

EASY
ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

THIRTEENTH-CENTURY
FRANCE

1. Henry Adams, who had in his ancestry two Presidents of the United States, says in his autobiography that one cannot get an education in modern America.
2. And the reason he gives is, that there is no unity of thought in modern America.
3. So he went to England and found that modern England is too much like America.
4. So he went to France and found that modern France is too much like England and America.
5. But in France, Henry Adams found that one could get an education in thirteenth-century France.
6. And he wrote a book concerning the Cathedral of Chartres and the Mount Saint-Michel, where he points out that there was unity of thought in thirteenth-century France.

GUILD SYSTEM—1200 A.D.

1. In 1200 A.D. there was no Capitalist System, there was the Guild System.
2. The doctrine of the Guilds was the doctrine of the Common Good.
3. The people used to say as they do now: "What can I do for you?" but they meant what they said.
4. Now they say one thing and they mean another.
5. They did not look for markets, they let the markets look for them.

ROMAN LAW—1300 A.D.

1. In 1300 A.D. the Roman Law took the place of the Canon Law.
2. The Roman Law enables rich men to live among poor men.
3. The Canon Law enables good men to live among bad men.
4. "Divide and rule" became the slogan of the politicians.
5. In his book "The Prince" Machiavelli taught them how.
6. So politics ceased to be policy and became just politics.

MIDDLE MAN—1400 A.D.

1. Around 1400 A.D. appears the middle-man.
2. He offers to buy the goods and to find a market.
3. The guild's man thinks about the money offered for his goods and forgets the Common Good.
4. And the middle-man is not interested in selling useful goods but in making money on any kind of goods.
5. And the consumer never meets the producer and the producer ceases to think in terms of service and begins to think in terms of profits.

CALVINISM—1530 A.D.

1. American Puritanism was to a great extent an outgrowth of Calvinism.
2. Andre Siegfried says: "The Puritan is proud to be rich."
3. "If he makes money, he likes to tell himself that Divine Providence sends it to him."
4. "His wealth itself becomes in his eyes as well as the eyes of others a mark of God's blessing."
5. "A time comes when he no longer knows if he acts for

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The Church and the Bracero

By TED LE BERTHON

"Go to now, ye rich, weep and howl in your miseries... You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which by fraud has been kept back by you, crieth: and the cry of them hath

entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."—V, 1-4, Epistle of St. James.

This story is only one man's opinion of what the Catholic Church in California outwardly and officially is doing—and is not doing—for the virtually voiceless seasonal agricultural workers who harvest most of this state's crops,

year in, year out. Obviously only God can know how many Masses have been offered for them, how many prayers said for them, especially for the majority who, for the most part, are our co-religionists of Mexican birth or descent. I am thinking solely of what the Church is doing for them in terms of Catholic Action. I contend this

is very little—and has seemingly made no more of an impression than a pin scratch on the side of a mountain. I believe the Church could do more.

By the Church I am not solely thinking of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Los Angeles, the Archbishop of San Francisco, or the Bishops of San Diego, Monterey-Fresno, and Sacramento. Nor am I thinking only of the relative handful of priests—there being a serious shortage of priests in all five ecclesiastical jurisdictions—assigned the impossible task of spiritually caring for the field hands in the "Catholic" labor camps. Those are the "bracero" camps, populated only by men, Mexican nationals imported under an iniquitous and workable treaty between the United States and Mexico; and the migrant camps chockful of Mexican-American men, women and children. These camps, whether for Mexican men only, or for migrant families, may contain as few as 50, as many as 7,000 human beings. At the peak of the harvest season last year, there were an estimated 3,000 such labor camps.

When I speak of the Church, I am mainly thinking of the Catholic laity. Based on many conversations—or attempted conversations—over many years, it is my conviction that the great majority are only vaguely aware of the existence of these vast herds of seasonal agricultural workers, and that 95 percent of California's Catholic adults have not the slightest notion of the fact that most of these field hands are treated worse by many growers than any normal man would treat a dog.

As matters stand, few persons, Catholic or non-Catholic, have any way of knowing of this abomination, which may—or may not—be surpassed in its hideousness in slave labor camps behind the Iron Curtain.

This is due to a conspiracy of silence and concealment on the part of such mass informational media as the press, the movies, TV and radio that has been going on ever since the close of World War II. Joined in this conspiracy that has kept these conditions a secret—at the bidding of most of the growers—are many state and county legislators, lobbyists, district attorneys, judges, law enforcement officers, school teachers, social workers, labor contractors and

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Vocation to Prison

By DOROTHY DAY

Last month while I was in jail, I received a letter from a member of the Grail school of the Lay Apostolate, Mary Alice Duddy, who has been working in Brazil for some years. She wrote:

"A year ago I was in Rio and we visited the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld in the little hut in the Favela on the Sao Carlos hill. I've thought of this so much these days in relation to you, Dorothy. The little hut is overlooking the women's prison at Rio and there are two Little Sisters voluntarily in the prison, leading the daily life of the women who have been sentenced—just out of love and to remind them of Christ and His love for all of us. I felt such an affinity between the Little Sisters who were 'free' with the Blessed Sacrament in the tiny little room of that hut, and those who were imprisoned. So much prayer going out to encourage and sustain the ones who were not free."

Perhaps in Latin American countries it is possible, with the Catholic background and understanding, to have one's self committed, but it would not be possible in New York or any American city. However they got there, I was touched to the heart at this letter and felt the influence of that prayer all the way up to the Women's Home of Detention, the seventh floor, corridor A, cell 13, coming from Brazil for prisoners. Never again will I forget to pray for them, because I feel that they are the most abandoned of God's children. Certainly visiting the prisoner is one of the seven corporal works of mercy, and yet it is made all but impossible even for "the friendly visitors" who are a recognized organization who bring gifts to the prison, but are never able to penetrate its bars and walls on those floors above.

Here there seems to be no room for the spiritual. Physical care is given in the clinic and hospital, there are five doctors in attendance, nurses and nurses aides, etc., and after all preliminary tests and examinations, x-rays, cardiographs, blood tests, smears, and so on are taken, every day for the duration of one's stay, the shout "CLINIC" reverberates through the corridors, several times a day, and girls leave their work shops, their cells, to vary the monotony of their days by waiting in line for an aspirin, lotion for heat rash, gargle, eye wash, and various other innocuous remedies and have the refreshment of a visit with inmates from other floors at the same time.

Play is encouraged, bingo, basket ball, interpretive dancing and calisthenics, but sexual play is the most popular and is indulged in openly every evening on the roof when the girls put on rock and roll records. Two in a cell does not help matters, but the authorities deny the overcrowding now since a new ruling was passed permitting ten days off a month for good behaviour on the long term

women, so that just before we pacifists came in to serve our thirty day sentence, a great many prisoners were released. Just the same a dozen or a score of cells on our floor held two cots, which made our six by nine rooms more crowded than the finest hall bedroom. (I read Kon-Tiki from the prison



library while there, and my cell seemed like the raft they lived on as the mariners crossed the Pacific.)

One stout woman who had a cell to herself, was so cramped on the very narrow cot, that she hitched her cot up against the wall by the iron chain put there for that purpose to make cleaning easier, and spread a blanket out on the cement floor and slept there as in a tent.

The four of us who were arrested for violating the civil defense law had cells next to each other, and we were two in a cell, on the most airless corridor, with the darkest cells. We had a 25 watt bulb in ours, Judith Beck and I, until the last week when a tall young Negro climbed on the cot and took out a 50 watt bulb from another cell which had just been vacated. Our cells faced North, and were all but against the old Jefferson Market court. We felt that this was because of the picketing which was going on during the month, and because from the C and D corridors, we would have had better windows and could have looked out. Opposite us were the showers steaming with heat and closets for extra cots and mattresses so there was no cross ventilation. One of the captains said she thought she was putting us in a good corridor, next to each other, and said she thought she was doing us a favor, but it was so obviously the least desirable and most airless and dark corridor, that I do not see how she could honestly think that. Perhaps she did. I do know that every move

made from the time one is arrested until the time one leaves a prison, everything seems to be calculated to try to intimidate, and to render uncomfortable and ugly the life of the prisoner.

How entirely opposite the work of the Good Shepherd nuns is, whose Mother Foundress said that her aim was to make the girls happy and comfortable and industrious, and who surrounded her charges with love and devotion and with the expectation of good.

"Here we are treated like animals," one girl said to me of the House of Detention, "and so why shouldn't we act like animals." Perhaps I do not know much about biology, but it seems to me that perversion is not practiced by animals. Nor do animals speak the unutterable filth that punctuates the conversation of prisoners. So in a way these prisoners are pushed below the animal level.

Prisoners only? I mentioned this to some one who was working in a steel mill and he said the language was the same there. A girl who worked in a factory on Canal Street in New York said the language of the women was foul in her place of work, too. The kind old woman who comes each Saturday at one o'clock to the chapel of the jail to instruct the few inmates who show up in how to go to confession tells the girls to counter such obscenity and profanity with the phrase "Blessed be God." That is good, and I used her reminder over and over again. But it is not enough. When the reaction to one's work in factory and mill and laundry and kitchen is an expression of hostility towards employer and fellow worker, couched in such terms so unutterably horrible, one can only conclude that the life of the worker today is one of anguished boredom, frustration, a dissipation of the life forces. It does not need to be so. In a Commonweal article, Fr. de Manasse said once that the reason for the emphasis on sex these days is that man is so thwarted in his work. There is no joy in it, no happiness, no pleasure, no sense of creativity. Generally workers call this life a rat race, to express its bestiality. And they hate the boss for the pressure put upon them. And in their ever-spreading hatred and bitterness they try to befoul this most sacred love. When they strive to express this in curse and expletive they go all the way back to Oedipus and accuse each other of knowingly committing the crime which he unwittingly committed, and for which he nevertheless endured the voluntary penance of putting out his own eyes. Without the use of four letter words, I can thus describe the constant, daily, hourly language. Shouts, jeers, defiance of guards, jailors, officers (however they wish to be called) and each other, expressed in these ways, reverberate through the cells and

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Labor Day Weekend
At Peter Maurin Farm

The sixth annual pacifist weekend will be held at Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Rd., Staten Island 9, New York, over Labor Day weekend, beginning Saturday morning with a conference at eleven o'clock, by Helene Iswolsky, author, translator and teacher of Russian at Fordham University. The Saturday evening conference will be with Dave Dellinger of The Glen Gardner community. There will be three other conferences on Sunday and one on Monday morning. Other speakers will be Martin Corbin, Bayard Rustin, Ed Egan, Bob Steed, Charles Butterworth and Ammon Hennacy.

Write Beth Rogers at Peter Maurin Farm and let her know if you are coming.

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Vocation to Jail

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corridors at night while one tries to pray, rosary in hand. It is possible too to say the Jesus prayer, "My Lord Jesus Christ, son of the living God, have mercy upon us sinners," that prayer so famous in the east, so popular in Russia. One wonders if anywhere in that land of official atheism, it is still being offered up.

Noise, perhaps that is the greatest torture in jail. It stuns the ear, the mind. It took me a week to recover from it after I came out. The city itself seemed silent. A strong healthy Polish Jewish girl who should have used her great vitality working with a mate on the land and in bearing children instead of dissipating it in prostitution and drugs, held her head in her hands and cried. To her even it was the worst torture,—the noise. Yet she herself was one of the worst offenders. When she started her ribald stories at night, her voice reverberated from cell to cell. "But this place was not made to live in," she complained, pointing to the iron bars, the cement and tiled walls. "The ceilings are low, the sounds bounce around."

Everything sounded exaggeratedly loud,—television in the "rec" room on each floor blared in the most distorted way. One heard clamor, not words or music. The clanging of gates—seventy gates on a floor, on the four corridors, the pulling of the lever of each corridor which locked all the cells in each corridor, the noise of the three elevators, the banging of pots and pans and dishes from the diningroom,—all these sounds made the most unutterable din, aside from the human voice. The guard, one to a floor, has to have strong lungs and throat to be heard, and a compelling presence. Our guard whom we had during our five days in January, as well as this 25 days in July and August, could make herself heard. She looked like a stern school teacher and she seldom smiled and never "fraternized." The women respected her. "She's an honest cop," one of them said of her. "She's just what she is and does not pretend to be anything else." That meant that she did not get friendly with any one of the girls either honestly to help them, or to get over familiar with them. I saw a few of the guards being treated with the greatest affront by the prisoners, who did not hesitate to whack them across the behind as they went in and out of the elevator,—who kidded with them as equals, and whose overtures were greeted by the same guards with smiling acceptance. A "good" officer had to know just how far to go in severity too; just how firm to be and just how much to put up with, to overlook. I saw one guard give what we thought was a friendly push to a prisoner, to hasten her exit from the auditorium where the prisoners had just put on a summer show and the prisoner turned on her viciously, threateningly. The officers do not press the point on

such an occasion. They realize they are sitting on a volcano. They know when to back down. But there were a number of occasions when I was ashamed for them, witnessing their humiliation. The hostility of the Negro for the white flares up on such an occasion, and helpless as the prisoner may seem to be, she knows too that she is the superior in numbers, that she can start something if she wants to, and she knows too the worst she has to expect. In many cases the worst has already happened. They have undergone the "cold turkey cure."

When I was invited to speak on Night Beat, in a letter addressed to me in the prison, and of course opened and commented on all over the House of Detention, the prisoners came to me and begged me to tell the world "How we are put here for long terms,—and about the cold turkey cure too. About how we are thrown in the 'tank' and left to lie there in our own vomit and filth, too sick to move, to sick even to get to the open toilet in the cell."

"I know," one girl added, "because I had to clean out these places." These cells are called tanks because they are so bare of furnishings they can be hosed out, I suppose. "The cooler" on the other hand is the punishment cell, and there are numbers of them on various floors. I understand they are cutting down on the number of "coolers" and putting just one on each floor, where a recalcitrant one will be kept in solitary for brief periods, until she "cools off."

I heard various stories of padded cells, of cells with only ventilating systems, no window, no open bars, where a girl sits in the dark; of cells where water can be turned on in some kind of a sprinkler system to assist in the process of cooling off. I heard of girls being thrown naked in these cells on the pretence that they might use some article of clothing to make a rope to hang themselves. I heard of girls breaking the crockery bowls, and using the shards to try to cut their throats or their wrists. I heard of girls trying to hang themselves by their belts. But I know none of these things of my own knowledge. I did see, from the open elevator door, as we journeyed to and from clinic or workshop, work shops, the gruesome steel plated barred doors of these same punishment cells. Most of cell for the 500 or so prisoners, or girls held in "detention" are cemented and tiled half way up the front, and then barred to the ceiling; about ten bars across the front of the cell, perhaps five bars to the gate which is so heavy one can hardly move it. It is the crowning indignity for the officer to shout, "close your gates," and to have to lock oneself in. It is not open enough for air, since the cots are low, but the open bars at the top enable one to call the guard, to call out to other prisoners, to carry on some friendly intercourse. The cooler is meant to

be a place of more severe punishment than the cell, of course, so it is completely closed in.

"Tell how we are treated," they cried out to me, I can only tell the things that I have seen with my eyes, heard with my ears. The reports of the other prisoners will not be considered creditable. After all they are prisoners, why should they be believed? People will say, "What,—do you believe self-confessed thieves, prostitutes, drug addicts, criminals who are in jail for assault, for putting out the eyes of others, for stabbings, etc."

It is a little too much to believe perhaps that twenty girls have died there in the house of detention, from the cold turkey cure these last two years, as one inmate charged. But there are those ominous stories which appeared in the New York Times, and in other New York papers too, of a Dr. Mary Foldvary, 62 year old refugee physician in the Woman's House of Detention who was arrested on a gold hoarding charge, and whose



activities as a doctor were also looked into at the time. Charges were made then that several girls had died in the House of Detention. Nothing has been heard of this case since then but I remembered it when I heard one young drug addict tell the story of a girl who died in the cell, after her "cellie," as the room mate is called, had cried out over and over again for the officer to come and administer to the sick girl. When the doctor finally came hours later after the cells were unlocked, she was assaulted by two prisoners and her head poked down the open toilet, which one of the prisoners kept flushing in an attempt to drown the doctor. "Her head shook from that time on, as though she had palsy," one of the other girls said.

Again, I repeat, these are tales I heard told and repeated and they may be legends, but legends always have a kernel of truth.

Ill treatment? How intangible a thing it is, sometimes to report. Whenever I was asked by the officers and captains and the warden himself, how I was making out,—how I was being treated, I could only say that everything was all right as far as I was concerned,—that I had no complaint to make. After all, I was only there for twenty-five days, what with the five days off for good behaviour. I had no complaint to make of individuals, and yet one must complain about everything. The atmosphere, the attitude, the ugliness of it all. "After all, we don't want to make this place glamorous," the guards said. And how many times when a prisoner was released did I not hear them say, "You'll be back!" setting a stamp of hopelessness on any attempt made by the prisoner to reform. Listening to the prisoners talk about the kick they got out of drugs, how impossible it was for them to conceive of themselves as "squares," those who go out to

work honestly every day, how hopelessly they regarded the world outside, which they nevertheless longed for hourly, made me feel too, that without a "community" to return to, in the early Christian sense,—it was indeed hopeless.

But in the attempt not to make a place glamorous, there need not be so many small indignities heaped on each prisoner. Why cannot they be treated as they are in the Good Shepherd Homes (where they are sentenced for two years or over) as children of God, and made happy and comfortable. The very deprivation of freedom is punishment enough. The breaking of the habits of vice is difficult enough.

On one occasion in the chapel, the catechist said to Deane, "Just look at that wonderful electric fan! How good they are to you. Such luxury in a prison!" She was speaking lightly, of course, but a prisoner resents such lack of understanding.

In the past I had received letters from Catholic Worker readers who had been officers and prison officials which showed the same lack of understanding and I could only think—what if they were crowded into a bullpen, a metal cage, awaiting trial, then transported in a sealed van, with no springs where they are tossed from seat to ceiling in imminent danger of broken bones, bruised spines, then lined up naked, stripped, searched for drugs, prodded rudely and even roughly, dressed in garments inadequate, coming to the knees, scarcely wrapping around one, and then, every last belonging, from rosary to prayer book and Testament, stripped from one, transported almost naked to one's permanent cell and there locked in behind bars. Contemplating our critics, our chaplains, our catechists under such circumstances, seeing them also shivering nakedly, obeying blindly, pushed hither and yon, I could not help but think that it is only by experiencing such things one can understand, one can have compassion (suffering with) one's brother.

How many priests and nuns around the world have had these experiences in Russia, Germany, Japan, in our generation? In the face of the suffering of our time one is glad to go to prison only to share in some small way these sufferings.

Of course our friends and readers will remind us of the torture, the beatings, the brain washings in the prisons of Russia and Germany. As for the beatings, third degree methods are generally accepted in our own land. I have read of them, heard of them from parole officers as well as from prisoners. In the case of sex offenders, offenses against little children, brutality is repaid with brutality and with a righteous indignation which is wrought up to justify it. One social worker said to Deane about a mother who had burned her child's hand in the fire for some disobedience, that she deserved the same treatment. One of the prisoners who was a drug addict told me that she had been so beaten by members of the narcotic squad to force her to tell where she had gotten her supply of drugs that they were unable to arrest her for fear they themselves would be held criminally liable for her condition. Which goes to show that beating, though accepted in practice, is not accepted in theory. We profess not to believe in such treatment by our law enforcement officers. Such treatment is associated with lynch mobs.

Over a year ago, on the front page of the magazine section of the New York Times there was a long article about the treatment of drug addicts in Great Britain. There they are not criminals, but patients and are so treated through clinics and custodial care. Here they are made into criminals by our methods which make the drug so hard to get that the addict turns to crime to get it. All criminologists believe that we should reform our own thinking in this regard. One prison official at a recent meeting said that nowadays a prison sen-

tence was a life sentence, on the installment plan. And so it is with drug addicts. The one girl who told of the beating she received and other horrifying ill treatment had started to use drugs when she was twelve, and had become a prostitute at that time also. She had been in prison 16 times since then and now she was 22. Another 21 year old released the day after we arrived at the detention house tried to commit suicide within the week of her release, and after a stay in the prison ward at Bellevue was brought back to us and was in the hospital ward at the House of Detention. Prisoners are allowed to have the daily papers sent in to them, so we all read about the case of Maria. She swore she would try it again and again until she succeeded. She could not get work, she said, and she could not get cured. If our judges had hearts of flesh instead of hearts of stone, they would see this as a case for the Good Shepherd nuns or a hospital.

Another girl, Hester, 21 years old, on being arrested twisted the wheel of the car in which the plain clothesman was driving her to the jail and wrecked the car. The driver was killed and she was being held for manslaughter. She said that she was so afraid of the "cold turkey" cure which she had suffered before that she was desperate and did not know what she was doing.

As for the problem of prostitution, most of the girls openly admitted it. "I'm a pross," they told us. "I was money hungry. I wanted a car," or "I wanted drugs." They were much interested in what Judge Murtagh had said at a recent conference on the problem, and they had heard of his book on the subject. They felt the injustice of the women being arrested and not the men, and they despised the tactics of the plain clothesmen who solicited them in order to trap them. The grossest and most horrible misconception held not only by prostitutes but also by some pious people is that were it not for the lowly prostitute there would be far more sex crimes. I heard this statement made by Matilda, one of the girls down the corridor one evening when she was in a quieter and more philosophical mood. It is an old fashioned notion in a way, since sex relations have become so easy going in these "post war generations." Anything goes now, in the world, when there is no accepted religious practice, when the commandments are not accepted as the law of God. I have even heard Catholics debating how far one could go, in kissing, for instance,—and this at a Catholic Action conference, in a Catholic Center. How many Catholics have any concept of purity as a positive virtue, and relate that purity to marriage relations? We are not a chaste generation. But what Matilda went on to demonstrate was that jaded men in their demands on prostitutes wished to explore every perversion, to the disgust of what society considers the lowest of women, whores and dope fiends. These are not pretty words nor are they pretty thoughts. But everything comes out in the open in jail. "The more I see of men," one girl said, "the more I'd prefer relations with a woman." And another pretty little thing added wistfully, "I've got to get used to the idea of men, so that I can have a baby. I would love to have a baby." Some years ago a good Catholic layman on his return from Italy said to me, "Prostitution is accepted in Italy. It is legalized. They regard these things more realistically, and accept it as the lesser of two evils. Even the theologians justify it as preventing greater harm, and in a way protecting good women and children."

And yet Cardinal Newman wrote once that not even to save the world, or to save good women and little children, could a single venial sin be committed. I spoke of this to Judith Beck, talking of means and ends, and she reminded me of the Tolstol tales, "The God-

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Prison and Tax Picketing

By AMMON HENNACY

"UNFIT. Commitment No. 483-325. Ammon Hennacy, Hart Island, Department of Correction. 30 days. Admitted July 13, 1957." So read my yellow card. It was not until then that I remembered that it was on July 13, 1917, just 40 years before that I had entered Atlanta prison for opposing World War One. It also reminded me of my friend Harold Gray who had been discharged from the army in 1917, in which he had never served, with the notation, "Character Bad." They did not know what other classification to put him in. As I was over 60, the officer in charge placed me in Dorm 12 with the "unfit" old men. I helped as houseman a little and then saw the weeds in the nearby garden getting the better of my favorite vegetable, egg plant, and I asked the guard if I could pull weeds. So I had almost a week of work in the sun.

Because of the picketing of the woman's prison in Greenwich Village by our friends it became known that there were seven of us here at Hart Island who were in for the same offense of refusing to take part in the air raid drill. So I had an interview with warden Dros who spoke of his modern ideas of treatment of prisoners much as I knew of in Milwaukee where prisoners are allowed to work at their regular jobs and sleep in the jail, their income going to their families and for their own upkeep or fines which they have to pay. This, of course, is not legal here. The warden told me that I was to be transferred to the Commissary department.

These were the seven men arrested, the four women being on Greenwich Ave. Mike Graine, actor and non-church anarchist who was also arrested with us last year. His riotous spirit always came near getting him in trouble but his good nature got him out of it. Julian Beck, Jewish anarchist actor who did the most work of all of us which was in the kitchen washing dishes. Dan O'Hagen, fallen away Catholic and now a Quaker, who had been to jail with us last year. He came from Pennsylvania to go to jail with us. He is an all around handy man and was busy part of the time fixing boats for the warden. Sandy Darlington, a young writer from the Coast who had heard me at the seminar with Eric Fromm. He and Mike worked outside in Labor Unit One. Bob Moses, Methodist, who had not known of us but who with his wife had opposed the test at Times Square. He was in the same dorm with me, and worked unloading prison supplies. Kerran Dugan, CW editor, who worked part time as a house man in another dorm. Then Carl Meyer, young Catholic convert whom I had met in Washington, D. C., at Friendship House, who was sent to Rikers prison because he was only twenty. The last week we all seven of us would meet after supper in the yard and visit for three hours. Mike always played volley ball. Once as we were marching in he ran across the yard wildly after a book and the guards thought he was trying to run away. Kerran beat Sandy and Bob and I at horseshoes. Bob and Dan defended the spanking of children in discussion of pacifist tactics and I was against it. We would sit on a bench in the sun with breasts bared to the sun, happy in conversation. The glum guard imprisoned on the other side of the twelve foot fence had an unhappy time marching back and forth "guarding" us and took out his discomfort in telling us to put our shirts back on.

Ordinarily one is allowed only to receive visits from relatives but as I had none here I was permitted to have one friend, Janet Burwash, visit me twice while I was in jail. In case my daughter Carmen who was visiting in Boston could come she was allowed to use the same card. After receiving writing paper one could write five letters a

week but there is a lot of red tape in the ordering of supplies.

The food was plentiful and well cooked, but of course a vegetarian always has a bad time where the norm is meat. The coffee was terrible and did not taste a bit like coffee. I do not drink it but tasted it to see what it was like. The tea and cocoa were good. Shredded carrots and cabbage with a sour dressing—several times a week made me happy. The bread was much better than the average that we get on the outside even though it was mostly white. The day we arrived we were given some soup which was composed mostly of lima beans and onions. I asked for a second bowl, being very hungry. The others kidded me, saying I like it because there must be some hidden meat in it. As in most places there was always too much starch. I ate very little bread and not much starchy food.

Work

The work any of us had to do was only five hours a day. We woke up about 5 a. m. and went to bed at 9 p. m. There were no mattresses, just springs, with blankets over them and sheets and towels and underwear changed once a week. About 100 in a dorm. The weather was cooler than in the city and it was quiet compared to the CW where the noise of the trucks passing and of the Bowery is always on hand. My work in the Commissary consisted in sweeping and mopping the floor and in helping route orders of the prisoners as they came in line. Previously the work had not been so cumbersome as the orders were filled in bags ahead of time but now orders were checked according to the order placed once a week. Newcomers not knowing anyone thus had a difficult time getting anything quickly. The civilian in charge was an old man who had lived in Arizona and knew people whom I had known there. We were allowed \$2 worth of tobacco, candy, crackers, etc., per week free for our work in the Commissary.

Two-thirds of the 600 here are Negroes. The place can hold 1,100, and, of course, there are more here in winter. I do not know the exact figures but it seemed in speaking to my fellow prisoners that most of them were here because of dope: selling, stealing to get it, or using it and getting into trouble. The fellow in the next bed to me had started at Elmira as a juvenile, had been transferred to Dannamora, and had been out of jail only a little over two years since then. Another fellow nearby had done 15 days in solitary in Blawnox Prison in Pittsburgh with Steve Nelson of whom I have written in the CW when I reviewed his book, "The 13th Juror." This fellow corroborated what Steve had told me when I visited him this past winter in that the whole prison there had been changed for the better since Steve had exposed the terrible conditions.

The Chaplain

I did not confer with the Catholic Chaplain for the first two Saturdays, as I felt a little timid about meeting another priest who upheld the status quo inside and outside of prison, but after hearing two sermons by Fr. Higgins I was pleased at his matter of fact attitude and took a chance the third Saturday when those went to confession to meet him. He had seen me sell CW's at Fordham gate when he entered to teach English and knew about the CW. Although not radical he understood the penance we were doing for the militarism of our country. On that Saturday and the next we spoke of prison problems, and as he had been Chaplain here for seven years he had a sympathetic knowledge of the problems which were nearly unsurmountable, for prisoners returned to their area of crime with but little chance that they would not soon again be in prison because of the pressure of society upon them. I quoted the wisdom

(Continued on page 6)



We Apologize

Dear Dorothy:

In the article by Ammon Hennacy in your June issue, reporting on his trip through Western New York, he says:

"On the way we passed miles of iron picket fence bounding the farm of the Wadsworths. It was Senator Wadsworth who was the author of the draft law, but his son and grandson were exempt from the war as bonafide 'farmers'."

The late Senator Wadsworth was a cousin and lifelong neighbor of mine, and I am therefore in a position to set Mr. Hennacy straight on the facts. Aside from the fact that the iron picket fence does not run for "miles," the statement that Senator Wadsworth's son and grandson were exempt from the war as bona fide "farmers" is simply not so. The military record of the Wadsworth family is this:

Senator Wadsworth's grandfather served in the Civil War and was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness.

The Senator's father, then aged only 16, thereupon insisted on joining the army to take his father's place.

The Senator himself left college to volunteer for service in the Spanish-American war.

The Senator had two sons. One of them was in active combat on the Western Front in World War II. The other, despite several attempts to volunteer, was rejected for physical reasons.

The Senator had three grandsons. One of them served in the Marines and another in the Army in World War II. The third was too young to get into World War II and in fact has not yet reached draft age.

So far as I know no member of the Wadsworth family has ever claimed draft exemption, whether as a "farmer" or otherwise; and I do think that these facts should be made known to your readers.

Yours very truly,
Porter R. Chandler.

St. Joseph's House

If any of our readers have sheets, pillow cases, or SINGLE mattresses which they are ready to discard and which we could use, please call GRamercy 5-9180 or mail to 223 Chrystie Street, New York 2.

South Africa

Bishops Defy Law On Mixed Churches

The Catholic bishops of South Africa have defied that country's new church segregation law by ordering that "Catholic churches must and shall remain open to all without regard to their racial origin."

In a declaration read at all Sunday Masses throughout the nation, the 25 bishops said that they alone have the power "to decide on admittance of persons to Catholic places of worship," and that they therefore "take full responsibility" for maintaining interracial churches.

The new declaration by the bishops came less than a fortnight after publication of their joint statement condemning apartheid, the government's official policy of race discrimination, as an "intrinsic evil" and a "mockery of Christianity."

It followed by a few days a similar declaration by the country's 14 Anglican bishops, who condemned the church segregation law and called for defiance of it. Other Protestant churches in South Africa have taken a stand in opposition to the law.

The church segregation clause of the Native Laws Amendment act restricts Negro worship in white churches and gives the government power to ban such attendance. The act becomes effective this week.

The Catholic bishops statement declared:

"The Catholic bishops, having taken note of legislation enacted in the last session of Parliament through the Native Laws Amendment act and the Group Areas Amendment act, solemnly declare:

"1. That no other authority than the hierarchy has competence to decide on admittance of persons to Catholic places of worship.

"2. That Catholic churches must and shall remain open to all without regard to their racial origin.

"In consequence, the Bishops inform their clergy and flock that there is no restriction on attend-

ance at any Catholic church and that they, the Bishops, take full responsibility for the admission to Catholic churches."

Meanwhile, Archbishop Denis E. Hurley, O.M.I., of Durban, told the Durban press it was clear at the recent plenary conference of the Bishops in Pretoria that South Africa's Church leaders envision ultimate racial integration in all Catholic institutions in the country.

The archbishop, who was elected chairman of the African Affairs Department of the South African Bishops' Conference at the Pretoria meeting, was quoted as saying: "The Church is steadfastly opposed to segregation in the schools and in any other institutions. However, it does realize that it would be too much of a psychological shock to spring integration on them suddenly."

The Bishop's defiance of the church apartheid law came as no great surprise. Before passage of the legislation, the Catholic Hierarchy and most Protestant bodies, except the Dutch Reformed Churches, issued strong protests against the church clause and indicated they would not heed it.

The opposition prompted some members of the Nationalist party's overwhelming majority in Parliament to suggest that the bishops be flogged. But in the course of debate on the legislation, Sen. Henrik F. Verwoerd, who as Native Affairs Minister is charged with putting the law into effect, said he did not believe that any churchman would in fact contravene the provision of the church clause.

Sen. Verwoerd noted at the time that the bill makes it an offense for a Native, not the clergy, to violate a ban under the church clause. He said, however, that any clergyman who incited Natives to break the law would be dealt with under laws previously in existence. In such cases, he said, persons could be charged, convicted and punished just as they would be for violating any other law, such as marrying people without a license.

The Silent Ones

(A LITANY FOR THE POOR)

These are those who tread faceless into the moon,
moon with its pseudo light holding eye entranced,
these are those who have not held a rose,
rose fragrant, simple in its nudity,
these are those for whom no wake is held,
these who remain asleep in darkened caves,
they are the unspeaking, the unspoken to,
these whom we have passed with only a smile.

To them we bring our self-assurance,
uncovering our heads and hiding our hearts,
because the climb to Calvary is difficult,
because it is a walking over sharp, cutting rock.
And to exact submission we are insistent
to hold dominion over all living, all dying,
blaspheming all eternal men.

They are sun's children, they heavy with sun's wrath,
they are the children of the night, of the forgotten night,
night wherein sun shines with unleashed fury
to blind the eyes of hawks, absolve the unicorn.

How their sunken eyes stare into our souls!
How their parched lips speak in their silence!
Their's is a chorus loud because we will not listen,
loud as all the silence of eternity is clamorous;
and the day will come when our eardrums burst
and our hearts will be pools of blood
flowing as molten lava through an infinity of sorrow.

These are those who have fallen on dung,
dung where we have left crucifix smashed,
these are those who hold only bones,
bones we've left in the naked terror of white,
these are those for whom no songs are sung,
these who pass by in the endless lines,
they are the unspeaking, the unspoken to,
they are our brothers, the silent ones.

A. M. ORTIZ

Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

This summer has seen the worst drought in the history of this part of the country, and we begin to imagine dimly what the Western part of the United States has suffered with similar weather continuing year after year. We have prayed for rain daily all summer, and August has seen our prayers being answered in this area with a number of good thunderstorms. John Filliger put in his usual large gardens, and has reaped only a partial harvest. We have vegetables for the table here at the farm, but canning goes on only part time, and we have not taken in bushels of vegetables to Chrystie Street as we did last year.

We were very happy to see Dorothy, Deane, Kerran, and Ammon after their jail terms. Beth, Pat, and Hank all had at least one turn at the picketing in front of the Women's House of Detention; the amount of time it takes to get into Manhattan from here was a deterrent to taking a greater part in the protest. Dorothy is with us just now, spending most of her time with Tamar in momentary anticipation of the birth of the new baby. Deane has been able also to spend some time with us.

In connection with the civil defense protest, we were amazed to learn that word of the protest had reached India. A seaman friend just returned from a voyage telephoned to say that while in Bombay he had picked up a newspaper published there and read the story of the protest and the sentencing.

Charlie Butterworth, one of the Peter Maurin Farm regulars, has just arrived back from a trip to Las Vegas with the Quaker group which went out to protest the testing of nuclear bombs; and to study the problem. He has promised to report to us on the trip some Sunday afternoon.

Andy Spillane is also back from his most recent sea voyage, this time to the west coast of South America. He is now carrying on what amounts to his second trade—painting. He has given the barn a second coat, which we never got

around to doing when we painted it last year, and has also painted the cannery.

We also were able to welcome Father Faley home for a day. He came out one Sunday to say Mass, and he visited again the other evening for a short time.

The summer visitors are uncounted. Joe Cavallucci, our good friend over in New Jersey, wrote a letter to his diocesan paper for a series of descriptive pieces they have been publishing about outdoor shrines, describing the chapel and outdoor Stations of the Cross at Peter Maurin Farm. The result has been a great many visits and letters of inquiry from people in New Jersey.

John Bonadiaz and Don Altieri, both high school students, came for a few days' visit with two Maryknoll seminarians. They have said they want to come again, and we hope they will. Another member of the younger generation we have come to know is Manuel Santana, who came out with our good friend Ellaine Malley on Assumption Day.

We had with us over Corpus Christi, Father Victor Nys, a White Father, on his way home to Belgium before leaving for the African missions. We were able to have a High Mass and procession of the Blessed Sacrament to celebrate that great feast day, and during the morning Father blessed the fields.

Dr. William Zeuch, from California, who is an old friend of Ammon and has known the Worker for many years, spent some time with us in July. He is a writer and a former teacher, and is doing research for a book on community.

Other visitors from far points were Father Kevin McCann, a Benedictine from the Bahamas, who came out one evening with our good friends the Chad Smiths. Father Dennis Mooney, OFM, came out the day before he was scheduled to return to Beirut where he has been stationed for several years. Sister Miriam Clare and Sister Paula Mary, both here on vacation from the West Coast, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Larry Doyle and their family. Mary Alice Duddy, who has been in Brazil for several years with the Grail, came out with Terry McGuigan. Both of them are at the Brooklyn Grail center for the summer.

All summer long there have been picnics on the beach, which provide a wonderful safety valve for the steam of the seven Hennessys, four Scarpullis, three Zamarchis, and the two Peter Maurin Farm children. Magda and Joe are regular baby-minders, and the young people who visit through the summer are always happy to go along to get a good swim and to give a hand with the young ones. These are peanut-butter-sandwich and hardboiled egg picnics, with later in the evening a beach fire to toast marshmallows, and the children gather shells and seaweed and horseshoe crabs.

In the midst of all these activities, the comings and goings, there have been two pauses for the great moment of death. In May, there was the burial of Catherine Odilvak. And on August 7 Richard Stokes, whose wife, Anne Marie, is particularly a dear and close friend, was buried in a grave beside Catherine's in St. Joseph's cemetery at Rossville. They are buried beside Philip Millions and young Charlie Smith. May their souls rest in peace.



FATHER DAMIAN

Chrystie Street

By KERRAN DUGAN

There is a door set in the north wall of our backyard the sight of which shall probably evermore deter us from invoking lightly the derogatory cliché about "Barclay Street Art." Early in the summer the owner of one of the shops on that street famous (or infamous) for its wholesaling and retailing of objects of piety was at one of our Friday night meetings in the backyard. He was distracted all during the talk, he told us later, because of the door, which was visible over the left shoulder of the speaker. It was indeed a door to bring out the Gully Jimson in anyone so inclined. Its light green color and the bushes flanking it so set it off from the dirty red brick wall as to make it cry out for decoration. The man from Barclay Street talked to us about it after the meeting and a couple of days later a young man from the Ave Maria shop arrived with paint and brush and went to work on the door. As a result, the speakers during the remainder of the summer had over their left shoulder, not only a green door, but a green door embellished with an image of "Christ Our Brother" vested in white and red and surrounded by vine branches symbolic of the Mystical Body.

The Summer Speakers

Claire Huchet Bishop spoke June 7 on the French Priest Worker Movement, an experiment which ended three and a half years ago. The temporary failure of the experiment was due, Miss Bishop said, not so much to the priests involved in it, who were for the most part ready and whose faith was strong enough, as to people in parishes and especially people in privileged places whose faith was not strong enough and who were annoyed and afraid because the priest workers were positive, daring to be more than anti-Communist, daring to consort with the politically and economically anathema. It was easy to understand, she said, why some of the priests found the ending of the experiment difficult to accept: they had had to enter the experiment with total and permanent dedication. To show what she meant, she read from one of her books a dialogue between a priest worker and a factory worker. "So you are a priest and you are going to be a factory worker. For how long—one year, two years?" "For the rest of my life." "Well, Father, when you have stuck it out, then I shall believe."

On June 14, John Stanley, fresh from a teaching experience, spoke on some problems in education.

On June 21, Father John Higgins, who had just flown in from St. Louis University for the occasion, spoke to us about the movement of which he is one of the leaders—Recovery. Recovery is group therapy for nervous and mental ills. Its text is Dr. Low's

CULT :: CULTIV ON PILGRIMAGE

The year is half over and it has been a very crowded one. In January Deane Mowrer and I shared a cell for five days in the Woman's House of Detention. In February I attended the first Communist Party Convention in seven years. In April I spent two weeks in the Baptist community of Koinonia at Americus, Georgia. In May I baby sat for ten days while my daughter and son-in-law searched Vermont for a new home, and found it in Perkinsville, a 20 acre place of meadow and apple orchard, with an eleven room house and just two and a half miles from school where five of the children will go in the Fall. June was marked by so many visits from African students, hearing the Bishop of the Anglican Church of South Africa at meetings in New York speak of the necessity of civil disobedience to the laws enforcing segregation in the races in the Churches of South Africa, and the visit of a White Father in our midst on his way to Africa to a mission field, and of a young lay apostle on his way to the Sudan to teach—so that the month of June stands out as a month devoted to thought of the race problems in the world. July, of course, was marked by our own civil disobedience to the mock air raid drill, and our immediate imprisonment for thirty days, five of which were marked off for good behavior.

Baby Sitting Again

And now I am again with my daughter who has just had her eighth child, down here on Staten Island. Her home is a mile away from Peter Maurin farm, so we are back and forth every day. I sleep in a little attic room facing north

Mental Health Through Will-Training. Recovery members meet in the various cities in which they live, in small groups. (Every Sunday one group meets here in New York at St. Francis Xavier Church, and some of us from the Catholic Worker have sat in with this group and become interested in Recovery through it.) The big argument during the discussion period was over Recovery's emphasis on "average-ness—by which we rid ourselves of undesirable exceptionality."

(All the while that Father Higgins was talking, Pete Seegar the folk singer was rocking the Chateau Gardens next door with his annual "Hootenanny." "When the Saints go Marchin' in" sounded so stirring on the evening air that some of us could not resist going over to the Gardens as soon as the meeting was over to catch the last few minutes of Seegar's singing).

On June 28 the speaker was Gabriel Javiskas, an anarchist who was financial advisor to the anarcho-syndicalists and the Catalanian government in Spain, at the beginning of the Civil War. Javiskas gave the economy of New York City as an example of working anarchism. "There is no central committee planning how New Yorkers shall get their food, etc. The economy of this city of millions operates through one little storekeeper here and another one there figuring out what he shall have to stock for his customers for the morrow. I can tell you what it would be like if there was a central committee planning things instead. There would be long lines before empty shops."

Helene Iswolsky, editor of the *Third Hour*, spoke July 5, when the audience was packed with a

(Continued on page 8)

to the Jersey shore a mile away where factory after factory takes the place of the peach and apple orchards which used to be just across Arthur Kill (which is river in Dutch). Just outside the window there is the rustling of trees at night, and the sound of the whip-poorwill. But always there is the hum of the factories on the mainland; never can there be a complete silence. The two boys sleep in the main room of the attic where we are surrounded by boxes packed for moving in September. David's little book room is half dismantled already. Down the steep attic stairs the girls, four of them, sleep in a row on mattresses on the porch, and there are more boxes and barrels. The older baby, Martha, two years old, sleeps in her own room, in her crib where she falls unconscious every night at eight, after trying to keep up with the other six all day, in word and act. She can scream, shout, protest, stamp, punch, snatch and generally misbehave with the worst of them.

Did I say "the other six"? Right now, while I write, Larry, Edde and Billy Zamarky, with Eric Hennessy, are turning the hose on all the little girls, Magdalene, Clare, Martha, Mary and Maggie, and the screams are uproarious. Magdalene's mother finds them some dresses, but Martha cannot wait but runs around naked. Down the road our big girls, Becky, Sue, Beatrice have just been to the library and are settled down to reading. When all sixteen of the four families are running in a pack there is trouble indeed. They climb the highest trees, run after John in his tractor with grave danger from the cutting blades, disappear for long hours in the woods, miss meals and so on. While I am with them, or responsible for them, I keep reciting the prayer to their guardian angels.

The other day Nickie came in saying he had been bitten by a lizard. He had the tiny thing in a jar and added it to the collection of snapping turtle, starling, parakeet and gold fish. There have been chip-monkeys which Eric rescued from the mouth of a voracious-cat, and the children have been bitten by them all. We found Mary playing one day last summer with a baby rat which also bit her. Bitten by cats, rats, dogs, crabs, stung by nettles and stinging jelly fish, festering thorns and cinders, broken glass and shells—these are the casualties of life with children. Ah me!

The Hennessy's new baby, Hilaire Peter, is a week old now and I will be with them through the moving and until they are settled which will mean until the children start to school. The occasional On Pilgrimage notes dealing with the Hennessy's search for the rural life, have resulted in many letters from other young families who are also trying to leave the city and find a home in the country. Vermont seems to be dotted with families from Brooklyn and New York, and we have gotten letters from many other parts of the country too.

Their little house is rented for the time being, and when it is sold it will pay off the debt they have contracted in getting the Vermont place. The problem of employment will come up of course but God will provide. As the Spanish saying is, "a baby is always born with a loaf of bread under its arms."

D. D.

URGENT APPEAL

One of the family communities on the land, which maintains itself by a print shop is in great need of more buildings for two additional families. One of these families is at present living in a chicken coop with one baby and there is another one coming in January. Another family is paying fifty dollars rent in the neighborhood. The community is a pluralist one, made up of Catholic and non-Catholic members and is very close to the heart of The Catholic Worker. Recently there has been a chance to buy up some houses which are being displaced by a highway and are being offered by a contractor, moving and all, for \$1,500 each. The family in the chicken coop have asked us to appeal to our readers for a loan without interest so that they can get moved before winter sets in and the road to the community impossible for house moving.

LEATHER SANDALS, HANDBAGS, BELTS

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CULTURE ATION ::

BOOK REVIEWS

THE POPE SPEAKS. The teachings of Pius XII. Edited by Michael Chinigo. Pantheon. Reviewed by Anthony Aratari.

In a recent biographical sketch of Saint Gregory the Great, the author characterizes him as a person who "was conscious of the whole world of his time in the same light, to an extent which seems... unique in history."

This might be said of most men chosen to sit in Peter's Chair, for the very nature of that high seat would be enough to raise a man above the toils of mankind in any age. History, especially modern history, has conspired to make that seat seem truly like the eye of a needle standing on its own point, shining with steeply sharpness above the confusions of history, out of whose straw it was fished by a patient, knowing, providential hand. And it belongs to Pius XII, the present reigning Pontiff, to have brought that needle to a fine point.

One would have to go back to that same Gregory the Great and his magnificent commentary on the Book of Job, where through several volumes, he unflaggingly pursues every trace of useful moral instruction suggested by the text, to find an equal among the Popes of Pius XII's sustained insight into a world of problems through a writing mechanism all his own: a minute sensibility searching with carefully chosen words to do justice in the name of Christ to a host of problems arising day by day, year by year, as mankind heaves and sighs towards what to him seems like a new flowering of Christian life and culture. It has been said in connection with a young man who may be canonized some day that "one cannot be exquisitely good without being exquisitely intelligent." This is the unmistakable quality one feels as he reads any representative collection of Pius XII's writings such as Pantheon's recently published **THE POPE SPEAKS**.

The writings of PIUS XII wonderfully reveal the fan-like range of his mind, which surveys with marvelous ease those five traditional kingdoms: the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the human and the divine kingdoms. Even his writing style is built up that way. And these kingdoms, appropriately named as they are, are treated by him as such; his fundamental approach of awe in regard to the Creator's works being embodied at times in a simple phrase like "ancient minerals."

In these now extensive writings (and the Pantheon collection contains a substantial and judicious amount of the whole), there is a highly significant emphasis on nature's inexhaustible creativity, power and beauty which verges on the prophetic. It is as if he were saying to us: to have a real beginning of that new world which we all desire so much, let us go back to God's own beginning: nature, which is a perpetual beginning, for all our human institutions are starved for nature's abiding, reassuring oldness and her ever-rich, surprising newness—the family, the school, the arts, all kinds of human government.

The Pope's thinking in this area goes hand in glove with the finest thought of the American

Ralph Waldo Emerson on the same subject, who was the apostle in the nineteenth century of the necessity for always returning to a direct contact and communion with nature if thought and language were to be constantly refreshed with originality. In his book on nature, Emerson wrote: "Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature re-forms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation." Compare with Emerson's words these two quotations from Pius XII: "... nature is reality, recognizable reality. If things seem to be and are mute, they have, however, a language that speaks to us, that emerges from their bosom, like water from a perennial spring. This language is their causality which reaches our senses with the sight of colors and movement, with the sound of metals, the roar of whirlwinds, and the cries of animals, with the sweetness and the bitterness of honey and gall, with the scent of flowers, with the weight and temperature of their material substance, impressing upon us an image or likeness which is the vehicle for our intellect to lead us to the reality of things."

And: "Admire, O profers of nature and of the laws that govern it, in the center of the material universe the greatness of man, to whose first encounter with light, greeted by his infant wailing, God holds open the spectacle of the earth and the firmament with all the marvels to enchant him and attract his innocent eyes! What is this spectacle if not the fundamental and first object of all human knowledge, which embarks from there with thousands upon thousands of inquiries with which the teacher nature entices again and again the avidity of our senses?"

There is another way of describing the five kingdoms to be found in the writings of Blessed Jan Ruysbroeck, the great Flemish mystic of the Middle Ages. While the division of kingdoms in his version is essentially the same, his description has more of process and purpose in it and therefore fits better what must be Pius XII's own purpose in all that he writes and which the perceptive reader must feel happening to him intellectually and emotionally as he reads: "For where anyone has obtained and possessed all the gifts of God before mentioned and explained, in a sublime and excellent degree, to him now is shown the Kingdom of God in a five-fold manner. Since the external, sensible Kingdom is shown to him in the same way to the natural kingdom the kingdom of scripture, the kingdom of grace above nature and scripture, and finally the divine kingdom above grace and glory are also shown."

The editor Michael Chinigo is to be commended for a task of compiling well done and for his smooth translations his collection is organized in such a way as to mirror clearly all that this review has tried to say about the structure of Pius XII's mind, its richness. The book is a treasure house of old and new things and no one who reads it will be disappointed.

"The most important acts, both for the one who accomplishes them and for his fellow creatures, are those that have remote consequences."

Leo Tolstoy



ST. ISAAC JOGUES

The Sobell Case

By IRWIN EDELMAN

(A letter, abridged, complaining of the reporting of a talk on Morton Sobell and the Rosenberg case. We apologize for our bad editing and Mr. Dugan said he was trying more to give the atmosphere of our Chrystie St. talks than cover the case, thinking I was doing that. D. D. editorial note.)

On Friday, May 10th, I addressed the Catholic Workers' Forum on the Rosenberg case. The audience was attentive throughout the hour and some fifteen minutes that I spoke. Almost all present remained for the question period which lasted until after 11 o'clock. There followed a cordial invitation that I have tea with those remaining. During the tea sista, which lasted until close to midnight, some additional questions were asked and answered.

In my talk I dealt with a so-called diagram of a cross-section of the atomic bomb, which was introduced by assistant prosecutor Roy Cohn in his direct examination of David Greenglass at the Rosenberg trial in March, 1951. That diagram the prosecution represented as having been composed by Greenglass in jail, and his testimony was that it was a true copy of a similar diagram he claimed to have given to the Rosenbergs in September, 1945. That exhibit was the prosecution's heaviest gun. It was the legal and moral justification for the death sentence. Since Greenglass was not a scientist or engineer, since scientists claimed that there was no atom bomb secret to begin with, and since the government claimed that what there was of the secret had been given away by the Rosenbergs to the Russians some five years back, I pointed out in my talk that there was every reason for taking a close look at the diagram to determine what significance it had and how it came into being, and no excuse whatever for the defense attorney coming up with a request that it be impounded "so that it remains secret to the Court, the jury and counsel."

How it happened that I gave my talk was that on learning from the April issue of the Catholic Worker that Dorothy Day was taking a keen interest in the Rosenberg-Sobell case, that she was reading the trial transcript, Helen Sobell had recently given her, that she had found there things which impressed and disturbed her, and that she would be commenting on the case in forthcoming issues, I phoned the office, introduced myself as the one whose petition had obtained from Justice Douglas the last-minute stay of execution, and noted that I was almost finished with a manuscript; that early drafts of that manuscript had been read and favorably commented on by Lewis Mumford, Lion Feuchtwanger and the late Albert Einstein; that the facts in the manu-

Nonviolence in Nevada

By Charles Butterworth

One thing that helps my thinking about what man really is, is to remember that we are members of one family with God as our Father. Heredity, history, and economic environment affect us, but it's much more important that we are children of one living God. Our Faith explains why this is really true in spite of appearances. It follows that we ought not to drop atomic bombs on each other.

That is one of the reasons, I expect, that brought this group of Quakers and others to Nevada to protest the continued testing of atomic weapons by our government. The idea was simple. On August 6, Hiroshima day, a group of people would have a prayer and meditation meeting in front of the test site which is about 70 miles N.W. of Las Vegas. Then some from the group would rise, approach the gate, cross the line, and submit to arrest. It was hoped that this speaking with the body would give voice to the many people here and all over the world who want to say no to war in a more effective way.

Two of our leaders paid a personal visit to the Atomic Energy Commission representatives in Las Vegas, who were friendly and seemed to know all about us. They offered the use of their cool water at the test site and warned us not to watch the blast. It can cause blindness for a week. They had discussed letting us present our case to the test site employees in their auditorium, but decided that there had been enough publicity already for people to understand.

The state highway police were also visited. When a patrolman there heard that the witness was to be fully peaceful he was very gratefully. "Well," he exclaimed,

script, not contained in the published books on the case, were essential for an objective estimate; and that I would be glad to place the facts or the manuscript at her disposal for the purpose.

According to Mr. Dugan, my talk was made up of "rancor," most of it directed at "the Rosenberg defense lawyer who is now dead." I did make some critical remarks on Emanuel H. Bloch, but they were no more and no less rancorous than those made by a man universally noted for his lack of rancor. "I am of your opinion concerning the Rosenberg tragedy and the lamentable role the legal defense has played, a behavior bordering on treachery," wrote Albert Einstein in the first of two letters of comment on my manuscript, close to a year after the death of Bloch. His second letter of comment on a subsequent draft I had sent him—containing plenty of what Mr. Dugan would probably call "rancorous" facts on the conduct of the Rosenberg lawyer and the defense committee—rated my account of the case as excellent in a paragraph which he later expressly permitted me to make public.

Actually, what I stressed in my talk—and what Mr. Dugan left out—was: that there is dangerous confusion in the minds of millions of Americans on the facts and implications of the Rosenberg case; that much of the confusion has its roots in that impounded diagram; that the climate of opinion on the case could be radically transformed by a campaign to reveal that "secret"; that such a campaign affords the most promising means for the liberation of Morton Sobell, sentenced to 30 years imprisonment on atrociously flimsy testimony and evidence and confined in America's most brutally conducted penal institution, Alcatraz.

The Rosenberg-Sobell case needs light on all of its aspects. The facts I have given, before the Forum and in my manuscript, are—facts, documented.

Cordially,
IRWIN EDELMAN
Gen. P.O. Box 463,
New York 1, N. Y.

with a sigh of relief, "I'm so glad there's to be no uprising."

The purpose of these visits was to tell the government just what we planned to do. In war truth may be the desired end, but secrecy and half truths are the means. In nonviolent conflict truth is end and means. Win or lose in war, truth suffers. Win or lose in nonviolence, truth is stronger. Ends don't justify means, means determine ends.

About 10 AM Tuesday morning the first group of three arose to cross the line. Eleven in all were to cross, and there were nineteen in the prayer vigil. The three approached the gate slow and steady. Their wide brim hats and camping clothes added to the western flavor of the scene. A big crowd of reporters, camera men, and sight-seers at the gate swallowed them out of our sight. There was conversation for about five minutes, the line was crossed, and the arrests made.

Lawrence Scott, co-ordinator of the project, later told us that there was a certain exhilaration in stepping across the line. He was the first and his arm was held so tight by the officer that he couldn't turn toward his companions. But his thoughts were with them only, not on himself at all. The great gift of a moment of total selflessness was given him.

The trial of the eleven who crossed the line was in the local county court Tuesday afternoon on the basis of trespassing. They stated to the judge that they thought they had done right and he construed this as a plea of not guilty. He suspended sentence for a year and released them. That means that if there is no new trespass for a year, then there is no requirement to appear again, no sentence, and no record kept. The group did not make any agreement or promises to the court.

Several incidents showed us that beneath people's outward calm is often great fear and distrust. We learned afterwards that no one had wanted to be the guard on duty at the gate Tuesday morning. In their view anything could happen and there might be some trick.

But the clearest incident of distrust took place Tuesday evening when we had decided to continue the prayer vigil through the night. There was to be a test blast in the morning at 5:20 AM and the guard felt it was his duty to put up strings around our group. Lawrence Scott said no one would wander and no guarding was needed. But the lines went up anyway. Cars were stationed at the corners with their lights shining along the strings. A guard sat up all night in each car to see that no one passed these lighted lines. One reporter joined a guard, but decided nothing was going to happen and so went off to sleep.

As far as I can see this was just an ordinary precaution taken in line of duty. When we stop watching God with confidence we have to start watching everyone else with suspicion. And it gets more complicated all the time.

Wednesday morning after the test blast the question of going back over the line was taken up. One said he was ready, but he felt his family wasn't yet. Another thought that our relations with the AEC were friendly and now a further crossing would strain them too much. A third felt that the line should be crossed again, that the price hadn't been paid.

After a time Lawrence Scott expressed what I believe was the sense of the meeting. He said, "I have gone as far as I am led," and there was no uneasiness in the way he said it. He sensed that a first step had been completed and he was at peace. Now it was time to go home and help people in the community understand what had been done. Time and discussion would clarify what further step should be made next year in Nevada.

Vocation to Jail

(Continued from page 2)

father," and "What Men Live By." Tolstol is always, in these short and wonderful stories, reminding us that God sees all, can remedy all, can protect all, and so we can well trust also that if we forego atomic weapons, taking this risk, God will prevent world disaster. It will not be a Communism that will prevail, but we who believe. All things are possible to those who believe. "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief." But I think also of our Lord's sad words, "When I come again, think you that I will find faith upon earth?"

Certainly when you lie in jail thinking of these things, thinking of war and peace, and the problems of human freedom, jails, drug addictions, prostitutions, and the apathy of great masses of people who believe that nothing can be done, I am all the more confirmed in my faith in the little way, of St. Theresa. We do the minute things that come to hand, we pray our prayers, and beg also for an increase of faith—and God will do the rest.

One of the greatest evils of the day is the sense of futility. What good does it do? What is the sense of this small effort? We can only lay one brick at a time, one foot of pipeline; we can be responsible for only the one action of the present moment. But we can beg for an increase of love in our hearts that will vitalize and transform these actions, and know that God will take them and multiply them, as Jesus multiplied the loaves and fishes of the small boy and so fed a multitude.

Next year, perhaps, God willing, we will again go to jail and perhaps too conditions will be the same. To be charitable we can only say that the prison officials do the best they can, according to their understanding. In a public institution they are not paid to love the inmates, they are paid to guard them. They admit that the quarters are totally inadequate, that what was built for a House of Detention for women awaiting trial, is now being used for a workhouse and penitentiary. When the girls asked me to speak for them, to tell the world outside about "conditions," they emphasized the crowded and confined surroundings.

"We are here for years, to work out our sentences, not just for detention! Shut in by walls, bars, concrete and heavy iron screenings so that one's vision of the sky from the roof is also impeded, one's eyes suffer from the strain. One's nerves clamor for change, for open air, more freedom of movement.

Over on Hart's Island and Riker's Island the men can get out and play ball, can work on the farm, in the tree nursery. All around is water and boats and seagulls, and the beauty of the sea air coming from the Atlantic. And the women have long been promised North Brother Island, as a companion institution for them. But there are insuperable obstacles, seemingly, in the way. Money of course figures largely. There is money for Civil Defense drills, for death rather than for life, money for all sorts of non-sensical expenditures, but none for these least of God's children suffering in the midst of millions who scarcely remember they are there. The New York Times in an editorial two years ago referred to the Women's House of Detention as a Black Hole in an editorial so titled. But nothing is done. "Nothing short of a riot will change things," the warden told us. Was he perhaps advocating we pacifists start one?

We are told that the kingdom of heaven must be taken by violence, and we must use the same forces in combatting such injustices here. If our readers will pray for the prisoners—if our New York readers, when they pass the Women's House of Detention will look up, perhaps wave a greeting, say a prayer, there will be the be-

ginning of a change. Two of the women, Tulsa and Thelma, said that they never looked out those bars,—they could not stand it. But most of the other prisoners do, and perhaps they will see you as you look up. Perhaps they will feel the caress of your prayer, and a sad heart will be lightened and a resolution strengthened, and there will be a turning away from evil, and towards the good, and you will have reached that of God which is in every man. Christ is with us today, not only in the blessed Sacrament and where two or three are gathered together in His Name, but also in the poor. And who could be poorer or more destitute in body and soul, than these our companions of these last twenty five days?

Read Liberation

P.S. I am writing another article on the Civil Defense Demonstration of July 12, about those who took part in it, about our work in prison, and the books we read and the conversations we had, which will appear in the next issue of LIBERATION. Those who wish a copy or a subscription, write to LIBERATION, 110 Christopher Street, New York City.

For the Intellectuals

Three books by Msgr. John Tracy Ellis have created much discussion. I have not seen them but from reading reviews of them I am reminded of the place of the CW among those Catholics in this country who are not of the left. Obviously we are of the extreme left, for when Peter Maurin died Time magazine said that "The Catholic Worker makes the Daily Worker seem conservative." And it was also Time magazine of May 28, 1956, in a page on Catholic papers in this country that said, "At the farthest poles are Brooklyn's Tablet and Manhattan's radical-pacifist Catholic Worker. When she was asked where the two papers might come together, the Worker's publisher, Dorothy Day, replied "Only at the Lord's table."

The three books that I refer to are American Catholics and the Intellectual Life, Heritage, 63 pages, \$1.25, with a preface by Bishop John J. Wright; American Catholicism, U. of Chicago Press, 208 pages, \$3; Documents of American Catholic History, Bruce, Milwaukee, 677 pages, \$8.75. There has been criticism of the first mentioned and shorter book, mainly it may be from those who have not taken the time to understand the other ones. Msgr. Ellis stresses the lack of intellectual progress among Catholics in this country and a kind of anti-intellectualism more recently. In a recent issue of the Catholic Free Press of Worcester, Mass., Msgr. Francis J. Lally of the Boston Pilot defends Msgr. Ellis in a review of the two smaller books. And Paul A. Vincent in his review of the larger book makes mention of the CW Movement.

In the December issue of Books on Trial of the Thomas More Association of Chicago, Edward Gargan, Assistant Professor of Modern European History at Loyola U. there, has a lengthy discussion in which he argues with Thomas P. Neill who had praised Msgr. Ellis's books. Professor Gargan defends Father Peter Dietz of Milwaukee whom I knew there as a pioneer in the fields of Catholics and Labor, and Msgr. John A. Ryan who almost alone fought for better social legislation when it was thought the only politics Catholics should enter was the approved Tammany variety.

Praising Commonweal, Today and Cross Currents, he says, "There is, finally the journal whose convictions are most at odds with much of American thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER. Radicalism is seldom encouraged in America, and the continued force of THE CATHOLIC WORKER in our day is as rare as it is ennobling. Here is virtually the only literate journal

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 1)

duty's sake or for interest's sake.

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

BANKER—1600 A.D.

1. Before John Calvin people were not allowed to lend money at interest.
2. John Calvin decided to legalize money-lending at interest in spite of the teachings of the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.
3. Protestant countries tried to keep up with John Calvin and money-lending at interest became the general practice.
4. And money ceased to be a means of exchange and began to be a means to make money.
5. So people lent money on time and started to think of time in terms of money and said to each other: "Time is money."

MANUFACTURER—1700 A.D.

1. With the discovery of steam the factory system made its appearance.
2. To take drudgery out of the home was supposed to be the aim of the manufacturer.
3. So the guildsman left his shop and went to the factory.
4. But the profit-making manufacturer found it more profitable to employ women than to employ men.
5. So the women left the home and went to the factory.
6. Soon the children followed the women into the factory.
7. So the men have to stay at home while women and children work in the factory.

ECONOMIST—1800 A.D.

1. The Laissez-Faire Economists told everybody that competition is the life of trade and that it is a case of the survival of the fittest.
2. So since 1800 looking for markets has engaged men's activities.
3. And since trade follows the flag industrial nations have also become imperialist nations.
4. The fight for markets between two industrial nations, was the main cause of the World War.

WORLD WAR—1914

1. As President Wilson said, the World War was a commercial war.
2. But a commercial war had to be idealized, so it was called a War for Democracy.
3. But the War for Democracy did not bring Democracy: it brought Bolshevism in Russia, Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany.

WORLD DEPRESSION—1929

1. After the World War people tried to believe that a New Era had dawned upon the world.
2. People thought that they had found a solution to the problem of mass-distribution.
3. People thought that the time had come for a two-car garage, a chicken in every pot, and a sign "To Let" in front of every poor-house.
4. And every body wanted to cash in on the future prosperity.
5. So stock promoters got busy and stocked people with stocks until they got stuck.

in America insisting that widespread poverty be not forgotten in a time of Byzantine opulence, that cruelty to the unfortunate caught in the grinding wheels of modern justice be ended, and that the pacifist be heard in a world afraid to question the claims of War. Only a foolish man would dare make a definite academic judgment concerning the meaning of THE CATHOLIC WORKER in America's history. Yet he would be no fool who would suggest that its place may in time be marked as great."

Ammon Hennacy

Prison and Picketing

(Continued from page 3)

of John Dewey to him which applied especially to those in prison: "A good man is one who, no matter how bad he has been, is getting better; and a bad man is one, who, no matter how good he has been, is getting worse." So there is always hope of the one-man-revolution in the heart of anyone. To tell the truth, in this exploitative society many people both inside and outside of prison are "larceny minded," which is a jail slang term. As I once quoted W.C. Fields: "You can't cheat an honest man." For it is those who are looking for an easy dollar and something for nothing in this welfare state society who are likely to get caught in the net, so fine meshes of the law.

Those who were receiving Communion were awakened at the ungodly hour of around 4 a. m. and finally corraled from different dorms after 5 for breakfast. This was because of the new regulations permitting Communion three hours after eating. It would have been much better to eat at the regular time and have breakfast afterward as always had been done before. Waiting in line for meals is not so bad in the summer but in the cold weather it is disagreeable. Each unit could be called a little later rather than to make us all stand in line so long, but the bureaucracy in any prison always works discomfort. About five Negroes went to Mass and the other 95 were mostly Irish. Very few went to the Protestant Church where I heard "Onward Christian Soldiers" shouted forth.

On the last Sunday I was pleased to receive a small leaflet from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart handed to all of us at Mass. It read in part: "The industrial capitalism of a prosperous United States, with so many workers protected by labor unions and a paternal government, still sins grievously in many ways against the dignity and worth of human life. Rich men kill themselves working for more wealth and power. Labor unions fight for higher wages. Entertainment industries sink to the lowest levels to capture public interest and profits. Youth seeks new thrills in drugs, drink and wild driving, with no respect for the lives of others or their own. And yet we are all the children of God."

Picketing the Tax Office

My twelve days picketing the income tax office at Varick and West Houston from August 6 to 17 this year started off by a uniformed policeman being my first customer to take a CW and to praise me for my efforts for peace. I met several of the tax men I had known in the three previous years that I had picketed at the Custom House down by the Battery. The side of the building where I walked was entirely shady and we were able to hand out about 500 CW's a day during the around 25 miles that we walked from 9 to 5.

Frances Rogosz from Minersville, Pa., just graduated from Penn State and about to start teaching, helped me during the noon rush hour the first week and Roy Farmer, former worker at the Jehovah's Witnesses publishing house in Brooklyn, but now an anarchist who heard of the CW through Carol Perry of San Francisco, helped me all day each day. Judith and Julian Beck, Bob Steed, and Janet Burwash helped picket at times also. To carry the sign is enough to do without handing out papers. By drinking tomato juice in the morning after Mass, orange juice around 11 and a quart of buttermilk (for I wanted something sour) in the afternoon I only lost 8 pounds in the 12 days instead of 6½ pounds the first day as I did in the Las Vegas picketing in June. Here it was not really hot at any time.

But the first time in my August picketing since 1949 there was no crowd around to cause trouble and really no individual who became heated in opposing my picketing.

Scores of people said that I was picketing for them and they wished they had the time and nerve to be with me, and scores of Catholics stopped to inquire whether the Church approved of our radicalism and to try to put across the Old Testament idea of vengeance; and fear of the Russians as a reason to pay taxes, take part in air raid drills and support capitalism as a lesser evil.

Truck drivers were jammed up in traffic often in this vicinity and many of them gladly accepted the CW to read while they were waiting. Students were especially interested in the explanation of the social message of the Gospels, several of them spending a half hour or more with me. The police also stopped and got the CW and read it and were cordial. One Catholic truck driver, the father of 13, had a job at night and an extra one by day and went home only on week ends in order to make enough to support his family but the tax office was hounding him about this day time income. Father Dennis Mooney, visiting here from Lebanon, greeted me as he has read the CW for years and wanted to see some of our active picketing.

While I was across the street getting some orange juice on the last day of my picketing some tax men asked Roy if I had given up, whether I really owed any taxes at all, and if I would be back again next year to picket. Roy answered in the affirmative, although saying that he and I might be in jail on the air raid drill next August if we received a longer sentence than the thirty days given this time. I would then fast in jail as a penance for our crime at Hiroshima in 1945.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES!

Methods of total war tend to pass beyond every just limit and every norm of human and divine—Pope Pius XII

I bless peace; not war—St. Pius X

Dare we ask God to bless our arms? Should we not be attempting to make Him an accomplice in evil deeds?—Fr. J. C. Heenan

Many say there is no such thing as a just war at the present time even in self-defense. This attitude does not conflict with the teaching of the Church.—Fr. Wm. O'Connor

I am a Christian; to fight is not allowable for me.—St. Martin of Tours (A.D. 397)

A just war is, in the concrete, impossible, and the resort to warfare immoral.—Fr. Vann O.P.

Conscription laws, in so far as they impose compulsory military service upon men, are founded on pagan precedent, and are abhorrent to the Christian spirit.—Fr. L. Cahill S. J.

Wars are a punishment from God for sin.—Blessed Virgin at Fatima, 1917

God's 5th Commandment is binding without any exception whatsoever, and every war, even the so-called just war of defense (that no longer exists to-day) is to be condemned as un-Christian. The infallible Holy See must at long last make an ex-cathedra pronouncement on the subject of war and pacifism, I am not afraid of the outcome.—Fr. Johannes Ude, Univ. of Graz

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The Church and Christ The Bracero

(Continued from page 1)



state employment office officials. Inadequately formed consciences being what they are, few would think of themselves as members of a conspiracy by which hundreds of thousands of field hands have been vilely fed, housed little better than cattle or swine, and often defrauded of part of their earnings.

Most such persons would think of themselves, at worst, as loyal Californians, out to protect California's agricultural economy, an important part of the state's whole economy. As the State's total crops last year brought in an estimated \$3 billion, this reasoning is understandable in a world of which, according to Our Lord, Satan is the Prince.

In case anyone thinks I exaggerate the frightful conditions—which I shall detail later—that are imposed on seasonal agricultural workers in California, I suggest he or she acquire and read three significant surveys.

The first, published in 1950, is "A Report on the Conditions of Agricultural Labor in the San Joaquin Valley." It was made by a committee appointed by Earl Warren, now Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, but then Governor of California. It makes revelatory and soul-searching reading, and depicts a general shameful exploitation, for the most part, of almost wholly unfriended and unorganized men, women and children. A fair share of prominent Catholics sat on that committee, comprised of religious leaders, economists, sociologists, labor leaders, and, ironically, growers.

The second survey, completed in 1955, was made under the direction of Father Donald C. McDonnell, California regional director for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference (NCRLC). It also does not make pleasant reading, and reveals a general condition which, if anything, is perhaps worse than anything depicted by John Steinbeck 20 years ago in his novel "Grapes of Wrath." The third survey, published in 1956, and titled "Strangers in Our Fields," was written by Dr. Ernesto Galarza, a highly respected Catholic lay leader who is research director for the National Agricultural Workers Union, AFL-CIO.

Made possible by a grant-in-aid from the Fund for the Republic, this survey deals solely with the downright horrifying treatment of the majority of imported and captive braceros brought to California under a treaty between the United States and Mexico. It is very well documented. It names many growers and their organizations. It photographs the wretched housing facilities. It likewise photographs pay checks to show that many braceros received as little as a dollar or two for a week of hard toil for long hours under broiling suns. Most such paychecks show that a worker may have earned as much as \$75 or \$80 a week, but only received a small fraction of that amount due to "deductions." But rarely are the "deductions" specified. Those braceros who, in their bewilderment, complain, are usually called "trouble makers" and sent back to Mexico.

Other photographs show bracero labor camps behind barbed wire fences. Armed guards are present to prevent their escape, as if they are convicts or prisoners of war.

Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORKER who read my article "Peonage, American Style," in the June issue, know that it was in the main an interview with Father

McDonnell, who made his survey for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference (NCRLC) which is an arm of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (NCWC), an agency of the U. S. Catholic Hierarchy. They read Father McDonnell's statement that there has been no real shortage of farm labor in California except during World War II. They know his expressed conviction that the imported braceros cost the growers far less in terms of pay than do locally obtainable field hands or migratory farm workers. They know his findings that the local workers and the migrants are often forced onto relief rolls on being displaced by the braceros, and that thus California's taxpayers in general are underwriting and subsidizing—albeit unknowingly—the highly profitable operations of the growers.

There can be no doubt at all that the growers, who have annually increased the importation of braceros, hope within the next few years to exploit their underpaid labor to a point where they will completely drive out U. S.-born farm workers—both residents of California and migrants.

Moreover, as strong pressures have been brought in Mexico against the government of Mexico to terminate this unhappy treaty with the United States under which the braceros are so shamelessly exploited, the growers (backed by their political tools) are already seeking—and finding—new "happy hunting grounds" for cheap male labor among the unfortunate displaced persons of Europe and Asia who were driven from their homelands—or fled them because of religious persecutions—during or soon after World War II.

What the growers want is well-muscled young Europeans and Asiatic men (but not families) who have lived on the soil in their homelands. The supply of them might well be inexhaustible, and most of them are desperately eager to get to the United States on any conditions offered them.

After all, a "bracero" is defined in a Mexican dictionary as a male manual laborer. And so, apparently, reason many growers, why not import male manual laborers (but not families) from such countries as Italy, Hungary and Japan, where times are difficult, and let them get a start in the U. S., land of freedom and opportunity?

Samuel Johnson's famous statement that "patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels" could well be applied to the generality of growers.

World War II provided these economic adventurers with their first opportunity to hide behind the Stars and Stripes. When the military draft took many young men off California farms, the growers—for the first and only period—were validly able to claim a farm labor shortage existed.

This wartime emergency first legally spawned the importation of Mexican Nationals (men only) by the joint authorization of the governments of the U. S. and Mexico. But these braceros were only to harvest our crops while our sons—willingly or via conscription—risked life and limb and broken minds on overseas battlefields, presumably in the cause of democracy. However, at the war's end, the great majority came home, including those living in farming areas. So why has it been necessary to go on importing braceros in ever increasing numbers ever since?

For one thing, the "patriotic growers" raised two outcries. One

was that native-born workers—including those of Mexican parentage and African descent, amazingly enough—could not do "stoop labor" or did not like to do it. The other was that the braceros did it much better. The growers also conceded they feared a trend toward unionization among American seasonal agricultural workers. They have repeatedly held that unionization, and the possibility of strikes, could result in perishable crops rotting should growers and union representatives be unable to agree as to wages, hours and working and living conditions after a time-consuming period of negotiation. This, they claimed "patriotically," might deprive other Americans of fruits and vegetables they needed in their diets, and cotton needed for clothing.

That the growers—and their political stooges—now are concerned for permitting Japanese, Italian and other men (but not families) an opportunity to come to California and live like free Americans is typical of their "patriotic and compassionate solicitude."

What has the Catholic Church done? What is it now doing? What can it hope to do, in the face of the growers' unquestionable political power, toward the survival in the United States of the family-operated farm, or even for farming as a way of life among Americans? Much has been written about increasing mechanization in farming of the gradual dwindling of the family-size farm, and—especially because of the high cost of crop-picking machinery—the eventual disappearance of the family farm until farms are large scale "factories in the fields."

But the fact remains that many fruit and vegetable crops simply cannot be mechanically picked. They would be destroyed in the process. As to cotton, even the best of mechanical picking devices always leave a remnant of a crop that must be hand-picked. If the situation were otherwise, the growers would not still seek to create surplus "pools of farm labor" by importing "men only," thus rebasing wages and forcing American farm workers onto relief rolls, seeing that farm workers, unlike workers in business and industry, have not been granted unemployment insurance.

When one asks what the Catholic Church is doing toward preserving families on farms by opposing various injustices described, one asks a large and many-sided question.

The U. S. Hierarchy, in annual convention, has taken definite stands on the problem of seasonal agricultural labor among many other problems. Some daily newspapers—on one day a year—fully or partly report these stands. Archdiocesan and diocesan weeklies, in one weekly issue out of 52, cover these stands more fully. But the stands are many. That taken in regard to farming as a life-way, and on the problems of seasonal farm workers, is only one of many. It may or may not even be read, and in this connection it needs to be noted that only some 20 percent of American Catholic families subscribe to an archdiocesan or diocesan weekly.

During the other 51 weeks in the year, one may occasionally read, in a Catholic newspaper, of some address made on the dubious treatment of braceros and/or migrants by Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio. But as a Catholic journalist for many years who scans scores of archdiocesan and diocesan newspapers, and who

has worked on two of them in California, I am under the definite impression that Archbishop Lucey is sort of a lone wolf among the Hierarchy in the matter of constantly championing the rights of these unfriended and otherwise voiceless field hands.

It is almost as if it had been agreed that this was and is his special province, that he alone among the nation's Ordinaries is to "carry the ball" for these helpless folk. True, many of them pour into the area of his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. To be of help to them he launched, years ago, the Southwest Conference for the Spanish-Speaking. Priests representing other Archbishops and Bishops in the Pacific southwest attend its annual meetings, gather and analyze information, and suggested remedies and ameliorations, and pool their experiences. These meetings and what happened at them will be reported, the week after, in Catholic weeklies, especially those published in the Pacific southwest. But they apparently are rarely regarded by archdiocesan and diocesan newspaper editors as important or headline stories. And they seem to rate only a few (and usually ambiguous) lines on some inside page in the secular dailies and weeklies.

True, the Catholic press in California occasionally reports—but not often exhaustively or in a conspicuous position—the unequivocal testimony of priests representing the National Catholic Rural Life Conference at some legislative hearing in Washington or Sacramento. Some of these have been dubbed "bracero priests" and they take stands in which they speak, in this writer's opinion, with the authentic accents of Christ. The fact that legislators usually ignore their suggestions is understandable, this world being what it is.

However, I cannot recall a published utterance on this issue ever having been made by a California Archbishop or Bishop. Not that I, for one moment, would believe that any Chief Shepherd of any ecclesiastical jurisdiction has ever knowingly participated in this general conspiracy of silence and concealment. I believe they are led to their appointments through the Holy Spirit, and that each is to the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, what one of the 12 apostles was to Christ Himself. Moreover, it is only with his Ordinary's permission that a "bracero priest" can and does take a public stand, clearly indicating that California's Chief Shepherds are concerned for migrants and braceros.

I can think of all sorts of legislative reprisals that might possibly affect the fortunes of the Church in California adversely, reprisals engineered by the zealous guardians of California's agricultural economy that might follow any public statements on the part of the Episcopacy.

At the same time, I must realize that Archbishop Lucey may have had to risk the possibility, even likelihood, of such reprisals in Texas because of his consistent, long sustained championing of the rights of migrants and braceros. I do not and cannot know what he has concretely accomplished for them, especially legislatively. But, to be known by some, or perhaps many, as raising his voice in their behalf, seems to me important. Almost as many migrants and braceros labor seasonally in Texas each as in California.

This writer can only conclude that California's Chief Shepherds either do not believe Archbishop

Lucey's constant personal public statements are effectual, or do not believe any like public statements by them would gain more than might otherwise be lost in California.

I do not know what the proportion of Catholic to non-Catholic population is in the Archdiocese of San Antonio. I do know that Catholics are only about 20 percent of California's population. And with only one-fifth of California's Catholic families subscribing to archdiocesan and diocesan newspapers, California's Ordinaries may conclude they could reach too few of the State's total population to achieve any creditable result.

However, I am convinced that if, as and when California's five Ordinaries should ever decide to speak out publicly and constantly on the rights of seasonal agricultural workers to far more Christian treatment by the growers, they will accomplish much. It is difficult for daily newspapers to ignore any significant stand taken (or program led) by an Archbishop or Bishop. These dailies have their Catholic readers to consider. Any position taken by any Catholic Chief Shepherd has to be taken—and is taken—seriously. Legislators, either on the local, county, state or national front, are conscious nowadays of the Catholic vote. And most practicing Catholics take very seriously any stand taken by their Archbishop or Bishop. Any such stand would especially be taken cognizance of by Catholic growers, some of them widely recognized as Catholic lay leaders.

Due to the high percentage of Italian and Italo-American vineyardists, Catholic growers of various crops may constitute as many as a third of all California's growers. Some of them are extremely wealthy and have large land holdings. They obviously wish to continue to be respected. And if the archdiocesan and diocesan weeklies, the mouthpieces of the California Hierarchy, created a growing awareness of the plight of most of the helpless, driven migratory farm workers and captive braceros, many Catholic growers might seek to substantially improve their workers' living and working conditions. For no one likes an adverse public opinion, especially among his co-religionists.

The fact is that many large scale Catholic agriculturalists are highly esteemed as outstanding contributors to Catholic Church building campaigns and welfare programs. Moreover, their chairmanship of any such fund-raising drive is regarded as assurance of its success. A few are Papal Knights.

Some (but not many) Catholic growers do not oblige their local, migrant or bracero field hands to work on Sundays. A few provide these seasonal workers with free transportation to Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation. A few also have almost entirely financed the building of mission churches near labor camps. Some have provided passably good housing for their all-year-round workers, but not—except in a few isolated instances—other than typically wretched housing for their seasonal workers. Most housing for family pickers are dilapidated shacks that distinctly resemble outdoor privies—and aren't much larger. The "men only" barracks and quonset huts most often provided the captive braceros are usually rundown, overcrowded, and malodorous.

Generally speaking, and by ordinary human standards; most season workers are treated vilely.

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The Church and Christ the Bracero

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Moreover, the large scale land owners, be they Catholics, non-Catholics, or unbelievers, fix the prevailing piece-rate compensation, and the smaller growers usually abide by it. But growers, big and little, are prosperous. There is a joke going the rounds that the only difference between a big grower and a little grower is that the little grower washes his own Cadillac.

Sustained championing of the voiceless migrants and braceros by the California Hierarchy directly, would, in my opinion, be the only way to influence many Catholics—and through them their legislators—to gradually improve the seasonal workers' lot.

Politicians have a healthy respect for votes. The trouble now—and in the past—is that migrants and braceros have no vote. The American-born migrants, be they of Mexican descent or Negroes or "poor whites" from such states as Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas, move about so much—from camp to camp and crop to crop—that they lack sufficient length of residence in any one place to be eligible to vote. The braceros, being Mexican nationals, obviously cannot vote.

The well-to-do growers, on the other hand, are often personal friends of judges, district attorneys and law enforcement officials. They often belong to the same country clubs, play golf with them, and, what is most important, the growers can be depended on, at election times, to back "the right candidate" with substantial campaign funds. And "the right candidate" is a man dedicated to preserving California's agricultural economy, no matter how many "greasers," "niggers" or "Okies" get hurt.

When a grower defrauds any migrant or bracero of his just earnings, or violates any State labor, housing or sanitation statute, he is virtually immune to prosecution. The California Division of Housing, chronically understaffed, cannot adequately inspect and police the vast number of labor camps. When an arrest is made, it is generally a camp forman who "takes the rap." If he is convicted, which is rarely, of violating a labor, housing or sanitation statute, the maximum sentence is a fine of \$200 or 60 days in jail or both. In almost all cases it is the fine that is imposed, and the foreman's employer, the grower, pays it. And \$200 is "peanuts" to a grower. In the history of California, there is no record of any grower ever going to jail.

But many seasonal agricultural workers have gone to jail, some "between seasons" as vagrants without funds, homes "or any visible means of support." It also is estimated they go to jail in a 35-to-1 ratio as against regular residents of cities and towns for petty crimes, usually committed

"between seasons." The "men only" camps are often beset by prostitutes on "pay day."

One typical opinion—held even by many Catholic lay persons—is that the migrants and braceros are a pretty low class who always lived poorly and "immorally." However, a Mexican journalist once told me: "In Mexico, most lived poorly, but decently. Many went to Mass regularly, and were—and are—intensely devout."

But it is scarcely possible for more than 5 percent of them to get to Mass at all as they follow the California crop cycle, priests who regularly visit the labor camps have estimated. Most growers require that their field hands work on Sundays. Most labor camps are 10 to 30 miles from the nearest Catholic church. There are not more than 20 priests in California with trailer chapels or cars and Mass kits assigned to the 3,000 or so "Catholic" camps. The few priests cannot possibly spend more than two days to a week at each camp once a year!

Defections from their Catholic faith among migrants and braceros are incalculable. There scarcely is a city or town near a farming area without its Mexican Protestant churches. I drove 12 blocks along one street in San Jose and counted 10 Mexican Protestant churches of as many denominations. For while there is a priest-shortage, the interdenominational Protestant Migrant Ministry is well organized and has made serious inroads.

May there not be a mystical connection between the priest-shortage and the widespread lack of awareness among Catholic youth of even the existence—to say nothing of the plight—of migrants and braceros? The shortage is of vocations to the secular, i.e. diocesan priesthood. There seems far less of a shortage of vocations among religious Orders and Societies, many of whose priests are sent to mission lands, where they are exposed to all manner of hardships and naive hostility. Is it not possible that the California Catholic Hierarchy, through California's Catholic press, could awaken more vocations to the secular priesthood if more young men were inspired by the hope of serving Christ in His least brethren, Christ the migrant and Christ the bracero? And are not the best candidates for the priesthood those who seek not a comfortable but a hard way of life, the way of the Cross?

It is my conviction that the plight of the seasonal agricultural workers is the most important Christian issue in California, and that only the California Catholic hierarchy can arouse any Catholic Action worthy of the name to meet this issue. France's Abbe Pierre has reminded us, in his writings, that the sacraments and sacramentals and devout practices are valuable means toward our salvation, but not ends in themselves. He points out that on Judgment Day—that most important day of all for all of us—Christ will not ask us a word about our formal religious practices, but will ask us what we did for Him in His least brethren. (Matthew, 25). On whether we succored them or not will depend our salvation or damnation.

The Abbe Pierre has also asked, "How is it possible to honor Christ in the Holy Eucharist, and not honor Him in the body and blood of the poor?"

It is a question many of us—and not only in California—might ponder.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

A Case of Responsibility

Paris,
April 15, 1957.

Two hundred years after the industrial revolution few new twists can be given to the injuries perpetrated by industry toward society or its workers. What is dangerous in our day is the new public relations policy of industry toward the worker. With its gigantic publicity and public relations it has convinced the worker that he is content; and only rarely does the shabby coat of injustice shine through the gilt and gold of a public relations poster. I think it was Frank Sheed who said you could love someone to death. By nursing him, by accepting responsibility of his needs, directing his actions he is deprived of the dignity of self direction.

When one relinquishes responsibility he also relinquishes authority—when one loses authority he loses liberty. The loss of responsibility, first hailed so thankfully as a release from an annoying task, directly leads to the loss of liberty. The transition is subtle, scarcely noticeable and then only seen when one is acutely searching for justice and is willing to accept, as an adult, his personal responsibility toward his brothers.

In practice, to be a militant, to fight for rights, a just wage, a voice in direction, union representation, often brings one in direct conflict with those, who, willing to accept the responsibility, claim the authority to advance their own cause. I would like to give an example.

The MacCormic corporation had three factories and one administrative center in France. It is enjoying a vigorous and expanding success and its production of combines, tractors, and other farm machinery is increasing monthly. The administrative center is in Paris and employs about five hundred people, one of which is Jean L. . . . whom I met several months ago.

In Jean's department there were twelve men occupied with administrative work, thirty typists and the director. The average salary of an employee in this department is, after taxes and social security, 29,000 francs (\$83) a month. The salaries, following a seniority scale, ordinarily increase 7% each year. However, for the last two years the increase has been blocked with no explanation by the management other than vague mutterings of "difficulties." In Jean's words, "You can ask about it if you wish but everybody knows that it will cause him trouble. If you've got kids you can't take the risk." Jean estimated the salaries of the department chiefs as 95,000 francs a month (\$270). The difference is all the more striking as it was recently announced in the center's newspaper that in the last five years business and efficiency had doubled.

French law requires that an election be held once a year to choose employee representatives to management. This is when, if existing, the three main French unions stage a factory election campaign. The vote can be split and often one finds a Catholic, Communist, and socialist on the same management delegation. In Jean's factory where there is no organized union to prepare a policy, follow a platform or support candidates any man who has a tenure of one year or more can be voted for. The day of the elections, since there is no list of candidates, one votes for any acquaintance who has a year tenure. The election victory comes as a complete and unwanted surprise to the winners. "The last time the elections were held," Jean told me, "the five men who were elected resigned the next day. Their letters of resignation were posted along with the election results announcing their victory." There was, five years ago, an exception. This same man refused a vacation bonus of 5,000 francs (\$14.29) and demanded a just salary instead. "Un-

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 4)

large number of young people from the YM-YWCA leadership program. Helene spoke about the survival and even flourishing of religion in Russia in spite of attempts at suppression by the Soviets. "After all suppression, there is no stricter following of the eastern liturgy than in Russia . . . At an abbey in Kiev compliance lasts four hours . . ." She spoke about the Soviet movie, "The Forty-First," and the hint at the end of it that the Pieta still survives as a symbol for the Russian people.

(Earlier in the summer Helene and I had gone to Peekskill, New York, to a meeting of representatives from various lay apostolic groups called by the Walter Farrell Guild. Helene, with her usual enthusiasm and her comparison of the meeting to meetings she and Berdyaev and Mounier and others had pioneered in long ago in Paris, had sparked and enchanted the young people present.)

White Ants

Norbert O'kare, a student from Kenya, came to us shortly after his arrival in this country in mid-summer and has been living with us since. He has been trying to enter an American college but has been having trouble because of the lack of transferable academic credits in his home country. Fate topped off his difficulties the other day with a letter from his school in Kenya. "We regret that we will be unable to forward to you your academic record. It has been eaten up by white ants."

Dorothy On Nightbeat

When Dorothy appeared on the "Nightbeat" interview program on television the day after her release from jail, Charlie and Bob escorted her to the studio and watched the program from a soundproof booth. Charlie tells me that there were also in the booth with them two agents of the sponsor. These two remained very quiet and still all during the program—until the interviewer asked Dorothy: "In the society you envision, what profes-

bon type," Jean exclaimed, "but he had to leave that year."

Jean's story is similar. When he first applied for the job he was told that the starting salary was 32,000 francs a month. Jean demanded 38,000 francs a month saying that he couldn't live on \$90. "Because they needed someone right away I got it," Jean told me. The other eleven clerks were young (Jean is 22) and it was easy to establish a rapport between his fellow workers and himself. "I tried to do something about a union, without the management's knowledge of course, but nobody wanted to risk it," Jean told me one day. Within a few months after he knew his comrades he noticed that they received 32 to 35 thousand francs a month while he, who had just arrived was earning 38 thousand. He pointed out the difference to some of his friends.

A week or so later he was called to the manager's office and asked why he was causing trouble among the employees. Jean asked what trouble. The manager had received a request from one of Jean's fellow workers for a 3,000 franc a month increase in salary. The manager asked Jean why he was telling everybody his salary—Jean declared it his right to tell his friends how much he earned. "Melez-vous de vos affaires" the director retorted (mind your own business). Jean said that the condition of his comrades was his business. Jean was given notice and a few weeks later left the job. Six others of his comrades quit at the same time.

A small incident in the history of our time, a failure as well; fired for taking an interest in others. But, the value of such a defeat lies with the principles used as weapons, for, if ever a better world be built, its foundations will rest on the sentence, "The condition of my comrades is my business."

James R. Berry.

sions would be non-existent?" and Dorothy answered, "Well, I think we could dispense with the advertising profession." At this, the two agents of the sponsor became suddenly animated, and their animation increased as Dorothy went on to tell what she saw wrong in advertising.

The Roof

During the heat of the summer, I escaped to the roof. It was not as complete an escape as I had expected. The cool clean breezes were there, as I had expected, but also there were all kinds of surprising activity. I discovered that many people were using our roof besides the people in the house (who sometimes hang clothes up there). Some young men from someplace in the block were using it as a place to practice bar-bell lifting. Since our roof is several feet lower than that of the next building, the young men had taken bricks out of the wall to make a sort of ladder by which to descend and climb back. Some younger boys from elsewhere in the block were also using this ladder of missing bricks to come to our roof. They carried lumber with them and wire and I asked them what they were doing. "Building a pigeon coop," they said. In a couple of days the coop, about five by four by three, was complete, and a couple of days after that the pigeons arrived. The boys would sit most of the day on the roof, just watching their pigeons, or releasing them, or welcoming them back home after a flight. (They had, of course, the long pole which is used by most young New York pigeon fanciers as an implement for augmenting their flock. When the pigeons are hovering in the air over the coop, ready to come home again after a flight, the pole is used to keep them up in the air until some alien pigeon gets mixed up with them. Then they are allowed to come down, and frequently the alien pigeon comes with them. Frequently the alien pigeon is from the coop of a neighboring rooftop, so that this practice does not always lead to the most amicable relations between the rival gangs of pigeon owners. In fact, the newspapers recently carried the story of a boy who was killed somewhere uptown in a gang war precipitated by pigeon piracy.) One night I went up to go to sleep on my cot and found one of the boys in it. I asked him why he was spending the night there and he answered that someone was stealing his pigeons and he was standing guard. He obliged me by moving from the cot and I obliged him by getting a blanket for him. He laid it on the slope of the roof next to the coop, but the next morning when I awoke I saw that he had climbed into the coop itself and was asleep with his pigeons.

During my month in jail (of which I shall write at length next month), the pigeons proved to be a surprising link with my outside world. From a window in the ninth floor cell block of the Tombs, I could look north over the city. I could almost see the Worker, but not quite. But one evening, before the sun had gone down, as I mentioned in the letter from jail printed last month, I did see the pigeons rising from the roof of 223 Chrystie.

Freedom is a duty more than a right. Man has a duty to be intelligent. Man has a duty to choose intelligently between two alternatives. Man has a duty to act intelligently, using pure means to reach pure aims. To use impure means to reach pure aims is to take the wrong road. You cannot go where you want to go by taking a road which does not lead you there. Having pure aims and using pure means is making the right use of freedom.

—Peter Maurin

SACCO — VANZETTI

Martyred August 23, 1927

"If it had not been for this thing I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of men as now we do by accident. Our words—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us. That agony is our triumph!" Vanzetti shortly before his execution.

(As half of our editors were in jail when the July-August issue went to press our commemoration of the death of Sacco and Vanzetti is deferred to this issue.)