

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## GIVING

(No carrot is savory enough to make a free man trot—a new proverb)  
By JOHN STANLEY

In some ways we are all architects of our own prisons; much of our imprisonment is of our own divising; we are afraid of life, and therefore of liberty and of love. And we cripple ourselves so that we do not have the power of free action proper to us as men; we crave irresponsible ineffectuality. How else explain the easy seduction of great numbers of men with all that is trivial and ugly and cheap? It is easy to understand a man giving up his freedom for bread if he is hungry, or for shelter if he is cold, or if he is threatened with death, but to be reduced to paying tribute for that which is bogus and unvital is a more subtle problem.

For example, today in this country millions are in thrall to the money lenders. Month by month they pay and pay like the poor negroes paid Judge Bland in Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*. Much of this is rigged, of course, by the nature of the system. Some families simply do not make enough money each week to be able to live properly, to keep themselves in any man's definition of frugal decency; they are forced to go to the money lenders. But that is another problem under another heading. The problem here is the problem of those who do receive, in the objective order, enough money to support themselves in a state of frugal decency—and comfort—and who succumb to the clevernesses of the advertising people and indulge in a variety of species of conspicuous consumption financed by the money lenders; and whose way of life is an unceasing and breathless race to keep abreast of payments. Why do people "choose" this way of life?

Vance Packard has written a best seller dealing with an aspect of the subject, called *The Hidden Persuaders*; a few years ago Marshal MacLuhan produced a brilliant book, called *The Mechanical Bride*, that gave many important insights into the problem, and he continues to do so in collaboration with colleagues at the University of Toronto in a publication called "Explorations"; and a decade ago Ed Willock and Carol Jackson wrote some very good things about it in their periodical, *INTEGRITY*. Ed Willock used to say: Opiates are the religion of the people.

The reason people cannot resist "buying" two tone cars with fins and winking lights that cost a year's wages and are planned to be towed to the junk yard in two and a half years, and cannot resist toys like color TV, and cosmetics at the rate of one and one half billion dollars a year; the reasons they cannot resist buying these things, and refuse to buy necessary things are, of course, various and complex. (Last year the citizens of New Jersey voted in referendum against a bond issue to alleviate what is promising to be a disastrous water famine, while at the same time voting hundred of millions for highway construction. At the same time the voters of New York State voted against money for housing that is so desperately needed that even the New York *HERALD TRIBUNE* is running a front page series on it; and, of course, the same state spends unstinted billions on highways. These two examples are part of a consistent pattern). Why do people forego the opportunity to own property and not support money lenders and eat good food and wear good clothes and help feed the hungry and so forth—in order to have bright toys?

You can start answering from any direction you like. You can start talking about the essentially drab lives people lead; they live

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## De Profundis: The Cry of a Priest

By Ted Le Berthon

A cry "out of the depths" from a priest laboring among seasonal farm workers in California rings throughout a letter I have received from him. His letter, from which I shall quote, seems to me a remarkable Christian document. I shall also quote from letters written me by two other priests for what they likewise reveal.

All three are among some two dozen—in California's two arch-

dioceses and three suffragan dioceses—regularly visiting "Catholic" labor camps. They are among the few their Chief Shepherds can spare, because of the shortage of priests in California, especially in rural areas, where many a pastor has no assistant priest but many parishioners, often widely scattered. There are only so many hours in a day, and many a rural pastor could not possibly visit la-

bor camps, some as far distant as 30 miles from his church.

As I pointed out in earlier *Catholic Worker* articles, there are 3,000 California labor camps, some containing U.S.-born migrant family pickers of Mexican descent, others only imported male braceros. The few camp-visiting priests cannot adequately cover so many camps. Moreover, the workers never stay very long in any one camp as they go from grower to grower, region to region, camp to camp, in following the cycle of the crops. Thus, only a small percentage can ever get to Mass. But all are underpaid and most are housed in shacks or barracks unfit for human habitation.

Now for the most significant outcry from one of the three priests.

In his letter to me he wrote: "From an over-all view, the two greatest problems facing our nation are the race question and the farm labor question. Both stem from fundamental injustices. Both are extremely complicated and delicate. Both call for farsighted strategy and for courage, and we—yes, of the Church included—have apparently been wanting in both, especially the latter.

"Yet, to look at our nation from Christ's point of view, surely our whole future depends on a solution and a fairly early one, to both issues. For the future of the world does not depend on who can arm the fastest, or who can build the fastest, biggest guided missiles. Rather, it depends on the extent of our sanctity. It does not depend on the intellectuals. True, there must be an intellectual synthesis. Rather, the restoration of social justice—of all things in Christ—is required. And this is a problem not only in California and the whole

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## CRITICISM AND MARXISM

By PETER MAURIN

### NOT COMMUNISTS

There is nothing wrong with Communism, but there is something wrong with Communists.

The wrong thing with Communists is that they are not Communists, they are Socialists.

There is no Communism in Soviet Russia, there is State Socialism in Soviet Russia.

The State has not withered away, the wage system still prevails, and they are selling 7% government bonds in Soviet Russia.

By selling 7% government bonds they are creating a new parasitic class in Socialist Russia.

### TAKING OVER

The aim of the Communists is to take over the control of the means of production and distribution.

The means of production and distribution are now in the hands of Capitalists.

The class war is a war between Communists and Capitalists

over the control of the means of production and distribution.

Patriots believe that the way to peace is to prepare for war.

Communists believe that the way to bring about a classless society is a class war between the Capitalist State and the working class.

### WHAT IS COMMUNISM?

Communists believe in capturing the State so as to be able to use it as a club to prevent anybody from becoming a Capitalist.

The Communist Manifesto defines Communism as "a state of society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs."

Using the Power of the State will enable Communists to prevent anybody from becoming a successful Capitalist but it will not make anybody Communist at heart.

To be a Communist according to the definition of the Communist Manifesto is to be willing to give one's labor for the benefit of a Communist Community.

### I AGREE

I agree with seven Bishops three of whom are Archbishops, that the Communist criticism of the rugged individualism of bourgeois capitalism is a sound criticism.

I agree with seven Bishops, three of whom are Archbishops, that the main social aim of the Communist Party is a sound social aim.

I agree with seven Bishops three of whom are Archbishops, that the Communists are not sound when they advocate class struggle and proletarian dictatorship as the best practical means to realize their sound social aim.

### TO BE A MARXIST

Before he died Karl Marx told one of his friends: "I have lived long enough to be able to say that I am not a Marxist." To be a Marxist, according to the logic of Das Kapital,

is to maintain that the best thing to do is to wait patiently till Capitalism has fulfilled its historic mission.

To be a Marxist, according to the logic of Das Kapital,

is to step back, take an academic view of things, and watch the self-satisfied Capitalists dig their own graves.

To be a Marxist, according to the logic of Das Kapital,

is to let economic evolution do its work without ever attempting to give it a push.

### KARL MARX SOON REALIZED

Karl Marx soon realized that his own analysis of bourgeois society could not be the basis of a dynamic revolutionary movement.

Karl Marx soon realized that a forceful Communist Manifesto was the necessary foundation of a dynamic Communist Movement.

Karl Marx soon realized, as Lenin realized, that there is no revolution without revolutionary action; that there is no revolutionary action without a revolutionary movement; that there is no revolutionary movement without a vanguard of revolution and that there is no vanguard of revolution without a theory of revolution.

### THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

Having realized that a Communist Manifesto

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## KOINONIA MEMBER BEATEN

Koinonia Farm  
Americus, Ga.  
November 19th

Dear Bob,

... On Monday, November 3rd, Connie Browne took a load of pecan parcels to be mailed at the express office. As he was unloading the packages a large, unidentified man came up and asked Connie what he was doing. Connie told him. The man then quickly and thoughtfully took off Connie's glasses and proceeded to hit him hard on the face and around the shoulders. The man then turned and ran off. Connie did not know him, but feels he could identify him if he saw him again.

Connie made his way into the express office although he was hurt rather badly and asked the expressman, who had not seen the incident, to drive him to a doctor. This the expressman did. Connie called Clarence to drive him home. Clarence and Ora went in and in the meantime Paul Ritch (Americus' episcopal minister) had brought Connie home. This is really very complicated. Clarence then proceeded to finish the mailing of the packages and prepared to drive home. In the meantime, some of our unfriendly friends in town noticed that Connie had been driv-

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

My trip took a little over three weeks, but it would take three or four issues of the CW to deal with it completely. The story of a trip is always sketchy.

I left off my account last month with my visit to Detroit. The Greyhound bus station is diagonally across the street from St. Aloysius Church, which is the downtown church everyone goes to in Detroit, like St. Francis in New York and St. Peter's in Chicago. The bus trip to Chicago was an easy one; we stopped only once at Jackson, where there were postal cards in the bus station of the "model" prison at Jackson, a horror which is written about in *Break Down the Walls*.

Because of engagements in New York, my trip had to be a swift one, and I stayed only a few days in Chicago, speaking at Alvernia High School, and at the University of Chicago where the students themselves called a meeting which was very well attended though they had only a days' notice. The issue which all the students, in every city I visited, wanted to talk about was pacifism of course. War, the draft, education, employment, man and his relation to the state are all issues he is vitally interested in, or should be.

I stayed with Nina Polcyn who has moved from the near north side to West Argyle, where her little apartment faces a park and is just down the street from the north branch of the Chicago river. Ed Marciniak, Editor of *Work* and his family live near by and so does his married sister with her husband and children. All are active in the apostolate.

Everyone was having Asiatic flu or what resembled it, and I too had one of those colds that enable you to take a day off with impunity since you can scarcely breathe and do so much coughing and sneezing that you are a danger to society. So I had telephone visits with Fr. Chrysostom and Gordon Zahn, who is teaching sociology at Loyola and other friends, and did not even make the attempt to get to the Peter Maurin House, comforting myself that I would be back in a few months to keep an engagement in South Bend. Since I have to go to Rochester and Buffalo again in January, I'll probably continue the trip to take in Louisville and St. Louis.

### Maryhouse

My next stop after Chicago was St. Paul, where a group of women who two by two have come to help us at Maryfarm in the past, are living a communal life, a group working toward becoming a secular institute. At present most of them are supporting themselves by working in hospitals as practical nurses. Maryhouse is delightfully situated on the outskirts of St. Paul on Little Canada road, and the few acres surrounding them are under intensive cultivation with fruit trees, garden, and shrubbery. With an additional house for summer guests, there is ample room for re-

treats in summer, but right now they are concentrating on Sunday afternoon discussion groups once a month, in addition to the hospitality they always practice. It is a rural community around them and the parish of Fr. Durand is made up of farmers as well as city workers. There is a new church and a fine school.

Using Maryhouse as my headquarters I went out to speak at Mendota, St. Peter's parish where our old friend Fr. Harvey Egan is now stationed. Formerly he was on the furthest border of the diocese, on the border of North Dakota and Minnesota, and the saying was that on a clear day one could look all the way west to the Pacific. It is a beautiful parish with church and school situated on the Minnesota river.

I spoke also at Maryhouse on Sunday afternoon, and then at St. Mary's hospital at a meeting arranged by Grace Carlson, a Catholic to whom I feel closely drawn because she spent some time in a federal prison for radical activities in the past.

The next morning Fr. Marion Casey called for me and drove me to the Humphries in St. Cloud where Don Humphries has a big studio. He makes chalices, paints, carves, makes furniture and does many other things, including talking, very well indeed. Mary has not only raised children, eight of them, but once when they were living on St. Isadore's farming commune in northern Minnesota and the men were away on jobs, the story is that she snared and killed a deer for food for the young ones. A vallant woman. I would like very much to see the story of St. Isadore's written, by Al Reser, or his wife, by Don or Mary, or Martie Paul; or by Fr. Cordes or Peter Maurin, both of whom are dead now. I have a picture of Peter digging a ditch on that farm, where the men spent more time fishing and hunting than they did farming, and which was paradise to some of them and a purgatory to others. What didn't Peter Maurin lead us all into!

There was another member of a Catholic Worker group, Mary Katherine Finnegan, now Mrs. Carlos Cotton, at the luncheon, mother of half a dozen, or is it seven. Her husband is an artist and was then working in a quarry so I didn't see him this trip. But Joe O'Connell, whose St. Joseph carved from Indiana limestone is on our front stoop, was there, and before I went to St. John's at Collegeville to speak to the students at four o'clock, I went to his small house and studio a mile away from the monastery, and saw his wife and children again. The oldest Cotton boy was there to clean up the studio, and we rescued him from a long walk home in the rain by giving him a lift. The studio is a frame, covered with very heavy plastic which forms very adequate walls and ceiling. Joe is going to put a stove in it for winter working

on the Holy Family group he has been commissioned to carve for an orphanage in Chicago. He never seems to be without a commission, (nor does Don Humphrey) and he says the days are not long enough to do all the work he wants to do.

It was a very good meeting at St. John's and I could not stay for too many questions because Fr. Casey had to leave at five for Hutchinson which was a two hours' drive south and west. Evening devotions were at 7:30 and my talk came afterward.

While I had been in Detroit, an organist brought some tape recordings to the House of Hospitality to play us some congregational singing of the psalms put to modern chant. The singing was from a French parish. I was startled and delighted to hear the same chant at Fr. Casey's, the psalms in English and the antiphon repeated in chant too by the congregation. After hearing one or two verses everyone could join in, and the melody was so haunting that it continued in my head for days. I understand that Fr. Casey and Fr. Muellerleile obtained booklets which the Grail had on display at the Liturgical conference at St. John's during the summer, and which I unfortunately missed, having spent that time in jail.

The next day Fr. Muellerleile came to call for me in the afternoon, I visited every class room in the school meanwhile and talked to all the children, and then in the



twilight we drove to Fr. Paul Judge's grave in Willmar and prayed there that he would bless us all and keep close to us and the work we were trying to do. He loved giving us retreats, and begged me before his death to write the story of our retreat movement which I hope some day I can do.

Fr. Muellerleile had just been transferred from Mendota, where he had just finished building a school, to Redwood Falls where he was going to build another school. Now that I have grandchildren, I can well appreciate the urgency of this and can forgive the bingos and card parties which seem so much a part of raising money for this. I would like to urge upon the bishops the idea of the non-payment of taxes by Catholic parents for school taxes, when they are sending their children to Catholic schools and so are paying double for their education.

Mrs. Muellerleile, Father's mother packed a good lunch for me and I took the two forty-five train which stopped at every station, including one ten minute wait so everyone could get out and have coffee. From Minneapolis at seven in the morning I took a bus for Duluth.

In Duluth I was met at the bus station by two young priests Fr. Sheuer and Fr. Rush who had been

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## In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"Why don't you get a job?" asked a kindly elderly man as I was selling papers at Pine and Nassau.

"I don't need any," I replied, "for I work for my keep at the Catholic Worker."

"I am a retired policeman with a pension, and I make \$65 a week on an easy job here on Wall Street," he said.

"We believe in living poor up by the Bowery," I told him.

"I am happy and I want you to be happy and have a job too," was his rejoinder.

I told him to read the CW and see how we could be happy without bankers. He wanted to know how much the paper cost. I advised it was a penny and he replied that he didn't have any money on him, so I said to read it and pay me next time.

An Irish woman up at 43rd and Lexington bought four of my books and offered me an Irish sweepstakes ticket. I told her that I did not believe in gambling, bingo, chances on Pontiacs, etc. for this was the something for nothing idea that was the basis of exploitation and slavery. Dorothy said I should have accepted the ticket for some of the men here in the house who spend much time working out puzzles and partaking in the great American pastime of Give Away Programs. Several hundred people have stopped me on the street saying that they liked my thoughts as expressed on *Nightbeat*. I went up to the studio the other night to meet Paul Jones, the chief of the Navaho who was on *Nightbeat*. He had been away from the reservation for twenty years, was a Presbyterian, believed in liquor for the Indians and that they should be assimilated in the white man's civilization. Naturally I disagreed with all of these ideas, for an Indian should be an Indian and not mess around with the white man's degraded and materialistic way of life. When I spoke to him I told him of my friendship with the Hopi and he said that eight Hopi were with him and some Apaches for a program at the Waldorf Astoria where Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and others were raising money for scholarships for American Indians. How many Indians thus educated will not sell out for the baubles of the cities remains to be seen. The healing sand painting of the Navajo, the Snake and Butterfly dances of the Hopi, should not be held up to curious parasitical whites for their amusement, the old Indians say.

### Kohler, and Atomic Test Picketing

We continue to picket Kohler around noon at 99½ Park Avenue the first Thursday of each month and have added a new sign which says that "Government Labor Board Condemns Kohler." And on the second Thursday of the month we picket the Atomic Energy Commission around noon at 70 Columbus Avenue. We will also picket the South African Embassy with those who are against the racist policies of that country, on Dec. 10th. I continue to sell CW's each day according to schedule unless it rains. I did not sponsor the vigil and picketing during the month of November in Washington, D. C. against atomic tests and atomic war mainly because those leading it described themselves as "loyal citizens" while I feel that if we are not disloyal to the whole setup of courts, prisons and war and loyal to the ethics of the early Christians our witness does not mean anything. Nevertheless Dorothy and Kerran Dugan each went down for a day and Charles Butterworth went the third week and I went down the last day. The young folks in the vigil are alert and on the right track and we feel that they

in time gain that self-discipline which can act without being "organized to death."

I was glad to picket with the War Resisters and others of the vigil on December first for the release of all conscientious objectors and political prisoners, as we usually do in December. The War Resisters have a 1958 calendar which they sell for \$1.25 with a page for each week and significant quotations and anniversary dates of importance to radicals. Order at 5 Beekman Street, New York City 38.

### Richard Fichter

Richard Fichter, whose article appears in this issue, had been dismissed from the Methodist ministry in Pennsylvania because of his energetic anti-war and tax refusal stand. I had never met him but he had bought several of my books and distributed the CW and had attended various picketing demonstrations. He and his wife have three small children and live on a farm with twenty cows to attend to. All radicals have to make the decision when to follow Caesar and when to follow Christ. 75,000 followers of Gandhi went to prison and some one besides the British government took care of their families. Many bourgeois minded pacifists thought it was wrong for a CO to go to CPS camp or prison and leave a family behind. Richard wrote to many papers about the evils of atomic war and little attention was paid to his views. So one Sunday he came to New York City and in the midst of a nation wide broadcast on television he jumped to the stage and shouted his message. He thought that this would gain attention and the papers would print his views in full. Instead he was locked up in Bellevue for mental observation. I visited him there and met his wife and brother and two Methodist ministers who were his friends. Later his brother and parents came to visit us at the CW from their home in Ohio. When the government comes to a pacifist and says you must register for the draft, pay taxes for war, sign a loyalty oath, or when a Congressional Committee wants you to tell on others, then if you do not follow the best you know and refuse absolutely, you are following less than you know and will live to regret your timidity. But to leave farm and family to try to tell your message to those who do not want to hear it is not wise and does not make a witness with the dignity which no doubt inspired Richard in the lives of Thoreau and Gandhi. A radical who has faith knows like Thoreau that "one on the side of God is a majority." And when his neighbors think he is queer and out of step he can reply like Thoreau that he "is listening to a different drummer." He is not frustrated if all are against him. He does not need the applause of the multitude for he will be content when "two or three are gathered together."

### Arab Trouble

Friends have asked us to bring to the attention of our readers the case of two Arabs in different parts of the world who are being denied the freedom which "peace loving nations" are supposed to cherish. E. N. Koussa of Israel is a native Arab who is a Catholic convert. He is also a lawyer and a pacifist, a member of the Israeli section of the War Register's League. Because he has been a critic of the policy of the Israeli against the Arabs he has been denied a passport to see his only son in Canada. He writes: "Because of my consistent criticism of the xenophobic policy of the Government, of my relentless denunciation of the iniquities which the Arabs of Israel suffer . . . my freedom of movement has been seriously curtailed. I have been prevented from attending a Catholic Mass and baptism in an Arab village in the military area, from tak-

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# Chrystie Street

By KERRAN DUGAN

Generations of men succeed each other gently and little by little, so that the face of death is proportionate and seasonal, fitting into a pattern in which it does not eclipse the face of life. But uproot thousands of people and mass them together on a cliff's edge and the pattern is disturbed. Around the Bowery you are too much reminded of the precarity of human life. You are reminded by the old man in a wheelchair whom you meet in Bunz' Restaurant one night and push part way to the doorway, he sleeps in on Grand Street, whom you see carried dead from the park across the street two mornings later; by the 17 year old Puerto Rican girl who lies dying in the hallway next door, shot by a frustrated lover; by the man who collapses in the soup line and receives the last rites lying on a mattress on the floor of the corridor near the kitchen.

## "Resurrection"

Mary Lisi came in one day and told us, in her usual broken English and with her usual gestures of hands, about another death: that of Andre. Andre had lived in the house once. He was a portly Latin-American with a limp and a cane. His slow, leaning gait lent him a certain dignity, and this dignity was never more pronounced than at Mass in the mornings at Nativity Church. Andre would stride slowly up the aisle; all the way up to the front pew, bow profoundly, make a gigantic sign of the cross, his rosary dangling from his hand the while, and ceremoniously lodge himself in the pew. At communion time he took upon himself what might be called the direction of traffic, seeing to it that no one went to the altar rail before the Brothers from LaSalle High School. I remember one time when a woman arrived at the altar rail before the Brothers despite Andre's gesticulating and remained there despite his going up and whispering in her ear and finally tugging furiously at her coat. This memory of Andre went through my head as Mary Lisi told us how he had been sick and operated on and she had gone to the hospital only to see his body covered with a sheet and on its way to the morgue. She had already told a priest at Nativity, she said, and he was going to say a Mass for the repose of Andre's soul. We in our turn told people about Andre's death and in our turn prayed for the repose of his soul. Two days later a man who lives in the house came in and said he could have sworn he had just seen Andre on the street. A couple of days after that, tangible as could be and looking better than we had ever seen him look, lo and behold, Andre himself came in to say hello. Mary Lisi could not adequately explain Andre's resurrection, but she was glad to hear of it.

## Fire

For all that fire inspectors rant about it and policemen throw water on it, the fire behind the National Theater, next door to us, burns on and on. Sometimes it makes you think of a Jack London setting, when the man hunt out a little cardboard here or a little wood there and bring it back and pool it into enough to fight the cold with. Sometimes it makes you think of a nobleman's hearth, as the other night, when someone had put there an old stuffed armchair and a man was sitting in it, nodding, his feet propped up before the roaring fire. Sometimes the police make arrests in an attempt to discourage builders of the fire. (Once a woman who came to us for clothes told her husband to wait outside. He thought he might as well warm his hands while waiting, and stood by the fire. His wife came out to find her husband gone to jail.) Usually, though, they just disperse the men and stamp out or douse the fire. But it is never out for long. The other night a policeman stamped out the fire and then came into our house

for a pail of water to pour on the smoldering embers. During the few minutes that the policeman was gone, a man had found the fire out, put new kindling on it and relit it, so that the policeman returned with his pail of water to higher flames than before.

## Moral Support (Diffuse Variety)

Everytime we have picketed the Atomic Energy Commission's New York office near Columbus Circle (with signs urging an end to atom bomb tests) a little old lady has come by and stopped and said to us such encouraging things as "Keep up the good work," or "You people are right." Her support was mak-

ing us feel very good until the last time we encountered her. She made her usual reassuring statement, but then, unfortunately, came back a second time. She had a question to ask. "What is it," she asked, "that you are picketing? Its the Automat isn't it?"

## Thanksgiving

Roy and Larry, in charge of the kitchen, put out the best meal yet on Thanksgiving Day. The "line" was fed roast pork and applesauce and all the fixings, and after more than two hundred were fed, they set to work and cook the traditional Thanksgiving meal for the household of almost a hundred. We are grateful to all our readers who made this possible, and we certainly are grateful to Roy and Larry and their helpers.

# A Farmer in "Psycho"

(Continued from page 3)

could phone *The Catholic Worker*. I did not have success. Later a woman came in to visit her husband and I asked her if she would phone *The Catholic Worker*. She wrote down my name. Later a priest came and I asked him to tell *The Catholic Worker* just to make sure. As I approached these people an attendant pushed me away and gave me the feeling he felt me to be insane and should not approach people.

I wanted to get started on my diary and so asked for some paper. They informed me the paper was passed out at ten. I borrowed some from a fellow patient. The first thing I wrote down on the paper was this—The only thing to fear is fear. Do not weep, do not wax indignant. Try to understand.

Later my name was called to get my medicine. I am not sick. I need no medicine, I said. Then what are you doing here? That is what I'd like to know, I said. My bed was in a decent sized ward with plenty of space between beds, in contrast to the previous ward, where all the beds were jammed together. But here as in Ward 7 there were beds in the corridor with lights shining in the sleeper's face to torment the helpless victim.

I slept until 4 when the words of one of the patients came loudly, I am going to die. It came constantly. It was an old Italian. I went to him and rubbed his back to soothe him.

My brother from Ohio had come and was a dally visitor. His visits were a great joy. My wife and some friends had come from Springville. My wife and friends were leaving but my brother remained to proceed on what proved to be a most difficult problem. The doctor had recommended to my wife that I take treatments in a nearby state hospital (nearby to our home in Springville). My wife who loves me very much believed the doctor and wanted me to have what he recommended. I had talked to her and she could see I was quite my old self altho a little excited with the week's events. The friends had encouraged my wife in the idea of treatments. It seems easy for every one to get on the band wagon when the idea is once suggested. Some one mentioned I had not worked lately My brother found this out for me and I explained I had not gone to the barn on Saturday for I had stayed religiously at my desk on my speech. The well meaning minister had said I had spoken up during church services. My brother found out mine was the second of two testimonies given at the service.

My problem is that I am recommended for treatments in the state hospital when I am trying desperately to tell everyone I am not sick, but well. Perhaps others are sick that would commit an innocent and a well man to forced treatments.

That evening I was horrified to see little children brought in. I was told they were brought here

until they could be transferred elsewhere.

I kept asking for paper as my thought continued to come faster each moment. One nurse said, what do you want paper for—are you a writer of some kind? She finally gave me one sheet and said that was all I could have. She asked me if I was writing a book. I was supposed to be crazy and she gave me one sheet on which to write a book.

So it goes here. If one talks he is over-nervous. If he writes he has a graudeur complex. If he sits he is melancholy. If he walks, he is wandering. If he folds his hands in prayer, he is a religious fanatic.

The thought came to me perhaps many on the outside doubt my sanity. My wife? *The Catholic*



"no room in the inn"

*Worker*? Perhaps I did have a nervous breakdown and am sick and don't know it.

An attendant yelled at me. I asked her if she did not think each soul had a right to dignity and respect. After discussion she left me to my thoughts. I have decided the women attendants are worse tyrants than the men. I will probably be accused of being a woman hater. But the men seem more sympathetic.

One's name was constantly being called out for medicine or something. Now they wanted blood samples. I walked to another part of the corridor and they never did get my blood sample. I felt I should not cooperate in this respect as I was not sick and being detained unfairly. I could easily be submissive and cooperate but I feel I should not under the circumstances.

When my brother had come from Ohio it was my first contact with the outside world. I told him to call my family. *The Catholic Worker* and bring me pencil and paper. This he did. Later I found the woman and priest had also contacted *The Catholic Worker*. This woman gave me a clipping from the N.Y. Post with my story.

The picture made me look like Rasputin but the story was fairly good. The story quoted from the Prophet of Peace from Springville. It told of my refusal to pay income tax for war purposes and how the Bishop of the Methodist Church had refused my final entrance into the conference consequently. There were no quotes from my speech

# IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

ing part in the funeral of the mother of the Mayor of Nazareth . . . denied a passport to travel to Canada to see my son and relatives . . . and to go to some Arab countries to see my brothers, sisters and relatives."

George E. Shibley, of Arab extraction, is in Federal Prison doing a 3 year term at Terminal Island, California, for "complications" arising from his defending a Marine. He won the case. The *Wilshire Reporter* of Los Angeles says of the case, "We believe that Shibley's troubles began many years back, when he took it upon himself to defend Mexican-American boys on the East side, who were being 'kicked around' by other uniformed forces." (Sleepy Lagoon murder case, 1952). And Senator Langer says, "A civilian lawyer is entitled to defend an enlisted man without fear of harassment." The American Civil Liberties Union is defending Shibley.

## Franco Trouble

Five young Spanish sailors have been "kidnapped" by the Navy officials from Mexico where they had deserted from two destroyers recently turned over to Spain by the U.S., and they are in the Border Patrol detention camp at Chula Vista, California. Despite the fact that these sailors were among a crew of "intelligent people capable of learning fast and screened to be of high caliber" by Franco, twelve of them escaped to Mexico on the first opportunity when they docked at San Diego. Seven of them are far away in Mexico it seems, but these five were picked up with some connivance between the Immigration Service and the Navy, and the U.S. District Attorney who said that a further reason for deporting these sailors to imprisonment or death awaiting them in Spain was because "in the past few years the U.S. has entered into several agreements with Spain." Prof. Dwight Bolinger, Spanish Professor at the University of Lower California, and other liberals on the Coast together with the American Civil Liberties Union have so far appealed the case and the sailors are not yet deported, although Mexico will not allow them to remain there as hostages from Franco. It is important at this time not to forget the others who are in need all these years in their exile from the Franco terror. Readers can send money or clothing to the Spanish Refugee Aid, 80 E. 11 St. N. Y. City.

## Meetings

I spoke to about twenty students at the apartment of a Quaker friend. They were mostly agnostic or atheistic and also very eager and enthusiastic. My becoming a Catholic came by the Grace of God and not through theology and reason I told them. As Dorothy was ill with a cold I spoke to a large group of the alumni of the Newman Clubs of Long Island at Garden City. I

which had been given to the Press and I knew the papers were with fear and could not use it. They were with fear even as these prisoners here in the mental hospital.

My wife and friends from Springville had told me the kindly neighbor was doing the chores and Anne, our cow had freshened. Our children were doing well.

Basil Browne, native of Barbados came to see me. Five years ago he had preached from my pulpit at Springville. He had seen my picture and story in the paper. Then Ammon Hennacy came and I was privileged to meet a man so highly respected.

That night when I was on my bed an attendant who is a male nurse proceeded to move my bed in the corridor under the light. So I, a poor sleeper, cannot sleep under this light and, instead of sleeping, I write.

To be continued

quoted what someone has said that we came to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable" when describing our work here on the Bowery and our message to the bourgeois such as they were. I spoke to the Economics Club at the School of Business Administration at uptown Fordham. The poster advertising my meeting showed a bearded man with a bomb and asked the students to come and see if an anarchist was like this. I stressed the futility of our farm policy as given in *TIME* magazine some months ago and of course the fact that rent, interest and profits, as well as courts, prisons and wars, were contrary to the teaching of Christ and the practice of the early Christians. Then another day I spoke to four theology classes and am to go back again to some other classes with my radical message. In another issue of the CW I will give the questions and answers which always come up again and again.

# KOINONIA

(Continued from page 1)

ing a vehicle with a New Jersey license tag on it, which is illegal when it is being used for business. Our station wagon had been in New Jersey for some months, the Pagano's driving it back when they came down. We had the Georgia license in the station wagon but did not have it displayed. We were unaware that one does not receive the usual thirty days to secure a license when using a vehicle for business reasons.

The police then succeeded in getting a warrant for Connie's arrest, came out and got him out of bed and put him in the county jail. They took John (the writer's husband) along, too, because he made some impertinent remarks to the police when they tried to take Connie out of bed. The police later released John because they had no warrant for his arrest. Connie spent the night in jail while we were attempting to get someone to sign a bond for \$500. We couldn't sign it, because we are a corporation. Jack Singletary, a neighbor and good friend, offered to sign, so Connie was released the next morning. His trial is to be January 6th, I think. That's about it; we are now mailing all the packages we can by mail, the mailman picking them up out here. He isn't too happy about it, but there's nothing he can do. We haven't had any major incidents since then.

We will be looking forward to seeing you in December and thanks for giving us the space in your paper. We've had lots of help from people who have read the *Catholic Worker*.

Sincerely,

Iola Eustace

## Criticism and Marxism

(Continued from page 1)

was the basis of a Communist Movement.

Karl Marx decided to write a Communist Manifesto.

To write the Communist Manifesto

Karl Marx did not use his own analysis of Capitalism.

He took the criticism

of the bourgeois society of his time

by Victor Considerant

and made it the first part of the Communist Manifesto.

He took the definition of Communism

by Proudhon

and made it his own.

He tried to make himself believe that class struggle was the first step

from a Capitalist society where man is inhuman to man to a Communist society

where man is human to man.

(Reprint from 1938)

# DE PROFUNDIS: The Cry of a priest

(Continued from page 6)

dwellers. It is in cities, due to cramped living quarters, that birth-control is far more often practiced. As the Church is constantly denouncing birth-control as a form of murder, is this not another formidable reason for preserving farming as a life-way? Too, it is from large families that most religious vocations come.

There are three stands our bishops could take immediately in an all-out, concerted way through their diocesan organs which, if successful in time, would make it more possible for farm workers to own family-sized farms.

1. They could demand persistently that the Federal \$1 an hour minimum wage law now only applicable to workers in business and industry be extended to farm workers.

2. They could as persistently demand that unemployment insurance, now only enjoyed by business and industrial workers, be granted farm workers.

3. They could demand the termination of the 1942 treaty between the United States and Mexico which has resulted in an increasing importation each year of braceros. For one thing, this treaty was only supposed to be a wartime emergency measure in view of so many young U.S. farm workers having been drafted into the armed forces, and its continuance has resulted from a perfidious collusion between the U.S. government and large-scale agriculturalists.

Also, the bishops could encourage the National Agricultural Workers Union in its effort to become the collective bargaining representative for farm workers; and could oppose the growers' associations' greedy practice of being the sole determiners of prevailing wages and piece rates.

St. Isidore once said "He lives best who lives by the land." For the farmer and his family are closer to the primal creation. It is easier to be conscious of God in His creations, in His laws of the periodicity of the seasons, of sowing and reaping, in the presence of the animals and birds, trees and all growing things He, and no creature, has made, and in the profound silences of nights. There are not the man-made distractions of the city to blur or efface one's vision of Him, nor the often meaningless jobs in offices and factories; nor squalid and crowded places to live.

"Go down to the proletariat" was the mandate of the late Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical letter on "The Reconstruction of the Social Order," in which he so deplored "the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few."

A few years ago the National Catholic Rural Life Conference distributed a statement on "Man's Relation to the Land," signed by many Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders. One paragraph reads: "Efficiency in land use is not to be judged merely by material pro-

duction, but by a balanced consideration of the spiritual, social and material values that redound therefrom to person, family and society. The land is not to be a source of benefit to the few and a means of servile labor to the many."

Yet only recently, Father Joseph L. Hylden of Edgeley, N. D., addressing a session of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, said 17,000 farm families had been driven from the land in North Dakota, largely because of governmental policies favorable to large-scale agriculturalists.

"How soon will we have to sell our rural churches for their bricks?" he asked.

They will be sold quite soon for their bricks unless the present trend can be reversed. The U.S. Department of Labor statistics show that 435,425 imported Mexican nationals (braceros) picked crops in 25 States during 1956. This year they are picking them in 39 States, and their number is estimated at 550,000 by the National Agricultural Workers Union. This reflects another pitiable annual increase in large-scale agricultural operations, as it is the big landowners and the farm corporations that employ the great majority of braceros.

It should be noted that the statement on "Man's Relation to the Land" was signed by nationally known Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders. So the Catholic hierarchy could get behind a valid inter-faith movement to reverse the present iniquitous and inequitable trend. In this they could follow the admonition of Pope Pius XII to the Catholic Press in an address His Holiness made in inaugurating the recent World Congress of the Lay Apostolate in Rome. He said that any "true Catholic vision" demanded that Catholic publications oppose injustices to all individuals and

groups, and not only injustices suffered by Catholics.

But it is rarer than reading of a miracle authenticated by the Holy See to read in most American Catholic publications of any concern for injustices meted to non-Catholics. This is especially the case in this nation's diocesan newspapers. There is much denouncing of communism and communist leaders in the Catholic press, but rarely any denouncing of the efficient causes of communism, and too little exposition of Catholic social doctrine. There is considerable kow-towing to wealthy "benefactors," regardless of their business ethics—or lack of them. A movie actress or a pugilistic champion who happens to be a Catholic will rate a lengthy feature story, while the crying need for a social Christianity is relatively neglected, creating a sectarian impression rather than one in which the Catholic Church is seen as Christ's Mystical Body concerned for all humankind.

This, I submit, is not the way to win converts among the multitudes. Too often, most Catholic publications, especially diocesan newspapers, seem overly concerned for proving that Catholics are 100 percent Americans and for defending the capitalistic way of life. This, despite the fact that every Pope from Leo XIII to Pius XII, inclusive, has condemned it almost as severely as he has condemned communism. Indeed, Pope Pius XI called capitalism, in its favoring of economic individualism, "the vestibule into communism."

Either we shall go down to the proletariat, as Pius XI urged, and stop kow-towing to such men as "big growers"—as the priest who wrote me stated—or the communists may convert them. And if that happens, and many of us are taken out and shot, we will not die because we loved—and saw Christ in His least brethren, but because we did not love Him enough, and did not recognize Him in them.

## What Is This "Edict"?

There have been several news stories, anything but clear, in California newspapers recently, to the effect that beginning "early in December," few Mexican nationals (braceros) would be imported this winter to harvest remaining crops.

One story had it that, due to an "edict" from the California State Department of Labor, there would be far fewer braceros working on northern and central California farms this winter than last. This story, which carried a Sacramento dateline, made no reference to southern California farms.

Another story, a United Press dispatch from Mexico City, dated Nov. 20, stated that importation of Mexican nationals by American growers to harvest crops "will end within the next two weeks." This could only mean not later than during the first week in December.

Still another story quoted J. G. Brosmer of Fresno, manager of the

San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Labor Bureau, a growers' agency for recruiting farm labor, to the effect that growers are confident that the U. S.-Mexico treaty under which the braceros are imported, will be extended another year when it expires December 31st. (Note: This treaty has been extended from year to year ever since the two governments first signed it in 1942 as an emergency World War II arrangement. Originally, the arrangement was to end with the war's end. It was deemed necessary during the war because so many young farm workers had been drafted by the U. S. Armed Forces.)

While no California newspaper that I read stated this, it is obvious that the "edict"—whatever it was—must have come from the U. S. Department of Labor. For, in the matter of certifying supposed local area farm labor shortages, and the presumed need to import Mexican nationals to such areas, State labor departments merely act as agencies for the U. S. Department of Labor.

But nowhere have I read just what this "edict" is or what specific

## To Teach

The students enter and sit in rows  
Restlessly dead, hearts hidden  
Behind fixed faces—but faces  
So young and clean betray their dream,  
Clearly not anticipated here.

I stand up before them, to begin—  
No older, but younger, holding what's  
To be known in hand, not knowing  
Myself. Somehow the room survives,  
The faces expand, some yawn

And the hour rings, and they rise.  
I am tired. The faces didn't show glory  
Sitting there, but habit, breathing,  
Care. They figured instead the next  
Rows to sit, the next teacher to hear.

Yet I can't deny this new face  
Mystery chooses to wear, its crew cut  
And golden pin. Somewhere in things,  
A shape transforms. I don't see it,  
Won't know. But a thought grows wings,

Descends and announces to one—perhaps two,  
We are the loved, tendered, we are the Kings.

SALLY APPLETON.

period it covers. The news stories have been classics of obfuscation.

In one, for instance, Ed Hayes, director of the farm placement service of the California Department of Labor, is quoted as saying: "We have not approved Mexican nationals for cotton-picking, and we do not intend to."

The obvious implication is that cotton-picking will be done by local area farm workers and native-born migrants. But a high percentage of cotton in California for several years past has been mechanically picked. However, mechanical cotton-picking has not been a perfect operation. There is always a remnant that must be hand-picked. Those picking this remnant are not paid by the hour, but by piece rate, so much per pound of cotton picked. And a chronic complaint by domestic and migrant farm workers is that whereas hand-picking the top of the crop (that picked by machines) would mean a fair compensation, the best an average adult can make by picking any cotton field's remnant is about \$2.50 a day, i.e. a 10 to 12 hour day.

In the same story, Hayes "tips his hand" by stating that he "expects to approve continued use of many Mexican nationals in stoop labor occupations, such as the asparagus harvest, since any grower may use imported Mexicans if domestic workers will not do the work." What he fails to state is that domestic workers, many of them family breadwinners, cannot subsist on the low wages and/or piece rates acceptable to the "male only" Mexican nationals.

Hayes' cunning implication is that domestic workers (most of them are Americans of Mexican descent in California) can't or won't do "stoop labor." But cotton-picking (especially picking remnants) is stoop labor. So why are U. S. citizens apt to be unwilling to pick asparagus, which is also stoop labor?

Due to cuts in national "defense" spending, many "defense" plants in California have either shut down or curtailed production. This is regarded as a factor in current industrial unemployment in California, which is now about 188,000 as against 121,000 this time a year ago. Some of these unemployed have been applying for farm work. Also, according to Hayes, there are 30,000 more migrants looking for farm work in California than there were a year ago. In Arkansas this year, some 40,000 Mexican braceros displaced as many Negro plantation hands, and there has been quite an exodus of Negroes from Arkansas. Perhaps some of them have found their way to California.

I wish I had a copy of the "edict" attributed to the California Department of Labor. I'd like to read its exact wording. But I've been unable to secure a copy. Like the late Will Rogers, I only know what I read in the newspapers.  
—Ted Le Berthon.

## ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

told to keep me company until our friend Georgia Kiernan could get away from school to meet me for a three hour visit while I waited for the bus to Saul St. Marie and North Bay and Montreal. We had a good visit and I got news of Fr. Hughes who had driven me around the Mesabe Iron range years ago, and who is now teaching mental prayer to a group who meets with him. Fr. Wendell, New York Dominican, gave us a series of talks one summer on prayer, and one very notable vocation developed as a result of it. Jim Clark, a fireman, went to the Capuchins and now he is far away in the missions on some islands formerly held by the Japanese. What would not happen if we were taught more about prayer? We ought to ask, like the apostles, "Father, teach us to pray." A fundamental study.

Georgia and I drove later, down to the breakwater and sat there watching an ore boat go out into Lake Superior, and it was windy and the surf pounded with a heavy roar against the rocky breakwater.

The bus ride from Duluth was beautiful. On a bus at night, when you're sitting in the front seat, the road is illuminated by the headlights, and the pines stand out, and we watched for deer. It was forested iron country and we went through little towns and felt ourselves to be far away from the cities. I rode from three that afternoon until the next night, stopping off in great North Bay where I stayed in a little hotel at the bus station, and slept. The bus left the next morning early and got into Montreal at night and I was met by Tony Walsh and his friends and driven to Dixi MacMaster who from her invalid's bed at her sister's in Mont Royal carries on an extensive correspondence and writes for Unity, the paper, which is the organ of the St. Benedict Joseph Labre House of Hospitality. My two days there were like a little retreat, since what we were talking about was the secular institute in formation of Jesu-caritas of the Little Sisters of Jesus.

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## Words To Prisoners

Jesus has bought back the world by His suffering and what counts in this world is still suffering. If you suffer you are the best part of society. Above the prisons there are only the convents. Here one suffers; there one prays. It's not true that you may be ostracised by society. You, with your suffering, are at its very core and if you pray you will be at the top. I am your mayor and I like you more than the other citizens of Florence.

Georgio La Pira

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