit with Socialist Mayor Zeidler, coffee with friends at the Milwaukee JOURNAL, half a day visiting my old union members at the relief department, and finally lunch with my arch-conservative friend Frank Kirkpatrick. (I am his favorite anarchist.) I found probation officers reading the CW. They said that the Huber plan by which prisoners lived in the jail and worked at their regular jobs, was really hard time to do, and while it was better for some prisoners it was not an answer to prison problems. I was glad to learn of a new plan whereby private individuals came together and paid the salary of the Chaplain of the prison, rather than have him paid by the state, for as an employee of the state he was not trusted by prisoners. My old time friend John Cyrus had moved from Omaha and was now minister of the thriving Unitarian Church. I had taught a Sunday School class of boisterous boys in his church for three years in the thirties.

## The Baboon and the Balloon

As usual I stayed with Ray Callahan, keeper of the zoo, and first president of the union of social workers which I started in the early thirties. Seems the tiger needed a minor operation on a toenail, and the veterinarian supposing that a tiger is perhaps 40 times as vigorous as a man thought that 40 times as much tranquilizer should be given. This was done. The operation was a success but the tiger died. A man came running to Ray saying that the baboon had grabbed a balloon and was eating it. Ray went in the cage and gave the baboon an orange and the baboon dutifully handed him the balloon. Then when he saw that Ray was walking away with his "pretty" he scrouched on the floor in a tantrum, jumping up and down. Before he got into action to spring towards Ray and retrieve the balloon Ray was out of the cage in safety from the baboon.

## Eroseanna Robinson

Arriving in Chicago I phoned Karl Meyer of the Chicago CW and he told me that there was a 24 hour picketing at the federal building because Miss Robinson, a Negro social worker whom I had known years ago, was in jail for refusing to furnish information as to her income to the office of internal revenue. She is a pacifist who does not want to pay taxes for war. She is not a Catholic nor an anarchist but she is our friend. I picketed for a three hour shift and soon met Bob Steed just arrived from New York City, and we went to the CW Center. Eroseanna was on a hunger strike for two weeks at that time. Her sentence is indefinite and of course the officials think they can break her will. Ernie Bromley and Maurice McCracken soon arrived from Cincinnati. While I personally do not believe in the non-cooperative attitude in court of refusing to stand or to move, I feel that Eroseanna and McCracken have the poise and dignity which make this tactic acceptable, rather than to appear as a tantrum as I have witnessed at times with others who refuse to cooperate. I spoke to friends at a meeting at CYO headquarters and the next night at the home of Ken Calkins. Bob and I visited Ed Marciniak at work and Prof. Gordon Zahn who is in a current controversy with church patriots who do not like his thesis formed after a time in Germany that the Church as a whole supported Hitler on the same principle as is done in all lands to fight for "God and Country." Previously we had attended a seminar in Evanston where Karl was on a panel with three others discussing pacifist theory and tactics. Dorothy came down from Fargo to say hello and goodbye to me at Nina Polcyn's apartment. We had both been on the run since my release and I did not have five minutes with her privately. She looked better than ever, and so did Nina.

## Notre Dame

Here Terry and Ruth McKiernan, Catholic anarchists who run The House of Bread, appreciated the whitebread commercial I related above. They fed Bob & me well and took us to Notre Dame later that night. They had planned for me to speak that afternoon to the Holy Cross Brothers Novitiate near New Carlisle. Here the brothers met me and I was greeted by as interesting a group of young men as I ever hope to encounter. I could not stay long as I had to get back for a meeting at the University library. Here Fr. Leo Ward, Willis Nutting, Julian Pleasants and other friends were part of a larger meeting than I have had previously at Notre Dame. One heckler had a cousin who was a policeman and felt that while many police might be larceny minded to say that a third of them actually took pay-off money was an exaggeration. The next day I spoke to several classes grouped together for a vociferous hour. One student inferred that war was approved because Christ chased the moneychangers out of the Temple, and wondered what I thought of that. I told him that Christ would sure upset a lot of plush around here if he came back. I was pleased to meet Prof. O'Brien, who had formerly been head of all prisons in Indiana, and who now taught courses in criminology, probation, parole, etc. We did not disagree on many matters as much as one might think. He knew many of the leading officials of the penal system in this country. I spent the night at the home of Prof. Jerry Judge who had lived in Ireland.

## Peoria

In a snow storm I left for Peoria. Here the new Bishop who replaced the one sent to Milwaukee cancelled my meeting at a Catholic Church. I had already been booked to speak at the Universalist Church where Rev. Hawkins made me welcome, having two professors from Bradley College to greet me. The press gave good publicity to the meeting. Next night I spoke to a private meeting of Catholics in a home, and later visited the good priest who had invited me to speak. Per a phone call from Urbana I went up for a quickly called luncheon. I did not notice a reporter at an off table who came and went in the midst of my conversation with my pacifist friends, so when the ILLINI appeared next day with some off-the-cuff statements I had made, and others which I did not say and were misunderstood by the reporter I knew it was all a part of what may be expected in a hit and run schedule such as I have. I may go back there the latter part of May on my return from the west and present a clear picture of an anarchist in the Catholic Church.

## Purdue

I never had such an enthusiastic reception from young priests at a

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# Going South In The Winter

(Continued from page 6)

Newman Club as I had here. The students come and go in the rectory and there is a feeling of fellowship that is wonderful to see. I spent the night with Prof. Whelan and family and spoke to folks who came in, including a Methodist minister and an ex-Mormon. Prof. Whelan gave me a copy of his book explaining Protestant sects and odd religions to Catholics. I spoke at a Communion breakfast and later in the day recorded a half hour of animated conversation for the local radio as a student quizzed me about my radical ideas. Father Heigerty drove me the next day to Marian College in Indianapolis where I spoke to several classes, being greeted kindly by Father Frazee. One theologian though whom I met later felt I should be banned, for a true Catholic should obey the Bishop on what was a good war, and even if the Bishop was wrong, for the sin would be upon the Bishop and not upon the pacifist who became a soldier through "obedience." I met Dorothy's Episcopalian friend Mrs. Moore.

## Joe and Alice Zarella

Joe met Alice at the CW years ago. He was a non-combatant conscientious objector whom I had met in Milwaukee in 1937. In this little Swiss town of Tell City laid out over 100 years ago with regular streets like a Mormon town, and founded by atheistic woodworkers from Switzerland, I was pleased to visit with this fine family with their four beautiful daughters. A priest from nearby St. Meinrad's came over that night, as did a liberal local priest and some friends. Joe knew Peter Maurin better than I did and we talked over old times.

## Vanderbilt College

Here in Nashville Prof. Glass, a Presbyterian non-pacifist who has read the CW for ten years greeted me and I spoke at length to his class. Two Methodist women from MOTIVE magazine who are CW fans came to the class, and that night a few readers of the CW gathered. None of them were Catholic and Prof. Glass said that the priest who was head of the Newman club was horrified that he would invite anyone from the CW to speak.

## Indian Springs School

This is a plush progressive boys prep school north of Birmingham situated in a pleasant wooded countryside. Jane O'Connor from New Jersey had known Kate White and Jim Berry in Paris. She married Prof. Bernard Doering and they teach French here. She had spent a week at the colony of Lanzo del Vastos in France. They are the only Catholics on the campus. I came to visit them and had not expected to speak but several professors asked me to talk to their classes and the news spread around so that I was busy practically all of two days. I always consider a person who sleeps in the daytime a sissy but for once I was glad to sleep from 4 to 6 in the afternoon. As all of my message was new to the students the same questions had to be answered over and over. To be a pacifist was bad, but to be an anarchist was hardly to be understood, and in this old KKK area to be a Catholic was almost beyond understanding. For the first time in my life I gave my short definition of anarchism as being: "voluntary cooperation with the right of secession." I realized that I was in a traditionally secessionist country, but it will take a long time for the seed which I planted to grow. Several young students were especially interested.

## Fairhope Single Tax Colony

Here where the KKK tried to run me out in 1924 when I taught at the progressive Organic School because I had AMERICA for my history classes, along with the DAILY WORKER, the ARMY and NAVY JOURNAL, the WALL STREET JOURNAL, the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, the NATION, the Milwaukee LEADER, and FREEDOM the anarchist paper, I stayed at the home of Cornie Gaston, secretary of the Single Tax Corporation and son of the founder. The Organic School has fallen upon evil days with the death of the founder and is not much better than ordinary schools. Here it was in 1934 when my daughter Sharon at the age of 5 in kindergarten stood aside with foiled arms and refused to march with broomsticks with the other children. "Are you sick, little girl?" the teacher asked. "I'm Science, I don't get sick," was Sharon's reply. "Then why don't you play that game?" the teacher queried. "'Cause it's a gun game." "We don't have any guns," said the teacher. "That's 'cause you can't find them. If you could find them you would have them; you have broom sticks instead," Sharon answered. She did not pout but played the next game.

This community was founded in 1894 and along with Arden, Del., which I plan to visit in June these two Single Tax colonies have outlived scores of dissident radical colonies. From their leaflet, I quote: "Under the Single Tax the government, not the land holder, is entitled to that portion that is now paid to the so-called 'owners' of land, as rent. Ownership is a term that can be properly applied only to those things that come into existence as a result of man's labor applied to land. Land, by its nature, and by reason of man's necessity to use it must be treated as common property so far as rent is concerned, if justice is to prevail. . . . Since much of that which results from man's labor on the land cannot be separated from the land upon which it is produced, it follows, that to have for himself the full ownership, of that which he has produced he must have exclusive title to the land involved in the production. To prevent such exclusive title from constituting a denial of the equal rights of all others the single tax requires the holder of such title to pay into a common fund, for the equal benefit of all, an annual rent (single tax) equal to the value of the special privilege of exclusive title to the land. This value . . . is measured by the market value set by those who want land to use at its fullest productive capacity. This makes it unprofitable to hold land out of use or for inferior uses."

While Tolstoy and many anarchists think well of Henry George, the founder of Single Tax, and many Single Taxers are cordial to anarchists, it remains that Single Taxers believe in government. Neither of us are conquering the world but we can get cordial while trying to do so.

I had a visit with Reuben Rockwell and wife, Quakers, who had been to a colony in Costa Rica. Their son is down there now. I also met Alexis Ferns, age 90, whom my wife and I met at the anarchist Stelton school in New Jersey in 1920. If I am as hearty and clear of skin at his age I will be happy. He has written some of the clearest thoughts on education ever written.

I am now on my way to speak to colleges in Mississippi and Louisiana, across Texas to New Mexico to see my daughter Carmen and the good Medical Sisters in Santa Fe, and then the good Hopi.

# Karl Meyer Writes From Chicago

(Continued from page 1)

leaflet backing her opposition to war and condemning the indefinite sentence as a unjust coercion of conscience. This is an inquisition of our own day, to torture her with the squalor of Cook County Jail, to force her to deny her beliefs. My first watch in the vigil was from six to nine Sunday morning. After watching those hours, I went to Mass. This was the lesson of the day: "Brethren, do not let anybody have a claim on you, except the claim which binds us to love one another. The man that loves his neighbor has done all that the law demands. Love of our neighbor refrains from doing harm of any kind; that is why it fulfills all the demand of the law." So in fulfilling all the demands of God's law, she did not accept the claims of the state. She was kept in prison and she fasted and did not cooperate with their imprisonment of her.

On February 8th, the Chancellor of the Diocese of Chicago called me and said that we must stop using the name of Catholic Worker on the leaflet or for any other purpose in this diocese. He said that we should not have taken a stand on such a controversial issue without consulting the Chancery and he said that by using the name Catholic Worker, we would seem to represent the Church or to have the sanction of the Church, to those who did not know who we were, but only knew the name Catholic.

And a way I think that he was right. We believe that what we do is fully Catholic, but we do not speak for the Church. We speak only for ourselves, and we should not wish even to seem to speak for anyone else. The important thing is to speak what we believe. We are the same people; we believe what we believed before; we speak what we believe; what we call ourselves is not essential.

On February 18th Rose was wheeled into court on a stretcher, weakened from her fast, though she had been tube fed in the prison hospital. The judge read her a long statement questioning the sincerity and consistency of her motives and actions and explaining why he thought her position was obviously false. Then he offered to release her temporarily to reconsider her stand, on condition that she would agree to come back to court voluntarily on a day set by him. He replied with firmness, strength and clarity. She expressed gratitude for the support of her friends, she pointed out some errors in the account he had received of her behaviour and attitude during her imprisonment and fasting, and she explained that her stand had been well and carefully considered and that she could not

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I DO BELIEVE, LORD = HELP MY UNBELIEF



# More Tales From a Viennese Wood

(Continued from page 3)

planted those high-growing beans which demand high-standing bean poles. A delegation met him. "Why, man," they said sadly, "You can't do that to us. Do you want to have people think we are a bunch of Italian peasants up here?" The gardener persisted. Wasn't it his land? Wasn't this a free country? The group relented slightly. "Well," they said, "if you must grow beans, please grow the ones with the low poles."

Yet in this same Westchester County, our ace reporter tells us some wives dash out to rummage sales at an early hour to buy their husbands a good second suit for nine dollars. This helps them to appear in correct splendor in their New York office when suit number one is at the cleaners.

Which reminds me of the curious tale about the Duke of Windsor, once known as the Prince of Wales. As the latter, he was the style arbiter for men. If he changed a tie or started a new style, it could have serious economic implications for the clothes business.

When he married the Duchess of Windsor, she was puzzled that he never seemed to buy any suits. Her heart took courage and she asked him, how come? He replied that he usually had his tailor re-do his father's clothes. Millions were following King George the Fifth at a respectable second-hand distance but didn't know it.

Status is in the eyes of the beholder. Sometimes it is in the smell. In a certain swank New York hotel, a generous lady resident passes out dollar tips daily. There is only one difference. She leaves the dollars in her jewel case overnight and the money becomes scented with her favorite expensive perfume. The next day, a knowing person needs the simplest of tracking devices—a nose—to follow the orbit of her largesse through the hotel. The men employees when they get a tip rush to the nearest female employee to change the money for the non-scented variety.

But for sheer unruffled status, I don't remember ever meeting anyone as firmly entrenched as the late Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram, owner of Peace House on Fifth Avenue and a militant (strange word) pacifist. She was a lady born to command, thought more in monarchical terms than democratic ones and she entertained her guests at the Colony Club than which there is none whither.

One of her simple ambitions was to give the status of a pacifist to Cardinal Spellman. On Sundays and holidays of obligation, she discreetly surrounded St. Patrick's Cathedral with men distributing her green publicity sheets. Possibly the green was a subtle tribute to the ancient saint. She listed the pacifist groups along with the Ten Commandments and called upon all to uphold them by outlawing war. She gave her name and address and anyone wishing to know more about peace and the Ten Commandments was asked to get in touch with her at Peace House. She just couldn't conceive of a follower of Christ and Moses being anything but a pacifist.

Whether she ever met the Cardinal, I don't know, but he was often on her mind and occasionally in her conversation. How I got into her royal circle puzzled me until I learned that her approval depended on Abe Kaufman, executive secretary of the War Resisters League, giving his blessing to the person. That explained my different meetings with her, especially in that Colony Club where the waiters hover over your dishes like birds of prey ready to pounce down in a single moment.

Mrs. Cram had status for the Colony Club is a step higher than

Cafe Society. As you sit in the place, the air is thick with the names of princesses and great names being paged. In fact, when the noted ones reach New York, I am sure the best way to let people (the right people) know you are in town is to have a friend page you ostentatiously in the Colony Club.

I think in a friendly way of her and her status. She probably now is enjoying the high status (I hope) of Heaven. In whatever passes up there for the equivalent of the Colony Club, she is probably having Moses and Elias and others in for a spot of entertainment and a discussion about the Ten Commandments and why people don't keep them and stop this silly war business. She definitely was on the side of the angels and the saints.

Status seekers provide comedians with endless humor. Sometimes the stories are hilarious but occasionally there are hints of grimness. Such an incident happened at Mass the other morning. A policeman ejected an old man, who had been quietly dozing in the back seat. This bothered some officious parishioner and he called the cop. The situation so "burned me up" that I went to the policeman afterwards to question him. He didn't get riled but defended his action weakly. "He shouldn't have been in there, ill smelling." I told him I had seen the old man often and had never smelled liquor. Occasionally I had given him breakfast money. The policeman told me the old man slept in basements on a nearby street. I went along the street to make amends for the parish but there were an awful lot of cellars.

I had been offered enough drinks in parish rectories to know the smell of liquor isn't a serious sin. But to the stuffy parishioner it was and he put the policeman on the spot. The latter's defense was lame and he knew it. Yet he had to go through the motions.

Some years ago, one of the Easton farm group of the Catholic Worker was coming out from a visit to the pastor, Father William Magee, when he was arrested by the chief of policemen for the suspicion of robbing the church poor box. When he said he had been visiting the pastor, the chief paid no attention. Later in the town jail, the pastor came and there was much official discomfort. The mayor tried to make amends. He took the arrested one on a personal tour of the City Hall. "We have no ill feelings against Catholics here," he said. "Catholics and non-Catholics work here, side by side. You cannot tell the difference."

The arrested one said wryly, "I know, that's the trouble."

"Whatever attempts there may have been in the past to justify war, or at least to recognize a certain spiritual value in war, we ought to proclaim as loudly as possible that war with the face it wears today is sin itself."

GABRIEL MARCEL, Man Against Mass Society (Henry Regnery, 1952)

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# Teaching In the Bush

(Continued from page 3)

English. But the picture is changing, and changing fast. Roads are trickling in to the East, mines are a-building, townsites popping up, dam sites dotting the country, and all these things bring Indians closer to white people. Their lack of learning is a great handicap. Confronted with their own inadequacy on an interpersonal level as well as on that of technical skills, these Indians slide all too quickly into defeat and a sense of rejection, and some from there into hostility. It is a tricky business, this teaching. Something innocent might offend them more deeply than one can estimate and each day calls for a sensitivity that takes precedence over any other aspect of teaching.

Naturally, the beginning was not too easy. Our two years' novitiate in the Northern Ontario bush country with Ojibway Indians before coming to Lac La Martre gave our children a good introduction to bush school. Mixing our three school-age children in the budding class gave a bit of a spurt to the King's good language. But it hasn't been enough to hold the natives to an inflexible daily routine of nine-to-three-thirty. Indian children are given all the freedom they want, and their close living makes for a spoiling that is unbelievable. Consequently the attendance is spotty, with "disappearances" with the dog teams for a few days.

The way of life shifts the enrollment too. Fall fisheries (each family needs two or three thousand fish to carry it through winter), dead-of-winter hunts for caribou, Spring trapping, gay Easter holidaying and church attendance at distant points knock any regularity out of the picture.

The first fervours soon sputtered when the word-drilling became harder. The first weeks were spent on familiarization of person, numbers, place, and objects of everyday use. The hot lunches I served each day made a good situation in which to use simple phrases. Commands came next, but never more than three words, e.g., sit down, close the door, open the desk, etc. Colours, strangely enough, were very difficult to teach for a reason I haven't yet been able to discover. Simple time-telling was greeted with enthusiasm, and the novelty of wearing a watch hasn't worn off yet.

For these Indians the chief difficulty in learning English beyond a pidgin variety is the total lack of lingual compatibility between Dog Rib and English. A philologist would shudder at the incongruities of their tongue. The nuances in verbs, which represent four-fifths

of the grammar, are wholly foreign to a latinized mind. There are a few French overtones which stem from the French missionary Fathers who first came into the country one hundred years ago. Only six white men know this language, three of whom are the priests at Fort Rae. Even the Hudson's Bay factory at Fort Rae has a native interpreter. There are only seven hundred Dog Ribs left in Canada, and there is little reason for anyone to learn their language.

Learning Dog Rib exacts the same pound of flesh from a Canadian as learning English does for an Indian. Word order, pronunciation, lack of abstract words force a white man to the infant stage of simply listening and starting from scratch, as there is no possibility of understanding the whys and wherefores of Dog Rib. It is enunciated from the chest and throat with few lip movements. It even demands a different set of breathing motions. Certain letters which abound in English—the R or P for example—they do not even have.

Mimicry, of course, is a game for children, but to keep a train of comprehension going at the same time was another matter. Even among the older children I found an attention span of only a few minutes. The accent was on change and variety. For the older children I used many of the pictures and situation from *English Through Pictures*, published by Pocket Books Co. These we drew on large 36" by 36" wrapping paper, six picture explanations to the sheet. The Government publications of the Department of Immigration were also helpful though somewhat removed in content from the Indians' experience. In fact, the curriculum designed for Alberta does not take too well here and Ottawa is working intensively on a newer and more practical one. Dolch materials were received with much excitement at first but their novelty wore off quickly.

The severest handicap came during December and January, when we had only four hours of sunlight each day. To cram all our work into that space of time was very trying. The electric light plant which was to have been installed in early Fall was six months coming. We weathered the Coleman gasoline lamps with their hissing and breaking mantles, the gaping monsters our three wood stoves turned into for seven months—devouring wood by the dozen cordful, a tree a day—the balky radio, and finally the dead batteries, and the five week waits between mails. But the hardest thing to be without turned out to be the lovely Bell and Howell Filmosound and Viewlex which sat testily in the corner awaiting the magic of "juice" to virtually revolutionize this community. You can imagine the squeals of delight when the electric plant finally arrived after eight months of waiting and promises. And what was our first nighters' premiere? An Indian reel, of course. The lovely North captured by Walt Disney, the Eye House Reading strips were a real boon to us in breaking down shyness. Their entire culture based, as it were, on sense perception, the Indians greeted the filmstrips with howls of joy.

## Cultural Exchange

But what of the loss of "cultural" benefits on our part? What do we do for recreation? Some of our friends wonder about these things, especially since the near-



A. de Bethune

est white man is two days away by dog sled.

Frankly, there is more time here for "recreation" in the full sense of the word than we ever experienced before. My piano, which the Department of Northern Affairs transported two thousand miles for us via railroad, barge and float plane, has been invaluable. We have spent hundreds of hours at the keyboard. It is nothing to devour four or five books a week when the sun is going down at two in the afternoon.

But what about the children? How do they fare?

All I can say is that I wish we could all fit in as readily as they have done. With so many differences between them and the Indians, it is a give and take affair. Our children have been exposed to many wonderfully simple things and have found a real pleasure in them: fishing, rock collecting, berry picking, throwing snow, and they are quite content without television and subliminal soft drinks.

On their part, what do the Indians get out of a school like this?

Nobody can fully answer that. There will be some benefits from the school that will tend to stabilize the community. With the neat row of new cabins being built now, half of the materials coming from the Indian Affairs Branch, the settling down is becoming more evident. Tents are on their way out and I think this is an improvement in terms of health and privacy, something the Dog Ribs have lacked for a long time. With the school training comes literacy, and with literacy comes a susceptibility to much undesirable reading, to advertising which appeals to base instincts, to propaganda, corrosion. The conflicting standards set up by various Governmental philosophies are somewhat confusing to them. All these philosophies are variations of that nebulous idea of "progress" about which we all talk and yet know so little. If such progress includes the altering of the Indian personality to fit conditions instead of conditions being fitted to the Indians with slow, slow caution and sensitivity, the result will be something hard to answer for.

In all events, I hope that whatever of our ways these Indians care to assimilate will not damage their serenity. The scraping of the skins, the hunts, the setting of the nets, the snaring, the feasts and rituals, the unceasing hospitality and visiting—these make up the way of life of the Dog Rib Indians. I do not believe they can trade them for other questionable values, dazzling though they may be at the moment, without loss to themselves.

"Would the great religious leaders have preferred to die themselves rather than sanction the use of a weapon that brought the gift of life under total jeopardy? Specifically what would Christ do? If this question is irrelevant, then nothing in Christianity is relevant to the human situation today!"

Norman Cousins

# The Homeless Man

IN DAYS PAST when wars were localized, there were refugees in a particular city, area, or nation. Only in our century, in an age of global war, has the refugee become a globe-girdling problem, comprising members of every race, and of almost every nation under heaven.

TODAY homeless refugees in Europe the countries surrounding the Holy Land, in such great Asian cities as Karachi, Calcutta, Saigon, Pusan, Hong Kong, depend for their continued existence on the compassion of every one in a position to help.

IN EVERY AGE Christians are asked to view the refugee with the same incandescent vision of charity expressed by St. Gregory of Nyssa, Fourth Century A. D.:

"These days have brought us naked and homeless men in plenty; a host of captives is at everyone's door; strangers and fugitives are not lacking and on every side their begging and stretched-out hands are there to see. Their home is the open air; their lodgings are the arcades, the streets, and the deserted corners of the markets; they lurk in holes like owls and birds of the night. Their clothing is tattered rags; their means of living, the feeling of the compassionate. Their food is anything thrown to them by the passers-by; their drink the springs they share with the beasts..."

"Clasp the afflicted man as if he were gold. Take the sufferer to your arms as if he were your own health. Do not despise men in their abjection, do not think of them as of no account."

"Reflect on what they are and you will understand their dignity; they have taken upon themselves the very person of Our Saviour."

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# Karl Meyer Writes From Chicago

(Continued from page 7)

agree to be released under the conditions he had set. I was deeply impressed by the strength and charity of her response. The judge recessed the hearing until the afternoon. When the hearing was resumed he asked her again to accept a temporary release to regain her strength and to reconsider her stand. She declined again. Then once more he repeated his order to her to produce the records of her income and to cooperate with the Internal Revenue Service in its investigation, and he asked her if she would comply. Once more she said no. Then he said that she was guilty of contemptuous criminal contempt, and he sentenced her to a year and a day in prison.

This will be a hard year for her. After the hearing I talked with Corbett Bishop, the least cooperative of the non-cooperators in Federal prisons during World War II. Corbett said that she faces a great ordeal and he knows better than anyone else what is the ordeal of someone who does not believe in cooperating with imprisonment and the prison system. The lesson from the Mass of Septuagesima Sunday kept recurring in this week of her hearing and seemed to speak especially of her, in the past a track star of note and now running in another kind of race, "Brethren: you know well enough that when men run in a race, the race is for all, but the prize for one; run then, for victory. Every athlete must keep all his appetites under control; and he does it to win a crown that fades, whereas ours is imperishable. So I do not run my course like a man in doubt of his

goal; I do not fight my battle like a man who wastes his blows on the air. I buffet my own body and make it my slave; or I who have preached to others may myself be rejected as worthless.

"Let me remind you, brethren, of this. Our Fathers were hidden, all of them, under the cloud and found a path, all of them, through the sea; all alike, in this cloud and in the sea, were baptized into Moses' fellowship. They all ate the same prophetic food, and all drank the same prophetic drink, watered by the same prophetic rock which bore them company, the rock that was Christ. And for all that, God was ill pleased with most of them."

And may I say, with most of us, who see what is right and praise it but do not do it.

So St. Paul seems to speak of her in the lesson Sexagesima Sunday: "Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they descended from Abraham? So am I. Are they Christ's servants? (I speak as one less wise) I am more. I have toiled harder, spent longer days in prison, been beaten so cruelly, so often looked death in the face."

We cannot speak for the Church, but we are Catholics, in the cloud and in the sea, and we believe that what she has done is right and we have hoped, perhaps too expectantly, that the Church might take this for its lesson.

As far as we know, she is now at the Federal Prison, Alderson, West Virginia. Perhaps her mail will be given to her.

In Christ,

Karl

"All these new saints of ours—new Christians, and loving persons who crowd the slums, and rediscover Christ in themselves and in others—lack power to explain; they merely exist. Through them, or rather through the heart which they infuse, literature and intellect will return, art and mental vigor will be restored to us. It would seem that the bowels and viscera of society must be heated first, and thereafter in time—it may be a century or two—a warmer life will reach the mind. These new grubs that creep out of the ground, these golden bees that dart by us in the sunshine, going so directly to their work like camp nurses, are more perfect creatures than we are, in that they deal with humanity as a unit. You and I are nothing to them. They have a relation to the whole. They are living in a beam we do not see, they are the servants of a great cure which we cannot give, and do not understand."

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

**HIGHLANDER FOLK SCHOOL's** charter has recently been revoked by the judge who presided at the trial of the integrated school in Tennessee last November. There is a possibility that the school's property will be auctioned off by the state (which would get the proceeds) before an appeal can be entered in a higher court. The outcome is in doubt, but the staff is determined to keep the school going, somehow.

"By definition, a government has no conscience; sometimes it has a policy, but nothing more."  
ALBERT CAMUS

## TWO AGITATORS PETER MAURIN — AMMON HENNACY (A Pamphlet)

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