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To Selma And Back

By NICOLE D'ENTREMONT

Southern trees bear a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at
the root
Black body swinging in the South-
ern breeze
Strange fruit hanging from the
poplar trees.

So Billie Holiday sang in the late 1930's, and the song tolled in its measure a knell for every Negro in the South. It recounted the uneventful murder, the unceremonial death and pictured the body hanging "for the crows to pluck and the wind to suck." But now, thirty years later, there are other songs alive in the South, and these songs rang springtime into Selma, Alabama. Songs like "We Shall Overcome," "Oh Freedom," and "We Shall Not Be Moved"; these are the songs that sing of the South today.

I arrived in Selma along with Sean Calloway, an artist who works for Nativity parish, in New York, on Thursday, March 18th, about nine in the morning. Tom Cornell, who had been down since Tuesday, met us at the bus station and walked us to Good Samaritan Hospital where he was staying. He looked tanned but rather tense, as he told us about the safe and unsafe places in Selma. Just the day before, Tom and some thirty priests, ministers and rabbis had been arrested for attempting to picket Mayor Joseph T. Smithman's home.

At Good Samaritan Hospital we were greeted warmly and given a good breakfast. The hospital was housing many of the demonstrators and even had a series of rooms sectioned off called "ecumenical hall" where people could stay.

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Project Loaves And Fishes

By DAVID MASON

For the past two months I have been writing stories on the local aspects of PROJECT LOAVES AND FISHES for a weekly paper, THE GUIDE, published in the Northeast or Kensington section of Philadelphia. Mr. Matt McKinney, the editor, has been most generous with space and as a result we have had a great deal of publicity in this area.

The following letter from Lt. Col. C. T. Mackenzie, divisional commander of the Salvation Army in Philadelphia, was published in the April 8 issue of THE GUIDE.

Dear Sir:
Your very fine neighborhood paper has carried interesting publicity on the program of a Restaurant Plan for elderly persons. As representative of an organization which has thoroughly involved itself in the affairs of our senior citizens, I would like to point out the official position of The Salvation Army on this matter.

Late last fall, members of my staff accompanied me to a conference at the Kensington Pioneer Corps with Mr. Paul Hartenstein, Mr. David Mason and Mr. Postelle A. Vaughn. At this meeting we thoroughly studied the correspondence and reviewed the wishes expressed by Mr. Mason in a letter to Mayor James H. J. Tate of Philadelphia. Following our confer-

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The Black Man's Burden

By Rev.

PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.

In one sense, race relations in this country are extremely complex phenomena; and in another they are reductively simple, as simple as the Christian acceptance of person by person. They become proportionally complex and difficult as the human and Christian resources brought to them become less and less. In a word, the relationship with Negroes is so bewildering to most white Americans, because our ability to judge them accurately, and to react to them generously, has been severely crippled by a conditioning in racial myth, by emotional malformation, and by a theological preparation which has done little for the development of compassion.

I would be risking grave dishonesty if I said that Catholics or other Christians are making mighty progress in realizing for their Negro brothers the practicalities of justice and charity; or that the Supreme Court decision of 1954 and the Civil Rights bill of 1964 were panaceas, and that it is a mere matter of time before their full impact will be felt; or that anti-poverty measures will eventually eradicate the poor from our midst, and in the process solve the economic plight of the Negro. The fact is that the last ten years have taught us that the law is an empty and mocking thing if a people are not ready to receive it, as in most cases, the American people were unprepared to receive Civil Rights legislation; that the institutional Church had few of the resources necessary to do more than speak on behalf of the Negro; and that anti-poverty measures, even with a degree of Federal support which is not now present, cannot address the reality of from forty to fifty million impoverished Americans without a complete re-evaluation of our governmental, economic, social and religious structures. The problem of race relations is the problem of getting people to face themselves realistically, to evaluate their Christianity, to confess their guilt, and to resolve anew to embark upon a course which is mature and courageous enough to allow them to live with themselves. And if severe cost be the result of such a course, that is no argument against it, since it would be naive to suppose that the human scars and the gigantic weight of three hundred and forty years of tyranny will be healed and wiped away upon a wish.

One of the fabrications that white Americans use to defend their injustice or paternalism toward the Negro, is the particularly false and unscholarly argument that the Negro is the perpetual American welfare client, the national liability, who comes before his white patron with hand out, with (as John Howard Griffin would put it) "a mountain of yesses and grins." Let it be admitted that we are not above such crude distortion, not above the ignorant conviction that the Negro is something of a black parasite upon the national body, someone given by history as a test of our magnanimity, someone that we are literally stuck with, since a return to slavery or deportation would be out of the question. I would like

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SAINT JOAN OF ARC

By Fritz Eichenberg

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SPRING APPEAL

March, 1963

St. Joseph's House
175 Chrystie St.
New York 2, N.Y.

Dearly beloved,

And I say that with feeling considering the hospitality I have received from our readers on my recent trip.

It is hard to go around the country talking about voluntary poverty when all the talk is about the war on poverty. And we are against all war, even that against poverty, if the word war is going to be used in connection with it. Nowadays such a word carries with it a sense of a brutal onslaught. As long as the name of St. Francis of Assisi is associated with the word poverty, we don't want any war against it, we want instead to embrace it. To try to do away with destitution is another thing altogether. And voluntary poverty also is another thing altogether. Certain it is that we are not going to be able to help the poor without depriving ourselves, because the more we have the more we seem to want. (Actually we are never going to be satisfied with less than God.) We find Him more quickly in the Word made Flesh than anywhere else, and that could mean the Bread of Life, or Christ in His poor.

Fritz Eichenberg once gave us a talk about the face of man and the face of Christ, and I feel I have been looking on the face of Christ in the Negro in the South and the Mexican in the Southwest; in the man on the skid rows of San Francisco, Oakland, and Stockton; in Tia Juana's destitute; and also on the faces of the students in all the colleges where I spoke, who have been helping and tutoring and giving their time and talents to the poor. I saw Him too in the faces of Negroes who testified at the hearings in Jackson, Mississippi, of the Federal Commission on Human Rights when they told of the beating and torture they had undergone, and how already they had received courage and hope from the work of the COFO groups. You see Christ's face there too. It is not all fear and despair, but learning and recreation and the rebuilding of churches.

Everywhere I saw Christ in the faces of the old and suffering; in the face of fear and hatred and love and joy. And the most important message I could bring to those working in the field of destitution was the story of the boy with the loaves and fishes and how the Lord multiplied what he gave and fed five or seven thousand.

We who believe, and those too who do not believe but work for the common good, hoping against hope, know that the seed sown must die before it bears fruit, and that he who sows sparingly, reaps sparingly.

So we go on with this seemingly hopeless and profligate task of feeding the poor, sheltering the homeless both in city and country. It's an expensive job in both places. We are so fortunately rich in space in Tivoli, New York, where our farm is, that we can carry on a house of hospitality on the land all winter (and what a heating bill!), and look forward in the summer to bringing young people up from the slums to get a taste of life together on the land. There is plenty of room for building up the camp sites there and first a job of wrecking them to do it. Work in field and craft shop and library, truly Peter Maurin's synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation. We are having retreats and work camps, folk school and agronomic university, whatever you choose to call it. Worker and scholar give their time and skills freely and we are begging you too, our readers, to help us keep things going. We are your servants too, as well as servants of each other. We love you for your help and for the gratitude which already warms us. We thank you in the name of the good St. Joseph, in whose month this is being written.

Yours, in Christ Who is our Peace,

Dorothy Day

THE BERLIN WALL IN SELMA, ALABAMA

By TOM CORNELL

"They got a thing called the Berlin Wall, Berlin Wall, Berlin Wall,

"They got a thing called the Berlin Wall,

"In Selma Alabama."

The Tune is Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho. It goes on,

Hate is the thing that built that wall, built that wall, built that wall . . .

"Love is the thing will make it fall . . .

"We're going to sit here till it fall . . .

"In Selma Alabama."

At every new crisis there is a new song, a variant of an older one, based on a hymn or gospel tune. They never seem repetitious or hackneyed because they are sung with such beating enthusiasm, and spontaneously improved upon by the group as each member adds his share, in front of Browns Chapel in Selma.

Sheriff Jim Clark had forbidden the Negroes of Selma and their white and black friends from the outside, the "outside agitators," to march to the Dallas County Courthouse in downtown Selma. He had erected barriers at the corner down the street from Browns Chapel, and had subsequently moved them right up to the sidewalk outside the chapel. The barrier was immediately dubbed the Berlin Wall. Hence the song.

It was March 15th. The occasion was the memorial service for Rev. James Reeb, the Unitarian minister from Boston who was murdered in Selma. Jimmie Lee Jackson, a Negro of Marion, Alabama, had been shot and died of peritonitis two weeks before. Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, one of our numbers, was to die of bullet wounds in less than two weeks time.

I had just arrived for the service with a group of thirty-five New York priests and laymen, including the Fathers Phil and Dan Berri-gan, Eileen Egan, John Grady and Tom Murray. Browns Chapel was full to overflowing. I could not get past the entrance, but I could hear the prayers and the eulogies, each one followed by the thunderous singing of a freedom song. Little by little I managed to work my way into the church and into sight of the sanctuary. There was a terrific feeling of tension in the air. There were more white faces than black in the congregation. I guessed that the native Selma Negroes had perhaps stayed outside so that their guests could participate in this service. My eyes lit first on Walter Reuther, causing me some pleasant surprise. Then I saw, next to Rev. Abernathy and Rev. Shuttlesworth, Archbishop Iakovos, Primate of the Greek Orthodox Church in North and South America, and next to him Bishop Hines, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and next to him, Bishop-elect Shannon of St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Minnesota.

For two and one half hours it continued, with tension mounting. Half way through the service the congregation suddenly rose to its feet and the swell of applause grew deafening. Martin Luther King, the symbol and the leader, had arrived. He took his place in the sanctuary, in the seat of honor. Tension relaxed, to build again at Dr. King's eulogy. The final prayers were to be said. A representative of the American Friends Service Committee for which Rev. Reeb had worked, spoke. Then a Unitarian, and then, at last Rev. Abernathy told us we would hear from the rabbi and end the service by singing "We Shall Overcome." There was a mix-up. I think it was Archbishop Iakovos who started singing, deeply, through his beard, "We shall overcome . . ." We all joined in singing three verses, and

then hummed the tune softly. At this inspired moment the rabbi arose and intoned, in Hebrew, over the humming, Kaddish, the Jewish prayer for the dead.

As the singing and the prayer subsided, Rev. Abernathy, who had just been passed a message, went to the microphone and said, "We have a court order. We are going to march! We are going to march!" I have never heard people make such a joyful noise unto the Lord.

We poured out of Browns Chapel and formed orderly rows for the short walk into the heart of Selma, thousands of us. As we passed the knots of stony-faced whites we heard little of the abusive jeers we had expected. The realization was beginning to dawn on the people of Selma that the battle was really joined. They were being watched, by the nation and by the world. No use to pretend any longer that things are all right in Alabama. The local newspapers had not prepared them for this. Could there be so many Communists in the world? The demonstrators wound in a seemingly interminable line to the courthouse. There were 170 Roman collars on the line, and it



was estimated that 130 of them were worn by Catholic priests. There were about thirty-five nuns.

That night I went to Good Samaritan Hospital in Selma. The hospital's staff is integrated and all people are welcome on an equal unsegregated basis, but no white people avail themselves of the services of this beautiful new hospital. Over 230 of us were accommodated very hospitably by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The sisters have been in Selma for twenty-three years. They operate the hospital with the Edmundite Fathers who have been in Selma even longer and whose church and mission center, St. Elizabeth's, put up many more clergy of all faiths. "Ecumenical Hall" at Good Samaritan was in the part of the building still under construction. Just as at St. Elizabeth's, priests and mattresses were scattered all over the floor as well as ministers and Protestant seminarians.

The way for the March to proceed was being prepared in the federal courts, and we awaited word confidently in Selma. On St. Patrick's Day, which this year coincided with Purim, the Jewish holy day so dear to children, celebrating the eternal struggle for freedom, there was another small march to the courthouse. A few of us, however, decided to contact the mayor of Selma, Joe T. Smith-

erman, directly. We drew up a letter to him urging the establishment of a bi-racial council to study community problems. He refused to see us. Thirty-nine of us, mostly clergy, proceeded to go to Mayor Smitherman's house to present our petition to him with a poster walk. We were met almost as soon as we alighted from our transportation by Safety Commissioner Wilson Baker, who placed us under arrest. Baker stormed and raged at us. He insisted that demonstrating in a residential area was illegal "anywhere in the world." "Only in Alabama," I thought. It apparently had never occurred to Mr. Baker to think of the district where the Negroes live as a "residential area."

We were charged with a misdemeanor, booked, photographed and fingerprinted by the Selma City police, and released, some of us that night, the rest the next morning, on \$200, for which we had merely to sign.

There were two rabbis in our group. Two other rabbis at Browns Chapel brought them their Torah scrolls and they chanted the texts for Purim from the Book of Esther in the Selma Jail. The rabbis had with them their homestashen, traditional Purim cookies baked by their wives for the holiday, and they share them with their comrades, an appropriate way to hal-low the day. I wished I had a bagpipe, for St. Patrick.

In the five days before the march was to start, I visited Montgomery and Marion, seat of Perry County, the most impoverished in the state, and Craig Air Force Base near Selma. Montgomery is not an exciting city, ordinarily; it's rather drab. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee had been staging demonstrations regularly at the state building. The state police had just as regularly beaten them, stomped them, charged them on horseback and jailed them. The Negro community was less united and more fearful than at Selma. There were many indications of infiltration by white spies and Negro stool-pigeons.

I interviewed one Negro family in Montgomery, introduced to them by a worker in the Movement. Still they were very reticent. After an hour I allayed their fears by telling them about the Catholic Worker. They told me how the mounted state troopers had charged them and chased them even onto their front porches. One of the horses was hurt chasing a Negro up the steps of a front porch. It was at first thought that the animal would have to be destroyed. There was mention of the horse in the Montgomery newspaper, but not of the girl being chased.

Negroes had lain in their own blood on the street in front of the capitol after a police riot. The wire services had picked up the story in a distorted form, making it appear that the SNCC demonstrators were impeding the progress of a city ambulance. In actual fact, the ambulance was an obvious trick. It proceeded down the closed street very slowly toward the demonstrators. At a prearranged moment its siren wailed a signal for the police to attack. After the fray was over the police would not allow anyone to come to the assistance of the stricken Negroes. The Negro undertaker in Selma telephoned the largest Negro mortuary in Montgomery to offer his ambulance. He was told not to bother. The troopers were not allowing even Montgomery ambulances near the scene. Fortunately, none of those injured was in critical condition.

In Perry County, where teams of us fanned out over the backwoods to visit Negro families and

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

My winter pilgrimage to the West Coast began on February 1 and I returned to the East coast on April 4th in time to write this column. Thank God, I will be home for Holy Week and can be in the midst of the Catholic Worker Community for that holy season, commemorating the death and resurrection of Jesus, a week of penance and a week of rejoicing too.

I wrote my last column while I was staying with the Allens in Tucson, Arizona. I was invited to speak to the Newman Club of the University (of which Jim Allen is vice president) by Michael Cuddihy and Philip Burnham. It was good to visit with Fritz Kaiser, Frances O'Brien, Dick Barber, and other old friends.

While I was there, Eileen Allen's father was dying, very old and changed since I had last seen him four years ago. He was smaller, as though dried up, like a seed about to be planted in the ground. He was dying peacefully, quietly, happily, in the midst of his family, with his grandchildren coming in to kiss him goodbye before they left for school each day, because they did not know whether he would be living on their return. Each day they pressed their sweet young faces to his and told him they loved him, and a little change in his face told them he heard them. He was anointed while I was there, and while Jim and Eileen knelt by the bedside in his room, the children and I sat outside in the long dining room where he had so often sat with them over the last eight years, and talked of death, and this great and mysterious fact of being born again into a new life, of which we know so little, except that we read in scripture that: "eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared for those who love Him." I told them what the priest had told us on retreat: that if the child in the womb were asked if it wished to be born, it would say no, it was quite happy where it was, it knew nothing of any other life. And we too, savoring this life, grateful for it and to the Giver of it, felt quite naturally the same way about the future life, and dreaded the Gateway to it, especially when we were in health and in youth. The last anointing we were assured, took away the fear and the dread and prepared us for this journey.

The day I left Tucson the old man, who was in his eighties, died peacefully and painlessly, not long after we had said our morning prayers around his bed, and right after the children had left for school. Eileen, his only daughter, was with him, and Jim, her husband, was just returning from the bus station where he had let me off on my way to San Diego. When I called at the first rest stop, Eileen told me the news, and that Jim and her daughter, (and the little one yet unborn) were with her.

It was good to see Dick Barber again and visit the parish where he is working as secretary to a Spanish priest and living in two little rooms in back of a store. He needs more room so that others can work with him in that large area of Spanish speaking middle-class and poor ones, where certainly more mutual aid and more study of the problems of race and class conflict are needed. Tucson is surrounded by missile bases, just as San Antonio is surrounded by airfields, and the prosperity of the cities depends on these "deterrents," these agents of man-made death which surrounds them. Everywhere attention was focussed on Selma, Alabama, and there was great discussion, at least in intellectual circles, of the non-violence of the South and none at all of non-violence as a way to deal with world problems.

West Coast

At the invitation of Father Philip Straling I spoke at the Cardijn Center in San Diego, and I met there the young priest, Father Victor Salandini, of San Ysidro, California, whom I had met four years before in El Centro when I stopped on my way west to find out more about the lettuce strike which was going on in that great desert reclaimed by irrigation. Three of the San Francisco diocesan priests had been there and had prayed with and sung with the strikers, and for that work of mercy they had been rebuked by the San Diego diocesan authorities and their own chancery office and subsequently transferred to other sections of the diocese, and later still to other parts of the United States and Latin America. If young priests want to see the world, they have only to speak out in the agricultural conflict, which is still convulsing the West Coast.

Even more so this year with the repeal of the law permitting the importation of Mexican Labor, the braceros, who had lived in camps without family and were submissive "arms" of the growers. That is what the word *bracero* means. It is the local unemployed who are trying to work the crops this year, for the first time since the Second World War, when the braceros began to be imported in such great numbers, and now a subtle war is going on, with every attempt being made by the growers, the Associated Farmers, to make it appear that there is not enough local help to be had. Father Salandini, whose own family are growers, is already speaking out against the injustices practiced against the workers in the fields.

The last time I passed by, four years ago, I was driving alone in an old Ford, the gift of Father Clement Kern of Detroit, and when I knocked on the poor rectory of Father Victor's Mexican parish (I had been turned away from the other parish when I had asked to see the priest to talk of the strike), he welcomed me and invited me to lunch with him at the kitchen table, but he confessed on this 1965 meeting that he had thought I was "on the road," and looking for some kind of a hand-out! It was a poor Mexican parish of course, and I suppose I was expected to belong at the other parish on the other side of the tracks.

Tia Juana

San Ysidro is on the way south to Tia Juana, and there was a strike going on over the pitifully small wages. In Tia Juana, destitution was everywhere evident. There is a new order of sisters there, with a novitiate where young Mexican girls are trained to go out and work in these slum sections. Alice LaBarre, at whose house I stayed in San Diego, drove me there for a visit.

My next stop was up the coast at Santa Barbara, where I had been invited to speak by the Franciscan Brothers at their seminary at the old mission. It was too bad that I could not stop at Los Angeles, but already I was behind my schedule. The hardest part of these trips is that I am not able to accept all the invitations to visit old friends along the way. The Catholic Worker family, one might almost say the Catholic Worker community, has grown so over the years that one could spend a year on the road, and sometimes I think that is the way I will end my days,—just traveling around, but in a car next time so that I will not be dependent on bus schedules and can get off the beaten track more.

At Santa Barbara, Frater de Porres, some other brothers, Jo Miller and Eula Laucks met me at the crowded bus station and I was able to attend and speak at

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

TIVOLI

A Farm With
A View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is April, Monday in Holy Week. Yesterday's hosanna-waving palms now wreath about His Cross whose death makes this our Holy Week. But in our Southland crosses flame in the night. In Detroit, burned crosses are flung from hands taut with hate. In Vietnam how many men and women have gone to their death in a burning agony of despair—like flaming crosses. Even Pope Paul the Sixth speaks discouragingly of man's ability to live peacefully with his fellow-men. In the streets of our cities violence and murder make a mockery of peace. O Prince of Peace, You Who died that we might live, who left us Your peace—where is Your peace?

For every Catholic, there is, of course, the peace which comes from participation in Mass; and here at the farm we are glad that Father Kane has scheduled so many evening Masses during the Lenten season so that more of us could participate in this peace. There is too the peace which comes from following His way—the way of the Cross. But most of us follow at best only flounderingly, with many falls and detours down other paths. Yet though inner peace may be most important, we must surely continue to pray and hope and work for that other kind of peace—which may indeed be the fruit of the inner—that peaceful living of man with man, of group with group, of nation with nation. O Christ, teach us to live in peace with one another.

Lift Up Your Hearts

For all the violence and war about us in the world, life here at the Catholic Worker Farm in Tivoli is usually peaceful and pleasant. I do not mean that we never have frictions or personality clashes. Tensions are also noticeable sometimes between workers and scholars, or between the young and the old. But these frictions and tensions seem to me to be minor; certainly they do not set the tone of our living. Grumbling there may be, but work gets done; and in a crisis everyone is ready to cooperate. The spaciousness of our living quarters is of course a great help, and the beauty of our natural surroundings—the woods and fields, the Hudson River, the breathtaking view of the Catskills beyond. Most important of all, there is our daily life of prayer—rosary and compline every evening at 7:00, the Angelus before meals, the prayers at Mass, and all the private prayers said by many. Suffering too is a prayer, and we have always suffering in our midst. Then there is the chapel and the Blessed Sacrament. O God, we thank you for our peace.

There is something heart-lifting, too, in the morning song of the returning birds who—in spite of wars, insecticides, and devastated woodlands—proceed about their

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Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

1131 S. 1st W.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Darrell Poulsen got a reprieve until May 6th, when the United States Supreme Court will hear his appeal from the death sentence. Cajun, Pat, Ethel Hale, and I, along with others, had picketed for two days before this reprieve was announced. Our activities were reported on radio and television and a United Press release was sent out. If the Supreme Court turns down his appeal, he will be sentenced to execution in from 30 to 60 days, which will bring it around to summer again. I was picketing for him four years ago this summer. Oregon and Iowa have now abolished capital punishment and the governors of Kentucky and Tennessee have given those under death sentence a commutation to life imprisonment. But the consensus in Utah is that it is cheaper to shoot them than to go on feeding them for years.

Dorothy spoke at the University Newman Club. Although it was vacation time, the hall was filled. During the question period, she upheld the revolution in Cuba and chided those who are afraid of Communists. There is not one Communist in office in this country; in Italy forty per cent of the people vote Communist, and yet the Italians are not worried. Cajun had spoken to the Newman Club a few weeks before, so the ice had been broken (something I had not succeeded in doing.) Pat Rusk went east with Dorothy. Peter Lumsden visited Oakland and is on his way back to Tivoli. Cajun has not been apprehended for his refusal to cooperate with the draft, so he is still helping me. Several people have written to say that they may come and help me when Cajun leaves.

Book Sales

Thanks to the excellent review that William Hogan gave my *Book of Ammon* in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, in which he called me "the last of the great old-time non-conformists . . . an authentic and fantastic character and one-man revolution." I have received so many orders from California that the first printing of two thousand is sold out. There will soon be another printing, so CW readers can hasten it along by sending in their orders: three dollars, no sales tax. The student paper at the University here said that my colorful life of protest made good reading, and added: "Of special interest to this campus are Hennacy's views on Mormons and Mormonism. He has investigated LDS (Latter Day Saints) history and presents many startling bits of research on Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, the Negroes and Mormon theology. He then makes a piercing but fair evaluation of the religion."

While the state legislature was in session, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People held a rally, Peter and I had attended the fast meeting around noon at the Mormon Chapel at the University, and some of the Mormons drove us down to the Federal Building and marched with us to Mormon headquarters. Later, Pat and Cajun marched with them and at the state Capitol, where the head of the NAACP was asked to present his ideas to the legislature. Two bills had been passed, on public accommodations and employment, but another, on housing, was still in committee. A joker in one of the bills said that no church is to be forced to employ outsiders. This, of course, was for the benefit of the Mormon church, which has many employees. Two years ago, the Mormon authorities affirmed their belief in civil liberties in general, but they have done little since. On the other hand, the Mormon stake near Chandler, Arizona, recently returned over three hundred dollars sent to them by the Commodity Credit Corporation, due on their production of

cotton. The Mormons did not want this help from the government.

Dirty War

James Reston tells in his *New York Times* column of experiments conducted at the Army's proving grounds at Dugway, Utah (Carol Gorgen and I have picketed there twice), where "volunteer soldiers were submitted to the effects of BZ while they were executing simple battlefield operations." "In one case," Richard Fryklund reports in the *Washington Post*, "a soldier on guard duty was gassed. He was approached by a strange soldier who did not know the password. The guard tried to remember what to do about it, couldn't, got tired of the whole problem and sat down and went to sleep . . . Other men, under the influence of the gas forgot how to use their weapons. Some found they didn't care and wandered away from the battle. Some sat down, stared at the ground and day-dreamed." Our policy was supposedly that we would use gas only if the enemy did, but now we have decided to try to demoralize the Vietnamese by terrorizing them with it. Johnson is now doing exactly what Goldwater wanted to do in Vietnam. So once again the liberals have wasted their votes; we now hear Johnson singing "We Shall Overcome" and linking his good deeds on the civil-rights issue with his misdeeds in Vietnam, where we are the aggressors although we blame the Communists.

Kenny and Mitch are doing a good job with the cooking. Two men got extra jobs, sobered up, and bought a car to carry their painting equipment in. Now that the weather is improving, more men come off the freights. More and more young folks come to our Friday night meetings. When it nears ten o'clock the men ask for the goodnight song: "The Hobo's Lullaby." This is by Woody Guthrie.

Go to sleep you weary hobo,
Let the towns drift slowly by;
Can't you hear the steel rails hummin'?
That's a hobo's lullaby.
I know the police cause you trouble,
'Cause they make trouble everywhere;
When you die and get to heaven,
You'll find no policemen there.
Do not worry about tomorrow,
Let tomorrow come and go.
Tonight you've got a nice warm boxcar,
You're safe from all that rain and snow.

In a previous article I quoted Eugene V. Debs to the effect that we must have compassion for those in the lowest class. Most of my adult life I have lived with (and done time with) those of the lower class. So really the ones who are the hardest for me to understand, to appreciate, to love, are the bourgeoisie, the pious bead-rattlers. I admit this and am trying to improve, although I still shrink from the stool-pigeon, and especially from the rat-informer who does it for pay. (Reviewing a recent book on the Molly Maguires brought this to mind.)

"I watch on television those films of Birmingham and Greenwood, and I see those cordons of big strong policemen, some with crash helmets, some with snarling dogs, all with clubs and revolvers strapped to their belts. And I see an old Negro woman approach the registration office and several of the policemen take hold of her, turn her arm behind her back and push her to the paddy wagon. And I say to myself, what a pitifully unequal battle. Those poor policemen haven't got a chance on earth against that old woman."

—HOWARD K. SMITH
Hillman Awards luncheon
April 29, 1963

To Selma and Back

(Continued from page 1)

Most people were being housed by the families who lived in the Negro community, and Sean and I decided to go there. We went to Brown Chapel, signed in and were given the name of a family with whom we could stay. I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bell and their five girls. In the past few weeks of demonstrations the Bells had housed 15 people. Somehow when we hear the term *Southern hospitality* we are apt to think of pre-bellum glory in colonnade and white; that, of course, was not the case in Selma. The only place the visiting white folk were safe was in the Negro community, and their hospitality was not that of the gallant flourish but of unaffected warmth and ease, as easy as the sharing of a late afternoon cup of coffee.

After I was settled I walked over to Brown's Chapel, where James Orange, field representative for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in Selma, was holding an orientation session for newcomers. Orange is a burly fellow who wears the grassroots dungaree uniform of the civil-rights movement and speaks in a hoarse drawl: "My name's James Orange and I work for the King Construction Company. We're in the process of rebuilding the South." Then the songs take over and the clapping hands and the serious talks and the indomitable rally to overcome. The orientation included an announcement that we were going to march on the City Hall next morning at 10:00 and hold a brief prayer meeting to protest the arrest of the thirty-some ministers and laymen the day before.

There were always people milling around Brown Chapel; it was home base and everyone felt comfortable there. It was the place you went to if you wanted to hear of new plans and decisions. Every night there was a mass meeting, and clerics of all faiths took to the pulpit and spoke freely on what they felt was the moral issue of the moment. I heard the comment that this was perhaps the greatest single massing of clergy since the Council of Trent and probably more important, and I agree.

It was from this Chapel that the Rev. James Bevel, Alabama Project Director, gave the most to-the-point pacifist talk I've ever heard: "A man asked me today what I do when someone hits me. I said that I let him hit me and that if he hits me again I let him hit me again and if he hits me hard enough I fall down. The purpose of non-violence is to offer your body as a sacrifice, and to absorb hate. There's a lot of hate in the white community downtown. I heard that the sale of firearms in Selma has gone up, so there's a lot of people hating there and they've got to release that hate. And if they release it on you, you must let them. If they release it on you they'll get it out and maybe it'll save someone else from getting beaten. There will be beatings before this march is over and some of us may even be killed, but we've got to love; we've got to absorb that hate so that we dry it up—so that there's finally none left."

The afternoon of the next day, after we had successfully demonstrated in front of City Hall, a group of three-hundred of us, mostly white, attempted to demonstrate again in the white neighborhood. An ordinance in Selma forbids demonstrations in the white community, and we were going to walk peacefully to Mayor Smitherman's home to protest this ordinance and also to act as a non-violent witness to our fellow whites in Selma. We left Brown's Chapel in private cars at different time intervals and were dropped off several blocks from the Mayor's house. Groups of from four to six began walking down various

blocks, hoping to converge at the Mayor's home. We were arrested before any of us got there. The police held the three-hundred of us in the courtyard alongside the City Hall for about three hours and then moved us into the Negro Community Center right behind City Hall. I suppose it was the only place near enough that could hold our numbers, but I was amused by the fact that, even while under arrest, we had integrated what should have been another public facility.

Around five o'clock, Wilson Baker, the city's Commissioner of Public Safety, told us that we were not really under arrest but had been put under protective custody. He then stated that we were free to go. This, of course, was not what we had been told as we were being shoved into police cars a few hours before. We had been told that we were all under arrest for parading without a permit. We decided to stay all night to call attention again to the injustice of a law-enforcement system that insists on taking people into custody for merely exercising their constitutional rights. I believe that Baker thought he was doing the right thing by putting us all under "protective custody" but the fallacy in his reasoning is that putting us all under "protective custody" was not going to make the white people of Selma less violent; it gave them time to seethe.

When we left Brown's Chapel we had taken the consequences into consideration; someone might have been killed, but that was a chance we took when we left our home and came to Selma. The reason for going to the white community was simple: we had to, they were certainly not going to come to us. The white community had shut its doors to look at the unreal world of a TV tube and see all those "niggers" and "nigger-lovers" parading. We were willing to chance a physical confrontation but the hope was aborted by massive arrests.

The night spent in custody was joyous. It was a blend of ecumenical conference and hootenanny. At one point two Roman Catholic priests read from the Acts 16, 35 a story that was uncannily appropriate: "But when day came, the magistrates sent the lecturers with the instructions, Let these men go. And the jailer reported these words to Paul: The magistrates have sent word that you are to be released; now therefore, come forth and go in peace." But Paul said to them, They have beaten us publicly and without trial, although we are Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now are they going to put us out secretly? By no means, but let them come themselves and take us out. The lecturers reported these words to the magistrates, and on hearing that they were Romans they were alarmed and came and appealed to them; and taking them out bequeathed them to leave the city." In our case the magistrates never came to appeal to us. We let ourselves out next morning and walked peacefully and unprotected through the white section of town and to Brown Chapel.

The next few days are history. Thousands started the March on Sunday, March 21st, and it was a triumphant throng that walked singing and clapping through downtown Selma. Martin Luther King halted the March at the point where it had been routed a few weeks before at the end of the Edmund Pettus Bridge, and a short prayer service was held. Then the long line unwound toward Montgomery and one felt the spirit of this people and began to realize what it means to be responsible for history. Sean and I walked three days out of the five.

All along the way we had been greeted by clusters of somber whites, who every so often broke

out in invective and groups of Negroes who waved and shouted and sang along with us. Now, marching into Montgomery, the two positions were intensified. The white people withdrew into their homes in the residential area and the Negroes came out in more jubilant clusters. In the city itself, more white people lined the streets than in the residential areas but most of them stared out of windows and in one building, in the commercial district, a Confederate flag hung limply from a window sill.

When the March was over, Sean and I were lucky enough to catch an open truck heading back to Selma. Crammed into the truck and high on the excitement of the day, we sang freedom songs and



waved at the spots of sympathetic and unsympathetic people we saw as we sped back to Selma. Only as we entered Lowndes County did a hush fall on the group. I was crunched down on the floor with a small Negro boy who hid his head under his coat, and I thought how easy it would be to pick any of us off as we rode. Just four hours later, Mrs. Viola Liuzzo was shot and killed on that same stretch of highway.

One lady, Annie Vickers' who's about 70 years old, and her friend the Deacon, who's about the same age, treated Sean and me to a full-course Southern meal and then asked us if we wanted more. I remember Mrs. Vickers chuckling as she said, "Ohhhhh, you are rocking the boat. Aren't they, Deacon? Now aren't they rocking the boat?" I remember feeling ashamed by her shining eyes, because Sean and I and the other white folk who answered the Macedonian call, as it's put, were not the boat-rockers. We were just trying to steady that boat in the wake of our white brother's response to the Negro in the South; we were trying to save our own white skin as much as anything.

The real boat-rockers in Selma were and are the children. It was the children who started the school boycott six months ago and were carted off by bus to Camp Selma, where they stayed days and sometimes weeks in wet cells. It was the children who were taken on the now notorious forced march by Selma's law enforcement officials, the children who were also beaten and gassed at the Edmund Pettus Bridge. These were the children who, as one old lady told me, sang and clapped their hands as they were being bused to Camp Selma; these were the children who sprouted like flowers within our arms, and who always had freedom songs on their tongues. These are the young people wise beyond schooling because they are schooled through experience; who have a political sensitivity that is sophisticated and germane beyond their years.

Sean and I left after attending the Highway 80 funeral service for Mrs. Viola Liuzzo. In our ears there was a ringing not our own; I don't think we can ever escape it.

Farm With A View

(Continued from page 3)

work of nest building, singing hopefully of families they hope to raise.

This Spring, however, has meant for us not only returning birds but also returning fellow workers. Dorothy Day, who was away for over two months on a speaking trip which took her through much of the South, the far West and the Midwest, returned last week. She was suffering from a heavy cold and accumulated tiredness, and spent a week with us trying to regain her health and strength. Peter Lumsden, who was away for some time helping Ammon Hen-

really live off the land. He usually does not eat with us but cooks his own meals and knows how to make use of many of the wild plants in the field and woods. He is particularly proud of his wild onion soup. Joe, who is very rugged, strong, and hard-working, also practices a great deal of fasting and spends much time in church.

Daily Chores

As for the routine work of kitchen and house, it gets done largely through the efforts of Alice Lawrence, Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, Larry Doyle, Fred Lindsey, Arthur Lacey, Arthur Sullivan, Paul Rothenmel, etc. Mike Sullivan continues to be our principal repairman, though he and Jim Canavan take time off from heavier duties now and then to help the birds with their housing problem. Bob Stewart continues to be busy chauffeuring people to and from Tivoli, Red Hook, Rhinecliff and other nearby locations. Joe Cole, who has been spending his waiting period before leaving for Peace Corps training helping me get some material taped and typed for the book project, has also been helpful to others. This morning he helped move Mrs. Lorraine Freeman to her new apartment in the village. Rita Corbin keeps busy with children, community duties, and art work. Marty Corbin takes time off from his editorial and other duties to participate in civil rights and peace demonstrations, and to give talks about the *Catholic Worker*. Recently he spoke at D'Youville College in Buffalo. Stanley Vishnewski keeps busy with writing and printing.

Now that we are approaching the season when we can expect more guests, Alice Lawrence is beginning to worry about the state of our sheets. There is no doubt that we could use some more, if any of our readers have a few to spare. With our large family and our many guests, sheets really take a beating here. Many of them are past repairing, even by the skilled hands of Agnes Sydney.

I should like to thank all those who wrote me offering to help with the book project. I do hope that everyone who can do so will come to visit, whether or not I need help. There will be all kinds of work to do during the summer, and a work camp to work along with during the month of July. College and high-school girls will be particularly interested in the *Catholic Worker* orientation course. Clare Bee plans to hold here during the second week of August. Father Hugo will also give a retreat here during the latter part of June, and there will be pacifist conferences later on in the summer.

Requiescat in Pace

Many of our readers will remember Albert Check at Peter Maurin Farm. Albert, who had been suffering from cancer for a number of years, died on March 12th of that dread disease at St. Rose's Home for those suffering from inoperable cancer. The nuns at St. Rose's are wonderful. Albert had the best of care—medically and spiritually. Jean Walsh and others visited him frequently. He was a good and simple man who worked hard all his life until he became too sick to do so. Now he knows the full and glorious meaning of Easter morning. Father Kane sang at a requiem mass for Albert at our chapel, with Stanley, Paul and Arthur Lacey singing the responses.

It is Holy Week. Christ dies on the Cross. But already the tomb is broken, for Love cannot be tombed. A robin sings an alleluia. Before our house, which is named for St. Joseph, a few hyacinths bloom, like delicately jewelled vials holding the essence of Spring, of hope, of resurrection. Alleluia.

ST. BERNARD:

"Destroy self-love, and there is no more Hell."

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

a panel meeting that night at the local high school, where a discussion of *Pacem in Terris* was taking place. It was just after the great meeting of world leaders held in New York to discuss the encyclical, which I had not been able to attend, and it was good to get a resume of that historic gathering. The next morning there was a glorious Mass at eleven at the chapel of the Brothers, where the singing of the introit, gradual, offertory and communion verses was accompanied by guitars and the entire congregation participated whole heartedly in the singing. Remembering the love St. Francis had for music, I could only think how he would have approved of this work of worship this day, this full-hearted assent to the truths of our faith. There was a meeting after the Mass, and a night meeting to and after the Sunday mass the next day, another lunch at the Brothers, and an informal meeting with them until three o'clock. That morning, Cardinal McIntyre was dedicating the newly built church at which we participated at the Mass. I waited to pay my respects and tell him I was happy to see him looking so well and vigorous. Our exchange was cordial and it was neither the time nor the place to speak of profound and urgent matters that face the Church today both at home and abroad. He knows how we feel about the undeclared war in Vietnam, the tortures and devastation going on there, so opposite to the works of mercy for which we have always stood. I had been invited to speak after lunch on Monday at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara. The discussion in the morning had been about world law, about revision of the Constitution as well as the drafting of a world constitution, and I could only tell the assembled thinkers of "the law and order" one found in the slums, urban and rural. Truly one could say of law that like love in practice, it is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to law (or love) in dreams. John Cogley, who has been with the Center for some time, introduced me. The night before, John and his wife Teddy had been guests with me at the Irving Laucks' home, and we had had plenty of time to talk about the new generations and their attitudes, about travel, about common memories, with no stress or strain over opposing positions or differing emphases.

After the lunch I went to see Miguel, the artist whose studio was near the Center, and was delighted and astonished to find that he was the same Miguel who had stayed with us at Maryfarm, Newburgh, some fifteen years before.

At three in the afternoon there was a demonstration and walk through a mile of streets in downtown Santa Barbara to the steps of the City Hall. I participated in the march and the speaking, the first time I had ever spoken outside. We were expressing our sympathy for Selma and the entire South, for the reception the demonstrations had received at the hands of the police on their first march towards Montgomery, and for the first deaths in that struggle, those of Jimmy Lee Jackson and James L. Reeb, the first a Negro and the second a white Unitarian minister.

Oakland House

There has been a House of Hospitality in Oakland for some time, but I had never visited it and was looking forward to seeing it. Bob and Susan Callagy gave me hospitality and took the time to drive me around. They have written some of the letters appearing in the CW about the work out there, and seem to have a complete, overall feeling for it. They are another example of how a

family, given the temperament, the health and the energy necessary, can take care of work, family duties and such an apostolate as this at the same time. There are five children and enough other young families in the movement so that they babysit and exchange hospitality.

The children go to a progressive school in which the parents too take active part. Perhaps they will write some time of the school, its beginnings, aims and make up. Callagy, as everyone calls him, was in the Marines in the Korean War, and he said that on the wall of the barracks there was the slogan, "Better a small war than no war at all." The indoctrination they received was that it was war for its own sake, war to make men, not to destroy them, or rather to make them by showing them their power to destroy. That seemed to be the kind of schooling they received. We were talking about the present war and wondering if the men involved knew what they were fighting for. Callagy told of the tanks of napalm on low-flying planes, or spraying the jellied gasoline on the defenseless. It clung to skin and clothes and could not be put out or brushed off, but it burned until skin itself dropped off. And of course in this last month there has been the use of nauseating gas, and tear gas, and the gas which brings about diarrhea and chest pains and disables the opponent, man, woman and child so that they are incapable of fighting. "They get them young in the Marines," Callagy said, "seventeen, eighteen, before they know what anything is about."

One peace offensive which Callagy has engaged in was the rebuilding of a church in Mississippi last summer. He and four others drove in a pickup truck and with their tools, a good record player and plenty of symphonies and folk music, they rebuilt the church to the sound of music, in five days, if I remember rightly. "Someone asked if they had not been afraid, but five stalwart carpenters with tools in their hands, tools for construction, not destruction, filled with the strength and joy of youth, to the tune of great music, would be formidable adversaries. The symbol of Mississippi, a college student in Texas said, was the pickup truck, with a three-shot-gun-carrying rack behind the driver across the window, and no license plates on the car. At night of course, with dimmed lights. I saw many of them while I was there for two weeks.

I visited Mike Gold and his wife Elizabeth and was glad to hear that she was helping in one of the tutoring programs at the Oakland House. I spoke at the House of Hospitality where Hugh Madden presides. He is too militant to be another St. Francis, too gregarious to be another St. Benedict Joseph Labre, but partakes of the virtues of both. My talk there could go on only until nine since a crowd of men were waiting to unroll their bedding and go to sleep on the floor. Many of them knew the old Industrial Workers of the World halls and agreed with me when I spoke of the need for such mutual aid, such centers run by the men themselves. Susan Callagy, Dorothy Kaufman and others collect food from the markets and keep the soup kettle full. It is never so much a problem of food as of housing and warmth.

When I finished speaking at the place I went across the street to the women and children's center, which is in an old frame building, more than half a century old, with a few stores and tenants upstairs, and a large yard in back and to one side. It was big enough for a clothes center and for the mothers to gather together for sewing and for children's painting classes. Several of the families have the children home for dinner every week or so, and other times the mothers,

It is a solid Negro neighborhood, extending for five miles around. There is certainly a good group that make up the Catholic Worker crowd in Oakland and Berkeley and I'd like to mention all their names, but my notes are in another suitcase sent ahead of me and not yet reclaimed.

The next day I spoke at the University of California at Berkeley, on the famous campus where there has been so much stir these last months, some of it caused by a few who seem to distract attention from the real issues by their own craving for attention. I did not feel that I could cope with such a crowd as the one that throngs the square at noon each day (although Ammon Hennacy was quite happy to take them on), a crowd which can go from speaker to speaker as they do in Union Square. Instead I had the use of one of the halls and there was quiet enough to sense the deep concern of the students in regard to the problems which confront us in the South, on the West Coast and in Vietnam.

Stockton

The next morning, Carol and Frances Gorgen (with their baby) drove Mary Lathrop and me to Stockton, over the smooth green hills where flocks of sheep grazed, and into the city of Stockton, where the agricultural workers congregate and where the buses are always crowded with migrants going up and down the long valley for work. Last time I was west, I had gone at 4 a.m. to the center of town with Andy Aerano, one of the organizers, to see the shape up, the trucks, the government agencies who were registering these workers in the fields. Mary Lathrop had herself shipped out from here to work in the fields and was familiar with the whole set-up. Last year she wrote stories about it for the CW.

We had a luncheon meeting that day with some of the young priests serving their internship in pastoral theology with Father Alan McCoy at St. Mary's. Here is another parish like that of Father



Kern's in Detroit, where two of the Catholic Worker Houses are situated: St. Francis House and St. Martha House.

In Father Alan's parish there are a breadline, showers, clinic—all kind of social services—not to speak of the superlative service of the *curial* movement. *Curial* is a retreat (made once only for the lifetime) which results in community, a retreat given by priests and laymen and fortified by prayers of communities all around, a course which results in conversions, rather a turning to God with the whole heart and soul and mind and strength. Community means that the *curialistas* keep in touch with each other and help each other in any way they can. It all began as a retreat for the Spanish-speaking, originating in the island of Majorca, and was brought here to the Southwest by airmen who came to learn to fly jets. Strange beginnings!

To Salt Lake City

After another meeting that night with some of the parishioners, we had a good night at the David Brewers out on Eight Mile Road in their delightful octagonal house set in the middle of a wide valley of utter flatness, covered over by

the blue bowl of the sky. I set out the next morning after Mass by train to Salt Lake City to see for the first time Ammon Hennacy's Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's Refuge. Ammon faithfully and dutifully has both names on a big sign on the front of his house, which was described in the last issue by Peter Lumsden, who came to take care of it for six weeks while Ammon was traveling on the West Coast and speaking up and down California. (I met Peter Lumsden in California a few days before.) Mary Lathrop, who helped Ammon start the house a few years ago, painted murals on the walls of the original house, which was a storefront on Postoffice Place, and helped support it by her work. She painted pictures not only of the execution of Joe Hill, the labor martyr of I.W.W. fame, song writer for the Wobblies and a legend the labor movement; but also of the Holy Family, of which St. Joseph was the protector.

Ammon was there when I arrived after a thirty-six-hour trip. Peter Lumsden had gone on to Oakland and I had seen him there, and I understood that, on his way home he was going to pick up Murphy Dowd, half Irish and half French, or Cajun as Ammon always calls him in his column. Both Cajun and Utah Phillips, also a folk singer, played and sang at my meeting that night at the Newman Club at the university. There were a number of priests present and a good gathering of students. Ammon circulated the *Catholic Worker* and his literature against capital punishment, but he had no more books to sell. There are none left of the first edition, and he has five hundred dollars worth of orders for more picked up on his speaking trip. But the printer won't print more until he has more money, and Ammon already owes him \$1,500. He has not charged enough for the book; \$3 does not cover the cost of the book, and the mailing adds up to a lot. His friends should all be sending him offerings to help balance the books.

Pat Rusk had been staying in the house helping, and she was setting out with me the next morning, but she was going to New York via St. Louis. Just as we were leaving another young woman arrived. Ammon is the exceptional person who can attract both female and male admirers by the horde, and his own faithfulness to friendship is rewarded by theirs to him.

A Long Trek

By now it was cold again and I was glad of my warm coat, which I had carried through the heat of Mississippi, Texas, Arizona and California. There was snow everywhere, and a blizzard as we sped over the roads of the state of Nebraska, narrow roads, and every time a trailer truck passed us there was a great cloud of snow impeding our vision—mine and the driver's—since I was sitting on the front seat. Windows on either side of the bus were all frozen up and mud and snow-splashed and one could see nothing. It was good to be in front speeding through the night on the way to Minnesota.

This too was a thirty-six hour trip, and I was happy when I arrived in snowbound Minneapolis to find Michael Humphrey, his wife Mary, his brother-in-law and his sister Susan waiting for me to drive me the sixty miles to St. Cloud. I was amazed at the drifts, in some places sixteen feet high, which I saw around the houses where the wind had piled it. At the Humphrey place the narrow walk was hard to get through with a suitcase. Mass next day at the Newman Center of the State Teachers' College, where Mary and Susan attend classes. Some of the Humphrey and most of the Doyle children go to the elementary school connected with the college. The Mass was beautifully

participated in and the Gelineau psalms were sung. In the evening to the movie, *The Pumpkin Eater*, which Mary, mother of a large family, especially wanted to see. It was very hard for us to get the point of the movie. What was going to happen to the wife after the sterilization and abortion? Was the husband going to quit his philandering? Was the wife going to become a gibbering idiot with nymphomaniac tendencies like the woman she encountered in the beauty parlor in the hair dryer?

After the movie we went to the home of Fredric Petters, where there was to be a meeting of families, which was late because it was a job getting all the children to bed. Their house is large and right on the Mississippi, which of course was frozen over and snow-covered and could not be distinguished from the fields which stretched out beyond it, except that there were banks on either side. There were many students there as well as married couples and the meeting lasted until after two a.m. The Petters, who have the largest dress goods shop in town, and Barbara White, who is a genius at sewing, had between them made me a beautiful maroon-colored dress of wool crepe, which was all ready for me on my arrival. A frivolous note to introduce to this account of a wandering apostolate perhaps, but an indication of the generosity shown me on my journey. Eric Gill has a lot to say about clothes and their meaning in our lives. He recalls the meaning of clothes in a little homily for the Stations of the Cross where Jesus is stripped of his garments.

Barbara White made two other dresses for me during my three-day stay, fitting and finishing one which Mary Humphrey, who has made dresses for me in the past, had all but completed. Mary is coming to stay with us at Tivoli this summer with some of the children, and we will put her to work making sleeping bags for the next winter. Not to speak of flannel shirts for the men of the staff.

The next day, Jim Palmquist came over and fixed the furnace, which had been out of order for a week all during the zero weather so that we did not have to all camp out in the living room, dining room and kitchen, which is one long L-shaped room. Michael brought wood and the Petters sent coal, so we luxuriated in warmth again. Jim himself has a family of seven. Three more inches of snow today and zero weather at night.

Another Picnic

We drove that night to the home of Herbert Burke, who is a professor at St. John's, Collegeville, where we saw another movie, a Japanese film called *Ikuru* (To Live) and is about a bureaucrat dying of cancer, and how he ends his days accomplishing a great work of mercy, building a park in a slum section of Tokyo.

His attempt to "live" under the guidance of a benevolent Mephistopheles (who said he would not charge him anything) and his finding the meaning of life through a young clerical worker who had left her stupefying job in his office to work in a toy factory (no sex undertones, just contact with the poor and simple) was profoundly moving. Somehow she convinced him that he should return to his office and work at what he wanted most to do, not allowing himself to be strangled by routine difficulties. The story of his going from bureaucrat to politician, from office to office, his humility, impatience, and insistence, was moving indeed.

After the movie, a meeting again with the crowd of students from St. John's, most of whom were Dr. Burke's pupils. Again we were up until two a.m.

The next day, my last in Minnesota, we were snowed in for fair,

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THE BERLIN WALL IN SELMA, ALABAMA

(Continued from page 2)

encourage them to attend the mass meetings, I visited Cagey Lee, the grandfather of Jimmie Lee Jackson, and his daughter, Jimmie's widowed mother. They live in a very humble frame dwelling well off the main road. (The newspapers sometimes use the word cottage to describe the homes of the impoverished Negroes.) Cagey Lee is 82 years old. Until his beating at the hands of Col. Al Lingo's state troopers, he was spry for his age. Jimmie Lee, his mother and grandfather had been attending a meeting at the church in Marion. They were attacked by the state police as they were leaving, after sunset. The old man had been struck to the ground and kicked in the back, near his kidneys. Cagey Lee described the scene, and told us of his pride in Jimmie and of his sorrow that it was in defending him, an old man, that Jimmie had lost his life. Powder burns from a state trooper's gun went through Jimmie's clothing right to his skin, indicating that he was shot at very close range, the gun probably held against his stomach. His murderer has not been identified, or even sought.

In the back issues of the Selma newspaper for October, I learned of an Air Force sergeant who attended the "white" Catholic church in town. I visited him and his family at Craig Air Force Base and learned this story. The sergeant was attending Sunday Mass at Assumption Church. Four Negro boys joined the congregation. Negro members of the Mystical Body are expected to attend Mass at the Edmundite mission. Two of the Negro boys were seized and beaten by parishioners on the church lawn after Mass. The sergeant, a Southerner himself, tried to protect the boys. "If they can't go to Church where the hell can they go?" He and his wife started to receive threatening phone calls. The sergeant sat up nights with a shotgun in his hand, to protect his wife and six children. His wife, a Mississippian, swore that she wouldn't be chased out of Selma "by a bunch of rednecks." Three months passed without incident, and the sergeant relaxed his guard. One night in December a stranger knocked on the sergeant's door saying that he thought he had sideswiped the sergeant's car. Would he come out and look at the damage? They would call the insurance company. As soon as the sergeant had stepped off his porch, two other men jumped out of the bushes. The three of them clubbed the sergeant savagely. Photographs showed the sergeant's face battered and swollen beyond recognition. The sergeant's sixteen-year-old son, hearing the disturbance on the front lawn, grabbed a 22 calibre rifle, jumped to the porch and shot one of the assailants in the shoulder. The three were arrested by the Selma police but they have not yet been brought before the grand jury. For the children's sake, the sergeant moved his family back to the Base.

The sergeant, his wife and son, and their two guests, also white Southerners, were quick to tell me that they were not integrationists. But I have seldom heard of such expressions of such bitterness and contempt for the intransigent racists as these people manifested, not even from Northern black nationalists. They considered the "rednecks" absolutely incapable of education, people so calloused that nothing could move their consciences. I tried to explain to them why it would be impossible for us to stage such projects as the Selma-Montgomery March if we felt that way. As tactfully as I could, I tried to point out to this Virginian and this Mississippian that the beating of the Negro boys on the

church lawn had changed at least two white Southerners. Others were capable of change too. (While we are waiting for the violent racists to change, more responsible Southerners must be made to understand that they can not allow the racists to wield local authority they have gained by default.)

By agreement with the authorities, the March to Montgomery was to proceed Sunday, March 21. Only 300 would be allowed to walk the entire 54 miles along Route 80, for the road narrows to two lanes in Lowndes County, in marshy country said to be very dangerous because of the excellent cover for snipers. The young people of Selma would make up the basic walk team, with only twenty-two outsiders. It was right that this experience be reserved for them, for they have borne the burden of segregation all their lives, and they would remain to face the inevitable reprisals after the outsiders had left. We were all allowed to walk the first day.

That first day of the March was drenched in sunshine. The nuns were up front, with some of the clergy. A Negro with a red, white and blue towel arrangement like a poncho over his shoulders was in the lead, playing Yankee Doodle on the fife. One-legged Jim Letherer was in the front ranks, on crutches. Jim had lived with us at Kenmare Street last year. He runs a kind of House of Hospitality in Saginaw now. The flags of the United Nations and the United States led the way. I was one of the marshals, supposed to keep the lines of march in order, to see that no women or children were on the outside of the ranks, exposed to attack, and to arrange pick-ups by the medical unit for the disabled.

As a marshal I had an excuse to travel up and down the long line of march looking for friends. I saw Bob Forsberg, a Methodist minister of New Haven, who had always impressed us with his quiet radicalism.

There was Eric and Elaine Weinberger and Ernest Bromley and Rev. Maurice McCracken from Peacemakers in Cincinnati, Bob Gilliam and Bill Wernz of Winona, who had spent the summer with us at Chrystie Street, Henry Warshaw, Erica Enzer and Peter Kellman of CNVA. Hermene Evans had been replaced by her daughter Willie and friend Alice Miranda. Brad Lyttle had left the day after the Reeb memorial. Dave Spieler was taking pictures for Liberation. Those were Phil Leahy, Dan Shay and Paul Bakulich, CW friends.

Dan Shay who heads one of the three Houses of Hospitality in Detroit brought with him tons of non-perishable food and over \$400, which he had collected in Detroit. Ignatius O'Connor, who ran the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality in Boston fifteen years ago walked along, his back a little bent with age, his face red from the sun and his eyes brightly twinkling making him look alarmingly like one of Santa's helpers as he recalled the ages long past for the younger Catholic Workers around him.

The organization of the March was very good, though to many of the foot-soldiers it did not appear so. Coordination of such large numbers of people on the move, with all their needs for shelter, food, water, sanitation facilities and security, becomes a staggering problem.

The only serious defect of the project was that the SCLC leaders consciously planned and arranged things in an effort to pressure the government into federalizing the national guard, for the protection of the demonstrators. Rev. James

Bevel, who heads the Alabama Project, knew this was the wrong way to generate the revolutionary dynamics of nonviolence in all its power. He urged openly and strongly that we absorb whatever violence might be hurled at us.

After four days of walking in the sun and the rain, the March arrived at the City of St. Jude on the outskirts of Montgomery. The City of St. Jude is a large complex of land and buildings housing a hospital, an elementary school, a high school, two convents, a rectory, a recreational center and a church. Fr. Paul Mullaney, Rector of St. Jude's, conferred with Archbishop Thomas J. Toolen, ordinary of the Birmingham-Mobile diocese, who had forbidden priests and religious under his jurisdiction from participating in the demonstrations, about offering the facilities of St. Jude's to the March. The Archbishop agreed. Huge tents were pitched on the sodden fields to shelter the marchers for the night. Tens of thousands of feet crushed the lawn into the soft wet clay beneath us. It will take hundreds of dollars and at least two years to restore the lawn. A stage was erected for performances by Harry Belafonte, Peter, Paul and Mary, Tony Bennett, Odette and others. I was exhausted, and made my way to the Josephite church on the other side of town, where Fr. John Hardman had a bedroom and a shower waiting for me.

"Wal-lace, you never can jail us a-a-ll!"

"Wal-lace, segregation's bound to fall!"

Governor George Wallace refused to see representatives of the March. He sent all female employees of the capital buildings home for the day. He tried to ignore us, but we felt sure he was peeking out of the blinds in his office. As a matter of fact, we found out later that he was doing just that, with binoculars. "That's quite a crowd," he was quoted as saying. By the time we were all gathered to hear the addresses there were over forty thousand of us. We sang freedom songs and listened to speeches by Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth, Bayard Rustin, Jim Peck, Ralph Bunche and Rev. Jim Bevel. Dr. King started his talk in a low, dignified voice. He knew his audience. He gave us a combination lecture and sermon on segregation's history, in the style of the Southern Negro churches, using repetition of a phrase to heighten emotions and to reinforce the central idea. "We are on the move now." He told Governor Wallace and all of us that we would continue to march on poverty, on unemployment, on segregated schools, and on ballot boxes until all God's children could walk the earth in dignity and honor. The enormous throng ratified Dr. King's call by locking crossed arms and swaying together in singing "We Shall Overcome." Then Dr. King's voice rang out the words, each of them eerily distinct, "What do you want?" "Freedom!" The antiphonal response broke the Alabama air, louder each time. "Freedom!" "Freedom!" The thunderous nonviolent battle-cry shook George Wallace's capital building. We were telling him the walls of segregation have no more chance than the walls of Jericho.

At the end of that long day we dispersed quickly, and most of us prepared to leave Montgomery before sunset. The federalized national guard seemed to disperse even more quickly.

Later that evening Bob Gilliam, Bill Wernz and I drove with two others out of the city. We saw none of the previously omnipresent guardsmen. About an hour out of town we learned over the car radio that Mrs. Viola Liuzzo had just been murdered on Route 80.

Project Loaves and Fishes

(Continued from page 1)

ence we toured our very fine Corps and Community Center facilities at 1920 E. Allegheny Avenue. We officially made an offer to Mr. Hartenstein and Mr. Mason to conduct a pilot program along the lines as suggested by Mr. Mason for the feeding of elderly persons. We suggested at this time that we would be prepared to serve at least 100 to 150 persons on a non-profit basis.

Another interesting and important point coming out of our conference was that we would be willing to provide the facilities of our total Community Center area from 9 a.m. until 3:30 p.m. each day on a five day per week basis. This was projected as a pilot pro-

sions of the anti-poverty bill must be sponsored by an established organization or by a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose.

Mr. Hartenstein arranged the meeting (Oct. 16, 1964) referred to by Lt. Col. Mackenzie. It is unfortunate that the operational proposal developed at that meeting did not fit the requirements of a pilot project restaurant. In detail:

The Salvation Army proposed to serve only one meal a day, whereas two are needed, with possible provision for take-out food.

The Army's service would be limited to five days a week. The pensioners who need the non-profit restaurant must eat seven days a week. They cannot afford to pay regular restaurant prices for their meals even two days a week.

The Army's offer of the excellent recreational facilities of the Pioneer Corps headquarters is most generous. The social aspect of the proposed restaurant will be very important, because elderly pensioners who must live in lonely rented rooms need a place where they can meet friends and enjoy recreation. The Pioneer Corps headquarters would be ideal for the purpose but for the fact that the Army forbids smoking in the building because part of it is used for religious services. There can be no criticism of the rule, which the Army has an incontestable right to enforce, and it would be a blessing if everyone should stop smoking, but it is not possible to change the habits of men, particularly older men, by ukase. The effect of the no-smoking regulation would be that smokers would shun the restaurant. Therefore, the site should be a building where smoking would not be objectionable.

It is true, as Lt. Col. Mackenzie points out, that the Pioneer facilities could be used without payment of rent, as contrasted with the tentative (not firm) figure of \$400 a month for the Starlite Ballroom, but that building could be used from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. to serve 300 to 500 persons, seven days a week. Is it not better to pay rent which will cost each member approximately \$1.00 a month for a site which will serve the purpose fully, without hampering or limiting restrictions which would defeat the purpose of the project?

A pilot project must exemplify and embody the details and features of the stated purpose in order to serve as a model for other areas. It is regrettable that the Salvation Army's proposal is inadequate for the purpose.

Finally, it is not desirable to establish the non-profit restaurant under the direction of any one religious denomination. It would be a wonderful accomplishment if it could be undertaken as a truly comprehensive interfaith project. The basis of the plan is essentially religious. Expressions of opinion by members of the clergy will be invaluable in furthering the work.

2002 E. Madison St.

Philadelphia 34, Pa.

CHRISTIAN-BUDDHIST PILGRIMAGE

It is the intention of some of us to make a journey to Washington on April 17, Holy Saturday, the day set aside for a general "March on Washington" to protest the war in Vietnam. It is our wish to pray at Arlington National Cemetery for the American dead and to offer there the Lord's Prayer for peace and forgiveness. After this we will walk on foot to offer a Buddhist prayer for 'illumination' at a Buddhist shrine, joining our prayer with the intentions of the Buddhist martyrs and the sufferings of the Vietnamese people.

HERBERT MASON



posal and plan at this conference. A large and beautifully equipped basement area could provide excellent feeding space adjacent to a fully equipped kitchen facility.

Our further proposal on this matter was that no extended fee or rentals would be required but that we would only expect to break even after utilizing adequate volunteer services and surplus foods if available through the Federal Government. The important point of this thought is that there would be no rental fee such as the \$400.00 which was suggested in your news item of March 11th.

There are other details which came from this conference which we felt were significant. However, you have in this letter the sincere expression of this office and my supporting staff that we are truly interested in all problems dealing with the well-being of all deserving senior citizens in our community.

Sincerely yours,
Lt. Colonel C. T. Mackenzie
Divisional Commander

My reply, which will be published in the April 15 issue of THE GUIDE, follows:

The letter of Lt. Col. C. T. Mackenzie, Salvation Army Divisional Commander, on the subject of a non-profit restaurant for aged pensioners, published in the April 8 issue of The Guide, is both interesting and gratifying to proponents of the project. It is heartening to learn that the Salvation Army leaders in Philadelphia are still interested in the plan and approve of it in principle after months of study, but this was to be expected of an organization which has for so long been concerned with the problems of the poor. General William Booth, founder of the Army, established restaurants in England a century ago to serve meals to the poor at very low prices.

When Mr. Paul Hartenstein and Mr. Postelle Vaughn began to work on the plan with me last September as representatives of the City of Philadelphia, Mr. Hartenstein decided that the Salvation Army was the logical organization to act as sponsor for a pilot project. A plan for which an appropriation is sought under the provi-

The Black Man's Burden

(Continued from page 1)

to devote the first part of this article to the Negro contribution to this country, so that we may better recognize the Negro as one of our first immigrants, as devoted and stalwart soldier, as pioneer in the East, South and West, as journeyman in field and factory, as citizen in slavery and segregation, as carrier of white burdens and atoner for white crimes, an innovator of protest and non-violent resistance, as giving the lie to our classlessness, as hope to our religion, as friend and brother.

It may startle some of us to know that Negroes arrived in this country a year before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth in 1620, to begin the greatest forced migration in human history, the sorriest chapter in the annals of our nation, and what has already been adequately proved as the most valuable contribution of one continent to another, one people to another, one race to another. The original twenty Negroes of Jamestown, Virginia were not slaves, but indentured servants, who were prompt in discharging their servitude, earning their freedom and mingling with the other settlers on the basis of equality. This relatively happy state could not last however. White greed saw to that. Virginia and Maryland were the first colonies to legalize slavery in the 1680's, and it was not long before color became a badge of servitude in all of the colonies, stripping Negroes of all rights of personality. In contrast, the poor whites and Indians who had experienced the indentured state with the Negro, had the protection of government or tribe, or they could easily escape; while Negroes had no recourse to law, could not hide or escape, and as the Spanish used to say, were worth four times their number of Indians. By 1710, there were fifty thousand Negroes in America; when the Declaration of Independence was signed, there were half a million; by 1860, there were four million.

The Negro Donation

"The Western world," Eric Williams contends, "is in danger of forgetting today what the Negro has contributed to Western civilization. London and Bristol, Bordeaux and Marseilles, Cadiz and Seville, Lisbon and New England, all waxed fat on the profits of the trade in the tropical produce raised by the Negro slave. Capitalism in England, France, Holland and colonial America received a double stimulation—from the manufacture of goods needed to exchange for slaves, woolen and cotton goods, copper and brass vessels, and the firearms, handcuffs, chains and torture instruments indispensable on the slave ships and on the slave plantations. This contribution of the Negro," he rather fatuously continues, "has failed to receive adequate recognition. It is more than ever necessary to remember it today. England and France, Holland, Spain and Denmark, not to mention the United States, Brazil and other parts of South America, are all indebted to Negro labor." W. E. B. DuBois takes a different tack, and ignoring what the Negro has given to this country, he concentrates on what it cost to give it: "Raphael painted, Luther preached, Corneille wrote, and Milton sang; and through it all, for four hundred years, the dark captives wound to the sea amid the bleaching bones of the dead; for four hundred years the sharks followed the scurrying ships; for four hundred years, Ethiopia stretched with the living and dying millions of a transplanted race; for four hundred years, Ethiopia stretched forth her hands unto God."

Ironically enough, "Negroes fought in the American Revolution for the freedom of their masters, a freedom nonetheless denied them. Crispus Attacks, a Ne-

gro, was the first man killed in the Boston Massacre; the two Salems, Peter Salem and Salem Poor, were among the most valiant men of the war. Before the Revolution ended, some five thousand Negroes, both slaves and freemen, had taken up arms to defend a liberty that could not be theirs. Nor were Europeans the only foreigners to answer America's call for help; we remember well that Kosciuszko and Lafayette came, but not many Americans know that Haiti sent its Fontanges Legion, which saved the American forces from rout at the siege of Savannah.

Though the Revolutionary War did much to eliminate strict slavery in the North, it had little effect upon the South, where an implacable decision had been made to make the Negro the flesh and blood prop of a Way of Life, causing in turn, an introverted and demoralized folk culture and an economic totalitarianism. Historians of the period tell us that for two hundred years, "a social system as coercive as any yet known," was built on the unreal foundations of "the most implacable race consciousness yet observed in virtually any society." It has been called, with a great deal of justice, the "Cotton Curtain." Individual, family and collective rights were arbitrarily and totally stripped away—it was a crime to teach Negroes to read and write, a crime to give them a Bible. Children were sold from their mothers, and fatherhood was in practice, outlawed. A Mississippi court ruled that the rape of a slave woman was outside the scope of common or civil law. "The father of a slave," said a Kentucky court, "is unknown to our law." Children were often herded to the fields at five and six years, women were prized more for their breeding qualities than for their ability to perform massive drudgery under a burning sun. Seldom did a slave live out his life without a flogging of anywhere from thirty-nine to a hundred lashes from a cowskin whip, and it was not infrequent that "kind" masters would flog the skin from their slaves' back and wash them down in brine. The toil in the fields was long, unremitting and harsh; ten or fifteen minutes at noon for a crust and a lump of bacon; work until dark; cut wood, feed mules and swine; cook supper and eat it without the simple amenities of knife, fork or skillet; go to bed at midnight with a prayer that the morning horn be not overslept, since this would mean twenty lashes. Protest was common—escape, revolt, suicide—while among all Negroes who took none of these measures, there was a vast, seething hate which kept the South apprehensive and unrestful before an unconfronted fear. "Slavery time was tough, boss," said one ex-slave, "you just don't know how tough it was." It should shock us not at all to hear from a historian like Elkins that "the only mass experience that Western people have had within recorded history comparable in any way with Negro slavery was undergone in the nether world of Nazism. The concentration camp was not only a perverted slave system; it was also—what is less obvious but even more to the point—a perverted patriarchy."

Yet the Negro endured under slavery, he survived and did more than that, he waxed strong through the simple fight for existence. Alternatives were simple and utterly real; either develop qualities of soul which would transform oppression into life, or die. He chose to live, in contrast to brown and red men of other places and other climates who drank the white man's whiskey, read his Bible, became degraded, and wasted away into extinction. Negroes drank the white man's whiskey, read his Bible, did his work and flourished. Yes, he decided to live, and in living founded the wealth of this country,

which rested, as Lincoln believed, "on the 250 years of unrequited toil of Negro men and women." Frederick Douglass, the great Negro abolitionist, spoke of this decision to live, and the stake in this country that Negroes gained in result. "We are here, and here are we likely to be. To imagine that we shall ever be eradicated is absurd and ridiculous. We can be remodified, changed, and assimilated, but never extinguished. We repeat therefore, that we are here, and that this is our country. . . . We shall neither die out, nor be driven out; but shall go with this people, either as a testimony against them, or as an evidence in their favor throughout their generations."

Furthermore, the Negro contribution did not end in slavery—his efforts to preserve the Union which had done so little for him were even more significant. Outside of Richmond in 1864, a Negro division swept away entrenched Confederate opposition, suffered bloody losses, and won for twelve of its men the Medal of Honor, most of which were awarded posthumously. Mind you, the willingness to fight on the part of Negroes, and their capability to do so, long preceded the indecisiveness of Lincoln and the Fed-



eral Government as to the use of Negro troops, since policy tended to look upon the Civil War as a White Man's War, implying of course, that it was degrading to enlist the help of those over whom the war was being fought. Men like Generals Butler, Lane and Hunter, however, unofficially organized Negro regiments and brigades. At one point, in 1863, Butler heard of fourteen hundred free Louisiana Negroes, who of themselves had organized a regiment. He sent for their leaders and asked if they would fight. Their answer was classic. "General," their spokesman said, "we come of a fighting race. Our fathers were brought here because they were captured in war, and in hand to hand fights too. We are willing to fight. Pardon me, General, but the only cowardly blood we have got in our veins is the white blood." And so they fought. Acceptance in the Union Army was tenuous, pay was often half of what the white soldiers received, and capture by the Confederates meant almost certain death, often after inhuman torture. Yet, fifty thousand Negro soldiers served the Union Army by the end of 1863, and at key engagements at Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend, Fort Wagner, Poison Spring, Olustee, Nashville, Petersburg, and four hundred and forty other places, they hurried the end of the bloodiest war in American history.

Patterns of Brutality

It is not my intention to give an exhaustive history of the Negro response to this country, in face of constant dehumanization, brutality, terror and death. What I am trying to do is establish a pattern of what the Negro has received from White America, and what he has in turn, given. Reference can be made, for example, to what has been termed "the Terrible Nineties," the 1890's, when a Negro was lynched every

two days or so, only seldom for alleged rape, usually for other "crimes" like testifying against a white man in court, seeking other employment, failing to use "Mister" when speaking to whites, arguing over the price of blackberries, attempting to vote, accepting a job as postmaster, or just being too prosperous. Lerone Bennett, the Negro historian, sums up the pitiable and inhuman spectacle of those days in this fashion: "To work from sun up to sun down for a whole year and to end owing 'the man' \$400 for the privilege of working; to do this year after year and to sink deeper and deeper into debt; to be chained to the land by bills at the plantation store; to wash away this knowledge with bad gin, to spit it out in a display of song and prayer, to sing, to pray, to cry; to bring forth a man child, and to see him ruined, or perhaps, lynched; to be powerless and to curse one's self for cowardice; to be conditioned by dirt and fear and shame and signs; to become a part of these signs and to feel them in the deepest recess of the spirit; to be knocked down in the streets and whipped for not calling a shiftless hillbilly 'Mister'; to be a plaything of judges and courts and policemen; to be black in a white fire and to believe finally in one's own unworthiness; to be without books and words and pretty pictures; to be without newspapers and radios; to be without understanding, to not know why it is happening; to not know where to go and what to do to stay the whip and the rope and the chain; to give in finally; to bow, to scrape, to grin; to hate oneself for one's servility and weakness and blackness—all this was a Kafkaian nightmare which continued for days and nights and years."

Yet, from all of this has come a donation to the American scene as paradoxical as it is intense. A donation quite apart from toil or bearing of arms or monumental hardihood. Something far more essential and powerful than these. Southern historians have long been puzzled over the tyranny that Negroes held over the customs and manners of the South, and they wonder at the resilience of lives which can, under slavery and under a mockery of citizenship, influence other as strongly as they are influenced. When C. G. Jung visited America, he immediately noticed the imprint of the Negro, "an obviously psychological difference regardless of any mixture of blood." "The mark of the Negro," he said, "was apparent in the walking, singing, dancing and even the praying of white Americans." Beyond that, the Negro has been, even under slavery, the only American who has constantly made an issue of democracy—his presence has forced us to rewrite our Constitution, and to constantly re-evaluate what has been so blithely and inaccurately called the American dream of equality. Wherever he is found in this country, and whatever he does, the Negro explores to us the debilities of the individual and the national conscience, since he himself is evidence that what we believe

ourselves to be is so largely a myth, and what we take such pride in doing is so largely worthless.

Negroes presently supply the only example of heroism under oppression that this country can claim; and it is a tragic loss to our youth that so-called educators pass over in silence the spectacle of twelve-year olds in jail, or Negroes praying for Sheriff Jim Clark, or students facing dogs, cattle prods and firehoses. Negroes have so assaulted the ears and sensibilities of white Americans with human rights and human dignity that the whole country has been led unwillingly into the debate; and were it not for the Negro revolution, it is hard to see how Jews, Puerto Ricans, migrant workers and even some poor whites would now be faring as well as they are. (It is hard to imagine also any real checkmate upon our stubborn and aggressive militarism in South Vietnam, had not the Negro educated us to some consideration of human worth and autonomy). Negroes have led the churches from an apathetic lethargy of religiosity and lip service to the Gospel, and it is no fantasy to say that the future of Christianity in this country rests squarely upon our reaction. Negroes have done more for ecumenism in the United States than any other force, and they have oddly collaborated with Pope John in helping us to understand that people are not to be feared but loved; and that the illogical bugaboos of Communist, "Prot-estant" and freethinker" inevitably disappear as soon as the Negro is respected as a person. Negroes have shook the whole religious, governmental, economic and social bureaucracy of the country, forcing it to look at itself, forcing it to lengths of justice and efficiency otherwise impossible, forcing it to the sullen and stubborn admission, that as it stands now, it has neither sympathy, room nor provision for any people but whites, and that this condition cannot remain. Negroes have been the catalyst for justice and human unity that the Christian Church is supposed to be, but never has been; and Negroes know with the conviction of their experience, that once they cease to be the moral voice of the nation, once they terminate their moral belaboring of government, business and labor with the spectacle of their maltreatment, then the churches are to return from whence they came, back to the sanctuary from the streets, there to plan a better service or the next building, while the country slides regressively into somnolence and barbarism, into the pursuits sought by the childish and the idle. Negroes finally, and perhaps most importantly, have written the death notices for the white man. True, he has received help from Auschwitz and Buchenwald, from Hiroshima and Nagasaki, even as he receives help from Vietnam today. But the local obituaries have nonetheless come from Harlem, Birmingham, Albany, Georgia, and Selma, Alabama. Nearly one hundred years ago, Nietzsche

(Continued on page 8)

"Even the black man's friends were skeptical about the possibility of using him as a soldier, and far from its being to the credit of black men, or any men, that they did not want to kill, the ability and willingness to take human life has always been, even in the minds of liberal men, a proof of manhood. It took in many respects a finer type of courage for the Negro to work quietly and faithfully as a slave while the world was fighting for his destiny, than it did to seize a bayonet and rush mad with fury or inflamed with drink, and plunge it into the bowels of a stranger. Yet this was the proof of manhood required of the Negro . . . He was called a coward and a fool when he protected the women and children of the master. But when he rose and fought and killed, the whole nation with one voice proclaimed him a man and a brother. Nothing else made emancipation possible in the United States. Nothing else made Negro citizenship conceivable, but the record of the Negro soldier as a fighter."

W. E. B. Du Bois

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 5)

though there was in the afternoon a two-block walk to show solidarity with the civil-rights drive in Selma and to commemorate the death of the three victims, Jimmie Lee Jackson, James L. Reeb, and Viola Gregg Liuzzo.

It was a day of visitors from morning till night, so that there was scarcely time to eat (The kids, it seemed, were living only on the cake they had baked for these same visitors). To bed early and up at four-thirty to catch the 5:40 train to Milwaukee. It was one of those trains with a Vista Dome, but the uniform whiteness of sky and field was hard on the eyes. No evergreens to brighten the landscape.

I was so tired on arrival that I went to the Abbot Crest hotel, right across from Gesu Church and down the street from the Library where the archives of the *Catholic Worker* are stored under the good care of Father Raphael N. Hamilton, S.J., who used to work in the history department of Marquette. Prof. William Miller of the history department is writing a book on the history of the *Catholic Worker*. They were using the meeting, selling tickets to build up a scholarship fund for students from the South from Xavier University in New Orleans especially. The meeting was overflowing, I was glad to see, and it testified to the students' concern with social and racial problems. Smear leaflets were passed around outside the building. I had forgotten to mention that these leaflets were the usual thing at many of the meetings throughout the country, and were labeled sometimes as being issued by the Young Republicans, Catholics on Guard, etc. etc.

Books and Birds

I was happy to visit Florence Weinfurter at the Cardijn Book Shop, just across from the University, where I met Tim Dunn, from Sheed and Ward, who lived in Westminster, Maryland, and knew the Hennessys and the Ordways there. He said he had just seen Hazen Ordway again and that his oldest son is in the seminary. I also saw Donald McDonald, dean of Marquette school of Journalism, who is going to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, just as John Cogley is leaving to work on the New York Times.

It was good to visit with David Host too, also on the faculty of Marquette, who spent a summer with us in the early days at Charles Street, in New York. Had dinner with Dr. Miller and his wife and family out in the country, an hour's drive from town, where he has planted a field of pines and added to his house.

By this time the snow was melting so fast that brooks were running from the high fields in back of the house and flooding the road below the house. The sound of running streams, the glow in the willows and fruit trees, yellow and rose, and the sound of birds, all this meant the end of a long winter and spring. And getting closer to home!

Pontiac

I spoke on April first at Marquette, and early the next morning I met Nina Polcyn and Sister Cecilia at Evanston railroad station, and with Mary Margaret Langdon driving us, we made the seven-hour trip to Clarkston, Michigan, where Father Martin Carrabine, former great leader of the apostolate, is invalided at the Jesuit novitiate there. I had known him since the first years of the CW; his Clisca groups had papered the city of Chicago with copies of the *Catholic Worker* every May Day, and from these groups of his had come leaders for the lay movement all over the country. Father Bernard Cooke, S.J., whom I had just heard speak at Marquette, had called him unique—that he had given a leadership and an impetus

which had never been duplicated since.

Father Carrabine was delighted to see us and recognized us, although it was very hard for him at first to articulate, and a short visit that night was all he could take. But the next morning we had two more visits, one before and one after the eleven o'clock Mass—three visits, just as on a Pilgrimage, one of the others said. Father had given us all retreats and had been close to us for years. He was one of these priests who was always available, always encouraging, who seemed to see Christ in each person he met. He took the thousands of high-school students and young college students who thronged into his cramped offices as though he enjoyed the visits of every one of them, no matter how early they came, or how late they stayed. He was stationed at Holy Family Church on the West Side of Chicago and when the House of Hospitality was thriving on Blue Island Avenue, we were in his parish.

During the organizing drive in the stockyards, and during the strike in Little Steel in '36, he stood by us valiantly when the *Catholic Worker* was barred from many parishes and schools because John Cort had written the headline, *Cops Murder Ten Pickets in Chicago Riot* in what came to be known as the Memorial Day massacre. There was no television then to show the shooting of fleeing pickets.

Strong and compassionate, steadfast and faithful was Father Carrabine to all the laity, in the field of labor, and race relations. He was the soul of the apostolate in Chicago and never neglected to emphasize the privacy of the spiritual.

And now I am home again and can take up the tasks of correspondence and visitings, and talkings at home, although I hope to spend these last ten days of Lent

in holy silence, a fasting from speech which Gandhi strongly advocated. In my Lenten missal there is a holy card bearing this note: "Two-thirds of piety consists in silence." (Rule of St. Brendan, 483-577 A.D.)

First Day Home

Mike Kovalak came in this afternoon and began talking of how generous the landlord was of the men's apartments which make up part of our scattered house of hospitality. "He lets them sleep in the hall," he said, "and many a time these homeless ones go up to the door of the roof, all the way up the six flights of stairs, and they sleep on the roof. It gets so I can't sleep thinking of them, and I go up and see that they are not near the edge."

Fr. La Mountain

Later that evening, Fr. La Mountain, the pastor of Holy Crucifix Church on Broome street, where we go to Mass came in, cassock flying in the wind, and told us of a Puerto Rican mother and five children, the littlest only two years old, who had been sleeping in doorways the last few nights. The story no doubt was complicated—she had been to Women's Emergency Shelter and had been turned away because of some irregularity about the marriage, because, they said, she should really be in Puerto Rico, and she was not eligible. So these poor little uneligible ones had been wandering the streets.

Our good parish priest put them up in his small parish hall which was warm and where there were not only cooking facilities but also food. He had plenty of blankets and they were all bedded down on the floor. Today he is taking up their case at the Emergency Shelter. What we need is an extra apartment, besides the ten we already have to pay rent for, in addition to the \$250 a month rent for the three-story loft building on Chrystie Street. Our rents now amount to over a thousand a month in the city, and now we are once again low in funds. Our Appeal has gone out and we hope our friends will be answering soon.

CHRYSTIE STREET

By CLARE BEE

A very happy Easter to you all, we pray that you will share the blessings of this joyful season.

Nicole D'Entremont and Sean Calloway spent two weeks in Selma, taking part in the walk to Montgomery and living with Negro families. A group, including a local priest, attended the Montgomery rally. Others have participated in the vigil at the Sikorski Helicopter Plant to protest the war in Vietnam, in the picket line at the Chase Manhattan Bank on the 5th anniversary of the Sharpeville Massacre, and in the Harlem Civil Rights demonstration. The *Catholic Worker* will also be represented at the Washington D.C. Easter Vigil.

C.W. Apartments

Our apartments are miniature Houses of Hospitality and are filled to overflowing most of the time. Seven beds are occupied by permanent guests and C.W. Staff Visitors, voluntary helpers and women in only temporary need of accommodation fill the remaining cots. During the past few weeks an orgy of painting has resulted in three rooms individually and colorfully decorated.

Clarification of Thought

Vo-Thanh-Minh, the self-exiled Vietnamese scholar, impressed a meeting with his frank explanation of the situation in his country and his hopes for the future with guaranteed free elections. He later entertained us with music played on his home-made native instrument.

Ed Egan presented a paper on art and pornography. Marty Corbin, our Managing Editor, spoke on the *Catholic-Communist Dialogue*

and was followed a week later by Mr. Douglas Hyde talking on the implications and possibilities of the Christian-Communist Dialogue. Mr. Hyde, a convert to Catholicism and one time Communist Party



Leader and News Editor of the London Daily Worker, speaking with profound knowledge of both sides left us in no doubt that the Communist points our weaknesses and is a challenge to the Christian.

The House

Walter Wiatrowski is continuing his efficient work organizing the mailing of the spring appeal and the paper, supported by his good band of helpers.

Nuns and high school girls have given of their time to spring cleaning the women's clothing room and the regular voluntary workers have been as faithful as ever. Thank you all.

The Black Man's Burden

(Continued from page 7)

could say that God was dead in the hearts of his contemporaries; and now we can observe that the white man is dead as a notion of superiority and selected mission; dead as a person with an assumed mandate from God to coerce and limit the lives of men of darker skin; dead as one who considered himself the ruler of the earth, the heir of its wealth, the beneficiary of its fruits. The color of mankind has indeed changed, and with this phenomenon comes a terrifying freedom for whites particularly, since it invites us to abandon those foul and dark enclosures of mind, whose walls are our myths and delusions and fears, and whose restless interiors are indication enough of our fragility, limitation and dependence.

Let us depart therefore from the historical lie that the Negro is the classic American welfare case, and in face of Christ, the Church and the Negro, ask ourselves what we believe as Christians and as Catholic leaders. This point, it would seem to me is most important, for our dilemma in this moral question is as often given stature by bad theology as by any human factor. Do we believe that the Christ of the Resurrection emerged the New Man, the recreated humanity, Who is also all of us? Do we believe that the Redeeming Christ became sin for our sake, killed our sin in Himself, and that in Him now, we merely need agree to what we are? Do we believe that Christ as Brother and Friend to us is the same to every man, and that He is such to us only as we are Brother and Friend to all? Do we believe that mankind is a unity in nature and an evolving unity in Christ; and that our unity in Him depends alone on our unity with one another? Do we believe that the madness of racial intolerance, or the arms race, or the sorry business in Vietnam, or rejection of the poor, or fear of the Communist is anything else but ignorance of the Gospel, disbelief in the power of Christ, and adulteration and prostitution of Christianity? Do we believe that the Redemptive Fact which we renew every morning is an invincible source of truth and love, and that fidelity to its meaning releases the healing energy of redemption here and now? Do we believe that Christ is still Lord of the world and its people and that we must serve it as He did to become its Lord? Do we believe that love of neighbor, any neighbor is anything other than the love of mankind, which is the Holy Body of Christ, and therefore, love of Christ? I have often discussed the issues of race and peace with other Catholics—priests, religious and laity—and I have found to my sorrow and embarrassment that their fears and prejudices were simply what they believed, and that what they believed was not Christianity, but some sort of feeble and self-defeating syncretism. As one magnificent student said to me, as a commentary upon Christian apathy and selfishness, "We really don't want to buy the whole package, do we?" Bonhoeffer, the great Protestant theologian and martyr to Nazism, is even more to the point, "How can a man be obedient to Christ if he does not believe in Christ?" In other words, justice to the Negro, responsible communications with the Marxist world, service to the poor are not for us the rhapsodizing of the bleeding-heart, or the vague sentimentality of some humanists, but rather, a personal answer to the call of fraternity in Christ. "If you love Me, you will keep My Word."

John Brown's Soul

The story is told of John Brown and what he did the night before his attack on Harper's Ferry. Brown was a New England businessman, who had sacrificed both

business and profits to the abolitionist movement and the Underground Railway, who had fought small skirmishes in Kansas to free a number of slaves there, and who had led groups of slaves to freedom from Missouri. There was no doubt of his identification with the oppressed; it was his son being sold on the slave block; his brother being whipped in the field; his wife being raped in the gin house. John Brown suffered with the slave; Negro abolitionists who worked with him could not but marvel over the fact. Frederick Douglass, one of the greatest Negro anti-slavery figures, had this to say of John Brown's commitment: "His zeal in the cause of freedom was infinitely superior to mine. Mine was as the taper light; his was the burning sun. Mine was bounded by time; his stretched away to the silent shores of eternity. I could speak for the slave; John Brown would fight for the slave; I could live for the slave; John Brown could die for the slave."

At Harper's Ferry, Brown intended to attack the arsenal, hoping to create a situation wherein the slaves of the South would flock to him. The night before the attack, Brown argued with his old friend Douglass well into the dawn, hoping to gain his support. To Douglass, such a move was premature, ill-conceived and slightly mad; to Brown, it offered huge hope of confronting the lethargy of the government by focusing the attention of the country on the desperate condition of the slaves. As the night advanced, the discussion narrowed. Douglass wanted further study, a conference of interested parties, further testing of allies, Brown would give him but one answer, "Slavery is evil—kill it." To him, the issue was clear and time was short. As men talked, issued proclamations, condoned their fears and remained inactive, men and women were suffering and dying, and children were being ruined. "Slavery is evil—kill it."

So it is with us. Though we cannot subscribe to John Brown's methods, we must subscribe to his sacrificial dedication, and his oneness with oppressed brothers and sisters who were needlessly brutally suffering and dying. If it needs to be said, let us say it: "Segregation is evil—kill it." If we need to believe that any Christian in this country who supports segregation by action or inaction is an enemy of humanity and a traitor to Christ and His Church, let us believe it. For such is the fact. In a very real sense, the endless talk, the florid pronouncements, the stop-gap policies are part of a conspiracy directed to the ruin of our brothers and sisters, and to the deliberate stunting of the next Negro generation. In the essential terms of the issue then, will we help to kill the system which has destroyed Negro life and white morality for three centuries, or will we remain acquiescent collaborators in the further ruin of both Negroes and ourselves? Will we betray Christ and the Body of Christ, or will we give it fidelity and justice and service?

Ed. note: Father Berrigan teaches at Epiphany College, in Newburgh, N.Y. His book *No More Strangers*, has just been published by Macmillan. After reading the advance galley proofs, Father Clement J. McNaspy, S.J., an editor of *America*, wrote: "No serious Christian can read this book without re-examining his social commitments and being shattered out of any comfortable adjustment to evil. On the race question this may well be the most deeply disturbing book ever written by a white man. And on the implications of Christian witness I have seen nothing written in English to match it."