

CATHOLIC



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"Braceroism" Must Go

By TED LE BERTHON

"Braceroism" is a word coined by "bracero priests" in California. It simply means the ever increasing annual seasonal importation of hordes of "men only" from Mexico who now harvest at least half of California's crops.

A "bracero priest" is one who has the spiritual care of these men. He may have a trailer-chapel and visit them in their camps. Most often he is a rural pastor or resident priest of a mission chapel who drives to the camps in a battered jalopy or jeep, carrying a Mass kit with him. He often offers a Mass in an open field when the stars are overhead, as early as 3:30 a.m. or as late as 8 p.m. He must know Spanish, in order to preach to them and hear their confessions in the only language they understand. If he has a parish or mission church, he hopes some braceros—unless asked by growers to work on Sunday or lacking transportation—will come to Mass. He will himself transport as many as he can to Sunday Mass, and ask local area Catholics to do so.

Usually such a priest has a well formulated devotional program at his church or chapel several nights every week during the picking season. He will also train lay catechists from the area who speak Spanish to help him train lay catechists among the braceros themselves.

But, due to the fewness of "bracero priests" and the vast number of labor camps, most of these priests can only infrequently visit each camp. To concentrate on a few camps would mean totally neglecting the men in the others. So they must spread their efforts rather thinly. This cannot be helped. There is a priest-shortage in every archdiocese and diocese in California. Archbishops and

bishops simply have not the priests to spare.

But if, by some sudden miracle, there were enough priests to minister to all the camps, most of the "bracero priests" think "braceroism" must go. And that means that the braceros must go. That means that these priests have discovered that an overwhelmingly high percentage of these imported "men only" are not really needed. They also know most of them are being viciously exploited, almost as if they were beasts of burden, as I pointed out in articles appearing in the June and September issues of THE CATHOLIC WORKER.

These priests think the treaty between the U.S. and Mexico by which these men are imported annually for a 6-month to 8-month crop harvest cycle should be terminated, for the moral well-being of these imported captives separated from their families in Mexico, and for the benefit of U.S.-born farm workers rapidly being driven out of agriculture and very often onto relief rolls.

It is the opinion of most "bracero priests" that there has never been a genuine shortage of U.S.-born farm workers except during World War II, and that if a genuine shortage ever should occur, not "men only" but rural families should be brought from Mexico to California via the normal processes of immigration. In the meantime, U.S.-born farm workers should be put to work at rates of compensation comparable to what American industrial workers receive.

For when the growers claim there is a shortage of local farm workers in a given area—their past and present pretext for importing Mexican, Japanese and/or Filipino "men only"—what they really

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Little Rock An Editorial

We could not go to press this month without saying something about the discouraging and frightening events in Little Rock, Arkansas, and yet hour by hour the situation changes so that any predictions one might be tempted to make could easily be voided by the next days events. But certain observations can be made which will probably stand the test of time.

Undoubtedly our readers are wondering what stand we, who profess the anarchist and pacifist position, will take regarding the intervention of the Federal government and the use of state and federal troops to enforce integration.

In spite of the fact that we favor de-segregation and believe that the only solution to racial prejudice is complete integration even to the point of the much dreaded intermarriage we must repeat that the end does not justify the means and that violence cannot bring peace. For literally years the police have been stationed around Trumbull Park in Chicago to keep the peace in that racially disturbed area. And if the white citizens of Little Rock wish they can keep the troops there indefinitely and set a precedent for the whole of the South and many parts of the North for that matter. The continued presence of troops simply keeps people's tempers aflame and resentments high.

It is regrettable that some sort of non-violent campaign on the part of Negroes could not have been started by the churches in the area patterned on the Montgomery bus boycott. Instead the Negroes of Little Rock chose to rely solely on the NAACP and the dubious value of legal victories. The struggle was fought on the natural level and the end was a matter of mere material justice: equal educational facilities. But the hatred remains.

The main failure here is to see only one aspect of a whole social revolution which is desperately needed. Just as the vast majority in the labor movement are looking only for shorter hours and higher wages and ignore the sufferings of fellow workers in other countries and even in other unorganized areas of the United States so most of the American Negroes are looking only for equal material benefits. For the most part their standard of values is that bourgeois standard which they have received from the white man, that of LIFE and BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS and HOLLYWOOD. Peter Maurin warned them against this kind of seduction in 1941:

"American Negroes think they must keep up with white people. American Negroes don't need to keep up with white people. American Negroes can keep up with Saint Augustine. Saint Augustine who lived in North Africa is one of the fathers of the Catholic Church. If American Negroes made up their minds to keep up with Saint Augustine they would be able to make white Nordics look up to them instead of looking up to white Nordics."

When you rely on the State to fight your battles it is comparable to

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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

GOD AND MAMMON

Christ says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you give."

The Banker says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you keep."

Christ says: "You cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon."

"You cannot." And all our education consists in trying to find out we can," says Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The poor are the true children of the Church," says Bossuet.

"Modern society has made the bank account the standard of values," says Charles Peguy.

USURERS ARE NOT GENTLEMEN

The Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church forbade lending money at interest.

Lending money at interest was called usury by the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

Usurers were not considered to be gentlemen when people used to listen to the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

When people used to listen to the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church, they could not see anything gentle in trying to live on the sweat of somebody else's brow by lending money at interest.

WEALTH-PRODUCING MANIACS

When John Calvin legalized money-lending at interest, he made the bank account the standard of values.

When the bank account became the standard of values people ceased to produce for use and began to produce for profits.

When people began to produce for profits they became wealth-producing maniacs.

When people became wealth-producing maniacs they produced too much wealth.

When people found out that they had produced too much wealth they went on an orgy of wealth-destruction and destroyed ten million lives besides.

MORTGAGED

Because John Calvin legalized money-lending at interest, the State has legalized money-lending at interest.

Because the State has legalized money-lending at interest, home owners have mortgaged their farms; institutions have mortgaged their buildings; congregations have mortgaged their churches; cities, counties, States and Federal Government have mortgaged their budgets.

So people find themselves in all kinds of financial difficulties because the State has legalized money-lending at interest in spite of the teachings of the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

THE FALLACY OF SAVING

When people save money that means money is invested. Money invested increases production.

Increased production brings a surplus in production.

A surplus in production brings unemployment.

Unemployment brings a slump in business.

A slump in business brings more unemployment.

More unemployment brings a depression.

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Wildcat in Portland

By Reuel S. Amdur

On July 25, during the swing shift at American Can Company in Portland, an altercation between a foreman and a woman employee occurred. The foreman shook the woman, and the workers responded with a wildcat walkout. The next day, the woman preferred criminal charges of assault and battery against the foreman. After a continuation of the wildcat the next day, followed by a weekend, workers returned to work on Monday the 29th. To understand the reasons for the wildcat, however, one must go further back than the incident outlined above.

The plant in Portland has been the scene of other wildcat strikes, but none of such long duration. It has, then, a history of past militancy in conflict situations. More recently, other factors were operative in creating unrest in the plant. Last summer, a contract was imposed on the can locals of the Steelworkers union by the McDonald bureaucrats (a contract which was in fact negotiated behind the backs of the representatives of the locals). The Portland local never did sign the contract arrived at and resented it and the way it was imposed. (Rarick did not carry the Portland local in the battle he

fought with McDonald for the Steelworkers' presidency early this year, mainly because it was almost impossible to get any information from his supporters back East. Also, the Portland local thought the dues increase, opposition to which was almost his sole platform, was necessary. And finally, the McDonald grapevine had it that Rarick opposed the union shop).

A feeling of insecurity was created in Portland because of a new American Can factory opened last summer in Salem, a plant that has taken a large amount of the business from Portland's factory, cutting down on Portland's production and hence on overtime and causing layoffs and down-gradings in work and pay. Furthermore, the Salem plant was organized by the Teamsters, whom the company aided by allowing them to distribute free coffee and doughnuts on company property and by other gimmicks. Finally, on top of this, Portland's plant lost several big contracts this year to the Portland factory of Continental Can (also largely Teamster-organized). And, of course, due to union vice investigations this year, the union movement as a whole is on the de-

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Little Rock

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Dr. Frankenstein relying on his monster to protect him. Sooner or later he will turn on you. It was the U. S. Supreme Court which handed down the separate but equal decision and the U. S. Supreme Court which reversed this decision. Its actions and decrees are based on pragmatic considerations and not on moral absolutes. Today the U. S. Army is using its power to enforce integration (a good thing); tomorrow it may use its power to enforce morally abhorrent decisions.

No matter how much one may desire integration it is now quite evident that it cannot be forced; it must come about through moral persuasion and education. The Southerners feel themselves martyrs and the victims of a ruthless governmental action. They are now more than ever confirmed in their prejudices. It could have been different.

In the southwest, a Jesuit priest, George Dunne, instigated an intensive educational campaign by writing and producing plays such as "Trial by Fire" and others for some five years and when the Supreme Court decision came the schools were integrated without incident. And when he started the racial prejudice was just as entrenched as it is in the South.

In Levittown, Pa., where one lone Negro is being persecuted by an all white community, where his house is being defaced, crosses burned on his lawn, where a house behind his continually holds all night noise fests to annoy his family, a group of Quakers has surrounded his home in a twenty-four hour vigil to bring moral pressure to bear on those engaged in harassment. It is this sort of action which should be taken. In this there is some hope of changing the attitudes of prejudiced minds by showing moral superiority.

We certainly do not want to minimize the great courage shown by the Negro students of Little Rock, but with better guidance their natural courage could have become supernatural as well. It is unfortunate that they could not have a man like William Lloyd Garrison as a guide. He went to jail for opposing slavery but he saw the error of reliance on the State.

ROBERT STEED.

Clarification

The comments made by some of our Catholic diocesan papers, while trying to be both fair and kindly disposed, show only too often that we have not made ourselves clear as to why we refused to obey the Civil Defense law which made it obligatory for all to take shelter during the annual civic defense drill, which refusal resulted in our going to jail. The Catholic press was rebuked for its silence and seeming indifference to the imprisonment of us twelve pacifists during July and August by another diocesan newspaper—but I felt that we were to blame for not having made our position clear.

Maybe it is impossible to clarify our stand. But we can at least try, again and again. From the Dubuque Witness, a story was reprinted in other papers, asking why, since the drill was to save life rather than take it, did we refuse to take shelter? At the same time it criticized what we had said. To them our explanations were muddled. "Given the premise of pacifism one can understand why people picket the H. bomb testing grounds. It is logical for a pacifist to refuse to pay taxes that would go to buy armaments. But by any premise and in any system of logic the civil disobedience of civil defense is—to use a mild adjective instead of a deservedly severe one—irrelevant."

We thank them for their mildness, whoever wrote and printed this editorial, and we will try again to explain what we did and why.

Albert Camus explains in his book *The Rebel*, how Marx, Hegel and Nietzsche tore down the City of God and built up the State. All revolutions have led to a reinforcement of the power of the State. Truman in one of his speeches pointed out that we are truly now a military state. We have peacetime conscription since 1939 and compulsory registration. Now we have compulsory air raid drills.

We are rejecting this authority of the State, compelling men, and now women, and children, to take part in War games. "One might think that a period which in a space of 50 years uproots, enslaves or kills seventy million human beings should be condemned out of hand," writes Camus.

The nature of revolt has changed, he points out. It is no longer slave against master, nor the poor against the rich. It is a metaphysical revolt of man against the conditions of life. We explained that we wished to do penance as Americans for our sins in being the first to drop the atom bomb at Hiroshima. We also explained that such compulsory participation in War Games was against our principles as pacifists and conscientious objectors. (Indeed, for a woman, it is her only opportunity to register her protest since she is not called upon to register for the draft or to go to war). We had thought that these explanations were sufficient. But Charles Butterworth, one of our staff, put it more clearly today. Self-suffering, non-resistance to evil, is an alternative offered by the pacifist to the government, setting an example—an example which the government could follow, were it a Christian government, in its relations with other states. If the govern-

French Intellectuals Protest

By ANNE TAILLEFER

Silence for the extrovert French is the very peak of emotion and effort. A minute of silence is always observed before honored dead or at crucial moments but much more cannot be stood by that loquacious race. Yet, last June, around six hundred people—among them the existentialist celebrity Jean-Paul Sartre, the Communist reporter, Claude Roy and the veteran Catholic novelist, Francois Mauriac—met in utter silence in the beautiful and historic gardens of the Palais-Royal and marched up the Avenue de l'Opera in protest against the continued war and repression in Algeria.

Not only was the protest silent but it was also solitary, commented Mauriac in *l'Express* of June 28. To some people who ask: "Was it necessary?" Mauriac answers:

"These five or six hundred Frenchmen who marched in silence up one of Paris' avenues had been deputed by thousands of others. A minority doubtless, but a segment of the French people does exist which does not accept the useless and unjust shedding of blood. France is both heart and reason. The reasons of the heart meet here with reason, pure and simple." And he goes on to say that the war will have to end before autumn and then it will be seen that these young men fighting as enemies will have killed each other for nothing. He further states that the rebels cannot ask for negotiations without admitting defeat while France can do it at any time without losing face.

"Silent manifestations are all that Christians are able to stage in the streets" says Mauriac. "I was pondering upon this, observing Sartre and Roy taking directions from one of these Christians. How Strange! There is no other way for some and God knows His own even if they know Him not."

"One must not sleep through that time, a silent protest is but a moment of that wake which will not end with us. Others will pursue it when we are gone."

"Was it necessary? Yes, it is never useless to say no to bloodshed carried out unjustly and with wantonness, by the will of a few men. It is much more necessary than you think."

"And perhaps one day you may know what the denial of a few will have saved. It is not thanks to M. Guy Mollet, M. Bourgues-Maunoury or M. Andre Morice that the Algerian people will rediscover France if this is ever to happen; it will be on account of that little group that makes you smile with their silent protests and who will to the end have preserved a certain French countenance, a countenance that the people of the Maghreb will dig up, still alive, under the corpses and the rubble."

Thus speaks Mauriac. And it is impossible not to make a parallel with the Catholic Worker's silent protest and recent incarceration and picketing. All around the world there are fools for God and they are getting closer and closer so that they will be soon able to join hands.

ernment followed the same technique of endurance and suffering, and offered no resistance to the threatened bombing by another, it would be the beginning of peace. It would call for a complete disarmament on the part of the government. A wild, Utopian dream? But the Popes have said that we could not expect one morality from the individual and another from Governments. It is more than a question of counsel and precept. It is a question of survival.

Together with this example of non-violent resistance, we do our positive work, offer our positive example of combating at all times, poverty, homelessness, hunger and prejudice, by the practice of the works of mercy.

Back In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

This is my schedule selling CW's this season:

Monday night — 9:30 to 10 at Cooper Union.

Tuesday—11:30 to 2 at Pine and Nassau.

Tuesday—9:30 to 10:30 p.m. at New School, E. 12th St.

Wednesday—Noon until 4 p.m. Fordham University, uptown.

Thursday—6:30 to 8:30 p.m. at 14th and Broadway.

Friday—11:30 to 2 p.m. at 43rd and Lexington.

Saturday—Noon until 2 p.m. at 14th and Broadway.

Sunday—8:45 to 10 at St. Patrick's. 10:30 to 1:30 at St. Francis.

Mike Kovalak is at times selling CW's at 6th Ave. and 8th Street in the Village. Bob Steed will sell at times at different places, including Columbia University. Roy Farmer will also be on hand at Times Square when not busy elsewhere. Cold weather will not keep us away from our mission, but we will not start out in the rain.

At 14th Street a kindly, old country type man stopped and asked me what size shoes I wore, looking at my sandals and thinking that I was so poor and had such crippled feet that I could not afford shoes. I told him that my feet were extra special for I had tramped all over this country, and that I wore sandals for comfort and because my friend Lee Pagano of Kolonia had given them to me. He had never heard of the CW, so when I told him that we all wore hand-outs the same as we gave to the poor around the Bowery he was pleased. He had been ready to take my measure for a new pair of shoes: this do-it-yourself stranger.

Meetings

Being a teetotaler I do not go to taverns, but the College of Complexes which consists of a large room above a tavern in the Village not far from the Greenwich prison where Dorothy and the other women had been imprisoned during the air raid drill disturbance had invited her to speak. I went there instead and until quite late answered questions and gave our message. The owner is an anarchist from Chicago who ran such a club there. I was unaccustomed to the dim light and the clinking of glasses and to speaking in a microphone but was able to put across my ideas.

I had spoken at the Quaker Meeting House in Cambridge, Mass. to the FOR four years ago and now was invited again. Father O'Connor sent some students from Boston U down, and there were other students and regular members who asked questions until very late. Their interest was of course in our civil disobedience to preparation for war. One young Episcopalian felt that he could do much good as a Chaplain in the Army. At Joe Dever's home I met a Harvard student who had written his thesis contrasting Bill Buckley of "God and Man at Yale" and me as the extreme right and extreme left Catholic positions. He had read my book. One young woman said that her best friend in the church where she attended was a man with a family who was so very kind and considerate but who worked at a job that was so terrible. She did not have the courage to tell him about it and wondered how she could bring to his attention the inconsistency between his work developing germ warfare for the government and his religious profession. I told her that if he did not

see this discrepancy already it would not be likely that a word from her would awaken him. If she could act in a manner which would show that she abhorred anything military perhaps this would be more than words; and I suggested that she go to prison with us next year for refusing to take part in the air raid drill and perhaps her friend would realize by her example that all was not right in this mad world.

Indians

At a meeting of the Indian League of the Americas, to which I belong, a report was given of a long letter written by the Army Engineer Corps to them in response to their plea that the Seneca Indians be not disposed of their land by the building of the Kinzua Dam at their reservation near Salamanca, N.Y. The letter said that the Indians would still own the land even if it were under 80 feet of water which covered their sacred shrines and houses, and that in time they would get land up in the hills in place of this good bottom land given in perpetuity in 1794 when they ceded millions of acres to the government. The Army men pointed out that the plan of the government was to get all Indians off their reservations and move them into cities. The National Congress of American Indians meeting this month at Clairmore, Oklahoma opposes this forced liquidation of the Indians into our decadent culture. At the time when Dulles refuses to recognize Red China because the "peace-loving" nations of the west might be con-

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Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of *The Catholic Worker*, published monthly at New York 2, N.Y. for October 1, 1957.

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N.Y.C. 2, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only).

Charles McCormack, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of September, 1957. (Seal) John Jurkow.

Notary Public, State of New York. Qualified in Kings County No. 24-7132400. Certificates filed with Kings, New York, Queens & Bronx County Clerk & Register Offices. (My commission expires March 30, 1958.)

D. D.

My 25 Days

By Kerran Dugan

When I was a social worker at the Federal jail in Washington, D. C., my life was almost as simple as that of the inmates. I lived in the jail, in a room not unlike a cell, and besides my regular work of interviewing new inmates and making telephone calls to the outside for them, I taught reading, writing and arithmetic to the illiterate among the inmate population, so that I spent very little time, day or night, away from jail. But I could go out when I wanted to.

On my way out of an evening I would pass the classification office, where J— would be working. J— was a young trusty (in his mid-twenties) who was making the best of a bad situation. He still had several more years to serve for statutory rape, and he didn't intend to piddle them away. He worked in the office from early morning to late at night (by special permission)—typing, filing, organizing everything. He knew the office much better than the employees that it was hard to imagine these latter running it without him. In his spare time he was studying penology (one of his ambitions was to remain in prison work when he was freed). All of this took much patience and courage, since everything out of the mold, everything creative that a prisoner undertakes requires so much going through channels, so much tiptoeing around channels, so much waiting for the red tape that most men will not bother.

As I would pass the office, J— would wave good-bye to me, throwing out some friendly, tongue-in-cheek surmise about my plans for the evening, prefacing or sufficing the pleasantry with "Mr. Dugan," as the rules required, the same rules which required me to address him by his last name alone and without the "Mister." I found these "farewell" encounters with J— most depressing. I was almost ashamed that I was going out while he would have to remain bounded by the cell that he avoided and the office that the rest of us found monotonous, as he had been bounded by them for days unto years previous, as he would be bounded by them for days unto years to come.

Many times when I left the jail it was to go no further than the banks of the Anacostia, which ran behind the jail. As I would sit or stand by the water, my thoughts would invariably run to one magnet: the mystery of freedom. Contact with prison does nothing so much as make you ponder the meaning of this subtle ingredient born into the world only in the breast of man, making each man a world in himself and the whole world a constant adventure in revolution; and the more you ponder it the more reluctant you are to define it, to put your finger on it and dare to say that the circumference of your finger-tip specifies what freedom is. Those times by the river I would ask myself what I enjoyed that J— did not enjoy. At this moment I was free and J— was not free, and, for this moment, what was the difference? In a little while I would go back behind the same walls as J—, to a room just as gloomy and small as his. In the meantime I was doing nothing else with my freedom than watching a river that J— could watch from a window. What was the difference? It was of course that out of a thousand things I might have chosen I chose to watch the river, whereas J—, if he chose to watch from a window, chose it as one thing out of a meager few possibilities. But there was more to the difference than this, and I would not know the whole difference until I crossed the line and actually lived the life of one who is a number and a set of fingerprints.

After Sentencing

We are handcuffed one to another in pairs and piled into the prison van. These green prison

vans look very tidy outside, and when you see them going through the streets you hardly notice them and it never enters your mind that people are inside them. The trip is a short one, but to the neophyte it is a nightmare of shackles, darkness and jam-packed humanity. The benches surrounding the interior were already filled when we entered—two deep in places—so that we have to stand in the small space remaining in the center. There is actually not enough room for all of us to put our feet on the floor squarely and some of us have to brace ourselves as best we can against the swaying and jolting of the moving van by leaning with our one unmanacled hand against the wall while keeping our weight on one foot. There is a narrow grill, about five inches wide, running along both sides of the van. It is superimposed with dirty, cloudy glass, so that it permits neither much vision out nor much light in...

Bronx County Jail

There are eight of us spending the night in this bull-pen. It is a barred cell about ten feet by twelve, with a semi-open toilet in one corner and a water fountain beside it. The fountain is unique and seems to have been devised with economy of water in mind. To get a drink from it you have to hold a finger of one hand in the bottom of the spout (so that the water will bubble up rather than down) while pressing your other hand with all your might against a metal button. The metal button works so hard that some men in the cell require the assistance of another in order to get a drink. There is an old alcoholic in the cell who has felt the need of a drink every few minutes all evening. We have taken turns pushing the button for him... Every one but Julian Beck and me has already laid down on his blanket on the floor for the night. There is little room left on the floor and Julian and I have just discussed where we shall set ourselves down. There is one space by the bars and another by the toilet bowl. Julian insists on sleeping by the latter. He says it is because he would prefer that to the smell of feet, but I know it is because he wishes to take the harder place. Selfishly, I have given in to his insistence. I know he will be bothered by the coming and going of the others during the night...

To Hart's Island

During the trip here in the van a fellow who could manage to see out of the grill-work by his head kept us informed of our itinerary, so that the illusion of being in a dark box juggled by some malevolent giant was periodically dispelled. After we had been riding forty minutes or so our "guide" informed us that we had reached the City Island ferry slip and were about to embark on the waters of Long Island Sound. We could hear the van climb the ramp onto the ferry and could hear the chugging of the boat's motor as it began its progress across water which we could not see. One man in the van said, "We wouldn't have a chance if anything happened." Another one said, "Is it legal for them to carry us over water locked up and handcuffed like this?" A third said, "Picked up because I had a fight with my wife, and they have to guard me to the point of endangering my life, as if I were a murderer." It was the darkness of the van, the not being able to see the water which made disaster seem very possible and made the locks and handcuffs loom as threats to survival. The gripping of the men was the froth of unwarranted fear. And yet there was fundamental truth about the penal system in the third man's statement: the inmate is considered only in the lump. All inmates are considered bad, without qualification or

degree. As soon as a man is locked up, he is treated as a dangerous felon, even if his only offense has been that he falls asleep on subways.

At Hart's Island

We were processed: fingerprinted, stripped of our possessions and clothes (so that standing or sitting during delays some of us remarked on our similarity to an Abner Dean cartoon), sprayed with delousing oil, put into showers. Some people in the shower with us badly needed both it and the delousing. One man had what I assumed were wine-sores. The sores covered his left leg, from thigh to foot, and gave the appearance of sequins. The foot was swollen to tremendous size and was split open and running with liquid. The officer who had taken his clothes from him and thrown them hurriedly into a "throw away" barrel had said something about maggots and called an inmate with a spray gun to spray the inside of the barrel. Another man, immediately beside me in the shower, had strange crust formations on his stomach which looked like scales. He seemed to be enjoying scratching them, pulling them off, washing them, almost fondling them. From the shower we went to the clothes table, where we were given shoes which didn't quite fit, wrinkled grey work trousers which didn't quite fit, and wrinkled blue shirts which fit a little better. [Many of the men sent to Hart's are what inmates and officers call "skids." Some men are in such a state of weakness and stupor that it is a marvel that they get through processing at all. While we were at Hart's, two men collapsed during processing one day, one of them dying on the spot. One day toward the end of my sentence, when I was in transit through the processing center, a man went berserk. He had shown indications of cracking up earlier (I had been sitting next to him on the bus enroute) and when the officers told him to take off his clothes and go into the shower room, he refused, saying that he knew what they were up to and they weren't going to trap him. The man was first in line, and it might have helped if others went through the disrobing, delousing and showering ahead of him. But the officers insisted that he do as he was told immediately. The man ran from one side of the room to the other, jumped up on a bench, pleaded with the rest of us to unite with him against the officers. "We can win if we all stick together. Come on, fellas, please." Finally, after much chasing and scuffling he was pinned down on the floor and tied hands and feet with belts. For about ten minutes thereafter he was a bundle of nervous energy, twisting and turning on the floor, moving himself recklessly about by snake-like up and down movements and somersaults, banging against benches as he did so. Finally a blanket was brought in, and, his nakedness covered, he was borne away.]

(Continued next issue)

Pacifist Letter From Jail

First let me thank you for your letter with all of its good wishes and encouraging words. One of the most peculiar sensations of being imprisoned is that one has been forgotten, consequently letters are particularly comforting and simply by being a form of recognition from "the street" the sense of isolation is quite complete and one sits around here wondering whether or not anyone knows or even cares where you are. And here, of course,

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Wildcat in Portland

(Continued from page 1)

fensive. The situation was ripe for the company to put the pressure on and a get-tough policy ensued.

Pressure was felt in several ways. When grievances were filed, the company would pay the money sought in the grievances but the principles involved generally got lost in technicalities in higher levels of grievance procedure machinery. Grievances that the company pushed to more advanced stages of grievance-settlement procedures were often quite similar to grievances settled in earlier stages prior to the get-tough policy. Some of the newer foremen of the despotic school began to bear down just a little harder, as did one old-timer.

If we examine the immediate cause of the walkout, we can gain some insight into the types of pressures brought to bear by the foremen. The woman with whom the foreman disputed was engaged in taking paper milk cartons from a conveyor belt and placing them neatly in a large paper bag in front of her. The belt carried those containers she could not handle to a second woman who packed the rest of them. When the line is going at top speed, both these women must do a fair amount of work at the same time, though even then there can be some trading of the burden of work. When, however, work slackens just a bit, it is even easier to trade off in this fashion. Thus, one will work enough to get all or almost all the cartons for, say, ten minutes while the other talks to someone, relaxes, etc. Then they switch. The foreman with whom the dispute arose is the old-time despot mentioned above. Being upset by what he felt was an abuse by one of the carton packers—he could not be sure which one—of the fifteen minute relief period to which everyone is entitled twice a day, he decided on a general punishment. He ordered one packer to take just nine milk cartons and then let nine go by to the next woman. According to his version, she ignored him, and according to her own she attempted to comply but was not completely successful. In fact, it is extremely awkward to count out nine going by, but even if possible it creates a very boring and enervating cadence of work. At any rate, she did not fulfill his orders to his satisfaction, and, becoming upset, he swore at her and shook her. Soon after, the walkout occurred.

When the wildcat began, most of the workers were in a holiday spirit. The pressure was off. The extra summer help, mainly college students, knew nothing of the issues involved and took no interest in them; these people were largely resentful. Few people, however, went into the plant during the strike—perhaps a dozen out of 400-500 working in the plant. Though those that did were mainly the summer help, at least two "regular" employees did. One of these was described as a "goof off" who could not afford to lose time because of money he owed on dog races. Since the walkout was a violation of contract, it was essential that the union be kept from too open identification with it. Consequently, on the day shift following the beginning of the walkout, the local president called the company and told them that the executive board of the union was prepared to go to work but that they felt they could be more useful if they stayed out and tried to settle the walkout by mediating between the workers and the company. In fact, they did have numerous meetings with the company which would lend further weight to the alibi for not going into the plant. The union was therefore not implicated in the walkout, and yet the union officials did not go to work.

Though nothing was agreed to by the company in writing, the workers returned with the understanding that an investigation of the incident would be made by the company, that the grievances in the future would be settled in prin-

ciple as well as in cash, and that the word would go out to foremen, especially "bright, young" ones, that it was not company policy to put the clamps on too tightly. The company also made known that in the future a training program for new foremen would guard against the sort of problems created by the enthusiastic, new, disciplinarian type of supervisor. Finally, it was agreed that there would be no reprisals for the strikers.

The workers already were beginning to feel uneasy about the strike. They are short on funds this year because of the layoffs and the lack of overtime, and they could hardly count on the international for help in a long illegal strike. (Incidentally, the representative from the Steelworkers international was out of town when the wildcat began.) The settlement was therefore desired, and the solution saved face all around. The workers won their main points, and yet the company put nothing on paper, so that it would not look as if the company had yielded under fire. The foreman involved is still working, but he was taking the place of a foreman on vacation at the time of the altercation that precipitated the wildcat, and that other foreman returned the Monday the wildcat ended. Therefore, the foreman responsible for the incident is no longer over the women in the milk carton department. The foreman has not been disciplined as a result of the company investigation, largely because any sort of finding of guilt by the company might prejudice the defense case in the criminal proceedings against the foreman. At any rate, the pressure on the workers is off.

The American Can wildcat is an illustration of several principles growingly ignored in present-day America. Above all, it is an illustration of class struggle, the struggle between those who work the factory and (in this case, through the supervisory employees) those who manage and own it. This struggle is not a simple matter of dollars-and-cents, pension plans, etc.; rather, it is, perhaps even more importantly, a struggle for the dignity of labor. It is a battle against assembly-line fatigue, against speed-up, against get-tough policies. The get-tough policies and the subsequent easing up that follows resistance to such policies are a pattern discerned by many observers in dictatorships all over the world—the "hard" and "soft" variations in Soviet domestic policy for example. The modern industrial psychologists and sociologists do not run the plant, and even if they did the conditions would only be somewhat improved: Crises would still occur. It is not strange that the workers themselves see the factory as an authoritarian institution (and of course that is what it is): the American Can workers speak of it as a dictatorship, a prison. The joy felt by the workers in their illegal strike is the same type of joy felt by the Hungarian workers in the midst of war and revolution setting up their workers' councils and the East Berlin workers in their mass demonstrations against foreign domination and the local puppets of that domination. It is a joy of community and autonomy—the community of oppressed and autonomy of those no longer just machine parts or devices to follow orders (I use terms obviously denoting a limiting condition never actually reached but only approximated) but persons with other—and more human—attributes as well.

The place of the union in the struggle is most informative. This place is marginal and ambiguous. The trade unions in general and the Steelworkers most especially are not able to negotiate firm conditions of work relating to elimination or lessening of dictatorial aspects of the factory. These aspects are endemic in this economic system and arise

(Continued on page 6)

Thou Shalt Not Kill

By FATHER (DR.) JOHANNES UDE

(Continued from the July-Aug. Issue)

"You have called me a just man, O King," says Virata, "but I know now that whoever pronounces sentence on another man has sinned and covers himself with guilt. And I beg you release me from my office! I am no longer able to make true judgments since I have learned that no one can judge another man. It is God's prerogative to punish and not man's; the man who tries to play God, sins, and I want to live a life without blame. No one can call himself a just man if he meddles in other men's lives and work. One must live alone."

The king released Virata and he lived alone, spending his time in prayer and good works. The reputation of his sanctity spread by word of mouth and men flocked to him to seek his advice.

One day there was a discussion among his sons who wanted to discipline a slave. Virata stopped them and in the ensuing argument it became clear to him that he had no right to deprive any man of his liberty nor to force him to work and make the profits his own. As a result he gave all his slaves their freedom. "A man who treats human beings as if they were animals can hardly be called just. I will give all my slaves their liberty that I may be without guilt. I will renounce them because might is rarely in the right and I want to live a life of justice on this earth."

But when his sons retorted that by giving the slaves their liberty he was interfering in their lives and condemning them to a life of labor Virata replied: "I do not want to do you violence. Take the house and divide it according to your pleasure; I will no longer have any part in the possession or the guilt. He who wishes to live without blame may have no share in hatred nor traffic in the lives of others, neither may he nourish himself with other people's toil nor drink from other's sweat, nor be given to debauchery and the indolence of the rich. Only the man who lives alone experiences God, only the active man feels His power, only the voluntarily poor possess Him completely. I want to be closer to God than to my own clothes; I want to live without guilt. Take the house and share it in peace."

After he had spoken Virata went far away from the haunts of men and lived a life of solitude. There he prayed and called the animals of the forest his brothers and sisters. After some time the knowledge of this reached the people and also the king. The latter hurried to him, edified by his example and asked him whether there was any wish he could fulfill for him. But Virata said: "Nothing is mine anymore, my king, or else everything on earth is. I have forgotten it, that mine was a house among other houses, and mine were children among other children. The homeless man possesses the world, the detached one possesses the completeness of life, the guiltless man, peace. I have no other wish than to remain without guilt on earth." The king, because of his great admiration for Virata, respects his wishes and returns home.

But Virata soon had to learn that he had erred again. His example had enticed others to do the same. Many followed him into solitude, left everything, withdrew into the wilderness and there each lived only for God and the salvation of his soul.

One day he went looking for assistance in order to bury one of the hermits and he happened to pass a house. The woman living there, seeing him, cursed him. Quite perplexed Virata entered the house and asked the furious woman for an explanation. There he learned that the woman's husband, attracted by his example, had left house, wife and child and had withdrawn into the desert. The family now lacked a provider. The

children were going to ruin, in want and misery and neglect. Virata truly believed that he was not guilty in the matter but the woman said angrily: "How will you atone for enticing a man to leave his work, which had been his family's only support, with the foolish illusion that in living alone he would be nearer to God, than in community life?"

Crushed by the realization of his guilt he answered the woman: "Even the inactive perform acts that makes them culpable on earth; even the solitary lives in all his brethren. Forgive me, woman! I will leave the forest so that your husband will also return and again enliven this household."

Then Virata returns to the life of the community and appears before the king, who respectfully greets him and calls him a wise man. But Virata says: "Do not call me a wise man because my way was not the right one. Inactivity too is a sort of action. I was a useless man who was involved only in my own life and was of service to no one. Now I want to serve again. I do not want to be free of my will because the free man is not really free and the inactive man is not devoid of responsibility. No one is free unless he serves others and puts all his energy into his vocation and works without asking questions. Only serving is wisdom. But the king said: 'I don't understand you. You demand that I make you free and in the same breath you ask for a work to do. Do you mean that one is free only if he works for another and that the man who has power over others is not free? I do not understand.'"

To this Virata said: "It is a good thing that you do not understand because if you did you could no longer be king and ruler. When the king asked whether the master was inferior to the servant and whether before God and men there were some individuals of greater worth than others Virata answered: 'Before God all men are of equal worth. It may be that some actions appear to be of greater worth than others in the eyes of the world yet all vocations are of equal importance in the eyes of God.'"

Now the king thinking that old Virata has become senile before his time sarcastically asks him: "Would you care to be overseer of the dogs in my palace?" Virata accepted the offer of the king. His sons were ashamed of him and did not want to hear any more of him and his fame quickly faded away and forgotten by men he died alone. So ends the Legend of Virata.

Deeply stirred by the reading of this legend I reached for the Bible and opened it at the words of the Lord, the wisest of all wise men, God Himself, the Way, the Truth and the Life, who said: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these the least of my brethren, you did it for me . . . as long as you did not do it for one of these least one, you did not do it for me." (Matt. 25, 40-45) and "But do not you be called 'Rabbi'; for one is your Master, and all you are brothers. And call no one on earth your father; for one is your Father, who is in heaven. Neither be called masters; for one only is your Master, the Christ. He who is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whoever exalts himself shall be humbled, and whoever humbles himself shall be exalted." (Matt. 23, 8-12) and "On the contrary, whoever wishes to become great shall be your servant; and whoever wishes to be first among you shall be the slave of all; for the Son of Man also has not come to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many." (Mark 10, 43-45).

No one can serve and do good to others who does not have charity, the true all-embracing love derived from God and ever will to



SAINT FRANCIS sweeps a church

sacrifice itself because: "Charity is patient, is kind; charity does not envy, is not pretentious, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, is not self-seeking, is not provoked; thinks no evil, does not rejoice over wickedness, but rejoices with the truth; bears with all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Charity never fails" (Cor. 13, 4-8). "For the whole Law is fulfilled in one word: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Gal. 5, 14). "Owe no man anything except to love one another; for he who loves his neighbor has fulfilled the Law. For 'Thou shalt not commit adultery;

Thou shalt not kill;
Thou shalt not steal;
Thou shalt not covet;

and if there is any other commandment, it is summed up in this saying,

'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

Love is the fulfillment of the Law." (Rom. 13, 9-10).

Love we must have because "He who does not love abides in death." (I John. 3, 4) So: serve in love—this must be the core of our thought and action. Only after we have grasped this will we understand the great Commandment "Thou shalt not kill." The man who kills has not grasped the meaning of "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

PREFACE

Anyone who has stood at a deathbed, anyone who has allowed the inscriptions on cemetery crosses to affect him or anyone who has seen the bloody harvest of death on the battlefield and in cities destroyed by bombs knows what death is, what it means to die.

I have stood at many hundreds of deathbeds; I have seen dead men and men in their last agony while I was, with thousands of fellow prisoners, for months exposed to falling bombs without shelter and protection. Nevertheless we will grasp the mystery of death in the fullness of its meaning only when the inflexible law of nature—every man must certainly die—is fulfilled in us.

We all know what it means to live, or to express it more correctly, we feel, we experience it at every moment. And how well human beings enjoy living. A human being clings with all his strength to life, however poor and miserable his life may be. How much every living being, whether human or animal, resists the destruction of his life!

Every living creature wants to be happy. But it is possible to be happy only as long as one lives and as far as one is alive. Death, the decomposition and destruction of the earthly life, is, according to experience, a very bitter and deeply serious affair.

A human being, especially a be-

lieving Christian, knows that with the death of the body our life is not ended, but that we continue to live in Eternity with God, Who is life itself and Who has given us life. The first life was possible only by the direct action of God. Life can never result from dead matter and its forces. Every human being that puts in its appearance descends, according to our experience, from another living human being. Death is the decomposition and destruction of the substance of our body; it follows naturally from the essence of our material substance. Matter is subject to change, to transformation, and at the same time takes a new form.

If this process of death, which is the natural dissolution of our bodily life is something very bitter, how very much more does nature resist the violent destruction of our life.

One would think that human beings influenced by this natural urge to live, that they would have great respect for all life and that therefore at least among rational men there would be no violent and no deliberate killing. And yet murder and killing are daily occurrences. The history of mankind has been one of warfare, strife and contention. The cunningly organized and skillfully carried out murder of great numbers of human beings on orders from superiors, which is called war, has become a permanent institution of states. The governments of the world demand for themselves the right to inflict the death penalty on criminals or people whose political opinions differ from their own. Is the pining away, the slow death of so many people in the awful dungeons and jails and concentration camps anything else but deliberate annihilation of life? A veritable shudder must seize anyone who has human feelings left at the thought that old, diseased, sick people are simply exterminated as we exterminate insects and vermin and that whole nations and whole races are destroyed. And even in the theological textbooks of Christian churches it is maintained that killing is, under certain circumstances, permissible.

Holy Scripture tells us that the first human beings were called into existence by their Creator for everlasting happiness. It is by sin, by disobedience to the command of God that our first parents forfeited for themselves and their whole progeny the happiness of life and have incurred disease, suffering and death. According to God's kind intention death was never meant to occur at all.

But after the first sin was committed God revealed the penalty to our first parents: "In the sweat of your brow you shall eat bread until you return to the earth out of which you were taken, for you are dust and to dust you will return." (Gen. 3-19). Ever since Cain murdered his brother Abel, as related in the fourth chapter of Genesis, blood has been shed on this earth and this in spite of Christianity. Certain heads-of-state almost play with human lives and believe themselves to be undisputed masters of their subjects' lives. The latter are supposed to be ready at a word from above to partake in the organized killing of men. He who is not ready for this must be willing to pay the penalty.

Is it not appropriate in the face of such facts to write a book entitled "Thou shalt not kill"? Or is that perhaps too general a statement? Should it not be, "One is not allowed to kill, except under

certain circumstances"? But who dares to restrict the divine command which has been verified by Christ? God has simply commanded "Thou shalt not kill" without setting any limits. I find no restrictions in the whole Gospel.

The majority of Christian theologians and moralists teach that given certain circumstances one is permitted to kill. We feel it to be almost a duty of conscience to examine from the viewpoint of Christian ethics and theology whether the divine command "Thou shalt not kill" has unrestricted validity or whether it is permitted in given cases to kill one's fellowmen. Whoever is convinced of the existence of God does not have to be convinced that God is the unlimited master of all life. God is the creator of life. He has given it; he may therefore take it whenever He sees fit to do so. When God takes a life He is guided by His wise intentions, by His justice and His love. But whether any human being has the right to take the life of a fellow human being must be proven. It certainly is clear that as a human being I am never the lord of the life of my fellowmen. And as human beings we stand side by side with equal rights. If, therefore, someone claims for himself the right to kill someone else he has to bring the striking proof that God Himself, the master of all life, has given him this right. In this one case, to be sure, the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" would be circumscribed.

The various governments and political parties, and with a few exceptions, the representatives of the Catholic Church and other Christian churches teach such a reservation concerning the 5th Commandment. As a moralist and as a Catholic theologian I want to examine from the standpoint of the Natural Law and Catholic theology whether the 5th Commandment is given without reservation and therefore is absolute or whether with God's explicit permission it can be set aside so that in certain circumstances it would be permissible to kill.

We may well assume that our investigation will claim a great deal of public interest, especially in the light of the dreadful war experiences of the last fifty years, unless of course one assumes from the beginning, without proof, the position that war is a natural phenomenon and that human society could not exist without the infliction of the death penalty and that the right of the defense of oneself and nation is not contrary to the dictates of the Natural Law and that therefore there is a right and a duty of self defense. With people who hold this position we will not hold a discussion because their viewpoint is the well known "sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas" (I wish it so, I order it so, my will takes the place of all proof).

TO BE CONTINUED

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CULTURE ATION ::

English Letter French Letter

By Fr. J. F. T. Prince

"Plus ça change" The old adage is amply borne out by a reading of London TIMES leaders of a century ago. I refer especially to those published at the time of the British expedition in the Crimea: ("We don't want to fight: But by Jingo if we do: We've got the guns: We've got the men: We've got the MONEY, too!") Russia, as now, was the menace, the supreme bugbear, and the scapegoat for all political ills—in fact you might say for every evil under the sun! This, of course, was the Russia of the Tsars, of the Good Old Days, of serfdom and high life in the Kremlin—in short, the Holy Russia beloved of the reactionaries today.

Now to know your enemy is not to attempt casting out Satan with the assistance of Beelzebub; recognizing his weapons does not imply the adoption of them in the fields of morals or of strategy. Experience has taught generals the folly of a breezy indifference as to the enemy's tactics, and a lofty contempt of his defenses has been paid for in terms of massacre and humiliation. So we should not dismiss too airily the fear of enlightenment in our attitude to Communism. Some definition is necessary if we are to be saved from muddled thinking. Is it, in fact, Communism as such, that we recognize as the enemy, or is it rather the Communist whose communism is merely per accidens? Lest this should be thought an irrelevant quibble we are reminded of the case of Jugo-Slavia whose leaders are probably more orthodox (and certainly no less eager in their Communism) than the Kremlin, lately credited with having "shed its Communism save the jargon." Yet Tito has been near to becoming the West's white-headed boy! Or is the enemy rather a pan-Slavism much older than the Soviet, one of whose historical manifestations has recently been dealt with by M. Benoit P. Hepner in his *Bakounine et le Panslavisme*, a book I can recommend for sane thought and care. For next to charity, it is clear thinking we need to accompany true zeal.

Compare, then, our position as Christians with the Communist position. Communists have a definite theory—we have a definite and a working theory. Now, it is the sincere belief of many of us, speaking with first-hand knowledge, that this is the most striking (because the most unexpected) thing to be found in the U.S.S.R.—the large extent to which many Russian Communists try to put their false theory into practice. It is no less than amazing that this should still be so, after the exposures (none can deny) if not of individuals then of the whole system. How do we compare with Communists in this, we who claim to be supported by the Very Life and Very Truth made manifest amongst men? Communism is still a standing rebuke to indifferent Christians. We have been told before that Communism is what insincere Christianity has rotted

I haven't seen the Worker for two months or more, so I hope this letter finds you all in good health. I hope you received my last letter which contained articles and a contribution.

I spent two weeks in the community of Lanza del Vasto here in France. I think Dorothy has a steady contact with him. I will send my impressions when I return to France, as now I have neither typewriter or time. In short, he started a Ghandian Ashram based on poverty, chastity, obedience, and non-violence. They make all their clothes, shoes, paper (just started a paper mill), food . . . in short, they live as independently as possible. There are about twenty "compagnos" (members) and several novices. Among the "compagnos" there are three or four families. They have their own school for the five or six children.

One thing that I learned there is that Danilo Dolci in Italy (now in jail for publishing a book which the authorities felt was obscene since it published word for word interviews with some of the poor in Sicily) will start a fast in November—till death—so that the government will arrange facilities for the men to find jobs. Lanza and several "compagnos" will probably join him for several days if not for some weeks.

I'm now in Morocco at a summer school which has as its theme, "Education." Only a bit of the tension between the French and the Arabs remains. The war in Algeria goes on and it is impossible to describe the hate that has been bred from this devil. Kennedy's speech nearly provoked riots and American popularity took a new dive.

Ned O'Gorman is in England and will be in Paris around September.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Jim Berry.

into. And it is true that over and over again in Bolshevik phraseology you will find remnants of Christian terms. St. Paul's "If a man will not work neither let him eat" is placarded as the Soviet's motto. Obviously, as in every reprehensible movement since the fall of the Angels, it is the negative, the falling short, that is evil. What is positive is good. What is positive equally, in Soviet Russia, is good. And I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that there are some good points (I said some), some good and very good points in their social services and system of education. Treatment of mental disease, for instance, is far more Christian than that dished out still in Britain.

In brief, every man and woman in this sad and disillusioned world, still is groping (perhaps unconsciously) for the Sublime; and this groping does undoubtedly lead to ideals of generosity, unselfishness, self-discipline, devotion to the cause. Ideals that, to my personal knowledge, are still fulfilled in many Communists in Russia.

May we infer that there are three good things that the menace of Communism should awaken in us — HONESTY, UNDERSTANDING, ACTION. And no room left for airy denunciation. No time left for finding a scape-goat on whom we can pin the evils of our time. Is not this the attitude towards Communism that, by recent events, should be awakened in the Christian conscience?

SAINT RAPHAEL



PRAY
FOR
US

The Clothes Room

I am still trying to understand the mystery of the little lady in the clothes room. Who is she that she is never down in the dumps, that she always has ready a sympathetic understanding for those who come to her—for the old woman who cannot find her glasses, for the precocious young boy from another city who is a little homesick, for the confused radical who seeks understanding? How does the little lady accept all ages on their own levels? What makes her so spry? Where does she get her boundless sense of humor in such drab surroundings?

The keeper of the clothes room makes no one feel self-conscious when they come begging, not even the three Puerto Rican women with a total of twenty-one children.

The keeper of the clothes room was only disappointed when someone ruined a favorite plant. She did not get angry. She only set about to clean the remaining mess.

Veronica's is the room that draws so many visitors. There knick-knacks, tea parties, and the little lady makes everyone happy and the conversation is merry.

People unburden their grief; people sing the praises of their ideology; and the only one who listens is Veronica. What makes this woman's shoulders so broad and back so strong that all should come to lean on her for support? Hers is the compassion of the other Veronica, long ago.

No one hears Veronica's complaints. No one hears Veronica's version of the sadness of this life or the prospects for a brave new world. Nor does anyone hear Veronica preaching and proclaiming the glories of everlasting life in the life beyond.

Perhaps this is the mystery of the keeper of the clothes room; she is the ear to listen and the shoulder to be weeped upon in Christ's Mystical Body.

Mike Willis.

Editorial Note: Mike was a 17-year-old student who spent part of his vacation at St. Joseph's House this summer.

The Auden Prayer

"Let us pray especially at this time for all who occupy positions of petty and unpopular authority, through whose persons we suffer the impersonal discipline of the state, for all who must inspect and cross-question, for all who issue permits and enforce restrictions that they may not come to regard the written word or the statistical figure as more than flesh and blood . . . and deliver us, as private citizens, from confusing the office with the man . . . and from forgetting that it is our impatience and indolence, our own abuse and terror of freedom, our own injustice that created the state, to be a punishment and remedy for sin."

W. H. Auden

BOOK REVIEWS

PSYCHIATRIC STUDIES—C. G. Jung. Pantheon Books, Inc. RELIGION AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JUNG—Father Raymond Hostie, S. J. Sheed and Ward, 840 Broadway, N. Y. \$3.50. Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

The first book is Vol. 1 in the Bollingen Foundation series of the complete works on Jung. These are not being published in consecutive order as this is the sixth book in the series to come out. This contains little more than the descriptive analyses of cases of hysteria cryptomnesia, mania mood disorder and simulated insanity. For Jung's distinctive theories the other volumes should be consulted. Jung is very readable, though a great deal more verbose than Freud, and the Bollinger series are attractively made up.

Father Hostie presents a sympathetic but critical evaluation of Jung and writes specifically on the relation of Jung's ideas to religion.

"Jung," states Father Hostie, "tries to get people concerned to see the psychological value of religion . . . unfortunately he does not seem to realize by doing so he in fact prevents them from grasping the objective value of religion." p. 180.

Back in 1911 Jung wrote what has remained essentially his attitude—"When an idea is so old, and also generally believed, it is probably true in some way and, indeed, as is mostly the case, is not literally true, but is true psychologically." PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS p. 4. Despite the fact that Jung protests the label this is nothing more than religious psychologism and stems from his inability to grasp the disciplines of sciences other than his own.

Jung regards religion as useful in the progress from the infantile to the adult, for he sees in "Mother Church" a symbol facilitating that passage. The natural mother, symbol of infancy, being supplanted by the Church, a symbol of the adult. And yet, with him, it is a ladder one uses to reach a level and has no further use once the line is reached, and so the perfect adult kicks it off. His difficulty here is somewhat that of Freud, the failure to include conscience (rationality) as a component of the unconscious. So that, as to achieve emotional adulthood, the libido transfers from the narrowness of the family, likewise, to achieve rational adulthood conscience must reside in the ego rather than the superego. Which means that there must be, as Schwartz points out, a rational transference from the authority of the parent to the authority of God. It is when this process is gummed up that we have that unfortunate confusion of the parent with God and the consequent anthropomorphism in "religion." And this is no more than reiterating that saying of St. Paul that when he became a man he put away the things of a child. All neuroses stem from an inability to put away the things of a child.

Father Hostie's book should do service to any unfortunate neurotic who is in the clutches of the well meaning "pious." For every so often we have those of the "simply go to confession" persuasion or the "Buck up and use your will power" school: The mischief that can be done by these is evident in, say, a case of obsessional neurosis. In such instance it is characteristic that the will is no longer substantially subject to the reason (Schwartz, NEUROTIC ANXIETY p. 55) so the appeal to "will power" is useless. As for confession—it merely serves to perpetuate the condition. "Confession," says Father Hostie, "far from helping him, increases his despair, because of its apparent ineffectiveness psychologically, and he gives in to his obsession imagining it to be sin . . . automatic confession—putting in a sin and pulling out forgiveness—simply does not work." p. 187. Religion for the obsession-

al neurotic becomes a huge slot machine.

Nor does psychological maturity consist in being "average"—the "average" person is still a long way from maturity. It is rather a question of childishness versus maturity or adulthood than of non-average versus average. And it is no easy matter to "shed the things of a child."

Father Hostie's evaluation of Jung, while recognizing much of worth, is then that "In my view, all of Jung's highly meritorious endeavors to neglect no single aspect of the psyche, have been handicapped by his inability to achieve a genuine synthesis. The natural result of this is that his unifying effort has been found most impressive by people whose contact with analytical psychology is of a somewhat superficial kind." p. 95.

The Changing Church, by Katharine Morrison McClinton, Morehouse-Gorham Co., N.Y., 1957. \$7.50. Reviewed by Arthur Sheehan.

When I was a child, a small marble statue of the Christ Child reclining on a bed of leaves adorned the mantelpiece of our "front room". My father told me proudly it had been carved by his father, a stone cutter in Boston who had come from Ireland. Years later, I met a great uncle who knew my grandfather more than my father did. He told me about my grandfather's first job in Boston. Evidently he looked like something green out of Ireland for when he asked for work at a stone-cutting place, the owner pointed to a particularly difficult stone and said, see what you can do with that. The grandfather stunned the man for he came up with a beautifully carved piece of work. The owner of the place looked at the stone, looked at the carver and said, if you can do things like that, you can work for me the rest of your life. The infant carving had a great fascination for me and one day, I took to wondering if talent was handed down. I put it to the test and got some clay and started a statue, a copy of the most likely thing around. It was Napoleon, standing at Ratisbonn with one hand behind his back and the other in his vest. He was looking dramatically at the nonsense that was going on around him.

Talent definitely hadn't been handed on. Yet somehow over the years, thanks mostly to friends who have constantly tried to teach me, I have come to a deeper appreciation and love for the beautiful in the visual arts and especially architecture. One friend, a veritable beagle for beauty has a hobby of visiting Catholic and Protestant churches constantly to ferret out any new additions to liturgical splendor. I have found myself taken by the hand into so many churches and listened to so many lectures on "whatsoever things are lovely" that I feel a shade more proficient than an amateur.

Now along comes an Episcopalian woman, an author, with a book called *The Changing Church* and she has put down in black and white with a plentiful supply of pictures the developing story my liturgical friend had been showing me. The spirit of beauty breathes where it will and the author has the sharp eye for it. Yet she tries to be at all times practical. She explains her purpose "To assist the clergy and members of building committees and architects in solving some of the practical problems of building a new church or remodeling an old one . . . Also with the express purpose of improving the taste and creating a demand for better design in the building and decorating of present-day churches."

She covers just about everything except where the money is to come from. There are chapters on the modern point of view in architecture, elements of design, floors, coverings, lighting, decorative tex-

(Continued on page 6)

COMMUNITY

There will be a report in November of the Conference of Intentional Communities which was held at Peter Maurin Farm too late in September to be included in this issue.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

tiles, furnishings, church social centers, schools and art in the church.

The pictures are beautiful in black and white but just cry out for color. Her chief advice is to let the architects architect. She thinks it much more honest to hire a local carpenter to do a simple pine altar than to purchase the average mall-order, Pseudo-Gothic piece. She says of all the church furniture catalogues she has seen only one has a line of plain modern altars which might be suitable for a present-day church of simple good taste.

Of the elements of church design, she states: Architecture along with sculpture and painting is a space art. In the space arts, there are three structural elements with which harmonious designs may be built up. These are line, form and color. These three factors must be considered whether you are designing a church or merely placing a piece of memorial sculpture.

Space is the chief element in architecture. Lines are boundaries that define spaces and interrelations of lines and spaces. Nature does not present us with lines in isolation. Lines are of different types with different expressions and meanings. The upright or vertical line, the dominant line in Gothic architecture, is aspiring and uplifting. The vertical line is also emotional and mystical. The horizontal line is earthbound and more intellectual. A church that is broad in relation to its height (the fault of most late-nineteenth century Protestant churches) presents a matter-of-fact view of life and religion. Curved lines are soft and graceful. A wavering line is indecisive and a zigzag line is harsh and repellent and expresses too much movement.

The simplest piece of well designed furniture and the greatest cathedrals have in common good line design as the structure on which all other elements of their beauty are built.

Readers of *The Catholic Worker* will be pleased to find the work of some friends given attention. The Grail vestments are shown and a mural from St. Columba's Church, Chester, New York, and a reliquary from Holy Cross Church, St. Louis, Missouri, are also held out as fine examples of what the author means by good design. Wilhelm Wagner is the creator of the last two. I feel a certain pride that his work has been chosen for he has been one of the ones who has tried steadily to show me what good liturgical art is like, a truly dedicated artist.

BHOODAN AS SEEN BY THE WEST. A Sarvodaya publication. Tanjore, S. India. Printed at Rajan & Co., Madras, India. Reviewed by Deane Mowrer.

The contributors to this pamphlet—fifteen writers and students from various Western nations—present some moving impressions of the work of Vinoba Bhave in the famous Bhoodan or land-gift movements of India. Based on personal participation in the land-gift program, these short articles not only pay tribute to the work of the Indian saint but also sound a note of hope and warning to the West.

To most of us the problems of India would have seemed insurmountable: More than 357,000,000 population; gross inequities in land distribution; more than one-sixth landless; a predominantly agricultural economy lamentably inadequate. Famine, disease, plagues, pests, poverty, starvation—classic conditions for a revolutionary upheaval, an opportunity of which certain Communist agitators took violent advantage. Then a thin, emaciated, ascetic, aging little man started walking—walking, praying, spinning, talking about love. He told the people that land belongs to God. He came to them with love and asked their love in return,

their love-gift of land or wealth or labor that all might enjoy the gifts God intends for all. He urged them to live in self-sustaining communities, to raise their own food, to spin and weave their own clothes, and to share with each other in accordance with need, with love. Everywhere he walked people listened to him and started sharing, started loving. In some instances whole villages renounced private holdings and undertook communal living, communities of families sharing and holding all things in common. Only a saint would have dared confront such problems with such a solution.

Vinoba Bhave is indeed a saint of modern India, a true holy man who has prepared himself for Karma-yoga, or the way to God through action, by a dedicated disciplined life of renunciation, study, meditation, prayer, and devoted participation in the activities of Mahatma Gandhi with two years in jail as a political prisoner—a life in which he has learned to perform each act sacramentally without selfish concern for immediate results. He himself has said that he is merely trying to light a fire, to create an atmosphere in which others can solve their own problems. As the contributors to this pamphlet point out, the fire he has started has warmth and meaning for all. It is surely only in following such a pattern of loving-sharing, which is the very life-blood of Christian teaching, that we here in America can dissipate the mushroom clouds of hate and greed that rise between us and our brothers and threaten annihilation to men who forget their kinship with one another and with God.

Wildcat In Portland

(Continued from page 3)

again and again. Since the unions cannot negotiate such matters, these matters are "negotiated" at the factory by the workers themselves. Such "negotiation" not only threatens management but also the union bureaucracy, for it is a usurpation of the roles of the bureaucracy. In fact, the Portland American Can workers felt dictated to by the union in the negotiation of the last contract, while the bureaucracy looked upon the contract as a product of correct and normal procedure on their and the company's parts. The local union sided with the workers in the wildcat, but it had to do so by subterfuge, and the inadequacy of the union to deal with the situation created by the get-tough policy (especially in the light of the partial break-down of grievance procedure) led the workers to strike outside the union (and, technically, against it). Where the trade unions have become government appendages (in East Europe) the workers have felt it necessary to rely upon newly-created institutions (workers' councils) in their place, when the opportunity has presented itself. In the U.A.W., certain skilled workers have won the right to negotiate certain matters concerning themselves, separately from the general contract. Besides being an attempt on the part of the skilled to gain conditions and rates obtained by craft unions, it is also an attempt by a group to have a say in their conditions, which all workers feel they lack; it has come first to skilled workers because of the special position they hold and because they could better risk struggle for it (with possible loss of a job in that struggle) than could the U.A.W. member in general, but since the principle of special interest of a worker in the peculiar conditions of his particular job has been established, it will undoubtedly spread—both inside and outside the U.A.W.

In the last analysis, however, the

Pacifist Letter From Jail

(Continued from page 3)

It is nice to know that some one does care.

I am now located at the Tombs though for the first five days I was at the prison on Harts Island, which is, I think, located in Pelham Bay. It was quite lovely there. The Institution itself looked much like a College Campus—buildings painted pink and white and very lovely grounds with lawns and elms and beech trees, a lovely view of City Island with its shooops, cabin cruisers and busy wharves. In the distance one could see the skyline of Manhattan, and as we rose before dawn and went to sleep shortly after sunset we could see this beautiful city divinely (really and truly divinely) illuminated and it was very moving. The appearance of The Tombs is far more grim. The sourbriquet is not ill-chosen. What would Goethe's dying words have been had he been here at that great hour!

For a while at Harts Island, I had the pleasure and privilege of being together with the dear friends with whom I was arrested. But we are separated now and I see only Kerran Dugan and have only inklings of what the fates of the others has been. However, I know that they are a strong and bright and merry troop and have no fear.

My spirits are extremely high. I admit that I work quite hard and it is a long working day which lasts 13 or even 14 hours. And yet you cannot imagine how much I welcome this opportunity to do some physical work. I dare say my poor body was on the verge of atrophy before the event.

Good cheer is one of the pass words in prison. It is as if the men knew instinctively that if they were to let go of their ebullience and friendliness that the gates would really close. The lightness and consideration imply that one is free even when one is enclosed. Good cheer is a symbol for Freedom.

I do not regret at all what has happened. I do miss Judith, but, after all, that is only natural after so many years of close companionship. I have heard from her and from friends who have heard from her or know people who have seen her, and I understand that her spirits too are running high and that she is well, and eating well, as, indeed, I am too.

I am, as a matter of fact, grateful for this experience, because prison itself, of all places has restored my faith in mankind. I can't begin to tell you how bored I'd become with my brothers during the last few years. As I looked at our bright and beautiful world and saw it being so miserably mishandled, I despaired and continued creating my paintings, poems and plays purely for myself, because I felt a need to do them, but without any sense whatever of giving. I would go to the Opera and look at the dolts sitting there or walk through the wasteland of Times Square or listen to the pathetic squabbling in the supermarket and get sick. But here I find, under the direct circumstances, among men in terrible trouble, a love and affection and kindness altogether missing outside "on the street." Compassion is not merely "compassion" here, it is love, there is real love here and here in these terrible surroundings it is quite evident that man is worth everything and is his own healing power for in his soul is the medicine for all our sorrows. Perhaps this always happens among men who are suffering together, and perhaps the problem is that the outside world does not know that it is suffering.

Love,
Julian.

pressure can really be "off" only when the workers have control of the factory.

Books Received

Reviewed by Beth Rogers.

The White Fathers, by Glenn D. Kittler. Harper. \$5.00. A history of a great modern religious order, which turns out to be more the story of their founder, the great French cardinal with the resounding name of Charles Martial Allemand Lavigier. Lavigier was a titanic figure, and he almost overshadows the tremendous accomplishments of his spiritual sons. The story of their struggle against the shortsightedness of colonialism—the French policy of keeping the Arabs in their misery and destitution so as to keep them easier to rule—the founding of clinics and schools, the fight against the slavery which still existed, is one of Christian heroism against the apathy of both Moslems and other Christians. As far as this reviewer knows, the White Fathers were the first (with the exception of some prophetic individuals like Ricci) to see the necessity and desirability of the missionary's turning his back on his own culture and becoming part of the people he serves. From the first their aim was to train a native clergy so that the European missionaries could eventually pull out of their missions, leaving a truly indigenous Church in Africa.

Mere Marie of the Ursulines, by Agnes Repplier. Sheed and Ward. \$3.50. A Thomas More Book Club selection; first published in 1931. An excellent and readable life of the woman who brought the Ursulines to Canada. Nuns are notoriously imperturbable, and she was the most imperturbable of nuns. Seventeenth-century Montreal was frontier country, and the life of the French pioneers is vividly presented. Miss Repplier loves the French, the Indians, and Canada—in fact, is fascinated by the whole spectacle of the human scene, which upon occasion in this story becomes true high comedy.

St. Ignatius' Own Story, trans. by William J. Young, S.J. Regnery. \$2.50. This is part of Regnery's series, Library of Living Catholic Thought. The first English translation of St. Ignatius' biography as dictated by him to one of his followers, Gonzalez de Camara. It has a directness, freshness and immediacy that one would like to see more of in hagiography. Included also is a selection of the saint's letters.

Four Image Books, published by Doubleday. *My Life for My Sheep*, by Alfred Duggan, 90c. A first rate novelized life of Thomas A. Becket, who determined, Duggan says, to be "a priest first and all the time. If he had the leisure he would also be a businesslike archbishop."

The Greatest Bible Stories, by Anne Fremantle. 75c. An excellent anthology of stories based on the New Testament by Catholic writers, mostly modern European, including such well known ones as Claudel, Msgr. Knox, Fr. Englebert, Peguy, and Flaubert. Very often, such stories fall completely flat—these don't.

The Manner is Ordinary, by John LaFarge, S.J. 95c. The memoirs of one of America's most distinguished priests. A fine book, rich in Americana. At the time of its first publication, in 1954, it got splendid reviews, which give one the feeling that the reviewers felt to a man that they had had the privilege of meeting a wise, delightful, and inspiring person.

Helena, by Evelyn Waugh. Image. 65c. Waugh's novel about St. Helena and the finding of the True Cross. Full of Waugh's special kind of satire and delight at puncturing the pompous, it is a tour de force which should charm Waugh fans, and infuriate those who can't abide him. This is the way things might well have happened if St. Helena, Constantine and others had been typically English, Waugh-type characters.

Two children's books:

More Tales of Irish saints, by Alice Curtayne. Sheed and Ward. \$2.75. Twenty-one stories for boys

and girls of Irish saints, including both the well-known ones like Patrick and Brendan, and some of whom most of us have never heard like Carthage, Faelain, Molling, and Gall. There is plenty of adventure and a satisfactory number of robbers-turned-monks. Miss Curtayne is a first-rate writer for young people. Good pen and ink drawings by the author's daughter, Brigid Rynne.

Toto's Triumph, by Claire Huchet Bishop. Illus. by Claude Ponsot. Viking. \$2.50. The story of a homeless Parisian family and how they finally found shelter. The heroes of the book are the ten year old son of the family, and the landlady's parrot, Toto. Like all Mrs. Bishop' books, it is excellent.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

taminated, the U.S. Government under the guise of giving the Indians freedom is enslaving them to the worst of our weaknesses and vices, having recently made liquor available to them.

Kohler

We continue to picket the Kohler New York Office at 99½ Park Avenue the first Thursday of each month. The defeat of Governor Kohler for the U.S. Senate seat vacated by McCarthy, who is a nephew of Herbert Kohler the head of the plant that refuses to recognize unions, was in some part, the strikers feel, because union men in Wisconsin upheld the strike. Roy Farmer was selling CW's at Times Square when some Spanish teen agers began to heckle him saying that "The Catholic Church is for Batista in Cuba." A well dressed man stopped and told them that the CW was the only group here in New York that went out of their way to picket Kohler for he had received a paper from us the Thursday before while we were picketing. He was not a Catholic but he bought CW's from Roy and gave them to the boys and asked them to read about "The Church and the Bracero" telling what should be done about Mexican laborers in our Southwest. The boys departed peacefully.

Atomic Tests

Now that the AEC in Nevada has about finished their devilment it is planned to have the tests next April in the Pacific Ocean. Not believing in asking for passports from a government to go to these tests, and feeling that my place is in this country, the father of the atom bomb, some of us from the CW will plan with other pacifists to picket the AEC in N. Y. City, the second Thursday of each month, commencing Oct. 10, as a token of our opposition to their plans.

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 1)

A depression brings more depression.
More depression brings red agitation.
Red agitation brings red revolution.

AVOIDING INFLATION

Some say that inflation is desirable.
Some say that inflation is deplorable.

Some say that inflation is deplorable but inevitable.

The way to avoid inflation is to lighten the burden of money-borrowers without robbing the money-lenders.

And the way to lighten the burden of money-borrowers without robbing the money-lenders is to pass two laws: one law making immediately illegal all interest on money lent and another law obliging the money-borrowers to pay one percent of their debt every year during a period of a hundred years.

"BRACEROISM" MUST GO

(Continued from page 1)

mean (but do not admit) is that U.S.-born farmworkers who are family breadwinners can't and sometimes won't work for the low piece-rate compensation offered, the cost of living being what it is. They simply cannot compete with the underpaid "men only" imported from Mexico. Some even prefer going on relief rolls, despite the animus this arouses on the part of local taxpayers and taxpayers' associations, who brand them as lazy and shiftless.

This attitude toward them is frequently "steamed up" on the community level through newspapers and radio stations subservient to the growers and growers' associations. If they won't work (because they can't sustain themselves on the compensation offered) growers "prove" it absolutely necessary to import "men only," lest crops perish. But some U.S.-born farm workers—most of them are of Mexican descent, some are Negroes and "poor whites"—become desperate. They offer to work—and have their wives and children work—for the same compensation the "men only" get. But growers fear "labor agitators" will try to up the compensation, so deny these desperate families work. So, supplanted by "men only," many families lose humble homes on which they've made a few payments, and either seek public relief or drift to cities and try—not always successfully—for jobs in industry.

Many "bracero priests" fear the large scale agricultural operations of wealthy individuals and corporations are dooming the family-size farm. But if agriculture is to be more and more an industry, they believe it will be better for everyone—the growers included—if Federal minimum wage laws and Federal-State unemployment insurance would be extended to local-area, native-born farm workers. If it is impossible for them to own small farms, they should at least be able to receive a decent living wage and various employee benefits while working for large-scale agriculturalists, just as if they worked for General Motors, General Electric, or the Aluminum Company of America.

Also, these "bracero priests" hold, the "prevalent wage" or "prevalent piece-rate compensation" should not be fixed by the growers—as in the past and at present—but through collective bargaining between growers and representatives of the National Agricultural Workers Union (AFL-CIO).

Growers, these priests believe, could continue to prosper by passing on the cost of increased pay for farm workers to food-processors and ultimately to consumers who would only be obliged to pay an almost insignificant additional amount for fresh and canned fruits and vegetables—and cotton products and by-products—per unit of purchase.

Under such an arrangement farm worker families could take root in communities, even if working members did have to travel at times in following a six-to-eight-month crop cycle. With additional purchasing power, they could make the economy of a community more stable, could attend a church regularly, could own homes, could have "the sense of belonging."

But most "bracero priests" concede that this "consummation, devoutly to be wished," is only in the dream stage.

Many fear "braceroism"—favored by growers and protected by their political stooges in Washington and Sacramento—is here to stay, regardless of the calamitous consequences they foresee in terms of economic disorder and inevitable violence.

Whereas these priests are happy in their labor of love, for "braceros," they are unhappy that so many native-born farm workers, including those of Mexican descent, have lost

jobs and homes because the "braceros" replaced them.

So most of the "bracero priests" have concluded the growers are more in need of spiritual counsel than are the exploited workers. Several of these priests—with the permission of their Bishops—have called a number of meetings. To these they have invited professors of sociology and economics from various California colleges and universities; labor leaders; social workers; rural parish priests; lay apostles such as the Young Christian Workers; and, of course, growers.

But it is rare for a grower, even a grower who is a prominent Catholic, to show up at these meetings. In most instances, no grower showed up. The professors of social science, rural priests, labor union representatives, social workers, and lay apostles come to such meetings faithfully, to discuss this grave moral and economic problem. But not the growers, with few exceptions.

Various persons who did attend such meetings learned much of Catholic social teaching from the "bracero priests" in the course of discussions. They learned the special applicability of these teachings to seasonal farm work, as set forth in booklets and pamphlets published by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. Some of the non-Catholics attending learned for the first time, of the Papal social encyclicals. So why didn't growers especially Catholic growers, show up?

Experience of mine with two growers who are Papal Knights might provide a clue to their curious absence. Both, I might add, are, in my opinion, men of integrity according to their light. I do not think either ever defrauded a seasonal farm worker—whether one from his area, or a migrant, or a bracero—of any part of his pay, which is more than can be said for many other growers. Both have built mission churches for their workers. Unlike many growers, they do not work their field hand on Sundays.

Both these Papal Knights are men who started out as poor boys. Neither has had much formal education. Both are immensely wealthy.

I did not ask either if he had ever attended a meeting called by a "bracero priest." But one conceded an unfamiliarity with the Papal social encyclicals, and said he understood, however, that they did not apply to agriculture. His pastor, he said, had told him that, as such Papal documents are not ex cathedra pronouncements, and thus not articles of faith but only social theories, he was free to accept or reject their counsel.

I ventured to him that Popes wrote encyclicals only after long deliberation following consultation with prelates and priests who were among the best minds in the Church. The intent of these encyclicals, I added, was to clarify some Christian principal, Scripturally based, for application to contemporary life. After all, I observed, the Pope is Christ's Vicar on earth, and his reasoning on any subject deserved reverent attention.

A most kindly appearing man, he smiled puzzledly. He may have thought me presumptuous in seemingly opposing his pastor's views. I then pointed out the National Rural Life conference is an agency of the U. S. Catholic Hierarchy, and has used the Papal social encyclicals as bases in attempting to Christianize agricultural life in the United States. The NCRLC, I said, was opposed to large scale farming operations unless they were conducted co-operatively by farm families.

He answered, very graciously, that he was not aware of this.

"Why hasn't anyone else ever told me these things?" he asked pointedly.

I was unable to answer him. After all, he had had Papal Knighthood conferred upon him by the Holy See on the recommendation of a Bishop who obviously regarded him as a most exemplary Catholic, which I think he is according to his light. I found myself changing the subject.

With another Papal Knight, I did not fare so well.

Someone had called his attention to my article, "Peonage, American Style," when it first appeared in THE WAY OF ST. FRANCIS. (It was later republished in the June, 1957, issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER). This man, also a large scale agriculturalist, phoned me and upbraided me for having written that article, which was in the main an interview with Father Donald C. McDonnell, California regional director for the National Catholic Rural Conference. Father McDonnell, also a "bracero priest," made a formal study of the plight of native-born seasonal farm workers in California. My article reflected his views.

"That priest," the Papal Knight told me over the phone, "is undoubtedly very well-meaning. But he must have gotten his information from Commies, fellow travelers, labor agitators, do-gooders, college professors and other theoreticians. Certainly he didn't get it from farmers. No one has more respect for the priesthood than I have. But they're only human, and when they delve into economic theories they can go just as wrong as the next fellow. You should have come to me before you wrote that article. I'd have given you the facts, not theories."

So I had to tell him of an unfortunate experience I had six years ago in futilely trying to get the growers' viewpoint for an article I wrote.

That article was limited to agricultural conditions in the San Joaquin Valley. An individual grower had referred me to an official of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Labor Bureau in Fresno as being the growers' spokesman for any public statements. The bureau's name sounds as if it is either a governmental agency or a labor union organization. It is neither. It is a labor recruitment agency for growers. Anyhow, it's spokesman, a sort of public relations man, said he was not permitted to quote the growers for any article which also quoted the view of organized labor.

When I asked him the why of this policy, he said growers regard labor organizers as "skunks," and that "anyone who tangles with a skunk comes up smelling pretty badly." He added that the bureau had a "gentlemen's agreement, not in writing, of course," with the Fresno Bee (Fresno's only daily newspaper) and with Fresno's four radio stations whereby growers would never be asked to even reply to any charges made by representatives of organized labor. And why this cozy arrangement? Because, in the growers' opinion, organized labor was forever trying to create issues where none exist.

When I finished telling all this to the Papal Knight over the phone, he said he did not condone any such attitude by growers.

"I would have been very happy to give you the whole picture," he said, "if you'd called on me. And I'd have given you facts, not theories."

On that note, our phone conversation ended. But I could have told him that, only a few weeks prior, a "bracero priest" had secured his business and residence addresses from me, in order to invite him to attend a regional meeting of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, where the pitiable plight of both local farm workers and the braceros who had supplanted them were discussed. And he had not responded to the invitation. He apparently also does not believe any real issue exists.

It is understandable that non-

Catholic growers rarely ever attend such meetings. But when highly esteemed and honored Catholic growers do not show up, I can't help recalling the Scriptural passage: "Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also." I am not blaming Bishops for recommending men for Papal Knighthood who have contributed large sums over many years to fund campaigns to build churches, seminaries, schools and convents, as well as in supporting Catholic welfare programs. Such men, after all, have the money. What does seem unfortunate is that such Papal Knights often seemingly confuse self-interest with righteousness. Yet the conferring of Papal Knighthood on them has placed them in an emulative light. One often hears of their "generous" contributions to the Church, but do these represent real sacrifices on their part, as a rule? The parable of the widow's mite indicates her gift was a real sacrifice, pleasing to Our Lord because "she gave much of her little." Also, are not Christians supposed to do their good deeds in humility and obscurity, and not for human respect? If human nature is such that most men need a pat on the back—even such a formidable and highly publicized pat on the back that Papal Knighthood implies—would it not be better to honor business and industrial leaders and large scale agriculturists who apply Catholic social teaching in their dealings with their workers?

Of course, there is a very real reason for the non-attendance of Catholic growers at meetings called by "bracero priests." Virtually all growers, be they Catholics, Protestants, Jews or unbelievers, not only believe no issue exists, they think the issue already has been solved—for them—by the U.S.-Mexico treaty under which they import the "men only" Mexican nationals.

This was pointed out by Dr. Ernesto Galarza, a very well integrated Catholic, in an address before the Young Christian Workers (Jocists) in Sacramento not long ago. He estimated there is an available farm labor force of 135,000 in California, yet the growers have imported 110,000 male Mexican nationals for this 8-month crop cycle, whereas they only brought in 45,000 in 1954. But every year the number increases over the year before.

If I recall correctly, only some 30,000 Mexican nationals were imported to California in 1952, the last year of the Truman administration. That the Eisenhower administration has given the growers a "sky's the limit, boys" assurance is certain, a policy carried out by Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, a highly respected Catholic lay leader who seems to have adopted a Pontius Pilate attitude on the matter.

It was Dr. Galarza whose survey published last year under the title "Strangers in Our Fields," brought out the horrifying way in which most of the imported braceros are treated. In his address before the Young Christian Workers, apostolic-minded young Catholic men and women who have assisted "bracero priests" gratis, Dr. Galarza reiterated his contention that the imported braceros are subjected to a pernicious form of indentured servitude.

He is national secretary and California field representative for the National Agricultural Workers Union (AFL-CIO) and is highly regarded by both "bracero priests" and the Young Christian Workers, who have found him a stickler for facts. For instance, when he told them in Sacramento that whereas, in 1950, 80 percent of the tomato crop in the Stockton-Tracy area was picked by local family farm workers, about 95 percent was picked last year by imported male braceros, he told them what many of them already knew.

"Those domestic farm workers," he added, "have not just dissolved

into thin air. They have simply been squeezed out of the fields by the braceros."

He then cited instances in which the growers had imported the braceros to break strikes by local workers for higher compensation.

"As a trade unionist," he said, "I am unreservedly opposed to strike-breakers, but those braceros are also human beings who need help. Without any cost to them, our union constantly helps them in their many complaints against the growers. And we will continue to help them, although their grievances consume a great deal of time and energy needed in our essential work, that of organizing resident family men and women who desperately need the jobs the underpaid braceros are holding."

In some California cities and towns, both union organizers and Young Christian Workers are going from door to door registering farm workers able and willing to work. Then they bring lists of such men and women to government employment offices to prove there is no shortage in the area of U.S. citizen farm workers, and thus no need for employment officials to certify, at growers' requests, that still more imported braceros are needed. Sufficient time hasn't elapsed to show whether this approach to the certifiers is getting results.

Naturally, the local farm workers, desperately in need—and it must not be forgotten that most are Americans of Mexican descent—tend to anger toward the Mexican nationals who have the jobs they used to have. They never see a grower, as growers are mostly absentee owners living in style in some city. So some are tempted to vent their anger on the braceros themselves, but are certainly warned against this by the National Agricultural Workers Union.

In this connection, a bulletin distributed August 12 by the union among the unemployed local farm workers contained several pugnantly significant items.

One read: "The Union does not want the domestic workers to get hot at the Mexican Nationals or the Japanese Nationals. They are working people just like you. They came here because of the poverty in their countries. But that is no reason why they should be used to bump you off your jobs or to cut your wages. The Union will not go along with any hatred or rough stuff against these Nationals. We will work this thing out the American way. And we can, provided you pull together."

Another item was equally eloquent. It read: "Nobody should go hungry on account of lack of work. If you know of any family that is out of food money, report it to the Union."

Still another item read: "This is the law of the United States: Any grower who is using Nationals must hire any domestic worker, man or woman, who asks for a job. If the employer lays off any help, the foreign workers have to be laid off first. The AFL-CIO will back you if you are turned down, or are laid off ahead of the Nationals. It's up to you to make the law stick."

Those are brave words. So is the cry of most "bracero priests" that "braceroism must go." The law may be on the side of the U.S.-born workers. But so far the growers seem to have in their pockets most of those entrusted with enforcing the law. California's highly profitable agricultural economy is still "the sacred cow," the false idol before whom most make their obeisance.

It is still my opinion, as expressed in the September issue of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, that only a concerted and sustained stand by the Catholic Hierarchy in California can sunder the conspiracy of silence on the part of the press, TV, radio and other mass media that finds probably 95 per-

(Continued on page 8)

THE LAND

There Is No Unemployment on the Land

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Since going to press last month we have had a very interesting Labor Day conference, at Peter Maurin arm, our sixth annual discussion of pacifism, with conferences in the grove, many families attending with all their children, two and three year olds. Having no baby sitters, parents had to alternate in the care of the children so that they could listen in on the conferences. In some cases the children came and played quietly in the dirt, made fortresses of twigs and stones, while we discussed peace. It was a quiet and beautiful week end, hot enough to go swimming each day.

Moving

A few days after the conference, the moving of the Hennessy family to Vermont began. Tamar and I started out with the eight children at nine o'clock Friday morning, using the 1949 jeep station wagon, which runs with a variety of noises and rattlings but has nothing actually wrong with it except the emergency brake not working at all. Since Staten Island is not hilly we had not worried about that, but I was concerned when I thought of the Vermont mountains. (We had it repaired later, having a new cable put in, but it still was not too satisfactory.) It is a small station wagon. Becky, Tamar and I sat in front with Peter, two weeks old, and the other six sat in the second seat. In back were piled blankets, an electric stove, a basket of lunch and plenty of fruit, changes of clothes and so on. We were starting out ahead and David was to follow the next morning with Pete Asaro and George Cevaco who were to come early to help with a drive-it-yourself truck, which turned out on renting to be smaller than we thought so many things had to be left behind.

We were mourning as we left at all the things left undone. Tamar had wanted to bring some seedlings of mulberry trees to Vermont, and other potted plants, but there was no room. We left a garden full of color, spider plants, marigold, zinnias, cosmos. It was a gorgeous

day, clear and cool and we all enjoyed the trip which took us only as far as Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Mass., the first night. There we were given beautiful hospitality, a seven-bed cabin turned over to us for the night. We arrived in time for supper, and for the children to go rioting around a bit to get the stiffness out of their legs before going to bed. The cabin was on a mountain side and the surrounding trees shaded it so the wood fire all laid ready for lighting was very welcome. Harold Winchester and his wife were dear hosts and we enjoyed a visit in the craft shop the next morning before we left. We were delighted to see Bob Stewart who had worked with us here for a year.

Vermont

We started out next morning at ten o'clock and arrived in Springfield, Vermont, which is five miles south of Perkinsville, around four o'clock. The truck that arrived that night made the entire trip in eight hours, but we drove at leisurely pace, stopping for picnic lunches and never going more than forty-five miles an hour. It was so comfortable a trip that Tamar announced that when all the children were raised she was going to start travelling and never stop.

Just the same we were all glad to arrive at the new home which exceeded the expectations of us all. It is no wonder that Tamar and Dave fell in love with the place. There are so many rooms and such large rooms, one loses one's self. Heated by a hot air furnace which burns either wood or coal, there are five very large rooms, three of them facing south, the other two north and east. In back and to the side of these rooms there are other rooms and pantries as large as rooms, and the summer kitchen leads into a woodshed and that into a garage and that into barns. Over it all, and over the L-addition which is four-gabled, there are other rooms which are unheated. Over all there are attics, with separate stairs.

Remembering how Sigrid Undset

loved that region of New England (north central Massachusetts) where she had spent her summers in this country, I could not help but think of Kristin Lavransdatter and *The Master of Hestviken*, those two great novels, telling all about the dairying, and the summer houses and winter houses. Tamar, too, has a loom-room now and a place for her spinning wheels and materials. The loom was set up the day after it arrived, Tamar snipping off pieces of clothes line to make up for a missing part.

In front of the beautiful old white farm house are two black walnut trees and two maples, enormous trees, quite too high for the children to climb. Everything on Staten Island was dwarfed in comparison. In back of the house the hills rose not too steeply, field upon field of lush green meadow, and at one end an old apple orchard with plenty of apples still on the trees. Within a day we were drinking grape juice from the wild grapes and eating apple pies!

A half mile up and down the graveled road on either side there are neighbors, young and energetic, with children, young ones and teenagers, so the Hennessys will not lack for company. Except that in these regions most of the children work on the farms after school.

This farm and home of twenty acres cost \$6,000, and I like to call attention to prices when I see this week's Saturday Evening Post cover with the man of the house looking aghast at the price of the small split-level house, \$29,995.

The hitch? The fly in the ointment? Of course there is always one, and if it is not solitude for the mother, it is the difficulty of finding work for the father. There is not much solitude for a mother with eight children. The daily chore, and the delightful avocations of spinning and weaving take care of that—not to speak of books. So the job is the problem, and transportation to and from.

But, as the Spanish saying is, a baby is always born with a loaf of bread under its arm, and God who so clothes the field and feeds the birds of the air, will see to it that all will be well, all will be well—all will be very well, as Juliana of Norwich has assured us.

I am starting out on a brief trip of three weeks, beginning with a 20th anniversary celebration at St. Francis House of Hospitality in Detroit on October 12, visiting Lady of the Wayside Farm at Avon, Ohio, on the way, and will go on to Chicago, to Nina Polcyn, St. Benet's bookshop, CYO Bldg., Chicago, Ill. I hope to get to St. Paul where my address will be Maryhouse, 450 Little Canada Rd., St. Paul, Minn. Since one works one's way on these trips, I am glad of some speaking engagements on the way to and from. So write either to the above addresses or to 223 Chrystie St., N. Y., and the letters will be forwarded to me.

"Braceroism"

(Continued from page 7)

cent of all Californians, Catholics included, almost totally unaware of the whole iniquitous situation.

One priest—not a "bracero priest"—told me I was most imprudent in holding such a stand should be taken by the California Hierarchy. It is not wisdom to make a fight, he said, when the chance of winning it—i.e. of actually terminating "braceroism"—may be slight.

But that was not the thinking of the early Christians. And anyhow, since when did a Christian have to be assured of victory in this world?

Mo. and Penn. Farms Write

Bluffton, Missouri

It's been quite some time now since I last wrote about the farm. For all concerned, we are still here and the stability agrees with us. This year has been easier than most for I've a job now and we don't have the financial pressures we had for so long. I work from 4 till midnight at a mental hospital 25 miles from the farm. This gives me a half a day each day on the farm and enables me to keep up with the work. Judy and I put up our hay this summer together and although we aren't quite finished, we hoisted 1,750 bales in the barn loft already. I used Marty's baler and rake and except for a little engine trouble, it has been working fine.

We haven't had many visitors this summer. We don't seem capable of convincing any of the young people that visit us that we are happy with our life and thrilled with the growing good prospects that the farm end all will someday be ours. Many seem genuinely incredulous that we could possibly be happy living as we do with very few of the ingredients they feel so necessary. It's beyond the ken of some why two normally intelligent, ambitious people would buy themselves a rock in the wilderness where peace and freedom and health and silence abound in such vast quantity. At any rate, pumps, outhouses, dust, disappointment notwithstanding, we thank God each day for treating us so kindly and giving us so much.

As of now, we still owe the government about \$4,000 on our machinery and livestock. This hospital job has enabled us to live independently from the farm income and as a result we are in a position where we can give them quite a hunk this year. We have 24 nice big calves, plan on selling several old cows and quite a few sheep. Roughly this will give us about \$2,500 which we are going to give Uncle Sam. That should really take the starch out of that loan. I believe that I will have to work at the hospital two years or until the above debt is paid and once it is we feel the farm income will be enough to support us.

Our family grows each year. Fran expects our fourth child in September. The little frame house we live in will need the sides kicked out of it one of these days. The children are all healthy and so far uncomplicated. Tommy is a born ball player and daddy's frustrated

ambitions are going to be visited upon him. Maria is 2½ and very pretty. She helps Daddy milk and feed and even helps put up hay in her own way.

Our pond kept us in fish this summer and we've plenty of rabbits and squirrel. This winter we will butcher a beef and a few hogs.

We still say the Office but fall down when visitors show. I guess we lack that eastern trait of letting nothing interfere with prayer. We are still community minded but no takers. I used to ask God to give me an inkling as to why He dragged me off to this rock but now I really don't care why, I'm just happy He did. We ask your prayers and send our love and prayers.

Jack Woltjen.

Rte. 1 Russell,

We were happy to hear from you. Our struggle goes on in spite of drastic setbacks. Things do gather momentum, but slowly, as in all obscure beginnings. In the main, the ticklish problems are those of direction, misguided efforts being so costly in time and energy and futile.

Seven of the children are in school. The two older boys take a bus to town, the others take another to the township school a mile away. This leaves little Willy and Rita home.

Our flock of sheep are still far from supporting us, but are our hope for substance. They do worlds of good and improve the land and help clear overgrown pasture land. One can realize around a hundred a month income from that many ewes, selling wools and lambs. It would be more if there were a market worthy of the name for mutton, as in Europe. After marketing our male lambs this fall, we will have twenty eight all told and it will be the limit of what we can support adequately at this stage, as we have other stock, a few head of cattle, a horse, chickens, and rabbits.

Our greatest setback has been my health and, needless to say, but for the hand of God, our efforts would have met disaster long since. This kindness of Providence that supports our weakness, lifts the burdens of guilt, clears the air of our folly, and brings us back repeatedly, deepens faith and enriches the heart. So we grow in joy and have no need of being told it is all worthwhile.

Ann sends her love. Our debt is great to the movement. It brought about our marriage, the children, this formation that surrounds us, something to work towards in the mysteries of faith. Yours in the Green Revolution, Jon Thornton.

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