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Thoughts In Solitude

A Review
by
Robert Steed

Each new book by Thomas Merton whether it comes up to the standards he has set in his best efforts or not is always an event for those of us who have been enabled to understand to some extent and to value the spiritual life with his help.

Father Merton is not a philosopher, a theologian nor a scholar in any strict sense but he has been everywhere and has done everything and he knows all the angles. His knowledge of what makes modern man tick and his ability to present religion to many who would be frightened or revolted by its usual presentation, set him apart.

Just as the church canonizes saints in order to give us confidence, to show us that other human beings like ourselves have been able to make the grade, so Father Merton's superiors know that his life has been an inspiration to many and they keep him at his typewriter, which, if his own preferences prevailed, might gather dust.

His new book, **THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE** (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$3) is one of his shortest and the basic criticism that can be leveled at it is that it contains many generalizations and few of the insights that he throws out to the reader are developed sufficiently.

The author's main concerns have always been freedom, honesty and detachment. Man is free and while we must assist each other we must

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Walking and Fasting for Peace

Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel set for July feast-day.

Fasting and pilgrimaging certainly need no introduction or apology for those brought up in the Judeo-Christian tradition since they have been practiced and preached from earliest times by the "Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church." These are the last resort when everything else fails as indeed it has failed.

The threat of nuclear destruction has so appalled and deadened the minds of most of us that reasoned prayer has become almost an impossibility; so the body must assume the task of imploring the mercy of God upon a world gone mad.

Ammon Hennacy is in the third week of a forty day fast which he will complete early in July. During the fast which is in protest against the United States' nuclear tests in the Pacific he is picketing the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington, D.C. Bob Steed will fast for 10 days and picket the A.E.C. here in New York beginning on the 20th of this month in conjunction with Ammon. The leaflet Ammon is distributing in Washington reads in part: "I am fasting, not to coerce or embarrass the A.E.C., but as a penance for our sinfulness in bombing Hiroshima and Nagasaki and for our continued testing of hydrogen and atomic weapons in our mad race for a supremacy that means only death."

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In an age when totalitarianism has striven, in every way, to devalue and degrade the human person, we hope it is right to demand a hearing for any and every sane reaction in the favor of man's inalienable solitude and his interior freedom. The mur-

derous din of our materialism cannot be allowed to silence the independent voices which will never cease to speak . . . In actual fact, society depends for its existence on the inviolable personal solitude of its members. Society, to merit its name, must be made up not of numbers, or

mechanical units, but of persons. To be a person implies responsibility and freedom and both these imply a certain interior solitude, a sense of personal integrity, a sense of one's own reality and of one's ability to give himself to society—or to refuse that gift.

No amount of technological progress will cure the hatred that eats away the vitals of materialistic society like a spiritual cancer. The only cure is, and must always be, spiritual.

Thomas Merton
THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE

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Three Who Have Died

By DOROTHY DAY

I must write about Betty Cuda Van Ellis, and Thelma Gadson and Jim Votta, three who have died recently, and all of them are our friends.

Thelma was in the Women's House of Detention with Deane Mowrer, Joan Moses, Judith Beck and me, and she died in November of an overdose of drugs. I put her between Betty and Jim because they were two saints if there ever were any around us, and we want to hedge in Thelma with saints because she was a wild one, an indomitable soul who was on work strike while she was serving her sentence, which was of some length for a mere House of Detention. She had a very bad infection, for which she was not getting any treatment, because the doctor had ordered a medicine too expensive for the City to buy. So she refused to take any work assignment. She was the girl I mentioned in my story who slept on the stone floor, hitching her bed up to the wall to give herself more room. Every night when the corridors were settling down to silence, she would call out, "Now I'll sing my little song, I'll say my little prayer. I got until Oh See Tee to go, and God have mercy on us all." For a long time that Oh See Tee was a mystery to me until someone explained it meant October—when she would be released. Until then she never went near a window, never peered out to the streets below, never looked over the ledge of the roof to see the outside world stirring about its business. Week ends she spent her days squatting on the floor on a blanket in the corridor playing an interminable game of cards with several other women. Her cell was spotless and she always insisted on helping us clean ours. She had served many terms and was very grateful for the meetings she had with a psychiatrist or psychologist provided by the jail. She was listened to, she got attention, she was respected as a human being.

We were in jail in July and the first part of August, and it was very hot. We never saw Thelma in anything but a night gown or a seersucker dress. When at the end of October she showed up at the Catholic Worker all dressed up as pretty as a picture, we did not recognize her at first. Deane was over for lunch that day, so we all ate together and afterwards showed Thelma around St. Joseph's House. We wanted her to come to the country for a spell of vacation but she wanted to look up her friends, and look for a job. The Salvation Army was going to help her, and the social service had been very good to her, giving her enough to keep her for a week. Deane went out with her that afternoon, and came back feeling depressed, not being able to do anything for her but give her some money. It is hard to realize that we have to fight our battles so alone, that there is so little help we can give, or take.

And now word has come of her death, a late word, since according to the officer at the Salvation Army she had died November 8,

just a few weeks after she had come out. Had it been an accident, or had she deliberately taken her own life in despair at not being able to live without the "kick" which drugs bring?

We had talked one day about the beatific vision, about the embrace of God which carried with it all the joys our longing hearts desired.

"What is it I love O God when I love Thee?" St. Augustine had written.

"It is with no doubtful knowledge, Lord, but with utter certainty that I love You. You have stricken my heart with Your word and I have loved You. And indeed heaven and earth and all that is in them tell me where ever I look that I should love You and they cease not to tell it to all men . . . But what is it that I love when I love You? Not the beauty of any bodily thing, nor the order of the seasons, nor the brightness of light that rejoices the eye, nor the sweet melodies of all songs, nor the sweet fragrance of flowers and ointments and spices; not manna nor honey, not the limbs that carnal love embraces. None of these things do I love in loving God. Yet in a sense I do love light and melody and fragrance and food and embrace when I love my God—the light and the voice and the fragrance and the food and embrace in the soul, when that shines upon my soul which no place can contain, that voice sounds which no tongue can take from me, I breathe that fragrance which no wind scatters, I eat the food which is not lessened by eating, and I lie in the embrace which satiety never comes to sunder. This it is that I love, when I love my God."

I remembered enough of this quotation to try to tell it to Thelma and to the other girls around.

"Gee, I wish I could think of heaven like that," one of the women said. "Do you really believe?" They spoke in the same way of a new social order, "wherein justice dwelleth." "There will never be a time when there is no more war, no more fighting, no more drinking and swearing, no more prisons," they said sadly. But against hope we believed in hope, and they tried to hope.

Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief! I believe that God is good. I believe that there is no time with God, and that all the prayers we are going to say, Deane and Joan and Judith and I, will be enough, will have been enough, to overflow the soul of Thelma with graces, so that she turned to God at the moment of her death and held out her arms to him.

And we are not alone in our help for Thelma. There is Betty Cuda, as we knew her, the young Italian girl who came to help us on Mott Street, who went to work with Ade Bethune for a year, who made retreats with us at Oakmount with Fr. Farina, who worked with the Milwaukee House of Hospitality and married the director there, John Van Ellis, and bore him several children. And now she is dead, in her early thirties, of leukemia. She was a loving person and I saw her only last March, a month before

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CAMALDOLESE HERMITS

A couple of months ago we ran a short story about the visit of two Camaldolese hermits who came to Chrystie Street and told our Friday night audience of their life and vocation. A number of our readers wrote us asking their whereabouts and since we did not know at that time we sent the inquiries to the office of the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. Whether or not they reached the Camaldolese we do not know but a priest in Pennsylvania who is in touch with them sent us their mailing address: Rev. Augustino Modotti, The Camaldolese Foundation in America, Box 262, Montebello, Calif.

The story also gave the idea for the woodcut on the front page to our good friend Fritz Eichenberg for which we are very grateful.

The Camaldolese Hermits, an order founded in the year 1012 by St. Romuald, a Benedictine, are establishing a foundation in America which will be dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, since the heart of our Blessed Mother was really the first hermitage to house the holy presence of Christ. The new Camaldoli in America will not mean transplanting a purely Italian community to the United States but rather will interpret the spirit of St. Romuald in a way acceptable to the American temperament without compromising, however, in any way, the principles of solitude, prayer and penance which are the basis of the eremitical life of the Camaldolese.

Though in many respects the Camaldolese hermits resemble the Carthusians, they are unique in Western monasticism of the present day by the fact that the hermitage constitutes a village of detached cells. Unlike the typical Charterhouse, whose cells are all next to one another and open out on a common cloister, the Camaldolese jealously insist on the fact that the cells must be separate from one another by a distance of at least 20 or 30 feet. The hermits eat, sleep, work, study and say Mass in their cells, but meet for the Canonical Hours in the church, and on occasion for common recreation and walks; but the hermits are not strictly obliged to take part in this if they do not wish to.

The rule observed today has retained much of its early rigor and austerity. Meat is never allowed; eggs, milk, butter and cheese are strictly forbidden during Lent and Advent; and the severe abstinence of bread and water and a few vegetables is observed on Fridays throughout the year. The habit is little changed from that worn in the earliest days of the Order; white tunic, scapular, belt and hood. There are choir hermits, each of whom lives alone in a separate hermitage which has a small walled garden, and lay brothers who can also become recluses.

This life is not for the egotistic or selfish, nor is it an escape from the world. If a person is not happy at Camaldoli he cannot live the life, for cheerfulness is an essential to the Camaldolese vocation. Prayer, solitude and mortification are the fundamental principles on which the Camaldolese Order is built. The formula of the vows is the usual monastic one of Poverty, Chastity, Obedience and Stability.

Due to the requirements of the hermit life, mature vocations would be preferred. However, the application of each aspirant will be considered on its own merits.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

To make clear the idea of fasting it is well to remember that Gandhi fasted, not to embarrass the British Government, but to arouse the Indian people to sacrifice their comforts, as he was doing to a greater extent, for the cause of Indian freedom. When he first fasted for seven days this point was not clear in his mind and this indecision and negativeness caused him to be ill. On his later twenty-one day fast this point was clear so he came through well in his fast. The mainspring of the fast must be positive rather than negative. I may not need to fast for 40 days in Washington at the AEC sometime this year after I do my time on the air raid drill May 6, but if I do then my emphasis will be upon awakening pacifists and half pacifists to the seriousness of living in this atomic world and doing little about it. Where they choose to do more is up to them, but there will be no element of coercion on my part toward the AEC. They are also human beings who need to face up to the evil of which they are a part.

Face Value

"You have such a kind face; you must be at peace with the world and must be a good man," said a man to me as he bought a CW at 43 and Lexington. I admitted that I wasn't mad at anybody and was kindly rather than pugnacious, but that I was at odds with the war mad world around me. Later this man came back and asked me if I would do a favor for him. I replied that I might but I didn't promise ahead of time to do things unless I knew what they were. He said that he was in so much trouble and he knew if I said a prayer for him at Mass in the morning it would help him. I asked him his name and he said it was Jimmy. I told him I would say a prayer for him every morning at Mass.

Later I stopped in to a store to buy some yogurt for a friend. After I had left the store the manager came rushing out and asked me what I had stolen. I told him to search me, and did I look like a thief; that I had only the yogurt which I had purchased. He looked through my pockets saying that a clerk had seen me steal something. Finally when he was convinced that I had not robbed him he let me go.

Travelling

I bought a ticket to Cocoa, Florida to join members of the Peace-maker group to picket the missiles there, stopping first at Washington, D.C. to meet the Carmody's, CW friend. Gene McCarthy was going back to Minnesota to further his candidacy for the U.S. Senate but I had a few words with him before he left. Likewise with Congressman Udall from Tucson, and his secretary Dick Sweitzer, friend of the Hopi.

Peggy Reeves had invited me to visit her folks at their farm near Paris, Va. Her father is a geologist who was arrested as a German spy and held for days in 1917 because he was prospecting for oil and was caught reading a German translation of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler. This was in Cabin Creek, W. Va. where I distributed anti-war propaganda at the same time. Peggy and I attended midnight Mass at Easter at the Trappist monastery nearby and I was pleased to meet Father Hugh, the brother of Terry McKiernan of Notre Dame, of the House of Bread, who is one of the few Catholic anarchists.

One of the benefits of free enterprise capitalism which I appreciate is the stopping of the bus at any place on the road to pick up or discharge passengers. So at 4 a.m. I hailed a bus in front of Reeves' farm. At Charlottesville, home of one of my radical "saints", Thomas Jefferson, I was met at the bus by Bill Stevens with whom I had been arguing by mail for years about the capitalist system. He is in the real estate business. He had me meet a Quaker who had been a conscientious objector who now had charge of the U. of Va. press. His family being away he regaled me with his special food which was hot cakes made from cornmeal. The only other place I have been able to get them is at home where my mother makes them, and at a restaurant in Phoenix. As this was Easter vacation I could not speak to students but left copies of my autobiography in the city and university libraries. This fall there will be a showdown when it will be seen if Arlington, Norfolk and Charlottesville obey the court order to integrate schools.

Atlanta

Here I spent a night with Bill and Gay Houston and their new baby. Bill teaches at Morehouse and Gay is a beautiful freckle faced red head who spent some years as a missionary at Nagasaki. She had picketed with us on Hiroshima day here three years ago and they had me speak at Cambridge twice when they were living there. I went out to the Federal Prison where I had spent some years in 1917-19 but the new rules would not allow visitors unless a letter was written to the warden and permission received. This was impractical for me in the short time I was there. I asked the Catholic chaplain after Mass at his Church for an o.k. to visit but he was not interested. A woman with a baby who was coming out of the prison said that visits were not closely watched and a woman could kiss her husband. This is in contrast to the prisons here where you talk through a phone or are not allowed to touch the visitor. I had wanted to see Morton Sobell but he was only allowed to see his relatives.

The Houston's had students and friends over one night for a meeting. I remember one young woman who had five children, milked goats, made bread, etc., who was a joy to meet. I visited Mary Raoul Millie, the mother of Walter Millie the writer, who had visited me in prison in 1917-19. She is about the age of my mother, 86, and still interested in radical ideas. I also spent some hours getting acquainted with Beth Rogers' mother.

Dr. Esser

I spent a day at Dr. Wm. J. Esser's health ranch near Lake Worth. I had not known that he was a Catholic and that he had gone to school with Father Hugo, and that priests and nuns came here to fast and get well. I spoke to people who had fasted for 28 days and recovered their health. Dr. Esser examined me and said he thought I was fit for a good fast as I had planned later in Washington, not for health, but for ideals. I also visited Madeline Krider who had helped us obtain Peter Maurin Farm when she lived here.

Koinonia

I was about the last one from the CW to visit this community and as I am a little allergic to "pious" folks I came here in a critical mood. I was pleased to see Lee Peery with his wife and two beautiful children. He works nearly as long hours as does John Gabor. I worked for a day packing pecans. They have four strong lights on the highway which is some protection against the KKK that has pestered them before. Small fruit trees had been cut down by the patriotic Christian vandals and barns burned of any one who knew a man who was even kind to this Christian community. No Negroes live on the place and hardly any whites will work on the farm for fear of reprisal from the KKK. I spent several hours getting acquainted with Clarence Jordan, the leader of this community, and I regard him as one of the few peo-

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Catholic Youth Finds a Cause

By CYRIL ECHELE

History of the Catholic Worker in St. Louis (1935-1941).

The beginning of the Catholic Worker activities in St. Louis Missouri dates back to a meeting held in one of the class rooms at St. Louis University on the evening of July 30th, 1935. This was a memorable date and it is stamped indelibly on my mind. The groundwork was already laid. People in St. Louis had been reading the Catholic Worker of New York about a year. Dorothy Day had given a public lecture at St. Louis University auditorium early that spring.

This first meeting in July 1935 represented a convergence of mind among a group of people for which the ground had been prepared by years of academic training. All those present at the meeting were steeped in the literature of what was called the Catholic intellectual and literary revival in Europe, represented by such figures as Chesterton, Belloc, Christopher Dawson, Jacques Maritain. We had read about Frederic Ozanam and his fellow-students at the University of Paris, and we wanted to do something similar. We were well acquainted with the liturgical movement in Europe and America and we wanted our work to be done on the solid groundwork of prayer, and for this reason we decided to pray Compline, the official night prayer of the Church, together at all future meetings.

The Catholic Worker and its activities in New York represented a convenient symbol under which to place the banner of our efforts in St. Louis for Catholic social action. We had developed the germ of the Catholic consciousness and the Catholic attitude toward life. The false shades of modernism were lifted from our eyes, and we again saw the saints, the great lovers of God, as the finest exemplars upon which to fashion our lives. We longed for the day when people who think would once more devote their talents to the service of the Church.

Peter Maurin once told me that nothing can be accomplished in the work of Christian social reconstruction without enthusiasm. Certainly our little group in St. Louis had enthusiasm. We had a few ideas and we were poised for action. We were determined to make a beginning. We wanted to do our part and we knew that if we made an effort, God would give the increase to our efforts.

We knew that we must call together like-minded people in this cause so we wrote to the Catholic Worker in New York and got the addresses of people in St. Louis who had subscribed to the paper or had shown interest in the work. We received a list of about twenty-five names. We wrote post-cards announcing a meeting. At the first gathering were present Eleanor Carroll, Bolen Carter, Vincent Daues, Margaret Heller, Arthur Kuhl, Albert Lutz and myself. Father Michael Stritch, S. J., the grand old teacher and theologian of St. Louis University was there to lend his support to our group.

To all appearances this meeting was a complete failure. Some were despondent because so few had come to the first meeting for what we believed to be such a mighty and worthwhile cause. Thus there was both the sense of failure and of hope at this meeting, and hope won out. True to our past and our youthful enthusiasm some of us still thought in terms of crowds and of doing something in a big way, the usual American custom. At the same time we were well enough informed to know that a cause is always much bigger than the people who compose it. Every great cause begins in a very small and humble way, and only gradually does it attract followers.

With this note of hope our first meeting disbanded. Each one present promised to bring one interested person to the meeting the same night of the following week.

At the next meeting there were three additional people: Lee Carter, Louis Lanwermyer, and Ed Pickel. Louis Lanwermyer had shortly returned from a trip to New York, where he had visited the Catholic Worker and had spent a work-prayer-study week-end given at the headquarters on Staten Island by Father Gerald Ellard, S.J., the prominent liturgist, who was in close touch with the movement. Louis had first-hand information and was enthusiastic about the Worker. Through his visit we immediately developed a sense of kinship and solidarity in effort with group in New York. We were ready to follow as the New York group were to lead the way toward "the new Christian social order" for which we had already prayed and worked and dreamed.

We soon decided that our discussions about Christian social reconstruction must be accompanied by action. This was a principle of the Catholic Worker. We decided that we must practice and corporal and spiritual works of mercy, and must visit the poor and the outcasts and the workers. We had to identify our lives and our efforts as much as possible with them. We remembered the dictum of the saints that the poor are the first children of the church. We lamented the fact that in our day the poor and the working class were lost to the Church and were being influenced by the false doctrines of Communism.

With the aim in view of going to the workers and the poor we visited the institution established in the slums of St. Louis by the late Monsignor Tim Dempsey: his working-men's hostel and his shelter for homeless women. The work of Father Tim was much akin to that of the Catholic Worker. Once or twice we spoke with Father Tim. He was a great man.

We began holding our weekly meetings at Fr. Tim's place. We always had some carefully prepared subject for discussion and we invited speakers to address us on the subjects of liturgy, cooperatives, labor organization, and politics. We tried to practice the works of mercy by visiting the hospitals, and we gave a Christmas party for poor colored children.

In August 1935 I left St. Louis for a visit to the Catholic Worker in New York. I wanted to get first-hand information about this unusual group which was provoking quite an interest both inside and outside the Catholic Church. I arrived at the Catholic Worker headquarters then located at 144 Charles St. and was welcomed with the usual hospitality. I remained almost a month and it was one of the most stimulating and thought-provoking periods of my life. Here was devout and self-sacrificing Christianity in action. Here each one worked according to his ability and received according to his needs. Here was a group who were fighting secularism and working for the re-integration of religion and life. This was a great cause, I thought! During the time there I met the most motley and interesting group of personalities: Peter Maurin, Dorothy Day, Tom and Dorothy Coddington, Bill Callahan, Mary Sheehan, Beatrice, Tom Barry, Norman McKenna, Steve Hergenhan, Charles Rich, Stanley Vishnewski, Jim Montague and Big Dan Orr. These are all that I remember, but there were many more.

I returned to St. Louis in September 1935 and contributed to the group there the knowledge and enthusiasm I had gained during my visit at the Catholic Worker. About this time Don Gallagher who was attending St. Louis University joined the group in St. Louis and by his knowledge and influence began a very valuable contribution to our common cause. The St. Louis group had its own special "individuality" from the beginning as did the groups from other cities.

When I returned to St. Louis from my visit to the Catholic



Worker, I was not able to obtain any suitable work. I got a job at construction work on the Missouri River, but I was unsettled and unhappy. My interests and sympathies were with the Catholic Worker and I wanted to do some active work under its banner, but I did not know enough about the work to go forward. In January, 1936, I went back to New York, and gave myself in earnest to the program of the Catholic Worker. I lived with Tom and Dorothy Coddington on Avenue A, and spent all my spare time at the headquarters on Charles Street. I sold the paper on the streets of New York and distributed it to the dock workers. I did my share of the manual labor on Charles Street. I went to meetings of all kinds and made several talks to groups interested in the Catholic Worker in Brooklyn. All the while I kept in touch with the group in St. Louis by letters and occasional articles for the weekly paper, the St. Louis Catholic.

In April 1936 the Catholic Worker bought the farm at Easton, Pennsylvania. Since I knew something about farm life and was much interested in the rural philosophy of the Catholic Worker, I offered my services in this venture. I went to the farm at Easton during Easter week and I lived there alone for awhile. I bought a few farm implements at a public sale, cleaned up the house, and prepared some of the garden for spring planting. Gradually others of the group who were interested in the farm came out from New York, and soon the place was a bee-hive of activity. I was happily settled at Easton and intended to stay there permanently, but in the meantime something happened in St. Louis to change my plans.

The group in St. Louis continued to hold their weekly meetings. They had attracted other interested persons, and there was agitation among them for some active work along the lines of the Catholic Worker program. Father John Dreisoerner of St. Louis had visited the Catholic Worker in New York during the summer of 1936, and was interested and enthused by it. For this reason he offered the group in St. Louis the use of his 270-acre mountain farm located one-hundred seventy miles from St. Louis on the edge of the Ozark mountains in southeast Missouri—

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News From Koinonia

Excerpts from NEWSLETTER No. 18, May 15, Koinonia Community, Americus, Georgia

"During the recent session of the Georgia legislature, a bill was introduced by Rep. Jack Murr, of this county, 'to create an interim committee of the house to investigate and hold hearings relating to Koinonia Farm, Inc., with the object of securing evidence and information necessary or needful in the drafting of prescribed legislation.' The bill cited the unsubstantiated charges which have repeatedly been brought against Koinonia: it is amassing huge profits; it is keeping 'large numbers of innocent and guileless people in a state of peonage'; and that its 'officials have conducted acts of violence and destruction against its own property and inhabitants so as to encourage riots, tumults, unlawful assemblies, engender hate and inflict libel upon the people and the law enforcement agencies of Sumter County and to defraud misinformed sympathizers out of contributions gifts and donations'. The bill further stated that 'all of the foregoing reports are reliably substantiated by findings of the Sumter County Grand Jury, under date of April 5, 1957.' No mention was made, however, of the fact that Koinonia had fully answered these charges in its reply to the Grand Jury, and that the Grand Jury, while it had the power to indict, failed to do so and even admitted that it did not have legal evidence to support its charges.

"... After three weeks the bill, with various modifications, was passed and sent to the Governor, who urged its passage. Then on March 5, a headline in the Americus TIMES RECORDER said: 'Griffin Evidently Plans to Kill Koinonia Bill'.

"... But on March 27 the TIMES-RECORDER had this item: 'Griffin Changes Mind and Signs Koinonia Bill'.

"... While the bill was being debated, it seemed for a while that violence would flare up again. An attempt was made to burn the home of a Negro whose son had helped us with the corn harvest. A 5-gallon jug of gasoline was put on the front porch and ignited. The sound of the car speeding away awakened the occupants, whose quick action succeeded in putting out the fire before it reached the main part of the house. The same night, shots were fired into the house of another Negro who had worked here. A few nights earlier, a pruning crew went to work on our orchard at the Roadside Market site and with saws and axes chopped down 297 peach, pear, plum, fig, chestnut and pecan trees. They had previously burned down the signs and bee-hives.

"... On Saturday night April 5, while several men and boys were unloading a truck load of farm material, a car drove slowly by and then four shots rang out. But nobody ducked or ran for cover, and as the unloading continued someone casually remarked 'It sounds like they're shooting at us again.' About half an hour later the car returned and shot once. Still no score.

"... Despite the short crop last year, we did have a very good pecan season, and we appreciate the many orders which have come in from all over the U.S. Pecans are all gone now, but we still have a supply of shelled pecans. Prices are: Boxes of 2, 4, 8, and 24 one-pound cellophane bags—halves, \$1.50 lb.; pieces, \$1.35 lb.; sprinkles, \$1.20. All prices postpaid except on orders going west of N.M., Colo., Wyo., and the Dakotas. For these, add 10c per lb. on orders under 25 lbs., 5c per lb. above 25 lbs."

St. Louis Meeting

A gathering of people from St. Louis and environs attended a meeting at the Center, 3559 Lindell, St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday evening, May 21. The evening's lecture and discussion was devoted to the "Catholic Worker" of New York and its history. Speakers were Martin Paul, formerly of Chicago and in more recent years living in Missouri, and Cyril Echele, of St. Charles, Mo. Both of these men were associated with the "Catholic Worker" in New York, Chicago and St. Louis from 1935 to 1945.

The exemplification of Catholic living and Catholic social action, according to the principles of the Gospels, was described by the speakers as the focal point of the CW's influence and power as a movement. It is the "leaven" as it were of the social program developed by the group during its 25-year history. Proof of the CW's permanent mission, the speakers stated, was in the following: Its vitality and continuation under conditions of precarity for 25 years; its striking exemplification of personalized charity as practiced by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin and their immediate associates since its beginning; the growth of the "Catholic Worker" as a monthly paper, and its spread throughout the United States and abroad; the motivation given by the CW to individuals, families and groups to exemplify Catholic social living in their own varied circumstances of life; its influence on young men and women throughout the land to join and become leaders of other Catholic social groups: as editors, teachers, labor organizers, secular and religious priests and sisters, Catholic lay leaders.

Martin Paul spoke on the pro-

gram of personalized charity initiated by Dorothy Day in her care of the poor; her forceful sponsorship of a genuine "Christian pacifism" that is founded on the evangelical counsel of the Gospels, and is beyond reproach; her influence as a speaker, writer and respected "Catholic Radical" throughout the 25 years. Cyril Echele gave an explanation of the Catholic social philosophy of Peter Maurin: Personalist-communitarianism, or "The gentle personalism of traditional Catholicism" as he described it. Echele stated that Peter Maurin had tried to exemplify and disseminate a "new Catholic social synthesis" based on tradition: The voluntary poverty of St. Francis; the charity of St. Vincent de Paul; the intellectual approach of St. Dominic; the "easy conversations about things that matter" of St. Philip Neri; the manual labor of St. Benedict.

Other aspects of Peter Maurin's social philosophy were: his attack on "pharaseism" and the bourgeois standards and values; his attack on the encroachments of the all-powerful State, in the tradition of Proudhon, the "great French peasant"; his cogent and sound criticism of education, class-war, Marxism, industrialism. Considerable discussion was devoted to Peter Maurin's long-range vision for "Farming Communes" as a permanent solution to the social problems created by capitalism and industrialism. These have been less successful in the Catholic Worker's program up till now. As far as is known, no Catholic groups have even been moderately successful in rural programs during the last 25 years in the United States. This is unfortunate and does not loom hopeful for the fu-

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

When I don't write about the Hennessy family for a few months so many of our readers ask me about them, especially the family people, that I must catch up on my report.

Perkinsville, Vermont is in Weathersfield township and they live on Weathersfield Center Rd. going from Perkinsville toward Weathersfield Center. Their house which cost \$6,000 with its twenty five acres, has ten rooms with attics over them, and over the connecting outer kitchen, woodshed, garage and barn there are gabled windows and four more finished rooms and more attics. A gorgeous place for a family with eight children!

The Hennessy's have now spent their first winter in the house, and found it very easy to keep warm there, though on one occasion outside the temperature went down to thirty-five below! There was much snow this year, though it did not start until after Christmas, but it fell on ground which had not been frozen, so there was no deep mud in the spring. There was only one day when they were not able to get out. The children missed no school. They walk half a mile down the road to meet the bus, leaving at seven thirty and getting home around four. Five of them are now in school which means a lot of washing and ironing, but Becky, thirteen, helps a lot with that. She does all the ironing that is done in that family. Sue makes up for it by cooking, milking the cow, cleaning out the barn. The girls' rooms are very neat even when the rest of the house looks as though it had been stirred up with a giant spoon. Nothing like little ones to trail disorder wherever they go. And Tamar has the happy facility of seeing nothing, but sitting down to her loom to finish the curtains for the living room windows. Even little Margaret, going on five, can weave and keep a very straight edge. And she even helps set up the loom when the others are in school.

They could have gotten by with burning wood all winter in the big hot air furnace down in the basement, but they had two tons of coal. There is a wood-burning kitchen stove, and a trash burner of sheet iron in the living room. When I was up there the last few days of April, they had let the furnace go out, and were using the other two stoves. When Sue, ten, fried chicken for a dozen people, the first night I was there, the big range in the kitchen came in very handy. We had dandelion greens too.

When I got there it was delightful weather, and we did not feel too crowded or confined, though eighty-five baby chicks were swarming around the sheet iron stove in the living room, surrounded by a fence of old doors. Hilaire Peter, nine months, a red head, holds on to this fence in walking around the room, and is quite indifferent to the chicks by now. Rivalling Hilaire Peter in making puddles was a 2-weeks old Hampshire lamb too young yet to be put out, but already such a pet that when I washed dishes, he curled himself up to nap against my feet so that there was danger I would stumble on him if I turned. Out in the barn were two cows, one to freshen in June, and a pig. They had just slaughtered one and the ice box was full of head cheese, scrapple, sausage, bacon and hams. And now Tamar was aiming to get a hundred cockerels to raise and put in the deep freeze before the feed bill made them uneconomical.

Unemployment

According to a story in the *Catholic Digest* on Civil Defense, taken from *The Wall Street Journal*, there have been Pentagon purchases of \$1 billion dollars

worth of machine tools ready to feed war industry during mobilization if there were an attack on this country. This among other "vast federal projects" is crumbling away and now the armed services are unloading their machine tools on the market, about 15,000 in the latest batch. Now Perkinsville is six miles from Springfield, Vt., which is the largest center of the machine tool industry in the country, and this ominous item means unemployment in the area for some time to come. So all the Hennessy efforts must go to building up a food supply and to praying that David's little book business increases. We run his ad each month of his books on distributism and agrarianism and with unemployment increasing, money may be decreasing too but people have time to read and study so perhaps he will begin to sell more.

Town Meeting

Dave and Tamar both attended the town meeting and 200 were present and 150 voting. It was experience in government by the people that even the anarchist Hennacy agrees with.

Maple sugaring was another experience, and the children all joined in tapping the huge maples and going up and down hill gathering the syrup. We had pancakes (another one of Susie's specialties) with the delicious sweet for breakfast. The deep snow made getting to some trees difficult, but the children were out in all weathers, and the sugaring process took place near the house with a fire constantly going and sampling constantly going on.

May first was holiday and there was no school, and Eric and Nickie were fishing for trout in the streams all around the house all day. They had set out early in the morning, carrying breakfast with them, and their fishing poles (one boughten and the other retrieved from a dump) and had walked several miles to a place at the river, only to come back and find half a dozen people fishing at one of the streams coming down from the mountain nearby. They caught four speckled trout which they brought home and more which they had to throw back because they were under size. They carried a ruler along with them to measure. Both boys live out of doors, winter and spring and their energies are well used up out of doors.

Ploughing, Fencing

One of the neighbors came to do the ploughing May first and Tamar had strawberry and asparagus plants and grape cuttings to put in. In return, David was to go and help him with his fencing. He and Tamar had been working at the side pasture fencing and I could look out of the back kitchen window up the hill to where Dutchman's breeches and trillium were growing in the shadow of an old stone wall. How Tamar loves to work out of doors. "How I wish I could stay to help more—just to keep the house going while they are doing so much outside work. As it is, Tamar sterilizes water for the chicks, feeds them, warms milk for the lamb and is up twice a night with him and once a night with Hilaire Peter. She nurses all her babies for more than a year, and a healthier and more vigorous lot of children would be hard to find. She told me that Mildred Hatch of 8 Pine St., St. Johnsbury, Vermont, would send mothers literature on request about natural childbirth and nursing babies, and I am glad we have a letter from this valiant woman in this issue of the paper.

But when it comes to helping Tamar, the girls help, Becky, Sue and Mary, and the boys too, though they are absorbed in fishing right now. I used to think Eric worked too hard for a little



boy, carrying coal and ashes down on Staten Island when they lived there, and whenever I baby-sat he was a boy to be depended on. All the children are a happiness. I remember how Marian Roche of the Upton farm said that the first five are the hardest.

Vital Statistics

Two babies born to fellow workers recently, a girl, Susan, ninth child of John and Helen Cort in Boston; Christopher, first baby of Kenneth and Mary Boyd in New York. Another happy event was the marriage of Charles McCormack and Agnes Bird who exchanged their vows at a nuptial Mass at old St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York in the presence of a crowded church of family and friends. Fr. McCoy offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and Fr. Luigi played the organ and it was a most happy occasion.

That same evening *The Catholic Worker* celebrated its 25th anniversary with a buffet supper at St. Joseph's House on Chrystie St. This was Bob Steed's planning. Nina Polcyn came from Chicago, Louis Murphy from Detroit, Helen Butterfield from Cleveland and so many other friends and former workers that it is hard to name them all. It was good to see John Cogley and Gerry Griffin (Joe Zarrella had visited us the month previous) and Martie Corbin and Bob Ludlow amongst the many others engaged in serious and friendly and not too controversial conversation. Fr. O'Connor once said that it was as much as your life was worth to argue about pacifism around *The Catholic Worker*, but this was a happy evening with everyone finding concordances in most mellow fashion. Among the earliest workers who visited were Dorothy Weston Coddington and her daughter Cecily and Eileen Corridan and Genevieve Hawkins. It was good Stanley Vishnewsy was there who had worked with them at the beginning.

A plate supper was served by our very capable pair of cooks, Larry and Roy, and the whole day with the wedding, coffee and doughnuts after, and supper in the evening, went off easily and happily.

What would we do on these occasions without Roger O'Neil and his fiancée, Mary Gargan, and Veronica Flannigan, my own right hand around the house? Roger remembers everyone and finds time outside of his work at St. Vincent's hospital to be of tremendous help at the house, and a good coordinator. When Jubilee came out this month with a very good article on the ACTU and the work of Danny Schuller in fighting racketeering unions and dishonest employers, credit was given to the CW for steering Danny into the ACTU. He was a student of St. John's college, ex-warehouse worker and Teamster's union member and when he came to see us, it was Roger who steered him to the ACTU and his work with the Puerto Ricans. Credit to whom credit is due. But Jubilee did not mention that it was John Cort who was the coordinator

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CULT :: CULT

Peter Maurin Farm

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

Most people are amazed and puzzled when I tell them that I live on a 23-acre farm in New York City. "A farm in the City?" they incredulously ask. Their perplexity is further heightened when I inform them that the Farm is located on an Island situated off the main coast of North America.

It is a real honest-to-goodness farm and it is located on Staten Island, one of the five boroughs that make up New York City. It boasts of two milking cows, one bull calf, two pigs, one sheep and rabbits. There is also a small pond hugging the bottom of a declivity near our grove of trees. Our flock of five geese are extremely belligerent and vociferous about keeping control of the pond. They set up a strident hissing whenever any one attempts to approach them and indeed they appear formidable as they advance with their wings raised and their beaks outstretched. It is easy to understand why the ancient Romans kept geese to guard their city walls.

Our flock of hens, in comparison, are much more docile and subdued. They are the gift of a friend who runs a modern chicken farm in New Jersey. He donated them to us (to be used for meat) when they failed to maintain the egg laying quota that spells the difference between a profit or a loss. At his farm the chickens are kept at a high state of productivity by force feeding and the use of artificial lights that turn the night into day. This method is indeed beneficial to the producer but rather hard on the chickens. When they first came to us they were bewildered by the freedom they found on the farm—they wanted no part of it! The first few days they pathetically huddled behind bars. I dare say they missed the security of their cages. But now they feel free to go exploring in all directions.

Most of our 23 acres are under cultivation—John Filliger, the Master Farmer, tells us that there will be plenty of corn, squash, tomatoes, carrots, cabbages, etc. (The list is as long as a seed catalog). Already we have been eating fresh cherries, radishes, onions, lettuce from our gardens. We hope to send the surplus to our brothers at St. Joseph's House in the City.

Joe Cotter, our Master Canner, is busily at work cleaning jars and readying the cannery in expectation of a bumper crop. Last year Joe put up an enormous quantity of tomatoes, string beans and other vegetables. The supply from last year is still not exhausted and here we are getting ready for a new crop.

It is difficult to realize as one walks over the farm that one is actually living in New York City. It is so peaceful and quiet. And yet but only 15 miles away is Manhattan Island; a few miles away is the largest concentration of oil tanks in the world; a few miles away is stored one of the largest arsenals. We are living atop a powder keg as it were, but yet a peaceful one. Let us pray that no one has the foolishness or the desire of setting it off.

* * *

The "Sassafras Man" was out today. He is Jonas Dumchus, a Lithuanian from Brooklyn. But we call him the "Sassafras Man" be-

cause he comes out every Wednesday to dig the roots of the Sassafras tree. "Indian tea" he calls it. "The Indians used to dig it and it is more healthier than coffee or tea."

I grabbed a shovel and invited myself to accompany Jonas on his Sassafras root digging expedition. I was a bit curious to learn about this tea which had been popular with our early American Colonists when they first landed on our shores. The Sassafras tree, I read in the dictionary, grows to a height of from 15 to 125 feet and that it is a member of the Laurel family and it is to be found in the eastern part of North America. But the trees which we tackled on the far end of our farm were only about 2 or 3 feet in height.

We dug up a few trees and Jonas pointed out to me the root parts which are first washed and then the bark is peeled off to make a delicious aromatic tea when boiled in hot water. Jonas complained that the roots of our trees grow straight down which makes for a lot of unnecessary digging. On the other farm they grew along the ground and it was possible to get a six foot root from one tree.

I thought it was a pity to destroy a tree just for the sake of some roots, but the tree grows like a weed throughout the Island and it would be impossible to exhaust the supply. It was a hot day and I indeed earned the few pieces of Sassafras root which I laboriously dug up. They are by my typewriter as I write and the room is impregnated with a delightful aromatic odor. I have found a new use for the Sassafras root—it makes a pleasant deodorant and it brings in a taste of the country right into my enclosed little room.

* * *

Here at our farm we are but two miles away from the ocean—on foggy nights we can hear the mournful sound of the fog horns signalling to one another. It is an eerie sound and one immediately thinks of the lost souls of sailors who are vainly trying to reach shore. And on certain mornings when there is an East wind blowing we have a refreshing breath of clean salt air. From the West we get the smog of the factories.

It is but a short walk to the beach and one walks along Bloomingdale Road to Pleasant Plains and down Sharrot Road past the orphanage at Mount Loretto to get to the bay. The beach is sandy and one finds many treasures there. One day I found a two pound can of coffee floating in the tide. On another occasion a bale of cloth which must have fallen from a ship. But unfortunately it was too water-soaked and ripped by the action of the waves to be salvaged. But there is plenty of wood on the beach for the picking and we often come here to pick up driftwood for our fireplace.

I love to walk along the beach and pick up horseshoe crabs—their long tail makes a sharp spear which could penetrate the foot of a luckless bather. One must be wary about going barefoot in the water, though I have never heard of anyone being injured by a horseshoe crab. But they grow to a large size and it is also possible to find them the size of a small pea. Tamar, when she was a child, found a horseshoe crab so tiny that it could hardly be seen and she

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CULTURE VATION ::

Read, Eat and Live

John Stanley
c/o Catholic Worker
223 Chrystie Street
New York 2

Dear Mr. Stanley,

I always look forward to the arrival of the Catholic Worker. The May issue gave me an extra surprise, a pleasant one, in your book review of LET'S EAT RIGHT TO KEEP FIT. The most interesting part to me was the distance you were able to depart from it!

I'm certainly not going to try to answer your review. I would like to point out, if I may, that poor people are the ones who can least afford to buy poor food. They are the ones who can least afford to have colds, flu, and even that tired, dragged-out feeling. I don't know whether poor people that you see in your part of Manhattan resemble the poor in the area of north-eastern Vermont. I do know that I couldn't think of paying the cost of the bills that I see the "poor" people in the Super Markets in town pay. I actually can't help gasping at cold cereal for which time and again I've seen them pay from 50c to over 70c a pound. Four or five years ago I worked up a price list of all the dry cereals I found in an A & P store here. The cheapest was bran at 26c a lb. and the variety of individual servings in a long box, at 74c a lb.! The prices were fantastic and are doubtless no less so now, but the most tragic thing about the cereals was that the vast majority of them had very little food value. There was a feature article in Pageant last December about them, calling them the \$300,000,000 hoax! The value of corn flakes, for instance, is negligible. The really valuable one of the lot is Wheat Germ, but it carries no airplanes nor other toys and is advertised little. At 44c a lb. it is the only bargain along this line. Think of the poor that help to step up our yearly sales of dry cereals to \$300,000,000 a year!

And what could be more expensive, so far as building the body is concerned, than the mountains of cokes and cakes and white bread that the "poor" pile up in the grocery carts! As a general thing the

most nutritious meats are the cheaper ones. We get much of our protein from fish, partly, because it is so very inexpensive if one is willing to eat the cheaper species, as we are always glad to do. When I go to New York, I always spend a little time looking at prices in the grocery stores; and almost without exception foods are less expensive than here. Especially is this true of the kinds of meat that Adelle Davis praises and that we eat almost exclusively.

It is hard for me to follow you when you write that the poor people cannot afford to buy nutritious food. Is it really a case of affording? I don't feel I can spend the money they spend on food. If I did I would not feel I could afford to eat it; for I am convinced (partly by the book you have reviewed) that I must feed my family for good health.

If you know of any one anywhere who would care to read books about better health from better food, do let that person know that I will gladly lend him books for no charge beyond the cost of postage to him (usually 12c on a single volume). We lend several hundreds of them every month, and all over the world. Many people upbraid me for not charging rental. This I will never do, because I am convinced that these books should be available to everybody, everywhere. I do sell books and pay the person who cannot afford to buy books without going without something he really needs; and I try to make it crystal clear that there is no obligation whatever to buy a borrowed book. And believe me I lend many hundreds of books to those who can not easily afford to buy books.

Your reading time is up if it hasn't been for some time! I just wish to add that I am sending two small books to the Catholic Worker for whatever use it sees fit to make of them: THE NATIONAL MALNUTRITION, D. T. Quigley, M.D.; and NATURAL FOOD AND FARMING DIGEST. I am enclosing two of my regular book lists and two lists of books of special interest to expectant and new parents.

Sincerely,
Mildred Hatch,

REALITY

What makes them climb the dusty stairs to the choked garret, as empty of today and the balm of notions of laughing flight as The Roxy; convulsed with manic cackling, in purdah, ever wandering, eyes on sticks to poke around the flaking cornices of other men's constructions—while their houses go unbuilt?

One morning up at Maryfarm I came upon two deer hoof deep in mist that spread like mulch among the pepper plants; they looked at me, then danced a little way away and stopped to look again, dead level, pause, like three P.M. in late July. I had no breath to move my heart beat so

Last March I saw the sun, drenched and clouded, chaste and stripped of all embellishment—but glorious! The fetes of June, the gold processions later on will all be treated with respect, but known for what they are.

Reality's the prize: simple as a pin, common as dust, neglected as an inmate.

by John Stanley

ST. TIMOTHY & ST. PAUL



EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN
(Written in 1932)

Writing about the Catholic Church, a radical writer says:

"Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message."

To blow the dynamite of a message is the only way to make the message dynamic. If the Catholic Church is not today the dominant social dynamic force, it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the Church. Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the Church, have wrapped it up in nice phraseology, placed it in a hermetic container and sat on the lid. It is about time to blow the lid off so the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social dynamic force.

OUT OF THE TEMPLE

Christ drove the money changers out of the Temple. But today nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple. And nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple because the money lenders have taken a mortgage on the Temple. When church builders build churches with money borrowed from money lenders they increase the prestige of the money lenders. But increasing the prestige of the money lenders does not increase the prestige of the Church. Which makes Archbishop McNicholas say: "We have been guilty of encouraging tyranny in the financial world. Until it has become a veritable octopus strangling the life of our people."

ETHICS AND ECONOMICS

Lincoln Steffens says: "The social problem is not a political problem; it is an economic problem." Kropotkin says: "The economic problem is not an economic problem; it is an ethical problem." Thorstein Veblen says: "There are no ethics in modern society." R. H. Tawney says: "There were high ethics in society when the Canon Law was the law of the land." The high ethics

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Letter from Irene Naughton

Sometimes the thought of one of you "up there" comes over me with startling vividness, and I feel that I'm walking towards our house in Lindenhurst, L.I., listening to the lapping of the water of the Great South Bay, or I have a longing to go walking on the Lower East Side of N.Y. with Dorothy, or I think that I have only to go around the corner and up in Helen's apartment for a long looked for visit.

But then I look around at the palm trees and the banana trees and the very un-Northern turquoise Lagoon of the Seven Colors, and—here are Sarita and Victoria coming in from a mission trip so greyed and sunbaked that you wouldn't know that they are twenty-one and nineteen! They've been riding the big open "tabletop" mahogany trucks for five hours in this time of drought and dust. And there is young Johnny Martus returning from "pushing jungle" with the "bull". And then I think how wonderful it is to live in the time when the lay missionary apostolate makes it possible for me to be here—here being Bacalar, that beautiful name that so many of you know or will know soon.

In every age, our very young and romantic Holy Mother Church calls adventurous souls to live lives that challenge the most heroic of youth, in the eternal discovery of "the dearest, freshest deep-down things", as Gerard Hopkins writes. Wherever we are, "the world is charged with the grandeur of God, shining like shook foil."

One of the answers to this new breathing of the Holy Spirit in our times is Bacalar,—project of Father Donald Hessler of Maryknoll, and the group of lay apostles, including families, that he has gathered around him. It would take many letters to describe all the activities here, and this letter will concern itself only with the young women's catechetical program, where my work lies.

Quintana Roo is a Mexican frontier territory where economic, cultural and religious wants vie with each other. Our first aim here is the satisfaction of the spiritual want of the people, but man does not pray in a vacuum. His spiritual life is largely lived in the way he makes his daily bread, how he earns his clothing and the roof over his head, how he sings and dances, because we are in relation with God twenty-four hours a day.

The message we proclaim, according to the summary from the New Testament (of Father Johannes Hofinger in "The Art of Teaching Christian Doctrine," is:

(I quote part)

"In His infinite goodness, the Father in heaven has called us to be united with Him in life and joy, sharing His divine riches: through Christ, His Son— Him He gave as a ransom for us sinners, and into His Likeness He desires that we be conformed so that we may gain the kingdom of God and His glory, as heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ."

We are working out this new attitude towards Catechetics as a presentation of values first and precepts afterwards through an integration of Catechism and Bible History with the Liturgical Year. We teach some of the Gregorian Chant antiphons in Spanish to the children.

We are determined to reach the one hundred and fifty or so children of doctrine age in Bacalar, especially those who don't come! For this we have twelve catechists, some of whom we keep training about one lesson ahead of their children!

How at the same time to train native catechists to take over this more and more? As Father says: "Our aim is to work ourselves out of a job."

This year we have begun the experiment of drawing a small number of pueblo girls into courses in Bacalar, training them as catechists. The courses last three weeks and take place every three months, and each course prepares them for their "home work" in their pueblos in the two and a half months ahead. Each course includes some manual training that can be used in their pueblo life, as hammock making, crocheting.

You can see that all of this involves expense, considering the amount of tortillas, beans, and chile that these girls, and ourselves, can consume, and the fact that no one can pay more than an occasional bunch of bananas or some cocoanuts. One girl handed me forty-five pesos, (almost \$4) last course, a unique and delightful shock. She was from the only "prosperous" pueblo, Zoh Laguna (Dry Lake), a company mahogany town.

We look over speculatively at the completed three rooms (minus roof) or the new six-room house course center we are constructing; they've been awaiting a roof since October. They tell us it will cost \$350 or more American Dollars to put on the guano (thatch) roof alone, and we find we have six hundred and fifty pesos (fifty dollars) plus another two hundred and fifty American Dollars to finish the whole building.

Our first course was given in two houses, one of which, the contemplated billiard room, was lent us by the town chief, as his new billiard tables had not yet arrived. They arrived three days before the course finished, and we did some scrambling, as you housekeepers can imagine. For our second course we had been watching somewhat desperately progress on the new Quilter house. I don't think Pat and Mary were any more anxious than we were when anything held back the work. Fortunately we fell heir to their former house six days before our scheduled course. We are there now, but the house was ear-marked for a clinic, and Theresa Brown, the new Grailville nurse has arrived, so we'll very shortly have our walking papers again.

We have a private joke around our place, or "places". You "always" sit in the same place at table, because after all, when you sometimes forget what country or house you're in, it does give you a sense of stability to maintain a fixed relationship to the chair and table.

I want to ask all of you to join in distributing the message of Christ that you and I have been privileged to hear,—both at home and here,—here by sending us something to complete the house, or as the expressive Irish saying has it "a little something to keep body and soul together."

May the Lord fill all your lives with consolation and happiness, and encourage you in your own work.

In our Risen Lord,

Irene Mary Naughton

Catholic Youth Finds a Cause

(Continued from page 3)

near Fredericktown, Missouri. The group in St. Louis were all enthused about this offer, and had all sorts of plans drawn up for a real Catholic Worker training center on the place, but they had no one to manage the farm. "I could already see the buildings on the place, the chapel and the dormitory," one of them told me later. At Easton I received a special delivery letter: Would I come back to St. Louis and take over the operation of the place at Fredericktown, Mo?

I thought about it for several days before I made my decision. It was difficult for me to leave the Catholic Worker farm at Easton. I intended to settle there definitely, and planned to build up a homestead on a plot of ground there. It was hard to leave my dear friends and fellow workers at Easton and New York and launch out for our cause in an unknown and even hostile part of the country. It was much easier to work for the cause in a community of like-minded people than to go out into new surroundings where our ideas had first to be explained and interpreted. After careful consideration I finally chose the hard way. I wanted to do anything I could to give our cause a positive direction in St. Louis, and at the same time strike the group there out of the lethargy of inaction and "study-club stage" in which the work seemed to be standing. Then too I thought that we must not wait for the most ideal conditions and circumstances in working for our cause, but must grasp whatever opportunities present themselves and launch out with faith in God with whatever help people are willing to give. Even if I did fail in this proposed venture, it did not matter. Just so an additional impetus was given to the cause to which I had given myself. I was not working for success, but for a great cause and that was all that mattered.

After careful consideration I came back to St. Louis in May 1936 and with the help of the group in St. Louis I settled on the farm at Fredericktown, Missouri. It was already late in the spring, but I got busy at clearing a patch of ground plowed it up with a mule I borrowed from a neighbor, and put in some garden. My associates came down from St. Louis to be with me on week-ends. One of them brought me three laying hens and twenty-five little chicks. About this time three interesting and forceful people joined our St. Louis group: Alice Wildmer, later one of the founders of the "Rural Parish Workers of Christ, King." Bill Force, and Dave Dunne all college people from St. Louis. Dave Dunne made a fine contribution to our cause by the publicity which he gave our activities each week in the St. Louis Catholic. It was through an article in this paper that the Franciscan Brothers at

Eureka, Missouri offered us a cow if we could arrange to transport it.

The country around our farm at Fredericktown was rather wild and primitive. There was no stock law in that part of the state, and cattle, sheep and hogs roamed through the woods. One morning I had to chase two foxes out of the yard. They had come out of the woods at day-break and were after my chickens. At night the hoot-owls moaned their mournful melody, and they came right into my chicken house one night and carried away two of my three laying hens. I killed a rattle-snake one day in the house-yard, and once my dog Fannie, my sole companion while my associates were gone during the week, was bitten on the mouth by a copper-head snake and nearly died of the effects. One day I met one of the settlers walking through the woods carrying a dead ground hog. "What are you going to do with it?" I asked. "Make shoe-strings out of the hide," he said. I had never heard of such a primitive way of making shoe-strings.

The settlers in the surrounding country were sturdy, hard-working mountain folk, and I soon became attached to them and they to me. My nearest neighbor was Mr. and Mrs. Joe Matthews, a delightful and hospitable old couple. Another neighbor was Mr. Henly, a bachelor, who had beat unemployment and the depression by building up a seven-acre homestead with a high rail fence all around it on top of a mountain. His chief tool was a worn double-bit axe. He worked from sun up to sun down. He was generous and hospitable, and I learned much from him.

In spite of our great efforts the venture of our St. Louis Catholic Worker group at Fredericktown was a complete failure. Our group was not yet strong enough to undertake such a venture successfully. At Fredericktown we were too far removed from the center of our past activities in St. Louis. A very hot and dry summer in 1936 ruined all our efforts to raise some garden produce. It became so hot that even the trees died for lack of moisture. I never did get the cow that was offered to us by the Franciscan Brothers because I had no feed and there was no source of water on the place after the dry summer.

In September 1936 I left the place at Fredericktown and came back to St. Louis. We planned to open up a little place for our activities in St. Louis, and we did this on October 1st, 1936. Monsignor Martin Hellriegel of St. Louis was a supporter of our efforts, and he paid the first month's rent for our place at 3526 Franklin Avenue. Don Gallagher lived with me in the back room of the headquarters, while he attended school during the day at St. Louis University.

With the aid of our group we planned and carried on an inte-

grated program of activities from our headquarters under the banner of the Catholic Worker. We had our weekly meetings to which we attracted a large group of interested people every Thursday night. We talked and propagandized the ideas contained in the Papal social encyclicals and the "new Christendom" spoken of in the practical philosophy of Jacques Maritain. We performed the works of mercy as much as we could. We worked among the colored people, Catholic and non-Catholic. We attended meetings and supported efforts of labor organizers of the C.I.O. We tried to infiltrate radical Catholic social thought among the Marxists of St. Louis.

In carrying on this program, each member of the group was chosen to take the leadership in the line of his special ability and interests. Bolen Carter was chosen to promote study of the liturgy of the church and the liturgical life within and outside our group. Luke Lanwermeyer worked in the field of interracial relations. Lee Carter and Don Gallagher were chosen to plan and preside at our Thursday night public meetings, and also as leaders in the speakers bureau. Ed Pickel took care of the organization of our book shop, and also the financing of our work. Dave Dunne carried on propaganda and news-work for our cause through his contacts in the newspaper field. I was chosen to keep in contact with labor organization in the city, and if possible to infiltrate the ideas of the papal social encyclicals into the ranks of labor and Don Gallagher and myself contacted radical and Marxist individuals and organizations in St. Louis, and tried to infiltrate Catholic thought into their ranks. We learned and planned our technique chiefly from our study of the life and works of Jacques Maritain, especially his practical philosophy. We studied and delineated in our contacts the viewpoint of Christian personalism, which we thought to be the most traditional and at the same time radical, dynamic and progressive trend of thought within the Catholic Church today.

The whole aim of our group was to spread the Catholic consciousness into as many fields as we could. While the Communists spoke of and predicted the evolution of the Marxist new man out of the wreckage of a decadent capitalist and bourgeois social order all over the world, we worked and fought for the Christian new man, the redeemed man under the headship of Christ, the only true prototype and ideal of a just social order. We followed this line of thought with indefatigable energy and enthusiasm, and with a single-mindedness that is rare when we look back upon it today, in 1958.

Our efforts were often poor, confused and ineffective. We often irked people who came to our meetings by our criticisms of the modern way of life and its institutions. Our pet antipathies were the bourgeois—the bourgeois Catholic and bourgeois life in general and its standard of values. We attacked in our writing for the press and at our meetings what we called "political Catholicism," which is a tendency in Catholic circles to want to line up all Catholics into a bloc against existing social evils; We denounced and bitterly attacked the unlimited acquisition of money and material goods in present-day society. We had no money ourselves, and we didn't know where the next month's rent was coming from. We were convinced that ideas and idealism ruled the world, and not money as is often supposed. We criticized and attacked "Communist-baiters" and "Jew-baiters" in the press and in our meetings.

After a winter and spring of intense activity along these lines we knew that we had made the Catholic Worker a moving force in St. Louis and environs. We added new and interesting people to our group. Mignon McMenamy first came to inquire about the Catholic Worker at our Franklin Avenue headquarters. She became an enthusiastic

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Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 4)

gave it to the Staten Island Museum.

The water is lapping gently on the beach as I pause in my work of picking up driftwood. The afternoon sun is warm and I shield my eyes against the glare as I look out into the ocean. On the far side is New Jersey and also Sandy Hook—but peer hard as I may I have yet to see an ocean liner.

The beach is cluttered with driftwood of all sizes and shapes. And as I pick them up I speculate as to where they might have come from. It is amazing the size of some of the huge logs which have been hurled up on the beach by the power of the waves. Some of them have come from piers where they have been torn loose by storms. Other pieces have drifted from thousands of miles across the ocean. Once in a while one picks up a beautiful plank which can be saved for a building purpose. Actually one can build a house with the driftwood that is to be found on a beach.



The beach is littered with wood as far as the eye can see and I am very discriminating in only picking up small chunky pieces which can be used without any chopping. The thin pieces are good for kindling, but it takes the heavy pieces to keep the fire going. I look into the water and see rafts of wood floating in on the tide, but I have no desire to go into the water and risk a wetting for the wood. Besides I have more than enough for the moment and would no place to store the raft. The sea is an ample provider and every day the tide and the waves deposit a rich fund of wood to be had for the gathering. And with the price of coal what it is each armful of wood helps to cut down the fuel bill.

* * *

There was a disturbance back of the pig pen and then John came out with an opossum in his hands. "I was wondering what was making all the noise," he said. The opossum had taken over the pig pen for his exclusive use but in his moving had created the noise which had led to his capture at the hands of John.

The barn is a pleasant place to visit as dusk begins to fall over the farm. The kittens are gamboling about the places and the cat comes and rubs her neck across ones legs as though in an effort to trip one. And no matter how often one drives away the cat she persists in coming back. The two cows contentedly munching gave me a sidelong glance as I sat down on a bale of hay. There is a fragrant spicy odor about a barn. It is a mingled odor richly compounded of clean hay, the odor of manure, the smell of warm heat from the cows.

* * *

Today John let me drive the tractor for the first time. I approached the monster rather nervously and apprehensively at first. But John reassured me that he would be by my side and that nothing could happen. I first made an inquiry as to where the brake was because the one thing I wanted to do was to be able to stop the tractor if it should ever get out of control.

We hitched up the discs to the tractor and then I took my place on the driver's seat. I looked back at the two spans of disc wheels just waiting for me to get them in motion. John pointed out the field of rye which was to be my duty to

cut down and disc under in the ground and which added to the soil will provide nourishment.

Slowly I put the gas throttle on and heard the sense of power throbbing under me and the marvel of marvels when I pushed the gear shift forward the tractor lunged forward and I was on my own. I slowly with my foot ever near the brake guided the lumbering tractor down the rows and though I was afraid to look back could hear the discs cutting into the ground—when I got to the end of the row I made a circle that almost covered the entire space of the field.

There was a sense of exhilaration and new found power as I guided the machine up and down the field. The tractor made a great deal of noise and of course it was impossible to give oneself up to contemplation. "The machine does the work," John assured me; "all you have to do is to steer it." But I felt that it was I who was the slave of the machine for I had to give it my undivided attention and had no time to think or meditate. And so I went back and forth atop the tractor thinking that I was Lord of the Farm but in reality I was only the servant of the machine.

Visitors

Andy Spillane has returned from a trip to Europe on the United States, where he worked as a cabin steward. He and Hans Tunnesen have repainted the chapel, and Andy is now doing some painting in the house which was badly needed. The next "project" — to use Hans's word for it—will be painting the trim on the house.

Hans has put the screens up, and we have seen our first flies of the year, so we feel summer is upon us.

Tom Caine has been busy with many projects, including the major one of clearing paths and placing shrines about the grounds. There is a conducted tour available, which I haven't yet taken; when I do, I will report on it.

Sheila Johnson spent a few weeks in Chrystie Street, helping in the office, and Mary Schmantz, who is visiting from Washington, and Beth have been alternating the cooking, with Hans cooking on Sunday. Mary is also learning to bake bread. Beth continues with the cottage cheese project, and from time to time we have butter also.

Frank Carasante is working on the big rug loom which the sisters at Peekskill gave us. He is doing a rug with a tree of life design in two beautiful shades of green, and is doing a wonderful job. He has a real talent and feel for weaving.

Larkin from Connecticut, who used to visit Maryfarm often, came to Peter Maurin Farm for the first time on a recent Saturday afternoon. He was on his way to Philadelphia to attend a friend's silver jubilee Mass. Many people who live on the Island have been coming by with clothes and other gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cavallucci, whom we haven't seen for a while, came with one of the grandchildren, bringing a car trunk full of wood and a child's bicycle, in addition to clothes for the clothing room.

Two of our good friends are being ordained priests this year. Frank McGinty was ordained on Ascension Thursday for the diocese of Philadelphia. Jim DeFino, a Maryknoll, and will go to Korea to the missions. Both these young priests used to spend time with us during their summer vacations, and our prayers go with them.

CORRECTION

In my story of the Boston group in the May issue of The Catholic Worker, I failed to mention the work of Ignatius O'Connor who was head of the house of hospitality for three years; also the wonderful drawings and murals contributed by Ed Willock who illustrated Peter Maurin's ideas and the message of the encyclicals of the popes.

Arthur Sheehan

Are You Unemployed? Read and Find Out Why—

"This monstrous lie is still spread about that the Church is allied with capitalism against labor."

Pope Pius XII on May 1, 1955

Pius XII on the Rights of Men	\$.35
Leo XIII on the Condition of Labor	.20
Pius XI on the Reconstruction of Society	.20
Christianity and the Land	.25
Who Baptized Capitalism? (Blackfriars—1950)	.50
The Church and Capitalism by Della Torre	.50
Pius XII on the Technological conception of Life	.50
What's Wrong With the World? by G. K. Chesterton	3.00
Work and Culture by Eric Gill	1.10
Holy Work by Rembert Song	2.50
Eric Gill: Workman by D. Attwater	1.25
Peter Maurin, Christian Radical	.25
Industrialism and the Popes by Eberdt and Schneffr	1.25
The Sun of Justice by H. Robbins	1.75
Plan for a Christian Factory by A. Turner	.50
The Problem of the Worker by the Bishops of Canada	.50

Order from

DAVID HENNESSY, Perkinsville, Vermont

Solitude

(Continued from page 1)

always avoid any form of coercion or paternalism, the temptation to order others' lives. Man's dignity lies in his right and duty to make free choices and decisions which will decide his fate. All this Father Merton affirms but in his discussions of moral freedom he leaves a big gap (which may be the cause of some unnecessary anxiety) between the non-culpable behaviour of the psychotic and the perfectly free behaviour of the normal individual for which that individual must give a strict accounting. He says in part: "A temperamentally angry man may be more inclined to anger than another. But as long as he remains sane (italics ours) he is still free not to be angry." Since he mentions on y one type of misdeed, anger, many readers will automatically substitute their own particular failing. If that person falls in-between the author's categories of sane and insane, i.e. if he is a neurotic he might well acquire a new and unnecessary load of guilt feelings. The author's dealings with novices must surely have proved to him that there are a high percentage of neurotics who concern themselves with the spiritual life and who consequently read his books; it is unfortunate that he let this omission slip through. His statement "A saint is a perfect man" does nothing to dispel the confusion.

Looking at the other side of the coin we find numerous chapters though while short are full of the knowing-ness and balance we have come to expect.

I have a friend who lives in the Italian neighborhood around the corner from the Catholic Worker's old location on Mott Street who is the object of good-natured joking by his friends because of his super-intellectuality. He has two aims in life: to avoid all human contact except for a small group of friends with whom he communicates on rare occasions and to spend all the rest of his time in devouring as many books as is humanly possible. I wonder if Merton had someone similar in mind when he wrote: "The activity proper to man is not purely mental because man is not just a disembodied mind. Our destiny is to live out what we think, because unless we live what we know, we do not even know it. It is only by making our knowledge part of ourselves, through action, that we enter into the reality that is signified by our concepts."

This type of flight from the "ether" is the exact opposite of the true vocation to solitude which we all have in varying degrees, because we come face to face with what we were in reality fleeing from: ourselves mirrored in the failings of others. We have to learn to love our own frailty and accept it before we can hope to confront others without resentment and bitterness.

The surest sign that we are dishonest with ourselves is the fact that we are in a continual state of frustration and unhappiness. These eruptions are an indication of a refusal to accept some unpleasant but basic fact about ourselves. Any amateur psychologist knows this in an objective way but the most intelligent people are blind to it when the person concerned is themselves.

"Humility," says the author, "is a virtue, not a neurosis. It sets us free . . . to do what is really good, by showing us our illusions and with drawing our will from what was only an apparent good." Virtues often frighten us because we equate them with some unpleasant person or writer through whom we first encountered them, and if we do not find someone who can overcome that first impression and show us their true value and attractiveness we perhaps never will acquire them. Father Merton has this ability along with a few others like Ronald Knox, Hubert Van Zeller and Caryll Houselander. Thank God for him.

3 Who Have Died

(Continued from page 2)

fore her death, in the County Hospital in Milwaukee.

She had embraced voluntary poverty, and she died poor, with the knowledge that her children were in a county home, and her husband sick with diabetes and at a heavy job. I visited her in that great modern hospital on the outskirts of Milwaukee and felt that the ward where she lay was a dismal place, filled with aged and dying, and with no sight of cheerful and healthy nurse or interne, no student lamp over a desk at the end of the ward. It was a dim place, that long "el" and to call a nurse you had to press a button and speak into the empty air, and from behind you a metallic voice came from a tube, "What do you wish?" and you asked for what you needed, and if your voice was quavering or or dying, there would be repeated, "What do you want, speak up, make yourself heard!"

But Betty had many friends around her who loved her, the Gallaghers, Florence Weinfurter, Margaret Elaiser and many others. I sat with her that winter afternoon while she was having a blood transfusion. She said that it made her feel warmer, she was cold, so cold. Her back was aching her and she was just skin and bones anyway, but she had strength enough to sit up in bed and let me rub her back.

"I'm going to tell Peter Mauria," she knew him well, "when I see him in heaven—that you rubbed my back for me, the last time I saw you." She knew she was dying, she knew it was not long before she would see Peter, Larry Heaney, Catherine Odilvak and Fr. Roy and others whom she knew.

Jim Votta was another friend of Fr. Roy who helped us with the Philadelphia and Baltimore Houses of Hospitality. He was always working at some job or another and always passing out literature, and taking people out to meals and talking to them about God. For him there was no other interest in life. "The Name of Jesus is a breath of sweetness in the air, a shout of joy in the heart, and honey in the mouth," St. Bernard said. He worked as sacristan mostly because he wanted to be near the Blessed Sacrament and he saved enough to go on pilgrimages (one could not walk across the water to Fatima) but in general he too lived poor and helped others all he could. The last time he saw me he gave me his Marian missal which also has a quotation from the Imitation of Christ in it after every Mass.

They are two good companions for Thelma, and though they might not have found too much to talk about during life, they know her needs now that she is dead. We have prayed to them to pray for her, and they will work too to gain her a place of "refreshment, light and peace."

APPEAL

Dear Sir:

A number of American and European friends have formed a committee to help Spanish refugees. I write simply to ask you to help us.

For us, the Spanish Civil War is long since ended; not so for thousands who now live in France with their families. For them the war continues, in suffering and privation. They endure poverty and illness with pride.

But we should ease their condition if we can. Our help can give them medical care, the tools for making a living, the hope for a life with some dignity. Whatever you do for them will make an immediate difference in their daily lives. Help them, I beg you. And, in advance, I thank you with all my heart.

Albert Camus

Contributions may be sent to Spanish Refugee Aid Inc., 80 E. 11th Street, New York 3, N.Y.

APPEAL

My dear Miss Day,

It was truly a joy to have met you in your office after all the years since the war, and to have seen the grand work you are doing for God's poor ones at Chrystie Street.

In answer to a plea from the dear American soldiers for help for our Florence Convent your paper did us a wonderful favour in 1944-45 and many of these American friends are still in touch with us.

May I say, dear Miss Day, that I feel confident, if you will just make it known once again that our sisters — Poor Servants of the Mother of God—are now working in America itself, many friends will again come to our aid. We are hoping to build a small Catholic 70-bed general hospital at St. Mary's Convalescent home, High Point, North Carolina, where the site is already purchased and where the dear people are longing for our sisters to remain with them.

All who keep us in this much-needed work will be forever remembered in the prayers of our order.

Donations may be addressed to Sister M. Patrice (Administration) Maryfield, Convalescent Home, High Point, North Carolina.

I ask God to bless you again and to give you strength and help to carry on the very splendid work you are doing for His beloved ones.

Yours very gratefully in Christ,
Mother M. Geraldine,
(Superior General)

Peace Fast

(Continued from Page 1)

I am fasting to awaken the consciences of those who are a part of the war machine, those who are half-hearted pacifists and those Christians who see no contradiction in following both Christ and Caesar. Those who wish to fast with me for a few days for our own personal sins and for the social sin of war will help me and help themselves . . . we are asking those who believe in violence as a method and who believes in this exploitative system of society to stop and ask themselves if it is practical to spend 83% of our income from taxes for war. We are asking you to consider whether or not it is practical to trust in an economy where it is possible for workers to buy back only a small portion of what they produce and as a result to have depressions and to depend on war to use up the surplus. Is it practical for a so-called Christian nation to live on a hatred of the Communists in order to have the excuse for a military machine?

For many years the Catholic Worker group in New York has been interested in the annual pilgrimage to the church and shrine of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel located at 449 East 115th Street in East Harlem, which takes place on the eve of the feast of the Blessed Virgin under this title on July 16th. This pilgrimage was begun 77 years ago by Italian immigrants from the Campania region and has grown to quite large proportions; the pilgrims usually number around 500,000 and walk from all of the five boroughs of the city. Masses begin at midnight. The group from the Catholic Worker will leave at nine p.m. on July 15.

Appeal—Refrigerator and Deep Freeze

The larger of the two small refrigerators at Peter Maurin Farm has broken down and is beyond repair. This is an urgent necessity, since with the hot weather upon us, the refrigeration of milk, butter, left-overs, etc. is a major problem.

Another need is a deep freeze, which would enable us to put up vegetables and to slaughter our young steer and two hogs for meat for next winter.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 4)

that brought the ACTU into being back in 1937.

New Blood

One of the things that this article indicated was the new blood, the vitality, in these groups in the church. We are happy at The Catholic Worker to have young people like Sheila Johnston, 19, and Bob Steed, 23, taking over so much of the work of the office in the city. Other young college students are coming this summer and we need them. Ammon and I, the older ones, can be spared to go to jail! But this year, after our demonstration in front of the Atomic Energy Commission offices, we were arrested, spent some hours in jail and then received a 30 day suspended sentence from colored Judge Kenneth Phipps. Which leaves Ammon free to go on his long fast in Washington.

Publicity

The news note which delighted me most this month was four or five lines in the Denver Register of May 18, which announced that Ammon Hennacy, one of the associate editors of The Catholic Worker, was going on a forty day fast in front of the Atomic Energy Commission offices in Washington, in penance for his own sins and the sins of his country for having dropped the first atom bomb. This notice appeared in the "Notes in Brief" column together with scholarships awarded, meetings announced, etc. and I thought thankfully, "well this is the way it should be,—the Church announcing this act of public penance casually, taking it as it should be taken—one of the spiritual weapons, one of the traditional means to use in the war against evil, against the mystery of iniquity."

Of course, my appreciation was tempered by the fact that the same issue quoted several German theologians justifying the use of atomic weapons, with many qualifications and conditions which could not possibly be fulfilled.

Ammon's activity however, will let loose in the world some of the spiritual energy contained in prayer and penance and perhaps there will be a spiritual fall out, and a chafn reaction, and an explosion of love to combat Fear and overcome it.

The June issue of the Catholic Digest contains an article on religion in Russia which is a ray of hope in a fearful world. If there is this healthy curiosity on the part of young Russians about God and the virtue of religion, if Van Cliburn, the young pianist, can go to Russia with a worn Bible in his suitcase, and, return with prizes and love and the statement that his heart is Russian, and that he never felt so at home before—then what are we arming for? Against what do we need defense? "All men are brothers."

Travelling

After six weeks at Peter Maurin farm where I was chief cook while Beth was away in the south, I have done quite a bit of travelling through the east on speaking engagements, and visiting old friends of The Catholic Worker. During the last month I have spoken at Fordham, Swarthmore, at Boston

University Newman club, at the hotel Touraine in Boston to the CW friends, at Iona college, at old St. Patrick's Mother's Day communion breakfast, at Syracuse, Dryden and Rochester, New York, and I am writing this in Pittsburgh where I am visiting Dorothy Clarke, Cecilia Hugo, and Margaret Gombos, on my way home by bus on Sunday night.

Bus Riding

To ride on a bus is my way of being a hermit. I am away from everyone, no telephones, no door bells, and am content with relaxing and just seeing, just being. I cannot read or talk to fellow travellers. To me it is rest and relaxation and renewal, and a time for praying. It is certainly conducive to the pilgrim spirit and the hermit spirit, in a strange way, and though on the move, one still has time to hearken to the inner voice which says "be still and see that I am God." A happy halt in the pressure of daily living.

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 5)

of the Canon Law are embodied in the encyclicals of Pius XI and Leo XIII on the social problem. To apply the ethics of the encyclical to the problems of today, such is the purpose of Catholic Action.

CREATING PROBLEMS

Business men say that because everybody is selfish, business must therefore be based on selfishness. But when business is based on selfishness everybody is busy becoming more selfish. And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish, we have classes and clashes, Business cannot set its house in order because business men are moved by selfish motives. Business men create problems they do not solve them.

THE MONEY-LENDERS DOLE

Uncle Sam does not believe in the unemployed dole, but Uncle Sam does believe in the money-lender's dole. Uncle Sam does out every year more than a billion dollars to the money lenders. And it is the money-lenders' dole that put Uncle Sam into a hole. The money-lenders are first citizens on Uncle Sam's payroll. There were no money lenders on the payroll in Palestine and Ireland. There were no money lenders on the payroll in Palestine and Ireland because the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church forbid lending money at interest. But Uncle Sam does not listen to the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

PAX BULLETIN

(Quarterly)

PAX (founded in 1936) is an association of Christians who seek to promote peace and to encourage the practical application of Christian principles to the question of war.

JUNE ISSUE

THE IDEAL OF NON-VIOLENCE . . . Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B.
THE MORALITY OF NUCLEAR WARFARE . . . A. I. Doyle
BOOK REVIEWS: THE LONG LONELINESS (Dorothy Day)
DEFENCE IN THE NUCLEAR AGE (Sir Stephen King-Hall)
THROUGH THE "THOUGHT-BARRIER": Recent comments by Archbishop Roberts, S.J., Count Michael de la Bedoyere, and Christopher Hollis.
PILGRIMS FOR PEACE (Pax Christi) . . . John Geary
\$1.00 a Year from PAX, 37 Northiam, London, N. 12, England

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

ple I have met who have that rare virtue of Integrity. In the future if I have a month or two I will go down there and work to show my appreciation of the brave stand which Jordan has taken. Many of his best members have been siphoned off into safer communities but Jordan will not run away. More power to him.

Athens, Georgia

Here is situated the University of Georgia. I came here on the invitation of an old friend of the CW whom I had only met once casually, Francis Coyle. His wife Marguerite was a Grail girl. I was happy with them and their three beautiful children. I spoke to two classes at the University but the evening meeting was cancelled for fear of my radicalism. Francis drove me over to the Macedonia Community near Clarksville, Ga. I had visited there in 1950 when I went with the Hopi to Washington, D. C. The community had recently been taken over by the Bruderhof and in a few days cattle, machinery, etc. was being sold. I worked for a day in the shop on a machine beveling the edges of blocks, but would much prefer work in the field. I was glad to see Julie Llen again, who had bravely helped me sell CW's when the goons of the NMU had chased us. I spoke with Mr. Arnold, of the family which had started the Bruderhof, asking him if a Catholic could belong to them. He felt that there was only one truth, and not two truths, and if any one came to them and would seek for truth God would lead him to this one truth: the Bruderhof. If he could not see it then of course the novice would not stay. He felt that we radicals were negative in that we called people away from a mad world but what did we have for them to go to? The Bruderhof was the place. My criticism was that they drained off good radicals who were hidden away from the problems of the world. Why didn't they come out once and picket with us or go to jail. They had graduated from all this he said. I expect that here are two different ways of fighting evil and that they can run on parallel tracks but never meet, and it is well to recognize that some people are for communities and some are not. Personally I would prefer the relative freedom of Koinonia with all its dangers, but then I am one who always likes to be out among the "heathen."

In North Carolina

Mrs. Shafer had invited me to the beautiful valley in between grand mountains to the little town of Tryon. Here I met interesting people, few of whom were radical. I phoned Carl Sandburg who lived not far away but he was away. Making a bus in the pouring rain at 1:30 in the morning. At Chapel Hill I met Ronald Gosselin who had been with us last summer. He planned a meeting for me at the home of a Professor. We met the Chaplain who was exceptionally broadminded, without being radical. Coming through tobacco towns you could smell this weed much as we smell fish near Fulton Street. In Charlotte I met Dick Bayer, a Unitarian, who had just seen one copy of the CW and had written to me to speak to their church in nearby Monroe. He and his wife work on the Charlotte News. The Unitarian group met in their church which was built on the premises of a well to do member. Here also was an integrated swimming pool, kindergarten for children, and other facilities. One Negro woman asked her priest if it was alright to come to hear me speak and he said yes. The KKK is active around here.

I had a few hours in Norfolk where some Unitarians had invited me to speak to them. And then I rode all night to get to Storrs, Connecticut, at the University of Connecticut. Quakers had invited me there and I had a fine meeting that night at the home of Prof. Phillips, and the next day spoke to four classes. But the Newman Club meeting for that evening was cancelled.

Bronx Science High School

This school was mentioned in TIME magazine this week as one of the best in the country. I had a rousing meeting with scores of questions on May First. I wore a red ribbon to honor those who had died for freedom during the centuries. That night a chartered bus came up from Drew University in N. J. and I spoke to the students. By midnight I had attended a meeting of those against nuclear testing and was on my way to Washington, D. C. where we picketed the AEC there for 26 hours.

A weekend at Upton, Mass. farm with Lee and Vicki Pagano and the Paulson and Roach families where I planted Vicki's first stretch of garden. Pier and Jackie Pagano are my godchildren. The girls of Upton picketed the Town Meeting recently for two hours until they got showers for their recreation hall. Lee had me meet Father Timothy Harrington who has a large crew of men in Worcester who salvage clothes, old papers, etc. and occupy two old school buildings. He was very receptive to CW philosophy.

As the regular Friday night meeting did not have a regular speaker I gave a history of my recent civil disobedience. Over another weekend I went to Port Leyden, N. Y. at the invitation of my organic food friend Bob Kreuger to speak at a Communion breakfast at the Catholic Church there. This is a small town north of Utica in a beautiful setting of woods and hilly farms. A small stream ran through Bob's woodlot and here the beaver had made two dams to make a lake in the midst of which was their lodge which consists of a platform above the water hooded over with brush and bark. These beaver cut trees so that the wind will blow and throw the tree where they want it. Then they use the brush from the tree for their dams, and the tree trunks which they cut into pieces for their platforms.

I have met few families with such beautiful and healthy children as

the nine young Kreuger's. The twins were altar boys. These children live on organic grown foods, do not have vaccination or inoculation, or teeth cavities, and are a great pleasure to meet.

Air Raid Drill 1958

There were 9 of us this time who refused to play the yearly war-game. (29 in 1955, 19 in 1956, 12 in 1957, so our members lessen.) We were surprised when the kindly Negro Judge, Kenneth Phipps, gave us 30 days-sentence suspended. This is just a skirmish in our fight against war, atomic tests, and the whole exploitative system at the basis of our excuse for the breaking of the Fifth Commandment.

Dorothy and I had disobeyed the air raid drill now for the fourth time; Deane Mowrer for the third time; Kieran Dugan, Bob Gilmore of the Quakers, Karl Meyer, CW friend from Chicago University, and Al Uhrle of the Walk for Peace Committee, for the second time; and the first time for Stuart Meecham, Quaker organizer among labor unions, and Arthur Harvey, young pacifist who was the leader of the Cape Canaveral missile protest recently.

I had attended long committee meetings with the Committee for Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons where whether members of the Committee should take part in this civil disobedience was discussed. Meecham, Gilmore and I had stressed the idea that as long as we were committed to picket the Atomic Energy Commission from 8:30 to 5 daily, to cease this picketing for ten minutes because of an order from another arm of the war-making-state, to take part in their war game would be an indefensible action on our part. Yet we might get three months in jail and this would hamper our work in helping our four brothers who were in jail in Honolulu in their civil disobedience in violating the injunction not to sail the ketch, the Golden Rule, into the Marshall Island zone. The Committee realized that Dorothy and I were committed to air raid disobedience but they ordered that others should not take part, especially Gilmore who has done most of the executive work. They gave as an alternative a visit to the offices of the AEC in Washington, D. C. with a possible sit-down until they were heard. Gilmore felt that the air-raid civil disobedience was more in tone with the non-aggressive methods of the Quakers and of Gandhi, so he went to jail with us. Meecham was not on the Committee but felt that he should be with us.

While we were picketing it was drizzling and windy. Friends came and picketed with us, among them some who had been in jail with us before but felt that family conditions kept them from taking part this time. A dozen newsreel and camera men gave to the world the messages on our signs and Dorothy and Bob Gilmore spoke on television briefly. Formerly the wagon had been waiting for us, but this time they were slow in getting us loaded, herding us into the AEC building until the wagon came.

We went to the 18th Precinct Station where we were booked and then to the 151st St. court. Meecham had been a missionary in India, worked in labor relation work with the Government, and as he said "looked and thought like a bourgeois." His Quaker convictions made it imperative that he go to jail with us he said. Bob Gilmore told us about his college and war time days before he became a Quaker. We discussed the value of a witness in prison. I always say that "a person who is any good on the outside is doing better on the inside." Dorothy had bought a 5c copy of Thoreau's Essay on the Duty of Civil Disobedience and read bits of it to us, such as, "In a state which imprisons any man unjustly a prison is the only house in a slave state where a free man can abide with honor." In 1918 I had been asked by the editor of the prison paper, Good Words, in Atlanta to write something, so I gave them this quote from Thoreau and it appeared in a box on the editorial page. I guess they thought it praised prisons.

Bob Gilmore had written a page about his reasons for civil disobedience and we all agreed that he could read it for us with any others saying a word if they wished, as last year the Judge asked each one if they had anything to say. As we pled guilty the Judge asked us why we had wilfully disobeyed the law. Bob told him that we as pacifists were against all war and anything connected with it, and that in a conflict between God's law and man's law it was our duty to obey God rather than man. The Judge questioned whether we were obeying God, and the D. A. said that some of us had broken this air raid drill law before. As Bob finished I was going to mention that I broke the law because as a Catholic I followed St. Peter when he disobeyed the law twice and he and all the apostles said to obey God rather than man. And as an anarchist I felt that a bad law was no better than any other bad thing, and I had been disobeying bad laws since the time I refused to register for the draft in 1917 to the present, and that I intended to disobey the air raid drill next year also. But before I could get my breath the Judge sentenced us. I then asked if I could say a word but he replied that it was too late. Arthur Harvey, who takes a dim view of orthodox religion thought that perhaps my Guardian Angel had shifted gears and prevented me from getting us all 60 days. Those waiting in court said that Judge Phipps was kind and understanding in all the cases that came up before we came in. One Negro was sleeping in the cell when we entered and he was called to trial first. He told the Judge that he was an innocent man and had never been arrested before. When they looked up his record they found that he had been arrested scores of times for about everything but murder. Everyone had to laugh and Judge Phipps said that because of his unmitigated nerve he would give him 30 days and suspend the sentence this once, but that he should be careful about the truth next time.

Whether the orders from on high were not to make martyrs out of us; whether the Civil Defense folks were tired of arresting us; or whether we were just lucky to have a kind judge no one knows.

I have a couple of speaking engagements this month and about May 28 I plan to begin picketing the AEC at 1717 H St. N. W. in Washington, D. C. for 40 days, drinking just water. Whether I picket 8 hours or only several at noon will depend upon how weak I feel. Dr. Esser examined me and said that I could easily fast 20 days and at that time I should have a Dr. friend of his in Washington examine me and see what pace I should go for the remaining 20 days. I will have a room a few blocks away and St. Matthews Church is also near where I can attend Mass daily. I want to make it clear that I am not fasting against the AEC, but I am fasting as a penance for my own sins, and for the sins of our country in dropping the first atom bomb and in stubbornly insisting on contaminating the world with Strontium-90. I am fasting to awaken pacifists and near pacifists from their sloth. Those who want to fast a few days with me will help me and will help themselves to become better Christians. We are supposed to live the Mysteries of the Rosary and not only recite them. In the great crisis of impending atomic destruction today great prayer and fasting is needed, as we are advised in the Bible. I see that Acharya Bhansali of Nagpur, India, a follower of Gandhi, has already fasted 51 days of a 66 day fast on the atomic issue. He drinks 150 ounces of water a day and has lost 35 pounds.

Catholic Youth

(Continued from page 6)

supporter of our work and has given a great deal to the cause ever since. Other names are inseparable from the story of the Catholic Worker at the Franklin Avenue headquarters: Jack and Helen Johnson first came to see us there; Doctor Donahue of Bellville often came to our Thursday night meetings; Doctor and Mrs. Louis Printy came in to visit us often. Doctor Printy helped us with our medical problems, and Mrs. Printy became an enthusiastic supporter of our works of mercy program. Father John Lyons, the apostle of the colored in St. Louis, often came into our place, and held one of his weekly R-School meetings at our place for a while. Fathers Joseph Thorning, S.J. and P. Corrigan, S.J. once led our weekly discussions. Mr. and Mrs. Emil Frei often came to our meetings. Mr. Frei helped us in the painting and decoration of our headquarters. Mr. Dooley, a pious old Catholic gentleman and a man of great learning and wisdom, came to see us, and has been near to the Catholic Worker in St. Louis ever since.

In May 1937 I found myself physically and mentally exhausted after a winter and spring of intense activity for our cause in St. Louis. My last effort for the cause was the making of arrangements for the lecture in St. Louis of Reverend Paul H. Furfey of the Catholic University, author of the book "Fire on the Earth." Father Furfey understood the Catholic Worker line of thought, and I knew that his visit would stir up more interest in the cause.

I left St. Louis on June 1st, 1937 bound for the Catholic Worker in New York. From this date the cause was carried onward by the original group composed of Bolen Carter, Donn Gallagher, Lee Carter, Luke Lanwermyer, Dave Dunne, Evelyn Gilsian, Anne Loftus, Mignon McMenamy, John and Helen Johnson, Dick Cross, and Herb Welsh.

The Catholic Worker and its program declined and disappeared as such gradually in St. Louis. It was a successful failure. Its influence lives on in the lives of countless people and families in and around St. Louis who may have gotten just a little bit of influence of the Christian heaven from it. I gradually withdrew and settled in the work of the Catholic Central Verein in St. Louis. I wanted to marry, and could somehow never find a niche for Christian family life with its meagre demands—a plot of ground, a house, a wife, some children, a Church where the cradle and nurturer of the family and Christian civilization could be developed. I hope that angle of the Catholic Worker's original program will somehow, some day be developed. And if Peter Maurin's idea of an "Agronomic University" should ever be realized I would like to claim a "Master's Degree in Catholic Agitation" as received under Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day from 1935 to 1940.

St. Louis Meeting

(Continued from page 3)

ture of the Catholic Church in the U.S., it was thought.

The speakers ended the discussion in a joint, written apostrophe to Peter Maurin for the eleventh anniversary of his death on May 17: "We salute you, Peter Maurin, noble soul, off in your certain habitation in the bosom and love of God in eternity! You were a Catholic gentleman, a living witness to the truths of gospels, a glorious 'fool for Christ's sake'; a keen-minded and far-seeing, practical social philosopher. May the unending flow of time keep alive your memory on earth, as the inspirer of Dorothy Day and all others associated with the Catholic Worker and influenced by it!

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