

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXVI No. 5

December, 1959

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c



But to as many as received Him He gave the power to become the sons of God. (St. John, Chapter I)

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, ROBERT STEED, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JUDITH GREGORY, ELIZABETH ROGERS, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, DEANE MOWRER
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



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The day before we went to press last month, Beth Rogers called me from the farm and said that the body of a man had been found in the woods about a half a mile from the Peter Maurin Farm. It had been lying there for so long that it was just bones. The police had called the farm because we had reported George Clements as missing last March. Beth and Charles identified the clothes on the body, and it was taken to the morgue at the Farm Colony, in the center of the island, before the coroner had a chance to examine it to find whether the body was of a hunchbacked man, as George was. But it was George, as we knew from the clothes, even from the special shirt that Tommy Hughes had given him because he himself had outgrown it. If it had just been a matter of the clothes which came into our clothes room and which to a large extent outfit us all, we could not be sure. But Tommy knew his shirt. In the absence of any known relatives the body was turned over to us, and George was buried with Fr. Campbell, our pastor offering Mass at which all the farm group attended, including Bob, and three of the men from St. Joseph's Loft in town. He was buried in St. Joseph's cemetery on a little hill in back of the church, and he lies beside Chad and Charlie Smith, Philip Millions, little Catherine and Mr. Stokes. It is here that we are going to have Peter Maurin's body rest, and the undertaker will attend to the matter as soon as possible. It will be good to have him near us near the farm, in the midst of the family, instead of away over in St. John's cemetery in Brooklyn.

George Clements became interested in *The Catholic Worker* when he lived on Skid Row in San Francisco on welfare, and attended a meeting at which I spoke at St. Boniface Church, which he attended. He was so fascinated by the work that he wandered around among his friends, among whom were priests, and collected enough money to take the bus to New York. We were surprised of course, to see him arrive, but not at all surprised when he found the CW not at all the Utopia he had expected. He stayed for some months, and was able to make enough friends, and write to enough friends in California to get the bus fare back again to San Francisco. But nostalgia for Mott street drew him back, and in another six months he was back again, bag and baggage, this time to remain. I cannot remember whether it was fifteen or twenty years he was with us, getting older, quieter, more bent than ever. Probably his most animated moment was when Kieran Duggan chose him to act Santa Claus in the Christmas play he put on two years ago, called *The Trial of Aaron Heresy*. Many in the house acted in the gay little skit, which drew people together in hours of practice down in the

basement of Chrystie street. Kieran's verses were sung to the popular tunes of a current Broadway musical, and everyone enjoyed the frivolity.

Last January, when we were evicted from Chrystie street, Slim and Molly and California George, as they called him, were moved down to the farm. They all settled down nicely and neither Slim nor George seemed to be disturbed by the move. Except that George kept writing to friends in San Francisco, asking for money to go back. So many years had passed that most of the letters were returned to him as *Not Found, or Deceased*. Once in a while he took a walk in the woods, but he was last seen, according to report, in front of the post office in Pleasant Plains.

When the police could find no trace of him through the Missing Persons Bureau, we began to think that by some miracle, some friends of George had gotten the money together to send him back to California. He was always secretive. People who are forced to live in community often take pains to have a private life of their own, outside of it. (An indication of the kind of community we are, of people forced to live together by physical need. We talk of the need for community, intentional, voluntary community, but in spite of a history of houses of hospitality and farms, we have never yet achieved it. We talk so much of the use of force, the collective and cooperative farms in Russia having been achieved by force, but we must remember the force of dire need that has brought about our own. But there are other communities to be studied, those in Israel, those of the Bruderhof and other religious communities.)

It was a grave shock to us all to find that George had wandered off like a sick animal to die, covered over with leaves, hidden from the road, merging with the earth, overlooked by the mushroom hunters who scour the woods spring and fall, and finally found by a school boy playing in the woods one Sunday afternoon.

Works of Mercy.

During the course of the month there was a great deal of visiting the sick, including Fr. Elias in Belvedere with a broken leg, and Richard Nixon in the psychiatric ward. Bob always says when he returns from visiting there that it is more peaceful than Spring street. That is because, he being in charge, there are so many calls made on him, and so many of them impossible to fulfill. When one is in charge of the funds, there are ceaseless requests for carfare to apply for jobs, to get to jobs, to keep going until first pay, for week's rent, for month's rent — from people made brazen by the ceaseless blows of illness and unemployment and the scorn of others that makes it more bitter; and from people who do not call upon you until too late, until they

(Continued on page 6)

Highlander on Trial

By JUDITH GREGORY

The judge read the jury's answer to the only question presented to it, then turned back and spoke to the jurors. He thanked them for their help, telling them that they could serve their community in no better way than by being on a jury and helping to bring justice to the community. The compliment was an ironic one, for the jury had just declared that Highlander Folk School has been operated for the personal benefit of its director. Justice had been withheld from the community. I was apparently the only one who expected anything better. To me it was a shock to see so much evidence ignored and such attention paid to perversions of the truth, though I knew the jurors to be ignorant and prejudiced, limited by their isolation on that barren mountain and their stubbornness in refusing available opportunities to learn.

The trial of Highlander started on November 3 in the county courthouse in Altamont, Tennessee, before a state circuit court—the same circuit, as it happens, in which the Scopes trial was held 25 years ago. Each day for four days we drove twenty miles from Highlander—staff members, lawyers, witnesses and friends of the

SAINT NICHOLAS



school. We ate a picnic lunch outside because Mrs. Septima Clark, a Negro, would not have been able to eat at the local restaurant. On Friday it was raining and we had a number of Negro guests, so we ate right in the courtroom, a short course in adult education for many of those who saw us. Altamont is a very small town on the Cumberland Plateau, in poor country. There seem to be only a few houses in the town, but there is a school, a gas station, several stores and churches—including a Mormon church—and the courthouse and jail, the latter a remarkable old building with fancy green iron-work balconies outside the barred windows. The courthouse is on a raised square, and was surrounded by flaming yellow-orange maple trees, for the mountain was in full autumn color.

The courtroom is upstairs, a large room filled with hard benches. The proceedings were all most informal, newsmen sitting all over the front of the room, spectators in the jurors' chairs until they filled slowly up with jurors, many people smoking, drinking cokes, reading and talking—a great contrast to the courtrooms in New York where I understand that even to read a small book is considered disrespectful to the court. The former Grundy

(Continued on page 7)

CATHOLICS AND MODERN WAR

Archbishop Sends Proposals to Rome

A Roman Catholic peace conference which met at a Dominican Priory in Britain last week has sent a message to Rome expressing support for a number of peace moves being made by Archbishop Roberts.

The Archbishop, who was present at the conference, read out a letter which he had sent to Rome in response to a request from Cardinal Tardini (which had been sent to all Bishops) for suggestions for the agenda to be drawn up for a forthcoming Ecumenical Council.

Archbishop Roberts told *Peace News* that while his letter might be published, a reply from the Cardinal would have to be treated as confidential.

In his letter Archbishop Roberts said:

"The morality of war under modern conditions disturbs thinking people everywhere, especially in countries where freedom of conscience rules. To many who are shocked by the Church's silence on the subject, or by ambiguous pronouncements, or by lack of emphasis on the rights of conscience especially by national hierarchies widely regarded as echoes of their respective governments, we have answers derived from our own experience as diocesan bishops obliged to compromise with conflicting national interests.

"But a general council should emancipate bishops, subordinating lesser loyalties to the fullness of Christian teaching in theory and practice.

"I do not suggest authoritative pronouncements which might only disturb good faith, court rebellion or disobedience, break under the weight of vested interests where the whole national economy is now geared to war. But I do suggest setting up as preparation for the Council a small body of expert theologians, historians and economists which might

"1. Educate Catholic leaders in a sphere hitherto neglected;

"2. Clarify issues on which guidance is sought;

"3. Co-ordinate in a supra-national atmosphere all work for peace based on fundamentals of morality.

"Incidentally, this would open up common ground on which to activate the Holy Father's ideal of unity on the basis of human and religious interests common to all religions."

Archbishop Roberts indicated in an address to the conference that

he hoped the Council of Bishops would offer an exceptional opportunity for discussion of the Gandhian technique of non-violent resistance.

"The Indian bishops would have everything to gain by bringing up Gandhi's teaching," he said.

Dom Bede Griffiths, who is working for a synthesis of Gandhian and Christian teaching through his ashram in Kerala, India and has recently become a sponsor of Pax, told the conference: "We must assert the right of the Christian to decide questions of conscience for himself."

During the course of discussion Archbishop Roberts stressed the importance of the work done by *Peace News* in spreading information about non-violence.

Roman Catholic Universities should be urged to consider the research into non-violence being undertaken at the University of Oslo by Gene Sharp and others.

The conference, held at Hawkesyard Priory, Staffordshire, and chaired by the Dominican Prior Provincial, Fr. Henry St. John, OP, was also addressed by Mrs. Barbara Wall, who gave an impressive resume of current views on non-violence; Hugh Brock, Editor of *Peace News*, who described the way in which non-violent principles had been applied in a number of demonstrations by pacifists; and by Walter Stein of the University of Leeds.

After examining all the aspects of "the nuclear debate," Walter Stein declared that policies of expediency and war preparations would have to go. There could be no question of continued membership of NATO or of providing facilities for US missile bases. Non-violent resistance emerged as the only appropriate form of defence.

Closing what he described as "by far and away the most successful and instructive conference we have had," the Prior Provincial said that he would be communicating the findings of the conference to the Master-General of the Dominicans.

Archbishop Roberts is to address a public meeting in London organised by Pax, the Roman Catholic peace organisation in Britain on Oct. 31 at 3 p.m. at the Convent of Our Lady of Sion, 36 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

Reprinted from *Peace News* of London.

St. Basil On Humility

Having overthrown man by the hope of false glory, the devil does not cease from tempting him by these very same delusions; devising countless snares for this purpose, proving to him that it is a great thing to amass riches, that by this means he may become great, and that he should be eager to obtain them: which in fact do not lead him to glory, but may rather lead him into great danger. For the amassing of riches is the beginning of avarice; and this amassing does not lead to any glory, rather it blinds men through folly, uplifts them to no purpose, and causes a sickness like an inflammation within the soul. A body that is swollen is neither healthy nor of use to any man; it is rather an unwholesome state, the beginning of danger for him, and a source of death. And this is what arrogance is to the soul.

This swelling up of the mind does not arise from money alone. It is not only because of their wealth, because of the elegance and richness of their dress that men become proud, nor because of their elaborate table, going far beyond what is needed, nor their excessive personal adornment, their splendid houses, splendidly furnished, their servants, their retinue of flatterers, but also because of their public office men become uplifted above what is natural. If the people have entrusted some dignity to any of them, if they have been thought worthy of some post of honor, or some distinction has been conferred upon them, they imagine that through this they have risen above the ordinary nature of man. They think that they now sit alone among the clouds, that the rest of men are dust beneath their feet; holding themselves as superior to those who gave them their present dignity, they are contemptuous of those through whom they received their imagined glory. This shows how filled with folly they have become. For their glory is more fragile than a dream; their splendor more unsubstantial than a vision of the night; given them by the will of the people, and ended by the will of the people.

Indian Women and The Woman

By JAMES MILORD

When the droning critics of the Christian religion and devotion to Mary start sourly flipping their lids and spilling angry ink about, I never cease to be amazed.

When Freudian devotees refer to Christianity as a mythical opiate, a socially useful device and label the Mass and the Sacraments as a form of mesmerism and valued mumbo-jumbo, I begin to see red.

This red becomes a vivid vermilion when these dethroners turn their best heat on the Mother of God, calling devotion to her a cult in much the same vein as voodoo.

If these critics could only have visited my old Indian villages they would soon discover that veneration of Mary has borne fruits within a short time where the pattern for centuries upon centuries has been one of barren harvests.

Fortunately, I have had a most unique experience in witnessing the Before and After of the impact and imprint of Mary on a people. As the only white man in the midst of Northern Indians, I feel that I am in a position to be more than casual in my observation and my study goes a bit farther than the newspaperman's on the spot reporting of the "inside" story.

For three years my family and I have lived alone with Indians. In the Far North our closest neighbours were 81 miles by dog team away and with the exception of 17 days spent on the "Outside," our life has been hidden away on geographical blank spots, far removed from pollsters and thought engineers.

Now in a far-off place there are few distractions like subliminal TV ads, movies, pressure hucksters at the door, parking space problems and canned Hi-Fi in the super marts. What does take place in the way of excitement or novelty is sure to make an impression with such small competition.

My first two years were with Ojibways in the bush country of Northwestern Ontario. These were a solemn, tough, pagan people and, with few exceptions, had all those qualities that paganism implied: unconditional belief in dreams, fear and trembling, gross immorality, superstitions and insecurity. Of course much of their present plight has resulted from the wretched treatment they have suffered from the white man, especially the Federal Government which has led them down a one-way trail to inferiority and degradation. We saw week long brew parties with even small children drinking. Illegitimate children were commonplace and sexual promiscuity the rule, rather than the exception. Multiple marriages or better, liaisons were found in most of the little wigwams or cabins that peeked through the poplars.

This past year we were with the Dog Ribs up in the vast sub-Arctic. These folk are 100% Catholic. They represent the "After" of Christianity and Marian devotion. Let me tell you about them.

Let us consider them from the woman's angle. First, the "Before."

Cartoonists and jokesters have worked up the traditional Indian brave as a haughty individual, astride his donkey while the squaw totes the family possessions while walking behind. A sort of hen-picking in reverse theme, which gratifies some people's sense of humor. It might appear to be funny in print but on the Reserves, away from the urbane chucklers on commuter trains, the picture is not very funny at all. It is, in reality, a very revolting thing.

Indian women age quickly. Their bodies start to break under their hardships at an early age. Most of the daily manual drudgery is theirs: the hauling and chopping and sawing of wood, the scraping of hides, the setting of shares, the child-bearing, the filth, the fire-making, the lonely carrying of overheavy burdens over muskey trails.

I have encountered 70 year old

women in a swamp, in a foot and more of water, bearing packs that would make a man groan under its weight. I've watched little girls bear heavy packs that would start, imperceptibly to bend their small backs.

One woman who was fortunate enough to have had her baby in the hospital, journeyed sixty miles home, tramping the last four miles over a boggy trail half of which was under water. Her common law consort was 150 miles away burning about the country.

A mother of five children after braving the scorn of her Band to be received into the Church, was forbidden by her husband later to attend Mass under penalty of burning their shack down.

Another young woman of sub-normal intelligence was left abandoned by her lover on a tiny island in the middle of a fifty mile lake.

I have found on a trail a Family Allowance check (made out to all mothers in Canada) which could buy a few essential items of diet for an Indian mother. It was carelessly dropped by her drunken husband.

Over and over was played a hundred different variations of the same theme: the supremacy of the men, the semi-slavery of the women.

Here on our little peninsula surrounded by Lac La Martre, the situation was vastly different. Although poverty here sometimes approached destitution the morale climate is rich by comparison. Family life is closely-knit. All marriages are blessed. Illegitimacy is rare. The women still carry many of the heavy burdens but the picture has changed immeasurably and will continue to be better. There is none of the furtive self-consciousness. Many of the men spend the bit of cash they have entirely on the home and their tone is on a harmonious pitch.

Fifty years ago and even less, the position of women here was quite different—not unlike hell itself by standards here now. A pregnant woman was then shunted off to the woods to fend for herself until after her baby came and she was a virtual outcast. In howling sub-zero winters of forty below for days on end, often with a flapping rag of a tent, a spruce boughs lean-to, she underwent her ordeal, alone. In the meanwhile her husband was sitting by a warm stove in a cabin, sometimes within hearing distance. Food was thrown to her like an animal. Young women on menstruating for the first time were accorded the same treatment.

With the coming of Christianity monogamy became the rule and respect for women began to grow slowly with the strengthening of the moral consciousness. There is still much to be desired but the trend is always optimistic.

Mary as the Mother of Jesus was extolled in her perfections and virtues by the early Oblate missionaries. Gradually the Rosary was introduced and her veneration increased until we have a strong and steadfast devotion that is really edifying. One Holy Father hoped every Catholic would be as good as the Dog Ribs. Today the natives gather every Sunday of the year and major holidays in the cabin of the chief and honor Our Lord through Mary by their simple prayers and hymns in their own tongue. They understand quite well Who it is they love by loving her.

Here are results enough for the sneering critic but to talk of Mary in terms of results only seems to echo the modernist society whose whole ethos is based on getting utilitarian results. The Church of God cannot be equated with some scientific system. The Rosary is not push button magic.

In the rise of the women in our isolated Indian society, I see a

(Continued on page 7)

TWO WAR DEAD

In an early morning of November, fifty-nine, (the eleventh), half in love with a world old as mine,

I rode in the morning light toward a 10:00 class to teach boys to write prose. I saw pass

In direction opposite to my purpose the lead beginnings of "a fit parade" to honor the dead

who died three wars ago, one of which I survived, which, memory in as slow start of a parade, revived.

Most of my friends and I were luckier than some who were shot out of the sky, or... whatever; we came home.

Only two I know from our street died instead of coming back to show their respects to the dead

of the war they died to end. Each older than I, I do not remember either as friend of escapades, but who

grew marvelously from boys into a local grace when I, too old for toys, began to watch them place

the emphasis of breath on something I did not then quite grasp... Life vs. death... They had entered the world of men.

Neither had sired a son before both died in France to make the world... Each one a world's... deliverance.

some do not say, from this world of parades. But who for sake of a phrase would miss their waving banners, too.

I do not know a man—anyone—who would not wish each back again in the neighborhood,

though each is hardly spoken of any more at all. Does the heart heal, broken? Why do the fallen fall?

It matters not to speak. Silence is much to say. Two minutes of it can break bones of speeches today—

speeches I will not hear, having a class to teach, boys of a golden year whose ears are out of reach

of even the simple verb, the noun, the adjective, while crowds along the curb listen to bands, and live.

Two of many are dead. What will this statement prove? What grammar is enough said to say again, I love?

—John Fandel.



Who shall separate us now from the love of CHRIST?

A Report to the Proprietors of the Prison System

By KARL MEYER

November 27, 1959.

After Judge Robinson committed me to the custody of the Attorney General of the United States to serve a sentence of six months, I was taken to the Douglas County Jail in Omaha. There I was given a mattress, a blanket and a face towel. I was put into one of the "tanks," a cell block of 20 6'x6' cells in two tiers with a common "bull pen" about 8' wide and extending the length of the lower tier. There were around 50 men in the bull pen. Two guards came and told us to go into the cells. I crowded into a cell with two big young hoods and a vagrant. When we were locked in, the guards brought in a man with a bandage around his head. He came to the door of each cell, trying to identify the person who had knocked his head against the bars. He did not find the man he was looking for. When they had taken him away, the guards began to shake down the whole tank, cell by cell. Meanwhile the two hoods amused themselves by threatening to rape the vagrant and by reviling me as a traitor and a Communist. Later I found a more congenial cell and spread my mattress on the floor under the lower bunk. I spent most of my time in retreat there reading a pamphlet called *Courage in Both Hands*, case histories on the use of nonviolence, sent to me by Dr. Jehie. Meals were brought to the tank. We were let out only for Mass. For Protestant services a Pentecostal preacher came and shouted through the bars. After five days I was taken away for the trip to Springfield, leaving there some people who had not been out of the tank for close to a year, except to go to court where their trials were postponed.

I was kept two months at Springfield and afterwards was on the road for a month, laying over at

three Federal penitentiaries and one reformatory. Near the end of my third month I arrived at the United States Prison, Camp, Allenwood, Pa. Some people prefer the large penitentiaries because of their superior recreational facilities and slightly better living arrangements. More, including me, prefer the relaxed atmosphere and loose custody of small prison camps. There are 250 inmates at Allenwood. They work out on the farm about 40 hours a week. The rest of the time they are free to go anywhere within the compound of several acres, to the library, television room, playing field, etc., and they are allowed to go about a half mile outside the compound along a dirt road as far as a small church and cemetery nearby. The worst feature of the camp is overcrowding in the dormitories. Many of the inmates are bootleggers. I asked many questions and learned a great deal about manufacturing and transpo'tin'. Some of the inmates who have been there longest are bitter, with a quiet desperation, but in general the camp is relaxed and patient, waiting not uncomfortably for a not too distant deliverance.

The tale of your prison system is pretty well covered between the squalor of Douglas County Jail, a typical representative of local conditions, and Allenwood, not the best in the Federal system but probably a good representative of minimum custody institutions. But the tale of your prisoners is told between six months and life. I could do six months in Douglas County with difficulty, at Allenwood with ease. I once did nine months in the womb of my mother too, but then I must have more freedom or die. There are long time institutions as squalid as Douglas County and perhaps some as comfortable as Allenwood.

My advice to you is that, if you

(Continued on page 7)

The McCrackin Case

By NORRIS MERCHANT

On September 12, 1958, the Rev. Maurice F. McCrackin, pastor of the West Cincinnati-St. Barnabas Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, was arrested and three months later was sentenced to six months imprisonment and fined \$250, ostensibly for "neglecting to appear and testify and to produce books, records, and memoranda" relating to his income for 1955 and 1956.

McCrackin had been a controversial Cincinnati figure long before his refusal to pay income taxes was publicly aired. In 1957 a Peter Outcault campaigned unsuccessfully for the Cincinnati City Council on a "get McCrackin" platform. At the same time Cincinnati's Methodist "Circuit Riders" sought McCrackin's ouster in an attempt to clean "Communism" from churches. The American Legion, moreover, forced the Cincinnati Community Chest to suspend its Findlay Street Neighborhood House from support because the Neighborhood House refused to remove McCrackin as Director. Officials of both the local Diocese and the Episcopal Diocese had tried to persuade McCrackin to resign the pastorate of his federated church.

What had McCrackin done to cause such discomfiture? He had first of all championed racial integration in a not-quite-southern city on the border of the Mason-Dixon line. He preached not only to a federated Presbyterian-Episcopal church but to an integrated one, in which whites and Negroes occupied the same pews. He went out of his way to interest himself in social causes.

In the summer of 1956 McCrackin visited the interracial Koinonia

community in Americus, Georgia, to offer his assistance in the face of the economic boycotts and bombings the group was suffering. With Cincinnati associates he organized the "Friends of Koinonia." It was during his Georgia trip that a state police officer stopped him, questioned him at length about his errand in Georgia, and searched his car for "NAACP literature."

In 1956 McCrackin also attended a seminar discussion of non-violent techniques for ending segregation, at the Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tennessee. Shortly afterwards, during the Cincinnati City Council campaign, a slick brochure titled, "Highlander Folk School, Communist Training School," circulated in Cincinnati, featuring photographs of McCrackin in interracial groups at the school. It turned out that the photos had been taken by Ed Friend, an agent of the Georgia Commission on Education. The brochure was circulated in Cincinnati by M. G. Lowman, head of the Methodist "Circuit Riders," an unofficial organization unknown to most Methodists, which has shown itself far more hostile to social reform and to integration than to "Communism." Soon after the appearance of the brochure, the Georgia legislature began a probe of a payment of \$4,500 to this same M. G. Lowman by the state of Georgia for Lowman's work as a "secret investigator" for the Georgia Commission on Education. Apparently Georgia's Commission on Education sought to throw its weight into a Cincinnati city election through the agency of an ostensibly religious organization,

(Continued on page 7)

Ingredients

What things make this man?
Does sweat make man?
Or dirt? Or any woman's tear?
Do jelly beans or sulpha drugs?
Or if of these would flesh withstand
The vermin's gnaw or reptile's leer?
Does love make man;
Or woman, though sharing all she can
Without a man?
Of being in love without the fear
Of being without.
For two make love, and love is one,
And three make man, as three make God;
And making man who sprang from sod
To live in God and track on sand
Is Christ—one with Himself, God, and man.
And man enriched in Him is three.
Such is won when death is done,
And death is one.
To be in love, to be in God
When death has come!

Donald K. Sharpes, S. J.

LA GANGRENE reviewed by Anne-Taillefer.

"My torture was nothing compared to that of my brothers and sisters of Algeria, burned alive, mutilated, humiliated, raped and cut to pieces. But my brothers voice reaches France no more, and the only reason for which I testify is that I hope that my voice, weaker than theirs no doubt, but closer may have more chance to reach it."

—Bechir BOUMAZA

"In the midst of the worse tortures I deeply thought of my brothers and sisters, of Ben M'Hidi and Djamilia, and I told myself carelessly that one could be steeped in filth and yet remain clean."

—Benissa SOAMI,

Political Science student

These gentle tones of human dignity are the only relief in a Damnation of horror where curses and obscene hatred vie with excruciated cries of human flesh tried to absurdity. They break through that diminutive booklet of 100 pages: *LA GANGRENE*, France's unsold best-seller that for pure hideousness leaves last year's *LA QUESTION* far behind. The latter, effectively, was a prose masterpiece, a greek classic. Here stalks lone and undiluted the factual account of the torture of 7 Algerian students from the UGEMA (General Union of Algerian Moslem Students) an association recently dissolved by the French government and since accused of having been illegally rebuilt.

In the heart of Paris, across from the brilliant rue du Faubourg St Honore and the Palais de l'Elysee, runs a little dark street. During the Nazi occupation its tenants complained of not being able to sleep because of the cries of these men from the Underground tortured by the Gestapo in the offices of the Surete Generale. The building now bears a memorial tablet to those French patriots. Well the tenants would do well to move, if they want to sleep—if we are able to believe *La Gangrene's* contents—for the cries of the tortured patriots sound again. Only now they are Algerian, and the Secret Police, is the French DST (FBI).

Rue des Saussales, after brutal preliminaries having refused to speak, the naked man, his hands bound to his feet is trussed upon a bar of iron set upon two tables, as a turkey on the spit, head down, feet in the air. Electrodes are applied to the most sensitive and humiliating areas of his body; or then, hands bound to his back, he is tied to a bench made to play a grisly parody of see-saw, his lolling head plunging and emerging from a tub filled with a fetid liquid in which urine can be traced, while the same areas are beaten with a ruler or electrodes applied as well as to the gums—the head feels as if it would explode. Hopelessly, one victim tried to drown himself only to succeed in swallowing the experimental draught.

The Police, sometimes metropolitan, sometimes Algerian or Tunisian French intersperse this with beatings and other injuries amidst all kind of insults again and again

comes the curse of "Intellectual"; then one of them murmurs: "I have been tortured by the Nazis, you are going to get it from me." The curses are also directed against lawyers, priests and institutions having defended the Algerian rebels. During the transfer of one prisoner, passing before the lit up Chamber of Deputies one cop told him that things were changing, the place was no more filled with priests, lawyers, Jews and Commies who always found France in the wrong. From now on France was always going to be right. And the cop assured the Algerian that he hated him as much as he hated Negroes, band of slaves that they were, but that his reign, the reign of the cop at last, had come.

Among the seven students who also number Mustapha Francis, brother to Ahmed, Finance Minister in the FLN, one of them stands as a witness as well as a victim and the hellish economy of his deposition will spare further gruesome descriptions:

"... rue des Saussales, as I was brought in for questioning, I met Kheballi. He walked so slowly that I had time to see carefully the shape or rather the formlessness of his face. It was shaped as a monstrous wound and only the eyes—protuberant, haggard—betrayed it was a human face. Instead of lips, Mr. Kheballi had two huge and grotesque rolls of gory cracked flesh and his nose protruded as a caricatural, fantastic appendage, ballooned in parts, crushed in others. His face, swollen to a bursting point was hallucinatory. As I passed him by, I perceived to his lost, far-away look what an atrocious calvary his was."

—Ali Hadj, reporter

Such is the account we get from the seven students whose lawyer, a young catholic Berber, Ould Audia, one of the Algerian lawyers who accepted to defend the rebels, was shot last June before his office door. Threats promising a similar fate have reached his associate Jacques Verges who defended Djamilia Bouhraed, and others.

LA GANGRENE put into circulation on July 16 first saw its thirty thousand copies snatched by French readers then, two days later, snatched from racks and bookstores by confiscating policemen. Three days after, the police, acting without warrant, seized and broke the matrix of the book's new edition to be published as a supplement in "Temoignages et Documents" a section denouncing torture published by the "Editions de Minuit" a clandestine press during the German Occupation; since then, a leading publishing firm, shortly to become clandestine again, it would seem, its editor, Mr. Lindon filed suit for theft and damages and has announced that the book will be published, cost what it may!

To Gaston Defferre, Socialist mayor of Marseilles who challenged Mr. Debré in the Senate, it was answered that the book was a tissue of forgeries invented by two Communists. The governmental press echoed this. But the pub-

lisher, Mr. Lindon, denied the accusation forcefully and explained that he has only printed the statements after months of careful consideration and checking of identities.

Anyway by now public opinion was aroused. Even the most credulous and the most disciplined wanted to know why the students had to be hospitalized for weeks at the Hotel-Dieu before their trial. From the humoristic Canard Enchaîné to the Catholic weekly Temoignage Chretien and monthly Esprit, from *Le Monde* to *l'Express*, everybody asked questions: If it was not true why deny it in so weak a fashion, why not give proofs to the truth? Temoignage Chretien challenged:

"As long as torture is France's answer to the expressed will of a people to live, it is France which will be threatened by death. Torture will not be defeated as long as war will go on. *La Gangrene* is a most important book because it forces one to ask these questions: If these men were tortured, can the government prevent the recurrence of such happenings? If not, can it say why it cannot act?"

But the target of most questions was the controversial figure of the famous writer, Andre Malraux, Minister of Culture, who finds himself now in an ambiguous position: His correspondents among whom 66 professors from the Lycee de Sevres, in their open letters remind him that last year, with three Nobel prize-winners, he protested the seizure of *LA QUES-*

he now dooms this soul with his avowal.

As long as the Left will denounce the inefficacy of torture, wincing at Algeria but shielding Hungary, it will be its accomplice. Torture is efficacious or it would be abandoned. The problem does not lie there.

Error consists in letting horror invade current affairs. The problem of regeneration of the Left's policies would center around a problem similar to that of the Dreyfus Affair, from which a purification of the Left was born, a political energy that crushed the State's policy and the Army's taboo. Nowadays the true regeneration would consist in its opposition to totalitarian concepts of power, needless to say of torture. A real redistribution of political powers could be operated starting from the scandal of torture. And thus torture reduces cynicism, realism, opportunism; it calls for this great force lacking in the political desert: Morality!

Thus speaks Mr. Morin. The great peril of the Republic of France lies in its loss of liberty. UNR Deputy Jean-Baptiste Biaggi, now allied to Bidault against De GAULLE writing to Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, author of "Lieutenant en Algerie," threatens him with bullets through a court-martial. This in accordance with a law that would sentence to long terms of penal servitude any writer publishing injurious comments upon the army or its motives.

The Special Powers voted in France and Algeria have made it possible to detain prisoners for

starting at the U. N. and General de Gaulle seems to open a door to hope and liberty: an unofficial French ambassador is shortly to arrive in New York. He is not Andre Malraux, Minister of Culture with his redundant pronouncements of the "Greatest France." He is "l'autre France"—the other France—who seeks spiritual honor at the cost of oil, prestige of a sort, wealth and nuclear blackmail. His name is Abbe Alfred BERENGUER, ex-parish priest in Orania (Algeria). His status: Expulsion and a jail-conviction—in absentia—of 10 years for "aid to rebels." This priest, born in Algeria has consistently denounced colonialism, and the frequent collusion of the Church with the oppressors of the Algerian people. His recent tour of South America has been a counter-weight to that of Andre Malraux. He is one of a group of catholic priests, protestant pastors and lay criminals who refuse to obey the law for the sake of their brother-men. May their voice, carrying upon it the voices of silence call out the anguished cry of Joan, drowning that of the crowing cock.

RICHERS DESPISED, A study of religion, by Conrad Pepler, O.P., B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, 1957, 181 pp., reviewed by Judith Gregory.

This book is about grace building on nature and the impossibility of practicing Christianity truly in an individual society, where people are so far from nature that grace has nothing to build on. The author discusses at length the basis of religion in the creatures and rhythms of nature. He then writes of industrial man and his imagination—of how the latter has become degenerate as the things it feeds on become more artificial, mechanical and ubiquitous. His discussion of these things is extremely interesting.

In his chapter "Towards a Solution" Fr. Pepler rejects the idea of fitting the Church to industrial conditions. He rejects the worker priest who "sheds his symbolic and sacramental garb and wearing the same dungarees as his fellow workers so as not to provide any sense of strangeness and to avoid a shock to the imagination... brings religion into the factory. The kitchen table in the tenement, now the centre of the workers' human life, becomes the place for the eucharist celebration." He asks if this effort "is not transferring his (the worker's) desire for public worship from the frying pan into the fire?" The frying pan is the average parish church. The fire is "unnatural religion." "We have seen the break with nature which has been finally achieved by 'industrial man'. To make a religion suitable to this unnatural state will be to make an unnatural religion."

Later on, going into practical suggestions, Fr. Pepler includes these extraordinary remarks: "The sign of a gentleman is said to be that he uses the butter knife even when alone—that is the sort of man who finds an easy entry into the eucharist." "Good food, then, and good party manners—these are links within the full life that still exist. They are weakening under the pressure of unnatural feeding—tablets and this—but they are not yet broken and there are indications both in England and in America that more people are growing keen to strengthen those links. We must learn again how to sacrifice at every meal. Liturgical reformers should turn their attention first to the kitchen and the dinner table." He does then put this in the context of the family, and says "It is impossible of course to present the natural reality of either food or family in isolation," but the rather odd emphasis remains. How, if the worker priest or anyone like him is rejected, is the liturgical reformer to get into



TION. That not so long ago he asserted that no act of torture had marked de Gaulle's passage in Algeria. The authors of these letters anxiously ask the author of *MAN'S FATE—LA CONDITION HUMAINE*—if human condition has ceased to interest him, and Daniel Mayer, Socialist, President of the League of the Rights of Man, said in a public rally that if Malraux does not accept an investigation of *LA GANGRENE* accusations he, Mayer, will consider him as a dead man.

Claude Roy, in *France-Observateur* recalls that the disease has come from Algeria but that the tortures are no more hysterical paratroopers faced with a similar fate but civilians who will go back home to wife and children. Torture has infiltrated everyday life.

However the most impressive words about the crisis are obliquely written in that same paper on July 9th in an article upon torture by Edgard Morin: Abandoned in the 19th century, torture has retrieved its haven in the civil wars of the XXth. Conversely to olden times where its sadico-magic element was to track down evil: the pact with the devil, its aim nowadays, is to track down truth, the names of friends or comrades dedicated to the same cause. In the meanwhile technology had added its impact, electricity becomes a technical way of obtaining information and man's technical means. There was also a pleasing fallacy in the past that man, by giving up his flesh could save his soul, but in civilized ages

days without their being able to exert their right to see a lawyer or a doctor: Lawyers have protested against being barred from seeing their clients in prison, one of whom has been on a hunger strike to protest against guard's excessive brutality.

A mass meeting of protest sponsored by the League for the Rights of Man was addressed by three key witnesses: Mme. Alleg, wife of the author of *LA QUESTION*; Mme. Audin, wife of the Communist Professor who disappeared and who one believes died at the hands of his tormentors and a worker-priest Father Boudouresque, arrested for having harbored Algerian rebels and who visited the authors of *LA GANGRENE* in prison. From Rome, Cardinal Gerlier, of Lyons, has protested to the French Government about this priest's indictment: "In them, you indict their bishop and you indict me and the whole Church whose right it is to extend asylum to those in need."

This was called upon some years ago, in a private conversation at the U. N., by Ferhat Abbas, now Premier of the Algerian Government in exile: "We need christian witnesses," and followed up by his letter to Pope Pius XII. It was forcefully repeated recently by another member of the F.L.N. speaking to a French priest: "It is to men like you Father that we owe that this war is not a religious war. If peace comes it is not towards the politicians that we will turn but our christian friends who have laid down their life for ours." As the debate on Algeria is

REVIEWS

+ + + + +

the kitchen? Let alone sit at the dinner table? Fr. Pepler does not explain this. Also, he criticizes the liturgical movement for returning the old external forms, and says "so much of the liturgical enthusiasm of the present day seems to pass over the heads of the ordinary men in the street." Again, who will meet the ordinary men in the street but those who are willing to enter their "unnatural" abode?

Fr. Pepler asks for no return to the old. "We ask only that we should discover the rhythm of nature below." It simply doesn't make sense, after his emphasis that this cannot be done in modern industrial society. It is an excellent book in many places, but its central message seems confused.

John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris. McGraw Hill Book Company, Inc. New York, Toronto, London. 1959. Reviewed by Deane Mowrer.

The problem of drug addiction first came into dramatic focus for me during the thirty-day sentence which Dorothy Day, Judith Back, Joan Moses, and I served in the Women's House of Detention after participating in the pacifist demonstration against the air raid drill of July 1957. There were a number of drug addicts in our corridor. Often these women—who seemed to me in the truest sense of the word, unfortunates—sought us out and told their stories, beginning the festering wounds of early childhood and ending always with the torture-chamber kind of horrors experienced in the "tank" where drug addicts were once given the "cold turkey" cure at the women's jail. Sometimes, too, at night after lockup time, when the mind's shadows prowled behind the bars of self, there were shouted confidences from cell to cell which were as lurid as a tabloid expose and yet fraught with tragedy, lurking and profound as that of a DeQuincy or even a Baudelaire.

Some of the stories told in *Who Live in Shadow* are much like those we listened to when we shared the life of junkies in the Women's House of Detention. But Judge Murtagh and Sara Harris do more than recount case histories; they explore the criminal labyrinth within, which the Mafia mobsters have built a three billion dollar business on the illicit traffic in drugs. But it is one thing to recognize the black hand of Mafia and quite another to lay an effective legal hand on those who actually wield the power in the Mafia empire. Mafia secrets are well kept, as they are likely to be when death is the price of betrayal. Meanwhile the bright boys in the police departments—city, state, and federal—go after the addicts and the peddlers who are frequently addicts trying to make enough money to pay for their habit. Addicts are easy to catch, and one addict will gladly betray others for the sake of a shot of heroin or the promise of going free. But addicts are a long way removed from the big drug handlers. Moreover, addiction is a disease for which jail is no cure. Certain kinds of narcotics, particularly heroin and morphine—bring about a change in body chemistry so that the drug becomes as essential to the addict as food. It is this change in body chemistry which causes the terrible pains experienced by addicts when deprived of their drugs. Death can, and sometimes does, result from the withdrawal agony.

But, as Judge Murtagh and Sara Harris make clear, there is another kind of agony which is even more terrifying to the addict. That is the inner agony which results from grave, deep-seated personality problems from which all addicts suffer. Only narcotics seem to the addict to give relief from the excruciating tension arising out of these unresolved personality problems. Obviously addicts need psychiatric treatment. But obviously, too, there are not enough good psychiatrists to go round, and even

if there were, most addicts could not afford to pay their fees. Nor should we expect psychiatrists to work miracles. Addiction seems to thrive in slum areas where social and economic inequities are most pronounced. Obviously it will take more than good psychiatrists to heal our social order.

The authors of *Who Live in Shadow* point to the futility of our present punitive governmental approach to the narcotics problem, which, like the punitive legislation of the prohibition era, has only succeeded in enriching racketeers. They plead that we follow the example of England where an addict is treated not as a criminal but as a sick person. "In England, for example," the authors state, "there are less than four hundred known drug addicts. In England, however, the words criminal addict are never heard. And doctors are allowed to dispense drugs to users and to treat them either in their own offices or in clinics. We should follow England's example and require the Treasury Department to conform its policy with the law of our land as set forth by our Supreme Court. An addict is a sick person. His addiction is a symptom of a complex pathology. If a doctor feels that drugs should be administered in limited quantities, either temporarily or indefinitely in the course of treating this pathological condition, he should not be interfered with by the threat of penal sanctions. At present, dope addiction and the pathological conditions underlying it constitute the only maladies for which a patient may not receive treatment from his physician in accordance with the doctor's own best medical judgment."

The problem of drug addiction has, however, become so grave that we cannot hope to cope with it merely by permitting doctors to treat addicts. We must—Judge Murtagh and Sara Harris insist—take more positive measures. More adequate hospital facilities are most important. Clinics, too, where patients may procure follow-up treatment and where doctors may pursue research into the dark mysteries of this death-in-life disease are equally important. For full effectiveness such treatment plans should be implemented with religious and educational programs which could assist the patient in making the difficult psychological and economic adjustment to his community.

Although Judge Murtagh and Sara Harris feel that the work of Narcotics Anonymous is disappointing especially when compared with the impressive achievements of its pattern group, Alcoholics Anonymous, it seems to me that the very fact that addicts have banded together for mutual help is encouraging and may lead to the kind of foundation structure which is needed in a sound narcotics program. The principles underlying Narcotics Anonymous are quoted by Judge Murtagh and Sara Harris in the words of former addicts: "1. We admitted that we were powerless over drugs—that our lives had become unmanageable. 2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity. 3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to God as we understood Him. 4. Made a searching and fearless inventory of ourselves. 5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs. 6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character. 7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings. 8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all. 9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others. 10. Continued to take personal inventory, and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it. 11. Sought through prayer and

meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out. 12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to others and practice these principles in all our affairs." Surely any addict who seriously tries to live by these principles is better prepared to benefit from the psychiatric, economic, and other aids which may be offered him.

Since drug addicts, unlike alcoholics, are not gregarious by nature, the work of Narcotics Anonymous is beset with more difficulties. Yet there is hope in the very formulation of such a program. Moreover, if doctors, psychiatrists, and interested religious and educational groups would cooperate with Narcotics Anonymous in their efforts to help themselves, the results might be more positively encouraging. Meanwhile—as readers of the *August Catholic Worker* will remember—Narcotics Anonymous is struggling for survival. And drug addiction and the drug traffic flourish throughout the land, and most particularly right here in New York City.

There is, however, a growing awareness—stimulated in part undoubtedly by the Murtagh-Harris book which first appeared some months ago—of the urgency of the narcotics problem. Mayor Wagner's plan to make hospital beds available for the treatment of addicts is—if it ever becomes effectively operative (there are only 50 now)—a practical consequence of such awareness. The New York State Senate narcotics hearing in East Harlem last July revealed the alarm and concern of many groups and individuals as well as a desire to work out a more adequate plan to cope with the problem. The



report, issued in November by the East Harlem Protestant Parish, on narcotic addiction among adolescents with some suggestions on treatment represents something more than awareness; for it is based on years of persevering, selfless, practical work among teenage addicts in East Harlem. To a great extent, the findings and suggestions of this report confirm those in *Who Live in Shadow*. Both report and book emphasize the complexity of the narcotics problem, and the importance of dealing with it in terms of a long range program which would make use of a variety of approaches without seeking to minimize the difficulties inherent in a condition in which permanent cure is at present almost impossible. But drug addicts can lead useful lives, and can, with time, patience, and the right kind of help, be cured. To quote the closing lines of *Who Live in Shadow*: "Addicts are like all people. They can change so long as they have life."

* The case referred to is that of Linder vs. United States, which reached the Supreme Court in 1955. The decision vindicated Dr. Linder for his use of drugs in the treatment of addicts, and, according to Judge Murtagh, has not been reversed since.

SIMON BRUTE AND THE WESTERN ADVENTURE, by Elizabeth Bartelme. Illustrated by Kenneth Stern. New York: E. J. Kennedy, 1959. \$2.50. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

This biography, for junior high school readers of the first bishop

of Vincennes, Ind., is one of Kennedy's series of American Background books. Bishop Brute was a holy man, and one with a longing for physical adventure which never died throughout his sixty years. He was a French Sulpician whose first taste of danger came during the French Revolution, when his family hid priests, and Simon himself at fourteen helped priests in disguise carry the Blessed Sacrament to prisoners condemned to the guillotine. He was a physician who studied for the priesthood only after getting his medical degree, and he came to America with Bishop Flaget of Bardonia, bound for the missions. Circumstances and his own keen intellect and fine scholastic training combined to keep him teaching at St. Mary's in Baltimore, and it was not until he was past fifty that he finally reached his longed-for goal of the American Midwest. As Bishop of Vincennes he made many

journeys on horseback to his scattered flock; not the least of his concern were the Indians whom the government was driving relentlessly westward. Bishop Brute protested vigorously against the injustice, but like others of his contemporaries was ineffective in this matter. He wore himself out with his labors in a very few years.

During his years in St. Mary's, Brute taught John Hughes, the future Archbishop of New York, and John McCloskey, the first American Cardinal. The book also gives some tantalizing glimpses of Mother Elizabeth Seton, who became his great friend, and to whose Sisters of Charity he ministered to in Maryland. He was a priest who loved poverty; he was known as the shabbiest man in Vincennes because he was forever exchanging clothes with the beggars he met; a simple, witty, lovable man whom people regarded with a mixture of respect for his holiness and amusement at his eccentricities.

Elizabeth Bartelme has written a readable story of a great man and a great period, the beginning of the Church in the United States.

THE GREAT SIOUX UPRISING, by G. M. Oehler. New York: Oxford University Press, 1959. \$5.00. Reviewed by Barbara Graymont.

Two cultures in conflict; the irrepressible drive of one to domi-

a
Birth
Day Song
pie-bald years
go leaping, limping
down the fiction-funnel, time,
trailing clouds of smuts and stars,
and memories of kisses held in trust
for other nights—which death-day found
were popped like bubbles into wan oblivion.
pie-bald years
bump smiling-keening
over warped and washboard days,
spitting earth-ward gritty focsins
that are muted by a fragrance from a
memory so ancient that it's pure as fire
that frees the heats that lie in dungeoned history.
pie-bald years
are on the altars:
gladioli, Friday afternoon;
stiff and wilted for the most part;
another parts just tight green little fists
that will not yield to light, or drink, or song;
But then there is another part; a little raft of blooms.
for Billy
Plunkett's
Happy Birth
Day, 1959.
written by John Stanley

nate and engulf the other and the stubborn resistance of the latter resulted in the great Sioux massacre of 1862. Hundreds of white settlers in southern Minnesota were killed and thousands more fled in terror.

The Sioux had been hunters. The whites who moved into their lands were farmers. In less than ten years, the white population of Minnesota grew from 6,000 to 200,000, much to the discomfort of the native inhabitants. Tempting offers of cash and annuities in exchange for land were made to the Sioux. When the exchange was made, the Indians were settled on small reservations which were unable to support their populations by the familiar mode of hunting. The clearing of large tracts of land near the reservations and the large influx of whites frightened off the game and left the Sioux with little choice but to remain dependent upon white traders for the necessities of life.

Whenever annuity payments fell due, a flock of traders, representatives of four companies, and others who made their living off the Indian, swarmed in to demand a large part of the money. No Indian could ever disprove a claim made against him by a white trader, and these claims were often exorbitant and even false. As a consequence, at the time of annuity payments, many Indians, and sometimes whole villages, received nothing.

The strained relations which had been built up between the two races and the two nations continued until the catastrophe of August, 1862. The annuity payment was long past due, many Indians were starving, and the traders were refusing credit. An incident involving the wanton slaying of several settlers by four young Indians was the signal for the Lower Agency Sioux near Fort Ridgely to go on the warpath. Before the end of the week, hundreds of whites had been slain.

Little Crow, the Medewakanton chief, reluctantly assumed the leadership of this futile attempt to drive the whites from the former Sioux homeland. He had depended upon the help of the Canadian government and the tribes of the Upper Agency. He received neither.

When the conflict was over, three hundred Indian prisoners were marked for execution. President Lincoln, carefully studying the record and recognizing the flimsy charges against most of them, reduced the number to thirty-eight. Even so, the military mistakenly hung one Indian who had been reprieved and two innocent Indians, one of whom had gone to great pains to protect a white woman.

G. M. Oehler has made use of a number of earlier works and original sources in retelling this history of the Sioux uprising. The result is a generally unbiased but

(Continued on page 8)

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

are evicted, and then there is the added trouble of finding shelter, finding relief. We have to always remember that we are stewards, that we are not dispensing what is our own, except our time, our love, our patience. Once during the month we learned that we were overdrawn at the bank by a hundred dollars. We did not send out an October appeal as we usually do, because we have money coming to us from the city for the Chrystie street house and we do not like to appeal for help until our resources are really exhausted.

The Police.

As usual, the works of mercy become dangerous. One night, the food being exhausted and all fed that the loft could hold, Hugh Madden our rancher-seaman, locked the doors down stairs, whereupon a crowd formed of those who were still coming. One of the neighbors called the police, and the squad car pulled up, and more people gathered. It is always hard to explain what we are doing. Why should individuals feed the hungry? Why are we not under the shelter of the Catholic charities? Are we an approved group? Have we a license to run a dining room?

Moreover, it is hard for those not involved to believe that people are really hungry, that there is really human misery in this great and prosperous city, or any other city in the United States. It is indecent to talk about it, to write about it. It is in bad taste. We are "necrophiliacs" one critic put it; and others say we have a morbid preoccupation with misery. I would say rather we have a vocation to work along these lines.

Every hour on the hour news comes over the radio of all the human disasters that have occurred during the day and this account is repeated over and over, with occasional new bits of tragedy added. The newspapers are better because there one can find relief in feature articles, book reviews, interviews with men of note. But on the radio the stress is all on tragedy, sudden death on the highway, murder by juvenile delinquents, thefts, robberies, airplane tragedies, people burned to death, homes destroyed, floods, earthquakes, hurricanes, and people sit in their snug homes and survey the world through the windows of television.

One of the early Fathers of the Church, St. Jerome or St. Basil, writing to console a friend on the loss of a wife said, "What if you could stand on a high mountain and look out over the entire world and see the torrent of tears shed?" But we are doing that now, when we listen to the radio and watch television and we become strangely callous. What has that to do with me? Let the State take care of it."

On the Beach.

It is cold now on the beach, and one must bundle up to go out and pick up drift wood, to fill the stoves in our two beach houses. They are in the process of being "winterized" but there is a strong wind, and it sweeps under the house and makes the floors cold. It is comfortable working at manual tasks, but when it comes to sitting down to a typewriter it is a cold job. Thanksgiving day there was a new moon and the tide went away out and revealed mud flats covered with green seaweed, with gulls white against the rocks. Little flocks of grebes swam in the deeper water, and dived and disappeared, feasting on the bottom. The gulls content themselves with the garbage dumps over on the other end of the island where the city is filling in the beautiful marshes for an ugly highway, so they only play at fishing, diving to the surface of the water, two or three after some morsel, their shrill cries filling the quiet beach. The wind was off shore so there was no sound of waves.

On Thanksgiving night, after a delightful day at Peter Maurin

Farm, Anne Marie Stokes and I walked down the road, through the woods to the station and went into New York. Doing without cars on the farm has meant more staying at home, and more walking when we go out. The walk to the beach must be about five miles and Stanley can make it in an hour. Those not used to it, can take the train between Pleasant Plains and Annadale and walk down from there, and both walks are along roads where there is little traffic, and beautiful woods. Jimmie Hughes commented on how much he saw when he was walking, and one delight for the eyes were great patches of bitter sweet among the brambles, and lovely yellow rushes in the swamps.

The ride on the train takes a half an hour, and the ferry almost that, and there are always families returning from visits to relatives, with branches of leaves or cuttings of plants, now that there are no longer any flowers. Anne Marie had gathered herself a yellow bouquet of seed pods of various grasses growing by the edges of the fields. John had ploughed practically everything and put in rye, some of which was up in great checkerboards of brightest green, contrasting beautifully with the brown of freshly turned and harrowed earth. One had to look for weeds, and Anne Marie was loath to leave them behind, but Hans had given her a great loaf of raisin bread, true feastday bread and what with other bundles she had to abandon the weeds on the top of our piano. John also had ready for us some cuttings from the fig tree which is now blanketed in hay and burlap against the winter. I had bought that cutting, purchased for fifty cents in a tomato can from a curb peddler on my way to church on Mott street ten years before, and transplanted it to Peter Maurin Farm and it has borne almost a peck of figs, even a bushel, each of these last three years. We could not carry the cuttings either, but John promised to water them for us, and we will collect them another time, Anne Marie for her roof, and me for the garden in back of the beach house where I have already put in a fine row of chrysanthemums this Fall.

One appreciates the country all the more when forced to go in and out of town. People laugh when we say the country, because Staten Island is still New York City.

Books I am reading... "Desert Calling" by Anne Fremantle, books and magazine articles about Algeria and the Sahara, Peace News accounts of the projected caravan into the Sahara by Michael Randle, Francis Hoyland of England, and Michael Scott (whom we always associate with South Africa) and Bayard Rustin and others. The Direct Action Committee in England spearheads this venture into the Sahara to protest bomb tests on a territory which is rich in oases and populated by at least 20,000 people. The White Fathers by Glenn Kittler which tells of the terrible hardships endured and the massacre of many of the priests who first tried to penetrate the desert. Another book on Africa by Alphonsus Hunten, published by International Publishers, is rich in statistics and reliable as to history, written as it is by a man educated at Howard, and at present teaching there, with degrees from Columbia and other colleges. But it is onesided too and whole areas of history are neglected.

Whether or not men have faith, they cannot ignore the facts of history, that other men have lived and died side by side with them in their desire to educate and do justice as well as show love for their brothers. The same is true of the religious minded. They work along spiritual lines, trying to grow in the spiritual life, deepen their life of prayer, and too often the active work of building a new

earth wherein justice dwelleth is ignored. We are not just souls, we are bodies, and those poor bodies of desert folk are already suffering as expellees, refugees, homeless, transplanted, suffering once again from the dominating empire building whites who always take first place at table, the best of land, and to whom it has never occurred that they should wash the feet of their brothers as our Lord showed them to do.

Meeting.

The night after Thanksgiving, I sat in our large loft and listened to the speakers, one of them Karl Meyer, just released the day before from the Federal prison in Pennsylvania, visiting us and his home in Vermont for a few days before he returns to work in the Chicago House of Hospitality; and Ed Egan, teaching at Mt. Mercy College in Pittsburgh and home for a few days vacation.

This is not to report the meeting but to give an impression of St. Joseph's Loft to make our faraway readers acquainted with it. John Cogley used to call attention to the glaring unshaded electric light bulbs, truly ugly. We need shades, what kind I do not know. The walls and ceiling are glaring white, and when I commented on its ugliness



ness to Bob Steed, he said in great surprise, "Why, they were just painted last July!" A warm yellow to make the room look brighter might be better. How many times I have longed for people with decided tastes to come in and say, "We are here to clean, to paint, and this is what we are going to do!" People are too diffident. People around the CW are too harassed by human needs to accept the help that is available, or to go out and look for it. Also too many start projects and never finish them. Or do them once, as though to show how and then do not follow them up. "It is a miracle how things do get done, however, in the chaotic anarchism which is the Catholic Worker. The lower half of the walls are about the ugliest green I have ever seen; it is supposed to be bright, and also not to show the dirt! I would rather show the dirt, and so see the need to attack it." Once I asked that my bedroom floor be painted a bright yellow, over on Mott street, and the request raised a furor. If one of the girls had not stood up for my rights to have the floor the color I wanted, it would have been the dark red the men deemed fitting for floors. The yellow reminded me of Mexico on the one hand, and an old New England farmhouse on the other. Our floors at the loft are good, hardwood floors, unpainted, and if they were, Hugh would soon

have the paint scrubbed off. Thanks to him, however, they were good and clean that night of the meeting. There were about fifty at the meeting, and there was plenty of room. Two long tables were set up with cups for the coffee and sassafras tea which Jonas had already prepared. He sat at the end of the kitchen drinking his own tea out of a huge bowl and made us all thirsty. We faced the rear wall, on which hangs a four foot crucifix, black wood and black corpus, which someone brought in and wanted hanging in a room where the poor were served. To one side on top of some shelves there is a statue of St. Joseph, lily in hand, made of white china and a replica of the one in Montreal at the shrine. Some attempt was made to back it against the white wall with a contrasting color, and there was a yellow chrysanthemum in front of him. But someone had tucked corn flake boxes to one side, as usual, and behind the statue, as though he were guarding them were a pair of socks and a muffler. What we need are lockers, so that men can have some sense of privacy and security. John Pohl had his little radio stolen, and since he loves classical music, this is a great loss. He can no longer hear WNYC or WQXR. If any one has a radio to spare, please bring it and give it to John Pohl, no one else! On the other side of the door which leads into the clothes room for men, and which in turn leads into Keith's room where he has the addressograph, hangs Mike Solitto's wire shopping-basket on wheels which he pulls down to the fish market on Fulton street for swordfish tails each Friday. "What kind of fish are you going to get today," Larry always asks, and Mike always replies, "Dead fish."

On the wall hangs a beautiful copy of St. Michael, made by a friend of Mary Roberts, who copied it from a statue in the Cloisters. On the left wall there are Mary Whalen's and Fritz Eichenberg's drawings which face me when I am sitting at table. They do not stand out well against the blank white wall, unframed as they are. All this is by way of being a hint to the work group of the Walter Farrell guild, or to one or another of the work camps, to come and give us a hand at refurbishing the place for Christmas. But remember, it is yellow walls I want, not white, perhaps nothing can be done with that bright grass green below. Jack English, before he became a Trappist priest, electrified us all with his chartreuse and coral kitchen on Chrystie street. That is what we need, a little cheerful imagination, plus clean windows, and perhaps curtains of striped denim.

And while I surveyed the soiled disk towels hanging in front of St. Joseph who probably noticed such things as little as Charlie Butterworth, Ammon Hennacy or Bob Steed, Ed Egan went on talking about people capable of making value judgments, the difference between relativism and subjectivity, and intuitive personal certitude. We have not yet begun to think of Christmas, but since this is the December issue, I will wish you all a very happy holiday season.

Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad, before the face of the Lord; because He cometh!

Prayer of

St. Gregory Nazianzen

Let us shine forth with Him Who in the Light of the world that you may be lights in the world; that you may stand as perfect lights beside the Great Light.

You are the light of the world. Let us be made lights in the world that we may be an illumining power to others; let us walk towards Him the Great Light, the First and brightest Light before our feet stumble upon dark and evil ways. "The Lord is my Light and my salvation, whom should I fear."

The State Of Religion in Russia

An article in the July-August issue of *Blackfriars* magazine by Jacques Nantet, a specialist in Middle East affairs, discusses the state of the Russian Orthodox Church. M. Nantet recently visited Russia.

In contrast to the situation in Moscow, M. Nantet says, the Church is flourishing in the country districts, and the churches are crowded.

At the monastery of Zagorsk, near Moscow, "every day, even during the week, the six churches within its precincts are very busy, whilst on Sundays one finds quite a crowd, made up mostly of women, young and old, but also including plenty of children and men of all ages."

"The presence of these children is most significant, for it shows that many men, even if they do not go to church themselves, nevertheless are willing that their children should receive religious instruction."

"For both men and women the average of attendance is highest in the 18-30 age group. After thirty it falls, especially among men, but it would seem to rise again among the over-fifties."

M. Nantet writes that there are many vocations in Russia "from agnostic circles or working-class families. The Orthodox priest has a good salary, benefits from the State's social insurance scheme, and an old-age pension from the Patriarchate."

The State no longer hampers the running of the Orthodox Church, and in each new village that is built a church is built at once. M. Nantet writes that, while paper is severely rationed, the Church is free in what is to be published.

In an interview with the Moscow Patriarch, Metropolitan Nicholas, M. Nantet asked how religion could be in harmony with a State which advocates materialism. The Metropolitan replied: "A distinction has to be made between Marxism, between the materialism to which the Church remains fundamentally opposed and the socialism which presents no difficulty to the Christian conscience."

M. Nantet writes that for the survival of religion "We must thank the grandmothers, for it was they who maintained the tradition of religion in the worst days of persecution."

In evaluating the present state of religion in Russia, M. Nantet points out that the situation may be a temporary one; the Marxist dialectic "marks out for itself certain objectives and to these everything else is sacrificed. The immediate objectives at present are production, investment and a rise in the standard of living. With this in view a certain degree of thaw is necessary at home and abroad. How long this tactic will continue to be a useful one is important to us all."

Wants Rural Life Cooperative

Editor,
Catholic Worker

I would like to contact families interested in a cooperative rural life, initially subsistence farming with non-agrarian base, preferably Arkansas or some other southern state. Ideology: Decentralist, pacifist, broadly humanist. Write: Gene Kraves, RFD 1, Plainfield, Illinois.

If you could print the above paragraph I would be very grateful, since there may well be some of your readers mutually interested.

Respectfully,
Gene Kraves
RFD 1
Plainfield, Illinois

Highlander on Trial

(Continued from page 2)

Co. Judge, an old man unconvinced to retirement, wandered about in the courtroom trying to sell his autobiography which he had printed privately years ago. He approached every new face among the spectators, stopped many of the witnesses as they came off the stand, and once shuffled up near the bench, got in the way of the school's lawyer who was examining a witness, tried to sit in his chair, then finally found an empty chair at the state's attorneys table!

It took part of two mornings and all one afternoon to select the jury. Twelve were finally seated from more than 50 examined. Many of these, though stating that they knew nothing about the case, said flatly that they had made up their minds, were dismissed by the judge and made their way back through the courtroom with complacent smirks and triumphant glances at their friends. Many others finally admitted that they had a fixed opinion that integration is wrong and should not be permitted. Even though the integration issue was not an issue of fact for the jury—the school admitted that it has always been integrated—the judge consistently dismissed anyone who stated that he firmly believed that Negro and white students should not sit in the same classroom, knowing that this belief would prejudice his decision on any other issue. Several of those who were finally accepted seemed intelligent and one or two, including the woman on the jury, appeared to have plenty of character. The faces of some jurors scarcely changed throughout the trial, and no doubt most of the evidence was incomprehensible to them. One man had a little smile fixed into his face. I never saw him without it. I spoke to the Episcopal minister in the next town—a man from Pennsylvania who had never been to Highlander—and he said he didn't see how Highlander could get any justice in such a prejudiced county.

The testimony was long and involved. It is impossible even to summarize it here. All the charges of immorality etc. were thrown out by the judge, and the charges were finally reduced to three: the sale of small items such as razor blades, candy, beer, etc.; the operation of the school for its director's personal benefit; violation of the Tennessee segregation law. Integration is the real reason for all the persecution of Highlander, of course, but this was the first time the issue had been brought up by the state. The District Attorney had in fact said before that he wasn't at all bothered by integration at Highlander. It is clear that the state legislature is behind the prosecution and had asked District Attorney Sloan to find something he could "get" the school for, since the legislative committee that investigated Highlander last spring failed to find anything that would do the trick. This was the background for the "raid" last summer. The warrant used for this raid was declared illegal by the judge, and when the state's attorneys tried to reintroduce it at this last trial the judge just laughed at them. The day before the trial began, on November 2, the Grundy Co. grand jury indicted Mrs. Septima Clark and three young men on the basis of evidence obtained in the raid, but there is no chance that this evidence will be accepted by a judge who has twice excluded it. The indictment was harassment pure and simple. Also, the state declared almost in so many words that it wanted to have Highlander's charter revoked, and it wanted nothing less than this. It had given up all "prayers for injunctive relief."

The state tried to make out that

just because Myles Horton worked for 22 years without a salary there was no reason to think he did it for the good of the school. In fact, the state accused him of planning from the very beginning to get back out of the school, illegally, the assets that had accumulated because he took no pay! After the District Attorney's speech to the jury, I was told that it was just like the first hearing except that he left out the dirty words. It was bad enough. Most of Highlander's witnesses were teachers, educators and ministers from many parts of both the North and the South, and they gave extraordinary cumulative testimony to the outstanding quality of Highlander's program and to Myles Horton's leadership in the field of adult education in America. Morris Mitchell, director of the Putney Graduate School of Teacher Education in Putney, Vermont, who has known Highlander for over 20 years, was the first and only one of these witnesses to be cross-examined by the state's attorney, who couldn't stomach Mr. Mitchell's magnificent statements about working for a purpose rather than for money, a thing he said the state's attorney didn't seem able to understand. District Attorney Sloan later told the jury that all these witnesses had come for was (on a rising scream) "to show how smaasart they are!"

At the end, the judge gave the defense 30 days to file a brief, and the state 10 days more to answer it. Then he will rule on the issues of law—mainly the integration issue—and decide on the penalties, if any. The possibilities range from dismissal of the case to revocation of Highlander's charter. A great deal depends on Judge Chattin's character. He is an intelligent and reasonable man, so far as I could make out, but he is up for reelection soon. Also he is only a circuit judge and it is unlikely that he will stick his neck out so far as to rule a state law unconstitutional. He will no doubt leave everything he can to a higher court.

In any case, the school's program will continue without change. There will be workshops at Highlander and the Sea Island program in South Carolina has already started, with eight literacy and citizenship schools this year. The Executive Council of Highlander met right after the trial and voted "complete confidence in the leadership of Myles Horton, Director of the school, and in the staff and the program."

Indian Women And the Woman

(Continued from page 3)

microcosm of the transformed estate of all the women of our Christian countries and even of the growing metamorphosis going on in the Orient. When Japan broke with her entire historical tradition and granted unheard of rights to its women, it was paying a tribute, albeit a silent and unconscious one, to Mary and her exalted role in the work of the world and its humanity.

On the other hand we have the sad spectacle of world engineered abortions, of gigantically promoted birth control and other forms of proselytized paganism. But even this too, is testimony of the "Before" condition of a nation or group of nations, trying to live without her, testimony of their pathetically desperate need, of a singular Vessel of devotion.

This inclusion of Mary, Medatrix of all graces in the God-Manhood plan, of setting her up as a dazzling Star to blind mankind from seeing themselves, declares to every rational creature the tender love of the Creator for His daughters as well as His sons.

A Report to the Proprietors Of the Prison System

(Continued from page 3)

insist on putting people in prison for one reason or another, mostly bad, I don't see why you have to ruin their lives. Why can't you build your prisons in such a way that they give the prisoners a maximum opportunity to pick up the threads of their lives and to live in a reasonable way. I believe that your geography could find islands and valleys and your technology could fortify them with walls so sensitive as to be almost unbreachable and that within these walls the exiles could have their own free communities and raise their families and earn their own livelihood and carry on commerce and communication with the outside world. Your only expense would be to build and guard the walls and to have a few representatives within the walls to keep an eye out for any major conspiracies to escape. And if a few people slipped over your walls, that would be no great tragedy. I think you do not do these things because, as long as you do not have to go to prison you would not really care if the prisoners were chained to the wall in dungeons for the rest of their lives. I have met several very respectable people in prison who got caught for respectable tax evasion or some other respectable business fraud. They are always the prisoners who howl most loudly and bitterly, because they are the most consistently accustomed to



the comforts and liberties of bourgeois life. They complain about the government and the viciousness of its prisons, so that if one did not know better one might almost think it was not their government and they had never had anything to do with it nor any complicity in the imprisonment of their erstwhile criminal enemies. So also it will be with you if you ever go to prison. As you have known comforts and liberties you will be more saddened by the loss of them. I can understand why you wish to isolate criminals, but I can not understand why you allow them to be suffocated and strangled with unnecessary restrictions.

As you can see I am opposed to your prison system on principle. There are some practices of the system that I am opposed to on double principle, because they are part of a bad system and they would be wrong of themselves even apart from the system. One of these practices is the limitation of free communication. I believe that all prisoners should be allowed to write as much as they wish, to whomever they choose and without censorship of content. And I believe that the only limitation

The McCrackin Case

(Continued from page 3)

in order to punish McCrackin for his support of Koinonia. These, then, are the events which generated community hostility to Maurice McCrackin long before he was indicted for refusing to appear before authorities to discuss his income.

For nine years McCrackin had refused to pay income taxes because, as a pacifist, he did not wish to support a military defense establishment. From 1948 to 1954 he withheld that part of his taxes which, he estimated, supported defense — 70 to 80%. From 1955 through 1957 he filed no returns whatsoever, since the government had in the previous years used his returns in forcing his bank to surrender the amount owed from his account. McCrackin was not alone. The Peacemakers, an organization of religious pacifists with headquarters in Cincinnati, lists at least 70 members who do not pay income taxes for a defense establishment. They assert with Thoreau that "What I have to do is see that I do not lend myself to the wrong which I condemn." Some simply refuse to pay their taxes, some live on incomes kept too low to be taxable, and some file no returns.

McCrackin, however, was made an example before other intransigents, just as, a few years before, in Cincinnati's neighboring Louisville, Kentucky, a proofreader named Carl Braden was indicted for Communist subversion under a state law shortly after he sold a home in a white neighborhood to a Negro.

In sentencing Maurice McCrackin to six months in prison, Cincinnati's Judge John H. Druffel made no bones about the real reason for the sentence. Though McCrackin was indicted only for refusing to appear to produce records for the Internal Revenue Bureau, Judge Druffel switched to the real issue in his sentence: "You have admitted giving your donations to the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Peacemakers instead of paying taxes. These groups are notorious and have overwhelming Communist sympathies. We won't go into the matter about whether you are a card carrying Communist or not.

"Tax money," the Judge continued, "is to provide the United States of America with a means of defending itself against Communist Russia. Even this morning, the newspaper accounts were rattling the bones of war. They say they will take America without firing a shot. And here is Mr. McCrackin, saying he will not give taxes to the government because it is evil.

on their freedom to write for publication should be the natural limitation which everyone faces, the judgement of the editors. And they should be allowed to receive books and periodicals freely.

A second practice is compulsory labor. In most prisons an inmate who refuses to work goes to the hole. I do not believe that you have the right to compel anyone to work for something he does not believe in.

A third practice is giving extra time for escaping or attempting to escape. I think it is wrong in principle to punish someone for escaping from your prisons. When Joan of Arc was held for trial at Rouen, she complained to the judges because she was kept constantly in chains. They reminded her that earlier she had tried to escape from them by jumping sixty feet from the tower in which she was being held; and they asked her if she would promise not to try to escape again. She would not make that promise. She told them that if she got a chance she would escape. But she also told them that if they had kept her in an ecclesiastical prison, with women jailers and decent conditions, as they ought to have done, she would never have tried to escape.

I don't know of a more pious way to be called a traitor than that."

After his imprisonment McCrackin's friends were removed from the Findlay Street Neighborhood House. The Cincinnati Presbyterian Church appointed a commission to investigate McCrackin "to decide whether administrative action ought to be taken by the Presbytery." Earlier, in an informal meeting with McCrackin Presbyterian officials had indicated objections to McCrackin's attempts to open Cincinnati's Coney Island Amusement Park to Negroes and also to his open approval of intermarriage.

McCrackin, a Christian pacifist whose social outlook is approximately the same as apostolic Christianity's, therefore found himself opposed not only by the American Legion, by right wing politicians, and by paid southern "investigators," but also by church officials, none of whom expressed sympathy for anything he had done.

While imprisoned at Allenwood Prison Camp, Pennsylvania, McCrackin turned down a \$12,000 inheritance from his mother to avoid giving an advantage to Internal Revenue. His future is unclear. Now that his prison term has been served, officials have not stated what their next action will be. But McCrackin has not changed his mind. He will continue his chosen vocation of resistance: "This is," he says, "to put the 'stubborn ounce of our own weight' against the juggernaut of hatred and violence..."

EMPLOYMENT FOR TEENAGERS

A letter in the New York Times of November 2 describes a new agency of the Federal government set up to study and help with the problem of teen-age employment. The letter is from Lila Rosenblum, Director of Public Information, National Committee on Employment of Youth. Anyone interested particularly in the problems of young people can contact the committee at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

The letter says, in part: "With all the headlines about delinquency it is important to remember that this is only one of many juvenile problems, only one possible reaction to the difficult atmosphere created by rapid technological development, population changes and world tensions.

"Employment is one of the major problem areas for youth... Today's teen-agers face the biggest demands in history for education and training, a dizzying choice of rapidly changing job titles (more than 30,000), the stiffest competition for jobs (from their own zooming population, from machines, and from preferred experienced workers). Unemployment for this age group is twice that of the national average. These teen-agers need help in planning for, choosing and getting suitable jobs, as well as assistance in adjusting to jobs when they get them.

"(A) national nonprofit service has just been created to concentrate on these problems. It is the National Committee on Employment of Youth... (It) continues the campaign for good labor standards in commercial agriculture... especially among the children of migratory workers. It also develops public understanding of youth-employment problems, encourages services that prepare youngsters for suitable and satisfying jobs and stimulates increased work opportunities under proper safeguards and conditions.

"... The new agency cooperates closely with Government agencies, national and local youth-service organizations, educators, employers, organized labor and other groups that share its interest in bettering the lives of America's children and youth."

Peter Maurin Farm

By Elizabeth Rogers

Father Francis Russell, an old friend of Peter Maurin Farm, who used to be stationed at Our Lady Star of the Sea, Huguenot, came on November 22 to give us a conference. He talked to us about God, about St. Thomas on God, and then about God's providential and merciful love. This will be the first of a series of monthly Sunday afternoon conferences. Father Russell's next conference will be Dec. 13 at three o'clock, followed by Benediction.

In the October Worker I mentioned the gravestone which Julia Porcelli Moran has made for Catherine Odilivak's grave in St. Joseph's cemetery in Rossville. Eventually the names of all those buried in the Catholic Worker plot will be included on the stone, so that it will serve as a marker for all the graves.

The stone is of limestone, some two feet high. Catherine was a member of the Third Order of Mt. Carmel, and Julia has carved, in very simple lines, a representation of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. She has applied color with oil paints to the stone, and so there is the rich brown associated with the Carmelite habit, and also a verdant green, which is introduced by a vine running up the side and across the top—an allusion of course to Christ's "I am the vine, you are the branches."

The color and the whole conception of the stone reflects perfectly, for those of us who have seen it, the outlook of the Church toward death, and we feel that this is Julia's gift not only to Catherine but to the whole Catholic Worker; indeed, that it is a gift to all those who will visit the cemetery at Rossville and, seeing the living green of the vine and leaves, will remember that, in the words of the Requiem Mass, "to the faithful life is changed, not taken away."

Doings at the Farm

Andy Spillane is back, after a summer spent in Ireland and two short sea trips following his return. He is in Boston as this is being written, visiting his niece. During the couple of weeks he was back at Peter Maurin Farm he painted the loom room, which now has bright yellow walls, freshly painted shelves, and a new front door which is mostly glass. Charlie Butterworth is setting up the big loom again, since the rug made by our veteran friend Frank Carasante has been finished. We have planned to weave drapes for the long windows in the front dining room.

Kenneth Bourke, who was also in Ireland during the summer visiting his family, came through New York on his way to Chicago,

where he will be going to school. Another friend overseas is Mike Fitzgerald, who went to Ireland this year and is now in England with his sister.

From time to time we have the pleasure of meeting staff workers from the Baroness de Hueck's Madonna House in Canada. Last month, Bill Murphy spent several days of his vacation here. He had spent the summer working on the Madonna House farm, so he took a busman's holiday while he was here and cut grass and did other outdoor chores.

Jean Walsh, our nurse friend from New Jersey, who endeared herself to all of us on her visits here, has moved to Washington. Business brought her to New York on several weekends recently, and, knowing that we are now without a car, she came over each Sunday morning to drive us to Mass.

In October Ed Leahy, a student at Holy Cross College, passed through on a walking pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington. The other day we had a letter from him saying that he had arrived in time for the dedication. When the small boys of the neighborhood got wind of the fact that we were sheltering a man who was walking from Boston to Washington, they came in covered with admiration to ask him how long it took, what it was like, and so forth.

Elsie and Norman Richards stopped in one day to get acquainted. They have just joined the Penn Community Services on St. Helena Island, S.C., originally a high school for Negroes founded and operated privately by the Quakers. Since the community several years ago, in the wake of the court decisions on school segregation, opened a public high school for Negroes, the group have turned their attention to a more general community service program. They are still feeling their way to some extent, trying to determine how they can best serve the community.

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 5)

vivid recounting of the campaign and the events precipitating it.

Too often the American Indian has been regarded as a sideshow curiosity and a relic of the past; and his importance in American history has been largely overlooked, save as he has been regarded as an impediment on the road toward progress. Even Oehler states that finally, "A more sanitary, less pagan, and less brutal way of life was imposed on the Sioux and the Cheyenne." That the white man's competitive culture has been better than the Indian's cooperative society is questionable. And today in Chicago, the city in which Mr. Oehler works, thousands of Indians are experiencing the brutality of American urban life. After three centuries, the Indian problem still remains unsolved.

PETER MAURIN: Gay Believer

By Arthur Sheehan

Foreword by Dorothy Day

\$3.75

The first biography of Peter Maurin—one of the outstanding figures of twentieth-century Catholicism in the United States. Highlights: Maurin's tireless efforts to establish the Catholic Worker Movement, and his lifelong battle to put across his Green Revolution which opposed Marxist teachings with Christian doctrines.

Arthur Sheehan, the author of this appealing biography is an associate editor of "The Catholic Worker" who traveled and worked with Peter Maurin for many years and has based his portrait on extensive research as well as on his own affection and admiration for this outspoken and articulate social crusader.

THE LONG LONELINESS By Dorothy Day

An Image Book 85c

The paperback edition of the autobiography of the valiant woman whose life story is a stirring document of social justice and Christian love.

Both published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Available at all book stores.



I AM THE
IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION

SPANISH REFUGEE AID, Inc.

Room 421, 80 East 11th Street
New York City 3, N.Y.

Dear Friend:

This year we're sending you our Christmas appeal early, because the Spanish refugees, whom you've helped before, can't wait till the holidays to be remembered. Winter, the cruellest time for forgotten people, is already beginning, and this year the situation of the refugees in France is more desperate than ever. There has been a ferocious rise in the French cost of living, without any increase in the pensions (about \$12 a month) on which survivors of the Spanish Civil War, many of them old, blind, armless or legless, or tubercular, are trying to subsist. They lack food, fuel, blankets and winter clothes.

Again it's the old who must be helped first. These people are ending their days after twenty years of exile, without any human comforts or even a sense that what they fought for is remembered and respected.

Besides the old, there are the chronic invalids in homes and hospitals, who have no relatives and are completely cut off from outside contact; nobody visits them, brings them presents, cigarette money, clothes or extra food. This year, Mme. Berta, our Toulouse representative, is going to see them regularly, speak Spanish with them and bring them small sums of money, clothes and other items.

Will you send us a check and send us ideas, too? We need to spread awareness of the existence and plight of these Spanish Republicans.

With warm thanks for your past contributions,

Cordially,
Mary McCarthy
Chairman

ST. LEO'S WHEEL CALENDAR for 1960

—22 x 22 inch Wall Chart of the Liturgical Year.

—A must for daily Mass.

—Space to write your Birthdays, Anniversaries, Special Intentions, uniting your own Family Circle into the great Circle of the Church Year.

—May be sent folded, as a greeting, in its own large white envelope.

Ten for \$7.50 \$1.00 Each

Write for Our Leaflet CW

ST. LEO SHOP, Inc.

NEWPORT, R. I.

A Non-profit Corp. for the liturgical apostolate.

Co-operatives

134-17 223rd Street
Laurelton 13, New York

Dear Friends:

What a separation between talking ones ideas and trying to impart our same affection into the printed word. I pray for the Lordly gift that artists have when they scribe with flowing ease their reasoned imagination. How many have wisdom that is compromised by charity, yet unable to influence others, remain alone with their treasure. Is it not one of the blessings of a voluntary co-operative endeavor that the quiet people are brought together and learn how to tell one to another their problems and seek by a common solution satisfactory to them all, a practical project? First to inspire ourselves from the learned men, then face the hard world of practical cruelty that a philosophy of economic liberalism keeps us in.

A hundred fold more devastating were the conditions of human survival in 1844 than now, yet men saw a way of self-help and on it based a kind of voluntary association that has since grown to giant proportions. It is said that 100 million families in forty countries of our world are members in some kind of Rochdale Co-operative. What are the guiding rules, the economic insight, the persistent appeal for this growth? How was it that in England more than a hundred years ago workmen were able to set in motion such a strong support for this consumer control of business that it appeals to so many? This is not magic good fortune but purposeful design and with it we can look with new eyes for a possible solution to many of our important needs. It is simplicity itself, the plan is to put the people into business. Buy, own, and control the business that furnishes the goods you want. The customer can be rich man or poor man, the rules are the same for all. It holds that all surplus in commerce over the cost of operation shall be returned to the customer. To make certain that this happens continually is not dependent on the good grace of any one person, or that it be taken for philanthropy, every buyer has a right to become a voter. Every consumer is able to vote for his Board of Directors, and the least of men can stand up and tell his thoughts. There is however one condition that will decide how much he will be listened to. That whatever one man may offer as his opinion, must not only bring benefit to him alone, but to every other member. This is a turn towards economic democracy.

No where can the consumer save so much as when he buys his housing and owns it mutually with others. A wage increase of \$20.00 a month would seem large, but the equivalent to this has been possible by buying new housing and owning it co-operatively.

If new co-op housing is a first beginning, then the idea of showing tenants how they might buy their present housing is the next step. It would take pages to show the inadequacy and rot of present slum shelter, of the sin of capitalism that men can with so-called justice from the legal system profit on the poor as well as on another investment.

How to put this issue in a clear sensible way? Let me make an example and from it show what I think. A six story walk-up tenement has twenty families living in

it. The rent each family pays each month is fixed by a law, and it is this instance \$42.00. If it took \$10,000 cash to buy the house, and there a balance of \$40,000 in mortgages, then the problem is to get the tenants to either put up the venture capital of the ten thousand dollars, or borrow it for them.

Let us imagine that they could only put up a small portion of it, and that \$7,000 had to be borrowed, furthermore, that there were a gentle and charitable soul who would lend. If then each family paid a portion of the loan off, when the whole amount was paid back, the house is theirs. The mortgage debts are always a part of most charges in the rent anyway, but to get the risk capital is the thing. If, therefore, each family would willingly add say \$10.00 per month to the rent charge, then in a few years they would have paid for the right of ownership to their own apartment. The company that then owns the house is in their control. The Officers on the Board of Directors are ones they elect. How well they want to take care of the apartments is their choosing. If they privately repair or add to an improvement in their own rooms, they can ask for this sum back should they move. The new tenant pays. If they want to invest several thousand dollars in improving the whole house, the bank may lend them mortgage money if they are, as a tenants ownership company, willing to pay it back.

Two separate qualities of social and economic association tend to develop in a co-op house of this kind. First, the individual family bargains with the company which all of them own, for how much physical improvement is wanted, at how much. Second, the social qualities and the moral justice of community life for the benefit of the household is commented upon in an atmosphere where each family has a say. A say which means that they can volunteer to make rules and regulations to suit the condition of living they want together. This can make variations that will make of each house holding co-operator an individual being different from another. Personalities, needs, leadership, and even the opportunities are not alike. To but have the choice in this is much improvement. Yet, it is exactly what co-operative owned housing gives. In a way, people will have to study again more faithfully some of our early American ideals of democracy for they will now see it in practice as they set up their separate governments.

This is but the immediate plan that has a chance of putting people in better control of their important housing needs. I assure my friends that not all houses are good long term investment. For what a sad plight, that these old and often rotting shelters are open for sale and ownership as a means of self-help and self-determination. However, there is one long view that may be a sure benefit. That now to gain possession and when the old house must be torn down years from now, the tenant owners will have accumulated enough equity plus knowledge of co-op ownership, that they will insist that new housing be built for them and that they own that next home co-operatively. That they place themselves in a position to accumulate the capital and learn the means to live as owners in their city.

Yours sincerely,
Bill Horvath

TWO AGITATORS PETER MAURIN — AMMON HENNACY (A Pamphlet)

Order from the CATHOLIC WORKER
39 Spring Street
New York City 12, N. Y.