

CATHOLIC WORKER

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New Beginnings:

New York and Chicago

By ROBERT STEED

Peter Maurin said "Crises make to think" and our housing crisis has made us do a lot of it. They also force one to act and we've done that too. This week Dorothy and I rented a huge loft on the floor of a three story building on Spring Street in the Italian section near our present location; it will cost us \$100 a month which is quite reasonable for such a large place but the landlord told us that no one would rent it because of the long walk up and for people who go in and out many times a day it is not very convenient.

The place is at the moment cluttered with all sorts of junk used by the last tenants, an amateur theatrical group who really wrecked the place. While we were nailing up our name on the front door some of the neighborhood kids asked us "Are you people bohemians like the last ones?" Yesterday Gordon McCarthy and John Cummings went over to see what the place needed in the way of plumbing and electrical fixtures. There is plenty of work to be done but the new place looks like it will work out very well and we are all tremendously excited at the prospects. Dante and Red and Polish George and Bill Sinott and I spent a couple of hours piling up the old mattresses and stage props and bottles and broken furniture in two tremendous heaps near the stairs so that after the paper is mailed out this week it can be hauled away.

The loft is partitioned into three sections. In the large front room we will put the office and two long tables for John Pohl and others to do their work for each issue of the paper. The wall facing the street and over-looking a small park is made up of three huge windows so that we will have plenty of sunlight.

The middle room has four large

windows on each side and a make-shift stage. Here we will have the kitchen and dining room where there is enough room for everyone to sit down at the same time instead of eating in shifts. We will have to buy a new stove since the city owns ours but we hope to get one with a good oven which our present one doesn't have so that we can bake bread and will not have to boil all our food. The major drawback is that the place has no heating apparatuses but it does have gas so we can buy two large gas heaters and with the stove we will manage to keep from freezing. The Friday night lectures and discussions will be held in this room too.

The third room behind the stage is the smallest and we will keep our files and stencil cabinets and addressograph machine there.

We will have to rent a small store front near-by in addition to feed the coffee and soup lines. Since no one will be able to sleep in the loft we will take several apartments when they become available in a building owned by our landlord to house our permanent population and the members of our family who come and go will be put up in the Salvation Army hotels or one of the other hotels on the Bowery until we can find a better place.

A great deal of work will be involved in the move: cleaning, washing the place down, painting and we will do most of the actual moving ourselves so we hope some of our New York readers can help us.

The authorities have been paying \$100 per room to the Puerto Rican families next door to vacate immediately and most of them are gone already. The cleaners at the corner has stopped accepting work and the excavations have begun in the lot behind us so we expect to have

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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

FIRING THE BOSS

The C.I.O.

and the A.F. of L. help the worker fight the boss. But the worker must have a boss before the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. can be of help to the worker in fighting a boss. If it is a good thing to be a boss, it is a good thing to help the worker to be his own boss. If it is a bad thing to exploit the worker, it is a good thing to help the worker exploit himself. "Fire the boss and be your own boss" is a good slogan for the worker.

HE LEFT SO MUCH

When a man dies and leaves a lot of money the papers say: "He left so much." Why did he

leave so much?

Well, he did not know enough to carry it with him when he died by giving it to the poor for Christ's sake during his lifetime.

THE ROAD TO COMMUNISM

In a book entitled "The Magic Mountain" Thomas Mann has a character who has become a Jesuit after having been a Marxist. As a Jesuit he could understand Communism much better than he could understand it as a Marxist. In Paraguay the Jesuits established a Communist society. Part of the land was held individually. The other part, known as God's land, was cultivated in common. The produce was used for the maintenance of the aged, the infirm and the young.



NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LA BUENA COSECHA

Our Lady of The Good Harvest

Return of the Wildcat

By REUEL AMDUR

In the October, 1957, Catholic Worker I reported the occurrence of a wildcat strike on July 23 at the Portland, Oregon plant of the American Can Company. History has repeated itself just thirteen months later. In the earlier article I pointed out that outbursts of this type or of some other were inevitable in a system of dictatorship, which is what the factory system is both under capitalism and Stalinism, though wise management under the guidance of sociologists and industrial psychologists could dull the edge of the struggle to some degree. In this article it will become clear that in the Portland American Can situation we are, however, dealing with backbiting, vindictive, scheming management of such a calibre that a consideration of any modern methods of factory personnel relations is totally irrelevant to a discussion of anything that has happened or is apt to happen.

The recent wildcat broke out on Monday, August 19. The day shift did not turn up for work as a result of a slick trick pulled by the company the Saturday before. On that Saturday, the plant was virtually closed. However, in the morning, a foreman phoned two men to come in on overtime to load a truck. The normal procedure is for the company to notify people

of overtime during the last shift they worked, if at all possible. In any case, it is certain from the language of the contract that at least every man but the lowest in seniority available and needed can refuse the proffered overtime, and there are also certain limitations about what can be forced on that man, limitations into which we need not go here.

When the two men asked to come in on the Saturday overtime showed up at the plant, it developed that the company was asking them to do work which was, under the contract and under past practices, done by three men. These two men, steady, efficient workers, by no means goof-offs or hot-heads, turned a cold shoulder on this demand. The foreman who was forced to make this demand (he told one of the men that the order was not his idea) then got in touch with higher local management, eventually coming back with an order from the top of the local management bureaucracy to order the two men to do the work or take a punitive three-day layoff. They took the layoff.

A sidelight at this point—the foreman who issued the order to do the work had, ten years earlier, while he was not yet in management, refused a similar order. At

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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

We went to press on September ninth. That morning I woke up feeling that something nice was in store for us, and I half looked for exciting mail, or message, or a house of hospitality all ready to move into. But nothing happened except that the paper went off smoothly and afterward we walked through the East Side, Agnes, Bob and I, and looked at houses. Charles McCormack is occasionally working nights and then Agnes comes over to supper and it is always a joy to see her. Charles is engaged in light trucking, with a Volkswagen, working with another old friend and when business is light, he hacks at night, when he can get a cab. Many students do this, working from four in the afternoon through the night, and they have to turn in sixty five per cent of their proceeds to the company. One needs steady nerves and patience in such a city as New York, and Charlie has them. He had ten years of practice around The Catholic Worker.

Next day a young seminarian came in, on his way back to Washington, and he is much interested in the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld, as am I. He told me of one English speaking brother in the Fraternite El-Abiodh Sidi-Cheikh in Sud Oranais, Algeria, and of a priest in Montreal and an interne in a Far Rockaway Hospital, all of whom are members of or prospective members of some part of this new order in the Church, which has secular institutes in formation for women and men, and a Fraternity for priests to associate themselves with them. Fr. Brennan who teaches at the Seminary in Rochester is one of them too, a new friend whom I shall always see when I go to Rochester to visit our Catholic Worker group there.

Which reminds me that Fr. Ehman is going to have a day of recollection there on Saturday, November 15 and since I am going to be in the neighborhood, I shall attend. Fr. Ehman has given us retreats at Maryfarm and was associated with the work of the House at Rochester from its beginnings. He and Fr. Vogt have remained faithful friends for the last twenty years, though their labors have taken them away from us.

Later in the month Mr. Ryan, the seminarian, sent me a translation of one of the untranslated chapters from Pere Voillaume's book, *Seeds of the Desert* (Fides Press), on Poverty and Love. Another untranslated chapter, on the Hermitages, was sent me in translation by Jack English, now Brother Charles, who has just received his diaconate orders at Conyers, Georgia. We read this chapter aloud in the office and it gave us more of an idea of what our houses should be like.

I cannot recommend this book too strongly,—this *Seeds of the Desert*. It is the best spiritual reading I know for our time.

Staten Island

One of the joys of Staten Island is that one can get down there after a gruelling day in New York, and for thirty five cents find oneself on a deserted beach. The season is considered July and August and as soon as children go back to

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Fall Appeal

Feast of the Guardian Angels. 1958

Dear fellow workers in Christ,

It is strange and wonderful how God makes us live out our ideas. He takes us at our word. Do you mean what you say? Do you love Me? Then shelter the harborless, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give drink to the thirsty, visit the sick, bury the dead, visit the prisoner. You are doing it to Me. We started doing this very personally when Peter Maurin our founder used to teach us and discuss these things with us. We were getting out a paper, THE CATHOLIC WORKER, which was dedicated to the personalist and communitarian approach but we lived in poverty in a store front and on the street and people came to us very directly for their immediate needs. I remember one man coming in who wanted nothing so much as to bathe his hot tired feet and he didn't seem much amazed when one of the editors got him a tub of water. We didn't go so far as to bathe them, tho this too, Jesus told us to do. That might have embarrassed him. They come in the same way today, for a razor, a chance to clean up, a pair of shoes, pants, shirt. And the women with their shopping bags, out of which they seem to live! (The butcher just called for our order and it's 25 pounds of chopped meat today.) Our bills seem enormous but then counting the coffee line and the soup line and the house and the extra ladies from the Salvation Army on Rivington street, who sleep there and eat here, we estimate about 112,500 meals have been served since we sent out our March appeal. The Holy Father says never to worry about running up bills for the poor. So this appeal is to help us catch up on the bills, and catch our breath to go on with this wild adventure of the works of mercy, in which we come in conflict with City and State who have come to believe in State ownership of the indigent. And State ownership of private property too!

The only way we can show our love for God is by our love for our brothers. It is obeying the law of God to do these things. He has blessed us with friends, our readers, who have over the years sent us enough gifts to buy this house we are living in and repair it for the use of our big family. Almost sixty thousand dollars was put into this house. And now we find we must be upholders of the right of private property and to protest that the city and the state, all over the country, are ruthlessly confiscating, dispossessing, and driving people into worse slums and more crowded conditions. Delinquency is increased by these dislocations, old people are dying of sorrow, literally. Even the dead are disturbed. One cemetery in Westchester was ruthlessly ploughed up by a bulldozer and the bones scattered. There is no reverence for home, for the family, for the bodies of the dead. And we must protest. Our property has passed into the hands of the city. We must employ lawyers to receive payment for it.

We have no money to buy another house although our lawyer advises us we can borrow from the city at six percent interest. But they do not permit us to buy because they have put us in the class of hotel or roominghouse, with transients whereas eighty percent of the house is permanent population remaining with us some years.

We have seen several houses which we could use and repair if we could get our classification changed. We are not hopeless. Everyone who comes to us has a guardian angel and so have houses, and we firmly believe that the powers of the spirit will prevail, that God is with us and who can be against us. And this is also the month of the joyful St. Francis, and of St. Therese who thought this present life so important that she promised she would spend her heaven doing good upon earth. So in their name, we beg your help, to pay our bills and keep going.

In His love, Dorothy Day.

New Beginnings:

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to get out quite soon. The rent collectors hired by the Transit Authority have not bothered us again since we shouted them out when they came around the first time and then picketed them on the occasion of a second printed notice to pay up.

The new move will be upsetting in a way and our poverty will be more apparent and more immediate but we will be free of many of the worries and restrictions attending ownership. Our house here at Chrystie Street is perfect in many ways; there is plenty of room for our kind of work. Kitchen, office, dormitories and laundry etc. all occupy their own corner and there is a certain amount of privacy which we will not have in our new quarters but some of us felt that it was a little too comfortable, over-extended and too much like an institution. We can't of course sacrifice other people's sense of security and comfort to our own purity of soul; there's no virtue in that but when Providence working through "situations and events" (as Mother Antonelli in the recent issue of CROSS CURRENTS says it does) sees fit to put us in a more perfect state of poverty then we can be glad. St. Leo the Great says: He who can increase by giving can also multiply by taking away.

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

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N.Y.C. 2, N.Y.; Associate Editors, Ammon Hennacy, Robt. Steed, Elizabeth Rogers, Stanley Vishnevsky, 223 Chrystie St., N.Y.C. 2, N.Y. Managing Editor, D. Day, 223 Chrystie St., N.Y. 2, N.Y.; Business Manager, Robert Steed, 223 Chrystie St., N.Y.C. 2, N.Y.

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

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

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

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

Robert Steed,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me September, 1958.

(Seal)

John Jurkow.

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IN THE WEST

By AMMON HENNACY

Hennacy with a black suit, white shirt and tie. That is something that hasn't happened for decades, but my daughter Carmen wanted me to give her away, so in moonlight and candlelight, in the glass Swedenborgian Church by the sea, at Portuguese Bend near Los Angeles, I placed my daughter's hand in that of Roger Walhood, in response to the question of the minister, "Who gives the bride away?" I answered, "Her mother and I do." Carmen looked as black Irish as Joe Dever himself and although she said she felt timid as we walked down the aisle she was very beautiful. I wonder how I looked later standing between my two beautiful daughters. The I AM religion to which my daughters belong does not have an especial marriage ceremony. Both of my sons-in-law are printers and of Norwegian descent.

I had stopped on my way west to visit my brother Frank in Cincinnati. On the way from Washington through West Virginia the country was quiet and beautiful. At one high mountain stop I had a wonderful meal of corn on the cob, raisin pie, etc. etc. Most places are a dreary mess of poorly cooked and half hot food. Four girls from Bermuda on a long vacation over the U. S. were in the bus. I asked them if they were "limpies" and they said that they were "onions." In St. Louis, I had a fine meeting at the Center and another night I had a good Mormon supper which Barbara Cline prepared in Flagstaff. The next night with Cornelia and Irving Sussman in Palm Springs with rest for a day. I had never read James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan books so I read them on the bus, and Sussman's loaned me his No Star Is Lost.

With all of my stories of prison I never did become a second story man until I reached Sharon's home in Pasadena where the apartment was locked, so I got a ladder, slit the bathroom screen a bit, opened it and was soon inside. Sharon had written me a letter telling about the key but did not mail it. I had a pleasant visit with Frank and Alice Scully in Hollywood, and with Craig my Indian friend who issues bulletins about the plight of the Hopi and other Indians. The last night I spent with the families of Loyola professors.

Topanga and Up the Coast

Bob and Doreen DeWitt drove me to their mountain home in nearby Topanga. Doreen weaves and their daughter has a restaurant in the highway specializing in whole wheat bread which she makes from organic wheat from a Mormon storehouse. We went to Mass in a small wooden church, the priest living downstairs. I had planned to visit Henry L. Nunn, my old friend in La Jolla, but had to be content with a phone call as he would be away. Milton Mayer was traveling in Russia so I visited with other friends in Carmel.

One of my largest and most enthusiastic meetings was with the F.O.R. and Quakers in San Francisco. Young folks spoke of the picketing in Cheyenne at the Missile Base, in fact scores of them were here who had been drawn by the Golden Rule ship. I spent the night with Mike Gold's family, the older son Nick being much interested in pacifism. Mike was away that week. Warren K. Billings was cheerful and still full of the fighting spirit which stood him well for those many years in jail when he and Tom Mooney were persecuted. He was 63 on the Fourth of July and my 65th birthday was on the 24th. (This is Brigham Young day when he saw Salt Lake and is the big day for the Mormons.) Phil Burnham at the Junipero Serra bookstore greeted me kindly and I made this my headquarters. Byron Bryant had me record my experiences on KPFA in Berkeley. My old friend Vic Houser drove me around to visit various friends. He had visited me in Phoenix and had been to the CW in New York City. The pretty blonde daughter of a policeman came to all four of my meetings, and a girl just graduated and beginning to teach in a Catholic college drove me up to Stockton to see if the social workers who had previously lived in the slums and been CW friends were still there, but they had left two years ago. I had an interesting meeting at the home of Roy Kepler in Menlo Park where he has a book store. He was a CO and refused to pay income taxes. What happens of course is that they take the taxes out of his bank account. My old friends Prof. and Mrs. Steinke came to this meeting. He teaches now at Santa Clara University where I met Father George Dunne, whose efforts in Arizona for years helped get rid of segregation in the schools a year before the Supreme Court decision. He has charge of the radio FM station there. I had sent this station a tape recording from New York and now I made another forty-five minute recording. Mrs. Kincaid who had written me from Nevada had a meeting in her home for me. My last night there the folks in the PAX bookstore had a meeting where an army colonel disagreed with the imperialism of the U. S. in the banana republics but of course supported our major wars. Carol Gorgen, who went to jail with us in the first air raid drill in New York in 1955, was visiting here and drove me to the home of her folks in Auburn, California and to the bus in Sacramento.

In Eugene I had a small meeting at the home of CW readers and rushed on to Portland where Reuel Amder had me speak at the YMCA to somewhat the same group that had heard me in 1954. Tobin was present. I spent the night with John Little and family across the river in Washington where he teaches a public school. They live on a farm, burn wood in their furnace, and have a fine place for their growing family. A day with Mayanna Manion at Mt. Angel where I spoke to friends of hers and a good visit to the nuns nearby. I will come back in December to speak at Santa Clara University and will speak here. I have never met a group of religious more appreciative of the CW than these nuns. Mayanna had fasted the thirteen days with me. I had a quiet visit with Pete Loftus who has charge of Blanchet House where 1,800 men have been fed each day last month and 1,000 a day this month. This is an efficient place where they go with their red truck daily to warehouses and stores and gather food so that nothing has to be purchased. I was especially interested to learn of the fine work Pete has done in helping the Indians whom loan sharks, finance companies and saloon keepers have cheated. Pete has become their advocate and they come to him with their troubles. Pete is not an anarchist nor pacifist, coming to this work from the Friendship House. Sue Schuerman who had visited us in New York, had a meeting for me at her home. Bingo and all gambling has been outlawed by the Bishop in Portland.

Prof. David and his son Bernard were away on vacation so I had to

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Non Violent Resistance Among The Winnebago Indians

By VIRGIL VOGEL

Since many white people have the idea that Indians were always violent creatures, the following information about the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin may be of interest. Three times efforts were made to remove these people to western reservations, in the 1830's, in 1848, and in 1873. There was no physical resistance on any occasion, but all attempts to remove the Winnebagoes completely were a failure because (1) A few openly refused to go and were left undisturbed, (2) Others eluded pursuit in the forests, and (3) A great many, after having been transferred to Minnesota or Nebraska, quietly returned to their Wisconsin habitat.

Moses Paquette, a trader who was employed to aid in the 1848 removal, declared that a chief named Old Dandy was among those he was sent after. The chief was a thin old man seventy years of age, who could not be found. "He had made up his mind," declared Paquette forty years later, "that he would not go to Long Prairie, and had given notice that it was of no use to try and induce him. He finally came in to LaCrosse of his own accord, however, and repeated his determination not to go. He was not disturbed."

The Winnebagoes disliked their new home in Minnesota, fearing the Chippewa, finding the land too unfruitful, and objecting to their circumscribed life. "So they soon came back," reported Paquette. "A good many returned before the cold weather set in, as soon as they had got their payment at Long Prairie."

In 1873 the last attempt was made to move the Winnebago, who numbered about a thousand in Wisconsin at that time. They were scattered along the watercourses in the Southwest part of the state, eking out a living by hunting and fishing, gathering blueberries, and growing a little corn. Runners were sent out among the Indians to give them notice to come into Sparta to be shipped to Nebraska. The rest of the story can be best told by Paquette:

Most of the Indians refused to go. They had had enough of reservation life and the miseries of removal, and proposed to stay where they were until they were forced. Thereupon Captain Hunt, obtained military assistance, Big Hawk was one of the chiefs who stoutly refused to go, so it was determined to make an example of him. Big Hawk and some twenty-five or thirty others were holding a feast on the Baraboo river, three or four miles southeast of Portage. The military surprised the party, surrounded the camp, took away the arms of the Indians, and ordered them to march into Portage. They refused, whereupon Hunt went around among them and clapped handcuffs upon Big Hawk, who made no resistance. The prisoners were then marched into town, surrounded by the military. It was in December, and the roads none of the best. I saw them marched into Portage and put aboard the cars, amid considerable popular excitement, and shipped on to Sparta.

Some others were afterwards picked up easily enough, on both the Fox and the Wisconsin. As soon as they saw or heard of the troops, they came in peaceably, as a rule; in a few cases, however, the troops surrounded the camps and marched the Indians into the nearest railway town, whence they were shipped to Sparta. In a good many camps, the troops would find only women and children, the men being off on hunting expeditions. In such cases, the women and children were put into sleighs and carried off; the men, upon their return, finding their wigwams de-

serted and their families gone, would perforce follow and join them. Much hardship was suffered by all of the Indians; many died on the way, while others expired from exposure, after reaching their destination in Nebraska. The attempt at removal was successful as to several hundred Winnebagoes, but probably as many more evaded pursuit and remained in Wisconsin. It had been supposed that the congressional act of removal provided that there should be no force used. Certainly the Indians were much surprised and indignant at the appearance of the military. Before the removal, several of the head men went to Indian Commissioner Edward P. Smith and pleaded for protection for their people, but they did not get it. The Indians had committed no depredations, they were in nobody's way, and all of us who were friendly to them considered the removal as unjust. There came to be much popular indignation over the manner in which this futile attempt was carried out, and since that day there has been no serious attempt to disturb the Wisconsin Winnebagoes, who have so persistently clung to their native woods and streams, despite the advance of civilization around them.

(Interview with Reuben Gold Thwaites, Wis. Historical Collections, Vol. XII, pp. 399 ff.)

The persistence of the Indians was successful. In 1881, the benefits of the homestead act were extended to them, six years before the Dawes Act extended it to other Indians. While a number of Winnebagoes now reside in Nebraska, I am told by Whirling Thunder, a Winnebago living in Chicago, that a greater number still live in Wisconsin.

Friendship House Crisis

Dear Dorothy:

The staff of Friendship House asked that I write, appealing again to the abounding charity of the Catholic Worker. On Sunday morning past, Friendship House, Chicago, had a fire which partially destroyed the building it has used for the past eleven years. Both the fire and water have badly damaged the one-hundred and fifty foot, two-story building which was already at a place where intensive repair was vital. Now something is going to have to be done immediately. Crisis is nothing new in Friendship House, as you well know. This is a material one, not nearly as bitter or as desperate as thousands of instances of discrimination going on right now all around us. Yet unless financial help is forthcoming, Friendship House's work for interracial justice will be seriously hampered. So it is asking for help, and wondering whether you would print an appeal in the Catholic Worker, either through the publication of a portion of this letter, or in any other way convenient to you. (The staff, who can still be reached at 4233 S. Indiana, can offer further details if needed.)

The sum of approximately five thousand dollars will be needed to get the building back into fair shape. Insurance will take care of a small portion of this, but it seems not likely to do more than fill up the holes and get windows back in the side of the building.

Whatever you can do to help out at this particularly trying time will be greatly appreciated. Your readers, I know, are deeply sympathetic to this work for interracial justice, motivated by love of God. Would you appeal for their help.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Betty Schneider
(Former Staff-worker)

Money Madness

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

A recent editorial in Sign magazine noted the odd thing that the concentration of property into the hands of big business in this country, the rise of big unions and farmer organizations had raised the standard of American living. This seemed to be in contradiction to the Catholic view that the distribution of private property is a "must" for prosperity.

It is true that there has been an increased prosperity, especially for those who are unionized but these are still the minority. Even among the unionized, there are many in very low categories. However the great housing boom, the buying of new cars, the increase of foreign travelling gives the appearance of great prosperity at least for some. What actually seems to be happen-



ing is the creation of a larger section of the upper middle class of luxury buyers.

Much of this comes about through easier credit. People don't save or believe in saving as formerly. They extend their credit through bank loans and installment buying and in many cases are mortgaged for the next thirty years. They hope that their wages will keep up.

Since banks and loan companies exist to make loans, they naturally encourage this. Years ago, banks were afraid of the small loan of a person without property or business. Today the fantastic success of banks engaging in this type of loan has changed all this. Most persons pay their loans, are honest. Reserves are built up by the banks against bad loans so losses are minimized.

So many changes have been brought about in our economic system that it is doubtful if we should call it Capitalism any more but rather something like Pluralist economics. For actually we have different systems interlocking and bolstering each other. Thus a measure of Government Socialism is used to back up Finance Capitalism. Forty million families also are in cooperatives. In our unemployment insurance, old age pensions, (Continued on page 6)

A Look at the National Catholic Conference For Interracial Justice

By EDWARD MORIN

In Chicago during the four days preceding Labor Day, newspaper people found something more interesting to watch than the American Legion Convention. The National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice was meeting at Loyola University and Mundelein College to size up the race question. Not that it hasn't been done before. Meeting for the first time under this name, the "Conference" is a new tree grown on old roots. It has an advantage in combining the strength and resources of thirty-six Catholic Interracial Councils which have spurred the interracial movement for a decade. A roster of speakers which included Rev. John LaFarge and Harry Golden was bound to draw publicity.

Four separate areas of discussion were Schools, Employment, Housing, and Parochial and Institutional Life. Housing and the parish received most attention. To the surprise of nearly everyone, a number of housing and real estate experts who have no Catholic affiliations were on hand, some of them participating as panelists. Interest in Catholic opinion on race relations has grown in non-Catholic circles since the Chicago Archdiocese began fighting Urban Renewal six months ago.

The Archdiocese's case, and a good one, is that Renewal is economic segregation which uses slum clearance to squeeze the poor into overcrowded areas outside those being rebuilt. On the other hand, real estate people and backers of the much persecuted Hyde-Park-Kenwood Urban Renewal Plan have a strong argument against city neighborhoods closed to non-whites; for the color line has aggravated slum conditions which warrant extreme redevelopment programs now.

In the housing sessions, speakers pointed to the failure of Catholics to see the importance of interracial justice as a practical means of keeping the cycle of population shift and property ruin in check. The man who threw the bomb, finally, was Bruce Sagan, publisher of the Chicago community newspaper Southtown Economist. He said, "Some of the strongest forces working against integration are within the Catholic Church." What an insult to many Catholics who have worked in the field of race relations for years. To the consistent efforts of bishops for interracial justice within their dioceses. Yet Sagan's observation has substance even though it needs qualification.

Perhaps he was thinking of his own South Side where at least one "protective" association formed to keep Negroes out of the area meets in a parish hall. Or of the many respected Catholics dedicated to keeping non-whites out of their neighborhoods. Not to mention the overt resistance of some pastors.

Here is the split between theory and practice, between order and execution made concrete. It has bothered Catholic interracialists a long time. There is no question about the principles. Old timers in the movement flinched at the naivete of less experienced people who expect parishes to comply with what an education program tells them. William Childs, delegate from the Syracuse CIC chapter, told of his bishop's pastoral letter: "At least we have it on record that from every pulpit in the diocese the letter was read telling Catholics racial segregation is a sin. . . . So we try working with

individuals on the parish level and when we turn the spigot, nothing happens."

The awful reality about complete racial justice is that it is an intangible which most white Catholics cannot grasp. The school question is important. But the emphasis placed on this as the current phase of interracial progress is a decoy which a complacent Northern public has clutched eagerly. Why use the South as a yardstick for progress elsewhere. In American cities the problem revolves around home and neighborhood. It will be solved there, at its roots, if it is solved at all.

The Conference recognized the responsibility of pastors at this time:

"Every parish should provide instruction in the principles of interracial justice—from the pulpit, by talks and programs before parish societies, by instruction in the parish schools, and through pamphlets and similar materials. Such instruction should by no means be regarded as an extraordinary measure, but as a matter-of-fact fulfillment of the pastor's obligation to instruct all Catholics in their moral obligations."

Local chapters of the CIC deserve credit for some of the most painstaking work imaginable: educating a more or less unwilling public toward a change of attitude on racial issues.

Brooklyn reported five CIC speakers handling fifty engagements before parish groups within the last year. The St. Louis chapter circulates its excellent movie "Good Neighbors," which was shown at the conference. Increased budgets have pushed the work forward. Leaders are proud of phenomenal sums obtained by voluntary contributions. Lloyd Davis' financial report raised a question which contributors should logically ask any CIC chapter. Is it obsolete?

Education programs are not. But many delegates recognized that more is needed. Action groups which the majority of a parish would label subversive (in fact they are) must break down the wall of prejudice. Friendship House has had some success with groups of this kind. In some city neighborhoods, inviting a Negro friend to one's home is a mortal sin against human respect. Any volunteer shock troopers?

Non-Catholics who are more enlightened than our "majority" will have plenty to complain about until CIC can show more grass roots results on the parish level. In Chicago they are waiting for legislation which will clear the housing market of restricted selling and renting according to racial lines. When the Fair Housing Practices Law was passed this April in New York, it owed much of its support to Cardinal Spellman's backing. A letter was read from the pulpits.

The Conference adjourned on August 31st. Publicized resolutions (a) chided Ike for his momentary reluctance in the Little Rock crisis, (b) called for all Catholic lay organizations to apply their membership requirements "without respect to color or nationality," and (c) approved of certain procedures for applying interracial justice to Catholic parishes and hospitals.

The chairman for the last session on resolutions was Dan Herr of the St. Thomas More Book Association. Jokingly, he said that anyone reading about the Conference's conclusions in a newspaper might have figured them out for himself in his own bathtub. If this is true, perhaps the bathers can examine their consciences and bring some ideas for positive action to their next Christian Family Movement get-together.

Families

(Written at Bill Cobb's house in Shanks Village)

By JOHN STANLEY

Soft, sleeping burrows
hid in blazing cliffs
or scrub-oak-witch-grass lots,
where work goes on at every hour,
in cold or heat,
in cold or noise or drought,
and through incredible October—
a golden boy with blue hair and glistening limbs
who shouts his laughs.

Soft, sleeping burrows
working adding cell on cell,
working patterns never dreamed or pondered—
only found in ecstasy;
patterns loved by Adonai
before the water or the fire,
before the steady, earnest earth,
before the starlight or the blue,
and long before the reddening of the first bud.

Each one works his pattern
in his grey-green burrow
full of golden sparks and flecked with blood.

And the small cries that startle the leaden morning are grave.

THE DISINHERITED MIND by Erich Heller, Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 1957. xiv & 306 pp. \$3.75. Reviewed by Rev. Quentin Lauer, S.J.

What happens to the human spirit when it is no longer one with its past and not yet in tune with its future? Not everyone, perhaps, will find the answer to this question in a study of 19th and 20th century German literature, but this segment of literary history does afford, to Erich Heller, the example of a gigantic struggle to live by the spirit in the interim period between an age of the spirit which is past and another age which has not yet begun. The choice of those who will represent this struggle is in a certain sense arbitrary, or rather, the author asserts, only the omissions are arbitrary; the inclusions are not, since each of them is, like Goethe with whom the volume begins, "a man engaged in a campaign for restoring the balance of power between analytic reason and creative imagination" (p. 20). Each is dedicated in his own way to preserve, in a world where "God is dead," the life of poetry, in order thereby to reveal the "poetry of life" (p. 32), for it is in poetry, after all, that the spirit lives from age to age.

To the superficial observer the inclusion of such disparate spirits as Goethe, Burckhardt, Nietzsche, Rilke, Spengler, Kafka, and Kraus (the last unknown to the English speaking public) may be without rhyme or reason. To the author, however, they are one in the sense of values they manifest. Not that each lives by the same set of values; rather each reveals the sense that only by values can man live and not by facts alone. "We have become so democratic in our thought that we are convinced that Truth is determined through a plebiscite of facts" (p. 19), whereas in reality truth is not truth without reference to man: "Truth is what man is meant to know" (p. 30).

It is for this reason that Goethe's synthetic view of nature, with all its defects in scientific detail, is seen as a truer picture than that of Newton or Darwin. We of the twentieth century are perhaps on the brink of a genuine spiritual revival, precisely because the efforts of such men as these have made us see that "the history of human kind is a repository of scuttled objective truths, and a museum of irrefutable facts—refuted not by empirical discoveries, but by man's mysterious decisions to experience differently from time to time" (266). It is, for this rea-

son, too, that Burckhardt's story of the Renaissance, with all its seemingly uncritical acceptance of unfounded legends, may well be truer than the most impeccable recital of factual events. Burckhardt was concerned with the quality of Renaissance life rather than with its facts; his was not a mastery of historical technique but rather a creative sympathy with history itself, wherein historical understanding transforms facts into experiences of the spirit. For Burckhardt, as for Nietzsche, God was dead. Whereas, however, for Nietzsche the only ultimate answer was his own insanity, for Burckhardt the spirit of God lived on in history, and so Burckhardt remained sane. (Incidentally, the author fails to point out that Burckhardt's last years manifest a struggle back toward God.)

The paradox of Nietzsche is that, despite his refusal of God, he, too, is a witness to the truth that "the true stature of things lies in their having a meaningful place in a valuable world" (p. 268). He is the philosopher-poet—or the poet-philosopher—who has disclaimed the philosophy of pure reason, precisely because reason's insistence on reasoning destroys what it is reasoning about. Like Goethe before him, he saw that the question of values is more important than that of certitude. Like Rilke after him, he saw that "the imagination would hardly be worth bothering about, if it did not create things which will forever remain problematical to reason" (p. 124). Like both Goethe and Rilke, he saw that symbol is not opposed to reality, but that it is reality personalized (p. 105), that song is not one of the embellishments of existence, but rather "song is existence" (p. 138). Again, all three refused the artificial distinction between thought and emotion: the poet is interested in the thought he expresses emotionally; the thinker is interested in the emotional impact of the thought he expresses; one without the other would be neither thought nor poetry.

Rilke, then, comes as the poetical incarnation of Nietzsche's thought, as perhaps the most profoundly thoughtful of all modern poets. He is aware of the supreme value of creativeness in poetry, particularly in the spiritual world he inherited, for it is a world in which "the 'real order' has to be 'created,' where there is no intuitive conviction that it exists" (p. 170). He is, thus, the true heir of the Nietzsche who had said, "We have art in order not to perish of Truth" (p. 175). It is unfortunate, of course, that neither Nietzsche nor Rilke sufficiently transcended their age to rediscover the real source of all value and all truth, but they did reveal the emptiness of an age which would extol the latter and despise the former. "It is the

confusion once more dissolve into the certainty of mystery." (p. 177)

In such a context it is not easy to see why a chapter on Oswald Spengler and his pessimistic prophecies concerning the decline of the West had to be included. It is, of course, clear enough that many of his prophecies seem to be fulfilling themselves. Even clearer, however, is the fact that his predictions are based on his own abandonment, not of a particular set of values, but of all spiritual values as such. Perhaps the reason for including him is in order to show that his generalizations are not to be refuted empirically, that only a creativity which soars above the narrow confines of positivism can save a world which seems bent on destroying itself. "Spengler," the author tells us, "must be rejected... not because his history is incorrect, but because it is untrue... The image of man which lurks behind Spengler's vast historical canvas is perverted, and could only be accepted by a hopelessly perverted age" (p. 193). Others, before and after Spengler, have despaired of man, but, unlike Spengler they have loved the man of whom they despaired.

Thus, Kafka, with "Manichean perspective of the world" (p. 227), with his conviction that the world produces confusions, and that "the

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redeeming achievement of Nietzsche and Rilke that they have raised, the one in the intensely felt plight of his thought, the other in his intensely meditated poetry, the abysmal contradictions of their age to a plane where doubt and conviction of damnation is all that is left of faith" (p. 207), is still on the side of the angels in the hopeless collision between the demand for a realization of spirit (which is a demand for the spiritualization of reality) and the "spirit-proof view of life" (p. 213). Kafka does not hope to tell the world how to think or how to feel, but through the magic of his words he lets the world do its own thinking and feeling, hoping that this will be in tune with the mystery of being, to which he is a witness. By his writings he will convince us that life is a dream and that its dream quality is not to be eliminated by rationality but entered into by creative sympathy. Kafka is a mystery, and he will remain so. He is not consoling; but he is a witness to the fact that the world does not make sense, if men and only men are the ones to make sense of it.

Finally, the list of critics of their times is rounded off by the untranslatable Karl Kraus, whose devotion to truth is manifested in an endless satire of the lying uses to which language is constantly put. Language, for him, is sacred, precisely as "a means not so much

of communicating what he knows, but of finding out what he does not yet know" (p. 241). According to Kraus, man has gained in technique and lost in imagination to the point that destruction seems inevitable. The story of 1914-1918, when the characters of an operetta played the tragedy of mankind, is the story of the Fall in all its fearful actuality (pp. 250-52). That story has, unfortunately, not yet ended, and another Karl Kraus is needed today, not to be the kind of satirist, who is but "a wit thriving on the foolishness of society," but one who is rather "a genius whose soul is wounded by the sins of his age." (p. 255)

In face of all this, of course, one might well despair. The author does not. There will always be those who will vindicate poetry in a world where values are dying; and poetry's meaning is precisely "the vindication of the worth and value of the world, of life and of human experience" (268). We need not agree with what a poet says in order to agree with him that the world is worth singing about. Nor, need we be poets in order to realize that the poet plays an indispensable role in our world, since it is he who gives meaning to it by singing of it. It is he who sees that the danger is not one of confusing symbol and reality, but rather of distinguishing them too sharply. So long as there are poets, the systematic world will not be permitted to talk of the "merely symbolic." "The world is at heart an aesthetic phenomenon" (p. 281), and we who have beliefs foreign to those of the poet still need him to interpret our world. By showing us that "truth is likely to be untidy, the enfant terrible in the systematic household" (p. 292), he can help us preserve our sense of balance, our sense of genuine transcendence.

ROCK OF EXILE. By D. M. Booy. The Devin-Adair Company, New York, 1958. 196 pp. Reviewed by Harry Paxton Howard.

This is a first-hand account of an anarchist community—one which has endured for a century and a half on a little island in the South Atlantic. It is told by a friendly visitor and observer, who sub-titles his book "A Narrative of Tristan da Cunha." He was one of a group of naval telegraphers during the mass butcheries in Europe thirteen years ago—vast "civilized" atrocities which were incredible to most of these islanders (though their own ancestors were mostly European), who were completely unfamiliar with authority, war, and crime. Mr. Booy summarizes:

"We had seen a peaceful community living without crime, policed only by public opinion; a people surviving on a monotonous, soft diet, yet with excellent teeth and rugged, healthy bodies; a people with almost no variety of amusement, yet contented, even happy... Their language spoke their contentment."

Any American anarchists considering an immediate migration to the island, however, are duly warned that it is no society of "Doasyoulikes." These people work hard for their livings. Food is mainly from their little potato patches and from the sea. They shear their own sheep for wool, which they spin and weave to make their garments—making oxhide moccasins as footwear. Their cottages are of stone and driftwood—which is often scarce. And the winters are bitterly cold—with heating dependent upon how much driftwood a family is able to gather.

This little rocky island, far from the mainland, had no human inhabitants until the nineteenth century. The present community

dates from 1816, when a British garrison was landed on Tristan to forestall any possible attempt to use the island to rescue the exiled Napoleon from St. Helena—far to the northwest. When the garrison was withdrawn, a Scots corporal obtained permission to remain there with his colored wife and children. The community grew by castaways from shipwrecks and sailors who jumped their ships. In 1827 five Negro and mulatto women were imported from St. Helena as wives for some of the settlers. All the "founding mothers" were Negro. The community was based upon what our racists term "miscegenation."

The islanders had no political theories. They were simple men and women, most of them illiterate. They took it for granted that they had to work for a living, and did so. They worked as equals, created no authority, paid no taxes. Though these men were of the sailing element which many "social workers" find "difficult," they got along excellently. In the entire century and a half of this growing community, there was not one violent crime. They had guns—which they used against birds, sea-lions, and other creatures giving them food or other necessities, but never against one another.

The little community grew—both internal growth, and the addition of other colonists, British, American, German, Danish, Dutch, Italian. There were no immigration restrictions—there was no immigration authority, or any other. The British Government, indeed, tried to create an authority—with rather amusing consequences. It empowered one of the missionaries who at times visited the island "to create a headman, a headwoman, an island council, and other officers. The appointments had been made but meant little to most of the islanders... The Chief's position was particularly anomalous: he could hold no more power than the other men were disposed to acknowledge him, since he had no means other than the force of his own character of imposing his will."

It was in no way a communistic society—though there was a Village Common, and much of the work was done together. Each family owned its own cottage, plot of land, etc. But their co-operative operations were in some respects quite remarkable to the author of this book, himself part of a society of orders and obedience. The first he noted, on the big rowboat which took him and others from their ship to the island, was:

"... the oarsmen—as if by a prearranged signal outside our notice or else by some silent mutual understanding—all gave way together and began pulling shorewards with long, deep strokes. There appeared to be no captain, even self-appointed, and no word of command was uttered. It was a long time before even the helmsman spoke; and then it was only to give directions as to our approach to the shore. The quiet, almost apologetic tone of his voice implied that he was merely issuing information, nothing so presumptuous as instructions."

The book contains a number of interesting photographs of islanders and their activities. (Curiously, there is none of the island girl in whom the author was personally interested. She must have been very attractive.) Mr. Booy is by no means uncritical of the little society—something over two hundred persons—which he describes. His criticism is that the islanders were not "progressive." Their contentment "was their greatest danger. Living in isolation they knew no competition... they had no neighboring community to challenge them—and therefore no motive for aiming at higher standards." The

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community "must change . . . Some authority would have to be found."

Mr. Booy apparently wishes the islanders well, but the "progress" and "competition" and "higher standards" he desires for them are in fact the kind exemplified in a civilization of war and violence—in which the author himself was actively involved at the time, serving under the British Admiralty. His "civilized" progressives were then devoting their greatest efforts to violent extermination of their "neighboring communities;" their "highest standard" was reached by the atomic bomb. But these "unprogressive" islanders had been living in peace and freedom for a century and a half! Which is really the higher standard—authority, regimentation, nationalism, racism, and war, or freedom, equality, cooperation, and peace?

There has been "progress" during the past ten years. The Colonial Service has appointed an Administrator over the islanders, a South African company is exploiting the fisheries, money has been introduced (they had none previously), a store with canned foods, and a doctor and a hospital—where they had previously needed neither doctor nor dentist! There is also a regular missionary-pastor and school-teacher. As the island has been made a parish of Cape Town, South Africa, its days of racial equality and harmony are probably numbered. Also, with compulsory education, the poison of racism will almost certainly be supplemented by the poison of nationalism, and children of British, American or Dutch ancestry may already be learning that they are a different "breed" from those of German or Italian ancestry. Apparently this free community is being "progressed" into a society of authority and obedience, racism and nationalism, commercialism and crime—the "higher standards" preparatory to conscripting the islanders into the next war.

CHEROKEE By Don Tracy, Dial Press, New York, 1957. \$3.95. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy

True to the history of Tsali, who by his bravery in refusing with his band of mountain Cherokees to accept the white man's false promise of freedom in Indian Territory and by his voluntary death at the hand of the U. S. Army, was able to purchase the freedom of the remnant of his people, this thrilling story gives the customs and traits of this noblest of eastern Indians. The love story of Suti, the boy who killed two panthers with his blowgun and darts, and of Meg, the daughter of freedom loving pioneers, is more gripping than most of the romances of modern whites. Here the independent mountaineer who had left the crowded lowlands for the freedom of the mountains was the one who was the true friend of the Indians in contrast to the white trash who were slaves to their vices and wished to enslave the Indians.

The white man's lust for gold caused President Jackson to order the deportation of the Indians, although it was a Cherokee who had saved his life when the Cherokees helped Jackson win the war against the Creeks. Jackson had ordered General Wool to deport the Indians but he resigned from the army. He then ordered General Dunlap but he too resigned. It was General Winfield Scott who did the breaking of the treaties and where seven thousand died on the way westward. The decision of John Marshall as to the rights of the Indians still stands although Jackson said then, "John Marshall has made his decision. Let him enforce it."

John Ross, the Cherokee Chief, Tsali, and Suti opposed the liquor which debauched the Indian and made him a tool of the scheming whites. Today the government has made legal the introduction of

liquor to the Indians, and by seeking to entice the Indian to the city in order to gain control of the mineral resources on the reservations has further corrupted Indian life. The trader and the missionary were used in old times to be the wedge to disrupt the Cherokees.

This book could well replace the regular wild west story in which the Indians are painted as savages. Read along with *Apache* by Will Levington Comfort, the Quaker, and *Blood Brother* by Elliot Arnold, the story of Cochise as given in the movie *Broken Arrow*, it might offset the fabrications which are taught in our schools as to the honesty of the whites in their dealings with the Indians.

S. FRANCIS



Early Church And War

Quotation from Professor E. M. Stenton's "Anglo-Saxon England," 2nd edition, p. 653.

"Returning across France, Ermenfrid (Bishop of Sion and an at least informal Papal legate) held a council of Norman bishops which imposed a set of penances on all ranks of the Conqueror's army. There was nothing anomalous in the issue of such a code, for moral discipline which the Church administered required a penance from every man who of set purpose killed or wounded another even in a pitched battle under his own King. The interest of the code lies in its particularity. On every one who had fought at Hastings it sets a year's penance for each man whom he had killed, with separate provisions for those who had killed or injured some but could not tell the number, or, wishing to injure some, had failed to injure any. To such as these it allows commutation of penance by alms or the building of a Church. On all who served the Duke for hire it imposes penance as for homicide; it furnishes clerks who had fought or armed themselves for the battle as if they had sinned in their own country and it relegates monks to the judgment of their abbots. On the archers it sets a penance equivalent to a triple Lent."

The Wisdom of the Church

(Sermon on the Fast of the Tenth Month and on offerings)

That of which the season of the year and our customary devotion reminds us, we, dearly beloved, in our paternal duty, now preach to you, namely; that you must observe the fast of the tenth month whereby, for the complete harvest of all fruits, there is most fittingly offered to God, the Giver of them, an offering of self-mortification. For what can be more salutary for us than fasting, by the practice of which we draw nigh to God and standing fast against the devil defeat the vices that lead us astray.

For fasting was ever the food of virtue. From abstinence there arise chaste thoughts, just decisions, salutary counsels. And through voluntary suffering the flesh dies to the concupiscences, and the spirit waxes strong in virtue. But as the salvation of our souls is not gained solely by fasting let us fill up what is wanting in our fasting with almsgiving to the poor. Let us give to virtue what we take from pleasure. Let the abstinence of the man who fasts be the dinner of a poor man.

Let us have thought for the protection of the widow, for the welfare of the orphan, for the comforting of those that mourn, for the peace of those who live in discord. Let the oppressed be aided, the naked be clothed, the sick cherished; so that whosoever has offered from his own works of justice a sacrifice of righteousness to God, the Author of all good things, may merit to receive from the Selfsame the reward of a heavenly kingdom.

Let us then fast on the fourth and sixth day of the week. On the sabbath let us likewise keep watch, together with Blessed Apostle Peter, by the help of whose merits we may obtain that for which we pray, through the mercy of Jesus Christ Our Lord, Who with the Father and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth, world without end, Amen.

St. Leo, Pope and Doctor

Return of the Wildcat

(Continued from Page 4)

that time he was working with one of the two men to whom he had to give a layoff in the incident which precipitated the wildcat now under discussion. They were issued layoffs together at the earlier date. Furthermore, one of the top management men in the plant was the local union president during the earlier incident. These facts simply illustrate the injustice and toadyism to which former honest workers can stoop or be driven when they align themselves with the opposition.

The behavior of the company in the above-described situation was not the only grievance leading to the walkout. The union has a large number of grievances unsettled all along the line, many at the higher stages of grievance procedure. Satisfaction on these is slow in coming. The Portland plant very nearly had a wildcat on two and possibly three other times this year. In May, a man obviously sick went to the nurse to get a pass to go home; for some reason she refused to provide one, and he went home without a pass. For this he received a punitive layoff. The shipping department men then went up en masse to the nurse, claiming to be sick and asking for passes to go home. After having poked thermometers into the mouths of the first four or five, the nurse caught on to what was happening and called management, who told her to tell the men to go back to work. The men then milled around the time clock (it was near the end of the shift), three or four of them actually punching out early. The group got nothing more than individual rebukes. The other most important near-walkout occurred a couple weeks prior to the real thing. In that incident the same foreman involved in the incident that precipitated last year's American Can wildcat (his shaking of a woman employee) gave the union vice-president a layoff for the duration of the shift for being outside the plant during his break time—a technical violation on the part of the union man, but one frequently committed and frequently ignored.

Conditions at American Can in Portland have degenerated to the point that on the occasion of the recent walkout a number of Steelworkers locals of American Can on the West Coast protested company policy in Portland. During the second day of the Portland walkout, the swing shift workers at the Salem, Oregon plant milled around outside, questioning whether they should go out or not and demanding concessions from the company. The company settled then and there a large number of

grievances which had piled up at Salem. Only then did the shift go on in. These men in Salem also gave verbal moral support to the Portland wildcaters. Readers of my article on the previous wildcat will recall that the Salem plant is the one that the company helped the Teamsters Union win at, as opposed to the Steelworkers, on the principle that it is better to negotiate with a crooked union than an honest one.

The Portland walkout ended in a wierd, inconclusive fashion. The workers decided to return to work when the long-term self-protective device of certain local management bureaucrats at last became evident. These bureaucrats had tried, it was discovered, to disintegrate the long-won benefits of the workers while at the same time attempting to get some workers to become alienated from the union through the gimmick of charging the local union president and grievance chairman with being Communists. Apparently they also made the charge to members of the Steelworkers West Coast staff. It can only be inferred that the militancy resulting from the bureaucratic pressure of local management was dismissed by these local dictators in communication with their superiors with this same "Communist" cry.

Under the circumstances, the Communist charge is fantastic. At the time I worked at American Can, I attempted to rally support for the elimination of a clause in the union constitution forbidding members in Communist, fascist, or other totalitarian organizations to belong to the Steelworkers. The local president was strongly for the retention of this clause. The grievance chairman is also no Communist. The "Communist" charge is a smokescreen and is in all probability not even believed by those making it. The workers at the plant do not believe it, and I suspect that shortly, when all the facts are in, that no one else will either.

One other element may possibly enter into the picture. One Can Company worker expressed the view that the fashion in which the buck was passed in issuing the order to the two workers whose courageous refusal to betray their union's hard-won prerogatives led to the wildcat indicated that one local company official was hoping for the wrong move to be made by the other one in order that he might get the other's job. This may or may not be correct, but one thing is certain. If management policy in Portland is not changed radically—and soon—Portland's American Can has, by no means seen its last wildcat.

The Squeaking Wheels

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

It is the wheel that squeaks that gets the grease, but it is the big wheel that gets the gravy. This reflection came about as a result of reading two unrelated news stories in the New York Times for Oct. 1.

The first story deals with a probe which the Kings County Grand Jury calls "the widespread misuse" of New York City's welfare funds. It seems that New York City has just discovered that funds have been used to support "chronic idlers, chislers and fakers." The Welfare Department is asked "to drag the leeches off the backs of our tax-burdened citizens."

We pray that this investigation will not get out of hand and that a lot of little wheels (who do not know how to squeak) will not be subjected to unnecessary probing and perfunctory persecution. The lot of the poor is bad enough without having a lot of big wheels watching them.

We have a great deal of sympathy for Social Workers who have a hard job and a trying one. We have met many a sincere Social Worker who spends his own time and money in taking care of his clients—but we realize that they are subjected to the pressure of the big wheels who are always after them to reduce the case loads and save money. I firmly believe that every person before he is given an administrative position should be sent to a strange city and be made to suffer the humiliation of being interviewed and to learn what it means to be the recipient of charity.

Administrators must be made to realize that they are the servants of the poor . . .

The other story on page 18 is rather an interesting one. It is best given straight without any embellishment. It seems that the Dominican Republic spent about half a million dollars on the investigation of the strange disappearance of Galindez.

\$70,000 went as a fee to Morris L. Ernst.

\$30,000 as a fee to Mr. Munson, who was associate counsel.

A sum of \$101,793 was spent for the expenses of Mr. Ernst, Mr. Munson and their staff of lawyers and investigators.

The Baron company received \$14,708 for expenses.

But Mr. J. H. Haring, a handwriting analyst, only got \$3,500.

In all, a total of \$562,855 was spent by the Dominican Government on the investigation conducted by American lawyers.

Here I would like to quote from the Encyclical Letter on Atheistic Communism by Pope Pius XI. (Paulist Press, P. 20):

"But when on the one hand We see thousands of the needy, victims of real misery for various reasons beyond their control, and on the other so many round about them who spend huge sums of money on useless things and frivolous amusements, We cannot fail to remark with sorrow not only that justice is poorly observed, but that the precept of charity also is not sufficiently appreciated, is not a vital thing in daily life."

Money Madness

(Continued from page 3)

army pensions, we are actually putting into effect a species of Douglas Social Credit. To those who recall the great interest in Douglas economics years ago, this at first may seem an odd statement but if we analyze the matter we can see that something like Social Credit has been put into effect. The essence of Social Credit was that productivity outran purchasing power and consequently a social dividend had to be passed out to the people to take up the purchasing lag. Thus the cost of wages, raw material, cost of running a business, interest, etc. equalled the selling price of the product. An equivalent amount of purchasing power had always to be in the people's hands to purchase the product manufactured. But since the product came on the market before the purchasing power was ready for it, the government must pass out dividend checks to help the product get purchased. Again the Social Credit people noted that the tendency to put certain monies into savings and further production always left the lag in the purchasing power. Actually the Douglas Social Credit people gave remarkable insights into the working of the productive system. It was their method of getting out the dividend that was most debatable. However, economists aware of their studies seem to have applied this thinking to the unemployment payments, the doling out of generous army pensions and the smaller payments of old age pensions. These payments by any other name are still Douglas Social Credit dividends. What we are actually saying is that these unemployed, these old people aren't necessary for the production of goods but their purchasing power is necessary. There is the humanitarian reason of seeing that they don't go hungry so this acts as the psychological reason why Congress goes along with these payments. It would shy away from outright Social Credit dividends.

Again the economists have discovered how the WPA can be transformed into patriotism. The WPA was always being slapped down as wasteless leaf raking. Call it the defense industry and it takes on the color of patriotism and is defended as something wonderful, even though the aeroplanes built are obsolete as they come off the runway and Europe is overrun with American surplus war material that governments are protesting. But we have given this kind of economics a good name and so it is defended.

Again as we moved from a production for use economy where we grew only the food we needed, raised the wool we needed for clothes and made only the necessary number of shoes in an agricultural-craft economy, we passed into one where people had to have money. They didn't own their own land so they had to pay rent and have cash for this. They couldn't move without money. Thus money

took the place of real wealth. The token became the substance and real goods became shadowy. As St. Thomas tells us we cannot want horses to infinity but can want money to infinity, we have a real proof money isn't real wealth. In this money economy, there is an increasing tension to get money. A quality of irrationality comes into everything. To want a thing to infinity is a mark of irrationality as St. Thomas notes. In this economy fund raising becomes an art. The old days are gone when people collected the stones for their churches and built them slowly with their own labor using money sparingly.

As we moved from real wealth to money or token values, we had to increase spending habits, necessitating sharper and sharper advertising. Today, much buying is what is called impulse buying. People walk through the store, see something they like and just buy it although they don't need it and may kick themselves when they get home. This need for faster and faster spending has led to the Keynesian school of economics which says a continual pump-priming must be going on. This of course fits in with the Social Credit thinking and the two bolster each other in encouraging the government passing out of checks.

The big businesses to protect their assets in this day of impulse buying spend fortunes to watch buying trends. If a manufacturer has an item which may lose public interest he looks around to buy up a company which will help him have a diversified production. If one item falls down in sales another will carry him through. Thus big businesses tend to get bigger. This constant study of the buying public has led to the widespread use of private detective companies by big business. Everything and I mean everything is studied so that in any neighborhood the minute there is a movement on demand for a new product, the big businesses learn about it make plans. That is why you find in the Safeway and A&P stores items close to the cash register. Investigators have discovered that those items are now in demand in the neighborhood. Nothing is done by chance any more. Having seen the records of one private detective agency, I can vouch for the completeness of these studies.

The banks and government, also in the loan business, have a vested interest in keeping up prosperity. Taxes are imposed and new sums of money funnelled out to keep the economy going. All these built in aids to prosperity have tended to minimize the impact of the depression of the last several years. It is even difficult to talk of widespread poverty when there are so many autos in the land.

When we think of the complexities of this economic system of ours, attitude of certain editorialists berating government for pass-



ing out relief checks too freely and spending money too freely has a hollow sound. Those same editorialists believe wholeheartedly in big business, big production. To have these, the government just has to put into effect money techniques to produce purchasing power. The businessmen just lay off the workers so they lack a sense of the common good. The government has to take up where their irresponsibility leaves off.

All this, I think, just give a partial answer to the Sign editorialist's question. The productive economy of land and crafts is still basic and for people who are willing to forego luxuries for realities, a more satisfying economy. But in a world where people have been trained to buy things and make little or anything, we have to put up with the system we have. We pay for it with inflation though for the law of a money economy is always to give you less and less for your money. The packaging becomes more glamorous, the cookies in the box become smaller but we have the dizzy glory of eating glamor packed Whiffen's biscuits which probably have not only substitutes for food in them but even substitutes for substitutes as one person working in a bakery once remarked to me.

PRISON PRAISE

Dear Miss Day:

Both my men and I wish to extend our sincerest appreciation and heartfelt gratitude for the very generous number of the Catholic Worker papers that you kindly send us each month, the year around.

Your generosity provides a constant source of Catholic Press and favored reading among my many men.

As we care for two institutions, here in Clinton Prison and the Dannemora State Hospital, you can well understand our appreciation and gratitude for your wonderful kindness and interest in our work.

Both my men and I extend our sincere appreciation and assurances of a remembrance in our prayers.

With grateful regards and sincere best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. John F. McNamara
Catholic Chaplain
Clinton Prison
Dannemora, N. Y.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

IN THE WEST

(Continued from page 2)

miss them when I arrived in Seattle. Carl Owen, who had worked with me in digging ditches in Phoenix, and whom I visited in jail later when he did his time as a CO was back in Seattle and I had a pleasant visit with he and his wife Mary Jane and their baby, India, born on my birthday, a small 7 months baby as I had been. Ed Lehmann who had fought against Franco in Spain and whose life had been saved by Emma Goldman when the Communists were going to shoot him for talking back, greeted me in his old generous manner. Isobel MacRae had a meeting for me at St. Teresa's where I met some old time CW readers. A friendly priest had me speak in the K of C hall in nearby Everett, scene of the murder of I.W.W.'s years ago. I had planned to visit June and Farrar Burn on their island in Puget Sound, but they had left the week before for a 1,000 mile hike in the Appalachians. I visited the I.W.W. hall and autographed a copy of my book which they had. We talked about old days when the wobs were the main influence here in the west. I was sorry to miss Guy Askew.

One of my most enthusiastic meetings was at Mt. St. Michael's seminary in Spokane where Fr. Sharpes met me at the bus. These future priests were wide awake though somewhat startled by our radical message. I also met with some of the nuns and students at Marycliff and met Sister Bernice, oldtime friend of the CW. I stayed one night with the Franciscan brothers who were just opening their new House of Charity, remodeling an old building for the purpose. The City Fathers waived a lot of regulations for soon men from the apple harvest would be entering the city for the winter. All food is gathered for free by their trucks.

The Doukhobors

The Doukhobors in British Columbia near Nelson are some of those of the 7,000 that came over from Russia in 1899 through the help of Tolstoy and the English Quakers. They settled in Saskatchewan and after seven years lost most of their land because they refused to sign allegiance to the King. Most of them have forgotten their original teachings and now eat meat, vote, and use tobacco and liquor. Very few go to war. For 50 years the most radical of the Doukhobors called the Sons of Freedom have refused to send their children to school, have burned down the school houses, and when arrested have taken their clothes off, as much as to say, "you have taken our land, our children, now take our clothes." My friend Helen Demoskoff, whom I rate next to Dorothy Day as the bravest Christian radical, has spent eleven years in prison. She was my interpreter when I spoke to the Doukhobors in August 1941. I met her again in 1954 and now spent three days visiting her and my old friend Peter Maloff, Doukhobor historian, who has also spent time in Canadian prisons. Helen had been with her husband near Vancouver where he runs a power saw cutting huge trees, but she came home the same day I arrived.

Several years ago the Quakers of the U. S. sent Emmett Gulley to see if peace could be made between the radical Doukhobors and the Canadian government. Over 100 children were in the New Denver Sanatorium and parents were in jail because they would not send their children to schools where they would be taught patriotism and war. I reported to the Quakers four years ago that Gulley was becoming a servant of the government and was helping to get the children away from their parents. Finally the Quakers disowned him. This continued turmoil resulted in a Commission which made a report on the Doukhobor situation. The government has now offered to send back to Russia those who renounce their Canadian citizenship by September 30. I read the statement which Helen's brother signed. Her other brother Pete in Vancouver was one of the four who visited Russia and reported favorably for their migration there. Helen and a few others signed the document renouncing their Canadian citizenship but they do not intend to go to Russia. As anarchists they have never considered themselves Canadian citizens. Whether Johnny Verigen of the Orthodox Doukhobors will sign the papers I do not know. Prosperity and government pensions has already resulted in the loss of Doukhobor ideals. Russia could not do much worse but the battle is here to make their witness and not to run away. I feel the same about not running to safe countries or retiring in a colony or on a farm, but to be in the midst of fighting the exploitative war system.

I met Anton Skerbinc, a Yugoslavian young pacifist vegetarian who lives in a very small cabin by the Kootenay River. By windlass and bucket he drew water to irrigate his garden. He played his harp beautifully and he is also a weaver and has a plastic glass kayak in which he glides along the rivers. I would have liked to have visited the colony near Argenta where my old time anarchist friend Cliff Bennet lives, and to have met the 68 children still kidnapped from their parents in the New Denver Sanatorium and to have spoken to the Doukhobors in other communities. As it was the inspiration gained from Helen as she told me more of her prison experiences and of her vision of a better world will help me in my struggle. The majestic cliffs which surround her home are dwarfs compared to her strength and vision.

Coming down through Pendleton, Oregon toward Boise I was puzzled by the rolling mountains where wheat is grown. How can they plough and harvest in such lop-sided terrain? Someone said that they had a huge wheel on the lower side to keep the machines from toppling over. I would like to have seen them in operation. The quiet sheltered town of Boise (so named from the French "bois" which means woods) was the scene of a prison riot because the traditional bellyrobbers were starving the prisoners. The good Christians who run the prison soon had the leaders in solitary. I had a small meeting at the home of J. P. Holden, a pressman, formerly from Brooklyn, who places CW's in the rack in his Church. The priests here are straight from Ireland.

The Mormons

I was met at the station in Salt Lake City by my Mormon friend Herbert Rona, and a co-worker of his at the Rare Metal Corporation where metals are assayed. Several years ago a non-Catholic professor here had given Mr. Rona a CW and he had corresponded with me. He is a German Jew whose parents were burned at Belsen, and whose residence in Palestine made him feel that to fight Arabs was no way to be a pacifist. Coming to this country he studied all religions and felt that the religion which lived nearest to that of the early Christians in simplicity was that of the Mormons. His wife is from France and a Mormon since childhood. Their beautiful children were a sight to behold, especially eight year old Edith. I went to Mormon Church that first night with them and this happened to be when the sacrament was

(Continued on page 7)

J. M. Perrin O.P.

THE CHURCH IN MY LIFE

In this study of Church spirituality Father Perrin vividly shows that the Church is not merely a social and historical fact but identical with the Mystical Body. He harks back to the spirituality of the first Christians, who apprehended that the Church is a mystery in which can be found the love that gathers its own together, and at the same time he calls upon all men to join in its unity. For publication in November at approx. 1 dollar 67 cents.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

school all is quiet and once a week I spent a September afternoon, sitting in front of Maryhouse (which is one of our beach cabins), the air full of the small sound of crickets, and the steady sound of the waves. The grass is high around the house and Andy is coming down to cut it and Hans has some repairs to make. The pokeberries are heavy on their stems and bright red. Tamar uses them for dying wool and it is a beautiful cerise color. The privet, the cherry tree and the rose of Sharon trees all need pruning. The hedge is house high and gives great privacy. We are open only in the front, looking out on the bay.

One weekend the Willocks came, and Ed and Dorothy sat out in the long wicker chairs and feasted their eyes on the water. They are both New Englanders and no New Englander is far from the sea. Both had spent time on the beach as children. They had four of their eleven children with them and the Hughes and the Willocks had a great time together. We ate out of doors and there was on one occasion fried eel as well as everything else in the ice box.

Frances Langford, an old and dear friend was a visitor during the month. We share the same tastes in spiritual reading, so I was glad to be able to share a day of recollection or rather a day of reparation with her, which is a monthly affair of the New York oblates of St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois.

She was staying with Gloria Swanson on Fifth avenue and that well-loved movie star got tickets for us to go see *The Music Man* which had delightful choreography and music and was the kind of musical the whole family can enjoy. Earlier in the summer I had seen the Moiseyev dancers from Russia with one of our readers who had just achieved her Ph. D. and wanted to celebrate, and I was enthusiastic about these dancers. It delighted me that our young American dancers showed the same vigor and originality as they. We could be very proud of them indeed if they made one of these cultural interchange trips to Russia. It is Martha Graham and Agnes de Mille who has done so much for the dance in this country.

Contrast

It was a joy indeed to have these treats when we are living in such a state of uncertainty and spending time in such fruitless searches. We saw another house on Elizabeth street, with fifty rooms for \$15,000 dollars, but it would have cost another \$50,000 to fix up and how would we keep a sense of family with so much space, so many floors, so many apartments. Holy Mother the city wisely forbade this to us. Though I do wish Holy Mother the Church would get such a building and make it into rooms for the poor. It isn't that the Church does not go in for real estate. We certainly have plenty of it. So why not apartment houses for large families where eventually renters can become owners by some co-

operative plan. And why not a hotel like that of the Salvation Army on Rivington street where many a time I have had to send extra guests from St. Joseph's House. Here the Salvation Army maintains a hotel for women where one can get a bed in a dormitory for forty cents a night and it is clean and well run and warm and plenty of hot water and washing facilities.

No need to build from the ground up. There are old buildings which are sound in construction which could be remodelled. I could show a sample of one on Mott street which was offered to us for \$16,000 eight years ago but which was unspeakably filthy and in bad repair. Yet that same building now has been remodelled into apartments and the Chinese have taken it over and it has heat and hot water, and baths and is as good a place as one can find anywhere. There is too much of this razing to the ground and starting all over again. The Church has been taken for a ride too often by contractors who put up expensive buildings with all kinds of unnecessary fixtures and pile up the expense. After all, they are Catholics too, and they put money in the plate. This is a way of getting some of it back, they reason. People have gone mad on building. It may be a form of pump-priming, but the housing being put up is not for the poor. And the poor are not being reached.

Too much tearing down and starting all over again. It reminds me of the Russian Revolution. Once during the seamen's strike one of the men who was talking to me about the encyclical "The Reconstruction of the Social Order" scoffed at the idea of reconstruction. Better to tear everything down and start again, he said. That seems to be the thought also of our city fathers, who are making over the city. "One can't make an omelet without breaking eggs," the young man said to me smugly.

But the eggs in this case are the families who are being pushed down farther and farther into destitution. We know plenty of what the world would call shiftless families, who just can't make the grade with the projects—too many children, too disorderly and they just can't answer all the questions. Oh, for those days when you could go and rent an apartment and did not have to pass an examination or investigation!

The Irrepressibles

We will go down fighting, I was about to say. But actually we are not going down, we are going up. We are progressing. In the long run, we win though we may have to go through the agony in the garden, the cross itself, to get to the ascension, to receive the Holy Spirit.

We are not at all cheerless and can see quite a few ways out. For one thing we don't want to borrow money from the city at six per cent interest (our own money, remember, remember!) We know that it is going to take some time to collect from the city the cost of our house and the money we put in for repairs. There is not going to be enough money to buy a house and repair it, as far as we can see, unless St. Joseph wants it that way and sends us the money through the Appeal which also has to take care of all our current bills for our household of over a hundred people.

So what are the alternatives? We can rent a loft for our office, and for a sitting-around place for everyone. We can feed them there. We can rent a floor of a hotel for our men and find an apartment for our women nearby. We can still give out clothes, we can still feed the hungry. And all this without any too great outlay of money all at once. We can stall along this

way for a year until we find a place suitable and one which the city will accept as suitable and give us a certificate of occupancy for.

We Are The Poor

It is good that we have to experience all this—that we have to mull things over in our minds this way, and hunt and figure and worry, and look at our children and family and fellow workers, for whom we are responsible and wonder how it will all work out. It is good that it is this way for us. We are more truly poor in these uncertainties, in this insecurity. And we can give an example too of cheerful acceptance and most confident hope and trust. We know that our Father cares for us. He knows we have need of these things.

Future Engagements

With all this uncertainty and work ahead, I have a week of speaking in November. I am speaking November 6th at Brandeis in Boston and at the St. Thomas More Book Shop on the seventh or eighth. In Rochester on the fourteenth and then in Indianapolis on the Nov. 16 and 17. If any school or group wants me between those two dates, I can probably fit it in though it means doing without a visit with Tamar in Vermont, or taking it before hand. I have not seen David and Tamar since July first though I had five of the children with me for a three weeks' visit. Write me at 223 Chrystie Street, because the mail will be forwarded wherever we are.

Education

Al Lingus who has spent some weeks with us for quite a few summers, has an avid desire for knowledge, and spends also most of the summer working for wages in order to have money for his education. He has a B.A. from Loyola, and a B. Th. from St. Mary's seminary and now he is going to Louvain for his second year in philosophy there. He sailed last week on a Greek boat, fare \$160, and his tuition is \$96 a year. It was \$700 at Loyola, in Chicago. He also gets a good room for \$9 a month and thirty a month covers both meals and room. Louvain is a town of 40,000, 12,500 of whom are students from all over the world. There are many Arabs too he said. All classes are in French or Flemish. It is one of the most famous schools in the world, and it makes me think of how students used to flock to Paris in the middle ages. We were talking about the government which is Socialist. Although Belgium is 95 percent Catholic, the working classes are devoted to the Socialist regime. Although there are state owned railroads and mines, there are no chain stores in Belgium and there is room for many little businesses. As usual it is the school question which is the problem. The state wishes to dominate the schools and there is the usual tension between Church and State, with the latter threatening to withdraw support. The U.S. is probably the only place in the world where Catholics support their own schools, and pay double taxes. When I visited in St. Paul during Don Humphries' illness, I spent a night at the Ehrlers where the man of the house is confronted by his children who go to parochial schools and is asked by them, "Daddy, why do you teach in public schools when the Bishop says it is a mortal sin for us to go to public schools when we have Catholic schools to go to." Mr. Ehler could well reply that he had to earn enough money to pay the double taxes and only in the public school system could he earn enough as a teacher to afford to send his children to Catholic schools. The New York parochial school system pays its lay teachers about forty-five a week which is not a family living wage. Nevertheless Tom Sullivan, Bob Ludlow, Ed Turner, Kieran Dugan, all of whom were associated with *The Catholic Worker*, are so devoted to teaching that they accept the poverty.

IN THE WEST

(Continued from page 6)

distributed by teen agers. This was the 135th anniversary of the day that Joseph Smith saw his first vision. Mention was also made in their scripture reading of a certain Ammon who was a Mormon prophet to the American Indians, and he was somewhat of a pacifist. Members got up at random from the congregation and spoke. Herbert gave his emphasis upon brotherhood and peace. He is of "The Seventies" and will have charge of the meeting next Sunday.

The next morning Jackie (Mrs. Rona) drove me to St. Ann's where I met Sister Columbia at St. Ann's school. She is the Superior and just over from Ireland and much interested in the CW. I also met Father Doyle, just here from Boston where he knows John Cort and has heard of the CW. He drove me to the Cathedral where we spent several hours with Father McDougal with whom I had corresponded for several years. He had been an AP correspondent and had been in a Japanese prison camp for three years, becoming a priest 6 years ago. He could see my pacifism but not anarchism in full. He phoned to the Trappist monastery fifty miles away and the next day Father Doyle drove me up there where we had a good visit with the brothers, all the more so when they learned that Father Hugh of the monastery in Berryville, Va., who had been there two weeks before was a good friend of mine. Here they have 1,600 acres beyond the beautiful Odgen Canyon where they raise sheep and cattle. Many old time Mormons visit here intrigued by this simple cooperative life which reminds them of the old time Mormon United Order.

Herman invited ex-Governor Lee, one of the 12 Apostles of the Mormon Church, a Mormon Church leader teaching at the University, a Mormon judge, and his Unitarian boss and wife, as well as the charming wife of Lee, and I spoke to them of the pacifist-anarchist message and my Catholic faith. The discussion was spirited but cordial. No one was converted but at least a challenge was given to practice primitive Christianity. I also visited at the home of a polygamous Mormon, one of thousands in this county I was told. The wife told me that her two sons were conscientious objectors in hospitals. Later I visited for some hours with her husband who did two years in Tucson on a Federal charge and 7 months on a state charge. These fundamentalists as they are called are pacifists and do not vote and many are vegetarians, and they try to live according to the early communal life of the Mormon pioneers. The Twelfth article of their faith reads, "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law." And the Mormon evening daily paper has as its motto on the editorial page, "We stand for the Constitution of the U.S. as being divinely inspired." So I admire the fundamentalist Mormons for daring to disobey laws and to be pacifists and anarchists in the face of this teaching. And also Herbert Rona when he gets up in meeting and says that he will obey magistrates only inasmuch as he does not violate the teachings of Christ not to kill nor to return evil for evil. I recognize him as a blood-brother in also following Peter, not when he denied Christ, but when he went to prison twice for disobedience and he and all the Apostles said "to obey God rather than man." Herbert and I visited Sister Mary Catherine of the Carmelite Order at a nearby monastery one evening. She was formerly a Mormon, her father having five wives, and her brother being one of the 12 Apostles of the Mormon Church today. All but one of her grown children are Mormons. She has been a convert for eight years and has read my book and I have corresponded with her. The Sister Superior was behind an enclosure but she spoke to us for an hour through a screen. Sister Mary Catherine was happy, vigorous and a joy to meet. She wanted to know more of Joe Hill who was murdered by the state of Utah here in Salt Lake City in 1916. I wish I were ten years younger and did not have so much jail to go to in New York, for I would enjoy working in the Mormon orchards near Bountiful, Utah, and would appreciate my friendship with the fine priests and nuns, and the radicals in and out of the Mormon Church.

Joe Hill

Father McDougal asked me to meet a barber by the name of Squires who is a distant relative of Bill Haywood of the I.W.W. who was raised here. He is a radical who was once a Mormon and who takes the *National Guardian* and the CW. He was reading the latter when I met him. He told me of a teacher in the schools here for 25 years who had been fired for being too radical. He is now writing a life of Joe Hill. I spent a few hours with him looking over old pictures and letters regarding the case. Many of the stories are extremely interesting. Because of a strike I could not go direct to the Hopi so had to go around through Las Vegas.

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Peter Maurin Farm

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

The hurricanes have so far by passed us here in Staten Island. But at the beach one can find evidence of the fury of the storm. The last hurricane raced out to sea, but in its wake left many a mute reminder of its disruptive power.

There must have been a terrific churning of the sea for on walking the beach in the aftermath of the storm I ran across many a spider crab. These rarely come close to shore and are found out at sea. It must have been an unusually powerful current that picked them up from the ocean bottom and deposited them on the beach.

Every morning the beach presents a new face for me. It is with an air of expectant discovery (especially if there has been a high sea during the night) that I tumble out of bed to go beach combing. There is a peculiarity that I have noticed about natural life on the beach and that is nature seems to abhor individualism. One rarely comes across a solitary specimen of a species; usually they are bunched together in clusters and the beach is littered with them.

There are days that may go by without finding a conch shell and then in the wake of a storm one finds many scattered around. The same with sponges, crabs, razor clams, seaweeds of every description. No wonder the beach is such a fascinating place and one never loses a feeling of discovery and expectation.

The fall days are upon us at the farm and most of the activities are being centered around the house and the barn. The kitchen is a favorite spot if only for the fact that Helen Perry is a whiz at turning out bread and cakes that fairly melt in your mouth.

Hans and Andy have been busily at work in getting both the farm house and the beach cabins ready for the winter. The work of maintenance never seems to end around a farm in the constant fight against rust and deterioration.

We have a large library at the farm and Beth has been working for the past weeks at cataloging and weeding out. The duplicate copies we give to Catholic Action groups. The walls of the dining room are lined with books and one can eat and read titles at the same time. The overflow of books has gone up to the attic while books on the sea go to our beach cabins.

In the past we have given away several libraries to Catholic Action groups, but the more we sow of books the more we get.

Mary Hughes spent two weeks in the hospital and what would have been a trying time in her life turned out to be a joy since Mary was taken to the hospital the day school began. But though she lost two weeks of work she has made it up by extra studying. The dining room has a school room appearance every night as Johannah, Tommy, Mary and Jimmy bend assiduously over their homework.

The cold fall nights seems to be ideal for the study of the stars and Tom Caine, our naturalist, has set up a telescope with which we are able to study the heavens. A glance at the moon showed me the craters and the seas, but contrary to popular opinion I could detect no cheese nor a man waving at us.

One becomes conscious of sounds in the country—more so than in the city. Perhaps this is because our ears are not tortured by the dreadful cacophony of industrial noise and traffic. It seems that here at the farm the hearing is more attuned to what the poets love to call the eternal harmonies. Here the enjoyable sounds may be listed as the sighing of the wind through the tree tops, the whistling

of the wind as it skirts around the house on a stormy night; the pounding of the waves upon the beach. The sounds I detest are those caused by metal being twisted and tortured in an industrial process, and of course a chalk scraping across the blackboard.

There are many delightful odors on the farm; the fragrance of new mown hay and at night it becomes almost overpowering in its sweetness. The story is told that a group of city bred soldiers became panicky one night when they smelt freshly cut hay. They assumed that they were subjected to a gas attack, especially as they had been told that some poison gas has a sweet sticky odor.

But here at our farm we are still conscious of the fact that we are in the city because sometimes the repulsive odors of the smogs blows our way from the factories in New Jersey. The frightful odors that send one gasping are those that seem to be compounded of rotten eggs and decaying cabbage. There is one smog that has a delightful odor smelling of witch hazel. But the south and east winds that bring the sea breezes are the most delightful of all.

To get acquainted with our neighbors and also to clean our attic of accumulated trash, bric a bac and whatnots we decided to hold a rummage sale. Our clothing room was jammed full with clothes of every type and description and since St. Joseph's House is in the process of moving we did not wish to ship it in to them to add to their woes. We would have loved to have given it away to poorer neighbors, but they seem to be too sensitive and proud to accept them in charity, so we decided to have a rummage sale.

On my small hand press I printed several hundred cards announcing the sale and promising that all articles would be priced at five cents. These I took and handed out from door to door. The children helped. On Saturday we cleaned the house of all unnecessary articles and placed them on long tables in the yard.

Spike Zywicki, who works with the Blessed Martin de Porres House of Hospitality, in Washington was on time to help with the sale. At the end of the day we had sold every item and had made about thirty dollars for the work—but more important we were able to get the clothes in the hands of our neighbors and felt that we had established better relations. But someone remarked that despite the sale the house looked just as crowded as ever.

Jimmie Hughes got into the act for the next day we discovered that he had raided our potato bin and was selling them for a penny a piece. We had to tell him that the potatoes were for our own use and not to be sold.

The only item we try to sell is words in the guise of articles short stories and books. Our writers have been busy and have managed to place a few stories. Dorothy Day has just finished her book on the Life of the Little Flower which will be published by Harper's. Dorothy is also writing an article on the Eviction for Jubilee. I am happy to report that *Oratory* in its September issue has printed one of my articles on St. Joseph and The Catholic Worker. Also, I have just finished my autobiographical account of *The Catholic Worker Movement* and the Lay Apostolate. It is called *Days of Action*. Please say a prayer that it finds a publisher. But then it would be an exciting adventure to print it chapter by chapter on my handpress. Just as I finished writing this, I received a letter from Betty Prevender informing me that TODAY is printing my article on *The Mystical Body of Christ* in

its October issue. Watch for it and tell me what you think of it.

My window at the Farm House overlooks the cannery and every once in a while I am treated to the rich delightful spells of spices and pickles. Both Joe and Mike work hard at the cooking and the canning and the shelves in our barns are a delight to behold. The casual visitor to the barn is always amazed by the amount of food-stuffs that we have preserved.

The richness and productivity of the farm is due in great measure to the hard work of both Father Duffy in the past and John Filliger in the present who have both spent time and effort in manuring the soil and growing cover crops in an effort to restore the vitality and health of the ground. The first year the insects ate most of the vegetables and we received a poor return for our labors. But thanks to the organic matter that has been restored to the soil we receive tenfold for our work and the plants are better able to fight off the insects. Plants growing in healthy soil have less insects to bother them.

It is good to get up early in the morning and go into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. But no matter how early one gets up it seems that Joe Roche is there. Joe has taken over the kitchen and alternates his time between cooking and washing. We are indeed blessed in the quality of our workers.

Agnes Sidney who has been with us for many years is in charge of the table setting and takes charge of the dishes, silver and linen is a perfect example of a valiant woman. Agnes is always working around the place, sweeping the stairs and cleaning the bathroom. Visitors who bring Agnes a box of candy may be happy to know that she shares them with the children. During the summer the Hennessy children always ran up to see Agnes because they knew that she had some candy for them. One of the reasons I sit at the children's table is because Agnes always manages to provide a surprise of candy.

Agnes Sidney before she came to help us spent thirty years at sea with her husband working on a barge going up and down the coast from Boston to New York and up the river and canal to Buffalo. She has many a wonderful story to tell about her seafaring days and it is a pity that she prefers to be a reader than a writer.

To answer the appeal that we are sending out I have printed the prayer of St. Ephraim on a small hand press. The thought came to me that perhaps some of our readers would like additional copies for their prayer book or to use for correspondence. Just write to me at Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island 9, N.Y. Stamps for postage will be appreciated.

NEW BEGINNINGS:

(Continued from page 2)
to get an equitable settlement for 223 Chrystie Street and when we do get the money we want to put up a new building at Peter Maurin Farm with a larger chapel and library downstairs and sleeping quarters upstairs. There is no sense owning in Manhattan where the whole city is being rooted up and torn down and made over to complement the United Nations and Rockefeller Plaza. On Staten Island there is a chance to sink roots and have some stability. St. Joseph's House will of necessity extend a more fleeting kind of hospitality. This issue contains one of our semi-annual appeals and begging is always embarrassing. We are trying to cut down in every way on our expenses but our debts at the moment are enormous. Aside from the expense of moving here are a few of our most pressing debts: printer, \$1,012 (not counting this issue); Chrystie St. groceries, \$745 (through Sept.); Farm groceries, \$772 (through Sept.); Chrys-

Work Groups and Days Of Recollection

By ELIZABETH ROGERS

One of the functions that was foreseen for Peter Maurin Farm when it was established eight years ago was that of a retreat house where groups might come for Days of Recollection. And off and on, we have had groups of twenty or more for a day or half a day. In the past we have sometimes arranged series of such Sundays ourselves. In 1956 and 1957 we had wonderful conferences on the first Sunday of the month, which were well attended by friends and readers of the paper. The first series was given by Father Armand Guerin, S.M., from the nearby Marist Novitiate, and the second by our good friend Father James McCoy, S.J., from St. Francis Xavier Church in New York.

From time to time also, parish groups have come for a day or half a day. The most recent was the Legion of Mary from Transfiguration Church in Brooklyn, with Father Bryan Karvelis. They are a newly former Puerto Rican group, who work with the 4,000 Puerto Ricans in the parish, and it was their first day of recollection. A frequent visitor is Father Matthew Foley, from Sacred Heart Parish in Brooklyn, who has come for the past two years on the Feast of Christ the King, bringing a group of young people to think about the layman's role in the Church. Father came with a group one year to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. A group of former Friendship House staff and volunteers have had Days of Recollection with us also, and are due to be with us again on October 12.

For a group coming from New York City, a typical day falls into this pattern. If it is a Sunday—as is usual with Days of Recollection—they usually arrive late in the morning or early in the afternoon. There are two or more conferences in the chapel, depending on the material to be covered; Stations of the Cross (out of doors if the weather permits); Benediction; a buffet supper, and afterwards some kind of recreation, perhaps singing or folk dancing. Part of the Office is usually recited, either Vespers or Compline. Some groups observe strict silence, others not. If the weather is good, it is pleasant to walk around the farm. If it is rainy, the house as well as the chapel is available,

and our really good library is at the disposal of the group.

From time to time, the American Friends Service Committee has brought young people out for work weekends. This, we would like to see expand; perhaps groups from parishes in New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, or even nearby New Jersey towns could organize such days or weekends as a way of practicing the works of mercy. We would suggest arriving early in the morning on a Saturday so as to have most of the day here; it would be possible also to have as many as twelve stay overnight, since we now have the beach cottages. Maryhouse has heat, though at the moment it is out of repair, but the cottage is insulated and is comfortable enough at present even in chilly weather.

There is plenty of work to be done. A group that came last December, and was housebound because of a blizzard, nevertheless cleaned out a storage shed, whitewashed the barn, painted bookshelves, did general cleaning, and began the cataloging of the library. There is always painting or plastering to be done, or wood to be gathered and chopped, or weeds to be pulled. Work groups seem to be most successful if they are kept to eight or ten. Time would be made to examine the craft room, and to have any discussion the group might desire of the Catholic Worker and the principles that underly both the Worker and community life in general. There is daily Mass, Rosary and Compline in the evening, and the chapel is always open for private prayer.

Groups interested in arranging a day or weekend at the farm should write or call Beth Rogers. The address is 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island 9, N.Y., and the telephone is Yukon 4-9896.

Correction

In the September *Catholic Worker*, there were two errors in the book reviews.

In the notice of Harpers' edition of *The Mystery of the Holy Innocents*, by Charles Peguy, the statement that "this is the first translation in English," should have read, "the first complete translation in English." Parts of the poem appeared a number of years ago under the title *God Speaks*.

"A critical note on the appearance of the books" was misleadingly placed above a series of short reviews of Image Books, and the impression created that the titles of Image Books do not appear on the spine of the book. The note was written originally about Sheed and Ward's Canterbury Books, reviewed some issues back, and was carried over into the September *Worker* by mistake. The new Canterbury Books have been corrected in this detail.

St. butcher, \$600 (through Sept.) and \$450 in various other expenses. We know you won't fail us.

CHICAGO Catholic Worker

A month ago a new house of hospitality opened in Chicago. Karl Meyer rented a five room storefront in the first week of September and we have had letters from Ed Morin and Karlene Mostek telling of the progress and Al Ling's gave us a very enthusiastic account when he stopped here last week on his way to the University at Louvain. Karl is the only person living there at the moment and he is working full time to pay for the rent and those things which don't come in as donations. Al Ling's washed the whole place by himself and they have gotten a great deal of help from Brad Lytle and a workcamp from the American Friends Service Committee and from Bob Bosshart and John Morgan of Peter Maurin House and from Mary O'Connell, Frances

Ferguson, Orletta Ryan, Dr. Gargan, a history prof from Loyola and Bill George is going to paint a mural. The walls and ceilings have been painted and what used to be Willie's Shoe Shine Parlor doesn't look the same at all.

They still need beds, blankets, dishes, big cooking pots, tables, chairs, a refrigerator, a desk and all sorts of tools and utensils. A stove, has already been donated. They sound very exciting, these beginnings and we hope that after things settle down here in New York we can visit the Chicago Catholic Worker. The most wonderful thing about it all is that almost anyone can do it, married, single, or whatever. It takes no special talent just enthusiasm and good will. And there is a lot of that around; it only needs to be tapped and encouraged.