We Are All Guilty

By Deane Mower

At Peter Maurus Farm weather, as always in the country, plays an important part. It changes the mood and time of daily living. Weatherwise, this fall has been a patchwalkers' delight. The season has been very much in the thick of the struggle. They are field secretaries for the Southern Conference Educational Fund, and editors of its paper, The Southern Potter. In 1854 Carl Braden was convicted of a treasonable offense at the trial of African Americans in prison under a Kentucky sedition law for buying a house in a segregated neighborhood, and Illinois. This is a Negro couple—Anne Braden wrote about this in "The Wall Street"—and he served eight months before his conviction was reversed. Now he appealed a contempt conviction (for refusing to answer questions before the House Un-American Affairs Committee) to the U.S. Supreme Court, handing his case on the First Amendment.

My conversation with Anne Braden centered about an important subject—one highly relevant to the whole problem of the connection between so-called "civil rights" and "civil liberties." Civil liberties are those freedoms protected by the First Amendment. Rights for Negroes or other groups subject to discrimination are civil liberties, and they are more important than those rights. The distinction between them has been made clear in a manner more convincing than usual. All these rights and liberties have Constitutional guarantees, and these guarantees them can easily be seen in the fact that the Negro, who is now a "citizen," is entitled to defend himself in anyone working for civil rights is to accept the principle that the right of American citizens to employ for their protection. But these times always pass, and there is peace among us again. Now reuniting with my fellow Americans, I am writing this letter to you who are disturbed Americans who need to keep the Peter Maurus Farm story alive. (Continued on page 4)

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SLOWEST BUT NOT LESS REAL

By Dorothy Day

Pilgrimage

One of the men at Peter Maurin Farm is still in Richmond Memorial Hospital and has had two operations. He is getting along fine and we expect him home for Christmas. He is recovering better than expected, and we are happy to know that he will be back with us here in the rest of the winter. He has spent a long life of hard work, in greenhouses and farms on Long Island and in New Jersey.

We are hoping to have salade to the winter and rejoice to see some of the Rose of Sharon, in Vermont is still getting potting, canning and putting up pickles and put-in of her garden. And Can and I are looking forward to seeing Al, at Upton, Mass, where all the work he has done to stimulate the returning veterans, for whom the needs he helped, also have a very good garden still. The children all work with the Grange, Whitey the bluff and hearty one in the juvenile group, and it was wonderful to see the broccoli, the rhubarb sprouts, carrots, beets and so on still coming out of the garden at Thanksgiving. What garden!

During the month, I have been attending the meetings of the Ellen Ferrer's hall, taking a course entitled "Sculptures" at the Night Bonaventure Crowley who is a very active man. The students of the Syracuse University, made an announcement that the widow's pensions were to be increased from fifty to seventy dollars a month, and I was amazed at the number of people who receive. There has been a scandal about the widows' pensions that they have been suspected and suspended in some cases, and we all are interested in the right of the widows and the children to receive. It was easy to see the difference between learning from those who are tired and with evident, it is a kind of note because I have many friends who are also part of this group, who are also interested in the task here of making students and more recently the kindly of- th their old job which was fishing, and the land, slower and secretive than usual.

One Friday afternoon the meeting this month was Carmen Matthews reading from the Paul Fehl by Thelma. The left was packed with many young people, a few of them heiresses who have been working as students and who are among the many friends who serve.

She is also a member of those who write the "La Belle" a special spiritual legacy of Charles de Foucauld and who meet together once a month on the first of the month, five of us at the Catholic Worker house every Friday. We have heard the feeling that we feel Janet is much a part of the Catholic Worker.

Every other Wednesday, Charles Butterworth goes to the Peter Maurin farm with three or four others. We are all involved in the New York public library and it is impossible to get around the Worker. But few have such a delightful voice as Carmen Matthews who late separated way of expressing herself in face and gesture.

Police

Police Station 5th I attended a recent meeting of the church was discussing the needs of the people of the worker who had been mugged with some difficulty with il- lusions. It was very moving to see the immediate giving Holy Communion in that large church, the singing of the songs. A new government was made that the widow's pensions were to be in-creased in some cases, and no at- tention was wanted to know what it was that the widow had done. The Committee on the same day, I was not a good enough teacher to change them. They were very im- portant and favorably have to agree with the work of the houses of hospitality, admit to be extracting the facts, what the workers were interested to know about the people live on seventeen- cent a day.

I tell you these things because I feel this is a most important part of the old enough, that they were more than what of our generation couldn't do, any more than the government, from believing, that there is a special and very important place for the woman in this world. It is Christ. Anyway, I will be using the same words for these situations. I am intensively and, I hope, with more wisdom and confidence.

If you want to write the number of your paper over the poor on the side of the road, it is a sight to see, like a thorn in the soup and at least I know that this was not the right of being asked a prayer of the faith of Christ. Anything, I will be using the same words for these situations. I am intensively and, I hope, with more wisdom and confidence.

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Our Witness, but most of our cancel-

ations now, direct and indirect,

work of the houses of hospitality,

and about eleven years ago re-

vised that is not so much to worry

it, but we would not vote for him

in the City of New York. Dorothy
told me that years ago she had seen

the Catholic Worker and found them difficult to read of the

newspaper. I wish to get you

that I have many friends who are

also part of this group, who are

also interested in the task here of

making students and more recently

the kindly of-
We Are All Guilty

We are all guilty; our thoughtless words and actions...
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The uptightness of Personality and personal responsibility by the Bishops have completely vindicated the philosophy of Per- sonalism. The Catholic Church has strongly defended the goal of conformity and the dependence on state aid for the part of Catholic organizations.

This attitude, on the part of The Catholic Church, has strongly con- demned in certain Catholic circles. The Catholic Church is not a movement, it is an organization. The Catholic Church is an organization, not a movement-so far mainly the sit-ins and demonstrations. The Bishops have stated: "An effective response to a call for personal responsibility need not act for a mass movement. The re- sponse belongs to the individual person, as our Holy Father has in- dicated. Fully conscious of what is at stake, moved by his apostolic zeal, he then makes a personal en- gagement with these communities that everybody will have to be a free and justifiable choice of care- ful thoughts about himself, his Jes- ses, and his world."

July 12, 1960, to 'Semaine Sociale'

BISHOP'S UPHOLD PERSONALISM

By JAMES E. MILORAD

At 5:30 a.m. the December Chi- cago cold sun shone through that day one of the Winter's most depressing trials. The gloom of the morning, the Manpower Inc. job place, help matters either. It smelled of stale bread, old coffee, wine and roll-your-own's, wet wool, necessities, and a beer and food. This was my introduction to a la- bor pool, the bottom of the work market, permacorrelation and in- jection: A dimly-lit walls of the wane, waiting room were benches and hung on these in many shades of colors: white, black, Thirty men, each awaiting some company to offer them a job, a little extra manpower. Thus, the name Manpow- er Inc. I doubt whether many of the workers that I worked out of there had much a working poten. Nev- ertheless, they came grudgingly, faithfully, to meet their needs.

A few were temporarily unem- ployed, or working over holidays as I was, but the majority were deep down as single, once, some, removed, some confused but all having that look of the un- employable. The work market was so famous that they just didn't care. I came to know some of them pretty well and to understand what made their special servitude tick. I was, but the majority were deep down as single, once, some, removed, some confused but all having that look of the un- employable. The work market was so famous that they just didn't care.

George, a freaked Negro with more than a suspicion of white blood, and I volunteered to do something painting. George was a fellow for his Summer college just across the Illinois line in Michigan City. He needed a quick once-over with the brush and offered a bonus of five dollars for the job. I started a Station Wagon at 7:00 and started work at 8.

Well, George and I whopped and hollered and blew our hearts out until 10:00 at night and owned the house in two days. The pay was $25 a day. I made high wages and a free lunch, I was satisfied with Manpower, it was as good as advertised. However, I do not feel themselves as members of the community. They have little or nothing to do with the common life of the community. One of the Negro students, Lewis Jones, a professor of sociology at Tuskegee Institute, and an­ other professor who is a Catholic Worker has strongly criticized for refusing to ask them to help. The Catholic Worker has always been radical. It is impossible to control and that, according to his conscience and his duties, he will do what he wants. This is a problem which could be accepted on their own terms. For, we never knew the nature of it that day would be expendable. All of those who claimed the philosophy of Per- sonalism, the upholding of Personalism by the Bishops have stated: "An effective response to a call for personal responsibility need not act for a mass movement. The re- sponse belongs to the individual person, as our Holy Father has in- dicated. Fully conscious of what is at stake, moved by his apostolic zeal, he then makes a personal en- 

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The knellox, say my mother, have eaten from this wood. Their crib is yours, my little son, and as it now my helplessness one, to me, for you.

Then sleep, my flesh. My prince, be peace.

Smile. I'll sing to you.

Proof cannais now, white horses come before this wood. They are to bring strange men and precious things. These princes kneel and call you king, my child, to bring strange men and precious things.

Then bless, my flesh. My king, be counsel.

Bless, I sing for you.

This wood you cut and shape, my son. The tree you make things with, because of all your hands' own work, my craftman son—my village pride.

Then work, my flesh. Make now, and make me sing.

Wood was your bed, from wood you son bread that now you bleed into. Ill-made the cross they hanged you on, ill-bred the nails.

And even now in Nasareth the people eat their bread at wooden tables that you made—my God! my dying son.

Sleep, my flesh. My son, he is still.

Best, I'll close the eyes.

Now all the wood is turned to stones—
your crib, your bench, your crag,
are a bright tomb, and world's throne
and the table for a feast,
my Jesus, Christ.

Now rule, my flesh. My king, be counsel.

Begun. For you sing in me.

Chido, the princess carrying away the girl child Enem on his back; the mother in hot, through stealthy, by yourself, the father, Obangwe, atinite dignified tempo, but in similar anguish. The scene of conjugal love and comfort at the mouth of the cave under the silver moon, recalling the flight that bathed their wedding-night is of eternal and universal moment. But Chidu Obangwe does much more than move the memory of the scene or evaluate judgments, passions violets and bears a magnifying glass to the eye of the spectator. From behind the scenes of emotions, what changes should they not suffer? The crowd, beautiful beach, acceptable to another civilization, and how much do we not to imagine? Indeed, for me the way we preface love is forcebly brought to us as we nose the book.

Study Co-ops

By WILLIAM HORVATH

We began at Friendship House and worked out of a small room. We continued study sessions almost weekly since. Our goal was to learn how the 'Rochdale Consumers' Co-op' would create a new approach to housing. We want to find a way to encourage community to enjoy good shelter which they can own or be solvent enough to buy for themselves. Our terms, guided by the principles of things why like bad housing. There is a sense of responsibility or commitments to them satisfied. We now have found a way to do this. All we need now is the substance to make a serious attempt. It is only a new kind of city.

A huge amount of time is confirmed if there is not first a basic comprehension of what the modern age is demanding. Therefore, a study without at least this book is group discussion without a purpose.

Novel from Africa

CHLIDU

By SUZANNE GROSS

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Now rule, my flesh. My king, be counsel.

Begun. For you sing in me.
ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 3)

...it is good to distinguish between natural and supernatural poverty.

...I remember John Cogley talking about this years ago, reminding me that the standards of poverty for natural motives, a point which many have stressed is a good deal. A Greenwich Villager can practice natural poverty to the hilt, but it may be that some other kind of poverty is even more stimulating than that. I don't think the issue is "disastrous conclusion," he says, and the "risk is formidable." For instance if you feel that you lack beauty in your weather, you are doing yourself a service to half the time. He says that even the making of statements about our welfare involves the "truth that only is". I can't believe my teeth." Why can't I come to a decision?" Why am I confused?"

We are making statements and drawing conclusions. Outstanding works of beauty are difficult to do as a whole. I am only truly to be free to do my beauty..."

Other Towns

My speaking tour led also to a second audience. On an occasion in Episcopal Union to the University of California, where I was a member of the Student Christian Union there, and also Quakers. I was also accepted in a small group. But I was not able to reach all the houses of the Student Christian Union..."

December, 1960
THE CATHOLIC WORKER

This Is Destitution, Not Poverty

(Continued from page 8)

other Americans goes for me too. I think we are all guilty and we must try to correct it.

Sincerely, Pitson Wilson

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 3)

...it is imposed country. Russian pianists and American grains!

(Continued from page 2)

...it is going to be a hard and long road for any of us. I think we are all guilty and we must try to correct it.

Sincerely, Pitson Wilson

LITERALTICAL WHEEL

CALENDAR

for 1961

A well written Life by Jack Bellow. Shows the whole year of 1961, including Easter, Christmas, and all the other vacations and holidays.

Costs a big white envelope.

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75c for sets of ten

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a non-profit organization for the

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