

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXIV No. 8

March, 1958

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Communitarian Personalism

People say "They don't do this; they don't do that; they ought to do this; they ought to do that; we should make them do this; we should make them do that." Always they, and never I. The personalist starts with I and not with they. One I plus one I makes two I's. And two I's make we, for we is the plural of I. We is a community, and they is a crowd.

BASIC POWER

Bourgeois Capitalism is based on the power of hiring and firing. Fascist Corporatism and Bolshevik Socialism are based on the power of life and death. Communitarian Personalism is based on the power of thought and example.

THINKING IS INDIVIDUAL

Thinking is individual, not collective. Fifty million Frenchmen may be wrong, while one Frenchman may be right. One thinks better than two, and two better than two hundred. The national thinking of Benito Mussolini, the racial thinking of Adolf Hitler, and the mass thinking of Joseph Stalin are not what I mean by thinking. Read "The Crowd" by Gustave LeBon.

SOCIAL POWER

Social power is more important than political power. And political power is not the road to social power. The road to social power is the right use of liberty. Read "Our Enemy the State" by Albert J. Nock.

GIVE ME LIBERTY

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death!" What makes man a man is the right use of liberty. The rugged individualists of the Liberty League, the strong-armed men of the Fascist State, and the rugged collectivists of the Communist Party have not yet learned the right use of liberty. Read "Freedom in the Modern World" by Jacques Maritain.

LEADERSHIP

Everybody looks for a leader and nobody likes to be dictated to. Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin

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WE HAVE FOUND THIS MAN PERVERTING OUR NATION!

HE STIRS UP THE PEOPLE!

SAYING THAT HE IS CHRIST THE KING!



Camaldolese Hermits Visit CW

Italian Monks Enchant Friday Night Audience

By ROBERT STEED

The audience at a recent Friday night meeting was literally held spell-bound by two Italian priests, Dom Augustine Modotti and Dom Aliprando Catahi, members of the 900 year old order of Camaldoli, a branch of the Benedictine order whose members are hermits.

Father Augustine was for many years a Jesuit and served in the missions of the Far East. He became a Camaldolese some ten years ago and for the last four years was a recluse i.e., a member of the order who lives in absolute solitude seeing no one and even abstaining from liturgical functions held in common. His superiors chose him to head the first American foundation. Father Catani is first secretary to the General of the order and has come to the United States to help choose a site for the monastery. He will return to Italy in a few months.

There are three reasons that we of the Catholic Worker feel a special affinity for this religious order and its members.

First is the great freedom it allows. Unlike the two other great contemplative orders in the Church, the Carthusians and the Cistercians (Trappists) whose members have to account for every minute of the day and perform the same duties at the same moment as all the other monks, the Camaldolese is allowed to arrange his day as suits his temperament and inclination. The priests of the order are allowed to say Mass in their cottages without any server and Mass may last as long as two hours if the priest's devotion so inclines him.

Second is the order's devotion to the poor. Each community has attached to it a "cenobium" or monastery where the hermits and lay-brothers all spend a certain amount of time in the service of the poor and the sick. In the Middle Ages the hermits were famous for their knowledge of medicine.

And thirdly when questioned about the particular "spirituality" of the order Father Augustine said that there was none except the liturgy which means the Bible. This wholesomest and sanest of all spirituality of course goes straight

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An International Perfidy

By TED LE BERTHON

Against the wishes of the Catholic Bishops of Mexico, the governments of Mexico and the United States have again renewed what began as a "wartime emergency" agreement in 1942 for the importation by U. S. growers of braceros (manual laborers) to help harvest our crops.

The pretext, as usual, is that there is a shortage of farm workers in the U. S. The agreement has been renewed for every fiscal year since 1942-43. The present renewal's date of expiration is June 30, 1959. On our side of the Rio Grande the agreement is carried on under Public Law 78. It signifies that an unlimited number of braceros are again being imported to again work, for the most part, on corporation-owned farms or those owned by individual large scale agriculturalists. Most of them will again be paid 35c. or 45c. an hour, and will have \$1.75 a day deducted for their meals.

Thus, as in previous years, U. S. citizen farm workers in large numbers will be driven onto relief rolls, as they are not eligible to unemployment insurance. They cannot survive—especially those who are family breadwinners—on the low pay given the all-male army of braceros. For whatever growers' associations in the various States decide on as the "prevailing wage" for braceros becomes the "prevailing wage" for U. S. citizen farm workers, i.e., for all farm workers.

Another result, as in past year, will be that more and more Americans will be driven off the land, as owners of small farms cannot compete with the corporations and wealthy individuals who hire the cheap bracero labor on large-scale farming operations.

Mexico's Bishops had unanimously protested against the renewal of the inter-governmental agreement for still another fiscal year. Why? Because a survey they conducted had disclosed that of some 2,500,000 braceros who had legally entered the U. S. under the agreement since 1942, about 1,000,000 had never rejoined their wives and/or families.

These appalling figures, according to Father Pedro Velasquez, director of the Mexican Hierarchy's Social Secretariat, do not include innumerable wetbacks, so called because they enter the U. S. illegally, presumably by swimming across the Rio Grande. It was found impossible to check up on them or their present whereabouts.

Alarmed by the failure of 40 percent of the braceros to ever return home after ostensibly returning to

Mexico, the Mexican Hierarchy appointed Bishop Antonio López of Zacatecas, and Bishop Manuel Talamas of Ciudad Juarez to form a commission and "appeal to the conscience of Mexico" to terminate the bracero agreement and to repatriate braceros now in the U. S.

But thus far the Bishops of Mexico have gotten nowhere. The international perfidy will go on, at least until June 30, 1959. The U. S. government will remain in the role of giant labor contractor. President Dwight D. Eisenhower, in his budget recommendations to Congress for the Department of Labor, earmarked \$1,339,400 for recruiting and transporting braceros from border points to widespread agricultural areas. Actually, \$2,500,000 will be used for this purpose, but the growers will contribute the balance, a clear-cut case of political and, of course, legal collusion.

Back in 1942-43, about 50,000 braceros were imported, and then only into a few southwestern States. Every scale year since, the number of imported braceros has increased, along with the number of States to which they were transported. Last year, more than 500,000 toiled in 39 States. It is only logical to assume there will be more braceros in more States this year.

But Eisenhower, is pleased. Most Republicans and Southern Democrats are pleased. Also obviously pleased is Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, a Catholic, who has voiced strong opposition to bills introduced in the 85th Congress to extend the present Federal minimum wage law of \$1 an hour to farm workers.

Likewise pleased is Mexico's President-elect Adolfo Lopez-Mateos. U. S. newspapers have quoted him that the bracero agreement's renewal is "satisfactory to everyone!" As the candidate of the Revolutionary Socialist Party (PRI) his election, of course, was assured. Every PRI presidential candidate for going on three decades has won overwhelmingly at the polls, free elections in Mexico being a tragic farce. Novedades, Mexico City daily, recently quoted him as justifying the bracero agreement by stating that whereas only 500,000 braceros entered the U. S. last year, 700,000 Mexicans had emigrated to the U. S. in 1920, the peak year of such emigration, at a time when Mexico had a much smaller population.

Erge, according to Lopez-Mateos, the situation has improved "since the party of the Revolution has been in power." He must have

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ON Pilgrimage

PILGRIMAGE TO MEXICO
Part 2

By DOROTHY DAY

It is the last day of the February, and it is wild and stormy here at Peter Maurin Farm where I am going to stay for the next month, during Beth Roger's southern trip. All last night the wind howled around the house and whipped the branches of the cherry tree outside my window, which only a few days ago had seemed about to bud forth. The rain drove right in from the ocean and the air was sea washed and should be, one would think, conducive to sleeping. But—no, I could not sleep, contemplating the changes ahead, our imminent removal from Chrystie Street, and where would we go, and what neighborhood was not due to be demolished? We have here no continuing city, I thought restlessly, and began to wonder if Ed Mitchell's proposal of a barge, or house boat would be practical. Or it could be a Liberty Ship, and we could go out to sea when the city fathers got irked with us for our indiscriminating charity and what seemed like a public parade of poverty, destitution, unemployment, when indeed they were doing what they could, with relief, and unemployment insurance, and municipal lodging houses and free hospital care, not to speak of the hospitality of the jails on Riker's Island, Hart's Island, Hampton Farms, the Tombs, Youth Houses, hospitals for teen-age addicts on North Brothers' Island, etc., etc. What were our problems compared to theirs?

There are sixty of us at Chrystie street, with an overflow of eight sleeping on the library floor, and more overflow guests going to lodging houses on the Bowery at the cost of sixty-five cents a night per bed. The Peter Maurin Farm is limited to a certain number. I have signed and sealed before a notary public, an affidavit that we would house no more than this certain number. There is not money enough to build, and making plans, hiring architects, getting building permits, certificates of occupancy—all this would take much time.

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Pacifist Weekly Begins Publication In France

Abbe Pierre, Camus and Cocteau Back New Venture

A new organization, Secours aux Objecteurs de Conscience (Aid to Conscientious Objectors) and a weekly publication, *Liberte*, have been launched in Paris and have the backing of such world renowned intellectuals, humanitarians and religious leaders as the Abbe Pierre, Albert Camus, Andre Breton, Ch.-Auguste Bontemps, Bernard Buffet, Jean Cocteau, Jean Giono, Lanza del Vasto, Henri Monnier, Paul Rassinier, Le Pasteur Roser and Robert Trepo most of whom will be writing in *Liberte*.

Subscription rates for *Liberte* inside France are 1,800 francs per year, 1,000 francs for six months; outside France, 2,000 francs per year and 1,100 francs for six months. Send name, address and remittance to M. Louis Lecoln, 16 rue Montyon, Paris 9, France.

CATHOLIC WORKER

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

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

Registered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



The Unwanted



HERE are 750 young people still kicked out of the New York school system and the problem is what to do with them. It used to be that Chicago was considered the gangster city of the nation, but now it is New York, and the horrifying story is that it is the youth groups who are responsible for the murders, muggings, and general violence which is part of the atmosphere of the whole world today. Serious as the war is in other parts of the world, the war between children and adults is a most extraordinary and terrible aspect of war. The class war, the war between worker and scholar, the war of the sexes—these are all aspects of war.

It has been suggested that the public school on Greenwich Avenue, now empty because of the new School built on 12th street, be used as a "600" school for these children of Manhattan who have been kicked out of the public school system here. When volunteers to teach were asked for, 190 volunteered. This in spite of the suicide of one school principal and the beating up of another within a recent period. Only forty teachers are needed. A "600" school is one for delinquent, retarded, sick, or disturbed children and has been in existence for the last 20 years, roughly speaking. Some are in hospitals. Unfortunately it is now being considered as a half way house to jail.

Over in Greenwich Village where this proposed school is situated there is an organized movement on the part of parents in the PTA to urge a tearing down of the old school to build a playground, a school yard for the children of the new school, who up to this time have never had a school playground. Also they are terrified at the thought of their children being molested as they go to and from school. During meetings attended by as many as 500 people, there have been threats of a boycott of the new school if this new project of a "600" school is carried out.

During this last trip I had the pleasure of attending a session of a school near Pittsburgh for children who are retarded and often delinquent, who come from the poorest homes, who carry knives, razors and are sometimes involved in violence. Many of our friends are teachers who tell of the "blackboard jungle" conditions around the country. We see it here at Chrystie street, which is part of the East side with its gang wars and I myself have seen gangs of young boys near First Avenue racing into battle, with iron bars as weapons but fortunately dispersed by police arriving on the scene. There was a very fine article in the New Yorker about the work of a Youth Board member, who on a personal level mingled with gang members over in Brooklyn, went to their hangouts and entered into conferences with them to try to avert fights and bloodshed.

This morning we received a call from John Lawrence, public relations man for the Council for Improving Village Conditions, who spoke of the problem of the unwanted children coming to the school on Greenwich Avenue. He had been trying to get organized groups interested, as the East Side Neighborhood Association is interested on our side of town, but so far could do little. He was now proposing a one-man protest and an attempt to help the first batch of young people to arrive at the school. We wish him well.

The problem is deep seated of course. It is not just a question of the war spirit of our generation, of movies, television, "comics" with their violence. It is also a question of bad housing and no place to go but the street. It is of course a problem of the woman who goes out to work and abandons the home and locks out the children. Some do this from greed. We heard of one case of a nurse holding two jobs and her husband also working and still the family were always in debt, and the younger son was a truant from school, and already a case for local social workers. We have the problem in the neighborhood of the Peter Maurin Farm in Staten Island. When it comes to the poverty which forces the mother out to work, it is a vicious circle. As long as women work, they will receive less pay, they will take the jobs from men, they will be preventing their own children from getting part time work on working permits. Now with a "recession" from prosperity, there is all the more reason for married women to question the work they are doing, the necessity for it, what it is leading to.

The contribution of each one to a problem is not just a drop in the bucket. It is laying a stone, a brick, to build a new edifice within the shell of this old order, and the immediate cost may be an acceptance of voluntary poverty and charity, but in the long run it will work for good. So once again we get back to the need for a foundation of voluntary poverty, an understanding and appreciation of it as a means to an end.

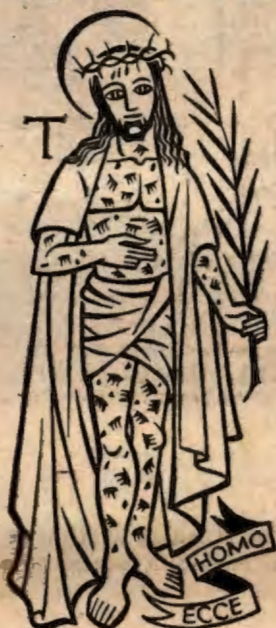
Dorothy Day

Chrystie Street

By KIERAN DUGAN

Half of Sarah Delano Roosevelt Park, across the street from us, has a high green fence around it, sparing the public eye the sight of wounded earth. Outside the fence a tall thin pile-driver pounds vertical steel beams deep into the ground. The rhythmic throbbing of the pile-driver becomes like the sound of a heart near death, each beat counting off another second of life. The subway extension moves relentlessly across the street, toward the ground under our house.

The house might have been allowed to remain standing, Mr. Myerson of the Transit Authority told me when I visited him in the Transit Authority offices in Brooklyn one afternoon last month, if it were not so old and had not been weakened by the removal of the building which used to be flush against us to the north. The subway will be two levels deep under us, requiring a hole of some eighty



feet in height, and the Transit Authority engineers do not think our building can bear such rending of its bowels. Formal notice that we must get out will be served us on or about April 1. The notice will give a deadline of thirty days, Mr. Myerson told me, but actually ninety days of grace can be assumed beyond that, so that we shall probably have until the middle of July to vacate.

Ballroom Entrance

The Chateau Gardens, the old church behind us which was remodeled and disguised and has been serving as ballroom and convention and banquet space of late—this building too must make way for the subway, but in the meantime it is still booking. Apparently it often overbooks, because every once in a while on a Friday night the whole sidewalk on the south side of Houston Street will be jammed with colored girls in gowns with their escorts, unable to enter the already crowded ballroom. On such nights a cordon of police keeps the crowd from overflowing too far into the street and quells potential riots.

Unintentional Donations

The tables in the rear of our office are the first landing place of clothing and other donations which enter our door, so that everyone around the house knows that if he wants to keep anything the place to lay it down is not the rear of the office. But we frequently have a problem with visitors and their personal property. Jimmy L., a truckdriver who was forced to quit that work because of a heart condition and who works here at St. Joseph's House as a waiter at house meals, was to have an interview with a social worker and was anxious to impress her. The social worker came to the house and sat down in the rear of the office with

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IN THE MARKET PLACE

By AMMON HENNACY

"What are you first, a Catholic or an anarchist?" asked a man from the audience as I was soapboxing on Wall Street a few years ago. New readers of the CW will not have read my answer.

1. I am a Catholic and go to Mass and Communion daily, worthily I hope.

2. Voluntary Poverty, such as we practice at the CW. This can be approximated by others, who cannot separate themselves as much as we do from this system of exploitation, by living more simply.

3. Love your Enemies. You do not need to agree with their ideas, but you should not destroy yourself by hating them. To love everyone but the warden, if you are a prisoner, does not mean a thing.

4. Bring this ideal of the Sermon on the Mount out into the world. If you are a worker join a union, or if you belong to a crooked one, go to meetings and make it better. Join with like minded people in whatever social action seems best to you for a better world.

5. Be a worker instead of a parasite. In line with Peter Maurin's ideas this would outlaw advertising, banks, loan sharks, insurance and much of the parasitical work which seems necessary in this failing system of society. Income derived from rent, interest or profit or the vices and weaknesses of others should be at a minimum and creative work should be the norm.

6. I am an anarchist, which means individual responsibility to the best that I know and freedom from majority rule and the state. The first five principles above are positive. Just to be an anarchist by itself is negative, but to lead a dedicated life and then be a part of the return of evil for evil in courts, prisons and war falls very short of what Christ taught. This voting and depending upon politicians to make a better world may be the last tie that binds many to a corrupt world, but it is as foolish for a dedicated person to vote as for a grown man to be playing marbles.

7. I do not smoke, drink, eat meat or take medicine. I would not vote for others to be deprived of these things. If my energies are needed to live up to these enlightened principles and I am a slave to habits which weaken me then I am an inefficient person. Come the time when I must act in accord with those of whom I read in the missal daily then if no cup of black coffee is handy, or a cigarette, an aspirin, or a drink of liquor then I could not act rightly because of this slavery to habits.

The above is my listing of emphasis. Very few around the CW agree with me on meat and medicine and I do not ask them to agree with me. Here there is freedom and no coercion. Those interested in health would do well to read the Hygienic Review, P.O. Box 1277, San Antonio, Texas. Dr. Shelton, the editor is not religious in the Church sense, but agrees with the radical ideas of the CW. Priests and others go to him for health where fasting and proper methods of living are taught. For New York readers it can be noted that he speaks at the Henry Hudson Hotel, March 25, 26, and 27.

Selling CW's

"What are ye aginst?" said a tall Irishman to me as he bought a CW at 14th and Broadway, and added, "Are you coming to the I.R.A. dance tomorrow night?"

At the same corner on another day a high school boy had bought a CW and came back and said that he couldn't read it because it did not have the imprimatur. I explained to him that papers did not need the imprimatur and only certain books had it. That there were hundreds of Catholic papers that were not diocesan papers; the Catholic Lawyer, the Catholic Doctor, the Commonwealth, the C.W. But he felt that he should not read it for it did not even have an article by a priest. I told him that he should ask his teacher at school about going through life with such blinders on for he would sure fill a bloody grave in war by such ignorance. I know that I have spoken in many Catholic schools where questions are allowed to be asked, so this boy is not typical.

A Jewish man who often buys a paper from me at 43 and Lexington told me of his 8-year-old boy who was showing a neighboring Irish boy how to hold a bat. This boy did not want to be shown and said: "You can't show me anything, you dirty Jew!" In a sober and innocent manner the Jewish boy replied, "You have committed a mortal sin." The father wondered where his son had ever gotten the expression "mortal sin" but was glad that his son had found the right time to use it.

Meetings

For the first time in my life I wore a gown when speaking to a college audience. This was at Douglass College assembly at Rutgers University before girl students. The professor who read the scripture was a Spanish teacher from Spain who was happy to find an anti-Franco Catholic, and he said that he read a selection from the Sermon on the Mount that day at the assembly with especial fervor. About a third of the students were Jewish, a third Protestant, and a third Catholic, so I was busy answering questions for the remainder of the day. The next night I spoke to the Walter Farrell Guild uptown. This group is composed of liberal rather than radical Catholics, so that my subject of "An Anarchist in the Catholic Church" provoked much discussion. The next night I spoke at a reception of the Communists in the Bronx

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We Read It That Way Too

As we go to press we feel compelled to call attention, briefly, to an extremely moving and important article in the March 8th issue of THE NATION by C. Wright Mills entitled "A Pagan Sermon to the Christian Clergy."

Mr. Mills, author of "The Power Elite" and other books is professor of sociology at Columbia University.

The Christian church is often criticized by those outside it, and often unjustly and most of the time by those who simply do not understand it. In many of these cases the blame cannot be laid either at the door of the Christians or at that of the "pagans" but Mr. Mills has constructed a well-nigh airtight case. He is not a believer but we find it hard to blame him.

His case (well documented) can be summed up in these words: "I am religiously illiterate and unfeeling. But truly I do not see how you can claim to be Christians and yet not speak out totally and dogmatically against the preparations and testing now under way for World War III. As I read it, Christian doctrine in contact with the realities of today cannot lead to any other position."

Mr. Mills, we read it that way too.

R.S.

WÜRZBURG 1957

By GORDON ZAHN

All the church bells began ringing at twenty minutes past the hour. In the total blackness of a moonless and starless night, the tolling of the bells and the echoes of my own footsteps along the empty country road were the only evidences of human existence—except, perhaps, for the occasional protests of watchful dogs guarding the darkened houses along the way. It was a perfect setting for silent thought and the perfect occasion for such thought; for the ringing of the bells was a reminder to all who heard that this was the time . . . this was the very hour . . .

Twelve years before it had been quite a different night. Instead of the near-total silence, the whole area resounded to the crashing thud and thundering bursts of thousands of bombs cascading down upon a helpless city. No bells were ringing then, for those few bells which may have escaped Nazi confiscation were either melting in the fury of the flames or already lying voiceless in the rubble of the crumbled churches. Nor was there any darkness on that night. Of stars and moon there was no need, for men had brought the very brightness of hellfire to St. Killian's ancient city on the Main. First had come the flares that ringed the "target"; later, the inferno of flames raging along the narrow alley-like streets brightened the night for miles around. Twelve years before, the highway along which I was now walking in total solitude had been filled with a stream of fugitive humanity, individuals and families forced to abandon home, possessions, and—in many cases—the body of some loved one.

Before this night Würzburg had been fortunate. A centuries-old center of Catholic culture, a renowned university and hospital town, it and its treasures of baroque at its priceless best had been spared the holocaust that had consumed so many other German cities. Now, in mid-March (with Hitler's Third Reich already in its final collapse, the war would end in a few short weeks!), the populace had grown pleasantly confident that the city's good fortune would continue. Thus they were fully unprepared for the British assault which began about 9:20 and ended a short twenty minutes later. In those twenty minutes the treasures of centuries were destroyed; 85 per cent of the city had been reduced to scattered rubble or grim, burnt-out skeletons; and three thousand men, women and children met the fate that brought them to rest in the common "Massengrab" in Würzburg's cemetery.

These are the "facts." One could go into greater detail, describing categories of damage and victims and setting forth a more orderly report of a statistical nature; but little purpose would be served. In the last analysis all would lead to the same conclusion, the conclusion that here occurred a wilful and deliberate act of gross injustice. Whatever military objectives Würzburg may have contained, there is certainly no indication that the required "proportionality" of which the theology textbooks so confidently speak was to be found in the total, systematically planned and efficiently executed destruction of the entire city. The bombing of Würzburg must be described, twelve years after the fact, as a work of calculated barbarism—and the slaughter of its inhabitants as a form of murder. The city and its tragic fate serve as an imperishable witness to the inadequacy of philosophic distinctions or theological niceties which provide neat little equations governing the moral evaluation of human action, but which make no allowance for the socio-psychological fact that war-time emotions of unrestrained nationalism and vindictive hatred tend to reduce men and their ac-

tions to a level somewhat less than human.

It is not a valid argument to say that all this may be true "but it was war." Such an argument represents a reversal of all logical processes. The fact that "it was war" justifies nothing. Instead, war and every act committed in war must themselves be justified, must be measured by the unchanging, objective standards of Christian morality. And these standards are quite clear in condemning the slaughter of non-combatants. The fact that "it was war" cannot justify a Würzburg; rather, the fact that such a thing did happen presents a terrible indictment of the war which made it possible. Nor is it a valid argument to

Father and his predecessors, it is perfectly legitimate for a Catholic to measure war as it is fought and planned today according to these theological standards and conclude that the proverbial 999 out of every thousand—or even 99,999 out of every hundred thousand—actual modern wars will certainly be unjust wars. To the extent that such a conclusion appears valid, it would seem the better part of prudence to prepare Catholics to meet their most likely moral obligation, a complete refusal to take active part in such unjust wars, than to continue along the path that our theology has led us thus far. For this path leads to the dead end of moral bankruptcy most clearly illustrated by the near-total support

of death and destruction: a wall standing here with a twisted metal fire escape reaching meaninglessly out into midair; a decorative archway opening upon a courtyard of rubble and weeds; a relatively large sapling arrogantly spreading itself in what was once some tidy Hausfrau's parlor. But substantially the city has been rebuilt. Ten years ago—five years ago—when Würzburg was still picking its way out of its ruins, a rebirth of German militarism would have been a totally impossible prospect. For the raiment had been washed clean. A nation had been purified in the Blood of the Lamb.

But today? Today the situation has changed, and old ghosts are stirring again. A generation of

be a Pandora's box filled with unimaginable evils.

At the moment there is one saving feature. Chancellor Adenauer, the leader of today's rearmament drive, is no Hitler. Instead, one must credit him with being an honorable man, a thoroughly sincere man, a man worthy of the highest respect as an opponent to almost everything that Nazism implied. Unfortunately, he is also an old man. When he and the other men of his generation who have formed the image of post-Nazi Germany pass on, as they one day must, there is no guarantee that the men who will follow, the men who will fall heir to the military machine he is so diligently constructing, will share Adenauer's outlook, his visions, his virtues.

The men who will rise to power are men drawn from a generation that grew to maturity under Hitler, and it is a denial of all we have learned about the formation of the human personality to say that this makes no difference. The Nazi totalitarians gave the world an example of practical psychological control such as had never before been achieved. There must still remain deep and strong undercurrents of the passions that quickened over the torch-light parades of the Hitler Jugend, the hysteria of the Nurnberg rallies, and the mad proclamations of a glorious Aryan future. The men who follow Adenauer will not be neo-Nazis in the usual sense of the word, but they will carry within them reaction potentials that are quite different from the reaction potentials that made men like Adenauer reject the Nazi way of life even at the cost of grave personal risk.

There is, of course, such a thing as political conversion. But one must question whether it can be accomplished through the obliteration bombing of one's homeland—and, another note of importance to the social psychologist, the term "Heimat" is a symbol of almost sacred dedication to virtually every German. Nor is it at all certain that a true political conversion can be purchased by generous programs of financial assistance in the rebuilding of that devastated homeland. The conversion of a whole people takes time—and twelve years is all too short a period to reach into the inner psychological depths and undo the intricate network of militaristic ideology that reaches far beyond the mass hypnosis of the Nazi period, back to Bismarck, back to Hitler's personal ideal, Frederick the Great.

To keep the record straight, let me say that these were not the thoughts of a "professional" Germanophile. Quite the contrary. I have always maintained that the belief in the so-called "inherent militarism of the Germans" must be finally and completely rejected for what it is, a racist notion that is every bit as unjust and anti-Christian as are the stereotypes associated with the Jew or the Negro. In the eleven months I lived and travelled in Germany, I learned to love the neatness and beauty of its landscapes, the warm friendliness of its people, and the artistic and spiritual depths of its national traditions. It was a source of great personal pride to find that the observations I made while there completely justified my previous opposition to such nonsense as the Vansittart-Morgenthau programs of vengeance and the unjust attempts to assign direct responsibility for Nazi criminality to the whole German people. Thus, my thoughts as I walked along the silent road were the thoughts, not of a hate-filled enemy but of a friend who sees in the German people the first victims of Hitler and who shares their sorrow over the scars and memories of that victimized past.

It is this past that must be laid to rest, and here we come to the root of the problem. For German (Continued on page 8)



point to other cities that shared Würzburg's fate and to charge the Germans with prime responsibility because of the obvious immorality of their cause and the inhumanity of their leaders. These facts merely serve to reinforce the indictment of World War II as an unjust war and, indeed, to call into serious question the essential nature of all actual (as distinguished from "theoretical") modern wars. That a Coventry preceded Cologne and a Warsaw preceded Würzburg and that a long death roll of cities can be cited by both sides—a list culminating, of course, in the climaxing crimes against humanity of a Hiroshima and a Nagasaki—these are historic facts and may not be denied or overlooked. Though a certain priority of evil must be assigned to Nazi Germany, both in the sense of time sequence and the savagery of her acts, there is no virtue to be found in the subsequent acts of brutal vengeance committed against her. If it can be argued that a crime of aggression produces crimes of retaliation and that both are part and parcel of modern war, it should become quite clear that we who are Christians have a distinct obligation to oppose modern war and every step leading to such war. And once we have assumed what Benedict XV called "Our pacifist mission" rejecting war as a solution for the world's problems, we may then more efficiently dedicate our full efforts to finding new means to defend the values we hold so dear, means which are consistent with the standards of Christian morality.

This in no way contradicts Pius XII's 1956 Christmas Message. While it is quite clear that the Holy Father has spoken in firm support of traditional theological principles which allow for the possibility of a "Just War" and has declared that it is even theoretically possible that a modern war could fulfill the strict conditions set forth therein, he most certainly did not declare that any modern war has met these conditions or that any likely future war (even one against the Communist bloc!) would assuredly meet them. Placing this Message in the context of other statements made by the Holy

given by German Catholics, including their spiritual leaders, to what may objectively have been history's most unjust war. Nor was it a moral failure of silent acquiescence; instead, it took the form of public declarations obliging Catholics to do their "sacred duty" wherever they may be assigned, to willingly and even joyously prepare themselves to die the "Heldentod" (Hero-death) in the defense (1) of "Volk und Vaterland."

... Thoughts such as these came easily with the ringing of the bells, and it was quite natural that they should frame themselves into a personal memorial to the devastated city and its dead. For Würzburg it had been a day of memorials. Beginning with the full solemnity of a memorial Mass, the day progressed with a wreath-laying ceremony at the mass-grave, then a formal sitting of the Town Council, and finally an evening concert featuring the first performance of a memorial cantata. The verbal text for the latter consisted of Scriptural fragments—the lamentations, the Apocalypse, the Seven Last Words, etc.—holding dramatic relevance to the occasion. The modern musical setting was similarly effective, the dissonances serving to produce a tone of ominous tension and sustained tragedy until the final climax when the symphony orchestra, two full choirs, and the five soloists joined forces in the exultant refrain: My raiment has been cleansed. I have been washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

Washed in the Blood of the Lamb! A hopeful note on which to end a memorial service. But was it true? Has the purification been accomplished, the raiment cleansed? Twelve years ago—six years ago—the answer would have been an unequivocal affirmative. The years between the falling of the bombs and this night's ringing of the bells had been years of unbelievably heroic struggle, years in which the impossible had been achieved. For the murdered city has been brought back to life. True, a ten minute walk in any direction from almost any point in the city will still lead one to hideous reminders of the fateful night

boys who huddled in terror in the bombshelters of a stricken nation is being called to take its place in a new program of German rearmament, a program, sad to say, forced upon an originally reluctant war-tired populace by a combination of American diplomacy and German Catholic statesmanship. These two forces which one might have expected to find united in opposition to the formation of a new German army have instead "chosen the lesser evil" and, by doing so, may have gambled with the future existence of the human race. Abandoned is the sparkling postwar dream of a German generation free from all taint of militarism, a dream that was expendable in the rush to build stronger defenses against the Communist threat. Laudable though this objective may be, it and the means chosen to reach it hold more than a vague resemblance to the arguments used in 1931 and 1932 by other forces demanding a similar program of German rearmament.

No sensible person will deny that Soviet power must be recognized as a very real threat to the independence and peace of Western Europe. But we should not delude ourselves as those democratic leaders of a generation ago deluded themselves when they welcomed the "strong Germany" promised by Hitler as a "bulwark against Bolshevism." We must recognize that there are dangers in the cure; and when we add the fact that the rearmament of Germany introduces new elements of tension into an already explosive situation, we will see that the "lesser evil" may well be a greater evil than we imagine. Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia must be forgiven if their memories of a not-too-distant past lead them to view the prospect of a rearmed Germany with serious misgivings—just as we would have every reason to fear the same prospect if that rearmed Germany were allied with the Communist bloc. It is not quite as neat a tabulation as we might like to believe. In terms of Western security as measured by military bases and armed forces, German rearmament (on our side) might indeed be an asset. In terms of world security in an atomic age, it might well prove to

BOOK REVIEWS

The American Parish and the Roman Liturgy by the Rev. H. A. Reinhold, The Macmillan Co. New York. 148 pages \$3.50. Reviewed by John Stanley.

Halfway between Sheridan Square and the waterfront there's a bar that's patronized almost exclusively by young longshoremen and the truckdrivers, and almost not at all by the usual Greenwich Village consortium of bohemians, college boys and tourists. These young men are all cradle Catholics, and all went for twelve years, give one or two, to parochial schools; none, save one or two, make any pretense of "practicing"—as they put it—their religion. They retain a certain sentimental affection for the forms of their religion; and they speak compassionately of grey haired mothers who attend seven o'clock mass, and of priests and religious who were gentle or ungentle with them. They know nothing of religion; they have no concept of worship. For them religion is "morality"; and this morality is tied up for the most part with two well known commandments. They are men of beauty and intelligence, and have great vitality; some of them are studying to be actors and writers and painters.

Their parish church is one block from the bar; it is large, ugly, and high Mass is almost never sung. The pastor is old and sick, and for many years has not said Mass in public; he makes an appearance from time to time to plead for funds. It is possible to go for months at a time without hearing a sermon. The parish is moribund. Gone completely is the idea of a united people coming together joyously to worship the God they love. It is difficult not to get the impression that the congregation, those who "make" Mass, are on strike. And always in mind are the large percentage of strikers in the parish who won't even become part of the congregation.

The central problem here is the loss of the idea of the necessity of worship. These men have gone to schools run by religious, but they have not received a religious education. They have been mis-educated, or at least mal-educated; they were dragged through a morass of moralizing and sentimental pietism. And they have formed the judgment that what was given them is irrelevant to the life situation they are in. They do not deny the fact of God; but the notion of God as presented to them seems to them—quite rightly—some sort of womanish aberration; and so what follows is that they cannot wait to leave the swamp of confusion and guilt and boredom.

But, there is an obligation to accept the responsibilities of participation in worship given the nature of God and the nature of man. But the way things stand now, the layman is not given the opportunity of doing this; his place and posture is one of a viewer from a great distance of an obscure show. This is the fault of clericalism, a cancer that has deformed and wasted the beautiful body of Christian action. It has caused a great divide to bulge out obscenely in the harmonic unity of the social body. On one side of this dreadful watershed seep the evil juices of arrogance and ignorance of Christian doctrine and complacency, and on the other side the killing acids of envy and rebellion and hatred. And steaming up from this wasteland are the choking fumes of romantic, sentimental pietism, malign and devastating, and breeding superstition and the decay of faith.

Father Reinhold explains that the relationship between priest and layman is not that of medicine man and devotee, which is the degradation of the priest "to a purveyor, of the faithful to a convenience; it is a serious malformation. It stunts the proper religious development, and prevents the spiritual maturity of a member of the Mystical Body.

It creates the passivity which is that of a baby being fed, coddled, and catered to . . . It proceeds from an ignorance of Christian doctrine . . .

Those who have turned away offended by being treated in a manner beneath their dignity as men, will not easily be re-engaged. They can only be piqued into interest by having come down into the midst of their lives as they are and where they are a sight and sound and action so limpidly true and so almost palpably vibrant with essential life and so available for them to participate in that their hearts will be wounded with desire. And they must be engaged with almost super human delicacy and generosity and gentleness, so sensitive have men today become to being used. How is it that cultivated and spiritual people do not know that men are offended and estranged by even the most subtle spiritual capacity? There is no substitute for taste. And those who might be expected to have taste should know that even the slightest hint of using religious agencies for personal ends is infinitely distasteful.

Father Reinhold has written a book on worship; it is excellent, as the mind of the author is excellent: witty, clear, strong, courageous, cultivated (as opposed to ornamental), gravely pious, and moving—in the simple sense of making you want to move, do, act. He has everything right side up. He longs to give to as many as possible the possibility of participating in the most meaningful way in the most happy duty and most happy privilege they have: worship. The whole concept has got shredded and catty cornered, somehow; the "why" of it is a long, long story. The "how" of attempting to set the absurd situation we now have in some sort of order for the love of God and the love of man is what concerns this good priest:

"The shallow operators who always want to see at once new recipes, remedies, and results here and now, the people who count noses instead of weighing ideas; forget that we can only hope to change men if we give them great ideas and great ideals.

"Liturgy is worship, and Catholic liturgy is worship of the Father through Christ in the Holy Spirit. He is the animating principle, the fiery breath, of this worship. There is therefore no need to look for another end or purpose outside this. This is sufficient purpose unto itself. All other ends, the very sanctification of the worshippers and the salvation of their souls, are subordinated to this supreme end."

But, "By constant worship life becomes a rite of worship, and man is not only a priest by the indelible character of the three priestly sacraments but by sacred habit and by nourishing of the subconscious."

And, "The grandiose world of divine truths . . . will become more visible to men's minds and hearts if the solemnity and grandeur of our liturgy are carried out in our churches . . ."

"The end product of the liturgy as a Christian way of life awakens in the soul the slumbering knowledge of the Church as a Body and organism . . . Its soul is the Holy Spirit, and our uprightness and pride as its members are not based on numbers, cultural achievement, power, efficiency, or outward beauty, but solely on the faith that the earthen vessel contains the divine wine."

It is one thing to look at all things in the light of eternity, but it is another to look at the history of the Church as it has been, and to want that nothing had been different; and how can a loving Christian in truth look at the Church as it is and want that nothing be changed? To love is to want the best for the loved one. We haven't had the best, and we don't have the best, and it is no use pretending that we do. There are such things as sins of omission; and possibly there might be such a thing as cul-



**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.**

responsibility lies on the shoulders of the detractors of Father Ricci for the China of today, and its martyrs, asks Father Reinhold? If you don't act at the time of action you are, in a sense, "defeatable lagardliness. How much ing" the Divine Plan. The Church is eternal and infinitely wise, but this is not so of churchmen; and the lives of men are most mortal and subject to great suffering, and it is unfitting to take an olympian view of this.

"The ages in which Christians were tempted to confuse the Holy Roman Empire with the millennium of Christ, or Christendom with Christianity went down in sad and sober awakening by defection, heresy, and revolution . . . but . . . the liturgy has reminded Christians that Christ's kingdom is not of this world . . . The two world wars, the Russian and Chinese Revolutions, the secession of the former colonies; the emergence of the Arab and Indian world; the breakup of the tissue of the social fabric of the West; the new plebian civilization rising all over the world . . . all this is real and cannot be wished away by neo-conservatives, political romantics, or ecclesiastical dreamers of sacral empire . . . The Church is built on the Rock of Christ, and will withstand . . . but the Church is itself an organism, alive and exposed to the climate of rising and waning civilizations.

"The firm order of a static society with a place assigned to everyone has yielded to the society of the Industrial Revolution which knows no longer stratified or stable estates nor a citizenry rooted to house, town, or farm, and wedded to trade, guild, and parish. All is turning over and evolving. . . . Copernicus not only unhinged the earth and tossed it into space rotating about itself, about the sun, and with the sun about a galaxy swiftly expanding into space; the same process is now recognizable to us in a whole world below, and beyond, the microscope, where firm matter proves to be as relatively empty and spacious as galaxies of the heavens. Add to this the disturbing breaking off of the terra firma of our consciousness floating like the minor visible part of a vast submerged iceberg of unconsciousness and drifting on a sea of glacial strangeness, and you have indeed an unnerving new situation.

"That is why there is an urgency (to effect liturgical reform) . . . the vision the people need is a new appraisal of man's place in the universe . . . The facts on which worship is built and the relation which it puts man into with God, with his fellow men, and with nature, need that simplicity and monumentality that relieve the complex image that we see in a world that seems to have lost its terra firma and gives up meta-

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physical vertigo by its all embracing and comprehensive relativity.

"The liturgical renewal . . . is only part of the general rejuvenation and growth of the Church as contemporary Christianity. It is . . . unrealistic for a follower of the liturgical movement to take care of the liturgy only and to expect to have solved all spiritual problems confronting the parish . . ."

But, "If we remain minimalists in our parish liturgy . . . we shall reap a thin harvest and confused loyalty . . . We seem to presuppose a kind of angelism, disregarding what we are taught by the elaborate unfolding of the Incarnation." It is necessary to avoid " . . . an 'essentialism' which by being too general in its object becomes too unpalatable, humanity speaking . . . When there is no meeting in the Face of God in Christ alive in the liturgy, and when it is a stiff brocade that shrouds and veils without epiphany unveiling to the eye of faith, then we are in danger of missing our *kairos*, the plenitude and fullness of our own age."

At a certain point in time, difficult to locate precisely, but well before the stone encased celebrations of the "high" Middle Ages, Christians seem to have given up the hope and poetry and singing that was their birthright and seem to have become entranced with sin-focussed guilt. They seem to have become unnerved by their high calling. Their vision became deflected from its proper orientation: The Triumphant Christ amidst the eternal alleluia of the processions of joyful giving to the Father in the Holy Spirit occurring not in some far blue heaven but in the heart of every believer, and inviting each man to the agape of such pure dimensions that it required only the wedding garment of love to participate. Possibly man became frightened at the simplicity of this open hearted gaze. In any case, he seemed to want to do nothing more than go over and over the old dreary course. How full the churches are in Lent and Holy Week and Good Friday! How empty in Easter Week and Paschal time! How we have enjoyed plodding along whipping ourselves endlessly for SIN! And why? Our religion is melle. Possibly because it is easier to drone prose than to sing.

It is easier to sink in a slough of despairing nausea than to rise in a flight of song and dance and poetry. It requires less humility. It requires less concentration. Anyone who has tried to sing or dance or act professionally knows the difficulties of "taking off." And you can't "play it safe." Dancing and singing and acting require going out and giving yourself and trusting; prosaic creeping along in a shroud requires neither love nor trust nor generosity. And worst of all we have through our funeral re-presentation of The Word given massive scandal to the innocent post-Christians around us. How justly they seek to psychoanalyze our devotion to this strange aberration. No one has had the courage to openly deny the joy of the triumph of Christ; there has just been a fear of facing it. Our vision is retrograde. As Father Reinhold says: "In this climate the Church looks to the past to gain for the present, and the Sacramental Presence, the mystery, is given up for meditation."

Possibly the basic "heresy" is that so many have never really, really believed in the fact of the Incarnation—and the Assumption; at least one wonders. It seems that we have never really believed in the beauty and importance and vitality of matter, of flesh. We want

to be angels. Father Reinhold says: "There is still a residuum of contempt for the visible in the lesser scholastics' attitude towards the sacraments, so often shared by the minor and major mystics . . . Some are so spiritual that they fear to be distracted by the material externals . . . Jesus of Nazareth would have spared the spirituals a great deal of anguish if He had not been so grossly crucified and if he had not risen in bodily shape. Quite a distraction."

Father Reinhold says many exciting things about the Sacraments of Confirmation and Extreme Unction, especially the latter, which was instituted to prepare men for Glory, to consecrate the dying Christian.

But there is one last quotation, and it must be given completely out of context, because there is no room, and anyhow it is important beyond its context: "But it was one of the Pyrrhic victories of common sense against rationalistic unreason." (Page 51). In many ways this is the history of the Holy Church, and even the history of man. How man has sickly enjoyed using his facility of ratiocination ungeared by true love to unhinge himself and to career disastrously into war and ugliness and all manner of a-humane activity! All men, and especially intellectuals, need most fervently to pray the Collects of Whitsuntide.

Guilt Takes A Holiday

Seen in such a context, the apparently nonsensical, unrealistic, impotent, and meaningless act of four odd-balls driving a boat into the forbidden area reserved for the forthcoming H-bomb tests emerges as a glorious re-affirmation of individual responsibility, of saying "Yes" to being a human being, of at least making an infinitesimal protest. It is an act of absurd moral splendor and self-destruction that blinds the eye of those who remain behind. Or are we prepared to give up our jobs, our analyses, the smiles of our children, the expectations of our tomorrows, to permit ourselves to be the first ones to be radiated? Are we prepared to direct our own schooners, yachts, yes, even row-boats into the same unpredictable channels?

—by Amos Vogel from Village Voice, Feb. 26, 1958.

The Golden Rule was damaged at 700 miles at sea in one of the worst storms in many years. The ketch had to return to San Pedro for repairs. A new member of the crew who has had sea experience will sail with the boat March 20. Repairs on the vessel will cost \$2,000 but the crew is determined to make their witness against atomic terror in the Pacific. CW readers can watch the radio and press for news and help with contributions to be sent to Walter Longstreth, Treasurer, 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

CULTURE VATION ::

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

Jimmy. They talked and she filled out forms for an hour or so. When she was ready to leave she could not find her gloves. We asked her where she had left them. She said on a table in the rear of the office. She said they were long black kid gloves and had cost her ten dollars, which she said was an extravagance for her. She stood around while we hunted the house from top to bottom, asking people if they had seen the gloves. No one had. The social worker said the only person she had seen come into the rear of the office was a grey-haired woman in a polkadot dress. Poor old Anna, who cherishes rags more than finery and always wears two old, unmatched men's shoes, she was sitting downstairs beside the two cardboard boxes which hold the rags which are all her worldly goods and which she pulls like a train behind her when she walks down the street—and she was the only woman around with grey hair and a polkadot dress. Anna has a great spirit of independence and is always afraid of being caught in a trap and for that reason it was a long time before we could get her to sleep in the house instead of in her usual doorway (even then, she would sleep only on the floor in the corridor, near the front door). When she heard the subway was coming through the house, fears which she had always cultivated (when, for example, extensive plumbing was being done and pipes were being carried out of rooms and out of the door, she suspected, for the thousandth time, that everyone was evacuating the house; she would go around checking, asking, "Where's so-and-so?" and "Isn't he coming back?")—these fears were confirmed for her, and she pulled her boxes behind her through the front door and was gone for two days. We couldn't imagine Anna wanting such fine gloves as those described by the social worker, but Jimmy, in his eagerness to retrieve them, went downstairs anyway and asked Anna if she had taken them. Anna shook her head, slowly but resolutely rose up, took hold of her boxes, and walked out of the house, dragging her boxes behind her to freedom.

I write this night of the day this event occurred. We have since found out who picked up the gloves and they are on their way to the social worker. But we wonder if Anna is on her way back to us.

Urban Mobility

The psychological effects of urban mobility were evident in a recent encounter we had with some Puerto Rican women. The two women, one young one old, came to the door with a child in the middle of an afternoon asking for clothes. I told them that the clothes were given out in the mornings, and couldn't they come then? They said they must have misunderstood, since they remembered being told to come back at that time, and it would be very hard for them to return soon. I asked where they lived and they said Sixty-seventh Street. After that information, I didn't have the heart to send them away, since Sixty-seventh Street is a little more than sixty-seven blocks away. I asked Veronica if she would please come down to take care of them. She did come down and did take care of them. Afterwards she told me she had asked them, "Do you come from the neighborhood?" "Yes," the younger one replied. "But Mr. Dugan told me you came from Sixty-seventh Street," said Veronica. "Well, that's the neighborhood," replied the young woman definitively.

Sassafras

The box announcing Friday night meetings which appears regularly in these pages says that coffee and tea are served afterward. The gripe of Jonas is that the box does not add "and sassafras tea." Jonas, as you can guess, makes sassafras tea for us on Friday nights. Every couple of weeks or so he goes to Peter Maurin Farm, digs at the roots of the sassafras trees with his bare hands ("it is hard to do in the winter, but it's the only way"), and scrapes the bark off the roots. On Friday nights he shows up here at Chrystie Street with his ten gallon hat on his head, a bandana around his neck and a half pint bottle filled with the bark. While the meeting is going on he lets the bark (in a couple



of gallons of water) brew on the kitchen stove in an enameled pot (—and nothing but an enameled pot; Jonas stopped making sassafras tea for Peter Maurin Farm when the farm went from enameled to aluminum pots; he will give you a long diatribe against the aluminum lobby and its machinations with minimum encouragement). After the meeting, when the crowd moves down to the kitchen, Jonas has the sassafras tea waiting on the table besides the coffee and regular tea. He considers the regular tea poisonous ("worse than coffee") and carries on a constant and conscientious campaign for conversion of people to the drinking of the sassafras variety, so that you are uncomfortable drinking either coffee or regular tea in his presence out of fear that you may be personally affronting him.

Arthur

Last month in this column I called Arthur Lacey "the irrepressible itinerant." A week ago Arthur resumed his itinerary. He knocked on my door early one morning and said he had decided to hitchhike to Portland, Oregon, where he intended to work for a while at Blanchet House of Hospitality. He intended to leave immediately, he said, and he was gone within an hour. I for one shall certainly miss him. He was always on hand for the small but hard task. One of the things I was especially grateful to him for was his help in brooking difficult situations with the landlord of an apartment house where we pay the rent for a woman and her invalid son. Because of the condition of the son, the landlord has said time and again that he cannot keep them any longer. Tenants move out of the adjacent room, he says, almost as quickly as they move in. He wants the mother and son out—unless we will rent the other room as well. The landlord is more or less vehement about this, depending upon whether he has someone renting the other room at the time. Whenever I heard that the landlord was waiting for me, ready to thrust the ultimatum of eviction or two rents at me, I would send Arthur with the check until the dangerous period was over and the landlord was renting the other room again.

Luxurious Transportation

A friend of mine who bicycled through Yugoslavia a few years ago told me how, when he would leave his bicycle outside a restaurant or some other building, a crowd of townspeople would gather to marvel at the intricacy of the spokes, etc. I was reminded of this when Father Hessler, one of the few anarchist priests in the world and an old friend of the CW, visited us recently. Father is a Maryknoll missionary and the leader of a group of lay people working among the natives of Bacalar, Yucatan and the surrounding area. He was explaining how much one must live as the natives live in order to have any rapport with them. "You don't even consider riding around in a car," he said. "Even a bicycle would call so much attention to itself that the people would have no attention left over to pay to you."

Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

(Written while waiting for a bus)

Dorothy is back from Mexico and planning to spend Lent mostly at the farm; Beth is leaving for Washington to visit her sister and then for Atlanta to see her parents; Sheila Johnson has arrived from Hibbing, Minnesota, to try the CW way of life for a while; John has gotten his seeds for the spring sowing, and all in all the stirrings of spring and its changes are all about us at the farm.

Tom Caine heard the first bird of the season (a cardinal, he thinks) and a few days later a killdeer.

It was good to see Dorothy again and to have news not only of the Mexican pilgrimage but also of the old friends she saw on her way back from the West.

Sheila came to the Worker through Georgia Kernan, who spent some time at Peter Maurin Farm five years ago. Sheila is one of the few girls who have come to the Worker already knowing how to bake bread. Currently, she is baking, helping with the cooking, laundering altar linens, helping Dorothy with letters, and seems willing to do anything else that might come her way. She was a student nurse and just before coming East was working as a nurse's aide.

We survived the heavy snows very well, though the roads were pretty well impassable. The neighborhood children skated on the pond and used our hills for sledding. Of the remaining farm population, the geese were about the only ones who seemed really to rejoice in the weather. John has built them a very nice shelter inside the fence which encloses the pond, but they refused to go inside all during the bad weather, and sat, apparently perfectly content, in the snow the whole time.

With both Daisy Mae and Josephine being milked, we have

been reveling in milk, fresh butter, buttermilk, and cottage cheese. We have brought many crocks of the latter in to Chrystie Street, where it adds a little farm freshness to the table. And Magda, Sheila, and Beth have all tried their hands at cheese cake.

Charlie Butterworth and Frank Carasante have finished setting up the big rug loom given to us by the Good Shepherd nuns at Peekskill, and will start the weaving itself on their next Wednesday weaving session. Both Frank and Charlie are skilled weavers, and will probably produce something extraordinarily lovely. Frank also works in leather.

Father Bryan Karvelis, of the Brooklyn diocese, came with a Mass preparation group which he leads to spend a Sunday afternoon with us. There were two conferences in the chapel, Stations of the Cross, Vespers in English, Benediction, and, after supper, folk dancing. There were about 25 young people in the group, and they included two old friends, Jim Maron and Lynn Malloy.

On March 2, Frances Ferguson Conlin, who spent a summer at the farm two years ago, came to see us with her month-old daughter, Martha.

We ask prayers for Mrs. Vishniewski, Stanley's mother, who died last month, and for Mrs. Teresa Connors, of Bayonne, New Jersey, a very old friend and benefactor who also has just died.

Sobell

We are pleased to learn that Morton Sobell has been removed from the hell of Alcatraz to Atlanta prison. It is much easier for his wife and children to visit him there. His freedom from a sentence resulting from hysteria rather than facts is the next step sought by his friends.

"There is no unemployment on the land."

—Peter Maurin

DISTRIBUTISM

On a little farm in Vermont, David Hennessy has a mail order book shop. He handles, among other titles, the writings of Chesterton, Belloc, Eric Gill and others on Distributism, the only alternative to Industrial Capitalism and Atheistic Communism. Here are a few titles:

Work and Culture by Eric Gill.....	\$1.10
Six Social Documents by Pope Pius XII.....	.50
Social Teachings of Pope Leo XIII edited by E. Gilson...	1.00
Reconstruction of the Modern World by Pope Pius XI....	1.35
Back to Reality by Gustave Thibon	1.75
The Servile State by Hilaire Belloc	1.75
Sacred and Secular in Art and Industry by Eric Gill.....	1.10
Property and Poverty by A. Crofts	1.75
The Pleasures of Poverty by A. Bertram	1.75

Send for his lists,

Order from David Hennessy,
Perkinsville, Vermont.

The Wisdom of The Church



OW could I, beloved brethren, more fittingly begin my sermon to you on the holiest and greatest of fasts than with those words of the Apostle Paul, in whom Christ spoke: Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation! Although there is never a time which is not replete with divine gifts, and we always have easy access to the mercy of God through His grace, nevertheless the minds of all should be animated by a greater trust and moved by a more intense fervor to advance spiritually at this time. For now the return of that day on which we were redeemed urges us to the devout performance of every act of virtue, that with cleansed minds and purified bodies we may celebrate the all-excelling mystery of the sacred Passion of our Lord. Indeed, mysteries as great as those have a claim to such unceasing recollection and continual worship that we should always abide in the presence of God in the manner which is becoming during the feast of the Pasch. Yet such virtue graces few; and while austere practices are mitigated because of the frailty of men, and while the concerns of this life demand manifold attention, even the hearts of the saintly become tainted with the dust of the world. Therefore, dearly beloved, the kindly providence of God has provided a holy retreat of forty days during which we are to regain purity of soul, and by good works and chastening fasts blot away and atone for the sins of other times.

—from a Lenten homily of
St. Leo the Great, Pope
from the year 440 till 461

The Commonweal

New readers of The Commonweal are frequently as pleased by the variety in the magazine as they are by the quality of the writing. During the last trial subscription period of thirteen weeks, for example, the following articles were among those published:

The Ideal of Non-Violence	by Bede Griffiths, OSB
Hoffa and the Teamsters	by John Cort
The Princeton Controversy	by James Finn
Nuclear War and the Theologians	by John Cogley
Group Psychology and Christian Philosophy...	by Karl Stern
Religion and the Catholic College	by James J. Maguire
Politics and the Writer: Two Views	by Derek Stanford and William Esty

The varied and significant concerns of the authors who will publish in this magazine during the next thirteen weeks are the sort that will be warmly welcomed by readers who are interested in newsworthy happenings here and overseas—and in outstanding books of the season and meaningful ideas generally. Send your name and address along with \$2 to The Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave. New York 16, N. Y. (For new subscribers only).

MEXICAN PILGRIMAGE—Part II

(Continued from Page 1)

Besides we are not in favor of forcibly moving populations.

Besides there is the headline. Where will they go? For years, since 1936, to be exact, these men have been coming to us, old and crippled, young and disordered in mind and body. "Behold, oh God, our Protector, and look upon the face of Thy Christ!" We know that the Lord has no need of our goods, but still He has commanded us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the harborless. Individually one can do this quietly, unobtrusively, letting not the right hand know what the left hand is doing. But when there is a group of us getting out *The Catholic Worker*, and when because of what we have written people come to us for aid we cannot turn them away. When we quote our Lord's words, "All ye are brothers," they believe we believe it . . .

By now it was after twelve and the room was cold and the windows rattling in the wind. There was only one thing to do to stop these thoughts. I got up and put on sweater and scarf and propping myself up in bed began to read what was at hand, Kennedy's new missal with its beautiful new translation of the prayers. I had gone through the Mass for the next day, and turned to the February volume of the Butler's lives of the saints (also Kennedy), and was immediately charmed into a new perspective. "My ways are not your ways, nor are your thoughts my thoughts," the Lord says. (I quote always from memory so please excuse the inaccuracies.)

On February 27 in the lives of the saints there seemed to be an abundance of hermits: Thalaeus who lived in a penitential cage and wept continuously, round about the year 450; St. Baldmerus, a more attractive figure, also a hermit whose one message to the world was, "always give thanks to God." The wild birds used to come and eat from his hands, and he told them too, "Take your refreshment and always bless the Lord of Heaven"; St. Alnoth, another hermit, around 700, began as a poor cowherd, and ended his days as a recluse in the deep woods; Blessed Augustus, born in 1856, of a farmer, one of nine children, was martyred in China after fearful torments; St. Gabriel, 1862, son of a wealthy man, one of thirteen children, began life as a pleasure loving youth, fond of literature and the theater, and ended it in a monastery at the age of 24, walking "the little way" in this time when gigantic discoveries were being made. I went on reading about the martyrs who died in the great plague of Alexandria "always famous for its riots and tumults," "so uncontrolled that it was safer to go from one extremity of the known world to the other than from one street of Alexandria to the next."

"How like our New York," I thought, and before I could start a new train of worry about the delinquent neighborhood children—children of working mothers in the neighborhood (they had tried to start a fire under our back porch and had robbed our priest here of seven packages of cigarettes) my eye was caught by the news that those early Christians of Alexandria had

also fled persecution by putting out to sea in a ship! And then there were Sts. Romanus and Lupicinus, the former beginning as a hermit, but soon joined, as hermits are, by others. First by his brother Lupicinus, then by his sister, so that monasteries and convents grew up in the forests of the Jura mountains between France and Switzerland. I had read about these mountains before in *The Path To Rome*, of Hilaire Belloc (a wonderful book to read on a pilgrimage) and also in the memoirs of Krototkin who had learned his anarchism from the watchmakers, villagers of the Jura mountains. The Little Flower's father also learned



watchmaking there. They led a very simple life, these monks of 470 A.D., but the account tells us that after imitating the fathers of the desert, "they had been enriched by many gifts and changed their diet, which was only bread, made of barley and bran and pulse dressed often without salt or oil and began to bring to table, wheat bread, fish and other food. But Lupicinus was the most austere of them all. He slept in an old tree trunk and ate only dry bread moistened in cold water."

Well, enough of this introduction! Dwight MacDonald in his article about *The Catholic Worker* movement says that it takes us a thousand words to get warmed up to our story, and if it is true, there is also method in our madness. I wanted to remind our readers of our coming eviction in July (the actual document says in thirty days) since Bob Steed in his beautiful editorial last month mentioned it so tranquilly. Perhaps our readers could help us find a new place, perhaps they will worry with us. And I wanted too, to indicate that the tradition of pilgrimage, penance, hermiting, martyrdom, still goes on in Mother Church, that it is part and parcel of her way of life, worldly preludes to the contrary. I received last month not only abusive letters about the church in Mexico, the churchmen and people alike, the latter being accused of worshipping idols and full of superstitious and pagan practices and the former of course of wealth and idleness, but also at meetings there were vigorous attacks. People do not want to know or believe that today, as in every age of the church there is corruption and renewal, greed for money and power, but also utter love and selflessness. This corruption must put on incorruption. The Church is always dying and yet always living. "As dying, yet behold we live," St. Paul puts it.

Lawrence Blum

When I told the story of Lawrence Blum and his pilgrimage to Mexico, the attitude of some was indulgent or scornful. "It took him a long time to adapt himself to society," one woman remarked scornfully. But the point of the matter is that he didn't, he never will. Perhaps she was being "mystical" and meant that by marrying

and bringing forth children he was lowering his standards and is less holy than as a hermit or pilgrim. (To be holy is to be a whole man.) But one of the many points of my story is that his example could be followed—he is a great layman—his marriage is a sacrament, not a concession, and reading as we do from day to day the stories of the saints, there is great need to be showing always how the ordinary man, the family man and woman, are living lives of sanctity, sometimes heroic sanctity in the world today.

We first met Lawrence perhaps fifteen years ago or maybe more, and he had just come from a seminary where he had been studying for the missionary work. They felt that he did not have a vocation, so he had left and had earned his living as a migrant worker, traveling around the country, west coast and east. He landed at *The Catholic Worker* and spent some little time with us, making a retreat with us too at Oakmount, the scene of the famous Lacouture-Hugo-Farina retreats. He learned to drive the station wagon in helping us (he did not drive another car until recently—and then he went back to Kentucky which was his home, and decided to build a hermitage on the side of a little hill in Marian county, which is a predominantly Catholic settlement. He wanted to build a shrine on the top of the hill.

He came down from his hermitage to do odd jobs and so earn a simple living, but if a person does not have any wants, he does not have to work very hard to satisfy them. He could give a good deal of his time to those around him who were in need.

Pretty soon, as is usual, others came to join him, a Negro, a college graduate, a Mexican ex-seminarian, etc. I do not know how many there were, but I do know that when they decide to make a pilgrimage to Mexico City to visit the shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe, four of them set out. They hitchhiked to the border and when they had crossed over they decided that they had been too comfortable so far, and gave away all they had so that they could proceed, completely penniless, to Mexico City.

"Hospitality was perfect," Larry told me. "Wherever we went, when we said we were pilgrims, they gave us food. We had sleeping bags with us and slept by the roadside. Only once were we met with discourtesy. A bartender, who perhaps had been treated the same way in the States, threw a penny at us. It was a pleasant and beautiful trip to the capital and when we got there, we went at once to Tepeyac, to visit the shrine."

Tepeyac is the little hill on which Jaun Diego first met the Blessed Virgin. The busses or street cars marked Villa all go to the shrine, but they walked. It is the custom too to proceed on one's knees from a certain plaza, or from the entrance of the great plaza in front of the basilica. I asked Larry if they had done this and he was evasive in his replies, so I think they did it, one or all of them. We had seen these kneeling figures, sometimes supported on either side by friends, sometimes in anguish, sometimes in profound peace and calm, making this long last lap of the way on their knees. Americans witnessing it, were horrified but impressed, inclined to take the Blanchard view that this was exhibitionism or masochism, but nevertheless, uneasily wondering whether or not here was a resolving of this agony of guilt under which we all suffer these days, as Koestler wrote.

The pilgrims spent days before the shrine, and slept against the sacred walls of the basilica, begging their food from the spare living of the families who set up their little stoves and spread out their housekeeping around them. (If we are evicted in July, perhaps that is what we will have to do,—set up our housekeeping in the public

park across the street, with a statue of St. Joseph our own particular patron in our midst!)

What a scandal such young men are, what fools for Christ, taking the beans and tortillas of these poverty stricken Indians! It was not for long. Around the basilica there have been in these last years free of persecution many convents of nuns who devote themselves to teaching the children and with one of these convents the young men found work. They accepted nothing but meals, since they had sleeping bags and continued to sleep out of doors, and for a while they worked and studied the language. The Mother Superior gave them a list of five hundred words, telling them when they learned those, they would be able to get around.

Call them wandering monks, perhaps they were, but the young men still had not found out what was their vocation, so when they heard of the pilgrimage to Our Lady of St. John of the Lake twenty one days' journey on foot, by mule track through the mountains, they decided to join the eighty or so pilgrims that were going there. They began their journey on January 9th and by the close of the next day, Lawrence had found his vocation, which was marriage to a young woman from Michoacan. She was a catechist and her father was a skilled spinner from a village which was made up of spinners. Other villages had weavers. Due to the little compensation for their work, it was hard for the villagers to make a living from their craft. Blankets and jackets were bought for little and then sold for a great deal in the Mexico City shops and stores in the United States.

Lawrence who had never been able to learn a language in the seminary, learned Spanish in twenty one days. He was married not long after and spent some time in Mexico, working for a firm as a plumber's helper and then going to the States to introduce his bride to Mary Widman and her compan-



ions who worked at the Martin de Porres Center in Chicago, and to his friends in Kentucky. (The Martin de Porres center is also closing due to a free way and will have to find other quarters.) She was lonely and unhappy until her father came from Mexico dressed in his serape and big white hat and white trousers which is the Mexican garb familiar to us. Maria's first child, Maria Guadalupe, was born in the States. They returned and Lawrence worked again in Mexico city, earning so little that his way of life was not much different from the Mexicans around him. He rented a large lot, built adobe houses which accommodated his mother and father-in-law, and several of the men that worked with him. There is a wall around the patio, Moorish style, and you ring a bell at the gate, which is often opened by Lupe, or Jose, the second child. Now that some years have passed, Lawrence is in plumbing work for himself, and has eighteen helpers, and he shares with them on an equal basis, living as they do. He drove me around in a Chevrolet

truck with broken springs in which he carries his tools and equipment. He has to do the buying of materials and getting commissions, and he always has enough work to do to keep all of them busy.

(Of the other young men of the pilgrimage one has become a Dominican priest, another is working with the Little Sisters of the Poor in Kentucky and the other near Boston is also engaged in some work of the opostolate.)

One afternoon Lawrence took me to see a friend of his, Fr. Theodosio Martinez who had started a little seminary and a new order of priests to go out to the home missions. Their buildings are set in the midst of a regular shack town, in a very poor part of Mexico city, and the church is an adobe structure with a tin roof, and the seminary is bare and poorly furnished, the dormitories crowded with the eighty students they take care of, all of whom are very poor too. There are fifty boys in the novitiate, and eight priests ordained. The work was begun in the midst of the depression, in the midst of persecution, in 1938. Fr. Martinez himself was a refugee from Chiapas, going first to Guatemala and then returning to start this new work.

He told us some interesting stories about the Indians in the state of Chiapas where there are twelve tribes of Indians who have reverted almost to savagery. Every year a tribe would choose a president or chief and six councilmen and always he rejects the office, which carries with it no salary, and forthwith is put in jail. The term of office is for two or three years and although the position carries with it responsibility and honor, and a special costume and a staff, it is always rejected. The president elect stays in jail until he consents to serve and when he finally does, to test his sincerity he is strung up on a cross for a time, in the presence of his villagers. There has been no priest in this one area for a hundred years, though the church built 400 years ago still stands and the people flock there each Sunday. Fr. Martinez has a permanent priest there now, a native of the state and he is accepted but not obeyed (true of many other places in more civilized areas.) Once when the priest reproved an Indian for drinking in church, the latter said, "Shut up, or I will kill with chile," and expression referring back to a time a hundred years ago when a priest was asphyxiated in the church with burning chile.

We went through the seminary and it is hard to describe the grim austerity due to poverty of this school.

Another friend I visited was Donald Demarest, author of *Fabulous Ancestor*, *The Dark Virgin* and other books, who was working on a Mexican magazine, and living in Coyoacan with his wife and six or seven children. I cannot keep the number straight, when I visit so many families. Did I mention in the last issue that the Demarests also had a 'Christ room in their house, to take in those who are in need.

A good deal more could be written about the fifteen stops I made on my return through the States, but we will continue that in the next issue.

IMPORTANT

Arthur Sheehan is in the process of writing a biography of Peter Maurin. He would appreciate it if those of our readers who know Peter and have any information or recollections which might be of value would contact him at 5 Pinehurst Ave., New York City.

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AN INTERNATIONAL PERFIDY

(Continued from Page 1)

had his tongue well inside his cheek in making that deceptive statement. For braceros are not immigrants, but an army of males who contract to work in the U. S. for from 45 days to eight months. The 700,000 who entered in 1920 were mostly members of families, men, women and children, admitted to the U. S. under the normal processes of immigration—and not men only, brought to the U. S. to be exploited for a crop cycle as virtual indentured servants.

The National Catholic Rural Life Conference of the U. S. has repeatedly asked Congress to admit Mexicans by families via immigration as a substitute for the bracero program. WHY? Because any "army" of males is subjected to grave moral hazards. Why 40 percent of all the braceros imported since 1942 have been morally corrupted is obvious. Not only are they often cheated of part of their miserable wages by unconscionable growers; they are beset on pay days by such labor camp parasites as prostitutes, professional gamblers, vendors of gaudy jewelry, and liquor and narcotic peddlers. No wonder so many have not returned to their wives and/or families.

Lopez-Matteos is a double-talker. Moreover—let's face it—he is a Dictator. We in the U. S. are not supposed to like Dictators or "revolutionary socialists," but our Administration and our growers find this one most co-operative.

Grimly enough, while Mexico's braceros are again being lured to the U. S. in quest of American dollars, more and more of Mexico's own land has been going untilled since 1942, so that Mexico has had to progressively increase its food imports. This has advanced the cost of living in Mexico. But this year a solution has been found. The masses in Mexico are chronically poor. But those of Guatemala, the neighbor nation to the south, are chronically even poorer. So Mexico's big landowners have this year begun to import Guatemalan braceros.

A senseless rigmarole? Not in a world of which Satan is ever the Prince. For equally fantastic is the fact that whereas more than 100,000 Mexican braceros were imported by Texas growers alone last year, an approximately identical number of U. S. citizens of Mexican descent found it necessary to leave Texas last year to seek jobs as migrant family farm workers in our midwest and north central States. It was the same old story. They could not survive on the "prevailing wage" or piece-rate compensation. The all-male braceros could.

I learned of this and much more from Father Joseph H. Crosthwait of San Antonio, Texas, national field representative for the U. S. Bishops' Committee for the Spanish-Speaking. He recently completed a two-year tour of 30 of the 39 States where braceros and migrants were working. He made his tour in a chapel car complete with loudspeaker and Mass kit. In touring California, the next to the last of the 30 States he visited, he called on me at my home in Fresno.

In most States, he told me, braceros work for either 35c. or 45c. an hour. When weather permitted, many worked 12 hours a day, sometimes even longer. Only in California, he said, did he find braceros being paid from 50c. to 75c. an hour, and in a few isolated instances, even more. But in all 30 States, whenever a crop was poor, he said the growers switched to piece-rate compensation, in which case the braceros made even less than 35c. an hour. In some places, employers made a practice of requisitioning twice the number of braceros they really needed, working each only half a day

throughout a harvest, thus further cutting down each one's earnings.

Father Crosthwait is a tall, dark haired, ruddy complexioned man who speaks excellent Spanish. He was born in Mexico of Protestant Anglo-Saxon parents. Soon after his conversion to the Catholic faith, he began his studies for the priesthood. He is only 30 now. I asked him if many braceros had complained to him of palpable violations of their individual work contracts.

"They certainly did," he said, "and I always asked them if they had lodged their complaints with growers or camp foremen. I invariably got the same frightened stock answer: they hadn't dared complain. One after another told me that those who complained about anything had been denounced as Communist agitators, kicked off the job, and sent back to Mexico. As one bracero put it: 'Most of us just keep quiet, in the hope of being able to send a little money home; not of course, as much as we had expected to be able to send. But is only because you are a priest that we confide these things in you.'"

Father Crosthwait said the braceros rarely were paid what they thought they had earned. Either unspecified deductions were made, or they were credited with less hours than they had worked, or the grower or corporation simply did not live up to paying the hourly or piece rate promised. Yet few had dared complain.

Nor had they dared complain of malodorous or overly congested barracks, insufficient bedding, or too little nutritious food for men expected to work long, gruelling hours. Some said their meals were badly cooked, unpalatable sometimes to the stomach-turning point, and too expensive at best. Under the international agreement, the maximum a grower can deduct from a bracero's earnings for meals is \$1.75 a day. Father Crosthwait thought it might possibly cost the growers that much to buy the food, and have it cooked and served in labor camps where only 100 to 200 braceros lived. But he estimated it must have cost growers, at the most, not more than \$1.25 a day to feed the men in the bigger camps, where as many as 6,000 worked.

"When food is bought in such quantities," he said, "the unit cost per meal is bound to be small. But out of hundreds of camps I visited, I found only three which charged less than the \$1.75 maximum. In a camp of 6,000 braceros, that could only mean that the grower, or some concessionaire he had engaged, made a profit of at least 50c a day for each man fed, or a daily profit of \$3,000!"

He said he ran into Mexican-American migrant families in most of the 30 States he toured. He found them usually working for small farmers and getting as much as 75c an hour, but being housed even more wretchedly than the braceros.

Father Crosthwait came upon another frightful situation most ominous for the Negroes of the rural South. He said there may have been as many as 60,000 braceros working for 35c or 45c an hour in Arkansas and displacing Negro families that could not survive on that pay. Yet the Negroes, for generations, had eked out only a bare subsistence on the plantations. He said there was a mournful exodus of Negroes from Arkansas, most having little idea where to go.

"I also found that last year, for the first time," he said, "braceros beginning to supplant Negroes in every South Atlantic State from Virginia to Florida, exclusive. What is going to happen to the Negroes of the rural South if this process is accelerated during the next few years?"

He said he had become "more and more depressed" as his two-

year tour drew to a close "over the constant crucifixion of Christ in His most helpless brethren," but was recurrently consoled when he offered Mass in some barracks or open field for braceros or migrants and brought them the Eucharistic Christ in Holy Communion, and heard Confessions.

"Yet often," he said, "I found I was the only priest who had ever come to them. Their labor camps were generally far distant from even the nearest small town, and I met parish priests unaware of their existence. Yet an overwhelming majority of these poor Spanish-speaking workers had been taught, from childhood, that they must attend Mass on Sundays and



holy days of obligation under pain of mortal sin."

But Father Crosthwait had been assigned by Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, chairman of the U. S. Bishops' Committee for the Spanish-speaking, to do far more than visit labor camps. He had been assigned also to stir up interest wherever he went in these voiceless and virtually friendless braceros and migrants and to try to arrive at some solution for this international perfidy.

So he talked with bishops, parish priests, editors of diocesan and secular newspapers, and with regional leaders of the National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women. He addressed meetings of the Knights of Columbus, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Third Order of St. Francis and the Legion of Mary. He met with growers, labor leaders, sociologists, social workers, State and County officials, and regional heads of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

He was bitterly disappointed to find that little or no effort had been made in 28 states by labor unions to organize local area farm workers.

"The only union activity I found," he said, "was in California and Texas. This was by the National Agricultural Workers Union (AFL-CIO), but it had only a few organizers, far from enough, and apparently a meager treasury."

Father Crosthwait agrees with the National Catholic Rural Life Conference that the AFL-CIO must either pour a great deal of money into the efforts of the National Agricultural Workers Union toward a nationwide organization of farm workers by levies on all AFL-CIO member unions, or that some one member union with a well larded treasury must accept citizen farm workers as members.

He also thinks the Federal government should take immediate steps to give preferential assistance to small farmers, unless it wants large scale operators—the principal employers of the all-male braceros—to continue driving small farmers off the land. He hopes Congress will soon pass one of several bills to extend the present Federal minimum wage law of \$1 an hour to citizen farm workers, with time-and-a-half overtime for

more than eight hours a day in fields and orchards.

But he does not believe any of these things will be accomplished unless you and I and everyone else who becomes aware of the existent vicious situation does everything in his or her power to help bring about a change.

And how can each of us help?

Says Father Crosthwait: "Every Catholic or other professed Christian can pray and work, and must in conscience, or be as culpable as Pilate who washed his hands of Christ. Each one of us, as an individual, or through religious, civic, social, fraternal and political organizations to which one belongs, can write his or her Congressman, and demand to know where he stands on the issues, and what, if anything, he will do about it, especially on extending the minimum wage law."

"Editors of newspapers and managers of TV and radio stations can be flooded with letters insisting truthful and sustained publicity be given the shameful conditions. Each of us who belongs to a labor union can stand up and offer a resolution demanding that the AFL-CIO or other parent union shall financially assist the organizing of citizen farm workers into an effective bargaining union. Each of us can insist that the union local to which we belong will be happy to be levied upon to bring this about."

"It is futile to desire a more Christian social order, yet do little or nothing to help bring it about, and to do so we must primarily assist Christ's least brethren wherever we find them, if we are to save our souls."

We should not be defeatists. If everyone who reads this article acts on one or more of Father Crosthwait's suggestions, and asks every friend and acquaintance to

do likewise, an astounding chain reaction could ensue.

But it seems to me that the one person to write above all others is Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell. He is a Catholic. His conscience might not have much of an integral Catholic formation, judging by his opposition to extending the \$1 an hour minimum wage law to citizen farm workers, and his approval to date of the international bracero agreement. But enough letters to him might improve his formation of conscience, letters stating why the iniquitous bracero agreement should be promptly rescinded, and why our own farm workers should be paid a decent wage.

Mitchell must be put on the spot, for his own sake. He should be asked to publicly proclaim opposition to the bracero program—or resign, lest he continue to make a mockery of the social teachings of the Church. If he cannot influence the Administration, or won't, he will prove to be its supine creature if he continues to serve it.

In all this, let us not blame the braceros. Most are Indians, some are mestizos. Not too many are literate. About one-third of them cannot even read or write in Spanish. In Mexico there is a minimum wage law stipulating that farm workers must not be paid less than 12 pesos a day, but this minimum, in most cases, is the maximum. Twelve pesos a day come to only \$1 in our money.

True, living costs being lower in Mexico, a bracero can scrape out a bare subsistence for his family on \$1 a day. But their credulous dream is of coming to the U. S. for a few months each year, and returning with relatively (for them) a fortune and buying a little piece of land. Few, of course, ever make this dream come true. Forty percent, as the Mexican

(Continued on page 8)

Dr. Hildegard Mayr

Hildegard Mayr, Ph.D., whose life is devoted to bringing about better understanding between East and West and other groups in conflict, who directs a Reconciliation Center in Vienna and in the last two years has visited Hungary, Poland, Russia, Germany, France, Italy, England and Ireland, will visit the United States next October, November and December.

Graduating from the University of Vienna in 1953 as Doctor of Philosophy "sub auspiciis praesidentis," she received a ring of honor from the President of Austria. She speaks English, German and French fluently—and some Russian—and has spent a year in the United States. She is a Travelling Secretary of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation. As a girl she experienced the rigors of the German occupation of Vienna.

Subjects which she will discuss in the United States include the following:

1. Building Bridges Between East and West.
2. Church and War.
3. Non-violence—a Creative Force of Life.
4. Poland, a Country Torn Between East and West. (Based on three visits to Poland)
5. Christians visit Moscow (Experience at World Youth Festival, summer of 1958)
6. Youth Works for Peace (Work Camps, Seminars, Activity with Refugees, etc.)
7. The Fellowship of Reconciliation in Europe. (Experiences, experiments, pioneer-work)

Groups, organizations, educational institutions and Churches who may be interested in engagements from Dr. Hildegard Mayr, are invited to write to John Nevin Sayre, Box 271, Nyack, New York for information as to terms and describing the nature of meetings proposed.

The following recommendations have been made:

The Archbishop of Vienna

"As I have heard, you are going on a speaking tour to the USA in connection with your efforts to promote Christian reconciliation between the nations in your capacity as Travelling Secretary of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation. This concern you will present to Roman Catholic groups and individuals. I wish you good success for your noble mission, and I do not doubt that it will be easy for you to be accepted by Catholic authorities and institutions."

F. Konig

January 16, 1958

The Primate of Ireland

"I am glad to hear that you have continued with success your efforts for the International Fellowship of Reconciliation. I would suggest that you get in touch with Father Michael Kelly, Chaplain to the Catholic students in the Queen's University, Belfast (The Chaplaincy, 14 Fitzwilliam Street, Belfast). He may be able to advise you on what Catholic circles to approach. He is himself interested both in the Newman Society and also in Pax Romana. Possibly also Father Stephen Brown, who is Promoter of the Catholic Society for International Relations (House of Studies, Milltown Park, Dublin) might be interested in your movement."

John Cardinal D'Alton
September 27, 1957

WÜRZBURG 1957

(Continued from page 3)

History presents a peculiar constellation of circumstances which, in turn, has produced a specifically German culture complex, a complex in which military symbols do play a strongly determinative role. It is in no sense a contradiction of what I have said before to suggest that it is quite possible that personalities molded in such a culture complex may actually be more susceptible to the lure of the bugle and the drum, the massed flags and the torchlight parade, the sad songs about the lost "Kamarad" or the body-strewn battlefield in the "Morgenrot." If such is the case—and there is much in modern social analysis to support it—every effort should be made to resist and oppose all tendencies to restore this culture complex. Germany, as much as or perhaps even more than the rest of the world, needs that generation of freedom from the molding effects of these military traditions.

But such a generation is now an abandoned dream, and the emphasis is now all in the opposite direction. When the new German draft was first proposed, there were storms of protest; now the protests have diminished, and instead of the expected legions of conscientious objectors, the new army faces the problem of receiving volunteers at a rate almost impossible to process efficiently. In one sense this may be viewed as a happy omen for the West, a sign that Germany's youth is totally committed to opposition to Communism. However, it could also be a sign that some deep chord has been struck, that the young men who today register for the army of "defense of the Christian West" may someday be older men with a score to settle and a "place in the glory of the sun" to recapture.

There are other troubling signs. Of greatest sociological significance, for example, is the full re-emergence of symbols directly tied to the old militaristic traditions and values. Prominent churchmen (many of them Catholic) are again preaching sermons about the honor of "Soldatentum" (the soldierly profession) and the glory of the "Heldentod" (hero-death) and pointing to the military dead of the two world wars as worthy ideals for the youth of today to follow. Great stress is placed on the distinction between the Wehrmacht as the loyal defender of the "Vaterland" in World War II and the "unrelated" villainies of the Nazi regime. No one bothers to point out the brutal fact that this Wehrmacht was Hitler's willing instrument in the furtherance of his unjust wars of aggression.

Then there is the matter of the military uniform. Last year a "new" uniform was adopted for the new army. This year that uniform has been replaced with one which closely approximates the traditional Wehrmacht uniform, complete with "Jack-boot"—though, as the official announcement hastened to point out, this will be a "democratic" version of the boot that holds such horrible significance for those who remember Nazi brutality. These

new boots will have rubber soles and heels! The change in uniform may seem to be a very small detail; but it can be most threatening in its full implications. From the standpoint of utilitarian value, it probably makes little difference whether a military jacket be single or double-breasted in cut or whether men wear boots or shoes; but as symbols these things assume an importance far beyond mere considerations of utility. And it is precisely in this context—as a deliberate restoration of meaningful symbols—that the most recent uniform change was introduced.

On the newsstands one notes the emergence of new "soldiers' magazines" published by or for veterans' groups. The nationalistic tone of these papers cannot be ignored. Recent issues of one such periodical contained articles attacking the German labor unions for their alleged opposition to the "war generation"; attacking the academic and especially the student press for publishing cartoons and articles ridiculing the military and its Prussian tradition; marking the anniversary of America's entry into World War I and explaining this historic event entirely in terms of the desire to protect American foreign investments; and, hidden among other announcements of local veterans' meetings, calling upon former members of the "Herman Goering" honor corps of paratroopers to attend an organizational get-together. Again, it is not intended here to dishonor the German soldiers of World War II. The nation has every right and duty to respect the sacrifices they made as individuals. But it should be recognized that they made these sacrifices as misguided or helpless instruments of an essentially evil force in an unjust cause and not, as these newspapers and so many clergymen proclaim, as "heroic models" for Germany's present and future generations to copy.

With the restoration of the military force to a position of high respect, it should not surprise one to see other more sinister forces make the attempt to recapture some of their old glory. The rally of more than 5,000 former SS-men this past July is a case in point. The challenge voiced by former SS-General Meyer, and greeted with wild acclaim by the listeners, is clear: "We stand by our old commanders, come what may." The significant thing is not that they were permitted to hold such a meeting—one might say that this is evidence of the democratic ways of the new government that its enemies are permitted to hold public meetings!—no, the really significant thing is that these people have so evaluated the times that they believe Germany is again ready to listen to them and their diabolical message. There is not the slightest doubt in this writer's mind but that the all-out drive for German re-armament played a major role in their reaching this evaluation.

From the ringing of the Würzburg bells to a discussion of Germany's current militarization pro-

gram may seem a rather wide digression, but in reality it is not. For the bells spoke of things that have been too soon forgotten. Of ravaged cities and 3000 civilians in a single grave. Of hatred and barbaric retaliation. Of a people purified by being washed in the Blood of the Lamb. They spoke, too, of hopes and promises abandoned. There were people who had dared to hope that from the rubble and ashes of a thoroughly discredited militaristic world power would rise a new Germany which would renounce the past and the traditions which had made it such easy prey for Hitler's mad design; a new Germany which might even lead the world along untried paths of total commitment to the ideals of peace. Many of these people are Germans, and the disillusionment is at its bitterest for them. We who are not Germans, but who have a warm regard for the land and its people, may be disillusioned and fearful, too; but our feelings will never match those of the Würzburg lady who told me of the total terror she experienced one night this year when she was awakened by the sound of young men singing the "Horst Wessel" song in the street outside her home. True, this was probably nothing more sinister than a group of fellows clowning a bit on their way home from an evening of friendly drinking—but the very fact that this Nazi anthem is still known and could be chosen as material for such "fun" is something of a sobering thought.

The bells that rang out the last memorial of Würzburg's day of tragic memories may have done much more. This memorial to twenty minutes of hell may have had as much reference to the future as it had to the past. If so, the ringing of the bells contained a real and terrifying warning of new and greater horrors that are yet to come—unless all the peoples of the world, West and East of the Iron Curtain, pause and look back across the span of twelve short years and re-dedicate themselves to the absolute renunciation of modern war as a means of gaining even legitimate political ends. The message of the bells, thus transposed, would be that this is the time . . . the very hour in which our decision must be made.

An International Perfidy

(Continued from page 7)

Hierarchy's survey showed, do not even return to their wives and/or families. Instead, they become demoralized in the U. S., and their families are left without support.

Another tragic irony is that most will not make more than \$1 a day net in the U. S. But a few do net \$2 or \$3 a day, so that the Mexican government's position is that enough do send money home or spent it in Mexico on their return, and that thus Mexico's economy is helped. By and large, there can be little doubt that the poor of Mexico, in their simplicity, are better Christians than we are. But Mexico's ruling class is another story. There may be little to choose between the thinking of our political leaders and large scale agriculturalists and theirs. Mammon is in the saddle on both sides of the Rio Grande. The stewards are equally unjust.

So perhaps Father Crosthwait's grass roots suggestion is the last desperate hope, as he invites each of us to do all in his or her power to change the whole vile situation. It is up to each of us to get to work, and I suggest we get to work on Mitchell first. For as long as this perfidious international braconiere agreement continues, Greed will rule. For a Christian, to love his country means to conform it nearer to the Sacred Heart of Christ.

If we do not make this effort—not only in behalf of small farmers and farm workers, but in every other direction, can we be sure we deserve to survive? Or get to Heaven? God is never successfully mocked.

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. As usual they opened the meeting by singing the Star Spangled Banner. I told them that they should be ashamed to sing that song rather than the Red Flag and that they were fooling no one. I gave the anarchist view of not trusting that the state would wither away during or after the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. I praised the good record of Gurley Flynn as a radical for over 50 years and my willingness to cooperate with those of the left against capitalism on my own terms of pacifism and anarchism based on the Christian ethic. The next afternoon a class in religion from Vasser visited our office. They asked intelligent questions after I had explained our radical ideas. Dorothy came in then and told them more in detail about our work.

I was pleased to meet with some Socialists in Leavittown, L.I. to discuss Peace and Socialism. Paul Goodman who is a leader of a splinter group of young Socialists who have seceded from Mike Harrington's group of Schactmanites, and who are not adverse to meeting with Trotskyites and Communists spoke first. There remains another rightist Socialist group to the right of these who will not meet with others. Myra Tanner Weiss, former candidate of the Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyite) for Vice President spoke also. I had visited her in the car driving out and was interested in her background as she was raised as a Mormon in Salt Lake City. I spoke also in a coffeehouse in Philadelphia run by my old friend Bill Basnight who works for the Quakers there. I do not appreciate smoke filled rooms but here I was in one for hours clearing up misconceptions about the Church, anarchism, pacifism, etc. The next night I was happy to meet my old C.O. friend John Stokes at his home in Chestnut Hill. John did time in Danbury and is a convert who devotes much time to "Mary's Gardens" which encourages the planting of seeds and plants having to do with Our Lady. Ade Bethune made a statue of Madonna and Child which he is having cast in aluminum. I met an Augustinian priest there who knew Peter and Fr. Roy and my friends in Arizona.

Tax Refusal

Leland Olds of Yellow Springs, Ohio has refused to pay income taxes and as a result his house worth \$9,000 has been sold by the government for the less than \$200 taxes due. He can regain the property within a year by paying the tax with interest. This action, together with the sale of a car belonging to Walter Gormly and of Arthur Emery of Iowa, are the only cases I know of where the government has taken property of tax refusers. At times they have garnished wages and taken money from bank accounts. They got \$5 from a farmer I was working for in Arizona who paid it out of his own pocket rather than take it from my wage, and the tax man also took my picketing sign saying he would sell it to the highest bidder. I never heard of anyone buying it. I still owe taxes for 12 years and will picket the tax office here on Aug. 6 for 13 days unless I am in jail on the air raid drill. Then I would fast in jail.

Picketing

I will be going to Florida before Easter to take part in leaflet distribution and picketing at Cape Canaveral protesting the missile tests April 13, 14 and 15. This picketing is sponsored by Peacemakers and the CW. Anyone wishing me to speak on my way (to and fro) along the east coast and south please write to me at once. Will the young man who paid me for a copy of Gurley Flynn's book please send me his name, as I lost it in the rush of her meeting here when she spoke. We also picket the Kohler sales room at 99½ Park Ave. the first Thursday of each month. We continue to picket the Atomic Energy Commission at 70 Columbus Ave. the second Thursday of each month. This is at noon for two hours. The air raid drill has been announced for May 6 and 7 and also in July. Which time is compulsory for civilians has not been determined as yet but Dorothy and I from the CW will openly refuse to run for cover for the fourth time, and others from the Quakers and War Resisters will undoubtedly be with us.

Easy Essay

(Continued from Page 1)

try to be at the same time leaders and dictators. A leader is a fellow who follows a cause in words and deeds. A follower is a fellow who follows the leader because he sponsors the cause that the leader follows. Read "Leadership or Domination" by Paul Piggors. Paul Piggors makes a case for domination in times of crisis, and in this he is wrong. Domination is not the way to create order out of chaos. Leadership is always the way to create order out of chaos.

Communitarian Personalism

"A man is a man for all of that," says Robert Burns. To bring out the man in man, such is the purpose of the Communitarian Movement. A Communitarian is a fellow who refuses to be what the other fellow is, and chooses to be what he wants the other fellow to be. Read "Easy Essays" by Peter Maurin.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

The forgotten man is forgotten because clergymen

have forgotten to rub shoulders with the forgotten man. And clergymen have forgotten to rub shoulders with the forgotten man because clergymen have forgotten to use logic to discover what is practical. And because clergymen have forgotten to use logic to discover what is practical, they have failed to give us a sociology that has something to do with theology. The minimum standard has been emphasized, and the maximum standard has been minimized. Which makes Chesterton say that "Christianity" has not failed, for the very good reason that it has not been tried." Read "Fire On The Earth" by Rev. Paul Hanly Furley.

Hermits

(Continued from Page 1)

back to St. Benedict and the Fathers.

The monks not only impressed us with their obvious holiness but completely charmed us with their warmth, simplicity and love of nature which included the monastery's St. Bernard dogs and each hermit's flower garden.

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