



## ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

This is Balmorhea, Texas, within four hours of El Paso, and I am within two stops of California. I am writing from a little house called Bethany, which looks over miles of desert to the foothills of the Davis Mountains. Those foothills are five thousand feet high, and here it is three thousand feet up so that the first few days I suffered with a nagging little headache. I am resting here, to get the car fixed up, a valve job, and to wait for my 1961 plates to be sent on to me from New York. I do not know how I started out on December 28th without them. Everything else about the car was checked carefully, but we all overlooked a most important item, our plates, without which I would soon be stopped on the road.

Down the highway about half a mile from where I am, the old highway dips off over an irrigation ditch and leads through a grove of cottonwoods, to the Church of Christ the King, and to the Casa Maria Reina, formerly the rectory of the priest and now the center for one of the Combermere missions. Theresa Davis is in charge, and there is Marilyn and Joe, who make up the team, together with Fr. Paul and Anne, an associate who is teaching in the grade school of nearby Saragosa, and Eddie Doherty, who is visiting for a month here in this southwest desert. All are members of the secular institute founded by Catherine Doherty which is made up of men and women and priests, and numbers right now seventy-five with fifty in training, a preparation which lasts five years. There is also another visitor, Raejean, so the center is busy indeed.

The day begins at a quarter of six and continues until eleven at night, because some of their teaching must be at night. Their job is to teach catechism to all the children of the district and last night

there was an evening of film strip, scenes from the Old Testament, with accompanying comments. I have been able to see some of the surrounding country since Joe and Anne and Marilyn all have to drive the children home who stay for catechism and the Mass which is at five each day.

It is amazing the number of visitors who drop by. I have been here just a week and during that time there were five nurses taking a winter vacation and they came from Belgium, England and Canada; there were two young hitchhikers fed; there was the family stranded on the road that Mary and I had met on our way here from San Antonio (Mary has gone back to New York by bus, a three-day trip, non-stop, and I am proceeding alone). There are visitors from the neighborhood, young Mexican girls, mothers who come in with delicious bowls of Mexican food, children who are waiting to go to Mass, who sit in the big living room and either listen to music or look at picture books; there are the young Mexican women being trained to teach catechism, too.

The house is made up of kitchen, dining room, small room where Eddie sits at his desk and divides his time between typewriter and his rock collection; living room and recreation room (television); two bedrooms and bath. It is small as rectories go, but makes a very good and homelike meeting place and all the mothers and young women and children seem to take much joy in visiting there.

The Pius XII Center a mile away has three classrooms and it is near the public school so catechism is taught there and Mass offered every other day. On the other week days, Mass is at the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Saragosa, and it is there, too, in another little center which used

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## Delinquency and Words

By Anthony Aratari

In big, bold, black letters, the newspaper headline read: "Book 12 Gang Youths in Fatal Knifing of Boy."

This clipped, bare-boned headline is now a familiar banner in the daily press of most large and small cities. One can even describe the public as weary and impatient with the persistent, troublesome problem of juvenile delinquency. Most people, in their quick anger against the baffling arrogance of delinquents, simply grab what to them is the most obvious and ready-to-hand solution of all this senseless violence: get more police on the streets and have the courts apply the full penalty of the law—that will teach these young punks a lesson!

The teacher, reacting instinctively to problems arising in a sphere where he is professionally committed and obliged to influence for the good of society, feels uncomfortable as he reads about these anti-social crimes. They are in direct contradiction to those long professed goals of American schools symbolized by such passwords as "social learnings" and "democratic living." These juvenile crimes have nothing in them resembling boyhood Tom Sawyer-like escapades, but are hate-filled acts brutally carried out on one's neigh-

bor. What is astonishing is the extreme malice characterizing these acts: the offenders attack with deadly weapons and murder without hesitation.

The teacher knows that the type of boys involved in these explosions of violence have for some time now been common to classrooms throughout the nation and in increasing proportions. Vaguely, he senses that the schools have failed these boys in some vital area. At the ages of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, their lives are individually and socially exhausted.

Now if there has been an increase in the number of delinquents, then it follows that such a discernible effect must have a discernible cause or, rather, causes, since the subject here is the many-faceted person; the person, who, if reduced to an impotent and passive state, must be exposed to and suffer many influences. An impartial sociological study, this writer believes, would show that the type of juvenile delinquent being discussed first made his appearance in the early Thirties when the movies became for all practical purposes the real educator of great masses of youth. The unceasing preoccupation of the movies with violence on the physical and emotional levels was and is

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## Mercy

HEROD, H'OEES, there is a word that has not been spoken yet  
The last word man will utter  
Under trumpet thunder:

Mercy.

Some words look pretty good from a distance, like freedom,  
Nation, free world, responsibilities and right, America;  
But slump round somehow in shadows when you drive up close.

Mercy is adamant. Mercy is awkward, ungrammatical, alone,  
Not an easy word for a man to pronounce in company.

To pick this word you'd have to climb up rock beatitudes  
I think, get knocked about on pity, peace, and love,

Which might prove tricky.

Mercy is dear toy of Christ baby.

Mercy green bud and flower of flesh that quilts with honeycomb

Dead tree of nerve and bone. In warm and silkworm skin

Treasures the tinkling blood and springing soul

Of this whole man-assembly, planet, and camping ground of men,

In ragged tents by Eden.

Ask the question: Will the word of mercy be spoken by men

Unto men, before it's disaster and angel of death too late?

I think so. I think there is no too late. I think

Easily will the iron centre of the world be smashed

Upon the Child's toy; upon the young Man's heart

(And arms aloft) in kisses of His mouth, kissing the burnt skin

Clean, Who waters His garden with His right hand, healing Hiroshimas.

Denis Knight.

## Walk To Russia

By Karl Meyer

If all goes well, I will soon be in Russia—a poor man, a working man, a pacifist, a Catholic, an American—living and working and talking among the Russian people, suffering the nuclear risk as a civilian among them, as a hostage to the hope that war will be prevented, as a flesh and blood witness to the reality of peace.

I have applied for membership in the San Francisco to Moscow Walk of the Committee for Non-violent Action. The Walk began in December as a dramatic protest against militarism, as a dramatic call for world disarmament (see January 1961 Catholic Worker), planning to walk from San Francisco to New York and then across Europe to Moscow, calling on all nations and individuals to renounce war and all cooperation

with militarism and to place their trust in the power of non-violence.

The planned duration of the project was to be about nine months.

Early in February of this year, peace leaders from all over the United States gathered in Chicago to discuss the future of non-violent action for peace. At this conference I presented ideas for adding to the Transcontinental Walk dimensions of continuity and reconciliation as a development of its theme of protest. These ideas were greeted with warm encouragement from many of those present, and I have high hopes that the walkers will also adopt them, and me along with them.

What is it that I proposed? If your brother has anything against you, go and be reconciled with

## CHRYSTIE STREET

By Stuart Sandberg

Spring came to New York so early this year that it was easy not to take winter seriously at all, nor for that matter anything else. With two fresh, warm May days threatening at any moment to disperse the whole city into irresponsible delight, it is shall I say strange, or "typically Catholic Worker," that somehow we got ourselves moved from the loft on Spring Street to our new small three-story house on Chrystie Street almost completely and almost easily on two of these precocious spring days.

Though we may have some virtues, I don't think most of the staff could be characterized as extraordinary dull—qualities which would make life simpler, though perhaps less real; it really is surprising that the days being what they were at least a few of us didn't try to escape hauling desks, tables, chairs, dishes, cabinets, cats and propaganda, to smell around the day.

Maybe our responsibility even in the face of fantastic odds was due to Allen Ginsburg, who was to give a poetry-reading our first Friday night at our new home.

More likely, however, I think it was that we felt pretty much like spring ourselves, moving to a new place and all, with so much newness to think about that we could afford to be independent of the weather, at least for our ecstasy.

Of course, it wasn't just the newness of Chrystie Street, but the house and the location which made us spring inside. At the loft we weren't too popular with the neighbors because we brought men over from the Bowery into a respectable Italian neighborhood. The children threw stones through our windows even though we were in a loft, on the third story, until finally we had to replace the glass with an unbreakable plastic. We always expected the local funeral director, a smaller, Italian version of Khrushchev, who took it upon himself to lead the campaign against us, to shake his arms in the air and scream, "We'll bury you."

Now to everyone's advantage we are out of his way. The Chrystie Street house is on the other side of the Bowery in a poorer, primarily Puerto Rican neighborhood with a park across the street where children play and two gangs hold

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him. What is it that the Russians hold against us? Our wealth in the face of man's poverty? Let us go as poor men, stripped of the comforts of the American way of life. Our leisure, in a world of toil? Let us go as men ready to labor long hours. The military might of America? Let us go as pacifists, disarmed in spirit, who have had no part of American militarism, and will have no part of any militarism. A faith that is a mockery of itself? Let us go as men renewed in brotherhood and in charity. But above all let us go as men offering to remain in Russia, or in China, permanently, to work in industries or services not related to militarism, to seek entry into the poorest and most oppressed levels of Soviet society,

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## Spring Appeal



March, 1961

St. Joseph's House  
175 Chrystie Street  
New York 2, New York

To all God's beloved (and do not doubt it,—that is what you are):

It is a miracle and a mystery to me and always will be, how we keep going, these 28 years with nothing in the bank and debts piled high. But we survive, and since where love is, God is,—and God is life, we do more than survive, we really live. Not that we are "living it up," as the saying is. Rather, we are living it down, what with being pushed back deeper into the slums again, between the Bowery and the Puerto Rican district. Notice the new address, a house spared by the new subway link, a few doors off Delancey Street, that famous East Side thoroughfare on the way to the Williamsburg Bridge to Brooklyn. We love this East Side, where the poor throng (somehow they cannot be swept out of sight in the clean-up of the city), and there is gaiety and freedom there these first premature spring days when the old people take to the park benches to watch the graceful play of the children, and mothers sun their young, and lovers see only the golden light on the still leafless sycamore trees in the long park between Forsythe and Chrystie streets.

When we are down to our last penny, and I am asked by the CW family to write an appeal again to our readers, I like to read over some of my favorite passages in the Old Testament: the story of Elias sleeping sadly under the juniper tree and the angel bringing him a hearth cake and a vessel of water; the story of the widow woman who had only a handful of meal in a pot and a little oil in a cruse, and who yet shared it with the prophet who was dying in the famine; the story of Habacuc, the prophet who was going to feed the reapers in the field with pottage and bread and how the angel took him by the hair of his head from Judea to Babylon to the lions' den, to feed Daniel, who sat in his prison with the beasts, not asking to be delivered, but thanking God for his dinner. "Thou has remembered me, O God, and has not forsaken them that love Thee."

We too are not asking to be delivered from the slums, or from our poverty, but we are asking for bread, for ourselves and for our family, here at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, for Peter Maurin Farm, for those who come to us at the beach houses, who come to us daily for food. And for the money for rents to house us all. We will try to do our share; we will work hard for our bread, we will give what we have though it is only a mess of pottage, a bit of meal and oil; we will consent to be devoured by the destitute, God help us, as our Lord is devoured by the multitude daily, in bread and wine.

And for all the rest of the money we need for food and shelter, we ask you again to be to us as the angel and the widow and the prophet Habacuc. The happiest lesson of Scripture is LOVE and "love is an exchange of gifts" as St. Ignatius said. So, as Joseph provided for Mary and Jesus, as Mary gave Jesus to us, as Jesus gives Himself, we are asking you too, to give, and forgive the seventy times seven times we go on asking. God bless you always,

In His love,  
Dorothy Day

# Trip West

By Ammon Hennacy

My friend Ray Callahan with whom I stay when in Milwaukee has retired from his job as keeper of the zoo. He tells me that the smartest animal is the chimpanzee, for if he threw his ring of keys into the chimp's cage he would instantly pick out the proper ring and open the door. He would watch through a crack below the shade toward the spot five blocks away where his keeper would get off a bus and when he saw him he would jump with glee. No human could tell a man or a woman at that distance, but the chimp would watch the two days of the week when his keeper did not work just the same as the other days and was unable to figure out which days it was futile to watch for his keeper. Ray agrees with me that a sheep is the stupidest animal. William Ready at the Marquette Library had again invited me to speak to his students and the faculty and he gave me his book about life in Ireland and America: *The Poor Hater*. I had dinner with Prof. Dave Host, old time CW friend, and his fine family of girls, and later spoke to some nuns on the south side, one of whom had known me when I sold CW's at Fordham gate. I was not able to see Donald MacDonald for he was out of town but I read the interesting discussion which he had with Dorothy in his book of *Conversations with Catholics*. I had a nice visit with Dean O'Sullivan of the School of Journalism and with Florence Wein-further at the Cardyn Club across the street from the Marquette Library. Richard Franz, a Quaker, living a few blocks from the farm where my girls were born out Waukesha way, had planned a meeting against Civil Defense activities at the YWCA where I spoke. Some liberals attending felt that they should educate the Civil Defense folks into more peaceful activity such as taking care of cyclones, not realizing that this outfit was a part of the military and interested in nothing else. Others wanted encouragement to have a poster walk on the day of national air raid drill, although here participation is not compulsory. I encouraged those who wanted to educate the Civil Defense folks to do so and not bog down the radicals who desired to act rather than talk. My friend, old time Communist leader Fred Blair, was here at the meeting and I was glad to see him again. I visited with social worker friends and others and left for Madison where I spoke to a crowded room at St. Paul's Chapel at the University. The poster outside reading, "Ammon Hennacy, anarchist, pacifist, vegetarian." Enthusiastic questions until midnight from students continued here as on all campuses on this trip. Father Brown is now in charge here. The next night I spoke in the basement of the Catholic Church in nearby Oregon to a rural audience where Father Kutchera is pastor. Just 23 years ago I had spent a night with him in Madison discussing Tolstoy and I was glad to see him again. He was interested in my forthcoming visits to the Doukhobors and the Mormons. I visited with Rev. Winslow Wilson and his charming family along with my conscientious objector Ivan Bean. Rev. Wilson is now Methodist Superintendent in this vicinity. My last night in Madison was spent speaking to radical students at Chadbourne Hall. I stayed as usual with the very Irish McGrath family: Sean, Deirdre, Maura, Sheila and Kevin.

### Minnesota

My old time friend Francis Gorgen of nearby Darlington drove me from Madison to Minneapolis where we had a small meeting at Orin Doty's—of the four famous Doty brothers who were arrested again and again for not registering for the draft. Another meeting I had in the apartment of a young married woman who had heard me last year and brought her Presbyterian pastor and some young

folks along with many students to hear me. The Socialist Club had me speak at Murphy Hall at the University. I could only have time to speak to the women at Mary-house on the phone. We had half a day with Father Casey, my spiritual director, at his parsonage at Belle Plaine. He looks better than ever and gave me guidance and encouragement in my life in Salt Lake City. On the way traveling I visited at the home of one of my prison friends from Sandstone and was surprised to meet him, as he was paroled out that week. We had worked together in the prison library and I found that my work with Arthur Harvey whereby we inaugurated the "Harvey System" of cataloguing books, was all in vain, for they had all been done over to agree with the Dewey System, this being the standard one in all libraries.

We made a quick trip to Superior where we had supper with Sister Bernice of the order which I had visited in Spokane. John Salter, who had heard me in Tempo, Arizona last year, and who now taught at the State College here, had students meet me at his apartment for a meeting which was very interesting. We got up at 4:45 and drove all day toward Iowa City.

### Iowa

Here Keith Helmuth, a Quaker student, had a large room at the University where I spoke to a capacity audience. We had stopped to see Bob Lam and family at Springville, the town where I had met the butcher who wouldn't kill sheep in 1946. Little Linda Lam, age 7, was my especial sweetheart. Walter Gormly who has likewise carried on a one-man anti-tax-revolution was at the meeting. Francis left for Chicago in the morning and



**Raise up in Thy Church  
O Lord, the Spirit  
wherewith our holy  
Father Benedict, Abbot,  
was animated: that  
filled with the same,  
we may strive to love  
what he loved, and  
practise what he taught.**

I went by bus to Des Moines. Here Larry Martin, a Baptist student who had heard me speak in New York last year, planned a large meeting along with Father Rasmussen of the Newman Club in a rented hall and we had an extra enthusiastic meeting to the students of the Disciple or Christian Drake University. Father Rasmussen had met me and others at the CW in N. Y. City when he was a

seminarian. There was a reception afterwards at which a girl came up and said, "Do you remember the girl who called you a hypocrite at your meeting at the Cloven Hoof in San Francisco last year? I am that girl and I came again, and while I don't take it all back I understand you and wish you good luck." I talked to three classes at Drake the next morning and answered questions of students all day. A tape was made of the talk the night before. Students came from nearby Ames and drove me to the Newman Club where I had supper with Father Sullivan and Father Supple, both very cordial to me. A tape was made of this meeting also. Some Quaker conscientious objectors came to the meeting also. I had never met Cecil Hinshaw and Larry drove me out to see him where he was recovering from an operation. We disagree on many things but we both mutually agree to speak on those subjects where we were both in unison.

### Missouri

Mrs. Hoyt met me at the bus in Kansas City the next night and drove me out to the huge stone house where I had visited them and spoken in 1954. Bob is editor of the local diocesan paper. I had a meeting the next night at Rockhurst College to a small group. I had a good rest with this fine family and went on toward St. Louis. I met old friends at the Center where Chris Hayes had planned a meeting for me. Ruth Ann Heaney was in from her farm and Dave Dunn was over. I spent the night with Bob and Pat Rudolph and their lively boys and the next day and night visiting with Barbara Folk and family. I had corresponded with her for some years. . . . A final visit with Father Becker with whom I have more in common each year as we visit, and a short meeting with Mary Buckley of the Grail and her young friends and I was on a 26 hour bus ride to Colorado.

### Colorado

At the home of Mrs. Coe I rested until I had a fine visit with Sister Mary Catherine, old friend of the CW from Chicago whom I had known for years. That night I was pleasantly surprised to meet Father Forsythe of the Newman Club at Colorado State University, who had years ago introduced Peter and Dorothy in San Diego and who had an alive audience for me until late hours. He wants me to come back after I settle in Salt Lake City.

Mildred Mowe had planned three meetings for me at Denver University. Harry Golden was speaking there at the same time and I was sorry to miss him. Professors greeted me kindly and I will come over from Salt Lake City later and be able to have more extended conversations with the students. I had not met my old time friend Rev. Leeland Soker, now Supt. of the United Lutheran Church in this district, for some years, and was happy to be in his territory once again. At a meeting at night I met with new readers of the CW and some old time friends, Helen Ford and Bill Fogarty and family, and spent the night with Art and Gloria Juntunen, Art driving me next day to Fort Collins where I was greeted by Rev. Malcolm Boyd of the Episcopalian Church, friend of the Moore's of Indianapolis.

In Cheyenne I was met at the bus by the wonderful Laybourn family and enjoyed meeting the few pacifists in this town famous for Margaret Laybourn and her children going to the Missile base with a sign years ago saying that Missiles Are For Murder. Later, pacifists had a project here and went to jail for 100 days.

F.S. I feel lost among so many new Associate Editors, so I have asked Dorothy to remove my name from the crowded list and put me on as Representative from Salt Lake City, or just print what I write as is desired. I am the one-man revolution same as ever.

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# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

to be another adobe brick church, that the children are taught. It is gold now and the children are all wearing shoes, but they still dress in thin cotton clothes and perhaps short-sleeved sweaters but show little indication of suffering from the cold. They are used to suffering and accept discomfort. But on cold, cloudy days one wonders how they keep warm in their little one-room huts which dot the landscape or cling to the banks of the irrigation ditches and creeks. But there are sometimes a dozen in such a hovel and just human warmth, I suppose, takes off the chill.

How hard it is ever to mention our voluntary poverty in such surroundings. No one is working now among the few thousands in the district. It is the tail end of the cotton picking, and I have seen only a dozen braceros still here, working in the fields, and only one cotton gin among the dozens hereabouts under operation. The people are living frugally on beans and tortillas, and occasionally on the delicious green chile which they peel and cook up with cheese and milk. One of the families brought us some tortilla dish last night and the girls stayed to show Marilyn how to make this side dish.

One of the reasons there is still cotton picking is that this last fall has been one of the rainiest seasons Texas has had for a long time, and the bolls did not open. So there has been a sporadic picking of cotton up till now. We got out of the car, Theresa and I, and went over to the truck to watch one of the men dumping his long sack into the great trailer by the side of the road. He carried it over his shoulder like a long bolster, weighed it (it was 76 pounds) and then clambered up on the truck and loosening either end, hung it over a beam and shook out the cotton which was being picked at this time of the year, husks and all. They are getting a cent and a half a pound now, and by working ten hours at high speed can make five dollars a day.

And they do work speedily. The sack is tied around their waists like an apron, and stretches out between their legs. They proceed down between two rows, and pick fast with both hands, stuffing the bag between their legs, which they have to shake back every now and then to push the cotton back. It is a long, heavy job, picking seventy-five pounds of cotton, dragging it along the field after one. The growers justify the contract with the Mexican government by saying they have not enough local labor to do the job in this long rich valley where the finest cotton in the world is grown, soft as silk, long fibered. But perhaps the people are not around because there is no work for them. One sees many a pickup truck on the road with moving families, looking for work. There are many abandoned huts along the roads and ditches.

When the season is at its height, some growers have more than 300 braceros and the taverns and general stores are full. On the one little road where Casa Maria Reina is there are ten taverns, some little more than a hut, with the word BEER lettered in black across the front. In one larger tavern in Saragosa during picking season there are one hundred prostitutes brought in on Saturday nights for the entertainment of the braceros, and nothing is said or done about what might be really white slave traffic. Where do these women all come from? And are they not forced, many of them, into prostitution because of the insufferable conditions under which they have lived? It is no use saying that people are used to hunger, cold and hovels and hard grueling work under a sun that blazes down day after day, until the heat reaches 130 degrees.

The group at Casa Maria Reina are where the children need them most, and they realize keenly the

difference between their condition and that of the people they are serving. Such contrasts make the need for the constant daily practice of little sacrifices, little mortifications, a constant denial of self which is certainly harder than the occasional large gesture, an outward show of sacrifice which gets acclaim. I so often think of this around *The Catholic Worker* with its outward show of poverty an appearance very often and not a reality with the self-indulgence which is so prevalent among each and every one of us Americans. (Reading a story like the one we presented from Korea two months ago, makes us realize this over and over again, and it is good to print such stories so that we may constantly repent and start over again, God help us.)

## The Rest of the Month

To work backward, we came here from San Antonio where we spent a day visiting the old missions, four of them and only one in good repair although all of them are being used for Sunday Mass; also we took part in a stand-in with the colored students from half a dozen colleges, including Catholic ones in the neighborhood. There were a number of white students with them, and some older people who looked like teachers. A priest stood by who said he would have joined us except that the movie theatre was showing "Suzie Wong" and he certainly would not see that even if he had been permitted to bring a dozen colored brothers in with him. The demonstration was peaceful and the behavior on either side courteous. Allen Stehling and his sister Linda took part with us. Allen is an artist who works for a department store, the largest in San Antonio, as a decorator, and Linda is a student at college. Their mother, a widow, is as young as they, and teaches school. It is a fine family, and we had a good meeting that night in an artist friend's studio. Allen is going to do a picture for the CW for us soon, and I shall keep reminding him, if it does not appear. I like his work immensely. It was shown two years ago at the Liturgical conference held at Notre Dame.

One notable thing about San Antonio, the beauty of the little park which borders the San Antonio river which winds through the town, is owing to the work of the unemployed during the great depression. We wandered along the river side which is below the level of the street, and watched the service men in strange, tank-like boats, some of which were motored and some of which they worked with their feet, solemnly like children on tricycles. There are several little restaurants along the river bank, and the park walk was open to all, a lovely place to spend Sunday morning after Mass. When one contrasts the ugliness of our river banks in all our great cities, one must admire the vision of the former mayor of San Antonio who saw that the unemployed were put to work on a project which is bringing joy to generations. It redeems the entire city which has slums like every other city visited. And yet Fr. Bruckberger insists we are a country which has done away with poverty.

## Corpus Christi

Corpus Christi. A city of great beauty and delightful friends. We were the guests of Anne Dodson, who is the society editor of the local paper and lives with her sister and mother, and has a little apartment next to their garage where we were put up in comfort. We had a crowded two days. We spent all one afternoon talking to Fr. Fernandez about the *curialistas* about whom we will write in an article for the *Commonweal*. An article about New Orleans and Baton Rouge will appear in that magazine soon. There is not enough room in the *Catholic Worker* to cover all the stimulating con-

tacts on this trip. There are not only the secular institutes such as Caritas, in New Orleans, Abita Springs and Baton Rouge, but this of Madonna House, Combermere, which is so alive, so well trained, and so active.

I visited two families, the Johnsons and the Flowers, both of them anxious and determined to work in the apostolate so far as their vocations as married folk, teachers, parents, will allow them. Tom Flower travels for a pharmaceutical firm and covers a large territory in southern Texas. He was a former coast guard and has had an adventurous past, fishing and sailing among the Virgin Islands and Cuba and off the coast of Florida, before he married and settled in Corpus Christi. His wife was an occupational therapist; both the Johnsons were teachers and he is interested in getting out a Family Round Robin and I am going to send him a list of names of families who might be interested in this venture—the beginnings maybe of a monthly, run by and written for Catholic families. Ed Willock was interested in such a venture, and maybe he will bless it now.

We had a good meeting on Wednesday and Thursday nights, and also at Friday noon at the our trip to San Antonio. Tom had our car serviced and filled with gas and oil, in the morning while he took time off to drive us all to Padre Island, which has so hard a beach that one can drive on it all the way to the Mexican border.



It was a gentle calm day, but still not warm enough for a picnic. I was sorry to leave these friends with whom we felt so much at home.

There were no meetings between Baton Rouge and Corpus Christi and we covered long stretches of desert, reclaimed desert, sheep and goat herds and cattle ranches, and tiny towns in the hills. One place we stopped at for the night was flat as a platter but surrounded by mountains so close that we felt we were in the crater of a dead volcano.

Before we reached New Orleans we stopped at Natchez and before that in Arkansas where we visited Elizabeth Burrow, known to John Cogley, Tom Sullivan and all our Chicago friends in the earliest days of *The Catholic Worker* there. She breaks our hearts with her courage in the face of physical and mental suffering; physical because she has cancer; mental because of the hostility of her people of the South towards the Negro. She cringes at the sight of sin, and Faubus and his forebears sicken her and it is as though she were flayed alive in a long slow martyrdom.

Visiting Elizabeth, I remembered the words of Therese of Lisieux, "Let us suffer if needs be, in bitterness, so long as we suffer." And Elizabeth is "accounted worthy to suffer," as it was said of the apostles in the early days of the Church. Suffering is the strongest of all the spiritual weapons being used in this non-violent revolution going on so slowly in the South.

To be continued

# Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

Some place in Walden Thoreau comments: "We go on dating from cold Fridays and great snows. But a little colder Friday or a greater snow would put an end to man's life on the globe." February, the variable and temperamental month, has certainly provided us some days cold enough to date from and a snow great enough to fill the nostalgic memories of those who bemoan the passing of old-fashioned winters. We can, however, thank God for temperament; for February instead of following up with a greater snow which might have put an end to us, came through in the latter part of the month with a succession of foggy, drizzly days to thaw the snow away, and even a heavenly day or two stolen right out of mid-Spring's calendar. The Feast of St. Mathias was such a day, a day to blot the memory of cold and snow from one's mental calendar. That morning, Ralph, Ed, Stanley, Jean, and I had gone to seven o'clock Mass at St. Thomas in Pleasant Plains. There was a pale gold sunrise in an almost aquamarine sky with some delicate flecking of pale shell pink; and where the snow had been the earth and last year's grass and leafage looked clean and glad to see the sun; and even the snowy blotches in the protected wooded areas and the thaw-shrunk vestiges of once monumental drifts were but pallid reminders of Winter's white tyranny. On the way back to the car after Mass, Stanley and I heard the clear Mozart-like notes of a cardinal, a lyric promise that Spring would surely come and earth rejoice once more with green and warmth and light.

John Filliger, our farmer, knows that Spring is near at hand. The seed order has been sent and is eagerly awaited. Flats have been filled with earth and prepared for the sowing of seeds that will get their start in the warmth of the greenhouse and then be transplanted to the garden when soil and sun are ready. The other day when I was out for a little walk, I found Albert Check and Mike Bucsal on the pond side of the greenhouse where they had set up a sawhorse and had dragged up waste wood to split and saw, and then arranged neatly under the benches in the greenhouse that the stoves might not lack for fuel. Daisy Mae, our cow, knows that Spring is approaching, too; for she is no longer confined to the little stable but can take the air and the sun and chew on last year's desiccated grasses in the hope that one day she will encounter the true and tender green pushing up to make a succulent morsel for her. Shorty, who looks after the cow, is no longer so cast down, for his "jimjams" are better now that the snow has melted. The geese also know; for now they swim, rather than skate, and probe the shallow waters for a more varied diet. Nor is that hardy harbinger of Spring, the skunk cabbage, still locked in winter dreams. Tom Cain, our principal naturalist, tells us—and Leonard, he says, confirms this—that down in the miniature wilderness beside our tiny brook, skunk cabbage is up and ready to unfurl a leafy banner in the avant-garde of Spring. And every morning there is a livelier lilt in the bird calls, and every day new voices added to the Spring chorus.

It is perhaps the variability of the February weather which is responsible for the prevalence of colds and related viruses among the members of our farm family during the past month. Molly Powers, in particular, has had a hard time of it with a bad chest cough that has kept her in bed for several days. Tom Cain, Joe Cotter, and Joe Roach seem to have a constant struggle with heavy colds, and I myself have succumbed to a couple

of attacks of some kind of virus. Andy Spillane, who had a very heavy cold earlier, gave up smoking in his efforts to rid himself of his cough; he is much improved and back at work with his paintbrush, so that the house, too, may show a bit of Spring finery. Everyone, in fact, has had his share of aches and pains and colds—a kind of Lenten penance—though we can thank God that no one has had a really serious illness. We can thank God, too, that we again have a trained nurse with us; for Jean Walsh is back helping Ralph and Ed run the place and giving particular attention to the sick. Perhaps the general gladness at Jean's return was best expressed by Stanley Vishnewski who set to work and cleaned her room in preparation for her coming. This is some kind of record, I think. I have often heard Stanley implore new girls, who have come to help in the work at the CW, to begin their duties by giving his room a cleaning; but I don't remember hearing that he had ever undertaken such a clean-up operation for anyone else.

The other day Bill Keane received a letter from Ernest Lundgren in which he enclosed notes for some of the rest of us. Ernest is much improved, is walking again, and expects to be over to see us soon. We thank God for his recovery, which seems almost miraculous after such a serious accident, and we shall be happy to see him. Bill Keane also brought us news of Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner. On a recent trip to Manhattan, he went by to see them and had lunch with them. He reports that they, too, have suffered with colds but are better now.

Although we did not have as much company in February as usual, we were not totally without visitors. Jonas has been out several times, and one cold and windy morning, Fr. Elias arrived for breakfast. I was delighted one Sunday afternoon when Carol Gorgen, whom I had not seen for five years, arrived to spend the remainder of the day and take supper with us. The next Sunday, Don and Jeanette Dreyer and their son Phillip, who had not been out for several months, drove over from Long Island to spend the afternoon and evening with us. But it was George Washington's birthday that added the most names to our guest book. Early in the afternoon of the 22nd, John Filliger, Ralph Madsen, and Stanley Vishnewski undertook a goose killing; three of our snowy feathered friends fell in this massacre. It was while the feathers were still flying—Ralph and Stanley did the plucking—that guests began to arrive: Lois Waechter who had not been out since last summer, and two sets of young men—Steve Herbert, Ted Berk, and John Egan in one group; Allen Ginsberg, and Peter and Lafcadio Orlovsky in the other. Coffee and conversation followed, of course. Although Lois had to return before supper, the young men had supper with us, and Allen Ginsberg and Peter and Lafcadio Orlovsky spent the night and did not leave until after dinner the next day. There was a new zest and variety in our talk that day, and I for one particularly enjoyed hearing poets talk about poetry again. A few of those from our staff in Manhattan have also been out—Ed Turner for a couple of weekends, and Anne Marie Stokes several times bringing a dash of liveliness and laughter as she always does. On her most recent visit, Stuart Sandberg and Mary Catherine Hebert accompanied her.

One recent Saturday evening, Ed Forand took Tommy and Jimmy Hughes—who had been over to the farm to see the calf—back to the beach house and on his return brought back Kerran Dugan who came over to do some research in our library for one of his articles. According to Kerran and Ed and several others

(Continued on page 6)



# USURY

By JACQUES P. BAKER

The subject of this article developed out of conversations and letters following the return of a check for \$3,579.39 to the City Treasurer, the interest on the (\$68,000) pecuniary value of our confiscated Chrystie Street property. The CATHOLIC WORKER refused to accept the interest because it opposes an economy built on the "profit motive." Many of the great poets and philosophers of antiquity, Plato, Aristophanes, Cicero, Plutarch, and Seneca, condemned usury, the leading of money at interest. Aristotle said that the most hated exchange is usury, "which makes a gain out of money itself, and not from its natural use. For money was intended as an instrument of exchange, and not as the mother of interest. This usury (tokos), which means the birth of money from money . . . is of all modes of gain the most unnatural." (POLITICS, I, 10)

There was a Patristic tradition against usury. St. Basil the Great spoke of the rapacity of those who scheme for the sake of gold and deprive the poor of the flow of the fruits of the earth. "For you wheat becomes gold, wine grows into gold, wool is woven into gold. All that is bought and sold, every human activity, brings you gold. Gold itself brings forth gold, when you multiply it at interest." St. John Chrysostom condemned the evils of usury in a Sunday sermon, calling usury a "pernicious womb," and usurers vipers who give not out of charity, or concern for another's needs, but out of greed.

The Schoolmen's arguments carried on this tradition, though in a more philosophic mode. It is primarily upon the Schoolmen, and especially St. Thomas, that the CATHOLIC WORKER relies to vindicate the truth of its proposition that lending at interest for profit is immoral, and to attest to its principle, (*superflua sunt distribuenda*) superfluities should be distributed. In the low Middle Ages, with the disintegration of the Roman Empire, the Barbarian wanderings and the Muslim invasions, overseas markets closed to trade—a state of affairs that was to last till the end of the tenth century—with commerce at a bare minimum there developed a demesne agriculture economy of subsistence. The large estates and the individual farmers produced just enough to carry the respective community or household till the next harvest. If a demesne needed credit, it was merely to support itself until the harvest. Therefore, to require interest on this credit would be to take advantage of a misfortune; it would be tantamount to robbing the poor. The thirteenth canon of the Council of Aix (789) condemned such practices, as had four earlier Councils.

With the growth of city life, there again arose commercial centers (staples). And with them a new rational theory was formed, condemning the lending of money at interest for profit. Since the rationale of the CATHOLIC WORKER can be traced back to this period, perhaps this study of the theory of the Schoolmen, a theory that the CATHOLIC WORKER accepts, will exonerate us of the accusation that we are living in a radical glass house. What follows is not a dogmatic pronouncement, but an attempt at clarifying a complex issue.

The substratum on which the Schoolmen constructed their argument against usury was the *Corpus Iuris Civilis* of Justinian. To the Roman jurists there were two species of loans: the *mutuum* and the *commodatum*. The *mutuum* was a loan, usually a loan of money, where ownership of the money passed from the hands of the lender into those of the borrower. It was impossible for the borrower to use the money if the lender held title to it. As a loan of this nature—*mutuum*—belonged to those things which are weighed, meas-

ured or numbered, the borrower was bound to return, not the original thing, but fungible things (any weight, measure or number serving the function of another) of like nature or quality.

The other species of loan was that of *commodatum* or *usufruct*. A loan of this nature permitted the borrower to return the identical thing lent, a house or cart for example. A usufructuary had the obligation to return the thing lent without injury to its substantial worth.

The Schoolmen's consideration of usury before St. Thomas was founded on the legal theory of the transfer of ownership in a loan of *mutuum*: therefore, Robert Courson could say that the lender would do an injustice, or usury, if he sought a return on money not his own. Likewise this was the argument St. Albert the Great, applied to condemn the taking of interest in a loan of *mutuum*; the very name implies the transfer of ownership.

The contribution of St. Thomas to this legal and philosophic theory was his notion of "consumed in use." Like Aristotle, he concerned himself first with the invention of money. Natural justice (*ius naturale*) required that goods exchanged for goods (barter) be commensurate in value with one another. Exchange through barter could not meet the demands of natural justice in every transaction (e.g., how many hats for a house?) therefore there rose positive justice (*ius positivum*) "a pact reached between a number of private individuals, or by public agreement, when a proportion or standard of measurement is agreed upon." (SUMMA THEOL., Qu. 57, Art. 2).

Money was instituted therefore as a common denominator and value reference for goods and services. Money is therefore a measure of value and a medium of exchange. Since the principal use of money is exchange, then when it is exchanged for goods or services it is lost from the one spending it, or "consumed in use."

The principal use of money is exchange, since it was for this reason that money was instituted. . . . But exchange is a use which, as it were, consumes the substance of the thing exchanged, in that it takes away from whoever exchanges it. (Summa Theol., II-II, q. 78, a. 1).

By inserting his notion of "consumed in use" into the existing Roman theory, St. Thomas was thereby able to develop his own position concerning usury. The use of a thing which consisted in its consumption establishes it as a loan of *mutuum*. The use of a fine Scotch, for example, consists in drinking it; in so doing it is consumed. If a proprietor of a grogshop charged you seven dollars for a fifth of Scotch, and then charged you for drinking it, most likely you would think the poor man bafled. But this is exactly what a usurer does, he charges you for the use of a thing and for the thing itself: the use of a thing of this

kind is identical with its consumption. As the use of money belongs to those things which are "consumed in use" and by its very nature barren, to charge a man for the use of money, i.e., spending it, and charge him for spending it, (consuming it in exchange), would be to charge him twice. This is clearly unjust; therefore usury is unjust.

St. Thomas' second argument against usury was similar to that of the Roman jurists, though with the additional support of the notion of "consumed in use." As money belongs to the class of those things whose use lies in their consumption, and as it would be impossible for a borrower to use the money if the lender still held ownership of it, it is necessary for the lender to transfer ownership. To charge a man for the use of his own money is unjust. From this, it can be deduced that for St. Thomas the notion of "consumed in use" and not that of the transfer of ownership was his central point in condemning usury. It was the former that permitted the latter.

This Thomistic economic theory concerns itself primarily with the nature of things and with justice, and by reason of this it is applicable to any age seeking truth and justice. St. Thomas touched on many kinds of possible loans. Three examples of this are credit sales, business loans and partnership. On the problem of credit sales, St. Thomas said that "if a man wishes to sell his goods for more than their just price, expecting the buyer to pay later, it is plainly a case of usury, because such waiting for payment has the character of a loan. If, however, a man wishes to deduct from the just price, in order to obtain the money sooner, he is not guilty of a sin of usury." (St. Thomas Aquinas, SUMMA THEOL. in A. E. Monroe's EARLY ECONOMIC THOUGHT, Harvard, 1924, p. 73). Some modern theorists of economics write off St. Thomas because he did not concern himself with insidious corporational transactions, concerning himself solely with the justice or injustice of individual transactions. There is not a difference of kind between these transactions, but of degree.

The milieu in which men develop exercises a dominant role in the mode in which they look at things. There is a growing tendency among some contemporary scholastics to introduce the notion of a business loan into their consideration of usury. They distinguish between a loan for productive purposes (a loan for the purchase of capital goods like machinery) and a loan for unproductive purposes (a loan for the purchase of human necessities like food, clothes and medical care). The former they consider to be such as to produce new wealth; interest on such a loan can be required; whereas interest on the latter is condemned as usurious. This view is not consistent with the nature of money, nor with the traditional Thomistic theory, and furthermore it was condemned by Pope Benedict XIV in his encyclical *Vix Pervenit* of 1745. As the nature of money is exchange, when money is given to a borrower, what he does with it is his own concern. If through his industry he uses the money to open a business, and make a profit, he is entitled to it. As money is only virtually productive, a business man may lose his money in a poor business enterprise.

One of the more distinguishing characteristics of capitalism is its system of reinvesting superfluities in an enterprise in order to get a return of additional superfluities. Greed is an inexorable process of conquest and man's possessiveness is satisfied.

The schoolmen recognized and commented on the problems involved in investment (*societas*) and partnership (*commenda*), with which the CATHOLIC WORKER is not in accord, at least not with St. Thomas. The error of St. Thomas on partnership was to "abandon his own principle that the use and the ownership of money are indis-

tinguishable." (John T. Noonan, Jr., BANKING AND THE EARLY SCHOLASTIC ANALYSIS OF USURY). A loan of *mutuum* to the pre-thomist meant a transfer of ownership; and to St. Thomas it meant those things whose use lies



in their consumption, and because of this was ownership transferred. St. Thomas' teaching on partnership failed to apply either of these theories.

Instead, he introduced a contradictory notion which permitted a man with money to continue to

hold title to it if in partnership with someone using it. If a shoemaker with little or no funds sought to practice his craft, and, finding he could not do so without money, went into (for lack of a better word) partnership with someone with money (in modern parlance a capitalist) though without a craft, St. Thomas would say that this was a bonafide partnership. The shoemaker would practice his craft, and the capitalist who put the money into the business would receive half or more of the profits. This is clearly unjust. It is the shoemaker who uses the money, and whose craft makes the profit, therefore he must have ownership of it. After a period of time, when the original sum invested is returned, to the capitalist if the business prospers, the shoemaker may give an additional amount out of gratitude. This, though, is not usury but extrinsic title to interest a human act of thanks. The capitalist who lent the money would clearly be a parasite if he continued to live off the labor of the shoemaker.

To make a living through means other than intellectual or manual labor is clearly exploitation. Money in itself is barren, the human mind invented it and human hands made it. To live off it through usury—in any form—is to live off the sweat of another's brow.

## Apostle of Peace

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

A man whose faith was joined with remarkable works died last year in Yardley, Pennsylvania, while working in his garden. He was Paul Comly French, whose genius created the image and reality of CARE, the relief and rehabilitation organization so well known to the American people.

I was privileged to work with Paul at CARE as well as on conscientious objector work during World War II. He was then executor of the National Service Board for Religious Objectors, Our group, the War Resisters' League and over a hundred Protestant groups were united under his direction to help the c.o.s. A network of forestry camps, hospital groups, medical research projects, farm and mental help programs were run where the c.o.s. did work of national importance. If Paul had had his way, there would also have been an overseas peace corps to bring food and medicine to the needy. One of the men in our camps, Frank Bates, was gathering the names of c.o. aviators to begin such a project. Paul French was most interested in it but Selective Service didn't like the idea.

### Founder of CARE

After the war, he was asked to analyze the operations of CARE, a recently formed relief organization which was sending government K-rations to the needy abroad. Paul conceived the idea of CARE creating its own packages in a warehouse in Philadelphia. Carloads of food were brought there and made into packages which could be bought for \$4.00 upwards, including the cost of delivery. Under his direction, the board of CARE grew to consist of representatives from over twenty national organizations. A flood of packages went abroad daily and have continued to do so for fifteen years. As many as 330,000 packages were sent in one day and when Paul left CARE in 1955, help was reaching over sixty countries. He conceived also the one dollar package with its twenty-two pounds of government surplus food which has been sent in tremendous quantities by CARE.

The day-to-day feeding of millions isn't particularly dramatic especially when the food packages are taken into the quiet of a home and eaten in privacy. This doesn't make for exciting headlines. With some of the zeal and compassion of the original missionary of the same name, Paul hedge-hopped those foreign countries, setting up

local committees, placing staff men to work with them. His passport was an arm's length. His energy was amazing and tireless and stunned his fellow workers. Many governments honored him but he went his way quietly and efficiently undeterred by political partisanship and the vagaries of diplomacy. He was intent solely on creating peace and understanding through the works of mercy.

### Work in Charity

He was a Quaker, an ex-newspaperman, with a remarkable gift for sifting huge amounts of information and simplifying them into a clearcut, easily understood policy. He was remarkably able to deal with hundreds of differing religious persons because he knew their viewpoint and understood their feelings. With political leaders of all persuasions, he had a quiet understanding method that was an education to behold. I came out of many a Washington meeting with a deep sense of humility for my own quick-to-retort uncharitableness and his profound spirit of charity.

He rarely mentioned his religious beliefs though on a few occasions he spoke of his love for the writings of Brother Lawrence. He always kept this little book on his desk. The Quakers believe in the Inner Light, which (it seems to me) is close to the Catholic idea of indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The Quakers believe also in silence and study the question and method of prayer. Many ponder on the words of St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross. Whether Paul had read these latter I don't know but some of his close friends did among the Quakers. He did however carry the Quaker spirit into his daily work by constantly using the conference method. In this thinking it is basic that the least person in a group may have the wisdom and all must be listened to. This Quaker love for conferences has often been the subject for mild jokes. As for instance the time one conference ended and a participant was asked what was decided. "We decided to hold another conference," he replied.

### The Quiet Way

I was always impressed with Paul's method of coming to conclusions and creating the proper atmosphere for the implementation of his policies or the ones decided upon. Seeing its effectiveness, I often thought to how close it was to the town meeting technique and at the same time a way for . . . (Continued on page 6)

Usura rusteth the chisel  
It rusteth the thread in the loom  
None learneth to weave gold in her pattern;  
Azure hath a canker by usura;  
Cramoisi is unbroidered  
Emerald findeth no Memling  
Usura slayeth the child in the womb  
It stayeth the young man's courting  
It hath brought palsey to bed,  
lyeth between the young bride and her bridegroom  
CONTRA NATURAM  
They have brought whores for Eleusis  
Corpses are set to banquet at behest of usura.  
Ezra Pound, (Canto XLV)



## Integration in Christ

**An Elementary Catholic Catechism On the Morality of Segregation and Racial Discrimination**, by Most Rev. Albert L. Fletcher, D.D., Bishop of Little Rock, Guardian Press, Little Rock, Ark.

When Dorothy asked me to review Bishop Albert Fletcher's little catechism on the morality of segregation and racial discrimination I realized I could not do it except from within a framework of personal observation.

Here in the south people are beginning to go to the root of the question of racism and the problems we not only have inherited but have perpetuated in our communities. No longer are the novelists and poets the only vocal forces calling us to see what man hath wrought. The happenings in New Orleans—and earlier, in Little Rock—shocked people who'd never thought much about social justice or the dignity of the individual before. (Except, that is, where our own dignity or just due was threatened). One reason we'd never looked much below the surface of Negro and white relations is because we never heard much about that specific Christian issue from the pulpit.

But when the Supreme Court decision was announced there was rejoicing among some southerners. We still thought in terms of the south. We had not realized that racial prejudice and discrimination were serious problems all over the globe.

Seven years later we have had our view of the world widened. We are not so naive in our understanding of our neighbors, near ones and far. We know now that legislation of morals will never be effective. Because man has free will and yet suffers from the traumas of original sin, it is only Christ who can effect the ideal of order in human relations.

Thus, to put off the old man and to put on Christ is the cure. It is as simply stated as that. But anyone who tries, or is tempted to try to follow Christ knows how that simple statement poses a difficult, rending confrontation. It exposes one to the core. It also disposes one to look for leadership. A Christian looks first to the alter—Christ for this.

When the decision was announced, we listened. Beyond some scattered sermons and reports of such, there was no concerted voice heard from the southern clergy. Those who'd anticipated such preaching with fire in the eye be-

gan to relax. Those who'd wanted very much to be directed began to be apprehensive. Only someone who's seen tempers explode, who's seen friends cease speaking to each other, and who's seen fingers pointed at "that communist integrator" can know what the past seven years have been like.

The Supreme Court decision may have been a catalyst. But its implementation, of itself, will never destroy the evil systems which racial segregation, or domination as some of us down here call it, has developed. It is in the light of this slow dawning judgment that people disposed to work much more actively for justice await more guidance from their bishops and priests.

Therefore those who've had the good fortune to come across a copy of Bishop Fletcher's little catechism on the morality of segregation as we know it in this country have rejoiced exceedingly. When a friend told me last spring that she'd heard his pastoral letter describing it read from a Searcy, Arkansas, pulpit on the first Sunday of Lent, it was good news indeed. The letter outlined the bishop's plan for having all Confraternity of Christian Doctrine discussion groups in his diocese study the Catholic viewpoint on race during Lent. And further, he wrote that he had prepared a suitable work himself since he had found none within the covers of a single book. I sent for a copy immediately. *An Elementary Catholic Catechism on the Morality of Segregation and Racial Discrimination* was written by a shepherd who thoroughly understands his people and their milieu.

This little brown paper covered catechism has the "peace" prayer of St. Francis on the inside cover. In the preface is a statement of purpose and directive for use. Bishop Fletcher stresses that CCD members remember such groups are not debating societies. Without tactful leadership these groups can tend that way. He also reminds the member to ask God to give him the grace "to be humble in the possession of the truth." There is a great tendency in those who understand the church's viewpoint on race to be supercilious and impatient toward those who do not hold the same view. This is, of course, a personal fault which many sincere Catholics have had to overcome. One priest reminded such a person, agitated at hard words passed about a Negro attending Mass at a so-called "white church," that "we must remember

Christ is in that person as well as in the Negro." Bishop Fletcher's directives, well taken, will curb such pride in people who think they're all right since they are not victims of racial prejudice.

This catechism begins at the beginning. This is where it is necessary to begin. If that statement seems obvious, remember St. Paul's words "I fed you with milk, not with solid food, for you were not yet ready for it." . . . There are many tomes on justice and all its branches, but how many people are equipped to read them? What strong spur will send them searching for them?

There are seventy-two questions in this book. All are pertinent. All indicate the bishop's knowledge of

## CARHAIX\*

I have drowned you in the valleys of my tears  
and crowned you at the level of my ecstasies;  
my hand calls out at the foot of the tree  
for the strange bidden and unbidden fruit  
—the hand outflung, untaken, so close to the heart—.

With shaggy plume and sullen beak they toss and hurl,  
the unspoken, warped and cold yet wet with blood  
that would warm, swell and thrill in terce perfect;  
but none can be taken here in slattern need  
being preordained and spelled to the making of history.

And the two-edged blade stark on the mossy bed  
awaits my mood for fear that I should perish;  
the shadows fall cross-wise upon the awesome gift,  
the secret lore that starts many a greater guessing:  
The spell-bound time is witness to my sigh!

I would be spent but for that high-willed heart-beat  
God-given, never willed, and for that radiant beam  
crossed and recrossed that mates from soul to soul  
and all is said and done in gold—and over-brimming!  
But, ah, where do I wander? Is my pride my dream?

My Lord, how jealous you speak! Your knowledge is my death!  
by Anne Taillefer

*\* The town where Ysolde of the white hands, Tristram's wife, was supposed to live; the poem is based on the "Satin Slipper" (refusing the cup); its name in Gaelic is the way to Ys—the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Celts.*

his people. There is no skirting of the issue. There is no overtone of "now take this and like it." You hear fears of this attitude muttered on all sides in the south. The threat of withdrawing financial support from parish schools should they be integrated is still heard also. How much these threats are worth (no pun intended) would have to be evaluated by some bishop who has met the situation.

The point is, of course, that if threats and fears such as these are to disappear there must be more catechisms like this one. And more encouragement from clergy to people to study these texts when they are prepared.

The catechism questions are divided into seven categories. The first deals with the nature of segregation. The others include: The Cause of Segregation in Arkansas; The Morality of Segregation; Personal Morality of Discrimination on the Basis of Color Alone; these state the problem. The remedies are then treated in the balance of the book. In these remedies are definition of key words and phrases such as interior charity, exterior charity, interior justice, affection, fraternal charity. Liberal quotes from the Gospels are used here and throughout the other parts of the book.

I realize I have talked more about the need for such a book than about the text itself. This is because I—and many others with whom I have talked over the years—recognize the value of the book toward meeting the need.

CCD is canonically established in every parish. It is established for the benefit of the laity. The problem of racial discrimination is a problem which must be overcome by the laity, primarily. We who are not members of secular institutes, of the clergy or of religious orders can no longer rest on the laurels won by these groups in the work of improving race relations and restoring all things to Christ. It follows then, that we answer "Lord, here I am" when He calls through such pages as these of which I have written here.

Marge Baroni,  
Natchez, Miss.

## HUYSMANS

It seems unfortunate to my wife, and me that too many people think of Huysmans only in the context of his early writings in eroticism, naturalism and the cult of art-for-art's-sake. Too little is known here about his conversion to Christianity, his life as a Benedictine oblate, his later mystical writings, which are now valued very highly in the Church.

To actually follow his "itinerary" from beginning to end (which I won't do here, but which can be done in an excellent biography by Richard Baldick, Oxford, 1955) is to pass from the tourist or stage-

"hidden in a corner, in peace." She died in her small Dutch village in 1433 at the age of 53 after a life that had begun with great promise and great physical beauty, was ravaged by an internal disease resulting from a skating accident suffered in her youth and which confined her to her bed. The disease wasted her with abscesses, deforming her, until finally no doctor and few friends or family would attend her at all up to her solitary death.

Her life is obscure despite the many cults in Holland, Germany and France that grew out of the miracles she was said to have performed through her suffering and the popular belief that her body was transformed in beauty at her death. It would seem doubly obscure to any audience considering Christianity primarily on a social level, in terms of what it "does," more than what it "is." To quote Huysmans, her life seemed to witness only helplessness, only spiritual deeds depriving her of her own physical force. She loathed suffering, as any normal person does; she loathed the pious who told her helplessly that she was expiating and left her alone to do so. She is the saint of those who are perhaps ignorant of the great problems of the world, yet who are given unexplainable sufferings, sudden diseases that have no meaning and within which meaning must be found, even without consolation.

She suffered all of the spiritual pains also. She saw friends and members of her family taken from her either by death or misunderstanding. She had a local priest visit her only to bargain (out of jealousy) for her precious rosary and relics when he saw she was spiritually superior. This same priest even tried to deceive her in bringing her an unconsecrated host, which she recognized as such; shortly thereafter the priest mysteriously died, despite her prayers for him.

It was a doctor who tried to explain her vocation to her and another, a visiting priest, who helped her believe in her understanding of God's "working of her soul." I often think of her in the light of the many frustrations it is possible to have over the lack of consolation from spiritual advisors, priests who are poor confessors, for example, priests who have failed to



find God in their inner lives and thus are unable to perceive Him at work in others. She is a saint for these also.

Huysmans uniquely felt some communion with Sainte Lydwine, feeling that she had become his consolation, had become, in fact, his "substitute," and that he was simply her witness or the witness of this mystical power of "substitution" for another. He was not a "heroic" man; he could perceive that "it is through suffering that we find joy" intellectually, but in the face of "the temptation of despair" and inhuman tortures he was powerless to simply imitate the early Christians in "welcoming the flames." The friends from his earlier literary period who had doubted the sincerity of his conversion harassed him still; when he was at the height of his own terrible suffering he asked "is this literary now?"

The doubts he felt from others  
(Continued on page 6)

## Walk To Russia

(Continued from page 1)

making our country, our beliefs, our pacifism incarnate there. And if that means in Soviet prisons, let it be so.

Thus we would demonstrate to the American people that we who have practiced non-violent resistance and lived in American prisons will also offer our lives without fear in Russia, replying to the question so often raised about how non-violence will confront Communism.

Thus we would demonstrate to the Russian people our unity with them in the realities of their lives.

This to me is an act of my Faith, because faith is not the pacifist creed we say we believe in, or even the truth we trumpet to the world. Faith is an action that bears on the realities of our lives.

Who will take my place at St. Stephen's House is still an open

question. If any man of strong Catholic Worker sympathies and sturdy temperament wants to receive the responsibility of heading a household of ten diverse individuals for awhile, I hope he will write to me. We will have a committee of Ed Morin, Terry Sullivan and others of our old friends to help out.

I don't really know how long I will be gone. We may be turned back short of our goals in Russia. We intend to commit civil disobedience, if necessary, in order to carry our witness into any country on the route which denies us entrance. That speaks for the persistence and resolution of the Walkers; however, the power and ingenuity of Governments may prove an impassable barrier. But there are no impassable barriers to the hope that goes before us.

I will be leaving Chicago with the Walk on Easter Monday, April 3, and hope to see many of you on the way to New York, via South Bend, Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Karl Meyer  
St. Stephen's House  
164 W. Oak St.  
Chicago 16, Illinois

### NEW ADDRESS

175 Chrystie Street  
New York City—2

New Telephone Number  
GRamercy 3-5850



## Delinquency and Words

(Continued from page 1)

a most powerful shaper of their moral life. And it is obvious that television has continued and consolidated the grip that the "image industries" have on the contemporary imagination.

This article, however, is mainly concerned with the educational failure to equip a growing youth avid for life with the means to achieve a valid humanity on the emotional, moral and intellectual levels. What is the weakness, where is the fault in our schools that has made and still is making so many of our children the easy prey of the entertainment merchants and the sensational, self-righteous press? What force which they do not now possess would help them to successfully resist and even overcome the present, insidious, public imagination everywhere fostered by mass communications?

A closer examination of the psychological and intellectual condition of the young, ruined delinquents, I think, reveals the Noah's Ark that can brave this fool of murderous phantasms claiming to be authentic images of truth. It is a well-known fact that many juvenile delinquents suffer from an extreme language poverty, that they are apt to be choked, even strangled, when it comes to words, being unable to talk effectively, read or write. The word here is conspicuous by its absence.

Seen in this light, some of the acts of vandalism perpetrated by these youths: the stoning of library windows and patrons, causing the neighborhood library to shut down; the breaking into the library at night and upsetting the card files; the stoning of school windows and the destruction of school property—these acts become mirrors of a poignant disconnection between these children and the word. For the offenders, following they know not what impulse, seem compelled to vent their hatred on those two primary channels for words: the school and the library.

Exploring further the idea of an exhausted life, we hit upon the more specific notion of a psychic vacuum; at a very early age, the pitiable amount of human nature available in these youths (the quantity and quality of it varies with each person), has dried up from lack of use and attention. They are merely the physical and mental limits of their finite, created selves, forced to move about and perform acts of existence, but utterly barren in their inability to receive ideas or conceive them.

The soil of humanity needs a fruitful seed to nurture in order to produce the flower. The word is that seed and the concept is the flower. And man needs the concept to separate himself from what is lower than his being and to unite himself with his equals and with what is higher.

What is a word? As a sound-shape uttered by man, it is a communication of meaning. As a unity of written letter-symbols, we look at a word and experience the same thing as when we look at the object it represents or a picture of the object: we have a thought.

Both the sounds and the letters of the alphabet signifying those sounds are inventions of man, imitations of things seen and heard in the natural world. The discovery of sounds and letters has its origin in the musical and material plasticity which ties the body of creation together. Out of nature itself, man abstracts the principles by which he reconstructs the tools to explore that same nature further. According to Genesis, the word is the primordial tool in this infinitely complex and unpredictable task.

In the Garden of Eden before the Fall, God is described as bringing the animals to Adam "to see what he would call them." Note the implication in this text that God waits and watches for Adam's intuitive readings of the different natures of the multitudes of beings

that He profusely created. God waits for man to exercise the original, intelligent power to name that He implanted in his soul. In the sound-shapes spoken by Adam, that is, man, is sealed in some mysterious way knowledge of the creature being read and the name becomes a bond between them. Note also that God is said to have brought the creatures to Adam for naming—the task is a duty not to be shirked as well as a delightful divine-human game.

The unfolding of man's power to name parallels the development of language itself, both in the ancient past and now. Study a child's ever-growing ability to use words from his first baby sounds and you will have some idea of mankind's slow conquest for itself of the marvelous language tools of speaking, writing and reading. In the beginning, there are imitative, gurgling sounds as the baby reaches out to things around him. Then he actually utters words for those same things. Pictures are placed before him along with spoken and printed words as he begins to learn the alphabet and to combine the letters into the different word-shapes that stand for the sounds he can already speak. Finally he is able to read words by themselves, gathering silently and freely into his mind as he reads the ideas that the words bring, line after line, page after page, book after book.

A better example of how the direct experience of nature provides the happiest framework for an exquisitely leaved language growth cannot be found than Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha's Childhood."

At the door on summer evenings,  
Sat the little Hiawatha;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the waters,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder;  
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,  
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water . . .

This poetic picture of how the primitive "little Hiawatha learned of every bird its language/Learned their names and all their secrets," is a perfect archetype for the language-learning process with all the natural organisms at work and fulfilling their purposes, including the listening, seeking child.

It is now that we must accurately isolate the crucial factor that acts as a bridge for the word to pass over from the outside world and carry its cargo of meaning into the mind of man—experience. It is experience, actual contact with things, knowledge filtered through the senses that welds the spoken symbol and the written symbol into a meaningful word unit also capable of being experienced. This is the ideal way of learning to read printed words: through the medium of experience. Without it, the abstracted symbols of sound-shapes and letters cannot take real root in the mind. In many juvenile delinquents, the automatic transference of the sound and meaning of a word directly to the mind through the eye, which is the mechanism of reading, could never really begin to operate because they did not experience through their bodily senses the realities that the words represented. Experience is the "wattle of clay" that opens eyes and ears. The abstract use of words for abstract purposes is a final stage in the reading-thinking process.

Concrete experiences on many levels are obviously the sources for the vocabularies that shape and incline them as distinct circles of meaning; for the experiences provide the physical and mental objects and the relationships that have to be named. They make an orbit for the mind's activity to move in. They are like pools of language. And after a succession of experiences, at a certain point of

abstraction, the circles of meaning overlap and we get the marvelous effect of pools within pools.

It might be thought that the curriculum subjects such as history, geography, etc., are these pools of language. It is only superficially so, in terms of nomenclature. This is where many children die on the language map: in the dry, flat desert of nomenclature.

The idea that education is the experimental undergoing of successive experiences so that the child is equipped for yet more experiences is John Dewey's perceptive and justly celebrated contribution to educational theory. The general public believes that his theories caused a major revolution in our schools and many people blame him and his progressive ideas for the large number of scholastic failures and retarded readers now glutting our schools. Yet it is Dewey who warned the "new education" of the "danger of taking the idea of development in altogether too formal and empty a way." "The child," he wrote, "is expected to 'develop' this or that fact or truth out of his own mind" and "is told to think things out, or work things out for himself, without being supplied any of the environing conditions which are requisite to start and guide thought." This last quotation could stand as a fair description of reading lessons in many classrooms today and it was written in 1899.

For it is a curious thing—in spite of all the talk, John Dewey's notion of experience, of learning by doing, is not firmly planted in our schools. In some places, it apparently has never been introduced. And where it has been introduced, it has not been understood as a "problem of se-



lecting appropriate stimuli for instincts and impulses which it is desired to employ in the gaining of new experience." There is also no adequate appreciation and response to the truth that there is no practical limit to the number and variety of bodily and mental experiences possible for the intelligent human being in transit on this earth—this is something Dewey knew very well.

The results for the reading situation from these misconceptions, along with the aggravating factors of large classes, cramped quarters, insufficient materials, poorly trained teachers plus broken homes—well, the results have been disastrous as we can read in the newspapers. In too many classrooms of the modern city, cut off as they are from the powerfully insistent, attractive voice of nature, the words printed on the pages of the books open on the desks of bored, inattentive pupils are just so much dead fish in the way.

The word is the incomparable frigate of meaning, but for the Noah's Ark we were seeking a more felicitous comparison would be the ideal classroom. For all living things can march into the classroom as words if the teacher knows what he is doing and why, knows where he and the children are going. Contact with living ideas in a place where there is ample space for mobility and an endless supply of materials will awaken the power to name in each child, even the retarded child; and the development and exercise of that power will make him capable of criticizing and recognizing the dead works which everywhere abound.

## Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

who have been over, everything is going well at both beach houses.

No winter is complete without some special work projects. One such project undertaken by Hans Tunneson and Ralph Madsen was the rebuilding of our dining-room table. It is a craftsmanlike sturdy table with a handsome finish over which Ralph spent some time and effort, a table that should last for years and can support a real feast day banquet. Although Ralph and Ed have to spend a great deal of time helping at the loft, and at present writing are in helping with the move to our new Chrystie Street house, they do manage to accomplish quite a lot of work when they are here and we do miss them when they are away. I am glad to report, however, that Ralph felt some remorse for his part in the goose killing and was moved to compose some elegiac lines, the first two of which he permitted us to hear:

"There was a goose, there was a goose.  
You must believe me that there woose."

Ed Forand, who learned from Ralph Madsen, has become an excellent baker and is now teaching Jean Walsh the same art. Jean has also been understudying the cookery of Joe Roach and Joe Cotter, and the other morning was down bright and early peeling potatoes for Hans who was taking his day as cook. Ralph remarked the other morning that he thought Slim, who keeps the dishes and the diningroom floors clean, is one of the most disciplined members of our community. I would add another name—Agnes Sydney. Agnes will be eighty years old in April, but for all the aches and pains which always accompany age, she is uncompromisingly faithful to her duties of keeping stairs and upper hall and

bathroom clean and setting the table for dinner and supper every day. The sacrament of duty is certainly highly regarded by many of our farm family.

We are still reading *The Long Loneliness* for noontime table reading, but the other day Stanley read instead Dorothy Day's article on Ed Willock which appears in the February 24th *Commonweal*. It is a moving article and evoked some memories of Ed Willock and the children and hoped that things would go well with them. We thought, too, of Dorothy who wrote the article and whom we continue to miss, though we are glad she is having so fruitful and interesting a journey and is finding time to do some writing at Balmorhea.

For us, as for all Catholics, the most important event in February was the beginning of Lent. Although we cannot always go to weekday Mass if the car is needed in town, we do have the Chapel with the Blessed Sacrament and the Stations of the Cross. We have Mass there at least every two weeks, and we are most grateful to Msgr. Dolan for the Lenten vestments. Some of us go daily to the Chapel for visits or to make the Stations. There is rosary, too, and Prime and Compline. For me, listening to the New Testament records which I do every morning—is also a big help. But the thought that I have been pondering on as a kind of Lenten meditation is not from the New Testament—though the idea is best expressed there—but from Thoreau, who was not a Catholic but deeply religious and who writes in the wonderful last section of *Walden* which is so full of wisdom: "Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage." Perhaps this is the kind of spring-planting God most wants us to do.

## Apostle of Peace

(Continued from page 4)

what Catholics call the gift of counsel of the Holy Spirit to work.

At the NSBRO meetings under Paul in Washington, I got an insight into the thinking of hundreds of Protestant leaders from personal contact. Our sessions often lasted ten and twelve hours every few weeks. All were grappling with a profound moral problem—the relationship of a Christian to war. They weren't afraid to air their views and humbly they were seeking the Christlike way of thinking. I often wished more of our Catholic leaders had participated. Many knew we were being helped financially by Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati and Bishop Shaughnessy and others. They knew the Catholic split over the war issue. They knew too that Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque had said he would never sign the war statement backing President Roosevelt. He had been most upset at our joining forces with Communism after the Pope had said in his encyclical on Atheistic Communism "Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever. Those who permit themselves to be deceived into lending their aid towards the triumph of Communism in their own country will be the first to fall victims of their error." Archbishop Beckman had asked priests at Notre Dame University to make a study of the Pope's words and his view was backed by them.

In Washington where the devious is so often standard operating procedure and the power struggle is intense and the atmosphere filled with jealousies and misinformation is everywhere, Paul went his quiet way, keeping his ideals high although he knew how to deal with the political leaders.

His death went practically unnoticed in a world beset with news

of earthquakes and rumors of wars, violence and dissensions. Yet millions abroad are living today because of his thoughtfulness.

## Huysmans

(Continued from page 5)

were similar to the cries of the Schiedam priest who tried to get his congregation to believe Sainte Lydwine was a hypocrite and besieged by devils, until it was the civil authorities who kept him from being run out of town by those who knew of her sanctity. Sainte Lydwine had many visions, was said to have subsisted for the last 19 years of her life on the sacraments only, experienced ecstasies, but all these unusual details are less eventful to us than the meaning of her vocation itself, the thoughts that grow out of it, its influence on those who are suffering. Above all, she was struggling to uphold her vow, once she had offered her sufferings for others.

If we are repelled by the face of what seems gratuitous cruelty, we are among her friends and family in the story (though many of these were truly selfless in helping her). If we are adept at explaining "the vocation of suffering" intellectually to others and ourselves, yet only try to snatch the real secret away from those who can bear it, we are there in the jealous priest. Or like the doctor and the other priest, we may be there also.

But we all, by act of her "substitution," as Huysmans believed, are there in the very presence of Lydwine herself, or she is here, and we are not alone.

Herbert Mason  
366 Main Street  
Gorham, Maine



## Society Is for Man

I  
But although all the world ranged themselves on one line to tell you "This is wrong"; be you your own faithful vassal and the ambassador of God—throw down the glove and answer, "This is right." Do you think you are only declaring yourself? Perhaps in some dim way, like a child who delivers a message not fully understood, you are opening wide the straits of prejudice and preparing mankind for some truer and more spiritual grasp of truth; perhaps as you stand forth for your own judgment, you are covering a thousand weak ones with your body; perhaps, by this declaration alone, you have avoided the guilt of false witness against humanity and little ones unborn . . . God, if there be any God, speaks daily in a new language by the tongues of men; the thoughts and habits of each

fresh generation and each new-coined spirit throw another light upon the universe and contain another commentary on the printed Bibles; every scruple, every true dissent, every glimpse of something new, is a letter of God's alphabet and though there is a grave responsibility for all who speak, is there none for those who unrighteously keep silence and conform?

Robert Louis Stevenson

II  
We live, not in an ideal world in which reason has only to speak in order to be obeyed, but in a world of stupidity and sin. In that real world, even mistaken dynamism is of value, since at least it keeps society fluid. The thing that is really hopeless, the thing that marks the end of an epoch, a civilization, a world, is static wrong-headedness without dynamic ele-

ments; an established standardization which is itself dead and which expels its only sources of rejuvenation . . . An established order is not an end, but a means. A society in which the individual person is sacrificed, or standardized, in order to preserve intact the neat delineations of an established conventional order is a monstrosity. The office of authority is not to do violence to individuals that an established order may remain unchanged; but to do violence, whenever necessary, to the established order so as to meet the changing needs of individuals. Society is for man . . . In the Christian view of things, the individual achieves that perfection which it is the office of society to make materially possible, by basing his conduct on the principle not of selfishness but of self-giving, and of self-giving not least in the sense of service of his society. But there are two ways of serving society. A man can serve society by giving it what it asks. He can serve it by giving it what it needs. And the extra-social individual need not fear that in remaining faithful to himself he is being faithless to his society; for by being faithful to his own dynamism he is being faithful to society's greatest need, the need of life.

Rev. Gerald Vann, O.P.

III  
When Christianity says that God loves man, it means that God loves man: not that He has some "disinterested," because really indifferent, concern for our welfare, but that, in awful and surprising truth, we are the objects of His love. You asked for a loving God: you have one. The great spirit you so lightly invoked, the "lord of terrible aspect," is present: not a senile benevolence that drowsily wishes you to be happy in your own way, not the cold philanthropy of a conscientious magistrate, nor the care of a host who feels responsible for the comfort of his guests, but the consuming fire Himself, the Love that made the worlds, persistent as the artist's love for his work and despotic as a man's love for a dog, provident and venerable as a father's love for a child, jealous; inexorable, exacting as love between the sexes.

C. S. Lewis,  
The Problem of Pain

## Letter From Korea

132-28 Do Dong  
Chung Ku  
Seoul, Korea  
Feb. 11, 1961

Dear Friends in Christ:

If I have ever had any doubts that God moves in mysterious and wondrous ways, these doubts are now dispelled. Last summer I wrote a letter, a copy of which I sent to a friend, describing as best I could the conditions of appalling misery and wretchedness that are crushing the lives of the people of South Korea. My friend sent this letter to you, and you printed it in your December issue. Since then I've received over a dozen letters from people living in all parts of the U.S. who read my letter in THE CATHOLIC WORKER and were moved to write to me. The response has been truly amazing and most gratifying! A couple in California offered to adopt a Korean child to relieve some of the burden here, and they have friends who would also like to adopt a Korean child. A college girl in Texas offered to send good books for the use of students here. A woman in New York offered material assistance and also some good suggestions about projects we might initiate to help people to become self-supporting. I received a letter from the managing and art editor of MOTIVE magazine, Margaret Rigg, asking me to write some articles on Korea for MOTIVE (I have sent one to her but don't know if she will find it usable. I received a letter from friends in Oregon whom I had lost track of and was very glad to find again. I received a letter from a woman in New York who suggested the very good idea of starting a Share Seoul Club—a club in which each member contributes a dollar a month to support relief and rehabilitation projects here in Seoul. (Anyone who would like to join this club or start a chapter in his or her city may do so by writing to me at the above address). Almost everyone who has written has volunteered material or spiritual support or both, and both are surely needed!

We have already begun our first Share Seoul Club project. The other night my wife, Seoung Lee,

and I got together with her sister (who is a well-known writer here) and a friend to discuss realistic and practical ways that we might help here. We decided that one thing we might do is to try to get some of the multitudes of homeless teenage boys off the streets. These boys pose a real problem, for they have no place to go, nothing to do, and many of them become what are called "gameh" or hoodlums. One sees them roaming the streets in packs, wearing their tattered, grimy clothes and a defiant swagger. Recently a boy about 15 years old came to our door begging for rice. He told us that he was an orphan, and that he and some other orphans had banded together for mutual support, and were living in a shack nearby. They all contributed by doing different tasks: some of them begged, some of them sold papers, some shined shoes, some collected trash to sell (one sees many of these trash boys with their wicker baskets wandering the streets picking up refuse from the gutters which they will try to sell). Teenage orphan girls here have a better chance because some of them can find jobs working as household servants. But for the teenage homeless boys there is almost no hope—no place to go. To meet this situation, we thought we would try to start a kind of Boys' Town—a place where boys could live and work and learn useful skills. On such a project as this we would have to start with just a few boys, because we don't have the resources or facilities for any large-scale operation at the moment. Our first consideration, then, was how to obtain land on which to begin building some very simple housing accommodations. We decided it would be better to try to get land in the country because it is cheaper there and also much better for boys who have lived their lives on the streets. At this point my wife's father and mother volunteered to let us use a small vineyard they have in the country. There is a barn that can be converted into living quarters without spending too much, and they can raise chickens and pigs and grow vegetables and use or sell whatever they produce. In this way boys would learn agricultural skills and might even be able to be self-supporting. Thanks to the generous contributions that people have sent us, we should be able to get started on this project right away. I guess the first thing we will do is to make the barn liveable.

I cannot tell you how grateful my wife and I are to you for printing my letter, and to all of the wonderful people who have written to express their concern and to offer their support. We will surely remember you in all our prayers. What amazes my wife and I is that we didn't plan any of this—it just seems to be happening. If there is any planning it is being done by God.

I will write from time to time to tell you about Korea and about the progress of our project here. The fact that we have a project at all we owe to you for printing my letter. Thanks again! Thanks to God!

Yours in Christ,  
Brian and Seoung Lee Wilson

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

their rumbles. Here perhaps we can be of some help to our new neighbors as well as the men from the Bowery, now only a block away.

Because of the overwhelming immigration of people from Puerto Rico to New York, most of them illiterate and unskilled, many with large families crowded into unlivable quarters, there is so much need for education and material assistance, and most of all perhaps, for serious concern, that we feel increasingly the need of doing more, and pray that we will have the grace and the capacity to be of personal use. It is difficult to imagine that there are whole families in New York City who do not eat for days at a time; that there are people living six to twelve in a room in which there are also twice as many rats; that there are families with five, six, seven children living off a pay check of 52 dollars a week—the mother isn't working because she is pregnant. In America it is easy to stop believing in poverty; it is easier still to forget about destitution.

The ideal of the Christian is not to eliminate poverty and make everyone comfortably middle class, a hope of the liberal humanist; Christ said "the poor you will always have with you," and we follow Him by trying to accept poverty and even destitution. It is a hard ideal for one-self, and how much harder it is to hope to help others to it—even sometimes when you think of it, presumptuous. Somewhere in BREAD AND WINE Silone says that politics is a luxury of the well-fed; without grace and great charity material assistance can remain just that, and religion also becomes a luxury of the well-fed.

At Spring Street, taking care of

the CW family and of those who came to the loft for help were responsibilities enough for the staff, and any attempt to help families in need was on a personal basis. Anne Marie, for example, through talking to the women she gave out clothes to, learned of families she could help and did what she could for them on her own. She tells of the mother of one family that she became particularly concerned with who said "You don't have any children, you can have my son Juan when he gets older, he will take care of you." With what else but charity could one receive such a gift?

Now, at Chrystie Street, in the midst of these families and with three new people to help us, we will have to do more, we will be able to do more, still personally but also together. Dianne, who arrived a few weeks ago from San Francisco as if it were a few blocks away, has already begun working with Anne Marie in the clothes room and visiting families, besides being a great working and orderly force in our moving. Also, helping us part-time are Philip and David, who enthusiastically appear at the right working moment and were happily around for our transfer.

If we were counting the advantages of the new place over the loft, next to location, the most important, I think, is that with a house we can feed the line and the family on the ground floor. The two long flights of stairs leading up to the loft were enough to discourage even some of our harder friends, much less the old people, cripples and pregnant women. The main reason Larry our cook took a day off, he says, was so as not to have to climb the stairs. Now, with a small office near the front door and the food more readily available perhaps more people will wander in to find out what we're all about, and then tell us.

There is such a variety of reasons for liking the new Chrystie Street house that each of us has his own; I like being near the extravagant streets of the lower East Side, crowded as they are with bins of exotic candies and dried fruits, racks of brilliant dresses (all of which I recollect seem reddish-purple), people that are people; I like having the office on the top floor where, if there's an opera on the radio once in a while, listening to it won't disturb anyone; I like the easily accessible roof (overlooking the Bowery) to which one can quickly escape to let off steam, as they say. Most of all I like what I think most of us like about our new house, that is, its newness. Now that we are back on Chrystie Street again, closer to the Bowery as well as closer to the Puerto Ricans, we feel even more fully the variety of our responsibilities and tantalized, look forward to the joy of their fulfillment.

If there is anything we are sure of this year it's spring.

No condition is beneath that of a human being enveloped in a cloud of guilt, be it true or false, and entirely in the power of a few men who are to decide his fate with a word. These men do not pay any attention to him. Moreover, from the moment when anyone falls into the hands of the law with all its penal machinery until the moment he is free again—and these known as hardened criminals are like prostitutes, in that they hardly ever do get free until the day of their death—such a one is never an object of attention. Everything combines, down to the smallest details, down even to the inflections of people's voices, to make him seem vile and outcast in men's eyes including his own. The brutality and the flippancy, the terms of scorn and the jokes, the way of speaking, the way of listening and of not listening, all these things are equally effective.

Simone Weil

## BEC VILIN

(after the Seven Sleepers Pilgrimage for Muslims and Christians, Vieux Marche, Bretagne)

The sound of sea, the breathing that calls  
The soul to come away, to become driftwood  
Leaving the ale-wife and her ways of love . . .  
The wound washed incessantly . . .

I turn around like a startled fish  
To seize what I did not suspect . . .  
Coming on the end of all its witnesses  
Saying Patience, patience softly in its streets . . .

Faces coming toward me in the darkness  
Carrying candles and rising  
From their early sleep . . .

'O in love we are very high, but nailed;  
Free, but caught . . .

A thin red lip of sunset closes it,  
The last glimmer of the once loved teeth  
Of near possession.  
I see the ragged outlines of the rocks  
Lolling in the water on their sides.  
The darkness. Sound rising from the sea  
After its ending . . .  
Holding this mystery of drowning,  
Drawing these bodies across its shoals . . .

My eyes flow like those persons  
Through the fires and the weeds . . .  
Their Word was once conceived by hearing . . .  
Now nothing in the midnight prompts . . .

The building is filled with fallen rocks  
And grass and vines like an underground man  
Struggling to possess his victim's treasure . . .

That is all I have of either:  
A scandal: poverty; bankruptcy; wind.  
Through a skeleton, through a megalithic city.  
All poetry finds its grace:

A black butterfly flies in a window  
And flies out again.

By Herbert Mason  
366 Main St.  
Gorham, Maine

## MEETINGS

During March the CATHOLIC WORKER plans to have a series of talks on the theme of Love and Justice. The speakers include Dr. John Thompson, psychoanalyst and lecturer at the Albert Einstein Institute, on March 10; Eileen Egan, consultant for American Catholic Foreign Relief, on March 17; Dave McReynolds, an editor of Liberation, on March 24. The meetings will be held as usual Friday evenings at 8:30 at our new address, 175 Chrystie Street; admission is free and sassafras tea will be served.



# Beyond the Pail

By JULIAN R. PLEASANTS

We at the Catholic Worker are so often called romantic agrarians that it gives us great pleasure to reprint this article by a man whose articles are familiar to many of our readers. Julian was formerly head of the House of Hospitality at South Bend in the days before World War II. Now he teaches and does research at Notre Dame, and together with a number of other congenial families, lives on eighty acres of land outside of South Bend. He has built his own house, in which he and his wife and seven children live, out of a former Army barracks, and since the work is still going on he says that his boys will be able to say they have built the house they were born in. We are printing this with the permission of "Ave Maria," and it is a little sample of the kind of articles they print, so we hope many of our readers will subscribe to it. It is published at South Bend, Indiana. Julian recently had an article, Religion and Science, published in the "Commonweal," which shows another aspect of this brilliant mind.—D.D.

Neither the advantages nor the disadvantages of country living are exactly what we thought when we moved out. The economic advantage turned out to be almost nonexistent; we certainly haven't saved much money. But we do eat a lot better and, from my professional viewpoint as a nutritionist, this is no small advantage.

The advantages for a young family of having plenty of space with plenty of chance to work together proved even greater than expected—a nice balance of freedom and togetherness. The time it took to raise almost all our own food proved far more than a full-time job would permit. We learned to concentrate on the things that gave us the most return, not only in food but in all the other values we had found in country living. So we have had to make our re-trenchments of various kinds.

But sell the cow? Ah, that's a horse of a different color!

I've felt like giving up our cow 100 times. Yet we still have Yankee; or rather Yankee still has us, depending on how you look at it. My neighbor says that man didn't domesticate the cow; the cow domesticated man. She has chained him to one place and one routine of life. This is the source of all the controversy about cows.

Hardly anybody dislikes the other aspects of having a cow—the fresh milk, cream and butter, plus the veal or young beef from the expendable calf. And don't forget the elemental pastoral beauty of a cow grazing peacefully in green pastures while a golden summer sun sinks in the west, like a psalm come to life. There is the camaraderie of bringing in the bales of hay (conveniently baled by one neighbor) as my 10-year-old son drives the tractor (conveniently lent by another neighbor). The younger members of the family pull the bales into place on the wagon and perch thereon.

There is the challenge—the 1,000 pound challenge of bringing the cow in from pasture when the grass is lush and green and she couldn't care less for the dairy feed which usually entices her to the barn at milking time. Sometimes it takes all of four boys, weighing 50 to 80 pounds each, to chase her in. To a small but definite degree a boy becomes a man when he can take his place on the team and face this half-ton of charging beefsteak with only a willow whip in his hand. It's good when a boy can test himself in this way, without feeling that being a man means besting some other man in sport or business or fast draw.

There are also nonroutine aspects of the routine work. In nice weather all the children may

come with me to the milking. While I am there, a captive daddy, we sing all the rounds we know to the rhythm of the splashing milk streams. Now that the oldest boy does part of the milking the others may come and sit with him to listen to his stories. We use a long board, not a milking stool, so that a whole row of backseat milkers can join in the fun. Their interest in these songs and stories waxes and wanes, but the opportunity is always there—always, always there.

And this brings us to the real meaning of the milking routine. I am sure that the cow kept us from going to cultural affairs. I am afraid that some of this conflict may be unavoidable, though much can be avoided by having a very flexible milking schedule and nice neighbors. We wouldn't have moved to the country as an isolated family. A cow is too confining for a family that cannot ask the neighbors to milk for them on occasion.

But suppose there are a few real losses of opportunity for cultural affairs. If we see it as a conflict between something that builds up the human spirit and something that merely puts milk on the table, then a family would have to be very hard up to choose the milk. A cow does save several hundred dollars per year, but she takes even more hours, not much of a return per hour.

But milking your cow is not a purely economic activity. It is a cultural activity in the deepest sense of the term, in the sense of cultivating your mind by its own activity. In fact, it is good precisely because for this half-hour or so of the day you can't read or hear or see someone else's thoughts. You are left with your own.

Milking is one of the very best examples of what I call leisurely work. It occupies your body; it keeps your blood circulating freely to your brain; it has a nicely rhythmic, poetic quality about it; it leaves your mind entirely free. Twice a day, at what are usually the prettiest times of day, I walk down to the barn, noticing the spring sunshine and sunset, the winter stars or the summer haze,



and am put in a properly contemplative frame of mind. I sit down to my 15 or 20 of enforced meditation. At the beginning of each day I can think of what is coming. At the end of each day I can reflect upon the day and its meaning. I can mull over things philosophically. Never is my mind so peacefully active.

My great temptation to give up the cow comes from the fact that I have a dozen articles I want to write and can't find the time to do it. But when did I work these articles out in my mind? While milking the cow. I can't seem to do it while sitting at the typewriter. If I'm going to find time to write the articles I can't do it by giving up the time that produces them. I'll just have to wait until some other time opens up.

Josef Pieper, in his book "Leisure, The Basis of Culture," implies that useful work and contemplative activity of the mind are incompatible and can never be done at the same time. But human life is not like that. Culture is not just a product of the

times when you say: "Now I am cultivating my mind." Besides these times are two kinds of work which cultivate the mind: work that challenges the mind—creative work—and work that leaves the mind entirely free—leisurely work. Most of the work in this industrial world is neither one. It does not really challenge the mind, and yet it demands enough attention to keep you from being carried off on clouds of thought. Maybe this is the kind of work Dr. Pieper is thinking of.

Of course, leisurely work cannot substitute for the cultural activities that demand pure leisure: drama, art, music and so forth. But for harassed family men a great advantage in this leisurely work is that it has to be done regularly, that it can't be put off. If you set aside time to go and look at the sunrise, the sunset, the stars and the rising moon hundreds of times you will find reason to skip it. If you set aside time for meditation and just plain cogitation, something will always come up in the family to justify cutting it short. The modern wife and the modern household always find work for idle hands to do. And if they don't, there is always

something to read, listen to, look at.

But here in gentle Bossy we have a call to meditation as insistent as any monastery bell. What the monastic routine does for the monk the family cow does for the family man. It is his escape from the imperiousness of immediate demands, from the seduction of the mass media and from the guilty conscience that afflicts a man enjoying his leisure while his wife clears the kitchen, nurses the baby and manages six other children.

And by the way, in these days when everybody is conscious of heart trouble, cholesterol in the blood and hazards of the sedentary life, much can be said for the regular exercise of milking, cleaning the barn and pitching down hay. The experts say that regularity is the key in benefiting from such exercise. Perhaps I am personally influenced in this matter by the loss of my father at 52 with a heart attack. He did plenty of physical work—but all on Saturdays. The time a man takes for his cow may give him 20 years more of life with his family.

This is so much the age of specialists that people think they have to specialize their own living. "Now I am cultivating my mind; now I am exercising my body; now I am supporting my family; now I am enjoying myself." This seems the logical way. Yet no amount of theorizing can stand up against the fact that some kinds of activity can do all these things at the same time.

Since we do need the other cultural activities, complete slavery to the cow's routine is utterly intolerable. But you don't have to sell the cow to escape it. You can sell your place instead and move to a neighborhood where the neighbors understand your problems, share your ideals, and, just as important, know how to milk. Is this putting the cow before the house? You won't think so when you discover all the other advantages of a community of families on the land.

Sell the cow? Why I can hardly bear to think of the time when my boys will take over all the milking. But then they need to learn the values of leisurely work. They need to escape the constant commotion of an overcrowded household. They need a chance to ask deep questions of me while they do the milking and I do the heavy chores. And maybe when the cow is fresh and my mind is dry, they will let me take some turns at the milking.

# The Gulicks

Department of Chemistry  
Yale University

Dear Dorothy:

A recent trip to Amherst, Mass., and the University of Massachusetts to talk to their chemistry department, gave me an opportunity to visit George and Mary Gulick and their three children, and Mary's mother, Mrs. O'Brien, at their new farm in New Braintree, Mass. They moved into their eight room house on Epiphany, and were not quite settled on the 1st of February when I visited them. Between the oil furnace, and a kerosene stove in the kitchen, they were just about managing to keep warm in these very cold days we've had (38 below was their record), and longing to unblock the old fire-place and install a wood-burning space heating stove in the living room as the best way to get some real heat in this weather. They have quite a few acres (I forget how many) in the rolling dairy country of west central Massachusetts (half-way between Worcester and Springfield). George is

thought of becoming a week-end daddy.

Peg and I are currently in Madison, Conn. (Green Hill Road) while I am spending my sabbatical year from Boston College at Yale. We are about 20 miles from New Haven, and would love to see you should you be coming out this way. Our four oldest, Martha (10), Agnes (9), Peter (7) and Christopher (6), are in school with the Sisters of Mercy of the Hartford Archdiocese, in Madison, Conn. The four youngest, Elizabeth (4), Joseph (3), Marie Therese (Mia, 2) and the baby Anne (7 months), are at home. The year 1960 was for us the year of Peg's broken leg (in June). She had a second stay in the hospital in December for the removal of stainless steel pins from her broken bone, and thanks be to God, she pulled herself well through this ordeal, and can now walk almost normally, although she will never be able to run again. From August to December, Mary Jane Madsen (Ralph's sister) stayed with us, and was a real guardian angel to the whole family, becoming a second mother to the babies, and an older sister to the big ones. At Christmas, she rejoined her own family, where a new grandchild was being expected, and has been there ever since. She had carved such a place for herself amidst our gang that we miss her terribly.

My parents and Ade are well, in Newport. We haven't seen them since November. Ade, I understand, is now giving illustrated lecture tours on such topics as the catacombs of Saint Peter's tomb in Rome, and the early Christian mosaics in Sicily, Italy, and elsewhere, many with her own colored slides. She is planning a new trip to Europe this spring, to Italy and to Greece, where our sister Francoise is living as the wife of the Swiss Ambassador to Greece. Our brother Pierre is living in Louvain, where he is Dean of Science, and teaching geology, and has five children. I guess that's our current news in a nutshell. (I remember paying a New Year's call on Peter Maurin, with Ade, and with Pierre, in the formal French manner, at Charles Street, on New Year's Day, 1937. A French Negro friend, Louis Achille, from Martinique, by way of Paris and the Sorbonne, was there, and we had quite a session jabbering in French with Peter.)

We were delighted to see the paperback edition of THE LONG LONELINESS on the book racks in the parish church, Saint Margaret's, in Madison, and to receive THERESE recently from the Thomas More Book Club. Having read the original published version of La Petite Sainte Therese's autobiography, the Knox version based on the unedited original manuscripts, and Ida Goerres' HIDDEN FACE, we'll be interested to read your account of how this spoiled brat became a saint by the love of God. Currently, I'm reading the autobiography of "La Grande Sainte Therese" (Teresa of Avila) in the Penguin paperback translated by I. M. Cohen, and this is quite a fascinatingly remarkable but utterly different story. "La Grande Sainte Therese" had to use all her ingenuity and her wit, plus the love of God, to keep from being branded as a heretic, for her efforts to reform Carmel, at a time when heresy was a civil offense which could involve the civil death penalty. (Heresy had been a civil offense since the days when the Emperor Constantine, as an unbaptized Christian catechumen, took over the government of the Catholic Church and made it an integral part of the Roman empire. The Roman empire is finally gone, but Constantine's kiss of death still lingers with the Church.)

Well, it's time to say good-bye. May God love you and keep you and everyone of the Catholic Workers. Your friend,

Andre J. de Bethune.

## Civil Disobedience

Since Ammon Hennacy left on his speaking trip Jacques Baker and others have carried on the picketing of the Civil Defense offices at 55th and Lexington from noon until 2 p.m. (barring rain) Monday, Wednesday, and Friday until the next compulsory air-raid drill. We are calling upon 5,000 people to refuse to take shelter this spring at City Hall park. A bad law is no better than any other bad thing, so along with St. Peter we will obey God and refuse to obey men. Come and picket a few minutes at lunch time and get in step with celestial rather than martial music.