

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXIII No. 11

June, 1957

Subscriptions:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Heaven Knows, Mr. Khrushchev!

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

The title of a movie, now showing, suggests in my mind quite a few guesses, speculations and even meditations. These concern something which "heaven alone" also knows about: Russia today. The movie tells us the story of two human beings lost and found on a desert island. It's a story of God and man, and that is also Russia's story. To be sure, the Kremlin is not located on a desert island, but it is so far away from us, that even the Pacific seems more familiar. We have coined the word "iron curtain" and are content to think that the curtain cannot be lifted. Perhaps, on both sides of the curtain, some people do not want to lift the curtain. Technicians from the Soviet Union come to America and find out all about corn, pigs, washing machines, refrigerators and perfume. American tourists go to Russia, and upon their return report about the lack of corn, washing machines, etc. in the Soviet Union. They also tell about the bottles of vodka and carbonated water they absorbed on their trip. Or about the popularity of Rock and Roll in Moscow night clubs. Let us try to find out a little more about this mysterious land beyond the "small talk curtain." In one of her "Pilgrimages", Dorothy Day recalled my speaking at the "Catholic Worker" not long ago. I did say in this lecture that things were moving in the U.S.S.R. surprisingly fast. As an example, among others, I mentioned a novel by Soviet writer V. Dudintzov, which is

entitled: "Not by Bread Alone." I stressed the point that the very title of this novel, taken direct from the Gospels is in itself an extraordinary achievement. How many times have we been told, that thanks to brainwashing, the Gospels are unknown in Soviet Russia! Dudintzov's novel, soon to be published here in an English translation, is of such extreme importance, that I must revert to it again and again. This is the story of a Soviet scientist, a great one, who is not only chased out of his job, underpaid and almost starved to death, he is actually arrested, tried and condemned by a group of Soviet top officials, brass and otherwise. True the hero of

(Continued on page 7)

PEONAGE—AMERICAN STYLE

By TED LE BERTHON

"In their places of work this system subjects married men to long periods of unwanted celibacy. At home the head of the family is a stranger. The children are without their father and mother. The wife is without her partner and protector. A unity established by God and by nature is destroyed. The thing, in fact, cries out for redress. It is an evil thing. It is unnatural. It is un-Christian."

—Arch. Owen McCann, Capetown, South Africa

The acid test for salvation is given us in the twenty-fifth Chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. The scene is the Last Judgment. Christ says, "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, the poor, the sick, the hungry and thirsty, those in need of clothing, strangers, and persons in prison." Those who saw Him in them, and helped them, He calls blessed and admits to the Kingdom of Heaven. Those who did not help them He consigns to everlasting punishment. His words are very plain.

The governments of the United States and Mexico for several years have had an agreement whereby Mexican nationals, single men known as "braceros," meaning manual laborers, are seasonally imported to the United States to harvest crops and returned to Mexico when the harvest is over.

More than half of them are brought in buses to various parts of California. Virtually all are employed by either wealthy individuals or corporations on large

scale farm operations. They pick cotton, grapes, melons, citrus fruits and vegetables. They are paid from half to two-thirds what native American agricultural workers, including those of Mexican descent, consider a minimal sustenance wage or piece-work rate. They are legally forbidden to unionize or strike.

They are brought to California and other Pacific Southwest States by growers who must first secure a certification from a State Employment Office manager that there is a shortage, in a given area, of local workers able or willing to do "stoop labor" in the fields. Agricultural labor unions have constantly charged there has been no real shortage of farm labor in California except during World War II, when many farm workers were drafted into the armed forces, and that imported Mexican labor is unnecessary. The Unions have frequently charged collusion between some growers and some State Employment Office officials they have accused of falsely certifying there was a need for imported farm labor.

The Rev. Donald McDonnell of San Jose, California, regional director of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, not only agrees there is no real shortage of native American farm labor in this State, but holds the importation of the Mexican braceros to be a social evil of tremendous proportions and consequences. Father McDonnell also is one of four priests in the San Francisco Archdiocese carrying on an apostolate to farm labor camps. But last year he made

(Continued on page 7)



Philip Hagreen

Editor Writes From Koinonia

FIRST LETTER

Trappist Monastery, So. Car.
O. L. of Memphis
Moncks Corner, S.C.
Saturday, May 11

Dear Dorothy:

I arrived here yesterday at noon. The monastery is eleven miles from the town and when the people at the bus station told me that the monks had been in town but had just left I thought it best not to ask them to come back in just to pick me up so I had to pay a man \$3.50 (mea culpa) to drive me out.

This 3,000 acre plantation they have is covered with huge oak trees, all draped with Spanish moss right out of Faulkner. It is really beyond description. There is one that is known to be over 500 years old; it looks like something St. Boniface might have found the barbarians worshipping in the Black Forest.

Yesterday was bright and clear but today it rained off and on—mostly on. The vegetation is something tremendous, trees, bushes, grass and weeds of all kinds, wild flowers everywhere (camellias bloom in Jan. & Feb.) poisonous lizards & snakes and many varieties of flying bugs; it is more like Central American than North.

I am staying alone in a small three room cottage used to house guests. It doesn't look as if it has been used recently. It is situated a quarter of a mile from the monastery proper and the two family brothers live in an adjoining cottage. These used to be used by the caretaker and family in the days of the Luce's. Yesterday one of the monks took me around to visit the graves of Mrs. Luce's daughter and mother.

The cottage has a sort of melancholy, eternal quality about it that many old abandoned places do. There is a very old stove in the little kitchen, a rusty sink, a number of drawers strewn with holy cards, pious pamphlets and a letter or two written two or three years back to monks or family brothers long since gone back to "the world." The hermit in me would like to stay here forever.

There are about fifty-five in the community, just the right size. The monastery is relatively unknown and they don't attract many pos-

(Continued on page 8)

Stop NUCLEAR Tests

We were the FIRST to DROP the bomb

Let us be the FIRST to STOP the bomb

POPE PIUS XII spoke against the use of atomic weapons as early as 1943 and as recent as last month he told the Japanese representative who called on him that atomic tests should be abolished.

"The next bomb dropped on a city means oblivion for all" says Robert Lewis, co-pilot of the plane which dropped the first atomic Bomb on Hiroshima.

Many atomic scientists believe that we have reached the saturation point already where Strontium-90 will have caused the death of thousands of babies through blood cancer. Who could have guessed the effects of the first bomb dropped at Almagordo, N.M., on July 16, 1945? Who can guess the deadly effects of our bombs now much more deadly?

"The greatest single act of human destruction in the history of the world must be placed on our doorstep—and we did it a second time at Nagasaki the next day as if to show it was no accident . . . We still murdered in one single flash tens of thousands of innocent people who were unarmed, unwarned, and unprotected . . . America stands at the top of the world in men, material and arms. Who will accuse her? The dreadful pity is that she still refuses to accuse herself."—Editorial from the Boston PILOT, diocesan paper, August 13, 1955.

The CATHOLIC WORKER has opposed conscription, war, the payment of income taxes for war, and the taking part in air raid drills. One of our editors has since 1950 fasted in penance for as many days each year on August 6th, the anniversary of Hiroshima, as it is years since we dropped the first bomb.

This year accordingly he will fast and picket for penance and peace and for the ending of atomic tests, from June 17 through the 28th at Las Vegas, Nevada, or if possible at Mercury, where the tests are taking place. He will return to New York City to be on hand to refuse to take part in the air raid drill July 12 to 14 if that is necessary. He will then fast and picket at the income tax office at 10th Avenue and W. Houston St. from August 6 through the 17th. We ask the prayers of our readers for Ammon Hennacy, and for all of us that we may put on Christ, the Prince of Peace.

"Not With Arms . . ."

"Let everybody and especially those who hold in their hands the fate of people consider that no lasting good can ever arise from war, but only a great quantity of evils and calamities.

"It is not with arms, not with slaughter, not with ruins that disputes between men are solved, but only through reason, law, prudence and equity."

(From the encyclical, "Laetamur Admodum," written by Pope Pius XII on the occasion of the outbreak of hostilities in the Middle East.)

RETREATS

There will be several retreats during the summer at Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island 9, N. Y. Make reservations with Beth Rogers. Dates follow:

July 7-13; Aug. 4-10; Fourth of July Weekend; Assumption Day (Aug. 15) Weekend.

Labor Day Weekend there will be the usual Pacifist conference, open to all.

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
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Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly.
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The Catholic Worker is like an inn by the side of the road, with travellers coming and going, staying a day or a month or years, and the travellers are workers and scholars, poets, politicians, propagandists. Perhaps I should say that St. Joseph's House of Hospitality is like that, but the fact is that people are attracted to the CW, to the publication itself, because of its ideas. Write about peace and freedom and people who want to work as pacifists and anarchists come wandering in and become part of a community. You write about the works of mercy, and people who want to perform them come to try to put into practice the things they read about in the lives of the saints. But to me, the best thing about the works of mercy is that they become mutual aid, people helping each other, cooking meals, going to market, peeling vegetables, washing clothes, or giving them out, making beds, putting people up. Love is an exchange of gifts, St. Ignatius said, so true charity, caritas, enters in and mutual aid means true justice.

Hungarians.

John Gabor, a Hungarian from Canada who had been working in the past with a community similar to the Hutterians at Bright, Ontario, dropped by to pay a call on his way to Koinonia where he had been recently staying to help them with their farm work. He told me of a Sister Elizabeth, also a Hungarian, who is in Hamilton, Ontario, I believe, starting a home for old people, and the house they are building up there is very much like a house of hospitality. And down in Georgia, at Koinonia, last month I met Zoltan, a rebel if there ever was one, famed for stealing a Soviet plane and escaping from Hungary. After serving the U. S., he became a pacifist and is helping the community while he visits there. When Ammon's book arrived at Koinonia, he carried it around with him under his arm, reading it at odd times. He said he quit being a Catholic when he was twelve, on account of the problem of poverty of the peasants and the wealth of the clergy. Just at a time when we are all concerned with Hungary, we meet these representatives from Hungary, that tragic land—the non-Catholic, the practicing Catholic and the fallen away. We may not understand all the complicated problems of Europe and the satellite countries as they have been termed, but somehow we are constantly having close contact with their people. Years ago, Hugo Gellert, the Hungarian artist, a vigorous anti-Horthy-ite, told me of conditions there, and I went on demonstrations with him and other radicals, when representatives of that government came to negotiate a loan at Wall Street.

May Day

There was no parade, no demonstrations in Union Square this year, not only because the Merchants Associations had taken over

that section, but because there has been such internal troubles in the Communist Party that it was felt there would not be much of a showing. In the years of the depression, all the left, socialists of every description, locals of many of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions paraded down Fifth Ave. and on occasions there were floats and banners and artists, writers and publishers joined in with labor to celebrate this traditional day.

This year there were a few meetings, one of them not far away from us on Second Avenue, which became, before the evening was over, an overflow meeting into another hall, and then many were turned away. Among half a dozen others, I had been invited to speak. That afternoon Pat Rusk and some of the other friends of the CW distributed papers in the Square, so the day was not altogether uncelebrated.

May Day is the feast of St. Joseph the Workman, the artisan, so the problem of automation is a fit topic of discussion for such a day. In 1933, when The Catholic Worker started, the problem was one of unemployment. Now we have full employment, sixty-eight million on the job they say, but that means women working to pay off the debt load and double jobs for many a father. Our breadline is still long and men over forty five have a hard time getting work. We got a letter this morning from the house of hospitality in Portland, Oregon, Blanchett House, saying there were a thousand meals a day being served. Men are waiting out there for the strawberry picking season to begin. Solutions for the problems of the corporation farms must of necessity be short range ones, immediate solutions, such as those proposed in the article on stoop labor by Ted Le Berthon in this issue, but there needs also be discussion of another social order without the fearful inequalities that exist today under the capitalist as well as the communist systems of government. We call attention to the Koinonia principles on page 8.

Recovery Meetings

Every Saturday and Sunday at two o'clock there are Recovery meetings, group therapy for those seeking mental health. The Sunday meeting is at St. Francis Xavier Information Center on Sixteenth street just east of Sixth avenue. The group leader is Wm. Oleksak. Fr. McCoy who is our first Friday night speaker in June is present at these meetings and is very much interested in the program of this group. Fr. Higgins, S.J., of St. Louis, will speak at The Catholic Worker on June 21 about this work. The Saturday meeting is at the Presbyterian Church meeting hall on East 42nd Street, east of Second avenue. All are welcome. If a meeting becomes too large, they can split up into smaller ones, or a small group can give a demonstration of the group meeting. (Continued on page 8)

Chrystie Street

By KERRAN DUGAN

Somebody recently called our attention to a quotation from Thoreau which we enjoyed and even put on the bulletin board along with the more somber notices. Thoreau was at a loss when it came to entertaining guests who did not like to walk, and gave vent to his exasperation in a journal entry. There they sit, he wrote, breaking my chairs and wearing out my house.

When we told it to Beth Rogers, she remembered the housewife who was reported to have said, at the end of a hard day, You think your work is all done, and all night long dust is settling, sheets are being wrinkled, and people's stomachs are getting empty.

Blood For Catherine

Catherine Odilvak has been suffering for years with a debilitating heart ailment. She didn't move out of her cold water rooms on Hester Street much, but we used to go over to visit her. Frequently she would send an SOS to us by phone, about water on her floor that had to be mopped or something else urgent but too strenuous for her heart. A couple of months



ago she had a severe attack and was taken to Spring Valley sanitarium. The nuns there worked on her psychology for three weeks, at the end of which time she was ready to agree to the intricate heart operation indispensable to her leading a life of normal vigor.

Early last month the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center at 165-168th Street called us to say that Catherine would need several on-the-spot donors with RH positive blood at the time of the operation. On the twenty-first, Dorothy, Charlie, Bob Ludlow, Tony Morris, a dark skinned young newcomer from Cuba, Smokey Joe and myself drove up to the hospital to have our blood typed. The elevator took us to the twentieth floor, from where we looked down a canyon of bright yellow walls to tiny cars on Riverside Drive and the Hudson deep red with reflection of the evening sun and the misty outline of the Jersey shore. A pleasant woman in a white frock pricked our fingers in turn. Dorothy who was first, didn't have the right type of blood. The nurse asked her if she wanted to give a pint anyway, to be credited to Catherine. Dorothy said yes and was called into the next room, where the doctor told her she had high blood pressure and couldn't give any blood after all. "And I wanted to go back and lord it over Ammon," she said, laughing. (Ammon had gone up alone earlier in the day and been refused because he was over 60. Dorothy, at 59, had just sneaked under the line).

Charlie didn't have the right type either, but gave a pint then and there, as did Tony. Smokey Joe, Bob Ludlow and I had the RH positive type and were told we would be called before the opera- (Continued on page 6)

In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"So glad to see your smiling face again among all the tense and scowling ones," said a man as he bought a CW from me at Pine and Nassau. I had never thought of myself as especially smiling, for as the saying is I have set my face against much of the world and it should thus assume a not too benevolent expression. Although as I have no personal animosity toward those with whom I differ I do not suffer with the typical Wall Street ulcer, or any for that matter.

"Indian Giver"

Where this term originated is not known, but it is used as a term of derision indicating that Indians gave presents with string attached and that anything given by them was not for keeps. Today the U.S. government is continuing its policy of breaking treaties with the Indians, taking over their timber and minerals, making liquor legal for them, and finally luring them into the slums of the cities, under the pretense that they will achieve the dubious status of the white men.

Upon the invitation of George Barrus of Rochester, I accompanied him southward to the Seneca Reservation near Salamanca, N. Y., where the National Fellowship of Indian Workers, founded in Madison, Wis., in 1935, had their Eastern Regional Conference. These are Protestant missionaries, the President being David Owl, a Cherokee minister, social workers and Quakers and others interested in the Indians. The one Catholic on their national committee is Robert Bryant, a government employee in Aberdeen, S. D. On the way we passed miles of iron picket fence bounding the farm of the Wadsworths. It was Senator Wadsworth who was the author of the draft law, but his son and grandson were exempt from the war as bonafide "farmers." Meetings were held in various churches all of whom stressed the revivalist technique. I met with committees dealing with the economic problems on the reservation. Many Indians work in structural steel as far away as Buffalo and live here in their homeland.

The town of Salamanca, 10,000 population, is at the upper part of the mile-wide and forty-mile long Allegheny Reservation granted in 1794 by treaty "for the free use and enjoyment . . . to be theirs until they choose to sell it." Whites leased land at 2 1/2% of the assessed valuation and built this town, but one Indian family refused to leave and so does not pay any taxes to the town. The President of the association in this region is the wife of a direct descendant of a boy who acting as a scout for Captain Sullivan from Pittsburgh was captured by the Indians who in 1777 and adopted by the tribe. His grave was pointed out to us midst the five miles of beautiful bottom land which his descendants had cleared. We also visited the grave of Chief Cornplanter who died in 1828 at the age of 100, and to whom George Washington gave a square mile of land several miles down the Allegheny River in Pennsylvania. Here there is a monument to this great Indian Chief erected by the state of Pennsylvania in 1866, the only Indian Reservation in that state. It too was to be held forever for the descendants of Cornplanter who now live in the vicinity, although many are scattered in other places.

Cornelius Seneca, the head of the Tribal Council, came back from Washington, D. C., where he had been arguing with Congressmen about the Kinzua Dam. In 1938 the Army Engineers had secured an appropriation to construct a dam called the Kinzua above Warren, Pa., which would flood the Cornplanter Reservation to a depth of 80 feet and much of the Seneca Reservation to a lesser depth. The war had deferred the building of this dam but recently the President has requested a million dollars to go ahead with it. The Seneca Na-

tion has procured the testimony of Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, head of the TVA from 1933 to 1938, and Barton E. Jones, who with Dr. Morgan built the Norris Dam and 75 other flood control projects. They point out that the Kinzua Dam "is not even a good second choice" and they present the plan of a diversion canal which would cost much less to take the extra water occurring in a flood the 41 miles to Lake Erie. The SUN-TELEGRAPH in Pittsburgh favors this plan. It is charged that the push behind this Kinzua Dam is the fact that industries want to use the power from the dam. And also the fact that in the summer the stench from factories near Pittsburgh is so great that they want water released from the proposed dam to modify this smell. This could be done by the canal and a small dam at Quaker Bridge as advocated by Morgan and Jones, but once the Army bureaucrats get their red tape going they dislike to change their plans.

When Cornelius Seneca made his report there was standing room only in the church. It is likely that because of the economy drive in Washington the appropriation for this dam may not be passed this year. But Seneca, a husky iron-worker, made it plain in his speech that the bureaucrats would try again next year to drown the Senecas. All of the land for hundreds of miles had been ceded to the whites by the Six Nations in 1794. He felt that the government had broken the treaties with most of the other tribes in the U.S. and that a fight made on the sacredness of treaties would mean little to the Indian Bureau, the Army or the Government in Washington.

There are no Catholics among the Senecas on the Reservation. Many go to no church. A goodly portion attend Baptist, Presbyterian, Penecostal, and a fundamentalist group called Emmanuel. We stayed at the home of a minister of the latter one night and were impressed by his sincerity. The Quakers and others of us were invited to meet in the Longhouse with those who followed the traditional non-sectarian native Indian religion and another sect begun nearly a century ago by a reformed drunkard of the Seneca's who had visions. As near as I could gather from talking with their leaders they seek to follow the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount in general, leaving it up to the individual to believe or not in the Divinity of Christ. They meet with the women at one end of the Longhouse and the men at the other. There is a temperance society to which most of the group belong, although others from the Protestant churches also unite with them in opposition to the government o.k. of liquor to the Indians which has come with the Eisenhower administration. This Longhouse would be under water if the Kinzua Dam project goes through. Later in Washington, D.C. I spoke with the secretary of Senator Clark of Pa. He said many letters from Quakers opposing the Dam had been received. He did not have a very high opinion of the integrity of the Government when it came to dealing with the Indians.

Another Civil Rights Meeting

This was the best civil rights meeting I never attended. The chartered bus broke down three times and finally thirty miles this side of Washington "my enemy the state" in the form of a highway cop ushered forty one of us into a passing Trailway Bus and we were in Washington an hour after the Demonstration of the Prayer Pilgrimage was over. Byrd Sweitzer, wife of the secretary of Congressman Udall, was much moved by Rev. King's address, although government airplanes buzzed overhead drowning out part of the speeches. I met that night with Congressman Udall's five lively children and beautiful wife, and others in government employes trying to emphasize the rights of the Indians. My friend (Continued on page 5)

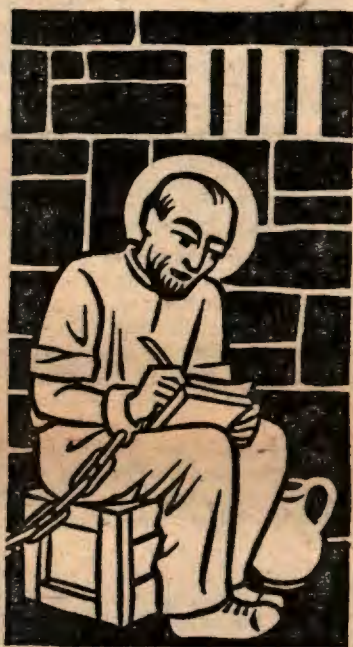
Chief "Red Cloud"

Mr. Straud Explains the Indian Situation

From the smoke of many camp fires, from the song of many laughing waters, from the sigh of the winds in the pines, from the truth of the heart as God gave us to know the truth; I give you history. It belongs to the land we love and live in.

In the days before the Washichu (white man) had crossed the Mississippi, the Lakota (Sioux) were a prosperous and happy people. From the beginning of time their hunting grounds extended from Minnesota and Wisconsin to the east, to the Rocky Mountains on the west, above the Canadian border on the north and as far south as southern Nebraska, a large area of more than one-third the size of the present United States. They occupied this beautiful land with their friends, the Cheyenne and the Arapahoe (Blue Sky people). This land was full of game of all kinds and to a nation of seventy-five thousand or more, it represented a paradise. Their children were healthy and fat, their ponies were numerous and strong and their fighting men were respected by all. They were, without a doubt, the finest horsemen the world has seen and they had the finest horses for the type of country in which they lived. They did not require money because they had all they could eat and the game supplied them with clothing and all other essentials. Nevertheless, the herds of buffalo increased. They believed in a Divine Being and were intensely religious. In fact, religion was a basic principle of their entire lives. They were THE people whom the Great Spirit put upon the earth to enjoy the fruits thereof. In spite of what the white man has been taught to believe, the wars they waged were trivial affairs of the shortest duration. Some years before the Civil War in this country, Wisconsin and Minnesota started to fill up with white settlers who pushed their way into the Indian country. These newcomers did not think it necessary to buy what they stole, frightened the game with their firearms and their mode of life and caused much resentment among those Lakota with whom they came in contact. Friction arose and the young American republic prevailed upon the Lakota to give up their lands in Minnesota and Wisconsin with all their beautiful lakes and rivers and legends of centuries and move westward onto the prairies, to a far more restricted country. This treaty provided that they would not be molested there. However, it was not long before the settlers began to cross the plains on their way to Oregon and the Government demanded free access over a road through the heart of the best Lakota country. A tentative agreement was made just before the Civil War whereby this right was given to those passing through, providing they did not settle along the way. The war between the states brought a temporary halt to westward migration of the white man, but at its close it was resumed with increased volume. Many settlers did not obey the treaty which gave them access to the Oregon road but no rights of settlement, with the result that friction again arose and the Government demanded forts on this road to house its soldiers. This the Lakota objected to strenuously and warfare started in 1865 and continued until 1878. Some of these forts were forced to be evacuated by the increased pressure on the part of the Sioux and in every engagement, the soldiers were defeated by the Lakota. At that time, a young Oglala chieftain named Red Cloud was famous for his victories in defense of his country. Many conflicts took place because the Sioux were fighting for the last great hunting grounds of their people. Their way of life, just as dear and precious to them as ours is to us, was at stake. The Government realized that the Indians

depended entirely on the buffalo for everything in the way of existence and they encouraged contracting crews of white hunters and skinners to slaughter the buffalo under the protection of the troops. In 1873, General G. A. Custer discovered gold in the Black Hills of South Dakota. His expedition there was in strict violation of all Indian treaties. This was the heart of the game country and in these hills were buried the ancestors of the Lakota, beyond the memory of the oldest man. They knew gold was there, but they had no use for it in their economy and they would not sell their cemeteries. After the discovery of gold, the Government insisted that the Lakota give up their old way of life entirely, give up the Black Hills and nine-tenths of their entire land holdings and settle on the least desirable part of it, where they would be fed, schooled and housed "for as long as the sun shone and the waters ran." Red Cloud at that time was getting along in years and he realized that the white man was too avaricious and too numerous for his people



SAINT PAUL

to successfully fight for their liberties. He had embraced Christianity and was advised by the missionaries to tell his people to give up their old way of life. This he did, with far reaching results. He could not, however, control young patriots such as Crazy Horse, Gall and Sitting Bull who were much younger and who preferred to fight and die rather than give in to a life which they detested. They exterminated Custer, defeated Crook and did not surrender until starvation from the loss of the buffalo herds forced them at last to the reservation. Both Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull were adroitly liquidated and peace came at last to the Lakota reservation in Pine Ridge, South Dakota in 1887.

In 1888, a small mission school was erected near Pine Ridge, close to the home of Red Cloud. This was to be the first school for Indian Children in the heart of the once vast Red Cloud country. White missionaries from Germany dedicated their lives to the teaching of these bewildered people. It was many years before the first Government school was placed on the reservation. A few years passed in peace and then the food which was supposed to arrive late in December did not arrive. Unscrupulous people with government contracts substituted cotton blankets for wool against treaty regulations. The Lakota froze and starved. Previously, they had been forced to give up all their arms with the exception of a few antiquated guns. Some of them decided to go to the Badlands to secure food to prevent starvation and they started out in quest of food in a temperature of ten degrees below zero. Immediately, the news was flashed that the Indians were on the warpath

and troops were sent from all directions to force them back into their hovels. Near Wounded Knee, South Dakota, they were intercepted by troops and ordered back to their reservation, some thirty miles away. Their old chief who was dying of tuberculosis, agreed, providing his people would be fed. To this, the troops agreed for the following morning. On that day, as the sun rose at Wounded Knee, the troops entered the Indian lodges and demanded the few remaining firearms, eight in number. These were all given up, but in one instance a scuffle ensued and the entire Indian camp was destroyed by cannon fire from the heights surrounding the village by the troops. Over three hundred and fifty women and children were killed, some of them pursued for two or three miles. In this little town of Wounded Knee, which to-day has a church and several houses, there is also a long trench six feet wide, six feet deep and thirty feet long. It was filled with the frozen bodies of these unfortunate people whose worse crime was the desire to eat. The little mission school twenty-five miles away took care of over sixty-five wounded Indians and not one shot or act of violence was perpetrated against these few missionaries who had been living there for several years.

This mission to-day not only educates over four hundred fifty Indian boys and girls, but has done this continuously since 1888. It has provided three meals a day as well as lodging, to this large number of children. The average income of an adult on the Sioux reservation at Pine Ridge is less than \$700 a year, no matter how many children he may have. There is little opportunity to earn a living other than by leasing their land for grazing purposes. It is very poor land, will not yield crops sufficient to feed a family, has very little water and the people are so poor that they are forced to leave their children at the school so that they can be fed and housed while the parents, barely able to take care of themselves, live in their miserable huts near the few remaining streams having sufficient water. In spite of the broken treaties from 1850 down to and including 1874, in spite of the terrific injustices to a proud and wonderful people, the Lakota supplied many fighting men in World Wars I and II. It has been only recently that they have been given the right to vote and enjoy equal rights with the negro.

My purpose in bringing this to your attention is, first, to give you a look at a page in history for which we can never be proud and then to see if there is not a spark of justice in us willing to partially right the wrongs of our race to these people.

Red Cloud is buried beside the mission school. We have started a "Chief Red Cloud Memorial Fund". Its aim is to receive contributions of small sums of money by many to perpetuate among these people the memory and love of this great leader. Very many Indian children cannot walk to school nor can they be driven by bus for several miles from the nearest school and this, because of the scarcity of water in that country. Few Indians have enough money to have an artesian well or buy water. The winters are long and severe. The snows which come early in November last until late May and are sometimes over ten feet deep. There are few colder places in all the world than the country in which these people live and yet, in their miserable huts with earth floors and wood stoves, they still exist on insufficient food. Their children, however are lodged and fed in the mission school that we are trying to perpetuate. The salary of their teachers is less than \$1.25 a day. The entire school is supported by private contributions,

Pacifism—A Revival

By FATHER J. F. T. PRINCE

For Aristotle courage was a purely martial virtue. And one might almost suppose (though the two events had no palpable connection) that when the Church adopted Aristotelianism as Her philosophical pattern the faithful finally retreated to something suspiciously like the classical standard in preference to that of Christ.

with a small government subsidy, which is less than twenty-five per cent of the minimum amount required.

It is my purpose to try to make up a deficit of nearly \$80,000 a year which is necessary to continue this mission school and this amount represents food and lodging only—not education.

It is true that many of you are not responsible for the terrible condition of these people. It may be true that your ancestors may not have had any hand in robbing them of their lands and their right to live but the fact remains that our race is responsible for robbing the Indian from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for never having kept a treaty and for atrocities just as savage as anything in recorded history. These people were created

Patriotism reasserted itself against the idea of the Brotherhood of Man: the Graeco-Roman morale against the love of humanity inspired by the Man-God Christ. All this, of course, was long before the coming of the Schoolmen.

Factors contributing to the Christian declension included no doubt the thinning down of Judaic influence in the Church (the Jews, for instance, were averse to military service, and, in point of fact, were not submitted to it in the early Empire: passive resistance being more up their street than doing battle). Or again, it has been held that the spirit of Mohammedanism came to pass into and modify contemporary Christianity, so that "every pulpit" (a pious exaggeration) "proclaimed the duty of war with the unbeliever and represented the battlefield as the sure path to Heaven." But we must go so much deeper: to human nature itself, to backsliding, to falling away, to the pretence of conversion. The Glad Tidings were still proclaimed, but alas for the victory of Christianity! For the moment came when to profess Christ ceased to involve sacrifice and risk, when it became fashionable to be Christian, when the Church became packed with the unconverted. Then came the evacuation in high places of the moral claim which it was the Church's vocation to maintain—an evacuation that was the price of a nominal conquest of the world. For the world that was supposed to be converted to Christ had but revised its vocabulary and learned the art of mime with an uncreated heart. It is only by the marvel of a Divine Church that we are still cognisant of the res invictae of Christ. It is because of this marvel that the world may yet know Christ. It is despite ourselves that the Holy Ghost is still with us.

For even after the Church entered into formal union with the State, the Christian leaven went on working. Nor has the faith of Tertullian and Clement and Basil, the faith that burned in Ambrose when he forbade bloodshed, ever been quite extinguished.

Erastianism has one done its worst, it has smouldered on in countries where Catholic Establishment is no more, and has burst into the fire of Jingo where my country first has been the battle-cry of bishops. But the fire that Christ came to cast inextinguishable upon the earth has been greater a thousand times. Nor has there been wanting the breath of mountain air—ever ready, in every generation to blow upon the flame of evangelical revival.

Christian pacifism is then to be regarded as part and parcel of the perennial Christian Revival, of return to the Christian ideal. It is fatuous to argue that because there is found approval of war among Catholics, therefore to preach pacifism is to improve on the Church's teaching. It would be as foolish to say that we must repudiate the unworldliness enjoined by Christ because the getting of money is a chief concern of so many Catholics, either as individuals or religious corporations. Pacifism, then, is not a rebuke to the Church, but a subscription to Her doctrinal mission which is to expound, no more and no less, the mind of Her master.



by the same God who created us and how can we honestly be proud of our page of history if we don't make some effort, however slight, to right the terrible injustices to these people. They have been lied about and belittled in the motion picture and on the stage. They have been cheated and humiliated as no other people and yet they remain a proud race of original Americans whose only crime was to defend their land, their families and their lives against the foreign invader.

For these children of the forests and prairies, created by God, I plead.

I ask for twenty-five cents and the promise of enlisting the sympathy of three more of your friends in this mission, asking them to co-operate on the same basis. If you wish to give more, that is your privilege, but we will be very happy to receive a donation of twenty-five cents. This is to be an Indian Boys' and Girls' Town where the original American can be educated, fed, housed and trained to be useful American citizens. If you are interested, send your twenty-five cents to me with the promise to enlist three more persons in this project. If you desire to send a check, make it to the order of Lawrence Edwards, S. J., treasurer. Should you desire additional copies of this pamphlet, I shall be happy to send them to you without charge. The printing of this material is done entirely at my expense and no part of your contribution will be used to defray any of its cost.

David H. Straud, Jr.
Red Cloud Memorial Fund
Lawrence Edwards, S. J., Treasurer
Pine Ridge, South Dakota

A Just War?

"In past times one could easily speak of just and unjust wars. Today—with the new totalitarian methods of waging war—we must answer anyone asking us whether there can still be a just war: 'Theoretically, yes; practically, no.'"

From an editorial in Osservatore Romano by Msgr. Colli, Bishop of Parma

Evening Masses, Every Day, As Needed

By GERALD ELLARD, S.J.



HE POPE Shares Christ's Feeling, "I Have Pity on This Crowd," Says Cardinal Ottaviani of Latest Fast Concessions

Writing up Pope Pius XII as "Man of the Year" Time magazine (Dec. 14, 1953) listed, among his claims, that "he allowed Mass to be said in the afternoon, so that more workers could attend." Could a future age reckon St Pius XII as "Man of the Century" partly for letting the Lord's Supper be held again in the evening? Such conjectures are not beyond plausibility.

But suppositions aside, here is fact, and already accomplished; in the short span between 1914 and 1957, the notion of postnoon Mass, something absent for centuries, took such worldwide hold on the imagination as to become in time a vision that refused to fade. Chiefly through the pontifical actions of Pope Pius XII, in 1953 and now, much more so, in 1957, that vision is now being turned into joyful realization in Catholic living around the world.

When all the twentieth-century tales of "supersonic speeds" are told, who will have a match for this: the Church, in the twinkling of an eye, has journeyed back centuries into her past, to salvage for modern man his one-time access to the Eucharistic Table at the Evening Sacrifice? Our present Pontiff's "tremendous breadth of vision in giving opportunity for Evening Masses" was justly hailed by his Apostolic Delegate to Australia (1955). After the latest grants Cardinal Ottaviani lauds his Christ-like love for men: "The pope, like Jesus distributing the bread He had multiplied in token of the Eucharist, feels the same fatherly concern which made the Divine Master say: 'I have pity on this crowd'" (Mt 15:32). Osserv. Rom. Mar. 23, 1957.

A New Era

This world-changing revolution was effected by a simple book, by a Viennese writer, Franz Zimmermann, *Evening Mass, Formerly and at Present, (Die Abendmesse in Geschichte und Gegenwart)* (1914). Everything was in the past; nothing in the present—but regret. In the world of reality the brand new Code of Canon Law (1917) sharply delimited the Mass-zone, from one hour before daybreak to one hour after noon (Can. 821.1). Too bad Zimmermann hadn't written sooner, so that his historical account could have mitigated the recent legislation. But the book passed from hand to hand, the idea leaped from mind to mind: "What a shame this wasn't known sooner; something might have been done!"

Rome, too, was studying its Zimmermann—and searching for a way of combining the old, as he described it, and the new, as the Codex fixed it. In 1924, Year 10 After Zimmermann, so to say, it reached the decision that a really great event, like a Eucharistic Congress, could get an indulgent for midnight Mass; occasions not so great, could get an indulgent for Nocturnal Mass at 12:30 A.M., if preceded by Nocturnal Adoration. It inserted in the Acta 17 (100-106) a lengthy explanation of new and unforeseen reasons for modifying the Codex. From that date concessions for Evening Mass multiplied more and more.

In the great Lourdes Triduum (1935, AZ 21) of Masses Day and Night for 72 Hours, Pope Pius XI saw "a happy portent" and sent Cardinal Pacelli as Legate to officiate at the climactic Evening Mass. In the War years Evening Mass was weapon at once and solace. When the United States came into the conflict, Archbishop Spellman obtained (Apr 21, 1942, AZ 28) the indulgent for our Armed Forces: "It would be difficult to imagine a finer testimonial of the regard of the Holy Father for the desire of our American servicemen to live close to God." The end of the War brought so many local and partial indulgents that they cried for unification in 1953. That year's grant, *Christus Dominus* (Jan 6, AZ 39) set down a maximum number (about 150) of times Evening Mass could be had during the year; if local need demanded. By the present grant, AZ 43, it is permitted every day of the year, as local need dictates. The "need" is equated with the faculty of adding a new Mass on Sundays.

Staggering Thinking

The Holy Father leaves it to the local bishop to determine in each instance this local need. Hence, especially at first, there will be the widest variation in practice, until patterns have become established. Careful not to infringe on the authority of the local bishops, the Apostolic Delegate to Australia in an address mentioned above, stressed our common need of loyally submitting to local prescriptions "under the direction of your bishops."

That done, the Holy Father's personal representative then asked Catholics of the present day to engage in serious thinking on peoples' needs. "Strive to enter more and more" he said, (R Corboni, *Australian Liturgical Week Melbourne*, 1955, 12), "like the Holy Father himself, into the mind of the working man and to appreciate his needs. Ask yourselves whether morning Masses are convenient for him. Think whether in parishes of more than one priest it would not be better to have Masses "staggered" at different hours throughout the day—at hours when the workers could assist. . . ." This staggering is now in progress, and will be for some time.

Between the first and second waves of papal permissions for Evening Mass, between *Christus Dominus* of 1953 and *Sacram Communionem* effective on March 25, 1957, I kept a little file of notable Evening Masses. Since every day can now become an Evening Mass day, as local needs develop, my little list is deprived of significance: for what interest they may have I make some selections here.

June 1, 1953. All Catholics in England and Wales were urged, on the Eve of the Queen's coronation, to attend Evening Mass and receive Communion, "that God may bless Her Majesty and Her realms." Nov. 16, 1956, Saigon. President Diem, the members of his government, religious and civic leaders, attended Evening Mass in Saigon Cathedral, to celebrate the promulgation of South Vietnam's constitution and the first anniversary of the Republic. March 6, 1957, Accra, Ghana. Pontifical Evening Mass, which Mr. Nkrumah attended, was celebrated in the cathedral, with all the bishops of the Commonwealth assisting to mark the Independence Day in the new nation. The customary fast on Ash Wednesday was dispensed.

Windsor, Ontario, Dec. 17, 1954. Fathers Paul McHugh and Victor Bachan, members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, are ordained here this evening. Nassau, Bahamas, April 10 (Easter Sunday) 1953. In the first ordination in these islands Father Arthur Chapman was ordained priest at the Easter Vigil Mass and celebrated his First Mass later the same day. Sioux Falls, S.D., May 1, 1955. Seven priests were ordained here this afternoon by Bishop W G Brady (now Archbishop of St Paul). Belize Br. Honduras, Apr. 25, 1947. Father Thomas Avila, Carib, is being ordained priest at Pontifical Evening Mass at



ST. ANTHONY

Adamine

Solomon knows where
Adamine grows
Adamine grows in
Ruby red rows
Adamine flirts with
Solomon's tassels
As Solomon sits
Beside his castles

Solomon walks through
His vineyard green
Solomon walks and
Begins to dream
Solomon dreams of
Adamine's face
Adamine grows very
Near that place

Solomon lies down
Deep in his bed
Solomon's cover is
Adamine red
Solomon turns his
Body away
Adamine's music
Begins to play

Adamine sings of
Solomon's wives
Adamine tells of
Ruby red knives
Adamine dances in
Solomon's brain
Until Solomon wakes
Himself up again

Solomon goes where
Adamine grows
Adamine grows in
Ruby red rows
Solomon despairs of
Adamine's eyes
Where Adamine grows
Solomon dies

Sally Appleton

seven by Bishop D. F. Hickey in Belize Cathedral, the first ordination in the Colony.

Viseu, Portugal, June 8, 1956. Most Rev. G. de Almeida received episcopal consecration as local Auxiliary in the cathedral here this evening.

Wombwell, England, Sept. 8, 1953. Bishop Heenan of Leeds celebrated Pontifical High Mass at 4:00 in consecrating the new church here, thus enabling all local Catholics to be present.

Quito, Ecuador, Jan. 6, 1954. Thanks to *Christus Dominus* of a year ago, a whole new arrangement for the Children's Mass has come in all over this country, the Catechism is set for Sunday afternoon and then follows Mass, to every one's satisfaction.

Richfield Minn., Mar. 1957. St. Richard's parish, as in former years, schedules First Communion for Solemn Mass on Easter Monday evening. The Mass is followed by supper for the youngsters and their parents and friends.

The mail brings an invitation from Bishop M. C. Carroll of Wichita: he is to celebrate Pontifical Mass at 4:30, at which Cardinal Spellman will preach, after the dedication of the Chaplain Kapaun Memorial High School, Wichita, Sunday, May 12, 1957.

So it goes: from where the sun rises to where it sets, thanks to Pope Pius XII, there is again being offered a Mass celebration.

CULT :: CULTIV

Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

Father McCoy's Day of Recollection on May 5 was the last of his series. In his course of the year he gave us a splendid series of meditations on Scripture and on the science of faith which have given us a good foundation for our own further Scripture reading.

What we want to do now is to arrange a replacement for these days in the form of regular four o'clock Sunday afternoon conferences, to be given by various speakers—something on the order of the Friday night meetings at Chrystie Street. Everyone is welcome.

Planting, transplanting, and weeding are in full swing. The gardens are beginning to look green, and John Fillgar has brought in the first scallions and lettuce for the table. He and Mike Fitzgerald have put in sweet corn, onions, tomatoes, squash, chard, cucumbers, green and wax beans, beets, peppers, cabbage, radishes. Joe Cotter is getting the cannery ready for operation.

Jonas Dumchius came out one day to mulch the grape arbor, bringing with him a new friend, Kazys Vaitkus. As usual, while he was here, Jonas brewed for us a quantity of saffron tea from the trees that grow hereabouts.

Charlie Butterworth has been transplanting rosebushes to what will be their permanent spot, along the path of the outdoor Stations of the Cross. The other flowers planted by Peggy Conklin in front of the chapel and in the side and front yards seem to be doing well in spite of the lack of rain.

The cherry trees are starting to bear, and we have had the first visit from the neighborhood kids, who sample the fruit even before it is ripe. Some of us have wondered how many Peter Maurin Farm-induced stomach aches there are hereabouts in the spring.

We are very grateful for the recent spate of thundershowers. The gardens were beginning to suffer from the lack of rain, and there was an unusual number of brush fires even for Staten Island. For two days, just before the first rain in several weeks, a pall of smoke hung in the air, and the fire engines kept up a constant prowling along the roads.

Hans Tunnessen has been putting up screens and painting porches. Joe Roche has succeeded him as chief cook, and has turned out to be a good one.

Louis Draghi, who is working as an attendant in a mental hospital in Queens, has come several times on his day off to do odd jobs for us. He has put one of the stoves in good order, and has been doing some work on the cars and on one of the refrigerators.

Nicky Hennessy made his first communion on May 25 at Our Lady Help of Christians Church in Totenville, along with Andy Scarpulli and Billy Zamarchi from the neighborhood. Cecelia Keough baked a cake in celebration.

We had a brief visit last month from Don McCarthy from Chicago, who was in the East with friends; Don spent almost a year at Maryfarm several years ago. And among Sunday afternoon visitors not long ago was Anne Foley, of Friendship House, whom we hadn't seen in a long time.

After a three months' stay with us, Father Conrad Hauser left for Canada on May 22. It was a joy to have him with us, and to be able again to have daily Mass. He became truly a member of the family, and our prayers will go with him wherever he goes.

INDIANS

"Legislation without representation" has been introduced to Congress. Twin bills (S.692 & H.R. 3789) have been introduced to both the Senate and House with the intent to (1) challenge and (2) try to undermine the just Claims, deeds, and titles now held by the Hopi Indians to certain lands "described in the Executive order of Dec. 16, 1882." These bills were drafted and introduced to Congress without the Knowledge or Consent of (a) the Majority of the Hopi People, or (b) the Recognized Hopi Leaders and Spokesmen. Such unwarranted action is obviously undemocratic, un-American and un-defensible in a court of justice. The Hopi leaders and people are protesting strongly against these Bills. We urge the Hopi friends to fight these Bills cooked up by the "Tribal Council" without the people's knowledge or consent.

The above is sent to us from the League of North American Indians in Los Angeles, and appended to it are signatures from hundreds of Hopi Indians who feel that this land is theirs without going to any white man's court to prove it, and as they have never fought or signed a peace treaty with the U.S. they are an independent group of their own. This Tribal Council is composed mostly of government employees. Seven out of eleven of the Hopi villages do not belong to it.

Ammon Hennacy

"You hate your brother and you draw your sword against him. But do you not realize that you are incomplete without your brother? When you strike him, the first thing you do is cut the artery that unites you to him and that nourishes both of you: you kill God between you. And the hemorrhage is common: the blood of the victim is emptied as well as the soul of the killer."

CULTURE VATION ::

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

Udall, however, chooses to believe the Indian Bureau and has a companion bill to that of Senator Goldwater, which has passed without rollcall recently, which would, in the opinion of the friends of the Indians, "freeze" the steal of lands from the Hopi which the whites and Navajos now hold. Coming back through Philadelphia I tried for the second time to see the prisoner whom Dorothy and I have visited, but over the week end I could not get permission. I met Jim Bristol's charming wife and daughters. Jim had been a Lutheran minister who had prepared a sermon against registration for the draft in 1940, but registered and did not preach that sermon. When later the time came to claim exemption as a minister he refused to do so and spent 18 months in Danbury prison. He is now a Quaker and refuses to go to India in his work for the Quakers if he has to sign a loyalty oath, as I reported in the last issue.

In my last article I forgot to mention the best meeting of all my recent trip. This was at Oberlin College in Ohio. I had distributed anti-draft leaflets there forty years before. The auditorium was comfortably half-filled at the noon hour and I had an enthusiastic response after an introduction by a pretty Quaker girl. The tradition here is liberal so I was surrounded by students asking questions all day and especially at the YMCA during a formal question period. Few Catholic students attend Oberlin but several of them met with me at a hotel that evening to ask further questions.

One hundred and forty students gathered at the Fifteenth Street Quaker Meeting House here in New York City, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on May 25 to discuss *The Whole Man*. Peter Seeger of *The Weavers*, soon to be sentenced for refusing to name names, or even plead the First or the Fifth Amendment, led off by singing, accompanied by banjo and other instruments. Later folks from different countries sang folk songs.

The main reason for the meeting was to hear Eric Fromm the psychiatrist. First, all were encouraged to give their impression of what constituted the *Whole Man* and Fromm mercilessly kept them from using words carelessly, insisting that our feelings were safer to follow, especially when led away from the atom bomb which intellect had given us as the sum total of its wisdom.

We divided into groups of about ten each for much of the time discussing in detail what the subject had opened up to us. Without the formality of leaders of groups reporting Bob Gilmore jolted the group saying that the conversation had been too comfortable and on the edge of life. At the evening session Pete Seeger, Lee Pagano who is now a sandal maker and who mainly through Eric Gill left the commercial world, and Harry Atkinson who described the Kolonia Community, and others spoke. I was asked to give my one-man-revolution which I did in sketchy detail. Pete Seeger had already quoted

my Love, Courage and Wisdom idea. I felt that in addition the *Whole Man* should have curiosity, integrity, compassion, tolerance, and be of the mind to do manual labor. This last drew the most opposition.

Eric Fromm closed the seminar by again insisting that Life being lived and not talked about was the important thing. I can say that this was one of the most organic and potentially worthwhile meetings I have attended. Lee Pagano drove some of us to his temporary country home near Bedminster, Pa., where we met the Angry and Atkinson families who had come up from Kolonia, Ga. to form a branch community nearby in N. J. I continue my message against atomic activities at a follow up Quaker meeting this Friday.



BOOK REVIEWS

By Beth Rogers

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS. John Henry Newman. Edited by Henry Tristram, C.O. Sheed and Ward. \$4.50.

Anything of Newman's is of abiding interest. The papers in this collection consist of two autobiographical sketches written by Newman for publication; an account of his illness on his journey to Sicily; several journals kept at different times; a memorandum on the Catholic University; and—most curious item of all—an "Autobiography in Miniature." This last was written on the back cover of a school exercise book. The first entry is, "John Newman wrote this just before he was going up to Greek on Tuesday, June 10th, 1812" (that is, when he was eleven years old); the last is, "And now a Cardinal, March 2, 1884." Newman's is one of the most consistently interesting minds and personalities in Catholic and English history. These papers trace his spiritual much more than his intellectual development. A valuable addition to any Catholic library.

SOUND OF A DISTANT HORN, by Sven Stolpe. Sheed & Ward. \$3.95.

The first English translation of a novel by a modern Swedish convert. It ranks with the best modern European Catholic novels, and it is to be hoped that Sheed and Ward will bring out more of Mr. Stolpe's work. There is great compassion and love in this novel, and a deep insight into the situation of the Christian in the world.

EDWIN VINCENT O'HARA, AMERICAN PRELATE, by J. G. Shaw. Farrar Straus and Cudahy. \$4.00.

A good, sober, thorough biography of an extraordinary modern American bishop, whose death last year was a loss to all the best in the Church of the twentieth century. The list of Archbishop O'Hara's interests and activities during his fifty-one years as priest is astonishing. He helped put through the first workable state wage and hour law while he was a parish priest in Oregon, which became the model for similar laws elsewhere. He helped found the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and the Confraternity of

Christian Doctrine. He sponsored revision of the Baltimore Catechism, the new translation of the Bible, and the first use of English in the ritual. He had a record of working with other groups in the community, such as the Urban League and the National Conference of Christians and Jews. He was on national committees for the welfare of minority groups, the Mexican-Americans, Negroes, Jews. He was on the Committee of Catholics for Human Rights, petitioned for release of CO's after the Second World War. When he died last year in Milan of a heart attack, he was on his way to Assisi to present a report for American churchmen on the new Holy Week liturgy which would make recommendations for further developments to bring the liturgy closer to the people.

THE CASE OF CORNELIA CONNELLY. By Juliana Wadham. Pantheon. \$3.75.

A first-rate biography of a remarkable woman. Cornelia Connelly became a Catholic along with her husband, who then asked (and was granted by Church authorities) for a separation from her in order to become a priest. She entered the religious life also and founded a teaching order in England, the Society of the Holy Child Jesus; she had a real teaching genius, and her methods anticipated much of the best in modern education. Connelly was an erratic man, who only a short time after being ordained conceived an ambition to become a cardinal. When, unsurprisingly, he failed to achieve this, he left the Church and proceeded to sue for Mrs. Connelly's return to him, in what became one of the great Church scandals of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Wadham, who was educated by Mrs. Connelly's order in England, has handled her sensational material extremely well. The reader feels her sympathy for both Cornelia and Pierce Connelly, to say nothing of the children of the marriage.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

FOUR INTERVIEWS WITH PETER MAURIN

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

(From the CATHOLIC WORKER, issues of April, May, June and July-August of 1943. Peter Maurin died in 1949).

[Part II: On Land and Children]

Peter, why do you say that being on the land is better for children? It's a matter of fresh food, fresh air and being away from city streets.

Do you think that children get a better outlook on life in the country? Life on the land makes a child reflective. He watches the different life processes working out before his eyes, and it makes him think. He watches the growth of the animals and plants, and he gets an organic view of life.

By organic, you mean he sees the function or purpose of each part? Yes; he sees the purpose through the medium of his own eyes. It doesn't come through books and through the memory, as a city child has to learn these things. The child absorbs more in a leisurely way through life on the land.

Why do you often say a child is an asset on the farm, a liability in the city?

When the child sees his father doing useful work on a farm, the desire to be useful is born in the child. The child then wants to help his father and it is good for the child to work with its father. I was plowing at eleven. The work on the farm gives the child the right form of exercise. It is exercise with a purpose, not just exercise for the sake of exercise, as is so often the case in sports. We say that we should read with a purpose, then why not exercise with a purpose?

Then you would say that the boundless energy of the child is used up usefully on the farm, whereas in the city the child dissipates a lot of his energy in wasteful sports.

Yes, the purpose of exercise is health, but why not get it while doing the more useful work? The farm work gives the child the right opportunity.

How explain then, Peter, the fact that children often wish to get away from the farm?

The schools most often are to blame. They hold up city ideals. The children are educated even in country schools to look up to city living as a superior form of living. It doesn't help to make the child realize the fact that the country is more important than the city. The ideal that working with your head is superior to working with your hands and your hands is taught or implied. This is how we get so many crazy ideas in society today.

But the parents must see these things, too, Peter, else how can they point them out to the children?

Yes, often the farmer doesn't see the superiority of this working with hands and head. The farmers often feel inferior to so-called educated city folks. The city people look down too much on the farmers.

That is really a form of snobbery.

Yes, it is.

Isn't it strange, Peter, that men have to break down and be sent to mental hospitals before there is a realization of the importance of farm and craft work as a means to mental health?

When the system has shattered their minds, they have to go to those places. The working in crafts and in gardens is known to bring a better balance to their minds.

Ade de Bethune once said that many persons can only see abstract principles through the medium of the material which they mold or shape with their hands.

I know a woman who has come to an understanding of Catholic dogma through studying Ade's drawings. She just couldn't grasp it otherwise.

Ade tries to explain the importance of little actions, such as cooking, carpentry work, all the different actions of housekeeping, as a means to developing the whole person.

Does the idea of a piece of land for himself have to be held up to the child as an ideal so that he will stay on the land?

Something much more than that is necessary. You must realize the selfishness that is in the child and try to offset it. If the child is taught to consider material ownership as a sole badge of respect, he is not taught enough. He must be taught the idea of using material things to help other people. This is the idea of stewardship, which is so opposed to the idea of absolute ownership of property. The child wishes to be recognized, but he should be taught to see that the right kind of recognition is to be recognized by your fellow man as one who helps people and not as one merely possessing things.

You often speak of folk schools such as they have in Denmark. Do you think they are a better way of education?

Yes, I do. Take the matter of folk dances. Through these dances the child comes to see the necessity of co-operation with other children to perform the dances. The children are attracted to the music through the senses, and through the music they get the idea. The songs stick easily in the memory. Folk dances lead to folk songs.

I remember, Peter, someone saying that in parts of Newfoundland they create songs at their parties.

Yes, that is true of many folk cultures. The song brings ideas to the mind in an attractive way. Then you don't have to look to Tin Pan Alley to create music for you.

The purpose of the music is to get ideas into the head. The idea then should start the will into action, and when it does, the soul is happy. Action must follow ideas. The sin of the intellectuals is to let the good ideas stay in their heads. They do not result in action, and, since they should be the leaders and are looked up to by the workers as leaders, this irresponsibility on their part is the reason why the workers turn against the intellectuals.

It all goes back to what you say about the scholars having to become workers and the workers to become scholars, if we are to bring right order into society.

The knowledge-for-knowledge-sake business is no good. It must be used for the common good. The worker often doesn't think, and consequently doesn't have the answers. If the intellectuals just talk, they make no impression on him. When the worker sees the intellectual putting his ideas into action, he says, "What's the great idea?" and he watches him. He sees that he reads books for enlightenment, and he is attracted to reading them, too, and that is what he needs, namely, to cultivate his mind.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A CATHOLIC
ANARCHIST**
By AMMON HENNACY
Cloth, \$3.

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 2)

tion so that we could give the blood directly. Smokey was in high spirits all during the testing, prancing about and gesticulating, as is his wont, with his shirt off and tatoos on display. On the way home, recalling some college physiology, I kidded Smokey about he and I having the same type blood as the Rhesus monkey. Now Smokey naturally addresses me genially as "You monkey!", following the salutation with a gale of laughter. The new epithet has this in its favor: besides being no worse than previous ones, it bears its own nemesis.

Mass For Peter

Sunday, May 19, was an eventful day liturgically for us. The 11:00 o'clock high Mass at Old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mott Street was sung as an anniversary Mass for Peter Maurin. The priests there had written us a letter during the previous week, telling us how much they cherished the memory of Peter and saying that they would not accept a stipend for the Mass. The occasion brought together many CW old-timers. After the Mass we gathered in the churchyard, next to the graveyard where the bones of bishops long buried lie under half-erased tombstones and bright green grass.

We came back to the house together, to swell by twenty plates or so the load of Roy and his helpers in the kitchen. They had already served more than fifty plates to the people in the house, and in a short while would serve a couple of hundred to the soup line, yet they cheerfully took in stride a special breakfast of bacon and eggs for us.

The Diaz Baptism

In the afternoon of the same day, Jeffry Diaz, newborn son of Indio and Eileen Diaz (Eileen Fantino to those acquainted with her work with us and with the Puerto Rican children) was baptized at Holy Agony Church at 101st St. and Second Avenue. Holy Agony is a Puerto Rican Church, with Iglesia de Santa Agonia chiseled in stone over its door. There were two other children being baptized at the same time, one of them about one year old and the other about five. To John Stanley and Mary Ann Dewelss (Mary Ann McCoy to those acquainted with her work with us and Eileen), Jeffry's godparents, the priest, speaking with a Spanish accent, put the questions: "What dost thou ask of the Church of God?" . . . "What doth faith bring thee to?" . . . "Do you wish to be baptized?"—which they answered in behalf of the child. To the four other sponsors the priest put the same questions in Spanish. Children of varying hues, most of them Diaz entourage, filled the vestibule and overflowed into the Church, where they played snake in and out of the pews until Indio sent emissaries in to stop them.

The Potting Shed

A priest friend of ours sent us the money for a ticket to Graham Greene's "The Potting Shed" at the Golden Theater and we went to see it during its last week. I knew the basic plot line before going: a priest offers his "most precious possession" in return for the resurrection of his dead nephew; his faith is taken from him; the boy goes through life tormented, more or less ostracized from his family because he is a threat to its atheism. Unfortunately, I knew this much before going, so that much of the suspense on which the play depends for its effect was lost to me. In another way, this was fortunate, since it helped me to understand why some people came away from the play dissatisfied. It is a very un-existential play. That is to say, it does not unfold as life unfolds, wondrously fresh and with anguish, opening up a future filled with a million possible choices. It is a

mystery play in both the medieval and modern senses, and to be appreciated it must be accepted as such. Like a medieval mystery play, it is built rigidly around a foregone conclusion, around a deposit in the body of faith. The medieval mysteries retold the stories of the Old and New Testaments and of the Saints. "The Potting Shed" retells the book of apologetics. It does not seem to do this, because it does it with the technique of that other kind of mystery—the detective story in which the answer is really known from the beginning and the whole trick is to let the reader see it only little by little, reserving the key portion of the answer until the end.

I was relieved by the freshness of a remark which Greene let one of his characters make at the end of play: WHEN ONE IS SURE, THEN ONE IS DEAD. It let me know that Greene was alive, as O'Neill was alive who had his hero say in "The Ice Man Cometh": MY TROUBLE HAS ALWAYS BEEN THAT I CAN SEE BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION.

Friday Night Talks

On the second Friday night in May we had our first talk of the year in the back yard. For those who don't know our back yard, let me say that it is rimmed on the

Readers who already know the atmosphere of some of our Friday night talks will excuse this diversion for the sake of those who haven't. The rest of the meeting went much more smoothly (if one doesn't count the sound of rock-and-roll and calypso coming from the Chateau Gardens). Edelman, a short, balding, high-cheekboned man who speaks with a touch of nervousness and a touch of accent, told us about his case against the Rosenberg and Sobel Defense Committees, although most of his rancor was reserved for the Rosenberg defense lawyer who is now dead. The thing that most shocked Edelman and the thing he most talked about was the prosecution's exhibit No. 8 in the Rosenberg trial. This exhibit was a cross-section diagram of the atom bomb, allegedly drawn by Greenglass, relative of the Rosenbergs, which Roy Cohn, prosecution lawyer, suggested be impounded—put away and never looked at—for the sake of the security of the country. What shocked Edelman was that the defense lawyer acquiesced, moving that "this exhibit be impounded, so that it may remain secret and the world may not have a look at it."

Edelman suggested sinister doings and motives within the defense committee, referring inter-



east by the back of our five stories, on the south by the next door tenement, and on the other two sides by brick walls. Against the walls and the buildings stand boards and ladders and old refrigerators. Near the back wall hangs a line of clothes. The audience on Friday nights sits on green benches arranged in a half circle in front of the plywood speaker's table supported by wooden horses. People working in the kitchen stand from time to time in the kitchen doorway, looking on. Catherine sits on the flat wooden cellar door, near her ground floor window, so as to be near her invalid son.

The speaker on this first Friday outdoors was Erwin Edelman, who had been on the defense committee in the Rosenberg case but had disputed with the rest of the committee and had been dropped. He had come to see us previously, carrying the bulging manuscript which he always points to, saying, "I have given you only a couple of instances—there are many, many more recorded here in this manuscript."

Mr. Edelman began by saying that it had been a long time since he had spoken in public and he asked forbearance with any inefficiency in competing with the wind and the noise of the city. His remark seemed to invoke the wrath of wind and city. He no sooner made it and began to speak than a plane roared over. Mr. Edelman waited a few moments and, when the plane was out of earshot, began again. He had said three or four more words when Catherine's boy began to scream. Catherine went scurrying into the house and Mr. Edelman, not being acquainted with this scream, stopped and looked questioningly at the house-

ested parties to his bulging manuscript for corroboration. "The trouble with a defense committee or any other organization is that it is in danger of going on existing for its own sake rather than the cause originally espoused . . ." he said. Defense lawyers do not want to recognize past blunders or sins—and also, he added, the Communist Party has something to gain from scapegoat martyrs.

During the question period Ray Scott began by asking a question and finished by giving a vehement speech all his own, reading a letter he had written on the subject from the speaker's stand. "If this trial had been a conspiracy," he said, pounding his fist on the table, "what WOULD have happened is exactly what DID happen . . . I want to see some fire worked up about this, instead of people sitting placidly around saying, 'Uh huh,' and twiddling their thumbs!"

After the meeting, Edelman and Mike Kovalak and Ray Scott sat in the kitchen over coffee long after everyone else had left, and then moved to the office and continued their discussion there. Around midnight Ray suggested that they go out to a delicatessen and buy some baloney and continue the discussion while eating it in a park. I don't know how long it took them to wear down because I didn't go with them and I haven't heard.

Next Meeting

The following Friday John Sonneborn, a concert and church organist, spoke to us on the history of liturgical music. Most of us were expecting to be bored, I think. As it turned out, we learned a great deal, and, because of the wit and capability of the speaker, we learned quite pleasantly—about the struggle through the years between

the likes of the Benedictines of Solesmes and Palestrina and the likes of Edward Marzot.

Our Neighborhood

The city had announced that it was going to tear down sixteen acres of slums beginning with our block and extending to the south and east of us. But the businessmen went on modernizing—the facade of the Chateau Gardens around the corner, a new restaurant on the Bowery side of the block, to mention two places—and the ground which businessmen do not fear to tread, you can be very sure, is ground exceeding safe. Sure enough, a further announcement from the city postponed indefinitely the execution of the plan. But the eye and ear had already decided to record what is, before it is not.

At Houston St.

Looking south down the right side of Chrystie Street, the eye takes in, in turn, the Victorian lamp-post on the corner, anachronistically hugged, near its top, by an air-raid siren which is a fat cone with a pointed cap (so that it looks like a sawed-off sky-rocket) and makes a weird noise every noontime. I am sure that if it ever went off seriously at noontime, no one would notice it; if at any time other than noontime, everyone would simply think some civil defense worker's watch was wrong. There is the monstrous black fire-escape running diagonally down the side of the National Theatre, covered by big metal shingles which blow off when the wind is strong and threaten to decapitate passersby; the area of sidewalk sheltered by the wall-like metal door at the bottom of the fire escape, an area always filled with junk and ashes and men sheltering themselves against the weather (in the winter this invariably means a fire, which not infrequently means flames lapping for yards up the side of the building). There is the narrow parking lot where the other night, a rainy night, a woman screamed and screamed and we found her sitting in the mud between two cars, soaking wet and sobbing (she had been drinking, apparently, but she had also obviously been beaten up). There is our house, then the stoop next door, surrounded by ash cans, where a young Puerto Rican plays his guitar on warm nights and his family and friends clap and twist and sing with him; the Italian grocery on the corner of Stanton Street, with bare loaves of bread in the window and in front a storage box with a Coca-Cola sign on it on which a little girl and her mother sit, across the street from the spot where a boy was hit by a car a few days ago, the same spot where a man was killed by a car on his way to our house a few months ago. Down the rest of the street, alternating with dwellings, are sweat shops with notices of employ, scrawled on cardboard waving from their doors: "Se necesitan operantes en flanas;" and along the length of the whole street runs that unsymmetrical pattern of dirty green fire-escapes and clothes lines which is perhaps the most essential mark of New York architecture (as fake gingerbread roof front is that of Chicago and the white front stoop that of Baltimore).

Up The Other Side

The eye follows the plane trees in Sarah Delano Roosevelt Park, fired to leafy fulness by the warm spring sun, sweeping up from Manhattan Bridge as a solid, undulating, widening green line supported on brown sticks. In their shade the full of years, of wine, of woe sit on benches watching children, in the sunken area that runs down the middle, see how high they can swing.

Going East

The park jumps across the smooth, traffic-worn cobblestones of Houston Street, descends to smaller trees, and turns east, running beneath the backs of tene-

ments pockmarked with windows half grilled by midget convex guards of twisted wrought iron, windows encased by fire-escapes, windows with flower pots in them, windows with men in tee shirts in them, windows with women in them pulling in or letting out slanted lines of pink slips and white diapers and blue shirts with long sleeves pointing empty toward the ground.

Benches

As it runs east along Houston, the park becomes first a place of benches where the old and worn and shabby take inventory of their lives and their pockets. A man on one bench sees a clean paper bag blowing by and jumps up to scurry after it and retrieve it. Another man on another bench takes a bottle from his pocket and raises it to his lips, just as a policeman comes into view on the sidewalk. The policeman looks at him from outside the wire fence. "Go ahead and lock me up," the man shouts with lubricated defiance. "Big crime isn't it?"

Bocci Alleys

After the shaded place of benches come handball courts and bocci alleys, alternating.

At first sight a bocci alley is a crowd of men's backs. At second sight it is a long rectangle of bare hard ground flanked by low thresholds of rotting wood and capped at both ends by higher ramparts of the same wood. Men sit on the ramparts, mostly old men with pipes, their feet dangling. They stare engrossed as the first player, a fat middle-aged man in a tidy old double breasted, wide laped business suit, bends forward on his right foot and raises his left foot off the ground as he lets roll from his hand a heavy green ball. The ball rolls in an arc down the alley and comes to rest a couple of inches away from a tiny yellow ball at the other end. The second player, a tall, swarthy graying man in a tattered sweater, lets his ball, a chalky pink one, fly with more force, so that it knocks the first ball away from the small one.

Not all the people within the fenced area are watching the game. There are a couple of benches set back toward the inside fence and two of the men sitting on them are playing cards, using the inside bottom of a cardboard carton as a table so that the wind will not steal away their deck.

The bocci players throw three more balls apiece, the second man running quickly behind his last one as soon as he has thrown it. Both men stand over the arrangement of balls at the other end, disputing the relative distances of green and pink ones from the yellow one. A couple of makeshift measuring sticks, are brought out, and an onlooker steps over the wooden barrier to act as impartial judge. The crowd enjoys the dispute. There is laughter and banter and exclamation in Italian.

Some men are sitting against a ledge a little back from the alley, and they are distracted at this moment by S—, who has come along with a couple of pairs of trousers and a sweater on his arm. S— is a scrawny little man with beady eyes and an undershot jaw which he works continually up and down from his nose. He seems to thrive on a frantic shuttling between possession and destitution. One day he will be in rags and the next he will come around in an ill-fitting but neat second hand suit and pull up the sleeve to show you how prosperous he has become: six wrist watches or so encircle his arm. This day he is down and shuttling up. He wears a torn and dirty tee shirt, torn and dirty trousers, and shoes that reveal bare skin. He easily sells the sweater—a beautiful heavy corded wool one—for fifty cents to a man in a business suit. He has a harder time trying to sell the pairs of trousers. A man in a faded blue suit shows some interest in the blue pair, but doubts that they will

(Continued on page 8)

Peonage—American Style

(Continued from page 1)

a statewide study of the production of California's fruit and vegetable crops.

Father McDonnell's finding is there would be no shortage of farm labor if growers were willing to offer as high a rate of pay as industries do, and pass the additional labor cost on to consumers, a cost increase he maintains would be so slight as to be insignificant. His report explodes the long accepted fallacy that American farm workers, whether they be whites, Negroes, or of Mexican ancestry, are unwilling or unable to do "stoop labor." This, he told me in a fairly recent interview, is a fiction. He talked with thousands of farm workers and former farm workers who said they would much prefer to work in the fields than to work in canneries, packinghouses and freezing plants tied in with the field produce, or in heavy industry.

"Again and again I was told," Father McDonnell said, "that they thought the outdoor work a lot healthier and more satisfying than indoor work, often done in excessive heat, sometimes in cold drafts, sometimes on wet and slippery floors; work involving noise, eye-strain, risk to life and limb, and assembly-line monotony. They only do such work because it pays far better than farm work, and offers a far greater opportunity to save money, buy a home, and raise a family."

It is Father McDonnell's opinion that the large scale individual growers and farm-owning corporations could force the processing plants that receive their farm products to pay more for them so that they, the big farmers, could match the processors wage scales.

"Not only can male American farm workers do 'stoop labor,'" he said. "Men, women and children have done it, both those living in an area, and those who were migratory workers. But wretched as was the pay they received, and their general living conditions,

they could at least exist. But they can't exist on-and thus won't work for the low rate of pay the imported Mexican braceros get."

Father McDonnell said the National Catholic Rural Life Conference (NCRLC) is opposed to the employment of either migratory workers or Mexican braceros. As he put it:

"What the NCRLC has long hoped for is an adequate wage or piece-work rate for farm workers, so as to stabilize families in communities and enable the frugal to eventually own small farms. There is a very high disease and death rate among both migratory workers and braceros. The migrants are a driven, uprooted people, poorly fed, vilely housed. The braceros are captives. Neither can have any sense of community responsibility. Both go in for petty crime. But so do local seasonal workers to some extent. All these categories have a high percentage of drunkenness among them."

"The run-of-the-mill taxpayers are really underwriting or subsidizing the present California farm economy, considering the fact that the employment of migrants and now of braceros forces many local people onto relief rolls. Crime and juvenile delinquency among seasonal farm workers costs money in terms of additional police and social welfare personnel. Industry can't absorb all the local farm workers when they're unemployed, and State statistics show they are unemployed three times as often as are industrial workers. Furthermore, agricultural workers are excluded from unemployment compensation. Why, when they are the poorest paid of all labor? And the least secure?"

"Here today and gone tomorrow to harvest some other crop, migratory farm labor has been difficult to unionize. Those who have unionized, in the hopes of settling down, have antagonized the growers by seeking higher pay. So now the latter think they have solved the problem by seasonally importing the Mexican braceros."

This annual importation of huge labor gangs of single men separated from their families, is fraught with evil consequences for Mexico, for the braceros themselves, and for the United States, Father McDonnell's survey shows.

"It is bad for Mexico," he says, "because it causes much of Mexico's acreage to remain untilled, in turn causing a shortage of goods making for inflationary prices which weaken even the exchange rate of U.S. dollars sent home by many of the braceros. Moreover, surplus pools of hungry, unemployed men have been built up at the border contracting centers."

"It is bad for the braceros, who often wait weeks or months at those centers before being recruited by U. S. growers, and spend their savings on food. Once recruited, they remain in the U. S. for long periods, alienated from their families. They lose their sense of local community responsibility. No priest-chaplains accompany them to California, and many lose their faith."

In this connection, Father McDonnell estimated that ninety-five percent of Mexican-American migrants as well as the braceros cannot get to Mass while following the crop cycle in California. Most labor camps are from ten to thirty miles from the nearest Catholic church. California's two archdioceses and three dioceses each have a few priests who visit camps in trailer chapels, but in the course of a year they can only possibly get to about one-fifth of the camps. In order to even get to that many, they cannot remain longer than a couple of days in the smaller camps, a week in the more populous camps. Because of a priest shortage, very few priests from rural parishes have the time through out the rest of the year in which to go to the camps. In the migrant camps, common-law marriages are

frequent, and children are born but not baptized. The trailer-chapel priests rectify as many such situations as they can in the time they have. In both migrant and bracero camps, Catholics die without receiving the Last Sacraments.

"Moreover," Father McDonnell said, "the braceros often do excessive labor which burns them out, and drains them of irreplaceable years of productivity. Also, many find they are only given part-time piece-work, earn only enough to pay for their room and board, can send little or no money to their families, and wind up as poor as when they came here."

Father McDonnell says the braceros program is bad for the United States, because it makes our Federal government a gigantic labor supplier, puts legitimate labor contractors out of business, subsidizes a system of captive labor, and depresses the wage scale of U.S. farm workers. It also disrupts the normal relations between employers and workers in America, and breaks the ladder of opportunity, the ascent from farm work to foreman to small land owner.

"It makes living on the land impossible for more and more of our own citizens," says Father McDon-



nell. "It denies the dignity of man by valuing men only for their muscle and energy. It makes for racism when imported Mexican men are segregated in labor camps, instead of being accepted into our communities—along with their families—through the normal processes of immigration."

And what is Father McDonnell's solution of the dilemma?

"First," he says, "the agreement between the U.S. and Mexico for the importing of the braceros must be terminated. Christians can write their representatives in Congress to that effect. Then farmers in California and elsewhere must face up to the fact that they do not operate in a vacuum, but within our national economy, and must pay wages and benefits comparable to what other American workers get from industry."

"Farm corporations, and big and small farmers should function like the member firms of the construction industry, in which and owner accepts bids from builders who belong to a contractors' association, which in turn has an agreement with a building trades union to supply workers at prevalent wage scales. With farm labor contractors having written agreement, legal documents, with agricultural unions, orderly, peaceful labor relations would be established in keeping with democratic processes. Farm workers would have an additional purchasing power that would strengthen and stabilize our national economy."

Father McDonnell thinks this would result in time in stable, rooted populations of home-owning farm workers, instead of migrants, to the advantage of growers, who would have them available, and to the moral and economic well-being of communities.

"Some farm work would con-

Heaven Knows, Mr. Khrushchev!

(Continued from page 1)

the novel is finally cleared, rehabilitated and promoted; but the bitterness of this man's experience on the desert island of Soviet bureaucracy, remains in spite of the "happy ending."

Soviet literary critics, famous writers, economists, technicians, and entire student bodies, are discussing "Not by Bread Alone" in articles, commentaries and meetings and forums. This truly exceptional interest can be considered more important than the book itself. And why did all this happen? Because first of all, Dudenzov, chose a very simple, very realistic topic: life in Soviet Russia today. We too can see now this documentary: life of the great bosses of industry and their subservient attendants; life of the "man in the street", the hard working technician, laboratory or office employee, school teacher, etc. All these people are presented with their major or minor defects. The people "on top" are depicted very frankly, with an almost "Tolstoy touch." They are vain, glib, heartless. The rank and file are also very candidly described: they are simple, good, warm-hearted. The most attractive are those who are out of luck because of the pressure groups. They are snubbed and persecuted, but they live for an ideal. The hero of the story waits months and months for his blue-prints to be examined. He is completely destitute, and finally lands in Siberia. There are women too in the story, of course: one of them is selfish, ambitious, and wants her man to be a success. The other one is devoted, patient, true — perhaps a great-granddaughter of Turgenev's heroines?

And so we find in "Not by Bread Alone": first a bald criticism of huckster-methods. Second: the human interest and love angle. Third, — an almost religious note of dedication. When at last cleared, the hero goes home, leaving the remote lands to which he was exiled, he feels, (the author tells us) like "taking off his cap and blessing himself" — a familiar gesture of devout Russians about to say goodbye.

"Not by Bread Alone" is not merely a literary event. In fact, the literary value of this novel is inferior to the writings of other Soviet authors. But it has aroused the emotion of millions of readers, it has moved even those writers who are more gifted or more experienced than Dudenzov. One of them, Paoustovsky, speaking at a literary meeting, declared: "Dudenzov is a very important social phenomenon . . . He is a man of great courage and honesty . . . He expresses the anxiety we feel for the moral structure and purity of the Soviet man."

A while ago, such things could not be openly said in Soviet Russia. Such books could not be written, or if written, could not be published, or if published, — were rapidly withdrawn from circulation, and their authors silenced. Whatever happens now to Dudenzov and his work, he has made history. This is especially true of Russia, where writers were always considered like teachers, leaders,

to be seasonal," he says, "but so are construction work, logging, and merchant shipping, to name a few other businesses. They pay well. Why shouldn't seasonal farm workers be paid well, instead of going on relief rolls or wandering all over?"

"It may take some years to bring into being this program of organization and mutual co-operation based on Catholic social principles. It will require the efforts of many men of good will. It will call for concern for Christ's least brethren. But such concern will save many souls. And what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

from WAY OF ST. FRANCIS.

even prophets. Pushkin, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy started not only literary movements, they spoke to the conscience of men. It is a comforting fact, that this tradition is still alive in Russia, just like taking off one's cap and making the sign of the cross.

Recently, Mr. Khrushchev gave an interview to American correspondent Turner Catledge. This interview was widely diffused and commented up on both sides of the iron curtain. Such events have surely a great political impact, and still we feel like saying: "Heaven knows, Mr. Khrushchev, what is going on in your own backyard." People are stirring, their conscience is alive, they are anxious and concerned about human values, about moral and spiritual questions, which somehow do not fit in a highly publicized interview.

Prisoners Released

There has been, however, another interview, less publicized and discussed. In fact, it almost went unnoticed. This was the interview given by Mr. Khrushchev, deputy chief prosecutor of the Soviet Union, to professor Harold J. Berman, of Harvard Law School, who was in Moscow on May 16th. In this interview, Mr. Khrushchev declared that about two thirds of concentration camps in Siberia have been closed and 70 per cent of their inmates have been released. Mr. Khrushchev added that political convictions represent 2 per cent of all those pronounced to date in the Soviet Union.

It is difficult to verify these facts, and we hope professor Berman will help us do it when he returns. He was also told by the Deputy Prosecutor that from now on relatives of people condemned for crimes will no longer be prosecuted. This statement is a bald admission that these unfortunate relatives were prosecuted during many years in the Soviet Union. Let us hope and pray, that such injustice will never again be committed. And heaven alone knows, how many innocent people suffered! The fact remains, that the Russian people are more sinned against than sinful. The fact remains, that many of these innocent convicted men and women shed their blood in the Vorkuta prison-camp rebellion in 1953. This rebellion sparked a number of prison-camp reforms, starting with shortening of sentences and hasty liberation of prisoners, and ending probably, as stated above with the closing of many of these camps. All said and done, the sins of communism in Russia are the sins of the "brass", the "bosses", the "hucksters". They have been drunk with power, but powerless against people whom they probably never even noticed: the men and women lined up in court-rooms and prison-quarters. The scientists waiting months and years for an appointment to have their projects approved. The authors who could not have their works published. The poets, artists, musicians who were silenced. The poetess Marina Zvetayeva, one of Russia's greatest, who was my friend, hanged herself in Soviet Russia, where she was friendless. About the Russian people she wrote:

Oh God! If the people are such,
The people of my love,
Do not let them rest in peace
with the dead,
Let them be alive with the living.

This poem was written in May 1939 in Paris. In those days, Marina Zvetayeva was my neighbor. I could do nothing for her when she went to Russia to join her husband. She was not a communist. She was a wonderful person and a true poet. She never lived "by bread alone." Sixteen years after her tragic death, twelve of Marina Zvetayeva's poems have been published in a Soviet anthology. I feel that she too is not with the dead, but with those who are alive in Russia, participating in this stirring of the Spirit.

SEYMOUR EICHEL

Seymour Eichel, son of Julius Eichel, who was a conscientious objector in both world wars, was on the 23rd day of his hunger strike, being forcibly fed since the twelfth day at Danbury, Conn. federal prison, when on June first, Roger O'Neill and Ammon Hennacy, representing The CATHOLIC WORKER, and fifteen others, picketed the prison. Ralph de Gia and Jim Peck, drove up from the War Resisters League, and Dave Dellinger and Marile Corbin came from the New Jersey Libertarian Community at Glen Gardner. Seymour's mother and father had just been visiting him and picketed with the others. His mother, Esther, has been picketing the White House from Monday through Friday since his imprisonment and will continue to do so until her son is released. The immediate cause of Seymour's fast was his refusal to be inoculated, and in general his protest was against war, conscription and the imprisonment of conscientious objectors. He had refused to register for the draft and was arrested just before his 26th birthday. He was given a year and a day. Those wishing to protest with him can write to President Eisenhower and to James J. Bennett, commissioner of Prisons. Ralph, Jim and Dave had done time in Danbury during the last war. The guards gave no trouble and since there were truckloads of prisoners under guard going and coming, and fifty visiting cars or so (some of them Cadillacs with platinum blonde ladies) the post-er walk was well publicized in the prison. Aside from being called yellow bellies by some of the patriotic visitors, there was no disturbance.

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 6)

fit him. He wants to hold them against his waist to see. S— protests that they are size 40 and will fit him. The man pulls them against his waist anyway and it is obvious that they are too small for him. S— pulls them away from him and says the way to tell is by the forearm and he tries to force the waistband of the trousers around the man's forearm. The man refuses to cooperate and after some shouting back and forth S— gives up and moves on in search of other customers, holding the trousers out as he passes each cluster of men. "Size forty," he shouts, "size forty." He moves out to the sidewalk and heads for the Bowery.

Across The Street

Across the street from the bodec alleys, and walking east, one passes Yonah Schimmel's knishery, where borscht sells at 15 cents a glass (in the window is a picture of Yonah Schimmel with untrimmed beard and black coat and skull cap); "appetizer" stores with dried fruit and mushrooms strung up in the windows and barrels full of fish outside, waiting to be wrapped in old Jewish Daily Forwards; Leibovitz and Klein's—"the only kosher shop in this area"; apple carts; orange carts; chinaware carts; a man in white frock pushing a frankfurter wagon with a multi-colored umbrella over it; another white frocked man, with a white, black-visored cap, pushing a white ice cream wagon; children with skull caps and books, on their way home from the synagogue school at East Broadway; Hassid Jewish children with skull caps and long curls sweeping down in front of their ears as sideburns and then back under their ears, walking hand in hand with their grandmothers.

Facing Orchard Street is a yellow brick synagogue with colored windows and colored star of David set high in its front.

Orchard Street

Looking down Orchard Street, one sees a great jostling mass of people overflowing both sidewalks. Over their heads hang the symbols of the tradesmen who have their wares on the sidewalks. Here a suit hangs from an overhead sign, there a pair of shoes, here again a dress, swaying with the wind. Many of the merchants are Jewish. Some wear beards and buttoned white tieless shirts. Many of the passersby and shoppers are Puerto Ricans. Besides the staples, to these latter there are offered for sale dolls made in Japan with parasols that turn when you wind them, stale donuts at seven cents a half dozen, and samplers

reading: "Dios bendiga nostra hogar."

Once Avenue A is passed, things are quiet, except for young men playing ball in the street, between traffic, with broom handles for bats.

As one moves eastward, the sterile brightness of the Stuyvesant Housing Project on the East River becomes clearer to view, at the end of this aisle flanked by old grey buildings. More and more of these old buildings that one passes have their windows and doors covered with boards or tin, so that some stretches seem like ghost towns.

At Pitt Street, some of these old tenements look across to Hamilton Fish Park. A few days ago, when I came by here, the sidewalk in front of the park was filled with people all looking across the street to the other sidewalk, where a green danger flag flew and police were patrolling. Police cars and fire trucks were there and television trucks and a big red emergency truck. The ambulances had already gone. A three story structure in the rear of 137 Pitt St. had collapsed. You could see part of the pile of rubble from the alley on Houston St. A woman next to me in the crowd said that she had made a deposit on an apartment there a few months ago and had been sorry to lose the five dollars when she had changed her mind. She said the apartments weren't bad for twelve dollars a month. The police had dragged a few people from the rubble, but only one of them had actually been in the house at the time and she was the only one who died. She was a 70 year old woman. "Oh, the one who talked so loud," someone in the crowd said to somebody else. I read about her in the papers afterward. She had received an eviction notice that same morning (saying the building was condemned) and had just come from Mass at Our Lady of Sorrows Church, where she had prayed to Saint Anthony that he help her find a new apartment, when the building came down on top of her.

If this was the only answer to her prayer that St. Anthony could find, you certainly can't blame him. Apartments for old single people with little money aren't easy to come by. Take the Stuyvesant apartments that present the bright vista at the end of the street. The charge isn't exorbitant, but it isn't \$12 a month either, and besides that they won't take single people. One woman we know of who had actually been living there for a long time was put out when her husband died and she could no longer qualify as "married." The other skyscraper apartments which will eventually replace these East Side slums are planned at \$36 a month per room. What of those who cannot qualify? And what of those to whom \$36 a month per room is exorbitant? Maybe they will have to pray to St. Anthony that they be taken immediately to the place where wood rotteth not nor do landlords consume.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS AND HIS WORK

A. M. Sertillanges, O.P.

This is a most valuable short introduction to the life and work of one of the greatest scholars and philosophers of the Church. St. Thomas's life is dealt with briefly but adequately, but the emphasis here is primarily on his work. The author contributes valuable chapters on St. Thomas's teaching, and his particular form of genius. 1 Dollar, 50 Cents

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PUBLICATIONS

Koinonia

(Continued from page 1)

tulants or visitors. For this they should be glad. Lumber brings in most of the income. They have about 50 Jersey cows and 15 head of beef cattle; bread is sold in town.

I talked to the Abbot for half an hour this morning. He is very interested in Koinonia and keeps the community informed about the latest developments there.

He reads the paper every month and has a very high opinion of the work. He was quite pleased with the book, especially since it was autographed; he had a copy already. I told him about Fr. Hauser and he seemed interested. He told me that whenever some one leaves the monastery and seems undecided as to where to go he always tells them about the CW. I don't know if we should count that as a blessing or not.

I am going to bed now because I want to assist at the night office at 2 A.M.; it is 9:45 now. Mass is at 5:15. I will leave at noon for Waltherboro and hope to be at Koinonia before dark Monday.

Bob

SECOND LETTER

Koinonia Farm,
Americus, Georgia,
May 13, 1957.

I arrived yesterday, was picked up by John Eustace. He had to do some shopping and I went along. I met the Negro lady at the laundry who invited me to come to Mass at the Negro parish Sunday. If someone can take me in for 7:30 Mass I want to go.

Clarence Jordan is away but I got well acquainted with everyone else. I was on night watch last night; Chris Dresher sat up with me from 10 until midnight and I stayed on until 3 a.m. Only one little scare: about 11 p.m. we were startled by a car which we only noticed when it was almost in front of us. It came slowly and with its headlights turned off. We were sitting in the car under the tree and they were looking toward the main building on the other side of the road and they didn't see us. They moved slowly toward the curve in the road and stopped. We got out of the car turned the flashlight on them and began to walk in their direction with two of the dogs who set up a din. They turned on their lights and drove off quickly around the curve and out of sight.

Four of us are sleeping in the house across the road that was fired into. There hasn't been any trouble for almost three weeks so it is thought relatively safe to stay there. Two of the men were out in one of the cars yesterday and were deliberately rammed by another car four times. It was the same man who tried to run Mr. Jordan off the road. While I was in town yesterday, though I was not particularly aware of it, John Eustace said that I had been getting the "eagle eye" by the townsfolk. He said that it was known that their phone calls were listened in on so that my presence was not unexpected.

I got a letter from Jack English today saying that he would expect me on the 27th. The Abbot has given permission for us to spend one day together and then I will probably stay two more days there and go on to Rock Hill to see Fr. Wahl and Tom Cornell.

THIRD LETTER

I went to the colored mission in Americus last Sunday, where there were four adults and a few children, a small and wretched little church not as big as our office. I served Mass and gave the priest a copy of the CW. Tomorrow I am going to the white church and

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

ing for the others. Preferably all should participate, in one way or another. I found both meetings very interesting and helpful and shall go again.

The big week of this month for me was the time I spent with my grandchildren, while Tamar and David went to Vermont for a vacation, visiting families and looking for a new home. They found a place, twenty acres, apple orchard, house with eleven rooms, furnace, inside plumbing, for \$6,000.

Nickie was making his first Holy Communion this month, and Eric and Susie were being confirmed so they had to do extra studying along the theological line. This also made them very good during the eight days of my baby sitting. Aside from a couple of infected feet which cleared up at once, bits of glass and splinters and thorns—and various hair raising escapes—I caught Nickie tearing through the woods with a foot-long carving knife and a few falls from trees (only tumbles) the guardian angels did a good job. We prayed quite a number of times during the day to them.

Angel of God, my guardian dear
To whom God's love commits me here,

Ever this day and be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule and guide.

Every time I thought of it, I said it. And I made the children say it with me morning and evening, and as part of the grace at meals three times a day. Even

hope to meet the priest there. Some people are coming from Macon tomorrow to Koinonia and are bringing the priest from there. Also a group of prominent citizens from Americus are coming out tomorrow to talk with the members of the community about getting out, at least that is what the community thinks. Last Sunday morning Birdsey's seed store was bombed as a warning to stop selling to Koinonia. They are the only big business that sells to Koinonia except Sears, Roebuck which is presumably too big to fool with. The whole town is in an uproar over the bombing and the city council and the police force say they are really making an effort to find not only the people who threw the dynamite but those who paid them to do it. Rumor has it (and it is certain that they know what they are talking about) that if the search to uncover the culprits is successful that some of the leading citizens of not only Americus but of the State will be exposed.

Bob Steed

KOINONIA PRINCIPLES

1. Property and ownership have a tremendous ability to separate people. We want to get rid of that divisive wall, so in our fellowship we have no earthly possessions. We renounce all personal property. We renounce all personal property and have common-ownership. Everything that we earn goes into the common purse.

2. An open door to all irrespective of race, color or nationality. The only requirement for coming to Koinonia is to be a human being. We have not been crusading for integration but we live by the belief that all persons are children of God.

3. A belief in non-violence as superior to violence and in active goodwill as superior to non-violence. As followers of Jesus we abhor violence in all its forms. Even when attacked we will not retaliate. We would do violence to no man, not even in our thoughts. In accord with this, we refuse to serve in the armed forces and, in many cases, even to register for the draft. We have learned to believe even more strongly that it is the only realistic way to combat evil.

Rev. Clarence Jordan
in "Liberation."

little Martha, who is not yet two, folds her hands sweetly and holds herself in grave attention. Margaret, three, makes a lopsided sign of the Cross, and she is very helpful at clearing the table. The older girls can wash dishes and Mary, the fifth child, is good at drying them, but she is a wild one, swift as the wind, with bright blue eyes, and wide face and short hair which she would dearly love to be able to wear in a pony tail.

The first five children are the hardest, our dear Marion Roche of St. Benedict's farm at Upton says, and surely I had an easier time baby sitting with the seven of them than I did some years back when there were only two. We had lunch under the mulberry trees, and a picnic at Wolf Pond Park, with Magdalene and her two children, and she helped me keep up with the wash which was impossible for me because of leaky pipes so that I could not keep the stove going for hot water, nor could I use the washing machine which had been out of repair for some time. Every afternoon there were extra children, the Zamarchi's, the Scarpullas, and traps were set in the woods, and there were visits to the pond down the road for frogs and, a hard time finding all the children for supper at six. There was much homework, and the family rosary at night when Martha had been tucked into her crib. Margaret and Mary could take it, after their fashion.

There were a few cool days when I had to start the furnace, the kitchen stove not being usable what with the leaking water pipes and tank. When there was nothing more exciting going on, Becky and Susie hugged the radio for an hour before supper, listening to rock and roll. It was my first introduction to it, and now I know all about Elvis Presley, Guy Mitchell, Perry Como and Pat Boone, and Gail Storm singing Dark Moon, and Teresa Brewer and her Empty Arms. Pledge of Love is one of Becky's favorites, and School Days is Mary's, but Eric and Nickie are apt to jeer at such songs as All Shook Up though I saw Nickie putting on an act with a duck-hair-do and sideburns to tease the girls. I must say I find more melody in this music they liked than in the be-bop and jazz my nephews were interested in some years before. I can remember the stab of joy that came to me with the popular music of my own day when they were singing On Mobile Bay and Schubert's Serenade will always be associated in my mind with first love.

We had a good time, those eight days, with pancake suppers, and popcorn in addition to the healthy soups and whole wheat cereals with honey and butter. You have to do without many other things to feed such a raft of children these days. But what a joy it is to see them "eat what is put before them." Of course I was careful to put before them what I knew they liked as well as what I knew was healthy. An exception was Nicky's first communion breakfast. After that holy day at Our Lady Help of Christians Church in Totenville, Staten Island, (where I had been baptised and Tamar too), with Sister Michael shepherding her little flock of fifteen or so, dressed in white, boys as well as girls, with ribbons with gold lettering, with choir singing simple doctrinal hymns, with Monsignor swift but not too fast, the whole service conducted with ease and love and delight, the sacrifice offered, the banquet received, the worship offered, we all were overcome by peace and even the little restaurant in the Totenville station took on a look of quiet comfort. There Nickie and the other children celebrated his first holy communion-breakfast with a delightful feast of chocolate sundaes and doughnuts.