

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXV No. 10

June, 1959

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

The last issue of the Catholic Worker, the April-May issue, came out while Deane Mowrer and I were in the Woman's House of Detention. She covers the story in this issue of the paper, and I shall write more on it later. Looking over my diary in which there are large gaps I find that part of the time since my last On Pilgrimage, was taken up by sickness, an attack of flu, the kind that leaves one very melancholy, dull-witted and down in the dumps. My mother used to say that the best cure for melancholy was to clean house, take a bath, get dressed up and go buy a new hat. St. Teresa of Avila is supposed to have fed her nuns steak when they were weakened by melancholy. My cure in this case was Dickens. I reread "David Copperfield." My confusion of mind might have been increased by reading Charles Williams' "The Greater Trumps." But there was a splendid quotation which helped me greatly, on page 143.

"... When her brother had remarked that she seemed mopey she had been shocked... by a sense of her own disloyalty since she believed enjoyment to be a debt which every man owes to his fellows, partly for its own sake, partly lest he at all diminish their own precarious hold on it. She attempted dutifully to enjoy and failed, but while she attempted it the true gift was delivered into her hands."

Joy in this sense is used as C. S. Lewis uses it in "Surprised by Joy," and as Bernanos meant it in his novel Joy.

My own brief gloom was caused not only by illness but also by the impending air raid drill. Making the stations of the Cross overcame that. Abbot Marmion says one gets an increase of fortitude while making the stations. I prayed for fortitude and joy.

My prayers were answered all right because I had a perfectly happy time in jail. The Image Book, Teresa of Avila, helped in this. Monsignor McCafferty brought me a copy of this and it was so good and exciting that Deane and I took turns reading it.

The Line

We have been looking for other quarters and spent much time and thought on one building on the Bowery, which turned out to be too small to take care of our office and kitchen both, and would mean increased expense; and then on another building on Houston Street which is being torn up and widened at that point. When we asked city officials if there was any prospect of the building coming down soon, they replied that "as of this moment" there are no plans for that side of the street. But by a consensus of opinion those stores and apartments which made up the building were considered unsuitable by our group, so we will content ourselves with St. Joseph's Loft on Spring Street until we are forced out. The problem is the line and the hostility of the neighbors which is not yet overcome. Right now we are only feeding the "house." Our windows have been broken, some panes in every window and one can only think of that story of St. Francis, "This then is perfect joy." We are still housing people in scattered apartments and at the Jeanne d'Arc Residence. My men-

(Continued on page 6)



Mary Whalen

Grand Jury Indictment

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

The United States case against me for refusing to give up Don to the F.B.I. is still in process. The indictment had to be passed on by the Grand Jury and I went down to the Court House for that meeting.

There was a long wait so I told Agent McKoen how in the old days a fugitive could obtain sanctuary in a Catholic Church. He established his right of sanctuary by grasping a large ring or knocker on the church door. I said that a priest who refused sanctuary could be excommunicated. But maybe that's wrong. The Catholic Encyclopedia just says, "Violation of the protection of sanctuary was punishable by excommunication." Bob thinks this penalty probably applied to the person who tried to take the fugitive away, not the priest. But Ammon's position is clear, no one can both "turn people in," and remain at the Catholic Worker.

Then I was called into the Grand Jury room. It was medium size with a large table in the center and the jury of sixteen people on a raised platform nearby. I was seated at the table with Mr. Starkey, the prosecuting attorney, and several other officials. There is no judge, the district attorney instructs the jury on their duties. This arrangement helped to put me at ease, I was glad there was no raised witness chair.

The hearing lasted about a half hour. The questioning was thorough and fair and a secretary wrote it down for the record. "Did you write this article?" Mr. Starkey showed me my article in the May C.W. Bob had sent a copy to the F.B.I. It was entered as evidence and then Mr. Starkey read it to the jury. Just before the hearing I thought of reading my copy instead of making my statement, but this way both were done.

My statement was vigorous but not smooth. Several people got up

and walked around, maybe to go to the washroom. Some paid good attention, but others showed by their wandering eyes they were waiting for the next case.

As near as I remember this is what I said. "It is likely, it seems to me, that this law has been broken. If you find that to be the case then it will be your duty to grant the indictment the government asks."

"But I want to draw your attention to something else. This law is part of the war system. It is part of the old way of trying to get peace, by arms, military service, and laws supporting them. Perhaps there is someone here who is beginning to lose faith in that way to peace. Now we at the Catholic Worker are pacifists, we reject that old way to peace. There is a new way which the world must learn that Gandhi used in freeing India. It is called pacifism or non-violence. You can learn about it from the Catholic Worker or from the Quakers at their office on Third Ave. Or you can learn as I did from studying the life and teachings of Gandhi."

Then I spoke about an apparent contradiction. Catholic Worker policy is to encourage people to refuse military service, but to refuse on moral grounds and openly by returning and accepting a possible jail term. In time a man can gain his dignity and freedom both this way. But I had told Don, "There's a man you don't want to see," and let him leave. My words don't deny our policy, they show that I thought Don wasn't yet ready for this open way.

In closing I told the jury that I was convinced, first that the destruction of all life by war and atom bombs is not the future. A great era of peace lies in the future and all present fears of total destruction are false. Second that God is a living Person fully in control of events and the true leader

(Continued on page 7)

STRIKE IN NEW YORK HOSPITALS

At a meeting of the Central Labor Council last week at Roosevelt School Auditorium strikers from each of the six hospitals described the intolerable conditions and low wages of from \$32 to \$40 a week. Afterwards Beth Israel Hospital was picketed by thousands who marched down 14th St. from the meeting.

The wealthy men who determine the policies of exploitation of the non-professional employees who are on strike say the same thing now that they and their kind said years ago, that unless there was a 16 hour day in the steel mills the steel companies would go bankrupt. In the industries in which they lead they recognize unions and pay decent wages—because they have to. And because the law states that non-profit hospitals do not have to bargain with unions they take this to mean that they can get by with their robbery.

Lorenzo Santiago of Mt. Sinai Hospital told of Hungarian refugees being made straw bosses and advised that if they joined the union they would be deported back to Hungary. Joe Brown of the Bronx Hospital told of society women lying on the floor of taxis in order not to be seen when entering the hospital for scab duty. This reminds me of fifty years ago when President Eliot of Harvard called on his students to scab during strikes. Rev. McCray, Negro minister of the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn where there is an injunction against the strike spoke eloquently of the spirit of the strikers. Doris Turney of Lenox Hill Hospital said that the strikers were fighting for what most of New York already takes for granted as to living conditions; not for jam, but just bread and butter. Mr. Nelson of Beth David Hospital said that the management told them that they were not skilled, but they were made to do a lot of skilled work that nurses do, and that they were offered extra wages if they would scab and return to work. Mike Quill in his best Irish manner called for unions to withhold any donations to the Community Fund which gave money to these hospitals. Louis Hollander, Chairman of the Executive Council of the State AFL-CIO said that unions were formed for the very purpose to help those which needed it the worst, and this was surely a case where help was needed. Harry Van Arsdale Jr., President of the Central Labor Council called for donations of food for the strikers. A telephone message of approval came from George Meany, President of the AFL-CIO.

This strike has been going on since May 8 and 3,000 are out. It was called by Local 1199 of the Retail Drug Employees Union, whose leader Leon J. Davis has been sentenced to 15 days in jail for violating an injunction. However, Mayor Wagner has appointed a three man arbitration committee headed by veteran conciliator William H. Davis, and the jailing of union men, and further strikes in hospitals run for profit is being delayed until the committee makes a report. Eighteen out of twenty-eight social workers who belong to the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, refused to cross the picket line at Beth Israel Hospital. (I formed a union of social workers and others in 1935 in Milwaukee that later joined this union.)

Whether hospital employees should strike or unions be recognized, it is a shame that hospitals which charge plenty and are surrounded with the latest in luxurious and expensive equipment should depend upon the starvation of "the least of these, my brethren" to continue their operation. The Catholic Worker backs these strikers and their aim for union recognition and appeal for funds for them.

A. H.

The Hopi Visit Us

By Anita De Frey
(Sunbird) Modoc Indian

The following Hopi Spiritual leaders were our guests: Dan Katchongva, Spiritual leader, Sun Clan, who led the delegation to the United Nations. George Nawewsewina, Priest of religious ceremonies of the Snake and Antelope Societies. Tan Hoig Yama, Religious leader of the Rain Cloud Clan. Hughie May Nuwa, Active in religious ceremonies; refused to register for war and served time in Federal Prison at Tucson, Arizona. David Monongye, High leader in Hotevilla, of the Pumpkin and Swallow Clans—also teaches youngsters. Tom Banuyacya, Rain Cloud Clan, interpreter for the group. Was a famous runner. Attended Sherman Institute in California and Bacone College in Oklahoma. Arrested and served time in Tucson for refusal to register for the draft. With the exception of Tom and Hughie all of these Hopi are over 80 years of age, except Dan who is over 90. The following Western Indian people were present, who are at present living in N. Y. City. Chief Russell Moore of the Pima Tribe. His wife Ida is of the Oneida Tribe. Mary A. Riddell (Austasha) of the Quinault Tribe. Leona Ear, of the Sioux Tribe. Alvina Mofsie (Morning Star) of the Winnebago Tribe, (widow of Mofsie of the

Hopi Tribe). Josephine Tarrant (Silver Cloud) daughter of Mofsie and Alvina, of the Hopi/Winnebago Tribes. Kenneth Tarrant (Sharp Shooter), son of Josephine, of the Hopi/Winnebago Tribes.

A brief introduction was made by Mr. Hennacy. He has visited our distinguished guests in their homes in Oraibi and Hotevilla, Arizona, and been their friend for many years. The Hopi slept at the CW when they came the first night. They brought a message of tremendous importance, which has come down in the traditions of the Hopi people, who have been advised that this is the time for them to come and give the message and warning to all peoples. They were told to come to the house with glass walls, where the representatives of many of the different nations of the world gather to work out the problems of mankind. The six spiritual leaders of the Hopi Nation in company with Mad Bear Anderson of the Tuscarora Tribe of New York, and Robert Steed of the Catholic Worker, went up to the United Nations Building on the morning of May 3, 1959, and while they were received courteously, they were not heard nor permitted to give their message, the excuse being that

(Continued on page 2)

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder
Associate Editors:

AMMON HENNACY ELIZABETH ROGERS
ROBERT STEED STANLEY VISHNEVSKI
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH ARTHUR SHEEHAN
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
39 Spring St., New York City—12
Telephone Canal 6-9504

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



The Hopi Visit Us

(Continued from page 1)

their message should be put in writing and submitted to the UN for consideration and later on a meeting might be arranged when they could be heard—but not until next September.

They told the UN official to whom they spoke that this was a message of the mind and heart and must be delivered in person and not in writing, and that they would wait three days.

Tom Banuyacya spoke of his school days. He was sent to Indian schools which were run on the principle of Military Schools (so very foreign to Indian ways)—they had to rise at a certain time, eat at a certain time, march in a line, all together. He spent a great deal of time in the study of comparative religion. He realized that there is a similarity in all religious teachings, and felt that the Hopis had better religious teachings than he found anywhere in the outside world. He introduced each of the Indians saying that the teachings are imparted to the young Hopis by the old people, who tell legends and stories embodying the religious teachings. Sometimes they spoke the very same words that are used in the Bible and which have been taught them from early youth, and for many centuries.

The Hopi Message

Perhaps all of you believe in life in another world—perhaps in the sky—perhaps in the stars—the Hopis say that this life in another world is in the interior of the earth. The Hopis believe that there are three stages of life. After a world period the life would be destroyed because the people had turned away from the teachings of the Great Spirit and the people would destroy themselves. But always there were certain ones who were saved to carry on into the next stage of life. In one of those stages the world was destroyed by a great flood. Legends and stories tell of this time, and most of you have read of it in your Bible. Most Indians have the same teachings. The Great Spirit laid down rules of life for us to follow, and by departing from these ways we eventually destroy ourselves. Very few people were saved after the destruction of the world by flood. However, some strong people of all races were living after the flood.

We met the Great Spirit here. The Indian people were over all of this land. We asked permission of the Great Spirit to go into this new life. He granted that permission and said: "It is up to you if you want to lead my humble life and live simply. You are to take care of life in the land in certain ways, and follow my teachings. This is the basis of the life here. You have to decide in your own heart whether to do the right or the wrong thing; you have been taught good things by your parents and by your uncles. You have to decide for yourself whether it is right or not."

This is the way the plan was laid out for this life. When we came here the Great Spirit laid out the land plan and told differ-

ent groups to go East, other groups to go West, other groups to go North, and still other groups to go South—wherever the Great Spirit directed them to go. The Hopis were directed to the land that was to be theirs. They were given a stone tablet which is still at Old Oraibi, and the Hopi people made an oath to the Great Spirit. As long as they adhere to the teachings they will not be destroyed, and there will be a good life for all here; but if they turn away they will suffer many troubles and bring things upon themselves that would destroy many of our people. In those days the Great Leader had two sons. There were two stone tablets. One remains with the descendants of one of the sons (who are the present Hopi people) and the other son set out with the other tablet, walking toward the rising sun. He was to keep on walking until his forehead touched a wall, at which time he was to turn and go back to his people. We have waited a long time for our brother to come back to us. We were given the prophecies and told that the white people would come.

The teachings given to us by the Great Spirit tell us that we must not kill, and that WE MUST LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR AS OURSELF. We must not seek revenge or redress against anyone—all must be as brothers. The old people tell us that when each group went off the teachings gradually became changed—they adulterated them and changed them. They were warned that they would cross the Great Water and if they lost the original teachings they would bring many troubles upon themselves. Every Hopi knows that many of the prophecies have been fulfilled and many still await fulfillment. We are still waiting for the return of our brother with the other stone tablet. Some day he will come back to see if we are still following the original teachings. If we have departed from them we must return to the teachings originally given us so we will not bring about the destruction of this life as it was destroyed before.

These men have kept the teachings. They have been beaten—they have been thrown into vats of sheep dip—which was later taken into their homes and sprayed on their food—they had their clothes torn off—they were thrown into ditches. Tan Hoig Yama was deprived of his 266 head of sheep while he was in prison. All of them had horses to bring in their crops, but the horses were taken away and they must now carry the crops in on their backs.

This will lead us into the time when the great circle will be upon us. There will be great sicknesses that no medicine can cure. The prophecies foretold that twice the white people of this land would cross the water to kill people and even some of our sons would go with them and shed blood. The third time if we do not sit down with our brothers of other nations and talk over and resolve the dif-

(Continued on page 8)

Peter Maurin Farm

By Elizabeth Rogers

Spring is here—in fact, for a couple of days we thought perhaps summer had arrived prematurely—and John Filliger has been plowing and planting, with the help of Irving Daniels and Albert Tscheck, both of whom have had experience farming and have come out from the city to help for the summer. Irving, otherwise known as Shorty, spent last summer with us, and Albert, whom everybody calls Pop, was the standby for peeling potatoes at St. Joseph's House and more recently St. Joseph's Loft. Pop says he is seventy-one, but he doesn't look it, what with his straight back, unlined and cheerful face, and ability to absorb hours of work in the garden.

John, Shorty, and Pop have put in lettuce, cucumbers, peppers, tomatoes, beans, corn, and our other usual crops, and this year are trying asparagus and strawberries, both of which grew and flourished here when this was a commercial farm.

Speaking of planting, Tommy Hughes has planted some sweet



corn in a patch at the beach cottages, and the first small shoots are showing above ground.

Visitors

We have had some coming and going. Arthur Lacey, whom someone once termed the "irrepressible itinerant," spent a few weeks with us, as irrepressible as ever. He did errands, and acted as sacristan and Mass server, and then only a short time later went his way to the mountains, where he has a summer job.

Ken Bourke, who was with us for the winter, has taken a trip home to Ireland to visit his family, whom he hasn't seen for a number of years, and Andy Spillane, our seaman friend who visits between voyages, also has gone home to Ireland for a visit. Andy used to mention sometimes after a trip that his ship had docked in the harbor at Cork, but there was never an opportunity to go ashore. Both Ken and Andy expect to be back in June or July. Ken wrote recently that he expected to make a trip to Lourdes during his stay at home.

Paul Lerner has gone to Berea College in Kentucky to finish his college work, after which he hopes to teach history or political science. He writes enthusiastic letters back to us. Norman Foret, a young poet, grandson of our good friend Brother Antoninus, spent a few weeks with us, cooking and

(continued on page 7)

In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"TOO MUCH TO CAESAR, TOO LITTLE TO GOD," a judge and an anarchist traded Biblical quotations" said the headline on the front page of the Village Voice, describing my comment before the sentence of ten days which Dorothy, Deane, Karl Meyer, Art Harvey and I received for refusing to take part in the air raid drill. My sign carried in the City Hall Park said: "For the 5th Time We Openly Refuse to Play the War Game of Civil Defense." It was the 5th time for Dorothy and me, the 4th for Deane Mowrer, the 3rd time for Karl Meyer, who runs our Chicago house, and is the son of Congressman Meyer of Wt., and the 2nd time for Art Harvey, non-church pacifist who has helped me fast and picket on various occasions. 14 others pleaded guilty and received a suspended sentence as it was their first offense.

A week before the air raid of April 17 David MacReynolds, young Socialist conscientious objector, was pictured on the front page of the Village Voice saying that he would go to jail with Dorothy and me for refusing to take part in the coming aid raid drill. This announcement drew over a dozen, many of them students, to go to jail with us. They were Al Scott a former CO, Scott Herrick, FOR member and real estate man, Sheldon Weeks, Quaker who has worked with us in various activities, Thomas Grabel, Martin Smolin, Joe Caldwell a Catholic, Gil Turner, Joe Fraser, Walter Crutchfield, Bob Schoenhold, Joe Schulman, Milton Chee, and Bob Peck. Mrs. Janice Smith, a reader of the CW but not Catholic, came with her two small children and sat in the park just as we were being arrested. She was taken to jail but released without any charge. I guess the cops were ashamed. There ought to be 50 young married women with their children with us next year and several hundred students. We invite all CW readers to keep in touch with us about this problem. David Evanier and Barbara Krause were arrested in Jamaica, L.I. and Vera Williams, anarchist artist, and Ruth Best, Quaker, were arrested in Haverstraw. The Village Voice had a front page picture of Dorothy picketing.

We appeared first before the judge, and I happened to be standing right in front of him, some of the students at one end, and Dorothy and Deane at the extreme left. He was asking about how we would plead and I answered "Guilty." He asked Dorothy if she was the leader and she replied that she and I had taken this stand for years. He looked at me and asked me if I didn't believe in law and order. Impulsively I said "no," meaning that I believed in God's law and order but not his kind. He wanted to know if I had ever been locked up for mental observation. I could have answered him like Judith Beck did in 1955 to Judge Kaplan by asking him if he had ever been under observation also, but I felt that one utterance like that in court was enough to break the official decorum and majesty of the law. I suppose I upped the bail for all of us for he placed us all in \$1000 bail each. Art and Karl and I told those who were planning bail that we desired to be the last to be let out for we were more used to jail. Dorothy and Deane refused to accept bail. After 5 days we appeared in court before Judge Roe, who was a kindly Irishman. Dorothy said as the poor couldn't afford bail we CW's would not take any. I agreed then, but we were allowed out for a day and a half on our own without bail. At the trial Joseph Glass, a Socialist lawyer for some of the others, said that if the object of a sentence was to deter the breaking of a law then it was futile, for although he was not authorized to speak for the CW's who didn't want any lawyer, he would say

that Dorothy Day had broken the law 5 times and would do so next year, and she would never be deterred by any penalty. David MacReynolds spoke clearly about the Germans being asked to disobey Hitler and to obey their conscience, but we were supposed to obey such a foolish law as this so-called civil defense. Gil Turner, a folk singer, also gave his reasons. I said that I acted as a Catholic who chose to obey God rather than man as St. Peter had done after being arrested again and again, and as an anarchist I followed Thoreau who refused to pay taxes to a government which upheld slavery and war. I said that I had no personal animosity toward judges, police, tax men, and civil defense men, but that they were all in a bad business. The judge then asked me about rendering unto Caesar and I gave the answer with which this article begins.

In the Tombs I celled with a colored fellow waiting sentence, two in a cell. The food was good enough, even for a vegetarian, and the guards did not seem as ill-natured as formerly. At Mass after the chaplain announced that "the Epistle today says to obey the civil authorities," the sermon was better than the average I hear on the outside.

At Hart's Island two guards wanted our literature and two others said that they had seen me on Nighthaw two years ago and they were cordial. I was classed as "unfit," being over 60 and lived in Dorm 6 along with 105 others. My number was 516337. I spent my time reading historical novels—mostly. Art dug graves in Potters Field—really trenches 8 feet wide and about that deep and 20 feet long, where burying was done wholesale. Karl sawed old ties from the Third Ave. L which had been stored here. It rained nearly every day. Jail bread is generally good and the other food was alright. I met several prisoners who were in for "jostling," which is an ineffectual attempt to pick-pocket. Very few old men, mostly young and more Negroes than others. The rule is now that if your time is up on a Saturday or Sunday you get out on Friday as processing is not done on those days. So we really did 8 instead of 10 days, after our first five. It was a nice rest for me.

Meetings

At Hyde Park Freedom Day at Hunter College six speakers told the students briefly what they believed, then each one had a soapbox on the campus to defend their ideas. A speaker from the doctrinaire Socialist Labor Party spoke first. Then one from the Trotskyite SWP gave a not very clear idea of what a radical was. My friend Arnold Johnson of the Communist Party gave his historical approach of Communism in our world today. When it was announced that I had been arrested thirty times the students cheered. I said that the meeting really should have been the day before for it was Karl Marx' birthday and proceeded to differentiate between the Communist and anarchist philosophies, inviting the students to come with us to jail on the air raid drill next year. Dave MacReynolds spoke for the Socialist Party and I think gave the best speech of the day. The Democratic politician was what you would expect. The Republican man was a Wall Street lawyer, a Catholic who liked Nixon and Goldwater. He knew of the CW and greeted me kindly afterwards. The Communists had the biggest crowd of hecklers when we were on the soapbox. I had mostly Catholics for an hour who were disturbed at the CW pacifism and anarchism, but we had a good time.

One Sunday I spoke at a Communion breakfast in a K of C hall at Southampton, L.I. to the young

(Continued on page 6)

PRISON REVISITED

By Deane Mewrer

When Dorothy Day and I entered the receiving room of the Women's House of Detention after our arrest for participating in the pacifist demonstration during the air raid alert war games of April 17, it was for her the fourth visit, for me the third, to that grim building on Greenwich Avenue which houses New York City's women prisoners. Once more we were questioned, numbered, photographed, fingerprinted, stripped of possessions and clothes, showered, and subjected to a medical examination primarily intended for drug addicts and prostitutes. The procedure was routine. We were treated, I think, neither better nor worse than others.

Since we were being held for trial the following week, we were allowed to put on our own clothes after the examination. We were then taken to one of the detention floors and installed in a cell so small that after the second cot had been set up, it was necessary for one of us to get in bed when the other wanted to pass. It was in truth a dark and dirty cell. The mattress on my cot was so filthy that Dorothy, who is braver than I and always ready to protest if she thinks it will make things better for others, spoke to the officer about it. The officer was annoyed but nevertheless found a better mattress. Finally about lockup time, we were given some scanty and very shabby sheets, a blanket apiece, one towel between us and one pillow. There was a great shortage of everything, the officer said; the reason, overcrowding.

From Friday evening, then, until morning of the following Wednesday, Dorothy and I shared the life of the women detained in corridor C of the sixth floor. This was similar to that we had shared with the sentenced women on the seventh floor, both during the five-day sentence which Dorothy and I served together in January of 1957 and the thirty-day sentence which Dorothy, Judith, Joan and I served the following July. There were some differences. Detention women are not given work assignments so that the time is more drearily served with only the fretful ticktock of waiting and worrying. There was more variety, however, in the type of offense represented. Among the women around us, we knew of six homicide charges, two kidnapping charges, and several grand larceny charges. Some of the women maintained their innocence; others intended to plead guilty; but all were paying the price of guilt right there and then by undergoing a prolonged and often indefinite period of waiting for trial. Periods of two to six months were usual, and I heard of one person who had to wait ten months. This kind of thing seems downright unconstitutional, or perhaps Ammon would say that it is merely another proof of the folly of putting one's trust in governmental guarantees of rights. Some of these women, of course, might have been out on bail—if they had money or friends with money. Realizing this, Dorothy and I were delighted with Bob Steed's response to those who wanted to raise bail for us: "Dorothy doesn't believe in giving bail because the poor cannot afford to do so."

For all the gravity of the charges against them, most of our fellow prisoners seemed much like women in trouble anywhere. Emotionally more immature, usually lacking educational advantages and intellectual discipline, more childlike—but just as moving and pathetic as any other suffering human being. At times they sang, laughed, quarreled noisily, engaged in broad and bawdy rillery, or found an outlet in obscene and profane language, though there was less of this than we heard on the seventh floor two years ago. But in unguarded moments, their faces revealed the deep "marks of weakness, marks of woe." Some of them

could not sleep, some could not eat, most of them were glad to talk of their troubles to anyone who would listen sympathetically. They were often afflicted with the sting of old resentments and bitterness, which is understandable since most of them came from that segment of our society which shares least in its supposed advantages and most in its glaringly harsh inequities and injustices. Even the women accused of homicide were, for the most part, poor beaten creatures who had turned in some final fatal rage against drunken brutal husbands. The truth is that in our society, which like ancient Rome has deified the greedy Caesar of the coin, the comfort and luxury of the privileged are paid for with the deprivation and suffering of the poor. Nor can such deprivation be remedied solely with more equitable distribution; for no amount of luxury and comfort can compensate for the moral and spiritual values stolen from those who have been cradled in vice and crime.

Where there is suffering, prayer is needed; and there was prayer in these sad cells. One woman in our corridor had persuaded a group to pray the rosary with her each evening in her cell; Dorothy and I were glad to join with this group. We were heartened, too, to learn that one of the officers was actually giving part of her free time to sponsor a weekly group which met in the chapel for the rosary and short spiritual talks. If more officers possessed this kind of dedication, there might be fewer recidivists among their prisoners. As before, Msgr. McCaffery came to hear our confessions, and brought in a few books for Dorothy. We listened again to the kind old lady who assisted Msgr. McCaffery by trying to help the women prepare good confessions. Sunday we attended Mass at 7:30 in the morning and were happy to see there were many more in attendance than two years ago. Then in our cell during the period we were locked in, we continued our prayer life, with Dorothy sometimes reading aloud the Mass of the day or the Office. For spiritual reading and for recreation—it is truly both—we read, from the delightful biography *Teresa of Avila* by Marcelle Auclair, which Msgr. McCaffery had brought in for Dorothy. This is an Image Book edition which everybody with any interest in that great and lively Spanish Saint should own. Nor do I know of any better book for jailtime reading. In such fashion, then, and in friendly talk with our fellow prisoners, we served our time until Wednesday morning when we were called to take the bus—a real bus, not a van—to go to court.

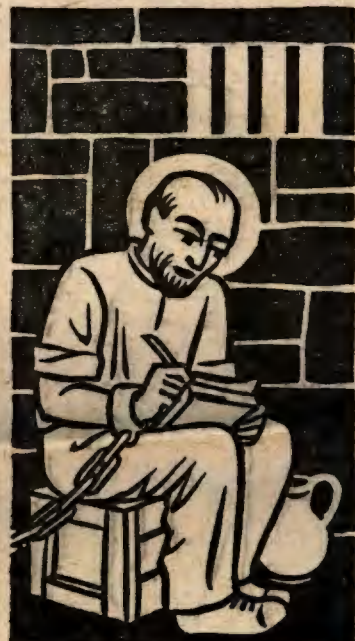
For me, and I think Dorothy agrees, court appearances are most exhausting, truly penitential. Nor can one ever be sure exactly how many times one will have to appear in court for this unorthodox crime which baffles and annoys judges and police. This time we had to undergo three appearances, fortunately all within the space of a week. It was fortunate too that Judge Roe released those of us who had not given bail on our own recognizance so that we had a day of freedom which Dorothy spent in her indefatigable work for the poor. My own state of nervous numbness is evidenced by the fact I can scarcely remember what I did except that I know I was glad to go to Mass and Communion and spend a while in church.

When we were finally sentenced, Friday morning, April 24th, I think we all felt we had been given a fair hearing by Judge Roe who was quite a contrast to the angry irritable judge before whom we were originally arraigned. The judge listened patiently while some of the men in our group spoke up for peace and against the mockery of civil defense which surely no one in his right mind believes is any real defense against nuclear warfare. Mr. Glass, the lawyer representing our War Re-

sister friends, spoke eloquently on behalf of our pacifist action, pointing out the historic precedents for breaking foolish shortsighted laws, and the fact that deterral would not be a consequence of any sentence. Ammon Hennacy, after his witty rebuttal of the judge's admonition to render to Caesar—"Too many people are rendering too much to Caesar and too little to God"—gave a calm and simple statement of the Catholic Worker position on war. In an age of demagoguery and warmongering, it was good to know that there were a few men of intelligence and integrity who could speak so forthrightly and firmly for peace.

The sentence which we received was moderate enough—twenty-five dollars fine or ten-days in jail. Remarkably fair, too, was the suspension for first offenders. The recidivists among us chose not to pay the fine. Again we were taken back to cells in the Tombs to await transportation to more permanent quarters. Dorothy and I found a cell full of drug addicts in varying stages of sickness. We were again given a bologna sandwich—though it was Friday, nothing else was served—and a bowl of tea for lunch.

Shortly after lunch, we were called out to undergo a medical



SAINT PAUL

examination which is even more rigorous than that at the Woman's House of Detention. There was quite a large group of women, and we were forced to undress without benefit of screen or curtain. This is the kind of thing which the correction officers really are responsible for and which they could alter if they chose to do so. There are few women so totally lacking in modesty that they would not appreciate a little courtesy and privacy. Dorothy was among the first to be examined and because of her heart condition was taken in the first load to the Women's jail. This consideration, I think, originated with the doctor who for all the assembly-line nature of her task did seem capable and intelligent and really making an effort to regard the stripped and awkwardly tabled bodies before her as something more than mere laboratory specimens of pathologic disorders. Since I was among the last to be called, I had plenty of time to observe my fellow-sufferers who seemed sunk in a kind of fatalistic apathy, and to try to build in myself a reservoir of prayer for all of us who were caught up in this wearying and humiliating situation. When my turn finally came, the kindness and personal interest of the doctor did much to ameliorate the ordeal.

It was about five-thirty when the group of women with whom I was herded finally climbed down from our dark, stuffy, uncomfortable conveyance at Women's jail. Once more we had to undergo the processing—fingerprinting, photo-

graphing, stripping, showering, classifying, though those of us who had undergone the medical at Tombs were spared this. Once more I was the last to be called. Several times an officer asked me if I did not want to put a call to someone to pay my fine. I said no; I was too tired to try to explain why. I kept trying to pray but it was difficult. For one thing I was hungry—the bologna sandwich which I had eaten without so much as thinking of Friday until I had consumed the last crumb did not provide much sustenance; I was also wondering how and where Dorothy was and whether I would be put near her. It is a great comfort in jail to have someone you know near. Finally about seven-thirty I was clothed in the usual shapeless wrapper and floppy cloth slippers and told to go upstairs to eleven-dorm. I was also told that Dorothy Day would be there which was a relief. When I got off the elevator at the eleventh floor which happens to be the hospital floor, the officer tried to shoo me into the clinic; she could not believe that I had been sent to the dormitory since every bed was taken. I of course was equally sure I had been sent. Finally after a call to the receiving room, the officer agreed to set up a cot for me until Monday when one of the regular beds would be vacant. Then she unlocked the barred gate and let me into eleven-dorm which did not look at all like the cells I had been accustomed to.

Although I was much too tired to observe the room in much detail at the moment, I was certainly conscious of a pleasing interior—though I was undoubtedly more pleased at seeing Dorothy again. I was much too late for supper, but Dorothy borrowed some instant coffee from a fellow-prisoner; another produced a piece of gingerbread, and still another a tuna fish sandwich which she had saved from lunch. The food was delicious, but the kindness was even better. After I had eaten Dorothy showed me around our new quarters. There was a spotlessly clean shower with real shower curtains; there was a lavatory room with toilets actually provided with doors, though somewhat abbreviated and without locks. There was a clean attractive diningroom opening off the front section of the large dormitory, thus providing an angled break in the larger rectangular space. There was a TV set in the diningroom which those who wished could look at during recreation periods.

In the dormitory proper, it was in part the large arched windows—there were ten in all, four on one side, five on the other, one at the end, all with frosted panes but with three lower and three upper panes opening diagonally for ventilation—which gave the feeling of spaciousness. It was also the high ceiling, the columned supports, and the highly polished tiled linoleum floor. The restful soothing tones of blue and green with which walls and columns had been painted seemed to blend in the natural harmony of the sea and so subtract from the walls something of their grim confining purpose. There were twenty-two beds with white spreads and pink blankets folded at the foot, and a pink cabinet for personal possessions alongside each bed. Everything was arranged with neatness and order, but not that severe institutional order which must not be disturbed, for some of the women were lying on their beds with pink blankets spread over them. Built into the walls were a few closets in which dresses could be hung. In the center of the room were two tables where women could sit and play cards or read or knit and talk with one another. There was also a small table near one of the front columns where magazines and a few books and games were kept. And to add a note of nature's greenery, there were several potted plants scat-

tered about on smaller tables mostly in the front part of the room near the area of the gate where they served to deflect the eye from that hypnotic contemplation of bars which prisoners too easily fall into.

On the whole I think that the Women's House of Detention is disgracefully inadequate for the multiple uses to which it is put. This is a fact which is generally acknowledged, I believe, by correction authorities. Reports have been authored, and increased funds asked for again and again, but with scant success. It is hardly to be expected that a city government which is more responsive to the grandiose urban face-lifting schemes of a Commissioner Moses than to the basic everyday needs of simple citizens is likely to be much concerned with those who are so unfortunate and forgotten that they have no way of making themselves heard—except of course by a riot. Correction authorities—and in particular Anna Kross—should therefore be the more commended for trying to use available funds to make more livable quarters for at least a few of the women in Women's jail. There will, of course, be persons holding an archaic punitive point of view who will insist that such improvements merely coddle prisoners; but those who have been in prison will know that the greatest punishment, and amply adequate, is that of confinement, the loss of freedom.

Certainly Dorothy and I appreciated being permitted to spend our ten-day sentence in such pleasant surroundings, though in actual details the routine was similar to that elsewhere in the jail. Saturday morning we exchanged our unsightly wrappers for a few prison garments almost equally unsightly but covering us sufficiently so that we could go to confession in the afternoon and to Mass Sunday morning. Monday morning we were given work assignments; Dorothy to the sewingroom, and I to light cleaning in the dormitory, which was very light indeed since there were already too many cleaners for the job. Miss McCarthy, who is in charge of the sewingroom, promptly put Dorothy to work knitting a baby blanket for the bazaar which was coming up soon. Dorothy's arthritis was bothering her, and she was also suffering from a cold, but she kept at her knitting during most of her spare time in the dormitory. There were several other women engaged in knitting projects, some of them doing really beautiful work; they would sit together about the table, knitting and talking. Knitting seems to be an ideal occupation for jail life. It helps to pass the time, to calm frazzled nerves, and to promote better relations with fellow prisoners.

Among our fellow prisoners, there were a number who admitted to drug addiction, some to prostitution, probably to get money for drugs, some to various kinds of money crime. There was a young woman from Ecuador who had been involved in a fight in the factory where she had worked; she was an attractive, rather sentimental young woman who lived for the visits of her fiancé; these visits meant so much to her that she could not eat on visiting day. There was also a relief case, an older woman, the mother of children, who seemed to be one of the most responsible and industrious persons in the jail. In addition to her duties in the hospital where she was assigned, she took care of the chapel, a task which she liked since she was very devout. It was she who lent us the St. Joseph Missal so that we could read the Mass of the day and pray the beautiful litanies which are included in that book. We heard of a number of relief cases, all of whom seemed to be serving disproportionately long sentences. In a society where money is god—as it is in practice

(Continued on page 6)

ANOTHER OASIS

From the jungle of one more rotting place
my father pulled waste.
Before we owned the High Street house,
paid for with hard-earned cash,
we lived in rented houses; and wars
were declared by father:
roaches and rodents were wiped out
by our giant;
relentless, he licked the lousy lot,
that man of love
fierce as he battled dirt, And
at last he lay,
inhaling the odor of washed, white sheets,
as he saw by moonlight
a sunflower, big as his pride, and corn
tall as our grower
washed and waiting for mother to lie beside him.
Joseph Joel Keith

BOOK REVIEWS

By ELIZABETH ROGERS

BOOKS ON RACE

The last few years have seen a spate of books on the South and race relations, both South and North, some good, some notably bad. For those interested in this field I would like to call attention to the following books which have come to my notice recently:

The Catholic Viewpoint on Race Relations, by John LaFarge, S.J. New York: Doubleday, 1956. \$2.95. This is, as far as I am concerned, the book for Catholics. Father LaFarge is a noted scholar who has worked particularly in the race relations field, and he has the breadth, penetration, clarity, and gentility which are happy characteristics of the best Jesuit-trained minds. The book gives briefly the Catholic record of accomplishment in improving race relations, lays down Catholic principles, which are based on the doctrine of the Mystical Body, and describes what the individual can do to help out in the present situation. An epilogue discusses in an eminently sensible fashion the much-abused terms "moderation" and "gradualism," treats of Dr. Martin Luther King, and touches on the American Indians in a brief section with which Ammon would mostly disagree, and on the Spanish-Americans. A practical, helpful, enlightening book.

Smaller in scope is a short booklet by Father Robert Guste, a priest of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, the historical section of which treats particularly of the history of Catholic dealings with Negroes in Louisiana, and the rest of which is general in scope. The pamphlet is **For Men of Good Will**, and is available from the New Orleans Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, 7845 Walmsley Ave., New Orleans 25, La., for 35c. Father Guste, tracing the growth of segregated parishes in New Orleans, points out that such an arrangement was never meant by the bishops to be the desirable one, but that it grew up almost by an historical accident. In subsequent chapters of the pamphlet, he discusses the parochial school and answers some of the fears about desegregation expressed by white Catholics; answers questions about race relations in general; and writes about Negro priests, bishops, and saints.

As Father Guste points out in the epilogue, "Every man of good will, no matter how unimportant he might think he is, can do his share in helping to bring about a better understanding between the races. Every man can pray and offer sacrifices for this intention. And every man can use the little opportunities that God might put before him to act out his convictions and to show the way to others. He can express his convictions, too, in his conversations with his neighbor."

Art work in **For Men of Good Will** is by Claudine McKay, and is excellent.

Southern Race Progress, by Thomas J. Woofert. Washington, D.C.: Public Affairs Press, 1957. \$3.50. To a Southerner, this is a fascinating account of a man born

in the South in the latter nineteenth century, who has gone beyond the prejudices of his boyhood and given fifty years to the work of bettering race relations in the South. He got into the field when he was a senior at the University of Georgia and became the recipient of the first Phelps-Stokes Fund fellowship for the study of race relations. The book is an excellent general survey of the history of white-Negro relations, and Dr. Woofert's attitude toward the eventual outcome of the situation is optimistic.

Another personal account, and, as a literary production the superior of most such studies, is James M. Dabbs' **Southern Heritage**. (New York: Knopf, 1958. \$4.00) For an understanding of the South, psychological, economic, historic, religious, philosophic, this is unbeatable. Mr. Dabbs, president of the Southern Regional Council, is a former teacher of English and a Presbyterian elder. He has, along with a deep moral conviction that the present situation in the South is wrong, a great compassion for both Negroes and whites caught in a situation that many see no way out of. Dabbs brings the whole question into the light of Christian love; "the light," he says, "which shone in the face of Jesus." Add to that solid foundation in religion, literacy and warmth, good-humoredness, and a highly personal and readable style, and you have a book which is a treasure in itself as well as for the importance of the subject it treats. Mr. Dabbs is a farmer and a lover of the land, and sees the coming industrialization of the South with regrets and reservations. He prays for a South which will keep the best qualities of the agrarian society along with the greater sophistication that industrialism will bring with it.

The books universally pay tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, who seems to be shaping up as the most important Southerner of today, perhaps of history.

Christ and the Christian, by R. W. Gleason, S.J. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1959. \$3.00.

Once in a long while there appears a writer with such a power to excite and inspire that one must look back on one's first contact with writers like Karl Adam, Jean Danielou, or Louis Bouyer to recall an equal excitement of discovery. Such a writer, for this reviewer, is Father Robert Gleason, whose new book is just published by Sheed and Ward. He stands up well in comparison with the best writers on theology today, and is one of the small but increasing number whose books presage what may be a major flowering of spiritual writing in America.

His range is wide. His learning is offered modestly, and though what he has to say is profound, his mastery of the material is so great that his style is simple. It is also felicitous. In fact, he has the best virtue of the good writer and teacher, especially clarity and ease. His speculation is bold and his ideas free and unconfined. He has a solid basis of scriptural knowledge, and his thinking in-

cludes both sound tradition and the best of modern developments, theological, philosophical, and psychological.

Father Gleason's present book discusses Christ as the center of Christian life, and how we are to make Him in practice the focus of our personal life and spirituality. "Man's supreme desire," he says, "has always been union with God, and Christ the Lord is God's sublimest answer." And, "The truth is not that God loves, but that God is Love, that Love expresses the very nature, and very essence of the Godhead." He discusses charity and hope in the Old Testament and the New, and shows how the New Testament has universalized these virtues. There is a first-rate chapter on humility as the key-virtue, the fountainhead of all other virtues, as pride is the fountainhead of all other sins. His discussion of grace and liberty as an appendix to the chapter on hope is very fine, taking into account modern discoveries about the nature of the personality. There is a final chapter on the place of work in the Christian scheme of things, not simply as punishment for sin but as an expression of man's self and, since the Incarnation, as a redemptive act.

We now have two books by Father Gleason. We hope earnestly for more.

Image Books

Doubleday continues its high standard of paperback Catholic books in the Image series.

Jesus and His Times, by Daniel Rops, 2 vols. 95c per volume. This



CORNERSTONE OF OUR LIFE

has been hailed by critics since its first publication in hard covers as one of the greatest lives of Christ yet to be written. A must for every Catholic library.

The Ascent of Mt. Carmel, by St. John of the Cross. \$1.25. Trans. and edited, with a general introduction, by E. Allison Peers. Peers was one of the greatest authorities on St. John and St. Teresa of Avila, and his English translations are standard. To make St. John available, as Doubleday are now doing, in an inexpensive edition, is a tremendous service to readers everywhere.

BRIEFS

The Life of St. John of the Cross, by Crisogono de Jesus, O.C.D. Trans. by Kathleen Pond. New York: Harper; London: Longmans. 1958. \$6.00.

This is a translation of the book which was awarded the prize for the best biography of St. John submitted during the celebration in Spain of the 400th anniversary of

CULT :: CULTIV

his birth. Father Crisogono, who died in 1945 at the age of 41, was a Discalced Carmelite priest who distinguished himself by a life of teaching and scholarship. This **Life** is based on the primary manuscript sources, and the author had access to all extant documents. In addition, he had an intimate knowledge of Spain and of the sixteenth century. This work gives a good exposition of the teachings of St. John which is not too obscure for the ordinary reader, and it is a first-rate biography. Fr. Crisogono presents a picture of a man who must have been, humanly speaking, one of the most attractive of the saints; there are repeated stories of how people avoided consulting St. John for spiritual direction because the rumors of his asceticism and holiness made them think he must be stern and forbidding, and of how they were completely won over by his gentleness and love when they came to know him. The book is absorbing, and a good reference work. There are a number of beautiful photographs. Such an authority as E. Allison Peers has stated that this work is "indispensable to all who study the subject."

Catherine Laboure and the Modern Apparitions of Our Lady, by Omer Englebert. Trans. by Alastair Guinan. New York: P. J. Kennedy. 1959. \$3.95.

A good biography of St. Catherine, plus a section on the more recent apparitions of Our Lady. Abbe Englebert devotes the last part of the book to a consideration of why her appearances have been more frequent in the past hundred years than previously, and the meaning of the fact that these appearances have been to children, to the poor, the simple, and the unlettered. A fine work.

Sheed and Ward have added two excellent short books on the Bible to their very good Canterbury series of paperbacks. One is **The Bible in the Church**, by Bruce Vawter, C.M. (75c); the second is **Pattern of Scripture**, with chapters by Cecily Hastings, Fr. Vincent Rochford, and Fr. Alexander Jones. Also 75c.

Fr. Vawter's book is intended primarily for Catholics, and is a good brief summary of the history of the Bible in the Church. He begins, somehow surprisingly, by citing passages in Chaucer's **Canterbury Tales** to prove that, contrary to what is commonly supposed, housewives and merchants in those times were not unacquainted with Scripture. He treats the roles of tradition and Scripture, points to the current widespread interest in the Dead Sea Scrolls as evidence that people are becoming more interested in the Bible, and ends with an exhortation to the laity to provide "the need which will call forth a better supply of biblical materials."

Pattern of Scripture is a good companion to the other. Cecily Hastings, a veteran of the London Catholic Evidence Guild, writes "God's Record of God's Work," which deals with some of the difficulties Catholics have with the Bible (boredom, fright, and the temptation to turn Scripture into a series of "proofs" of doctrine). Fr. Rochford, in "The Plan of God," tells the history of the Jewish people and how it foreshadowed the Church; and Fr. Jones, in "The Tool of God," lays down the scriptural basis of the role of Mary in Catholic theology.

Both these books make a splendid addition to any Catholic bookshelf.

MORALS AND MISSILES: Catholic Essays on the Problem of War Today, with an introduction by Michael De La Bedoyere. Edited by Charles S. Thompson. James Clarke & Co., Ltd., 33 Store Street, London, W.C1. 1959. 76pp. Reviewed by Deane Mowrer.

The seven contributors to this booklet—Canon F. H. Drinkwater, Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., Christopher Hollis, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Archbishop Roberts, S.J., Fr. Franziskus Stratmann, O.P., E. I. Watkin—deserve the gratitude of all peace lovers for their clear authoritative presentation of the Catholic position on war and conscientious objection. Although they take off from different points of view and offer somewhat different solutions, they are all vitally concerned with the monstrous, almost unthinkable horrors of nuclear warfare which threaten to annihilate not only men—those bright living beings made in God's image—but almost all other living creatures as well, leaving only a grim and poisonous terrain as history, scarred cenotaph of man and his proud folly.

I am not indulging in mere metaphor. I realize the inadequacy of words to convey even a fraction of the horror of a full-scale nuclear war. Surely we all know something of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We know, too, of continuing experiments and bomb tests, that the wealth of nations—in sums too fantastic for ordinary comprehension—is being squandered on a devil's armament of weapons vastly more powerful than those used on Japan; that these devil-weapons are stockpiled in many parts of the world, ready to be set off perhaps by some thoughtless, trigger-happy subaltern or by some psychotic dictator who rides to power on the back of human misery and will not be dislodged though the whole world burn. Archbishop Roberts, in his essay "Nuclear Dilemma," reminds us that "... every penny of the astronomical millions spent on defence belongs to God. It is all 'entered in His books,' and as His stewards, men must account for their use of God's gifts. It could be that He has allowed such great poverty in Asia and Africa in order to make us the pity-full instruments of His pity." If we have no pity for these, our brothers living here and now, how much will we have for those unborn, who perhaps may never be born or not in any recognizable human form, because of genetic damage resulting from nuclear weapons which we continue to make, test, and stockpile, and in all likelihood will use to defend ourselves and our "freedom" to barter God's gifts for a potage-mess of gadgets while millions of our brothers are forced—where is their freedom?—to live in the starved shadowland of destitution?

For the general reader, who is perhaps wary of the word **pacifist**, the fullest and most illuminating of these essays is probably E. I. Watkin's "Unjustifiable War." Mr. Watkin begins by listing the seven conditions of a just war: (1) Just cause. (2) Only lawful authority or legitimate government can declare war. (3) Just intention. (4) No other means of securing justice. (5) Means employed in war must be morally right. (6) Reasonable hope of victory. (7) The good to be attained through a victory must be greater than the evil which will probably result from the war. Unless all seven of these conditions are satisfied, Catholic moral

CULTURE VATION ::

theologians have taught for centuries that war is not mortally justifiable.

Mr. Watkin believes that in a defensive war against actual Communist aggression, the first four conditions could be satisfied. But he contends eloquently and, I think, incontrovertibly that in any modern total war the last three conditions could never be satisfied. There is no need to belabor the point. Sooner or later in any major conflict, nuclear weapons would certainly be used. Their use would result in such frightful and widespread destruction and devastation that the only victory would be that of death. In such circumstances one cannot even speak of good. Mr. Watkin further emphasizes that to fight Communism in such a manner, would be to concede the validity of Communist materialism, for we would be putting our faith in material weapons rather than in God and those weapons of the spirit which He would have us use. Of such misguided Christians, Mr. Watkin writes: "Indeed, though they do not like the Marxist deny God's existence, these Christians have little faith in His action. They cannot believe that, if in obedience to His law they refuse to resist Communist aggression by flagrantly immoral means, by wholesale massacre and mutilation of the innocent, and even if He should permit the Communists to conquer the world, He can or will enable His servants to win by spiritual weapons victory over a materially triumphant foe. The historic victory of the Cross, though the center of their religion, seems to them irrelevant to the realities of the contemporary situation, something which cannot be continued, in a sense repeated, today. They cannot be persuaded that the victory of faith, which overcomes the world, can overcome the Communist world."

Furthermore, religion in Russia, in spite of official atheism has by no means been stamped out; even young people thoroughly indoctrinated with materialistic philosophy are passionately interested in debating the question of the existence of God. "And," Mr. Watkin comments, "this anxious search for God is surely more worshipful, brings man closer to Him, than the superficial acceptance of His existence or contented indifference to religion all too widespread in the western world. There may well be more genuine religion in Russia today than in Scandinavia, possibly even in Britain. That is to say, Marxism has failed to suppress the too deeply rooted freedom of the human spirit, to bar its congenial aspiration after God. God evidently is acting in Russia in His own spiritual way. Why must we intervene with the weap-

ons of Satan or the threat of their use?"

To those who argue for nuclear weapons for deterrent purposes, Mr. Watkin replies: "Can it, however, be morally right to threaten immoral conduct, to create the belief that we will in certain circumstances be guilty of it? For, if the threat were known universally to be bluffing, it would not be taken seriously and therefore be completely inoffensive. It could scarcely be argued that it would be morally right to attempt the enforcement even of a just claim by threatening murder provided there was no intention actually to commit it. How then can it be morally right to attempt the enforcement even of man's just claim to freedom by the threat of mass murder? This, however, is not the only objection to a bluffing defense by a supply of nuclear weapons. As experience has shown only too plainly, an armaments race tends to issue in war."

In view of the fact that neither nuclear war nor preparation for such a war can be defended in terms of the traditional moral teaching of the Church, good Catholics may well wonder—in fact do wonder—why the Church has not spoken in official condemnation. Mr. Watkin turns to history and notes that in time of war, even if the war be flagrantly unjust, Bishops side with their governments; that they who ought to be—and in most circumstances are—Christ's spokesmen become under the pressure of nationalism the "mouthpiece of Caesar." Napoleon, Mussolini, Franco, even Hitler, have not lacked such support in their wars of aggression. Nor did the national Bishops have the courage to support Pope Benedict XV when he urged a negotiated peace during the first world war.

As for the Popes who alone can speak with full and final authority, though they have not chosen to do so, their record is better. Since the time of the first world war when Benedict XV spoke out so valiantly and almost alone for peace, there have been strong Papal utterances against the horrors of modern warfare and the terrible weapons used. The Catholic Worker has on more than one occasion quoted such statements from Pope Pius XII, and more recently from Pope John XXIII. Yet there has been no official ban which would forbid Catholics to participate in such immoral conflicts. On the contrary, on a few occasions ambiguous statements have been made which seem to support nationalistic warmongers. To turn again to history, Mr. Watkin reminds us that in 1139 the Tenth Ecumenical Council with Pope Innocent III presiding placed an official ban on the use of bows and arrows, the new weapons which had taken fighting out of the hand-to-hand stage and won for England the famous victories of Crecy and Agincourt. Yet none of the Catholic rulers of Europe and none of their Catholic followers—it was the age of faith—paid any attention to this Papal ban; it was as though the Pope had not spoken. Today a small minority would probably obey such a Papal ban of nuclear war and nuclear weapons, but I would agree with Mr. Watkin that the great majority would not obey, would follow like foolish sheep their militaristic leaders and perhaps accuse the Holy Father himself of acting as an ally of Communism.

If the Pope will not speak in formal condemnation, what then must the Catholic with a consci-

ence do? To let Mr. Watkin speak again: "Are Catholics therefore left without guidance on this urgent moral issue of nuclear war? Certainly not. As I have sought to show, canons of just war, doubly entrenched in reason and ecclesiastical tradition, unequivocally condemn all wars involving—as nuclear warfare must—massacre of the innocents. If Catholics will not obey them, they are unlikely to obey a Papal prohibition." In conclusion, Mr. Watkin once more states the case against nuclear war: "A war likely to produce more evil than the good to be achieved by victory—unjustifiable. A war without prospect of victory for the just combatant, because nuclear warfare has made victory impossible for either—unjustifiable. A war in which immoral methods are employed—unjustifiable. No directives could be clearer, more cogent than these. It is for us to obey them."

Fr. Stratmann's essay "War and Christian Conscience" is as exhaustive and scholarly as one would expect from the author of



the book *War and Christianity Today*, which Archbishop Roberts considers required reading for anyone interested in the subject. Rather than discuss this essay in detail, I should like to give a few quotations which seem to me particularly relevant. Fr. Stratmann's summary of the changing Christian attitudes towards war is masterly:

"A review of the position which the Christian has assumed on the question of war offers a progressive accommodation to its 'lawfulness.' In the early Church, abstinence from and clear rejection of war. In the time of the Crusades, taking up the sword at the service of faith. After that, for the punishment of grievous wrong of whatever type. Since the 16th century, permitting wars even for pursuing claims of national right, without necessity for the presence of moral guilt. At the beginning of the 19th century, extension of the military calling to the entire able-bodied population; voluntary enlistment replaced by universal conscription.

"If at the present time you hold that the Gospel of Jesus Christ stands at the beginning of this line, then you can well speak of a steadily descending

THE BAD BOY

He turned the tepid water off, and let the chilling shower sting the lithe and white form now unblotched, no longer sick; and not contamination's mate on that first night of heat and ruin, icy needles pricked him long like a purifying ecstasy.

Thought moved him backward when he and buddies whacked each other's bareness by the pool; and sky's warmth dried them, naked innocents blind to the growing girls in rotting huts planning escape already from the gray haunts. He stood erect and clean; before the shut and mirrored door he saw the smiling boy, one by last summer's pool; but as he dressed, he saw the doctor's mark, the brambled way, the place of poisons that he had not passed.

Joseph Joel Keith

curve, sinking to the depths of total war, which conscripts even women into military service, requires the entire economic life to be converted to war production, and strikes indifferently at the armed and the unarmed. The curve does not go any lower; the point has been reached where it must rise again."

On the subject of universal conscription, Fr. Stratmann has a few words which should give aid and comfort to Catholic conscientious objectors who are so often told that Catholics cannot be conscientious objectors:

"Initially, Catholic moralists clearly rejected obligatory military service, and they considered that conscription laws were at most 'penal' legislation, i.e., not binding in conscience, although carrying a penalty for violation. Benedict XV declared in 1917 that universal conscription has been 'for more than a century the true cause of countless evils,' and Ottaviani in the work mentioned (1947)* termed it 'most injurious.'"

The considered opinion of Fr. Stratmann, whose sound Biblical and theological scholarship entitles him to speak with some authority, is that atomic weapons cannot be used even in a defensive war. He quotes from Pope Pius XII who told a gathering of military doctors in 1953: "If the damage caused by war is disproportionate to that of the injustice suffered, it may well be a matter of obligation to suffer the injustice." In conclusion, Fr. Stratmann reminds us: "To suffer injustice does not mean to agree with the injustice. On the contrary, one must refuse to obey every unjust measure, for example, of a Communist occupation authority. At the same time one must continue to do good in an individual personal way, to practice the helping charity of Christ, and in the midst of chaos preserve in one's heart and radiate the peace of Christ. In this way the injustice will be eventually overcome more certainly than by meeting force with force and thus running the risk of bringing new injustice into the world. Because injustice will not be overcome by injustice, atomic bomb by atomic bomb or total war by total war. The baser—and every war is this—will only be overcome by the higher, evil only by good. Mars only by Christ."

Dom Bede Griffiths' essay "The Ideal of Non-Violence" presents a position closer to that of the more absolute, Sermon-on-the-Mount pacifism of Ammon Hennacy and the Catholic Worker. Indeed in his discussion of the desirability of extending non-violent activity into the spheres of social and political life, he makes special mention of the work of Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker group. He also gives considerable attention to the example of Gandhi, who has demonstrated that non-violence—which he learned from the Christian Gospels—is as efficacious in our day as it was in the time of Christ. But the practice of non-violence is not easy. It depends—as Christ taught and as Gandhi continually emphasized—on the conquest of self, on the glad willingness to renounce the goods and rights of this world for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the

readiness to die rather than offend against God's command of love, which is the first and greatest Commandment. This kind of non-violence, Dom Bede Griffiths believes and I would agree, may be the only kind of a weapon—a true spiritual weapon—with which we can hope to defeat Communism.

Rather than discuss further the other essays contained in this booklet, I prefer to urge the reader to procure a copy and read for himself. There are, of course, points with which I do not agree; some of the positions taken seem to me too carefully hedged with timorous qualifications. Nevertheless, this booklet—as the quotations I have given ought to show—is one which every Catholic concerned with the problem of conscience and war should own, read carefully, and quote, in season and out of season until the sweet music of peace becomes as familiar to our ears as the hideous rumble of threatened wars which now are everywhere.

For myself, I cannot resist closing with a final quotation, this time from Pope Benedict XV's Encyclical *Pacem Dei* which was addressed to the Bishops at the close of the first world war, and with which Michael De La Bedoyere concludes his introduction to *Morals and Missiles*:

"Therefore, Venerable Brethren, We pray you and exhort you in the mercy and charity of Jesus Christ, strive with all zeal and diligence not only to urge the faithful entrusted to your care to abandon hatred and to pardon offenses, but—and what is more immediately practical—to promote all those works of Christian benevolence which bring aid to the needy, comfort to the afflicted, and protection to the weak, and to give opportunity and appropriate assistance of every kind to all who have suffered from the war. It is our especial wish that you should exhort your priests, as the ministers of peace, to be assiduous in urging this love of one's neighbor and even of enemies, which is the essence of the Christian life, and by 'being all things to all men' (I Cor. ix, 22) and giving an example to others, wage war everywhere on enmity and hatred, thus doing something most agreeable to the loving Heart of Jesus and to him, who, however unworthy, holds His place on earth."

*The work of Cardinal Ottaviani to which Fr. Stratmann refers is *Public Laws of the Church*, 3rd ed., Rome, 1947.

"The man of religious faith must have a truer and more effective love for all men, including those who are our enemies. This is what the Church must do in a society where welfare is a secular project, achieved by machinelike organizations moving on the plane of science rather than love. The Church must bring out the ancient truth that every man is his brother's keeper and that it is not enough to refer him to a social agency. Charity today means condescending, heartless giving in order to be free of the sight of misery. Aid so given produces hatred and the recipient is not so much helped as humiliated."

—Father Gustave Weigel, S. J.

Summer Meetings

PETER MAURIN FARM
Pleasant Plains, Staten Island

Sunday Afternoons—2:30

June 7—ED. EGAN

The Beat Generation:
Seeking Without Desiring to Find

June 21, June 28, July 5—

Fr. Hugo's Conferences on Records

July 12—HELENE ISWOLSKY
Russian Cult and Culture

July 26—ANNE MARIE STOKES
French Cult. and Culture

(Fr. Tavaud has promised to speak
one Sunday on Ecumenism)

Retreat Over Labor Day Weekend
FR. MENARD, O.S.B.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

tion of that brought me a delightful letter from a woman who came many years ago from Europe and stayed with the Sisters there for some years, and wanted very much to join their order but was rejected, much to her disappointment. She was very happy there she said, as those of us who stayed there have been happy.

Staten Island

We are settled, as much as we can be settled anywhere, on Staten Island, and we are making plans to build there if we can get a permit. But the latest news is that our neighborhood is zoned and we can build only one or two family houses. If we decide to do this we will build a two-family house with bedrooms for twelve children! What are we coming to when there are so many restrictions laid down. We keep trying to work things out as a voluntary association of people, a group living together and trying to perform the works of mercy.

-Visit to Tamar

Early this month I had an engagement at Bard College which is almost a hundred miles from Staten Island. It is on the way to Vermont, and since I wanted to bring Tamar some boxes of clothes for the children I borrowed the farm car and drove up the West shore of the Hudson to Kingston and then across the river to the school which is a hundred years old and is now termed by some a "progressive" college, and described by another as like St. John's at Annapolis except that they went in opposite directions. I do not know what they mean, but I learned that there are about 250 students, it is coeducational, there is one faculty member for every seven students, that they study by the seminar plan and the students love the place. It is very expensive. It costs about \$2300 a year to go there.

I stayed the night at the home of the professor of sociology, Dr. de Gre, went to Mass the next morning Ascension Day at Barrytown and then set out on route nine to meet route 23 into Great Barrington. Route seven brought me to Manchester, Vermont, and then over Bromley mountain, where the car boiled over and made whistling noises like a tea-kettle. We rested for a time on the mountain side while I said the rpsary, and then fortified with Hail Mary's I got to the top of the hill where a kindly man cooled off the car for me with a hose and advised me to have the thermostat checked. I learn much by all the disasters that happen to our cars. I have had the battery drop out to the ground, the old style clutch come off in my hand, the gas pedal go down through the floor and many other such breakdowns, but ever since seeing the movie, *Grapes of Wrath*, which showed migrants in their old trucks crossing deserts and mountains, I have never worried.

I got lost on the back roads around Perkinsville because the power company was working on the lines on Weathersfield Road which leads up to the Hennessy farm. But I got there by supper time. It was a good time to arrive because a neighbor had just finished

plowing, spreading manure and harrowing the garden patch, with David and the children assisting and the joy and excitement had been intense. It was truly spring, and the weather from then on for the four day weekend was hot and still.

They had a full day, that Ascension day—up for a six-thirty Mass in Springfield where the parish church is, then on to Chester to buy feed and get the 25 baby chicks offered with every hundred pounds. They had a full load coming back, eight children, 75 chicks, and feed, but "they made it," as Nickie says jubilantly, and the five older children were dropped off at the four-room schoolhouse in Perkinsville and the rest brought home to settle the chicks in the room over the barn. All during the day Marthie kept going around clutching one of the tiny black roosters to her breast. Little chicks always seem to live through these adventures.

Hilaire had howled when his mother and father went to com-

STTIMOTHY ST PAUL



munion. The family had to go in two batches to the communion rail. Not much chance for feelings of devotion with a squirming, restless 20-month old baby but what an act of faith, what will to offer worship to God, what real desire to receive Him!

Tamar will fatten the cockerels to a certain age and then they will be put in the deep freeze. Her hens are giving plenty of eggs, so many that she sells some. There is an abundance of home made butter too, some of which she sells.

I slept in Becky's room and she moved into the attic room next to it and the sun poured in and we were awakened early, she to do her lessons and me to read the Psalms in the little oblate manual which is so handy to travel with.

During the next two days there was some planting done, onion sets, peas and potatoes, and we took a walk up a steep mountain road alongside of which a brook ran merrily. I brought home an apronful of the shoots of fiddle-back ferns to be cooked for supper. They taste like fresh asparagus. The only difficulty was that half the heavy fuzz which protects the tender shoot got left on and tasted like bits of cotton! We had fried parsnips for supper too, dug fresh out of the garden after they had been left in the ground all winter. The kale which they hoped to have in the spring had been eaten by the wild things about.

Saturday morning Tamar took the five oldest to catechism which lasts all morning, and David and I sat out in the sun talking about books and publishers,—city talk. But in the oven in the house a big ham from the family pig was roasting for the Sunday dinner, and for lunch there had been pancakes made with milk, eggs and butter, with maple sugar from

their own trees. It was a bad sap year, he said, and they had made only six gallons, but for each six gallons, thirty gallons of sap had to be gathered from the woods, and it had been a job, sliding down icy paths and much of it being spoiled.

The boys were fishing every spare moment, and I had a good pan of brook trout before I left. Nickie is always telling of the dozen he caught, all of which were too small and had to be thrown back. But Eric and he always bring fish home.

By the side of the kitchen door the crimson tulips, narcissus, daffodils, pansies and grape hyacinths were in bloom and in the woods red trillium, little yellow lilies and many varieties of violet are in bloom. The fold upon fold of hills are many shades of blue, violet and green and above the sky is the clearest blue. The only sounds are the stream coming down from Weathersfield Center and the wind in the trees and the cow bells on the hillside, the clucking of a dozen or so brown hens, and the occasional song of a bird.

I fed the little ones their applesauce and peanut butter sandwiches on the porch, and tried to describe all the beauties around us to the children in terms of God the creator. "Isn't God good to give us all these things?" I said from my own deep sense of thankfulness, and little Maggie said firmly, "I like God," and Martha echoed, "I like God too!"

Remembering how often the comment is made that one must love one's neighbor but not necessarily "like" him, I was well satisfied with their comment.

When Tamar was growing up I used to lament the passing of each year, each stage. "Now she is no longer an infant, now she is no longer a two-year-old." But with the big family, there is the fascination of all the ages.

And how beautiful young mothers are and how more relaxed the mother of the large family who knows more or less what to expect of each year. During the month I spoke at Easthampton where our friends the Whalens and the Konceliks live on a pinewooded hill overlooking a bay. They each have nine children and there too one finds that wonderful sense of purpose and fulfillment.

Religion in the home

The problem of religious expression in the home is one that bothers many parents of large families. St. Benedict's rule, short prayers but frequently, is a good one. When it comes to the recitation of the rosary, it certainly seems to me better to recite a decade reverently rather than five in a mad and distracted race, a babbling with one eye on the littlest ones climbing in and out of bed. The morning offering, grace at meals, remembrance of saint's days, the liturgical season,—the atmosphere of faith, these are the necessary things. And most of all, to pray one's self, in season and out of season, without ceasing.

The older I get the more I realize how little we can do without backing up teaching by such prayer. The peace and calm of knowing that our Lord can change people and the course of events in the twinkling of an eye certainly saves one a lot of discouragement and worry.

This last issue of *Worship* has an article on Confirmation which should be reprinted and given for study to every parent. There was a quotation which I copied in my diary which filled me with hope and joy.

"We must never forget that grace follows its own laws—different from those of natural psychology; and that even in natural life, spiritual maturity does not coincide with physical maturity. As St. Thomas says it would be a dangerous materialization of grace to submit the Holy Spirit to the laws of the body. Child saints are the most beautiful proof of this." The article is by Boniface X. Luykx, O. Praem.

CARITAS

"It is particularly necessary to maintain permanent and loving contact with every category of person, beginning with the most humble, the laborers, favoring among these the most ignorant, abandoned, needy, and unemployed . . . and exercising at the same time assiduous charity among the infirm, prisoners, and the like."

Pope John XXIII in a talk to the Italian Hierarchy.

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

Squires and their mothers. The young man who introduced me was a school teacher in the local high-school and years before had noticed me on 43 and Lexington selling CW's when he taught at St. Agnes. He was a liberal Republican but felt that these young folks could stand a message from the left. I told them that there was three sides to every question: your side, my side, and the right side. I told them of the time when I taught history in Fairhope,

Alabama and the KKK wanted to run me out because I believed in thinking instead of shouting, for I had the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Squire* and *Navy Journal*, the *Daily Worker*, the *Socialist Milwaukee Leader*, the *I.W.W. paper*, the *anarchist paper Freedom*, the *Nation*, the *World Tomorrow*, a pacifist paper, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and *America*, the Catholic weekly. This last is what had the KKK burn a cross where I lived. I told the students that no paper told all the truth, that history was a fiction agreed upon, and that what happened today as they read all of these papers would be history tomorrow. This of course made history class interesting. I asked the head of the KKK to come to the high school on a Friday morning when we all discussed items from these papers and to give his argument for the KKK. I told him I would argue against him. Three weeks later, he left town, for he was ashamed to have people know that he was afraid to talk, and he couldn't talk against reason. Over half of the students asked for an extra history class at night (no credit) and we met Wednesday nights 8 to 11. The next year the history teacher was an ex-army captain. So the students were not hurt. But where today could you be allowed to read every side of a question? If our Faith amounts to anything it ought to stand criticism.

One afternoon I spoke to a class at St. Francis Xavier High School where the scholastic Mr. Cezarik had educated the class to know what we of the CW believed. I had a fine time for several hours with the alert students. "Bronnie" from Boston is here for a few weeks while Bob Steed is away on a vacation, and he helps me sell papers on the street.



Alabama and the KKK wanted to run me out because I believed in thinking instead of shouting, for I had the *Wall Street Journal*, the

Prison Revisited

(Continued from page 3)

here—crimes involving money, no matter how petty or in what extenuating circumstances, are regarded as particularly serious; a kind of blasphemy, I suppose.

There was a young woman in our dormitory who was reading Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*; there was another lively young woman with snapshots of her charming daughter on her wall who was reading a life of St. Therese of Lisieux and was deeply moved by it. There was the young woman who seeing that I had not been provided with a blanket on the night of my arrival simply arose from her own bed and placed one over me. There was another who noticing that I was chilly one day insisted that I use one of her sweaters. There was the sick and aging drug addict who kept Dorothy and me in coffee and soap until we could get to the commissary to buy some. One could go on and on, multiplying such instances. Surely there is great goodness in these women and a deepdown desire for a better way of life.

It will take more than improved physical conditions, of course, to effect any real improvement. There must be love, understanding, compassion, prayer. How can we understand what prison is like unless we go to jail to see? How can we really love when we pass unthinking outside the walls? How often will we pray for prisoners if we have never experienced the walled forlornness of a prisoner's life? What is compassion but suffering with? To accept a jail sentence as an act of penance for sin and war crimes is not easy; but it is a privilege with many compensations. We were certainly heartened

by the knowledge that loyal friends on the outside were participating in our act by prayer, picketing, goodwill. But I think the greatest compensation was that of being able truly to visit the prisoner. For going to jail is rather like venturing into a new country, not unlike those fearsome nether regions visited by many ancient heroes of myth and legend. But—with prayer—more like our Christian purgatory; for one doesn't have to be a hero to go there, and no suffering is lost but ultimately glows—and forever—in the peace and love of God.

Pacifist Magazines

In the April-May issue, we mentioned the English pacifist weekly, *Peace News*.

Two other publications that readers of the *Catholic Worker* will be interested in are *The Peacemaker*, published in Cincinnati, and *Pax Bulletin*, organ of the Catholic peace movement Pax.

Pax was founded in 1936 and, as stated on the masthead of the *Bulletin*, is "an association of Christians who seek to promote peace and to encourage the practical application of Christian principles to the question of war." Sponsors include such outstanding Catholics as Donald Attwater, Christopher Hollis, and E. I. Wakelin. Subscriptions may be sent to 93 Malmstone Ave., Merstham, Redhill, Surrey, England.

The Peacemaker is published at 10208 Sylvan Avenue (Gano), Cincinnati 41, Ohio. It is the organ of the Peacemaker Movement, a pacifist group, and is published every three weeks. The subscription is \$2.00 a year.

Friday Night Meetings

June 5. Charles Butterworth.—The FBI Case.

June 12. Robert Steed — My Trip West.

June 19. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn — Prison.

June 26. Anita De Frey (Modoc Indian) — The Penitents of New Mexico.

July 3. Armon Hennacy—CW ideas.

Meetings at 8:30 p.m. Take Lexington Ave. IRT local. Get off at Spring St. One block east.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 2)

helping to drive the car, but has returned home to Ohio.

Alice Erwin, who use to help out at Spring Street, is here convalescing after five weeks in Bellevue Hospital with spinal meningitis.

A young man named Max Sofsky phoned one day and asked if he could come out to play and sing his music for us. We were of course delighted, and delighted even more by his visit. He has set William Blake's "The Lamb" and "The Tiger" to music, and he played for us also his setting for the Ave Maria and some of his other compositions.

Groups

Several groups have visited for days of recollection. Father Robert Bradley, a Jesuit priest from Spokane who is studying at Columbia, came with a group for a day in March; another priest for the first Sunday of May. And on May 10 we had the first of a series of planned Discussion Sundays, the speaker being Danny Schuller of ACTU, who talked about the work of ACTU and the problems of labor in general. He is a vital and interesting speaker, and the meeting, though small, was stimulating. We will continue these Discussion Sundays with a meeting beginning at two o'clock.

Peter Anniversary

The day after this is being written will be the tenth anniversary of Peter Maurin's death. God has sent us a special gift for this day in the person of Father Mc-

Carthy from Santa Fe, who is in New York for a few days on business connected with credit union work, in which he is active. So we will have a Dialog Mass for Peter in the chapel, and will ask Peter to pray not only for all of our subscribers and friends without whom this work could not go on. We are sure that God will bless all of you.

Fire at Grailville

The Grail has sent out an appeal for funds to rebuild the research center on community development, located at Forsters, Ohio, which was completely destroyed by fire the night of April 21. The building included dormitory space and a research library, and was to have been used this summer to house the Community Development program scheduled to start July 6.

The Grail needs to rebuild accommodations for participants scheduled to come, and to replace beds, other household equipment, and books. The house lost was insured for only \$4,000; it is estimated that to replace it at present day prices, with the improvements that have been made over the years, will cost five times that amount.

The work of the Grail in training young women for the apostolate is so important that we are sure many of our readers will be happy to help them in this financial crisis. Checks can be addressed to Barbara Wald, Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

union. It is equivalent to the Latin collecta and corresponds to synagogue (the place of reunion).

In Christian use *Synaxis* is the assembly for any religious function.

We must distinguish the liturgical (Eucharistic) from the aliturgical *Synaxis* which consisted only of prayers, readings, psalms of which our Divine Office evolved—in this latter sense we are using it tonight.

In the Byzantine Calendar it is preserved as the title of certain feasts on which the people assemble in some particular church for the Holy Liturgy and therefore corresponds to the Roman Station or Stations.

For example: Jan 4th is the "Synaxis of the Holy Seventy" (disciples). Dec. 26 is The *Synaxis* of St. Joseph the spouse and guardian of the Virgin—a feast in memory of the flight into Egypt.

The Queen's Mass Preparation Group is comprised of laymen who meet weekly to discuss and prepare for the Mass of Sunday. It is an informal group of about 25 people who are interested in participating more fully in the Liturgical Life of the Church. But by their activities and Days of Recollection they are trying to live more fully the Life of the Church.

Grand Jury Indictment

(Continued from page 1)

of history. "Our God is a God of Peace."

That ended the statement and Mr. Starkey, Agent McKoen, and I waited outside for the decision of the jury. It wasn't long and a "True Bill" was granted.

The next step, ten days later, was the pleadings. This time Ammon went with me because he had to sign my bail papers again. Judge Dimock was very careful that I understood the meaning of pleading guilty to a felony, that I couldn't vote any more. He read the indictment, listened to what I'd done, and checked the law. After consideration he allowed me to proceed without a lawyer and agreed that a report on me should be made by the probation department.

In these hearings good men are seeking only to do their duty under law. That is as it should be. I am not fighting Mr. Starkey or Judge Dimock, or the rule of law as such. I am fighting the war system which I see now as essentially immoral. But if law is used to support that system then such law becomes infected and loses all moral sanction. If such a war law touches me I must react by non-cooperation to the limit of my strength.

After the pleadings Ammon signed the bail papers. Commissioner Bishop asked how the air raid drill case came out so Ammon was able to tell him all about the "More for God, less for Caesar" exchange.

That day at the Court House closed with a talk to my probation officer. He showed understanding and respect for our moral position. He had been assigned five conscientious objectors from Union Theological Seminary before the last war. The sentence will be given on June 10. Gandhi says do not exercise the imagination in such matters, expect the best and be ready for the worst.

My reading recently has been seeking a better understanding of the way of prayer of the Little Brothers and Sisters of Jesus. Their way is friendship, prayer, and sacrifice among the poor. Mary says this is the true way to peace, prayer and sacrifice. Jail is part of our sacrifice, penance for the social sin of war. And we have the certain promise of Christ through Mary at Fatima in 1917 that our efforts are not in vain. The problems of war, persecution and Russia will be solved and "a certain period of peace will be granted to the world."

From the Mail Bag

Plans for Migrants

Our Lady of Hope Farm Project
Box 769
Mount Angel, Oregon

Dear Friends,

About a year ago, Ted le Berthon had some articles in the Catholic Worker about the plight of the Mexican migrant workers. Living, as we do in the Willamette Valley in Oregon, where thousands of workers, both single men, and families come yearly to harvest the lush crops, we have seen, and heard of the misery and suffering caused by the deplorable conditions, only too prevalent in the various camps.

For some time now, we have wanted to get a piece of land, large enough, either for subdividing, or for some sort of a co-operative farm, where those of the migrants who wished to make a permanent home might have the opportunity to live the year around, raising much of their own food, canning the surplus, as we local residents do, and working the crops as necessary for their cash income. I realize this is no solution to the overall problem of monopolistic type of farming, nor does it solve wages, hours or conditions, except that much is bearable if one can have a decent home, and enough to live on (enough to eat); and believe it or not one of the problems of these people who live in this unbelievably fertile valley during the growing months, is malnutrition! It seems to me the important thing at present is to establish permanent homes, with the privileges of education, and a place in a community; and enough to eat, etc., for those who are suffering such want, here and now, just as bread lines and soup kitchens tackle the immediate problem of humanity, while scarcely being able to touch the large over-all problem of unemployment, which brings about the need.

In the past I have written of our desire to form some sort of a lay community to work for the needy, and to act also as a center of Catholic Action, in the form of Confraternity Work. Since most of the migrants (Mexican) are Catholic, there is a much needed work in this field, and our own Archdiocese has an excellent program started along these lines, but can always use helpers.

Such a group needs a means of livelihood, and I believe the operation of a small local cannery, which by the way is for sale or lease, on a five year basis, could afford much of the income, as well as some form of arts and crafts, or manufacturing.

Many families are attempting to stay, on their own, but loneliness, ostracism, and hunger drive many of them back to their nomadic existence after a trial year. We are God-parents for two children from one family which made it, and now are buying their own place, but in the mean time they had to feed and clothe a family of seven on eleven dollars a week, welfare money during the winter months when there was no work, and sometimes if they ran out before the two weeks were up, when they got their twenty-two dollars; and it is hard to judge a baby's appetite, they had to feed their four months old baby bean soup juice and rice water in its bottle for a few days! The woman saw no one for months on end, when there were no Mexicans in the area to call on her, and she could not leave her five little ones alone to go visiting. She is a lovely person, and a dear friend of ours, and is at present in the hospital giving birth to her seventh child. They, as I say, have made it, and the man is employed steadily by the railroad, but it takes really heroic metal to go through what

they did, I know I would not have that kind of heroism.

There are farms for sale, large enough to make a beginning, there is also the possibility of putting up housing, such as is used in Venezuela, made from cement and mud blocks, very inexpensive, and simple enough for the farm families of that country to build, so our Mexicans could do this too. We have a carpenter, mason and plumber arriving this month, or next to help us work out something, but we do not have land to build on.

The families, who have an income for all but about two to four months of the year can easily pay in a certain amount in the form of rental payments to such a program, and pay off a loan, or a mortgage for such a farm. I know many families would be interested, and have been assured of this by Dr. Infante, the one brought up from Mexico, to head the Migrant labor division of the labor bureau. He is most interested in the plans.

But of course with nothing tangible to show them, it is not likely we will be able to get much of a fund to start with, as these people have been exploited so continually by those of our race, that it is more than understandable, almost necessary, that they would be suspicious, and unwilling to contribute anything to such a project only on paper.

There are such great possibilities, and especially here, since the work season is eight to ten months long, and the surplus food available for the gathering... especially if one has worked for the particular farmer.

Perhaps some of your readers would like to contact us, and help out, this project will be both temporal and spiritual in scope, as our people are Catholics and often un-instructed, but with such love for the faith, which they hold to with such tenacity.

Although I cannot put on a fund drive... our Archbishop feels so many fund drives are already on, the people would resent more appeals, there are some who are sending help voluntarily, and I am putting it in a fund in the bank, in the event that it may make a beginning possible at some future date.

Please keep us in your prayers, and may God bless you.

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,
The Nassets

Mixed-Up Kids

Bluffton, Mo.

Dear Dorothy:

I hope you haven't given up on us. We are still battling the elements on top of our wind weary hill and at times feeling very isolated and a bit guideless. We are probably in better shape all the way around than at any time in our eighth year tenure but our life isn't exactly idyllic what with my traipsing off thirty-three miles each afternoon to the mental hospital to my off the farm bread and butter job. The family are all fine and healthy. Our newest addition, Kristin, was born Christmas day and a fine-smiling baby girl. We are seven now, Judy, Maria, Tommy, Mike, Kristin, Mom and Dad.

Last year we were able to pay the government more money than any year previous. This year they want an equal amount and next year, the worst will be over. We don't exactly know what to do with the added income. Whether to build a new house for our present one is bulging, or buy more land which would enable me to quit my present job and devote all my time to our farm. In either case, it will mean going back into debt but smilingly.

My job at the hospital consists of running all the afternoon and night recreational facilities. I worked with disturbed children

(Continued on page 8)

Green Fields, Calm Seas

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

A great deal has happened since I last wrote the Peter Maurin Farm column. It was then Winter and the fields were white with snow. There was no indication of the renewed life that was to come with the Spring. There was then a somber beauty to the landscape and the icy wind blowing across the fields would stir up eddies of swirling snow.

But now as I write this account the fields are all green and the farm crops are beginning to sprout. The song birds have all come back to the farm and in the early morning one can watch them close to the pond where they come for what seems to be an early morning dip. The geese, whose numbers have been increased by two goslings, pay no attention to the robins, bluejays, cardinals who bravely settle down in their midst. I am sure that to a song bird a goose must look like an elephant.

John Filinger says that he never had such good helpers before. Albert, who is close to 70 used to work on a dairy farm where he helped take care of 110 cows. He worked there for ten years with rarely a day off. Albert told me that if you asked for a day off, the boss would say, "You can take the whole month off."

Staten Island has been invaded by tent caterpillars and everywhere one can see their cocoon nests. All the wild cherry trees have already been stripped clean of their leaves. Here at the farm we are keeping a vigilant watch that they do not strip our apple trees. It would be a tragedy if we lost our apples the first year they were to bear. The trees were planted while Irene Mary Naughton was in charge of the farm some eight years ago. Irene, at present, is a lay missionary in Yucatan. We hope that when Irene returns this Fall for a visit, that she will be able to have a treat of some old fashioned apple pie.

On my handpress I am printing, as my latest effort, a limited edition of one hundred copies of the Testament of St. Francis. It is

based on an ancient manuscript dating from the 14th century. I hope to make it a beautiful tribute to the Saint.

The beach has seen renewed activity with the coming of the warm weather. The ebbing tide leaves behind all sorts of crabs, clams and seaweeds of many different hues. Sunday some fishermen went out with long nets and brought back a half dozen flounders. Jimmy Hughes found a seahorse which he proudly shows people.

The bounty of the sea one can say! There are many things washed up on the shore and one wonders at the story that lies behind them. For the spring months we kept a small stove going with the drift wood that each daily tide piles up on the beach.

The children roaming around the beach manage to find all sorts of objects ranging from 2 cans of powdered eggs to life preservers. Marge Hughes walking along the beach found a slightly charred wallet containing fifty dollars and papers identifying the owner, and turned it over to the police.

Pentecost Sunday I had the happiness of participating in a *Synaxis* given at the home of Dr. Louis LoScalzo which was sponsored by the Queen's Mass Preparation Group.

I was a bit puzzled when Muriel Zimmermann, who runs the Regina Coeli Bookshop, phoned me up and invited me to participate in the *Synaxis*. In a sense this was a scoop for me as Leo Callahan, who originated the idea, told me that this is the first time a *Synaxis* has been held since the 4th Century.

The ceremonies, which were led by Leo Callahan, consisted of a banquet at which the beautiful prayers of the Mass for the Feast of Pentecost were read by the group. There was the blessing of the bread and the wine which were shared by the assembled people, testifying to the oneness of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Dorothy Sartori did a beautiful job of mime-printing the booklets which contained the Mass Prayers for the Feast of Pentecost.

I am indebted to Dr. LoScalzo for the following notes (if there is any error it is I who am to blame):

A *Synaxis* is a gathering, a re-

The Hopi Visit Us

(Continued from page 2)

ferences, the people of this land will plan to again cross the water to kill people—but they will not go—for others will come to this land. There will be great destruction. There will be great catastrophes of every description, because we have begun to neglect the teachings. These things will come to everybody. Warnings will come to many people and they will wish to move and feel that they should move—but where shall they go? There is no place to run to—even the Great Road in the Sky is full of destructive weapons. Power was given to man to be used for the benefit of mankind, but it has been turned to destructive purposes. Eight years ago all these leaders came together to compare the teachings and to examine the rest of the warnings. 26 of these prophecies have not yet been fulfilled. One that was fulfilled long ago was that we would have roads all over this land—roads everywhere—even in the sky. There would be long iron houses full of people going over the land, and long houses full of people in the sky. We were told that there would be space ships. There are many other things that have been predicted that we have not yet seen. My grandfather talked of these things when I was a young boy. He said that when we came to the end of this life plan somewhere they are going to invent something that is very very small, but when they drop it on earth it will wipe out everything—there will be no grass and all life would be wiped out where it is dropped and for a distance around it. He gave a name to the element in the Hopi tongue, but as yet it has not been named in the tongues of the white people. He foretold that they would utilize the rays of the sun.

Indians were the original people of this land. Our life has been disrupted and is now in danger of being completely destroyed. We would like to continue as Indians. We would like to perform our religious exercises and duties which the Great Spirit told us to perform. We would like to hold onto this way of life for ourselves and for all righteous people. Our life plan has been torn asunder under the guise of various schemes which we were told would be good for us—the land has shrunk considerably and many of our peoples have been torn asunder. Our leaders know that they must make several attempts. They have been told, "even if they do not hear you, you are to continue to try." No one can help or correct the wrongs that have done to us. Another place will be provided in the day of Purification. At that time there will be many letters from many lands; if no one helps you your land is about to be taken away and your life destroyed. Go to the tall glass house where many nations

meet—take the message to that body and see if they will listen to you, and see if they will help to right the wrong. We are waiting for our brother—our true brother who will come soon—he will come to weed out the bad parts and not destroy everything, in the day of Purification, that the white man calls Judgment Day. All right people, Indians, white and others will be saved to start a new life after this life, where we will have true peace, true brotherhood and everlasting life. This is the message.

The Hopi in New York City
We obeyed our instructions—we came to the UN last Tuesday and made an attempt to talk to the leaders, but they did not want to



ST. ANTHONY

listen. We will wait three days which is the sacred number, before we go back there. We went to see one of the men in the UN. We did not call on any other people. Dan and I talked to one man—but the door was still closed as far as Dan is concerned. We told another message at one o'clock this afternoon (They had visited with the Hopi people who live in Brooklyn). We met the Television people and appeared on one of their programs. Tomorrow morning we are going to Syracuse to meet the Six Nations of the Iroquois Confederation at the Long House on the Onondaga Reservation. From here on

Indian people are going back to the teachings of the Great Spirit. If we started to use our mineral reserves for preparation for a war machine the Great Spirit would let loose the power upon the people. It would not do us any good—we would only destroy ourselves. We do not have to fight—we can sit down and talk.

In answers to questions the Hopi said that they knew that the UN would not listen to them but they had to come anyway. That about two thirds of the young people finally came back to the reservation after going to white schools. They have their own herbs and medicine men; they eat wholesome food and seldom have sickness. There are 8,000 Hopi although the government still counts them as 4,000 for scores of years. They are increasing. They intermingle with other tribes and trade, each has his own land and customs. They have a chief in each village but no chief over all the Hopi. The woman is the owner of the hearth and has her own great duty. If a child misbehaves, the parent say "this is how it should be done." No matter what they are doing in the household they stop to correct the child. Children watch you. It is up to you to set the example. Each month is the time for certain religious ceremonies. In New York City the streets are like the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The Hopi homes are always four stories high. The height of the buildings in N.Y. has fulfilled the prophecies. In New York the noise is not good for the mind or the body and the water is not good. There is also much soot and dust in the city which can bring bad sickness. The air does not rise as it should. We live on high mesas where there is grass, air and flowers. The rain comes and freshens the air and the flowers smell good, all fresh in the open. We have been told to keep on in that manner so as not to defile our bodies.

The Hopi receives three initiations. Twenty days after the birth of a child he is given a name. At the age of six or seven he joins the Katchina Society and is given a new name, and is taught the law and the Hopi Way of Life. At 18 or 19 he goes into the High Society and is taught all the things he has to know—where we have been, and where we are going; the way of animals, the way of plants, the way of stars, etc. Then he is a full fledged Hopi. He has worn his hair long, but now it is cut—it is cut in a certain way—in the shape of a window, so he looks out at the world. Long hair represents the raindrops coming from the clouds. The old people use the native soap weed, the yucca plant which helps them to keep their hair color a long time and they will not lose their hair.

When I perform a ceremony I pray for all people, not only for Indian people but for all righteous people to be saved. We take the teachings into our hearts and we find out where we stand. We have tried for many years to get help from the White House but each time we were ignored. They do not want to listen. Even if it seems that we are at the very end of our lives we must try to avoid war. The instruction was imparted to me by my uncles. They taught me that if anyone comes to you in need to give them food and shelter. So if any of you come to our country come right over to my house, the door is always open. We did not say when the time of purification is to be—the newspapers said it would be in the Fall after the corn has ripened—but this got mixed up—we did not set a time with regard to it. I have known Ammon Hennacy for a long time. He is one of my best friends. We are glad to have talked with you and we thank you for listening to us.

The Lord's Prayer was recited and a scholastic from St. Francis Xavier Church gave the blessing. A social hour followed during which refreshments were served by the Catholic Workers and Indian ladies.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 7)

for about a year and a half and enjoyed the work very much. They have a juvenile clinic at the hospital, the only one in the state Catholic or secular, and the kids get psychological help as well as much therapeutic help. The whole program is very sterile though, completely ignoring any moral or religious attitudes and the end result is an attempt to resurrect these kids on a completely unnatural level. Most psychologists have no idea what normal psychology is and it seems that they end up preparing these kids for nothing. The children live in a regular hospital ward, are lumped together as to age and problems, homo's with behavior problems, etc. and the whole

months. Chuck and Briggs Ellerman have four boys now and Bob and Pat Rudolph welcomed a son into their household and named him Damian Thomas.

I'll close for now. We all remember you each night in our prayers Dorothy and wish you could stop and see us.

All of our love and prayers,
Jack Woltjen

Wages, Not Profits

Upon the occasion of the firing of 527 employees by the Fives-Lille-Cail Company, Lille, France, and the subsequent sitdown strike by the workers, the following statement was issued by Achille Cardinal Lienart, Bishop of Lille, and Emile Maurice Guerry, Archbishop of Cambrai:

"The first duty of everyone is to become acutely conscious of the seriousness of the moral evil that unemployment constitutes for workers' homes. Moral evil, we say, and not a simple economic fact as alleged by certain economists' theories, which would not hesitate to propose it as a useful and even charitable solution in certain circumstances to facilitate recovery . . .

"A moral evil because it strikes, through its burden of suffering, human beings in their flesh and heart . . . bringing insecurity, anguish for the next day, and often misery . . .

"A moral evil because it violates the pattern of God, who wants man to work and be able to find, in the fruits of his labor, for himself and those dear to him, the means of living a human life. In a human economy, in a juster and better organized society, there must no longer be room for unemployment . . .

"In a period of economic difficulties, firing is too easy a solution . . . If sacrifices are necessary, it is not the workers' wages which must be sacrificed first: it is the profits."

(Quoted in Time Magazine, Feb. 16, 1959.)

The Wisdom of the Church

We have reason to be grateful to Marxism for having provided us with the insight into the historical power of riches, of "interest," of the power-giving quality of riches and of those planned deceptions and self-deceptions whereby men have transfigured and glossed over their will to power through riches and their will to riches through power (and to lust through riches and power). Whoever wishes to orient himself on this aspect of history can do so in the pages of Marx, but he can do it equally well in the writings of the monastic leaders. They proceed from the same fact, except that Marx is stronger as a positive analyst, and the founders of the orders are stronger as healers. If they should once begin to think and talk together, the possibility of an approach to a good theory and practice of history would exist.

Walter Dirks,

THE MONK AND THE WORLD
(New York: David McKay, 1954)

The commandment of love is the final law of the universe, although everything in nature and in man seems to disprove it. Love is the sole law which should govern the moral world. It is a doctrine difficult to believe, as the law is difficult to practise; but the law is final. It is the last word that has been uttered by Divine and human philosophy.

Canon P. A. Sheehan

From St. Paul (2 Cor. vii. 14) to St. Basil; from St. Basil to St. Thomas of Aquin; and from St. Thomas to Pope Leo XIII, the Christian teaching has been that superfluous goods are a trust to be administered for the benefit of the needy.

J. A. Ryan, D. D.



ST. PETER

thing seems to be a matter of observation rather than help.

The church in this state needs to set up a program for disturbed children. Each Catholic grade school I'm sure has two or three kids that need to get help but because there is no agency, just end up getting progressively worse while throwing the whole school curriculum for a loss. I think these kids need a complete change from their home atmosphere. They need a well rounded program of psychotherapy, work and recreation as well as enough schooling while they are there to keep their hand in. I wish I had some extra dough. Some outside help. Our four hundred acre farm out in the rocky wilderness would be ideal for such a program. There is work galore here to do, real constructive work and recreational facilities at every turn. We would have to build a bunkhouse, kitchen and chapel and we would be in business. I'm really serious about this, Dorothy. God brought us out to this wilderness for some reason and I believe it's about time for the pieces to fall into place.

Our cattle are in real good shape and we have had calves coming regularly for quite a while. I butchered two hogs a couple of weeks ago and ended up skinning them because our hot water bath sprung a leak. We've got a good garden started and having purchased a deep freeze, plan on freezing everything that looks edible. We had breakfast at Ruth Ann's Sunday morning and met her brother Richard. I haven't heard from Marty for quite a while but the last news I had, he was doing very well and looking very good. Frank and Clare Lakey have a wonderful baby girl named Maria and expect their second child in a few

OMAHA ACTION FOR PEACE

In the year since the voyage of the Golden Rule, peace thinkers have worked diligently to conceive a program to follow-up and magnify the dynamic testimony of that action. The bold voyagers recorded an achievement in peace testimony that we are hard put to carry on adequately. Yet we must press on with surpassing speed. One lap of the voyage is completed, but the ocean is not crossed.

One sequel will be written in Omaha, Nebraska, starting June 18. The peace movement's anti-missile, Omaha Action for Peace, will be launched outside the new ICBM base near Omaha. The project will be a direct, non-violent challenge to the Government's plans to gird this country's cities with a deadly missile system.

Educational action, public meetings, leafleting, will go forward in Lincoln and Omaha. From June 24 through June 30 participants will keep watch at the gates of the missile base, speaking to officials and construction workers. After June 30 direct action through civil disobedience will begin. Participants may carry their message into restricted areas or may sit in roadways and by their presence speak to the hearts of truck drivers and bulldozer operators and to the hearts of this drowsy nation.

Similar action at Swaffham, England stirred the English people deeply. If Omaha Action: Nonviolence Against Nuclear Missile Policy must surpass the testimony of the Golden Rule, it can do so with the active participation or support of a large number of people from all over the country. The Coordinators of Omaha Action are A. J. Muste and Bradford Lyttle. Its present address is Post Office Box 9057, Chicago 90, Illinois, Phone FA 4-0654.

Karl Meyer