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ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

This month of May, on the eve of the compulsory air raid drill and not knowing whether we are to be serving a sentence for our usual civil disobedience, I want to get caught up on my western trip, owing our readers this report. Bob Steed wants to get the paper out on May second, so he too can accompany us to prison on the third, if we are to be sentenced. Charles Butterworth and Judith Gregory will have charge of St. Joseph's Loft and the office while we are away. But let us hope that we do not have to go to prison.

One year of the five we have put on our protest, we received a suspended sentence; on the other three we have been five, thirty and fifteen days behind bars. It is in a way a retreat, a voluntary crucifixion. A sharing of the suffering and destitution in the world, so much of which is brought about by war and the preparations for war.

Wednesday, Feb. 24

When I left the Doukhobors, Lusha, young Peter Maloff and his wife were on their way to pray for the dead, both in the home of the relatives of the deceased and at the grave—to pray and to sing some of their poignant, Russian hymns. I took the bus at 9 a.m. to Trail, transferred to a bus to Vancouver. A very clear day and the mountains were beautiful. I arrived at nearly one a.m. in Vancouver and there was a wildly drunken woman in the station, throwing her pocket book around and cursing. I found a little hotel near the station and slept like a log until eight the next morning. Mass and then later in the afternoon visited the Little Sisters of Jesus in a poor and very mixed neighborhood. There were Russian, Ukrainian and Chinese churches in the neighborhood. Sister Anne Cecile works in a laundry from 8:30 to 5:30 and Sister Therese Alice works half time in a home for aged Chinese. It took four months for Sister Ann Cecile to find work so she knew the misery of the unemployed, being turned away from jobs. She is from France and Sister Therese Alice is from Montreal. She has been one summer on a far north Indian mission. The fraternity on Little Diamede Island from which one can see Siberia, is finished, that is most of the little house. The two Little Sisters had been cleaning the shed and garden. Crocuses were up and in bloom. Narcissus, daffodil and other bulbs too. A tiny plot, even under the stairs. There was wood piled in the kitchen. We had a cup of jasmine tea. There is a small chapel in the front room. There are 700 little sisters altogether and their life is one of manual labor and poverty. In spite of crocuses showing their face, it is 32 degrees tonight.

Poverty

We all drove out to the Indian mission where Joan McGerigle is teaching, a forty mile drive but people think nothing of these dis-

tances out here. We saw Mt. Hood on the way out. We had supper with the sisters of St. Ann who are in Montreal, Worcester and Vancouver. They have many volunteers giving them a year, and two colleges who have students helping them are Gonzaga and their college at Worcester. The mission here dates from 1861. Very old buildings, antique fifty year old laundry equipment. Two hundred and fifty Indian children in crowded dormitories in many widely spaced buildings. The children have to go from one building, far off to another building to the toilet, through snow and cold. They are a healthy looking lot, however, and happy.

We got home by eleven p.m. Slept well in Joan's room and took the bus the next day at 12:30 arriving at Seattle at 4:45 to find my niece Sue and her husband Mike there to meet me, a very pleasant surprise. He is a micro meteorologist, research assistant at University of Washington and has spent a year in Alaska (part of the geophysical year.) Sue is teaching high school literature and takes a great interest in the progress of her students, their growth in reading enjoyment and ability to think and express themselves.

Saturday, Feb. 27.

A good loafing day with visits to the St. Vincent de Paul market by the water, a long alley along the waterfront with stalls of clothes and books and plenty of space along the docks for second hand fixtures and furniture. A cold wind but sunny.

Sunday Feb. 28.

Picnic on Bainbridge Island in the afternoon and a meeting at Isabel MacRae's afterward with the old Catholic Worker crowd and some new young ones, such as Al Krebs and his wife Margaret.

Tuesday, March 1.

Father Axer, S.P. teacher of philosophy and theology chaired the meeting today in the students' lounge at Seattle University right after the noon Mass. It lasted until three and we had to wait to break our fast, but it was good to see the students so interested. Our good friend whom I met first in 1941, Fr. Bischoff was there.

March 2.

Fr. Dooley, O.P. sent some students to pick me up to visit the Newman club. Had lunch with Julie Zeh, member of the Anvil Club. Robt. Casey, our seaman friend called for me at five and we went to dinner and then after Benediction to a meeting with about a dozen active in the labor movements, seamen, longshoremen. Home at eleven.

March 3.

Heavy snow, most unusual for Seattle. Dinner at Professor David's. He is head of Romance Language department of University of Washington. Afterward to a meeting where Fr. Boylan, Cistercian, gave a talk on the supernatural life. Great refreshment. He told me afterward that he prays for us

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CHESSMAN

Today, May second, Caryl Chessman was gassed to death at San Quentin, California, after a twelve year fight to save his life. Eight times he was brought to the death cell and eight times he was given a last minute reprieve. To have some idea of the torture this man went through, one should read the "The Idiot," by Dostoevsky, in which the author tells the story of how he himself was brought to the verge of death and at the last moment his sentence was commuted. Personally we believe in the innocence of Chessman. But innocent or guilty, we are opposed to capital punishment. One hundred students walked from the university at Berkeley and from San Francisco and kept vigil all last night. What with the prayers we have said and the fasting Bob Steed did for forty-six days we have no doubt that at the end Chessman turned to Light rather than to darkness. May God grant his tormented soul rest and a place of pardon.

St. Thomas and Civil-Disobedience

"The beauty of civil disobedience is that, in part at least, it answers a problem of law that has bothered people from St. Thomas to the present. Aquinas held that laws contrary to human good were not binding in conscience except in order to avoid scandal or disturbance. Since violent disobedience, in the violent centuries that followed, did indeed often cause scandal and disturbance contrary to the common good, St. Thomas's exception has generally proved to be the rule, at least the rule for lawyers. But civil disobedience by its nature avoids the kind of scandal or disturbance that St. Thomas rightly feared.

"In fact, what is wrong with the theory of civil disobedience in this country is not that our jails would fill. For jail-going is not the natural disposition of most men. A little jail-going against some of our laws might be good yeast to leaven the lump of our modern Leviathan. Civil disobedience could be an antidote to the centralization and standardization of our life, to the sense of fatality of the multitude as well as to the tyranny of the majority. We certainly need some kind of Socratic gadfly to stir society from its dogmatic slumbers.

"No, the problem, I fear, is rather that by nature we seem more inclined to disobey not unjust laws but just ones. We all engage in civil disobedience in the form of jaywalking or speeding, to name only two popular varieties. But we hesitate to resist an unjust law. We do not take personal responsibility for injustice. Instead of taking Socrates straight, we seem to prefer the comic version. I am referring to Aristophanes' portrayal in 'The Clouds,' where the student of Socrates says: 'But I wish to succeed, just enough for my need, and to slip through the clutches of the law.' But there again, we are free to choose which Socrates—which inner light of higher law—to follow, and it is the choice that makes us free."—From "The Law and Civil Disobedience," an article in the March 1960 issue of Mankind (3-6-19, Himavatnagar, Hyderabad, India), by Harris Wofford, visiting professor at the Notre Dame Law School, South Bend, Ind.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

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

UP THE COAST AND HOME

By AMMON HENNACY

Riding all night on the bus I arrived in La Jolla, California, at 7 a.m. and phoned Prof. Frank Harper who had asked me to come for a meeting with his students that night. I also spoke to two of his classes at San Diego State College; one Catholic and one Mormon girl being especially interested. A radical in Berkeley had given him a CW some years ago and his wife who had been raised Catholic appreciated it. Between talks I had an especially fine vegetarian supper prepared by Mrs. Henry L. Nunn, and a good visit with Mr. Nunn who will soon have another book out about the relationship of capital and labor issued by Harpers. He is 82 and spry. Inasmuch as he is a Democrat and non church Christian we do not agree on that score, but we are fellow vegetarians and old friends from Milwaukee days.

McEachen's Health Haven

The next morning the Harper's drove me to meet my friend Dr. McEachen, who like Dr. Esser of Florida, Dr. Shelton in San Antonio, and Dr. Gross in N.Y. City believes in fasting for health. I had been there some years ago. This is a quiet place on a mountain side sprinkled with huge boulders. I helped Mrs. McEachen plant beans in her garden. She had transplanted some very special sea lettuce from the seashore and it grew well here. I took some of it for Sharon as I went toward Pasadena.

Sharon

My daughter teaches in two Catholic and two Protestant high schools and puts on plays and pageants as well as teaching piano and organ. I needed a rest from all of my speaking so spent five days here, meeting only with Quaker friends at Bob Montgomery's in Whittier and with Dr. Colbert and Commonweal friends in Brentwood. Warren, my son-in-law, who is vice president of two printing companies, was glad to become acquainted with Henry Geiger of Manas, and with Craig, my part-Iroquois friend who works in the printing business in Los Angeles. Craig had hiked around Mount Shasta where my daughters go each August for the I AM pageant, and he had stories of Indians to tell in which they were all interested. I was invited to speak to two Quaker meetings but as this was at the only time when I was free to visit with Sharon, I was content to meet with Hal Stallings and others for a short time at the AFSC, and I went on a drive up the coast with Warren and Sharon.

San Francisco

This is the place where I plan to work and live in a few years after I spend a few years getting acquainted with the polygamous Mormons around Salt Lake City. My old friends, the Steinke's at Santa Clara U. had me speak to a group of students at their home, but as the administration there had gone far to the right since Father George Dunne had me speak on their radio there two years ago I did not speak at the University. I spoke from 8 o'clock until midnight at Roy Kepler's

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That Majestic Calm

By EDWARD MORIN

This morning fresh light snow was melting in a flood over streets and lawns. After a dreary winter this seemed to be the first time in months that a whole day was bright and warm. On the way to Mass I saw three bobolinks kabitzing high in the elms. Much later in the afternoon I had to walk a long way and saw a song sparrow flash slate and white ahead of me. Everyone loves the optimistic new birds of spring and, even if the temperature drops below freezing tomorrow, they are still prophets.

For some time I have been turning over a grand speech made by a well-known clergyman before a large group here in February. After a survey of the humanist tradition and history's cyclic patterns, he exhorted us all to strive for a "majestic calm," as he recalled the struggles and wars that have passed over the heads of Christians and left a tradition which veers neither to conservative nor radical solutions for the problems of this life.

One perturbed questioner from the audience asked how this is possible in the age of atomic crisis. The program speaker answered by telling an experience he had immediately after the war:

He was traveling by very slow train through war-scourged country from Rome to Paris. Three other people were in his compartment. There was an Englishwoman who for some unknown reason talked desperately of nothing else but returning to England. A French chemist chattered incessantly and at every town jumped off to buy up available papers and journals to illustrate his vehement prophecies of doom. Amidst their noise a little Italian amputee sat holding a battered copy of the Aeneid which he read with all serenity. He was the type of resignation—a wartime J.B. with the last of great possessions in a small suitcase—on his way to the border to meet his one surviving son.

The priest who, at the time the story took place, was taking tranquilizers by doctor's order held up

the Italian's example for everyone's edification.

An astute panelist cornered the speaker by saying that this attitude very easily leads to complacency in the face of urgent social and political problems. But standing his ground, the clergyman insisted that history works for the good and heals even the mistakes of foolish reformers.

Thoughts and opinions float through the ideal world with no effort or cost to anyone. Jean Marie Domenach, editor of the French magazine, Esprit, was in the United States a short while this winter. I heard him in the role of Socrates one evening as he spoke with a home gathering of university faculty. His halting English caused him to bring along an interpreter who gave every statement a bilingual echo.

The editor said: "There are tendencies just beginning in France which have been with you Americans for a longer time. What shocks me is the lack of understanding and the general feeling of impotence before political issues. There are also the frightful isolation of the poor from help and sympathy of individual Christians, and then the rise of the 'new poor.'" Members of this last class include people who drive half-paid-for cars, filled with credit card gas, over highways built on bond issue loans. Mr. Domenach hopefully asked his friends to make free use of their experience and study to shed light on these problems.

An educationist explained that the discipline of the mass media has blunted most Americans' power of analysis: nowadays one hardly expects to be taken with complete seriousness if he talks of what might lead to suggestions of organic social change.

Conversation became a cry against the most heinous kinds of commercialism. One man said, "When someone receives a good executive position in industry, his ways of thinking, considered always in terms of loyalty, are ex-

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LETTERS

News of the Freedmans

Dear Friends,

This is just a long overdue note to you to thank you for continuing our subscription to the much appreciated CW. I am enclosing a dollar to help cover your expenses in sending it to me (I know these days one dollar is hardly a drop in the bucket). Would you please continue sending it to Mrs. John S. Sears at 11435 Pacific Highway, SW, Tacoma, 99, Washington. (She reads the CW so avidly that she feels she knows you all. We both read Dorothy Day's autobiography and hope someday to meet her.)

Mrs. Sears' son, Lee (my husband's young brother of seventeen) was enabled to make a much desired trip to the Peace River Country in B.C., with the Freedmans, whose letter you published in the Worker (that is how Lee got to know them). He was unable to do some of the things he wanted because of not being Canadian, but the time he spent helped him a great deal and tho he has returned I feel sure he will go back there sometime. The Freedman's are still there—I suppose they have kept you informed as to their doings. On the way there from the U.S., Lee and the Freedman's spent a short while with some Hutterites whom Lee admired tremendously. Thank you for providing him with this adventure and, in a real sense, an education.

And God bless you in all your doings.

Sincerely yours,
Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Sears
858½ West Nickerson
Seattle 99, Washington

Bureaucracy

Dear Sirs:

Here is a quotation from C. S. Lewis' book, *The World's Last Night and other Essays*, which I thought might be of interest for one of the box quotations you use in your paper. It is taken from an essay on culture and false culture, called *Lilies That Fester*.

"I fully embrace the maxim (which he borrows from a Christian) that 'all power corrupts.' I would go further. The loftier the pretensions of the power, the more meddlesome, inhuman, and oppressive it will be. Theocracy is the worst of all possible governments. All political power is at best a necessary evil; but it is least evil when its sanctions are most modest and commonplace, when it claims no more than to be useful or convenient and sets itself strictly limited objectives. Anything transcendental or spiritual, or even anything very strongly ethical, in its pretensions is dangerous and encourages it to meddle with our private lives. Let the shoemaker stick to his last. Thus the Renaissance doctrine of Divine Right is for me a corruption of monarchy; Rousseau's General Will, of democracy; racial mysticisms, of nationalism."

I wrote a letter of complaint to the President concerning the Seneca land and the Dam projects in Penn. I received a two page letter and a three page mimeograph statement. I would say that the letter seemed to be beating-around-the-bush. The first part attempted to justify by statements with no foundation the work the U.S. Army engineers were to do, and the letter closed by saying they would do all in their power to be agreeable to the Indians and their wishes. No wonder the Indians can't understand what the government says when it talks. If there is no policy, then it is a crime for it causes many problems; and if there is a policy, then they should tell us what they are doing. What do we pay the government to do things like this for? I think it would be more intelligent for

every citizen to hire one man to sit and watch his house day and night just for the sake of a balanced economy. It makes as much sense.

May this lenten season be a holy one and bring beneficial enrichment to us all.

Sincerely yours,
Don Deschner
1210 N. June St.
Hollywood, Calif.

On the Land

Bluffton, Mo.
March.

Dear Dorothy,

We are having the worst snow storm of the winter. It is impossible to work outside, so for the first time in many months, I find I can in good conscience, sit at a typewriter in the middle of the morning. For the past several months, I have been working in the woods, mostly by myself until just recently. I cut logs and stave bolts for sale to local mills. Stave bolts are thirty nine inch knotless cuts from a sizeable white oak tree, split into halves, thirds or quarters as the size of the white oak tree decrees. It is heavy work as some bolts weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds and a good truckload consists of about 125 of them. When the staves are gone, I'll start cutting tie logs. For this I must use a saw mill to cut the four bark sides and a few feet of lumber off of each log. This kind of work requires two guys because the finished product, a green railway tie, can weigh nearly three hundred pounds at times. So last Sunday after Mass, a fellow walked up to me and asked if I would like to work with him in the woods. He needed some help with his staves and ties. His name is Bill Krampe, a back to the lander with eight kids and another on the way. We didn't waste any time and are now working together. Two guys in the woods can get three times as much done as one. I'm very happy with the setup and the future looks bright.

We've been here eight years now, going on nine. Progress has been slow but still we are getting ahead. Next fall we will make our last payment on our livestock and machinery and this will mean that in the future, income from our herd will cut loose for our use. Our family is growing. Once I lived on this rock alone, now Fran and I are expecting our sixth child. Our three room house sort of rings and groans at times causing us to consider the problem of a new home or enlarging the one we now live in. The government said they would extend us the needed credit if we decided on either course. As for the government they have been very patient and very good to us. We had bad years when we were able to pay them almost nothing and with every reason in the world to sell us out, they carried us.

In order to stay on the land today, a farmer has to do only those things that make a buck, a young farmer that is without too much security. If he stops to keep his fences in the tip top shape or cut two years supply of fire wood ahead or keep his pastures brush free, he's going to find his mail box a dun hole to say the least. I've got to scratch all the time and when I stop, we feel it. This won't last forever for someday I won't have to dump two thousand bucks into Uncle Sam's lap and someday I'll feed calves to market instead of selling them at sometimes underpar weights. You have to want the life very badly to stay on the land these days. Privations are sometimes ludicrous when compared to our city brethren. To sit in an outhouse on a cold winter night can shake determination. Stumbling around a muddy barnyard in the dark, piling a hall full of snowy wet wood or spending a half hour grinding to the axle in mud and gravel in order to traverse a half mile of muddy lane,

muddy tractors, frozen chains, busted oil pans, broken tired and a thousand and one jobs made ten times as hard because of poor facilities or substandard equipment. Every time I take a load of bolts to a mill with my old Ford truck, I sit there transfixed in terror waiting for a front tire to blow, a rod to greet me or a state cop to stop me. Coming in from Springfield this winter with a full load, I blew a piston about 150 miles from home and with multitudinous explosions and fourteen quarts of oil, I pulled into our barnyard at nine o'clock feeling post meat grinder, but like I said, if you want the life badly enough, these things just seem to steel you in your purpose, because compared with the plus side of the ledger they pale.

We are free, we have room to roam and grow, we have space, privacy. Our wash can be tattle tale grey without jarring the sensibilities of those around us. Crab grass is fine when you keep it clipped. No one stares into our picture window, no one casually drops in each day for a three hour cup of gossip. We suffer in the winter, rejoice in the spring. Farming is a wonderful natural work. God made Adam a farmer, in order



*"I arose and am still
with thee": alleluia!*

*The Lord is risen:
alleluia: alleluia!*

to restore him. Farming requires the whole man. You must use every bit of your ingenuity and strength if you are to succeed and in doing so, you find it helps you strike a delicate balance that man needs to walk that narrow path. It is not a life for everyone. It is a vocation that must be explored by those who feel drawn to it. It helps foster a mutual dependence between God and the family for He needs us to create a new soul and we need Him to create new crops. To be succinct, we are slowly being welded to our life until we feel we are one.

I receive letters from many people and try to answer them although I am a miserable letter writer. Larry Evers corresponds regularly in regard to the establishment of some sort of on the land program for unwanted children of all ages. I personally think this four hundred acre wilderness would be just the thing for such work but it takes the interest of people with dough to get the thing moving and people with dough like million dollar High School memorials.

We hope this finds all of our friends in good health and spirits. Please write us when you have time and we shall answer as promptly as we can. I'm not going to edit this for when I do or Fran does, nothing seems to survive. The winter has been long and Spring can't come too soon for us. We wish you could visit us Dorothy. We will watch carefully and snag you when you come through. I'll write to Ammon and see if I can get him off that Greyhound at the junction.

Our love and prayers,
Jack Woltjen.

Community in Nova Scotia Tries 'Back to the Land'

Dear Dorothy Day,

Flight is our only salvation! So preached Fr. Vincent McNabb to the city-dwelling families of his time. He wanted a return of the simple country life with its simple needs and pleasures. Or rather its human needs and pleasures.

The three prime needs of man are food, clothing and shelter. The prime pleasure is sociableness. In the city the principal needs of a man and his family are dependent on a weekly salary. This salary is regulated by work done, not by a man's needs. For example, a single fellow working on the assembly line gets exactly the same pay (before income taxes) as a man with twelve kids. With his pay a man has to buy food, buy clothing, pay rent. Then he has to pay to see a show, buy liquor, pay to see a ballgame. Everywhere he turns he has to shell out money.

On a farm a man depends on God for his principal needs. God said Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things (necessities) shall be given to you. If a man has twelve children he need only plant more food. If he needs more room, just to tack on an addition (no building restrictions, at least none that I know of). Clothing in our day can be a problem, but on a farm it is possible to revive knitting and weaving for family use.

The artificial pleasures of the city can never compare to the simple pleasures of a small community getting together for a dance or a working bee. Yes, even work is a pleasure when it is done in groups.

With these few thoughts in mind, we fled from Chicago, Illinois to our retreat here in Nova Scotia. We bought a farm in partnership with another family. At present we have 250 acres of land, twenty-three of which are cleared and the rest in softwood and hardwood. We have one house, a barn and a few outbuildings.

We have divided the house into two distinct parts with a common room in which our children can play. Our wives cook for their own families. The only things they do in common are diapers and whole wheat bread. The diapers they wash, and the whole wheat bread they bake. Each one taking a turn. This is only a temporary arrangement. It has worked out very well for the past six months but eventually we hope to build another house.

The family being the prime unit of society, we believe it should have its own quarters in which to grow and develop. But since we are social beings, there should be a small group of families to assist each other, and to share the joys of living together.

These are a few of our ideas. Perhaps we can share some of our ideas with some of your readers who are trying similar projects across the United States or Canada.

Yours in Jesus and Mary
Dick and Louis Le Blanc
PS: Your paper has too much pacificism and not enough green revolution. Pacifism, like charity, is a heroic virtue which the majority of mankind cannot practice.
St. Joseph's Farm
West Bay Road
Nova Scotia.

NEWS FROM CHICAGO

By KARL MEYER

Today, Low Sunday, I am writing to you from the high security Federal tier of Cook County jail. That is something of an answer to the question I left at the close of my last letter. The Government answered my request for a share in the judgment against Rose Robinson by giving me successive sentences of three days and fifteen days for distributing my leaflet at the door of the Internal Revenue Service in the Federal Building here. I was free through most of Holy Week, and returned to the Federal Building on Easter Monday. For the third time I was arrested and taken to court. The prosecutor stated that three successive arrests for this same offense were grounds for questioning my competency. The judge agreed, and ordered a psychiatric examination, with a hearing on the report set for May 10. Bail is set at \$100 but would require me to report to the psychiatrist in compliance with the court order. I am sitting it out here until May 10. Writing yesterday to Judge LaBuy, "I am much concerned about my forthcoming hearing before you, set for May 10. As I understand it the question of my competency will be at stake at this hearing. I would not be too concerned about this except that my first hearing, April 19, was so hasty that it was confusing and frightening to me. . . . The most ominous thing was that the prosecutor's only ground for challenging my competency was the fact, in and of itself, that I had repeated the same offense three times in succession, and he presented no other evidence or arguments. All this makes me afraid that I am being put on the skids. . . . Finally, I wish to say, with some misgivings, that because of the circumstances of the original hearing and because of my personal conviction that I am, wish to be held, and should be held, responsible for my own actions and that I am competent to govern my own life and to speak for myself and represent myself, I will not consent to a psychiatric examination for the purpose of questioning

my competency. If a psychiatrist is sent to me, I will only explain to him why I cannot consent to his examination. . . ."

As soon as I was struck down Tuesday, a new agitator appeared in my place, passing leaflets at the IRS office. Terry Sullivan, who drew thirty days, which he is now serving at DuPage County Jail.

Today is the Feast Day of St. Fidells of Sigmaringen, of whom we read that he was a lawyer, "the advocate of the poor." We who have done a little time in local jails know that the poor, who can not afford bail or decent legal representation, need advocates. Though they are theoretically "innocent until proven guilty," the poor can not afford to defend themselves. In fact their rights are effectively ignored, if not taken away. They are held in squalor for months, waiting to go and cop a plea of guilty, the only plea they can afford to make.

In the lesson of Easter Thursday, Isaias is quoted, "He was led away like a sheep to be slaughtered; like a lamb that is dumb before its shearer. He would not open his mouth. He was brought low, and all His rights taken away; who shall tell the story of His age? His life is being cut off from the earth." And we read that the Apostle Philip in teaching the courtier of Queen Condaee about Jesus made this passage the theme of his teaching. He was in fact a criminal like us. Therefore we should not be concerned if our rights are to be taken away, but should rejoice in the lesson from the Mass of St. Fidells, our advocate, "How boldly, then, will the just man appear to meet his old persecutors, that thwarted all his striving! . . . Inward remorse will wring a groan from those hearts: Why, these were the men we made into a laughing-stock and a byword! We, poor fools, we mistook the life they lived for madness."

My only regret is that I will not be serving the early days of May with you this year. Only the bars keep me from coming.

Worlds Survive

The nun from the bombed Convent
where are laid the dead children
amidst smoke of the ruin,

Still has the hands of Compassion,
though it you believe not, and regard, on her shoulders,
only the dusts of the falling walls.

Do not ask how, and you want not, for answer,
a mystification: it is a fact is,
and fact is a mystery.

(See how her hands touch,
with a reminiscent tenderness a restraint, the soldier
from the ruin forth, herds her,

A wall falling as dusts, as its rubble;
the children borne the new world,
lain to its thunderousness, terribly still.)

—When the city falls,
Who shall build its walls?

Penitance shall dig its trench,
Mercy hew its stone,
Lo, its gates be graved, To Love Alone.

Raymond E. F. Larsson

THE HARMLESS PEOPLE by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas, Alfred Knopf \$4.75 reviewed by Anne Tallefer

A little under human scale there is a gentle people. They live close to South-West Africa and western Bechuanaland, in the Kalahari desert. Their existence is entirely nomadic. These are the Bushmen; the Kung Bushmen call themselves *zhu wazi* the harmless people.

Living like wild animals they hunt game and burrow for roots and pick berries and desert melons, the tze melon. Shelter is provided by clearing werfs or space and arranging there schirms, nests of grass that are houses. The howling antartic winds and the blistering sun tear alike at naked flesh hardly protected by a few strips of leather. When hard times come privations are unutterable for water itself is lacking and moist roots will be the only diet.

Though incredibly hardy they are weaker than most men in simple power, they live in fear and flight is their surest friend. Their experience of white or bantu people has been disastrous, they have been beaten and exploited. Among the destitute they are the most destitute of all. Among the poor they are the poorest. And yet . . .

In our machine and plumbing geared society their norms and customs born of necessity fill us with horror and disgust. These are probably simply those of the first men to appear on earth. But in our war and hatred torn world, where the richest can devise the easiest and best way of wiping away humanity, they hold immeasurable bounty: peace. By nature and by condition they cannot abide or afford jealousy, hatred or strife and who owns a knife must lend it immediately if it is coveted. When torn with hunger if they have managed to kill a gemsbok (desert goat) they will follow a complicated pattern of sharing and give the greater part to their kinsmen. Their moral code is rigid from a certain point of view and they abide to it. A fearful mortality rules them and they diminish rapidly. Their sorrows are such that imagination hardly encompasses them and only the very robust survive.

And yet they live and love. Romance rears its head in spite of a harsh code of marriage that takes care of women but despoils the young men. Beauty walks in splendor and works its havoc. Great huntsmen have their day; legend and mythology spin their subtle threads and their children are the happiest alive.

Elizabeth Marshall Thomas spent two years among them at different times with an expedition under the auspices of the Peabody Museum of Harvard. To it she did not bring the soul and knowledge of an anthropologist, though from this angle her book is most rewarding, but that of a poet and a deeply compassionate woman of infinite perception. Her identification to

her new friends is such that we do not know at the end whom we like most, moving in perfect amity in this strange world. With her we meet Beautiful Unga, (a Bushman Helen,) and Lazy Kwi, Gai the Hunter and old Ukwane. We witness the Sun dances and hear the Moon songs in that unique clicking tongue that has won the surname of Hottentot to their neighbors. From the Kung Tribe we pass to the Gikwe from the Naron to the Ko. We are introduced to a completely primitive society whose customs are however sometimes most admirable. For instance at sun-down the men visit other men but the women stay in their schirm, though all are at an arm's distance, for woman's place is at home.

Above all we feel the atmosphere in a delicate language both evocative and compelling whether it describes a giant baobab, the desert's only trees: "the bark is thin and smooth and rather pink and sags in folds toward the base of the tree like the skin of an elephant leg, which is why a baobab is sometimes called an elephant tree. Its trunk is soft and pulpy, like a carrot instead of wooden and if you lean against it you find that it is warm from the sun and you expect to hear a great heart beating inside . . ." at the beginning, or leaves us thus "That evening we camped besides an omaramba where the air was warm and pale, lit by the three-quarter moon; the wind made the dry leaves of a mangeti tree over our heads tap together and before we went to sleep we heard a leopard coughing far away, then growling nearer, a rattle, a rumble of a growl. In the morning we got up long before dawn because of a veld fire that someone had seen coming toward us; it made a huge red light in the black sky like the open doors of an inferno, but as the dawn winds lifted it blew back on itself and went out. The sky slowly got gray, then pale rose and then, hundreds of miles away, the great sun lifted from the veld's horizon and with the light we found the leopard's footprints which he had left us as he had walked around us in two great circles, as though he had cast a spell."

With infinite patience Miss Marshall and her companions won the trust and love of the bushmen but did not dare advise them to trust in other men. There is a racking moment when a man, Short Kwi, having fallen into a trap contracts gangrene of the leg and the only way out is the hospital in Windhoek (South West Africa). In a few minutes Elizabeth and her mother try to tell his wife, through an interpreter of elementary hygiene, what is a safety pin, a faucet, traffic, what money means. The two worlds are so far apart that night stands between them.

This is a book of extreme beauty and humanity, a little master-piece of prose; it also holds an eternal

message. Only a spirit of complete poverty can save man from war and one wonders if rendered to civilization Miss Marshall and her companions did not sometimes feel as poor relations to such wisdom?

MARIA MONTESSORI: HER LIFE AND WORK by E. M. Standing Academy Library Guild, Fresno, California, \$5.25

Reviewed by John Stanley
An ancillary experience to reading this book is seeing the movie "The 400 Blows." It is a French production of soaring excellence. Both the book and the movie are concerned with the education of children. The movie shows how it should not be done; and the book is the account of the life and pedagogical theories and practices of a woman whom many think knew how it should be done. M. Truffaut, the director of the movie, was piqued into action by the universal evidence of the scandal of the inhumanity of men towards their children. Dr. Montessori was moved to a life work by observing how much could be done for the most fractured and outcast by applying loving good sense — and science — to them and their situation.

Maria Montessori was—she died just a couple of years ago—the first woman medical doctor in Italy. She came to her life work through carrying out two assignments: Caring for idiot and other defective children, and then having to set up a creche for the small children of working mothers in the Roman slum district of San Lorenzo. These two experiences—which came years apart—led her to her vocation. Parallel to these two invitations to her life-work ran a full life of medical practice and research. She published learned papers bearing such titles as "The Influence of Social Conditions on the Mental Development of Children in School," and "Anthropological Characters of Children who are judged as either Best or Worst in Public Schools." Great revolutionaries such as Marx and Gandhi are frequently formed by traditional disciplines; Maria Montessori's preparation was medicine.

She considered herself a revolutionary. She was in revolt against the tyranny of the adult over the child. It was, she felt, "The last revolution." She wanted to bring to a halt the maiming and the perversion and the destruction of a defenceless minority, and to cut the pitiful chain in which the wounded, in their pain, pass on their wounds to the next link, a process that scarifies and de-sensitizes the individual and the "collective psyche." (Let this appeal to whom

it will appeal: it is impractical; and it is wasteful—this injuring of our most precious resource).

Why do we treat children as we do? They are beaten and filled with guilt merely for exercising their natural functions. We provide them with ugliness and spacelessness. And force their soft bodies to sit immobile for hours at a time. How we love to "discipline" them and chastise them and be cross with them and rude, too. And then call them monsters when they have learned the lessons we teach them so assiduously. How we love to speak-of whipping them into shape. But what shape?

Why are such things done? To a certain extent it is simply the wounded crying out in their pain, and striking out in their pain. There is no "blame" to fix; but the pain is no less—nor the buried consuming anger that comes from the open wound that waits to devour the next generation.

The destruction of the child by the man. Why? Fear. The rise of the young braves is a threat to the power of the old chiefs. And their beauty is a challenge. And their innocence an indictment. So, they are cut down, warped and stunted. After we have satisfied our "needs" for war and cosmetics and liquor and tobacco, then a few dollars for schools.

Maria Montessori travelled the world to spread her revolution. India, England, Greece, Germany, America. She didn't speak of the dark things that have just been written down in the last three paragraphs. She was interested only in the child she saw, and helping him to bloom in a sunny garden. And, of course, she was opposed. For contradictory reasons: she was too free; and she was too hard. And she was betrayed by pseudo-disciples, who made a batch of ill-learned principles, and so gave scandal. But she carried on into her eighth decade.

What were her principles? Well, they were many. And they are almost certain to be misunderstood if they are simply delineated un-elaborately.

For one thing she believed that the small child is not just a diminutive adult; he is different; and he must be treated in a special way. Key words are: soft; gentle; delicate; quiet; and FREE.

She loved liberty. And, of course, the ever ready chorus of the life-haters will balefully grind out of their iron-corseted loins the admonition they love most next to "Stop bothering me," "Yes, but you mustn't confuse liberty with license!" Then they look around for a child whose spirit is not yet quite broken and proceed, of course, to break it.

Maria Montessori loved liberty, and believed it a necessary condition for the auto-education of the person. I realize that automatically I am damning her in the eyes of multitudes by stating that she believed in liberty, but there you are; she did. And she believed that teachers could not teach; the child taught himself. There, another large group have just defected! Good. She opposed the idea that a child should be taken into the hands of a strong master and "molded." No. The teacher, whom she called a director, should be an almost invisible presence standing ready to help, admonish, suggest, and keep the prepared environment in good use and good order. That is another key word: prepared environment; a house just for children. And with not only "visual aids," but "tactile aids," as well. She wanted to use all the senses. And movement. And repetition. Until a child really "digs" what he's doing, and then can leave it in peace. She believed in comparatively large classes—thirty or forty—with the children helping each other. Her ideas to one newly come upon them are very exciting, and to mention them like this merely betrays them. One can only recommend this book, as

well as her own writings.

She was a Catholic, and so is Mr. Standing, the author of this good book; this enthusiastic and worshipful book. If it reaches the right person at the right time in his life it could move him to one of the most beautiful of all vocations.

HEROIC SANCTITY AND INSANITY (An Introduction to the Spiritual Life and Mental Hygiene) By Thomas Verner Moore Carthusian (Grune & Stratton) Reviewed by Alice Katherine Casper

With "Every Other Bed," (1) in our hospitals occupied by a mental patient, there is hardly anyone who is not concerned over the prevalence of mental illness, and eager for an authoritative voice to speak of hope for the future. Thomas Verner Moore is such a voice, qualified as physician, psychiatrist, and religious, to speak of the whole man as he is made up of body, soul, and spirit. "Heroic Sanctity and Insanity" comes at a time "when psychiatrists are giving special attention to the relation between religion and psychiatry," and, since "religion without sanctity is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," a study of sanctity must be given its rightful place in any book that considers mental health.

The subject matter of "Heroic Sanctity and Insanity" is deep enough to interest the psychiatrist and the theologian; but, to reach the laity, the language is non-technical and easy to understand. The style is simple, so much so that it takes less than two hundred fifty pages to cover a subject that is as simple as truth, yet so profound that the full impact of its message may not be apparent at a first, or casual, reading. Father Moore's premise is as old-fashioned as Christianity. He is saying, simply, that the spirit is queen of the psyche.

Upon this premise he builds his book, considering first the life of the spirit and then the psychological life, in proper, hierarchical order, concluding with an illustration of the growth and development of both into the strong personality that makes for sanctity. In this last part, he uses the life of St. Therese of Lisieux as a background for his discussion. It is a beautiful synthesis, written by one who understands fully that the "life of man with God has the answer to the problems of the life of man with man."

For those who are infected with the modern, opposite, belief that the spirit (if it exists at all) is but the hand-maiden of the psyche, it is vital to an understanding of this book to read it with an open mind and a humble heart, lest its message be misunderstood and rejected. Father Moore himself says that "if one who is a stranger to Christian thought reads these pages he will find it difficult to realize the fullness of their import."

1. "Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God and His Justice."

The first section of the book uses authoritative quotations to prove that "Christ asks all men to strive for heroic sanctity;" and, since there can be no heroic sanctity without heroic virtue, there follows an outline of the qualifications of the latter. This part is a challenge to the interest of its readers, since it treats of such subjects as obedience, prudence, affability, and observance, topics which are inclined to take the glamour out of "running after the fountains of living water." For those who understand the importance of answering Christ's call, however, this study of the spiritual life is more than a crust of dry bread: it is a whole meal of food for thought, given flavor by illustrations from real life, the most

(1.) "Every Other Bed" by Mike Gorman.



REVIEWS

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inspiring of which is the analysis of the sorrow of Mary Magdalen. Father Moore recommends the story of this saint to psychiatrists who "look upon all sorrow for sin as pathological."

Some may think that a lengthy discussion of faith, hope, charity, the moral virtues, a sacramental life of prayer, holy reading, and self-denial is of interest and value only to those practicing the Catholic faith. It is the author's hope that such readers will come to see that such a foundation as he describes is invaluable for the sound mental health of all. He says in his Preface: "The present work, while pointing out that the whole of psychotherapy is by no means religious therapy, maintains that religious ideals, lived out in a deep spiritual life, can and do prevent some mental disorders and at times relieve or even cure conditions in which all other forms of therapy, by themselves, are powerless." This theme is further developed in the second section.

2. "and all these things shall be added unto you."

This part of the book gives a short introduction to psychiatry, and shows how sanctity can be most important in preventing mental breakdowns. Where sanctity does not exist, even then a reform of the moral and spiritual life can sometimes be an important factor in therapy. It is through striving for sanctity that a strong personality is developed, one that can withstand the stress and strain of life without breaking down. Doctor Moore warns, however, that "this strength of the personality is not a pure natural endowment but something purified and strengthened by divine grace." This hierarchy of spirit over psyche must never be forgotten. That is why Doctor Moore believes not only that the profession of psychiatry can be enriched by an understanding of the aim and purpose of Christian life, but that, without such knowledge, in many cases much harm can be done to patients suffering from mental disturbances.

In spite of the supremacy of spirit over psyche, the human element, both physical and mental, is always present, and often shows its weakness in mental disturbances, even in the lives of the saints. Father Moore shows how sanctity can be compatible with some forms of mental disease, incompatible with others. A distinction must be made, too, among three types of mental disturbances: 1. a major mental disorder (psychosis); 2. that "part reaction" which is termed a psychoneurosis; and 3. "an emotional reaction to the stress and strain of life which is indeed severe but within the limits of normal fluctuations of mood." No one, warns Father Moore, except a qualified psychiatrist should ever diagnose the nature of an individual person's mental condition. This warning is well-timed in view of the reams of verbiage being poured out at present on the subject of the mental condition of the saints.

The third section illustrates the first two by a "development of the sanctity of St. Therese of Lisieux," and a "psychiatric study of the growth of her personality." Father Moore takes strong issue with Father Robo, who in his book, "Two Portraits," set in unscientific judgment upon St. Therese, terming her, among other things, a "neuropath." Father Moore discusses at length St. Therese's so-called "mental" illness, which he demonstrates to have been due to physical causes. Although he mentions elsewhere that emotional stress often has a resonance in the body, he does not include such a consideration in his discussion of St. Therese's illness, but concerns himself mainly with showing how her conduct throughout her life, as well as during her illness, could not possibly be termed neuropathic. As a matter of fact, he makes it

very clear that her thoroughly Christian upbringing, centered as it was around the ideal of sanctity, enabled her, with the help of grace, to develop the strong personality which not only was completely incompatible with that of a neuropath, but which carried her on to becoming the "greatest saint of modern times." (2)

This last section makes an invaluable contribution to Christian life by its picture of the home of the Martin family. If such a family life can be accepted as normal, without phases of it seeming stuffy, and without having details explained away which at first may seem extreme, then what is at first admired may eventually be imitated, and we may hope for a nucleus of sanctity that will help in great measure to promote the growth of sound mental and spiritual life.

Another beautiful illustration of the power of the spirit is used in a study of Mr. Martin, the father of St. Therese. Father Moore shows how "the therapeutic level of sanctity" can sustain one's virtue during a mental illness, as it did in the case of Mr. Martin, who suffered from an organic mental disease. This illustration contains the heart of Father Moore's message, because it makes clear the fact that one may be very sick mentally and yet be healthy enough spiritually to make strides in sanctity during the period of mental disturbance. Such a soul is moving in the realm of grace, where the Holy Spirit, rather than his own unpurified nature alone, has control of his "drives." Other persons, who have not yet reached that level of sanctity where passions are fully under control, will not be able to react to mental illness with complete virtue. Still others, sick both mentally and spiritually, could in many cases have been able to avoid their truly pitiable condition if the principles set forth in this book had been understood and applied from the days of their early childhood; for, "in adolescence every one has a special type of temperament which manifests various defects. The nature of these defects predicts the type of insanity that the one who has them will later develop should he become insane . . . Prevention of such mental disorders should be attempted, by the mental hygiene of the home in adolescent life." For such persons, who have come to adult life without such a program of mental hygiene, and who have suffered a mental breakdown, the damage has, of course already been done; and both psychiatry

(2.) Pope Pius XI



and religion must then do all in their power to repair the loss.

Many expressions are used that will echo and re-echo long after this book has been read, such things as: "intellectual and volitional readiness," "therapeutic level of sanctity," "perfect control," "right reason," "heroic peace." References to right reason and peace are so frequent that the relation between the two cannot be missed.

Father Moore asks throughout his book that his readers use their intellectual powers; he speaks to them as reasonable men, free of preconceived notions and prejudices. He offers a message of hope in an age when supernatural hope is the forgotten virtue; for, to the poor soul whose night is dark and painful, he gives assurance that "if he turns to God with all his heart and asks for help, (he) will surely get it."

* * *

Reference could be made to other writings that may shed some light on the subject of the relationship of body, soul, and spirit:

1. "I am a Daughter of the Church" by Fr. M. Eugene, O. C. D.
2. "Suffering and St. Therese" by Abbe Combes.
3. "The Stress of Life" by Dr. Hans Selye, who is proving by scientific experiments the effects of stress on the chemistry of the body.

On Gradualism in Race Relations

Racial segregation and discrimination, whether in the North or the South, whether by force of un-Christian snobbery or by compulsion of unconstitutional statutes is essentially the same evil.

As a matter of fact, and in all candor, except for the Southern politician who says one thing in public and another thing in private, one thing to the national radio or television audience and another thing to the White Citizens Council rally, the ordinary Southerner practices what he preaches.

Would that this were true of the ordinary Northerner! We say the right thing, but shy away from practicing it. In many fields such as employment and housing, Northern practice is patently at variance with Northern preaching.

As long as the Negro is content to lie down and be walked on, there will be no racial tensions.

All the natural and weak human inclinations of timidity, laziness, selfishness and conformism tend to support the thesis of gradualism and the plea of pseudo-prudence.

What is needed today is not so much an insistence on prudence as a far greater insistence upon courage.

It is not enough to subscribe to the principles of the Christian faith: it is not enough to believe in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. It is necessary to have the courage to put our principles and our beliefs into practice in our public and private lives.

—Rev. William J. Kenealy, S. J., Loyola University (Chicago)

The New York Committee for Capital Punishment, 2 West 64th St. New York 23, N. Y. has reminded us that three men are scheduled to die in the electric chair in New York State this month. Pablo Vargas is to be executed on May 9th; Walter T. Green and Henry Flakes on May 16th. The backgrounds of all three are one more indication of the truth of the late Warden Lewis E. Lawes' assertion that, by and large, only the poor and friendless are executed. We ask our readers to telegraph or write immediately to Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, Executive Mansion, Albany, N. Y., asking him to grant clemency for these men and to work for the abolition of all capital punishment.

Redemption

To learn is by falling, the earth's geological stones
Rising to meet my descending sight, the quick
Torrential air becoming a purifying
Rapids when crossing my tumbling brain.
I remember the moment before the final pain
Is the moment of knowing, before dying,
Before the tongues of the earth begin to lock
The redness from my wounds and the crumbs of my bones
Are gathered by the Paradiso birds,
Before the loud crash and the explosive herds
Have stamped on my flesh, I will shrink to the size
Of a pinpoint of light in order to enter
The perpetual lamps of His forgiving eyes,
Which in their burning are at the world's center.

Jack Lindeman

South in the Winter

By ROBERT STOWELL

We left our Vermont farm in early winter for a journey South. Probably the strongest reason was a sense of loneliness and a need for companionship both for ourselves and Laurie, age three. We live in a small community where there are no nearby children during the winter as both of our neighbors are retired couples whose families have grown up. We were also looking for "useful" work to do and wanted to live more out of doors than is possible in the middle of a Vermont winter. Then to we have become increasingly disturbed by the high level of radioactivity in the Northeast and its possible effects on children's health. This made it seem wise to spend at least part of the year where the level is lower.

The madness of our times is amply documented by plain, untampered with news items. Wheat in Minnesota and North Dakota is reported to contain ten times the maximum permissible concentration of strontium-90. In a recent year the amount of S-90 in children's bones (under age four) doubled. Nation wide tests by Consumers Union have shown considerable amounts of strontium in the milk we drink. Many scientists are themselves in disagreement about the "safe" amount of radioactive materials that an individual may stand without damage to health. Your Congressman will send you a free copy of "Fallout from Nuclear Tests," Summary Analysis of Hearings, May 5-8, 1959. This government report makes it clear that the peak of contamination will not be reached for five more years—even if there are no new explosions. Their charts show the level of strontium-90 in the soil as particularly high at about forty degrees above and below the equator. The theory now is that at these latitudes there are great cracks in the stratosphere through which the radioactive dust falls much more quickly than had been predicted. Since most of the nuclear tests have been held in areas north of the equator, the level of radioactivity is nearly twice as high as in the southern hemisphere.

We were fortunate in finding part-time work at Penn Community Center, located on St. Helena Island off the coast of South Carolina. Soon after Union troops captured the sea islands in the Civil War a school was founded for Negroes. Penn School was active for 75 years in promoting the general welfare on the island through its normal, trade and agricultural school. A few years ago the state built the first public school on the island, and Penn then became a community center, as well as a place where inter-racial meetings might be held. A nurse school is operated on the former campus as well as a library, bookmobile, clinic, and a salesroom for used clothing. I have been helping to repair damage to the buildings from last fall's hurricane "Gracie." We have found our stay at Penn an ideal way to learn more about the problems of the South.

One of the recent conferences here was on consumer education,

designed especially to answer some of the needs of poorer people. Here in the South there is certainly poverty, and I cannot recommend it when it means ill-health, indifferent children, and a general lack of will. The poor need to stretch their hard earned dollar in every direction. Buying on credit is really the worst possible way for the poor, yet it is so common as to be almost universal. Interest rates as high as 36 percent a year are not uncommon, and this is too great a drain on a poor family's income. At the conference one of the speakers pointed out that sometimes the buyer would forget to keep proper receipts for his installment payments and would then be forced to pay a second time for the same article.

To me the most depressing part of the poverty is the lack of flowers or a vegetable garden near the cabins and houses. Too often there is a barren earth yard, yet many kinds of greens could be grown here through the winter months. The poor seem to depend upon store food and thus use a large part of their income which they need for housing or clothes.

Can a tradition of self-help be reborn? How do people begin to want to grow their own food at home? The need for decent housing is everywhere evident, and there are many methods of building low-cost houses. Tuskegee Institute has published bulletins on a method worked out there for making concrete blocks. In Puerto Rico a small cement house, termite, fire, and hurricane proof, is built for a total cash cost of \$300. A main item in all building is labor, and here in the South there is much under-employment. A field worker may have from 150 to 200 days without work each year, ample time to build his own house.

Another interesting device is called the CINVA Ram, developed in Columbia, South America. Soil plus a small amount of cement (one part to fourteen of soil) is placed in a hand operated ram which exerts tremendous pressure and forms a large "adobe" brick that is very durable and does not have to be baked. Such a ram could be owned cooperatively by a group of home builders who might also decide to help each other in making the bricks. The ram costs \$75 not including delivery. Many houses have been built with the CINVA Ram in various countries of the world.

With a clean, attractive home there would surely be more incentive for a family to plant some flowers and start that all important garden.

Some of the areas of South Carolina remind me of Carlo Levi's book, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*. On a recent trip to talk with various "leaders" in the Negro community about registration for voting I called at a town named St. James, a little village with paved streets and a public water supply. It was soon evident that few of the "leaders" lived in St. James, and I was directed out to Varneytown. To reach it you turn off the blacktop onto a sandy track where there have been more trac-

(Continued on page 7)

That Majestic Calm

(Continued from page 2)

amined carefully. Some companies even woo the man's family to have its life centered around the ideals of the corporation."

Mr. Domenach said he had read *The Organization Man* carefully. A wild-eyed man in social work said America has foisted the responsibility of charity onto large, badly motivated organizations. A philosopher reported that large organizations are proving their ability to handle the huge tasks of guilding labor, welfare, and education in mass society. He cited the large amount of research sponsored by industry as a sign of health, concluding what he said with—"I don't want to sound as if I'm on the side of organizations . . . but I guess I am."

Mr. D. pushed on to his most provocative question: "In the affluent society, where the chief driving force seems to be continued, spiraling production and consumption, how is it possible to preach respect for the Christian ideal of poverty? or even Christian morality itself?"

A priest from the suburbs related the growing numbers receiving the Sacraments and participating in the liturgical movement. But he admitted that poverty in its classical sense is not existential reality in the suburbs. Another philosopher exclaimed: "What novel unpredictable sermons could be made from what we're talking about. I doubt that even the simplest, clearest language would communicate old ideas about Christian poverty to our congregation." An English instructor surmised "the increased frequency of the word detachment in modern pulpit vocabulary."

A man in Mr. Domenach's profession who had talked with him for a long time earlier said, "Prosperity here is relative and continually changing. During the depression, for instance, it was a big thing to have an electric refrigerator. After the war T.V.'s were a luxury. Now everyone takes them for granted. Sure, there's a lot of junk being broadcast. But, you know, I'm from a large family and most of my brothers who grew up through all this don't watch T.V. much at all. It's a matter of personal choice and any sensible individual can draw the line be-

tween need and affluence at a given time. But the terms of the problem are constantly changing."

Mr. D. was not satisfied. He said, "The great problem of affluence and morality is not solved individually. I believe firmly that original sin is a collective illness: this is manifest in social evils for which whole societies share the guilt and whole societies must correct together, if there is to be any remedy at all. By the way, I did not have a refrigerator for the first thirteen years of my married life."

The editor answered, "When you talk about capitalism you have to understand that it is not one thing but a number of inter-acting systems. Each is improved in a different way—special remedies for labor, for politics, and so forth—and progress is made usually by independent, slow steps." More heatedly: "It does no good to attack capitalism with a simplistic morality. I took that road myself once and I know it leads to nothing positive. If you're really interested in improving what you think is the capitalistic system, give me something positive. Give me five good proposals," he said shaking his open hand.

The Frenchman said, "Why five?"

Dead silence was finally broken by a history professor who has been cleaning his desk lately of article and book manuscripts so that he can get on way to Europe and a research fellowship. He said, "In line with your remark about doing without a refrigerator, what would you say of our host here if he should buy an expensive automatic washing machine and dryer? These are expensive items but they would give his wife more time to be with her children and, since she's a sociologist herself, she would have more time to give to her studies."

"That is his own business. He has good reason and you have answered your own question."

The historian pursued, "Well, a more personal question: would you, an editor and a scholar, use an electric washer under similar circumstances?"

Mr. D. smiled: "In France it is always the women who do the wash. But my community at home has the point of view which tells us, 'It is better to do without something you do not absolutely need if buying it would rouse envy in your neighbors.'"

The hostess intuited that it was time to serve coffee and cookies, and she left the room suddenly. Some time later, as she sat apart with some of the group, she said, with a majestic calm: "I doubt the value of discussing these questions. They were out of date twenty years ago."

The Majestic Calm formula, I would guess, works better on the individual front than it does in solving the grander social problems. Countless Italian Jobs have suffered with their burdens, reading their Virgil and taking occasional peeks at Voltaire as well. Through nineteen hundred years of majestic calm the Church watched slavery abolished at last—mainly through secular leadership. There are other problems more current which needn't be mentioned. Die-hard clerics and laymen continue to devote their lives to their specialized areas of salvation in every spiritual and temporal acceptance of the word. The doctrine of Majestic Calm is in no danger of being overthrown as the second "Americanism" heresy. But its adherents should re-evaluate their position. Granted that this is the best of all possible worlds, we are sometimes condemned to live through our immortality as Burns did in his lines "To a Mouse": Still thou art blest, compared with me!

The present only toucheth thee: But oh! I backward cast my eye On prospects drear! An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear!

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Dear Dorothy,

I would like to tell you something about a young people's work of mercy, originated here twelve years ago following the governor's order that strait-jackets in the mental hospitals be burnt. Since then young working Catholics who love and seek the poor have found an outlet in a small group formed originally as a charity committee of our Dominicks, whose interests were then and still are for the most part social. The group's first major project was a Christmas "store"; the volunteers begged for and obtained from local merchants two gifts for each of the 1200 patients—one to be kept, the other to be sent away. This is still the only project at our nearby state hospital which gives the patient a gift for another member of his family.

The group's work soon expanded, as the understaffed hospital people welcomed its endeavors. It became independent of the other group and held business meetings in the homes of those who remained concerned beyond the Christmas season. Twelve years later it is con-

for hours on the chests without being lifted sometimes were held up, as our John demonstrated, one step at a time, with never an indication of any kind of tiredness, these old-world dance patterns.

We have seen grow an extraordinary eagerness to welcome us to a monthly "dance with orchestra." Often the auditorium has been decorated with a skill that would probably astonish those who think of all mentally ill persons as withdrawn and incapacitated. The old-timers introduce us to the newcomers as the Catholic Volunteers, and they learn our names quickly. Here we find the Humiliated Christ, Dorothy, of whom you write in the February Worker; in what many consider the least of our brethren, those in need of continuous supervision, we sometimes witness smiles of recognition that set our hearts quite afire and renew our determination to plan a good program for the month to follow.

This particular hospital in the small town of Anoka has over 500 volunteer workers, owing chiefly to the dedication of a Mr. William Judkins, a retired minister, who coordinates the projects of the various groups with one another and with the hospital schedule. This hospital has been commended by other hard-pressed hospital staffs for its successes. Perhaps by telling you of its work, I will help inspire someone who lives near to some of these less fortunate institutions to volunteer some little time to serving Christ in the sick poor.

Nancy Curriden
5049 Chowen Avenue, South
Minneapolis 10, Minn.

Dear Friends,

I am writing to you in the hopes of obtaining a part-time teacher, or teachers, for a summer school in a small, Protestant, Southern town.

Perhaps you have read in the papers of the plight of the Yancey County, North Carolina, colored children. Because they have not been given the simplest facilities for attending school, the 32 children are either attending the one-teacher elementary classes in the basement of the Methodist Church, or boarding and attending high school in Asheville (40 miles away).

The Burnsville Education Project has been formed to provide private schooling for the pupils while a court action is pending. Their goal to raise \$5000 for this purpose has been reached. But the present school year is almost at an end. The one teacher of the Burnsville colored children has done heroic work in her attempt to provide work and order for the 25 pupils which make up eight grades. Obviously the group could receive only a smattering of education under such conditions. It has been hoped that a summer school could be organized to help the elementary school pupils lest they fall too greatly behind the level of their age groups.

The great need for the present, is to find one or two or three dedicated women or men, colored or white, who would have the courage and "know-how" to undertake such a project. I am writing this as a private individual who is concerned for the God-given rights of fellow-citizens.

If you are not in a position to recommend someone directly, would you be able to give me the address of individuals or institutions which might provide help?

I might add that if the person is a Catholic, she would be able to attend Sunday Mass in Burnsville itself. Also, possession of an automobile is not necessary.

May I thank you in advance for any assistance you may give.

Sincerely in Christ,
Who was poor,
(Rev.) Ramond Berthalume
St. Lucien's Church
Spruce Pine, N.C.

Dear Miss Day:

My last issue of the WORKER has long since disappeared among the students and so I do not have your new address. But I imagine that this will be forwarded.

This is not an appeal for food or clothing, or even for money. What I hope your readers will be willing to send us is something quite useless to them—old books, magazines and newspapers. Here in the Sudan there is a great need for good literature, whether it be creative, scientific, religious, or whatever. From time to time friends in the U.S. send me their books and magazines, but the supply is so very small compared to the demands made upon me, demands from our own school, from outside students, from chaplains of organizations and government institutions. At the present moment three very necessary libraries are being created—one for our own school, one for the Catholic students at the University of Khartoum, and one for the people of the Cathedral parish. Eventually they will be combined in one central Catholic library, open to anyone who may wish to use it. For now the problem of space makes the three libraries more practical.

But to build a library is an expensive project and we are not able to purchase all the books we would like to have. So we would like to ask your readers whether they will help us. Anything which is good solid reading and suitable for Catholic laypeople will be most welcome and will contribute mightily to the education of our own people and of their Muslim, Jewish, and pagan fellow-countrymen.

Yours very truly,
W. M. Wharton, Jr.
Lecturer

CHESSMAN

By Jim Hughes, aged ten

I think it is all wrong about Carol Chessman. Lots of worse criminals have been put into mental hospitals instead of condemning them to death. Capital punishment is all wrong. Only people that have something mentally wrong with them would kill or torture. We have gotten letters against us by the thousand. They say we are fasting and everything for the outlaw and not even a thought to his victims, that isn't true. We have said many prayers for them. I hope you see my point. Robert Steed is O.K. after his 46 day fast.

PIUS XI

"The system of private property is no more absolutely immutable than any other human institution; and history shows it."

CATHOLICS AND THE STATE

"Since her institution the Catholic Church has never ceased at every point of the globe and every instant of her duration to have difficulties with every form of society and of the state, even of those which seemed to borrow from her their constituent principles."

"No government will find Christians in revolt, but what is worse, it will find them profoundly indifferent. It feels a dull irritation on hearing there is in a Christian soul something that does not belong to it, something which is not for it, and fundamentally escapes it."

"It feels that it is seen through, and that to the very depths of its provisory essence. It is not taken seriously. It feels that it is no longer truly sovereign but a kind of steward or procurator, an overseer of material interests whose services are accepted with a resignation which it is not always difficult to mistake for scorn."

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South in the Winter

(Continued from page 5)

tors and mules than cars. After three miles of dust a cluster of unpainted wooden houses appeared. The dried up cotton stalks crowd right up to the dooryards, and you must learn not to try to hurry the cows in the road. There are perhaps fifty houses in the settlement and two small stores with gas pumps. Someone tried to lighten the weight of desolation by building a swimming pool, but it was full of scum. I was told that many of the more energetic Negroes in Florida had migrated to New York. Seeing a white man on their door step was evidently a surprise to some of them, but on learning my mission they were universally friendly and helpful. The children here were laughing and playing in the coolness of March. I cannot but wonder what this little settlement will be like in the heat of summer when the dust is blowing.

Our big adventure this winter was a trip to the Bahamas and Jamaica. Friends on Eleuthera Island, 75 miles east of Nassau, asked us to be their guests. Eleuthera is a long (100 miles) thin strip of limestone whose beauty has been discovered by wealthy British and Americans. There are two fine harbors on the island and many sand beaches. There is also a missile tracking station and a U.S. Air Force base. A story is told that the Commissioner of the Bahamas came to the island and the first thing he saw on landing at the air field was a large sign saying "U.S. Government Property." The air field is only "on loan" to the United States, and his first request was that the sign be removed — which it was in a matter of hours.

Eleuthera is quite unhurried and calm compared with Nassau. At one of the small settlements near the end of the island almost every house had a doomed outdoor oven for baking. Unfortunately a new road will soon bring the advantages of "Americanization" to the area. Despite the rocky soil bananas, papaya, oranges and other fruit seemed to thrive, and pineapple was once an important crop until competition from Hawaii reduced the price in the Bahamas. Milk is shipped to Nassau from a large plantation on Eleuthera.

My observation indicates that a local population is demoralized in direct proportion to the number of wealthy tourists. Nassau is an extreme example. Very little food is grown anymore on the island and everyone has their hand out for the dollar. The city itself has about 7,000 cars on its narrow streets. Just over the hill from the luxury hotels and tourist attractions (called picturesque and quaint in the publicity folders) is one of the worst slums I have ever seen. I only spent one night there, but the neglect, dirt, rubbish, rats and general disorder were overwhelming. As I carried a knapsack on my

back people knew I was not the usual tourist, and several went out of their way to be friendly. One taxi driver gave me a free ride out to the airport, and he said that the political corruption of officials on the island equalled the dirt of the slums. "But it cannot go on much longer," he said, "because the prices we have to pay for food are rising much faster than wages." Maids are paid six or seven dollars a week, and this may not include their meals.

The scenery in Jamaica is flamboyant — seven thousand foot mountains, rolling plains covered with orange trees, and the ever-present miles of dazzling sea coast. We hope that some Americans will go there to camp and hike to help balance the impression made by the throngs of Americans who stay at the \$40 a day hotels on the north shore. The nights are warm enough (at lower elevations) to sleep outside comfortably the year around. A few mosquitoes may collect around your camp site, but usually there is enough breeze to keep them from being unpleasant. Clean Jamaican hotels are available for \$1.50 a night. My eight days there cost less than twenty dollars not including the airplane fare.

More than once Jamaicans asked about the racial tension in the southern United States. One teacher told me about trying to buy a meal in Philadelphia a few years ago only to be threatened with a big club by the proprietor. I could only say that there was some evidence of a change in America, slow though it might be. There are about two million people on the island which is 140 miles long and only about forty miles wide. With a great mixture of races there is almost no color bar — in fact, class lines seemed much more important than color. The lack of gardens is even more depressing in Jamaica than in our own South because this is a veritable paradise for growing fruits and vegetables. Yet there were the same barren, earth trodden dooryards. Besides all the tropical fruits (papaya, banana, ackee, citrus, mangoes, breadfruit, soursop, sapodillas, etc), there were also Irish potatoes, carrots, cabbage and other "northern" vegetables in the market. Even a few peaches are grown, though it is too warm for apples or pears. Only recently has the island tried to provide "high school" education on a large scale, and they still need teachers from outside. We would like to spend a year in Jamaica or Puerto Rico to learn more about the islands. How can a whole people be inspired to use their own efforts to reach a more bountiful life.

Our winter in the South has made us aware of the beauty of the word "brotherhood," and the challenge that faces each of us.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

dally, God bless him. He had been giving a retreat at the Trappist Abbey of Our Lady of Guadalupe. March 4.

Sue made a perfect pizza for dinner and afterwards we went to my last meeting in Seattle, to which John Crawford had invited me. John had been to my meeting at Seattle University, which is a Jesuit college, he himself attending the Univ. of Washington. The meeting was held on a house boat named Bilgewater and was made up of a group of people who had been dining together and had invited other guests in later. We had also been invited. Several proclaimed themselves atheists before the meeting started and the host who was barefooted and bearded was a teacher of mathematics. The meeting was good and the questions intelligent, but one young man who had had a lot of

wine kept the meeting to a dialogue which must have been a bore to the rest. When I left he started reading aloud a psychotic poem from *Howl* a beatnik magazine.

March 5, Portland.

Dorothy Farnworth came to the station to meet me. Dorothy and I are members of the Jesus Caritas Fraternity of Charles de Foucauld so it was like seeing a sister. She has a house near the Dominican Church and across the way from Stella Maris, a center where three of Catherine Dougherty's Combermer group provide library and meeting place and center for all Catholic Action groups in Portland. They are also a secular institute in formation.

Dorothy's house was a little center of the works of mercy. She herself works with a training center for the deaf, and she had several girls staying with her who pay

room rent (they are members of the Y.C.W.) and several others who need her help such as a mother and deaf daughter who had come to the city to try to get training for the daughter, and whose funds had run out. There was also a young woman, half Eskimo who had been placed in a mental hospital when she was orphaned and left there for twenty years, merely because she was deaf and there was no place else to put her. By sponsoring her Dorothy was able to obtain her liberty and now she was working at the Good Will Industries. We spent the evening with Hans Furth and talked of the problems of the deaf, and the work which Hans was going to undertake at Catholic University. He has been studying the psychology of the deaf and the best ways of enabling them to communicate with their fellows. Before the evening was over we had a delightful hour of music. Hans is a pianist and always ready to treat his friends to a concert.

A Child's Death

I was deeply grieved to hear of John and Pat Little's loss of their six months old baby, from pneumonia. The last time I visited Portland, John and Pat were engaged and carefree. John was in charge of the Blanchet House of Hospitality and Pat in charge of Friendship House. Now grief had visited them.

Sunday, March 6.

This afternoon I visited the Precious Blood monastery which Catherine Temple had introduced me to many years before. It is a center of prayer for a group of contemplative nuns and after we had spent an hour in the chapel we visited the nuns. Then in the evening there was a meeting in the Dominican Hall which Stella Maris uses and there was a good group. I was delighted to see Catherine Temple there, after hearing from the nuns that she had been anointed after a heart attack. Her son is the Provincial of the Franciscans on the west coast.

March 7, Monday.

Mass at Stella Maris this morning and afterwards breakfast with Abbot Columban of Guadalupe Abbey who had offered the Mass. Later I had breakfast at noon again with Fr. Norton, O.P., the pastor of the parish church and he spoke of his devotion to the Holy Name, and I told him of the pamphlet of the Monks of St. Sergius "On the Invocation of the Name." Later I met Madeleine Furth and went through the impressive building of the Good Will Industries where many are employed and many things are for sale. One could furnish one's home from this warehouse, and it was cheerfully laid out and the workshops and stores crowded. I myself purchased my spring coat there for \$1.50.

Mount Angel College

In the evening I drove out to Mt. Angel with Mary Mannion and her fiancé, through a driving rain and back again, a very long trip for so brief a visit with our friends the Mannions.

Tuesday, March 8.

In the morning to visit Catherine Temple in her delightful little house on the side of Mt. Taber; then to the Blanchet House of Hospitality where 1,300 men had just been fed, as they are fed each day in a big dining room which is clean and tastefully decorated. Margaret Haynes and Mary Ellen Martin had been driving me around and we sat down to dinner together. The men who had been doing the cooking and serving put on the most delightful meal of a dozen courses, it seemed like to me. Anyway they were emptying their ice boxes and showing the quality of the food and the service. What a group, and what good mutual aid! This work was started by a group of graduates from Portland University. After their graduation, these young students become business men also did a fine job of public relations for the house. It takes a lot of doing to convince the respectable that there is a need to feed 1,300 to 1,500 a day and that these men are workers who for one

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UP THE COAST AND HOME

(Continued from page 2)

bookstore and coffeshop and the talk was recorded. Later I spoke to students and nuns and they asked for the recording for all of the Sisters. In San Francisco I met with some Santa Clara students I had known before and was invited to speak at the Cloven Hoof in the beat district. This lasted from 10 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. and questions came by the hundred; some of them being ignorant and insulting, others blindly theological, and others from assorted radicals who did not see the Catholic Church. The Bread and Wine Mission is now closed. I would like to open a store front on that street sometime. I was sorry to miss Lawrence Ferlinghetti who was out of town, and had hoped to meet Brother Antoninus, but his superiors are keeping him in curfew, I guess.

In Berkeley Phil Roos had me speak at Wheeler Hall to students and the meeting overflowed on the grass outside for a long time. I spoke also to the Newman Club and met Tom Coddington who has had a difficult time getting recognition as a Catholic C.O. The young Irish priests were courteous and fair but my message was hard for them to take. As usual I spoke for half an hour on KPFA. I was pleased to find the Walden anarchist school run by Dennie Wilcher and Adelaide Goodfriend. I told the children a few of my adventures. Acts for Peace is where Bob Pickus generates his dynamo which spreads all over the coast with every variety of pacifist propaganda; I had met him before and was glad to meet him again and to know his co-workers. Pablo Casals had just arrived to give instructions in music at the U and I was privileged to meet him and his pretty young wife. He had read my book and sent me a congratulatory letter. He is Catholic and anarchist and head of the committee to gather funds for the refugees from the Franco terror. I also spoke to the Quaker Sunday school.

Gordon Keller had some friends at his home one evening where I spoke. I stayed with Vic and Emma Hauser, my old time friends since 1949 who know my daughters. I spoke at Orval Etter's Pacific Forum at Clinton's Restaurant. Mike Gold and his two sons were there and later that night I spoke at length to young friends of theirs at Mike's apartment. Vic drove me to San Mateo where I spoke at the home of Warren K. Billings to a group of friends. He and I started to be radicals a long time ago, being both born in the month of July, 1893, and being in and out of jail many times. Young folks these days may not remember the names of Debs, of Mooney and Billings, of Sacco and Vanzetti, but their names are written in blood in the history of labor. Short visits with George Reeves and St. Miller, CO's of old time, and with Carol Gorgen who went to jail with us in the air raid refusal in N.Y. in 1955, and with Debbie Brennan, who greeted me with a huge finely-baked raisin pie, and I was on my way upstate.

Speaking of jails, I forgot to mention that when I had talked to the students at Indian Springs School near Birmingham for a couple of days I had my back to the window and did not notice a police car drive up. Later the boys said that they were getting ready to keep me from being swished away, for I had been telling them about cops and jails all along. Also when I was waiting for my friend Platt Cline to come home from work in Flagstaff the local police saw that a stranger was in town and wanted to know what I was waiting for. Someone sent me a clipping about the acting postmaster in Milwaukee getting a fine of \$1,000 and five years probation for "mishandling" \$17,000. I know several from Milwaukee doing time in Sandstone for five years for getting away with very small amounts, but they are not government officials. How can anyone blame convicts for rioting or for continuing in a life of crime when cities like New York and Chicago are full of police and officials who steal daily and buy off "justice?"

Marysville

This is the vicinity where gold was first discovered in 1849 and great heaps of pebbles piled here and there in dry river beds are reminiscent of those old days. I saw my first rice fields. This is also a peach country, and because the land in below the level of the river with its levees there is a holiday something like the Mardi Gras in New Orleans for prayer to that Chinese God Bok Kai, the river God who they say prevents floods. Many Chinese, Hindus, and Mohammedans live here, and for over 100 years this celebration has occurred around March, actually the second day of the second month of the Chinese calendar. It is called Bomb Day because balloons filled with trinkets such as are scattered from the floats in the Mardi Gras parade, are showered to those who assemble. The whole community takes part.

Prof. Fred Morgan, who teaches English at Yuba College in Marysville, drove me from San Francisco to Marysville and the next day from Marysville to Redding. I spoke to the assembly and later met students of the different nationalities at a night meeting, and at another meeting in his home. The CW message was entirely new to the students and I had a lively time.

In Oregon

The rainfall here is not much more than in parts of the east but it seems to sprinkle nearly every day about nine months of the year. This is a beautiful mountain country and the bus was late coming through the snowy pass so my young Quaker friends, Bruce and Jane Ergood, met me at Eugene for the meeting at their home in Corvallis that night. I spoke to a large class in the morning at the State College there and to students at a luncheon at noon. Some Mohammedans were there, and a Klamath Indian girl asked many questions. Bruce drove me to Portland after my meeting next day in Eugene. Here I was met by Prof. Foss, whom I had met before, and who had written to the CW originally from Salt Lake City. He is not religious but is a pacifist who likes the CW. His wife is from Holland.

In Portland I stayed at the home of radical friends of the CW, the Neufers, who had folks over to meet me. My anarchist friend Renel Amdur had the television folks contact me where for three minutes I had to explain how "I could be a pacifist, anarchist and Catholic." I had an interesting meeting one night at Miss Jordan's studio, leaving afterwards with John Little, former director of Blanchet House, to midnight Mass and a visit at Stella Maris House where I met old Friendship friends. John teaches twenty miles out in the state of Washington at a country school in Battleground. A fine visit with his wife Pat and their black-Irish children. Hans and Madeleine Furth came over for the evening. I met with the strikers of both newspapers here. They had a parade in the rain. I was not able to get downtown to picket at the dime store with the Reed College students, but I spoke to them at the college. I had never met Jerome Davis, but he came to my meeting and said a few words about pacifist experiences in Japan. Mary Manion drove me to Mt. Angel where I had a meeting with friends at the home of her folks. Mayanna always brings some doubting Thomas's so my meetings there are lively. I spoke to Sister Virginia's class at the college and met with her radical Sister friends. Later I went to the conservative Benedictine Abbey and met Father Joseph who had met me several times when I sold CW's at Fordham. A semi-

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)

reason or another are temporarily or permanently out of work. Men over forty-five, men too young for social security or pensions and too old to get jobs, young men disabled, men with ruptures and other disabilities which may make the employer liable for workmen's compensation in case of accident and so causing increased insurance—all kinds of men and all kinds of conditions besides those of alcoholism or mental disturbance put men on a soup line. But here as in San Francisco, the men are served far more than soup. Sixty men are put up in the hotel upstairs and in addition there is another house for men out of prison, who are paroled to the group. Wayne Keith is in charge of this house, and John O'Keefe at Blanchet House. The latter is going to get married next month and they are looking for a replacement for him. I have never seen a house better run.

About a score of students at Reed College talked of the ideas of the *Catholic Worker* in a meeting in the school lounge and since three girls had been arrested for picketing in the newspaper strike which has been going on here for some time and had been held for five hours, they were much interested in prisons. Some of the young men from Reed had been held over the week end.

March 9, Wednesday.

Bertha Skelly drove me to Marylhurst where I was also speaking. Met Larry Doyle's sister-in-law and about the same time, back home, the DoYLES were visiting Peter Maurin Farm from their home on Long Island, and bringing some raspberry bushes to plant when the ground thawed a little. Larry was one of the CW editors in 1934.

From the great friendliness of all the students, I could see what a great friend we have had in Sister Miriam Teresa. In the afternoon two of the Sisters and Bertha accompanied me to a meeting of the Women's Prison Council at Stella Maris house. Very good work and attitude, somewhat like that of the Friendly Visitors in New York, of which Mrs. Olava Rambusch is the head.

At 5:30 Dorothy Farnworth and I drove out to the Franciscan Sisters at Palatine Hill to talk to the novices and they are going to start praying that our landlord give us the house where we are using the third floor in New York! He will be surprised to see this and to know that he is being so prayed for. Since he has sons and grandsons who are in business with him, it will take some praying!

Thursday, March 10.

Fr. Richard Laurick invited me to speak to the students at Portland University and Mike Buckhartsmeier and Chuck Moran were much interested in our program. I told them of the need at the House of Hospitality and of how students sometimes gave us a year or so to serve the poor. After the meeting, Mass with the Gelineau Psalms, very beautiful. The introit, offertory and communion psalm are sung. Lunch and then to Archbishop Howard who is an old friend, and we had such a good visit that I all but missed the train which I had to take this time to meet engagements. The Archbishop kept me until 4:30 (the train left at 4:45.) He walks to and from his work, a mile each way and has not changed at all since I was here last in 1952.

It was a crowded train and hard to sleep, jammed in as we were. In the moonlight I saw Mt. Shasta for an hour as we rode over some plateau, white and luminous. Woke to trees and blossom, and poppies and palms. We were in San Francisco in time for breakfast which I enjoyed with Ellen Ryan who met me at the station, fed me and took me to the Madonna Residence, which is run for elderly ladies on pension. That sounds very elegant, and the hotel which Fr. Alfred had

bought with reckless faith was a good one opposite the library, but it was actually for the poor, for those on small pensions, the meager pensions which meant tiny furnished rooms, and church the only place to spend the day. That was how Fr. Alfred got the idea, seeing the number of elderly women constantly in St. Boniface Church of which he is the pastor.

True Franciscans

This old hotel for women pensioners, with Christ rooms for the needy was started three years ago and Josephine Gardner who is librarian at the Serra Library and who invited me to be the guest in one of the Christ rooms is the one to get in contact with if you want to know what is going on not only at St. Boniface but also in San Francisco. She is the center, just as Nina Polcyn is the center for us in Chicago, at her St. Benet book shop. Libraries and book shops are good places to hang around. One meets everyone there. Josephine and Ellen and Bill Queen and Walter Carr and I had supper and heard the Mikado afterward in one of these little theaters a few doors from the hotel.

Bill Queen had started the Akron House of Hospitality and also another house in Pittsburgh besides helping in St. Joseph's House in Pittsburgh. Walter Carr is a musician and has a room in one of the many buildings owned by the Franciscans just off Market Street, where he can practice his music three hours a day. He also is a mainstay of St. Anthony's kitchen where sixteen hundred meals are served daily cafeteria style, all one can eat, including milk and pie. I wish we could do things up as well in New York.

A Center For The Poor

But we need a Father Alfred in New York, a man who is not "afraid to go into debt for the poor," as Pope Pius XII urged. St. Boniface is an old church and always full. There is always something going on there, novenas, rosaries, stations of the Cross, and of course the Holy Sacrifice. Mass each day at five p.m. as well as early morning and noon, and all the Masses crowded. There is a school, a monastery, a clinic, the diningroom, an employment service, a credit union and a cooperative, besides the Madonna Residence, the Library and information center. There are the offices of THE WAY, of which Fr. Brendan is editor, and for which our friends Frank Scully and the late Ted Le Berthon used to write regularly. There is many an interesting article on poverty and war, man and the state in this small mission magazine.

Fr. Urusov

Sunday morning and a beautiful bus trip up and down the hills of San Francisco going to the Sunday Liturgy at the Russian Center, Our Lady of Fatima Church. A beautiful chapel, a shrine in the garden, a well sung liturgy and afterwards lunch with twenty people, a delightful Russian Lenten meal, no eggs, milk, meat, but fish and rolls with chopped vegetables inside and various other things. I can well see how the Russian housewife helps her family keep Lenten fast, by preparing very delightfully and with great variety everything that is permitted. The old mansion which houses the chapel, living quarters, library and reading rooms of the center used a kindergarten school and much work was needed to make it suitable for the priests. Fr. Urusov showed me around—he did a great deal of the manual labor himself—and when we got to his living quarters his bedroom turned out to be a large extra bathroom with a piece of plywood over the tub to serve as a bed!

Monday, March 14.

Interview with bright young man from the *Monitor* who complained that if one was too Christian one could not be a patriot—



that Christianity brought about the fall of the Roman empire! He said he wished to be both Roman and Christian. He wrote a very good interview and took a very good picture, but ended his interview with me (this was the diocesan paper) by quoting me as saying that if Russia invaded the U.S. of course we would fight! Meaning us *Catholic Workers*! Ammon Hen-nacy complains too of the times he is misquoted, over and over again by both diocesan and secular press. As an illustration, he had said that when he was in solitary in Atlanta during the first World war, he read the Bible through and became a Christian, but not an orthodox one. The paper quoted him as saying that at the present he is a Christian and a Catholic but not an orthodox one. He had said firmly to the reporter that he was a Catholic and believed all the Catholic Church teaches. Only God can protect us from such errors.

To the Brabecks for dinner, before the evening meeting at the St. Boniface Hall. She is from Baltimore and knew Fr. Roy. He runs a hotel at which up to sixty men are sheltered free, Fr. Caralin, Paulist supplying the money. There is always much unemployment along the west coast. The old migrant workers going down to Salinas to harvest the crops (right now it is asparagus) are maligned in the press and there is much talk of bums and drunks and disorder—all to lead up to the hiring of Mexican braceros, and continuing the law which permits the entry of these many thousands into the area for the harvest.

Fr. Simon chaired my meeting, and one old lady of ninety who probably heard little of what I said, informed me afterward that she had heard me ten years ago and twenty years ago! Another said how happy it made her to see so many young people at the meeting which was crowded, and with many priests.

The next night there was another very good and crowded meeting at Blackfriars—so crowded indeed that many could not get in. Our old friend and fellow worker Leonard Austen was there and we made a date for lunch so he could catch up on all the news of New York where he had worked for us.

Wednesday, March 16.

To Gordon Koller's for supper, and for a meeting afterward. Gordon grows in energy and spirit, it seems to me and he and his wife and children have been close to us for many years. The oldest son is now going to St. Mary's and many of his friends were at the meeting, including Governor Brown's son, who is taking ten copies of the paper each month to give to his friends.

Thursday, March 17.

Up at six to go to Mass at Fr. Vodusek's church and breakfast with him afterward. Another priest with him, ninety years old, was sitting in his bedroom living room, calmly reading Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's *Phenomenon of Man* with great enjoyment. He had painted on the walls of his room pictures of his native village in Yugoslavia... Peter Gaffney drove me over to Berkeley to the studio of KPFA where Fr. Boyle (the best interviewer I have yet encountered) and I had a conversation which will be broadcast later. Then to a meeting at the University of Berkeley at Stiles Hall,

UP THE COAST AND HOME

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narian came in who had helped me sell CW's at 43rd and Lexington, accompanied by an ex-Mormon studying for the priesthood who was interested in my radical Mormon and radical Catholic friends in Salt Lake City. Mayanna teaches in eighth grade in a small town nearby so I spoke to the children there. Some students came over that night and in the morning Mary Tuohy drove me to Portland. I had a visit with young O'Keefe who temporarily runs Blanchet House. Pete Loftus, whom I had met there last time, is down at Winslow, Ariz., getting acquainted firsthand with the Navajos. John Byrne was still around. I also met Dwight who runs the Blanchet Center to take care of fellows who are released from prison. I met a young Mohawk Indian there.

Seattle

Here I was met at the bus by my Socialist seaman friend Bob Casey who drove me around to see friends all over town. I met Mrs. Fisher, wife of Al Fisher who is doing 5 years at McNeil's Island prison on the Smith Act. He won the first case on appeal but the notorious stool-pigeon Barbara Haertel fabricated enough on the second trial to convict him. Those wishing to help this union man of the woodworkers union can send money to P.O. Box 282, Pinehurst, Wash., Committee to Defend A. A. Fisher. I met old fellowworkers at the I.W.W. hall, had dinner with Prof. David and family, and spoke until late at the Oredson's to Quakers and radicals. Isobel MacRae was there from the old time CW here. There was much discussion on the "going limp" technique in courts and jails. I expect a distinction can be made between those who feel that any action they take is a personal action, and those who while their actions stem from strong personal beliefs, yet their motivation is more toward awakening understanding and action on the part of sleepy pacifists. Methods of protest then follow according to temperament and circumstance. One fellow said he did not hear me say the word "pipsqueak" all night. While there are many to whom it is brave to take even a timid stand I do not condemn them for this but would seek to show them by example that there are greater worlds to conquer. I have a different feeling toward those who know better but who allow secular or ecclesiastical pressure to change their mode of conduct.

I met Judy Zeh and thirty young students while we were picketing Woolworths, and I was amazed at the tolerance of the police who stood across the street and never interfered while we obstructed traffic in front of the store entrance in the rush of Saturday noon shopping. Later I met in a restaurant with these youngsters. I met with friends at Bill Basnight's home that night. Their son Jimmy had been born the exact minute that the whistles blew and we were arrested in the air raid drill three years ago on Thoreau's birthday, and he sent me a homemade Christmas greeting when I was in Sandstone prison. Sunday at Mass I heard a sermon against Communism decrying Communist materialism but of course saying nothing about clerical materialism. I stayed with Sue and Mike Miyake. Sue is Dorothy's niece; I had known them in the East and had a good rest with them between meetings. The last night I spoke to friends at the home of Roger Miller. Three priests were there as well as assorted radicals and a tape recording was taken of my talk. In the morning Bob Casey drove me towards Spokane.

which was crowded with two separate groups, political and pacifist.

Earlier in the day Harry Bridges had spoken to the school in the auditorium and one of the students commented to me that they had found him naively idealistic! Then to my nephew's for supper and afterwards a group of us went to visit Brother Antoninus who used to run the House of Hospitality in Oakland before he became a Brother and the talk was of self hypnosis, sanctity, beats and fame and his printing job which occupied him five hours a day.

Friday, March 18.

This morning I listened to a broadcast of the Mayor, George Christopher, a Greek Orthodox by religion and so perhaps closer to the Russian thought than we, and he spoke of his recent visit to the Soviet Union. He told of a collective farm which had 2,500 workers (the same acreage in the U.S., he commented, would have been worked by about 25 men). Again I could not help but think of the farm labor situation in the U.S. and the unemployment, seasonal and also due to age or crippling sicknesses.

The story which I gathered together about California farm labor in my later visits to Stockton, and Tracy will be in a later issue of the *Catholic Worker*.

Visited the City Lights Bookshop which is in the heart of North Beach (there is no Beach and the section corresponds to New York's Greenwich Village). It is one of the best book shops I have ever seen and covers all paper backs as well as hard covers. Ammon speaks there when he is in the area. Visited also Pierre de Latre, a young Congregationalist minister who runs a center somewhat similar to the *Catholic Worker* headquarters in New York, called Bread and Wine. There is no breadline and his appeal is rather to the young intellectuals of the area—I do not like to call them all beatniks—and they themselves prefer "beat" or even existentialist! The center, a store which he occupies

(his family of wife and young children live upstairs) has been sold and he is looking for other quarters in the same area.

Had a farewell dinner with Josephine Gardner who is indeed a kindred spirit and delightful to be with. She it was who did most to make my visit to San Francisco easy and pleasant and I advise anyone going there to get in touch with her at the Serra Library next to St. Boniface Church. She tells stories on television for children, she is a designer of clothes for the crippled (she herself is confined in a wheel chair) and she is a woman of family and deep wisdom.

Here I must leave the account though I have only reached March 19th, St. Joseph's day, when I left San Francisco. I will finish up the trip in the June issue of *The Catholic Worker* which will also, most probably, tell of this year's jail experiences, if it so be that we are sentenced again for civil disobedience and are released by then.

I want to call attention before I close to the book *THE SPIRIT'S PILGRIMAGE* by Madeleine Slade, published by Coward McCann, which has a great deal to say about "decentralized rural economy, the other and more fundamental aspect of non-violence." Miss Slade was the MIRA to whom Gandhi addressed many interesting letters, and whose companion and fellow worker she was for the last twenty years or so of his life. She did a tremendous amount of work in India furthering the Gandhian ideal of village community and of course shared many of the jail experiences. She writes "preparatory training for non-violence is just as necessary as military training" and "Whatever defensive measure they used, there should be 100% bravery. Fearlessness was the first attribute to all endeavor." At Gandhi's death she wrote "My mind went back to the crucifix in the Vatican at Rome. Yes, he knew that was the gateway and the thing he was seeking. In knowledge, humility and love he had to be ready to give all."