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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

Utilitarian Philosophers

1. After a century of Protestantism, England and Scotland saw the coming out of a philosophical thought known in history as Utilitarian Philosophy.
2. While Luther and Calvin discarded the authority of the Church the Utilitarian Philosophers discarded the authority of Divine Revelation.
3. They tried to convince themselves and convince other people that the Church and the Bible were a handicap, rather than a help, in man's striving towards the good life.

Futilitarian Economists

1. The Utilitarian Philosophers, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, were followed by the Futilitarian Economists Adam Smith and Ricardo.
2. The Futilitarian Economists thought that religion had nothing to do with business.
3. They thought that everything would be lovely if everybody took in each other's washing.
4. They thought that everybody should try to sell what he has to sell to the highest bidder.
5. So people started to think of time in terms of money, and ended by shouting: "Time is money."

Liberal Doctrine

1. Harold Laske, professor of Political Science in the London School of Economics,

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We Are All Murderers In South West Africa

By Anne Taillefer-Stokes

Last summer, three young Americans, Allard Lowenstein, lawyer, Sherman Bull, medical student, and Emory Bundy, teacher, spent rather strange and hectic holidays. Laboring under the impression that youth can still be heroic and that one's first duty is to those who cannot speak up for themselves, they managed to get into South West Africa whose enslaved cause has been brought to the United Nations attention by Michael Scott's undaunted courage and patience. They interviewed hundreds of people, made tapes and took photographs and finally, kidnapped at the risk of their own liberty, a young South West African, Hans Beukes who had been awarded a scholarship by Denmark but whose passport was whisked away at the very last moment by the South African authorities.

With him and others, they petitioned, the Fourth Committee of the United Nations on their return. The impact of their testimony was so great that it may have influenced the U.S. vote, for the first time in fourteen years on the side of the petitioners. For the first time some progress seemed to be made and the question of South West Africa, an international territory, unjustly oppressed by the Union of South Africa was, to a large majority voted to be carried before the International Court of Justice in Geneva.

The most moving perhaps of all

testimonies indirectly given by them was a tape made by Chief Hosea Kusako of the Herrero Tribe. In the Security Council, the hardboiled and seasoned delegates could not hear without wincing his gentle, noble tones as he spoke "Standing under the weight of my years and the rain of my years." A completely non-violent and Christian man, he beseeched the powerful nations of the world to act while there was still time, when he could contain the anger and despair of his people while he was still alive, not much more than a year he prophesied.

As a result of all this, the Government of the Union of South Africa, represented for the first time in years in the Committee, was feebly admonished in a too moderate resolution and promised to improve its ways. But sympathetic delegations murmured that this was just an attitude to mark time. It was. To such an extent that on the very day the Assembly was to close, the Fourth Committee, in the night, had to hold an extraordinary session on South West Africa on account of the grave news issued from there. Once again Hosea Kusako made an appeal for his people in desperate terms. Events had moved and for the worst. The African inhabitants of Windhoek, a location where they hold freehold land and whose beautiful site was coveted by Europeans, were being forcibly removed to the

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The Guardian Angel
Of the Children of Israel

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EASY ESSAYS

(Continued from page 1)

has this to say:

"In the Middle Ages
the idea of acquiring wealth
was limited
by a body of moral rules
imposed under the sanction
of religious authority.

2. After 1500
those rules were evaded,
criticized, abandoned.
3. New concepts were needed to legalise
the new potentialities of wealth.
4. The liberal doctrine
is the philosophical justification
of the new practices."

Fascism and Marxism

1. Now that economic liberalism
is dying out,
modern liberals
find themselves
on the spot.
2. They try to escape,
from what they consider to be
an untenable position.
3. In their attempt to escape
the shifting sands of liberalism,
they look for authority;
not the authority
of the teaching Church
but the authority
of the political State,
whether it be
the Marxist State
or the Fascist State.
4. Fascism is a stop-gap
between the dictatorship
of bourgeois capitalism
and the dictatorship
of Marxian Socialism.

Capitalism, Fascism, Communism

1. In an article published in the Christian Front
Charles P. Bruehl says:
"Those who fondly believe
that Fascism
will save the world
from Communism
are laboring under
a fatal delusion.
2. The ideologies
of those two
are closely allied.
3. They have too much in common
and their differences
can be readily effaced.
4. The three
Capitalism, Fascism, Communism
are three in a chain.
5. Imperceptibly
one passes
into the other.
6. All three are fundamentally
materialistic,
secularistic,
totalitarian."

Faith and Reason

1. St. Thomas Aquinas believed
in reason with faith.
2. Martin Luther believed
in faith without reason.
3. Thomas Paine believed
in reason without faith.
4. Modern Liberals believe
neither in faith nor reason.
5. Modern Fascists believe
in blood-thinking.
6. Modern Marxists believe
in dialectical materialism.
7. Mortimer Adler believes
that philosophers
have not found
anything new
since Aristotle.
8. And St. Thomas Aquinas believed
what Aristotle believed
as well as
what St. Augustine believed.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Little Canada, Minnesota

January 22, Friday. Last night I stayed awake until four a.m. after reading too stimulating an article by Thomas Merton, a reprint from the Winter issue of *Thought*, the Fordham University Quarterly. The name of the article is *THE PASTERNAK AFFAIR IN PERSPECTIVE*, and it is a long analysis, a thirty-two page article in fact. In it Merton not only analyses the Communist concept of man, but goes on to talk of the attitudes of the West. The concluding paragraphs of the article are what caused my happy sleeplessness. Merton had written on the cover of the reprint, "To Dorothy Day and the Catholic Workers with all blessings and affection in Christ and in union of prayers." Signed Fr. Louis. The concluding paragraph was:

Pasternak . . . "is just as likely to be regarded as a dangerous writer in the West as he is in the East. He is saying that political and social structures as we understand them are things of the past, and that the crisis through which we are now passing is nothing but the full and inescapable manifestation of their falsity. For twenty centuries we have called ourselves Christians, without even beginning to understand one-tenth of the Gospel. We have been taking Caesar for God and God for Caesar. Now that "charity is growing cold" and we stand facing the smoky dawn of an apocalyptic era, Pasternak reminds us that there is only one source of truth, but that it is not sufficient to know the source is there—we must go and drink from it, as he has done.

"Do we have the courage to do so? For obviously, if we consider what Pasternak is saying, doing and undergoing, to read the Gospel with eyes wide open may be a perilous thing!"

It was not only Merton's article but also Anne Fremantle's *DESERT CALLING*, her biography about Charles de Foucauld that kept me awake. It is a wonderful book, and the more I read it the more I get from it. I was repelled at first by it, because of the picture she painted of de Foucauld as a young man, harsh, repulsive, a fat, self-indulgent youth, and my reaction was that since I had read the magnificent biography of Rene Bazin, why read a further account, why dwell on an aspect of his life that he put far behind him so soon, so early? But Anne Fremantle not only had access to all his letters to his family and to his spiritual adviser, and their letters to him, but she knew the country, many of the people there who helped her, and she had the intuition of a woman throughout, to get to the heart of the matter. Her insights, her understanding are marvellous. It is wonderful that we have such a biography in English, the first to be written in English, and I am only afraid that it is out of print, as *Seeds of the Desert* by Pere Rene Voillaume is out of print. These two books surely deserve to be put in pocket editions, by one of the big publishers and made available to students throughout the country. But they are dangerous material and might start a revolution!

Anne Fremantle points out that the spirituality of Charles de Foucauld was nearer to the east than to the west, in his love of poverty and abjection. I could not help but remember another fascinating book, *The Humiliated Christ in Russian Thought* by Gorodetsky, published in England by the Philosophical Press, as I read.

How utterly and completely Brother Charles tried to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, and how little we ourselves do to rejoice in mockery and contempt and misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, how fearful most of us are! Just a few Sundays ago Judith Gregory and I were coming from eleven o'clock Mass at our parish church, St. Patrick's old cathedral

on Mott street, and as we walked down Mulberry street to get to St. Joseph's Loft on Spring street (which is between Mott and Mulberry) we suddenly felt objects whizzing past our ears. I thought it was snow balls thrown by the small boys, because we had had snow the week before and there was still a little in the corners of buildings. But as I turned another missile flew past and Judith said, "Those are meant for us all right," and went to investigate the broken mass where it had struck against a garage door, and found it to be bits of hard-boiled egg. Two had been flung at us as we passed, and I was literally afraid to turn and look, for fear some would hit me in the face. I should have been delighted, as Charles de Foucauld was when he was pelted in the streets of Nazareth, but my feeling was one of fear, just as it was when I was shot at at Koinonia. It was fear in the flesh, the fear of the flesh, and I am glad I have it because it helps me to understand the fear that is eating at the hearts of people in the world today. No one is safe. We are no longer protected by oceans separating us from the rest of the warring world. Yesterday the Russians fired a rocket 7,760 miles into the central Pacific which fell

the three things necessary in the Church today in America are austerity, awareness of God and awareness of men.

Before I left we were all talking at The Catholic Worker of the different kinds of fear, fear of people, bodily fear and spiritual fear, and Judith brought out the idea of "panic" the sudden, extreme and groundless fear which Pan was supposed to cause. Which one can come upon in the desert perhaps, and stand in the way of our relationship to God. Joe Zarrella confessed to this fear once, when he, a city youth, felt himself surrounded by the woods on the top of the hills of Easton. To be alone with God it is a matter of terror for poor weak man. If you get right down to it. And yet many of our friends have adopted the motto which they put at the top of their letters, "God alone." And would they not be terrified if suddenly they were confronted by "God alone." The Jews had this sense of awe, of His power.

(Knowing our frailty, God the Father sent us His son, Jesus, a man like unto us in every way save sin. Suffering hunger, thirst, fatigue, homelessness, fear even,—all temptations. And His blessed mother besides, through whom we can go to Him.)

Yes, there are all kinds of fear, and I certainly pray to be delivered from the fear of my brother, I pray to grow in the love which casts out fear. To grow in love for God and man, and to live by this charity, that is the problem. We must love our enemy, not because we fear war but because God loves him.

Mike Wallace

Mike Wallace asked me that question, — Does God love murderers, does He love a Hitler, a Stalin. I could only say, "God loves all men, and all men are brothers."

There is so little time on a broadcast, in an interview, little time to answer or to think. I could have said, "Christ loved those who crucified Him. St. Stephen loved those who stoned him to death. St. Paul was a murderer. We are all murderers."

Deane Mowrer and I knelt by the side of women who were charged with murder and who were awaiting trial, the last time we were in prison in New York, put in the corridor with those awaiting trial, because we would not give bail. There were four homicide cases on that corridor, one a very young girl, one a somber very dark Negro who had hired someone to kill her husband, it was said, and just opposite us, a sad Puerto Rican woman nearly forty, mother of many children, who had been beaten by a drunken husband so many times that on the last occasion, as he held her choking over the kitchen table, she reached behind her for a knife and struck at him any place she could so that he would release his strangle grip upon her throat. How many of us would not do the same I remember seeing my own daughter as a child, and again one of my own grand children casting a heavy block at one of the others, and realized how any gesture of anger can kill. Thank God for our guardian angels, thank God for all the evil we are delivered from. And oh how close we need to be in pity and in love to such a woman, thrown into jail, separated from her children for many months. In spite of the promise of speedy trial, the right to which is guaranteed by the bill of rights, people stay long periods in jail, eight months, ten months, awaiting trial.

But of course Mike Wallace was not talking of such murderers, of whom we may feel no fear. He was speaking not only of the Hitlers and the Stalins, but of such men as those accused of putting bombs in aeroplanes to collect insurance.

What to do about them? I remember asking Fr. Roy how God



less than one and a quarter miles from its calculated target. The U.S. Defense department confirmed the shot's accuracy.

Anywhere, at any time, we can be reached. Leaders of governments say that none but a madman would launch a war today. But there are many madmen, human senses are faulty, men may think they see and hear approaching planes, bombs, rockets and the button may be pushed to set off a counter offensive. Everything depends on the human element.

Fr. Brennan, president of St. Thomas College in St. Paul came to dinner last night and we talked of many things, starting with the new president of University of Minnesota who is a practicing Mormon and keeps the dietary laws; going on to Bishop Hunt and his problems in Utah and the very efficient and rigid economic set-up of the Mormon Church which never needs to turn to the State for aid, which sends out missionaries, young people, who support themselves for two years travelling to far distant parts to spread their gospel; and on to the work of Fr. Kaiser, a young priest who has an immense parish who sleeps in a tiny cell built on the church, eats around at ranchers' homes, who drives two hundred miles to visit another priest,—who literally lives in a desert.

It is so much a part of the teaching of the spirituality of Charles de Foucauld the contemplative life, the life in the desert, austerity, voluntary poverty and fraternal charity. As Fr. Gustave S.J. said,

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LIFE IN SANDSTONE PRISON

By AMMON HENNACY

"Mamma, can that man who was in prison because he didn't want the world blown up, sleep in my bed?" said small 3 year old Jeffry Lippink in Two Harbors, Minn. where I was speaking in their home the second night after my release from Sandstone prison Jan. 20th. "Yes, Mr. Hennacy, can sleep in your bed," the mother replied. "Then I'll help 'rainst the war, won't I?" Jeffry answered.

I was surprised to meet Dorothy who came with Francis Gorgen to meet me when I was released from Sandstone prison. I had planned to go to Duluth but at the boundary of the prison reservation Orin Doty, Doc Perlmutter, and David Stahberry met me in a car. The latter had planned for my appearance at once on all the television and radio programs in Minneapolis that day and for a meeting at the University YMCA under the auspices of the local Socialist Party. The meeting was interspersed with written Socialist propaganda speeches being read, but I met many fine folks, among them my old friends from Phoenix, Bob and Mary Sherrill. I was up until 4:45 that night opening up the 550 postal cards that came for me with Christmas greetings but were withheld until my release. 120 of them came from Germany, 95 from England, 9 from Norway, 4 each from India, Italy, South Africa, Japan, and 28 other countries, including a card from an anarchist nun in Hong Kong. My thanks to all of you, including the 250 from this country who remembered me.

I called the CW in New York City and another friend from Maryhouse, and while visiting the Finnish I.W.W. in Duluth I phoned Janet Burwash. Dr. Lippink in Two Harbors is one of the half dozen doctors associated with the Co-op Clinic developed by the railroad unions and other co-op enterprises there. Families pay \$14.25 a month for all services required. This family are pacifists and they invited fellow doctors and the local editor to hear my message that night. The next day through the courtesy of John Chapple of Ashland, Wis. I spoke to the class of Werner Cohen, who was born near the Bowery and likes the CW. I also met the president of Northland College and spoke to the students. Mr. Chapple has been quite virulent in his anti-Russian attitude even before Joe McCarthy, and while there was a lot that we did not have in common, there was enough for an enjoyable visit. That night I spoke to the Franciscan nuns in Superior, being invited by our old CW friend of Spokane, Sister Bernice, who had now been transferred to Superior.

The next day we visited Father Smith in Sandstone, and Rev. Bolton, the Congregational minister who likes the CW. Then for the third time I was privileged to meet Paul Marquardt, age 80, who had done time in both wars for refusing to register, he and his 7 sons and sons-in-law being in Sandstone prison during the last war. He is a non-church Christian who has never voted or judged his fellow man by serving on a jury. When the priest in nearby Pine City confirmed a class he said: "have faith like the Marquardt's." Father Casey and Dorothy have visited this grand old man, and I hope to see him again in the future. Saturday was not a good day for a meeting with students at Collegeville so I was content with a visit at the home of Mary Humphrey with Jim Powers, who had refused to register and done time in Sandstone. Prof. Burke and his charming family came over also. They are old time CW friends from Santa Clara and Milwaukee.

I am writing this article at the home of my spiritual father, Rev. Marion Casey of Belle Plaine, Minn. who baptized me seven years ago. Soon I speak to the Baptist Bethel College and to St. Agnes High School in St. Paul, and then to Wheeler, La Crosse, Madison and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and on to meet Karl Meyer and the others in Chicago. My itinerary for the next few months appears elsewhere in the CW.

Getting Into Prison

Readers of the CW will have read from Janet Burwash and Francis Gorgen about my experiences in Omaha and getting into Sandstone. Judge Robinson in Omaha had told Arthur Harvey that he was not going to listen to any more propaganda in court, so I wrote to judge telling him why I was protesting the missile base in Omaha. When Francis thought I was mediating or praying I was just naturally quiet, in the frame of mind where an irresistible force meets an immovable object. When arrested by Marshall Raab he stated that he had heard an anarchist on the soapbox at Hyde Park in London that summer, but I was the first one he had met personally, and he wanted to know about my ideas. I showed him my book and he wanted to read it, so, I autographed it for him and the judge. Having arrested Arthur Harvey, who was a vegetarian, he asked if I was the same and brought me a cheese sandwich. A reporter came in and said the he was not going to give me much publicity for he had given enough to the others already. Before I could answer him Mr. Raab said, "Oh, he doesn't care for publicity, he's different." A photographer from the missile base showed me pictures he had taken of the others.

At 3 p.m. I had my trial. The Judge asked me if I had anything to say before I was sentenced. I asked him if he had read my letter and he said that he had, so I replied that there was nothing to add to it. I got 6 months with \$500 fine and costs, but the fine was not "committed," which meant that I did not have to pay anything. My time commenced that day. Marshall Raab had not put chains or handcuffs on me but the deputy decorated me in this manner when he walked me over to the county jail. Here I was put in a tank with 25 other where there was really just room for 12. We slept on mattresses on every available inch on the floor. There was a fan so it could have been worse. The food in bed like in all county jails where the sheriff gets rich by starving the prisoners. I met one radical and had a message from one downstairs who knew Mike Gold. After supper on the second night I was put in a solitary cell ready for going out to Sandstone the next morning. Later a prisoner from Texas came in, and in the next cell there was a Negro. About 3 a.m. the next morning the deputy marshal and a decrepit, foul-mouthed ancient who got a per diem for escorting us put us in a car and we went northeast. Arthur had not been handcuffed at all by Marshall Raab and had been taken into restaurants to eat, but our custodians kept us chained and we munched a sandwich and drank coffee in the car in our strained positions. As we entered Sandstone prison a deputy had brought a white boy and a Mandan Indian so we were processed together. My number was 3467. I was allowed to take some pictures I had in my pocket and my "holy-holy" which a small New York friends calls my medal of St. Francis and the wolf of Gubbio.

Sandstone

Sandstone is a town of about 1500, entirely destroyed by fire in the forest fire of the 90's, but now rebuilt. It is about 60 miles south of Duluth and 80 miles north of Minneapolis. The reservation is several miles out of the town. The prison was used mostly for conscientious objectors in the 40's, and later as a state mental hospital, but this last summer it was reopened as a prison, with about 50 transfers from Leavenworth, and more coming in from Terre Haute and Milan, with a few prisoners from the courts. At the time of my entry there was 70

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SPRING STREET

By Deane Mowrer

All last summer and through the early fall, we kept talking about the line and trying to decide what we should do about resuming it. The "line"—as most of our readers know—means the men from the Bowery who come to us in such numbers for food or clothing that they must form a line, a line that at Chrystie Street sometimes stretched for a couple of blocks outside the house and here, where men are not permitted to line up on the sidewalk, doubles and redoubles on itself till it fills the lower part of the big hall-like room where we cook and eat our meals, and if we did not set a man to watch the door would overflow the entire left with a compact, steaming, raggedy-bundled, stalely redolent mass of unwashed and battered humanity. It was Dorothy who decided that the line should be stopped, last April when we were



in jail for our pacifist protest and a New York Times account of fire inspections ordered through the left area of lower Manhattan caused us to fear that the left might be closed at a time when the unjailed staff had more than enough to cope with. But almost immediately after our release talks began about the possibility of opening a soup kitchen in a store front on some nearby street where neighbors would not be so hostile. Bob, Charles, Dorothy, and others looked about for such a location, but nothing was found that would quite fill the bill. Summer passed, and the cooler weather of the fall came, and we were still talking about what we would do about the line, but nothing was actually done. The weather, however, did not wait on us; nor did the men. It kept getting colder, and every day more men climbed the two long flights of stairs to our loft to ask for warm clothing and something to eat. We could not say no. Then one day it was really cold, and suddenly the loft was full and overflowing with the weary, hungry, needy men, and we had to post a man at the door again to prevent over-crowding and disturbance in the street. We had never reached a decision; we had never found a more suitable loca-

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Letter from KARL MEYER

Dear Dorothy and Bob,

I am writing to you today from our oak paneled office at the new Catholic Worker Center. We moved the soup line and temporary shelter over here. We are keeping the other store for a residence for our regular family. Our arrangement here is similar to yours in New York except that we are providing sleeping quarters for the men from the line, for as long as we can get away with it. We have a large, one room store. Lamont went to a building that was being torn down and found some fine oak bookcases in the library. These we bought delivered for \$25 and they serve excellently as partitions for the office, kitchen and a couple of cells for those who work on the meals and cleaning. The men are able to come inside to wait for meals, and up to fifty have slept here.

It is good that we were able to move. The other store was impossibly overcrowded. We were visited by the police a few nights before we moved. They were looking for a fugitive from the State Mental Hospital at Elgin. He had lived with us for almost a year and had never been violent, but in the summer, while I was away, when things were very hot and hectic because of the soup line, the strain became too much for him and he became violent a couple of times, and was committed to the hospital. He escaped once and came back to the house. The police came looking for him and ran him down in an alley near our house. Around Christmas he went out with his brother on an afternoon pass, but he did not go back. On December 28th, the feast of the Holy Innocents, whose Gospel tells of the flight into Egypt to escape Herod, he came to the house and asked to stay there.

At six o'clock the next morning the police walked in. Lamont brought them to me and they thought I was the man they were looking for. I asked them for a warrant. They told me: "Never mind the warrant. Just get dressed and come with us." So I got up and dressed while Lamont explained that this was a private house. And they asked "Who are these men?" referring to the men lying about on the floor.

"They are my guests," I said.

Then they realized that they had no right to be where they were and they began to ask me questions and to threaten me. They asked if I knew the man they were seeking. I told them yes. They asked if he were here. I told them I would not answer that. They asked if I was taking the Fifth Amendment. I told them I was taking nothing. They took down my name. Then they began to look about them and to threaten. They said they ought to call six paddy wagons and take us all down to the station. Then they said we were unhealthy and unsafe and they said they would call the fire inspectors and the building inspectors and the health inspectors and every other kind of inspector they could think of. I am afraid of that as of nothing else but I didn't say anything. But some of the men were milling around, not all of them altogether sober, and they spoke up with indignation to defend the house. Jack Dempsey said he had been in some of their jail cells overnight with sixteen men jammed into a six by eight cell so that no one could lie down, and he said that was not very safe or sanitary. Then he said, "If this is a firetrap, what is it upstairs? They have to live like rats up there for seventy bucks a month."

Well the police left at last, saying they did not think I had a very good attitude. But the men appreciated my attitude very well and were

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GANDHI SAID:

I am not a visionary. I claim to be a practical idealist. The religion of non-violence is not meant merely for the rishis and saints. It is meant for the common people as well. Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute, and he knows no law but that of physical might. The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law—to the strength of the spirit.

I have therefore ventured to place before India the ancient law of self-sacrifice. For Satyagraha (truth-force) and its off-shoots, non-cooperation and civil resistance, are nothing but new names for the law of suffering. The rishis who discovered the law of non-violence in the midst of violence, were greater geniuses than Newton. They were themselves greater warriors than Wellington. Having themselves known the use of arms, they realized their uselessness, and taught a weary world that its salvation lay not through violence but through non-violence.

Non-violence in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but it means putting one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire, to save his honour, his religion, and his soul. (from Young India, 11-8-20)

Non-violence is a term I had to coin in order to bring out the root meaning of ahimsa. In spite of the negative particle 'non', it is no negative force. Superficially we are surrounded in life by strife and bloodshed, life living upon life. But some great seer, who ages ago penetrated the centre of truth, said: It is not through strife and violence but through non-violence that man can fulfill his destiny and his duty to his fellow creatures. It is a force which is more positive than electricity, and more powerful than even ether. At the centre of non-violence is a force which is self-acting. Ahimsa means love in the Pauline sense, and yet something more than the 'love' defined by St. Paul, although I know St. Paul's beautiful definition is good enough for all practical purposes. Ahimsa includes the whole creation, and not only the human. Besides 'love' in the English language has other connotations, and so I was compelled to use the negative word. But it does not, as I have told you, express a negative force, but a force superior to all the forces put together. One person who can express ahimsa in life exercises a force superior to all the forces of brutality.

Q. Is it possible for any individual to achieve this?

A. Certainly. If there was any exclusiveness about it, I should reject it at once. (from Harijan, 14-3-36)

Mutual trust and mutual love are no trust and no love. The real love is to love them that hate you, to love your neighbour even though you distrust him. I have sound reasons for distrusting the English official world. If my love is sincere, I must love the Englishman in spite of my distrust. Of what avail is my love, if it be only so long as I trust my friend? Even thieves do that. They become enemies immediately the trust is gone. (from Harijan, 3-3-46)

Sky that holds screeches no more
of crushed brow and broken heart,
sky which grabs not for skin—
burnt, charred; a tar, a teather.
unlimited for planes, unpathed
for human brain or toe
we went, we sauntered, we here
below—felt wretched at the
touching blow of smell r3 there.

South, an east, a west wind
blows such stench of body bored
with shell—the shackles of an
elevator shaft out through a hand
—like glass . . .
no blood—just death—no tissues
lie around to tell—just dust
and brick and shambles show
how we and they—no man can spell
the horror of a war.

In heaven they smelled; in hell
they, charred, and encrusted, were
blown to sea—
these heavenly souls stand round
to see how often we can
utter war—again perhaps—and
over—scores of times, on score.

but charred ashes out to sea
sometimes alight on dinner
tables.
remember that pea;
that speck of ash?
Perhaps you ate your brother
all too fast, a speck
a nothingness
You, too, can go to heaven
or hell—perchance!

by Billie Clarke
Bad Nauheim
27 September 1947

HEROIC SANCTITY AND INSANITY and Introduction to the Spiritual Life and Mental Hygiene. By Thomas Verner Moore, M.D. Carthusian. (Grune, and Stratton, New York and London, 1959) (Price \$5.00).

Reviewed by John Thompson, M.D.

This is a highly inadequate book written by one unquestionably able to have contributed something of unique value in the area suggested by the title. Its inadequacy stems from it being a hodge-podge of clinical material, hagiographic, theological and scientific comment having at little discernible structure as a pack of shuffled playing cards. Had the book been written by anyone lacking the competence of Father Moore, it could be summarily dismissed. However, since a trained physician and psychiatrist who is also now a Carthusian monk wrote it, the book deserves consideration, if for no other reason, as an example of a unique failure.

Is it that the subject is one bound to fail in the course of its elaboration or is it that Father Moore has failed? This reviewer is reasonably confident that the latter is the case and this view is supported by the many careless errors with which the book is riddled. Thus on page 50 the footnote refers to Father Moore's previous book as "Driving Faces (sic) of Human Nature"; on page 84 there appears the following sentence: "The answer of Benedict XIV is that if we accept (sic) the fasts and other things commanded by the Church, it is not necessary in order to a man's attaining eternal salvation." These quotations characterize the carelessness with which the book is written. One can only surmise that Father Moore lost interest in it after having written the title and it is to be hoped that at some time in the future he will find the time, energy and interest drastically to revise this first attempt so as to make available to those far less able the fruit of his valuable labor in this critically important field.

It seems to be Father Moore's thesis that sanctity and insanity are positively correlated only when the former is of mild degree but that there is an undoubted correlation of a positive nature between the attitude of the patient to his illness and his degree of sanctity. To say the least, this is circular reasoning for surely if a person is able to accept his or her illness in a saintly way then eo ipso he or she is either not severely ill or else the symptoms of the illness are such as would allow one

to say that the illness regardless of its severity is accepted in a saintly fashion. In other words, the argument would lead one to conclude that the person who is able to accept his illness in some constructive way is simply not as ill as the person who is unable to accept it in this way—a conclusion which does not take one very far.

In short, the book in its present form is a failure. This failure is a lamentable loss to all interested in the relationship, if any, between sanctity and insanity. And who, it may be asked, is not interested? It is a particular loss to this reviewer who with a heavy heart finds it necessary to indicate the shortcomings of the content of a book whose author he so deeply admires and respects. The title could be a challenge only to a select few and there can be no doubt but that Father Moore is the most outstanding member of these few.

"Oh, never star
Was lost here but it rose afar!"

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR. Edited by Esther Pike; The Seabury Press, Greenwich, Conn.; \$3.50.

"Reason discovered the struggle for existence and the law that requires us to oppress all who hinder the satisfaction of our desires. But loving one's neighbor reason could never discover, because it's irrational."

This quotation from Tolstoy's Anna Karenina heads the introduction written by Esther Pike, wife to the anglican Bishop of San Francisco, for "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR." The book is a collection of essays by doctors, lawyers, social workers, members of the clergy, etc. . . who have dedicated their life in an outstanding or unconventional way to the benefit of their neighbor. The editor put great emphasis on the fact that the man who questioned Christ was a lawyer. And Christ's admirable, curving answer in the story of the Good Samaritan tells who wants to know that our neighbor may be foreign, unknown, never to be met again—that no law binds us to him!

Though containing no revelation, "Who is my neighbor" makes us face once more that our neighbor is in the mentally disturbed, so alien and yet so close; the alcoholic, no more a figure of fun or of scandal but of pity; the refugee, still with us; the starving and the diseased, the prisoner, the very old and the very young. We come to realize the very effective work done by the United Nations in a non-political field with worldwide comprehension. Then on the

other hand one solitary individual will fight disease in Burma and another compile a system for teaching illiterates of 90 countries.

We also are brought to face the problem of the helpers as well as of the helped. A certain form of suffering that engulfs the mass and not the individual only, characterized by Simone Weil as "le malheur"—misery is a less adequate term—plunges whole groups of human beings in ignorance, hopelessness, suspicion and defeatism. It takes miracles of good-will and ingenuity to gain their trust and belief.

At this point one is reminded of the admirable script of Jean Anouilh in the film "Mr. Vincent" and of the words he puts on St. Vincent de Paul's lips on his dying day as he instructs a young novice: "You must love them so much that they may be able to forgive you your charity." St. Vincent had started an order of women to help the poor and had found out that only the poor could help the poor without offending them. In his devastating way, Dostoevsky has written of the "Insulted and the Oppressed," and Bernanos has spoken of those "Whose forgiveness God will ask one day."

Bearing these thoughts in mind this is why two essays out of fifteen are completely satisfying and bear a strong kinship: The Neglected, by Dorothy Day and the Subjugated, by Michael Scott.

This kinship starts from the fact that neither of the authors can be labelled or docketed though both, doubtless to their consternation have been called saints. Dorothy, as a Roman Catholic, has forced citadels where the very name of catholic is anathema and her friends and followers belong to all groups and denominations. Michael Scott, Anglican clergyman and white, is a one-man delegation at the U.N. representing in his person thousands of Africans now called the peoples of Michael Scott; no propagandist, his doubts about Christianity in its applications are devoid of complacency. Then these two have something more in common, they are both criminals and for the same reason at the present time. For Dorothy who starts on a long pilgrimage and for Father Scott who, somewhere in the Sahara is opposing non-violently the French bomb-test and for their thirty years of blood and tears, two awards are awaiting them. Dorothy on her re-

turn will most probably get a term of prison for civil disobedience upon her refusal to take shelter where there is no shelter and for protesting Hiroshima and its sequels. And two months of prison in an English jail will welcome the crusader for anti-nuclear protest in his own country. For neither will it be the first time.

Both being excellent writers and in their own right poets serve their subject matter with beautiful intensity. In squalor, persecution, fear and humiliation these two have become neighbors, to each other and to millions. They will be unable to make a tactless remark or a patronizing gesture because they know and have become the Neighbor.

A hard runner to these two is Bishop Ambrose Reeves of Johannesburg (South Africa), in "The Segregated." For those, in this country, who have heard him offering the Anglican Church to Martyrdom, and willingly accepting the twenty lashes the punishment threatened by the Union Government for those who hold non-segregated meetings, there is no doubt that he too will carry his neighbor's pack of apartheid upon his own back. His lucid, intelligent, well-informed article shows him up as a pastor of bodies and minds as well as of souls and puts the right emphasis on the social politics of the Church whose duty is to redress wrongs and befriend the oppressed. Mrs. Pike stresses the similar circumstances of certain dioceses here in the South and upholds Archbishop Rummel's courage. May one day economic discrimination that is the root of racial discrimination and that corrupts many uni-racial societies be fought as bravely in all the world.

Of personal interest to Catholic Worker readers will be Dr. Lowdermilk's essay on the peasant farmer, an individual which constitutes 2/3 of the world's population, who is in himself afflicted in himself by no tragedy but that of our present civilization. He is the answer to so many problems that riddle our inhuman times and the author's concern is how to help him.

One would have wished that the emphasis be not so much on the physical needs; or that the illiteracy not be stressed inasmuch that it hinders economic advancement; it is true that so-called illiterates often have a traditional wisdom and lore far superior to the literate of a certain order. On the subject of children, their spiritual starvation would not have come amiss.

But as the editor says, a book can be just that thick and no more. One feels deeply grateful that within its narrow covers it holds two chapters about South and South-West-Africa that the ordinary press generally cloak with silence, on account of the U.S. Government's solidarity with that of the Union of South Africa on political moves. The Anglican Church has done much to bring these two unhappy and disturbed countries to our attention and one would like to hear other voices join them.

The book, as a whole is full of sincerity and unpretentiousness. Many who have achieved great results only see the monumental work still to be done. Many who have functioned through organizations call out for more personalistic, more human help.

They might be glad to hear, that unknown to them smaller groups have perfected their work. The very old, so often despised and neglected have found in the Little Brothers of the Poor, who are starting in Chicago, a last consolation. These young men, organized as a secular institute, adopt an old man or woman and love them as "The Bride of their dreams."

In Begard, Brittany (France), the mentally-ill are cared for as the most beloved relative by the Sisters of the Good Saviour who

contemplate the Three Persons of the Trinity in these afflicted souls, and often through sheer love effect cures.

And, as we know the Little Sisters of Jesus, in certain countries, share the cells of prisoners for a life-long vocation.

As we close the book, out of these fifteen imperative needs listed in the book there must be one that we recognize as close and familiar. For the individual will come the soul-searching question of how many beaten and robbed bodies he will have left lying on the road with or without a glance.

Anna Tallefer

REPORT FROM PALERMO By Danilo Dolci, Orion Press, N.Y. 1959. \$4.00.

Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy

"Without charity, knowledge is apt to be inhuman; without knowledge, charity is foredoomed, all too often, to impotence. . . A new Gandhi, a modern St. Francis needs to be equipped with much more than compassion and seraphic love." Danilo Dolci is one of these modern Franciscans with a degree," says Aldous Huxley in the introduction to this story of the archeologist who came from North Italy to study the ruins of an old civilization, but remained to study the ruin made of the lives of the people, the worst area of which lies between the Cathedral and the City Hall in Palermo, Sicily. Dolci married a widow with five children and lives in the slums. In 1958 I had a letter from him, written in Italian, in which he appreciated my fasting with him during his controversy with the government, and his arrest for organizing the peasants to repair a road. For doing this "without a license" he is out on appeal of an 8 months sentence. In this book he gives detailed stories of those with whom he is associated. He has also made a scientific study of the actual conditions which can only be described as being as bad as the Asiatic poverty of the Far East.

Peasants Revolt

The peasants "occupied" an estate which had not been cultivated for 60 years. Their leader was murdered by the Mafia in the attempt to occupy another estate. This was done in daylight and the witnesses were so afraid that in court they testified for the owner. The vengeance of the masters was so severe that later when estates were divided among the peasants the only one not to receive a share was the widow of the martyred leader. His son was placed in an orphanage and later he was found drowned. (Near Pittsburgh I visited the home of one of the organizers of the steel strike in 1919. Now while the steel workers union bargains for increased wages and is all powerful there seems to be some kind of an understanding by which this man, a radical, is black-listed in all of the steel mills.)

Gleaning in the fields, which is an old custom even from Bible times, is often denied in Sicily where the owner desires the little grain left to fatten his cattle. In the big fields of vegetables grown in Arizona no one says anything if a person stops and takes a head of cabbage or lettuce. And in the packing sheds tons of discarded greens are given free to the farmer who comes for them. The "slave-market" in Sicily is much worse than the one which I have bartered my strength in Phoenix. Although at times when I did not have a clock I got up several hours too early in the morning to stand cold and disconsolate at the cross roads waiting for the cotton truck to pick me up for my work in the cotton fields. The poor in Sicily do not have clocks at all and have to guess at the time. Peasants out of work often walk miles to gather herbs in the fields to sell in the market and they are often chased by the owners of the fields. Teen age children carry huge stones on their shoulders or lug stones in baskets



SAINT LUKE

REVIEWS + + + + +

in the quarries, for it is cheaper to hire them than to employ adults. This is much the same as breaker boys in the coal mines in Pennsylvania, "whom God in His mercy gave to the coal owners" as Mr. Baer testified; and the children in the cotton mills of New England, until the 20's.

A gust of wind blowing through the Church, that's what's needed, but not the sort of wind that would put out the candles and blow away the altar," says one of the workers interviewed by Dolci. A peasant, whose occupation was herding cows and goats said, "Still, even though some animals are a pain in the neck, they're better than Christians. Cows can't think, they can't get all together and do me harm, but Christians can; they can all join against me to take the food out of my mouth, and take away my freedom."

Appeals have been made to the Cardinal and he promises to attend to these poor people but somehow in the red tape of affairs nothing is done. "Except that just before election they teach catechism to the children and give out a little food, telling them to vote against the Communists. After Mass we all go home and feast. If it's been a long spell of dry weather, then the peasants and the Communists too, walk in the Easter procession to pray for rain; they all wear crowns of thorns on their heads."

We all know that many of the officials in New York and Chicago and other big cities enrich themselves with kickbacks, from employees, and that "justice is bought and sold." Dolci describes the blackmarket in cigarettes, American clothing, etc., and the corruption of officials. Even the cooks on American ships gather the refuse from the dining room and sell it to enterprising middle men who come in small boats. Thus the poor get at retail something even if it is second-hand.

Torture in prisons is as bad as that in Spain and Russia, that is for "politicals" who will not cease their agitation for the justice which is guaranteed by the Italian constitution, but which is somehow lost in the bureaucratic shuffle. Voting is done according to proportional representation, and it is so planned that the boss at the polls knows for whom you have voted, and if you don't vote right you are fired.

On the whole this book may seem depressing, for although each of several hundred interviewed is asked what can be done about it, there seems to be very little that can be accomplished, given the corruption of politics and the extreme of poverty and fear among the people. Dolci, however, has sensed the true spirit of St. Francis and of Gandhi, in that he chooses to live with the poorest and by direct civil disobedience he gains the sympathy of a few on the outside, and the trust of those whom he is trying to help. As Huxley infers an idealist must at the same time be practical realist. Sodom and Gomorrah were warned but scorned the warning. Churchill jeered at Gandhi as "a naked fakir" and said that he Churchill did not come into power to preside at the dissolution of the British Empire. Gandhi won and the Empire crumbles. It was Tolstoy who said that many well meaning and sentimental people will do anything for the poor except get off their backs. "Offenses must come but woe by whom they cometh." We must put up with a lot of misery in this world. Those who are a part of the system of exploitation and who profit by it speak with "forked tongues," as the Indians say, when they continue to speak for truth and justice and deny it by their daily lives. Only by being a part of this misery can we perhaps arrive at a solution. It was Debs who said, "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

LIFE ON THE BEACH

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKY

An unusual high wind blowing off shore with a low tide has pushed back the ocean for distance of a thousand yards revealing the ocean floor. From the window of my beach cabin as I look out on the revealing expanse of the beach I notice what seems to be prehistoric monsters, springing from the depths of the sea and ready to pounce upon the unwary bather or beach comber. Fascinated I blinked my eyes and what at first glance appeared to be an invasion of dinosaurs: A three-horned Triceratops; a fierce ready to spring Tyrannosaurus; a gigantic Brontosaurus followed by a clumsy Plateosaurus proved to be the rocks which normally are under water.

And since I am not afraid of rocks I put on my rubbers and walked out on the mud flats to where the sea and the tide was battling with the wind in an effort to regain the territory it has lost. For a moment I thought I heard the report of a gun, but Marge assured me that it is the sound of the wake when two tankers pass by. It is a hollow sucking sound as though the ocean bottom has dropped out and created a suction. But my imagination pictured the sound as the report of a gun going off.

The entire exposed ocean bottom looked like pictures of the Sahara desert as viewed from an airplane. Or to be more prosaic and matter of fact it had the ripples of an old fashioned scrubbing board.

But there were no treasures to be found; no brilliantly hued shells; no exotic fishes or bits of ebony colored driftwood. Nothing but the debris of a mechanical civilization that has been thrown into the sea to rust and to cut the feet of those who love to race barefooted in the surf. There were parts of a car, parts of a bed, bottles without end and tin cans of every imaginable shape and in every stage of decay from those which had just been discarded to those which turned into dust when disturbed.

All night long the little beach cabin shook and the walls shuddered under the fury of the storm which roared in from the sea. But snug in my cabin I was able to defy the fury of the storm and could laugh at the blasts of the wind blowing around the eaves. In the distance muffled I could hear the sound of the surf pounding upon the beach. It was a night for land lubber sailors to stay on the beach and contemplate the fury of an agitated sea from a safe distance.

But I decided to brave the fury of the storm and putting on my old clothes and my rubbers I dared the blast and the wind and made my way to the water's edge. There in the blackness and the gloom I was able to make out the whitecaps as they dashed madly to destruction upon the beach. Propelled by the wind the waves whirled madly and dashed high and the wind carried the droplets far into the air.

The sea seemed to say—yesterday the offshore wind took away part of our domain, but tonight we are in power and we have seized back what is rightly ours. Even the "prehistoric monsters"

Clothes Needed

Lately, during this cold weather, we have often had to put up the sign saying "No clothes today." Please send any men's clothes you don't need. Thank you.

PRINTS

December 1959 Catholic Worker Cover Picture by FRITZ EICHENBERG \$1

that saw the light of day were no longer to be seen and I imagined them cowering beneath the waves while waiting for the storm to subside.

I made my way back to the shelter of the beach cabin and the fury of the storm diminished as I closed the door. But enough of the sound of the waves and the winds came in to inform me that though I was sheltered, yet did I dare to leave the shelter of the cabin the storm was waiting in all its anger to pounce upon me.

But I got into bed and there in the security of my small enclosure I felt safe enough to close my eyes, and to fall asleep lulled by the intensity of the shrieking wind.

"Theology, both for the learned and the apostolic-minded, is enjoying a healthy period; the present multiplication of courses in theology for adults, under various forms, shows an awakened taste and its possible satisfaction at various levels. Some are disturbed, of course, caught between fear and hope, since they suppose implicitly that faith, pure obedience without reason, should look on the reasons which develop it into a theology only as casual curiosities—in the final account, as hindrances to a total and monolithic loyalty. Let us repeat with St. Thomas that if the faithful are satisfied merely with the authority of faith, its living truth will suffer; perhaps they will advance in certitude, but with an emptiness of spirit. The relativity of theological systems, in the sense we have described, and which always has been professed in the Church as guardian of the transcendence of the Word of God, is like the expression and the guarantee of that free search for the understanding of faith. Fides quaerens intellectum.

"Both for the proclamation of the gospel message, and its learned development, the believer, because of his commitment as well as his curiosity, bears witness to freedom in the most faithful assent to the Gospel of the Word of God."

Rev. M. D. Chenu, O.P.
in the Summer, 1959 issue
of CROSS CURRENTS



ARRIVING

by John Stanley

Everything builds up:
the more you eat, the more you want to eat;
the more you drink, the more you want to drink;
the more you walk the less you want to ride;
and sometimes, even, stillness brings you quietude,
and all those starlings fly away.

Who can pay the debt?
write it down in tiny arabic:
black and white and red,
sharp as needles,
still as spiders,
and promising as an empty grave.

Who can read with calm
the neumes for tolling of the bell?
Who has smelled dead leaves at dusk and slept?
Or yellow fog at sea and yawned?

Dance, young candle,
gild the barren wall with your own life!
Sing, you Spring,
while orchards pass you by
and crowd their way to sources of the hiding brook,
as crazy as a lot of jeeps.

There are only so many grains of sand,
and they fall slowly, quite like feathers—
but they fall.

Summer is gone;
I see it in the morning when I light the lamp;
I see it in the afternoon,
when sun-down finds me far from home.

But it doesn't matter any more.
The gold fish rests at the bottom of his bowl
in the blue water
and he never makes a sound.

Ammon Hennacy's Lecture Schedule

Anyone wishing to hear Ammon Hennacy speak and who lives in or near any of these cities write us immediately:

February 8th: Notre Dame, Indiana

10th and 11th: Peoria, Ill.

12th: Urbana, Ill.

13th & 14th: Purdue University

14th: Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

15th to 18th: Nashville, Tenn. to Birmingham, Ala. through

March 3rd.

19th: Montgomery, Ala., Fairhope, Ala., Pass Christian,

Miss., Tulane University, Southwestern Institute at

Lafayette, La. and other nearby colleges.

March 4th to 9th: San Antonio, Tex., Tulsa, Oklahoma City, El Reno.

10th to 15th: Albuquerque and Santa Fe

16th to 26th: Hopi Indians, Flagstaff, Ariz., Phoenix & Tucson.

27th to April 12th: La Jolla, Los Angeles, Fresno, Santa Clara and San Francisco.

April 13th to 19th: Eugene and Portland, Ore.

20th to 24th: Seattle, Wash.

25th to 26th: Spokane, Wash.

27th to May 1st: Doukhobors in British, Colombia.

May 2nd to 4th: Anaconda and Butte, Mont.

5th to 7th: Salt Lake City.

8th: Vernal, Utah.

9th and 10th: Denver, Colo.

11th to 13th: Cheyenne, Wyo.

14th to 19th: Omaha, Neb., Kansas City, St. Louis.

20th to 27th: The Grail, Cincinnati, Antioch College, Portsmouth and Chillicothe, Ohio.

28th to June 4th: Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Reading, Pa.

June 5th to 9th: Washington, D.C. and Arden, Del.

PETER MAURIN: Gay Believer

By Arthur Sheehan

Foreword by Dorothy Day

\$3.75

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

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

THE LONG LONELINESS By Dorothy Day

An Image Book 85c

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

Both published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Available at all book stores.

South West Africa

(Continued from page 1)

location of Kadatura, far removed from the city and entailing great expense of transportation. They would no more enjoy freehold land; they would be banned from visiting their relatives without a pass if the slightest difference of color separated them. But, and this can hardly be believed, save that the late Dr. Malan expressed great admiration for Hitler and his methods, the crowning injury was that they were to be confined in a sort of concentration camp with an armed guard at the gate. The people decided to boycott the Beer-halls in non violent retaliation and assembled in a peaceful meeting to discuss their fate and the means at their disposal. The police arrived upon the scene with machine guns and upon the refusal of the people to move, asserting their right to have a peaceful meeting, fired upon them, killed twelve and badly wounded thirty.

The Herrero have written: "Every European has a gun; we would have but stones. However we will stand together do not fear. Even if this will mean our end. We will die but our children will be free."

Needless to say that the Union Government will not stop at that and that mass murder is on the march.

It was terrible to sit at the United Nations and hear the conventional endless phrases of the debate concluding to send a telegram of disapproval to the Union Government of South Africa's; it was terrible to watch the real judgment on the faces of the three young South West African petitioners: M'Burumba, Kerina, whose elder brother, breadwinner for eight had been killed in the massacre; Jafretundu Kozonguizi who had made a spectacular escape from South Africa, last spring and Hans Beukes afore-mentioned. Their sad, disillusioned gaze travelled across the water that bathes the Great United Nations windows to that distant, familiar shore they felt helpless to free.

All the Nato countries who can always count on South Africa's vote, but above all the English, American and French who put South West Africa into the trust of the Union Government, are

murderers. France, guilty in Algeria can say nothing and desperately needs allies. England who counts South Africa in her commonwealth is the most involved; but on the other hand her citizens are reacting with great fairness and courage and whole towns such as Liverpool and Birmingham, the Labor Party for a stretch of time, are boycotting South Africa economically. America, perhaps, bears the greatest responsibility, because it has nothing to fear and its immense political and economic power would make the balance drop. Situations such as Algeria, or Portuguese Angola, distasteful and criminal as they are cannot be cleared up without the good will of the colonial powers; but South West Africa does not belong to South Africa legally and could be immediately placed under U.N. or British mandate with one stroke of the pen if the U.S. so decided. But who is to know this for the newspapers do not consider this "fit to print" or allow for two lines under the shipping news.

One is sometimes puzzled that the Church voice especially the Anglican and Roman Catholic so vocal in South Africa through its Bishops and Archbishops, Reeves and DeBlank for the former, Hurley and McCann for the latter, who constantly and forcefully denounce apartheid and its consequences is never heard coming from South West Africa where conditions are still worse. One wonders and sorrows.

Whoever can be touched by this chained country's plight and who believes in political action can get in touch with Allard Lowenstein who will be speaking this coming Monday, Feb. 8th at the church of St. Matthew and Timothy, 26 W. 84th St. at 8 p.m. under the sponsorship of the Episcopalian Churchmen of South Africa. Those that can come to the United Nations and hear the debate when it is held. Who believe in human contacts can reach M'Burumba Kerina who lives in Manhattan with his wife and baby girl. Our help is needed in every way and in the best by not asking if 'We are our brothers' keeper—We are.'

Anna Taillefer-Stokes

Letter from KARL MEYER

(Continued from page 3)

pleased to see the police sent on their way. After they left I gave our guest money for a room and advised him to go back voluntarily if he could see his way clear since he would be a marked man to run down like an animal. Later on he came back and got busfare for the trip back, because he did not much object to staying there, but just liked to get out once in awhile. I have written to the hospital asking that he may be released in my custody when he gets restless, but I did tell them that I would never compel him to return, nor help the police to find him, if he should not choose to go back.

The last few days we have been reading in the papers about eight policemen who were involved in a gang of burglars. The police commissioner says that these eight men have blackened the record of ten thousand honest police, but the people scoff and say they would be lucky to find eight honest men on the force, who do not rob the men they pick up on the streets or take bribes.

I used to think that our landlord was paying off very heavily. He owns tenements all over our neighborhood. His office is a small cubicle in the back of his hardware store. I used to go there to pay him the rent. He was a very hard and grim man, and he parted his straight black hair in the middle, so that he looked like the classic type of the villainous landlord. I would put my \$80 on the counter and never say more than a good morning to him. And he would write out the receipt and never say more to me. For this I liked him in a way, because he asked no questions and did not bother me. And I understood him and knew that he did not wish to be bothered in his turn. So if anything went wrong with the plumbing I fixed it and never asked anything of him. When I went away I cautioned Ed to avoid this man as much as possible, but he did not take it to heart. When the toilet broke, Terry called the landlord to get it fixed, called him several times, in fact. After about a week he sent a man to fix it, who put in a new, or rather second-hand, toilet but attached it so poorly that it dripped considerable water on the floor each time it was flushed. The next month the landlord said that he would have to raise the rent by \$10. So for a toilet that might have been fixed well for \$3 the same day, Terry had to wait a week to get a leaky toilet and must now pay a higher rent on into eternity, if he should stay there so long. As I have mentioned before there were three fires in our building in the first three months we were there and more afterwards. So I used to think the landlord was paying off, but the other week I read in the paper that the city is suing him and some thirty of his associates to take into receivership twenty-one of their buildings, including ours in order to apply the rents to repairs, because since 1951 he has failed to do much of any-

(Continued on page 8)

Spring Street

(Continued from page 3)

tion; but the weather and the men decided for us.

Now, it seems to me, it is the line which sets the dominant tone to our days at the loft. Two hours or more before meal time, the men begin to gather; and well before lunch or supper is ready, all available space is bulging with the tired hulks who stand, slouch, lean against the wall, crouch on their haunches, or—if they are lucky—sprawl on an upturned can or one of the few chairs left unoccupied by our regular family. There are so many of them that sometimes it is almost impossible to get through the door at the head of the stairs or pass through into the other room where the office is. It is a little like going through a jungle—almost as fetid, almost as impassable, sometimes as raucously cacophonous. But—"Thank God, they are out of the cold," Dorothy said when I spoke somewhat impatiently of the inconvenience. She is right, of course. It would be better if they could be accommodated more comfortably; but—things being as they are—it is better that they wait here in our



loft for something warm to eat than lurch through cold unfriendly streets like frightened scarecrows fleeing through a desert of cold and windy hearts. For are they not—as Peter Massin said so many times—Christ's own ambassadors? God give us patience and love to receive them better than we do.

The job of feeding so many men is not easy, however, and would not be possible at all without the wonderful help of all those who cook, wait on tables, and wash dishes, day after day, meal after meal. Nick, Frank, Larry—all help with the cooking. Nick, who is Italian and has cooked professionally, seems to enjoy his work and to take pleasure in preparing even the humblest dish with a fine gastronomic flair for seasoning and cookery so that one eats for joy as well as nourishment. But it is the work of many working together which makes it all possible, and one can hardly name them all. George, Charlie, Harry, and the others who wait on table; Stanley who washes so many dishes; Italian Mike who brings the bread and fish; Hugh Madden who has assisted Bronnie with his renovation projects in the loft and puts everything

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LIFE IN SANDSTONE PRISON

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and at the time of my release there were 354. The prison is minimum security and consists of two-story buildings erected around a compound of about 2 acres. Mostly we live in dormitory, custody with about 45 in each one. The building contains cells where those who have a detainer against them when they are released are housed; and then there are 13 solitary cells, painted yellow, upstairs, with a mattress on the floor. Mostly you get regular eats and you can get books from the library to read while in solitary.

Newcomers are put in A and O (Admission and Orientation) for 3 weeks to a month. Here we were 2 to a cell. I met one fellow who had done time in Parchman, Miss., where the wife has overnight visits with the husband prisoner once a week. A couple of farmers were in for feeding corn which the government had bought for surplus, to their hogs, or for figuring out their income tax different from the way the government accountants figured. A bookie from the big city became my friend and threatened to reform. Most of the men were in for stealing cars over the state line, many others for peddling dope, quite a number for variations of mail fraud. About a hundred Negroes, thirty Indians and half a dozen Mexicans. There was no segregation in dorms or in the dining hall.

One morning we were marched to the front office and given shots at the medical offices. I told them I did not believe in shots but they said they would strap me down and make me take them anyway, and that Arthur had taken them after an argument. So I took them. About a week later we were called to take more shots. I told the officer that I was not going up to take them and that I wanted to see the Warden or the Captain about it. He said to see them at the medical office. The officer kept me till last and grabbing my arm told me to hurry up and take my shots and to argue afterwards. I advised him that this was not my procedure and insisted in contacting the Captain. Finally he got him on the phone and I said, "Captain, there are three things you can do, (1) Give me the shots, (2) Allow me to be a conscientious objector to shots, (3) Place me in solitary for the duration of my time," the medical myth being that I would carry disease to the others. The Captain had sense enough not to make a martyr out of me so I took the shots, after which the medical officer said "I'll make you come back and take all the possible damn shots."

But in a few days when I went before the Classification Board the medical officer was all smiles (he had given me the shots and could afford to smile). Warden Meier who is a pleasant quiet man entangled in government red tape said that he understood my radical ideas and asked about the CW. I gave him our ideas and history. He wanted to know if there was anything that I wouldn't do in the prison. I told him that I wouldn't kill chickens, and he had better not put me to teaching history or I would teach it radical as hell. I was told to go to the Educational department and be ready to help set up the school when the educational director arrived. Meanwhile I helped Arthur set up the library, as he used some peculiar system of classification of his own. Later with the approval of the director we ordered several hundred liberal books from the publishers, including all of Jack London, Erich Fromm and Aldous Huxley. The warden read my book and liked it and I allowed him to have it for the guards' library, as it was not allowed in our library, at least while I was a prisoner. We have two copies of Dorothy's book in the library. Mr. Durham, an active southern Baptist from El Reno reformatory was my boss as educational director for a month. He was liberal and had never met a radical who was also a Christian. He took pains to understand our pacifism and wanted to read my book so I had my mother send him one. (I have half a dozen of my books in her attic for Judges, Wardens, etc. Or if a Pope or a Cardinal wants one I ought to have one handy.) The present educational director, Mr. Earhart of McNeil Island institution, is a quiet liberal who understands my ideas, and he was friendly to Arthur and me. One day the Warden brought Rev. Bolton from Sandstone to see me. I had just discussed with Mr. Peterson the genial guard at the library about gallows not hanging, or prison doors not locking themselves, and that when people refused to be judges, hangmen, guards, wardens, or madame's of houses of prostitution, then these things would cease to exist. I had said that all Judges, D.A.'s, Wardens, etc., ought to do 30 days in a regular county jail. And he said that if we prisoners were Warden for a day we would see what a Warden had to put up with. I told this to the Warden and said that I supposed he had a time with the old time sadistic guards. (Dorothy spoke to Mr. Earhart and the Warden when she met me on the 20th.)

Prison Routine

Lights on at 6:30 a.m. and breakfast from 7 to 7:30 in the cafeteria like dining room with 4 to a small table. You can choose with whom you eat. I was generally with my Indian friends. Always hot and dry cereal, coffee, toast, oats, and some kind of stewed prunes or figs. At times pancakes, french toast or scrambled eggs. On a Sunday or a holiday we have just coffee at 8 and "Brunch" which is lunch and breakfast at 10. Generally 2 strips of bacon then. To work at 8 and lunch at 11:30 which consisted of potatoes, meat, several vegetables, and jello, cake, pie, pudding and tea or in the summer Kool-aid. To work at 12:30 and count in your dorm at 4:30 when the whistle blows on work days. Supper at 5 to 5:30 which is also plentiful. Corn on the cob in season. Generally too much starch. Cornbread at times which was good, but the white bread was not as good as in the New York prisons, it being more like store bread. I ate very little starch and Arthur and I gave our meat and fish to those who asked for it. I fasted from Thursday night until after Mass on Saturday morning. Count again at 8:30 and lights out around 10:30, but at times we could listen to television until later in another room.

After supper on week nights prisoners can go to the library or to classes until around 9 p.m. Saturday, Sunday and holidays the library is open much of the time. But we are not allowed to visit a prisoner in another dorm. Some guards are more fussy about this than others. Finally we have a skating rink where a few can play hockey. And in good weather baseball, volleyball, football, and tossing horse shoes. The Indians are the best at this latter. Arthur and I played and ran about even but we were neither one very good. Arthur made a scrabble game with extra letters so the games lasted for hours. He beat me all but 10 games out of 107, for he is quicker and smarter than I am.

Religion

Religion in prison is not what folks think it is on the outside. Many go to church to get in the good graces of the parole board. A few want to pass the time or they feel some good to be gotten from attending. The great majority do not go. Perhaps from 15 to 30 at any service out of over 300 inmates. One fellow who was obviously phony led a choir and composed a song about "When God forsakes you turn to your friend." Another of his songs was about "when the waters cover the sea." It is likely that the words rhymed but I always thought that the waters covered the land. Thursday's is commissary where you can

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 6) could love a man who blame home and beat up his wife and children in a drunken rage; (there was one such in our midst) and Fr. Roy shook his head sadly and said, "God loves only Jesus. God sees only Jesus." A hard lesson to take, to see Jesus in another, in the prodigal son, or members of a lynch mob. Have we begun to be Christians?

Such attitudes can come about only by prayer and fasting. And how much of that are we doing?

Charles de Foucauld, praying each day for martyrdom, warned us against fear. The Little Brothers of Jesus knowing man's frailty, knowing that it is not good for man to live alone, go out two by two, holding each other up. I know myself how valiant I can be when we are a group. Also, I was offered a very potent remedy which I recommend to our readers. Once I suffered an inexplicable attack of fear and dread when I went to picket the federal prison with a group on West Street and I stopped at St. Veronica's church on Christopher Street to pray. I remembered Abbot Marmion saying that the remedy for fear is to make the Stations of the Cross, so I did it with that intention and have never been frightened on a picket line since. Prayer can strengthen the weak knees and fill the heart with courage.

Fr. Durand's parish has about six hundred families and there is a new Church and school with as many lay teachers as there are sisters. Father is an energetic priest who wears himself out with fasting and prayers during Lent and Advent, and all through the year his energy drives the parish on to greater efforts, not only to pay off the building debt, but to pray more. There is real participation in the Mass, which the late Holy Father asked for, and the priests pray slowly enough and loud enough so that the parish can follow and make all the responses clearly. The Latin seems to be no obstacle. This morning I turned on the radio to get the time—it was Sunday and I heard Lutheran church programs announced in Estonian, Latvian and Finnish. We Americans make too much of language barriers, and hesitate to learn one other language where a European would learn several in the course of his life. Missionaries are always learning new languages and think nothing of it. So the Latin responses come easy enough. Of course I am in favor of the vernacular. But the people who are so ardently favoring the vernacular ought to do something about the mumbled and hasty prayers at the foot of the altar after Mass, and about the hasty reading of the gospel. Charles de Foucauld had so great a reverence for the word of God that he kept his Bible on the altar in his little chapel, the Word of God in the Book, as well as the Word of God made flesh in the tabernacle.

Father Durand introduced perpetual adoration 5 months ago (without exposition) and two hundred and fifty have responded, —going to the church which is always open night and day, for one hour a week. There is one young school boy living on a farm nearby who comes at three a.m. every Monday morning, then goes back home to do chores and returns for Mass before school. There are many others instances of such devotion.

Today, Sunday, Fr. Edward Grzeskowiak (they call him Father Ed) came to breakfast. He had recently attended the meeting in Chicago to consider the plight of the migrant workers. He teaches sociology at the minor seminary, and has always been interested in agricultural problems and in the plight of the minority groups. We talked about the work on the Indian reservations throughout the

state of Minnesota, and how little contact they had with the priest who could often go to them only in the summer. Fifty per cent of them are Catholic. On or near one reservation the Bulova watch people had set up a factory nearby and hired 120 workers, eighty per cent of whom were Indians. Contrary to expectation there had been no turnover in the years it existed, and the work was well done. Employing Indians on road work and lumbering operations had not been so successful though the wages were high, but the work was too heavy perhaps. Though they could get as much as a hundred and twenty a week, they left the job and the turnover was great. Probably they earned what they needed to live and then left the work; or perhaps drink had something to do with it. Or perhaps, one suggested, they were as averse to construct heavy labor as we ourselves are.

Fr. Ed talked about the reservation system and said the ward system under which the Indians now lived was doomed, but he saw no reason why Indians had to be moved to big cities as they had been, and forced to leave their lands. The system could be changed, but they could still operate under a communal or cooperative system. But all over the country Indians were being moved into cities. Here in Minneapolis there were entire apartment houses crowded with them; living under the poorest conditions, one family moving in on another and crowded families living in unspeakable squalor. Edmund Wilson had a wonderful series of articles on the Iroquois and their system of government, and their present status, running the New Yorker and it has now come out as a book. I remember in one article he spoke of the poverty of the home he visited of one of the leaders. He brought out too, the world feeling of the colored races, the ferment that was going on, the desire to assert themselves and their rights, their feeling themselves part of the movement towards justice, the desire to right the wrongs perpetrated upon the Indian, the Negro, and all those of mixed color.

To become part of this, to share in their poverty and suffering, this is the strong desire on the part of many today, in the movement of lay apostles, who are trained to serve as teachers, nurses, engineers, doctors and must follow those vocations. But many who have no special talents can just go and live among the poor as the little brothers and sisters of Jesus do, finding the most abject, the most abandoned and living under these squalid conditions, and going out to work at factory jobs, or day labor.

I have visited the Little Sisters in Montreal, in Boston, in Washington and in Chicago and hard work has made them clean, some cheap linoleum on the floor has made them bright, and discarding all that is not essential, there is a sense of space and beauty, in spite of the destitution of the surroundings.

We talked of other things that could be done, the little ways of social change that could begin here and now. I told of Fr. McCarthy down in Santa Fe and his work among the Indians and Mexicans, starting credit unions, which rescued them from the coils of the loan sharks, or helped them to achieve ownership of their tools of work. And of Fr. Ganey in the Fiji Islands whom I first met at Pendle Hill, the Quaker house of studies in Wallingford, Pa. He had come to talk of his work in the British Honduras along these lines. When the governor general of Honduras was transferred to the Fiji Islands, he asked for Fr. Ganey to be sent there, and his provincial allowed his transfer.

"These are the only ways which will be effective," Fr. Ed said. "Not Federal Grants, not unioniza-

tion, but the small way of working through education, from the bottom up."

The problem is too large on the one hand so that wherever I speak, people say the Government, the State, has to step in. And on the other hand, the solution is too simple, too small, so people end with a sense of futility. What is the use?

How we need to pray for vocations, all kinds of vocations.

January 29

Today I spoke at St. Thomas college at ten thirty and had lunch with some of the faculty. Monsignor Shannon is a young, president and most approachable, available to men, one might say. He makes all feel perfectly at home so that one can always be frank and open with him. I talked about the difficulties of reaching people today, due not only to our prosperity, but also to the fear inspired by Russia and everyone's feeling of the need for preparedness. You can talk all you want to about what the Popes have said about the "fallacy of an armed peace." About doing away with conscription, about means and ends, about the statements of John XXIII, that war

class there he encountered Fr. Harvey Egan who was giving the course. Fr. Egan was a young priest at St. Olaf's who was an ardent friend of the Catholic Worker since his seminary days and through the paper had made the acquaintance of Sister Peter Claver, who in turn had introduced him to Fr. Giri of the Birmingham diocese who came north to meet the other young priests in St. Paul and to look for vocations.

When Clyde Eddy decided that he wished to be a priest, he was afraid the St. Paul diocese would not have him because he had had only one year of Latin. Fr. Giri persuaded him to go south to study at the New Orleans seminary which he assured him would be much easier.

On the contrary, Clyde Eddy found that the books and teaching were all in Latin and he was totally at sea. But Fr. Giri did not give up. "Come over to Mobile," (his present headquarters) and spend the summer studying Latin for eight hours a day and begin again in the fall. Sister Peter Claver, who had charge of the charities of the Mobile diocese found housing for him, but of course she found work too. Between these zealous people he was to be well occupied. Fr. Giri counseled him in Latin. Sister Peter Claver on encountering an old deaf man, had learned the sign language in order to instruct him, and her day class increasing to about sixty, she induced Clyde Eddy also to study and assist her. Studying the sign language and Latin gave him a busy summer.

"Sister Peter Claver on occasion gave great trouble to her sisters in religion," he said. On one occasion she took in a couple of "ambassadors" off the road and fed them and put them up for the night in the guest quarters where Clyde Eddy stayed, which were the old slave quarters of the southern mansion which housed the charity offices and sisters.

At nightfall the two "ambassadors" wanted to go to town. Dorothy McMahon, Jane Judge, Rose McDonnell and Marion Judge had all come for a few months to help Fr. Giri in his work among the Negroes as a beginning to the work they intended to do in Minneapolis. Dorothy tried to persuade the men to stay in. They said they wanted coffee. She said she would make them some. They said they wanted to send a telegram, and she asked them how much money they had. They said they would send it collect, and disappeared.

Late that night, the two men reappeared, lost their way, could not find the slave quarters, and went to the convent instead, which was so crowded that some of the sisters had to sleep on the porch. When the men starting banging on the door, shouting that they had been given a room there, very insistently, the two sisters on the porch telephoned the pastor, who telephoned the police who picked up the men and took them to jail.

Next day Sister Peter Claver was at the court, interceding for the men, telling the judge it was all her fault they had been imprisoned, and begging for their release. The judge told her if she would get them out of town by night all he would let them go, so that afternoon, Sister Peter Claver packed two nice lunches (a lunch packed by a convent will last for several days) and then asked the men how they had arrived. By box car, they told her, so she called the railroad and asked when the next freight was pulling out and put them on it.

Monsignor Shannon, president of St. Thomas College in St. Paul gave us the use of his car while I am in the St. Paul area. He was going to Conception, Missouri, to give a retreat and would not be back for a week. A little blizzard had started Sunday night as we

came out of church after making our holy hour, and I thought I would have to take the bus, which would mean going back into St. Paul and starting out again from there. We were already on the way north, in Little Canada, and it was good to wake up yesterday to sunny skies and a clear road. Mary Hlabain and I set forth, with a lunch packed by Lucille Lynch, and by noon we were already in Sandstone, which is more than half way to Duluth.

It was an easy trip and we enjoyed first the level prairie, snow covered completely flat at first, and bare of trees and then the increasing woodlots of birch and pine. The scenery became rolling as we reached Duluth, and when we tried to turn off to go to Superior without going through Duluth, we got lost. The two cities are rivals and always have been. Duluth is built on hills, and is a beautiful little city on the lake, and last time I passed through, Georgia Kernan, who was a school teacher in Proctor, on the outskirts, met me for a few hours between buses and we went down by the lake and watched the big ore boats coming in. Superior is an inferior city in beauty, but Sister Bernice, my friend who is the superior of the convent of Franciscan sisters who teach in the high school told me that she loved the people here most especially. "They are very good and responsive" she said, "and the children are bright and lively. This brisk weather (it was ten below outside) fills them with high spirits. Tremendous vitality."

We finally found out the way over from route sixty one to route twenty three and came through great hills and past deep gullies and finally into the flatness of Superior. We came over the St. Louis River on a wooden bridge, with railroad tracks overhead. The bridge which leads into Duluth, the only way over, has been condemned for a long time, and the new bridge is slow in opening. There are traffic snarls every night. There is more work in Duluth and many Superior people commute. Both cities are picking up, however, on account of the St. Lawrence seaway and the city already feels the difference. The men who load and unload the boats however, complain that the foreign crews are now doing the work that they used to do, and at far lower wages. For a long time there has been unemployment due to the steel strike all through this area. The mines of the Mesabi range are about exhausted, they say, which will mean more unemployment. Now that natural gas has been brought in the gas companies assure the public that now industry, having cheap fuel, will follow. The question of unemployment is an ever present menace however.

When Ammon was here last week he visited the I.W.W. hall in Duluth, where he found Finnish comrades who welcomed him. The ideals of the I.W.W. are still alive, though industrial unionism and the giant unions of the CIO-AFL have taken over the workers and the leadership is far from the idealistic leadership of the Wobblies, who took little salary, refused overtime when other men were out of work, and had Wobblly halls where the pot of mulligan was always on the stove and brother was served not in charity in its modern sense, but in justice. It was the I.W.W. who organized the Mesabi range as well as the ships and lumber industry and their search for justice made many martyrs.

The Franciscan Sisters here are truly poor. They are called the School Sisters of St. Francis and they teach and care for the sick. Their mother house is in Lacrosse and there they have perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, day and night. Motherhouses always have the appearance of

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S. FRANCIS



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comfort of a well run college, but when the sisters go out on the mission they have crowded quarters, as crowded as the poor who live in our slums in New York. Here in Superior, they occupy, and have for the last thirty years, an old building which used to be a chancery office, and the rooms are divided up by sheets for curtains, and four beds are crowded in a bedroom which is a decent size for one person, if that one person was a student, a teacher who had much work to prepare for his classes and mark papers. There are a few rooms where the sisters have desks back-to-back all around the room and even in the center of the room where they do their home work. The chapel is on the attic floor and there too they are crowded together. This morning and every morning there is a sung Mass at a quarter after six (the sisters have been in the chapel since five-thirty) and since they specialize in music in all their schools, the Mass is a thing of beauty.

After Mass there was a quick breakfast, and then we went to the Cathedral which was about six blocks down the street. It was the main street and during the Mass there was the sound of shifting gears, trucks starting and stopping, motorcycles roaring by just as in New York. The sisters went out in fifteen degree below zero weather with nothing but their mantles on, and a woolen shawl, scantily clad, one would say, for such rigorous weather. But the houses are all warm, almost too warm for me, used to as I have been to our beach and the east wind blowing through the summer houses we have there. Even winterizing them has not brought them up to normal warmth.

Mary Hlebain comes from a farm family near St. Stephen, which is on the way to Collegeville. St. Joseph is the name of the town where the great woman's college, St. Benedict's is situated; and at Collegeville, there is St. John's College and the seminary. St. John's has had a great influence on all the priests in this section of the country, indeed in all the country. But the priests here have gone thoroughly into the work of teaching the laity to participate in the Mass, and there are more sung Masses than in other parts of the country in which the congregation can participate. Another thing, when the priest distributes Holy

Communion he says clearly each time he places the wafer on the tongue of the communicant, Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam. Amen. Even when there is an entire school receiving as they do at Monsignor Durand's.

Mary one of the Maryhouse women, says she doesn't know how she became interested in secular institutes. She met Fr. Egan while she was working in a wealthy home and he suggested she join the group which had already formed Maryhouse in Minneapolis. Some of the others had gone to him, saying like St. Paul, "Lord what wouldst thou have me to do?"

Ten women got together, pooling their savings, and bought the house in an old run down neighborhood, with the intention of helping the pastor work among the Negroes, catechizing and performing the corporal works of mercy. One of the girls died of leukemia and there were grave rumors around the section that the girls led too rigorous a life, denied themselves too much and so on. They were scornfully called the "detachers" because they tried to detach themselves from the world to follow Christ. But certainly they were women of good solid sense, with a background of hard work and a readiness for sacrifice. Two of the women left to work on their own, one went to the South to a group in Greenwood, Mississippi, to work with the poorest of the Negroes (Alma was a good musician and gave music lessons and tutored anyone who asked.) Seven remained, of whom Dorothy McMahon teaches, Jane Judge, Lucille Lynch and Rose McDonnell nurse, Marion Judge is a receptionist and Mary Hlebain is a housekeeper. They pool all their resources, take simple promises of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience from year to year and now live in this delightful rural spot, of Maryhouse, little Canada, living the contemplative life in the world, the beginnings of a secular institute.

It was through Sister Peter Claver, and through the famous Father Roy, and the Fr. Hugo retreats that we all met, and have been closely associated in many ways since. Six of them have spent many months helping us on our former Maryfarm, Newburgh and one flew east last month to help us nurse the sick.

To be continued



Spring Street

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In shipshape order after the day's work is done. It is the same with the work on the paper. Here, too, many men from the line help, particularly in carrying up the heavy bundles from printer's truck. Al, Jim, and Raymond organize and supervise the job of mailing out, but practically everyone in the family helps—Smoky Joe who tells us that during a period of little help he put out the paper single-handed, Scotch Mary, Marie, Margaret who takes time off from the clothes-room during paper week, Helen, Millie, the two Mikes, Frank, and many others, including students and readers who come in during this period to give a little extra help. As always at the Catholic Worker people help if and because they want to, not because any such help is required of them.

It was the use of the line, too, in the background film which preceded the CBS television interview with Dorothy Day which made that film so effective and valid a depiction of the spirit of Catholic Worker activity. Sunday morning, January 24th, at 10:00 A.M., most of the CW family who had participated in the film, gathered in the large sittingroom outside the office to watch the telecast. Practically everyone, I think, including Adolph, the cat, was pleased with himself as actor. Berta Weckstrom, the Film Institute student from CCNY who made the film for CBS deserved special credit for an intelligent and sensitive interpretation. As for the interview with Dorothy, all agreed that it was the best of her televised interviews. Both questions and answers were so much to the point that they brought out and illuminated the varied aspects of Catholic Worker life. Pacifism, anarchism, the works of mercy, community, communication, poverty, agrarianism, even that sense of family which binds together such a diverse assortment of persons and does not exclude but most particularly includes the "line"—all were implicit at least in interview or film. At the Catholic Worker, where we have so often to endure misinterpretation and distortion of our purposes and work, such an interpretation as this CBS telecast reinforces our faith and reinvigorates our will to strive—though often we will fail—toward the peace and love of Christ, who comes daily to our loft, standing in line, asking for bread.

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buy candy, cigarettes, etc. and afterwards there is a scramble to pay gambling debts, on the part of the most religious. One fellow got in the hole for writing home for money to pay his gambling debts.

Fr. Smith told us that he did not want us to consider him as a Chaplain, but as members of his parish, which they were geographically. He has two parishes and does not have much time to confer with us but is kindly. I attended Protestant services with a Lutheran friend not taking part except to sing "Faith of our fathers, in dungeons dim" twice. Their Chaplain means well but is awfully dull. For a minister to be a Chaplain in the armed forces or in a prison and accept the pay, and in some cases was the uniform of the officers, is in my mind as bad as to have a Prohibitionist wear the bartender's apron behind the bar and hand out temperance tracts. Churches ought to pay the salaries of their Chaplains and then they could be independent. For if they don't know what goes on they are not much use and if they do know and are afraid to do anything about it that is worse yet. I know of instances (not in Sandstone) where Catholics did not go to confession for fear that the Chaplain was too friendly with the Warden. They may have been wrong but this feeling kept them away from confession. I know of a student Chaplain in a federal institution who got up and said to the prisoners, "I will now give the religious philosophy of a ———," being that twelve letter notorious word used in armies and prisons.

Guards

Many of the guards in Sandstone are recruited from the farming community. Most of them seem to be afraid of their jobs, of us, and of themselves. Some are naturally kindly and others find ways to needle us with regulations as to how we fold a blanket, happen to look in at another dorm, or not follow some silly rule to the letter of the law. Guards are like pacifists, anarchists, vegetarians, Catholics and others; they can be kind, generous, intelligent, and courageous, but they can also be arrogant, perverse, selfish, greedy and tricky.

"There are two kinds of people in the world; those who have done time and those who haven't" said a lifer to me in Atlanta prison in 1917. In prison and out of prison about a third of the people are stool pigeons who are ready to name names for a profit to themselves. In a recent issue of the prison paper in Leavenworth there was a reprint of an article by Judge Lebowitz in N.Y. City praising the Russian prison that he had visited. Here families could visit and prisoners were paid the going rate for their work. Nothing was said about political prisons. The Huber Plan in Wisconsin and somewhat similar in a few of the other states allows certain prisoners who have jobs to live in prison and go to their regular work outside without a guard. Their earnings go to their families and a certain amount to pay for their prison keep. But however you call it a prison is a prison. Like Martin who wrote *Break Down the Walls* that Carol Perry reviewed in the CW once, I am not interested in making bigger and better prisons. The current issue of the Atlanta prison paper says in an editorial that 95% of the men there are recidivists, that is they come back again to prison. It would be around 85% in Sandstone. I know men there who have been in jail for many years and have not learned a thing. I know others who have been caught in a mail fraud which is no worse than regular business who will be more careful and who would not knowingly break the law again. I know kids from Milan who will likely go in and out of jails for years to come. None of the officials in Sandstone ever used the word "rehabilitate" without excusing themselves, for they knew it was a farce. Attitudes toward prisoners range from the sentimentalist who says that, "there are no bad boys" and that most prisoners are incarcerated unjustly, to sadists like J. Edgar Hoover who wants more palls and more punishment. There are bad boys and bad people who knowingly choose to do evil. Jesus gave us the method of overcoming evil when he said to the woman caught in sin, "He without sin among you, first cast a stone at her." If the early Christians went to court they were not allowed to go to Communion for 6 months, and if they were in the army and killed a man they had to do penance for 10 years without receiving Communion. Since the time of Constantine the Church has blessed the State and capital punishment, courts, prisons and war. All this is done in the name of Christ while Christ is denied. The darkest place in the world is a prison and this is where the most light is needed. When I left Sandstone I told the Warden and Mr. Earhart that the prison had not hurt me any, and perhaps I had helped in my attitude of being the kind of radical who does not believe in prisons at all but who while there tries to give his fellow prisoners the idea that there is a different way of looking at life, inside and outside. When I was being classified I told the Warden that just as Khrushchev and Eisenhower could believe differently and co-exist, so could I do my time graciously if that was the way they wanted to do it on their part. My time in prison was not wasted and if in the future I do up to five years for refusing to pay taxes, or take part in air raid drills, etc. I think it would be time well spent on my part and for my fellow inmates. I often say, a fellow who is any good on the outside does much better on the inside, for as Debs said, "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

7438

There would not be one chance in a million of arriving at the above number if you chose 4 digits from 4 to 84,000, but the current issue of the Atlanta prison paper had an interesting writeup about how a prisoner enters prison and what is done from time to time. They might have taken any number as a sample but they chose this one—7438—which was my prison number in 1917 there. Maybe that is an omen. Who knows?

Given our larceny minded society where justice is bought and sold by Tammany politicians and the whole bureau of markets in New York City has been weighed in the balance and found wanting; given the beating of prisoners by the police in the large cities; given the red tape of bureaucracy in our prison system; and given the return of evil for evil set as a standard by churches there remains no solution to the problem of crime, and to the problem of war, except that of depending upon that of God in everyone of which the Quakers speak, and the revolution within the heart of each one as he seeks to live up to his real self, and not be bullied into accepting the status quo.

TWO AGITATORS
PETER MAURIN — AMMON HENNACY
 (A Pamphlet)
 25c
 Order from the CATHOLIC WORKER
 39 Spring Street
 New York City 12, N. Y.

Letter from KARL MEYER

(Continued from page 6)

thing to conform to the city building codes. So, as I said in the beginning, it is good that we were able to move.

Speaking of the vagaries of the police, I have read in Saturday's paper that a Magistrate Solomon in New York has ordered three young men, who formed a Nazi group and painted a few swastikas, to be charged with treason, carrying a possible sentence of death. (In a subsequent hearing another Magistrate dismissed the charge. Ed. note). Now it occurs to me that this Magistrate Solomon was the first magistrate we appeared before last year, the one who clashed with Ammon about "law and order" and when Ammon said we did not believe in his law and order, silenced him by threatening him with psychiatric observation at Bellevue. I guess we were lucky that the hearing was postponed and we were brought before a gentler magistrate. We might never have gotten to Omaha had we appeared again before Solomon.

With love,

Karl

Thoughts on Anarchism

"No matter what their formal opinions, all intellectuals, insofar as they are intellectuals, tend finally toward a kind of non-political anarchism. That is why one often feels closer to writers like Dostoevsky, Conrad and Melville, whatever their stated views, than to many American liberals and European Social Democrats.

Irving Howe in *DISSENT*,
 Winter-1960

"At the heart of radicalism is a profound commitment to philosophical anarchism. If radicals organize collectively for given purposes, it is an imposing concession to reality, and the act conjures an imposing burden of guilt. Polemical conflict eases the pain.

David F. Trask in *DISSENT*,
 Winter-1960