THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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On Pilgrimage

By Dorothy Day

March 5. Spent night at the Las Cruces, New Mexico, retreat house, a most beautiful place. March 6th arrived at Tucson where I stayed at Jim and Eileen Allen's (both New Yorkers and he working for the Univ. of Arizona and two of his oldest children going to school there). They have ten children, and only Barbara and the six-year-old Michael are not in school. The house is big, seven bedrooms, and I had a little room in the wing of the house where it was quiet. Betsy, the oldest girl, gave up her room to me and bunked in with Nancy, her next sister. The house is always filled with the smell of home-made bread, which Eileen bakes in batches of ten loaves, with a big pan of rolls. March 7th, I wrote all day. March 8th, to the university to hear a lecture by Frank Sheed on St. Augustine. He also talked about the Evidence Guild. He wore high laced shoes, pants were baggy at the knee and slightly short, and he had a crumpled look. Very alive and happy and talking about what he loved. March 9th. Reception at Jane McGuire's for Mr. Sheed and met lots of old friends. March 10: spoke to the second grade, two rooms full, with a hundred children in all, about the saints. They talked more than I did, all of them wanting to tell of their favorites, and then when I went on to speak of how the saints love the poor, all the hands were raised to tell of how their mothers or fathers helped the poor, and one little boy said his father was a poor boy who only had beans to eat when he was small!

March 14. I drove with Alberta Beeson whom I had met in California twenty years before, at Carmel. She is supervisor of Catholic schools or something like that and she was on her way to visit the mission schools in southwestern Arizona and to give a few tests to the pupils. The Papago Indian reservation is the largest in the world and there are many scattered villages of a dozen houses or so over the desert. The houses are made of adobe, not plastered or painted, so they last only about twenty years, "which is long enough," one of the priests told us, "since every time there is a death in the family, the people move away and demolish the house, slowly but surely. The church in one of the villages is already out of town."

Fr. Lambert is a Franciscan who has lived in the desert thirty years and knows the Papago language and has made a written language of it, giving the Indians the Gospels in their own tongue. "The Papago is unrelated to any other tongue," Fr. Camillus, also a Franciscan, told us. "It does not follow the tradition of any other language." They are a communal people and like to work in groups, so that when one man is hired many other members of the family come to work with him. There are seven Franciscan schools in the reservation and one priest serves a number of the churches and schools. At Sells, Arizona, there is a government hospital and school, and at the church there, with its wonderful wall murals of missionaries to the Indians and martyrs among them, there was a pamphlet rack with Image books, and

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CLAUDE PONSOT

A National Illusion

By Dianne Gannon

With the youthful naivete and arrogance of the rich, the United States promises her people what no other country has ever dared promise—happiness. The little rich girl shows off her toys, and patiently explains how she got them, but she cannot understand why everyone does not have what she has, nor can she imagine life without them. Her happiness must be a permanent thing, and thus it has produced whole systems, that now dominate our life like the mechanical oil wells that dot Southern California. Banks, insurance companies, speculation, social security, and higher education — all are created and maintained for the perpetuation of our national happiness.

Although our country was settled by peasant stock, we have forgotten hunger. The abundant land was paradise, and if, by chance, the land gave in to the plunder, there was always more land. To deny this abundance seemingly denied reality; it was an unthinkable heresy. Today most of the world could be fed by our garbage cans. But the reality of poverty can only be rediscovered by an occasional picture of a bloated child. And how easy it is, sitting in our chairs, to turn the page, after thinking, "how unfortunate." Our society is so gigantic that only those haunted by such a figure will take action. But as for numbers, it is much easier to contemplate an assembly line of cars or chocolate candies than it is to imagine a bread line.

When we see Spanish Harlem or the Bowery, or the comparable ghetto in your town, how easy it is to call their troubles laziness. Our desire for security demands that the image of the family found in advertisements, or now symbolized by Jack and Jackie, stand firm. If we admit poverty, the contrast is too appalling for our eyes. We must maintain the image, and deny our brotherhood. On Spring Street, for instance, we were among Italian families, who although they live in a ghetto, dress and eat well. These people, to assimilate properly, learn quickly. They did not want the "bums" around, for each needy person denies security and freedom from hunger

The Cross, the Cross
Goes deeper in than we know,
Deeper into life;
Right into the marrow
And through the bone.

D. H. Lawrence

At noon in San Francisco, when the poor, mainly the jobless, the alcoholic, flood across Market Street to go to St. Anthony's Dining Room, the office workers and shoppers turn away. And they are right. Truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a drunk man with yellowed liquid, the remnant of a forgotten, but continuing illness, pasted on his face, trailing into his beard, his nose running, his voice cracked by cheap wine. Of course it is a bit easier to accept the poor when they are not so completely needy, when they have a place to stay, a clean change of clothes. But hunger is a reality, even in the United States.

Coming through this country last month, I saw abandoned shacks that, as I stared, turned out to be

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CUBA

By Ed Turner

At the very onset of the success of the Castro rebellion the American Government opposed it. On February 11 of this year testimony of William D. Pawley, ex-U. S. Ambassador to Peru, before the U. S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on September 2, 1960, was released. He testified that six weeks before Fulgencio Batista's government had fallen to Fidel Castro's rebels, he had discussed the Cuban situation at his Miami home with then Deputy Assistant State Secretary William Pennell Snow, ex-Assistant State Secretary Henry Holland and J. C. King of U. S. Central Intelligence Agency. He suggested that Batista be persuaded to step aside for a caretaker government.

As a result of the talks, he was sent to Cuba, and met Batista December 9, 1958. He convinced Batista he should turn over his government to a military junto of "Batista enemies" to oppose Castro's rebels and should take asylum in the United States. The junta was to have been made up of: Cols. Barquin and Barbonnet and General Diaz Tamayo. But the Revolution was too penetrating to be shunted aside.

In April 1959 Castro and some economic advisers came to the United States to explain that they were dead serious about their land reform program. From this point on, the barrage of anti-Castro propaganda began in the U.S. press. It takes no wise man to figure out what was at stake—a billion dollars of U.S. investments. No one can seriously believe that the Department of State was disenchanted because "Castro is a dictator." It has been doing business with dictators consistently since World War II. It has never in that period criticized Chiang Kai-shek because there are no opposition parties in Formosa, or because there is no opposition press, or because the leader of the opposition is now in jail. It is not squeamish about Franco; in fact it has given him more than a billion dollars. It has tolerated and decorated many dictators: Somoza, Perez Jiminez, Syngman Rhee, Menderes, to name just a few. It has formed alliances with many dictatorial countries that also have no elections, no free press, no civil liberties: Pakistan, Thailand, Nicaragua, Haiti, and so on. The grand offensive against Castro by the U.S. cannot be explained, therefore, in terms of humanitarianism or concern for democracy.

When the Cubans finally "intervened" and then nationalized the sugar industry, the United States protested. American refining companies cut back on oil. The Cubans purchased Russian oil for about 60c less a barrel. The refineries refused to process it. The refineries were nationalized. From this point, the situation deteriorated, unchecked. The U.S. cut the sugar quota; Cuba nationalized some more American firms; the U.S. responded by eliminating Cuban sugar entirely; Cuba, to preserve its small foreign exchange, nationalized the rest of American holdings; the United States imposed an embargo on sales to Cuba; eventually diplomatic relations were ruptured entirely.

Counter-Revolutionists in Miami

The United States must fight, if necessary, to throw the "communists" out of Cuba. Such was the burden of a speech of Mr. Spruille Branden, former U.S. Ambassador

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On Pilgrimage

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two copies of my **Long Loneliness.** Fr. Lambert lives at Covered Wells, and to get there you go off the highway and down a gully and up a little hill and there is the church that melts into the desert around. The desert gives the appearance of being as flat as far as the eye can see, but there are many little dips in the ground. There was a beautifully tended little garden, not much larger than a yard, and in the center a fountain with a figure of St. Francis in the center. There was just a little drip to the fountain, which Fr. had constructed himself, but it was most refreshing to sit around it, almost as one would sit around a fireplace. Both refresh the spirit. While we sat there under the olive trees with him and talked, a lovely little yellow bird came and perched on the shoulder of St. Francis. Fr. Lambert is a great rock hound, as they call them, and spent his day-off in the desert.

Our destination was Ajo, which was 125 miles from Tucson, and is a company town of the Phelps Dodge people who mine the copper in southern Arizona. The two diocesan priests in the town are Fr. Reinweller and Fr. Stromberg. The latter had a belated vocation. He had formerly been an anthropologist in Mexico when his vocation suddenly descended upon him, as it were. He was much concerned this night with a "rumble" that was slated for the evening around the square of the little town, between the Anglos and the Mexicans from a neighboring town, and sat up rather late to forestall any trouble in a little coffee shop down the street from the church where the Anglos hung out. We saw some of the outposts of a gang of kids, armed with staves, hoping for something to start. As usual all over the country, the teen-agers have nothing to do, no work to absorb their energies, nothing of any importance, no philosophy of work, as Peter would say when he told people "to fire the bosses" as he used to say in the depression, advising young people to find some work that they wanted to do and study for it, train themselves for it—but where are those who have a philosophy of work and can convey the idea to others, and who have the gift of leadership? And what kind of work is there in a company town that is not just "made work." The story Sheldon Weeks tells in this issue is of a training in work.

Company Town

The Phelps Dodge people dominate the towns of Douglas, Bisbee, Globe, Cliffton, Morency and many other places. I shall look up a history of the company which I can probably find in the files of **Fortune** magazine. A movie, "Salt of the Earth," was made in New Mexico, of a strike of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union. An injunction was gotten out against picketing, so the women took up the job, leaving the men to stay home and do the chores, drawing the water, cooking over little wood fires and washing for the babies. The picture was taken with local people with only a few imported actors, and it was a true and valid picture, and with humor, until the "capitalist bosses from Wall Street" came on the scene, looking like big blond German Nazis, driving around in limousines that were more fitted for Wall Street than the desert. Since it was a Communist-inspired movie it did not get much of a showing through the country but we saw it in New York.

Ajo is a neat, orderly, well laid out town. For vast miles across the desert, as we approached it, there was the equivalent of the slag heaps of the coal mining towns of the north. At the top of this dead white palisade runs a little train with a few cars, cauldrons of burning molten waste which is dumped out to lengthen the long mountain which rises up over the desert. The mine itself looks like a great amphitheater, terraced in many-colored rock of pastel shades —turquoise blue, rose and pale pink, green, russet. Men and machines look like ants and toys in this vastness. How many men? A few thousand perhaps. There is segregation in housing in this company town—first an Indian village, for the many Papagos who work in the mine, and it is here we found Fr. Camillus, a warm Italian, very youthful, originally from Oregon where his family have a fruit farm. He loves the Indians and took me into the kindergarten, the only school, where doll-like children sang for me and prayed for me, and then during recess, played like other children with guns and cars, imitating police sirens and fire trucks and ambulances.

Fr. Camillus

Fr. Camillus is proud of his church where the Papago sings the Mass in Papago chant set to the music of the **Green Rainbow Song.** Brother Robert had made fifteen rattles like the medicine men use, with metal disks which the altar boys, fifteen of them, shake during the singing of the Gloria and the Creed, as gourds are shaken to give rhythm. The candlesticks on the altar are carved of mesquite wood, and the holy water fonts and cruets are of lovely russet pottery made by the Indians. There are beautiful Navajo rugs under foot and on the benches sheepskins and goatskins and a buffalo hide. Papagos are highly skilled in leather work. They do no weaving and when I asked what the priests were, he said when it was cold they used to wear skins and in hot weather they used to wear nothing at all. The pictures of the early missionaries, riding over the desert on their horses, show the Indians with nothing but a loin cloth.

Father Camillus preaches in Papago and his sermon is in three parts, he says, first the sermon, then the explanation of liturgy, then Scripture.

Everywhere there are the beautiful baskets of the Indians, made by the women from the materials collected by the men from the desert. Even the Monstrance is part basket woven, and the metal part is inlaid with semi-precious stones collected and polished from the desert. (Fr. Lambert polishes stones in tumblers which revolve for weeks, and one can get little motor-driven tumblers as big as coffee pots, for twenty dollars in the Woolworth stores.) Many of their baskets have plain round designs, surrounding, or basing the figure of the legendary hero, E-E-Tok Stones, roots, branches, cactus, everything is used in the desert. A cactus syrup is made from the Suhuara fruit which tastes like a refined blackstrap molasses. The fine seed of the fruit is pounded and made into a paste-like candy, or the seed is sprinkled like poppy seed on bread. All the fruit of the cactus is eaten, and there is a wild spinach called evak and acorn nuts and wild onions and chile and so on. Fr. Camillus goes out with the Indian boys and they gather the fruit when it is in season and then there is a great boiling down rather like the sugaring in New England.

Mexicans

Further down the side of the mountain is the Mexican village and since I was with a teacher who had a specific job to do, I did not visit the houses but the school instead, where I talked to the seventh and eighth grades, some of them the very students who were looking for a "rumble" the night before. The Sisters of Charity of Mother Seton, from Seton Hill, Pennsylvania, teach here and they invited us to their convent on the top of a high hill for dinner, where they ate with us and the two priests and we had a very pleasant discussion.

Traveling in the desert is most fascinating, and I was amazed to hear Father Lambert talk of the actual farming some of the Indians

He is the true Lamb,
who by dying
has destroyed our death,
& by rising again
has bestowed new life on us.

were able to do. They raise corn, squash and wheat, and have both wheat and corn tortillas as their "bread." They cook and bake in big outside ovens as the Pennsylvania Dutch do. "But they do not buy and sell," he said. "They have no business sense. They give their surplus away."

Wandering Monks

I was interested to learn that one of those St. Benedict terms "wandering monks," Stanley Becker, who had spent a summer with us when he came up from New Orleans, and who when he departed left a painting on wood of St. Francis Xavier, had spent some time with Fr. Camillus a year before. St. Francis Xavier is a favorite saint of the Papago, and Fr. Kino, the Jesuit, was the one who brought Christ to the Indians centuries before and built

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Traveling Westward

By AMMON HENNACY

During my last day in Cheyenne I was busy speaking to students at the Catholic High School. Here I saw the beautiful chapel built by Bob Laybourn for free because he had refused to work at the only other job available: that on a National Guard building. Riding until midnight of the next day I came to Winnipeg, just beating a snowstorm. Stanley Kolt, a teacher who is head of the Alumni of the Newman Club, met me and for once I rested quietly in a hotel. Father Driscoll at St. Paul's, which is the Catholic section of the University of Winnipeg (there being a St. John's Anglicans and the regular University for others), introduced me to students and informally answered questions for two days, besides speaking to classes and at a regular meeting at night where students and townspeople attended.

At lunch I sat next to a young professor who had bought CW's from me seven years ago at the Fordham gate. I have seldom met as interested a group of students as surrounded me here. I could have stayed for several days. The Jewish Rabbi stopped in to ask me about Charles de Foucauld. Father Driscoll drove me to the Communist bookstore downtown where the man in charge already knew of our picketing in N.Y. City and greeted me kindly. Then I went to Communist headquarters and visited for some hours with one of the four Communist officials in the city government whose main argument was that the State would soon wither away in Russia and our common goal of Anarchism would result. I lunched a bit with another Communist there who was a vegetarian and a student of Vedanta and deep breathing. The head of the student council made me promise to come back again for a larger meeting after I got settled in Salt Lake City.

The Doukhobors

Riding all night I was met in the morning by Koozma Tarasoff, a young Doukhobor lawyer recently returned from a visit to Russia. He knew of a group of sixty Tolstoyans who refused to go to war and nothing was done to them. He visited other Tolstoy groups. His mother had the traditional pancakes and borscht. I spoke the first night to the city group opposed to nuclear warfare who are planning a picketing at Regina on Holy Saturday. Some young Catholics were there but Mrs. von Pilis, the Catholic leader who is our friend, had to be away so I only had a meeting with a few students at the University the next day. I spoke at the annual banquet of about 100 young Doukhobors who came from as far as 150 miles away. I only noticed one other vegetarian, a girl student from Blaine Lake who sat next to me at the speakers table. In fact the Saskatoon *Star Phoenix* in reporting this banquet headed the article by saying that "Sask. Doukhobors Have 'Found Themselves,'" meaning that they had succumbed to the Canadianization and lost their former beliefs in communal ownership of land, vegetarianism, no smoking or drinking, although few of them went to war and some went to prison. There is no draft in Canada. There are about 10,000 in this section, the remnant of those who swore allegiance to the Crown and took the land, the main group going to British Columbia.

The Doukhobors are dissidents from the Greek Orthodox Church in Russia who were named as such by the Bishop of Ekaterinoslaff in 1785, because they "wrestled with the Spirit," not believing in ikons and organized religion which blessed war. They did not believe in churches or ministers or baptism or any creed or rites, saying that each one, including all those in the world, were either baptized by the spirit or they were not, and that God alone knew all about this. They held all land in common and had no elected leaders. They were allowed to remove to a remote part of the Empire but even then throughout the century they were persecuted.

A family by the name of Verigin came to be their leaders, and one Peter (the Lordly) spent fifteen years in Siberia beginning in 1895. Tolstoy became aroused and wrote his novel Resurrection in order to get money, which with contributions of the English Quakers, was used to remove 7,000 Doukhobors to Saskatchewan where they built up the country. They had not understood that they would later have to swear allegiance to the Crown, so under Peter's leadership most of them went to the Kootenay section near Nelson, B.C. and Grand Forks and established irrigation, jam factories, etc. and were very prosperous.

Peter was assassinated and later his son by a first marriage came from Russia, Peter P. Verigin, and became their leader. He got the group in debt by his gambling and wild life though he fought the government in many ways until his death. At Kars in Russia in 1895 there had been a burning of arms, tobacco pouches, vodka containers, etc., and a purifying of the Doukhobor life. Now in and around Nelson for half a century Doukhobors have burned down school houses where militarism was taught, and at times the houses of those whom they felt did not live close enough to the party line. They also disrobed in court and in public as if to say, "You have taken our lands, our children to orphanages, now take our clothes." I visited this section in 1941 and witnessed some of their services where men and women disrobed and sang hymns. My friends at this time were Peter Maloff of Thrums and Helen Demoskoff of Slocan Park. Peter was in jail in Nelson then and Helen did eleven years altogether in prison. The more radical of these Doukhobors are called Sons of Freedom. I have visited several times during the past five years and will see them again as I am nearer in Salt Lake City.

As near as a stranger who is sympathetic can figure it out, this is the status of the Doukhobors today:

(1) **Saskatoon.** They are generally wealthy with wheat land and are also in business. They are pacifists but not anarchists, so they vote; they eat meat, smoke and drink often, in general, but hold to their singing, although they do not accept leadership of the Verigin's or any other spiritual leader. They intermarry with Canadians somewhat.

(2) **Union of Spiritual Communities of Christ, The Orthodox under Johnny Verigin of Grand Forks.** They take government pensions and many of them eat meat, but few of them vote, and they may or may not smoke and drink. They have Co-op stores but membership is closed to any but themselves. They make a great point of singing together. They own land individually and work out in saw mills, etc., but are not very wealthy.

(3) **Sons of Freedom** who have been the ones in the past who have gone to jail. These are mainly in three groups, (a) **Reformed Spiritual Communities of Christ** mainly under the leadership of a man by the name of Sorokin, who in the past ten years has collected money and gone with it to South America. He is not a born Doukhobor but says he is sent by God to lead them. Currently he is suing a Trail B.C. paper for defaming him. I have not met him but think of him mostly as a fraud; (b) The hard core of those who still go nude and burn houses. Two were burnt the days that I was at Slocan Park, but these were folks who burned their own houses in protest against Johnny Verigin who had an argument with some Sons of Freedom who tried to burn the Community

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Polaris Action

Box 76, Trumbull, Conn.
March 6, 1961

Dear Dorothy,

You have been reading about the activities of the Committee for Nonviolent Action against Nuclear Weapons in Groton and New London, Connecticut. If I am not mistaken, Dorothy, you helped organize the committee, so I thought you would be interested to know that I have been active in the New England committee. We formed a New England CNVA to make it easier to administer POLARIS ACTION and to follow up last summer's very successful activities with further community education and continued experimentation with civil disobedience as part of a nonviolent alternative to war. It has been a wonderful experience for me, frustrating at times, but that's the price paid for organization.

Our planning sessions are a wonder to behold. One meeting held last August to plan civil disobedience commenced at 9 A.M. with a silent meeting after the manner of the Society of Friends, since many of our people are Quakers. I had already attended early Mass that Sunday, and since the meeting was a silent one I saw no harm in sitting with these good people and silently fingering my beads in my pocket. After about one half-hour of silence, Brad Little arose and extended his hand to me. I guessed that I was supposed to pass the handshake on to the others present, which I did, recalling the Kiss of Peace which used to be passed on to the congregation during high Mass, from celebrant to deacon, then to subdeacon and the officers of the Mass, and then to all the members of the congregation. This was the last of peace and silence that I experienced that day. Since all decisions, even the most trivial, had to be made with the approval of all the participants, it took a very long time to come to decisions we had to make about items on the agenda. We spent an unbelievable amount of time settling the question of the door. You see, our office in New London had received many hostile, even violent, visitors who had damaged and stolen considerable office and personal property, and we were planning one of the civil disobedience demonstrations, an illegal act in itself. The question of the door was: is it in the spirit of nonviolence to erect an artificial barrier between ourselves and fellow citizens, juvenile delinquents, military and FBI spies and/or the police? If not, then what of the door of our apartment a few blocks away? It had been entered by some of the local swains and one of our girls, alone at the time, was threatened with criminal abuse. Her would-be assailant ran away when he heard the sound of some of our unsuspecting young men approaching. If we opened the office door, should we not then unlock the door to the apartment, argued one of our members, Dave McReynolds, who tried to show the absurdity of the situation by this reductio. After the passage of a period of time I do not feel emotionally qualified to calculate, the sense of the meeting had it that we should unlock the door but leave it closed, with a note tacked to it saying that we were in meeting and that we would welcome visitors in the evening, after the meeting. The meeting extended well into the evening, however. Brad Little's strong and efficient leadership helped to cover all the items on the agenda and we finally came to agreement. This form of meeting is very democratic, more so than that by majority vote, because all the members have to be convinced to acquiescence at least, and this is a difficult job with so many very intelligent and sensitive people. Bob Swann who, with his wife Marj, now directs Polaris Action, chaired the meeting with unending patience.

The most characteristic difference between POLARIS ACTION, CNVA, and the other peace organizations is that civil disobedience is a primary objective of ours, whereas it has either no place (SANE), or a secondary place in the programs, activities or philosophies of the others. THE CATHOLIC WORKER has done a wonderful job of keeping civil disobedience before the conscience of the people with its repeated Civil Defense demonstrations, but I think you will agree that this sort of activity has always been secondary to the personal performance of the corporal works of mercy and the theological-philosophical interpretation of personal responsibility of religious, social, economic and cultural life, "Cult, Culture and Cultivation." Secondary to that are the techniques of nonviolence and the integration of the three C's of Peter Maurin. We have had many demonstrations of civil disobedience, most of them well documented by the press and radio-TV, considering the self-regulating (i.e. gagging) which the free press is so accustomed to by now. The New York Post and the New York Times have been particularly good, but many of the local radio-TV stations in New England areas directly affected by our widespread activities this summer were really outstanding. We have had good contact too with the British pacifists in the news lately because of their demonstrations at Holy Loch. We were touched to read that the British took inspiration from our efforts and had formed a committee called POLARIS ACTION over there. We inspire each other, for we have never had anything like their demonstration of nearly 100,000 people at Trafalgar Square last Easter at the conclusion of the annual Walk from Aldermaston.

Sometimes our demonstrations have elements of the ludicrous mixed in with the deadly serious. In fact, some people sneer or laugh at the young men and women rowing out in canoes, row boats and rafts to intercept or to board Polaris submarines. They might remember that Churchill laughed at Gandhi and called him a "naked Indian fakir." How could this itinerant ascetic mystic, with such impractical ideas as converting your enemy with love and the superior moral force of your idea, ever hope to compete with the Prime Minister—who did not become such "to preside over the dissolution of His Majesty's Empire!" We do not really expect to keep the Ethan Allan from sailing to Holy Loch. We don't know, precisely, what our effect will be. I have always thought it better to do what the Spirit moves us to do, being reasonably sure that it is the Holy Spirit that moves us, and let God's Providence take care of the specific results. We never know, anyway, what the results of our teaching will be, beyond very superficial appearances. We are, nevertheless, being as sensitive as possible to the reactions of the public because we are trying to perfect the techniques which citizens might use in resisting tyranny, either home-grown or imposed from without. THE NEGRO SIT-IN MOVEMENT is such a technique, and it has been developed with just this idea in mind. It is such a repulsive idea to the American mind that a foreign army should ever take control of our country that very few will entertain it, and almost no one will admit the possibility in public. It is more likely, of course, that after another war we would have no country at all. Military occupation by the United States Army may be even more likely, without a war.

Last August Loren Miner and I spoke at Willard Uphaus' camp, World-Fellowship, about CNVA and our experiences with it. The most spectacular of CNVA's activities at that time was the Atomic Energy Sit-In, which preceded the atomic test moratorium and which may, with many other factors, have had some effect in bringing the moratorium about. Loren participated in that demonstration and sat, fasting, for over a week with about a dozen others before being granted an interview with Admiral Straus. Now probably the most "arresting" of CNVA's activities have been POLARIS ACTION and the Trans-Continental Walk, which started in San Francisco on December first, 1960, and will arrive early in June at the UN in New York. There is a small core of volunteers which will participate all or most of the way, walking or helping to arrange public meetings, lodging, meals and medical aid for the group of walkers, which gains and loses walkers along the route. The response from the communities along the way has been warm and very encouraging, although now that the FBI has been sending agents ahead of the walkers into the communities en route, warning them of the dangers of the insidious doctrine of peace, the response has been cooler. Members of the Walk will be flown to England and will continue walking there and conducting public meetings in concert with British peace groups. Then to the continent of Europe, with a continuation of the Walk through West and East Germany, Poland, and finally into the Soviet Union to the Kremlin in Moscow. The Walk will proceed with or without visas, committing civil disobedience at national borders if necessary, bringing the message of direct, nonviolent resistance in the spirit of Christ directly to the people, with a hope of reaching their political leaders. This is a bold undertaking, surely, but today it might just be possible and the attempt, with the help of God, cannot but have a good effect.

Meanwhile POLARIS ACTION

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Chrystie Street

By WALTER KERELL

Winter came back for another cold look at New York soon after our move from Spring St. to Chrystie St. last month, and only now seems to be dying into warmer weather. And so we are all anticipating the new and this time authentic Spring—and, we hope, fewer rainy days, for the roof of our little 3-story building has been leaking badly. Four young men who hitch-hiked from Camden, New Jersey, to visit us during their Easter vacations patched it up with roof cement and tar one afternoon last week, and now the leaks, although diminished by half, continue to trickle down here and there into the office on rainy days. Smokey Joe, who is being greatly helpful around the office, and who never fails to impress visitors, has been declaiming in the raspiest voice on the Eastern Seaboard that he knows how the roof can *really* be fixed, and perhaps some day he'll show us.

Meanwhile, between and despite leakages and plumbing disorders, the second St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on Chrystie St. is earnestly and happily in operation. The store-front door is open to the hungry and neglected, the wet and cold and homeless; the men from the Bowery—the "least of these"—and the immediate Catholic Worker family are being fed; clothing rooms have been built on the second floor (where the day-room is located, and where the paper is folded and gotten ready for mailing by the old and not-so-old faithful men and women who get it done each month in a great tide of community spirit), and clothing is being given out, though we are still very short of men's clothes; innumerable phone calls, letters and questions are answered; visitors welcomed and shown around and talked to; and, because our food bills are so high, we are starting to beg food from the Washington Market across town on the lower West Side. Dianne and Al, David Kirk and Ed and Ralph have been going down at different times lately to get to know the people there, and have come back with potatoes, lettuce and other vegetables. Perhaps St. Joseph in his generosity will see fit to find us a small pick-up truck or jeep so that we can beg in bulk, and thus be able to serve more than just a bare minimum of prohibitively expensive fresh fruits and vegetables.

Also, we are about to beg our friends for 2 or 3 second-hand standard typewriters. We have one usable typewriter in the office and somehow that is just not enough. We could console ourselves with the thought that we are perhaps the only newspaper in the world with a monthly printing of 65,000 copies that somehow manages to keep going on one typewriter—but we think we'd rather have a few more typewriters, and less consolation.

Our series of Friday night meetings on the theme of Love & Justice ended with a fine talk by Dave McReynolds of the Committee for Non-Violent Action (CNVA). Dave is an excellent and very intelligent speaker and a truly compassionate man; and in his talk he seemed to balance out and inter-relate the two concepts in such a way that it became difficult to separate one from the other, which is how it should be. My own paraphrase of the heart of his message is: the service of love, on the one hand, and of justice, on the other, are after all two equal parts of the Body, which is truth.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER with its apparently two-fold vocation, the practice of the Works of Mercy on the one hand, and the dedication to social justice and clarification of thought on the other, hopes to approach a synthesis on the level of what laymen can do to help breach the gap between love and justice, which on the supernatural level meet in God.

Holy week and Easter this year was both solemn and quietly joyful, especially for one of us whose long period of instruction reached its happy end on Passion Saturday, when he was baptized and received into the Catholic Church by Father Natalicchio at Old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mulberry St., with Charlie Butterworth proxying for his sponsor, Ammon. *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi?*

During Easter week we had two consecutive and very welcome visits from our good friend Ed Gerlick and other seminarians from Maryknoll, N.Y. Ed, now in his last year at the Seminary, comes down every couple of months with a small truckload of gifts for us from the Sisters at Maryknoll. On the first visit he came with batches of clothes, many boxes of food for the kitchen (which made Larry, our cook, and Pete, his helper, happier than usual), as well as cartons and cans of Easter candy, and about 4 thousand one-a-day vitamin pills. The next day Ed came down again, this time with several students from a catechism class he is teaching, and after some good talk at lunch and some Gerlickian bantering, for Ed is a young man of high spirits, he and the students and Stuart and Dianne, who cook on Larry's day-off, prepared a good supper replete with potato salad and a (rarely had) fruit salad. One of the other seminarians who came down with Ed brought his guitar

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Cuba

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to Cuba and former Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, made on January 2 of this year. He advocated, first tell the O.A.S. to do something about Cuba or we will be forced to unilateral action. The first step would be to break off relations, then recognize a responsible Cuban government-in-exile, give this government arms and money, invoke a "pacific" blockade of Cuba "to take care of trading with Communist nations" and continue "guidance" of the new regime after the "Communists" are "driven out of Cuba". If speedily carried out, such a program would spare the Cubans "a horrible blood bath." Such is evidently, in the light of present developments, the continuing policy of the American Government.

Counter-revolutionaries are free to operate out of Miami with financial backing of Americans and Cubans whose properties were confiscated by the Castro government and from C.I.A. funds, which later set up the base at Retalhuleu in Guatemala. On March 22 a Provisional Government was set up in New York headed by Dr. Jose Miro Cordona, who is well spoken of and respected as an honest man. The backing is from two groups of counter-revolutionaries. One, The Democratic Revolutionary Front, headed by Manuel Antonio de Varona, more trusted by the monied backers of counter-revolution but joined by many others because he does have this financial support. The other, The Revolutionary Movement of the People, whose coordinator is Manuel Ray, has an effective underground movement in Havana. Ray had till this time been regarded as too leftist by the others, for Fidelismo without Fidel. Finally on April 3rd the Kennedy Administration gave this group a carte blanche to set up any kind of an organization in Cuba and they will have full American backing.

Because American enterprises are free to practice rapacious exploitation in Latin America, which because of the voting rights of workers in this country they are not allowed to do here, any attempt of any Latin American country to achieve freedom and independence and stop the exploitation of its people will be labeled communist. The role of the Communist Party in Latin America and of the Communist nations is to keep them afloat and independent while they throw off the American yoke. If the Communists take over completely it will be only because free and independent America will have refused to acknowledge the independence of these nations.

(Most of the factual material in this article is taken from "Which Way Cuba?" by Sidney Lens in the March issue of Fellowship published by The Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271 Nyack, New York.)

Life in an Indian Home

By JAMES E. MILORD

My first visit to an Indian home gathering is still vivid. The Indians had been peeking at my wife and me from behind the poplars, even after two weeks among them. This night of our first invitation to a dance found the stars almost bursting with light, the wash of the waves on the rocks almost as gentle as the wind coming off the lake and shaking the jackpine boughs, and the forest night-music at a high pitch. Abruptly in the blackness of our footpath in the bush a cabin stopped us. Inside, we heard the strumming of a soft guitar, the chording of an accordion and the soft murmuring in Ojibway: "Kaomage-winini . . . Kaomage-winini" . . . the teacher . . . the teacher. We entered quickly to keep mosquitoes out. The room was strangely silent—an outsider had entered.

Suddenly someone struck a match, a hand appeared and groped for a coal-oil lamp, and the ring of Oriental faces, passive, unseeing, yet all-seeing, squinted in the new light. The music began shyly, slowly, testing our reactions. Soon the people started to speak, not by voice directly, but through their instruments, the smiles accompanying: "welcome," they said, "welcome to our home."

This silent greeting was to echo over and over again in the years my family and I lived as the sole white folks on a remote Ontario bush Reserve. These were the Ojibways, the Anishinabe, once proud and numerous true tree-and-lake people; the wigwam folk whose colourful words still grace the names of so many Minnesota and Ontario towns and lakes: Namakan, Saganagan, Wabun, Ishpeming, Keewatin, Kakebaka.

The cluster of huts, wigwams, and cabins which make up a typical Ojibway settlement in the lake country could hardly be called imposing. You will look in vain for split-level ranchos, Georgian or Cracker Box styles of architecture. You will not discover any bric-a-brac hankering weakly for bygone pioneer days or well laid floral patterns around a bird bath on the lawn. Surrounding the Indian shack is the real thing, right on the doorstep: a profusion of wild flowers, birds of every variety, a lake down the path and plenty of real deer much handsomer than the bronzed stags on suburban lawns.

The mode in Ojibway land is strictly utilitarian, a free-style lumberjack species. Spruce shacks with logs: tenon-jointed, squared or notched, split or peeled in many variations of the same basic material, are the main components of Indian family shelters.

Taken from its natural locale and placed smack down in the "outside," my old village along Wild Potato shores would seem to be the most squalid assemblage imaginable, a forbidding grisly eyesore.

On the Indian Reserve, simplicity and common sense are the themes. The Indian knows by intuition and experience these virtues, not by some literary allusion or as a conversation piece. Simplicity is natural to him because it is so precisely useful, practical and effortless. For example, what would be the value of wall paper in a cabin where wood-burning stoves would only make it a ghastly grey after a year's time? A wood-grained wall grows and mellows with age in such a climate—why tamper with it?

Thoreau, the apostle of simplicity, would exult in an Indan home. St. Thomas would see the fulfillment of his truth that the more simple a thing is the more beautiful it becomes. The sparseness of these cabins is stark to the newcomer from Gadgetland. The average cabin is 20 x 16 feet, rests on logs or rocks on each corner and is chincked with sphagnum moss, the handiest sealer against the North wind and growing abundantly on the rocks everywhere. Two windows and one door are the rule. Open lofts for storing fish, hides, smoked game and other necessities sometimes also provide tiny sleeping quarters for a member of a family. The trend is toward making little partitions to ensure privacy. This is an adaptation learned from their white cousins. Nevertheless, the house is never wholly private for anyone.

After centuries of squatting on the ground and in their fast disappearing wigwams, these Indians still feel natural on the floor and will automatically sink down to it when entering your house. Handmade chairs and platforms similar to ship's bunks line the walls. Mattresses are unknown to most of the people.

City brothers who manage to complain about the chore of washing even with glistening machines and pressurized running water, should visit these cabins to comprehend the extent of their suffering. The lake is sometimes 200 yards away. Three feet of ice must be hacked away in mid-winter and hauled laboriously by the bucketfull to the tub and the scrubbing board . . . and bleach. It took fifteen trips with two pails to fill our water barrel by the stove for a two day supply. Many Indians live more than our fifty yards from the water.

The washing chore is a herculean job where bulky 100% woolens predominate the year round. Nights along the shores of Seine River, whether it is June or January, are cold. The summer season is short but glorious. The Indian enjoys it without any "change-over" to summer-weights. Crisp, miracle fabrics, of the sweltering white collar class, are definitely out after the sun goes down in the bush.

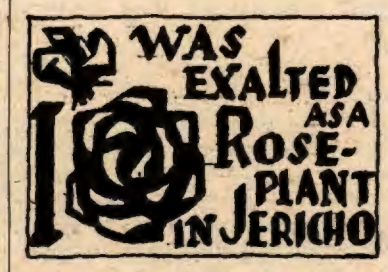
Over in the corner is the usual split little apple-box niche. Atop its frail structure sits the hissing Coleman gas lamp or the softer coal-oil lamp. Crackling merrily, and sometimes smokily, away is the omnipresent wood stove of the Quebec, Acme or Airtight variety. The central heating principle is not any more useful or welcome than the red glow of these fire-eating monsters. Of course, the cheery blaze does not ignite itself with miraculous material. The wood must be buzzed down in the bush, sawed, chopped, split and carried to a piling place long before the snow starts to fly. Many Indians do not let the snow bother them. And when wood runs short they brave the blasts and feet of snow and the dead of winter to fetch their wood. Neatly piled cords of wood are mostly a white innovation. When asked why he did not put up at least a few weeks supply of wood rather than cutting the day's sufficient needs, one Indian sagely remarked: "Why put 'em up lots wood? Mebbe die tonight. Work for no reason." Maybe he had something there.

On the pegs near the door hang the woolen jack-shirts of the now lumbering - class Indians. These come in assorted greens, blues, interlaced with every hue from Chinese red to jet black. Even Stewart tartans get into the act. The stocking cap, similar to the Portuguese fisherman's the gauntlet gloves stuffed with "liners," the "gum-boots" — half rubber, half leather affairs without peer for slippery logs and rocks—none of these will be far away. Moosehide or buckskin jackets painfully fringed over the shoulders and down the arms flaunt the more elite wardrobes. Plenty of moccasins, plain and fancy beaded jobs, are the standard footwear of the women and children, but many men still wear them as cabin slippers or for trail snow-shoeing.

Everything hangs from nails and pegs. Closets are practically unknown. Invariably you will find a violin or guitar, purchased at $12.50 from an Eaton's catalogue. Rotogravure pictures of hockey players, boxers, Indian athletes, Western singers Johnny Cash, Hank Snow and Co., baseball stars, a chromo or two, a tomato tin holding a comb, the .22 cal. Cooey rifle above the door — these are the decor, the universal setting.

The arbitrary standards of city cleanliness soon fade away within a month in the bush. The gleaming porcelain of the ad men, the swishing dishwasher, the spotless drains and tell-tale grey banished washes are not needed by the Indian. Newcomers to the bush soon learn to value soap and water in a different light. Since these hygienic helps must be carried and back packed, one soon learns economy. Even after months on the trap-line, there is no really repulsive odor in their cabins. The odd steambath taken in a makeshift wigwam with the use of red hot stones and water serves as both a purge and a bath. The air of the bush is clean and dirt does not accumulate easily.

Yes, the Indian cabin when well built and proudly maintained is a thing of beauty and simplicity, and a joy, if not forever, then maybe for a decade or two. There is something about wood and its smell and touch, something about a tiny window frosted but peeking



through with yellow light into the forest night while snow piles higher and higher; something about the snapping tamarack in the fire; something in the whistle of the March wind tearing at last fall's chinking—I call it **something** for want of a better word, because I could never really tell you what it is. You have to go and live in a cabin to find out what that mysterious quality is, and once you do you will find yourself chafing at thermopane windows, fireplaces of marble that do not light, glass candleabra on mantles that seldom show any soft glow and cast shadows on the wall, forced air heat that keeps you awake all night, electronic miracle stoves that do little more than heat cake mixes and TV dinners. Perhaps it is this thing called **simplicity** we hear so much about, but see so little of, a companion to contentedness, which makes the Indian eschew the fruits of that ridiculously nebulous and visionary notion called progress.

Interview With Father Athanasius—

IN THE SHADOW OF ATHOS

By BARNEY McCAFFREY

When I arrived in Agion Oros—The Holy Mountains—I little realized what surprises they had in store for me. Having come up from sunny Athens only a few days before, I was surprised at the large amount of snow here. There were more flurries in the air when the cramped and crowded little boat brought me to Dafui—the port of Oros—a three hour trip from the nearest port outside of The Kingdom of the Monks—a separate republic within the Kingdom of Greece, for which it is necessary to have a pass from the Greek Foreign Office. The mountain-hardy group of Greeks—monks, seminarians and laymen—with whom I started inland to reach the main city of Karyes soon left me far behind; but it was not too difficult to follow the path they left in the knee-deep snow. After several hours of steady uphill climbing, another of my surprises came walking around a bend toward me. I had met this young Californian in Athens a week before and became friendly with him because of his close association with International Work Camps. We had met again in Salonika, the day before he left for Mount Athos. Now we spoke for about twenty minutes. He had been lucky enough to be a kind of guest of honor at a feast in one monastery he had visited. The monks had given it for the villagers (all men, of course, there are no women allowed in the land of Athos) on Epiphany (it was now more than two weeks past both the Catholic and Orthodox celebrations of this date, but all the monasteries at Athos except one use the old Byzantine calendar). Before parting he gave me directions to a house in Karyes where he said I would meet a monk—a Greek American—with a fascinating story.

Several hours later I arrived in Karyes, found the monks' government office where I was to register already closed, received a temporary pass from one of the always friendly Greek police chiefs, and hurried off to the nearest monastery, ten minutes from town. Though arriving at dark and having to wake the doorkeeper, I nevertheless received the fine hospitality, a warm welcome, a meal and a bed, for which the monks of Athos are renown. The next day, after satisfying the legal requirements for my weeks stay here (the presentation of one letter and the reception of another) and receiving a morning cup of coffee from one of the monks working in the building, I followed the directions of my friend and at the house found myself speaking with a gray bearded, poorly dressed monk. He looked very much like all the other monks here, but with the difference that he was speaking in English. Inside, while he cut vegetables into a boiling pot, he talked.

"So the boy from California sent you—I'm glad he did. He reminded me a little of myself when I was young—atheist—all for the people—but I was with the Communists and the labor unions. I was beaten up by Jimmy Walker's police in New York—thrown in jail in California and bailed out by the Party. But that was before God showed me I would have whiskers. He showed me my face as it is now and I thought it was my father's—but then right away I saw my face as it was then and I knew it was me. It was—how do you say—yes, a revelation. But wait—it's chilly in here, come into the other room. You can speak a little Greek? Good. This old monk will enjoy talking with you—he's eighty-seven years old—been here fifty years—travelled all around Europe before he came here. See, it's much warmer here. I'll be back just as soon as I finish a little cooking."

He left us and soon returned bearing a tray with some things that I was to find were a sign of welcome in every monastery and monk's house—a glass of ouzo (anisette like grape liquer) a spoonful of sweet preserve, and a cup of Turkish coffee. He spoke on in a combination of Greek and English, so both I and the old monk could understand.

"I don't live here you know—I have my own house up on that mountain there—it comes under Monastery Tviron—but winter has caught me here so I stay and help this old man with the cooking and take care of his church with him. I've only been a Christian nine years you know—it was back in 'fifty-two in California. It was with the Protestants first—the Evangelists. They got me to reading the Bible—a very important thing—you should always have one with you and read a little every day. And then one day I had this experience—I heard a voice—I'm sure it was God's—well, it's difficult to explain, but for a week afterward my friends said they could see a difference in me just by looking at my face. I'm sure the Holy Spirit came to me and I knew then I would have to give my life to Christ. So like when I believed Communism was the greatest thing in the world I put my whole self into this new life, I gave up my truck that I'd been selling watermelons from and went around to different Protestant churches, telling of my experience and my changed life, and preaching, and when I spoke people would cry. And I asked them why are you crying?—and one pastor told me—'old man, you don't know what you have. You've got the Spirit of God—but you don't know you have it, and two words of yours are worth a day's preaching of mine, with all my theological school phrases.' And then people would give me food and money and I would go on to another church.

"I did this for awhile, then in 'fifty-five you remember the government had that big drive to get rid of non-citizens. They had wanted to make me become a citizen for a long time, but every time an investigator came to my home there were always a bunch of Communist Party members at my table so they could never send in a favorable report. Gurley Flynn, Browder—I was still a member when they threw him out of the Party—and all; I was never as big as them but I was well known among the Greek-Americans and the Furriers' Local on 25th Street and 8th Avenue. Anyway, in 'fifty-five the government came and told me that they knew I had changed my life and was a Christian working for God now, but because of my past record there was nothing they could do and I would have to go back to Greece, and I could apply for re-entry from there. When I came back to Athens with my whiskers, my father—thirty-eight years an Orthodox priest—was so angry that I brought nothing back from the States—no money, only whiskers—that he got the police to arrest me and cut my whiskers off. But then I read the Bible more and I prayed to God and He showed me the truth of the Orthodox religion — we shouldn't be against religious because they may be unworthy—and He told me to come here. It wasn't too difficult—I had a family, but I'd divorced my wife in 'forty-two, and my brother and father were priests— to become a monk, and I've been here four years now. Do you know the history of this place? It was Our Lady herself—the Panaiya—who converted the first people who lived here. After Christ's Death and Resurrection she went by ship to see some of the Apostles in Turkey, but a storm blew her ship here, and the pagan priests of the old religion told the people to go down to the beach—that the mother of the great God was there and they should go and worship her. And she converted them and told them that someday there would be only men who were praying to her and to her Son.

"Yes, I should be glad if you would write to me. I'd give you the names of some of my friends in New York, but I left there in

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THE STORY OF A CAMP

By SHELDON WEEKS

The beginnings of many things are often small, insignificant. Then all-of-a-sudden they've come together into a bigger reality. Then you're involved; caught. The Sheffield Summer Workcamp, as we've come to call it, had its beginning in many things. Perhaps most important was the love of city people for the country. My grandfather first settled in Sheffield, Massachusetts about fifty years ago. From just a tot I spent my summers in the southern Berkshire hills. After many years travelling around the world I still think the Berkshires are about the most beautiful place of them all.

But my grandfather's old farm on a hillside above the town had gotten crowded. I began to want a place of my own to go to, to take my friends to. In 1955, I found an abandoned hill a mile from the nearest house, two miles from town. The hill rose majestically out of the Housatonic valley for two hundred feet. On the bottom of the north slope it sheltered the ragged town dump. The old farmer who owned it had cleared a sled trail to the top, and cut firewood there during the winter. He said he always dreamed of a ski jump on the north slope. Near the bottom of the east slope was a large field, and below that an old apple orchard.

During the summer of 1956 the old farmer signed the land over to me. As one of my friends said, I didn't even have money to buy a pen to sign the deed. But I thought what the town paid for the privilledge of dumping would help pay for the land. Now the problem is how to move the dump, because it destroys so much of the land. Where we're located is known as the "dump road," and no one else wants to live on "dump road" so it will be difficult to move the dump.

What we will probably do is give the town the free use of some land farther north in a swamp. It's strange that people in the country won't burn their paper, bury their tin cans, and make compost out of the rest. They prefer to support a big dump that's a fire and health hazard. We have a compost pile, but do use the dump for some trash. We've also gotten windows for a cabin off the dump and many other useful things.

During my vacation from my job with the American Friends Service Committee, in 1956, along with Collin Gonze and some other friends, we started to work on "the Hill." We started the one-third of a mile road up to the top, using pick and shovel, then with the help of a tractor, later a bulldozer. At the top, in a large, untouched hemlock grove, we built a small shack, 6 x 8 feet, shed roof, out of old used lumber and waste slabs from a saw mill. Into this we put two bunks, an old gas stove and gas refrigerator that had been given to us, and some plastic windows. A door from the John Wannamaker's store on 8th Street finished the cabin off. Then we started to work on a large, 1,250 square foot platform on which we planned to put a geodesic dome. In a neighbor's jeep we hauled sand and cement up to the top of the hill. Into the cliff side we poured small concrete footings. Onto these we bolted old telephone poles and large hand hewn beams from a two-hundred-year-old barn that had collapsed. These varied from a few feet to fourteen feet in length. Using hemlock from a local saw mill we built a framework of joists on top of these to make shift beams. Through some miracle we ended up with a level floor. But everyone who walks under the large platform gets a feeling that it is going to gently fall over the cliff it's on and roll down the hill. From the platform we get a 270° view of the Housatonic Valley and the Berkshire Hills.

During 1957 and 1958, the American Friends Service Committee began its work in East Harlem, in the neighborhood of 111th Street and Park Avenue. Terry Evans moved into an apartment there and the AFSC acquired a small brownstone that was in such bad condition that the city had evicted everyone from it. In 1958 the Friends Neighborhood Group started on 111th Street. This small group of people who live along 111th Street in various apartments and try to be friends to their neighbors in this city slum, had their inspiration from the work of the Catholic Worker, the three girls who lived on 100th Street, Mary Ann McCoy DeWees, Eileen Fantino Diaz, and Helen Russel Kahane, from Abbe Pierre in France, and Vinoba Bhave in India.

In October the FNG, some of their neighbors on 111th Street, and my wife and I went to Sheffield for a weekend. We had the use of an old farmhouse. We went for walks in the woods, through the fields, breathed the fresh air, worked on clearing some of the old wood roads at "the Hill" and had a square dance Saturday night interspersed with music from a guitar and mambo drums. This was the real beginning of the camp. The teenagers and young adults, boys and girls, all asked when they could go back to Sheffield again. I said in the spring when it's warm. They wanted to go in the winter. I told them it would be too cold. They said, "If you want to go somewhere it doesn't make any difference how cold it is." So we went up again in January, 1959. It was cold. We had to cut through twelve inches of ice in a small pond to get water. We all slept with clothes on in our sleeping bags on the floor in front of the fireplace. Saturday we worked clearing brush on "the Hill" and in the evening had a huge bonfire on top of it, singing and dancing around the fire, ending with story telling. Sunday they began to talk about coming back to "the Hill" for the summer for a camp.

In May we went up for the big weekend of planting the garden. Dead cedar trees were cut for posts. A large area, about an acre, was fenced. We planted corn, potatoes, carrots, string beans, onions, tomatoes, swiss chard, beets, lettuce, radishes—vegetables to eat during the camp, for now there was going to be one.

We began the camp on July 1st, 1959, with six boys and five girls from around 111th Street, between 14 and 18 years old. We began with nothing. We had no water, no toilets, no houses. We did have

some old tents, the shack at the top of the hill with its stove and refrigerator, and the large platform. We also had some of the crops from the garden that were beginning to come in. The "campers" had raised some money to help pay for food and materials. The "staff", Terry Evans from the FNG, Maris Everett, an English Quaker, also with the FNG, and my wife and one year old daughter, all were contributing to the camp. Some friends had given dishes, pots and pans, beds, mattresses, and money. One farmer gave us an old watering tank. We placed this on top of the hill at the highest point. We had a 1941 military jeep. In the back of this we placed five large milk pails. We then hauled our water a mile from the Drury's. From the water tank we ran a plastic hose about 75 feet to a large three hole sink we had bought on the Bowery for $15. We covered the sink area with a broad tent flap. This became our sheltered dining room and dish-washing room.

We had many jobs to do before the place would even look like a camp. We had to clear the ground for the tents, put them up, ditch them, make them livable. We had to build outhouses. These became known as "greenhouses". Juan became responsible for them, and built two of them with two of the girls. He became known as the "greenhouse expert." We had to make the tables and benches we were to eat off. Sally, Sara, Libby (Sally's 8 year old sister), and I lived in a small house six by six feet that had been built the previous summer. Fortunately it was a tall house, and we were able to add a sleeping balcony six feet up. On this we put a mattress; "Downstairs" we had a crib and a small bed. This became known as the "two-story house."

So to begin with, the camp was a success because we were all so busy just keeping alive. There was always something to do, and plenty of hands to do it. We had to haul water every day. For me this was always an opportunity to get away from the camp with one of the campers and have a good talk with him or her. After we were settled in the camp we began on a number of projects. We wanted chickens for eggs. Three of the boys visited a number of farms with Terry, saw how farmers built their chicken houses, how they cared for them. Then they designed and built the chicken house themselves, and had the joy of feeding the hens, collecting the eggs, and making the omelets. Someone gave us a large white rooster. The boys then named the chickens after all the girls and the rooster after me.

There was always work to do in the garden, mainly weeding, but this was the most unpopular task. Vegetables are not normally a big part of the Puerto Rican diet, and the campers weren't used to them. Because our funds were so limited we tried to feed everyone on fifty cents a day per person for all meals and snacks. This meant that we had a largely vegetarian diet. The kids always complained about this, but towards the end of camp when the corn and potatoes were ready they became very fond of baked potatoes and corn, all baked in the coals of an outdoor fire. We had applied for surplus food from New York State (where the campers came from). After the first week of camp an inspector drove over from Albany. Terry showed him around. There wasn't really much to see—the tents, the shacks at the top of the hill, the large platform. He was pretty tired by the walk around, especially the hike up to the top (the same as climbing up the stairs of a twenty story building). He approved us for the food and the next week we had to drive to Albany to pick it up—butter, cheese, rice, flour, powdered milk. It was a big help. The girls now baked biscuits and bread. We had more rice and beans than ever.

One big project was clearing part of the hillside and levelling and filling it to make a volley ball court. When it was finally finished the games there were really played with zest, a spirit that you'd rarely find on a paved court in the city, because what city kids have participated in making the court for themselves?

One of the big events of the summer was the erection of the geodesic dome on the platform on top of the hill. The geodesic dome is an invention of R. Buckminster Fuller. This one I'd made out of 2 x 4's and plywood hubs, material that cost $125. It had taken me only 18 hours to cut out all the pieces. In a few hours we had them all assembled on top of the hill. A very beautiful structure, 35 feet in diameter, standing 12 feet at the apex. We covered the dome with a 20 foot orange and white parachute. The dome can't be seen from the ground, but from the air it must stand out for miles. We always wondered what people in planes thought it was? Perhaps the most beautiful thing about the dome is its closeness to things in nature, its complete simplicity. Western man has been corrupted by living in the boxes we all inhabit with our four walls and flat ceiling. There are still some cultures left in the world where people naturally make round huts. The wonder of the geodesic dome is that such light material can be used to span such a large area without any supports, and yet be so strong. Thirty five feet is a long distance to span with just wood, and when before has it been done with just 2 x 4's that aren't reinforced in any way?

After this we moved our tables and benches under the dome. In the evening we'd set them on the side, hang a gas light from the middle, and play circle games, tell stories, give skits and charades; the dome became the center of most of our activities. We even held a big square dance there one evening, inviting people from the town, and a camp nearby at Gould Farm.

The last few weeks of the camp were very full. We were loaned a riding horse. After fencing a field, we were able to bring it over to the Hill. The main time for riding was at 6:30 AM before breakfast. Now everyone got up early and breakfast was on time. The campers decided they wanted to build a cabin that they could come back to and use in the winter. Because we had no money to buy materials we decided to try to make one out of logs. We selected a site on the south ridge of the Hill. We laid stone foundations for a 12 x 18 foot cabin. But the black oak trees that grew there were big and tough. In two weeks we were only able to get three layers of logs up. By then it was time for the camp to close.

We found during the nearly seven weeks that we held the camp that many things developed spontaneously. We evolved a schedule of work in the morning, lunch, rest, and then a swimming expedition. We would push the old Ford truck till it started, then off we'd go to a lake, stream, falls, or mud pond; but never the same place two days running. We found that there was a lot the kids wanted to learn. They wanted to learn about the country, the way people lived there. They also wanted to learn to read and write. We did make some trips to the library, and had a few "classes"—really tutoring sessions, but we did fail them here because the time we spent just keep things going didn't give us enough time to do any real real work in the 3 R's.

Though most of the camp was fun at work and play, we did have our share of difficulties. Most of the campers had never lived in the country before. They didn't like mosquitoes (who does?). They'd never really worked before, their muscles were soft and unused. A day's work was very tiring. They weren't used to living together cooperatively, doing things for each other, doing more than "their share." The simple diet and lack of meat were hard to adjust to. And the moonless nights were very dark and mysterious. They did get strong legs hiking up and down the hill. In seven weeks they climbed the height of Mt. Everest and half again.

One day two of the boys walked into town. We learned later that some other boys had called them "niggers" and there had been a brief fight. After dinner the two boys disappeared. I learned from another that they were walking to New York because they didn't want to stay and get us all into trouble. I drove around for a few hours but couldn't find them. I thought they'd return because it was very dark. But we didn't hear anything until the next evening when we got a message from the Connecticut State Police that they had one of the boys. They had walked all night to keep warm, and through the next day, going about 18 miles. Between them they had enough money for one of the boys to get a train to New York. He went on, the other started to walk back. He hitched a ride, but the people who picked him up took him right to the State Police. I went down and got him without any difficulty. Two days later the other boy came back to camp. The city was too hot, nothing to do, and

(Continued on page 8)

Anxiousness

How often, oh, how often has a tenseness come over me . . .
And in exact proportion—the serenity and peace with God and man has gone.
Why the nervous tension, the self-consciousness, the talkativeness, the super-sensitiveness?
Why do I, uneasy, break a potential natural silence?
That wonderful condition when two or more are content to have each other's company without talk.

What a feeling of well-being permeates the day when this communion of two souls, at peace with God, takes place!
Like two sons, or daughters, who know they are well-loved by a marvelous father.
Why then deprive ourselves of this rare wonder?

Again I ask
Why am I, and so many like me, ill at ease with visitors, strangers, and even friends?
Why so talkative?
Is it not a mask . . . so often to cover up deeper thoughts and ideas?
Or is it just a way . . . a habit, of guarding one's inmost feelings
From misunderstanding, ridicule, or gossip?

Surely one reason for this restlessness is a lack of faith . . .
Faith in God's providence, mercy, and judgment,
And a lack of faith in the person in whose company we are.
In his capacity for understanding, sympathy, and tolerance.

No, we of this nervous, suspicious, generation must talk, incessantly,
Like the enormous billboards and numberless advertisements we see,
Declaring . . . explaining . . . like the neverending commercials of the networks,

We, too, must explain our intentions . . . forgetting faith,
And, by the lack thereof, forfeiting the peace that passeth all understanding.

Daniel O'Hagan

Traveling Westward

(Continued from page 2)

House in Grand Forks; (c) **Followers of Johnny Lebedoff**, whom I met at Helen's. They say the time is over for going nude and burning houses: this witness has already been made; that now Doukhobors must get back to their old-time idea of communal ownership. It is o.k. to take pensions for the government has cheated the Doukhobors all along and if they get a little of it back it is fine. Helen is of this group and although she does not smoke, drink or eat meat, many of this group do so. They do not vote. When the government

through the Quaker Emmet Gulley kidnapped Doukhobor children from whose parents refused to send them to school and kept them for about six years in the New Denver Sanitorium and mistreated them, the Lebedoff group said it was time to bring the children home and counteract this brain washing of the children by home environment plus regular schooling. This was done; (d) Helen's brother **Joe Podnivinkoff who lives near Vancouver at Hillyers**, in what was once a colony where there was community of women. A Michael Verigin started this but since his death very few Doukhobors follow this extreme idea of community in everything.

I had a pleasant two days with Helen and her husband and brothers; a big rooster came for the first time they said and greeted me by crowing at my head early one morning. Here I met Lebedoff and others of their belief and renewed my friendship with Helen whom I consider one of the best people I have ever known.

Peter Maloff has written a history of the Doukhobors in Russian, and recently he made an airplane trip around the world which cost $1,475, and an extra $125 ticket which allowed him to ride for a month in 18 European countries. The additional trip in Russia even to the Black Sea cost about $400 more. He visited a General there and spoke against all militarism, and attended the Tolstoy celebrations on the same platform as Khrushchev, met Tolstoyans who had openly opposed war and the draft and had been sent to Siberia. They told him that those who had done one term in Siberia had now shut up and what was needed was those who were repeating offenders like the Doukhobors were in Canada. He visited among 15,000 Doukhobors and found them watered down somewhat towards their government the same as the Doukhobors in Canada. But they are allowed to live. They told him that Tolstoy was on his way to live with the Doukhobors when he died at the railway station in 1910. Peter and his wife Lucy have a fine greenhouse, built by their younger son, Walter, before he left with his German wife for New Zealand to live.

I spent half a day with Tony the hermit who likes Krishnamurti. Mary, Jack and I used to read from his latest book before I left on this trip. To live truly and not to strive to "force the Kingdom of Heaven" is a good thought for any of us. And to know that when the disciple is ready the master will appear.

The roads were too muddy to get to the Argenta Community but I plan to visit it the next trip around. Some things are done in common here. It is a cross between the individual ownership as in Celo, N.C. and the communal Koinonia in Georgia. Peter U. Popoff in Grand Forks had me speak to a small group, among them a girl who had been kidnapped in the New Denver Sanitorium. I had met Johnny Verigin twenty years ago but not at this meeting. I will go back on a Sunday and speak to the main group of Orthodox again. The editor of the Doukhobor paper Iskra, Mr. Legebokoff, has read the CW for years and cordially greeted me.

To sum up the Doukhobor situation just now I would say that the proposed migration of the Sons of Freedom to Russia is not likely to occur for the Russians are not asking for trouble. Kozma Tarasoff asked a regular Russian Orthodox priest in Moscow about the right of young people to be conscientious objectors and he did not seem to understand what was meant any more than the regular conservative Catholic priest in this country, for his reply was, "But everyone must fight for Mother Russia." The Church in the old days supported the Tsar and today it supports those in authority. No change in tune. False prophets may come to the Doukhobors and lead some of them astray; the main group will always be against war, though they will compromise on ways of life, but they will still sing Russian songs and fewer yet will go naked and burn houses. A smaller portion yet will try to live the true Doughobor way, but interspersed in all these groups you will find those who do or do not vote, smoke, drink, eat meat, accept pensions, no matter what their special leader may say. If the Doukhobors lived in the U. S. I would go and live with them for a time and teach in their homes or in private Doukhobor schools, but if I would go to Canada for any length of time I would be deported as a subversive, which I truly aim to be.

In Saskatoon I was very pleased to visit with J. C. Wright and his charming wife. He had written *Slava Bohu*, a story of the Doukhobors, in 1941, just before Pearl Harbor, and not having much sale the edition was remaindered and sold for 22c; now it is worth $20. I hope he reprints it and brings it up to date.

Before leaving Saskatoon I spoke at the Doukhobor Hall, after hearing them sing before the group. There was a table upon which the traditional bread, salt and water was placed, as with the Molokons in Phoenix. The men were on one side and the women on another.

Edmonton

Here a non-church reader of the CW, Prof. Rose, formerly of Brooklyn, invited me to speak. Rev. Paris of the Student Christian Movement had me speak to two meetings of his group open to all. The students crowded around and asked questions every minute. Some of the Catholic hierarchy were doubtful if they should co-sponsor my meeting, as has often been done, and they decided against it after asking some Bishop in New York City about it. Nevertheless The Legion of Mary had me speak at a closed meeting where nuns attended and some Catholics wondered why I would "pick and choose" from the Bible. I spoke to classes, and to the Unitarian Church that night.

Jim Milord

CW readers will remember the stories Jim Milord has written about his work in meat packing plants, on the railroad, etc. He and his beautiful wife, Pat, come from Chicago and they know Tom Sullivan, John Cogley, Mike Strasser, Jack Thornton, etc. Here he teaches on an Indian Reservation of the Creek and Blackfoot Indians. As he has written for the CW about them, I will only say that these Indians have 160 acres each and money coming from oil wells, so they for the most part sit around idle and drink. They are Indians brought up to hunt, and not for agriculture so perhaps they should not like this way of life. George Gooderham, former N. W. Territories and Alberta Indian Affairs Agent, said in an address to the Alberta Historical Society 3-13-61, "the white man should have provided vocational training for the Indian long ago, instead of a singular course in schooling." The Canadian government has a leniency clause which means that any crime committed by an Indian gets a shorter sentence because the concept of property and of sex of the Indian differs from white standards somewhat.

I listened to orations of the Indian youth in a contest and liked the one especially of Elmer Oldpan who spoke against liquor, the white man's dead bread and canned foods, and for a wholesome way of life. He rides 3½ miles on his pony and refuses to live at the school; and he works on the land and lives simply, chiding his teachers for riding in a car three blocks to school.

Jim Milord has five children, the two older being away at a Catholic boarding school. I want to visit this fine family more and more as I am in the west now.

Spokane

Arriving here on St. Patrick's day I saw white bread with green coloring made by the Brothers at the House of Charity which my friend Brother Martin Gaines started three years ago. Now there is as fine a hostel as I have seen any-

where and all developed from a broken down old hotel. There is a place for 60 to sleep and they feed 400 daily. They buy no food for it all comes from people who donate it, as has been most of the work in repairing the building. This is the Third Order of St. Francis and he has two Brothers helping him. Everything is in the name of Bishop Topel. A local branch of the AA meets here regularly.

Hello to Ed Heustis in Anaconda, then to Salt Lake City, and then to the Hopi, Santa Fe, Tucson and Phoenix, and back to Salt Lake City after Easter.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

A National Illusion

(Continued from page 1)

homes—wash on the back lines, children playing in too small clothes, broken down and overstuffed chairs piled up in the yard along with pieces of lumber, and buckets bulleted with gigantic holes. But these people, above all, must conform to our belief in happiness and comfort. It is their hope. And so, gathering up all the useless buckets and pans and chairs and boards, they set about crowding their lives, moving toward the promised land of advertisements.

Those who are not poor in spirit, but just plain poor, are conned

into placing their down payments on this myth of America. It is precisely on this point that most charitable organizations stray, and it is the fault of the liberal humanist, who finds the end of all his work is in the figure of the comfortable middle class family. It is precisely this blind alley that Lionel Trilling grapples with in his work. The liberal imagination is not enough, not nearly enough.

In Claudel's TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY, the man who would have married a saint, had he not pronounced such a harsh and unjust judgment on her leprosy, cries out in despair "Why did you not tell me? We could have been happy together." She replies "Happiness? That was never promised us, just work, that is all." But it is not a stern philosophy, rather an acknowledgement of our function. Our lives are not to be satisfied on this earth, and the only joy we will attain will come from fulfilling our true role—in work. But we have forgotten the joy of work.

America has sold her goods to a cheap god, a mechanical god who adds up the rows of hoarded goods. But this god, because he can think only in temporal terms, carefully counts out temporal joy—which is but comfort. Yet as soon as we turn off the heater, the room grows cold again.

How far materialism has failed can be clearly seen in the hovels of our country. As I was visiting some of the Southern plantations, the guide said, "Those shacks beyond the house are still inhabited, by fourth and fifth generation relatives of the slaves who worked in the big house." America has failed to provide material comfort for all. But that is a failure of quantity. Beyond those disease-ridden shacks is the unshakeable fact that those of us who had a comfortable life have had to break free of our comfort, or be smothered. As St. Paul said, we must put away the things of the child.

And who will break the gigantic circle before we perish, as our goods perish? Today our land is a flowering junk yard, symbolized by the hovels of the poor who must store up all their treasures, as if one can build up a wall against sorrow or eternity.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

up many missions in southern Arizona and northern Mexico.

Another wandering layman was Tom Carstairs who came as a volunteer and helped and I do not know whether it was he or some other who gave music lessons too, to the Mexican boys. There is much to be done in these small Indian schools throughout the country, and a peace army could be at work there right now, without waiting to be drafted. There would be no pay besides a living, and so no bother about income tax, and so no contributing to war in this way. It would be a test of courage too, for city youth to go wandering through the land, learning more of their country, and the work to be done in it. And what a field for anthropologists, geologists, botanists! I can still hear Peter Maurin say, "Fire the bosses!"

At another mission church way off the highway in the desert, we saw a beautiful unfinished painting of our Lady of Guadalupe and Juan Diego gathering roses into his tilma, kneeling at her feet. It is the drawing of Juan Diego which remains unfinished and perhaps some wandering monk will drop by and finish it. It was started, the sisters said, by one who was obviously not in the "wandering monk" class, since when he started back to Chicago to report to a parole officer, so the story goes, he was shot and killed in a holdup in a liquor store in some town on the way.

Next month, more about Tucson and a housing project there, and a visit to El Centro, Calif., where the recent lettuce strike took place, and then to San Diego and Los Angeles where I am now. A few weeks more, and I will be starting home, with notebooks far fuller than the brief notes have given here. What with letters and writing, my manual labor these days consists in pounding on the typewriter.

So now up and out to a special showing of **The Hoodlum Priest**, with Frances Langford, faithful friend of the CW almost since we began. It is the story of Fr. Dismas S.J., of St. Louis, and the showing tonight is sponsored by the Quakers and we have been invited to attend at Sam Goldwyn studios.

(To be continued.)

Father Athanasius

(Continued from page 4)

forty-two, and didn't have much contact with them after I became a Christian. It's hard to remember them now. Here I don't even want to think of those times—I just want to be by myself and pray. They would probably say—like some of my party friends in California—that the old fool became a traitor. But those who knew me real well knew that I was sincere and that I would never be a traitor or give out their names or anything. I tried to work among some of them after my conversion and I think I impressed some of them. It's too bad—they want to help people but they don't know you must find God first. But they try, and I think it is like the story of the talents—God will judge us according to the use we make of what we know. And all Christians—Protestants, Catholics, Orthodox—even if they have a small bit—like the mustard seed—of the Word of God, can make something big with it. But you must go now if you want to catch that boat to the other monastery. Wait—the old monk wants to give you some dates to take with you. Goodby now—and keep in touch with that California boy. God bless you."

I received his blessing from the doorway, and walked away to seek what other surprises awaited me in this fabled and fabulous land of Athos.

Feed Thy Enemy

By DAVID KIRK

Across the whole vast spread of China today, millions of people are threatened with famine in the wake of the worst series of natural disasters to strike the country in a hundred years. Drought, floods, typhoons and pests have devastated more than half of China's cultivated land. The Commune system has failed to supply the need. The signs of the disaster have been growing since last summer, and the bulletins from the Formosa legation proclaim it in bold headlines.

There are two ways of dealing with "enemies'.' One is to return evil for evil; to inflict injury; to rejoice in his misfortune. We modern men are all too accustomed to that. We practice it readily.

The other way is vastly different. Consistently we at the Catholic Worker have written in terms of personal responsibility and the need for Catholics to exhaust the message of Christ as given us in the Sermon of the Mount: "You have heard it said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate they enemy. But I tell you, Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you . . . if you love those who love you, what title have you to a reward? Will not the publicans do as much? If you greet none but your brethren, what are you doing more than others?" This is the essence of the Christian concept of charity. St. Paul is more explicit: "Do not repay injury with injury . . . . Rather, feed thy enemy if he is hungry, give him drink if he is thirsty; do not be disarmed by malice; disarm malice with kindness."

To feed hungry friends is quite natural and common — feeding "enemies" is quite another matter. To feed starving Greek or Belgian children is to be expected of any good politician. Our friends, indeed, will be amply taken care of by politicians, legislators, etc. But who shall feed Communist Chinese?

One thing we can do is send contributions to the Food-for-China Campaign (Fellowship of Reconciliation, Nyack, New York) or get together with your friends in your own Food-for-China group.

Eighteen years ago, the Catholic Worker launched an attempt to persuade Americans, and the government, to feed starving Germans, Italians, Japanese—our "enemies" then. Now, we are again given a chance to follow the Gospel.

A Letter From Africa

The ultimate goal of missionary activity is to establish the Church among non-Christian peoples and place it under its own native hierarchy.

—Evangelii Praecones

ST. BENEDICT'S SEMINARY
NAMUPA, BOX 6, LINDI
Tanganyika, East Africa
January 22, 1961

Dear Dorothy,

Many thanks for your letter of December 21st. It was kind of you to write. I am grateful that you are printing my letter asking for Tee shirts.

So much could be done here iff there were someone to lead the way—farming, cottage industries, etc. Our people are subsistence farmers. Big problem, of course, is water. Rainy season just began so everyone is planting his shamba. Iff the rains are good, the crops will be good—maize, rice, cassava, various kinds of beans. I ordered from the States some edible soy beans but looks like they will be late for this growing season. Our people's diet is so poor in protein.

I suppose our Africans here have no typical dress. Years ago I imagine they just didn't wear clothes. Now the African Moslems wear long white garments—kanzu. The others wear shukas—if they are men, — a cloth around the waist, kangas—if they are women, a cloth around the body, and perhaps a second matching one over the head. These latter are imported from India. All the shops out here, and you find them in the remotest places, are run by Indians.

Teachers and those in schools wear shirts and shorts, the girls, dresses. From shuka to shorts—a sign of civilization? Julius Nyerere hopes someday to introduce a national costume something like that worn in Nigera. He says we Africans are neither Eastern nor Western and therefore we must work out our own form of life.

Perhaps someday I'll be able to manage a little article for you. The Church's teaching and even method is clearly outlined in the great mission encyclicals. Putting them into practice is another thing. Being on the side of the outcast and the poorest is certainly the right philosophy—"the poor shall have the Gospel preached to them"

Don't know if you heard of the death of a mutual friend, Louis Owens, on December 6th. He had been working at St. Paul's Abbey in Newton. Several months ago he got married. And he was doing just fine. Then he began to bleed internally and after a six hour operation died in Morristown. Despite his failings, he was a kind and charitable man. Please remember him in your prayers. I first met him at Maryfarm and was a good friend ever since then.

God's best blessings. Pray for us too.

Sincerely in Our Lord,
Fr. Anthony

Polaris Action

(Continued from page 3)

in Connecticut continues with a vigorous program in progress and more planned for the summer. The office at 13 North Bank Street, New London, is being maintained, though most of the activity emanates from 113 William Street, Norwich. The next planned civil disobedience campaign will take place on March 11, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A new Polaris submarine, the Abraham Lincoln, will be commissioned at a public ceremony. Recruits will trespass by land on water upon Navy property in order to demonstrate their inability to acquiesce in the final absurdity of defense by nuclear suicide pact.

I was very disappointed at missing you, Dorothy, on my last trip to the Loft and the Farm at the beginning of the New Year. Ammon had left too, but I had a good visit with Dean and Ralph and the others. Hope to see you before CD Day.

In His Love,
Tom Comell

"Since reaching manhood, I have encountered in history many conquerors whose face I found hideous, because I read there hatred and solitude. You see, they were nothing if they could not be conquerors. Their very existence depended on killing and enslaving. But there is another race of men who help us to breathe, who have never known existence and freedom except in the freedom and happiness of all and who consequently find reason to live and to love in defeat itself. Such men will never be alone."

Albert Camus

Friendship House, Chicago

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE
Chicago 15, Ill.
4238 So. Indiana

John Kearney writes to us:

"You indicated that you would be interested in some information about Friendship House and its aims. Friendship House really has two intimately related purposes. First, and in common with several other groups, it fosters the development of active and informed lay Christians who are fully cognizant of their part in the Mystical Body, people who realize that they are the ones who must carry the Mystical Body into such fields as politics and economics, and it provides these people with channels for their efforts in bettering the social order.

"The second purpose is really our field of endeavor—race relations. We are attempting to bring about an end to racial injustices as they exist in the United States today. We do this in two ways: by a frontal attack on the consciences of whites and by working to alleviate some of the effects of racial segregation. Some specific FH programs will illustrate this. Under the first or frontal attack on white consciences come such programs as the speakers bureau, community relations groups, visiting workshops, and **Community**, a monthly magazine. Under the second, on work on the effects of racial segregation, would fall the housing clinics and cooperation with the Committee for Fair Credit Practices in Illinois (which was formed to combat, in a variety of ways, the numerous abuses in the field of **credit buying**, abuses which seem most frequently to victimize members of minority groups). In addition, Friendship House offers consultation services to a great many other organizations, such as the Young Christian Workers, citizens' groups in areas of racial tension, youth groups who are supporting the southern sit-ins, and the Young Christian Students, as well as to many individuals who come to the House to find out more about what they can do in this field. During the summer we provide concentrated weekend training courses for people all over the country. To reach a wider audience, we 'capsulize' these and similar programs and take them to other cities.

"To go a bit more into detail about a few of the programs mentioned: Through the **visiting workshops**, groups of white people are brought by a Friendship House volunteer to the home of a Negro family for a serious discussion on some aspect of race relations. The visit and a discussion at Friendship House afterward enable the white visitors to isolate the factor of race from other factors which they have heretofore connected with it and helps them, therefore, to come to more rational conclusions about areas of concern.

"The **community relations program** is aimed at breaking the over-all pattern of suburban segregated living. Groups of people from a general geographic area meet regularly with a Friendship House staff worker to discuss such matters as the general orientation of their communities with regard to current or foreseen racial questions and ways in which they can prepare for the peaceful integration of their suburbs. This may mean becoming active in local politics or local community organizations or finding ways to influence those in authority in their areas.

"Our first **housing clinic** is now being set up. This program is postulated on the theory that those who are concerned about the living conditions in an area can bring about a change. It will involve working toward the complete enforcement of the Chicago housing ordinances.

"The whole program of Friendship House is carried on by four full-time staff workers, with the invaluable assistance of numerous volunteers."

Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN

From a Non-Catholic

A French non-Catholic,
Andrew Siegfried, says:
The Puritan
is proud to be rich.

If he makes money
he likes to tell himself
that Divine Providence
sends it to him.

His wealth itself
becomes in his eyes,
as well as the eyes of others,
a mark of God's blessing.

A time comes
when he no longer knows
if he acts for duty's sake
or for interest's sake.

It becomes difficult
in these conditions
to make a demarcation
between religious aspiration
and the pursuit of wealth.

From a Catholic

An English Catholic,
Henry Sommerville,
says that those who want to find out
the intellectual errors
from which England is suffering
ought to read the book
of R H Tawney,
a non-Catholic,
entitled "Religion
and the Rise of Capitalism."

The religion taught by Christ
does not make wealth
a desirable objective.

Puritanism,
the most virile form
of Protestantism,
made the mistake
of indorsing the pursuit of wealth
in the name of religion.

Counsels of the Gospel

Someone said
that the Catholic Worker
is taking monasticism
out of the monasteries.

The Counsels of the Gospel
are for everybody,
not only for monks.

Franciscans and Jesuits
are not monks.

Franciscans are Friars,
and the world is their monastery.

Jesuits are the storm troops
of the Catholic Church,
and ready to be sent
where the Holy Father
wishes to send them.

The Counsels of the Gospel
are for everybody,
and if everybody tried to live up to them
we would bring order
out of chaos
and Chesterton would not
have said
that the Christian ideal
has been left untried.

Personal Integration

"I thought the readers might be interested in the segregation-boycott policy I used while motoring in the Southern U.S. before going abroad. At a gasoline station I would ask the attendant if the drinking fountains and rest rooms were segregated. If they were not, I would buy gas; if they were, I would explain my policy and drive on. Generally where rest rooms were integrated the attendant seemed apologetic and then relieved when he found me approving. By asking in a negative way I found the answer truthful . . .

"To find an integrated restaurant in a town, I would inquire of a gas station attendant or policeman. If there were no integrated restaurants I would inquire for "colored restaurants," which usually accept all colors. To find an integrated hotel or motel I would inquire of a hotel clerk; if the clerk knew of none I would inquire for a 'colored hotel.'

"The above policy . . . should be practiced by those who do not have skins dark enough to be objectionable to prejudiced people. If one's skin is dark enough to be objectionable to (such persons), then I think it would be best if he would attempt to use a restaurant or hotel at random, in order to test the racial policy of the establishment and break down segregation. However, I think that at the gas station segregation would be challenged more if the dark man would boycott the station, with explanation, when the attendant says rest rooms and drinking fountains are segregated. Such a boycott with explanation would bring home to the proprietor that segregation can mean loss of business." (*Reprinted from Peacemaker.*)

Richard Richter

The Story of a Camp

(Continued from page 5)

he was afraid he'd get into trouble if he'd stayed in the city.

We had a sort of an evaluation at the end of the summer. The campers all talked of the whole summer as a learning experience. They'd learned skills, they'd learned to rely on each other and themselves. They'd learned how to enjoy themselves without all the distractions the city offers—from, just watching people on the streets to a rumble. One boy said he'd learned to appreciate quiet. He didn't know where he'd find quiet in the city. Maybe in the bathroom. Another boy said he wouldn't wait now for his mother to tell him to go empty the garbage—he'd do it without her asking him to. A girl commented that she'd never be able to turn on a faucet without thinking of wasting water. It was a good summer, 1959.

During the winter, 1959-1960 my wife and I went to Europe. The others carried on the camp. They went up in small groups on weekends throughout the winter. They skied, ice skated, went sledding, and rough housed in the snow drifts. In March they tried their hands at tapping the maple trees and making syrup. In May they planted a garden for the summer. We got back from Europe in June, to find that they wanted another camp. But we had no money.

We decided, more on faith than anything else, to have another camp, a short one for three and one half weeks. When we started on July 30th, 1960, the forces of nature were against. It was the day the big hurricane went through. It wasn't easy putting up the tents in the wind and rain. Everyone got soaked through, and it seemed to take days to dry out. It wasn't till a few days after camp had started that we knew what our project would be. A local lumber man in Housatonic, Barbieri, had recently dismantled an old warehouse. He offered to give us whatever wood we could use. The next few days were spent at his lumber yard sorting through the huge wood pile, taking nails, lug screws, bolts, and even wire, out of the boards. Once we got them to the "Hill" we had to carry them a quarter of a mile through the woods to the cabin site. Our plan was to finish the cabin that had been started the previous summer, but instead of using logs, to use these old boards. It was a pretty demoralizing first week. Nothing very much seemed to be accomplished, even though cleaning and moving the wood was such a big job. We had cleared a road for the jeep in to the cabin, made benches and tables for the boys' tent, and other small jobs, but nothing really showed for all our work.

During the second week things began to change very quickly. We got the floor joists in, the headers and wall beams up, the main floor laid and the floors for the two balconies. The summer before we'd made some rough sketches of what the cabin could look like. This summer we formed an "architects' committee." Everyone contributed his idea of what was needed from the cabin. They wanted a place where up to a dozen people could come during the winter. This meant a fireplace for heat, a large room for general activities, a large table to eat on, a place for storing goods, and two rooms for sleeping. How to fit all this into a little cabin, now 12' x 20'. With everyone contributing a little, slowly a plan evolved. We'd keep one big room downstairs, with a fireplace in the middle of the north wall. To the south we'd set the door to one side, and have a large window to let the winter sun in. Instead of having a shed roof we'd have a large roof like on a Swiss chalet, with a big overhang to shelter piles of firewood. Then for sleeping quarters we'd lift the roof up higher, and build two balconies on each side, that would overhang only four feet on the inside, and three feet on the outside. Onto these we'd place mattresses, and here we'd have our two "rooms" for sleeping.

The cabin quickly advanced after that. Two boys concentrated on the main floor, using old 2 x 6's that were tongue-and-grooved. They bet me that they could finish in a day. I asked them what they wanted, if they won—"A steak dinner!" And if they lost—"We'll work nights to get the cabin finished." They lost. The next day they worked stringing wire and lights through the trees and on scaffolds. After dinner I went down to start the generator. I expected only Pete and Harry to come down to work. Instead the whole camp came. This made them double volunteers. They really enjoyed it. That night we worked to midnight. All the rest of the week we worked evenings too to get the roof on and the walls up. Some gifts came in. We were able to buy a heatilator to build the fireplace around, some needed tools, insulation to put on the walls, the shingles for the roof. Everyone's spirit was as high as could be. They'd never worked so hard before in their lives, and never knew they could enjoy it so much.

Toward the last night of camp we had a big "fiesta." A cabin raising, with a tree on the ridge pole, friends and neighbors invited over, cake the girls had baked and an herb punch, topped off by singing and dancing in the new cabin.

The real climax to the summer has come on the weekends this winter, with small groups of campers from 111th Street and their friends going up to stay in their cabin, keep warm in front of their fireplace, cut firewood, and in general have fun. One weekend they got there at midnight on a Friday to find it was thirty degrees below zero, that the snow was nearly three feet deep, but that they could still keep warm in the cabin. Another weekend two boys went up and back by train, spending the weekend at the cabin along with one of the local farmers they had gotten to know during the summer.

In East Harlem, the camp has become a part of the aspirations of the people in the small community of 111th Street. This summer we hope to integrate the work and recreation activities even more, by building a small crafts center, a kiln to go with it. Then we will be able to work on weaving, ceramics and pottery, wood carving of bowls and spoons, and the kids can design and make things that will be useful gifts to their families and friends.

Another program we hope to develop is in response to requests from the campers from East Harlem. They don't learn to read and write in the New York City Schools, either English or Spanish. "Can we help them in the 3 R's?" This we are going to try and do. It is amazing how the camp experience kindles a new eagerness to learn on the part of these kids.

To be able to accomplish all these things this coming summer we need some funds. Each camper contributes what he can; five or ten dollars is often all it is. The "staff" also contributes what they can. But even at 50c a day per person for food when you have 27 mouths to feed as we expect this coming summer, it adds up quickly. We also will have to buy some tools, supplies for the crafts house, and material. Contributions to this pioneer camp can be sent to the Sheffield Summer Workcamp, Box 130, Hellgate Station, East Harlem, New York 29, New York.

If these hours be dark, as indeed in many ways they are, at least do not let us sit deedless, like fools and fine gentlemen, thinking the common toil not good enough for us, and beaten by the muddle: but rather let us work like good fellows trying by some dim candlelight to set our workshop ready against tomorrow's daylight, that tomorrow when the civilized world, no longer greedy, strifeful, and destructive, shall have a new art, a glorious art, made by the People and for the People, as a happiness to the maker and the user.

William Morris

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 3)

along and after lunch sat down and played and sang very beautifully—Irish ballads, songs of great nostalgia—in a fine and real Irish voice.

Among the other visitors who graced our table and conversation over Easter were five secular seminarians from Immaculate Conception in Huntington, Long Island. Stuart & Dianne sat with them around an open can of jelly beans talking, among other things, about liturgy and American Catholicism. Twenty teenagers from the C.C.D. (Confraternity of Christian Doctrine) came to Chrystie St. with Father Lauder one evening to hear about THE CATHOLIC WORKER. Father Conway, an old friend of the CW from Wash., D.C., who gave a retreat at Peter Maurin Farm last year, dropped by; as well as Father Hogarty from Mobile, Ala., who told us he gives out the CW to his parishioners with the church bulletin on Sunday, hoping in this way to help prepare them to understand better the present and urgent need for truly Christian love and equally Christian justice towards their still-segregated Negro neighbors-in-Christ. And two Benedictine priests came to see us, Father Roberts and Father Damas, who is a bi-ritual Irishman with an impressive long beard.

A fresh coat of paint is next in order for St. Joseph's House, especially on the second floor, to brighten up the place and make it as cheerful-looking as possible. We hope to at least start applying color before Dorothy comes back from her four-month speaking and visiting tour of the States at the end of this month, when the annual Civil Defense Protest takes place in City Hall Park on April 28th. Ammon too will be here to participate in the protest, and will then head back to Salt Lake City, his new headquarters. Neither of them have as yet seen the new place, and both are very curious about it. I don't think they will be disappointed.

Thus the imminent threat of trouble from the NYC Building Dept., which forced us to look for and find our new location on Chrystie St., seems to have turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The men and women who work with us and are in the house all day, Larry, Pete, Bob Stewart, Smokey Joe, Italian Mike, Alice, Ed Brown, and many others, seem happier here; the very broad expanse of Christie St. gives us more light, more space in front of us, and a broad expanse of sky. Several of the old-timers say, with a contended air: "Well, we are back on Christie St.," as if they've come home again; for them and for us, it is Home.

Non-Violence in Africa

The words that follow have not been published before in Canada or in the United States. They should be read all over the world. They form the opening statement of the campaign against the Pass Laws in South Africa, signed by Mangaliso Sobukwe, president of the Pan Africanist Congress.

Sons and daughters of the soil, on Monday March 21st, 1960, we launch our Positive Decisive Action against the Pass Laws. Exactly 7 a.m. we launch. Oh yes, we launch—there is no doubt about it.

We have reached the cross-roads—we have crossed our historical Rubicon—Izwe Lethu!

At this stage of our struggle we have a choice before us. Are we still prepared to be half-human beings in our fatherland or are we prepared to be citizens—men and women in a democratic non-racial South Africa? How long shall we be called Bantu, Native, Non-European, Non-White or black stinking Kaffir in our fatherland?

How long shall we starve amidst plenty in our fatherland? How long shall we be a rightless, voteless and voiceless eleven million in our fatherland.

Our overall fight is against imperialism, colonialism and domination. I want to be properly understood here. Let the world take note, that we are not fighting Dr. Verwoerd, simply because he is Dr. Verwoerd; we are not fighting against the Nationalist Party or the United Party. We are not fighting against Europeans or Indians or Chinese. In short we are fighting against nobody. Our energies and forces are directed against a set-up, against a conception and a myth. This myth: others call it racial superiority, others call it herrenvolkism, others white leadership with justice, or white supremacy.

We are fighting against the Calvinistic doctrine that a certain nation was especially chosen by God to lead guide and protect other nations. THAT IS OUR FIGHT. We are not a horde of stupid, barbaric things which will fight against a white man simply because he is white. No sensible person can do that.

In order to destroy this myth of race superiority, the Pan Africanist Congress has drawn up an unfolding programme—which starts tomorrow and ends up in 1963 with the realisation of the United States of Africa. We start with the Pass Laws, then the next thing and the next etc.—up to 1963.

We have decided to secure the total abolition of the Pass Laws.

Very soon, now, we shall be launching. The step we are taking is historical, pregnant with untold possibilities. We must, therefore, appreciate our role. We must appreciate our responsibility. The African people have entrusted their whole future to us. And we have sworn that we are leading them, not to death, but to life abundant.

My instructions, therefore, are that our people must be taught NOW and CONTINUOUSLY THAT IN THIS CAMPAIGN we are going to observe ABSOLUTE NON-VIOLENCE.

There are those in our own ranks who will be speaking irresponsibly of bloodshed and violence. They must be firmly told what our stand is.

Let us consider, for a moment, what violence will achieve. I say quite positively, without fear of contradiction, that the only people who will benefit from violence are the Government and the police.

This is not a game. We are not gambling. We are taking our first step in the march to African independence and the United States of Africa. And we are not leading corpses to the new Africa. We are leading the vital, breathing and dynamic youth of our land. We are leading that youth, NOT TO DEATH, BUT TO LIFE ABUNDANT. Let us get that clear.

The Government, knowing that they stand to gain by an outbreak of violence, may stoop to the level of employing certain African renegades. Our Task Force will, therefore, have to move on either side of every batch and to make sure they deal with saboteurs. Anybody who agitates for violence or starts violence, whether he belongs to the Pan-Africanist Congress or not, we will regard as a paid agent of the Government. Let the people know that NOW.

This is not a game. The white rulers are going to be extremely ruthless. But we must meet their hysterical brutality with calm, iron determination. We are fighting for the noblest cause on earth, the liberation of mankind. They are fighting to entrench an outworn, anachronistic, vile system of oppression.

WE represent progress. They represent decadence . . . We have the whole continent on our side. We have history on our side. WE WILL WIN!

We are not going to fight or attempt to fight, insult or attempt to insult, provoke or attempt to provoke the police in their lawful duties. We are not going to throw stones at the police or do anything that is going to obstruct the police . . . Nobody is carrying money, knives or any dangerous weapon with himself tomorrow.

People are not going to join this struggle with evil personal interests in it. Nobody is going to burn any building, office, school or any property of the Government. Nobody is going to cut wires or make attempts to cut the railway lines. Nobody is going to burn any bus or threaten anybody.

The same applies to the police. We do not want to be provoked in any manner. We do not want to be given impossible instructions such as— Disperse in three minutes!—or some mumbled orders. We do not want to be tossed about. If you baton charge us we shall not run away but we will not fight back. We shall leave you to the judgement of the eyes of the world and to the great gods of Africa.

Fellow Africans, the hour for service and suffering has come.

CIVIL DEFENSE PROTEST

April 28

CITY HALL PARK