THE
BOOK
OF
AMMON

by
Ammon Hennacy
Introduction

If Jefferson was right that government is best which governs least, it would follow that the perfect government is that which does not govern at all. Some would conclude that the perfect government would be that which did not exist; such is the anarchist view. While I am sensitive to its beauty, I cannot accept its logic. I prefer that a policeman be available in my neighborhood, though I am perfectly prepared to concede that ideally he ought to do nothing official whatever.

Such issues having remained unsettled for the hundreds of thousands of years of man's development, will presumably remain so for the predictable future, if not through all eternity. What one can hope is that in the meantime we will keep fresh enough our dedication to freedom — that ideal so elusive because it is a negative — that men will at least be left free to debate it. I am never sure whether our society presently permits Ammon Hennacy to roam the streets because we really want him to be free or merely because the laws prevent our terminating his freedom with our bare hands.

Ammon serves somewhat the same function in the American context that is served by Lenny Bruce, though on another level. Both men outrage us, both see social reality with the fresh eye of the poet or artist, and we make both pay dearly for their presumption.

So long as our Ammon Hennacys merely theorize about a Utopian absence of legal restraint we are disposed to tolerate them. But it is when we are launched upon wars to defend everyman's freedom that we undertake to limit theirs. Of all the unfair charges we bring against them, the most absurd is that of cowardice. It requires enormous courage to live up to the pacifist philosophy. The man who refuses to bear arms is not trying to avoid being killed, he is hoping to avoid killing. It is no sin to be murdered; it is a sin to murder.

The treatment of pacifists in the United States during the First World War was frequently shameful and uncivilized. The nation obviously did not need the handful of individuals involved; their contribution to the war effort would have been negligible. What was at the heart of the vicious harassment meted out to the various anarchists, socialists and Protestants who refused military service was nothing more edifying than the feeling: if I have to suffer well, then, by God, you're going to suffer right along with me. Misery not only loves company, it is quite prepared to demand it.

Now, of course, there are Catholic pacifists, too. For that matter there always were, here and there. There have even been non-violent saints in the church and certainly there is no question but that in the first years of Christianity the ideal of meekness and submission, of the-turning-of-the-other-cheek, of loving one's enemy, was dominant to a degree that is clearly no longer the case. While all three would protest vigorously at being considered potential saints it is significant nevertheless...
Forward to the First Edition

Feast of St. Matthew, 1953

Father Vincent McNab, the great Dominican of England who died a few years ago, said once in an essay which dealt with first principles, that in regard to work, St. Peter could return to his nets and fishing after Good Friday, but St. Matthew, the tax gatherer, could not return to his occupation. It was not an honorable one, this service of Caesar. (St. Hilary said that the less we had of Caesar's the less we would have to render to him.) It is a good day to write the introduction to this autobiography of Ammon Hennacy, the Catholic anarchist, whose anarchism means that he will also seek to govern himself rather than others, that he will be subject to every living creature rather than to the State, that he will so abscond in good life and service, love of God and fellow, that for "such there is no law." His is the liberty of the children of God, the brethren of Christ. His love of freedom means that he has put himself in bondage to hard manual labor for a lifetime, not to build up a place for himself in this world where he has no lasting city, but in order to fulfill the law of God, and earn his living by the sweat of his brow rather than the veins of somebody else's. His love and peace means rejection of the great modern State, and obedience to the needs of his immediate community and to the job. His refusal to pay Federal income tax does not mean dislocation of his life, since he is ready and has always proved himself to be ready to go to jail, to accept the alternative for his convictions. He is open and frank in his dealings with all men and has no fear of slaking and hiding in fear, he proclaims his point of view by letter, by article, by picketing, and by public fasting. Many of his "tax statements" appear in this book, and many an account of his picketings. He has done it so often now since the last war, that his fellow workers, Dave Dellinger and I, have begged him to cool down, to come on, to shorten, not only to save paper and typewriter, but also to save the reader. He has not done much of it, it is true. The book, from the standpoint of writing, is a spruiling discursive affair, written in spare moments, between hours of hard manual labor, or travelling, or talking to visitors in The Catholic Worker office. But he has the genius of the true teacher. If it is necessary to repeat, He repeats, and perhaps when he has repeated his fast in prisoners' Hiroshima, he repays his picketing, repeated his statement forty times, forty days—he will have put on Christ to such an extent that people will see more clearly Christ in him, and follow more in his steps. That is our job here, to put on Christ, and to put off the old man, so I am not talking of an excruciatingly religious person, an unbalanced person when I talk of Ammon so living that year by year, he "puts on Christ." We are told by our Lord Jesus, after all, to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect, not just at St. Francis, St. Benedict, St. Dominic are perfect. Ammon has not always been a Catholic, though there is the Catholic strain a few generations back. Surrounded by upright Protestants from his earliest years, he was struck always by the divergence between belief and practice. He distrusted the emotionalism of religious belief too. So it was in his early years that he rejected religious faith. He loved his fellows, he loved this good world which God made, though he was not thinking of it as a created world, then, but as something which had evolved. He loved and longed for the good, and he felt the solidarity of man. He knew that an injury to one is an injury to all, so he early had a sense of the body of Christ, of which we are all a part, potentially, or actually. He served Christ, though he denied him.

This service took him to the Socialist Party, to an opposition to war, which brought him to prison. The story of his prison is long, in itself, with the great writings of the world about prisons. He had nothing to rea there but the Bible, and he turned to that with an angry, hungry mind, a mind that was tormented by inactivity. For Ammon so called Christian country when the guards saw his avid interest in the Bible they replaced the one he had, which had good type, with a small type edition. Prison, after all, is to punish men, not to bring them to penitence. A penitentiary is a place of darkness, not of light these days of man's cruelty to man. But Ammon saw light, lived in light, those days of his solitary confinement in Atlantic Penitentiary, so great a light, Monsignor Hillebrand once said to me, that it seemed to blind him. He got no further for the time, than an acceptance of religion and the Sermon on the Mount. He came out of prison a prisoner of the world, who as a prisoner, rebelled against the Church and State. I always remember those words of Monsignor Hillebrand because they were to me encouraging words. Ammon, in his articles, sometimes blasted organized religion, as he called it in such a way as to belittle the Church, Holy Mother Church, and that hurt me as though the blows fell on my own body, as indeed they did. Organized religion was one thing, but the Church was another. I tried to moderate these strong statements of his so that he would be attacking what needed to be attacked, the human element in the Church. But if it had not been for Monsignor Hillebrand's deep understanding and encouragement at the time (and the Monsignor is not a pacifist nor an anarchist by any matter of means, though a great lover of the earth) I would perhaps have been discouraged from printing so many of Ammon's articles. For by that time, Ammon was a regular contributor to The Catholic Worker, of which I am editor. Every month his article came in, and every month I am sure, each of us members of the staff were named by his correctness, his true life of poverty and hard work, his utterly consistent pacifism.

He loved peace, he worked for peace, and he did not do any work which contributed to war. From the time of the second war he opposed the back breaking labor of an agricultural migrant. He worked in dairies, and when the withholding tax meant that he would be contributing, though unwillingly to the war budget, he went farther west and south and did day labor, collecting his pay in advance, so that no Treasury agent could catch up with him.

And with the strange inconsistency of us Americans, army men, tax men, were among those who hired him, and with the understanding that they would help him evade paying income tax.

He has led this life of daily labor for many years now. The community around Phoenix, Arizona has come more and more to accept him. Their
hostility has grown into love and friendship. Like Gandhi, he calls all men his brothers, wherever they may be, in cities or hovels, in banks or on skid row. He is, what he is attempting to be, a one-man-revolution.

Ammon was baptized on the east of St. Gregory the Wonder worker, 1952, by Father Marion Casey, of the diocese of St. Paul. He is typically midwestern, tall, lank, long nosed and long faced, thin mouth and warm eyes, enduring rather than strong. He is the average American, and as pioneers have done before him, he stands pretty much alone. Next year, he will transfer his activities to Denver, the capital of the west, where the president has his summer White House. He will begin again to picket, to fast, to work at hard labor in new surroundings, reaching the man in the street by going to the man in the street. He will still be an editor of The Catholic Worker, an editor continually on pilgrimage, a roving editor, doing the work, the speaking and writing that he can do while he earns his living by the sweat of his brow.

And what is he accomplishing, in this one-man-revolution of his? Does he expect to change the world? When asked this last question once he said with characteristic wit, “I may not change the world, but I’ll work so the world won’t change me.”

He told me a story the other day about a Chinese family who were digging a salt mine. The father did not expect to get this done in his life time, the son did not expect to get it done in his, and perhaps the grand-son did not expect to get it done in his. But if they kept at it, one day it would be done.

Ammon is a man of vision, of which there are too few. Sometimes he may seem to be hoping against hope, but I prefer to remember that other quotation of St. Paul’s. He has the charity that “rejoices in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.” Let us pray that he will abound in Charity which “never falleth away, whether prophesies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed.” God bless him.

DOROTHY DAY

The author wishes to express thanks for the use of quotations from Karl Jung, and from the poet Robert Frost, Lillian Spencer and Fuchel Lindsey. Thanks also to the following artists for illustrations: Fritz Eichenberg, Lowell Nunn—chapter 2 and Ada Beetham.

A Final Word from the Author

I had received several notices from the health department to close down the Joe Hill House. An article in the paper said that I was not allowed to sleep more than 10 people on the floor. I asked the inspector what he would do if I had 11. He said we would padlock the door. I told him I would break the padlock and beat him like Braham Young beat the army, and in mock anger I led him to the door and told him “to get the hell out of here.” I spoke to Commissioner Smart and he asked me to present my appeal to the City Commissioners. I did so and Smart said I was saving the city money by putting up tramps. And Mayor Brack Lee said that they would go easy on the regulations for I was doing good work; they didn’t want to put me in jail for disobeying their regulations, and he said facetiously that they would have to make an ordinance allowing me to do just what I was doing. A few days later I spoke to a group of social workers meeting at the Salvation Army and I was asked by a minister if I rehabilitated delinquents. In fact I said, “Hell, I haven’t rehabilitated myself yet.” I did this to scorn their Bible-hanging. The next day I received a notice from my landlord to vacate the place. Whether the pious or the law, or between them, had pressured the landlord to chase me I do not know. I tried to rent another place but the inspector told the landlord to give me back my money unless he wanted to spend it money fixing the place up. When the inspector found that I was really moving he smiledly said that he would be around to help me when I came back. He could afford to smile for I was on the move. I told him he would try to screw me for I knew his kind. I stored my belongings in three different places and on February 16th went on a speaking trip.

First I went to California then a week at Cornell University, being invited by a Jew, a Mormon, and a Catholic priest. Then with a friend I made the $39 bus trip from Minneapolis to Seattle, San Diego, El Paso, Washington, D.C., New York City, Buffalo, and back to Minneapolis.

Then my friend drove me in half a dozen states in the middle west. As Poulsen was to be executed May 1? I began a 25 day fast in Madison, Wisconsin, cutting my trip short to get in Salt Lake City three days before the execution. Fasting, speaking several times a day, and talking to folks nearly all the time was very difficult, and I will not do it again. I also spoke in Vancouver and Toronto. Poulsen’s lawyer got him a reprieve and on November 16th made his oral appeal to the state supreme court. Within 60 days they will make an answer, and within another 69 days the judge in Provo will set another execution date if he appeal has failed. So I will be picketing again for him.

I found that renting a place would be more trouble so two people sent me money and I paid $900 down on this $9,000 brick house this side of the tracks. My payments are $80 a month. I am four blocks from a tavern and few town bums walk the mile or more from down town. It is, as it should be, a place for transients. About 35 is the limit I can handle.
The Vatican Council has adjourned again. It began with glowing hopes under Pope John, and it has now proven, through its by-passing of important subjects, and its emphasis on Mary, that deeds and not words are required. As saints have said: "The Church is Christ in the world and it must needs be crucified as He was." The sad part is that Christ was innocent of evil and was killed because He was a friend of the poor and despised, while the Church is guilty, being an apologist for the rich and powerful.

Poulsen lost his appeal to the state supreme court.

In Christ the Rebel,
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December 11, 1964.

"But Peter and the apostles answered and said, "We must obey God rather than men.""

(Acts V, 29-30)

"Such problems [poor, war-torn world] are never solved by legislation or tricks. They are only solved by a general change in attitude. And the change does not begin with propaganda and mass meetings and violence. It begins with a change in individuals. The accumulation of such changes will produce a collective solution."

Carl Jung.

"You see the beauty of my proposal is it needs not wait on general revolution. I did you to the one man revolution—The only revolution that is coming."

Robert Frost in Build Soil
A Political Pastoral.
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Christian Anarchism

Christian Anarchism is based upon the answer of Jesus to the Pharisees when He said that he who would not be cast away by the first stone, and upon the Sermon on the Mount which advises the return of good for evil and the turning of the other cheek. Therefore when we take any part in government by voting for legislative, judicial and executive officials we make these men our arm by which we cast a stone and deny the Sermon on the Mount.

The dictionary definition of a Christian is: one who follows Christ; kind, kindly, Christ-like. Anarchism is voluntary cooperation for good, with the right of secession. A Christian Anarchist is therefore one who turns the other cheek; overturns the tables of the money-changers, and who does not need a cop to tell him how to behave. A Christian Anarchist does not depend upon bullets or ballots to achieve his ideal; he achieves that ideal daily by the One Man Revolution with which he faces a decadent, confused and dying world.

This book this message is repeated many times. It is worthwhile repeating and studying. At the Catholic Worker in New York City in 1952 I met a Columbia graduate holding prospects of a fine job; and doing post graduate work. He praised my anti-tax articles. In conversation a few minutes later he said, “why everybody pays taxes; they are withheld: you pay taxes; Dorothy pays taxes.” He had read my non-taxpaying articles for years and still didn’t know what I was doing. Likewise in Phoenix an educated woman had read my leaflets and articles for years and did not know that I really paid no taxes. So, if I repeat myself time after time please remember that I think it is necessary. I have never paid a federal income tax.

There are indirect taxes that everyone pays. As the saying goes I live in this man’s world and if I am going to travel and do propaganda I have to pay tax on the bus. I do not use tobacco or liquor so pay no taxes. I buy Indian articles from the Indians rather than from stores and thus need not pay a tax. To not pay taxes is not my whole message but it is part of the life of a rebel which I choose to act upon. For despite all talk you either pay taxes or you don’t.

Ammon Henney

CHAPTER 1.

Childhood - Youth

1893-1916

Ohio - Wisconsin

I am writing these first hundred pages at the Catholic Worker Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island, N. Y., and will finish the book in my shack on Desert Ranch west of Phoenix, Arizona. Between these farms and Valley Farm, Negley, Ohio, a mile from the Pennsylvania state line and thirteen miles from the Ohio River and the West Virginia state line, where I was born in the midst of the 1893 depression there is a story of a Rebel who travels both in body and spirit as he meets and faces a changing world.

I hardly got born at all, for I was a three and a half pounds, seven months baby, put to bed in a cigar box; and when in a regular bed my mother could hardly find me among the covers. A mud hole just over a bridge on the dirt road was my nestling place when I bounced off of the pillow in my mother’s arms, for I was so small I couldn’t be held in arms like a regular baby. Anyways that first year I hardly made it, what with pneumonia, colic, and other troubles. After that I was not sick and grew to my five foot nine and a half inches.

My mother came of that Fite-Randolph family that landed at Barnstable, Mass., in 1720. Ashford and Vail are the Quaker names of my ancestors in this line. My paternal grandfather came from Ireland in 1848 at the time of the potato famine. Whether the name was misspelled in transit I do not know. He fought for the North in the Navy when not fighting boose. He married a Pennsylvania Dutch girl by the name of Calvin. I never saw her. Each of their children were adopted by different Protestant neighbors. Peter Brown, a wealthy farmer, adopted my father. I saw my Irish grandfather when I was a small boy when he came for a visit from California. He gave me a bright penny. Both he and my grandfather Fite-Randolph were tanners with vats in which to dip the hides.

John Brown and Johnny Appleseed were names familiar in our household and the Coppac brothers who died at Harpers Ferry with John Brown had lived on a farm which was pointed out to me with pride, for here were stations of the Underground by means of which the escaped slaves were helped to Canada and freedom. A bewhiskered picture of John Brown hung in the parlor and I was ten years old before I knew the difference between God, Moses, and John Brown.
in the late summer. Indians must have stood on this bluff and shot arrows at the game in our meadow years before, for we found many arrowheads there.

As the oldest grandchild I went each summer after the age of ten to help my grandmother in her garden. Her special pride was ground cherries; a kind of a husk tomato growing on a small bush. These fell off, a few each day, and were gathered into a spare bedroom and spread out to dry. Each relative prized the quart of preserves which he was sure to get for Christmas from my grandmother. Here was a huge house of twenty rooms, a red Sicilian apple tree farm. About 100 acres of brush and woods surrounded this marvel of which water swelled sparkling and cold for milk and butter in the milk house and for the watering trough for the horses.

As I grew older I had more to do. I rode horses to the long-hill-side field, behind Dexter, the old white horse. I shaved back hay in the sheep barn mid waps and sweat. My uncle Louis would always say, "I'll hold another job--I rode horses that back after cows to the mower farm in the evening. At daylight I walked the mile to the night pasture and warmed my bare feet where the cows had been lying. It seems impossible that a boy could have eaten a dozen or more blackwheat cakes for breakfast--but those were the days!

"Go to sister Randolph's; she's a good woman," was the direction given for miles around to tramps who asked for food. The stories which these "ambassadors" brought of the outside world and the kindness which my grandmother had towards everyone seem to me, now that I think of it, as the first appearance of that "Celtic" Bulldog which has prepared the way for my unorthodox life. Perhaps I had a good start in being named for my grandmother's favorite brother, Ammon Ashford. (Ammon rhymes with Ammon.) He was the only rebel in the church and he went to church but when he died he left me his bible with the sermon on the Mount underlined heavily. He had been a 2nd in California; a sheriff in Missouri who was shot in the leg by Jesse James. He was the local black-smith when I knew him.

In the summer I met my family Wednesday nights at the local Baptist church, which was only a quarter of a mile from grandmother's; also sometimes on Sundays. I sat through long Baptist theological sermons. Finally, at the age of 12, after cringing at the terrible threats of damnation from the pulpit during a six weeks' revival meeting in the church in the creek and gazed upon by a curious crow--the only sinner caught in the theologian's net. This was in the swimming hole which I knew but the preacher did not, to which I had stumbled on a rock and nearly choked me. During the winter and several summers I did all of the janitor work of the church; filling the huge hanging oil lamps and cleaning the chimneys, carrying coal and emptying across the lower meadow where it rose several steps. I got to ring the bell and was that thing. I did this free of charge and gave $15 a year to the church which was much more in proportion than rich farmers gave. I felt that I should be a missionary.

My father was one of those fine looking, dark Irishman who made friends in this Republican community so that in time he was elected town-
ship clerk, although a Democrat. He was also secretary of the Masonic lodge in a town several miles to the west. One of his best friends was a man by the name of Clark who was a Russellite, or as they called them in those days a "Millennial Dawn." Pastor Russell lived in nearby Pittsburgh and said that there was no hell. This was terrible for we all knew that everyone but the Baptists were going there, so to believe there was no hell upset all the countryside theology. This Clark had the local sawnoff and elder mill. When he got this new religion he started chewing J. T. tobacco, and to help him break this tobacco habit he always had his pockets full of chocolate drops. My interest was not in his losing the tobacco habit but in getting a chocolate drop. These were the forerunners of our modern Jehovah's Witnesses. (Mr. Clark, unlike modern JW's who seldom have any scruples in doing war work, refused to do any work connected with munitions in World War I, and made a meager living sharpening knives and lawnmowers.)

Now in 1906, which I remembered for two things: the San Francisco earthquake, and the death of Mr. Brown, the farm was sold and we moved about 20 miles northwest to the county seat, Lisbon. This was the birthplace of Mark Hanna, and McKinley had lived there when a boy. Here my father was in the real estate and insurance business, and a lonesome Democrat. There was no Baptist church in this town so I attended the Presbyterian church. I was an usher and helped take up the collection. Two of the Elders who gave out communion were disreputable and un-Christian in their daily lives. This caused me to doubt. When I asked the minister about this and about the bloodlessness of the Old Testament, he only replied was for me to pray. This I did, but the questions kept com- ing up. Finally he told me to go to Youngstown and hear Billy Sunday, the great revivalist who had thousands pouring down the "lawnast" trail of his tent saying they had been "saved." Then my doubts would all be resolved. I went one rainy night. The blasphemy of this bigot was so powerful that it opened my eyes to the fact that my supposed conversion at a revival meeting was no more real religion than was this wholesale devil worship of Billy Sunday.

I went home and asked more questions. I prayed and read the Bible but the God of Love was never mentioned to me. Around Christmas I got up in the Achor Baptist Church where I had been baptized and said that I was an atheist and did not believe in God or the Bible. My father had wanted me to leave the church quietly as it would hurt his business and political ambitions. I told him that I had splashed in and I was going to splatter out.

But I was still a Democrat. I spent the next summer going over the County getting subscriptions for Bryan's paper THE COMMONER. While at my grandmother's the minister who had baptized me, Rev. McKean, subscibed for THE COMMONER, saying, "Ammon, there is one paper I never want you to read: THE APPEAL TO REASON." I had never heard of it but was in no mood to have anyone tell me what to read. Accordingly when I saw a bricklayer going to work past the house one Monday morning I asked him to take the fifty cents. I had made on the
That winter I milked eight cows morning and night, and worked all day Saturday. I sat behind a huge wood stove nights and studied, taking five subjects. Apples, and cider from the barrel in the cellar for the pleasant memory of that winter. Sometimes when the snow was very deep I walked; at other times I went horseback or with horse and buggy. My mother and I boarded to East Palestine and I drove her, with horse and buggy, to organize the first Socialist local among the miners in my home town of Negley. She was a wonderful woman and an inspiration. I was also on the track team and in the mile and half mile run. I was not so fast but I had a lot of endurance. It seemed that the more I had to do the more I did. But this winter was enough of the farm for me. I determined to seek my fortune in the city for the summer.

To Wisconsin

A former Sunday School teacher of mine took crews out each summer to sell cornflakes, house to house. I had never been to a large city or even seen a street car. The first day in Cleveland I made $8, get lost, and ended up knocking at a door across the hall from where I should have knocked, and being stashed by meeting a roomful of girls. By the next summer I had a crew of my own in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. I sold to retailers and wholesalers.

Meanwhile I had entered Hiram, Ohio, college as a freshman; started a Socialist club there, and had some good talks at the YMCA. G. Phillip Schoen and C. E. Rutenberg later, to be the founder of the Communist Party. Vachel Lindsay had attended this college and here I first became acquainted with his troubadour poetry. Away from home now I thought it was smart to smoke cigarettes, get drunk, play piano ante until daylight, steal canned fruit from the cellar of the Dean's house (for which I was sent home in disgrace for two weeks). This was all of my Baptist "do's" coming out.

In Portage, Wisconsin, the next summer, I sold a package of cornflakes to a young lady who seemed very nearly to glide down the bannister to answer the door. She appeared holding a copy of Jack London's From Hell in her hand. I was reading the same book from the town library. This was beautiful Zona Gale, author of Lulu Betti; she persuaded me that the University of Wisconsin was better than Dartmouth, so I went to Madison in the fall.

Here I took journalism in the same class attended by Bob LaFollette, Jr. There were a few students, we had our class meeting in the city room of the Capitol, and I earned $17 speaking rates telling about them for the NEW YORK CALL, and also credit in my course in journalism. I especially liked my class in geology, and if I had not thought a revolution more important I might have been a geologist. I remember seminars of an unofficial sort at the home of the radical Horace M. Kallen. I washed pots and pans at a frat house for my meals, and carried a paper route. I was a quarter for tickets of popcorn, and take dark, cold, and beautiful Miriam Gaylord, daughter of the Socialist state senator, to a cheap movie. Randolph Bourne lectured here and my roommate, Bill Brockhausen, and I gave up our bed for him. I did not catch much of his message then, but in later years I was to remember his opposition to war and his aphorism: "War is the health of the state." He was the only New Republic liberal who did not fall for the war. Emma Goldman, the fiery anarchist who spoke about "free love" and birth control, when these words were only whispered by "decent" people, came to Madison. The only anarchist I knew was one who introduced me to Emma. I cannot remember what she said, except that she was adept at repartee when people tried to tangle her up in conversation. I had taken public speaking in high school at Hiram college, but I was the very worst in each class. I did get up at a Socialist meeting and give a talk on the I.W.W. An old time Socialist trade unionist who knew much more than I did criticized me when I was in tears, but I needed it. I asked him how I could be a good speaker. He told me to be sure of my facts and not do as I had just done, talk about something that I didn't know anything about. Then he said to go to some town where I knew no one; get up on a soapbox and come back after the first speech, if I was any good at all, I would be a speaker. Here in Madison I took military drill, for I was not a pacifist; I wanted to know how to shoot, come the revolution. I met some young Quaker Socialists and attended their meetings; the only one I remember now is Harlington Hoopes, who is now the Vice President and for President on the Socialist ticket years later. That session of the legislature had a conserva-tive up, so they increased the tuition for the out-of-staters from $41 to $48. I did not have that much money, so when my folks wrote that they had moved to Columbus I decided to go to Ohio State that fall.

I Meet Selma

I spent that summer selling aluminum ware in Wisconsin towns; cooking in churches. The last town I worked in was West Allis. On the day before I planned to go to Ohio, I met a friend from Madison who invited me to a lawn party of young Socialists, the next day. They all knew each other and I was the only stranger. I took a liking to a certain girl and asked for a date but could not get one for four days. Meanwhile I took a friend of her home. She whispered to this friend, "Better look out for this fellow." Four days later I had a date with my new friend, Selma Melms, daughter of the Socialist sheriff of Milwaukee, leader of the Yip-schs, as the young Socialists were called, and secretary to the President of the State Federation of Labor. On the election day Socialist legislators to go back to Ohio I had a date every night for ten nights, and we became engaged. Selma was the broadbodied peasant type that always appealed to me. Love is blind, and how much the fact that I was happily married I might have been more radical than the staid Germans of Milwaukee, and that Selma was the first radical girl I had ever met (other than Miriam whom we fellows accused of thinking so much of her handsomer father that she could never appreciate us) had to do with our engagement is difficult to determine. I went back to Ohio very happy.

That term at Ohio State was one of the best years of my life as a student. I was head of the Intercollegiate Socialist Club and secretary of the Social-
in local down town. In my classes in philosophy and sociology there was much room for my radical agitations. I had never been sad about my radicalism, and with this of Selma in my heart I felt that I could conquer the world. Arthur M. Scheninger, Sr., was my very good friend at the University. I started the first cooperative second-hand store for resale of books on the campus.

The next summer I sold cornflakes in the New England states and in Ohio. I had been a delegate from Lisbon to the state convention of the party in 1912, and was now a delegate in 1916, so I knew comrades from all over the state. Now during the 1916 presidential campaign I spoke on soapboxes, scores of times, for Allan Benson, the Socialist candidate. We spent several weeks in Dedham, Mass., not knowing then that this town would later be famous at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. One night when soapboxing in Akron, before about 800 people, my voice gave out. I believed in doctors then, so asked one about it the next day. He asked me what I did for a living, and I told him that I was a salesman. "You talk all day, and you talk all night, and I suppose you smoke cigarettes." "Yes," I answered. "You'll have to stop one of these things," he replied, so I stopped smoking. Later, in Warren, Ohio, I read Alexander Berkman's Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist. The next year I was to be in Atlanta prison with him, and the next year in a solitary cell where I could get no cigarettes, so it was a good thing that I stopped smoking. That Celestial Bulldozer again!

That winter it was necessary for me to help at home, as there were five sisters and two brothers younger than myself. I got a job driving a bakery wagon and built up an excellent route by making a special each day of some product which I was sure to have fresh. My smallest sister had been born when I was away at school, so when I arrived with cookies—part of the 1909 breakage which I was allowed—Lorraine promptly called me "Ammon-cookie." Meanwhile I had introduced Ben Reitman and Bob Miner and other radicals from the soapbox down town. We had come within a hundred votes of electing a Socialist mayor; had members of the city council, and the president of the school board. It was exciting to be a Socialist and on the winning side for once.

During this winter I studied Yogi, Spiritualism, and Theosophy. Rosicrucian friends had cast my horoscope: Leo with Saturn in ascendency, which meant that I would always be in trouble, but never defeated. As if to bear out this prediction of difficulty Selma wrote that she was backing out of our engagement, but she would not tell me why. (After we were married I discovered that two Socialists, who claimed to be mutual friends of both of us, had told her long tales about me which had but a faint basis in fact.)

One clear memory I have of Columbus is that of the Rev. Washington Gladden, a Congregational minister of the old liberal style, bewhiskered and benign. So many people came to hear him that he had to have his services in a theatre. He achieved distinction for refusing money from Rockefeller, saying that it was "raided." These days hardly a voice is raised against the Loan Foundations who seek to buy respectability by subsidizing individuals and organizations.

CHAPTER 2.

Anti-war Agitation

1917 - 1919

Ohio - Atlanta Prison

About this time we had a huge anti-war meeting addressed by the Rev. Edward Ellis Carr, a portly editor of a magazine along Christian Socialist lines. I introduced him. He told of the hundreds of Socialists in Cleve-
dland who would refuse to register for the draft. He told of his disappo-
pointment with European Socialists who had turned pro-war, and that this was all the more reason why we of the U.S. should hold true to our ideals. A local Socialist lawyer, who was of the more conservative group, got up in the audience and opposed Rev. Carr, saying that the prospect of political victory for the party should not be damaged by our traitorous conduct, although he admitted that this war was a fraud the same as all others. Rev. Carr countered this disruption boldly by stating that he would die before
he would support war in any way, and ended by calling upon all young men to refuse to register for the draft. As chairman I asked those of draft age to meet with me later, and the group was thus formed which actively put out anti-war and anti-draft propaganda.

I wrote up material for a leaflet and stickers to put on store fronts.

The sticker read:

**YOUNG MEN**
**DON'T REGISTER FOR WAR!**
It is better to go to jail than to rot on a foreign battlefield.

The poster said:

**YOUNG MEN**
are you going to
**REFUSE TO REGISTER**
for military service in a foreign country
While the rich men
who have brought on this war
and get richer by gambling in food stuffs?

**WE WOULD RATHER DIE OR BE IMPRISONED**
**FOR THE SAKE OF JUSTICE, THAN KILL**
**OUR FELLOW MEN IN THIS UNJUST WAR.**

Signed: ___________________________ Young Men's Anti-Militarist League

The St. Louis program of the Socialist Party stoutly opposed the war. We had an unlimited supply and distributed them with our poster and sticker. While they did not definitely say that young men should refuse to register, the declaration read: "Support of all mass movements in opposition to conscription." So despite the fact that our presidential candidate, the Revolutionary Rev. Carr, and many other leaders were to turn pro-war, we youngsters knew that we had Debs, Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht and many others upholding us.

Everyone knew the war was coming on soon. James Cannon, a Socialist speaker from New York City, had been listed to speak at Broad and High on the evening of April 5, 1917. I was to introduce him. By 8:30 there were thousands of people at the meeting and I could not see over their heads. A Jewish comrade came along with his junk wagon and I stepped on top and addressed the crowd. Cannon had not yet arrived; he never did come. The police told me there were too many people around and I would have to come down. I expect there were 10,000 by that time. I argued that I had a permit but they reached for me. I ran across the street to the State House steps and continued for half an hour. Here they had no authority. Finally the state police arrested me and an old man, a dishwasher who was a member of the Socialists Labor Party, who disobeyed his party line and got into trouble. We both spent the night in jail for disturbing the peace and were released on bail with a hearing for May 30.

By this time my father had a good job and my help was not needed. I was routed by the state office of the Party under Alfred Wagenknecht to distribute my own and other leaflets wholesale over the state, and a notice was put in the weekly Socialist paper to that effect. My method was to go to a town and look up a comrade whose name I was given or whom I knew from my previous soapboxing. Often the comrade had already turned pro-war and I had to leave in a hurry before he turned me in. I asked that the leaflets be not wasted and they were not to be distributed until I had been gone for several days. That they could pay for the leaflets that was fine, and if they could not I gave them as many as they wanted.

My first town was Cleveland and I was introduced by Comrade Ruthenberg and then sped on my way with enough courage to keep me going for several weeks. I had to jump across the state line into Pennsylvania to escape turncoat comrades. I took leaflets to my old comrade Ed Frith in Huntington, West Virginia, and also went to the end of the spur railroad in notorious Gabin Creek, but the man whose name I had had moved away and the house was empty. I walked down the tracks carrying two suitcases full of leaflets.

Finally around midnight I noticed a light in a house and knocked at the door. A middle-aged Negro came to the door and I explained the situation asking him if I could sleep there that night and offering to pay him. He said that there were no white folks within six miles and if I did not mind sleeping in the home of a colored person and would say nothing about it to white people the next day I could stay. I was glad to walk into the dimly lighted hall and to hear him say, "Here 'Lisa, get outta that bed and let this white gentleman sleep." Whereupon a colored girl was giggling down the hallway and into another room. The bed was warm and I was tired. The next morning I had the regular southern breakfast of grits, biscuits, sobjelly and coffee set before me. My hosts were cordial and found it difficult to understand why I refused their sobjelly. I needed to be strong to carry those heavy grips they said. Somehow they got the idea that it was "my religion" not to eat meat and all was well.

I wore a huge button marked PEACE, yet the dumb troopers, who entered the train the next day and said they were hunting for a score of radicals who were putting out seditious literature, opened my grips and meing the books on top of the literature mustered something about my being a student returning from college and went on.

Getting back to Columbus the night before I was to have my trial I met my brothers Frank and Paul and my sisters Lola and Lida and their young friends with leaflets over the university section where we lived and where there were few cops. I took the dangerous downtown section. We would place leaflets and stickers for a few blocks and then skip a few blocks, and backtrack and zig zag. There were no squad cars and radio in those days, so a person did not have to be very smart to outwit a cop. I
draft law had been passed. I had written asking him to print some and
told him to destroy the letter. He got scared and refused to print them
but kept the letter and the government raids his place and saw the letter.
No one would believe that he did not print the leaflets, as I had asked. I
pled guilty for my refusal to register.

The District Attorney, Stuart Bolin, gave the summation up to the jury
on July 5, 1917, a regular Fourth of July speech.

"One hundred and forty-one years ago tomorrow the immortal
words were written which were to fire our forefathers until
they were free from the English tyrant. Today a greater tyrant threatens
us. George the III did not cut off the hands of the children; he
put on the barrel of the gun as a weapon for use in the service of
people. The people's state has been used to educate him
in our university. He would bite the hand that feeds him and would
repay the state by kicking her in the back.

"If his ideals which are so glibly spoken of are true why has he
not convinced others; why have the responsible Socialists of this
city repudiated him and his disruptive actions? Why should he be praised
for facing death when millions of men believe that he was
worst."

During this six weeks awaiting trial I was not allowed to be shaved,
the excuse being that the barber might cut my throat. I finally paid an
out-of-pocket barber to come in to me and shave. June 5th passed
and no move was made to shoot me. But at every step in the corridor I
had expected to be called. I was taken out of the dark hole now. Detective
Wilson said that the government had postponed my execution thinking
that I would give the names of those who had distributed the leaflets.
Outside of my talk the only people who came to see me were an old
lady from the hospital, Miss Georgia "Cypa," who was a Socialist and a Spiritualist,
accompanied by a long-haired American Indian, Karaka Redwood, who
was some kind of a yogi. I had met them often and somewhat had come
to believe that reincarnation was the only explanation of the injustice in
my life. I had a good fighting spirit and did not need religious opium
to bolster me. However, if I was executed I had this hope of coming back
in another life and raising hell.

None of the Socialist lawyers would defend me and an old Quaker, an
assistant judge by the name of Earheart, came and defended me free of charge.
He was 83 years of age and spoke slowly for it was an effort for him to
speak at all. I pled not guilty to the charge of "conspiracy to defraud the
government of enforcement of the draft act" because I did not want to go
in the draft.

Harry Townley, the comrade who did the printing, into prison. Tech-
nically he was not guilty for he had not printed any of my leaflets after the
note, and had done time with him in Allegheny prison years ago. I read:

"Blackie, who gave you this note is ok. See me in the yard this afternoon if it does not rain; otherwise to Catholic mass tomorrow and I will talk to you there. Your cell mate has paid $5 worth of tobacco to the screw in your cell block to get the first young prisoner coming in to be his cell mate. You are the 'lucky' one. Watch him, for he is one of the worst perverts in the prison. There is no use in making a fuss for you may 'accidentally' fall down four tiers. Get $5 worth of tobacco from the store and give it to Blackie and he will give it to the guard and pull strings to have you transferred out of the cell. This will take weeks; meantime get along the best you can. Good luck.

Yours for the revolution.

A. B."

A note from Alexander Berkman, the great Anarchist! I read it over and over again and then destroyed it, per the first rule in prison: don't keep any unnecessary contraband. For the first time in my life when I had read a book I had sat down at once and written to the author. This was in Warren, Ohio, in 1916, when I had read Berkman's Memoirs. I did not get an answer, and now I was to meet him personally. Hundreds of work- ers had been killed by the Pinkertons at Homestead, Pa. by the order of Frick, manager of Carnegie Steel. Berkman, then a young Anarchist, had stabbed and shot Frick, and had done 14 years and ten months actual time in the terrible Allegheny prison, 3½ years of this in a dark hole. He had been in prison before I was born and here he was again with a fighting spirit that jails could not kill. I had read his paper THE BLAST. The only thing that had saved him from being framed with Mooney and Billings was that he was in New York City when they were accused of dropping the bomb on the Preparedness parade, in San Francisco in 1916. I had but a faint idea of the word pervert; and I wondered how and why I could talk to Berkman in a Catholic chapel. I remembered in 1915 at Ohio State University when an intelligent sociology professor had assigned my debate in class against Socialism, and I had the support of conserva- tive parents to speak for Socialism. I surprised myself and the class by giving the argument that the trouble with Socialism was that it was not radical enough, and I gave anarchism as the ideal. As an illustration I gave the story of the wind which sought by force to blow the coat from the back of the traveler. The sun shade gentle rays which made the traveler voluntarily put the coat on. That is what Blackie and why. However, I said that I was not an anarchist because they stood no chance of winning; and it would not be long until the Socialists had gained the Revolution. Now I was to meet the living anarchists, such as Emma Goldman, Malatesta and Kropotkin, whom I wished to know. The sun shone brightly that afternoon on the packed ground of the prison yard. In the shadow along one prison wall Blackie had pointed out Berkman to me. I hastened to greet him. His kindly smile made me feel that I had a friend. He told me of a means of getting our letters, sub
something to print. I told him that was what I got in for, printing things in papers, and that my ideas were too radical for him. He insisted so I gave him this quote which, believe it or not, appeared in a box underneath the editorial caption of the Department of Justice on April 1, 1918:

"A prison is the only house in a slave state where a free man can abide with honor." Thoreau.

This had the a.k. of the warden and was snaked in. In the ignorant official thought it praised prisons. The CONSERVATOR, edited by the radical Horace Traubel, literary executor of Walt Whitman, was allowed in because they thought it was true. The IRISH WORLD, which was much against the war came to the Catholic chaplain and he got copies to us radicals through John Dunn, a conscientious objector and Catholic, from Providence, R. I., who said Don't be seen talking to me very often, for the guards are watching and will make trouble. Write to me by way of Blackie and I will do the same.

That night Peter again became more aggressive. For about six weeks I slept a few hours each night until I was transferred to another cell. Meanwhile my goodnatured passive resistance had persuaded Peter that he had better leave me alone. I got him interested in English lessons in the prison school. When I left his cell, he said he would pass the word around that I was nobody's punk, and none of the other wolves would bother me. I was transferred to the night cell house and John and Joe were counterfeitters and Johnny Spanish had done ten years in Sing Sing with Gyp the Blood, and was doing five years in Atlanta. He spoke well of Wardene Osborne. Later was to try his luck in radio and did not know he had to get a license. He called a few cents from me. One moon he slipped me a saw made from a knife, as we were in line going to dinner. It seems that he had cut in several bars of a window in the basement which faced outside and was preparing to escape. Some dumb guard had leaned against them and they gave, so the whole cell block was being searched for a saw. The kid had enough sense not to be caught with it. Why he gave it to me I do not know, but now I had it. I stopped and tied my shoe string and secured the saw up my sleeve, and thus got out of my regular place in line and at the table. I considered the table, and it may be there yet for all I know. As we left the mess hall, all of the guards in the prison lined us up and searched for that saw. If they had searched us coming in I would have been found with it, and of course would not have told on the kid.

John, in my cell, was boss of the paint gang and was from Columbus, Ohio. He had not known me, but all prisoners like someone who has put up a good fight and faced death and has not weakened. So he made me transferred to his gang, and when he left in about 6 months I was the boss of the gang. I had a pass to go anywhere I wanted inside the walls.

The editor of the prison paper, GOOD WORDS, asked me to give him
They were not active in any plans that we younger rebels formed. Francisco was the only local comrade from Atlanta in prison against the war; he was a Puerto Rican and had the advantage of his family coming to see him often. The young Hollander from Vermont was not a radical in the accepted sense of the term; he simply refused to fight against relatives who were in the German army. Fritz was a young Russian Socialist who was also quiet, but who went along with us in any of our plans. The Russians came in later while I was in solitary and I never met any of them. There were about 20 of them including their leader, Judge Rutherford. Nicholas, the Mexican, was very quiet and slow and loved to send candy and other trinkets to them but they did not respond. We were not religious and I suppose we joked them. My special friend was William McCoy, of the McCoy-Hattfield feud in Kentucky, who had been tried for killing six men in his fields. He could not write and I wrote his letters home for him. He had started out with Phillips, a friend, to shoot up the government when he heard that a war was on, and he told me.

Before the transfer had come through for my work on the paint gang I had worked with hundreds of others on the construction gang, wheeling "Georgia bricks." Then we moved to a mill that poured its foundation walls for a mill to make duck for mail sacks. There were about 80 of us in a line. The platform had been built in such a way that we had to make a mighty run to get to the top. So John, we wob from Australia and I took turns slowing up the line, stopping to tie a shoe lace, to look intently at the wheel as if something was wrong with it. I went through it just the same way every time. I would behave and the other one would take up the sabotage action. One afternoon of this and the boss took the hint and made the runaways like they should have been in the first place.

Oklahoma Red had been in Atlanta doing a five year bit and was wanted for a murder rap that he felt he couldn't beat. In a few months now he would be released and turned over to the authorities for trial for murder.

One day he saw an old fashioned flat coal car come in full of coal. It was made of wood and in the place where modern cars had a steel brake this old coal car had a wood brake. With me was the old Mexican draftee who had been in the army and had an unwritten law in some prisons that if a prisoner can make anything contraband and not get caught making it or taking it to his cell he can have it and no questions asked. Oklahoma Red had going out clothing in the rafters of the cement shed. Several weeks later that car came in. Red found out from the fellows as the power house that it would be switched out at 11:15 that morning. Some of us watched the toilet to no guard or stool pigeon could see Red changing his clothes; others of us kept the guard busy in conversation with head turn the other way. A preacher was watchman at the gate (in for violation of the Mann Act). This preacher trusty was reading his Bible and did not peer closely as the car went out with Red in the hiding place. About a quarter to twelve, guards were scurrying around making another count to see if they had made a mistake, or, if there was a man missing, who he might be. Finally the whistle blew and the guards and the prisoners looked in every corner for Red. As far as I know they never caught him.

A white man and a Negro had been killed by guards and I was incensed at it. My cell mates laughed and said it showed the whites for the dead were dead and no one could do anything about it. That if I wanted anything to do I should raise a fuss about the poor fish served on Friday by the new mess guard. DeMoss, who had been tried to say that he would make his rations by charging for good food and giving us junk. Accordingly I got cardboard from John Dunn and painted signs which I put up in all of the toilets around the place telling the prisoners to work on Fridays, but to stay in their cells and not go to dinner or to eat the rotten fish. The guards and stonelings tore the signs down, but I made others and put them up. So finally the fish was cut off. On the next Thursday the warden came to the second mess and said that those who did not come to dinner the next day would be put in their cells. Some appeared out in a shrill voice: "You can't cut our fish for us, and we're going to eat there, and there's a thousand of us." The next day 900 out of the 1100 ate at this shift in their cells.

The next Monday I was called to the time of one of us would have the whole line waiting, he would behave and the other one would take up the sabotage action. One afternoon of this and the boss took the hint and made the runaways like they should have been in the first place.

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One day he saw an old fashioned flat coal car come in full of coal. It was made of wood and in the place where modern cars had a steel brake this old coal car had a wood brake. With me was the old Mexican draftee who had been in the army and had an unwritten law in some prisons that if a prisoner can make anything contraband and not get caught making it or taking it to his cell he can have it and no questions asked. Oklahoma Red had going out clothing in the rafters of the cement shed. Several weeks later that car came in. Red found out from the fellows as the power house that it would be switched out at 11:15 that morning. Some of us watched the toilet to no guard or stool pigeon could see Red changing his clothes; others
smile in return. I look up at Johnson but he sobs; no fraternizing it seems. The tray leaves and the doors are locked. I am not very hungry, and I prolong the breakfast as much as possible to take up my time. At last the food is gone. I leisurely wash the dishes and dry them. Perhaps I spin my plate a dozen times, and see how long I can count before it falls to the floor off the table. I lean back in my chair and think of Selma and of folks at home. Then I realize that I am within these four walls a jail in a jail. I walk back and forth for five or ten minutes and then throw myself on my bunk; take off my shoes and hunch up on my bunk. In a few minutes I am thinking of what church I belonged to, and when I told him I was an atheist he would have nothing to do with me, even when I was in solitary. Catholics were taken care of by the priest and the Protestant had all the rest, so I sent a note to him for a Bible to read in solitary for I was not allowed anything else, or to send or receive mail. After a few weeks a Bible with good print and maps and references in the back was sent to me. After a few days I sent a note and got only the small print and no maps was given to me in its place. I asked Johnson, the guard, why I was given a Bible with small print, as this was more difficult to read with the small light 15 feet above me, and he simply grunted. The colored trusty later spoke, down in his throat without moving his lips, in the manner we all learn, and told me that anything was done which would make it more difficult for those in solitary. I do not think that the chaplain had anything to do with this; probably the deputy or the guard took this means of teasing one of their caged animals. Outsiders, such as reporters and prison reformers, at times get themselves locked in solitary to get the feeling. But they know they will be out in a day or two. This would then be a vacation, at its best, and a temporary misery, at its worst. When, however, you hear groans of fellow prisoners, when you do not know how many months you may remain in solitary, you have a weight hanging over you that precludes any joyfulness of spirit.

A day in solitary

I hear the six o’clock gong ring for the early mess. I know at 7:20 I will get my mash out of my locker. But I wait in my cell and swing it thirty times—up-right-left-down; up-right-left-down. Then I walk 100 steps back and forth in my cell. Then arms out-arms-clenched-arms down, as I walk back and forth. This I repeat several times. It is now 7 o’clock. I make my bed and then wash my face and hands again. Then I hear the clanging of the door and I know that breakfast is on the way. I hear the doors open and shut and the jangling of the keys and the rattling of utensils. I sit and watch the door like a cat watching a mouse. The shadows of the guard and the Negro trusty lengthen under my cell. The key turns in the lock; the wooden door opens and Johnson, the fat guard, stands back after he has opened the iron barred doors. The Negro steps in and ladles out my oatmeal, hands me a couple slices of bread, and pours out a large cup of coffee. Today he has no note for me; tomorrow he may have one. He smiles at me as he turns his back to Johnson and I
men enter for the first mess. I feel that this is the opportune time to write a few lines, which I have not finished, on the wall. I sharpen my spoon on the floor and stealthily carve two letters when I hear a step in the hall and cease my carving.

I walk aimlessly around my cell for fifteen minutes and then sit and wait for the door to open for my dinner. Beans, olo, bread and coffee. I eat the beans carefully, for often I break my teeth from biting against the stones which are included in them. I also wash my dishes leisurely, rest on my bunk for half an hour, then become restless again and walk to and fro for a mile or two. I read for an hour as the afternoon passes slowly. Then make notes and think about the subject matter for a minute. I hear the train at 2 p.m. I am tired of thinking and tired of exercising. I again walk aimlessly about my cell, examining the walls. Perhaps I take some toilet paper, wet it, and wash a section of the wall to see if there is a message written underneath the grime; perhaps I figure out a calendar six months ahead to discover on what day of the week Selma's birthday occurs.

I think again of those on the outside and of the radical movement. An hour passes by in this manner and I try to sleep for half an hour but turn from one side to the other. I hear Popoff rattle his chains and groan in the next cell. He is a Bulgarian, a counterfeiter. He invented some kind of a gun and offered the plans to the war department but they never answered him. He does not speak English and did not explain his sickness to the Doctor so it could be understood at once, and was put into solitary for faking. He had sent a poem to the prison paper and this was sent back. He saved the guards and was beaten up. What with all this he thought if he knocked the deputy warden down, someone would come from Washington and then he could tell them about his invention. He struck harder than he thought and the deputy died. He got life imprisonment, but it was not supposed to be hanging by his wrists from the bars. He was not a pacifist or a radical and when he called the guards names they strung him up.

I try strenuous exercises punching an imaginary punching bag; I try walking on my hands; I sing a song or recite some poetry for another hour. Finally a break in my day comes with the first mess aching by 4.30. Supper comes and it is soon over. I walk aimlessly around my cell. The guards change for the night shift. Now the other fellows in jail, outside of solitary, are getting their evening papers and mail; visiting with each other; playing games on the sly and having a good time. It is dark and the night guard, Dean, turns on the light. Again I read the Bible for an hour and take notes back to what I have read. I rest on my bunk; sing some songs; perhaps a curse if I like it; walk back and forth.

Finally it is 8.30 p.m. and my light is turned out. I undress and go to bed. The lonesome whistle of the train howls in the distance. I lie on my back; then on one side; then on the other. Sometimes I cry; sometimes I curse; sometimes I pray to whatever kind of God listens to those in solitary. I think it must be night when the door opens and Dean flashes the light on to see if I am in my cell and shouts to the other guard, "ok.; all in at 10 p.m." I too am asleep when the bedbugs commence. I finally pass a night of fearful sleeping and dreaming. Again it is 6 a.m. and I cross off another day on my calendar.

A visit from the warden

I had read the Bible once when I belonged to the Baptist church, and now that it was all that I had to read, I commenced with Genesis and read at least twenty chapters a day. I also went for four and a half miles a day. Berkman sent me a copy of Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," and I learned it by heart and recited it aloud several times a day. Finally I made notes and think about the slowly, as I was busy planning a routine. I found that one day, perhaps a Thursday or a Friday, I would suddenly be called by the guard to go across the hall and get my mail. Meanwhile my cell would be searched for contraband. For three minutes at some other odd time in the week I would be taken across the hall to be shaved. It was summer time and I asked to have my hair shaved off to make my head cooler. I could not see myself and whatever the trusty or Johnson thought of my appearance did not make any difference to me.

Once when I was going to get a shave I saw Popoff entering his cell with his head bandaged. This must have been the result of the blows which I had heard faintly the day before. He was mistreated a year or more until he went insane. Selina and I did not explain his sickness to the Doctor so it could be understood at once, and was put into solitary for faking. He had sent a poem to the prison paper and this was sent back. He saved the guards and was beaten up. What with all this he thought if he knocked the deputy warden down, someone would come from Washington and then he could tell them about his invention. He struck harder than he thought and the deputy died. He got life imprisonment, but it was not supposed to be hanging by his wrists from the bars. He was not a pacifist or a radical and when he called the guards names they strung him up.

I try strenuous exercises punching an imaginary punching bag; I try walking on my hands; I sing a song or recite some poetry for another hour. Finally a break in my day comes with the first mess aching by 4.30. Supper comes and it is soon over. I walk aimlessly around my cell. The guards change for the night shift. Now the other fellows in jail, outside of solitary, are getting their evening papers and mail; visiting with each other; playing games on the sly and having a good time. It is dark and the night guard, Dean, turns on the light. Again I read the Bible for an hour and take notes back to what I have read. I rest on my bunk; sing some songs; perhaps a curse if I like it; walk back and forth.

Finally it is 8.30 p.m. and my light is turned out. I undress and go to bed. The lonesome whistle of the train howls in the distance. I lie on my back; then on one side; then on the other. Sometimes I cry; sometimes I curse; sometimes I pray to whatever kind of God listens to those in solitary. I think it must be night when the door opens and Dean flashes the light on to see if I am in my cell and shouts to the other guard, "ok.; all in at 10 p.m." I too am asleep when the bedbugs commence. I finally pass a night of fearful sleeping and dreaming. Again it is 6 a.m. and I cross off another day on my calendar.

A visit from the warden

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leading in that food sit-down, all of them would be your friends. When you are accused of planning to blow up the prison they are all afraid to know you. Why didn’t you come and tell me about the food?

"Why didn’t you come into the kitchen and find out: no one but Arnold go to your office," I answered. He left hurriedly.

In about five minutes he returned, saying: "I forgot to ask you something. Hennacy. I’ll leave you out tomorrow just the same."

"What is on your mind?" I asked.

"Have you been sneaking any letters out of this prison?" he asked in an angry tone.

"Sure." I replied, smiling.

"Who is doing it for you?" he demanded.

"A friend of mine," I answered.

"What is his name?" he asked.

"That is for you and your guards and stooil pigeons to find out. I won’t tell you, for I want to get some more letters out concerning the evil things that go on."

I replied good naturedly. He stormed around my cell, somewhat taken back by the fact that I had not lied or given in.

"You’ll stay in here all your good time and get another year. you stub-

It was not for many years that I knew I had used the method of moral jujitsu as advised by Gandhi. If you don’t give your enemy a hold he can’t throw you. Never be on the defensive; always answer quickly and keep the enemy on the run. He is used to trickery and is put off his guard by an honest and courageous opponent whom he cannot scare or bribe.

I picked up the Bible and threw it in a corner, pacing back and forth, thinking and musing. In another week I was through the book. He is used to trickery and is put off his guard by an honest and courageous opponent whom he cannot scare or bribe.

I picked up the Bible and threw it in a corner, pacing back and forth, thinking and musing. In another week I was through the book. He is smart enough to realize that I am not a simpleton."

"What do you mean by that?"

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The sun alone brightly in my cell the next morning for the first time in weeks. I crouched again by the door and saw Berkman's bald head. Tears came into my eyes and I felt ashamed of myself for my cowardly idea of suicide just because I had a few reverses. Here was Berkman who had passed through much more than I would ever have to endure if I stayed two more years in solitary. How was the world to know more about the conditions of life and work and love and hate? What about the last two verses of the I.W.W. Prison Song now had a real meaning to me as I sang them again. I was through with despair. I wanted to live to make the world better. I was through with despair. I wanted to live to make the world better because more prisoners, and for all that, most people on the outside, did not understand and know what solitary meant was all the more reason why I should be strong. I sang cheerfully:

"By all the graves of Labor's dead, By Labor's deathless flag of red, We make a solemn vow to you, We'll keep the faith, we will be true. For freedom laughs at prison bars, Her voice reechoes from the stars; Proclaiming with the tempest's breath A Cause beyond the reach of death."

Two months later I heard the whistles blow and shouts resound throughout the prison. The war was over. The Armistice had been signed. It was not until then that I was informed in a note from Berkman that November 11 was also an anarchist anniversary, the date of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists of the Haymarket in 1887. I had ceased by this time my nervous running back and forth like a squirrel in my cell and was now taking steady walks in my cell each day, and also hours of physical exercise. I was going to build myself up and not get sick and die. I would show my persecutors that I would be a credit to my ideals.

I had painted the ceiling of the Catholic chapel in flat work before I got in solitary, and had left no brush marks. The priest appreciated my good work. He knew I was an Irishman who was not a Catholic, but he never tried to convert the Irish. I was not thinking of any church but just wanted to see what might be worthwhile in it. I had now read it through four times and had read the New Testament many times and the Sermon on the Mount. I had made up games with pages and chapters and names of characters in the Bible to pass away the time. I had tried to every- one that I liked. As I read of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Micah and others of the prophets and of Jesus, I could see that they had opposed tyranny. I had also spent many days reviewing all of the historical aspects of the war in trying to think through a philosophy of life. I had passed through the idea of killing myself. This was an escape, not any solution to life. The remainder of my two years in solitary must result in a clear-cut plan whereby I could go forth and be a force in the world. I could not take any halfway measures.

If assassination, violence and revolution was the better way, then military tactics must be studied and a group of fearless rebels organized. I remembered again what Slim, the sort of Rob-in Hood Wobblie who was in some larceny charge had told me once to the effect that one could not be a good rebel unless he became angry and vengeful. Then I heard Popoff curse the guards and I heard them beat him. I remembered the Negro who had sworn at the guards at torture of Popoff and others if I gave up! The last two voices of protest over food and I remembered the peaceful victory which we had in our strike against the spoiled fish. I also remembered what Berkman had said about being fired, but quiet. He had said about being fired, but quiet. He did not believe in it as a wholesale method. I read of the wars and hatred in the Old Testament. I also read of the courage of Daniel and the Hebrew children who would not worship the golden image; of Peter who chose to obey God rather than the properly constituted authorities who placed him in jail; and of the victory of these men by courage and peaceful methods. I read of Jesus, who was confronted with a whole world of tyranny and chose not to overturn the tyrant and make Himself king, but to change the hatred in the hearts of men to love and understanding—to overcome evil with goodwill.

I had called loudly for the sword and mentally listed those whom I desired to kill when I was free. Was this really the universal method which should be used? I would read the Sermon on the Mount again. When a child I had been frightened by hell fire in proclaiming a change of life. Now I spent months making a decision; there was no sudden change. I had all the time in the world and no one could talk to me or influence me. I was deciding this idea for myself. Gradually I came to gain a glimpse of what Jesus meant when He said, "The Kingdom of God is Within You." In my heart now after six months I could love everybody in the world but the warden, but if I did not love him then the Sermon on the Mount meant nothing at all. I really saw this and felt it in my heart but I was too stubborn to admit it to myself. One day I was walking back and forth in my cell when, in turning, my head hit the wall. Then the thought came to me: "Here I am locked up in a cell. The warden was never locked up in any cell and he never had a chance to know what Jesus meant. Neither did I know the Bible, I was not thinking of any church but just wanted to see what might be worthwhile in it. I had now read it through four times and had read the New Testament many times and the Sermon on the Mount. I had made up games with pages and chapters and names of characters in the Bible to pass away the time. I had tried to every- one that I liked. As I read of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Micah and others of the prophets and of Jesus, I could see that they had opposed tyranny. I had also spent many days reviewing all of the historical aspects of the war in trying to think through a philosophy of life. I had passed through the idea of killing myself. This was an escape, not any solution to life. The remainder of my two years in solitary must result in a clear-cut plan whereby I could go forth and be a force in the world. I could not take any halfway measures.
would never have a better opportunity than to try out the Sermon on the Mount right now in my cell. Here was deceit, hatred, lust, murder, and every kind of evil in this prison. I reread slowly and pondered each verse: “Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth . . . whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also . . . take therefore no thought for the morrow . . . therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

I fancied what my radical friends in and out of prison would say when I spoke of the above teachings of Jesus. I knew that I would have to bear their displeasure, just as I had borne the hysteria of the patriots and the silence of my friends when I was sent to prison. This did not mean that I was going to “squawk” and give in to the officials, but in my heart I would try to see the good in them and not hate them. Jesus did not give in to His persecutors. He used strong words against the evil deeds of His time, but He had mercy for the sinner. I now was not alone fighting the world for I had Him as my helper. I saw that if I hold this philosophy for myself I could not engage in violence for a revolution—a good war, as some might call it—but would have to renounce violence even in my thought. Would I be ready to go the whole way? At this time I had not heard of Tolstoy and his application of Christ’s teachings to society. Berkman had just mentioned his name along with other anarchists and he might have told me more if I had had a lengthy conversation with him; but I never saw him again. I could see the warden’s honesty in admitting that he had “framed” me. I could even see that the deputy had only been ordered to violence in his years of supervising the chain gang. I did not know much about the outside world and it was up to me now day by day to solve this problem of repeated hatred, and when I was finally released to see in what manner I could apply my new ideals to conditions as I found them. The most difficult animosity for me to overcome was a dislike of hypocrites and church people who had so long withheld the real teachings of Jesus. I could see no connection between Jesus and the church.

I continued my study of the Bible. Popoff was still being manhandled. My teeth ached much of the time in solitary and I asked the deputy to allow the prison dentist to fix my teeth. The prison doctor gave one pint of dreadful tasting salts for whatever ailed a prisoner. Very few men would take a sick call with this dose in view. However, the deputy did not give me a pint of physic for my toothache, and neither could he bring his dental chair to solitary. The deputy replied that I knew how I could get my teeth fixed: that was to tell what I knew; otherwise I could ask for all he cared. So loving my enemies was not altogether a theoretical matter.

It was now early in February of 1919 and I had been in solitary for seven and a half months. Mr. Duchay, Superintendent of Federal Prisons from Washington, and his secretary, and warden Zerbat came to my cell. Duchay wanted to know why I was being held so long here. I told him I was telling the world of evil conditions in the prison and would not divorce the source of my outlet for contraband mail. He felt that I was an intelligent and educated man who was foolish to endanger my health in solitary by trying to better the conditions for a lot of bums in prison who would sell me for a dime. I told him I was learning to take it.

I had read a poem in the APPEAL TO REASON years before and had remembered it and written it on the wall. He and the warden read it and laughed.

SURPLUS VALUE

The Merchant calls it Profit and winces the other eye;
The Banker calls it Interest and hears a cheerful sigh;
The Landlord calls it Rent so he truck s it in his bag.
But the folks who sell the Surplus Value he simply calls it Stag.

Duchay changed his tactics and began to swing his arms and berate me as a fool and a coward. The warden had called me names often but he disliked to call an outsider do so.

"If he is a fool or a coward he must be a different kind, for no one ever stood more than three months in the hole without giving in. He must be a God's fool or a God's coward.

Years later I was to write an account of my prison life and call it "God's Coward." Portions of it were printed in the November and December CATHOLIC WORKER in 1941. It must have seemed especially advice for those about to oppose World War II.

I did not lose my temper or fight back to the warden and Mr. Duchay; just smiled and held my ground. Suddenly Duchay turned to the warden saying, "Let's get this fellow out who is a talking fellow. Half of the time I can't trust my own men. This Hennyacy is honest and can't be bribed. I will give him a job in the secret service."

The warden and I smiled and I was glad I had stayed with this job hunting down radicals and criminals for I was on their side and not that of the oppressor . . . The secretary of Duchay was taking this all down in shorthand. Finally in desperation they left.

The next morning a runner came down from the office to measure me for an outgoing suit, saying:

"The warden told us that damn Hennyacy wouldn't tell anything in seven and a half months; he won't tell anything in seven and a half years. Get him the hell out of here; give him back his good time and let him go to his other jail."

The next month went very quickly. It was now March 19, 1919, and I was to be released the next day. That night the deputy came in and said, "Going out tomorrow morning."

"That's what they say; sure a fine feeling," I replied.

"We give; we take. You tell who is putting out your contraband mail or you'll stay here another five and a half months and lose your good time in and then another year for refusing to register. You don't think we will allow anyone to get by in bucking us, do you?"

"Tears came to my eyes and I chokingly replied, "I can do it. I go away and don't bother me anymore." After he left I wept; but I was at the stage where I felt strong enough to take it.
erat" wanted him to watch my mail to see if I would divulge the name of the person who had sent my contraband letters out of prison, but he wasn't paid to steal pigeons for them and I could write what I liked for all he cared.

Debs had entered Moundsville, West Virginia prison to start his twenty years. He could not be allowed to receive letters from another convict so I wrote to his brother Theodore in Terre Haute to try to live a good life out in the world. For one who in his old age was still a rebel. Sam Castleon, who was to be Debs's lawyer in Atlanta, was also my lawyer. My case came up for trial after seven weeks. Castleon told me that if I was not too radical he might get me off with six months.

When I was in court a Holmes preacher was being tried first. He had refused to register, he said, because the Bible didn't say to kill, and putting your name down on the list of killers was the first thing the government wanted you to do. The first thing for a Christian to do was to write his name in the Book of Life instead of the Book of Death, and refuse to register. He had announced this far and wide but on the night before the draft God came to him in a dream and said that "the power that be are ordained of God" and he should not disobey them. So he made up his mind to register the next day; but then he took sick and couldn't. It was obvious that he was squeaking, and that if God was talking to him He meant as well save him well so he could go and register. His wife and children asked the judge for clemency and the judge gave him 24 hours in jail.

My case came next. I was asked if I had really refused to register for the first and second drafts and if I had not changed my mind like the minister and would be ready to register for the third draft if and when it came along. I replied that I had entered prison as an atheist and not a pacifist but that I was locked up with the Bible; that if I had been locked up with the cook book, the phrase book, or the Book of Mormon I might have come out an expert on these, but being there with the Bible I became a Christian and a pacifist. Perhaps not a very orthodox Christian, spelling God with a little "g" and two "o's" (good). And that a few weeks ago I had read Tolstoy and had become an anarchist.

"What's an anarchist?" asked the Judge. I could see my lawyer wince and put his finger to his lips.

"An anarchist is someone who doesn't need a cop to make him behave. Anarchism is voluntary cooperation with the right of secession. The individual or the family or the small group as a unit instead of the State. Jefferson said that government is best which governs least, as with the Indians." I continued for about ten minutes to explain my new radical ideas. The District Attorney, Hooper Alexander, an old fashioned looking Southerner, came up to the judge and whispered and the judge said "case dismissed." I looked around to see whose case it was and it was mine. My lawyer seemed bewildered and so was I. Mr. Alexander beckoned for me to come to his office and show me the way. I explained some of my history to him. He had read letters that came to me and said he understood. The reason he had dismissed my case was the
contrast between this preacher who was bellyaching out of it and myself who was willing to take more punishment. He liked a good fighter. He was not a pacifist nor in sympathy with anarchism he said, but he realized something was wrong with the world and those who supported the status quo surely did not have the answer. He wanted to know if I had enough money to pay my way to the Delaware, Ohio jail to do my nine months for refusing to register the first time. I told him I had because the Socialists of Columbus had sent me $2 a month to buy candy and I could not use it while in solitary.

CHAPTER 3

Marriage - Travel in 48 States - Carmen and Sharon born
1920 - 1930

New York City - Waukesha, Wis.

In New York City

I was nervous and in no position to hold down a job. Two scholarships to the Rand School in New York City were open to a boy and a girl from the middle west and they were given to Selma and me. George Herron, a radical professor in the middle west had married a wealthy woman by the name of Rand and they gave money to erect and run this Socialist school. The night of my arrival there was a mass meeting in the auditorium of the Rand School and Mother Bloor was speaking about my case as I entered the back of the hall. Someone told her and she asked me to come forward. I was not ashamed to kiss her in public as she represented to me all that was ideal.

While Selma was not a Christian nor an anarchist, she was radical and understood enough about my feelings to be in accord with my opposition to the church and the state when it came to marriage. Accordingly on December 24, 1919 we kissed each other and made the mutual pledge that "we would live together as long as we loved each other—for the Revolution." (This day was to go down in history for another reason, for it was the day when Vanetti was accused of the Bridgewater holdup.) So we lived together near Union Square and continued our studies. We lived in Hell's Kitchen and other places. Later I worked with my friend Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union as secretary of the League for Mutual Aid. And again as secretary of a building cooperative. Selma worked in the office of the WORLD TOMORROW, a pacifist magazine.

While in New York City I wrote several articles in the IWW paper, THE FELLOW WORKER and spoke at one of their forums. I was giv
ing the pacifist argument when a bully fellow worker said no cop was going to tell him what to do and we had to fight for our right; being a pacifist was only cowardice. Before I could answer him a small red-headed young man got up and said:

"Yes, you are brave. Last week when the cops raided us on Union Square all you big fellows ran away and left me there alone to fight them all. I’m not a pacifist, but I think more of this fellow who does what he says than of you big guys who talk brave and run away."

During my second month in solitary in Atlanta in July, 1918 I had written a paper for Hypocrites, 1920 THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY of the I.W.W. published it.

HYPOCRITES
I wonder if the devil laughs,
And sings a joyful song,
As to "Onward Christian Soldiers."
"My Country Right or Wrong."
The Christians each other slaughter,
And lynch and moh and maim,
All those who will not help to kill
In lovely Jesus’ name.
I wonder if the devil laughs,
And his joy’s increased,
To see the god of gold worshipped
By preacher and by priest,
Who teach contentment with your loot—
Unless you run the game—
And wink at sin and grab the tin
In lovely Jesus’ name.
I wonder if the devil laughs,
And adds oil to his fire,
To make a warm reception for
That saintly son and sire,
Who teach love and the golden rule,
While practicing the same;
By raising rents and burning tents
In lovely Jesus’ name.
I wonder if the devil laughs,
Or if he sheds a tear,
As the revolution’s growing
Much stronger year by year;
And whether love or dynamite
Our victory shall acclaim,
Our foes will fight with all their might
In lovely Jesus’ name.

I also had an article in THE TOILER, the organ of the Communist Labor Party edited by my old friend Alfred Wagenknecht, on the Socialist Party convention. Around this time about a dozen Socialist Assemblies in Albany were being expelled because of their radicalism. They were not very radical but the Lusk Committee was out to get even with them. In their testimony of the trial it was brought up that I had been secretary of the Socialist Party in Columbus, Ohio in 1917, and was routed by the state organization to oppose the war and the draft. Seymour Stedman, once a candidate for Vice President on the Socialist ticket, was the defense lawyer and his rebuttal was that I was not a Socialist but a Quaker. Later I wrote to him telling him that he knew the facts and he replied that he had forgotten. The speaking Assemblies continued their jobs anyway, and later all of them lived through another war and supported it.

Evan Thomas, Julius Eichell, J. B. C. Woods, and Selma and I met every two weeks, along with other pacifists, and held meetings under the name World War Objectors. We published a large leaflet with a picture of the Perfect Soldier, Bob Minor’s huge hat with a bayonet but no head, and inserted it under the heading Stop the Next War Now. I bought thousands of I.W.W. bronze amnesty buttons and sold them at meetings: a picture of a man behind bars. We went to Margaret Sanger’s office and helped distribute her illegal birth control pamphlet and other literature. I remember talking to bewildered Edwin Markham, author of that epic that had cheered me in solitary: The Man with the Hoe.

Finally in the spring of 1921 Selma and I read Thoreau and Walt Whitman and decided on hiking over the country. I was working as a soda jerk at the Pennsylvania station. We quit our jobs and with $100 set forth. When I looked at the calendar I saw it was on the exact anniversary of my entrance into solitary: June 21. What happened during the next four years I have written in a manuscript entitled High Roads and Hot Roads. Suffice it to say that we never thundered a ride but waited for people to ask us.

We hiked first over Staten Island, visited Walter Hirschberg in Atlantic City, whom I had known as a CO in Atlanta. His father was an old time anarchist who ran the Boardwalk Bookstore. Got to Norfolk and had a three weeks ride on a leaky coal barge: back up to Boston where we visited with Francis Xavier Hennessy, now a fallen away Catholic, who had been a CO in Leavenworth. Then to see John Dunn in Providence, R. I. We climbed Mt. Washington one night; and found the New England people the kindest folks of the whole country. Visited my folks in Saginaw and Selma’s in Milwaukee. Then spent several weeks in Chicago as guest of my old radical friend Ed Smith. Visited Waldisheim cemetery where the Haymarket men are buried and placed a rose there. Then down through the snow towards Georgia.

Before we came to Sewnee Mountain in Tennessee, we stopped at a store to buy food and were told that on the other side of the mountain we would see a painted woman on a horse right near the Bottomless Pit. That she would make a sign to a man in the bushes and he would throw us in the Pit. We joked all that afternoon and next day about this prediction. Around 3 p.m. we rounded a corner and sure enough saw a woman about 35, with painted lips, on a horse. She asked who we were and where
we were going. We told her and we must have sounded all right for she motioned to a man in the bushes to lower his rifle which had been pointed to us all of the time, saying. "They're e.k." We asked if there was a Bos- tomless Pit nearby. The woman told us to look around and right behind us was a hole. She told us to throw a stone in it. We did so and could not hear it splash. "How deep is it?" we asked. "No one knows, and if they drop in there they'll never know anything," she replied. We hurried on down the mountain and at dark came to a house. We asked for a drink of water and were in turn asked if we were going over the mountain. "Just came down," we replied. "What, didn't those people on the other side of the mountain rob you?" the lady asked. We told her we had heard a story about the woman on a horse and the man in the bushes with a gun from the other side of the mountain, but no one there had disturbed us. "That's Pop," said a small boy referring to the man on the horse. "You shot up?" said the mother. We camped there that night.

In Rome, Georgia we asked the parents of Joe Webb, and they gave us a picture of him on the chain gang. Whether I had done Joe a service to save him from the rope for the ball and chain is a question. In Atlanta we went out to visit the prison. Ex-convicts are not allowed a return and visit. As we came to the outside Tower the guard laughingly said, "Go ahead; I guess you are no ex-cons." We sat on a bench with about twenty other visitors waiting until a guard would show us through the prison. DeMoss, who had framed me into solitary passed several times and looked at me, but I suppose he was not sure about me. As we were going through the yard and get near the house where I was in solitary I whispered to Selma and she very sweetly said to the guard who was escorting us: "Officers, how many people do they have in solitary now?" "About 30. Oh, we don't have solitary any more," he hemmed and hawed.

As we went through the kitchen the Negro licker who had given me my food in solitary winked at me, recognizing me. We worked in Georgia for 18 months. I studied the history of that state for an article for THE NATION in its series on States, but as I recall it was not published. On the streets of Atlanta one day I met a rather seney man who recognized me. He asked me to come around to his church, but in the midst of his missionary effort he must have remembered that was the animal he had under his torture for 8 1/2 months while he was deputy warden, for he suddenly snapped and changed the subject before the invitation for salvation had been fully delivered. So even Deputy Girard- deau had a conscience. We had a visit for an hour with the DA who had dismissed my case, Hooper Alexander, and he was exceedingly cordial.

Through reading Harry Frank's books on travel we got the idea of going to South America and obtaining a passport. All I had to say was that I had not been convicted of a felony within the past five years. It had been six years. This has been mentions. Left Atlanta in the spring climbed Mt. Mitchell in the Carolina's, went across Texas and up to Mil- waukee in time for the state Socialist picnic in the late summer. We vis- ired our folks leiurely, spent a few days with Haldeman-Julius at Girard, Kansas, where both of them wanted us to link our names as they had, Selma had retained her full maiden name, Selma Melms. Somehow we did not like the idea. Julius insisted that we should visit his friend Charles J. Finger of Fayetteville, Arkansas. When we arrived at his farm he discov- ered that I was the conscientious objector whom he had planned to see in Delaware, Ohio jail in 1919, but he had to leave the town before doing so. He was a wealthy operator of railroads, junking them or making a success for a syndicate. Somehow he felt that this was a useless life so the whole family sold their houses and cars and bought a farm in Arkansas. Here we were about his early days as a casaway on a cotton field and other tales of dering do. It was a standing joke in his family that when his son wanted to roam the world, saying "you did it, Dad, when you were 17," he always advanced the age to 18 or 20. He read chapters from Dickens before the huge fireplace each night. Next we saw "Coi Harvey," who had become wealthy and famous writing about free coinage of silver in 1896 and had started to build a castle at Monte Ne, Arkansas, from which he would direct the World Re nurse. A strike of men returned it and it was never finished. He was building a pyramid there to contain records of this civilization. He figured Arkansas would be about the last place a conqueror would invade or erosion would destroy.

Very early one morning as we were hicking on a dirt road in Arkansas we met for a twenty minute a farmer going to market with a wagon load of tomatoes. We bought some, Selma liking to eat them like apples, with salt. Haldeman-Julius had given us a score of his Little Blue Books, so as we finished one we gave them away. Giving one to the tomato merchant- farmer he looked at us doubtfulness and said: "Be you all Socialists?"

"Something like that. I was a conscientious objector in jail in Atlanta in 1917-19 and my wife's father used to be Socialist sheriff in Milwaukee," I answered.

"Let me shake your paw," said the farmer, wiping the tears from his eyes, "I haven't seen a Socialist for years. Not since I used to give medicine shake shots over Texas and then end it up with a Socialist speech. You must stop at my house and visit tonight. It's around the voting place; turn off there by the red filling station." We promised to see him that night. His wife was friendly when we arrived, after refusing a ride to Little Rock from a man who had picked us up. We picked blackberries that afternoon and I had my introduction to "chiggers": that "Technical" as they say that get under your arms and knees and itches (and itches and you can't see them at all. After supper our host said we should take a mile down the road and say hello to Will who had done time in Leavenworth.

We did so and met a 6 foot 6 jolly native whose voice boomed for a quarter of a mile in regular conversation. I had heard vagrancy of such a character but had never met him. He had gone into Texas and worked in the oil fields; then onto farms where with others he joined The Work in Glass Union, a division of the I.W.W. Along with others he had re- fused to register and when taken into court and asked by the judge why he didn't go to war he said: "Why don't you go yourself; you old s.o.b.?”
He was threatened with "contempt of court," and told them that is just what he had for the court. Two officers came toward him and he lifted them each by the neck and gently knocked their heads together, as much as saying that if he really wanted to he could do a good job at it. He was absolutely without guilt, an "innocent" who didn't know enough to be afraid; and the court had to be adjourned, for no order could be kept with Will around. He got 20 years in Leavenworth and proceeded to act the same way there. An officer drilling the men would slip and fall in the mud. Will would laugh loudly and was put in solitary; here he yelled and made such a noise that they let him out and gave him a job picking up pieces of paper blowing around, with a spiked stick. Some fat guard would order him around and he would run after him saying: "I'll stick this thing in your fat belly," and the guard knew he would. He was called to the "headdoctor," as he called it and asked why he didn't learn how to behave in jail. His reply was that it would "poil me for the outside." He was finally catalogued as a "natural born anarchist" and discharged, for with Will in jail there could be no semblance of discipline.

We had read of the School of Organic Education at the Single Tax settlement of Fairhope, Alabama, across the bay from Mobile. Passing through there we were persuaded to stay because the history teacher in the high school had suddenly got married and left and they wanted me to teach history. I demurred that I was not a college graduate, was a jailbird and anarchist, and that my wife and I were married common law. They needed a teacher badly, it seemed, so I stayed. Selma had learned how to make baskets from pine needles and was interested in the English folk dances which they had at the school. We lived a mile north of town in a cement block house where huge pine cones and knots of pine made a cherry warmth in the fireplace.

The English teacher told me that Sam said he wouldn't study history and that new history teacher couldn't make him. This was in the Junior class. I told them all the story of the three blind men and the elephant. How one felt the tail and said it was a rope; another felt the trunk and said it was a tree; another touched the body and said it was a house. Of course they were all wrong for it was an elephant. I said it was the same way with history. The history books of one country said that country was right and the others wrong. The history books of a dominant religion or exploiting class said they were right and their opponents were wrong. What was history 10,000 years ago was mostly fable; even 1,000 years ago we did a lot of guessing about it, and less than 500 years ago we had the fable about George Washington and the cherry tree. What then was the truth? On the Civil War I had leaned only the side of the North and the folks here knew only the side of the South. There were three sides to a question: your side, my side, and the right side. Everyone was biased. So was I, but I admitted it; the others generally said they were teaching "the truth." As we did not know for sure about yesterday, let us try and find out about today, for this is the history of tomorrow too.

Accordingly I told the students I would have the following papers on the rack for them to look at and every Friday we would have an hour dis-
Colorado and took a picture of the cross that marked the burning to death of the strikers and their women and children by the Rockefeller gunmen, years before. (Before this we had stopped at Leavenworth prison and visited Red Donavan, Jim Thompson, and other I.W.W.'s still imprisoned. It was surprised to see Zerby, my old ward from Atlanta. He was now deputy at Leavenworth. He could afford to be cordial now and praised the I.W.W.'s as being skilled workers.)

In Utah toward evening we saw what appeared to be thousands of muggos moving over a distant mountain. Drawing closer we saw they were goats. We watched that evening as the Greeks at the goat coral hocked a goat into a V shaped fence and milked her quickly into a huge washtub. They gave us goat-cheese (something you have to get used to) to carry along. After a few miles we hurried to a cabin off the road and knocked at the door, seeking to escape the rain. The door was slightlyajar and swung open. A sign said: "Cook what you want; clean up, and put out the fire." This was the open hospitality of the west that we had read about. We made coffee and oatmeal and soon it had stopped raining and we left. Later we found we never could buy cherries from the hospitable Mormons, for they always gave us some to eat and carry along.

In Seattle we met Redoran on the street. He was a barber for a dentist. As we had little money left we hurried down to San Francisco and settled in Berkeley where Selma attended the Arts and Crafts School and I hurried into a job of selling Fuller brushes, taking an extension course in soils, beekeeping, etc. at the University.

Since 1912 I had been a nominal member of the Workers (Communist) Party because of my admiration for Ruthenberg, who had now been released from Sing Sing and was the head of the Party. He understood that I was an anarchist but that I wanted to be doing something and to that extent I had control. Anarchists I knew of were a sleepy crowd. Accordingly I taught classes in American History each Sunday morning to the Finnish comrades in Berkeley, down by the waterfront. Each Thursday night I had a class of young Communists in Oakland and each Friday in San Francisco. By the time winter was over I understood that they did not want to learn about American History; all they wanted to hear was the word "Revolution" over and over again. I could see no point in continuing my membership. I had never attended a party meeting; paying my dues by mail. I won a turkey as a salesman and Selma and I had a good time and a radical newsvendor on the campus ate it for Thanksgiving Day.

One evening in May I came home from a meeting and said to Selma: "Suppose we don't go to South America. Suppose we go to some place in the country near Milwaukee; start farming on a small scale; rest up from traveling, and have some children." "I was thinking the same thing," she replied. "We bought a sewing machine and shipped it home; a Webster's unabridged dictionary, and a few other things that we knew we would never buy if we did not do it for the right reason. I left the car in Santa Fe and we got a bus to the Grand Canyon. There we met our friend, Frank, and his hanger-on Dot-so-Ballie, a renowned basket maker. Her husband was fishing daily and brought home 25 fish, selling each one for a quarter, no matter what it was. We sent home Navajo rugs from here. We rushed through the Babylon of Reno, through beautiful Truckee (by Lake Tahoe), and cris-crossed California several times, ending up in Whittier, to work a month at an apiary run by a young Quaker woman. Then we had a ride with friends across the worst of the desert. We stopped for a few days at Taos pueblo, where we were friends of Juanita, sister of Tony who later married Mabel Dodge.

We zigzagged here and there to cover some portion of every state. Although we were in many perilous escapades we were never injured in the 22,000 miles we covered; 2,500 of this was on foot. We went by mule to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, and consider this sight by far the best of any in the country.

No matter what church I have attended or what religious teaching I have been studying my conception of God has not been that of a Super-Sta Claus or of a Benevolent Despot, but among other attributes a Force which brings together that of good which every sincere, although misguided, individual, is seeking and which, through the Church, one can understand and assimilate at the time. This is not a pantheistic or impersonal approach; it really regards God as dealing more with the person every day than many do who hold such a view, and it is difficult and inexplicable. So, no matter how many chances we took with people and places unknown we felt that it would all work together for good. (My Denver Bulldog again.) We had traveled around: Selma to counteract the staid, comfortable bourgeois Milwaukee outlook, and I to balance my confinement in solitary. We would note appreciative settling in one place, while before this any one place would have been a prison in our minds.

On my birthday, July 24, 1925, we arrived in Milwaukee with $10.50. We bought ten acres of woods with $100 down, built one room in a side section of the woods and rested after our long hike. Here, June 17, 1927 I helped the doctor when our daughter Carmen was born, and likewise on Oct. 29, 1929 (the day of the Depression started) when Carmen was born. We did not see a doctor until a few months before that a baby was expected, and had a Christian Science nurse both times. In 1931 I led a strike in a dairy in Waukesha, which we won, but I had to leave the city and carried beautiful rocks of all colors and had a mason build a huge fireplace. Here by the blazing wood, on the Navajo rug near Fritz, our police dog, and mother and child, with the help of Selma's kid brother, Edmund, four more rooms, and Selma had a new baby. Below, the Jersey cow securely nestled in the small barn, was a feeling hardly to be improved upon. This house was at the top of a small hill surrounded by woods. I erected a long rope swing for Carmen and he would swing at full speed; he would swing over the tree tops below like over the top of the world with shrieks of delight. "Daddy, just one more swing," was
a never ending request. When Sharon was three she climbed to the top of a ladder to help me fix some telephone wires in the woods. She wanted to be a tree climber. I took her and Carmen to a clearing where there were straight bickory trees and brought a mattress along beneath the tree. Then I boosted them to the first limb and told them to try each branch as they climbed upward to see if it was dead or alive, and to go away to the top. This was repeated many times so that they never had any fear of high places. Later when Sharon was six she climbed to the top of a professional diving platform, held her nose with two fingers, and jumped in. She had just learned to swim and had no fear. When it rained there was a small stream a foot and a half deep and we all had fun wading and playing in the water. Fritz, the dog, would never leave the children and was very careful not to bite them, although he would spring at any stranger. We called our place Bisanakee, from the local Indian “Bisan” meaning “quiet” and “Akee” meaning “place.”

After I had led in the strike in the dairy I had no work and could not keep up the payments to the bank. The farmer from whom we had bought the land for $1500 bought the place from the bank for $2,000 and paid off the $700 that we owed. We had $1300 for our six years work and we were allowed to live there in the summer for a few years so the girls had the benefit of country life in their first years.

CHAPTER 4.

Social Work

1930 - 1942

Milwaukee - Denver

Friends had persuaded me to take an examination for social worker in Milwaukee. I told the authorities about my radicalism and that I would refuse to support any war in the future. A headline in the Milwaukee Journal of Dec. 18, 1930 was a surprise to me.

FELONY TERM RULED NO BAR TO CIVIL RIGHTS

The Attorney General sustained the opinion of Mr. O’Boyle that Hemmacy did not lose his civil rights because of his convictions. It was pointed out that courts held that the only felonies that can be considered in raising the question of civil rights are those that existed at the time the nation’s constitution was adopted and that new enactments, such as the draft act or the dry law, cannot be considered felonies in that sense. Hemmacy was convicted while a resident of Columbus, Ohio. He failed to register also was convicted of conspiring with others to violate the draft act.

In reading Tolstoy I had gained the idea that if a person had the One Man Revolution in his heart and lived it, he would be led by God toward those others who felt likewise. It did not take an organization and signature on the dotted line to accomplish results. This was to be proven in a most dramatic way, and was to usher me into the second great influence of my life: that of the Catholic Worker movement.

In my work as a social worker, it was my business to mark down a grocery order, gas and light bills, clothing, rent, etc. If there was any income it was to be used to purchase groceries. A budget was made out according to the size of the family. A report had been sent in that a cer-
tarn family whom I visited had an income which was not reported. When I entered this home I told the man that he would not get any groceries this time, because of the income. He wanted to know who had told him on me. I replied that I did not know and if I did I was not allowed to tell him. He was a huge man who had worked in a tannery; a member of the Polish National Catholic Church. He locked the door, drew down the blind and took up a butcher knife and made me at. I was sitting at a table and did not get up. He said that he would carve me up if I did not mark down the groceries; that he had locked up two other relief workers in disputes and had always got what he wanted even if he had to do time in the workhouse afterward. He called me all the vile names he could think of. I knew if I answered to this description I should take it and if I did not, then his recital of the vile names would not make it true. He would prance around and swing his fist at me to frighten and breathe down the back of my neck and tickle me with the point of his knife. I was not frightened for I had learned in solitary not to be afraid of anything. This went on for nearly an hour. I did not go back a word nor hang my head but looked him in the eye. Finally he came after me more energetically than before and said I had to do something. I got up and said: "I will do something, but not what you think." I reached out my hand in a friendly manner saying, "You are all right but you forget about it. I am not afraid of that false face you have on. I see the good man inside. If you want to knife me or knock me cold, go ahead. I won't hit you back: go ahead, I dare you!" But I didn't double dare him.

For three minutes by the clock which faced us on the wall he shook my hand, and with the other hand was making passes to hit me in the face. I did not say anything more. Slowly his grip loosened and he went to the door and opened it, pulled up the blind and put the knife away.

"What I don't see is why you don't hit back." "That's just what I want you to see," I answered.

"Explain it," he demanded.

"What is your strongest weapon? It is your big fist with a big weapon. What is my weakest weapon? It is a little fist without a knife. What is my strongest weapon? It is the fact that I do not get excited: do not boil over; some people call it spiritual power. What is your weakest weapon? It is your getting excited and boiling over and your lack of spiritual power. I would be dumb if I used my weakest weapon, my small fist without a knife, against your strongest weapon, your large fist with a knife. I am smart, so I use my strongest weapon, my quiet spiritual power, against your weakest weapon, your excited manner, and I won, didn't I?"

"Yes, tell me again," was his quiet request. I explained it again and told him how I learned my lesson in solitary.

"Why, you are all right; you did more time in solitary than I did—6 months for beating my wife—last time." I also explained the psychological principle that I had used without premeditation: that of the photographer who when faced with bashful little Mary does not say: "Don't be bashful!" but says: "See the birdie." Likewise if I had told him, "Don't hit or else I'll be a good Christian anarchist who returns good for evil. Don't kill this Hen-
I was given the job of trouble shooter among the social workers for several years and found that evil was always overcome by goodwill. However, goodwill did not mean being wishy-washy. The one event of my life which troubled more than anything else was my effort to get an increase in the budget for those on relief. We had a 5% increase in our salaries at the office and I felt that those whom we served needed it much worse than we did. However, I could not get a job in the office of my boss with the effect at the union meeting. I asked my boss about it and he felt that the clients received too much already, I pointed out that grocery budgets were made up by dieticians who fed the people with things that Italians would not eat (grits and oatmeal). They wanted wine and spaghetti, and so with all kinds of people; they wanted certain kinds of food and would not eat a "statistical average". The county officials concerned telling them that I would not accept my $5 a month raise, but would return it to the county treasurer unless the budget of the clients was increased 5%. Twice my boss wrote to the office of my boss with this letter and he was not in the office when I called. Twice my knees shook and I was weak at the stomach, for it was more difficult to argue with a boss who was friendly and oppose him on a fundamental issue than it was to call Stalin the devil. The third time the boss was in his office. "You can't do that; you put me to shame," he said. "I have already done it, and I mean to put you to shame," I replied. I remained in the office and he went out. And it was not long until an announcement was made that the budget of those on relief had been increased 5%. Then those who had seconded my motion at the union meeting said "fine work, Amo". I was a delegate to the union of relief clients, The Workers Alliance.

Long before I read of the method of moral jaiku, suggested by Gandhi, I had used it myself. When a person wishes to engage you in useless vituperation, the clear unexpected answer throws him off his base. One of the best instances occurred when a relief client who had been sentenced to 30 days in the House of Correction for making a relief visitor dance when he pulled out a gun, phoned the office saying: "I have another gun; send your next s.o.b. out and I'll shoot him."

"Honesty, go make peace!" was the order given to me. This man lived far out in the country. I knocked on his door and being asked who was there I told him who I was. "Hello, you hound," "Hello, hound yourself," was my answer which was not to be found in Mary Richmond's text on social work or in the Sermon on the Mount. But each person has to be spoken to in words which they can understand. I entered the room and the man said gruffly: "I want five mattresses." "Make it six; I am an entire whole sale." was my rejoinder. Obviously he did not need many mattresses but he asked for the impossible in order to be refused and then he would start shouting. "Let's go upstairs and see what size mattresses you need." "No body's going up my stairways," he replied. "O.K. Less work for me," was my answer. "All right come up," he said as he led the way. I found that the man was very poor and that he was alone and that he lived in a very small room. He laughed and said: "I won't fight with you." And the whole thing was over. Previous visitors had stood on their dignity and were victims of his spleen.

Another time I had a quick call to visit a family where the last visitor had been downstair. In this case, as is many others, clients would run up a huge gas or light bill and demand payment. The visitor would refuse and the gas would be turned off and $5 would have to be paid to get it turned on again. A losing game, for the visitor had to order it turned on again. I went up the dark and narrow stairway and entered the room. The man was out. I saw a light and gas bill on the table so I moved to the South do you come from?" I asked, knowing that no person in the north asks for corncake. "I come from Baldwin County, Alabama," was the answer. "I used to teach history in Fairhope," was my reply. "I wrote a letter to all of the people in the United States and they wrote themselves out and aggravated him in their efforts. I visited this family every two weeks for four years and concentrated on the teen age children so that they wanted a better environment and raised the standard of the family. They moved to a better neighborhood and got off relief. About this time the old man asked me for a pair of shoes. "I said, "what did you do with the pair you got last month?"; and the man got a big smile on his face and said "I won't get them on." "And you came home in your bare feet; tell us another one, old man," was my quick reply. He broke out laughing. If I had called him a liar he would have knocked me down. And he didn't get the shoes.

In the early days of the depression the rules were very strict and many who need help did not get it. Whenever I found it necessary to break a rule I would do so. Once I moved a large family who had been evicted to a place where the rental was above schedule; then I took the rent voucher to the boss and asked him to sign it. "You can't do that," said he, "I already have done it. You do it for your friends; I'm doing it for some one who has no friends." If I did not do this too often I got by with it.

One angry Italian client went to a distribution station and broke a chair over the head of the man in charge. I was sent to his home to make peace. I lived the third flight up and when I got to the door I knocked and it was opened and a chair was raised toward my head. When he saw me he smiled and said "O.K. you're all right Hennacy." Several months before I had visited him and in the course of my conversation had praised meo and Vanetti, not knowing in what good stead it would stand me now.

A group of clients who called themselves the 17th Ward Taxpayers Club wrote to the Governor asking that problems of relief be explained to them. This was a tough neighborhood. My boss called me in and said that he was not going there and lose his head only needed one mattress and told him so. He laughed and said: "I won't fight with you." And the whole thing was over. Previous visitors had stood on their dignity and were victims of his spleen.

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say would not be misquoted. The meeting was in a dance hall in the rear of a saloon. There was standing room only. When I was introduced I said: "You folks did not come here to hear my boss talk; you did not come here to hear me talk; you came here to hear yourselves talk. Go ahead, and if I can answer your questions I will do so, and if I can't I will admit it. "Why didn't the so and so bastard boss come here himself" someone shouted. I knew the details of many rules and regulations and explained them but did not defend them. I gave the anarchistic argument of responsibility and of putting up a good fight against exploiters. One man gave a sob story. I told him that if what he said was true to see me after the meeting and I would look into his record and go to bat for him. But on the other hand you may be the biggest liar on the whole south side." Every one laughed for they knew his number. I left with a vote of thanks.

Life In Milwaukee

Of course an anarchist had no business working for a government, even a county government. I admitted this to all and sundry and I suppose compensated in my mind for this dereliction by speaking in hundreds of Protestant churches on Christian anarchism. I had been one of my teachers at the Rand School in N. Y. City in 1921. He had come to Milwaukee and was head of the Jewish Charities, and had visited us at Binzalkee. I had worked for some time for the county before he had came my boss. It is not difficult to be brave to someone you do not know but I was a blustering to put him on the spot but I felt I had to do so. Accordingly I went to his office and said: "I am going to start a union." He said it would cause a lot of trouble. I replied that there would be a lot more trouble if there was not a union for rumors spread and no one knew for sure what the workers or the employers felt about the issue at hand. I asked him if I could use the big hall downstairs for an organization meeting on a certain night. He asked it with a smile. By the next noon half a dozen bookkeepers in the office had come to him, he told me, saying that I was starting a union. Finally we got an increase in pay from $140 to $175, five days a week, and extra vacation for overtime. I spent Saturday selling the Catholic Worker and the Conscientious Objector in front of the library, putting even the Jehovah's Witnesses to shame by my fidelity to my post. One of my straw bosses was a Catholic who was sympathetic to the CW. The Milwaukee Journal announced that I would have a meeting at his home one evening when I would speak about Conscientious Objectors in World War I who were Catholics. Only a few attended but I was pleased to meet Nina Poley and Dave Host, early friends of the Catholic Workers. I also told at that meeting of my friend Ben Salomon, Catholic, Single Taxer, and vegetarian who had done time in Leavenworth and who, still in jail after the war was over, had gone on a hunger strike for over three months and thus obtained the release of the remaining forty-five CO's in Ft. Riley. Ben had been on a hunger strike at Ft. Riley and continued it at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C. Selma and I had visited him there where he was rooming with the guard who had forcibly fed him at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, with whom he had converted to pacifism. I told of John Dunn and of Francis Xavier Hennessy, a member of the Knights of Columbus, fromBoston who was a CO in Leavenworth and whom Selma and I had visited on our hiking trip.

We had several meetings and it was not long until a CW House of Hospitality was started in Milwaukee. Carmen and Sharon sang Christmas carols Christmas afternoon of 1957 while Leonard Doyle played the piano. Muriel Lester of England, gave the House her blessing a few weeks before when she was speaking in Milwaukee. Nov. 11, 1957 was the 50th Anniversary of the hanging of the Haymarket Martyrs. I was able to get Lucy Parsons, the wife of Albert Parsons, one of the martyrs, to speak on Nov. 19th at a Memorial meeting, Fred Bauer Blair, Communit leader, also spoke. I told him if he prained Russia I would tell on him, so he kept to the subject. Martin Cyborowski of the CIO also spoke, as did Prof. Philip Priemer of the University of Wisconsin Extension. I was Chairman. Sponsors of the meeting, which was well attended, included, my good friend Henry L. Nunn of Nunn Bush Shoe Co, a Tolstovian and advocate of 52 pay days a year for his workers, even in the depression. He was much more radical than his employees; a fine man, strict vegetarian and a Christian outsider of any church. One of his prized possessions is a picture of Tolstoy carved on a piece of burl by Tolstoy himself. When the Worker, who upon his death gave it to Mr. Nunn, Socialist and union leader heads of Milwaukee and several pacifists among the clergy were also sponsors. The usual of the meeting was to have Young Catholic Workers. The discussion paper did not like this united front of the CW with anarchists and Communists but the CW youngsters stood their ground and distributed a pink leaflet giving the CW position its labor. I tried to vivify the CW and more the Catholic Bruce Publishing Company to be a sponsor. He was sympathetic but said he too was old to stand the criticism which would come from conservative Catholics. He read us well.

During these years in Milwaukee I never contributed to the Community Fund because many of the contributions came by force from employees in dime stores and other establishments where the pay was low and there was no union. After a time I was able to get our union to delegate deacons fellow and myself to protest to the Community Fund on this matter and that year the headline was: "Fund Motto Is: No Compulsion." This was the headline on Oct. 4, 1957. In my speeches in churches and before labor groups I often quoted the following verse from Robert Burns to wake the audience up: "A lig for those by law protected! Liberty's a glorious feast! Courts for cowards were erected, Churches built to please the priest." In 1954 my wife and I visited Carleton Washburne at Winnetka, Illinois, asking his opinion about enrolling Carmen and Sharon in the progressive schools there. He felt that the atmosphere was too "goldcoast." Selma and the girls got an apathy to see the school ends to see them. However, by Christmas, we felt that Washburne was right and that it was no place for radicals. We felt that it would be well
to allow the girls to see the Jim Crow, deep south, and whatever there was of progressive education in the school in Fairhope, Alabama, where I had taught history in 1924. Sharon was in kindergarten there.
Selma wrote that Sharon was present when her class was marching around in a game with broomsticks. Sharon stood aside and did not play. The teacher came over to her asking, "Are you sick, little girl?" Sharon replied, "I'm Science; I don't get sick." (She had gone to Christian Science Sunday School once, and neither she nor Carmen had ever tasted medicine.) Why don't you play this game then?" the teacher asked. "It's a gun game," was the reply. "But we don't have any guns," the teacher countered. "That's because you have them if you could get them; so you have broomsticks instead," was Sharon's answer. The teacher grabbed her by the shoulder telling her she must obey. Sharon told her to take her hands off of her, and that was what good Sharon did not post, but played the next game which was non-military. At this school the old radical spirit was weakening so my wife brought the girls back to Milwaukee at the end of the year.

Selma had the regular atheistic attitude of the old time Socialists among whom she was brought up. When we were hiking we had worked in Attavanta for over a year and had visited the Christian Science church out of courtesy and accepted much of that teaching. I had read the books along with her, feeling that perhaps this approach to religion might be the only one by which she would accept my Tolstolian sermon on the Mount principles. It was not difficult for both of us to accept the non-religious teaching of Christian Science, whether we accepted their theology in toto or not. Mrs. Millis was the only pacifist among them. The bourgeois atmosphere of their churches did not attract us and their patriotism made us shudder. We faithfully attended services and studied the daily lessons for years and determined to bring up our children without medicine.

Selma was not a vegetarian and I did not feel like imposing my ideas on this subject on my family. When Carmen was about five or six years of age she was at the table and asked me why I did not eat meat. I told her that was an idea of mine. "But why?" she insisted. "I don't like to kill animals, and why should some one kill them for me?" I answered. "But Daddy, maybe, this pig just died; nobody killed it." was her reply.

At times we would go to a movie where the ticket was as much as $1.00 to be won if you took a ticket for their Bank Note. According to my principles I did not believe in gambling, and would never take a ticket. One night Sharon said, "Daddy, why don't you take a ticket? I never win, and Carmen never wins, and neither do Mother, but you are a good Daddy and you would surely win, but you just deprive your family; you are a meanie!" Now my girls were vegetarian and do not believe in gambling. In those days Carmen would fidget in her seat during some exciting scene and Sharon would say, "Relax, sister; heroes never die." Both girls were interested in music, dancing and dramatics. We often took walks up the river both winter and summer on Sunday mornings. They had gone to Christian Science Sunday School twice but it was the same repetition of the Beatitudes, with no sensible explanation, and the girls thought it too dull. One of my best friends was Rev. John W. Cyrus, of the nearby Park and Prospect Christian Church. He was a liberal and asked me to take over a class of teen age boys who had worn out all the teachers. So for three years I only opened a Bible upon request, but answered their questions. I wrote five plays in which I had them take part, and my girls played in them also at times.

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By 1938 anyone who had studied history could tell that a war was coming on soon. My wife suggested that she take the girls to New York City while I had a good job for a while before I got into the army at the time that she intended to stay there and leave me to my radicalism. We had seen the life in New York City and the girls were old enough to appreciate some of the advantages which I might have there; that they obeyed July 1936, drove there and I came back to Milwaukee alone and sent them four-fifths of what I made. My father had died in June, in Cleveland.

In 1937 Dorothy Day spoke at the Social Action Congress in Milwaukee, being invited there by Bishop (later Cardinal) Stritch and Dcn. Wm. Kapka, the publisher of the LIBERATOR when I had been working in my small office at the foot of the stairs for Roger Baldwin, but I had never met her. Then she was a Communist. Our mutual friends were Hugo and Livia Gelbert, Claude McKay, Mike Gold and Maurice Becker. She had left the small Communists and joined the Catholic Church in 1928 and in 1933 with Peter Maurin had started the CATHOLIC WORKER. I met her after the meeting and was of course pleased with her words of praise for I.W.W.'s and Communists to the great crowd of Catholics who would not otherwise know about radicalism. I had but a few words with her on my way to Nona's.

She spoke at Marquette to a room full of men, priests and students the next day. I was only able to come late to the meeting and had to sit in the very front row. In answering questions from patriotic questioners she mentioned something of my pacifist record, saying that I was not a Catholic, but an anarchist and that when the next war came she would be with me in opposition to it. Her continued refusal to follow the party line of most churchmen in praising Franco gained my admiration.

One night Peter Maurin spoke at Holy Family House. A Communist friend came to the meeting and when time came for questions commented to quote Marx: Peter answered, "You did not quote Marx quite right here: the correct sentence, Marx got it from the anarchist Proudhon." And then he began to give an Easy Essay on the subject in question. I said, "Peter, you talk like an anarchist." "Sure, I am not; I mean just all thinking people are anarchists. But I prefer the name personalist." Peter was a wonderful man, the second man of stature whom I had
known: Berkman being the first.

Early in 1941 Eric Gill, the English Catholic artist sculptor, died. WAR COMMENTARY, the London anarchist weekly, had a front page article about him by the poet, Herbert Read, which quoted a letter from Gill, 

"I am really in complete agreement with you about the necessity of anarchism, the ultimate truth et al, and its immediate practicability as syndicalism." Read ended the article with this sentence, speaking of Gill, "He was the most honest man I have ever known, or am likely to know.

The opposition of the CATHOLIC WORKER to Franco aroused the ire of patriotic Catholics. During this time I wrote letters to every Protestant church in the city telling of the coming war and asking for permission to present the Christian anarchist view to their young people. I received but four answers, one of them from a pastor of the Missouri Synod of Lutherans, which was an accomplishment. On May 20, 1940 I held a memorial meeting for Emma Goldman. Bill Ryan and Ed Lehmann, veterans of the Spanish Civil War, spoke.

I had been selling CW's and CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS every other Monday night at meetings of a forum at the largest Protestant church in the city. On Monday Dec. 8, Jan Valtin was to speak. All of my relatives and comrades advised me not to run the danger of being beaten up by going there. I felt that all of us would be killed for a dime as much as for a dollar, so we might as well sow our seeds and not worry about whether they fell on stony ground or whether we were endangered in the sowing of them. Those who rely on force are reaping the fruits of violence sown for generations. Here is more violence and this is the very time when we must be active. Accordingly I went down to the church with my papers. Half a dozen women spit at me and several men grumbled at me. Suddenly four police grabbed me by the neck and shoulders demanding to know if I was a Communist. "Wake up, fellows. The Party Line has changed. The Commies are on your side." They wanted to know what I was if I was not a Communist. "You shouldn't know if I told you," I replied. "Tell us" they asked, "I am a Christian Anarchist," I answered. "What is that?" was their query. "Someone who doesn't need a cop to make him behave" was my quick reply, as I had told the judge in Atlanta. I asked if either of them were Catholics and each one answered that he was Catholic. I asked if they would like to read what happened to me and the cops during the last war and they replied in the affirmative, to each one departed with a copy of the November CW which had a chapter of my life. Atlanta entitled "God's Coward." I told papers all evening with no more disturbance. At this time some religious folks around the CW were loath to distribute the paper after Pearl Harbor. I good naturedly kidded them by calling their liturgy an excuse for lethargy.

The radical who is sympathetic to anarchism but who must vote for a "good man" in order to keep the bad men from running the country received an object lesson when Bob LaFollette voted for World War II. He was a "good" man and he knew better but the soft living in Washington must have deprived him of his moral strength. (An aftermath is the fact that LaFollette, who knew enough to see through the alibis of the Communist party line and who asked for free speech for the Trotskyites also, was killed by the CIO and Communists of Milwaukee for his re-nomination—and that is how Joe McCarthy got upon us.)

One evening there was a meeting of members of the leading peace organization of the country, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, to which I had belonged since World War I. It was held in a local church and the minister who had been Chairman of it for many years was present, along with other pacifist clergy. Someone was a reporter, present so when the time came for election of Chairman for the ensuing year this cowardly follower of Christ had a long talk about the prudence being needed and moved that for the future we should elect a Chairman for each meeting and not for the year; thus his name could not be given publicity as a pacifist. This made my mother an American, accepting appointments from the Mayor, when in fact he had been born in Canada and had neglected to apply for citizenship. If he applied now he would have to say he was a pacifist and thus be denied citizenship. So he did nothing.

In contrast to his attitude there was the unsolicited opinion of four leaders of thought in Milwaukee who advised me not to go to the street. One of the chief men on a local capitalist paper whom I knew met me and asked if I was going to refuse to register for the draft when my time came. I replied that of course I would register. "That is the true American spirit; we need men like you; don't let the government bluff you," he said.

Almost the same words were spoken to me by a leading officer of the armed forces whom I had met once. The first time I met him he said that the way of Jesus, Thorau, Tolstoy and Gandhi was right, but people would not see it for another 2000 years; and meanwhile we needed an army and he was in the army. A city official who was not a Socialist told me that he agreed with my anti-war attitude and should take the same stand but he was a coward.

Years before I had visited the wealthy head of the Christian Science headquarters in Wisconsin and argued with him that he and his church were wrong in supporting war and capitalism; that among many unimportant utterances Mrs. Eddy had said to "follow me only Jesus as I follow Christ and the Sermon on the Mount." And if one had a moral aim and sought to gain it by immoral means, then the moral aim was destroyed by the immoral means. I had not met him for years when he stopped me on the street and greeted me by name saying, "You are right and I am wrong.

But I asked what about and he said "War, I cannot forget what you said about ends and means years ago."

But your church is the only one who will not allow its members to be conscientious objectors," I answered, "and with its supposed emphasis on spirituality it is the most wealthy church in the country."

"I know it sir, I know it sir," was his reply.
that Bill had never been a Communist, nor had he ever been in Spain. The Party Line had changed and now they were patriotic.

Meanwhile my turn had come. I was supposed to report on April 27th, and prepared a statement of my reasons for refusing. I would also resign my job with the county. On the Friday before I rode with a Quaker friend and attended a meeting of COA at a Brethren church. Evan Thomas was there and he was going to refuse also. Of us old timers who were in jail in W.W.I. I went to the corporation counsel who had charge of such matters. He was a Legion man and an Irish Catholic.

A court stenographer took down all the conversation. For an hour I de- fended my right to be a pacifist and told him that he could discharge me if he liked but I would not quit, and demanded a public hearing. This was on Monday. On Saturday he announced in the paper that the charges had been dropped inasmuch as I was not doing my propaganda on company time.

During this time I went to several Catholic churches each Sunday to sell CWs. About the only other person who helped in this was Jerry Coughlinite, who did not agree with the full CW program but who felt he must do something. Now that Father Coughlin had ceased to oppose the war the only thing left for him to do was to sell CWs. For instance on June 14th, I wrote to Dorothy saying, "Made four masses at the ritty St. Roberts church this morning and sold 33 cents worth. The top (a Protestant) who had wanted to get me off and I sold papers there, was cordial today and wanted to know how I was doing. I had an extra copy of the May (1942) issue with my statement of refusal to register in it and gave it to him and he promised to read it. They sang the Star Spangled Banner after each mass. I did not hear the sermon as the doors were closed, and the ushers were rather dignified—but I did not have the admission price posted on the door. Tried to sell papers at St. Rose and Gesu last Sunday, but did not sell one up until 11:30 when it commenced to rain. Sold 28 cents worth at St. Gall's the Sunday before.

My one staunch comrade from 1937 to 1942 in Milwaukee was Bill Ryan. He had been a Communist organizer and with his wife Alba, had gone to Spain and fought with the Loyalists. After seventeen months he discovered that there was not enough difference between the Communists and the Fascists to fight about. He expressed these feelings and was on the way to be executed by the Commissars when he escaped. Coming home he was one of the few to tell the truth of how the Commissars had sabotaged the Loyalist cause and engineered its defeat through their bureaucratic tactics.

Bill was now an anarchist and also an atheist, although he felt that the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount were a true moral guide. We visited each other nearly every day and on countless evenings met with young Socialists seeking to bolster up their weak-kneed pacifism. Bill, of course, would refuse to register when his time came. When he did refuse I went to local pacifists to get bail for him but they all had some excuse. It was Jerry who went his bail. Four local Communists who had found in Spain wrote a letter to the Milwaukee JOURNAL in which they said

I asked him if he cared if I quoted him and he said to quote him if I liked. He left ceremoniously, saying, "I feel better now that I have talked to you, Mr. Hennacy." I wrote to him afterwards but never got a reply. This must have been his weak or his strong moment.

It was not long afterward when the American Legion preferred charges against me for selling CW's and CO's on the street. I had sold them in front of St. Rose's church one Sunday morning, and one of the Legion heads became troubled about it. I went to the corporation counsel who had charge of such matters. He was a Legion man and an Irish Catholic. A court stenographer took down all the conversation. For an hour I defended my right to be a pacifist and told him that he could discharge me if he liked but I would not quit, and demanded a public hearing. This was on Monday. On Saturday he announced in the paper that the charges had been dropped inasmuch as I was not doing my propaganda on company time.

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not going to be sent into any foreign wars;" "all aid short of war;" "lend
and lease;" "patrols not convoys."

I predict that we will not conquer Fascism, although we may defeat
Hitler; we will have a Fascist dictatorship under the name of Democracy,
upon us. I predict that Germany and Russia will make a separate peace
and that England, as always, will fight only for herself and we will be
left to fight the world.

By my action in refusing to register for the draft, I speak, and act only
for myself. Others have to draw the line where they see fit. I speak, also,
for the millions who will die under Fascism; this was the revolution most
worthwhile. Later, when I
read Jefferson, Thoreau, William Lloyd Garrison and Tolstoy I saw
that all governments—even the best—were founded upon the policeman's
cudgel, upon a return of evil for evil, the very opposite of the teachings
of Christ. I saw that all churches supported this entire wickedness of
government and were therefore evil institutions—and that in time of war
all churches, with isolated exceptions, supported this violation of the
teachings of Christ. That is, except the historic peace churches: the Men-
nonists, Brethren, Quakers, and the Doukhobors, Molokon and Jehovah's
witness. Therefore I belonged to no church but spoke in many churches
encouraging them to follow Christ. I became a Christian Anarchist. I saw
that the first World War did not make the world safe for democracy, or
war.

In refusing to register...
that springing in the unhealthy atmosphere of Los Angeles. Their belief in vegetarianism and reincarnation coincided with my own, but their super patriotism and condemnation of radicalism and unions seemed a big jump from that Socialism which my wife had believed in all her life. I went to scores of meetings of this cult trying to see if I could believe in it. I heard the leaders and felt that it was a racket. They spoke words of love and brotherhood but I called down fire from heaven to destroy those whom they did not like.

My wife and girls moved to Los Angeles where I visited them in 1940 and 1941 during my vacation. Headquarters were established in Santa Fe, N. M. and she followed there. Housing was difficult to find there, so she moved to Denver. Now that I was not tied down to a civil service job I worked at two other jobs and left on the Fourth of July for Denver. After a few days I was working at the huge City Park Dairy where my work consisted in being a social worker to 900 cows. Certain cows that had teats too large for the milking machines were treated one kicky ones; and those suffering from garter were scattered here and there over the huge barn. The average worker beat the cows and as in the case of human beings they retaliated. I visited my wife and then, and on my birthday we all went to the top of the mountain near Golden and visited Buffalo Bill's grave. Here and there along ravines were granite stones where squatters had cut out a little gold.

Carmen, then 14, wrote from the Coast: "You may wonder how the Japanese are being treated out here. Well, I don't know about other schools, but as far as I know in our school we treat them better than before, because we think that every other person will treat them bad." My girls bought no war stamps all during the war.

I took my non-registrant statement to the U. S. District Attorney. He had heard Emma Goldman during his college days and thought this war was about fifty-fifty as to guilt. We had a pleasant time and he told me to go on my own recognition and he would call me when I was to have a trial. The paper written about the lynching he had given a "draft dodger." Bill Ryan was soon sentenced to two years in Sandstone, Minnesota prison.

After a few weeks I was called down and put behind the bars. An officer took me to the draft board in my district and the man in charge said: "What is your name?" I replied, "You know my name." Again, "Where do you live?" Answer, "You know where I live." Question, "Where do you work?" Answer, "You know where I work." "Here is your draft card," he said. "It is not mine; it is yours. I didn't tell you anything," I replied quickly. And I handed him back the card.

The District Attorney did not tell me definitely what was to be done in my case, but told me to wait and see. It seemed that instructions had been sent from Washington not to imprison those over 45. I was 48. Later my sister-in-law, with whom I was staying, signed a special delivery letter containing my draft card. I returned it personally to the District Attorney, putting it in his waste basket. It was sent to me again. I tore it up and mailed the bits to Washington, telling the authorities I would never carry it. I heard nothing more from them. With all the lies printed by authorities as to the action of radicals I had written to Dorothy Day, at the Catholic Worker, saying that if she heard that I had registered not to believe it; but at least all that any one of us could do was to refuse to give in no matter if we were the only ones left.

My wife and girls had left Los Angeles when the cult to which she belonged was denied the use of mails for fraud. Headquarters were established in Santa Fe, N. M. and she followed there. Housing was difficult to find there, so she moved to Denver. Now that I was not tied down to a civil service job I worked at two other jobs and left on the Fourth of July for Denver. After a few days I was working at the huge City Park Dairy where my work consisted in being a social worker to 900 cows. Certain cows that had teats too large for the milking machines were treated one kicky ones; and those suffering from garter were scattered here and there over the huge barn. The average worker beat the cows and as in the case of human beings they retaliated. I visited my wife and then, and on my birthday we all went to the top of the mountain near Golden and visited Buffalo Bill's grave. Here and there along ravines were granite stones where squatters had cut out a little gold.

Carmen was in eighth grade in a department store and asked to see the manager. "My name is Carmen Hennacy. I am a poor girl. I like that white coat in your window. Do you have a larger size also for my sister Carmen?" The manager said that he did.

"Then you have sold two coats if you give me a job wrapping packages after school," she replied with a smile. What could the poor man do? He was propositioned. So I do not need any welfare state or insurance for my daughters, for they can make it.

When Sharon was six and Carmen was eight, Carmen came home from school one day without her gloves and my wife asked her about them and she said she must have lost them. The next day when Carmen got home saying she had asked the teacher and the lost and found with no success. The following day there came a knock at the door at Carmen's room at school and Sharon stood there asking: "Are you the teacher of my sister Carmen Hennacy?"

"Yes, little girl.

"Where are her gloves?"

"I don't know.

"Well, it's your business to know. Let's see," and Sharon walked up to the teacher's desk, opened the drawer, took out the gloves, thanking the teacher, and walked proudly out of the room. The teacher had been busy; she was a glove-stealer; she just didn't want to be bothered about such trifles.

I did not know that the dairy where I worked was a closed shop, being organized by the AFL, Teamsters Union. Mr. Colfe, the business agent, was soon around to get my $12.50 initiation, explaining that it was being raised to $25 and I was sure lucky to get in now. About 500 attended the first union meeting where I was present. A motion came up to vote $1,000 for Liberty Bonds. I asked to speak against it, but as with all motions, the idea was to get them passed as soon as possible and start a crap game or adjourn to the nearest saloon. After the motion had passed with-
out any discussion or a dissenting vote, except mine, I asked that my vote be recorded against the purchase of the Bonds. At a later meeting the motion came up not to allow any conscientious objectors to join the union. I was not allowed to speak on this motion either, but had my lone vote recorded against it. I asked Coffee privately why I could not speak on the motion and why such a motion was made. He said that it did not apply to me as I was already a member but that other conscientious objectors in Denver had desired to join and this was to prevent me. I replied that he did not know what he was talking about for I was acquainted with all of the CO's in Denver and none of them wanted to work in the mines. Finally, Coffee admitted that this motion had been made orders from Czar Dan Tobin in Indianapolis.

Soon after this I was selling CW's and CO's in front of the public library down town one Saturday afternoon. (Our work was from 1 p.m. to 5:30 and from 1 a.m. to 5:30). A cop came up and asked what I was selling, I handed him copies and said "The best papers in the world. Read them."

He said that he could not sell them without a permit. On the way to the police station he asked for my draft card; I told him it was a disgrace to carry one; that I had a trial in Milwaukee about it and did not need to carry one. The night captain asked me many questions and said he would keep me in jail all summer until I got a draft card. I advised him to get in touch with my friend Harry O'Connor, head of the FBI in Milwaukee and former member of the union of social workers which I had organized. I was refused permission to phone my employer or to get a lawyer or communicate with anyone.

During the next four days I was shown before the screen in the "Show-up." I must have looked like some one they were after for I had the same questions asked again and again. They must have had some doubts, otherwise they would have beaten me until I confessed or was unable to say anything. This happened to another man in the same cell with me.

After the third day an FBI man came and said there had been a mistake and I was released. I asked the night captain if I could sell papers on the street. He told me to see the Chief of Police. I went up there later and left copies of the papers with his clerk and heard him say in another office that it was all right for me to sell them. I asked for a written permit but was told I did not need one.

The next Saturday afternoon I again sold papers in front of the library. Another cop came up and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him that I had permission to sell papers from the chief. He said "To hell with the Chief. I am a Legionnaire and no one is selling papers like that when I am around." Whereupon he jerked me into the squad car and took down to the same police station. The same dumb night captain began to ask the same questions again. I told him to look in his record and save time.

He sent me in to the chief of the Military Police. While waiting there I saw several soldiers to whom I had sold papers reading them. This officer was quite gruff, but after questioning me he said it was not in his sphere and took me back to the night captain. I was ushered into a room full of police each of them fatter and more dumb looking than the other. They commenced to swear at me and advance with their fists. I just laughed at them and said I was not foolish enough to give them a chance to beat me up.

At last the night captain told me that if I went out again to sell papers I would be put up. "Is that the law talking?" I asked. "That's the law talking," he replied.

My boss did not agree with my ideas, but paid me for those four days I was locked up. In a few days I talked to some of the CO's who were looking at The Conscientious Objector, said: "You can't sell that in my town."

"You talk like Hitler!"

"What?"

"You talk like Hitler," I repeated.

He grunted and picked up the CW saying "What is this? You had better see Father Mac at the Cathedral; if he says it is all right it is all right; if he says it isn't; then it isn't." Later I called Father Mac, who had presided at an America First meeting before the war. He said "Why should I post my neck out?"

I corresponded with Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union who said they would carry the case to the Supreme Court when ever Carl Whitehead, their lawyer in Denver, wanted to take the case. I talked to Mr. Whitehead whom I had known for years. He did not have time then to attend to the matter but would do so later.

My wife and children visited Ben Salmon's widow and her children with me. Charles was studying for the priesthood and is now a priest in Colorado. My wife did not want to be in the same city where I was being arrested, although the papers had nothing about it. I shed an aura which was too radical for it seemed. Accordingly she moved to Santa Fe. I helped them pack.

Two men who operated milking machines in the barn were incensed because of my vote at the union meeting against war bonds and for conscientious objectors. They made slurring remarks against me, trying to provoke a fight for several weeks. They were of mediocre minds and with little intelligence so it was of no use to argue with them. I had to overcome their animosity in some other way. When I walked to the far away milk room with my one bucket of milk I made it my business to walk by their "strings" of cows, which were in the furthest end of the barn from the milk room, and carry one of their heavy Delaval buckets of milk along with me. After a few days they cooled down and became friends, although they never did understand the radical and pacifist argument.
CHAPTER 5

Life at Hard Labor
Refusal to pay Income Tax
1943 - July, 1947

Albuquerque and Isleta, New Mexico

Christmas of 1942 I went to Santa Fe to see my wife and the girls, and although I was not welcome I did get a couple of hours' enjoyment playing games with the girls. I could not get a job there so went to Albuquerque. Here I obtained work on a dairy farm at $70 a month and keep, 12 hours a day work.

I wanted to get my ideas clear on Christian Anarchism so wrote a book of 150,000 words on the subject much of which was quotations from all of the different brands of anarchist of whom I had read. I sent it to several publishers but did not really care if it was printed or not. It is bound and on file with my other writings in the Labadie Collection at the University Library at Ann Arbor, Mich. After eight months I went to work for Albert Simms who had married Ruth Hanna McCormick. I worked in the cow barn, in the greenhouse and taking care of his valuable calves. A group in New York City had asked me to write something from Tolstoy against war so I read all of the twenty-two volumes of the Scribner edition and took hundreds of pages of notes, listing them on the subjects of Thou Shalt Not Kill, Christian Anarchism; The Simple Life; and Religion. The first was published in a small green covered booklet and distributed free. The others were much longer booklets and have not been published.

During this time I was aware that a withholding tax would be taken from my pay if I worked on any other place than a farm and that at the end of the year I would have to pay taxes or refuse to pay them. My study of Tolstoy and the emphasis of Dorothy Day in the CW that payment of taxes was un-Christian, leas much as most of the taxes went for war, helped me to make up my mind openly to refuse to pay taxes. I wrote to the leaders of all of the pacifist groups in the country asking their moral support. All of them but one told me I should write to Congressmen in order that they would act like men; and that one person could not do anything. The one person who approved of my stand was Dorothy Day.

When I refused to pay taxes for 1945 on March 15, 1944, Mr. Simms fired me, saying "You will be arrested tomorrow and I will be disgraced for having harbored you in my employ."

I got a job at a dairy and orchard south of town after working a few weeks for a bee man bottling honey and capping some prize chickens he had. The tax office did nothing about my report.

Meanwhile Sharon had been the guest of honor at a symphony concert in Albuquerque. I met her there and of course was proud of her. Carmen graduated from high school in Santa Fe in 1944. When we had named her Carmen in Wisconsin we had never thought that she would be graduating in a class with many others girls by the name of Carmen as was the case in this old Spanish town. That summer my wife and the girls moved to Evanston, Illinois in order that they might get the bee education possible in the piano work which they had chosen. Meanwhile I had visited the Indians in nearby Isleta often and become acquainted with the priest who liked the CW.

THE SUN

The sun, like a blazing ball of gold
Shines from somewhere in infinity
Down upon country and city
To give light, warmth and peace
To the humanity of earth.
One man may think that he rules the world
As he sits upon a golden throne of power
With a sword in his hand and an army by his side,
The Simple Life

In June, 1945 the CW printed an article of mine on "The Simple Life" in which I explained the principle of voluntary poverty and nonpayment of taxes as I had learned them from Tolstoy and the CW. When I was working a man asked me "Why does a fellow like you, with an education, and who has been all over the country, end up in this out-of-the-way place working for very little on a farm?" I explained that all people who had good jobs in factories, etc. had a withholding tax for war taken from their pay, and that people who worked on farms had no tax taken from their pay. I told him that I refused to pay taxes. He was a returned soldier and said that he did not like war either, but what could a fellow do about it? I replied that we each did what we really wanted to.

Here is my story of the simple life: At this dairy I live in an old adobe house. Father Sun, as the Indians speak of the ball of fire, rising over the Sandia (Spanish for watermelon) mountains to the east forms through the mulberry and cottonwood trees to my open door. I turn in bed and rest. A prayer for those near and dear and for those loved ones far away, in and out of prison and CO camp, and in and out of man's holocaust: war. The night before I had cooked unpolished rice sprinkled with raisins. With milk, and the whole wheat bread I have baked, my breakfast is soon finished. It is now 8 o'clock. I go to the dairy to see if any change has been made in plans for work for the day. If my student friend in the milk truck appears, he will take my letters to the mail box; otherwise I will take them myself.

Now the German prisoners have arrived from the nearby prison camp. Paul is to continue his work with me in the orchard pruning dead wood from the trees. Each of us knows a little of the other's language and we each aim unconsciously to please the other by speaking in the language native to the other. "Guten morgen, what speak you?" I say. "Hello Hen- nacy," he smiles, "nothing much." In this high altitude it is chilly for perhaps an hour, then we take our shirts off. Perhaps the branches scratch us, but we do not need to worry about tearing our shirts. He wears his North Africa cap and I wear my white Gandhi semi-turban. The orchard has not been pruned thoroughly for some years. We are late with the work, for 5000 trees have accumulated much dead wood.

Mourning doves have commenced to build their make-believe nests. They will contain two eggs which will hatch out a little brother and a little sister; the former combative and the latter as quiet as the proverbial mouse—that is unless the owl or roadrunner gets the eggs or the young birds. This roadrunner is a carnivorous bird, killing snakes and small animals also. It is streamlined, runs swiftly after its prey, and is mostly bill and tail.

As Paul views the countryside from the teetop he says that hardly a house can be seen, and contrasts this with the many houses in sight of his father's farm near the Polish border. A quarter of a mile away we see the pruning train coming from Los Angeles. Today we have a row of trees with bits of dead wood scattered near the tops, which takes more time. Yesterday we had old trees, half dead, which required but several large limbs to be severed. Fish and Bosco and I worked in and out of the orchard and it seems they must lie under the very tree where limbs are falling, growing a bone or a bit of frozen and dried apple; but they lead a dog's charmed life and are never hurt. Soon it is all over and we are in the dairy to eat his lunch with Fred, Frank and Karl, and who carries a guitar but never uses it. I have cooked a kettle of pinto beans, and not having planted any chili peppers last summer, I add sliced tomatoes and onion for flavor. Orthodox vegetarians do not drink coffee, but not being orthodox in much of anything I have some coffee in cool weather. And of course the balance of the meal of bread and jam. For a few minutes I may finish writing a letter which I have begun earlier, or finish an article in a paper. I do not take a daily paper, getting the news from two weeklies; I would not have the noise of a telephone in a teetop.

Then I usually walk across the road a block to say hello to my Spanish friends; especially my four year old Lipa. She will be kneeling on a bench eating tortillas and beans, from the table and will greet me with a mixture of Spanish and English in precise, quick words. The father and older brother are employed on the farm also and I have worked with them at old times. The older sister passes the orchard on the way to school and likes apples. Now I have to forget my German and see if I can remember a few Spanish words. Lipa will proudly say "apple" and I will say "manzana." She will point to my pocket and say "pocket" and I will reply with "bolsa." Soon it is time to go to work. As I leave, Lipa or some of the family will give the traditional Spanish "come back." It would be good if I would reply, "Come over to my house," but the accommodations of a bachelor are not conducive to visiting. Bruce has been over to practice typing letters, and Lipa has come running several times to "see you girls" (the pictures of my daughters). Seeing the typewriter she took great pride in saying this long word. Another Spanish word which delighted her, in taste and in tongue, was "gingerbread."

The mailman comes in the afternoon. Perhaps today I receive several letters from boys in C.O. camps, discussing Tolstoy and bringing up ques- tions which puzzle them. It is now 6 p.m. and I go to the dairy for my quart of milk, perhaps carry a can of water also, and chop wood for half an hour. Evenings are cool and even in the summer a cover is required.
The apple, cherry and peach wood burns brightly in the fireplace. Even soggy bran is well in the range.

It is now early April and asparagus, which has come up for years throughout the orchard, presents a fine supper for the vegetarian. Many times with a half pint of milk, a little pepper and shooting added, it makes a filling and delicious meal. At other times slowly fried and mixed with rice it gives a flavor resembling oysters. (Some meat-eater may correct me, for I have not tasted oysters for thirty years.)

Perhaps a letter or article in the CHRISTIAN CENTURY, which a friend kindly subscribed to for me along with several other papers, suggests an ars of which I feel impelled to write. Perhaps I am writing another Tolstoy booklet corresponding my Doubtobsor friends in Canada, or writing a digest or review of a book which a friend has loaned to me. My luxury, a semi-stuffed armchair is, in front of the fireplace; the stove to the right and a table of apple boxes to the left, where my typewriter and current correspondence is scattered. A large table to the back which has been used for apple sorting is used for bread mixing, horsecarving, and as a general place for material I want within easy reach. I use a board across my lap for a table and have the least handy at the stove.

Before me, above the fireplace, are oil paintings by the farmer owner of the orchard. This man was a Christian Scientist whose mother knew Mrs. Eddy. Neighbors tell of his reading the "Book" to sick animals and saying that the power of right thought would make grain instead of weeds grow in the fields. There are undoubtedly metaphysical laws little understood by most of us which show the relationship between the great waves of hatred, fear and war which sweep over and surround the atmos-
phere of this world and the waves of epidemics, blights, floods and so-called "Acts of God." St. Francis could tame the man-eating wolf of Gubbio at a glance, but he has not tamed the passions, hatreds and materialism which had previously held sway in his own being. Christian Scientists or any of the cults springing from that premise cannot expect to control weeds, insects and wholesale epidemics as long as they bless war and the ecologic system which feeds on war. When they have the courage and the spirituality of the early Christians that they can surely "take up scy-
the and plow" and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." But war-mongers and Mammon worshippers need not expect miracles.

A picture of Jesus at the carpenter's bench finally wore out after I had put it up and taken it down when moving around. My half-pacifist young Lutheran minister friend, Leclerd Sokol, gave me Sullivan's Head of Christ. My unorthodox array of "Saints" on the wall are Tolstoy, Deba, Thoreau, Jefferson, Abdul Baba, St. Francis, Vasnetz and Gandhi. The pictures of my own girls and family and other favorites. It is possible to get my blue corn and wheat ground at such a mill I will do it, if not, the hammer mill of my employer can grind it. The primitive way of cutting wheat, binding it by hand (for few people raise wheat and use a binder here) and threshing it out by hand on saws seems queer. By
self it may seem foolish, but taken as part of a pattern of life it has meaning. Orthodox economists tell us that the farmer who uses a horse and a plow and very little machinery cannot afford to compete in the market with the farmer who uses up-to-date machinery.

It happens that I do not care to own property and have it taken away by the government for non-payment of taxes, for most of the taxes in my lifetime will go to pay for World War II and to prepare for World War III. One can cheat can raise a few hogs and chickens in the country and here turkeys do well. For a vegetarian who simplifies his needs, the cash that is saved for certain purposes can be earned as a farm laborer; and most of the food to be consumed can be raised on an acre or two. To raise food for animals and then eat the animals is expensive. Why not raise the grain and sell the feed?

I am not competing on the market with others any more than I am losing an election when I do not enter the lists of voting. My ideals are above and beyond that nose counting which takes place at the ballot box, and the economic system which myself and other free spirits follow above and beyond the market place. The B-29's roar over my head hourly.

These planes of death exist, as do the market place and the voting booth, but they do not need to be a part of my life if I do not choose to help pay for them or live in fear because of the warmonger's security in these false gods.

MY BUDGET

I keep ten dollars for expenses and send the remainder to my wife and girls. During the month of May, 1945 my expenses were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Whole wheat flour, 25 lbs.</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(could grow own wheat)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetable shortening, 3 lbs.</td>
<td>$0.68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornmeal, 5 lbs.</td>
<td>$0.46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(could grow own corn)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oleomargarine, 2 lbs.</td>
<td>$0.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rice, 4 lbs.</td>
<td>$0.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(price is too high)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raisins, 2 lbs.</td>
<td>$0.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Syrup, 5 lbs.</td>
<td>$0.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yeast, salt, sugar, etc.</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td>$4.55</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Electric light bill**                    | $1.00

**Bundle of CO and CW's**                 | $2.40

**Postage stamps, haircut, etc.**          | $2.05

**TOTAL**                                    | $10.00

I bought a quantity of pinto beans (seconds) last year and still have some left. Have a few jars of apple butter which I put up last fall. Get a quart of milk free from the farm daily, and apricots, wild lettuce, and later fruit and vegetables. Irish potatoes do not grow well here. The ones that you buy at the store now are not worth the money, so I buy rice instead.

Another year I should get a few hives of bees.

Reading of the bread-making at Mott St. and of Cobbett's old-fashioned way of bread making, and of Catherine de Hueck's rye bread encouraged me to persevere until I can now say that I make as good bread as I ever did. Most of milk until it becomes a bubbling, then add water until it is a little more than a joke. Crumble in 2 cakes of yeast and stir until dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons of salt and 4 of sugar to the liquid and pour liquid in the flour. Mix and add 4 tablespoons of shortening. Knead it a bit and add more water if necessary until it is not too sticky. I then put it in a pan, cover it with a cloth and let it over to Lija's mother, Reyes, and leave it in her warm kitchen until 6 p.m. (If I left it in my room, Brother Mouse would nose around and perhaps get in the habit of searching for such good food--and my room is too cool for the dough to rise properly.)

At night I knead the dough lightly and make it into four loaves according to the size of pan I happen to have. (The Spanish word for bread is "pan"). I leave these loaves for about an hour and half by the open oven door where a wood fire is burning. When the loaves have raised sufficiently I put them in the oven; but it must not be too hot or the outside will burn and the inside be doughy. In about 45 minutes the bread will be done. Shortening applied to the top of the loaf as it is removed from the oven keeps it from cracking. I place the loaves in a roomy and airy oven of another stove which is stored here and not in use, but is mouseproof. In the morning, half of a small loaf goes to Reyes and Lija and half of a loaf to the growing son of my employer, who prefers it to store bread. A good slice is given as a token to Pat, the bookkeeper on the farm, who kindly brings my groceries from town, as she goes there often in her car.

I have been unable to purchase any buckwheat flour and make my own everlasting dough, added to each day during the winter months. The prepared stuff you buy is a travesty on the name of buckwheat. In winter I make hotcakes from flour, baking powder, salt and sugar and shortening. Have fried much often for breakfast. When I am out of bread and do not have any yeast I can make fairly good tortillas. One day Lija said that she had made two for me, but "they are not nice and round like my mother's." (The saying among the Spanish people is that until a girl can make perfectly good, round tortillas, she is not ready to be married.)

A cup of flour, a teaspoon of salt and the same of baking powder and shortening, with enough milk or water added so the dough will not be sticky, will make three tortillas. Roll the dough out rather thin and place on top of the wood stove. Keep turn-
ing from one side to another until light brown. Then put between the folds of a cloth. Spanish people break the tortilla in bits and dip up beans with it. I have learned to do this fairly well. One night last year when I had taken apples to Lipa I stayed for supper. Lipa jumped up from the table and rolled out a rather limp-sided tortilla and placed it on the stove. Changing her English with Spanish, she told me that it was badly burned. Without a word, she placed it in the pan and baked it. That's o.k. Hennacy, take it along and eat it on your way home."

It is Sunday morning. I get up at 5:45, eat a hurried breakfast, take my good clothing in a grip along with about 50 CATHOLIC WORKERS and go to the orchard to look over the situation of the water, which has been running all night. The water has gone into another row and missed half a dozen trees; there is it dammed up with weeds and a furrow. I channel the water in the proper places and look over the next row for potential breaks, and if there is one, I head back to the orchard to turn the water into this row. I eat a sandwich and walk a mile down the road to the seminary chapel, where I give a talk to a few people as they pass by. Then I walk the five miles toward town. Many times a workman picks me up.

If I am early I visit Rev. Soker in his study for half an hour and give him a paper. Then I go in the rear of a large church and say my prayers. The old Irish priest here says what he thinks, his sermons being short and to the point. Some people know me as I stand in front of the church after mass with the CW, but most of them are busy with other affairs. As people go in for the 11 o'clock mass some get a paper from me. Then I hurriedly walk two miles to a church near the University. I have met this young priest personally; he was a former social worker, so we have something in common. Here the people coming from the 11 o'clock mass and entering and leaving the noon mass can obtain papers from me if they like. Some military men eye my Gandhi cap warily as it bears a neat inscription in red, "Free India Now!"

On my way home I leave a copy with my partially pacifist friend of the Christian denomination and chat with him a few minutes. Then I deposit a copy with my Jehovah Witness friends, to whom I have previously explained the mystery of one who is not a Catholic giving time and energy (as they give time and energy for their cause) to distribute a Catholic paper. The fact that I was in prison with Judge Rutherford in Arizona in 1918 commands their respect. They see the pacifism of the CATHOLIC WORKER but it has the name "Catholic". How could that church be "the Truth"? There must be something wrong! I have met the Jehovah Witness in other cities; they have courage, and that pardons much of their intolerance.

Coming home the other Sunday afternoon I stopped in to say hello to Lipa. Seeing me with a shirt and coat she said, "Hennacy, you been to Ecclesia?" I said that I had. "You say Name of the Father?" "Not very much, but I say benefited for my house," I replied. Quickly she took me into the bedroom and proudly pointed to two candles burning at either side of an image and said, "See Santo Nino!" (the Holy Child).

One other Sunday I sold papers at the church near the University and the priest said "every soldier who dies fighting for his country goes at once to eternal bliss." An old priest at the big downtown church saw me selling CW's and said "The Catholic church in all of its history has not lived up one jot or one tittle to the Sermon on the Mount. Come in and talk with me sometime." An Indian who was a guard of the German prisoners said to me after reading a CW, "Why does no one tell us about compassionate objects except after the war is over?" I explained that we were getting them ready for the next war.

The Indian Reservation

One Sunday morning in June I arose early, picked a cup of mulberries from the bush at my door, which with sugar and cream and bread made a delicious breakfast. I had borrowed a bicycle from Lipa's brother Joe, and after attending to the irrigation of the orchard I started down the road to the Indian reservation in which is located the Pueblo of Tucel, seven miles to the south. The road was uphill for 7.50 miles. There sandy, so that progress was slow. Here it wound along the edge of the bluff overlooking the two ribbons of the Rio Grande with a wide expanse of sandbars between. Horses grazed on the lush grass along the river in the lowlands near the Santa Fe bridge. Coming into uplifts a rather large adobe house with buildings of the same material occupied the corner between the road and the bridge. An Indian with an exceedingly large brimmed hat was feeding some animals. An auto, partly dismantled stood in the yard. Just south of the bridge is the dam which throws off water through the spillways for the reservation.

It was now 9:30, and upon inquiry of the priest's housekeeper I was told that today's mass had been at 8:00. Then I would go to 10:00 o'clock, as the priest had the 10 o'clock mass at a neighboring town this morning. I had taken fifty odd copies of the CW along, and I commenced to knock at each door and give each family a copy. The houses were on narrow semi-green winding here and there, as in Santa Fe, and each yard held farm machines, wooden structures in which I had often seen the Indians from the orchard on their way to town. Nearly every woman who came to the door spoke to me in English and thanked me for the paper. She would say, "It was a long day and came to the door, and although they may not have understood just what it was they received, thanked me for the paper. Perhaps twenty houses were located; the people were in the fashionable outlying parts of the reservation, or visiting. Here I did not leave a paper as I saw I would not have enough. One noticeable thing about the houses is that they are large and roomy, although perhaps a married son or daughter would live in one end of the house.

A man and his wife were on the porch of a nice appearing house, and when I gave them a paper they said that three families lived there. First a pretty dimpled young matron appeared and later another comely
young woman, and each got a copy of the paper. While a young sister and brother looked at the paper I stopped a moment to rest. I explained where I worked, and that this was a Catholic paper a little different from the others, in that it did not support war. The young ladies said that about 100 young men from the pueblo had been drafted. Later a mother and daughter invited me in when I gave them a paper. The house was very clean and roomy (more so than my own). A huge coffee pot like we used for threshers in the east stood on the stove. Two stars on the door indicated that men were in the armed forces. I mentioned the story that my Quaker great grandmother had told me of Indians not harming Quakers, who did not lock their doors, fight the Indians, or give them liquor. They recognized the name Quaker, but did not know of any such thing as conscientious objectors, saying that war was bad but boys had to go, and what could you do about it. I replied that many Catholic boys were in concentration camps or in prison in preference to going to war. I told them of the five Hopi Indians who had refused to register and had gone to prison, and of the injustice of Indians being made to fight the white man’s wars, after being despoiled of their country and not being allowed citizenship.

A beautiful granddaughter with a clear bright complexion and bright dark eyes, about 8 years old, came in for a few minutes. Her name was Pauline Jones. Now it was noon and they invited me to eat with them. Peas, with a side dish of chili which made the tears come to my eyes and my mouth burn; bread baked in the oval adobe oven outside the door, and coffee. They brought sugar from the cupboard especially for me, but as I did not use it, nor they either, it remained untouched. I spoke of some old Indian men I had met at the doors that morning and wondered how old they were. “They may look old, but they are not so old,” my hostess replied. All families in the pueblo were Catholic except two or three who had a Baptist minister meet with them in their homes.

Nearly every house had several dogs near the door, but not one of them growled, although I was dressed in the white suit I had worn the dairy, and in my white Gandhi cap, and must have appeared unusual to them. Several notices of silversmiths and their wares were posted at houses. All the Indians had splendid teeth, and not one bald-headed Indian was to be seen. The older men wore hair braided or rolled at the back. The older women wore white leggings wound round and round, and bright shawls. The men wore gaily colored shirts. The children ran about dressed in very bright colors, as do the Spanish. The generally accepted idea that Indians do not beat their children, that the children are not afraid and seldom cry, was found to be true, by my observation, and in answer to questions on that subject. “The Navajo’s simply go ‘sh-h-h’ and the children cease whatever nonsense they are making,” one lady told me.

I approached one house where a large wire and wood net or container partly filled with corn hung between four posts. In response to my knock an elderly man asked me to come in. His daughter was there, and later his wife came in. He looked at the paper and saw that it was Catholic, and thanked me for it. He asked me to sit down. I said that this was a Catholic paper that did not believe in war, and taught that all men were brothers and should not kill each other.

“The skin may be different color,” he answered, touching his tanned arm, “but the Great Spirit is in the heart of everyone. The Sun is the father that gives light and makes the corn grow. If it seems to give much for us, we must know that it shines for everybody; for some who need it more than we do. A man who curses the good Mother Earth because the crop does not grow is sinful. We must plant good seed, and God and Mother Earth bring us good food. A good man does not curse God, Father Sun or Mother Earth. Good health comes from the good God.”

That man’s son is in the occupied German territory now. The father had never heard of conscientious objectors, but felt that war was evil, especially for Indians to fight for the white man when they were not free themselves. He too was interested in the Hopi Indians who had refused to register. I told him about my Quaker great grandmother, the activities of the Quakers in hiding escaped slaves, and of my own opposition to war and refusal to pay taxes.

It was now 1:30, and I went to the house of the priest, which was enclosed to the right of the church behind adobe walls. He was baptizing Indian babies, so I waited on the porch. Gore grew knee high in the patio, and rabbits played in the enclosure bedded with clover. I had brought the housekeeper some asparagus I had gathered in the orchard that morning, and I smelted it cooking. Soon the priest, a big man, appeared. He greeted me cordially. I had mailed him a letter previously explaining that I was coming to his parish to distribute the CW, and had mailed him several copies. He knew the truth about Pearl Harbor and was not in favor of obliteration bombing. He said that, as in the last war, the arms factories of international cartels had not been touched, while hundreds of thousands of civilians has been burned alive. I gave him a copy of the CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR which he had not seen before.

On the bicycle as I was going through the pueblo toward home, several children and older folks recognized my white attire and waved to me. A jeep full of guards from the German prison camp passed me, and one of them who knew me wondered what I was doing there. They had often met me as I had passed their camp on the way to Albuquerque on Sunday mornings. Near my home I stopped for a drink of water at the house of cousins of Lips whom I had met before. As soon as I got there I took a look at the well in the orchard that proved that the water was running properly. I was very hungry and prepared a good bowl of rice and raisins with a dash of cinnamon and nutmeg, then went to the orchard to turn the water into another row for the night. As Joe was by himself in the dairy I helped him cool the milk.
Having worked during the summer in the orchard seven days a week without extra pay I had earned a vacation in December. My employer had presented me with a fine wool sleeping bag. On Dec. 15th, 1945 I hiked before daylight eastward over the pass toward Amarillo. Walking twenty-three miles and riding 185, I came about an hour after dark to a house and asked if I could sleep in a shed or barn. It was bitter cold and the man asked me in the house to get warm. Later he insisted that I occupy a spare bed in an enclosed porch, saying that I could sleep in my sleeping bag anytime. His forecast was correct, for of the twenty-two nights that I did not stay with relatives on this hike, this New Mexican was the only farmer who allowed me on his place. I love the land, and it would be hard for me to tell of the hospitality of those who live on the land, but alas, the farmer seems to have the mind of those who live in the city: prosperous and selfish. In Texas a returned soldier in a truck gave me a long ride through the small town, he said, "Sure you want to make it?” Good money in the business. I used to own it, but saw so many dead in Europe that I swore I would never bury one more person. So I sold my business and bought a farm.

On one lonesome stretch of the highway hundreds of cars passed without noticing me. Finally a young couple stopped, told me to put my bundles in the car and they drove me to a farm house where it was warm and we had tea. I was so hungry I could hardly eat anything. The woman who made tea was so kind she gave me tea all day. I was so hungry I could hardly eat anything. The woman who made tea was so kind she gave me tea all day.

Near Stirling, Illinois, I walked about seven miles and it became dark. Finally I saw the lights of a 24-hour restaurant, had a cup of coffee and went on my way, being told that the next town was about seven miles away. I walked and walked and my fingers were nearly frozen it seemed. I thought I had surely gone the seven miles and stopped at a farm house to get warm and ask directions. The town was still three miles away. I put on my galoshes, which I had carried along with my lunch and other things which might be needed in a hurry, in a storm, in the dark. Suddenly I saw another 24-hour restaurant. Looking closer I saw it was the same one, for when I left the farm house I had walked four miles back the wrong way. I treated myself to a good onetwelve, for I was extra hungry and tired. The proprietor had heard the conversation about my getting lost and suggested that if I did not mind sleeping between bags of onions and potatoes in the basement I could do so.

I was awakened at 5:00 a.m. by a waiter and told that a trucker would take me as far as Joliet. It was now the day before Christmas, and I was 125 miles from my destination, Evanston, Ill. Sleet on the highway and the windshied made this a bitter day—the worst of the trip. The truck broke down and after much walking and a few rides I met my wife and girl. The activities of their sect did not allow my radical aura to befog the atmosphere, so I went to Milwaukee for Christmas.

Later I said hello to my girls for a few minutes and went to Cleveland to visit my mother and sisters and brother. One brother-in-law had been a Christian Scientist; he was an ex-soldier, and was interested in the booklet I gave him published by the conscientious objectors who were Christian Scientists. Another brother-in-law lived in a suburb where there was a Catholic church. My sister had tried to give the priest and her Catho light neighbors copies of the CW but without success. I met Max Sandin, CO in World War I. He was also a nonregistrant in World War II and one who refused to pay taxes.

Leaving just before dark I took a street car to Berea to visit my hiking pacific friend, Phil Mayer. He had edited the Walden Round Robin, and although he was a humanist is enthusiastic about St. Francis of Assisi. At
breakfast next morning his wife read a few pages from the Little Flowers of St. Francis in lieu of a blessing. It told of the angel in disguise who knocked in such a hurry on the door and of the ill temper of Brother Elias. It seemed to me a good lesson on faith and peace and trust in God.

One of Phil's enthusiasms is the reciting of the epic poems of Vachel Lindsay. He enjoys them, for instance, "Oh Mother - a real
time for a number of reasons. He showed me a letter from Lindsay's widow, who had been a Communist for years, in which she spoke of her recent conversion to the Catholic faith and her pleasure in knowing that he knew of the Catholic Worker movement.

That evening a lady stopped and gave me a ride for fifteen miles. This was after dark and very unusual. It seemed that a son had been killed by a hit and run driver and she always picked up people, feeling that it would be safer with her than walking on the road. That evening earlier an old couple accompanied by a married daughter and 7 yr. old son in a car picked me up and wondered why I did not ask for rides. I answered, "Oh I am a pioneer and pioneers don't ask for rides." The small boy looked at me with my Gandhi cap and said haltingly; "Oh Mom: a pioneer; a real pioneer; Gee Mom, they had hard times!" After another ride I was up toward four farm houses but saw folks hiding behind doors rather than run the chance of speaking to a stranger. Down the road I saw the light of a garage; it was one of those 24-hour restaurants and trucker filling stations. While eating I heard conversation that told me that the young proprietor had had a nervous breakdown that morning and had not yet regained consciousness. His wife had worked all day and was weary. One girl had to cook, wash dishes and wait on table. The father-in-law was busy waiting on gas customers. I said that all of my journey had led me to that place that night, and proceeded to wash dishes, peel potatoes, etc. for several hours until the work was caught up. I slept on a bench by the entrance although I did not sleep much because of the noise which lasted that Saturday night until 4:00 a.m. In the morning the woman of the pro-

This Sunday I walked twenty-miles. Each place where I hoped to get something to eat was marked "Closed on Sunday." Toward evening I saw a church spire in the distance, and supposing it was a Lutheran church I determined to ask the wife of the pastor for coffee. Coming up I saw a sign which read "Assumption." Where had I heard that word before? I had only had time to read Dorothy's column in the December CW in Cleveland. Sitting down on my pack in front of the church, I looked it over again and saw that Dorothy had been there a few weeks before. Knocking on the convent door, I asked for Sister Columbri. I was ushered into the parlor and soon the sister arrived, wondering how I knew her name. I showed her a copy of the December CW in which her name was mentioned, and which she had not yet seen. In a few minutes another sis-
ter announced that my verson was ready. I had not said that I had noth-
ing to eat since Monday or that I was a vegetarian but I suppose I looked hungry. Sister Suzanne spoke up quickly, "Oh, I know what he likes, for my brother is a vegetarian." Eggs and cheese were served. I was interested in my hike and in my anti-war activities. I was unable to see the priest, for he was busy with committee meetings for a credit union and a cooperative freezer locker.

After supper I attended Benediction in the church, hearing with pleasure the clear voice of Sister Columbiare, which matched her radiant countenance. I felt that all things did work together for good, as I had assayed that morning. If I had received a ride I would have gone through this small settlement and not known I had missed it. The sisters gave me some blankets and I slept on a mattress above the garage. I left early in the morning my pack about five pounds heavier because of the sandwiches, celery, cake, etc. which the sisters had given me.

Arriving in Chicago at noon the next day I had a visit at CYO head-
quarterm with Nora Payle, Florence and Margaret, old friends of the Mil-
aukee Catholic Worker group. I also spent several hours visiting with my old friend, Claude McKay, Negro poet and former Communist, a friend of Dorothy in the twenties, and now a convert to the church. I had a few minutes with Sharon as she practiced music at the University before school, and with Carmen as we walked toward a street car.

As I walked up the long hill on Route 151 to the south of Dubuque, Iowa, it commenced to snow. Cars had slipped off the road all along but the pilgrim on foot made it all right. About nine miles further on I heard the bells of the monastery tolling to the right. A man picked me up and wanted to know where I was going. I told him to the monastery. He wanted to know if I was going to join the monks. I told him that I was not, and that I was a kind of a desert monk myself. Two miles further along a dirt road I came to a parish church surrounded by trees. Going down a deep hollow I saw a fine stone building over the hill. I lived in desert country but had never seen a mirage. As I walked closer the bung disappeared.

It was much more hidden in the blinding snow that I came upon the monastery. Brother Joachim, a native Irishman, red-bearded and smil-
g, greeted me. Supper was ready, and he personally served me and two other guests. The Trappists do not eat meat or eggs but serve them to guests. Their vegetarianism is practiced as a penance, and not because of any especial regard for animals or health. Several other visitors were at the table, none of whom agreed with the Christian anarchic ideas of the CW. The brothers thought that the lesser of two evils should be taken instead of the ultimate good but they were not unduly insistent on the matter. Soon I met Brother Edmund, a graduate of the ancient col-
lege at Las Cruces, N. M. After supper I attended Benediction. We all re-

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tired early, as the brothers get up at 2:00 a.m. and pray until breakfast at 8:00 and then are assigned their labor on the farm. After breakfast I attended high mass in the beautiful chapel. Visitors are partitioned off by locked gates from the brothers. Those in the choir put on white robes instead of the brown habit. They have a vow of silence. They sleep in one room somewhat like voting booths with canvas partitions. They sleep with their robes on. There were 57 monks at the time I was there. In 1849, Bishop Loras of Dubuque offered the brothers 300 acres of land and the monastery was founded that year. The present Abbot is Alfred Hagan. I left at 2:00 p.m. the next day. Brother Joachim accompanied me for a few steps outside in the bitter cold and wished me God-speed on my journey. In this world of speed and strife, of atomic bombs and commercial fraud, it was refreshing to rest in the quiet of this peaceful monastery.

That evening it was terribly cold. One man gave me a ride who was a captain in the air force in World War I. As airplanes went overhead he cursed and said he would never ride in one again; it was all he could do to drive a car; he had a farm and did not want to get far from the land.

I saw the red lights of a radio station ahead and it seemed that I never got any closer as I walked and walked. Finally, I came to a filling station and learned that there was but one restaurant in the town half a mile away. I entered, wearily dropped my pack by the stove, and ordered bean soup—double order. A surly youth picked up my pack and if I carried this on bean soup. "Seems as if I have to, as there is not much left for a vegetarian to eat." Just then the village butcher came in and the youth said: "Mike, if everyone was like this fellow you would have no job." "What you mean, no job?" asked Mike. The youth nodded to me and I explained that I had walked 18 miles and was not extra-tired; that I did not eat meat because I did not like to kill animals and did not want anyone to kill them for me. But I was not in town long enough to hurt his business. Mike was a simple minded fellow from the old country and took all this very seriously, so he answered: "Every day I kill cow and pig; people ask me to kill mad dog and their too many cats, but I never kill one sleep for he look me in the eye and I cannot do it. Someone else has to kill them.

I journeyed through the long dreary stretches of Nebraska and over the exact spot where Crazy Horse had put blankets on the horses and escaped the U.S. cavalry 50 years before. A redshirted civil war soldier who drove like mad brought me into neon-lit Cheyenne, Wyoming at 9 p.m. The Salvation Army and hotels were full up so I slept in the jail that night. Denver was a madhouse and I turned up alone.

I felt happy with the memory of my family and friends. Carmen and Sharon were continuing their music in Evanston. When a Sophomore in high school Sharon had been chosen to play the piano, over halfway to the piano, at the Spring Music Festival. She was given Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue to play and told those in charge that she preferred Mozart. They told her it was too honor to be chosen and she replied: "I will take the music, my name is Carmen, and I will get someone who likes trash." She also refused an invitation to join the music sorority.

I felt renewed faith in that Providence which brought me safely through the wind and storm and home again. I brought Lita some mints and her small brother Ernesto, a cap. The new irrigation ditch was nearly finished and several months of pruning the trees under the rains of the sun and away.
This Hovay of whom I speak had been a guard over the German prisoners and had asked me if he could come and room with me when he was mustered out. He had been the errand boy of his father in the moonshine business in the Carolinas for many years and had the easy going ways of his people. Despite this he had a better judgment of character than any one I have met. Some new worker would come and Hovay would talk to him for half an hour and find out more of his past than a detective. Then he would come to the boss and say: "Charlie; he's a rogue," or else he would say of another: "Don't fight with that fellow, Charlie; he's the best man you have outside of Hensley." Hovay called me Hensley because he had once known a man by that name and it was too much bother to learn another name. Once he mailed a letter for me and my wife did not receive it for weeks. I asked him if he had really mailed it and he said that he had. As there was a check for $41.50 in the letter he said that he would pay me this amount if the letter did not reach my wife. But he would not mail any more letters for me. My wife got the letter and Hovay felt better.

Once I asked him to "back a letter for me." I addressed the envelope and then he wanted me to write the letter to his sister, "for you write such interesting letters; write just like you do to your girls." So I told his sister of what we had been doing the past week. "Sign it," said Hovay, I told him this would be forgery so he signed his name himself. He depended upon me to do the cooking; and if I asked him to chop three sticks of wood he surely would not make a mistake and chop four. His quizzical ways and slow motion were a source of joy to me, but one Hovay was enough at a time.

I had been visiting the Indians at Isleta pueblo all along. When the Atom Bomb was exploded as near Alamogordo in the previous July none of us knew at the time what it was. When we all knew of it I wrote the following expression which I placed in the mouth of a Taos Indian who was visiting. Those to whom I read it felt that it expressed their ideas as well as a white man could.

Sun-Father
They mock you.
Fire to glow on the earth,
Warmth to open the heart of the Holy Corn,
Warmth to melt the snow on White Mountain.
Giving water for our crops, our animals.
This, Sun-Father, is good.
Great fire to kill
It is bad.
I kill my enemy with my own two hands

Or he kills me.
That is brave.
To burn and blast every man,
Every woman and child,
All animals and birds,
All corn and grass—
That is cowardly and wicked.
They steal your brightness
For devil-worship;
Sun-Father
They mock you.

In May I received a telegram from Claude McKay in Chicago saying that he was very ill and wanted to come to Albuquerque, thinking the change of climate would help him. Sister Agnes de Sales, head of Catholic Teachers College and a friend of mine and of the CW got a bed on the porch of St. Joseph's Hospital for Claude. He was nearly dead with diabetes, heart trouble and dropsy when he arrived and had to be put under an oxygen tent. I had studied Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, the I AM, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Eschatology, and various other occult cults and at this time was studying Yoga breathing and healing exercises. Their basis was relaxed deep breathing, drawing the strength from God, or as they phrased it: The Great Central Sun, Then this buildup of power was sent with outstretched hands and prayer to that part of the body of the person afflicted. The person to be helped did not need to believe in it; only to sequence and not eat meat. I did my best each morning and a friend in Milwaukee who had more experience did the same for him. Whether it was these prayers, those of Sister Agnes and others or not, Claude passed the crisis and in about six weeks was well enough to be released.

The trouble then was to find a place that would accept a Negro. I made a public appeal in a local Protestant negro church but to no avail. Finally Mr. Garcia made up a bed in his office for Claude. Later we found a small apartment in the Mexican section. I visited him twice a week, took dictation for a book which he was writing, and wrote his letters for him as he was still weak. Bishop Sheil in Chicago was directly concerned about Claude. In speaking the Bishop, Claude said that he had the same love in his eyes that Emma Goldman had had. Finally the latter part of September Claude was well enough to go by himself on the train to San Diego, where pacifist friends of mine found a good place for him to stay. Later he went back to Chicago and lived several years. It is likely that he did not keep to a strict diet or that he exerted himself too much, for he died about three years after he left Albuquerque.

About the time Claude left I read a short story in COLLIER'S and said to myself that if I couldn't write a better one than that I would be ashamed of myself. Accordingly I wrote a story with Indians as characters. After 17,000 words it was not such a short story. The characters seemed real
her husband following later, and doing as most men did, standing outside. Each of the Indian women had a bright shawl over her head and a small woven rug as a protection from the splintered floor when kneeling.

Coming back home in my white dairy suit I met some Isleta Indian cowboys who good naturedly said "Hello St. John." I was to receive the epiphany from another source years later but thought nothing of it then.

In writing my novel I had read much about Indians. I feel that the following poem expresses much of the spirit of the Navajos, whose waste lands stretch from west of town nearly to the Grand Canyon.

OLD SHAMAN
My son was killed in war against the whites
My son's son starved on their way to exile
The son of my son's son is at the white school
I would have taught him Navajo magic
Lightnings and thunder in the medicine-house
While bright noon waits outside;
Wonder of the Holy Corn, grown from kernal to ripe
Ears in a day;
Songs that bring sunrise and sunset to the sacred room.
No other of my blood will swallow great plumed arrows
And bathe in fire without hurt.
I am last to stand the long eagle feather on end,
Making it dance, a living thing.
None will come after me to see in the depths of the hoganda water-bowl
All that was said and shall be,
The son of my son's son reads a book.
He counts one and two.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

After work I was allowed the eggs I would gather from a certain nest and planned for an omelette one noon. As we came in from work we noticed a beautiful bull snake about six feet long stretching out across the road with threeumps rising in his middle. There is your omelette, said my boss. In my reading of the Hopi I had learned that a snake is not by nature mean if handled carefully. There was a certain grace to its symmetrical winding beauty. I picked the snake up gently, wet my fingers, stroked him, so as not to irritate his scales, and placed him over in the field where he could dig my three eggs in his own good time.

Another time when I entered my adobe house I noticed my coat which was hanging on a chair, moving. There was no wind, and looking closely I saw a large bud snake wound around the inside of my coat collar and in my inside pocket. I stroked him and took him outside. But ever afterward I looked in my sleeping bag when I went to bed.

The night before Christmas there was a celebration in the schoolhouse
given by neighboring Mexicans. Some of the young folks who had picked apples with me asked me over. It was called "Santo Nino de Atocha," The Holy Child of Nazareth. Several dozen Mexicans, young and old of both sexes and gaily dressed, sang and danced a short shuffle dance for three hours or more. Special songs were written for this performance whose theme was that the Holy Child had been stolen. It was a song of the Comanche Indians who were hunting for the Child. In the midst of the song someone stole the doll in a crib by the altar. Much of the procession broke up and went from door to door in the village looking for the Holy Child which had disappeared. They knew, of course, where it was all along and finally found it and whipped the thief in exaggerated gestures, bringing back the Infant. Then all present went on their knees to the front, placing money in a dish by the Infant. I gave a dime to the smallest girl dancer. One verse told of the time when there was a drought and the Comaches took their children to Santa Fe and sold them as slaves to the white men for sugar and coffee. The old timers here said that this was really true.

One of the Santo nino de atocha verses

El comanche y le comacha
Salieron para Santa Fe
A vender los comanchites
Por azucar y cafe.

The Comache men and women
Went to Santa Fe
To sell the little Comaches
For sugar and coffee.

Soon afterwards I asked some young folks where I could get a translation of the verses and they directed me across the road. I knocked at the door and who should greet me but the small girl to whom I had given a dime. She squealed in delight and called her mother. In this manner I found my new friend, 7-year-old Louise Aguilar. In the six months that I followed her I was a daily visitor and played games with her, or she and her aunts came to my cottage for "huesos"; as they liked the change from beans to eggs. When her young aunt was married I was the only "Anglo" invited to the wedding supper. They knew I did not drink beer or wine but insisted that I have plenty of chili. My throat burned and the tears came at this hot food and they all had much fun at my discomfort. Several years later I visited in Los Angeles and tried to find my small Louise but they had moved away.

One of the last people I met at the pueblo was the elder son of the former chief. He was over thirty-eight when drafted for World War II. In camp he refused to drill, saying he was not going across the water to fight for the white man. His captain asked him if he did not want to fight for his country. He replied that his country was Isleta; that it was nothing the white man had given the Indians, but was only a small bit that they had not stolen. The captain was impressed and asked more questions. He

found that this Indian had always fought the Indian Bureau schemes: that he wanted the rich Indian to hire help to clean the irrigation ditches instead of making the poor Indian do it for nothing; and for this reason he was drafted away from the pueblo where he could not bother the exploiters. His father had been fooled or bribed into giving the names of all of the Indian youth eligible for the draft. If he had put up a fight the matter might have been dropped, for the Indians are not citizens.

On trips with my employer I went up the beautiful Jemez River and saw the Jemez Indians. Meanwhile I had corresponded for years with the Hopi conscientious objectors and decided to find work in Arizona in order to be nearer them.
Life at Hard Labor
The Hopi
July, 1947 - 1949
Phoenix - San Francisco

I met Chester Mote, my Hopi conscientious objector friend, in Winslow on the third of July of 1947. I had looked for work on farms but could not find any; likewise in Flagstaff. I had just enough money left to get to a suburb of Phoenix, Glendale, with a penny left in my pocket.

Chester told me of an old Catholic priest who had spent many hours talking to his father years ago. He was a good man but Chester cared for no other missionary. The Hopi believe in God just as the white man does, he said, but their God does not tell them to go to war. The Hopi are not sun worshippers. When they look at the sun they think of God, just as the Christians are supposed to look at the Cross and think of God, (but they think of money, Chester thought.)

All tradition is handed down, not written. When Chester was a child he was told that the white man had gone across the water to war twice, and that the next war would be when other white men would come across the water to the white man and give him what he had handed out. When this war was finished there would be but one man and one woman left in the world. This was not meant literally. There would be many, here and there, but each couple would think that they were the only ones left.

Chester had 400 sheep and the government wanted him to reduce the flock to 40. He would not do so and was put in jail in Jerome Canyon for three months. They killed all of his sheep and gave him a check in payment but he refused to accept this blood money. It hurt their bookkeeping minds. Later when the Hopi were drafted for war, they were told that if they registered they would be deferred as CO's. The Hopi did not believe the white men but decided to try them out. So all of them who were radicals decided to refuse to register but Chester registered. All of them got the same time in prison.

I walked around that morning asking for work at each farm. Around noon a Japanese farmer gave me as much watermelon as I could eat. Later on I ate some peaches at another farm, and ended up by eating cantaloupe. Just about dark I met a young Molokon who had read my Tokto’ "THOU SHALT NOT KILL" booklet, while in conscientious objector camp. I put my sleeping bag under the trees in his yard. Next day I worked for his uncle in the harvesting of beet seed. It was very hot and I drank plenty of water and had only melon for breakfast. After three days I worked on a farm in the middle of the desert cleaning ditches for ten hours a day, at sixty cents an hour. Then I walked for miles seeking another job. Finally I got a job in a dairy. After I had worked two months, the farmer sold his cows, so I had to look for another job.

I slept at the home of a friend in Phoenix and got up early before daylight, went down to the slave market at Second and Jefferson, and jumped on the first truck going out of town. I did not know if I was going east, west, north, or south. I worked in a field for a big produce company and at night asked where I could find a cabin to stay. Shacks were only for Mexicans and not for white men. I walked down the road and met a Molokon who said he had a shack up the road which I could live in, free of charge. I was soon sleeping on an old spring mattress. I got an old stove and fixed the place up.

I worked day by day for the produce company at sixty cents an hour. I worked at different kinds of weeding in the fields, and one Saturday I worked on the road asked me to cut wood at seventy-five cents an hour.

One day I was working with an old man over seventy years of age. He was literate and when we signed our names to old checks he made an X mark. When he saw another fellow mark his check with an X he thought his signature was being forged. He asked me, "Have you got the mark of the beast?"

I knew what he meant by this question but asked him, "Has the government got your number; did they give you your name and get a number on a social security, ration or draft card? For if you do you have the mark of the beast which in these last days seeks to corrupt all of God's children."

I answered that I had used a social security card for three months, but since a tax had been withheld from my pay I had stopped working where it was necessary to have a social security card; that was the reason I was
now working on a farm. I had used a ration card for a time, but had re-
tused to register for the draft and did not intend to take any old age pension.

The old man answered: "I have nary a card. Guess they thought I was too old to register for the war and didn't bother me. All of my family made blood money during the war and now my wife and brothers have the mark of the beast again, for they accept old age pension. I will work until I drop before I take money from the beast; from the government that makes a bomb!" And he added "Yes, in these days they number the babies in hospitals when they are born, get boys, and even girls, numbered up for war as they grow up, lesser them with numbers when they die. The Mark of the Beast is everywhere. The Bible says that people will be divided, for folks who witness for the Lord can't be a part of numbering and voting and war." If their families prefer blood money then such as I have to go where we are not numbered and do not get The Mark of the Beast. I am sure glad to find a fellow who only has two marks against him."

"You are a better man than I am," I answered.

Picking Cotton

Having a few free days after the winter lettuce season at the large vegetable ranch where I had worked I went early in the morning to Phoenix where the bonfires were burning, at Second and Madison. Here Mexicans, Indians and Anglos, most of the latter being "wino," were waiting to select the truck in which they would go to work. Just now there were only two cotton trucks, there being a boll in citrus picking. Cotton pickers carry their own 8 to 12 ft. sacks, fastened with a strap around the shoulders and dragging behind them like a giant worm. There were eight trucks and several pick-
ups. Most of them were shaped like the traditional covered wagon with canvas. There were benches on either side and in the middle. I walked around searching for someone I might know, but my friends of the last year's fields were wary of cotton picking, considering this the hardest job to be had and one to be taken only as a last resort.

"Last call! Take you there and bring you back. Three dollars a hun-
dred. All aboard gentlemen!" shouted a good-natured Negro in a bright mackinaw. The truck to which he pointed was box shaped, of wood veneer, with a short ladder leaning inside from the rear. I entered and found a seat between a colored woman and a colored man. After a few more calls the doors were shut, and we could see each other only as one would light a cigarette. Later on the truck stopped, and we were joined by a large group of laughing Negroes of all ages. There were three whites besides my self, and one Indian. Our destination was nine miles beyond Buckeye, which is about three miles west of Phoenix. After several sharp turns, when all in the truck were thrown this way and that, we came to the field, the Indian and I did not have sacks, so we rented them from the boss for a quarter. This was cheaper than the small variety.

The field was a quarter of a mile long and a mile wide. A young white man worked in one row, then the Indian, then myself. I had never picked cotton before. The Indian, a Navajo, said this was to be clean picking, he understood. Where the cotton was fluffy it was easy to grab, but where the

boll was partly open it was difficult to extract and hurt your fingers.

As we worked along the row from the far end of the field toward the weighing scales and truck, my Navajo friend said that he was learning a lesson which he badly needed. Now he had just enough money from day to day. Before this he had spent money freely and never had to count his pennies. He paid a dollar a night for a cot in a cheap hotel in Phoenix. He had an older brother who had been quite wealthy before the depression, and who is a great Indian indeed.

In speaking of the Navajo he said that they had always been poor in these last years, but that the suffering was no greater last year. If left to themselves, they would be able to get along on sheep and cattle raising and in growing corn. But the government restrictions as to grazing made bavoc with the Navajo. These restrictions came about because the best lands were owned by the government and let out to wealthy white cattlemen. According to the government treaty, a school was to be provided wherever there were thirty children in a community, but not a fifth of the children went to school. All this spare time made for shiftless living in the cities. The recent provision of half a million for food from Congress was coupled with three times that amount to "rehabilitate" the Navajo. This was another word for jobs for white bureaucrats to feed on the misery of the Indian with foodoggling experiments.

Navajos do not eat fish, bear, pork; in fact any animal that does not eat grass is not "clean" to them. They will not kill a coyote for the bounty, as do the whites.

After we had worked three hours, we took our cotton in to be weighed. I had thirty pounds and he had forty-two. The white men near us had eighty-five. In talking over this discrepancy we found that we had been picking only the clean white cotton, while the more experienced pickers picked the bolls along with the cotton and more than doubled the weight.

As we waited our turn for weighing our cotton, groups were shooting dice in the roadway. A negro woman served coffee, chilli, pie, weiners, etc. at reasonable prices. Some of the truck drivers sold food to their passengers.

Returning to the field we picked in another of an orthodox fashion, and in the total five and a half hours the Navajo picked eighty-two pounds and I picked sixty-two. Before we left I gave him the GW to read, with my lesson about the Hopi refusing to go to war.

The next morning I met my Navajo friend beside the bonfire at Second and Madison. The truck of Negroes did not go out on Sunday. One truck took only those who had sacks. I got in a small truck which headed west-ward about thirty miles to Litchfield Park. Several young girls kept us merry with songs. When we arrived at the field my Navajo friend arrived in another truck. We happened to get sacks at different times, so did not work together.

An old man said that the rule here was "rough picking," which meant everything that had white in it, but no stems or leaves. When I emptied my sack I had fifty-four pounds. The man next to me seemed to work rather
about my picketing and giving out the CW. He told them that the CATHOLIC WORKER was a good paper and this was a free country so why were they arresting me. The next Sunday he praised my picketing, at mass, in the big St. Mary's church and we became good friends. He had spoken at the Freedom Task but I had not seen him.

When I was sixteen years of age, I had written a page entitled WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME. I had used this title because my favorite author, Jack London, had written a pamphlet with that title. The substance of my belief in 1916 was: On with the Revolution; there is no God. Churches are opium for the people.

Now on June 1, 1948 I wrote a page listing my attitude on life. Following are the issues that seemed to me most important:

1. (Courage is the most important virtue, for, as Johnson said to Boswell, if you do not use it you cannot practice.)

2. (Voluntary Poverty, the fundamental means of the Catholic Worker and Tolstoy, keeps the radical from becoming bourgeois and selling out.)

3. (Pacifism and the Sermon, they have provided a basis for a personal, political and philosophical upon which to meet all other social problems.)

4. (Anarchism is the negative side, but necessary to keep one from the treadmill of politics.)

5. (Decentralization is needed, of course, that the above principles might work to be effective.)

6. (Vegetarianism, which includes no drinking, smoking, gambling or medicine, is necessary to live healthily and to be efficient; otherwise with one hand you are pulling one way and with the other hand you are pulling the other way. Keep well.)

7. (Reincarnation seems a more reasonable theory than the heaven and hell of orthodox, although it may be just a deferred heaven that we have to earn.)

Tax Trouble

A while before this I had been called to the tax office and told that I should pay something down on my bill. I replied that I did not intend to pay anything, as per my notice to the Tax man. The tax man was a Catholic veteran who thought I was a Communist. He said that I would have to go to jail if I did not pay. I told him that I had been there before and was willing to go again. "Do you think you are right and every one else is wrong?" he asked. "Just about!" was my quick reply. "How could that be?" he queried. "I already have figured it out; it is up to you to pick it; that makes us all equal." Many students asked me questions. An ex-chief of police asked me what I was trying to do and I said that I was trying to prove this was a free country.

About 7 p.m. the police stopped me and asked the police captain wanted to see me. After a crowd had gathered and I waded said that the captain had changed his mind. Later a Franciscan priest told me that the police had phoned him at 7 a.m. that evening asking
At that time I was working for the big produce company so the tax man said he would garnish $10 of my wages each week to pay for my taxes due. I told him I had quit my job. He wanted to know when, and I told him "just now" in order that he could not garnish my wages. He wanted to know where I would work tomorrow and I told him that I did not know yet; that God would see that I got work.

When I first came to Phoenix I received a letter which had been written to me in Albuquerque from an atheist who had bought a CW from me in 1941. He was in Phoenix and I went to see him the next day, and started to work in a date grove where he lived and worked part time. So my propaganda work for the CW lead directly to a job which I needed just then.

About this time, the Bank of Douglas, in Phoenix, had an ad in the paper telling of old times in Arizona and showing a picture of the I.W.W.'s being deported from Bisbee in 1916. I wrote to Frank Trophy, then president of the bank, asking why he, a parasite, had the audacity to slander good I.W.W.'s. I mentioned the CW and my activity with it. He was not sure about his information on the I.W.W. and he already knew of the CW. We met and became good friends.

The Old Pioneer

"Hemacy, fellows like you remind me of Arnold Winkelreid 600 years ago when, 'in arms the Austrian phalanx stood; a living wall, a human wood. . . . he ran with arms extended wide as if a dearest friend to embrace' and by his brave death made an opening for his followers to rout the tyrants who sought to enslave the Swiss. The only difference today is that your sacrifice is almost useless for you have removed from the sides of the big date trees and they would sell from 5 to 6 each.

The man who had left when I commenced to work at the date grove had already tied male pollen in each of the 8 bunches of potential dates in the female trees. Three male trees furnished all the male pollen needed and some was sold to other growers who lacked pollen. My job for the next month or more was to saw off limbs that were dead or in the way of picking later on, and to tie each bunch to a limb above, with wire, in order that it would not become too heavy and break. I also clipped out every other string of dates—they were now the size of a pea, thus giving the tree strength to make larger dates of those remaining. Although I cut off thousands of "ice picks" I found later when picking dates that there was always a stray one or pieces of hand or arm at an unexpected time. Some of the trees needed a ladder extended 20 feet and others were younger and smaller. The big ones were 28 years old.

Mush of my time in August was spent in putting paralyzed cloth bags over the new large clusters of dates. This was so that June bugs and birds would not destroy them, also in case it rained they would not become wet and spoil. The dates ripen a few at a time. Generally the as mowing his lawn, chopping wood, cutting weeds, etc.

He was not a Catholic, but was a nominal Episcopalian who did not go to church. He was also head of the Old Pioneer Association and appreciated the ideas of Jefferson and his life on the land. His 160 acre farm was rented out to the same company I had first worked for. He knew of my radical ideas and read the CW.

Dates

"The horticulturist get the cream for a thousand years. The time will come when there will be a change," spoke my Yugo-Slav fellow worker, quoting his grandfather in Yugoslavia, as we blessed the jungle of offshoots around the date trees.

"And now Tito has given the peasants the land," he continued. "In my home town when the Nazis came to kill the Partisans the village priest pointed in the opposite direction from which they had gone, but the big priests stood always with the landowners and bourgeoisie.

"Leo, you talk like a Communist," I replied, "but not in this country. I hear Bob Minor speak in Phoenix and he gave good talk and I raise my hand and give a ten dollar bill in the collection, and also a ten dollar bill for my friend who has no money with him. But I find the Communists in this country are chickenhearted. I have a friend who talks communism and one day another friend, a Hindu rancher, heard him and said, 'You been in jail?' the answer was 'no' Then you are no Communist; you are a bourgeois,' the Hindu said."

Leo was an expert who knew how to place the huge hedges to dislocate the shoot without spoiling the roots. These date shoots were set out according to variety, and were watered twice a week. There were about 800 in all that we removed from the sides of the big date trees and they would sell from $2 to $6 each.

The man who had left when I commenced to work at the date grove had already tied male pollen in each of the 8 bunches of potential dates in the female trees. Three male trees furnished all the male pollen needed and some was sold to other growers who lacked pollen. My job for the next month or more was to saw off limbs that were dead or in the way of picking later on, and to tie each bunch to a limb above, with wire, in order that it would not become too heavy and break. I also clipped out every other string of dates—they were now the size of a pea, thus giving the tree strength to make larger dates of those remaining. Although I cut off thousands of "ice picks" I found later when picking dates that there was always a stray one or pieces of hand or arm at an unexpected time. Some of the trees needed a ladder extended 20 feet and others were younger and smaller. The big ones were 28 years old.

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pulled up the carrots and laid them in a row. I was checked out with four bundles of wire covered with tough paper, which cost $6 and a handle and was used to tie 4 to 8 carrots in a bunch, depending upon the size. Larger carrots were put in one crate and medium ones in another. Crooked, broken, small, or deformed carrots were discarded. Farmers came and took them by the truck load for their cattle, free of charge. (Truck loads of culls were also hauled away in the lettuce, celery, cauliflower and broccoli fields where I had worked.) Farmers and workers alike make juice from grapefruit and orange culls and trade all this for apples and other waste products from Utah, the church in Salt Lake City paying the freight. Other people could do the same thing, but we just didn’t have money to hold revival meetings and play bingo. I mentioned this idea of using culls to several priests but they were not interested.

By noon I had five crees falling, so I went to the fields to pick. From about Dec. 10 to 20 was a busy time with the dates. My job was to pack the processed dates in containers holding a pound and cover them with cellophane kept in place with a rubber band. If I packed too far ahead they would dry out. These were shipped in special containers by customers who bought them for friends in the north and east. The best dating dates were those which could not be shipped. They were brought as needed from the cold storage room. The date prices you pay a good price for in the stores are generally processed with gas and are therefore not so ripe as the ones which may appear wrinkled but have been processed with more natural heat.

"Nonsense, you can’t catch cold any more than you can catch hot," said my boss at the date grove when I informed that a fellow worker had not come to work because he had "caught cold." This boss is a vegetarian and the fine dinners which are my portion each noon I work there are something to write home about.

Carrots

Early one spring morning, having no work in the date grove or for the Old Pioneer where I live, I walked down the lateral. I went toward the carrot field of the big company for whom I had worked before the tax was caused me to quit in order not to have my wages garnisheed for my share toward the Bond. This carrot work was piece work and workers were paid as the crates of carrots were filled, so I would have no trouble today. Soon my Basque friend picked me up in his truck. Even then I was late, for scores of Mexican families were singing, laughing and working. Around the holidays and later when I worked for this same company cutting lettuce and broccoli at Deer Valley in the sandy ground on the edge of the desert, I had passed the Navajo village and noticed the brightly colored velvet of the Indians as they tied carrots. A friend who had been in the store at noon noticed that the grocer charged a Navajo more for the same article. I had noticed this practice among grocers in the deep south 25 years ago when Negroes published anything.

A mechanical digger went ahead and loosened the carrots. The foreman gave me a "claim," a space three rows wide and thirty steps long. I
he had promised to pay extra for these bad rows and did not do so. Another time we were paid $1.50 a row, but when more men came the next day for this good wage the boss laughingly said "supply and demand" and cut the rate to a dollar, although the rows were much more difficult. It is necessary to hire large fields in a short time in order that they may be irrigated again. Thus large crews are necessary to do the work and a foreman cannot watch all of men all of the time. One employer who paid low wages said it was difficult to get a worker whose mind was not concerned with the work all of the time. Did he want both mind and body for $5 a day? Aside from the natural greed of the bourgeois one reason for the importing of Mexican Nationals was the difficulty of getting sober white men by calling for them at daylight at the slave market in Phoenix. With employers passing a "Right to Work" law in Arizona and church authorities refusing to back up I would seem it the worker should not worry about the work problems of the boss. I see no solution of this problem under capitalism. At Tempe the other Sunday a very old priest who was visiting asked me to explain this "Right to Work." I did not know very much about it in detail and as I hesitated the priest said: "Are the bankers for it? If it is good for them then it is no good for me. That's the way to tell about it." We both laughed then for we knew the bankers were for it. The small farmer seems to have the same vice of greed that the big corporation has as a reason for existence, but without the efficiency of the latter.

In September in the midst of date picking I was called to interview my third revenue officer at the Post Office. This man, unlike the other two, who had been courteous, was a go-getter. He wanted to know if I really meant that I would not pay my income tax; that this was a very serious matter. I agreed with him that it was a serious matter to help pay for the war and the Bomb. He felt that I did not do my share in helping the government; that I got all the gravy. I told him that as a Christian Anarchist I had no share in the government, for I did not vote, accept subsidies, pensions, social security or ration benefits from the government, nor call upon the police, believing rather in turning the other cheek. He asked for the names of my employers saying that as long as I lived in his district he would get the tax money. I suggested that he follow me around in my daily hunt for a job and see just how much "gravy" I was getting. He jumped up and said it made him angry to talk to a fellow like me. Unlike the tax man contacted by my friend Caleb Foote, who felt no personal responsibility of right and wrong and compared himself to his desk, this man gave quite a bit of energy to a defense of the war system. (Caleb was head of the FOR in Berkeley, California; went to prison as a conscientious objector.) The head tax man here is a Quaker. No one has to be a hangman; no one has to be a taxman. The next day I mailed this tax man a letter explaining in detail my ideas and also marked a copy of the CW. In over two months I have not heard from him but the red tape of bureaucracy moves slowly.

Cotton picking again

In early November, lettuce harvesting is commencing. I live in the midst of hundreds of acres of lettuce but the big company for whom I virtually worked is hiring mostly Mexican Nationals by the week. Until they hire me or by the day I can have no work. I woke up in the night to go to the cotton fields on election day. I did not make much; only $1.68, as they quit work to vote at 2 p.m. The next day I missed the cotton bus and walked 11 miles until I found a field where I could pick the cotton. A few fellow workers wanted to know how I voted. I told them that I voted every day practicing my ideals against war and the capitalist system which causes war, and did not want to choose between a violent burglar and someone who sought to run the country. Each day it happened that I got a different cotton truck. The next Monday I discarded and harrowed in weeds and allifas with a hired mule and a deal of the Ojai Pioneers. (The mules belonged to a neighbor who got them in a loan from the road who loaned them to us). The next day I rode 40 miles west, beyond Buckeye, to a cotton field. I was the only white worker among Negros. Here the cotton was of fine quality and I earned $1.30.

In a few days I learned to pick cotton with both hands and reasonably fast so that by the end of the week I was picking 200 pounds and making $6.00. I bought a 12-foot canvas sack rather than rent one each day for 25 cents. While a sack will hold 100 pounds I found that to put 65 pounds in it was enough to carry up the ladder and dump in the truck. Times went fast in the open air. I walked the two miles to the highway by 6 a.m. and stood with my cotton sack over my shoulders in the dark so the cotton truck would not miss me. In the truck it was chilly, and each of us was wrapped like a mummy in his sack and wobbled like a pin in the bowing alley when the truck swerved corners or hit bumps. In the center of the truck was a dish pan with sticks of wood burning and smoking. If we ever were upset we would all burn before we could get unentangled from our cotton-sack-cocon. By 10 a.m. I had taken off my shirt and coat and tied them around my waist in the fashion in the Bowen. One morning I thought I was doing fine as I was keeping up with the man next to me. Looking closer I saw that he was doing two rows to my one and did not seem to work any harder. The man who weighed the cotton and who paid us before we emptied it in the truck was paid by the farmer to supervise the work. He received so much per picker also for bringing us to the fields and the more cooked and sold soda pop. One evening as we were riding home we stopped for groceries in Buckeye. Moving homeward a young Negro was drinking two cans of beer, being hailed meanwhile by an older Negro who was a teacher, and who at the same time was eating a pie and a huge ring of sausage. The young Negro remarked that he had a cold, and never seeming to have heard of starving a cold, he had eaten 7 hamburgers, a bowl of chili, 6 soda pops, a bottle of milk, and now this beer. He did not come to work the next day.

The next day I missed this truck and rode 50 miles near Arlington to
tious Objectors and nonpayment of taxes for war. Here the cotton was a little thicker and when we came back to the truck I had 72 pounds.

"Got to watch these belly robbers. They'll doctor up the tables and cheat you of half the cotton. The other day I picked around 100 pounds and the weighman said he was only paying for 50 as he was not making much money on this second grade cotton. I wonder what the hell he thought I was making. I didn't like it but I stayed for the day, but did not go back the next day."

"Yes," I replied, "I heard the fellows at the fire by the curb, as we waited for the truck this morning, talking about a cotton contract."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It could take my wife and six kids; rent me a few acres in Arkansas away from the main highway; get me a mule, a cow and an old sow, and no one could boss me and starve me like they do now. I did it once, and I'll do it again one of these days if I ever get away from this damned desert."

"I agree with you. Many professors have written books about just that way of life but few have gone back to the land," I answered.

"Folks hereabouts was talking the other day of breaking in the stores to get something to eat. But I told them they are facet before they start at that game. Got to get back to the land. That's what I told them, but they didn't want to get too far away from the stores, shows and taverns," he continued as we came to the cotton field.

This field had been picked over before and now just the bolts here and there that had been missed and the few that had matured late were left. The Oakie went one way and I worked next to two young Negros. We snapped off the bolts and all the visible cotton, and went half a mile, two rows at a time, before we were back to the truck. I had but thirty-six pounds and when the girl paid me I found that $2.4 was the rate instead of 3c. I mentioned this to one of the Negros as we were picking and he said:"

"Lucky we get the $2.4. The other day they gave us slips of paper and told us to come to the next day if it didn't rain and they would have the money, I told them to go to hell with such paper; I wanted something that got me my eats and I walked off the field. But most of the others stayed on for they had families." This reminded me that I still had the slips for $4.18 for cotton I had picked in November at the Jim Crow ranch, fifty miles away, in the desert beyond Arahinga. I would come to eat some lunch and his row was taken by a husky white man who had lost his job in a laundry when his boss had sold the plant in Phoenix. One of his sisters had married a Church of the Brethren man so he was receptive to my conversation about Conscien-
carrot fields waiting until the carrot digger got out of the mud enough to prepare the way for their work. We saw three crews of cauliflower workers in a field but knew there was no opportunity for a day's work. The view of the mountains to the north and east was magnificent and well worth the hills. As we saw what we thought ought to be the advertised cotton ranch a couple in a very ancient car who were looking for the same work picked us up and we bore to the ranch. We were informed that the cotton was picked several weeks before and they had forgotten to take the ad out of the paper. We rode back with our friends to the bus line and on into Phoenix where we saw some groceries, and books at the library.

That night after I had made the $2.50 picking cotton it rained. The field boss had said not to come to work if it rained, for then the cotton would weigh more and he might get cheated instead of cheating us. So the next day I saved wood into appropriate lengths for our small stove and Joe split it, for although it is mild here in the winter a fire is needed on rainy days. The next day we got up early and walked down the lateral by daylight, getting the bus to Coldwater. No one was here at the corner yet, so we collected some paper and wood. Just then two chunky good-natured Negro women came up with their cotton sacks and we all started the fire. As the flames leaped up a dozen or more potential cotton pickers emerged from the nearby alleys and shacks. Trucks of Mexicanos and Negroes drifted by from Phoenix destined away beyond Buckeye it seemed, but the drivers did not glance toward us. One lanky red-faced, bleary-eyed and stubbly-noshed individual danced around the fire and in jerky pomponne actuated out this story he was telling:

"There is a certain kind of bullet and it only fits into a certain kind of a gun. When a fellow shoots with it just like this then he turns it into a big right away and a big bird comes and picks him up and carries him away and eats him as he carries him. Now if they only made more guns like that . . . ."

"Have another drink of muscatel! Get a soapbox! I don't want to listen to such silly stuff. Get a soapbox, I say," spoke up an unhavser man by the fire. He of the imagination saw a truck stop two the Negro women and ran over and jumped on. We saw him hanging onto it as it disappeared.

"No use of going on that truck. They just pick what cotton lays on the ground--can't make more than 70¢ a day," remarked the man of the unexplained countenance and comforted "Last night I slept on my window and waited to know my name. I told him to get the hell away, that I didn't care for his kind: and did he go!"

Joe Mueller, who had done three years in sandstone with my friend Bill Ryan, came down from Chicago soon after Christmas and is staying with me. For the first time in eight years there has been a wet season in Arizona. I had but a day now and then chopping wood for the Old Pioneer, so when we saw an ad in the paper asking for cotton pickers we picked out a bright day in between rains and hiked ten miles north on lateral 14. We passed the Navajos in Deer Valley as they squatted in the tree line and took me toward Coldwater. His first pickup was near Buckeye. After a time we noticed people gathered by the side of the road, and stopping, we saw a motorcycle tangle up against a telephone pole and a young man whose brain was scattered over the ground. Later we found out that he had worked nights tripping and by some mishap—perhaps being sleepy—had swerved across the road and had been killed as he came home from work. It was not yet daylight. The driver of the milk truck wondered why he stayed here for $7.50 when he had left a $125 a week job in Ohio. And the work of lifting heavy cans of milk on the truck was strenuous. "I remembered in 1943 in Albuquerque, when I had swung cans of milk onto a truck for a farmer where I worked. One morning a new truck came for the milk which was an inch higher than the one previously used, and I could not adjust my swing of the cans to the higher level for half an hour. It looks easy to swing these cans. One sturdy driver picked up a full can of milk in each hand and held them out at arm's length, but he was an exception.

When I got off the truck a mile beyond Coldwater I waited for an hour. A farmer was discing with his tractor. I refused offers of half a dozen lifts as I wanted to be sure to arrive at a cotton field. A young fellow who was walking along told me that a corset, a mile east, was where trucks picked up cotton workers. I had met the Baptist preacher of this small town at a recent Fellowship of Reconciliation meeting. He was a subscriber to CW and liked Ludlow's articles especially. I had brought several pieces of pacifist literature along. In case there was not work I would visit with this preacher.

Coming to the fire built along the curb for the prospective workers to keep warm while waiting for a truck, which fire consisted of an old tire burning and smoking, I discussed the prospects of work with young and old, male and female, white, colored, and Mexican who were there. One burly, middle-aged man in a bright mimaw came with his bedroll over his shoulder, a small package of clothing, and a three-cell lantern in his hands.

"Can't leave this stuff laying around. Folks will rob me. Damn working class is their own worst enemy," he muttered as we stood with our backs to the fire.

"You talk a Wob," I said to him.

"Joined up with them during the free speech fight in Fresno in 1910. But after the war they lost that old fighting spirit. Couldn't beat them when they sung the old 'Pie in the Sky' song, but now nobody sings. Have to keep moving these days to beat all the rules and regulations the master class try to enslave a fellow with," he answered.

Joe Mueller, who had done three years in sandstone with my friend Bill Ryan, came down from Chicago soon after Christmas and is staying with me. For the first time in eight years there has been a wet season in Arizona. I had but a day now and then chopping wood for the Old Pioneer, so when we saw an ad in the paper asking for cotton pickers we picked out a bright day in between rains and hiked ten miles north on lateral 14. We passed the Navajos in Deer Valley as they squatted in the
starving out at Coldwater and nearly Avondale. I had been through three settlements in a truck on my way to the cotton fields and had talked to many who lived there. The starving children spoken of was not an exaggeration. Now that there has been the publicity the Red Cross came; barbers offered free haircuts; and the county hired a doctor by the month to attend to the cotton pickers especially. The little corner stores have slot machines and charge awful prices. The big companies import Mexican labor which is steady and of course much cheaper. All authorities deny this and say that only Mexican Nationals come when no local help can be gotten. But we all know this is a lie. The camp manager should have reported about the starving children but his job was to collect rents. A truck with huge cans of hot soup would help, but there is little chance of getting a CW house started here as long as I cannot get a Catholic to help me sell CW's.

Eloy

"Pick clean, there, men, or else weigh in and go home," said the foreman to a hundred of us who were scratching our heads and faces and tearing our clothing out searching the scare cotton that the $8,000 mechanical cotton picker had not "picked clean." This machine had bent the tall brittle cotton stalks sideways so it was impossible not to be torn by them. It had also scattered loose cotton on me ground which we were supposed to entangle from twigs and pack in our long twelve foot suck which dragged behind us from the pitch over our shoulders, a great clog.

Experienced cotton pickers sought out those rows which had the most cotton. The foreman being wise to this had told a few of us to finish some short rows first. When he had gone back to the truck to rest his big body, some of the more decrepit winos had started rows but deserted them and had taken their bottles under a tree. We who had begun our rows to the left of them now found ourselves in the midst of unpicked cotton on both sides. Hence, in part, the rage of the foreman who raced after the winos.

Phoenix prices for picking cotton had been $3.50 a hundred pounds; 50¢ more than before. A good picker in good cotton might make $14 a day, but "following up the damn machine," as the fellows said, at $2.50 a hundred was the devil's own work — and a better way to deflate one's ego than with liquor I would say. We don't feel high at the end of the day. Regular farm wages had increased from 60¢ an hour to 75¢ an hour in the last five years here, but cotton picking, despite the subsidies to the growers from the government, remained the same in the center of the state: Eloy.

I came to Eloy to try my hand again at picking cotton. Tradition says that this growing settlement received its name years ago from the Jewish merchant who stopped off the train and whose first words were the Hebrew, "Eh, meaning "my God," which was executed, not in prayer, but in dismay at such a desert waste. This was later Anglicized into "Eloy." If he had viewed this area in the spring or to the immediate north and east had seen the giant squalid cactus and the beautiful desert flowers he would likely have said "ehl" in praise.

Getting in after dark I paid 75¢ to occupy cot number seventeen among
the thirty in one of the unsulluted cot-houses in the center of town. I did not see any sign limiting inmates to the Jim Crow category as I had noticed in most restaurants, but all whom I saw here were whites. After renting my cot I went to a restaurant and had a small order of friend beans with some of Mexican noodles on top, a nice warm tortilla, and pie and coffee. Most of the men were already in bed at 8:00 p.m., perhaps not sleeping, but resting. A few were around telling stories. The red-faced elderly man I was with was asleep. The one to the right tried to sleep but coughed violently and spat on the floor all night. (I don't believe much in germs so I didn't worry.) Across from me was a wiz who also wheezed and coughed all night. He was not yet in bed but was spreading his disgust with himself and the world to the man next to him who was in bed and to a man sitting nearby.

"I used to drink a quart a day for four years but I quit it. I'm not so damn hot now, for I mess around a little, but I found out one thing in life: that's not to worry about anything: it'll get you down," said the elderly man in bed next to the wheezing wiz.

"Oh, I don't know. That might be true and then again it might'n't; that's just one excuse for not accepting responsibility," said a man up the row, not to be who had spoken, but to the room in general. This wisdom was taken up, being lost in the void. Meanwhile a man brought the wiz a loaf of bread and cheese.

"Ought to have some salt on this cheese; some salt and pepper, mumbled the wiz. After he had said this a couple of times the man next to him in bed said he would get him some and got up, and put on his shoes (I was all slept with our clothes on in this sheetless and tagged comfort, discomfort. I learned long ago though to always take off socks, for toes must stretch out and rest and kind of breathe). The man walked the length of the room to the office and came back with salt for the wiz.

"What, no pepper!" the wiz exclaimed.

" Ain't got none," was the answer.

A beefy wiz up the way dropped his bottle. After bemoaning his loss for a few minutes he had sense enough to get the broom and sweep up the glass.

"Yes, that Indios is a tough place," a fellow up the line was telling his buddy. "I was shelled, had on clean levies, shoes shined and money in my pocket when I hopped off a freight and started across the tracks to get some breakfast when two bulls pulled their guns and told me not to cross the tracks but to keep on the freight out of town. I told them I had money in my pocket and took it out and showed it to them, and they said Indio didn't want me no money and they kept on poking their guns at me so I didn't cross the tracks.

The lights were out at 9:30 and somehow I slept through the night. The manager of the place woke me at 6:00 a.m. as the trucks would be leaving around 6:30. I got up and went to the nearby restaurant which was crowded with every kind of cotton picker. There was one empty plate at the counter which I soon occupied and ordered hot cakes and coffee. To my right was sitting a staintly looking middle aged man who greeted me with a Southern drawl. His kind voice was in keeping with his countenance. Old, decrepit and unshaven men; stocky kids; white and colored women and a few Indians occupied the L shaped counter. I am not especially hard boiled and there have been very few times when I felt Atlanta prison that I had shed tears. I know there is suffering and misery, and as Dorothy says, I know that the poor do not have many of the common virtues which the rich applaud. Yet this morning I could hardly eat as the tears came because of this spectacle of those faces around me.

"I am sorry that you just left," said my friend to the right. "She sure has picked up last year, she was a regular cotton-whoa, laying around the trucks all day drunk. Haven't seen her drunk this winter." I was reminded of the story I read it in a paper once, of a man who was leaning unkempt against a store building with a bottle stick ing out of his pocket and tobacco juice running out of his mouth. Up comes a well dressed lady who says:

"My good man; why don't you cut your dirty habits and amount to something. Why you could work and save your money instead of spending it on liquor and tobacco and someday you might even own this building."

"Madam," the man said, "do you own this building?"

"No," she replied.

"Well, I do," was the answer.

Personally I use neither liquor or tobacco as a discipline, but I dislike to see the Horatio Alger of small virtues handed out to the poor by prissy ones of upper class whose one vice is that they live off of these depersonized. I went outside by the fire along the curb and when the first cotton but pulled out I was one among thirty in it: Negroes, Indians, young and old whites, and one who was in the low.

"In-law trouble. I didn't marry the whole damn family," said the young man sitting next to me in the course of conversation. He was from Arkansas and had lived in Louisville for eleven years when he couldn't take it any longer and had left. Had three children and sent his wife money. Came in on a freight and tried to sleep in a box car last night. We went about twenty-seven miles east and beyond Red Rock until we came to the huge cotton field. I weighed in thirty pounds from my short story, commencing at 8:00 a.m. Around 1:30 I got hungry and thirsty and took my forty six pounds to the truck suhquire if they had beans for lunch I was told they had cow-peas.

"Just what I wanted," I said, "I had any since I left Oklahma," said the man next to me. I took the same and ate happily, along with some crackers, rather than the corrupt white bread. At the bottom of the bowl, a piece of not-quite hairless hog-skin greeted this vegetarian, but it was too late to worry about it.

"Made $9.00 the other day, last week, first picking, but there's always one greedy fellow to spoil it for us. This guy picked 250 pounds and all and when the boss finds out it he brings the price for all of us down to $2.00," said a white man picking next to me. Later I worked next to a young Negro from California who was going back there soon to work in the pea. An Indian from Texas who knew my Hopi silversmith friend Ralph, worked along by me for a time. He was a slow picker like myself. One Indian woman, a Navajo, was working and they kidded her about putting her baby in the cotton
sack and weighing it with the cotton. This didn’t happen but she sure earned extra pay by carrying the baby on her back. My last picking was twenty five pounds, making a total of one hundred and one pounds, netting me $2.55. This being Saturday we quit at 4:30. I had worked eight and a quart er hours. While at the packing house I had weaved on the typewriter. While we were waiting for the bus to load a dozen men were shaking dice. “A scared man can’t gamble and a jealous-hearted man can’t work,” said a man to a nervous fellow who had lost. Upon the request of several passen gers the driver stopped at Red Rock where some men got out and bought a pint of wine. “Marked 45c but they charged us cotton pickers 50c” they said as they entered the bus. Getting off the bus I was so cramped and sore from the dragging among the cotton sticks that I limped along like the others.

Working for the big company last year I had to work Sundays when there was work. This year I determined not to work on Sunday but to sell CW’s at Phoenix churches. Since I have free rent it does not cost me much to live. I make enough to send my daughters, in college, a sub stan tial sum each week, and while this day work takes a lot of extra time running around, the work varies and I enjoy it. One Sunday I went to the suburb of Scottsdale. Here I met Father Rook, who is an admirer of the CW. I had heard of him but had never met him; he is assistant pastor in the nearby college town of Tempe. He says mass at Scottsdale and the Yaqui Indian village of Guadalupe in the desert. He took me there that morning. He showed me the addition to the old church that the Indians had built with their own hands in this hot weather. They had not asked for help from the whites but had taken a second collection at mass for the materials. They had never thought of having a bongo party or raffle in proportion to their income did much more for their church than did their white brethren in Phoenix.

On another Sunday I was standing in front of a large Mexican church when the priest came out and upon seeing the CW smiled and said that he had met Peter Maurin in Chicago years ago. He told me not to be harsh but to shout my wares. This priest is pro-Francisco and not a radical but he likes the CW. That very same morning I was chased from a big Catholic church by the priest who disliked anything that was critical of war and capitalism. When waiting for a bus downtown I stand in front of the bus station or Walgreen’s store and shout “Catholic Worker.” Many Catholics who are not radical greet me kindly as they like to see something other than the Watchtower of the Jehovah’s Witnesses sold on the streets. Radichoff from over the country also stop and visit with me.

One evening I attended a meeting in town where some visiting Quakers spoke. They knew Dorothy and were glad to know that CATHOLIC WORKERS were being distributed in this far away part of the country. Many years ago I had read and studied all kinds of Yoga and psychic ideas, but for several years I had not had a thought about such subjects. Over thirty-five years ago, in broad daylight, a feeling came to me, on two dif ferent occasions, that two certain friends who lived at some distance from me were in trouble; and in my mind I saw that trouble and wrote to them about it. At that very same instant they had felt my thoughts and had written to me about it. At other times I have had friends much closer to me who were in greater trouble and I had no communication or thought about it. While it is not difficult to get a gradual enlightenment of mind and spirit but nothing spectacular. In Albuquerque the morning after we knew about the Atom Bomb explosion we was impelled to write a few paragraphs about my conception of what an Indian would think of it.

Now, shortly before daylight, about four hours after I had been asleep, coming home from that Quaker meeting, I awoke and saw a blue flame burning in the middle of the room. I went to it wondering, for I knew that there had not been a fire in the stove for 12 hours, and this was not near the stove. The fire burned and yet I couldnt see that there was any wood or coal or anything to provide the fuel for the flame. I put my hands in the flame and while it was warm it did not seem to burn or scorch me. I was awed and knelt and prayed silently, shutting my eyes, but keeping my hands in or around this flame. Perhaps this took three minutes and when I opened my eyes the flame was gone. The floor was not a bit scorched although it was warm. I went back to bed and slept for about an hour and then it was daylight. I looked at the spot where I had knelt and there was no mark on the floor where I could tell the exact spot, although I knew where I had knelt. Before I made any breakfast I sat down and wrote the following blank verse.

Bob Ludlow printed it in his CATHO LIC CONSCIOUS OBJECTOR magazine. Here it is:

I have seen the Holy Fire.
I have seen that great Pillar of Flame reaching heavenward;
Burning without fuel, smokeless and brightly blue.
I knelt before it, worshiping.
For the first time in my life I was devoid of all thought of self,
Of worry over causes and events,
Of concern with persons and things.
I approached this Fire humbly, in reverence;
I had not known how or when I had cast my clothing aside,
But uncomprehendingly I had
Appeared naked before this Divinity.
Today I go about my work,
I write letters, I write letters,
I write letters and receive letters in return.
I have a tolerable peace of mind.
Yet now after having knelt before this Flame,
I know that some wild oats can come and go.
And I shall not be moved.
I have seen and felt and been a part of this Holy Fire.
For as I knelt it seemed to envelop me.
Without burning my flesh
(Or was I in the flesh or in the spirit).
Henceforth my faith in the good, the beautiful, the true.
never alter my ways, not if I have to die many times. I would have you know that if you kill such as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you injure me...

I have tramped in all of these United States. As I write I look on the fields of waving grain, the huge cottonwoods that line the laterals, and the jutted stretch of seeming cardboard-like mountains at whose feet live the Pima and Maricopa Indians. In and out of prison I have refused to honor the jingoistic Star Spangled Banner. Truly America the Beautiful means much to me. I refuse to desert this country to those who would bring it to atomic ruin. It is my country as much as yours. I dislike Bilbo I think of Jefferson; despite Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton and Dale Carnegie, I think of Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay and T.S. Eliot. Markham. Despite the too warmongering Roosevelt and Wilson I think of Algie, the old Bob LaFollette and Debs. Despite the Klan and Legion vigilantes I think of the old-time Wobblies, of Sacco and Vanzetti, of Berkman and Emma Goldman. Despite the warmongering Christians I think of the old-time Quakers who paid no taxes for war and who hid escaped slaves; I think of Jim Connelly and Ben Salmon. Despite the warmongering Lowells and Cabots, I think of William Lloyd Garrison and Henry David Thoreau.

It was hard work which built this country. Despite the bourgeois philosophy of the gentrifiers we worship that machine which now enslaves us. Our military training will not corrupt every youth: a few will appreciate the path of manual labor, economic uncertainty, an absolutist stand against war and against the standard of main business is war.

"You can't cheat an honest man." This saying of the late W. C. Fields was quoted to me by one of my day-to-day employers, in discussing his predicament when he had a building erected by a Phoenix contractor and found that this contractor had not paid $5,000 to sub contractors, so there were liens on his property when he came from the north to live in it. He found some property hidden away by this swindler and was able to come out even on the deal. The contractor was a professing Christian. Next time he got a Mormon contractor who was more honest, it happened.

Thinking back over the employers for whom I have worked a sufficient length of time for me to know them: from the Ohio pottery in 1912 where I was told to sort small porcelain fixtures and put the good ones in a barrel for shipping and then was scolded because I didn't shovel them in without looking (this was when I belonged to the I.W.W.), to the orchards where I worked in the northwest, where I was told to place the big apples on top and the inferior ones beneath, each trade has sissy tricks peculiar to itself. Leo, the Yugoslav, whom I meet at the dope grove, would say that this was all caused by the capitalist system, and in a measure he is right, although I have a feeling it will take something more positive than the charging of the system to uplift trickery from poor worker and employer. I have worked with but very few
"white men" who are honest and efficient workers.

One of my employers who had himself played many tricks—and lost his fortune in a bank failure—told me that the dishonest and greedy man was the easiest to cheat, only you had to be one step ahead of him. An honest man was not looking for easy money. I have had one honest employer. He is not an active church member but he believes that it is foolish to build up a reputation of dishonesty. This is the Old Pioneer. He told me of the custom in the old days in Arizona, when in order to secure a herd the rancher had to produce five witnesses who would swear that he had occupied his claim continuously for the required time to prove it. Most ranchers were away working on the railroad and had no immediate neighbors who ever saw them, so a group of men who were not arborists or hangers on around the court would swear for all and sundry who approached—for a monetary consideration. These were called "Afdavat men." And in later years to call a man "An Afdavat Man" was the worst insult. One of the most wealthy men of this valley based his fortune on asking any roundabout to a claim and then gathering in the claim for a few more bottles of liquor, when it had been legally acquired by this fraudulent homesteader.

Broccoli

Broccoli here in Arizona comes as near to looking like a tree among vegetables as you will find. Huge green leaves which, even in this dry country, always seem to be wet. Around Thanksgiving work commences on the broccoli. It is four to five feet high and in between the big leaves the succulent broccoli shoots up. Scores of rubber boots and aprons in the truck. The morning is cold, so I pick out what seems to be boots which are not for the same foot, and an apron, and go over to the fire to dry them on. The frost is now off the leaves and two of us get on the side of the cart and two behind. Each armed with a big knife with which we cut the rite shoots, which are discerned by their purple color. The right way to do it is to keep going straight ahead and not turn around, then you will get wet from the leaves. Hands are cold at first and the feet never really do get warm. There is little stooping as in lettuce and the work is not hard, except for the coldness. By the time the field is covered it is ready to be worked over again, for new shoots come up constantly. As long as the price is good cutting continues often until March. I had broccoli for supper while I worked there. The workers are nearly all local Mexicans and a jolly crew to work with.

I Meet Rik

The week before Christmas it rained for the first time in months, so I took several days to make copies of my tax statement and write to friends, for there was no work in any of the fields if it rained. Going home one evening from the desert for the first time since I had gone to a corner where I had never sold before. A young man bought a paper and asked if there was a CW group in Phoenix. I replied that there was not and that I was not a Catholic, but sold the paper because I thought it was the most Christiant and the most revolutionary one printed. He was not a Catholic either but had met followers of that group in Oakland, California. He wanted to know if there were any Tolstoist in his vicinity. I told him that I had not seen any but there was not a Tolstoist, an Irishman who had come from New Mexico and who had not paid taxes—he couldn’t remember his name. I wondered if the name was ‘Hensley’. ‘That’s the fellow,’ he exclaimed. I met Rik Anderson who was to be my right hand in getting out leaflets in the next few years. He had read the CW and CATHOLIC CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR in Civilian Public Service Camp and had formerly been Socialist organizer in Arizona but was not anarchistically inclined. He invited me to his home to meet his wife and children.

I Meet Joe Craigmyle

Several months ago a young man who had been picking fruit all summer in California knocked at my door one evening. He had grown a full beard and I did not know him at first. He had written four letters to President Truman as he had traveled in his work, saying that he was refusing to register and giving his home address as Phoenix. He said that in thinking over the life and death of Gandhi he was ashamed to do anything else than refuse to register, although he had been exempt last time because of heart trouble and would likely be exempted this time if he registered.

The day before, I had visited a young Mexican in the county jail but was not allowed to see him as the only day for friends to call was Wednesday. I sent up a note, candy, and a CW for him. (He had refused to register for the draft.) My bewitched friend, Joe Craigmyle, offered to visit him the next Wednesday as I could not leave some special work which I had promised to do on that day for a farmer.

Later in the week I saw that Joe had given himself up and was placed in the county jail in lieu of $10,000 bail. The paper referred to him as a "draft evader." I wrote to the paper giving these definitions:

"Evade—to get away from by artifice; to avoid by dexterity, subterfuge, address or ingenuity."

"Resist—to stand against; to withstand; to stop; to obstruct; to strive against."

I asked them why they did not call things by their right names, but of course they did not print it. I sent a Joe by mail and in due time he received it. I also sent him a blue-covered copy of the Bhagavad Gita, but the ignorant authorities would not allow him to have it as they thought it was Communist propaganda. The next Wednesday I visited both Joe and the Mexican. The latter liked the CW and said that if he had known he was not alone and that there was a group of Catholics opposed to war he would have stuck. He asked for more "good Catholic papers." A patriot from the draft board came up and asked Joe to register rather than go to jail. He asked him how he would like to have the Russians come over
and destroy his church. Joe replied that he was an anarchistic vegetarian and did not belong to any church that had a building so the Russians nor any one else could not destroy his church or the truth which he believed. After much protest by the pacifists in the southwest Joe was released on $500 bail. He at once put signs on his truck reading: "GOEIS PASSIVE RESISTER TO WAR AND THE DRAFT SENT TO JAIL," and toured the town with his truck. A patriot saw him and called a cop, saying, "Arrest that man!" The cop laughed and replied, "It pacifists showed up although several of them were ministers who had this Monday off." Bryant came out with Joe at noon and carried the sign for a few hours as "token pickets." We went to a cemetery on the next Monday and observed so that my wife, by Joe's homemade sign told my two hands to keep it steady. It read:

"HONOR TO DRAFT RESISTER BEING SENTENCED TODAY"

"YOUR INCOME TAX FIGHTS THE POOR OF INDONESIA."

Underneath one arm I displayed the current CW. Passersby read the sign to one another and employees in the Federal Building read it from the windows. Half a dozen people stopped and asked questions in a sym pathetic manner, some of them youngsters who had never heard of the term Conscientious Objector. To them and to the reporters I gave copies of the CW. The young Mexican who had refused to register but who had afterward been frightened into registering because he knew no pacifist group, got 6 months. In 1944 the Federal Judge in Santa Fe, N. M., sentenced Jehovah's Witnesses to 3 years and besmeared the fact that he could not hang a Mexican refusing to register.

I gave Joe a copy of Dorothy Day's On Pilgrimage to read in jail. In discussing non-registration with Bryant before he left that I once refused to register nothing would come of it, but the picketing had placed the issue dramatically before the people, where otherwise there would have been but a small item about it.

The walking towards the califorion field on January 30, 1948, I was given a ride by a Basque trucker friend. He had the radio on and as the news came of Gandhi's assassination he said, "Our Gandhi is killed." That seemed to be the feeling of nearly everyone who they agreed with him or not. He seemed to be the only person in the whole world who exemplified peace and love.

Tax Statement—1949

About this time I sent the Collector of Internal Revenue the following letter, which was later printed in the CW.

I am writing this preliminary statement of my reasons for not paying my income tax ahead of time, as I am advised by your office that I would be imprisoned for my constant refusal to pay taxes. Upon my arrest I will give you the correct report of my earnings to date in 1948.

My belief in the morality of government, which exists primarily to wage war, has been stated this last six years in my statement to your department when I refuse to pay any tax, and also in articles in the CATHOLIC WORKER. To briefly sum them up again for your possible edification:

replied: "Well, Tolstoy and the CATHOLIC WORKER and Hennacy says there is, so it must be." "Do you want probation?" the officer asked. Joe answered: "If I go to jail to witness against war and then accept probation or parole I would then be witnessing only for my own comfort. Tell the judge to do his part; I have done mine."

My anarchist friend Byron Bryant, home from Stanford for vacation in nearby Wickenburg, came down for the trial. He had registered and was granted Conscientious Objector status. (Now of the pacifists showed up although several of them were ministers who had this Monday off.) Bryant came out with Joe at noon and carried the sign for a few hours as "token pickets." We went to a cemetery on the next Monday and observed so that my wife, by Joe's handmade sign told my two hands to keep it steady. It read: "HONOR TO DRAFT RESISTER BEING SENTENCED TODAY" "YOUR INCOME TAX FIGHTS THE POOR OF INDONESIA."

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1. As a Christian Anarchist I refuse to support any government, for, first, as a Christian, all government denies the Sermon on the Mount by a return of evil for evil in legislatures, courts, prisons and war. As an anarchist I agree with Jefferson that "that government is best which governs least." Government is founded to perpetuate the exploitation of one class by another. In our case it is the exploitation of the poor by a parasitic owning class living on tariffs, subsidies, rent, interest and profit, and held in power by crooked politicians, subservient clergy, blinded educators and scientists, and a prostituted press, movie industry and radio.

2. Jesus said "for I arose seven times seven," We make retroactive laws and hang out defeated enemies.

Jesus told His Disciples not to pull down fire from heaven to destroy those who would not listen to His gospel but the dollar and with our atom bomb bring fire, not only to supposed enemies, but to whoever is in the way.

Jesus said "Put up thy sword for he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." In peace time we draft our boys and prepare for more terrible wars.

3. World War III, run by the same Big Brass, will destroy rather than save us. Every country which has depended upon conscription has drawn defeat to itself; a country prospers by justice and not by robbery and force.

4. Warmongers tell us that Russia will invade us. We invaded Indians, Mexicans, Central and South America with our dollar diplomacy, Europe with block busters, Japan with the atom bomb. We should talk! Can you regard it for it will fall by its own weight of bureaucracy and Tyranny of Power.

5. In our Civil War no country openly helped either side. In the Spanish Civil War we refused to help the cause of Freedom, but today we help China, Greece, and wherever the common people seek freedom we take the side of the Fascists—and do so with hypocritical mumblings of being a "peace-loving nation."

6. Capitalism is doomed. It cannot work. With man producing tenfold more at the machine than formerly when free land was available, it is now increasingly impossible for the worker to buy back from what he receives in wages more than a portion of the goods produced. Hence depression or the selling of goods on foreign markets ensues. But there are no markets, so we have a Marshall-Give-away plan to get rid of the surplus. Capitalism is doomed despite erratic efforts of that demagogic Santa Claus, the White House with his bankers and generals bribing votes with subsidies, pensions and false promises. And, as in the days of Wallasey, we destroy crops.

7. The Remedy is clear, but the trend today is deeper and deeper in the mire of government paternalism and war, and the distraction of the public by radio giveaway programs, bingo, witch hunts, and excapt Young for Christ, World Government, and such delusions. Decentralization of society with each family unit or cooperative group living simply on the land! Self-government and individual responsibility! Mutual credit and free exchange! Freedom instead of government! A realization that you cannot make people good by law and that the Sermon on the Mount surpasses all codes and dogmas.

AMMON A. HENRICKY

Cauliflower

"Have a cigarette" said the young driver of the cauliflower cart, as I was loading the heads chopped off by the men in boots, amid the tall, wet, deep green foliage.

"No thanks, I don't smoke," I replied.

"I noticed you didn't shoot craps with us as we were waiting for the freight to get off this cauliflower. You must be afraid to hear the boss tell about that don't get drunk, eat meat, pay taxes for the war, or even go to church." "Say," said he laughing, "just what the hell do you do to get any fun out of life?"

"I'm that guy alright. What the hell else do you do?" I replied.

"Oh, I like to read stories," he said, as we reached the end of the row.

 Did you ever think the one who writes get as much fun out of writing as the one does who reads it? I do writing for my enjoyment. Here's a CW with an article of mine."

Coming to the end of the row next I saw a hat propped up, in the damp irrigation ditch and upon looking closer found that it rested on the tousled head of Big Tony. Then I remembered how he came to be a member of a gang of Anglos that night and said: "Here's a dollar that's yours."

After about half an hour with his own loaded dice—he had every cent from his opponents, so he modestly tipped his hat and said: "Thank you gentlemen. Now I'll go to Tulelake and get a bottle."

The good natured Mexican foreman had done Tony's work for him that afternoon.

The next day I was told to work in the dry packing stand at the other end of the field. Here the cart loads were dumped and sorters quickly discarded the small, broken, and discolored heads. They threw the good ones on the table where four packers put them in crates and slid them to the cutter—the crates going over rollers—who with an enormous knife, cut off the tops even with the crate. The man at the end of the slide put on the tops, and several fellows loaded the boxes on the truck. An inspector looked at a crate once in a while and if he found culls he would take them back to the sorters and admonish them to be more careful. My job was to fork the culls away so new cart loads could be emptied. Farmers came and got these culls for their cattle. The mystery which I never did get explained, by boss or workman, was why the packers, who had the easiest job of all with no stooping or even skill of sorting out culls, were paid from $18 to $40 a day and the rest of us got 85 cents an hour. It was a custom for the packer to get more was all the answer I could get. I worked here for three weeks, and as the Indian lives off the country wherever he may be, this vegetarian had the one dish of cauliflower every night for supper.
A one-track mind and a one-track stomach. I found a combination of cheese and jelly made good sandwiches for dinner.

Lettuce

Lettuce is the main crop in the part of the valley where I live. The efficient farmer grows, drags, scrapes and float his land over and over until it is really level. In this southwest everything runs southwest. The field is separated into "lands" about 35 feet wide. Often rye or other green grass is planted and then sheep graze at 4c per head per day. It is irrigated again and again as the sheep graze. Then it is disced and the remaining green and the sheep manure add to the value of the soil. When once water is ordered, it generally takes a day and a night to irrigate a large field. I have irrigated by myself at night in this fresh ground. No matter how careful you may be, the water will tend to flow in on one side or the other and miss the opposite side. Mormons and Mexican are the best irrigators. The expert knows just where to put the "checks," extending out like arms from each side to divert the water so that no dry land remain. You may have from two to six lands running at once depending upon the volume of water. First you put a "tarp" of canvas across the ditch, leaning against sides and banking it around with dirt making a dam; and generally, further down the ditch, it is well to put a second tarp in case the first one leaks or washes out.

Walking around in this mud to make new checks or to plug up a gopher hole where water is going in the wrong direction, your shins become sore with the rubbing of the boot tops against them. The shift is generally 12 hours at 60 to 70 cents an hour.

After the ground has been soaked, vegetation, which includes the weed seeds, is thus given the chance to grow and then is discarded under the heat of the sun. When the weather is just right for planting special machines make straight, level beds about 2 feet across, with irrigation runs in between. The lettuce comes up on the very edge of each side of this bed. First come the thinners who generally work by hand. It is a job to get one head every 14 inches. Afterwards it is found that in many places there are two heads, or what is called "doubles." These are then thinned. All this is done with a short hoe; hands, about 2 feet long. A worker on the end of a long handle tends to get careless and chop anything in sight if the lettuce is small. Later, when the lettuce is bigger, long hoes are used to cut the weeds and grass. The reason hundreds of people have to work at this job is that the weeds have to be removed before the next irrigation, and then you have to wait a few days until the ground is dry. Meanwhile, at daylight or dusk when there is little wind, an airplane dunks the field to kill bugs and worms. Every season some of these dusters are killed and the planes are wrecked. A liquid fertilizer in tanks is emptied gradually in the irrigation water at the intake. The advantage of having a large farm is that at times the run-off water from one field is used on the next field—or in some cases far out in the desert it is saved in reservoirs. Otherwise the water runs back in the fields and is sold to another farmer.

When a good proportion of the lettuce has solid heads, and especially if the price is high, the long, yellow trailers are at the end of the field. Three men line up on each side of the trailer and two behind it and it is pulled slowly by a small tractor or, if the ground is wet, by a small caterpillar. The tool used to cut the lettuce is about one and one half inches wide, sharp, and curved a bit. The handle is about one and a half feet long. First, you feel the lettuce with your left hand and see if it is hard and, if so, you cut it with a knife in your right hand and throw it with your left hand in the trailer. I generally work on the outside row and, if possible, get the side away from the exhaust, for it would soon give you a headache. This means working further but there is less likelihood of there being a collision between human and lettuce. At times I have cut lettuce without straightening up for the quarter of a mile row. Generally there are enough immature heads to give you a rest in between. This work pays from 75 cents to a dollar an hour depending upon how many hours you are able to work in the day, for at times there is frost until noon. When there is no frost you can commence at daylight, but when it is hot in the afternoon it is best not to handle the lettuce. If touched when frosty it leaves a black mark on the lettuce. No portal-to-portal pay in this agricultural work as there is, when you enter a mine and pay starts at the time of entrance. You stand around shivering and waiting on the frost to melt and if it is not too hot you work until dark.

The lettuce is hauled to the packing sheds—two trailers at a time—which are in town or in sheds along the tracks. Here the lettuce is wet packed in crushed ice. It is dumped in huge hoppers; one person cuts off the excess leaves or discards unfit heads. Another places paper in the boxes at the head of the belt line. Another keeps him supplied with boxes. One hands the picker the heads and another taps the crate. When the price is high and the crop is coming in heavily, the big money is made in these sheds with overtime. Many make $30 a day. Here the packers get more than the others. The union books are closed and it is difficult for a newcomer to get work in the sheds. If the price remains high the shed must be worked over and over again to get all possible good heads of lettuce.

We worked half of Christmas. As the saying is here: "When there is work you work night and day, Sunday and Christmas." In the midst of the season crew of Filipinos come from California. There are about 45 in a crowd. They man a huge combine. As far as I can make out this is the system they use: a crew goes ahead and cuts lettuce in the rows where the combine travels. This combine looked like an airplane. These heads are placed to one side. A truck with empty boxes keeps pace with it on one side, and one on the other to take care of the full crates. Lettuce heads are tossed on the wings of the combine and worked over just as in a dry packing shed. The girl who lines the boxes with paper, the cussers, the sorters, the packer, and the man who nailed the boxes, all ride on the machine.

They sure ate up the field. They had huge lights and worked most of the night if necessary. The only drawback was rain which would bog down
"I don't eat meat." Immediately this man would mumble: "Most—now there is all kinds of meat: cow, pig and horse. Then fish is meat and so is chicken. I don't rightly know if an oyster is meat. The Lord said to Peter 'Slay and eat; so it must be o.k. Jesus ate fish but what kind of fish did he eat? That is a question. Samson was a strong man and he didn't eat meat. The elephant is the strongest animal and eats grass. Now I eat meat—when I can get it—but I was never really very strong—meat, meat, meat!"

If he would hear the word whiskey from Provo would start a long dissertation on that subject with never a period or a comma between the meat and the whiskey.

Sheep

Now in the fall the 80 acres of lettuce had not matured to full heads because of the unusually hot weather; and the price being low it did not pay to harvest the crop. So the sheep-man fenced off any open places along the line with the roll of fence men had left, and the feet of the sheep grazed the field the way I worked from that time on it was 80c and at times 60c. Afterwards they never asked me to work in the sheds, and did not discriminate against me because of my refusal to work on the Sabbath. The shepherd brought them towards the windbreak formed by the tall eucalyptus and the spreading chinaloera and pomegranate foliage near the cottage where I live. The Mexican who herded the sheep had a small tent nearby. He did not speak English, the Old-timer, who spoke Spanish, told me. So, in my limited manner, I spoke in Spanish to him of the weather, the sheep, the lettuce, and the few words that I knew in addition to the morning and evening greetings. He replied in Spanish, most of which I could understand, but I was at a loss as to proper verbs to use to carry on the conversation.

In the old days if a sheep was missing nothing paid unless three were gone, for at a dollar a head sheep were plentiful. Now at around $15, each sheep was accounted for. Yesterday morning I was gathering some mutton for my store I noticed the cattle getting hide from a sheep that had died. I asked him the reason but he did not know. So the shepherd is always warm in his tent with sheepskin. Herding is a 24 hour per day job, with sleep to be taken when quiet prevails. The pay is around $10 a month with food, stove and cooking utensils furnished. Some ranchers complained that the horse is not so clean as the sheep. I did not have the time nor the inclination to explain this to every newcomer. So, maybe to this man, I did appear "drunk."

All that season a man was in the crew, who, upon hearing the person in the next row say anything would immediately begin mumbling a long line of semi-Biblica babble. This was not meant to be a part of the conversation which he was interrupting for he never looked up as he mumbléd but this was just an habitual "aside" on his part. I might say to my partner
young man who had been cook for a shepherder in Idaho. Each was paid $175 a month and food. He said it was work for an old man and not for a young fellow who wanted to be in town nights.

The lettuce fields to the north of my cottage had been planted earlier and a fair crop was taken from them. One field to the far south was spoiled by the saltmarsh caterpillar. Some say that the DDT used previously had killed the bug that ate the caterpillar eggs, but the DDT did not harm the woody caterpillar. The big company had imported Mexican Nationals now did not have work for them every day, but according to contract was obliged to feed them. Of course no local day labor was needed so this meant no lettuce or cauliflower work for me this season.

I like to saw wood. You breathe deeply and at times think deeply. During the winter after I had refused to scab I did not have steady work. Ordinarily Mexican men will not chop wood and it is up to the women to do it. The Mexican neighbor women were scabbing at the sheds so had plenty of money and did not feel that they should chop wood, so they asked me to do it. I did it for several days off and on while the norm sat by laughing at an Anglo working for them. Some of my piquepeques friends accuse me of pride but if they could see me chopping this wood they would not see much pride. Although, really I am glad and proud to do useful labor.

It was 24 degrees above at 8 a.m. the other day when I started sawing. Within an hour I had taken off my coat, sweater and shirt, but my feet were cold. This is the work to do in cooler weather. The pungent odor of the wood and the growing pile of cut wood provides a satisfaction of itself. This work is not entirely brutal, for some intelligence is needed to properly judge the grain in splitting chunks of wood. The Old Pioneer has cooked in camps and always provides a wholesome dinner. This wood goes in the kitchen stove of the Old Pioneer. Since I fell and got an ugly gash in my arm last spring I have learned to be careful. A small piece of iron tied to one end of a rope and swung over the outsretched limb, attached to a block and tackle, will pull the limb in the direction desired. Also, learning the proper place to notch a limb is a trick in itself. The Old Pioneer has taught me the value of a bright shovel and a sharp axe.

While doing landscape work for a neighbor the other day I noticed that his small dog was being frightened by nearby children shooting blank cartridges and going through the antics of Wild West thrillers they had seen. My boss of that day had been a salesman most of his life and understood psychology. Instead of selling his boy and girl not to emphasize these shooting escapades he took them downtown and bought them each two bonnors in a pretty leather case. It was not long until the other youngsters were waiting in line to look at distant Camelback mountain.

**Tax Picketing**

It is March of 1949 and I have sent in my tax report. I did not work Sundays this year. I worked for nineteen different farmers and made $1,500. With free rent and often free meals where I work and with simple one dish vegetarian food my actual living cost has been less than $200. I filled out my report accurately, not wishing to have my non-payment of taxes confused by any other issue. In the space listed "AMOUNT OF TAX DUE" I wrote "not interested." The tax man told me six weeks ago he would have me arrested for continual non-payment of taxes, but would not until the last minute as he disliked to cause trouble. I told him that he should do his duty; that there was no hard feelings on my part, for he had always treated me courteously. Now with Truman calling for universal conscription and the U.S. winking at Dutch imperialism in Indonesia there is less reason than ever for paying an income tax. If I am arrested I am doing time for a good cause, for, paraphrasing Thoreau, a prison is the only house in a war mad world where a Christian pacifist can abide with honor. If I am left free I will continue to be non-tax payer, sell CW's, and aid my daughters. I win either way.

On March 14th, 1949, I carried signs saying that 75% of the income tax goes for war and the bomb and that I have refused to pay taxes for seven years. Right away a squad car came up and I was taken to the police station to see Captain Cooper.

"Do you know there is an ordinance saying you can't picket?" he asked.

"Do you know there is a Supreme Court that says in the case of the Jehovah's Witnesses that it is o.k. to picket?" I replied.

"You're a smart guy, eh?"

"Sure, it takes a smart guy to deal with the cops," I answered.

"Smart fellows like you; we take you upstairs in jail and give you 50 days for not registering as an ex-convict," he said.

"O.K. take me up. You got me," was my reply.

Not being used to this moral jiu jitsu he said he would have to go upstairs and see the mayor for further instructions. He came back in and in a confidential tone said:

"I fixed it up for you. Just go home and rest and don't picket and we won't give you 30 days."

("I don't feel like resting. I feel like picketing. Go ahead and give me 30 days upstairs or arrest me for picketing; whatever you like," was my reply.

"I have to confer with the authorities some more" he said as he left me. Coming back later he said rather glumly: "Alright; smart guy. You know the law, go ahead and picket, but remember if you get in trouble we will pinch you for disturbing the peace."

"I'm not disturbing the peace. I'm disturbing the war" was my rejoinder.

"You will be on your own" the Captain said.

"I've been on my own all my life; I don't need cops to protect me," I answered.

"If you get knocked down we will pinch you for getting knocked down."

"was his retort.

"You would!" I said, as I went out to my picketing.

After an hour of picketing the same cop who pinched me before came along and said, "You here again!"
"Captain Curry said I could picket," I replied. "To hell with Captain Curry" was his answer.

"That's a nice way to talk about your boss" I told him. He advanced to me roughly and said that unless I got a written permit from the City Manager he would put me in solitary. There is a time to talk and there is a time to walk, so this was the time to walk. I went with my signs to the City Hall. The Mormon Mayor, Udall, had offices to the right and he was not on good terms with the City Manager Deppe, with offices to the left. I sat in the waiting room for an hour while their secretaries sent notes or phoned back and forth as to the procedure in my case. Between them, this Pilot and Herod finally came forth with the wisdom that I had to write a letter to the City Manager asking permission to picket and in three days I would get an answer. I wrote the letter and said that in three days all the taxes would be paid and picketing would be of no avail; that I was going out to breakfast. The Pilot twice and letting me go. Several months later I had a letter from Mamill Gandolfi of Phoenix, South Africa praising my publicising of my non-payment of taxes in Phoenix, Arizona.

"Hennacy, do you think you can change the world?" said Bert Freeman, a columnist on the Phoenix Gazette.

"No, but I am damn sure it can't change me" was my reply. He put this in his column the next day. Since then I have become acquainted with him and although we do not agree on most issues I like him as a man. Since then he has had weekly broadcasts on Arizona history and has not hesitated to give the truth about the despoothing of the Indians by the whites and to praise the peaceful Hopi.

Many people called me "Commie" as I picketed. A man asked me who was paying me. I told him "no one." He asked to what organization I belonged and I replied "None." He next wanted to know how many there were who believed as I did. I told him "Dorothy Day, Bob Ludlow and myself." I think that makes three and maybe there are more. What the hell difference would it make if there were four?" I gave away CW's to those interested.

**American Legion**

In Milwaukee I had been on friendly terms with the American Legion leaders. My experience proved that they were men like other men and that it was not impossible for them to understand the radical viewpoint, whether they agreed with it or not. Accordingly when the Legion in Phoenix advertised a conference on the problem of Communism I wrote to them saying that I would be outside handing free copies of the CW to those who might be interested. In the letter I reviewed my contact with the Legion in Milwaukee, in public debates with them on the subject of pacifism and anarchism. Drizzling rain all that day did not prevent me from standing with raincoat and umbrella on the sidewalk. The meeting was not open to outsiders. Few men would accept the CW but among those who did were some Negroes and Italians. At the close of the session I went inside and introduced myself to the Commander, an Irish Catholic, and gave him copies of the CW. He was nominally civil but did not discuss the matter.

In Feb. of 1949 the American Legion had the renegade Communists, Ben Gidel and Elizabeth Bentley speak at a mass meeting in the downtown High School Auditorium. I came early and got a seat near the front. "The CW, Catholic peace paper; Catholic radical paper" for sale, and I sold fifty. Here I met Frieda Graham, wife of the local Communist leader, Morris Graham. She was handing out leaflets before the time two years before when the local police beat up Communists for handing out leaflets at a meeting. I spoke with her at length and found her to be that sincere, intelligent and conscientious type of person I have mentioned. I had met her husband before, when I picketed the Freedom Train. He felt that after we had the Dictatorship of the proletariat there would be the time for anarchism. He knew my idea that the state would never wither away. This evening I listened to Gidel bellow forth the terrible danger of The Communist Manifesto (written in 1848 and to be read in any library). Miss Bentley was more demure in her accusations about Communists, but it was plain that neither speaker presented any trace of idealism. The $50 which is said each received was wasted money on the part of the Legion, for they could not convince any of the danger which did not already believe in the Red Menace, and who were not already entangled in the Red Net-work.

**Not a Success Story**

The one event for which I am ashamed and which received its punishment in advance occurred when a chance acquaintance gave me a card inviting me to a secret meeting held in a lodge hall by Gerald L. K. Smith. That night I was at Rik and Ginny's for supper. I was ashamed to admit that I would go to hear such a demagogue, so instead of frankly asking me I said during the meal that I had to leave early, but hid my reason from my very good friends. My stomach was a better guide than my conscience, for when the meal was nearly finished I excused myself and went to the bathroom and vomited. I was not sick either before or after, and wondered at the time why this had happened. When next I met Rik and Ginny I told them that I had decided to go and I couldn't "stomach" the rabblerouser. I listened with distaste to Smith's Jew-baiting and hate-mongering, and when the meeting was over I told him that I disagreed with everything that he had said. I asked him why he was in war. He said that he and his office manager both opposed this certain war (World War II) but that he was not a "philosophical pacifist." His mockery of religion by using the word Christian over and over again to bolster his hatred was sickening. No wonder my stomach couldn't take it.

**Opportunity Bonds**

President Truman announced the sale of Opportunity Bonds on May 122
16, 1949. Rik made some signs for me and I wrote to the City Manager saying that I was picketing the Post Office that day and asked for a permit to picket; saying if I did not get one I would picket anyway. I was downtown the Saturday night before and strangely did not have a CW to sell, as the papers were late in coming in. I had a few I.W.W. papers, and stood on a street corner trying to sell them when a young policeman came up. He used my pacifist technique against me and won his point. He looked over the wob paper and said with a smile: "I knew you wouldn't sell one paper on my corner." I knew that I had a right to sell the paper on any corner but I would be foolish to argue the point and be in jail on Monday morning when I had greater worlds to conquer, in my picketing of the Post Office. Accordingly I replied: "I have a right to sell papers on this corner but as you are so nice about it I will go to another corner."

My signs the next Monday read:

**OPPORTUNITY BONDS**
**BRING:**
**WAR**
**DEPRESSION**
**BONDAGE**
**BANKRUPTCY**
**BUREAUCRACY**
**AND**
**DESPAIR**

And on the reverse side:

**WHY PAY FOR YOUR OWN ENSLAVEMENT?**

I gave out CW's and did not have much trouble. The usual calls to go back to Russia and the inquiry of how much the Communists were paying me for my picketing occurred. Many people who had seen me before stopped and asked questions.

During these years several dozen people had refused to pay part or all of their income tax. Ernest Bromley, near Cincinnati, Ohio correlated the publicity on this subject and published the names of those refusing to pay taxes. Most of these were Quakers or pacifists who knew their money in banks and had it taken by the tax man. Not being real radicals that was about the best they could do. Others refused once and then decided it was too much trouble to continue the effort. Others earned less than the $600 and did not have to pay any tax.

Later in the spring Peter Maurin, the founder of the CW, died. I had met him a few times in Milwaukee, but had not seen him since I had been in the southwest. He is the other great man, besides Alexander Berkman, whom I have known personally. He was that rare combination: a hard worker and writer. He was the most "detached" person I have known. He did not at all care for material things but woe to the person who tried to trifle with ideas around him: he would put across his "point" no matter what happened.

The same week my old friend Larry Hearney died. He was at that time on a farm west of St. Louis with Marty Paul. In the old days of the Milwaukwe CW there was a drunk by the name of "One Rib" who had been a prize fighter of sorts. He delighted in picking out a new cop and spitting on his shoes and before the cop could strike him he would knock the cop down. He always was locked up in jail but he delighted in the sport of knocking down cops. He would come in the CW House and loudly shout that he would knock down any priest. Larry would take him quietly by the arm and walk him around the block and he would be pacified. No one else could tame him.

I had been a vegetarian since 1910. Along with this idea and with my attendance at Christian Science Church from 1922 to 1934 there had been a skepticism about the need for medicine. In fact I took none during that time nor since. The regular vegetarian papers and societies contained such a collection of fakes and frauds that I was repelled from emphasizing this portion of my belief. But to others who saw me refuse three times a day it did seem the most important of my ideas. The HYGIENIC REVIEW edited by Dr. Herbert Shelton of San Antonio, Texas—himself a vegetarian of anarchistic inclinations—seemed the best magazine along these lines. Rest and fasting was all that was needed when a person felt ill. Illness such as colds and fevers were nature's way of cleansing the system of impurities. A radical drugist friend told me of the immense profit made from Vitamin pills and of the obvious patent medicine frauds on the market. As we were sitting on the bus one day he pointed to a beautiful girl nearby and said: "See that unnatural look in her eyes. She has been taking that so-and-so medicine for reducing and it is playing hell with her kidneys."

Of all the phony moves the silliest was when Symon Gould, super-professional vegetarian, nominated himself for vice-president and two other men at different presidential elections, for president. He predicted a vote of 3,000,000 for peace, because vegetarians do not kill animals.

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**The Hopi**

In late August Rik and I took a bus to Leupp's Corners, on our way to the Hopi Snake Dance. We had been invited by two Hopi friends. No bus runs to the Hopi and so we started walking. We left Milwaukee on the Tremont, with only a five mile walk. That was a long time. We got to Leupp's Corners and tied the bus available, a middle aged sized bus, we cheerfully walked northward. After about three miles a woman in a nice car stopped and asked us to get in. She lived in Baltimore. As Rik and I knew most of what the books said about the Hopi, and as Rik had lived with an aunt for eight years on a reservation where she was a government nurse, our conversation on Indian life and in particular proved interesting to her. Naturally we told her that our point of contact with the Hopi was the fact that we were conscientious objects. She was of a liberal mind and seemed to understand what the words meant. Before we reached the Hopi I had given her my current tax
statements, a CW and my green card summarizing my tax refusal stand.

Small cornfields appeared bordering in the distant Washes where water sought its level when it did rain. Red butterflies glinted in the sun, and finally the brown mesa of thousand year old Orabli appeared right before us. From our vantage point we could see the stone houses surrounded them. The whole pueblo was an organic part of the desert, with the exception of the white Memorite church (with white outhouses that could be seen for twenty miles) Kik worked in an architect's office where he shivered at this violation of taste, both Eric Gill and Frank Lloyd Wright would have耸ued him also at this nostrum. If they had to have a church couldn't they have painted it brown?

Chester was working a few miles away in his cornfield, but another Hopi Conscientiation Objector friend welcomed us. He had gone to college and on coming home was given the best paid job an Indian could get in the office of the agent, at nearby Keams Canyon. He took him several years to see that the inefficiency, graft, and favoritism to Indians who would not follow the whims of the officials was undermining the old Hopi responsibility and character. When the war came he did not register, and was let out of employment. After several visits by the FBI and other officials he finally met a year in Tucson road camp, and later a three year sentence for his second refusal to register. The constitution says that a person cannot be twice put in jeopardy of life and limb for the same offense, but the constitution means nothing to war mongers.

Upon his release he studied the Hopi traditions given by Dan of the Sun Clan of Hotville, Advisor and spiritual leader of the real Hopi. Now he is the interpreter of the traditions of the Hopi—told those who do not take old age pensions or assume the Christian-stature based on gifts from the whites.

Massa'n, the Hopi name for God who rules the Universe, permitted two men to come to this world from the Underground where they had lived previously. Each was given a stone map upon which were inscriptions. This stone is at Housepia under the care of the chief of the Spirit Clan. God first made the sun which gives light and warmth to all things; then the moon which is covered with a deer skin and gives a dimmer light; then the stars; and lastly the great Bird or Eagle which he ready to live or die at any time for the true Hopi Way of Life—knowing that perhaps he alone might be left to save the city when destruction comes, and cannot save it or himself when his mind is clouded by the dollars. The Hopi are different from any other Indian tribe, as inhumanly as they do not have a tribal chief who can sell them out to the whites. Chee Dodge, former head of the Navajo for many years, died recently worth less than a thousand dollars. Each of the eleven Hopi pueblo,s is sufficient unto itself. They practice the anarchistic principle of secession whenever a group disagrees. Over twenty clans have chiefs in various villages with authority
only in their own clan and village. Thus it is difficult for the government to he contingencies of few. They then they circulate around and put across the Tribal Council issues among the older others who did not understand what it was all about. But now that the real pacifist Hopi have explained that the Council is a scheme to put over government policies of exploitation under the false front of democracy, only a few government employees belong to it and it is not recognized by Washington as a factor.

Quakers, pacifists, and other well meaning people do not understand this set-up, and so have been unwitting aids to the war-making government. Thus the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Quakers called a convention of Indians in Tucson in 1945, led mostly by Quaker Indian Bureau employees of that vicinity, seeking to get cooperation of Indians with the government. With organizations it is easy to bribe the leaders for oil and uranium leases and other million dollar boodogging dear to the hearts of Bureaucrats. This year the convention was held in Phoenix under the same auspices. Will Rogers Jr., the Governor of Arizona, the head of the Legion, and other politicians were leaders of the Conference. The real Hopi came down and Dan read the now famous letter to President Truman in which cooperation with the government and its war making Atlantic Pact was denounced.

Last year the Quakers established themselves in the comfortable headquarters of the Government school at New Oraibi. They fraternized with the stooge Hopi and never went near the real Hopi who had behaved like Quakers are supposed to behave: They had gone to prison against war. This year they went to work and got as far as the roof of a recreation house. The Hopi have plenty of recreation in their dances and ceremonies, they do not need outsiders to build houses for them. The real Hopi say the government is just as likely to use it for a jail for recalcitrant Hopis as not.

A meeting was called right after the Snake Dance where the young Quakers, Dan and James and other real Hopi, Rik and myself attended. One of the Hopi explained all this very indelicately and told how the peaceful Quakers had unwittingly been the means of Hopi who were government stooges putting unethical pressure upon the real Hopi to help in this socalled good work. This took criticism gracefully but I doubt if they got its full implication.

One Hopi Conscientious Objector had suggested that I say a few words, so I told them the story of those who asked "Where were those when they Lord was crucified?" and the answer, "I was attending a meeting protesting against crucifixion." This was done instead of carrying the cross. In like manner those who say the Hopi government of a war-mad state, and cooperate with the government, are crucifying the true Hopi. (Later I stopped at the Quaker headquarters in Pasadena. They seemed to be aware of this predicament but did not know what to do about it, still having the illusion of the state and being unaware of the history of the early Quakers who paid no taxes to a war-making state.)

The Hopi Point of View
Hopí Indian Nation, Shungopovi, Arizona March 2, 1959
Honorable John R. Nichols, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington 25, D. C.
Dear Sir:
We have received your letter dated February 13, relative to the Navajo-Hopi bill. Mr. Viets Lomahatwe has kindly referred us to reply. Accordingly we held a meeting in Shungopovi village at which our highest chief, Talatwe, of the Bear Clan, was present. We have read your letter carefully and thoughtfully.

As village advisors of Hotevilla, Shungopovi we speak for our respective headmen and for these villages that are still following the traditional form (self) government.

You know as well as do that the whole mankind is faced with the possibility of annihilation as it was done in the lower world because of greed, selfishness, and godlessness. People went after wealth, power and pleasures of life more than the moral and religious principles. Now we have floods, strikes, civil wars, earthquakes, fires and the H Bomb! To the Hopi these are but the smoke signals telling us to set our house in order before our "true white brother" comes. Whom will be punished, a white man or an Indian? Because we know these terrible truths and facts we the religious leaders of the Hopi people have been continuously opposing the $50,000,000 long-range program. It will not solve these larger issues for us. It will only destroy our moral and spiritual foundation there by destroying the peace and prosperity of the whole world. This is the traditional law of this land. It cannot be changed but a new one was planned by the Great Spirit, Masu'tu. He has given us these laws and Sacred Stone Tablets which are still in the hands of the proper leaders of Oraibi and Hopi villages. Shungopovi holds all the major altars and fetishes, being the mother village and which represents the true Hopi.

You stated that the $90,000,000 "will be of real assistance to the Hopi people, but it cannot succeed without their understanding and wholehearted cooperation in achieving these desirable goals."

Yet the Land Claims Commission, we build schools for the devil worship of a war-mad state, and cooperate with the government, are crucifying the true Hopi. We shall deduct these "helpful" as assistance when and if the Indians file their land claims and win their cases against the government. No, we do not want to be indebted to the United States government at the present time.
In a letter to Dan Katcchonga of Houseville you mentioned the fact that, "you stated that this money is not needed by the Hopi Indians, although you admit that the Hops have been made poor by the reduction of your land and livestock . . . the reduction of your stock was forced upon you by the severe droughts of the past years."

Suppose you had spent most of your life working hard to accumulate large stock and land only to have someone come to you and force you to reduce your hard-earned stock and land because of "severe droughts". Wouldn't you too say that you have been made poor?

How would you like to have someone make laws and plan your life for you from afar? Pass laws without your knowledge, consent and approval? This Navajo-Hopi bill is being passed by the Senate and House of Representatives without our approval and against our will. Therefore whatever happens in the future the Hopi must not be to blame but the representatives of the United States.

We are not children but men, able to choose and decide for ourselves what is good and what is bad. We have been able to survive worse droughts and famine in the past. We do not fight droughts and famine with money, but by our humble prayers for more rain and forgiveness for our wrongdoings. Our land will bloom again if our souls are right and clean. No, we are not going to sell our birthright for a few pieces of silver such as the $90,000,000. Our land, our resources and our birthright are worth more than all the money the government of the United States may have. We are still a sovereign nation, independent, and possessed of all the powers of self-government of any sovereignty. King of Spain recognized this long ago. Government of Mexico respected it, and is still recognized by the U. S. Supreme Court. Now why, in the face of all these facts, are we required to file our land claims with the Land Claims Commission in Washington? Why are we required to ask a white man for a land that is already ours? This whole western hemisphere is the home-land of all the Indian. In fact all Indian people should know.

Now, by what authority does the government of the United States pass such laws without our knowledge, consent or approval and try to force us to relinquish our ancient rights to our land? Is it only for money? We do not want money for our land. We want the right to live as we please, as human beings. We want to have a right to worship as we please and have our own land. We don't want to be forced on our land by the Great Spirit, Massatu'. This is our traditional path we must travel now.

Now if you truly and seriously want to help the Hopi people and honestly want us to understand one another we demand that you come to us who are the religious leaders of the Hopi tribe. This is the only way we can settle any problem. We must come together. The white people seem to be at a loss as to what to do now in the face of the terrible H-Bomb. Why don't you come to the most ancient race who know these things to learn what is to be done? We must meet together so that the common man may have his freedom and security. We want everlasting life; so do you. We are both aware of the fact that we are coming to the same point. To the white man it is a Judgment Day or the Last Days. To the Hopi it is the cleansing of all the wicked forces of the earth so that the common man may have his day.

The Hopi Tribal Council is being reactivated today but to us religious leaders it is not legal; it does not have the sanction of the traditional head-man. And it is composed of mostly young and educated men who know little of the old Hopi traditions. Most of the men supporting it are Indian Service employees, men who have abandoned the traditional path and are after only money, position and self-glorification. They do not represent the Hopis or the United States.

These major issues must be settled by the highest traditional leaders of the Hopi people and the proper leaders in Washington. It is time we get together peacefully and seriously to settle these matters now. We must work as a united people for the good of our race and tribe. We are united and can work better toward the problem of how to help the Hopi. If we do not accept this, then we cannot come to this matter until all the United Nations work out the problem of our land. Without the United Nations this could not have been accomplished. The UN is helping us to solve this matter. We are united and can work better toward better understanding. We have a long way to go, and this is the path we must follow.

Sincerely yours,

Hermeqal'ateware, Blue Bird Clan, Shungopovy
Dan Katcchonga, Sun Clan, Houseville
Viets Lomahaqetware, Shungopovy

Chester took me in his car the two miles to the top of Old Oraibi. Here I met his relative Don, author of Chief, edited by Simmons of Yale, which I had read several years before in Albuquerque. I had written to Don and he remembered my letter. He spoke English and was an educated man, although not an especially pacific Hopi. It did not need to convince him that the true purpose of the Hopi resembles that of the Hindu rather than the heavier physiognomy of other tribes. Water must be carried to the top of this ancient ruin. I helped Chester attach an oil drum on his car to haul the water to mix the plaster and concrete for his work in helping Don with the ruin.

Later in the day Don came over and told me through an interpreter much of the Hopi history. The Hopi do not know the meaning of English
radical words yet they have the personal responsibility and the right of veto which are basic principles of anarchism. Thus in 1906 about half of the Hopi in Old Oraili left to form the pueblo of Hotavila, seven miles to the northwest. This secession was because they did not wish to cooperate with the government as the others in Old Oraili did. Today Hotavila is the chief of all the villages in size and in opposition to the whites. As we left Old Oraili we saw the village chief have his picture taken by white tourists for pay and selling kachina dolls to them. The real Hopi feel that this is making a monkey of Hopi life and traditions. Coming down again we saw small gardens and orchards in the scattered places.

Some of those who seceded from Old Oraili in 1906 wished to go back but they were not welcome so they formed the village of Bacocti to the north of Hotavila. They were subervised at Moenopoi, 40 miles northwest of Hotavila and two miles east of the former Mormon dominated Tuba City just outside the Hopi reservation, are two villages: upper and lower. The farmer have cooperated with the government idea of a Tribal Council while those at the bottom have remained true to real Hopi tradition.

As the Hopi were never at war with the whites, as were the Navajo and Apache, they were included by the treaty at the close of the Mexican War in 1845, as given citizen rights, ownership of land, and the right to non-interference in their customs and religion. But the U. S. Government has broken this treaty as it has all other Indian agreements. These villages so far continued speak one dialect and occupy the Third Mesa and beyond, westward. (This reminds me of Thoreau, who was asked on his deathbed by an orthodox relative if he had made his peace with God. His reply was characteristic of his whole life: “I never quarrelled with Him.”)

The Second Mesa is ten or more miles eastward. Here is where we attended the Snake Dance at Mishongnovi, situated on a mesa towering 400 feet over the valley below. Here the sun is greeted in early morning. Shongopovi and Shipilovi are the other villages here. In each of these villages are many of the old age pensions and government bribes. They often speak a different dialect de
tived from the Tewa Indians who came from the southwest after the Great Rebellion of 1680, at the foot of the mesa. According to Hopi custom when any people come and ask to live among them they are asked what special prayers or abilities they have to give to the Hopi. The Tewa said they would stay there and “protect” the Hopi from invasions. There are no battles on record but the Tewa were good naturally allowed to remain. The First Mesa is further east and a little to the north toward the shadow of the Indian Bureau at Keams Canyon. Real Hopi look upon these pueblos as an outpost of Hopi and hardly a part of it, for they have intermarried with Navajo. Mexicans and whites, have commercialized their kachinas and have taken on the views of the white man along with his watered-down religion. (The Mormons, Mennonite and Baptist’s converted the Hopi. No Catholic missionaries have been among the Hopi since the Great Rebellion of 1680 when the church was torn down; a result, many say, of the cruelties of the Spaniards when great beams were carried on the shoulders from the distant San Francisco mountains. I saw one of these beams near Don’s home in Old Oraili.) Hank and Walpi are the villages of the First Mesa. The postoffice is called Polacca. Recently when the Bureau were trying to put over their $90,000,000 budget for the Navajo they got the bright idea of getting the rice-Christian, Hatch Agency investigated and some other Hopi we saw the village chief have his picture taken by white tourists for pay and selling kachina dolls to them. The real Hopi feel that this is making a monkey of Hopi life and traditions. Coming down again we saw small gardens and orchards in the scattered places.

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been milked out, as some skeptics aver. Several boys roamed around ready to catch the snakes when they were momentarily released, and coiled or glided along the groups to the screams of the audience. Never did a snake get away for these boys grabbed them quickly. I only saw a rattle on one snake, but there may have been rattles on some I did not see. Many were what is called the super-agile and poisonous side-winders— and several were bull snakes. They had to be killed to get them. I expect there were 60 snakes in all, and after each dancer had gone around a certain number of times he would take the snake out of his mouth, put it out of sight and get another one, so that each dancer had six or more snakes by the time he finished. One small boy stood at the end of some dancers and an Indian handed him a huge snake near the end of the line. I thought it was dangerous, but hardly in the class of the super-prayers which went forth from the snake. However they were sincere, and the material of the cult had not made them mean-minded and hateful. Vic drove us up and down the steep hills to Berkeley, and we had a picture taken on Delaware Street, in front of the house where my wife and I had lived in 1924-25.

Vic took me to an T.W. outdoor meeting where Tom Merson was, a vegetarian atheist held forth. Tom introduced me and I presented the CW ideas for nearly an hour. Tom asked me if I was selling the CW and thus started others buying the paper. I spoke over the pacific radio station in Berkeley about my anti-tax ideas and my Christian anarchist ideals. I also attended an anarchist meeting and met readers of the CW. Paul Goodman spoke at this meeting and typified the traditional anarchist exorcise for doing nothing in his speech. Some of those present asked my opinion so we had it back and forth most of the evening. To hide away instead of openly opposing the war or the government seemed to be the prevailing anarchist attitude. I pointed out that this was not the program of Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman. Paul Goodman wrote in an anarchist paper RESISTANCE which I pointed out did everything else but resist. They just talked about it.

Vic knew the Carotas as Apos and we visited there for a few hours. This exciting young couple had adopted seven tabies and had a veritable monastery in their mountain home. I had read about them in the CW, and although they seemed too religious they at least did something more than talk about it.

George Reeves had come to visit me for a few hours in Albuquerque when I worked in the orchard. He was born not far from my home town in Ohio. He shuttled back and forth between gardening and teaching. I had an interesting visit with him and his charming wife. I had corresponded with Max Heinig, a vegetarian who had quit his job in San Francisco as a commercial photographer at the beginning of the war, as almost all the work he had was not meaningful enough to understand that conversation with their father was not a sin, so they asked me to meet them around the first of September in San Francisco. I left on the bus from the Snake Dance and met them at the home of my friend Vic Hamer with whom I was staying. Vic is a kind-hearted, restless brain, half radical who had read the CW and had written to me. Carmen and Sharon were beautiful and somewhat bashful. They had been attending a meeting of their
was caught soon afterward and given extra time for escaping. The judge asked him if he believed in “overthrowing the government by force and violence.” Joe answered: “I believe in overthrowing the government without force and violence.”

I told the Old Pioneer that Joe had escaped and that the FBI men were after him. He said if Joe came here to hide him but not to tell him, the Old Pioneer, anything about it.

Ginny Anderson has a son Keith by her first marriage. While the conversation around the house between Ginny and Rik and myself was pacific, Keith read wild west fannies, carried a toy gun (a gift from relatives) and acted like the ordinary product of our breakfast-food box-top culture. The following conversation occurred the other day:

Keith: “Mamma, the radio says they are going to practice throwing bombs again. Who throws those terrible bombs that kill people?”

Ginny: “Governments throw them, my son.”

Keith: “Where do they get the money to make them? Must cost an awful lot?”

Ginny: “The government takes the tax out of the pay check and people can’t help it.”

Keith: “Why do the people allow the government to do this? Why don’t they refuse to have money taken from their checks?”

Ginny: “Fathers and mothers must work to get food. They must have a job.”

Keith: “Does my Daddy help pay taxes for the bomb?”

Ginny: “No, he doesn’t make enough.”

Keith: “Does Uncle help pay for the bomb?”

Ginny: “No, he does not have steady work. He does not make enough.”

Keith: “Why don’t we get in a car and go around and tell people what a bad thing they are doing to pay taxes for the bomb? Maybe they would stop.”

Ginny: “We have to work to get food and if we did that we would get in jail.”

Keith: “They give you food in jail, don’t they?”

Joe Craigmyile was doing time in the prison at La Tuna, Texas. They told him that the milk from the farm was used for a regular hospital in town. When he accidentally saw a voucher showing that the milk went to the Navy he walked away from the farm. The government is not a liar. Countless times have boys in Civilian Public Service been told that certain work was non military, only to discover later that it was military. The FBI came to see me, asking if Joe was hiding around my place. I told them that he was not here and if he was here I would not tell them. I had given the same answer to FBI men who had twice come to me in the orchard in Albuquerque asking about an anarchist who was in hiding. Joe
by Bakunin negates all authority: that of the state and that of God. Therefore for Christian and especially Catholic anarchists to use the name anarchism is unethical. Furthermore it hurts the feelings of Italian anarchists who have felt the lash of the Catholic hierarchy.

Dorothy listened carefully to this reiterated statement and replied that this argument had not been brought to her attention before and deserved careful consideration. She felt that man of his own free will accepted God or rejected God and if a man chose to obey the authority of God and reject the authority of the state it was not unethical to do so. She inferred that we were born into a state and could not help it, but accepted God of our own free will. She and Bob Ludlow are converts to the Church.

The atheistic anarchist answer was that it was entirely illogical to use the anarchist conception of freedom to accept the authority of God which denied that freedom. Dorothy felt that the authority of God only made her a better rebel and gave her courage to oppose those who sought to carry over the concept of authority from the supernatural to the natural field where it did not belong. She said that the use of the word anarchism by the CW might shock people; that Peter Maurin, although an anarchist, had generally used the word personalist instead, but she felt that Bob Ludlow and myself used it rightly.

Another anarchist present thought that Ludlow had slipped over the use of the word anarchism on Dorothy. She replied that she stood back all he said on the subject. This same anarchist repeated the regular argument that religion was opium for the people and that the Catholic Church always stood for the rich against the poor and that The CW was as bad as the history of the church. The anarchist leader felt that if the CW was only called the ANARCHIST WORKER instead of the CW it would be the best anarchist paper going. It was the word Catholic that spoiled it. These atheistic anarchists felt that if I had not hid behind the CW I would have been arrested long ago for my tax refusal. Dorothy answered that I had been a Christian Anarchist long before the CW was ever heard of. The anarchist leader said that Tolstoy in his Appeal to Social Reformers denounced the regular anarchists of his time and therefore should not be considered an anarchist.

I replied that I had read that article of Tolstoy's long ago, and that Tolstoy was simply destroying the atheism and violence of various types of anarchists, and saying that without pacifism and the Fatherhood of God there could not be an effective anarchist brotherhood of man. I also quoted from a book Tolstoy the Man by Prof. Stirner issued by Fleming Revell Co. about 1902. Prof. Stirner treated with Tolstoy and quoted him as saying that he was such an anarchist in principle and the Sermon on the Mount had made him; not to be afraid of the word anarchism, for the time would come when people would know its true meaning; that one who had accepted and obeyed the laws of God was thereby divested of obeying the laws of men and did not need them. Stirner was sort of a Fabian Socialist, and he asked Tolstoy if Socialism was not a step on the way to anarchism. Tolstoy answered that it was not, and that it would end in a terrible dictatorship.

I had not met Dorothy since September 1941 in Milwaukee. I had written letters to her and the CATHOLIC WORKER. She had come to Albuquerque a few months after I left for Phoenix in 1947. Now I was overjoyed to get a card from her saying that she would be here Dec. 28th. I met her at the bus. She had been a smoker until 1940 and now that she had quit as a penance she had a relaxed and peaceful countenance instead of that nervousness that goes with cigarettes. She stayed at Rik's. On New Year's Day we both met Father George Dunne, nephew of Finley Peter Dunne, the humorist, and now at St. Francis Xavier church here. He had been changed from St. Louis to Los Angeles and now to Phoenix because he was ahead of the ecclesiastical authorities on the race issue. He is not a pacifist nor an anarchist, but a fine brave man. We went with Father Rook to the Indian Reservation in the desert southeast of Tempe. Here the Indians who are very poor had built this church or rather had added to the old one—and all without any games of chance or bingo parties.

The leading anarchist of this country happened to be in Phoenix just then, so I asked him if he and his atheistic Italian anarchist friends would like to meet Dorothy. Accordingly we met one evening in an anarchist home. The atheistic anarchists led off by saying that anarchism as defined by Bakunin negates all authority: that of the state and that of God. Therefore for Christian and especially Catholic anarchists to use the name anarchism is unethical. Furthermore it hurts the feelings of Italian anarchists who have felt the lash of the Catholic hierarchy.

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Dorothy mentioned the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross, original sin, etc., emphasizing the fact that rebels who sacrifice for a cause need this supernatural help to remain true. The anarchists misunderstood this idea or else were physically unable to accept the importance of sacrifice, saying that what they were doing was better. Material conditions and not pie in the sky; that religion made people willing slaves. Under pressure from Dorothy and myself they admitted that a good marrying now and then like the Haymarket men and Sacco and Vanzetti, was a good thing; but they did not like the emphasis upon sacrifice.

I felt that this was the trouble with the present atheistic anarchists; that they were not willing to sacrifice enough. I reviewed my prison history to prove that what changed me from being a Socialist and an atheist was the example of that true rebel Jesus. That thus my sanity had been saved and I had emerged as a person and not just a criminal. That I was associated and exiled from the CW because of its brave stand in publicizing our anti-tax campaign when anarchist and pacifist papers said very little about it. That my idea of God was not an authority whom I obeyed like a monarch but a principle of good as laid down by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, which I interpreted in day by day decisions as the forces of the state came in conflict with these ideals. And that in the same manner every person had to make a choice between his conception of good and of evil.

The anarchist leader still felt that religious people had no right to use the word anarchist, although we knew that he as an anarchist could not go to law and prevent it. I replied that the atheist anarchists were more atheistic than they were anarchist so he should not be adverse to allowing Christians or Catholic Christians to be at least as religious as they were anarchist, if not more so. That the atheist anarchist should be glad that the CW had left the state worship of ecclesiastical authorities and were anarchists. I said that the atheistic anarchists did not realize that it was possible for a Catholic to accept spiritual authority and not—like most Catholics, accept the state and temporal authority; that the atheist anarchist should be glad that someone was fighting authority in one sphere and the most difficult sphere at that—where the atheist anarchist stood no chance of being heard. Dorothy told of losing over half of the CW subscribers because the CW opposed France and World War II.

The summary of Bob Ludlow on this subject seems conclusive: "There is an incompatibility between anarchism and religion only if the Christian anxious to transform the authoritarian set up of the Church temporeal field or the anarchist insists in rejecting authority in religion. In both cases it comes from a confusion of the supernatural with the natural."

As two of those present were vegetarians, our Italian hosts gave us all that diet. Despite the excitability of the Italian temperament there was good humor and goodwill present at all times. I felt that a fair summary of the question would be that whatever we of the CW became cowardly because of pressure from the Pope, then it would be time for atheistic anarchists to decay our use of the name anarchist. And that as long as they had no Pope to tell them what to do they ought to assert their native anarchism and come out and be as brave fighters against war and capitalism as were Bakunin, Berkmak and Goldman, whom they revere.

The I Am Activity

About this time I had a letter from a teacher in Fairhope, Ala., where I had taught in 1934. Her name was Miss Dubois and she had refused to pay taxes. She told of some boys, Quakers whose parents had I taught when I was there, who had refused to register. The judge in Mobile told the boys: "Well, you pay your taxes, don't you? And I demand a large amount of our taxes goes for war purposes. If you were consistent in carrying out this belief, you would also refuse to pay your taxes."

The main "shriek" of the cult which my wife and daughters follow is at Mt. Shasta in California. I had written every week to my family, and after the girls had been sufficiently indoctrinated in this cult no letters were written by them to me until 1949 when they did not blame them and even hoped that my wife would get over this infatuation with fake religion, as she had with numerous other cults. She had been raised in the cult in which I obeyed like a monarch but a principle of good as laid down by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, which is the motivation of too many radicals. Despite my talk of Tolstoy and refusal to cooperate with government, she had never appreciated the real basis of religion as given in the Sermon on the Mount. I was not sure if my girls received the letters and enclosures of articles I had written.

Now, after twelve years of separation I felt that morally my wife and I were divorced although legally we were married by the common law of New York. I do not believe in either marriage or divorce by the state, so naturally would not seek a divorce. I remembered the good times we had when hiking those four years, and of the early days in the woods where the girls were born in Wisconsin. If I were in the happy spirit of the patriotic and materialistic religion I had no right and, I felt now, no purpose, in bothering her. So I wrote to the girls each year but not directly to her. With my Life at Hard Labor, vegetarian diet, and mind on The One Man Revolution, I did not have to have physical contact with any woman; I had work to do, and decided on limiting any woman who could stand the pace and who would not seek to come me.

This did not mean that emotionally and in a platonic manner I had no attachment in my mind toward a certain woman. I had not seen her for many years and had written often but received a reply only a few times a year. In a few days of conversation we had been able to understand we had a common devotion to both pacifism and anarchism; and, had morality or undue ascetism as it might appear to others, a common practice of a celibate life. She had helped me to formulate my ideas on tax refusal more clearly and, almost alone, had publicized them. She had once mentioned the subject of joining the Catholic church to me: simply saying that she always prayed for me along with many others. I also included her in my non-church prayers each week for years. So when Dorothy left, I felt the reason for continuing my One Man Revolution.

I had become a radical the same year that Tolstoy died. I had a letter and a card from Gandhi in 1935 when he was in prison. I had written
opportunity for questions. Later I became acquainted with Fr. Harris and found him an understanding radical of the CW type, although not accepting pacifism and anarchism with capital letters.  

At this time the priest in charge at the big St Francis Xavier Church here did not allow me to sell CW's there. Friends told me that Fr. George Dunne on Feb. 5th. at mass had told of the visit of Dorothy and myself to him early in Jan. He said that he did not agree with us but he praised the courage and holy life led by Dorothy; gave a summary of my prison experiences, and announced the picketing which I would do on March 14th at the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue. At this time most of the local pacifists seemed afraid to be seen with me in public, and of course none of the ministers who said they believed in peace dared mention that there was a person in town who did not pay taxes openly.

** TAX PICKETING  

Joe Mueller was a house painter but dabbled in portraits. He made a huge oil painting of an airplane dropping a bomb; and of a battlefield and a graveyard with crosses. I could not get in a bus with me in a sign. Having no other means of transportation, I got up early and walked the ten miles into Phoenix with my two signs, papers and leaflets, arriving by 8 a.m. The small yellow leaflet which I handed out was rather saucy and not a masterpiece. Rik varnished it. It read:

** WHY AM I PICKETING?  

Well, why aren't you? Do the A-Bomb and the H-Bomb make you sleep any better at night? Do you trust our politicians to protect us from destruction in an atomic war? Does it make good sense to foot the bill by paying income taxes? I am not paying my income tax this year, and I haven't done so for the last seven years. I don't expect to stop World War III by my refusal to pay, but I don't believe in paying for something I don't believe in—do you?  

Do you believe that anyone ever "wons" a war? Or that any good can come from returning evil for evil? I don't believe it! And don't believe I need preachers or policemen to make me behave, either.  

I do believe in personal responsibility, and that's why I am picketing. Why aren't you?  

Ammon A. Henney, R. J, Box 227, March 14, 1950

Many people told me to go back to Russia. The wind blew and I was tired out, holding the big sign. The other sign told of the taxes that went for war and my refusal to pay taxes. The police did not bother me. A few people were sympathetic. One Catholic gave a real tip that Catholics had a bad enough time without my getting them in worse with
such radicalism. I told him that I was not a Catholic but if I had I would have a right to picket. He wanted to know if any priests supported my activity. I told him that Father Dunne did not agree with my ideas but he announced this very picketing at mass on Feb. 5th. "God bless you, then!" he smiled as he went on his way.

I was very tired by night and was glad when Rik drove me home. Joe had waited until my picketing was over and returned to Chicago the next day with his painting of the airplane that I had carried. The next day the ARIZONA REPUBLIC had a column by Columbus Giragi, old time newspaper man, deriding my picketing and saying that I should be locked up. I wrote to him on the back of the letter and asked the people who disagreed with me but who were my good friends, and advised him to ask them about my sincerity. He did so and asked me to call upon him.

Fusing in Washington, D.C.

Joe Craignyke felt poor after his release from prison, so he departed from his ordinary life of fruit stands and cement blocks under the beams of the frame house of the Old Pioneer. This was only a job for thin men so Joe and I qualified. We snaked here and there among the sponge halls and skunk apartments for ten days until the job was finished. Meanwhile we had notice from pacific headquarters in New York that all varieties of pacificists were going to fast during Holy Week and picket the White House. Joe was gung ho until the gundup of atom bombs. If it had been just ordinary picketing I would not have bothered for I could always do that in Phoenix. The CW would be represented which would lend some spirituality to the project and I should have more for me to picket the head of the U. S. Revenue office in Washington.

The Holp had spoken of wishing to protest against the inclusion of their name in the Navajo-Hopi bill, so I wrote to my Holp friend telling him I would collect money for his expenses from radical Catholics and pacificists here if he would accompany me. I told the Old Pioneer that I would leave on the 8th. of March. Joe is slow to make up his mind on anything and would not say whether he would go or not. When I got word that my Holp friend was going, Joe decided that we three should go in his Willys pickup.

I already had my summer garden planted, except melons and later crops, and irrigated it on Saturday. That evening Joe came out and got my sleeping bag. Rik made some picketing signs for me and we were then ready for supper. About 10:45 p.m. we received a phone call that my Holp friend, and Dan Kuchonga, spiritual leader of the traditional Holp, were in town and would be over in a few minutes. They brought bed rolls with them and piki bread. Rik’s children were wide eyed to see real Indians. We left at 7 a.m. Sunday. I recalled in the back; partly under blankets. We stopped at the Catholic church in Tempe where our good CW priests Bechel and Rook, held forth, and said a prayer for the success of our journey, Dan sang Holp prayers and Joe and I thought the best we could do was to say our pacific-anarchist, non-church prayers. Near Florence we saw beautiful cactus blossoms peeping through to enliven the desert. (Mother Bloor had hiked over the country at the age of 65 and said the most beautiful spot was this very place.) Before we got to Tucson it was snowing and raining and I shivered to think how far we were from our destination.

We went to the home of Ralph, a Holp silversmith who had done time in prisons at Keara Canyon years ago with the airplane that I had carried. The next day the white conqueror whose policy it was to kidnap the Holp children and send them to missionary schools. His wife and daughter prepared us an excellent meal and as the rain let up we built up a fire and cooked a very secure and nearly rainproof shelter for the one whose turn it would be to sleep there while the other three sat in front.

At 5 p.m. we were headed for El Paso. We had intended to take the middle route through Meridian, Miss., but storms in that vicinity sent us southward. A little later the sun shone through the clouds for the first time that day and Dan stopped and placed eagle feathers on my cap and cup side saying the appropriate prayers for our journey. He also scattered sacred corn meal before the car and about ten paces ahead, with prayers. Joe and my Holp friend took turns driving and we did not stop except for coffee or gas until just before dark when we arrived at Dr. Herbert Shelton’s rest home in San Antonio. He had told me to stop and he would give me free copies of his HYGIENIC REVIEW with fasting, which is a basic therapy in the disease of the eating of the people of the world. I should be interested in what I am reading about the disease of the people of the world. I was not in just then but later Joe and I visited him and found him most gracious. He said that at times he felt more anarchistic and at other times more socialist. He was not religious in the church sense, but strange as it seemed to us, he was a religious man because he was so natural. He felt that the CW program “coddled the unfit,” but we did not argue with him for we felt that on the subject of health he was the master, and he did not pretend to be an unorthodox belief. We found later that a non-radical from Phoenix took a fast of only 58 days and was cured of a number of diseases, any one of which could have killed him. Whether he went back to a diet of white bread, white sugar, liquor, cigarettes and canned goods and got sick again we did not know. Rest along with fasting and absolutely no medicine or vaccines is his method.

Here in San Antonio we looked up my roommate of 1915 at the University of Wisconsin, Bill Brockhausen, whom I visited and had in 1923 when we were being hiked. He was an advertising executive with a big house and sent several headquarters to the New York where the Holp soon were sleeping peace-fully. Bill and I sat up early morning talking over old times. His father had been a Milwaukee Socialist of the old school and Bill had been a natural political compromiser. He greeted me gladly in the midst of the old product which has made Milwaukee famous. I had always been an extreme radical in his eyes and I suppose brought back visions of Deba and the old days before he had become so prosperous. In his overflowing good
nature he told me to make his home my picketing headquarters if I ever came to Texas to live. Then his old conservatism coming up he said, "You don't do anything constructive, Ammon. Here you are roaming the country with two Indians." I did not argue the point with my extra extrovert friend. We left early without waking him.

We bought some bananas at Houston, massive town of skyscrapers, and left CW's at a Catholic church near where we stopped. AJ along we gave copies of the Feb. CW, explaining that the Indians mentioned in my article on the Hopi were the ones with us. I had the address of Dorothy DaPonte, a tax refuser in Mobile. She had moved but we drove into Fairhope across the bay where I had taught history in the high school 26 years before we found that Miss DaPonte was a teacher there. She came of an old Southern family and nearly caused her father to have a nervous breakdown last year, as he refused to pay taxes and had bravely escorted his young Negro girl to the front seat with her in a Methodist church. By now her father was getting used to her, only deploring that there were no others in the community who also refused to pay taxes. Two teachers at the school planned to fast with us although they had to stay there and teach. Miss DaPonte would have liked to have come along but had to stay as a witness in a trial about segregation. As many do who are new in a movement, she asked why I did not fast to death on the Whitehouse steps against the H Bomb. I felt that if such an act came as the natural conclusion of a holy life it would be worthwhile if the persecution came from the State, as it did in Gandhi's case. It was nothing to be entered into lightly, but required much prayer and fasting.

Several times when we became lost Dan would point a certain way and this would be the right direction. He did not know one state from another and could not read signs but he had a sense of direction. At midnight in Atlanta midas sewer repairs he knew where he was going and didn't. Toward morning we came to Clarkeville, Ga. and soon to the 000 acres of the Macedonia Cooperative Community. Here my old friend and social worker from Milwaukee, Dave Newton and his brave beautiful wife, Gini, were members of this adventure in living. Before the first draft in 1940 we had discussed non-registration, but Dave was a liberal, not a radical, so he registered and spent about four years in CPS. About the time the war was over he walked over from CPS and was in Sandstone prison with Bill Ryan and Walter Gormly. He was paroled out to Macedonia. All of the families here have a common kitchen, each family lives in a separate house and breakfast is at home. Coffee at 10 in the common room for those who desire it and a common meal at noon is the rule. Supper is generally at 6. The kitchen can be renewed without sudden famine occurring. The main source of income here is children's building blocks and other play apparatus.

Expensive machinery helps in this production. Del Franchen, who was already fasting and who would go to Washington for a few days as he made a return trip with furniture, was one of two who attended a small dairy. They furnished milk for all in Macedonia and living expenses of the two families who attended to the cows. A few gardens were cleared. One family had lived here for about three years but finally decided that such a life was not for them. It is difficult to find both man and wife who will put up with the deprivation and hard community life a success. For young folks who are raising children it is an ideal place—that is until the arguments commence about private or public school and the desire to raise children for success in a bourgeois world. We left about 9 p.m.

The Hopi wished to visit the remnants of Tsali's tribe who by their rebellion in 1826 had not been deported with their brothers in Indian Territory, so we went the long and mountainous way to Cherokee. We knocked on all doors about 2:30 a.m. but could arouse no one. Likely the huge constructed drive over the old highway that catered to tourists perhaps we did not miss anything.

Winding around the beautiful Smokies an asked numerous directions we finally brushed along side a waggon of armed guards who were bossing a chain gang in road-mending. Finally we met tall and well built Tilly Brooks, wife of the CO Arle Brooks, of whom Judge Welch spoke in Phila. in 1940 that he felt like Pomus Pyle in sentencing Arle to prison for non-registration. I had corresponded with them some years before. Arle was away in a mountain helping build a house. Each of several families here at Celot, N. C. owned their separate few acres and made their own living as they could.

We drove on steadily, and at 5 a.m. on April first knocked on the door at Inspiration House, 1867 Kalorama Road and under the efficient ministration of Bayard Rustin we were soon sleeping on the floor in the front room. We were among the first to arrive for the fast which had been postponed until midnight. I had many letters from friends feeling that I should not endanger my life by fasting. One of the first people I met was Emily Longstreth, wife of Walter Longstreth, Philadelphia lawyer and Quaker who had also refused the draft in CPS. Both of the Longstreths refused to pay taxes for the war. Also John Woolsey, a young student feeling his way midst the maze of World Government, back-to-the-land, pacifism, anarchism, etc. Lucinda and Ola's, many of them also vegetarians. Here each family lives in a separate house and breakfast is at home. Coffee at 10 in the common room for those who desire it and a common meal at noon is the rule.

Supper is generally at 6. The kitchen can be renewed without sudden famine occurring. The main source of income here is children's building blocks and other play apparatus.
spoke to me much on theology. Once in a group she said to me never to join the Church because I loved it; the Church was the Church that had to be loved.

She gave out leaflets at Catholic University, and the Kahlers and I went to the Catholic Cathedral with leaflets. Joe did not know whether he wanted to sleep all day or not, but when we got to the Cathedral he was already there. Gordon Zahn, Dick Leonard, and other C.O.'s and Catholic others came to see Dorothy evenings. At one open meeting at night the Chairman asked Dorothy to explain about the CM movement. She said that she came here to pray and not to talk; that they should read the CW for information about the movement. Wednesday evening she was called back to New York by the serious illness of Charles O'Rourke, an old timer of the CW staff. Burly Dave Mason came the next day in her place to represent the CW.

Monday we picketed the White House. The group thought my sign saying I had paid no taxes for seven years was too radical, so I carried a sign saying that 75% of the income tax went for war. Others carried signs about The Gandhi Way, Not War, being the best, etc. We gave out leaflets and were not bothered. The paper next day had a picture of us. A Commemorative called on the White House to ask the President (who was in Florida) to rescind his approval of the H Bomb and hinted that he should resign rather than continue his murderous way. Tuesday a committee headed by the Kahler's (Mrs. Kahler is Russian) were greeted warmly at the Russian Embassy and were told that Russia would disarm if we would. A telegram about this was sent to Truman. An Appeal to the Russian People was handed to the Embassy and handed out on the streets.

Wednesday was a day of rest and those who wished to visit did so. Several people felt weak and some had to take orange juice to keep up. I had fasted ten days in jail once and had been in a dark hole on bread and water for ten days in Atlanta, so the fast did not worry me. Voice of America and Tass were appealed to, to give the picket message. The Atomic Energy Commission was visited, as well as the National Educational Commission. Dave Delliger had an Appeal to Workingmen which he wanted to give out at factories but because of the decision to visit Hugh Johnson's Pentagon Building that was a try at a meeting after we got together, and this failing we gave some literature on the street for several hours. Thursday morning, which was stormy, saw Fenner, Lucy Lord, Winifred Rawlin, Anna Ruth, a young married woman from Tracy, Cal., Ruth Hershberg, wife of a minister who tried to explain all this new anarchy, and myself handing out leaflets at a high school.

I did not want to picket the government until I had enough CW's to hand out so I waited until Thursday evening when they came from New York. The group (Dorothy absent in New York) voted not to allow me to jeopardize them by putting out any of the leaflets. When I picketed the tax man. So on Good Friday morning I went along with Edger Bell, a young Negro tax refuser from Washington, D. C. It was quite windy but not very cold. We did not picket the U.S. Treasury, not because we did not have the money, but the Department of the Collector of Internal Revenue, where
sign a loyalty oath, was a part-time faster also. I had met Louise Haliburton in Camp Mack, Indiana when I spoke at a Brethren Conference there in 1938. George Houser, non-registrar and tax refuser whom I had met in Cleveland in 1945 also came late. A young Quaker girl who works as a playground assistant brought her sleeping bag for last night.

There was an attempt at the last to evaluate what we were doing. Some felt that there was too much activity and not enough discussion. Others felt that there should be more prayer so that if a person led a life of voluntary poverty he would miss the aesthetic values: music, beauty, etc. I spoke up and boused of the scenery and sunsets of Death Valley. Arizona willed and the music, and I liked better than the canned music and organized beauty of the city. I am reminded of Dorothy's saying that she liked the chirping of the desert thrush, the cooing of the mourning dowse and the varied song of the mocking bird at Desert Ranch just as much as a symphony.

I was asked to give details in my methods of propaganda. At another meeting on tax refusal Ralph Templin explained to some of the elderly ladies who refused to pay only part of their income taxes that the amount that they did pay would be prorated for war, so the only way was to pay nothing at all. Buvard Rustin gave smart answers to questions from outsiders. I felt that this was too much of a varied group to do any one thing very well, although the meeting of so many kinds of people ought to be an education to all.

I did not have a headache during the week and was always ready to bed and among the first to get up. I was in good physical condition from my hard work and good care of myself. One night I had supper with my old friend, Francis Gorgen of Baltimore, and it did not bother me a bit to sit by and watch him and his family eat. He drove me over to see my cousin Marie, whom I had not seen since we were youngsters in Ohio. Her father had been a Congressman in the old days of McKinley. I met Fred Litch of the National Council for the Prevention of War, with whom I corresponded for years but whom I had not met before. The lady from Baltimore who had picked Rik and me up when we were hiking to our first Snake Dance, came over and took the Hopi out to supper. They brought home a pear and an orange for me to eat after my last fast was broken.

A few minutes after midnight on Saturday we all had orange juice and/or V8 juice. The Hopi had brought some pliki bread which is like cornbread and I gave some to each person. He had pomegranate, and Bent sang some songs. The next morning A. J. Muste read a poem and asked me to read my letter from Gandhi. None of us were the worse for the fast. We kidded her about being half of the time, but this is his normal state, and not due to fasting.

The Hopi had met with all of the groups and the interpreter had translated the chief's message often to those interested. The Hopi fast and pray at home. To picket is not their way, but they were interested in their white brother pacifists. The newspapers took the chief's picture as a man who did not want help from the government, and it appeared all over the country.
Joe and I went along with the Hopi to the Indian Bureau where we spent five hours interviewing officials. First we met Deacey McNicell, assistant Indian Commissioner. He is a sophisticated, one-twenty-four, or some such fraction, Flatfoot or Flathead Indian who had just written a book, *They Came Here First*, lauding all Indians who are government stooges. He studiously insulted the Hopi interpreter by calling him by his English name instead of his Indian name. The Chief spoke of the Hopi way of life; how the government employees of the Hopi spoke only for themselves and had long ago lost the true Hopi way. He told of meetings that the Indian Agent had held and what went on at these meetings. When one Hopi was translating the English to Dan, McNicell looked at the recorded minutes of the meeting and whispered to me that the old man was honestly reporting what went on and had a wonderful memory, for he did not make one mistake. McNicell asked Dan why, if he wore a white man's coat and rode in a white man's car he did not support the white man's schools and way of life. He had grown up alongly and replying:

"I have heard these words from traitor Hopi but I never expected to hear them from you." McNicell blushed and hid his face behind his hands in shame.

In the afternoon we met with Commissioner Nicholas who was soon to be replaced by Dilledy Myer. He was a pleasant fellow. He asked Dan how he liked the roads and Dan replied that they were good enough for the Hopi but not good enough for the white man who had to rush around and go nowhere fast and disturb the peaceful Hopi. He asked about the schools and Dan said he did not send his children to government schools for only devil worship was taught there. He asked about water and Dan replied that the government drilled a well right on the edge of the land he used and on the other side were Navajo. He did not use this well for he knew that in time the Navajo would push over and, with the aid of the government, would get the rest of his land. Dan said that there was testing for oil on Hopi land. Nicholson replied that no oil testing could take place without his consent. Dan spoke up:

"You are not there and do not know whether the Indian Agent is in collusion with the oil company or not."

Nicholson asked why the Hopi boys did not register for the draft and get exemption as conscientious objectors. The interpreter replied that the Hopi were traditional pacifists and would have nothing to do with putting down their names for war: that promises made by the government were not kept anyway. The Christian Hopi and the government-employee Hopi went to war, but not the real Hopi. Dan spoke of the stone tablets which gave the boundary of the Hopi land; that soon the white brother of the Hopi would come with the replica of this stone and the world would be purified by fire in World War III where all who were not true to the Hopi ideals would be destroyed. The real Hopi could therefore not make compromise with the oppressor.

While this conversation was being translated the government lawyer, John Jay, who was sitting next to me asked: "Did you read that good article on the Hopi in the CATHOLIC WORKER?" "I wrote it," I answered. Jack Durham, publicity man for the Bureau, was also present and smiled approvingly when the interpreter translated Dan's forthright message. As we got up to leave I gave all those present copies of the CW with my article on the Hopi.

Nicholson put his arm around Dan and said:

"The way of Jesus, Gandhi and the Hopi is right. I think I am an anarchist myself. This whole mixed up world needs a good beating. He was on his way out of the Indian Service so I suppose could afford to speak the truth.

Another day we had a meeting for an hour and a half with Judge Witt of the Court of Land Claims, a stern-looking, old man. He explained that the Hopi had one more year to file a claim for the land which they felt the government had taken from them many years ago. The judge did not make one mistake. McNicell asked Dan why, if he wore a white man's coat and rode in a white man's car he did not support the white man's schools and way of life. Dan drew himself up proudly and replied:

"I have heard these words from traitor Hopi but I never expected to hear them from you." McNicell blushed and hid his face behind his hands in shame.

In the afternoon we met with Congressman Toby Morris, typical demagogue and head of the committee of the Navajo-Hopi Bill. He said he did not know how the name of the Hopi got in the bill. While I was picking the tax man the Hopi interviewed Senator Johnson of Colorado. He had not known about the real Hopi and had the idea that all Indians, like most white men, had their hands out for something from the government.

Tuesday morning after Easter we spent several hours with Mr. Nash, secretary to David Niles of the President's staff. He knew a real Hopi from a government Hopi and tried to say that Truman was a very religious man who would not allow anything to be done to harm the Hopi without first letting them have something to say about it. While the interpreter was translating, I whispered to him that there was a great difference between Dan and the Christian Hopi. He nodded approvingly toward Dan.

**Most Streets**

After selling CW's at the Cathedral I left around noon with Bill and Paula Sutherland and Bent Andersen, Bill for New York. Bill is dark skinned and the waitress where we stopped for some ice cream said that Negroes were not served here but "Egyptians were," looking at me. He had been called many names but never an Egyptian.

I had visited Mott St., the home of the CW, for a few hours in 1938 and 1939 but did not remember just whom. I had corresponded with Bob Loo, one of the editors of the CW, for several years and was anxious to meet him. It was about 9 p.m. when I walked into the kitchen and introduced myself. There several know of my articles and greeted me kindly. Bob was no. in just then. I was soon greeted by Dorothy, and Eleanor and Marge, in the kitchen where the latter lived with her children. Dorothy felt that scrambled eggs and coffee would be just the thing for one
who had lasted for a week and I agreed vociferously. O'Rourke, who had been ill, was better, but Tom Sullivan was not to be seen as he was suffering from a breaking-out caused by the bacille of succinol. I met Bob for a short time around midnight and took to him like a brother, although he was very quiet and difficult to get acquainted with. He is the first anarchist, other than Peter and Dorothy, whom I had heard of around the CW and we had much in common.

I went to the top floor and visited with two men who asked questions for a long time. One of them was the head cook downstairs. I did not hear the clock strike 5 and 5 so I must have slept 2 hours.

I was wandering what spiritual result there would be for me in this Fast. I had been busy with propaganda and had met many fine people, but I felt that was not enough. When I awoke I had the feeling that I ought to get a CW house and be able to help more. I had to find a Catholic to run it and as yet I had not found any to help me sell CW's on the streets. When Dorothy met with the anarchists in Phoenix she had mentioned that "Vanzetti House" would be the name of the house when it was started. I mentioned this to some people later and they thought a CW house should only be named after a regular Church saint. I replied that it was a Catholic in Italy and had only left the Church because big churchmen had stood with the big landlords against the poor. That his sister who was a young Catholic, came from Italy to see him and before he was executed. That last thing he said was to his sister: "I want to forgive some of those who are doing this to me." I never knew him but when my wife and I were hiking we met Mrs. Sacco and Dante and the baby several times at Mrs. Jack's. We went with Mrs. Sacco when she saw her husband and we nodded to him and clasped our hands as if shaking his hands, which we were not allowed to touch. I remember how I quit work and my life and I cried all day on Aug. 23, 1927 when Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. For years I had addressed a memorial meeting on Aug. 23 until 1942 when I had such a meeting in Denver and but one person attended. I ceased. Boston by Upton Sinclair is a novel based on this case and should be a part of the required reading for all young people.

I went down to the kitchen and had a bowl of coffee which was handed to me by a well dressed, smiling, elderly man. Later Dorothy told me he was the Shy Apostle written about in the CW by John MacKeon. I accompanied Dorothy to the small Italian church. Only two or three people were there. The walls were covered with life-size murals of my favorite saints, Francis of Assisi, Before this I had always sat still in church but today I felt like kneading when Dorothy did. The religious meetings at the Fast were boring to me. I felt more uplifted by contact with the Hopi. Ever since I had been released from Atlanta prison in 1919 I had believed in enough orthodoxy dogma. Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Immaculate Conception, all the miracles, the Resurrection and Ascension, but I did not see any connection between any church and the sermon on the Mount—and I felt that all of it was a distraction to the Catholic church. Mostly because of Father I suppose. If I had known any American who was an anarchist and a pacifist I would have gone to church with him. Dorothy was the only religious person I knew who had that greatest of virtues: courage. So I was glad to kneel beside her.

Returning to Mott street I saw Bob opening a huge bundle of letters that had accumulated over Sunday. Dorothy asked me to answer a request about anarchism from some Quakers. I was glad to meet Jack English when he came in, and was sorry to miss Irène Naughton who was on a speaking tour to Nova Scotia. Dorothy asked me to entertain the people who came in while she was hunting for a new headquarters for the CW, which was being evicted because the house was sold.

I spoke to Fr. Decsy and St. Patrick's on the phone. He had written in the CW. As I knew Roger Baldwin was not in town I told Bob the only two people I wanted to meet just then were Jim Peck and Sandy Katz. I spoke to Jim on the phone and he told me that he was going to the university that evening. He was a very intelligent Jewish young man who had done time twice for refusing to register and who also refused to pay taxes. He was an extremist anarchist, much interested in Freud, one of the new radical anarchists friendly to the CW. The columnist Robert Ruark had described Sandy as a Greenwich Village tough who had long hair, dressed sloppily, wore a green turtleneck sweater, smoked he had no education in five years, never wore a turtleneck sweater and above all, any green sweater in his life. For dinner we had good soup and plenty of bread. Baked potato for supper and some chocolate pudding. Nothing fancy. I asked Dorothy who it was that served the soup. She said she didn't know; everybody helps; they come along and go no one asks any questions. This was much different from the Salvation Army places I had stayed when I hiked in 1945 where you had to "sing for your supper." Near the door of the office was a pile of shoes and men came in often to see if they could find any that fit them. One drunk came in singing "Dorothy is a reel." He left after half an hour when no one disputed his song he left. Another drunk muttered around for hours after we said complimentary. I left around midnight on the bus for Washington to stay the night. I had been up hours straight sleep since I had left Phoenix yet I was not sleepy when I got into Washington.

Homeward

We headed toward Cincinnati where I was to meet my mother at my brother Frank's home. Around midnight we went into a Greek restaurant in Clarksville, W. Va. Each of the four Greek brothers who ran the place was more decrepit and squeak than the other. A person eats thousands of meals yet very few are remembered. This huge Spanish owl with house made bread and my favorite pie, raisin, was a treat for $1.05. My mother looked better than when I had seen her in 1945. My niece Patsy I had seen when an infant when I had spoken in churches in Cincinnati. She now attended parochial school, her mother Rose, her Catholic Mother. She was excited to meet real Indians and when Dan took a belt from his pocket and gave it to her she teared up. We drove to where Joe had formerly run a fruit stand. It was ten p.m. when we stopped in
Terre Haute. I phoned Theodore Debs, brother of Eugene Debs, but no one answered the phone. My wife and I had visited there twice. He must be a very old man by this time.

In Albuquerque we were welcomed by Mrgr Garcia who had an apartment for just such tramps. By this time our funds were low so I asked my good Lutheran friend, Rev. Soker for $10. After we reached Gallup we went near Window Rock and the Hopi pointed out the original boundary of the Hopi land before the government commenced sealing it. As we approached St. Michael's Mission in the Navajo country we stopped. I knocked on the door and Father Gail answered. I gave him a CW. and his eyes brightened as he spoke of meeting Peter and Dorothy in Detroit years ago. I told him of our trip to Washington. He said that the Indian Bureau was a mess, likely because more recently under Collier they did not favor missionaries.

He showed us the beautiful Hopi small chapel, whose altar had been hand carved by Indians—and all around were Navajo rugs. Joe and I knelt and said our own kind of prayers of thankfulness for a safe and pleasant journey. Father Gail said how the Hopi were true pacifists and anarchists like the CW and had nothing to learn from priests who took part of the government against the Indians and supported war and the capitalist system. He took it in good spirit.

We stopped in New Oraibi, and proceeded on to Hotelita to take Dan home. He reported to his family in Hopi language about the trip and introduced us. His wife sat in the window on the floor. She showed us a smiling baby girl born the day before—without government aid. Two small boys played around. I do not feel capable of describing the beauty of Hopiland. My good friend Bert Fireman wrote in the PHOENIX GAZETTE and commentator on the Ford Hour in his Arizona Crossroads program, has permitted me to quote from a recent broadcast where he tells of Dan's father Yukoena.

I quote:

"Come, let us visit one of the most inaccessible and colorful of all Arizona Crossroads, the three-fingered mesa land of Northern Arizona, famous as the home of the peaceful Hopi Indians. This is the land of romance, grotesque Kachinas dolls, the home of a people so gentle they sometimes have been called the Quakers of the American Indians; this is a dry land, where the villages are built atop precipitous mesas; where water is scarce; and the Hopis are farmers and dancers and where every community is a separate democracy unto itself; this is the home of our nation's most sensational ceremonial—the Hopi Snake Dance, a nine-day ceremonial for rain that is culminated with the Hopi dancing with live rattlesnakes in their mouths.

"This is Hopiland, beautiful, impoverished, deeply reverent, democratic and pagan—the last outpost resisting Christianity in our country—yet, strangely, until recently it was absolutely free of the crime and drunkenness and debauchery that the Christian world has had to endure along with the thing we call civilization. This is a land of uninhibited, primitive beauty, of virtue and contentment despite privation and poverty; this is a last frontier of America—this Arizona Crossroads we call Hopiland.

"This was the home of one of the most fascinating men who ever visited the city that is recognized the world over as the capital of progress—Washington, D. C. In 1911, standing before ponderous President William Howard Taft, Yukoena eloquently recited a philosophy of passive resistance that 2 years later was to make another gnome-like brown man one of the most controversial yet respected men of peace in the modern world.

"They came from opposite ends of the world. One was highly educated, the other was ignorant of his nation's language; one was poor by heritage, the other poor by choice; yet Yukoena and Mahatma Gandhi, the wiressed saint of India's fight for freedom, beneath their brown skins had the same fervent love for the dignity and honor of man as an individual, for the same cold way of doing things, and both had hatred only for compulsion and violence.

"My Hopi Friend had told me when we came home that Yukoena had told Dan many years ago that when he was an old man he would make a trip to Washington by the same route that he had made in 1911 but he would not see the President. We had planned to go by free, but the storm had persuaded us to go by bus. One girl was asleep on the floor and a beautiful girl of 19 was sitting by the stove. I sat beside Dan's brother. The Hopi introduced us to Paul who lived nearby and who, like us, had been in jail as a CI. His wife sat on sheepskin on the floor. She showed us a smiling baby girl born the day before—without government aid. Two small boys played around. I do not feel capable of describing the beauty of Hopiland. My good friend Bert Fireman wrote in the PHOENIX GAZETTE and commentator on the Ford Hour in his Arizona Crossroads program, has permitted me to quote from a recent broadcast where he tells of Dan's father Yukoena.

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went to bed without supper for 12 hours and woke up feeling fine. When cats and dogs are sick they don't eat, or they nibble at grass to make them vomit.

Two years before, I had been at a World Federalist meeting at the YWCA, sponsored by the pseudo-liberal Unitarian minister. The son of the Mormon Chief Justice in Arizona, Stewart Udall, spoke and the minister sought to convince the audience that unless they converted the city to World Federalism at once there was little use in living. (He soon quit the ministry and has not been heard of since). Two years after that, the minister called for a meeting where the President of the United World Federalists, Allan Cranston, would speak. I was invited to be present.

Cranston said that 75% of our taxes were for war. That without law there could not be justice, and without justice there could be no peace. That we had to have a government to prevent crime. Although he was a newspaper man he talked like a lawyer. He said we had to live in a world to defeat the Communist ideal. He was against disarmament.

When the time for questions and remarks came, I said that I was one of those who did not pay that tax for war that he was talking about. That these World Federalists spoke fine words but that their action tomorrow would be just like that of yesterday; that they would all go on paying taxes for the bomb which would kill them just as the war cost them nothing. That Cranston not gain their World Federalism until they had a majority which was so far away there was no use talking about it. That we Christian Anarchists could practice our ideal right now without waiting on anyone else. That if they were to go over the Communists they would have to have an ideal at least as persuasive as the Communists, and not a two-penny second-hand ideal that demands little and gives less.

Cranston replied: "The trouble is that there is too much anarchy right now and not enough government. We all know that anarchism is the ideal toward which society reaches, but we have to have World Federalism first."

On June 7th, 1950 I was working for James Hussey, the farmer four miles down the road who is a reserve army captain and for whom I have worked by the day. Mr. Schumacher of the Internal Revenue office asked him how much I had coming in and as I had started late that morning, I said $3 coming. Mr. Schumacher requested this to be paid on my taxes and wanted to know if I would work for James the next day. James did not know. The tax sleuth wanted him to phone and then he could come back and get my wages. James answered "Uh-huh" and came over later and told me about it, saying that I did not believe in paying taxes and if he did, so this was out of his pocket; that in the future he would cooperate with me instead of with the tax man. The Old Pioneer was in the hospital and the tax man had called on him desiring to know if I had any money coming. I had $12 coming, which had been paid to me by Lise Orne, Jr., neither of us knowing that the tax man was headed this way.

Mr. Schumacher went to each of my employers trying to sell them the idea that if they cooperated with me they were not patriotic and were as bad as I was. But they had been reading the CW long enough to know what it was all about, and besides nobody likes a tax man. So I was either paid in advance, or at night just in Arizona, Stewart Udall, spoke and the minister sought to convince the audience that unless they converted the city to World Federalism at once there was little use in living. (He soon quit the ministry and has not been heard of since). Two years after that, the minister called for a meeting where the President of the United World Federalists, Allan Cranston, would speak. I was invited to be present.

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I hear the soft whistle and song of the Mexican Sodium as he skillfully guides the water evenly, by the quarter-mile-long rows of cantaloupes. Now it is hissing and the shift is over. The long row of cantaloupes are the cleanest rows, and their ground is well worked. There is a distrain against my wages now so I can't work for the Big Company any more. I do not know much about irrigating, but I know how to work in this Southwest I have learned the hard way how not to do certain things. Unless one understands the problem of water in this country, all other information amounts to very little. As I write these pages I am waiting for James to come to get me to irrigate his alfalfa tonight. This type of irrigating is fairly easy. The lands are thirty to forty feet wide and the ports do not have to be dug deep and filled with water. They are of cement with a tin which is inserted in a groove. We generally run three lands at once. The water comes in supply ditches, called laterals, down the valley north and south on each crossroad, and each road is numbered. I live on lateral 20. As the water comes across the head of the field, the up-to-date farmer has a concrete dam; with a huge tin to open and close it; about four to a quarter mile. Otherwise a canvas tarpaulin (called tarp) is slotted on poles which rest on a beam across the ditch, and this makes the dam. Two skillful irrigators can insert a tarp in running water five feet deep in and form a perfect dam.

Two of the farmers for whom I irrigate had a man who slept all night and did not change the lands of water. As the ports are opened and the water rushes into the lands, it goes at a different rate of flow, depending upon the distance from the immediate 'dam' nearby, obstruction of sticks or weeds, or lay of the land. The thing to remember in this Southwest is that the lay of the land is southwest. Walking south along the border, which to the eye would seem to be nearly level, one notices four or more drops, or cascades during the mile. The waste water from the
irrigated fields flow into these ditches and is used again and again further down the line. The chief worry of an irrigator is that rodent vegetation which fills canals and ditch banks with holes. When you figure on so much water in one place, a great potato fit is apt to be following the serpentine burrowings of Brother Gopher, whose pouches outside his cheeks must literally carry tons of dirt during his lifetime. At least he is "riding high" in the Western country, as did Noah's Ark, built of gopher wood.

Irrigating alfalfa is easy work compared to running the water over bare land, for unless you are used to the field you cannot know just where to put the checks so that all of the land will get the water. I remember irrigating such land for a Jack-Mormon (backsiding Mormon) and right even with the flow of water a thousand winged blackbirds would be hopping from dry clod to dry clod, which were driven from their sequestered domiciles by the oncoming water.

Walking down the lateral, early one Sunday morning, to get the bus to town to sell CW's in front of churches, I saw a great flock of these same birds roosting and gaily chirping on the backs of the sheeps which were grazing on lettuce culls. How they kept from entangling their feet in the wool I do not know, but I never saw one that seemed to have any interference on that account. Maybe this is the way they kept their toes warm early in the frosty morning.

The Old Pioneer

The Old Pioneer is not a radical in the accepted sense. He was on the draft board in World War I and supported this last war. He is an old-time Jeffersonian Democrat who wants no subsidies from any government. Like draws like, and God brings together those who sincerely and without counting the cost seek to follow him. The Old Pioneer had asked people when there was a radical farmer for whom I could work I might have been sent to some New Dealer who would certainly not be in sympathy with my anarchism. As it was, I trusted in God and ended up here in the one place in the Valley where there was a farmer of character who charged numerous tax men, the FBI, an Army Intelligencer man and a Postal Inspector when they came after with brassed to leave up full of people waiting to complain to him. There was no putting people off; he attended to the thing right there. People soon got to know that he was on the square, and in time this cut down complaints. No stuffed-shirt, false dignity with him.

The Old Pioneer instituted another idea based on sound psychology, although he went only to the 5th grade with a little extra study later in mathematics. He had an open office with brassed to leave up full of people waiting to complain to him. There was no putting people off; he attended to the thing right there. People soon got to know that he was on the square, and in time this cut down complaints. No stuffed-shirt, false dignity with him.

The best stories of his fourteen years as head of the Parole Board in the State of Arizona cannot be told. I am sure I can say without being contradicted by any students of Arizona history that Mr. Orme is one of the very few men, among Governors, Justices of the Supreme Court, Sheriffs, and the Police who could not be bought and who could not be scared. Despite his natural integrity, there is always that he is the one to learn how and what to do. Thus when he was first head of the Parole Board the Governor asked him to approve the pardon of a certain forger.
two years 160,000 acres out of the 720,000 acres under cultivation in the Valley has gone back to desert. New land is being opened up constantly of course. Land has A, B, B or C, water rights and the greenhorn had better be sure that his land has schedule A or his dreams of making the desert bloom like the rose will not materialise. The freedhand Westmore of Arizona was no match for the city slickers in Los Angeles Unlimited, years ago when the Water Compact was made. Arizona is on the high side of the Colorado River and can only gap for water while the Babylon of Los Angeles and California cheerfully and brazenly alphons and wastes millions of gallons of water away. The Central Arizona Project now up in Congress would give to Arizona what is legally allowed under the Compact, but which was previously prohibited because of the cost of pumping or channeling it. It will finally cost nearly a billion dollars, would have to be paid for by the federal government and would only supplement the water already needed by existing water users. With the trend of corporate farming as it is and the certainty that real estate men will sell more land at inflated prices to speculators who see present day evils would only be increased. The rancher whose land is under a lien on a profligate government will soon be a peon as were the helots of Egypt.

This brings to mind the whole question of corporate farming. The Bank of America octopus in California backs the Grapes of Wrath hegemony of that state and the idea has come to this Last Frontier of the country. As I have stated before in these pages it is a vicious circle. The poor, working man is trapped and the cycle continues. The New Republic has, for example, come here for their health and find little work to do. The chief industry is the Reynolds Aluminum Plant employing 1500 men. Reynolds, with its millions, was too poor to build a plant so "went on relief" and got a war plant from the government at a fifth of its cost. Other migrants come from the south and even a few from California. There are the native Spanish and Mexicans who have more recently come over. There is no time to sign his resignation from the Parole Board before accepting the job. "To hell with you and your job" was his answer. He would do what was right and make promises to no one. If he had once accepted the ethos of the Sermon on the Mount, he would have had the courage to practice them; there would be no half-way business with him.

With the increasing population in Arizona due to the fine climate and the wiles of real estate men and Chambers of Commerce, there is such a demand for water that the water level is constantly dropping. Last year many in this vicinity had to spend from $1000 to $2000 for drilling new wells, for water for house use, or for deepening old ones. If a farmer cannot afford to drill a new well this is only one more farm to be leased to the Big Company whose giant wells have already in part caused this water shortage. Most of the water used in irrigation here does not come from natural rainfall and snows but from scattered wells owned by the Association. This water has a salty content, and its use for irrigation, along with commercial fertilizers, causes the land to become alkali, so that in the last

Los Angeles Unlimited

Field Work

When work is done by contract, that is so much a row for thinning lettuce, chopping cotton, etc, for water for house use, or for deepening old ones. If a farmer cannot afford to drill a new well this is only one more farm to be leased to the Big Company whose giant wells have already in part caused this water shortage. Most of the water used in irrigation here does not come from natural rainfall and snows but from scattered wells owned by the Association. This water has a salty content, and its use for irrigation, along with commercial fertilizers, causes the land to become alkali, so that in the last
ly not learned to soldier on the job like the native of the valley, and they are sure to be depended upon until they get "spoiled."

The leveling and working of the land requires expensive machinery which the small rancher cannot always have at hand. Consequently he has to await his turn for custom tillage, work his ground improperly, or get his crop in too late. In marketing produce the Big Companies set the pace and the little fellow is often out in the cold about it, but from all these letters I received only one answer, from a Methodist minister praising my stand. It happened that the church was not far from St. Matthew's labor was to harvest forty for the next year I think, so I went down to his service between masses. In this church there is "open communion" which means that anyone, whether a Methodist or not, could take communion. They have communions once a year, but it is a few weeks before and cheaper food. Even this is more responsibility than many care to take. The tavern, bingo, radio, movie, dog race, ball game, etc. calls.

Doing it the hard way, eeb spoke the Mexican who was driving the huge caterpillar disc in the field next to the 75 by 75 feet garden which the Old Pioneer and I share, and which I was tilling. "Yes, but I eat from this garden every day of the year and don't plow under my crops like you folks do," I replied.

True, the disc is ten thousand times more efficient than the primitive method, but for what? Lettuce and melons are not raised to be eaten but only for the profit to be made. If the price drops, the crop is plowed under or sheep are turned on in the field. Three years ago my Molokan neighbor received $5000 for the cabbage on his 20 acres. Next year he put in 40 acres and did not sell a head. This capitalist system does not make sense. There is no answer to the problem of labor and of agriculture under this set up. Small organic communities, or family homesteads, or groups where a diversity of crops are raised may be established. Inquiring as to the location of my address he asked that the west was of town. Getting into a bus headed westward he was asked by the driver where he wanted to go. Noticing a CW by the driver's window that he said that he was going to get off, he asked me if this was the CW, someplace west of town. The driver replied that this bus went north within a few blocks and west not but that he had been on this bus on the last trip and had handed him this CW and he knew where I got off and would let Jack off at the same stop. This was the first time I had ridden on this bus on a Sunday and the first time I had met this driver, so my habit of giving my CW to bus driver, that I was going to picket when

My first fast and picketing

Before the Korean War I had told my tax man, a Catholic who thought the CW was a Communist plot to get me to picket his office on Aug 6th—the anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima in 1945. When Dave Dellinger and others commenced their two week fast in Glen Gardner, N J, against the sending of troops to Korea, I wrote to him that although I was unsympathetic with his World Citizen emphasis, I would fast and picket for five days commencing Aug 7th, from my anti-tax Christian Anarchist point of view. The 8th came on a Sunday so there was no use picketing then. According to the Gandhian technique of goodwill and frankness I wrote to the City Manager and to my tax man, telling them of my extended plans; also to the chief of police asking for a permit and telling him if he did not give me one I would picket anyway. Also wrote 51 individual letters to every priest, preacher, Mormon leader, Jehovah Witness leader, etc. in Phoenix telling them of my fast, quoting "The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" and having told them what my CW of the Big Companies thought about it, but from all these letters I received only one answer, from a Methodist minister praising my stand. It happened that the church was not far from St. Matthew's labor was to harvest forty for the next year I think, so I went down to his service between masses. In this church there is "open communion" which means that anyone, whether a Methodist or not, could take communion. They have communions once a year, but it is a few weeks before and cheaper food. Even this is more responsibility than many care to take. The tavern, bingo, radio, movie, dog race, ball game, etc. calls.

About two weeks before my fast I was visiting an enthusiastic young Catholic couple on a Sunday afternoon and discussing the CW movement. A knock came to the door and a young man inquired for me. My host, knowing the ways of the FBI, asked the young man why he wanted to see me. He replied that he had read the CW in Detroit and ten thousand times more down to visit me. This was the right word to say to get into that house, so in he came. His name was Jack Yaker, a Jewish veteran, who had graduated from Ann Arbor and had somehow skipped the agony of Socialist and Communist activity and had at once become an anarchist. He had read the CW in the Labadie Collection at the U. of Michigan, and the anarchist curator of this excellent library had said that he go any further in radical thought or commercial pursuits he should look up in Arizona. He quit his job and hiked down here in four days. Inquiring as to the location of my address he asked that it was west of town. Getting into a bus headed westward he was asked by the driver where he wanted to go. Noticing a CW by the driver's window that he said that he was going to get off, he asked me if this was the CW, someplace west of town. The driver replied that this bus went north within a few blocks and west not but that he had been on this bus on the last trip and had handed him this CW and he knew where I got off and would let Jack off at the same stop. This was the first time I had ridden on this bus on a Sunday and the first time I had met this driver, so my habit of giving my CW to bus driver, that I was going to picket when
Rik and Ginny and I had spent hours getting a leaflet out which was headed:

**The One Man Revolution**

Why do you, a sensible person, now believe that war and the A Bomb are necessary? Why are poor Oriental peasants who have seldom eaten a square meal in their lives choosing to fight us? Why does Communism appeal to so many people? Is it because we have failed as Christians? Why are we in this mess? Because you have sought security outside of yourself instead of accepting responsibility. Because you left matters to the politicians, took their bribes of pensions and subsidies, and their impossible promises of prosperity.

My guilt—For seven years I have refused to pay income taxes for war and bombs. I am fasting for these five days as a penance for not having awakened more people to the fact that the way of Jesus and Gandhi is not the way of the atom bomb. This war, like the last two will not bring peace and freedom.

What can you do now? We made a revolution against England and are not free yet. The Russians made a revolution against the Czar and now have an even stronger dictatorship. It is not too late to make a revolution that will mean something—one that will stick: your own one-man revolution. It is not too late to be a man instead of a pipsqueak, who is blinded by the love of money.

Are you a producer or a parasite? Why not cease voting for all politicians? Why not refuse to make munitions or to go to war? Why pay income taxes for your own destruction?

I had made a hinge in the middle of the handle of the larger sign so I could carry it on a bus. Jack and I had stayed at Rik’s the night before. As we left for the bus-stop a carpenter going to work stopped and gave us a ride most of the way downtown. Jack took the signs and waited in the cool of the Greyhound station while I went to St. Mary’s to mass. I asked for guidance and light.

I had a small quantity of leaflets, C.W.’s, and folded tax statements in the back pocket of my jeans. I had walked the three sides of this block, three other times when I picketed against payment of taxes, so the ground was familiar. Shouts of “Go back to Russia, you Commie” were frequent. One Catholic lady who said she had bought C.W.’s from me at St. Mary’s cordially took a slip. When I walked on, a man shouted for me to go back to Russia. The lady turned to him and said “Go back to Russia yourself.” Those who fast do not stop to eat so I kept on during the noon hour. A few now and then greeted me kindly, but most were fearful to be seen speaking to me, and many shouted insults. About 3 p.m. a news reporter and photographer stopped me for an interview. A crowd gathered around. One man was especially noisy, poking his finger in my face and shouting, “Russia,” “the boys in Korea,” etc. One big man said that back in his state they took fellows like me and threw them in the river.

“Where do you come from Buddy?” I asked.

“From Ohio, long the Ohio River,” he replied.

“So do I, and I was acting like a radical there when I was 18 and no one threw me in” I answered. The crowd laughed. Another big fellow said that if I came back tomorrow with my “damn Communist papers” they would take me out in the desert and throw me up against a cactus and I would stick there. In a very quiet voice, but firmly I said:

“You are not really as mean a man as you make out to be.”

At this the crowd melted away, although my two interrogators insulted me as I passed by with my sign again. But they could find no one to back them up. Jack had been on the outside of the crowd and a lady told him, not knowing that he was my friend, that I was not a Commie for I picketed here every year.

After 4 p.m. Mr. Schumacher, my tax man, came up and handed me a card which read:

**Seized for the account of the United States on 8-7-56 by virtue of warrant for distress issued by the collector of internal revenue, district of Arizona. Deputy Collector. . . . . . . . . One poster for picket line.**

Actually there were three posters but I handed them over saying that I would get some new ones made and picket the next day. I continued handing out leaflets and C.W.’s without my signs until Rik met me at 5:30 p.m.

Rik made new signs that night and marked then “This sign is the personal property of Joseph Graignye” but the tax man did not try to take them. The ARIZONA REPUBLIC had a good picture of myself and signs on the page opposite the editorial page. The picture showed my large sign which read:

75% Of Your Income Tax Goes for War And the Bomb.

And on the reverse side—

I Have Refused to Pay Income Taxes For Last Seven Years

The 7:30 a.m. broadcast gave the above, after describing picketing of a restaurant by the AFL union. One for union recognition. One for peace revolution.

My sandwich sign, in front, as pictured in the paper read: “Reject War. Choose the Gandhi Way.” The reverse read: “Your Income Tax Upholds Foreign and American Imperialism.” As I picketed I presented first sign with inch black border which read: “Hiroshima was A-Bombed Five Years Ago. I am Fasting for Five Days in Memoriam”
I was much cheered to receive a telegram at the general delivery window from Dorothy and Bob Ludlow, the spiritual emphasis of which strengthened me as I glanced toward the tax man's window expecting him to come and take my signs away. A Jehovah's Witness was waiting for me in a car and said that he was my friend and had been on the edge of the crowd the day before. I had given him my literature, he said. He was kindly but advised me to beware of the tricks of the Roman Catholic Church, which showed him Dorothy's telegram and he admitted that he had never heard of such radical Catholics. I also met a young man, a veteran of five years, who said he was a Catholic. After reading the CW and other literature, he told me his Irish name and said he was a fallen-away Catholic who had never heard of such a fine radical paper as the CW. Later I received word from him that he would see me at mass at St. Mary's the next Sunday.

Jack kept bringing me my wave order. At 5 p.m. I was so tired I could hardly sit up. I went to Rik's that night and slept 12 hours. I did not have any headache or stomach pain. I went to the church, took communion and did not feel for half an hour it was stopped for half an hour and rested during the day. I felt better the next morning.

I had read in books, and Dorothy and others had told me, that Jesus meant something special. I also knew it from my time in solitary. All this time I could not see any connection between Jesus and the churches which supported capitalism. I went to the church on the morning before, pickinget. I went to mass and in the midst of my fasting and prayer and picketing there came to me a feeling that Jesus on the cross here at St. Mary's did mean something special to me. I have been quite smart in calling non-Christian Anarchists papists and in admitting that I had much courage and wisdom. I have known all along that I lacked that love which radiates from Dorothy and true CW's. Now, as I looked over the congregation I did not feel so smart. I felt a desire to be one of them and to help them instead of being so critical. Maybe this is the beginning; but what there is of value that comes to me will have to come from the heart and not from the intellect. This does not mean that I condone church support of war and capitalism. It means that I will not allow it to keep me from God and from Jesus who was a true rebel.

I went with Jack to the Greyhound and rested for half an hour, in the middle of the morning. I also took a salt tablet and then, as it was 109 degrees in the shade and much hotter on the pavement. (Whether this is a superstition or whether it does my good I am not sure), I left W. friend to stop me. Two Franciscan priests, whom I did not know personally, took my literature gladly. One priest called my name from his car. I had corresponded with his athletic uncle and had sent him a CW, so he knew who it ought to be that was picketing the postoffice. The tax man passed and smiled and made no motion to take my signs. There was not quite so much name calling as on Monday. To picket one day is not so bad for you come and go and the super-patriots may not know about it. But to give notice you are picketing for five days gives an opportunity for anyone to beat you up. It only takes one fellow to picket and it only takes one fellow to knock him down. In the afternoon the leader of those who had reviled me stopped with a friendly smile and apologized, saying that he had been drunk; that now he knew what my ideas were. Each day of my fast now he performed kindly acts to help me and argued with others that I was a fine fellow and he was around to keep any others from bothering me, arguing for me the best he knew how. (Years later I was riding from Los Angeles to San Francisco and a man came down and sat beside me, saying to my old friend by looking for me, but it proved to be this very man.) One of my employers came along in a car and took me to a nearby park where I rested on the grass for half an hour. Just as this time some Catholic Anarchist friends were looking for me, and someone told them that I had been arrested. One of my CW point friends called Rik and found out that I was still free and picketing. Because of this two intermissions I had, I felt fine and strong.

The next morning it was cloudy. The cap that I wore while picketing had a double length green visor and was given to be a Catholic veteran who had used it in the navy. This morning I forgot acbe but now realized that I should have tempered the wind to the shorn lamb for it was not so hot today. I was glad to receive several letters from Dorothy and a card from a Quaker anarchist in Paris who somehow had heard of my picketing. I drank about a gallon of water every day, Jack bringing around the jug about every half hour. I was not very weary and I walked at a slower pace, but I would not have run a mile for a million.

In the afternoon the tax man came along and good-naturedly said that he had a bid of $5 for my signs from someone who wanted them as a souvenir. (I did not ask him if he was the bidder). I had given him CW's before and had shown him Dorothy's telegram. Now he was friendly and asked about my life, my daughters, my ideas, and said that he understood my opposition to the status quo. Like the tax man before him he was a Catholic. He felt, as I did, that there was nothing personal. He had his duty to do. He had tried to garnish his wages, and had taken away my sign that he could report some activity on his part. He said I had a right to peacefully picket and departed in a friendly spirit. We met several times later as I picketed. He did not like my reference to himself as a servant of Caesar in a letter I had written to him. I told him this was perhaps a poetic way of saying it, but I meant it.

The last day of my picketing was the hottest of all. To tell the truth I became a clock-watcher and drank more water than ever. I met a few sunny people now and then, but they did not last long. One elderly man took my leaflet and remarked that he and his family were friends of mine. For I had given literature to his wife the day before and he had read my tax statement and leaflet to his congregatation and men's men's of his little mission west of Phoenix. One man whose employment kept him near to my picketing had puffed his maddened patriotism all the times I had picketed here. Today he was pleasant and wondered how I got by without paying taxes. I handed my leaflet to a lady whose face seemed familiar. She refused it, saying, "You gave me one Monday. I took it home and read it and burned it. I wouldn't have such trash in my
home.” It was my defender of the first day who had told the man to go back to Russia.

During these five days about a sixth of the people called me names. About half of them were fearful, but if one in a row took literature the others followed, and if one refused the others did likewise. The remainder were friendly. Nearly all Negroes and Mexicans took my literature. I began the last weighing 148 pounds. I ended it weighing 129. Now, a week later I weigh 160. I broke the last with tomato juice, a peach, pear, plum, peartip, and grapes, and was digging a ditch at 9 a.m. the next day, and have been hard at work ever since.

One of my good friends in Phoenix is Joe Stocker, New Dealer, and former editor of Anna Roosevelt's daily paper which had a short life here. He is now a free lance writer. He is far from being an anarchist and is not a pacifist. His wife Ida had her first baby while I was picketing and fasting.

Hopii Snake Dance Again

I was rested up from my picketing and went up for the Hopii Snake Dance Aug. 23, starting to walk on the road from Leupp's Corners as Rick and I had done before. After walking 19 miles, the tenth car that came my way picked me up. The air was clear and the sky was bright, and I enjoyed the walk. The snake dance this year was at Dan's home, Hotoevila. A thousand or more people were at the dance. Next year there was no soda pop for sale or any commercialism as we had witnessed the year before at First Mesa. There were no government or Hopii stoo ge police, nor any drunks or disturbances. My Hopi friend's small girl, sat astride of my neck during part of the snake dance. A white man came up and asked me how my small daughter liked the dance. I was tanned, but my daughter was highly pleased. The snake dance followed the same pattern as last year and hundreds of years. Knowing hardly any thing of Hopi tradition compared to what there was to know, I felt a part of this ceremony without understanding it. I felt at home with the Hopi.

In the morning before we went to the dance I went to my Hopi friend's garden and helped him hoe in the sandy soil. I never saw such a big hoe. I thought I was a good worker but I couldn't keep up with the Hopi. All the time I was picking up the snake dance it rained, as it always does. That night I met with about twenty of the radical Hopi at Shungopovi. They asked me questions about my work, my tax refusal, about Dorothy and the CW. As I looked over the Hopi each was a distinct personality. They smiled and nodded approval when my Hopi friend translated my answers to their questions. We left at 2 a.m.

We visited the colorful Butterfly Dance at Hotoevila the next day. This goes on for hours and hours all day, in relays, both men and women dancing. I met a silversmith from Scottsdale, whose English name is Muriel Robinson. He had been in jail in Kearns Canyon and was a rebel. He had married a Pima Indian. I met the Hopi conscientious objectors. There had been a morning race over desert waste and up the cliff to Hotoevila, and Paul's son won the race, as Paul had when he was younger. The next day I rode with relatives of my Hopi friend to Flagstaff. About half way we heard a noise and there was a hole in the gas tank! The Indian woman quickly grabbed bubble gum from a child and stopped the leak. Ezra, the young C.O., heard us referring to Tucson Road Camp, and in a matter of fact way said "That is where we all will be again soon." The white man would deny the possibility and evade the issue as he could. The Hopi face facts. Before I left I spent three hours trying to explain an orange juice, a peach, pear, plum, peartip, and grapes, and was digging a ditch at 9 a.m. the next day, and have been hard at work ever since.

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shamefully disobedience to the people, and they were either pushed or thrown into these vats filled with sulphur water. Our religious headdresses were beaten, kicked, clubbed with rifle butts, their hair cut and after being dragged, were left bleeding on the grounds in their villages.

These immoral acts were done to us by the government of the United States, all because we want to be peaceful, to live as we please, to worship and make our livelihood the way our Great Spirit Massan'uu has taught us.

Hopi Sovereign Nation has been is existence long before any white man ever set upon our soil, and it is still standing. It will continue to hold all land in this western hemisphere in accordance with our Sacred Stone Tablets for all his people who are with him here.

But now you have decided without consulting us; you have turned away from us by leading your people down the new road to war. It is a fearful step that you have taken. Now we must part. We, the Hopi leaders, will not go with you. You must go alone.

The Hopi must remain within his own homeland. We have no right to be fighting people in other lands who have caused us no harm. We will continue to keep peace with all men while patiently waiting for our "true brother" whose duty it is to purify this land and to punish all men of evil hearts. Because we have never fought your government, never relinquished our rights and authority to any foreign nation and made no treaty with your government whereby our young Hopi men be subject to correction laws of the United States. Therefore we demand that you, as President of the United States, now and for all times, stop the drafting of our young Hopi men and women, and release immediately all those who are now in the armed forces of the United States. And we also demand that a full and complete investigation of the Navajo-Hopi bill, so-called Hopi Tribal Council and the Indian Bureau be made by the President of the United States, Congress and the good people of the United States. This is your moral obligation to the Red Man, upon whom land you have been living. Time is short, and it is our sacred duties as leaders of our people to bring these truth and facts before them. We must set our house in order before it is too late. If the government of the United States does not begin now to correct many of these wrongs and injustices done to the Red Man, the Hopi Sovereign Nation shall be forced to go before the United Nations with these truths and facts. We are.

Sincerely yours,

Dan Kaichongva, Advisor, Sun Clan, Hotovelia, Arizona.
Andrew Hermequatewaa, Advisor, Blue Bird Clan, Shungopovi, Arizona.
Making the Winter Garden

Having nearly fathomed the mysteries of the harness which equipped the blind and deaf mules borrowed from a neighbor (I milked his cow while he caught the wild animals), I hitched them to a disc and prepared the garden, irrigated two weeks before. A clump of Johnson grass here and there deftly showed remnants of green after the rest of the grasses were a pleasant brown. A harrow leveled off the ground nicely. One row of egg plant and peppers remained from the summer garden. The hot August weather had nearly burned them up, but now near the end of September they were blooming again and would produce until heavy frost.

The Old Pioneer brought twine and we measured out straight rows. We hitched the blind mule to the plow and the Old Pioneer led as I made— not the straightest row in Missouri or Arizona—but one good enough for the purpose. We came back over the furrow to make the ground even on both sides of it. By 1 p.m. I had returned the mules and had started to plant. The rows are 81 feet long. I have never worked elsewhere in such fine mellow ground: not a hard lump of dirt to be found. It had rained while I had been up to the Hopi and thus any clods that remained from the plowing around the first of August, when I had driven the mules and Jack Yaker had tried his first stint with the plow, were now dissolved.

The furrows were about a foot and a half in depth. I leveled off the ground between them with a rake, then took a hoe and chopped half way down the edge of the furrow to make sure that the ground was fine and crumbly as a bed for seeds. Then I made an inch furrow along this edge where I judged the line of irrigation water would about reach.

First I planted a row of radishes. Then taking a chance that we would have a late frost, I planted 46 hills of Irish potatoes in the next row. Last year I had planted them in August, and it was so hot that they dried up in the hill instead of growing. The trick with potatoes is to have the ground loose and high enough above the furrow so that the top is always dry; the water on either side subduing up and making sufficient moisture. Now I planted two rows of chard, the green leaves of which would mix well with the carrots, to be pulled each day for a salad, from the next two rows. A row of onion seed and onion sets provided a different shade of green in the garden, followed by three rows of beets. We had made four rows for the planting of peas in November; two beds for the tomatoes in the spring and two wide beds for watermelon in the spring. It was after dark before I stopped to eat supper, but all had been planted except two rows of beets.

One Bowl

Long before I had known that Gandhi ate from one bowl—the aluminum one which he brought from prison—he talked to the women folks that they cluttered themselves up with too many dishes. Sometimes my sister-in-law at whose home I lived for a year in Milwaukee called me “one-bowl Hen- nacy” and minimized the quantity of utensils around my place at the table. To my mind the simple life means that one should eat that which is at hand and buy from the store only when it is absolutely necessary. As long as I have Irish potatoes in the garden they form the bulk of my main meal. When they are gone, I do not buy potatoes but eat egg plant, peppers and onions, which are delicious fried. When I worked in a dairy I made my own cottage cheese, but now that is one thing that I buy at the store. Except for the months of August, September and October I have chard and spinach and carrots which have been cut and sautéed, so then I really have two bowls instead of one. When I worked at a chicken ranch in Albuquerque I ate cracked eggs by the dozen. Since then I seldom buy them. When I worked in the large agro-industrial area around one of my visits to the nearby Inleta Indians, I had apples every day of the year—and apple dump- lings—and apple cider part of the time, except in April, May and June. Here also I had asparagus seven months in the year. It grew wild in the orchard, and all that was needed was to cut the shoots every few days and not allow them to go to seed. When cold weather came, I never bought that very expensive product of the canning factory having had my share during the remainder of the year.

Apples do not grow in this valley and I seldom buy them. Oranges and grapefruit trees are nearly and pomegranates and figs in season. The Old Pioneer will plant some grapevines this month. We had watermelon each day from June first to August 12th. And of course we had free access to the hundreds of acres of commercial cantaloupes all around us. Our one farmer has been tomatoes. While we have some to eat there has not been enough in proportion to the effort expended. Our rows were too narrow and we gave them too much water and they got too much sun. This spring we will plant them in rows five feet apart and with irrigation only on the outer side. Then the plants can produce leaves and shade as protection from the sun. We have used no commercial fertilizer. I have a small compost pit.

The second Monday after I had painted my garden the Old Pioneer called his brother-in-law, Joe, and he and I hitched ourselves to each end of a broomstick which had a rope on it and a spade in the遛 end. I was the broomstick and we were roughed up under the ground between the rows. “Darn burros,” mumbled Joe.

Broken Arrow

This week I was pleasantly surprised to hear the voice of my Hopi friend on the phone. Catherine Howell, a Quaker woman who had been living for several months in Hopi villages and who had now learned the distinction between the real Hopi and the government stooges who accept favors from the whites and thus betray their people, had driven to Phoenix to visit Rik’s wife Ginny who was an old time friend. My Hopi friend came along. He wanted to get some information about the soldiers sent to Truman and also to bootleg a job at his trade as a stone mason where there would be no withholding tax for war. He brought a yellow watermelon and some pears. Piki was made a souvenir and Kellogg consists of rolls of grey or pink toasted corn of the taste
and texture of cornflakes. He had never visited my place. I pointed out the middle room which could be his at any time.

I have refused to attend the movies since 1942 as I do not want to pay a war tax. But I hinted to my friends that I was willing to be an accessory-to-the-fact and attend a movie to see the true story of Cochise, the great Apache leader for whom a county is named in the mining region of south eastern Arizona. I had read the book Blood Brother by Elliot Arnold and understood that this account has the support of Apache leaders and secured peace between the Apaches and the whites was correct Arizona history—aside from the love story that had to be put in.

So Rik was the host for my Hopi friend, Joe Craiglynle and myself to see Broken Arrow. The Hopi said that the Indian customs presented were fairly accurate. The Apache speak somewhat sharply, like the Navajo, while the Hopi are entirely different in expression. The only criticism of the play that I had was the fact that the most stirring and incriminating part of the play was merely referred to, not acted out. This was when the army commissioner offered a flag of truce and coldly ordered Cochise, his brother, and four others murdered in the tent where the truce was held. The others died right there but Cochise had a knife in his loin cloth, cut a hole in the tent, escaped, and began his famous ten year war against the treacherous whites.

When peace had been made by Tom Jeffords, the hero, the army general made the promise that no soldiers would be stationed on the Apache reservation. Those who have seen this movie and do not know Indian history should be told that Tom Jeffords had to quit as Indian Agent because the government broke its word and sent troops. They should also learn that during the administration of Gov. Safford—one of the many carpet-bag ne'er-do-wells sent from Washington when Arizona was a territory—a special trip was made by the Governor to Washington where he had the boundaries of the Apache Reservation changed in order that the copper companies could get the land they wanted. Safford is now a copper town. This wealth which enabled the Big Companies to run the I.W.W.'s out of Bisbee in 1916.

Those interested in Indian history should read Apache by Will Levington Comfort. The Quaker writer. It is a small book written many years ago and tells of the childhood and life of Magnus Colorado (bloody sleeves), the brother-in-law of Cochise, and of his final death when murdered as a prisoner of war. Now with the whites bribing the Indian leaders for oil and uranium leases, the further robbing of the Indians continues. The message which the radical Hopi bring, along with the CW Christian anarchist emphasis, provide the only hope in this crazy war-road world.

Truman's Emergency

"How are you going to get people to put up the sword? My son died in Korea. I know you didn't kill him. God bless you!" said an elderly woman as I was picketing the post office in Phoenix, Dec. 18, 1950 in response to Truman's "emergency" declaration. The woman had seen my big sign which read:

"Put up thy Sword He that taketh the Sword Shall Perish by the Sword." Jesus' words.

On the reverse of this sign was a picture of a pot, colored green, with a sign on it: capitalist. Opposite was a red kettle—Communist. Underneath was the caption:

"The Pot Calls the Kettle Black"

My other sign told of my regular refusal to pay taxes and mentioned Gandhi. I attended mass at St. Mary's picketing for prayer and grace and wisdom. I felt that I would surely get beat up but that the "emergency" had to be met. In another church that morning a CW priest said mass for the success of my witness for peace. I had notified the city manager and the tax man that I would picket against the war emergency. Ginny Anderson stood on one corner to hand me extra literature and be my "lookout" to report trouble if I was beaten. Bryan Bryant, Catholic anarchist, home on Christmas vacation from his duties as teacher of English in a Western University, stood on the other corner. There was an unusual number of people coming and going around the holidays. No one advised me to go back to Russia or called me a Communist.

"Extra, extra, all anarchists to be shot at sunrise," shouted the good natured news man stationed in front of the post office as I passed by. When a later edition told of a robbery in Tucson of my friend Brophy's Bank of Douglas, the paper man shouted as I went by: "Extra, extra, Gandhi robs a bank."

A woman looked at my sign and asked if I did not know that Jesus told Peter to sell his clothes and buy a sword. I answered, "Yes, but when Peter showed Him the sword which he had Jesus did not say to cut off the other ear but said, 'put up thy sword. He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword.'" As the woman walked on she shouted back: "Jesus called for a sword so he could perform a miracle. He never said 'put up thy sword': You better read your Bible." I told her that I had read it six times in solitary, but there is little use in quoting scripture to these "Bible-bangers."

Somewhat different was a teen-age boy who pointed to an ad of the Marines and said that meant more to him than my sign or my leaflet which he had just read. I told him that if he believed that way—and he was to leave for war next month—that he should do what he thought was right. He refused to take a CW although he was a Catholic and went to St. Mary's. I hoped that he would return safely and then confess with the priest as to the possibilities of being a pacifist Catholic. It was not his fault that he had never heard the pacifist message before. We parted in a friendly spirit.
One groff fellow asked, “What have you got there?” I answered, “It’s either very good or very bad: depends upon how you look at it; better read it and see.” He smiled and went his way reading the leaflet.

While Byron and I went for lunch, Frank Brophy, whose bank had been robbed, spoke to Ginny. Although the CW says “Starve the Bankers and Feed the Poor” he reads the CW, and is not ashamed to be seen talking to me on the street, whether I am picketing or just selling CW’s at the bus. A Catholic anarchist woman stopped to see us but missed us because of the following incident:

We had only brought along 500 leaflets and now at 5 p.m. they were nearly all distributed. I went to get some more and two friends of Ginny’s asked her for my propaganda. So when I returned, I gave her some leaflets and she went in the post office and gave one to each of them as they had requested. A friend of hers in the tax office had asked for one also. I had some extra to put the leaflet in an envelope for her to give to the tax man but not enough to give the leaflet to his friends in the post office, which was government property.

Later two cops came up and questioned me saying they were having too many complaints about my picketing. They read my signs and leaflet. I told them that what I was doing was clearly subversive and that the tax man and tax man had priority over them in my case and they ought to confer with them. One cop did so while the other asked me questions. Among other things he asked if Ginny had handled out leaflets in the post office. I told him to ask her, which he did, and she explained what she had done. Meanwhile people crowded around and watched my signs. I saw my tax man as he came near: and also an FBI man.

The police wanted to know what had been done when I had been arrested for picketing before. I told them that I had been released and had picketed seven more days without being bothered. They conferred with headquarters and suggested that Ginny and I accompany them to the police station. Here we waited about an hour while detectives and police looked over the signs and leaflet and asked questions. I offered a CW to one police captain but he refused it, saying that no Catholic paper could support such unpatriotic actions as mine. I asked him if he knew Father Dunne and he said he did. I advised him to call up and see what he said about me and the CW. (Later Father Dunne told me that the man had phoned him.)

Byron had phoned a Catholic attorney, friend of the CW, who spoke to Chief O’Clair. The Chief said we could go but I had better not picket or I might get into trouble. I told him that I was used to handling tough individuals and crowds and could take care of myself. He said that any charge such as disorderly conduct, loitering, etc. could be brought against me. I told him that was his business and that I would picket again on March 14th. He added, “Another day.”

We went back again and gave away our few remaining leaflets. Postal employees looked out of the window and saw that the police had not stopped us. One of the calls against us had come from an ultra-patriotic postal employee who had noticed Ginny handing the two leaflets to her friends, one of the cops told me. The last leaflet I gave out was to a postal employee who had refused it early in the morning and now his curiosity had gotten the better of him. He read it standing where all could see, and praised me for my stand.

Lay Apostle

During the winter Drew Pearson lectured in Phoenix. I had mailed his manager the current CW, my tax statement and one Man Revolution leaflet. I kidded him about supporting capitalism and war, and like Truman taking the Sermont on the Mount in vain. That inasmuch as he was invading my territory I had to write him an answer. I had written to him in Washington, D.C. once before. That I couldn’t afford the high price of admission but would sell CW’s outside to counterbalance his smoke-screen. A friend gave me a ticket and I went to hear him. He was interesting enough but it wasn’t worth even a quarter. I sold plenty of CW’s and several thousand people heard, perhaps for the first time, “Catholic Worker, Catholic peace paper, one cent.”

Just before election day of 1950 Rik and Ginny had moved to the suburb, Scottsdale, a small town east of Phoenix that puts on the super-Western dog. Ginny rode around in shorts on a bicycle and Rik, who is his temperament bourgeois, and only anarchist by intellect, chided her about “creating a bad impression in a new community.”

Soon afterward we all attended a Democratic election rally in Scottsdale, because Ana Fromilder, the Democratic candidate for Governor, though not an anarchist, was a good friend of ours. Rik thought that the boys would like to sit on the front seat near the band to observe at close hand the machinations of the musical instruments. We all should have known better, but the first thing that happened was the playing of the Star Spangled Banner. Instinctively, and without a look or thought, one to the other, we all remained seated. We could not have put on a “worse show” or “created a worse impression” by this action. We heard mumbling, but no action followed. Later Ginny and I kidded Rik about the “good impression” he was so worried about. America, the Beautiful, or even America, are good songs which we could arise to honor, but not the jingoistic “bombs bursting in air.” This incident, and one related later in this book, have a direct bearing on one of the momentous divisions of my life, but I did not realize it at that time.

When I was waiting at the bus station one morning to go to Mesa to sell CW’s, an elderly woman grabbed a paper from me, saying, “I could cut off the Pope’s head and sing to Jesus when I was doing it. I used to be a Catholic; now I am saved and washed in the blood of the lamb. And don’t talk back a word or I’ll tear you to pieces.” I didn’t and she went careening up the street.

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In contrast, while I was selling papers at the same spot an old man with his few belongings tied up in a sack, hanging from a stick over his shoulder in the traditional manner of boloos, stopped and looked at my display, saying: "I'll have one." I told him not to bother to unload himself to get the penny and gave him a paper and my tax statement. He had a bright and intelligent eye and replied with a smile: "I'm a good Catholic, on my way to Heaven; name is Collins. God bless you."

CHAPTER 8.

Working - Fasting - Picketing

1951

Phoenix - Hopiland

Hopi Initiation

My Hopi friend had invited all of us to the initiation dances in late February. This dance is not public, but, an outsider can come by invitation. It is for children of about six years of age who have received presents on holidays and birthdays from masked kachinas. They are to graduate from this phase of life into the next, or "no Santa Claus" phase; but it is all a ceremonial plan, and not a deceit as it is with us. Even at that early age Hopi children know the how and why of babies.
Rik and family and I left late on a Friday morning by way of Black Canyon Road. Joe Craigymyle had supposedly left the night before with some citrus Ginny had picked for the Hopi and with some of his own from his fruit stand. But you never can tell where Joe is until you actually see him there. He could change his mind or fall asleep on the way. Within 70 miles, Ginny's boys saw the first snow of their lives at Mayer, Ariz.

Getting into Flagstaff we said hello to Virgil and Yoobel Maddox and went to Platt Cline's. Platt had to be out of town at an AP convention. Between the two houses a car skidded into us and we had to stay over a day to get the repairs made. Due to modern technical efficiency, the brake man wouldn't touch or give an opinion about the fender; and neither the brake nor the fender man, about the alignment or the motor. But after much red tape we got going shortly before dark for New Orahibi.

We saw in the distance the panorama of the mesa in the setting sun. This alone was worth the trip.

Getting in at ten p.m. we found that our Hopi friend and Joe had waited for us until half an hour before and had gone to Hotewilla where the initiation was taking place. We went there and Esta, a nephew of Dan, and one of the Hopi OY's, took us to Fred's house where we met our Hopi friend and Joe. We visited until midnight and then went to the snake kiva, which had a side entrance where you did not have to go down the ladder from the top.

The Kiva held several hundred people. A Zuni Indian sat next to me. Kachinas with and without masks danced and then dancers from the other seven Kivas came down the ladder and danced. Children of both sexes sat on benches around the walls, wide-eyed. They had sat there off and on for four days. Women came and gave them a drink of water at times.

Rik, Ginny, Ammon, Joe got sleepy in turn and left about 4 a.m. Eight year old Keith stayed until daylight when the kachinas took off their masks. The children were told that they did not live in the San Francisco mountains near Flagstaff but were only auntas and uncles—but not the smaller children. They would learn when it was time. They were then told the duties and admonitions which would make them good Hopi and not KaHopi which means “bad Hopi.”

Muston and hominy and an especial sweet cornmeal pudding were on hand and everywhere we went ate some of it. We slept a little and visited with our Hopi friend. We also visited Don, the Sun Chief of Old Orahibi; we went to Shungenopos to see Andrew and to ancient Walpi on the huge rock. As we entered Walpi, kachinas were whipping (a form of mock fun) all those who were caught outside of a house, as the procession was coming. We waited with a thousand people for the opening exercises, but as it was getting late we left before we stood the chance of getting lost in the winding unmarked desert roads.

Anarchism

That night Platt and Barbara welcomed us. In true Mormon hospitality Barbara had baked a birthday cake for Ginny. Platt found an auto-

graphed copy of Marcus Graham's Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry which he had purchased from the author in Denver years ago and gave it to me.

I had written in his atheistic and bombastic monthly paper MAN for about ten years, and when he issued a book he asked me to do him the honor of giving the definition, although there were many anarchists more capable. I stressed the ethical view. I quote from page 8 on ANARCHISM, a Solution to World Problems, issued by MAN, P. O. Box 971, Los Angeles, Cal. 1940.

Anarchism has been called non-state Socialism. Despite the popular idea of anarchists as violent nuns, Anarchism is the ONE non-violent social philosophy. It is the very antithesis of Communism and Fascism which places the State as supreme. Anarchists will do away with the State entirely. The function of the Anarchist is two-fold. By daily courage in non-cooperation with the tyrannical forces of the State and the Church, he helps to tear down present society; the Anarchist by daily cooperation with his fellows in overcoming evil with good will and solidarity builds toward the anarchist commonwealth which is formed by voluntary action with the right of secession.

The basis of Anarchism is liberty with individual responsibility; its methods are decentralization of activity and federation of local communities for national and international functions. Simplicity is emphasized. Courage and freedom are its watchwords. Anarchism, having faith in the innate goodness within everyone, seeks to establish the Golden Rule by working from within the consciousness of the individual while all other systems of society, working from without, depend upon man-made laws and violence of the State to compel men to act justly. Anarchists seek to slowly change the forms of society but do not rely upon that change alone to make people better.

And now a definition from the Encyclopedia Britannica: "ANARCHISM: the name given to a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government-harmony in such a society being obtained, not by submission to law, or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreement concluded between the various groups territorial or professional, freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, and also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and appetites of a civilized being. In a society developed on these lines, the voluntary associations which already begin to cover all the field of human activity would take a still greater extension so as to substitute themselves for the state in all the functions...."

March Tax Picketing

About a week before the time for picketing the tax man on March 14, I went over to Rik and Ginny's to make up the leaflet. I had already

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written what I thought was good, but from previous experience knew that the best things require much effort. That night they were going to see Father Dunne's play Trial by Fire, and I was babysitting for them. I read the manuscript of my leaflet after supper and Rick asked me if I were going to picket on Sunday. I told him that he knew it was on a Wednesday and he laughed and said that what I had written sounded like a sermon and that it would never do. Ginny agreed.

"What are people interested in when they see you picketing? Talk about that," Rick said as he left for the play. After the boss had their numerous drinks of water, etc. etc. and all was quiet, it came to me that most people wanted to know how I got by with it. In a short time I had written another entirely new leaflet.

I never make my signs much ahead of time, for something important may happen that must be used for the substance of a sign. The Saturday evening before March 14th, Rick, Ginny, and I worked until 2:30 Sunday morning getting the exact words for my poster. A hundred suggestions were made but with us no sign is made unless it "clicks" and has the approval of all. The first sign was about my non-payment of taxes, as usual, and needed no discussion. Operation Killer had just been in the news, coming from General Ridgeway and Rick provided the words: "Operation Killer will bring the peace of the graveyard. Not world peace."

News had come about the Senate approval of Universal Military Training, and Ginny suggested that something showing our disapproval be given in a sign. It took hours but finally the following emerged: "The end of the American Dream: Universal Military Training."

We did not want our posters to be the same as on previous picketings. We hunted through the Scriptures, made scores of suggestions, but the final words seemed to elude us. About 2:30 a.m. the following seemed to ring true: "God is not mocked."

So after mass I went forward to picket. A postman with his load on a bicycle saw me as I adjusted my signs and asked for a CW and whatever leaflet I had. Very few people refused the green leaflet. I gave CW's to those who were especially interested.

Two elderly men thought I was advertising some accountant who would help them make out their tax reports. Another man asked me: "How do you get by with it?" I told him that I knew he was going to ask just that question, so I had the answer. He took my green leaflet with that little good-naturedly. One postal employee asked me who paid me for good picketing. I told him that I did it on my own, quitting work on the farm where I would earn $6 and spending as much for my posters and leaflets.

"Now that is what I call believing in a thing. I'll read what you got there," he said.

I had noticed a sickly looking man with a dog on a chain. I passed him two or three times. Later he was across the street and called for me to come over, saying that a man in the business establishment wanted to read my signs. I went over, gave them my literature, answered the question again to the effect that I was not paying anything; that I was on my own. The man with the dog wanted to read the sign on my back, and asked me to turn around. I did so and he wet it off, saying that I should not use God's name. The proprietor shunted my assailant out of the store saying: "This is a free country. You invited this man in here, and you can't start a roughhouse in my place."

I went across the street to continue my picketing, when a woman walking behind me touched me on the shoulder, and taking out a pocket knife, said, "Hi! I fix that sign so you can carry it again." It was Tilly Lasho.

A couple of years before when I had been away for a few days I came home and found the screen near my door cut, the door open, and Tilly sleeping in my bed. She had looked up my address, after escaping from "solitary" in a mental institution in Los Angeles, and with much more acumen than most, had found where I lived. She showed me a letter from the CW praising her for her work she had done at our Chicago house. She worked in the fields and lived in a sort of dump-away sink away of the tracks. She claimed that she was very wealthy from properties in Detroit, and that she had been put away in order that others could get her wealth. She said she was part Chumash and part Navajo and had made leaflets to her mother who owned a big market in Los Angeles, to her son who was a doctor in New York city, and her sister who lived there also. Letters to her husband in California, etc., etc., but they all came back. Tilly thought that men, especially Mexicans, were about to rape her, so she kept an ax, a club and butcher knife to promptly attend to any males who showed up. She said I was the only man who had not tried to rape her. If I worked nights she would be as quiet as a mouse while I slept or if I was typing, and would soak sheets in water and hang them up by the screen and produce a home made air conditioner. But if I was not asleep or writing she would talk my head off. She generally ate by herself. She would stay for several weeks and all at once would be going and a shirt or coat of mine would be missing, and in its place would be a lock of hair tied around with a string which would bring me good luck. I had not seen her for a year and now she came and did me this service and walked on. Months later I received a letter from the court in Los Angeles saying that her husband had died and owned two properties and had money in two banks. I gave Tilly ten dollars fare to go back to California, but she told me a week later she lost it and would hike that way herself. Years later I received a letter from her from the same asylum from which she had escaped. Folks teased me about all this, but there was no way of telling her not to come or go, for she did as she pleased.

My first tax man of three years earlier, a Catholic priest, greeted me kindly. Other tax men asked for my literature and kidded some of their non-Catholic co-workers, asking me for literature for them. Cars were parked all along and someone was generally waiting in them. I offered them literature and it was usually accepted.

One man who attends St. Mary's and had openly cursed me and the CW is Communist, tried to pick an argument with me on the idea that the CW was a Communist and not a Catholic paper. I told him that this could not be so on the night before I had been introduced by Father Bechtel in the basement of Our Lady of Good Counsel Church in the nearby College town of Temple to the Newman Club, and had openly
advocated the Christian Anarchist principle of the CW. This man did
not believe it and was going to report me to the FBI. I told him he was wasting
his time for they already had a file on me. A priest from St. Mary's came
by later and greeted me gladly. Joe Craigmyle, Arizona's only non-
registrant, came by and carried my sign for 15 minutes while I received
a large hotel is across from the post office. I noticed a man whom I thought
was a wealthy former employer of mine of Albuquerque. I phoned him and
he was surprised to hear me. I did not invite him over but mailed him my
literature. Cliff Sherrill, the father of Bob Sherrill, who had given me
such good publicity three years ago on Anna Roosevelt's daily, stopped
and greeted me kindly. He had been a reporter in Atlanta in 1917.
I was in prison there, had the prison beat, and knew of my story. On my
last round a big man struck his fist at my sign. Perhaps I had come too
close to him. The Newman was cheerful; one of his helpers had worked
with the CW in Boston years ago.

Just as Rik drove up and I had 20 steps to get to his car a young man
jumped on the shoulder and asked me if I had met any veterans that
day. I told him I had. He asked me if any of them had tried to knock
me down. I replied that they hadn't. His next remark was: "Well, here's
one that feels like it." I talked to him for ten minutes before he changed
his mind. I can't remember a bit of what I said but it must have been
good for I always do better under pressure, like Clarence Darrow.

About fifty people had greeted me kindly and about the same number
had grunted disapproval. About 250 had accepted the leaflet and I saw
less than a dozen thrown away. I gave out 150 CW's.

It seems that at a certain stage a prophet has little honor in his home
town, for the newspapers did not mention my picketing. I had notified
the police of my activity. That night a radio broadcaster who is the chief red-baiter in this vicinity, quoted from the
literature of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, which he called a Commie
front, to the effect that two thirds of income taxes went for war. He had
read my leaflet to his audience when I picketed Dec. 18th and said that
I was a Commie and so was the CW Communist. Several people phoned
in and defended me. Now I learn that someone brought my leaflet to
class at the Phoenix Union High School, and a teacher asked a girl
about it. She had never heard of the CW so she asked a priest about
it. He did not know much about it either, so asked a priest at St. Mary's,
who explained that the CW was a good paper. So at least one girl and one
priest knew more about the CW.

The leaflet I handed out read as follows:

How do I get by with it?

I don't know for sure.
I have picketed thirteen days in the last three years here in
Phoenix against war, the draft, and paying taxes for all this. I

have been detained by the police and released four times, and been
called to the tax office often.

I was a conscientious objector in both World Wars. In 1942 I
refused to register for the draft and resigned from a civil service job
in Milwaukee where I had been a social worker eleven years.

As I do not believe in shooting I have since then worked on farms
where no withholding tax is taken from my pay, so I do not buy a
gun for others to shoot. The tax man has tried to garnish my
wages; now I work by the day for different farmers and if necessary
am paid in advance in order that no garnishment is effective.

I believe in the idea of voluntary poverty somewhat after the
pattern of St. Francis, Therese, Tolstoy and Gandhi. I have no
car or anything the tax man can get. I make a true record of my
income but openly refuse to pay a cent of tax.

I am a non-church Christian. I believe in the Sermon on the
Mount, especially because it is more revolutionar than opportun-
istic Communist tactics. I do not put my trust in money or bombs,
but in God.

I am an Anarchist who believes that all government exists not
to help people but to continue in power exploiters, bureaucrats
and politicians who keep us on the run with their continual depres-
sions and wars.

If you believe in capitalism and war and think you get your
money's worth in paying taxes that is your business. My message
is to those who are beginning to question the idea that preparing
for war brings peace. It is to those who believe somewhat as I
do but who are afraid to stand up and say so.

If you begin to see through the assertion of the warmongers
that we are for defense—while we invade foreign countries—then
you should read my tax statement in full as printed in the Feb.
1951 CATHOLIC WORKER, 225 Christie st., New York City,
obtainable from me free of charge on the picket line or by request
to my address below.

If you are ready for my message here is a starter:

REFUSE to become a soldier
REFUSE to make munitions
REFUSE to buy war bonds
REFUSE to pay income taxes

STUDY the Sermon on the Mount
STUDY Gandhi's non-violent methods
STUDY Jefferson's idea of life on the land
"STUDY war no more."
"Better to light a candle than curse the darkness." A Christian Anarchist does both.

March 14, 1951
Ammon A. Hennacy, R. 3, Box 227, Phoenix, Arizona.

No State Tax Paid
A side from paying taxes to the United States I also consider it wrong to pay taxes to the state of Arizona, so on March 15th. I wrote them this letter.

Tax Collector, State of Arizona.

Dear Sir:

I made $1491 in 1950 working as a day laborer for farmers. Whether I owe the state any taxes or not make any difference to me for I do not intend to pay it. I wrote to your department the last two years to this effect. I am enclosing the statement of reasons why I do not pay my federal income tax and the same holds for the state of Arizona as it is part of the capitalist system and furnished a guard in wars and a militia to put down strikers.

I consider that the 2% sales tax which I cannot help but pay is sufficient for paying for walking upon the highways. I do not ask or accept police protection and do not want any pension, subsidy, or help from the state. I do not desire to help pay for the upkeep of prisons, courts and reform schools which deny the Sermon on the Mount. Any services that the state performs could be done much cheaper and better by the people themselves. Neither do I favor handing out millions of dollars in old age pensions to people who do not need it; in many cases to old folks who turn over their property to their children and ask for a pension because everyone else is getting it. This is not the Pioneer Spirit or the true American Way of Life.

P. S. Here is a copy of a leaflet which I handed out when I picketed the federal tax man yesterday.

Sincerely, Ammon A. Hennacy.

Hopi Protest to Governor Pyle

There was a bill up in the legislature to legalize the sale of liquor to the Indians if and when the Federal Government also withdraw restrictions. Four Hopis, the interpreter, Andrew, Dan and Ralph of Tucson stayed over night with me. They dictated the following letter which I wrote for the Hopi to the Governor.

Phoenix, Arizona, March 27, 1951.

Dear Governor Pyle:

In order that it may be fresh in your mind concerning the conversation which you had with us of the Hopi yesterday we are summarizing our thoughts.

It came to our attention this last Saturday that there was to be a meeting of Congressmen here in Phoenix to discuss Indian affairs. One of our leaders, Andrew Heremugaltewa of the mother village of Shungopovi, was busy with religious ceremonial but he felt that this land problem was also important so he left these sacred ceremonies and came to Phoenix.

We are not able to find signs of any meeting and it was suggested that we call at your office. We did so and are pleased to have met you. We find now for the first time that you have signified your intention of signing a bill granting the sale of liquor to Indians. We understand that your desire to increase the tax or not does not make any difference to me for I do not intend to pay it. I wrote to your department the last two years to this effect. I am enclosing the statement of reasons why I do not pay my federal income tax and the same holds for the state of Arizona as it is part of the capitalist system and furnished a guard in wars and a militia to put down strikers.

I consider that the 2% sales tax which I cannot help but pay is sufficient for paying for walking upon the highways. I do not ask or accept police protection and do not want any pension, subsidy, or help from the state. I do not desire to help pay for the upkeep of prisons, courts and reform schools which deny the Sermon on the Mount. Any services that the state performs could be done much cheaper and better by the people themselves. Neither do I favor handing out millions of dollars in old age pensions to people who do not need it; in many cases to old folks who turn over their property to their children and ask for a pension because everyone else is getting it. This is not the Pioneer Spirit or the true American Way of Life.

P. S. Here is a copy of a leaflet which I handed out when I picketed the federal tax man yesterday.

Sincerely, Ammon A. Hennacy.
The Indians time to have a plebiscite in this matter. We are not telling you what to sign or what not to sign. That is up to you as Governor. We are only bringing it to your attention that the white man has always made rules and laws concerning the Indian but never asking the Indian what he thinks about it. You should think this matter over in your own heart and pray to your God for guidance before you do this thing.

There is another matter that we wish to speak to you about. This land that was given to us is held sacred to us as a Peaceful Land. We are told by Massara'u that our oil and minerals must be used for peaceful purposes only. We do not wish to use them for war. When desolation of war does come there must be some place of refuge; some place where peaceful people are found who remain true to their sacred teachings. We do not wish to be soldiers in foreign countries to kill people. This is also an evil part of the white man's way of life called civilization and progress. We do not want to have anything to do with war. We have made no agreement or treaty with the government regarding our land or regarding our being soldiers; therefore it is a violation of all honor and justice to draft our boys to fight in any war. We will not allow our boys to be soldiers.

A year ago we went to Washington, D. C., and told the authorities that we did not recognize their jurisdiction to decide what land was ours and what belonged to the whites. We are now and have been for centuries a sovereign nation owing fealty only to our God. We have gone to Washington and now to Phoenix but we are not going to have any more meetings in the white man's big cities. We want the next meeting to be held in Hopiland with all of our people and religious leaders. You mentioned that there were different groups of people among the Hopi and you wondered if we represented the majority of the Hopi. We represent the traditional leaders and if you come to Hopiland we will have a meeting of young and old, not in a smoke-filled room in secret, but in the open where the sun can be witness to the truth in our hearts. In the past government men have listened to Hopi who have government jobs and have sought to subvert the Hopi away from their true peaceful life.

Sincerely yours,
Dan Katchenny, Advisor,
Sun Clan, Hotisvila.
Andrew Hermequaterua, Advisor,
Blue Bird Clan, Shungupoy,
Interpreter, Oraibi.

The Governor signed the liquor bill. The night before the Hopi left we had a phone call and made an appointment with Congressman Toby Morris at the Hotel Westward Ho. As I went to the desk to inquire for him, I saw him and introduced myself, saying I had Hopi with me who wished to see him. He replied that he already had a meeting with the Hopi. "With the government Hopi," I told him. He looked guilty and said he would be back in a minute, and headed toward the bar. Soon he came around and motioned for the Hopi to come outside in the cold wind where he put his arm around them and told them what he thinks about it. We had heard the same words in Washington, D. C. from him.

Around this time Alan Haywood, C.I.O. organizer spoke in the High School Auditorium. I stood outside and sold C.W.'s. And later went inside and listened to second-rate pep talks. After the meeting at Haywood, gave him a CW, and told him that C.W.'s had picketed St. Patrick's when Cardinal Spellman had his priests walking in the cemetery strike. Haywood said he had organized that union, but I asked him to tell me the history of the CW. He had bought a copy of me from him as he went but I did not recognize him. When he cashed it he building he waved to me cheerfully and said "Keep up the good work."

Living Off the Land

"It's good to have you around; you give one confidence in life" said the Old Pioneer when he saw me come home from work and gather my crop full of peas from our garden, and a bowl of smallberries for breakfast from the huge tree by the lateral. "You live off the land like an Indian," he added. I replied that I never bought any canned goods, although at times my fare might seem monstrous to the glutton who thought only of a variety and of out-of-season vegetables. After the peas came fine red tomatoes. Now there is corn, regular sweet corn, Hopi and pop, Okra, a little of which goes a long way, and always onions and carrots. The chard is wilting in this hot weather after being on hand since last November. This year we surrounded some of the tomato vines with stakes and a small mesh wire, and these plants seem to be doing better than before. Bell and chili peppers are on hand new until frost, and egg plant will be my staple in about a month. These are difficult to start but grow like weeds when they have passed a certain stage. We have five rows of watermelons. When I fasted last week and picked the tar bean man, I kept thinking of watermelons. Banana and hubbard squash have established ownership of one end of the garden. The oven in my wood stove is no good, so often when I come home from work the Old Pioneer has baked a squash for me. He has an electric stove, but claims that food tastes better with a wood fire fragrant with desert resin.

Water

Because of the high price of cotton due to the war every man and his brother are planting cotton. The local papers and then LIFE magazine had articles about a community east of Mesa where a big cotton man from California rented desert land, put down big wells, and drew all the water from a small nearby community, so they had to have water hauled, as they had no money to drill a deeper well. We call this kind of man a suicide farmer. He leases land, hires custom tillage and custom planting, and often sells his crop before it is matured, so that no matter what happens
he cannot lose. He lives in town generally, or perhaps, as in this case, comes carpetbagging from another state. And for us here in Arizona a robber from California is the worst.

Wills that have been here for fifty years are now drying up because of this increased use of water. If a resident farmer has no water or the thousands of dollars it takes to drill or deepen a well, he sells or leases his land to the big company and moves to town, or becomes a farm laborer. This is just what has happened in Arizona, for, according to the census in 1940, there were in round numbers 18,400 farms. In 1950 only 10,300, with more land in cultivation than in 1940.

This last month three resident farmers for whom I work had to drill wells. Adding insult to injury, the big farmers who have already gotten their large wells have now petitioned the courts to halt all well drilling because of the scarcity of water. They have theirs so well with the neighbors. This same Association can unite to hog all the water, but when the CIO wanted to bargain with them in the packing sheds they claimed they were only individual farmers, not an organization.

Few rebuffs work in this section, but the big farmers generally hire Mexican Nationals, for they are steady, sober workers, more so than the average. As I remember my cotton picking days among the poverty stricken and debilitated whites and poor and happy Negroes, I cannot but remember "where wealth accumulates and men decay."

In the latter part of June fires burn in the fields all around: wheat and barley stubble. These shifting farmers spoil their own land in this alkali country by these fires and deprive the land of humus which results from the plowing under of the stubble. The land also soaks up more water and needs less irrigating where there is this mixture of soil and straw. The big company and the army captain farmer, James Husey, are about the only ones around here who do not burn their stubble. The Old Pioneer rents his land to the big company and won't allow his stubble to be burned.

"You shovel like a Mexican," said the Old Pioneer as he watched me make a check to dam up the water on the low side of a land in his small wheat field. After eight years in this Southwest I finally have received this compliment. This Irishman generally dug his shovel deep into the ground, put his foot on it and leaned on it, thus making a hole where water could settle and cause a washout—at the worst—and at the best it would make a rough ground for machinery that had to go over it. The right way—is Mexican way—is to scoop up dirt in a swinging motion. This is harder, but it leaves no hole for a washout.

"CW" readers might think that I do nothing but picket. "Hopi," "picket" and "fast" are three different words but to my employers they seem somewhat interchangeable, for when I mention one they ask about the other. They all read the CW and none of them are Catholics. The truth is that I have worked every day except the eight days I picketed in 1960 and the time spent for the trip to Washington and the three trips to the Hopi.

There has been very little rain this last year. One cloudy evening James came and got me to come and irrigate his barley field which had recently been planted. Instead of being in lands about thirty feet wide there were about 48 rows irradiated at a time. The water was already set and running in these rows. Bin of straw, sod, or tin kept these rows immediately in front of the entrance of the water from washing out or giving these rows more than their share. Water from a port in the main ditch ran in a small ditch for about 12 feet and then spread out in 12 rows. After a time he walked down the quarter mile length of the field about every 100 feet to see if Brother Gopher had piled up a mound of fine dirt and had stopped the water in any certain row. Now it commenced to rain, it had brought a rainbow, but with my shingled hat in the mud and wielding the shovel and a flashlight I was soon wet around the edges. I had run the pickup nearby so I could get in and out of the rain for a few minutes. When one weather is bad one needs to find portions of his num-

ber and cut off the water. At the far end water would back up and fill all of the rows. At times I would shut off one port and open a new one. While daylight came I was able to find six rows of that had been missed and to run water down these rows. It had rained most of the night but not enough to provide moisture to germinate the barley.

Now about six weeks later I irrigated this field at night. I crawled into my sleeping bag for a few minutes and soon felt something cold touch my face. It was Cindy James' dog, from half a mile away. She gravely held out her paw to be welcomed. I was only glad she had not brought her eight puppies along. I had made no noise in the field, but she knew I was there, it seemed. Irrigation went without much trouble although I was busy most of the time.

It is evening and I see two Mexicans irrigating perhaps 200 rows of cantaloupes for the big company. They had irrigated last week when the seeds were first planted. Now a small amount of water run down each row for about 30 minutes until it had supebled up and kept the seeds wet in this hot country. (I had not run the water long enough so had to replant my tomato seeds).

Irrigating

I have been irrigating freshly plowed ground now for three nights for James. He is a reserve officer and is all packed up to go to camp to-morrow. He believed in the previous war, but sees no sense in the war in Korea. As he is not a convinced pacifist he has not tried to go over it. The right way—is to irrigate it. Now the next day when he called for me to irrigate he joyfully in-formed me that the discharge he had asked for a long ago had just arrived and he would not have to go over it. He is a reserve officer and I have ever had and has more patience with inefficient help (including myself at times) than I as a pacifist would have had. Instead of driving those who work for him he quietly suggests the tasks that are to be done, and we all go at our own speed. Last week I cut tall Johnson grass along the irrigating ditches for him. Mexicans had taken the two handles off the scythe and thrown them away. I blistered my hands and cramped my
might be combined and produce something better than either anarchism
without Christ or Christianity which follows the war-provoking state.

Babylon

The Valley National Bank, largest bank in the Rocky Mountain states,
it boasts, writes of the growth of Phoenix. Along with the Chamber of
Commerce and real estate sharks, there is the constant comparison with
Los Angeles, and much fuss is made when an industry moves here.
The following from the June, 1954, ARIZONA PROGRESS, issued by the
Valley Bank, entitled "Comes the Evolution," is worth quoting in full:

"The age of Materialism, spawned by a fertile Individualism
and the Industrial Revolution, has lasted a long time. It has
produced a multitude of creature comforts. We have invented gadgets
to perform almost every physical act, including that of procreation.
But all this material progress has not solved the world’s social
and political problems, nor contributed materially to human happi-
ness or satisfaction. On the contrary, it seems only to have in-
creased tension, insomnia and ulcers.

"Man, apparently, cannot live by bread alone, or by caviar
alone, or even by the escapist of modern transportation and
entertainment. He has also had his fill of Supermen and Medicine
Men, of puny panaceas and moral miscalculations. The Pied
Pipers of the Proletariat have not delivered a ‘more abundant life’
but continuous unrest and a long succession of gory wars. When
dilutisement sets in, people usually become embittered fanatics or
humble supplicants seeking divine guidance.

"Fatalism, of course, is a negative and not wholly reassuring
philosophy. Most people have a spiritual anchor—a basic
belief in something. If intangible, so much the better. Said Apostle
Paul, ‘Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of
things not seen.’ Communism is doomed to failure; not only
because it is bad economics but because it is a godless and soulless
doctrine.”

Thus speaks Manifest of the Desert, the chief architect which has
changed this valley from one of homesteads to commercial farming; which
foreclosed on hardworking farmers in the depression, cleverly admits that
something might be wrong with affairs. The religious stunt-shirt who
writes this stuff is smart enough to know better, although he may have
deluded himself into believing that he is sincere. By hinting that one
should pray and that there is really something to religion he seeks to link
the predatory traits of his bank with something Holy. “If is usury Mr.
Banker, and time belongs to God, not to bankers.”

With further quoting of scripture he tries to put the blame for his
own mercenary program’s failure to produce an abundant life upon the
Communists, accusing them of wars and saying that they are doomed
because they are “Godless and soulless.” Bankers who are supreme among
thieves have the gall which goes with their bloodsucking business in call-
We really can’t change the world. We really can’t change other people! The best we can do is to start a few thinking here and there. The way to do this, if we are sincere, is to change ourselves! This is why I am picketing and fasting!

I have been trying to change myself since I studied the Sermon on the Mount while in solitary confinement as a Conscientious Objector in Atlama prison in 1918.

This is why I quit a civil service job nine years ago and live a life of voluntary poverty.

I work by the day for farmers, because no withholding tax is taken from my pay.

This is why I owe $129 income tax this past year alone, and have openly refused to pay taxes which go for war and the bomb for these past eight years.

I am fasting these six days as a penance for being part of the civilization that threw the Atom Bomb at Hiroshima just six years ago, and continues to make bombs . . . and wars.

Our neighbors, the traditional Hopi Indians of Arizona, have not had to change their way of life, for they have had the true way all along.

The white man has stolen their lands, “plowed under” their sheep and cattle, and now this conqueror has told them that the 15th day of August is the deadline when their time be up to claim their rights to their tribal lands! The Hopi do not recognize the right of the white man to be both judge and jury, for they are a self-supporting sovereign people who have lived in Arizona for a thousand years without laws, courts, jails or murders. They have never made a treaty with the United States.

The Indian Bureau has bribed some Hopi and has made Tribal Council stooges of them.

Missionaries who have upheld this wicked government have taught them the white man’s watered-down religion.

The government has drafted Hopi to fight and die in far-away lands.

All this is wrong and shameful, and we should have no part of it—not even by paying our income taxes to support such fraud.

What Can We Do?

We can rely upon ourselves rather than upon the government . . . We can rely upon God rather than the dizzy plans of dizzy politicians . . . We can work for a living instead of being parasites . . . We can refuse to make munitions, to buy war bonds, to register for the draft, or to pay income taxes . . . Government bribes, medals, and subsidies are trash compared to the peace of mind, love of neighbor, and “Thy Kingdom Come” for which we pray.
Orthodox anarchists who like to hide in alleys, whisper in saloons about the great damage they will do to the capitalist, or get social security checks which are not due them and think they have done something, do not like my Gandhian frankness in dealing with officials. The idea is I am not “asking” the officials anything. I am “telling” them what I am going to do. I would begin this fast on a Sunday noon and end it on a Saturday noon as the tax office closes at Saturday noon. It is best not to fill up on solid foods the day before beginning a fast but to gradually lessen your intake.

Rik’s car was parked five short blocks from the post office, so on Monday morning, after praying for grace and wisdom at St. Mary’s and saying hello to my newspaper friend, I loaded my pockets with leaflets, took extra C W’s under my arm, and my waterbag with 11/2 gallons of distilled water, and walked toward the post office. My old news vendor friend had gone and a new unsympathetic one at hand. I hung the water bag on a palm tree and walked down the street. My first leaflet was given to a man who stopped and read it and when I passed him again in turn he said:

“I belong to a group that does things like you do: Alcoholics Anonymous. My wife died three years ago and although I had been a churchgoer for twenty years it did not mean anything to me until then, when I prayed. Later I mixed drinks with my prayers, but the AA fixed me up. You are right in not wanting to change the words by writing ‘changers has to come with each Irishman first.’” Thus one Irishman to another.

There were not so many people on the streets in this 105 degree temperature as there were in March, but very few refused to take my leaflet. Only two people mildly asked if I was a Commie. I replied that I was a Christian Anarchist. Whether they knew what this was or not they took a leaflet. Mr. Stuart, the head of the Revenue Department chuckled at my “MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN” sign which Rik had made in semi-Jewish lettering. The headlines on that morning told of the reorganization of the Revenue Department by Truman; the inference being that Mr. Stuart, along with others, had been found wanting and had to go. He was a man of the old school with a sense of humor, and had grinned at my former reference to a tax man as bad as a hangman.

In the afternoon a friend gave me a copy of a United Press release of 325 words which had just been sent over the country telling of my picketing and fasting. The account was very fair although it did not mention my emphasis on the Hopi. (I found out later that the next night the London Evening Star had 15 lines about my picketing but the anarchist paper FREEDOM in London to whom I had sent an advance air mail copy of my leaflets never mentioned my activity; neither did the leading pacifist journal, FELLOWSHIP, in this country. I gave out 400 leaflets and 175 C W’s. I only gave the latter when asked for them or when they seemed especially interested.

“That leaflet of yours is a masterpiece, but there is one thing that spoils

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"Stop, and think a minute," I replied. "How would you ever have read the leaflet if I had not handed it to you on the picket line? And how would the United Press have sent it over the country if I had left it at home in my desk and never picketed?"

The night before Rik sat up very late sewing some striped goods into an apron which I had pockets for my folded leaflets and into which I could put 100 CW's. However, I found it impeded my walking so I left it with my waterbag under a tree. (In November of 1952 I was carrying extra luggage in an apron which I got on a bus at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Three young men immediately asked me where I got it. I told them in Phoenix, but they would not believe me. It seems that exactly that kind of goods is what the police would arrest you for."

They had just been released. They kept looking back at me and laughing. I gave them CW's to read, explaining that I had done a stretch myself.

"Ten CW's and fifteen leaflets is all that I could handle without fumbling them. My fingers would get numb from holding the sign. First thing I met three people who knew me and who wanted to know about my experiences. One was the wife of a CG. She was visiting in Arizona and had been one of the radical pacifists to visit the radical Hops. As she was reading the UP article she had given me, she asked me why I was stopping people and giving them literature. I told him this was only to friends who were asking for it. He was good natured enough about it but suggested that I go to the police station with him. I told him I had been arrested five times for the same thing and released without charge but he insisted that I accompany him. So with all my paraphernalia I got into the squad car.

Every time I get a new police captain to educate. This time it was Captain Farley. He seemed good natured enough and wanted to know what I was trying to do. I told him I had advised the chief of police all about it a week ago. I said there was too much war and materialism in the world and that some spirituality was needed to offset it. Finding that I did not belong to any group he wondered how I thought I could do anything. He thought that anarchists were bomb-throwers and killers. I told him that the biggest bomb-thrower was the government; that a Democrat had killed Lincoln; a Republican had killed Garfield; and an Anarchist had killed McKinley, and he shouldn't have done it, for he let Teddy Roosevelt loose on the world, so the honors were even. He seemed worried how the world would revolt. I advised him that nothing would happen that suddenly; that today most people believed and did not need a cop; it was only the weakened ones they caught.

He asked me what I did with my money if I didn't pay taxes. I told him I gave my money to my daughters for an education rather than to Chiang and Franco. He speculated on how my daughters would think of such an unorthodox fellow as I seemed to be. I replied that they had bought no war stamps during the war and were coming to see me in a few weeks. That when they were asked this question by the War Resister's League when they were quite small they answered:

"We are very proud of our Daddy because he did not go to war and kill people, but we get tired of hearing him pour over the country if I had left it at home in my desk and never picketed?"

The Captain asked me how I got by without paying taxes for war and I explained the matter in him in detail. He replied: "I think about me. I told him to call up and see. He spoke to Murphy, the head. I offered to leave the room while he talked but he said to remain. He told Murphy he could find no stop of this paroxysm when I got on a bus at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Three young men immediately asked me where I got it. I told them in Phoenix, but they would not believe me. It seems that exactly that kind of goods is what the police would arrest you for."

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took my leaflet. It worried some people to learn that I belonged to no church, was not even a JW, had nothing for them to join that would save them, but advocated that they change themselves. Several fundamentalists exchanged their tracts for my literature, saying that there would be no peace until Christ came, and that I was wasting my time. Rik came to see me at noon as usual and kidded me about my "Indian dinner." The reference being to Indians who when in the desert without food simply dug up their belt and notch and called this operation a "Indian dinner." Two friendly priests stopped and talked to me. Countless persons in cars stopped and told me to keep up my good spirit. Outside of that first day no one had called me Connie. I gave out 255 leaflets and 159 CWs.

The next day Rik and Ginny had invited Morris, a Hopi silversmith, and family over for supper. (I rode back and forth with Rik and stayed at his house during the week, for the 24 miles a day picketing was enough for me without walking the four miles a day to my place at the Old Pioneer's.) This Hopi had a relative who belonged to the Spirit Clan and who fasted 16 days every year at a certain celebration. About an ounce of soup was all that was allowed each day: no water. On the 15th day this man went to the home of his mother and asked for a drink of water. They refused and scolded him for being a weakling. All this time those who fasted ran over the reservation in a search for spirits or in making prayers at certain places. In fatigue and despair this man entered the hollow where babies had been buried. The spirits of these babies would not let him go. There was a hole which opened out upon a steep cliff. He determined to jump out and commit suicide. Just before he came to the ground, after he had jumped, invisible arms seemed to hold him up so that he landed without a scratch. This taught him a lesson and made him ashamed of himself, so that for the succeeding three years he went through the 16-day fast with honor and without any pique or grudge.

That night I was not sleepy, so rested on a couch. No matter how the others in the room began a conversation it ended about something to eat. I had to shout and tell them to talk about something else. I received an air mail from Dorothy telling of the picketing of the Atomic Energy Commission in N. Y. by the CW and others on Monday. My wolf friend, Ask, in Seattle had heard a report of my picketing on the radio that morning.

First thing the next morning, as I was picketing, a man stopped and asked me what it was all about. I gave him a leaflet and CW. He asked if I had to pay too much tax to the Indians; he did not pay any tax at all. He asked me to repeat this assertion and said:

"Why you pay no tax at all and I have to pay my tax. That isn't fair!"

"You don't have to pay any tax unless you want to," I replied.

He became angry and went away muttering. Several men in uniform
time to look in the small piece of glass I use for a mirror, but this morn-
ing while shaving I noticed how bright my eyes were. A woman asked me for extra leaves and, CWs, saying she would give them out to the women in her church club. I asked her what parish she attended. She said she was not a Catholic. She was a Presbyterian and was going to subscribe to the CW. Two young men who had parked their car came running and asked for literature, saying that they had seen my picture in the Los Angeles paper a few days before. I told them, as I had told others, that my message might seem strange to them but they should take as much of it as they could understand. Saturday noon came and as I prepared to re-

picketing and was on the last round of my course I gave my last leaflet and CWs to an Apache Indian and his wife who just came out of the postoffice.

Weighing myself on the same scales that I had used when I began the fast I found that I had lost 17 pounds. This was much more than last year when I had lost 11. I did not feel weak. I called up the UP Bureau and told them that I had finished my fast. They said that the New York office had requested a feature story about my activity and it would be

cast soon on a Sunday. I gave out 86 leaflets and 59 CWs. A total of 1520 leaflets and 563 CWs during the week. About 300 people had stopped and greeted me kindly during the week: only three had spoken harsh words.

When you fast your stomach shrinks and you can eat as much as you think you can. I drank some orange juice, tomato juice, and ate some grapes and peaches and by 8 p.m. I had eaten apples, soup, coffee and a small piece of pie. When Ginny was dishing out the soup I asked for three times as much as I could swallow. The next Monday I worked ten hours and in a couple of days had gained back all I had lost in weight. I felt fine.

Hopi Snake Dance

About two weeks after my fasting, Rik and family and I drove up by way of the beautiful Salt River Canyon and Holbrook to the Hopi Snake Dance. This year it was at Second Mesa. We visited the different villages and Ginny was entranced with the Hopi Way of Life. She went to the store to get something and told me that Ramon Hubbell the trader who had blasphemed the Hopi was there. They have stores in many places. I went over and introduced myself. He was a fat, burly, elderly man who remembered the letters I had written to him and the CW's I had sent him. He patted his belly and shouted that I was a failure like the radicals, that all I wanted was his money. Why didn't I get a job and do some hard work for a change. His wife must have been used to his blustering for she tried to quiet him a little in order that I might have an opportunity to explain myself. He thought some Communists were hiding behind his store in World War I and seemed to think they were there yet. I told him that the two newspaper men and myself were not

architect, which was the farthest removed from Comunism that an idea could be; and that if he had been told we were Communists and were subverting the Hopi he was much mistaken. I tried to tell him Hopi

history but he did not want to hear it. I was quiet in tone and we talked for an hour. Then Rik and Ginny came for us to go to the Snake Dance. As I got in one side of the car Hubbell whispered to Ginny at the other side: "That Hennacy has too kind of a face to be an anarchist." I suppose he was looking for horses.

A group from the American Indian Congress were here talking to the radical Hopi. They wanted to take movies of Dan but he would not allow it for he felt that they would use his picture along with government propa-
ganda. Seems the more educated anthropologists are, the less they know what is going on in the village. They may know all about the bones of the offering but they get so tangled up in their details that they miss the real life of the Hopi. Rik and family went back to Phoenix and I went with relatives of the Hopi to Winslow and then to Flagstaff to visit Platt and Barbara Cline.

I Love My Enemies, But Am Hell on My Friends

I receive hundreds of letters from people over of CW. Most of them praise my stand but a few of them curse me roundly. I answer these letters in as kind a spirit as seems possible at the time. To

those who partly agree tell them more of the same and dare them to live nearer the ideal. If they are too weak to go further then I do not much to be bothered answering them. If they mean business then we have helped each other. I receive a few anonymous letters. One man signed his name, called me a phony, and in every assurance that he made about my activities and character he was as wrong as a person could be. I did not know if he was a Catholic, an L.W., a parasite, and exploiter, or just a disgruntled chance reader of the CW. I answered each false as-

sersion of his in detail and in good humor although with some sarcasm. In answer he apologized. Many times we do not know the extent of our efforts, so once in awhile it is good to know that you have overcome evil with goodwill.

I often say that I love my enemies but am hell on my friends. And it has seemed that those whom with I have the most controversy are those who claim to accept the ideals of peace and brotherhood, and even at times, anarchism, yet who follow from such a distance when it comes to practicing those ideals that I feel it is my duty as one who goes a long way to call the bluff of those who say "Lord, Lord" and "peace, peace" in exultant tones which mean very little. To the old man who had "nary a mark of the beast" I am humble, but not to those who boast of being humble. At times those who do not want to have their inconsistencies pointed out say in a super-sweet voice to me "Judge not, lest ye be judged." I reply "O.K. judge me, then."

A woman had written to FELLOWSHIP, the leading pacifist magazine in this country, whining because she might be rated as a "second class pacifist" inasmuch as she still paid taxes. The reply of this pacifist group was that we all had to obey our conscience and that we were all brothers in Peace. To a real pacifist or anarchist who has done time, or who has
made a brave stand, but who because of mitigating circumstances could not take an out and out radical stand I would never be critical. But Professional Pacifists who receive salaries as such to water down the ideal to keep an organization going are another thing. Accordingly I wrote the following letter to FELLOWSHIP magazine in August 1951. Six months later it was published by them without comment.

Editor FELLOWSHIP:

A lady writes to you of worrying because she might be called a "Second Class Pacifist." We are all that kind compared to Gandhi, but that is no reason we should glory in it. We should be ashamed of our timidity in the face of rampant militarism. We are great at calling the Devil names and then we jump to the other extreme and infer that Heaven and World Citizenship or World Citize...citizenship are similar. No wonder we are so weak. We fail to come to grips with reality.

When the organization gets to be more important than the ideal it is supposed to stand for then there is something seriously wrong. That is just what has happened to the churches and the unions and no to the FOR. In every subject under consideration there is a norm, a standard and a rule by which actions can be measured. But with the FOR there is no norm. You can be an absolutist and refuse to pay taxes, buy bonds, do war work, register for the draft, and if in prison not cry for a parole. The bulk of the FOR membership will bluster because of your forthrightness. You can also load a gun but refuse to fire it and remain, not a second class, but a full rate pacifist. Nonsense! The FOR says ten inches is a foot: Father Divine may say fourteen inches, the JW's eight inches. A foot is a foot and a pacifist is a pacifist, and not half a pacifist.

A person can say that there is a certain ideal but they do not have the courage to live up to it, or for the time being it is too inconvenient and that they will follow from afar off. That is too bad but not half as bad as having no ideal at all or allibiting that their temporary convenience is the ideal and that any make-shift is o.k. as long as the dear old FOR has plenty of members. All this is foolishness with God and man.

Sincerely,
Ammon A. Hennisay

I had not attended a Christian Science church for many years. I noticed a lecture advertised on the subject of Peace. I knew that the lecturer would talk the usual jargon about everything being spiritual and that matter was not really existing; only a seeming existence. Nevertheless I stood outside and quietly said "Catholic Worker. Peace paper." Two uniformed ushers came out and asked me to stop selling the paper. I pointed out to them that their church was the only one that did not allow its members to be CO's, but I think I wasted my time talking to them. I only sold one paper to a fallen away Catholic whom I knew; and one of the ushers took a copy to read. I heard the lecture which was as unreal when it came to discussing the subject of Peace as any lecture could be. I told one of the ushers who spoke to me later that in the early thirties when I was in Milwaukee John Randall Dunn, the leading Christian Science lecturer and later editor of two of their pseudophysical magazines, had asked me to stop and meet him at the Pitzer Hotel when he was there lecturing. He had written an excellent article against war and I wrote and asked him if he meant it. This was his reply.

After some conversation he put his arm around me and said "You are right and the Church is wrong on the subject of war. You did right in going to prison. Keep in touch with me." I wrote to him several times again and did not get an answer, so with so many people who have a momentary flash of truth. The usher felt that people had to make a living even if they worked at war work, and they had to obey the law, even if it was a bad law.
work in the fields to clean up my cottage and file my correspondence of the previous year, for I had worked every day except when picketing or visiting the Hopi. Of course the water did fill up the dams and it was wonderful for the state as a whole.

Irrigating

By the drilling of the barley crosswise, instead of the length of the quarter rule "lands," I found these last few nights that the water distributed itself with very little trouble, as it did not rush to one side of the land and miss the other side. Several places where the border had been broken between the lands by this cross drilling, the water would escape from one land to another. By going ahead of the water and filling in these low spots the work was made much easier.

"Don't scatter the water" is one of the important rules to learn about irrigating. Normally there was enough water—150 inches—to irrigate two lands at once, but due to the dryness of the ground and cross planting of the barley I ran the water on one land at a time. (I only learned this after one night of trying it with two lands at once.) Cindy and her grown daughter came with muddy paws and cold nose to great me as usual.

When the farmer brought me new boots the other night, as three pairs had the left boot snugged, I mentioned the fact to the Old Pioneer. He recalled the old days when the irrigator was supposed to furnish his own boots, and if he had none he was charged a quarter a night rental for the ones used and furnished by the boss. One Mexican would come once a week riding on his burro for 38 miles to irrigate a 48 hour stretch and when he discovered that the Old Pioneer did not charge him the rental for the boots he was overjoyed.

Mexicans

In the old days when there was little electricity in the outlying districts, and before artificial bottled gas was sold, nearly everyone burned mesquite as it grew all over the desert. People cut it as they needed it or Mexicans cut it and sold it. These were the days of carpet-bag Governors and officials sent from Washington, D. C. One such was a very enterprising and ignorant District Attorney who asked the Federal Grand Jury to indict Mexicans for cutting mesquite on government land. The foreman argued that every one cut mesquite, and to the assertion by the D. A. that the law placed said that no timber was to be cut from government lands and the Mexicans had been caught in the act of cutting this timber and had thus committed a felony, the jury foreman replied that mesquite was not lumber, it was mesquite, for it was not good for anything else and the work of cutting this thorny tangled mess was a chore which called for calloused hands and not the soft hands of officials. The ignorant D. A. who did not know mesquite from maple was much put out because common men argued with him instead of obeying him. The jury refused to indict the Mexicans.

The other day the headline ran: "Five Arizonians killed in battle in Korea." Four out of these five bore Spanish names. We stole this part of the country from their forefathers (other than the small Gaeden purchase).
We kept them impoverished by our seasonal scheme of work and low wages so that they do not have the education and the knowhow of gaining bulleproof jobs in the armed forces, as do many of the whites. Hence their high rate of casualties. They are denied admission to clubs and lodges and some unions.

At the State Fair

Other years I had worked one night at the State Fair, taking care of Jersey cows for the Huseys for whom I irrigate. This year I worked eleven nights straight from 7 to 7 for Husey and three others, having 72 cows in my charge. I gave them a copy of CW that morning. I gave them a copy of The One Man Revolution article and I was pleased to read other copies which I gave to him later. I mentioned that at Le Havre, France, he had put on the act for the soldiers and saw them with his folksy to the paper money which was no good outside of France. He inferred that our Truman currency had not reached that level yet.

The Fair was in the first part of November and the mornings were cool enough, but I never could get used to sleeping more than four hours. It took me two hours to get to work at the Fair, so from Friday morning to Monday morning I only slept two hours on Sunday afternoon selling CW's at St. Mary's. As long as I was busy working Saturday I was not sleepy. One night I missed the bus and walked seven miles into town to get to work. In the morning I had a three mile walk and I knew how skim milk was added to regular milk to increase the profits. There is also a racket in this milk business the same as with white bread. It is not the desire to protect the health of the customer that makes for pasteurizing milk but the desire for profits. To cook the milk to kill all the supposedly bad germs would require from 175 to 200 degrees but this would prevent the cream from rising, so it is processed at 145 degrees but had the tax taken from his bank account. I gave this man copies of the CW to send to his brother. Another man asked about work. I pointed out the cotton trucks that were passing by and he answered: "I'll be damned if I'll ever pick cotton. I'd starve first. $1.75 an hour or nothing for me." It seemed that the most recent $1.75 in his possession had gone for liquor so I left him as he muttered about the long drive. I work for 75¢ an hour and some Mexican Nationals get 60¢ and 70¢. Some of the men in the barn who worked daytime slept there at night. In the morning about 5 a.m. this vegetarian still had the sawdust in his boots which they prepared for themselves on a hot plate. I waited until I made my own buckwheat cakes at home.

Although the Republican Governor Pyle is a man of kind words to all and of a religious mien, his backers in the state are ultra-conservative. The citizens of the State Fair who either from stupidity or from habit as a "free enterprise state," awarded the contract for lunches for members of the state to a sub restaurant in town where there was a picket line. This was done without bids, and a picket line was thrown at the Fair entrance. Very
obligingly the only Republican judge in the county issued an injunction against the picketing. This disturbance had about died down when a CO friend of the Hopi village of Orabi communicated to the Governor the displeasure of the Hopi towards the huge 60 foot kachina erected at the Fair, with bows and arrows in their hand. He explained that the Hopi were never in a war and were peaceful people, and that this special kachina was a particularly peaceful one depicting Life instead of death. The proper emblem should be an evergreen branch symbolizing Life. The change was quickly made. In this case I think it was not malice but ignorance on part of the Fair management.

At the same time, an appointment was made for the traditional Hopi to visit the Governor during Fair week, as some of them would be taking part in the weaving and silversmith exhibits. Accordingly, at 2:50 p.m. on a Tuesday I accompanied my friends and a dozen other Hopi to the office of the Governor. Head men spoke of the traditions for peace, non-cooperation with the government, and of their dislike of being forced to take up with the decadent ways of the white man. Dan spoke for the big rebellious village of Hotelliva, Andrew spoke for Shongopovi, and Seyetewa spoke for Moshongopovi. Isaac, the weaver at the Fair, heard the Governor say that perhaps in about 25 years the state would take over the Indian lands from the Federal government for a time, and then the Indians could own their own lands individually like white men, although they now not necessarily have to pay taxes to the state as had been mentioned by the papers before. The Governor also said that many young Indians wanted better clothing and housing and medical care and that he listened to their requests. Now he was hearing from the traditionalists who wanted the old ways. What was he to do? David answered by saying, among other things, "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts." The two reporters present gave fair accounts of the conference, although they could not do the subject justice, as they did not understand the Hopi background. The following day another reporter gave an entirely different picture of the traditional Hopi after interviewing the state government employee Hopi. They tried to picture these traditionalists as crazy old men and as being submerged by whites. In fact the Governor must have been advised to this effect by his conservative backsmen, for after the conference he called the interpreter for a private conversation and asked him if he knew that both of the white men who had accompanied them to the conference and the Japanese who had driven them down from Hopiand in his car were anarchists who had done time for refusing to fight for the country. He was, he said, of the same belief, so the Governor got little comfort. (The Hopi who had driven them down had a slight Oriental cast of features, so the Governor or his informants thought this was George Yamada.)

About this time, Rik wrote a masterful letter, exposing the thieving plans of the whites and stating that the issue was not whether the Hopi had better clothing but whether their way of life was to be subverted by materialistic conquerors. By some accident this letter was published in the local paper which had editorialized to the effect that this was Only One World and the Hopi had to get along the way the white man wanted.

The Anarchist and the Banker

My friend Frank Brophy, President of the Bank of Douglas, asked me to be on the air with him, as the regular man was away. The program was announced ahead, the announcement stating that a real anarchist and a real banker would be on the air. Accordingly I wrote a five minute talk and gave it in advance to Mr. Brophy. He wrote a reply. Then we went to the station to record these talks and to ad lib for the remainder of the fifteen minute program. It was on Station KOOL, 8:45 p.m. Dec. 5, 1951. The following is substantially what was said on the air.

Mr. Brophy—I expect Mr. Henmacy, that this is the first time that an anarchist and a banker sit at the same table without the anarchist having a bomb or the banker tearing the shirt off his back. What do you say Mr. Henmacy?

Mr. Henmacy—Mr. Brophy, I say that in Russia the enemy of the common man is the Communist and the bureaucrat. In this country the enemy of the common man is the capitalist and the bureaucrat. Just as the pickpocket cries "stop thief," pointing to someone else in the crowd, so do the apologists for the capitalists in this country cry "Communist" to call attention away from their own picking of pockets. Every step in the hoaxed high standard of living and "American Way of Life" that has been achieved has been bitterly fought at Homestead, the Haymarket, and by the frame-up of such men as Mooney and Billings, and Sacco and Vanzetti, and is epitomized by the life-long history of Debs, fighting first for the railroad workers and then for all workers. It was radicals such as these and their forefathers, Thomas Jefferson, Alcott, who did the fighting for this American Way of Life.

This is the way that the radical analyzes the economic situation: the workingman receives a certain amount and can therefore only buy back that much. But machine production constantly increases so that there is a great surplus. When the saturation point is reached production is stopped and the goods are sold for less in foreign countries than we ourselves can. The quarrel over these markets brings about the war which seems to be the approved method of settling our differences.

The radical says that no matter what pious wishes and prayers we may indulge in, depressions and wars will continue in greater and greater devastating until we get rid of our exploitation. The interpreter said he was of the same belief, so the Governor got little comfort. (The Hopi who had driven them down had a slight Oriental cast of features, so the Governor or his informants thought this was George Yamada.)

About this time, Rik wrote a masterful letter, exposing the thieving plans of the whites and stating that the issue was not whether the Hopi had better clothing but whether their way of life was to be subverted by materialistic conquerors. By some accident this letter was published in the
mentary change but use violence, as we did in 1776 to get free from England. (As between fellow Franks, it is a long time and we are not free yet.) The main thing wrong with the Communist plan as it works out is that the state does not wither away—those who wither away are those who do not buckle to the Dictatorship. And furthermore, there is no peace, but war.

There remains one other method—that of the anarchist. As for this bomb you talk about, Mr. Brophy: today Truman and the government are the biggest bomb throwers. Anarchists quote the Catholic Lord Acton, "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely," and therefore no one should have power over others. As the state is founded on the power of the police and the soldier they would do away with the state by refusing to obey it. Many anarchists talk loudly of the violence they will commit, but it is mostly talk. Anarchists like the Russian Tolstoy, the Italian Malatetta, the Englishman William Morris, and the American William Lloyd Garrison were also believers in the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount and against the use of violence and war.

I am myself in this category and call myself a Christian Anarchist. The Christians do not like it because I belong to and desire their approval of capitalism and war. The anarchists do not like it because I quote Jesus, St. Francis, and Gandhi, and write in the Christian Anarchist paper, THE CATHOLIC WORKER. We would, by our daily action of non-cooperation with government and war, and by our cooperation in useful production, create, as the I.W.W. preamble says, "a new society within the shell of the old." This is a slow process but built upon the rock of brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God and not on the shifting sands of politics and nationalism. Mr. Brophy, if all the Communists were dead we would still have this problem of capitalist non-producing parasites living off the rest of us.

Mr. Brophy—Mr. Harrnacy, it appears to me that you may be beating a dead horse. Many people will be shocked at the idea that capitalism is dead—or at most moribund shall I say, but that is the way I feel about it. England was the leading capitalist nation of the world at the beginning of this century. Now what is England? She has become an out-and-out Socialist state, with a powerful but little known Communist group working within which hopes eventually to push England into outright Communism. For many years Norway and Sweden have been semi-Socialist states. Germany and Italy were National Socialist states before the last war and today both are undoubtedly closer to Communism than to Capitalism. And how about our own country? The Democratic party which was supposed to be the guardian of the magnificent Jeffersonian dream of the American Democracy, has now become the captive of the Socialist, Collectivist, and Communist groups in this country. Of course, rank and file of the party do not realize this yet, but that does not alter the fact of the matter. The American Labor Party in New York with strong, Communist connections for example, is occasionally in the position of being able to decide elections there, and I think the record will indicate that it has always been in favor of the Democratic ticket. Former Vice President Wallace, Senators Pepper, Benton, Humphries, Lehmann, Murray and Representative Marcaneto are listed as Democrats. However, if you were to check their voting records I think you will find that what they favor is some sort of collectivized or socialist state. Certainly it is not capitalism as you understand it.

Anyway, you and I come closer to some agreement when you speak of war. You believe that wars are fought over markets, and that is one of the abuses of the Capitalistic system. To that I would first say that such wars are the products of Imperialism rather than of Capitalism—but since the Imperialists were mostly Capitalists I suppose you might say I am quibbling. However, the point I wish to make is this: Call them the wars of Imperialism or Capitalism if you like, but for the most part they were 19th Century struggles or early 20th Century. Today wars are fought to retain power in the hands of bureaucrats and dictators. That is a curious change which has come about in the past twenty years, and I doubt if the dumb Republicans have discovered it yet. That's why I can't be too hard on a mere Christian Anarchist.

Let me just quote a few lines from a Washington financial service that came to my desk this week. It was speaking of the Administration's approach to various difficult economic and employment problems that it will have to face before the next election. I quote: "This is the basis for many rumors in Washington (and some originating in surprising places) that the Administration does not now want a trade in Korea," if there is any truth in such speculation that does not sound much like a Capitalistic war to me.

Mr. Harrnacy—Capitalism already died. You mean it wants to make us all dead. Capitalists are the owners of the bureaucrats. Nonence! Does anyone seriously affirm that the President today owns Standard Oil, Du Pont, Ford, General Motors? He may worry them somewhat and make them do some extra bookkeeping. His friends get mink coats and deep freezes, but nothing like Reynolds Aluminum's getting a 32 million dollar plant for six million. Call it Capitalism or not, it is an evil thing. It surely does not make for peace and prosperity.

Wars are caused, of course, by the selfishness and greed of men but unless these are organized in a state they would never result in more than a McCoy—Hatfield feud. It takes a state with taxes from Christians to make A Bombs. It takes a state with politicians seeking power to make wars. It takes a state giving fat contracts and a guarantee of increased wages as a bribe to workers to make the war machines of war.

(Just then we were off the air: "that man's getting the best of you...")
he replied: "One of your sleepers I suppose." But after a day's work I never knew a fellow so hard to awaken as Carl; you literally had to pull him out of bed to get him awake.

Another time the Old Pioneer answered when I asked him if I had any mail. "Only some of your outlaw papers."

Carl was not at all religious or ascetic-minded. He had plenty of courage and did not need any shot in the arm from me. He was of course interested in my prison history. We had pleasant times together. He then left for Albuquerque and on Feb. 10th Judge Hatch offered to let him go free, saying that the only proof of his non-registration was his own testimony. This is perhaps the only case on record that a man refused freedom, for Carl said if he was for tie war his place was in the army and if he was against it his place was in jail. He acted as his own lawyer and produced his own testimony that he had not failed to register. Papers all over the country reported his sentence of 3 years in El Reno, Okla. prison, but Phoenix papers, true to form, never mentioned it. Carl does not want a parole and has the makings of a true rebel. At the same time another young man got 3 years for refusing to go to war.

Picketing

Now picketing time in March approaches. As usual, I had sent letters to the chief of police, the tax man, and the FBI, telling them that I was going to picket; that what I was doing was clearly subversive, but not more so than usual; that they should make up their minds what they were going to do about my activities and not make themselves look silly by pinching me and then letting me go to picket again as they had done previously. I sent copies of these letters to the local press, and, inasmuch as they refused to mention them last year, I was surprised to see in the morning paper two days before my picketing (March 12), the headline on the front page of the second section:

"ONE MAN REVOLT ENTERS ITS NINTH YEAR
One Against 150,000,000."

After giving the facts about my letter to the authorities, the article added:

"The U. S. attorney's office says there's no jail penalty for refusing to pay taxes. But a fraudulent return can be punished by a prison term. The city police say there's no law against picketing. The FBI says Henney's acts are not within its jurisdiction. And the revenue collector says his office can't prove Henney earned $1,701.91 on one hundred thousand dollars."

"and that," opines Stuart, "would cost thousands of dollars." So, it's still one against 150,000,000."
A few days later a radio demagogue who specialized in calling all people Communist who were a little left of center, received a phone call on his "We the People" program. This person asked if it would not be a good thing to tar and feather radicals so people would know who they were. The commentator said this was rather drastic, but on the other hand it might be worth considering.

I had written the basis for a leaflet, entitled Why Do You Pay Your Income Tax? Rik, Ginny and I spent two nights writing and rephrasing it. Our Hopi silversmith friend and his wife were over, as usual when we develop our picketing propaganda. It is good to have friends who will unconditionally criticize my brainchild. Ginny made the suggestions which made the leaflet a direct instead of a preachy emphasis. But on her own she would never do for she gets too sentimental. I pay no attention to the sound and feeling of what I write. Rik puts out neat and tidy mimeograph work and posters and so has a tendency to want to make my wise cracks grammatical. I tell him that the whole point is lost unless it rings true—grammar or no grammar.

As a hangover from his days as a Socialist organizer Rik tends to appeal to the masses, but, after a little argument, agrees with Ginny and me that the true Christian Anarchist must appeal to those about ready to make the next step and must know that these are very few indeed. Thus to appeal to the masses the idea would be to appeal to present day grievances such as too much regulation, taxes being too high, and not enough pension from the state. And also not to knock anything which has the approval of the masses such as churches and the Boy Scouts. The rabblerousers will always be able to get the masses on immediate issues. The Christian revolutionist therefore gives the basic idea of reliance upon self and God and not upon politicians and the state. We can live and die and never change political trends but if we take a motion, we can change our own lives in many basic respects and thus do much to change society.

A generation ago any minister who talked pacifism would never think of having the militaristic Boy Scouts in his church; now they all have a group and as a result it is difficult for them to question the ethics of their action. Another reason for writing and speaking on basic issues is that the very elect would lead people astray with such fakes as World Government. I have recently read Lewis Mumford's The Conduct of Life in which he feels the only hope is to have millions support World Government. Aside from the fact that he writes wonderful peace propaganda in between his support of wars, this refusal to accept the reality of "the density of the population" precludes any serious attention being paid to his well written optimism.

My Picketing Leaflet read as follows:

WHY DID YOU PAY YOUR INCOME TAX?
Is it because you think that taxes, like death, are inevitable?
I know the decision to pay taxes is a voluntary one, because I have openly refused to pay my tax for the past nine years. This year alone I owe $192.
Is it because you feel that you are protecting yourself against war with Russia? Certainly there is a definite connection between war and taxes, and if from 80% to 90% of your income, is spent on this protection, then there is a connection. And if you think that we are at war and that this is the reason you pay taxes, then you have been led astray by the most consummate of all tricksters, the war profiteers. Of course, the war profiteers are a minor fraction of the problem, for they are running from a necessity rather than leading. If you think that you are protecting yourself against war with Russia, then you are basing your protectio...
Old Pioneer wondered if the Lord and the weatherman would favor me, on this, The Ide of March. The day was sunny and not windy. The first person to greet me as I pickedet was my banker friend, Frank Brophy. It seems that in this society today the only men are ones like myself who practice voluntary poverty and do not have a bank account. The banker has too much money. Of course, Brophy is an exception, for he speaks out, while most bankers are stupid in everything but collecting money and do not have the intelligence to express courage to do so. The newly rich are the ones who are scared the worst and cannot stand any sign of unorthodoxy. I had only brought 377 leaflets and 290 CW's containing my tax statement, the two most popular of more than the enough. The first hour I gave away 37 leaflets and 30 CW's, and saw that I would run short.

This was the day that Senator Taft had announced he would come to town. Around noon big shot Republicans commenced to gather at the Westward Ho Hotel, right across the street from my picketing. Soon Mr. Republican himself, looking out of place in his suit, appeared. He said: "Are you a producer or a parasite?" A third of the lead parasitical lives as saloons, lawyers, bankers, politicians, policemen or soldiers, or else make a living out of the weaknesses and vices of our fellows. Most of the clergy give a very counterfeit return for their money. In a society based on a return of evil for evil, these jobs may be necessary, but they wouldn't exist in the society envisioned by Jesus where evil is repaid with good.

Do you give your children an example of honesty and Christian conduct? Aren't you really coercing your children into un-Christian practices when you boast of your "within the law" business deals, and when you indiscriminately wage war against those who advocate a higher allegiance to the state in such militaristically motivated organizations as the Boy Scouts, and by banning any textbook that doesn't praise capitalism and war? When you teach your children to conform at any price, how can you ever expect them to stand upright and self-reliant before men or God?

To sum up: REFUSE to register for the draft or military training! REFUSE to buy war bonds! REFUSE to make munitions for war! And when you get around to it, REFUSE to pay taxes for war! (my name and address)

If you want a free copy of my letter to the tax collector as reprinted in the Feb. 1932 CATHOLIC WORKER, ask me for a copy or write me.

Before starting to picket on March 14th, I said prayers and asked for grace and wisdom at St. Mary's, and stopped as usual at the newspaper office to see a reporter friend. It had rained every day all week, and the
January, took credit for having frightened her away. Although this red-baiting outfit claims to have the backing of the American Legion and the Catholic church, I know from friends in the Legion and the many friendly priests here in Phoenix, that these claims are exaggerated. I wrote a letter giving the facts of the matter, and so did Frank Brophy. To my surprise both letters were read on this red-baiting program, with the remark, "No comment." However I dislike the ideas of a person, I am unable to dislike people, so this man and myself had a pleasant and not too controversial conversation. (Later this red-baiter left town).

"I'm a Russian and I think I'm free," said a beautiful peasant type woman to me. She referred to my large sign: "THE RUSSIANS THINK THEY ARE FREE. SO DO WE." I asked her if she was a Molokan, and she said she was, mentioning her name which proved to be also that of my nearest neighbors who are Molokans. She lived near Glendale, on lateral 20.

Rik and Ginny attend Quaker meeting here and brought home a booklet describing the visit of Cadbury and others of the English Quakers to Moscow. I was surprised to learn that the Russians they spied on thought they were free and we were behind a dollar or "velvet" curtain. Of course the ones who had opposed Stalin were already dead or in far away prison camps, and those remaining did not want any more than they had, in that respect they were free. It is all a matter of perspective. The pygmies thought they were the biggest people on earth never having seen anyone else. And the old saying goes: "In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king."

This booklet gave me the idea for my poster. Here we are free to vote for one or the other of politicians whose nomination is cooked up beforehand. I am free to picket, and although I am happy that an increasing number of people respond to my propaganda, I know that they are going on their bourgeois lives to keep on supporting the system, albeit gripping now and then.

The reverse of this big poster read: THE POWER TO TAX IS THE POWER TO ENSLAVE. The sandwich sign in front read: I CHOOSE NOT TO PAY INCOME TAX FOR WAR AND OWE $192 for 1939.
The sandwich sign from rear view quoted my friend of pre-war days at the U. of Wisconsin, Randolph Bourne: "WAR IS THE HEALTH OF THE STATE."

During the day about 50 people stopped and warmly congratulated me on my picketing. Later I learned that a friendly priest had brought another priest from his town to meet me but had somehow missed me. From the point of view of acceptance of my message, this, the 21st day of my picketing in four years, was the best so far. Rik and Ginny drove along at 5:45, and I took this opportunity to take 50 CW's of the March issue which had just arrived, to St. Francis Xavier Church, and to kneel there and say thanks for my successful day. The two Phoenix dailies did not mention my picketing. The Flagstaff daily had an AP story with my picture on the front page. The tax man and his wife own the Prescott COURIER and they carried a four-column head on the front page about my picketing. The reports were factual and not a bit slurring. The radio here also had decent comment.

The Vigilantes

Soon after my picketing and after the tar-and-feather propaganda on the radio, three young men, two of them Mexicans, knocked at the Old Pioneer's door and asked for "Yancy." I happened to be there talking on the phone to the Hopi who had arrived in town, so I told them that I did not know of any one by the name of "Yancy" but my name was Herenacy

"You are the guy then. You put those leaflets about not paying taxes in our car." Meanwhile I had invited them in and asked them to be seated, but they stood around nervously. I told them that I never left leaflets in any car; that I gave them to people who took them.

"Who told you such stories as that? I've been selling the paper here for five years in front of Catholic churches and I never would have lasted that long if I was Commie," I replied, and added "Who sent you here and what are your names?"

"We won't tell you. We go around all over after such fellows as you." Come outside there on the concrete and we'll rub your head in the cement.

"What's the rush? What's the rush?" I said good naturally.

"You are a Communist and this Catholic Worker is a Communist paper and we don't like it," said the leader. "You don't have to like it. Lots of people don't like it."

"If you would beat me to pieces and if what is in my leaflet is true and if what is in the CATHOLIC WORKER is true, then it would still be true if I was dead. And if it isn't true why bother about it?" I asked them. They muttered about me being a Commie and to come out and take my beating.

"You can beat me up right here and it doesn't take three of you; let the smallest one start right now. I won't hit you back. Go ahead," I said smilingly. They looked at each other and didn't make a move, muttering something about me stabbing the boys in Korea in the back by not paying taxes for their guns. I told them of Saul prosecuting the Christians and seeing Stephen stoned to death, and the Lord spoke to him later and he became the Apostle Paul. But my words were wasted for these Catholic boys did not seem to know Paul from Moses. I told them that they oughtn't to get excited about dying in Korea, for the Americans had taken all of this country except the Garden purchase from their forefathers in the Mexican War.

"Well if we hadn't taken it from them they would have taken it from us" was the not too intelligent reply. They listened to some of my pacifist
For the past six months I have irrigated barley often at night for Hussey's. This is really not difficult for the water runs slowly. The only experience new to me in this work is that the sugar and malt in the barley mix with the dew, as I walk through it checking the flow of the water, forming a paste which when dry make my overalls a veritable coat of armor. As usual Cindy and several other dogs came up with cold noses and muddy paws, but after we had greeted them they went on their way exploring gopher and skunk.

Coming to the farmhouse at 7:30 a.m. after my night of irrigating recently, I saw the big bull loose in the open driveway, pawing the earth and snorting. Just then James Hunter of my house, came up and walking gently toward the bull he finally grabbed him by the ring in the nose and led him captive to the pen. This was the real pacifist way of handling the problem, performed by a reserve army captain. As my grandfather told me: "Don't run from a bull or a billy goat; they have four legs and you have two, and you can't make it."

On the way home that morning (April 7th) I saw pickers in the strawberry fields. I had always wanted to do this work but had been too busy. They pay 70¢ an hour now, rather than by the basket as very few are riper. I remember eating berries at 60¢ a quart in 1943 in Milwaukee. I tried raising them one year here but was not successful. They have to be irrigated every four days in the season and weeds pulled from them the row around when irrigating. If there is too much water on or if the crop is high enough to impede the water, the regular cement port will not allow enough water to go through so a low place is left in the bank where extra water is let through. As with country people the name given tells just what happens for this is a "helper."

Personal Responsibility

Diggig ditch for a neighbor recently I heard bottles smash on the highway. Two teen-agers had found them along the side of the road and were smashing them in the middle of the highway.

"That's not a damn steam engine," I thought. They could not see me, and I suppose thinking this was their conscience or something uncanny, hastened onward. This lack of responsibility belongs not only to youth, for while irrigating one night I saw a big gopher on the highway and a man take out sacks of bottles and junk and throw them along the side of the road. This was not a slum dweller who had no place to put his garbage, but a big city bourgeois who seemed to want to save the expense of paying a garbage man to haul his refuse away. A lady wrote a letter to the local paper about a dead cat on the street and bemoaned the fact that no one came to remove it. The city replied that this street was just over the city limits, and that it was up to the county. The county said their contract was lapsed with the S.P.C.A. and action would depend upon a future board meeting. In an anarchist society each one would be respon-
sible and would not have to write letters to papers or to call the cops to have something done. They would do it themselves. Coming home from helping my friend Joe Craigmyle pick oranges and grapefruit the other night I mentioned this lady and the cat, and said that the Sunday before I had seen a dead cat on the lateral on my way to the bus, but being late I did not stop to remove it. On my way back in the afternoon, after hundreds of cats had passed and numerous Mexicans going to the bus, I noticed that the cat was still there and stopped to throw it off of the road. As we were talking we noticed a two-by-four with four spikes sticking up on the highway. We swerved around it and were a quarter of a mile past when Joe said, as an afterthought to my remark that it would cause somebody some trouble: 'I’ll back up and you can throw it in the ditch.' In my mind, then, Joe, who has not been much of a man of action came from a one-cylinder to a two cylinder anarchist. In early summer when the new crop of citrus is on the trees the old crop is still there too, and is extra sweet and juicy. The only thing to be careful of is not to knock the blossoms off when picking the old crop. As with apples, there is a "June drop" of small citrus, and this is all nature’s way of providing larger fruit, for if none fell off at all, none of the fruit would be of much size. If a person has time it is well to thin out fruit, as I did with the dates. When picking grapefruit or oranges you can tell when they are light. Then they are pithy, and no matter how good they may look on the outside, they are no good inside and are thrown on the ground while picking. When we return to the fruit stand the load is graded as to size.

Putting The Worst Foot Forward

When traveling around and broke, when my wife and I were hiking, I worked for several years off and on, selling Fuller brushes in Georgia, California and Wisconsin. Although I spent a lot of time in radical propaganda, I was always near the head amongst the salesmen in my district. As I did in social work, I broke all of the rules, and yet succeeded. The company wanted salesmen to sell not individual articles but whole sets. All sorts of tricks were used to get the sale. Individual salesmen were given quotas and prices, and hardened with pep talks. I would never set a quota. If I thought a woman could not afford a flashy article I took more pride in selling her something really better and not so flashy. And I never pressured potential customers along. If there was any weakness in the article as to color, size, weight, etc. for that individual, I admitted it at once and then spoke glowingly of the good points. For if I did not admit any weakness, the customer would be driven to my good points but would be thinking of this glaring weakness. Likewise with ideas I admit at the start that myself and those like me are not going to win, for the whole trend is toward the welfare state and bigger and better churches. The trend is not toward individual responsibility and the voluntary poverty and simple life of the early Christians—all the more reason we should keep on trying, though. When I first meet a priest, I tell him I am not a Catholic and how terrible his church is; that the other churches would be just as bad if they knew how. Then I stress the CW, the Sermon on the Mount, and Gandhi. I can’t say anything worse, so from then on I am saying something better. If I should hem-haw and dissemble, and say maybe I’m right and maybe I’m wrong, I would not get the attention of the person to whom I am talking. Why waste time talking to sleepy people? I aim to wake them up at the start. If they get scared away by my frankness they are a weak porridge anyway, who would not stand much of the truth. Of course a person has to be gastrointestinal about it and quick on the trigger when it comes to answering objections. As when a priest was trying to argue against pacifism by saying that according to natural law a person had to defend himself against a robber, or defend innocent children and the grandmother about to be raped.

"Do you have a gun, Father?" I asked. "Why, no!" he answered. "Then you are in an awful fix; you have nothing to depend upon except God!" That ended the conversation and he got the point. When someone on the street asks me if I am a Communist I answer: "Worse than that; I am Christian Anarchist, best paper in the world. Better read it." This is Gandhi’s moral jiu jitsu again. The idea is that no matter how strong a man is, he cannot throw you if he cannot get a hold. Likewise when opponents call you names or go after you violently, the successful method is to never crawl or excuse yourself but always advance in counterattack that throws your opponent off his mental balance. By answering an objection before it is voiced you have already made the ammunition of your opponent useless. Do not let your opponent set the norm. Generally a minority is jereed at because they are so small. It is quality and not quantity that is the measure. "One on the side of God is a majority" is the perfect answer which I have given dozens of times with success.

Selling CW’s

"Is that the Communist paper that uses the name Catholic, that they tell of on the radio?" four people asked me on my way home. I would have been the local-red-baiter had denounced the CW. I told them that it was not Communist, but had been blessed by the Pope, and was the best Catholic paper in the world, to ask any weakness in the article as to color, size, weight, etc. for that individual, I admitted it at once and then spoke glowingly of the good points. For if I did not admit any weakness, the customer would be driven to my good points but would be thinking of this glaring weakness. Likewise with ideas I admit at the start that myself and those like me are not going to win, for the whole trend is toward the welfare state and bigger and better churches. The trend is not toward individual responsibility and the voluntary poverty and simple life of the early
me and told all who would listen that I was a Communist and the CW was a Communist paper. I paid no attention to her. One day when I was speaking to a Catholic friend who, for some esoteric reason, won't touch a copy of the CW because it opposes Franco but who stops and talks to me cordially--this woman came up and said that I am a Communist and the CW is a Communist paper. The friend answered: "I have my own bone to pick with the CW, but I read it, forsooth, for years and I Hennacy from his articles for ten years I am telling you that neither he nor the paper is Communist. Ask the priest and he will tell you that I am right." The red-baiter went away grumbling, "Communist, Communist, Communist!"

Another time a member of the air force was going to Korea in a few days. He was visiting here, coming from New York City. He asked why kind of paper I had, and said that he had never heard of it. I told him that it had been published in his own town for 18 years. The name Worker sounded to him like Communist he said, and wanted to know if he could ask the priest who was standing nearby about it. He did so, and the priest who is neither pacifist nor anarchist, answered, "If it's good enough for me it's good enough for you," showing him the CW in his hand. I spoke to the man for half an hour and gave him several old copies.

On a downtown street corner, a soldier with half-a-dozen service bars on his uniform smiled and said that was the kind of paper that was needed: a peace paper, and bought one. Another time a sewage worker from Seattle, a Mormon and a Wobbly, who said he had read the CW in the library greeted me by name as he knew I would be the one selling papers on the street in Phoenix. A lady said "Hello Mr. Hennacy, don't you remember me?" This was in front of St. Mary's. I told her I met many people and did not remember her. She replied "Why I bought a paper from you last year when I came here for two weeks vacation."

The Hopi

When my Hopi friends visited and were able to pick real oranges and grapefruit from trees, to ride up the escalator at Porter's store, and to see an Indian with feathers sitting there, they were delighted. We discussed Governor Pyle's schemes for getting the Indians to be like white men. In conversation with newspaper and radio men who had known him for years, I got the impression that he is primarily an idealist, who sincerely believes that there is no conflict between his religious phrases and attitude and his support of capitalism and war. His talents are grade above the banjo-playing vote-changer. He has a pleasing voice and gracious personality. This could all be true and yet he could never have an original thought or never once take a courageous stand against a system of society that degrades whites and Indians alike.

Did not McKinley make the best stooge Mark Hanna could desire? McKinley prayed to God and told him to bring the Bible to the poor Cubans, so we had a war. He did not know there was a sugar trust ready to impoverish the natives and grab the land. He did not know there was a venal Hearst and Pulitzer cooking up a war. Such "innocents" make the best stooges.

My Hopi friends brought along a copy of Jan. 1952 CRISIS which had an article on the Hopi by our mutual friend George Yamada. Here the land question is discussed. Governor Pyle deplores the fact that 85% of the land in Arizona is owned by the federal government. What he does not deplore is that too much of this land is rented out for practically nothing to his wealthy cattlemen backers. (They belyache always about government restrictions but they still lease the land from the government). The Hopi have by a fourth of the land that they had before the Indian Bureau moved the Navajo in on them. The Navajo were moved in because the cattlemen needed more land. There is plenty of land, but the wrong people have it. The Hopi could easily be given some of this government land and the Hopi could be given back the land stolen from them. But this will not be done by politicians from Washington.

For all good causes

"I don't wear a label; I'm for all good causes," replied a young conscientious objector, who, passing through Phoenix, had called the local paper to find my address, and found me one evening when I was caretaker of Jersey cows at the sale of purebreds at the State Fair grounds. Many people write to me, or come to visit me, who are drawn by different phases of my philosophy. So as to save time, I try to find out if their emphasis is I.W.W., Catholic Worker, pacifist, anarchist, vegetarian, life on the land, or tax refusal. This slogan of not wearing a label is fine for kids. I told my new friend, but at his age of 31 he ought to begin to have ideas that lead to some definite belief or action. I admitted that it was a sign of progress for the average person of bourgeois tendencies to look at the Republican and Democratic parties and to realize that wearing their labels was meaningless. Like the housewife, in the days when women did the baking at home, who put the initials "T. M." on the top crust of one pie, retaining "Tin Mince", and the initials "T. M." on the top crust of another pie, meaning, "Taint Mince," such labels surely did not have any meaning.

The thought behind my friend's no-label attitude seemed to be a desire to approach as many people as possible, on the street, in buses, at dances, etc. and to "make friends and influence people" by not scaring them with such words as pacifist or anarchist. He wanted to talk half-truths and half- criticisms as a build up "for all good causes," and as a monkey wrench thrown into the status quo. This is a mass approach. Mine has been to get the individual in this mass, if possible, to think. People can be joined into thinking but I have yet to see any who have been "maneuvered" into doing anything more than maneuvering.

I remember 40 years ago when well-meaning friends had told me that to use the word "Socialist" was defeating my purpose, and that some word such as "Progressive" that did not have such a bad meaning should
be used. My reply then was that whatever word was used to designate a radical belief, that word would have a bad meaning to those who were being denounced. Today the word Socialist only means collaborationist with war and capitalism and it has lost all its old radical meaning. Even many timid anarchists under the word "Libertarian" for fear they will be called bomb-throwers. I explain "anarchic" means "without rule." nothing to do with bombs.

I told my young friend that he could always get a crowd to applaud mild criticism of war and for the lowering of taxes and raising of wages, but that this same crowd would really follow the blazing torch of super demagogues who spoke, as did Coolidge, of "the great native intelligence of the common man." Yet, men by themselves are not so bad, but in a crowd or in a political campaign where they wear "labels" they are only suckers. I pointed out that spiritual power was the greatest force in the world, and that beside it all the two-penny political victories did not mean a thing. Too many of us dissipate our energy by being "for all good causes," attending meetings and passing resolutions, organizing and presenting petitions—all this effort to change others, when if we really got down to it we could use this energy to change ourselves. This can be done by spiritual means and it does not wear one out but is invigorating. We become"in" radicals because we use our weakest weapon: the ballot box, where we are always outnumbered, and refuse to use our strongest weapon: spiritual power.

Calls

As I was helping a farmer polish the horns of his cows for the sale the next day, he said he had heard that I was an educated man and wondered as to my being a day laborer. I explained my method of working at day work on farms in order that no withholding tax for war should be taken from my pay. He wanted to know more about these ideas; for the next hour he heard the words anarchism and pacifism undiluted by "all good causes," and departed with the current CW and my promise to mail him future copies. In contrast, another farmer whose cows I was attending wanted me to go back to Russia if I did not like this country.

The cows for sale were listed in a catalogue, with pedigrees and a record of their production of butter fat. The manager of the sale was discussed with one farmer about certain unregistered and non-pedigreed cows which are called "grades," and many times these cows give more and richer milk than the purebred stock. But there is no guarantee that a heifer from such a cow will be a good producer; more likely she would be a throwback from scrub stock.

In Albuquerque I worked for two men who specialized in extra fancy chickens. At one place I gathered eggs each hour from a trap nest, and marked the number of the chicken, taken from a leg band, on the egg she had just laid, and also in a record book. Those who did not produce the greatest number of eggs were thus culled out. "Why feed the culs?" my boss said. Each day a dozen or more hens would die of "blood-outs," which meant that the very efficient egg-producing machine had overworked itself. The mediocre hens lived longer and did not blow out.

At a dairy in Albuquerque where I worked, my job was to go to any of the eight corrals and in the mud and muck drive the next string of cows to the barn to be milked. Nearly every night a call would be born in this wet and cold discomfort and my job was to carry it in the morning to a warm stall. (Josephine, a heifer, had her first call, which being a bull I carried away and she never saw it again. For months she followed me and "mooed" whenever she heard my voice.) Very few of these calves coming from cows that were "grades," died. Later I worked for a multi-millionaire who had highly prized purebreds. My job was to keep a fire in a stove in the barn at night and to feed these calves egg, with specially prepared milk. Yet the death rate among these purebreds made my boss groan.

Tuberculosis and Bangs disease (premature birth of calves) seems also to be more prevalent among the inbred purebreds.

Super-efficient bankers jump out of windows when red instead of black ink records their business schemes. Efficient assembly line workers go berserk, and we read of an especially good bus driver driving right on to Florida to escape his treadmill of efficiency. At its best, our system is efficient only in turning out quantity, and at its worst it is trying to bomb us to death. And really it is not so efficient either, for very expensive garden tools these days are held together only by the paint on the handle and are of very inferior design, workmanship and material.

When I was a social worker in Milwaukee in the thirties we were often derided by well-to-do Republicans for "coddling the culs" when we helped the poor. From time to time I have heard radicals who were especially scientific and eugenic-minded look upon the ideals of Jesus and Gandhi as perpetuating the life of the unfit and the misfits. When I helped in the formation of the CW House of Hospitality in Milwaukee in 1937, I will admit that my interest was limited to its pacifist and anarchist slant and that I felt this coddling of the bums was not so important. After my study of Tolstoy, my acquaintance with Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day, and my ten years as an actual laborer—rather than a radical theorist with a good job—I have come to view this whole matter in a different light. The conversation about grades and purebreds that night, and my meeting with the young rattle-brain who was "for all good causes" helped me to clarify my ideas along this line.

In this age of the assembly line, of super-markets and super-advertising schemes, of radio get-rich-quick guessing games, and of Service Clubs to put a little holy oil of goodness on this theft, the illusion persists that this is scientific and efficient age. Yes, we produce, but for what? If somehow we do have bums, poor housing, ill-health, new diseases, and poverty, these can only be attended to by Community Funds, Heart, Cancer and G.I. Dime campaigns, pensions and social security payment by the state. Charity Incorporated has no room for Houses of Hospitality where there is no record of aid given or even the name of the recipients, no "singing
for your supper." "They won't work if you keep on feeding them!" "They sell the clothing you give them around the corner for booz," say the well-fed parasites who also refuse to work and do not help the poor except to give away a suit that is too small for their fat bellies, or to give a very dim and distant contribution to a fund, much of which goes for overhead. The idea of these professional do-gooders is to give "coals and treacle" to the poor, as Shaw said, and to keep them out of sight in order that the rich may not be reminded of the ills and degradation which is the foundation of their wealth. And on this matter of clothing being sold for booze, the clothing given to St. Vincent de Paul, Goodwill Industries, and Salvation Army is many times purchased by the second hand stores. All that is left for the really poor is the sorriest stuff. In my work as a social worker, I discovered that no matter how many rules you had to keep from giving relief to frauds, that it did not take very smart person to s curry in between our red-tape and beat us at our own game. Good social workers are told not to "become emotionally involved" with their clients. Again, the mechanistic approach. The CW breaks through all this sham. Instead of living in fine apartments to which we can repair after witnessing the other side of the track, we who accept Lady Poverty have given up much of our privacy. This call in the headlines; this drunk or prostitute; this maladjusted and perhaps lazy man; all of these may not be improved by a bit of our help—and yet one of our mistakes in a Success Story; the Way of the Cross was also a failure. He at least might have led a rebellion against the Roman State instead of dying on the Cross and forgiving His enemies.

Where are we to look for those who are going to bear the Cross today? It is true that St. Francis, Tolstoy, Malareta, Kropotkin and Gandhi left their inheritance and, choosing voluntary poverty, were able to accomplish much. We also print the word and deliver the lecture to purebreds as well as to the rural. Make us think in fact that thinking because a man is holy, for if he is avaricious he is as much a slave to money as is the rich man. (My banker friend Brophy jokingly told me that he would have to write a defense of the poor for the GW. I told him that he would end condoning himself, and that the best defense for the rich could be obtained by the oratory resulting from a few drinks given to a poor man on the street.) The tale of the prisoner being charged $15 for a soft drink. "This is 500% profit for you," he told the proprietor. "I'm not in business for my health" said this greedy and seedy defender of the capitalist system. And might have added: "For anybody else's health either." The Old Pioneer also tells of being charged 25¢ for a common needle in the old days when everything coming into Phoenix had to be hauled from Mariopa Wells station beyond South Mountain. "The freight is what costs" was the alibi of the greedy merchant. How much freight on a needle?

Neither do we concern ourselves with the old DAR ladies, the useless royalty of Europe and the Maharajahs of India, our own intrepid Du Ponts and intellectuels who have nearly without exception prostituted their talents to the making of bombs. There is some hope that among thebums we may find a John the Baptist to carry on the work when we have gone. There is little hope from politicians where integrity has already been purchased, or from the rich who will not give up their riches by the second hand stores. All that is left for the young will not help the aged; preferring to "keep up with the Jones's". The trough at the top has little right to scorn the scum at the bottom; meanwhile we who do the world's work try to understand them both.

The Old Pioneer remarked recently that Jefferson's plan of not having great wealth inherited the right idea. This reminds me of the old Russian proverb one of my Molokon friends told me: "Do not lay up money for your son, lest he be if any he can do make his own money; and if he is not any good he will lose it." So in our writing our picketing, our speaking, our help to the poor in Houses of Hospitality, we must needs show our sincerity by our own voluntary poverty. No one would think of bribing us, for by our lives we have shown that we have no need of others. We need not fret over the time by building up "all good causes," which are not so good for they accept the tyranny of the state and operate without questioning its framework. When they are ready for it; the rich, the bourgeois intellect, the bum, and even the politician and the clergy may have a chance in conscience because of the uncompromising seeds of Christian Anarchism which we are sowing.

To all of these we make our appeal and from all it is impossible to gain a few adherents for that time "when each shall give according to his ability and receive according to his need." For what does all of our bookkeeping mean but a denial of this ideal?

Johnny Olson came back from a sojourn in Texas. In a splurge of affluence he bought five mouse traps and set them around our house. He caught the whole population ending consisting of three mice. While I, as a pacifist vegetarian, would not cross the death of Brother Mouse yet as the Old Pioneer tells of stopping at a stand in the desert recently and being charged 15¢ for a soft drink. "This is 500% profit for you" he told the proprietor. "I'm not in business for my health" said this greedy and seedy defender of the capitalist system. And might have added: "For anybody else's health either." The Old Pioneer also tells of being charged 25¢ for one common needle in the old days when everything coming into Phoenix had to be hauled from Mariopa Wells station beyond South Mountain. "The freight is what costs" was the alibi of the greedy merchant. How much freight on a needle?

Irrigating

Today, May 15th I received a notice that I owe $25 interest and penalty on my $192 tax bill for 1951 and unless paid with the ten days my property and wages will be attached. This is an old run-around and I am not worry-
ing. Today I ate the first Irish potatoes this year from our garden, which is more important in the life of man than paying taxes. The persimmon tree which the Old Pioneer’s daughter-in-law gave me last winter now bears premature fruit. Watermelon, eggplant, tomatoes, squash, peppers and onions are doing fine. I am irrigating tonight and soon I will be irrigating maize for James. Now in June I have been irrigating about three nights a week. Because of the heavy rains there is plenty of water this year and it is not rationed. If a farmer does not use all the water he has ordered or is allowed in one year, he is not permitted to carry it over to the next year, for no one can tell if the next year will be one of droughts or not. Various crops need various amounts of water. In this two acre year valley, melons, lettuce, wheat and barley require 2 acre-feet. Cotton takes 3 to 4 acre-feet, and the ground has to be really soaked before the cotton seed is planted or it won’t grow. Alfalfa 7 to 8 acre-feet, and the most of all: 9 acre-feet. The average amount used by a farmer is ½ acre-feet. Melons are irrigated with a small flow of water down each row for as long as 24 hours, the idea being that the moisture will get right up to the roots. Thus not so much water is used as when a whole field of alfalfa is flooded. In this hot country, when most seed is planted and irrigated another irrigation must soon follow so that the seed will be sure to start growing. To explain an acre-foot is a very technical matter, but for the layman it is sufficient to know that it is the amount of water that would cover one acre one foot deep. The rancho has a measuring line whereby he can tell how much water goes over a board. Thus 20 inches flowing over a board 6 feet long for 24 hours is an acre foot. Generally, James uses 150 inches for three days and nights, switching the water from alfalfa to newly plowed ground or wherever it is needed most. If the ground is very dry the water may shoot over it in a hurry and not penetrate to much depth. Then the second irrigation will use up much more water. The other night three lands ran smoothly in newly plowed land and required no attention from me. Two other lands were not level and I had to make checks all along, as the water went to one side of the land entirely. Last night I did not cut off the water soon enough and the end of the quarter-mile run and too much of it flowed into the highway. In this field there was no ditch to catch the overflow, the ditch being across the highway, so I would cut up the water to use it as a cover for his weakness of character. I have met many tired radicals and those who have frizzled enough that their realism was youthful folly so for the remainder of their lives they would drink and be merry. James said he would get the blame for being a poor farmer, for of 50 people who might pass, only one would know that I was the hired man who was the culprit, but all knew him. Field after field is flooded with lights at night. That was good. He could still have been a radical after studying Kropotkin and Tolstoy, for a man of his learning could not be ignorant of the anarchs philosophy. If he liked the work, I wouldn’t mind having some young Mexicans who knew me pointed and motioned for me to come to the field where they were turning melon vines out of the ditches where they were irrigated. I shook my head and said, “le otra,” pointing to another job toward which I was headed.

The out of state person who comes here and wants to raise even a small garden has much to learn. The seed catalogues are not written for this dry climate. And even the good seeds that appear in the papers do not sink in. One has to learn by bitter experience. These newcomers say it is a dry country so everything must have plenty of water and they proceed to pour on. The sun beats on the ground and cracks it open and the air gets in to the roots and the plant dies. Do not pour water on top of the ground. The right way is to make a trench and run the water in this over the side beside the plant until it rides up against the roots, the top soil remaining dry. When tomato plants are blooming, lay off the water for they will not set and form tomatoes but will grow into tall green bushes with few tomatoes. And after the tomatoes are green if you water them too much they will not ripen. Same with watermelon; when the blooms appear, go slow on the water; then when the melons form give them the water which makes watermelon. Irish potatoes seldom bloom in this climate. We have been eating them for about a month, but we will have to consume them quickly or give them to friends, for in this dry climate the potatoes will soon wither away. The Old Pioneer and I agree that it is unstrategic to sell anything from our garden. The work is a labor of love and not commercial so the product should not be commercialized either; so we give away our surplus.

Whitaker Chambers

The Old Pioneer and I had read the summary of WITNESS by Whitaker Chambers in the Saturday Evening Post. Any Irishman detects an informer. I had never heard of Chambers in my radical days, except that my wife and I knew Esther Shemitz at the Rand School in 1920 and later on we heard the latter. I realized his articles, I recognize the type of sentimental radical who had just enough conscience to not enter fully into Communist trickery for a long stretch of years; and who, even so, was often enough the end of the quarter-mile run and too much of it flowed into the highway. In this field there was no ditch to catch the overflow, the ditch being across the highway, so I would cut up the water to use it as a cover for his weakness of character. I have met many tired radicals and those who have frizzled enough that their realism was youthful folly so for the remainder of their lives they would drink and be merry. James said he would get the blame for being a poor farmer, for of 50 people who might pass, only one would know that I was the hired man who was the culprit, but all knew him. Field after field is flooded with lights at night. That was good. He could still have been a radical after studying Kropotkin and Tolstoy, for a man of his learning could not be ignorant of the anarchs philosophy. If he liked the work, I wouldn’t mind having some young Mexicans who knew me pointed and motioned for me to come to the field where they were turning melon vines out of the ditches where
he said about this is true or not is not important. The problem is not, "How bad is Hiss?" but "How good is this Chambers who talks about God and Freedom, and who after the travail of body and spirit must return to his capitalist vmi?"

There is no sackcloth and ashes worn by this capitalist farmer and successful writer who has chosen to prostitute his clever mind to capitalism instead of to Stalin. This baby business about "being on the losing side" does not come well from one who seems to be winning plenty of applause and cash, in his new venture as the poor hathful boy from the wrong side of the tracks who fought the well-dressed and high-and-mighty money changers in the State Department. In this election year, when the slimy policies of our statesmen may be due for a change in direction, but not in sinneress, Chambers may well be on the winning side.

The comment of the Old Pioneer on Chambers was that he was reminded of an old-time owner of a saloon and dance hall here in Phoenix who was quite a drunkard. One night he was drunk and went outside and a sleigh off his spree on the poor horse which was there, in the days before automobiles. He was awakened by the scream of a woman, and staggering into the dance hall with the horse manure sprinkled all over him, he shouted: "I come to defend the honor of woman."

This being election year I thought it well to summarize the anarchist argument against voting, in my lead; I give out during my seven days fast and picketing, Aug. 6 to 12.

You, as a citizen of the United States and a registered voter, are asked to vote for politicians representing certain political parties. Have you ever stopped to think what this voting really means?

You are told that if you do not vote you are irresponsible. If you do vote, then you are indeed irresponsible, for the very act of voting is dodging your responsibility by passing the buck to others. You have no kickback if your elected representative does not live up to his promises. You are told that unless you vote, you have no right to beef about the ways things turn out. The answer to that one is very simple: when you vote you have no way of knowing that your candidate will win. If he loses, the issues he has endorsed will have failed. If he wins, there is nothing to prevent him from turning his back on these same policies or conveniently forgetting about them. In either case, win or lose, you will have consented, by having voted, to accept the winning candidate's judgement as superior to your own. You know, of course, that politics abound with examples of such situations. If you have any lingering doubt of the validity of this, just ask yourself who it is that actually selects your candidates for you?

Now you might agree with me so far but be tempted to say: "But if the good people don't vote for good candidates, the bad men will run the country." A really good candidate makes an ineffective official because he won't stoop to the low methods that are essential to the efficient operation of government. Nowhere is this conclusion more eloquently demonstrated than in the autobiography of that famous muckraking journalist of 40 years ago, Lincoln Steffens, whose experience in "cleaning up" many American cities made him an authority.

If you're not all that it is cracked up to be, how did we get into this state of affairs? Have things always been this way? You are far too young to remember the days when there were no nation-states as we know them today. Of course you recall from reading the Old Testament that there was a time when there were no rulers in Israel and "each did what was right in his own heart."

The people grumbled and asked for a king. The Prophet told them that a king would take their sons for war and their daughters for concubines and servants, and would pick the choice of flock and field for himself and make slave of the pile of horse manure which was there, for all they wanted a king. They got a king, and from that time on went down hill, ending in the Babylonian captivity.

Throughout several centuries before the advent of nation-states, various kinds of city-states developed in many regions and endured for long periods of time. The democracy we associate with the Greek city-states rested upon a slave economy and extended the blessings of democracy to the slave-owners only. In the city-states that flourished during the Middle Ages, people had never had it so good. They knew no wars as we know them. Professional "soldiers of fortune" fought, except on Sundays and the numerous holidays, on rather well defined battlefields. Civilian lives and private property were fairly well respected, and conscription and taxation were unheard of. While they did not have our gadgets, they had perhaps a larger degree of security than any people have had before or since except in jails or under slavery. When the guilds had pride in their work, artisans produced fine goods with skill and loving care, and the same spirit made the functioning of these medieval city-states one of the most outstanding examples of decentralized government ever to have existed.

The guilds and the city-states fell, finally, for the same reason that modern craft unions has become an "old man of the sea" on the back of the labor movement—they refused to help and protect the unskilled worker. That "Cradle of Democracy," the New England town meeting, was abolished during the later years of the order that it meets, for the rest of the year delegated authority usurps the real democratic idea. But it tends to work better than any other democratic form.

The advent of capitalism in England with the invention of the steam engine divorced the worker from the ownership of the tools of production. The Enclosure Acts, which aimed to produce
wool for this new system of factory production, resulted in the farmers losing their lands and becoming the pitiful wage slaves described in the novels of Charles Dickens. Capitalism paved the way for the modern nation-state. The nation-state did not acquire its ultimate power until Napoleon introduced military conscrip-
tion, centralizing and consolidating power in the all-too-familiar pattern of today. This myth that teaches the right of an omni-
potent state to lay claim to the allegiance of the bodies and minds of its citizens and today masquerades under the high-sounding phrase of "selective Service" is the backbone of strength of the nation-states of today. Destroy this myth, and a tremendous stride will have been taken toward the day when nations will live at peace with each other.

Prior to capitalism the feudal worker was exploited by his guild-master during the years of his apprenticeship, but was given food, clothing and lodging. When his term was up, his guild-
master gave him a purse of money, the tools of his craft, and a certificate attesting to his merit. As a journeyman he was free to travel anywhere he wished without being subjected to immigration restrictions or jurisdictional disputes.

Today most workers are bound to the tools of their trade. Yet these tools consist of industrial processes or the factory system, today's productivity is many times that of the feudal worker. Today's worker is bound not to the tools of his labor or skill but is paid a portion of it, called a wage, and the difference which he does not get is called a profit and is taken from him by the owner of the productive process as tribute. Since the worker cannot buy back more than a portion of what he has pro-
duced with the wage he is paid, the owner is always in danger of stock-piling an unsalable "surplus" (as happened in 1929). This condition holds true even when the nation-state owns or controls the productive processes as in Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany, or the Soviet Union, not just in countries where capitalism is still more or less privately owned. All modern economies answer this problem of the "unprofitable surplus" by directing this portion of their economy's output into the production of goods earmarked for destruc-
tion—tanks, guns, uniforms, battleships, bombers, and the like. Before these implements of warfare became entirely obsolete, "prac-
tice" wars are waged, as in Spain and now in Korea, and the hoary alibi of "national defense" perpetually justifies the continued pro-
duction of these expendable materials—at the expense of the peace of the world. This is done by tacit mutual consent between the various nation-states. And this, briefly, is why neither the United Nations nor any other combination of nation-states can possibly end the threat of war. So wars are not accidental—if we didn't have this war in Korea we would have to have one somewhere else, or face the alternative of another depression. Do you remember

the sharp stock-market dump during the short Korean cease-fire late last year? President Truman was forced to interrupt his Florida vacation and vigorously deny any cease-fire agreement be-
fore the stock market recuperated. And as for the truce talks which have lasted for more than a year, do you still believe a truce will result until agreement is reached upon a new battle zone?

Have you ever considered what kind of a world we would have if men and women of all nations were suddenly to come to their senses and agree upon a scheme of life which left no room for ex-
ploration and war? Our technology today is sufficiently advanced that our forests, minerals and factories can produce com-
modities far more rapidly than the world can wisely use or con-
sume them. Agriculture, transportation and communication have also kept pace.

This is the only valid issue of 1952. And you will pardon me for saying that while the issue is hardly a new one, the solution is respectably ancient also. Jesus knew it, and summed it up masterfully in the Sermon on the Mount. "Beware, ye Touche and Gandhi re-stated it, and practiced it successfully. In 1952 it can still be stated that evil begat evil, and that only good can over-


Bryant, radical friend and recent convert to the Church, was with us that night and he and I attended mass at St. Mary's where I prayed for grace and wisdom to guide me in my seven days fast and picketing. Then I visited my newspaper friends, giving them my leaflet. The AP man was very cordial and sent out a good story over the state the day before, telling of my activity, stressing the fact that I, who was not a church member, went to mass each day to attain that frame of mind necessary for the kind of Gandhian picketing which I engaged in each year, and that upon the completion of my fast I would enter a five day silent retreat at Mary farm, near Newburg, N. V. He stressed also, "the 59-year-old Christian anarchist picketing in accordance with the Gandhian philosophy of open opposition to the state and its war-making functions." Two local radio stations gave good factual reports of my opposition to taxes and war. As usual, the local press, per instructions from our highest, would not "dignify" themselves by mentioning my name or that of the CW.

Fasting

The subject of fasting is difficult for many Americans to understand. I claim to be a One Man Revolution, yet I get ideas from others. I began my fasting in 1950 without reading in detail. I did not think I was a subject. My experiences in solitary in 1918-1919 had taught me to really love my enemies. Therefore when I had fasted I had the most kindly feeling toward tax men and officials. My fasting and picketing was not to discomfort them or trip them up, but to wake up and encourage the timid pacifists and anarchists who did not dare oppose the powers that be. Later I read that Gandhi had nearly died on his first fast of seven days, because he had some mixed feelings of hatred toward the oppressor. On his other fast of twenty-one days his mind was clear and he got along fine.

On Monday night, Rik and I had some chop suey at a restaurant. I was to begin my fast at 1 p.m., the next day. Accordingly I had in mind eating a few extras that I could not get out in course: a malt, grapes and pie. But in my mind I had already commenced to fast and these specials did not taste good and I did not finish them. I got weighed at 4 p.m. and weighed 140. I lost about two pounds a day. I went home with Rik every night and drank distilled water. After the first day I was too weak to reach across the table for anything if I had wanted to. I was strong enough when I got in my "picketing barracks." I did not picket on the Saturday or Sunday as the tax office was closed; but I did not rest; as new CW's had arrived and I was distributing and selling them. Some friends felt I could eat a bite or two for strength on these two days, but I told them that I wouldn't "cheat" and that if I did take a bite my stomach would growl for more and I would be worse off than before. Also that my strength came from prayer and ideals and not from food. I got a letter from Dorothy each day holding up my hands--and feet--as it were. On the morning of the sixth day I got my second wind and felt like a new man. I was clear-headed and light-headed, and walked as if in the air, with no fatigue. Each day the AP wanted some news, so I told them of the weight
I had fast. During the last 5½ hours of my fast, I lost 4 pounds; 17 pounds in all. I broke my fast with a special mixture of vegetable juices, with Rik, at a juice bar. As Rik and I touched glasses in a toast to The Green Revolution, the waitress said: "What good nerves you have, your hand is so steady." I explained that I was breaking a seven day fast, and she couldn't believe it.

The meaning of fasting, although explained by me personally to many people, could not penetrate to the general public. One woman who spoke to me about twice a day when she came by, and who argued with me good-naturedly but not too intelligently, told me on the last day of my fast that I could get a good lunch for 55¢ at the YMCA. "But I am fasting these seven days," I replied. I had given her my leaflet, in which I mentioned my fast, but she had either not read it or did not comprehend it. She backed away from me quietly and whispered, "You are a saint." Of course I am not a saint, and I was the same right then as I was before when I thought I was eating meals regularly.

On Sunday, I stopped to rest on a chair in front of the church where I was selling GW's. A lady who had likely noticed me there for years wanted to know if I was sick. I told her that I had been fasting for the past five days and was tired.

"What are you fasting for?" she asked.

"Seven years ago they threw the Bomb and that was a terrible thing to do wasn't it?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"And they are still making materials for them out at Reynolds Aluminum and other places," I added.

"Are they?" she queried.

"Yes. And you don't suppose that God would pay much attention to prayers for peace from Christians who are making bombs, or throwing them, or helping in the armed services, or paying taxes for all this, do you?"

"I don't suppose so, but I never thought of that," was her reply.

"Well, I am fasting as a penance for those who are doing all this ignorantly, or who are weak and do it knowingly. I don't make bombs, or go to war, or pay taxes for war."

"Oh, one just man saves the city," she said reverently.

"What do you have there?" said a well-dressed man to me, when I was picketing again.

"Oh, some good anarchist literature," I answered rather smartly, for as I have said many times I do not believe in minimizing my wares.

"That's just what I want. I heard Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman when I went to Yale, and I haven't met a real anarchist since. Tell me, what are you doing?"

I explained my anti-tax program in detail. He was a mining engineer from New York City who had properties in Arizona and in leaving he gave me a dollar "for the cause."

I had no trouble at all with the general public or the police. I had, as usual, notified the police, the FBI, and the tax man that what I was doing was clearly subversive, but not more so than usual. I gave out around 150 leaflets and 50 GW's a day. Many people who had heard reports on the radio and who happened to have seen an out-of-town paper stopped and asked for literature. Ed Lahy, of the Chicago DAILY NEWS, came to see me, but I had left for the day. He left a note. He had written about me previously.

When I finished my fast and picketing I started East.

I drank some more juices on the bus and ate fruit. The AP had told what I planned to eat on my first meal: a friend, Platt Cline's home. Barbara had mashed potatoes, apple sauce, custard pie and coffee and toast. Also some peas. This was at 11 p.m. But at 6 a.m. I was hungry and got up and ate some grapes and a peach. On the bus to New York there was little sleep and not much variety of food for a vegetarian. I had some watermelon with Sharon at midnight in Chicago, and my mother and younger sister gave me some lunch in a box. Cityland, as they met me at the station. Sunday morning in New York City, after going to Mass with Dorothy, I got weighed and it was exactly where it was when I started: 140 pounds.

Maryfarm

As we drove past West Point to Newburgh we shivered and took new strength in our opposition to this ancient use of legalized murder. (Selma and I had passed it on the boat in 1921 when we went to visit Rutherford in Sing Sing.) The bombers were to disturb us all week, at Maryfarm, as they buzzed and dived. While fasting I had been looking forward to the good whole wheat bread which Dorothy promised me she would bake at the retreat. She taught the girls there to bake also. There were about forty of us there. Father Casey, who gave the retreat accepted the Christian Anarchist position of the CW. We were not supposed to talk to anyone, but him, so I got acquainted, and was charmed with his honesty, humor, clear thinking, and courage. One evening we talked about the evils of capitalism and I had said that time belonged to God and not to politicians, and that even 1% interest was wrong. He felt that I might explain some of this to the others, but I told him I had better be quiet for there was so much that I did not know spiritually. I said I would need him from the sidelines if he got too far astray from the radical left. The next session he was quoting from the parable of the talents and of the man with one talent hiding it instead of putting it out to interest. With a smile he said, "Beg your pardon, Ammon." I took notes on his lectures, asked questions as to church history and dogs, went through all of the masses, compulsory, rosy, beneficence and singing in Latin without knowing too much about what it all meant. In fact, I got blue marks on my knees from kneeling so much on the hard floor. Toward the last I had a faint glimpse that there was a green pasture beyond the high, jagged and thorny theological fence. Whether I would nibble at it or not I did not know, but I continued to pray for grace and wisdom. I had brought along some notes from Tolsky, Gandhi, etc. and among them saw this poem by the Protestant Vachel Lindsay, which I had somehow copied with the special one of his I liked, "The Leadmen Eyed."

This atmosphere of
The Leader-Eyed

Let not young souls be smothered out before They do guineas deeds and fully flaunt their pride. It is the world's one crime its babies grow dull, It's poor are ox-like, limp and leader-eyed. Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly. Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap. Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve. Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

At Mass

No, should tomorrow I will hide My face from you, my King. Let me rejoice this Sunday noon And kneel while grey priests sing. It is not wisdom to forget But since it is my fate, Fill thou my soul with hidden wine To make this white hour great. My God, my God, this marvellous hour I am thy son, I know. Once in thousand days your voice Has laid temptation low.

It seems that no one had pushed the weeds from the flower beds for a long time, so I took a busman's holiday by mowing the lawn and pulling weeds, for half a day, in between conferences.

Sacco and Vanzetti

I had not known that the Vigil of St. Bartholomew, Martyr, was on the 23rd of August, the day on which Nicolo Sacco and Bartholomew Vanzetti had been done to death by the frightened bourgeois just 25 years before. I mentioned it to Dorothy and Father Casey, and we three together with Joe Monroe and Kenneth Little got up at midnight and went to the chapel, where by candle light we laid some of the Masses with special prayers for the souls of these martyrs in praise for their noble lives and courageous death. We remembered the last words of Vanzetti who forgave those who were killing him. The retreat was over at noon. Dorothy had phoned to New York City to see where there was a memorial meeting for Sacco and Vanzetti, but in all that city not an anarchist, I.W.W., Socialist or Com- munist had a public word to say. They were either gone bourgeois or busy building their respective--and now respectable--organizations. Dorothy said we would have to have our own meeting then on Union Square. She had to meet some people at the bus and Father Casey detoured to say hello to Ed Willcock, so Jim, a seminarian and Roger O'Neill, kid anarchist who gave out men's clothing at the CW, accompanied me to Union Square.

Some Christian Front Catholic had the crowd and was going strong against "atheistic Communism." I tried twice and spoke for about ten minutes each time but had no soapbox and a very small crowd. We walked back to the CW. Father Casey had just arrived and wanted to know about the meeting. Late as it was he said we would go up and have a good one and he would help me by standing and asking me questions. Sure enough the presence of a priest drew the crowd away from the fascist and we had a meeting for several hours until 1:30 in the morning.

Whitaker Chambers Again

Several letters came in protesting my denunciation of Whitaker Chambers in the July-Aug. CW. I answered them. Dorothy gave me the penance of reading his book, saying that I was about the one person who was of the age and time of Chambers who had not turned bourgeois, who was still an uncompromising radical, and who had no ulterior motive in asking Chambers to join any group for his salvation. I read the thing and wrote him the following letter.

Dear Mr. Chambers:

I mailed you a leaflet some months ago from Phoenix, Arizona which I distributed on the 300th anniversary of George Fox becoming a Quaker. Later I had an article in the CATHOLIC WORKER for July-August in which I made some cutting remarks about your activity as an informer, ending with an illustration uncomplimentary to your character, as spoken by the Old Pioneer with whom I live.

I had read your articles as given in the POST. Several readers wrote saying that I had been uncharitable and unfair to you. I have read your book and find it much worse than I ever expected it could be. Your talk about God and your being a sacrificial lamb to save this atheistic capitalism from Communism, atheism is blasphemy. I am happy that you find some peace of mind on the land and that you plan to stay there. I also appreciate that you did bard labor on the streets in Washington, D. C., and that you give theoretical justification to the answer of Johnson to Boswell that courage is the greatest virtue, for without it you cannot practice the other virtues.

I am coming to Washington within the next month and if it is convenient for you to meet me there or at your farm I would be glad to get acquainted with you on the chance that there is that of God in you" which may make you evolve from the damning position of choosing the lesser of two evils rather than the ultimate good, which you claim is the true Quaker message and which you refuse to accept.
I did not receive an answer. When I was in Philadelphia some Quakers said that Chambers was taking instructions with a priest and likely would join the Catholic Church and that then all of the stooles would have joined and the Quakers would not have to be ashamed of his blasphemy.

The Catholic Worker

I had visited on Mott street for a few minutes in 1938 and 1939 and had spent the day after Easter of 1950 there. Now I was glad to visit the two Catholic Worker farms, stay for two months, and get a knowledge of what the whole thing meant. I was not yet sold on the advisability of majoring in “feeding bums.” I was for more and more propaganda. Dorothy had asked me in the spring to write my Autobiography, so I looked through the files for the last fifteen years and picked out copies of my letters to her and the CW. Many events had happened the memory of which was hazy, and some I had entirely forgotten. I took quiet hours in the library at Peter Maurin Farm in outlining this book and in writing the first portion of it. At other times I explained the CW ideas to visitors, spoke to different radical groups in and around New York, went up to Maryfarm again to speak to a meeting. I met the shy Apostle of whom John McKeon had written and many others who came and went. I had thought that Tom Sullivan would be a grouch who would dislike my radicalism, as he is neither pacifist nor anarchist. I was delighted to find him a fellow Irishman whom I loved. I found myself going easy on Mike Harrington who was a Luke-warm Socialist, he got so much razzing from everyone else. I was there for two mailings of the paper and sat around at different tables getting acquainted. I kidded Betty Lou and Pat, as I had Jane and Helen at Maryfarm for being too sious. The bedbugs bothered Joe Monroe and Mike, but I was next bed to them and they did not touch me. Maybe a vegetarian's blood is too weak for them—or too strong. I spoke three times at the Friday night meetings; the last time about the Hopi. Tom said this was my best meeting. I told him that was because there was more Hopi and less Henny in the conversation. Bill Ryan was in the city for a few months, having relinquished his job as an editor of the IWW, paper because of their timidity. I had not seen him since 1942 when he went to prison, so we had many hours of good companionship. Julius Eisell, old time CO of both races, came over with his family to one meeting. I visited twice with Roger Baldwin. We did not argue about our differences and each respected the other. I was glad to meet the other non-Catholic contributor to the CW, Fritz Eichenberg, who came to two of my meetings.

Not enough physical work and too much starch in the diet I thought, although the fellows in the kitchen always gave me something extra when I took no meat. I had thought I would help some of the farmers out, but finding in hard work at Peter Maurin Farm but with a few rainy days and my writing and meetings I didn't get much done. Quiet Hans and efficient Ed kept things going there. Tamar Hennessy is one of the matter of fact, practical people of whom there were very few in this upset world. I played with her children and off-and-on had a little conversation with Dave Hennessy. His radicalism stops on "back to the land" while mine begins there.
CHAPTER 11.

Traveling

September 21 to December 16, 1952

In the East and Middle West: to Phoenix

"I didn’t know the Catholic Worker had a right wing," said young Quaker social worker to me as we met in the office of the National Council for the Prevention of War in Washington, D.C. I had just mentioned in conversation that Tom Sullivan and Mike Harrington chose the utter of the Second and Third evils in the current campaign. Tom had put in his column in the CW that he was for Stevenson. We were reading good at the printers and Dorothy said to him, "Tom, this is an anarchist paper; I crossed off your reference to Stevenson." She told me, "Tom won’t speak to me for a few days but he will get over it." Which was true. We had a Peace Conference at Poert Marin Farm, early in September, and Mike had spoken for Socialists. He was practically alone among us anarchists. In defense he said that if Socialists were in power then he would be an anarchist. We told him to wake up and join the procession. Dorothy and I and others had gone through that parliamentary stage long ago. This Quaker in Washington had heard me give a Peace Minute Man speech at the end of the staff meeting of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, a few days before.
Arlo Taxton, alumnus of Sandstone prison, with whom I was staying, had introduced me to the Service Committee as "A Christian Anarchist who lives like the early Christians," so I commenced by telling him that as they expected the worst I had better put my worst foot forward and give it to them strong in the few minutes I had. I said that my Quaker ancestors had hidden escaped slaves before the Civil War and had thus met the challenge of that day. Today, since Aug. 6, 1945, when the A-Bomb was dropped at Hiroshima the challenge was whether we approved of that devilish action. Dorothy and I refused to pay income taxes but all those present had taxes taken from their pay to support war and in doing so they were committing a terrible sin. I mentioned that I had been a social worker myself for eleven years, and now had been doing menial labor in the fields for ten years so that no withholding tax could be taken from my pay. I knew what endless work it was to pick up the pieces of human wreckage at the bottom of the cliff, but that we of the CW did this now, and we did more than this, for we had the one sure radical method of seeing that people did not fall over the cliff in the first place. This method was that of the One Man Revolution within the heart of man, without depending upon political revolutions which often changed masters. I repeated my anarchist argument, as given in the Frontispiece of this book. I ended up by telling Dorothy of my kneeling while they sang the Star Spangled Banner in Church. Afterwards some well-known Quakers congratulated me on my strong message, while others walked out in a somewhat dazed condition, asking Arlo how they ever allowed such a fellow inside the premises.

I had spoken also to an adult group at a Quaker church in Philadelphia where 98% of the members were pacifists, and had sat on the fronting bench during the silent meeting. My good tax refuser friends, the Longstreth's had invited me there. I also spoke to the War Resister's League and met Ned Richards and family, CO's and tax refusers from away back. I met a fine group of young pacifists in Philadelphia.

Washington, D. C.

Here I arrived at the very minute that my friend Ed Layley of the Knight Newspapers was leaving by plane for New Orleans, so I missed him again. I spent the night and spoke at St. Martin de Porres House where Llewellyn Scott has held forth almost alone for years. He works to pay the upkeep and does well to give out clothing the year around and to have something hot in the winter months for those who need it early in the morning. The young folks at Friendship House were an earnest group, with a fine spirit. I had more time and tried not to be so blunt as I had been with the sophisticated Quakers, but in the end I said about the same. Father Owen beamed his approval throughout my talk and Mary Houston, the leader, thanked me.

I had written to Fred Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War in 1917 when he headed it; peace organization. His secretary sent me money for help in my anti-draft campaign, saying that this was from her personally, as the organization was more conservative. Libby

is an agile and friendly man of 77, from generations of farmers up in Maine, Henry Beston told me. He works with pacifists and has hopes of disarmament, but I was glad to meet him again. He appreciated very much the extreme left position of the CW and introduced me to Jim Finacene and his office staff. I spent the night with him and his charming wife. His "thee and thou" reminded me of my Quaker great-grandmother. The weather was rainy and windy.

I met one friend at the Indian Bureau who had met the Hopi that Easter week of 1950 and who appreciated the true Hopi. He did not begin to be as radical as many with whom I associate, but he knew what the words meant, read the CW, and enjoyed the Hopi songs which I played on his player that night at his home.

Boston

In Boston I was happy to meet John and Helen Cott and their five bouncing children. They had recently moved to a big house on a hill in Brighton overlooking Cambridge. The view out of the kitchen window was enough to make any woman forget the worries of housework. John is organizer for the Newspaper Guild, spent years around the CW, knew Peter well. Dark and handsome Irish, Joe Dever came over one evening, and he and John received for an nanopiece their enthusiastic support of "the people's choice." They had heard the anarchist message before, but they could not yet be so radical. I told them that they were young and there was no hurry. After mass John went upstairs and late came down with an article "The Charms of Anarchism," for the COMMON-WEAL, which he read to me. Joe laughed and said "First he praises you and then he sticks in the knife." I told them I was used to that and could take it.

John drove me over to meet Pirim Sorokin at Emerson Hall and came for me after I had visited for several hours with my old friend from Ohio State University in 1915, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr. Sorokin had been imprisoned both by the Czar and the Communists, under sentence of death for six weeks by the latter. He had accepted the Christian Anarchist position, but in small letters instead of in capital ones. His approach was that of getting the same result, if possible, by having educators giving their fine minds to this problem. He had figured something out similar to my Love, Courage and Wisdom thought. Bob Ludlow had said that I would make my equal as a clergyman by giving clothing the other one of us would stop for a breath, or out of good manners, the other would get in a word. The remark by Bob was proven just right. I had admired Prof. Schlesinger because he was chairman of a committee that had asked the Governor of Massachusetts to allow a statue of Sacco and Vanzetti to be placed on Boston Common. Too many liberals and radicals forget their ideals as they become older.

Schlesinger and John Cott had wanted me to meet Comrade Felicani, anarchist printer and old time friend of Sacco and Vanzetti. I was glad to meet with him for half a day. Some one had sent him a clipping of Father Casey and me holding the only 25th anniversary meeting for Sacco
and Vanetti, on August 23rd, and he was pleased, although puzzled at the connection between priests and anarchists. I told him of Peter Massri, founder of the CW, who in June 1934 had answered a certain John Cummings who had wanted a Catholic Political Party by saying: "A Catholic political party cannot stop Communism or Fascism, whether Catholic or Protestant. Fascism is only a stopgap between the rugged individualism of bourgeois capitalism and the rigid collectivism of Bolshevik Communism. The Catholic Workers Movement fosters Catholic action and not Catholic political action."

I told him in detail of the five priests in Phoenix who support my anti-tax efforts, and of the work of Dorothy and the CW. He said he would be pleased to read her book and receive the CW. I was glad to meet this old-time anarchist.

Henry Beston

Henry Beston, who ranks in my mind as a writer with Albert Jay Nock, had written to me in 1945 praising my rendition of what an Isleta, N. M. Indian thought about the Bomb: "Sealing the brightness of Father Sun for devil worship." He had sent me maple syrup as Christmas and New Year gifts, written in his superb handwriting. I came to his country home after dark, near Nobleboro, Maine. A more gracious man, with both hands extended in greeting, I have never met. Henry is not a political or economic radical but opposes modern materialism because of his love of nature.

The Bestons have a great collection of cow bells of all weights, tones and shapes. Every time you open a door a bell jingles, and when I left, Elizabeth waved her hand and rang the big dinner bell outside as a farewell greeting. This is also the House of Books and of Baskets. The only place I remember where I could not reach out and touch a book was on the middle of the stairway. Baskets of every shape, size, and color were in the places unoccupied by books and baskets. I met the Thornton, Vincents, Dvoraks and Betty Clendenning, at Edinboro, Pa. Here different stages of progress in thought and agricultural effort were being worked out. Zigzagging again on bus riding. I met the Thornton, Vincents, Dvoraks and Betty Clendenning, at Edinboro, Pa. Here different stages of progress in thought and agricultural effort were being worked out. Zigzagging again on bus riding. I met the Thornton, Vincents, Dvoraks and Betty Clendenning, at Edinboro, Pa. 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Yone

Yone Stafford had come to the Pacifist Conference at Peter Maurin Farm in September, and asked me to stop at her home in Springfield. She has been a friend of the CW for years although not a Catholic. Here I met with a small group of pacifists, four of whom were Catholics. One of them, Mary Moore, has read the CW from the first issue, and formerly taught school near Motz street. Yone's house is one of the few where I have been that seems really built to live in. An iron frame with outlets for the hot air forms a fireplace. The bricks are built around it. Unlike most fireplaces it does not smoke. The whole force of an architect's office was upset by the idea that a room could be built with a 12 foot wall at a slant instead of square. This forms a bookshelf and gives a sense of area to the room instead of having the walls crowd in on you. The bed here is the best in which I have slept. Yone opposed the war all during the war and wrote countless letters to the local press under both her own name and the name "America," as the characters in Japanese for "Yone" and for "America" are the same.

Traveling Westward

I helped distribute leaflets, with Bob and Mike and other CW and War Resister friends, at Times Square, the night of a blackout and display of supposed patriotic efficiency, in case of an air raid. Each of us had a different corner. Cops told us to move on and so we went to another corner. I had about 2000 leaflets which I handed out. One fellow argued with the cops and then got arrested for "beating up the cops." It is wise to picket or hand out literature if you are going to get hysterical. You have to practice pacifism right then and there.

Arriving in Rochester, N. Y. after dark I was met at the bus by Francis Anzulone, and was shown the very clean and orderly CW house. I knew that their works of mercy had more of the social worker approach, which I had discarded ten years before. This is also a meeting of them did not appreciate the pacifist, anarchist message of the CW. However, I was pleased to meet the small group who were interested in my more radical interpretations.

Next day, after a slow bus riding to and back from NYC, I met the Thornton, Vincents, Dvoraks and Betty Clendenning, at Edinboro, Pa. Here different stages of progress in thought and agricultural effort were being worked out. Zigzagging again on bus riding. I had known Mike in the old Milwaukee CW days. Despite our respective turns to the right and left, this old CW bond held us in a brotherly feeling. A conversation on the phone with Tr. Hugo and Tr. Mechan was the best that I could do in the rush of this Smoky City.

The next day I plowed the authorities at Chillicothe Prison and asked permission to visit my CO friend Carl Owen. I was too relative and I was a jailbird, and thus by the rules should ordinarily be refused admission. We visited far enough away from an official who was busy reading incoming mail so that we could say anything we pleased. Carl was thinner, but clear-eyed. As with all of us in jail the first few months are the worst, but when we begin to do time we can take it. Carl liked his bacteriological work in the hospital. He did a lot of reading, a chapter
from the Bible each day along with the rest. After nearly two hours he introduced me to Fr. Solitis, the Catholic chaplain, who asked about the ideas and activities of the CW. I had to wait an hour by the gate before the officials of the prison made sure that I was properly identified, but finally with the electric gate, which decorated the super-electric barbed wire enclosure, opened and I was on my way. In other years I had meetings at the home of the young Murrays who had other Catholics present.

That evening I had supper with Father John Dunne at the Mercy Hospital in Portsmouth, Ohio, where he is chaplain. We had been pals in Atlanta, as CO's in 1918, before he had studied for the priesthood. He had always been bashful, so now he looked just a little older, and with that twinkle as of old. I explained the peaceful life of the Hopi to the nuns and played Hopi records before the evening Benediction. John is the one priest I have heard who adds the Rosary and other prayers as if they were a fresh, newly discovered thought. Each of us remembered names and incidents from Atlanta that the other had forgotten. John had two copies of Douglas Hyde's I Believe and gave one to read on the way. I found it very interesting and a relief from the stooi pigeon mentality of the Budden-Bentley-Chambers type. Hyde put his finger on no one and named no names for Scotland Yard to pounce upon.

My brother Frank has always made money with little effort. He played a violin in the orchestra of the Socialist local in 1917 but since then has always followed the capitalist way of life, though with tongue in cheek, for he believes neither in capitalism or radicalism or in any religion. He has never voted, not because of anarchist ideas but because he didn't think it worthwhile. He had a Stanley Steamer in the old days, and has played around with airplanes for a score of years. He took me up 5000 feet in the air and we hovered over Loveland and tried to guess where grazed the Grail. Then he drove me in his car to see John and Mildred Loomis who edit the INTERPRETER, the decentralist organ which has at times mentioned my anti-tax effort. We ended up at Ernest and Marion Brumley's in Sharonville. He is leader of the tax-refusers and Marion quit a good job as secretary to A. J. Monaco for the FOR rather than have taxes taken out of her pay for war. They still adult war taxes in that organization which is dedicated to peace with capital. F. Frank's wife, Rose, was cordial to me, although not interested in radical ideas.

At the Grail I met Helen Adler and Mary Buckley who greeted me warmly, and I spoke and played Indian records to a small select group, until evening, when we had supper with Jim and Grace Rogan whom I knew from old CW days. They were leaving for Africa soon. Jim is the founder of the Grail here had asked me years ago for carbon copies of all of my notes on Tolstoy. She was now in Africa and those in charge were fearful of the implications of Tolstoy and Jesus in this mad world. But all of us must go step by step on our own road at our own speed, and we all do what we want to.

I visited in Columbus for a few hours with a nephew whom I had not seen for years. He is manager of a big store but is interested in this uncle from far away, who brought another world through the CW's which I left with him. I spent a week in Cleveland with my mother who is now 81. I went to the Greek rite church mornings in the next block, and with her to her small Baptist church. I read my favorite hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers." I visited my nephew and niece and their brother. "Mamma, you are a pipsqueak," said six year old Gail to my sister Lorraine one morning. Seems she had not been quite asleep the night before when I was telling my adventures downstairs and she overheard the new word spoken. Dorothy tries to ration me to say "pipsqueak," once a day only, but at times I am sure I exceed my quota. My sister Lola had got letters of mine from prison and she was showing letters to her from Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, about me. A pleasant visit with Bill and Dorothy Gauchat of the Cleveland CW, with Max Saffrin, CO and tax-refuser, and strings with the Catholic columnist of the Universe Bulletin who discusses mildly with Dorothy and myself.

In the kindly atmosphere of the CW house in Detroit and the cheerfulness of Lou and Justine Murphy and their happy children is sustenance. These folks are not very radical and they listened to my extreme message with good-will. I had breakfast with my old friend of CO days, Carl Haesler, and spent the night with Harold Gray on his big farm near Saline. Harold was one of the six of us who had been in jail in World War I and who refused to register in 1912. Harold and his cooperative interests of their farm, which appealed in the lean days of the depression, was now doing having succumbed to the big wages of the city. But Harold and his wife held fast with their life on the land. This was election night, and we were talking of the Green Revolution and never tuned in for a minute or thought of the battle between Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee. Harold drove me to the CW farm at Lyons, where I said hello for a few minutes to the couples living and building there. Then to Anna Arbor where I looked through the files of the Labadie collection at the University Library, where all of my writings are filed, each article from the CW being cut out and listed under the heading "Christian Anarchist." Mr. Harris is the custodian since the death of Agnes Inglis.

I had lost track of beautiful Virginia Berk, after knowing her with the CW in Milwaukee and visiting her ten years ago in Denver. On a chance I wrote to her through her husband Vincent Smith, who teaches philosophy at Notre Dame. He met me at the bus, and in a good visit with Fr. Leo Ward, Fr. Putz, Julian Plessants and others that evening and a superb breakfast-dinner at The House of Bread with Ruth Farney who had set up the ovens at Peter Maurin Farm. The continued spirit of all these folks who listened to my extreme views of the left spoke well of the depth of their understanding.

For the second time in seven years I phoned the Notings and promised for sure to see them next year. Later Father Casey loaned me Noting's Reclamation of Independence which I read on the train and enjoyed. Here are a few gems of his: "A believer in the Green Revolution is simply an anarchist who happens to like farming."
"If we are to extol the common man, the common man who stays common must be the hero—the man who makes his way without unmaking the way of others, who earns his living and that of his family without working for someone else or having someone else work for him; the man who makes use of material things but not of men."  

"If a man raises wheat to sell, success depends not only or chiefly on the amount of wheat produced, but on the market quotations for wheat. If he raises wheat to feed his family and animals, the market price makes no difference whatever. If he has grain he has succeeded."

The next night, in Wilmette, I met Dorothy, Monsignor Hillenbrand and Monsignor Newman, at John Mella's and at Dorothy's meeting at the school. I had not seen Sharon for over three years. She teaches music at a private school in Winnetka. The cult she belongs to does not damn the Catholic Church and she told me she was glad I planned to join the Church. She told Dorothy that her cult believed in the Ascension of Mary before the Pope proclaimed it. She is sweetly serene, dedicated and pure, tolerant and beautiful. Her cult does not believe in medicine or vaccination and her boy friend has withstood the army for a year and a half, despite court-martial threats for his refusal to take the shots. I met with several groups in Chicago, and enjoyed the hospitality of Peter Massin House, which is practically an adjunct of the Alcoholics Anonymous and not at all radical, although you get a CW there if you ask for it. They have a hard enough time saving themselves from boozing without saving the world. With John Mella and FOR friend I met Ely May of Vienna, Catholic pacifist daughter of Casper Mayr, leader of Catholic pacifists in Europe. Also a short visit with Father Terevich, a gentle and also a radical priest.

In Milwaukee, I spoke in the Sommerfeld Methodist Church, where I had given a pacifist sermon from the pulpit at regular services fourteen years before. At Corter, an I.W.W., was the secretary of the FOR, the first active Spanish rebel I have known. I visited with Henry L. Nunn who read to me some pages from his forthcoming book, "The Whole Man at Work" concerning my activity. Several friends on the Milwaukee JOURNAL greeted me kindly, as did dozens of my co-workers of the Department of Public Welfare whom I had not seen for ten years.

I stayed over night with my friend Ray Callahan, first president of the union which I had organized, in the office in 1935. He now works at the zoo, and says that he is succeeding with social work among the animals. "I am trying to get the elephant to eat meat and the tiger to eat grass and I'll succeed; that's I'll succeed as quickly as those in the world who try to maneuver folks around in social work," he said. A meeting with Betty Van Eills, Florence and Jerry of the old CW group, and kind words from the Cardyn Center and I was on my way.

In Minneapolis, on a Sunday morning waiting for a bus to go to Fr. Casey in Hutchinson, I introduced myself at Quaker meeting and a CO who was present and who had heard me speak at the University in 1938 came forth. He planned a small meeting for that night and I met many friends, among them Prof. Milford Sibley who had read my book on

Christian Anarchist in manuscript seven years before. Someday I may rewrite it from the Catholic Anarchist view.

In the next chapter, on my conversion to the Catholic faith, I tell of meeting Dorothy at Father Casey's and of old to meet Marquardt's at Gramont. "Weep and be drunks" the last words to the court, explaining his refusal to register in both wars. He "judged no man" but stood adamant against the forces of church and state that made war. He made this bragging feel humble in his heart. He was one of those who were over 45 had our live's (we'd had in our lives) by refusing to register, the eight Marquardt boys and near relatives who refused to register and did in Sunstone cheered me. The old man had five farms to tend to, with only his wife and daughter to help him. He lost two of the farms.

I had corresponded with David and Beverly White who teach at Macalester College in St. Paul, but had never met them. They had some Yogi meeting on that night, so had planned for me to speak at McCosh's Cambridge Bookstore, near the U. of Minnesota campus in Minneapolis. Beverly drove me there. Two of the Marquardt boys greeted me happily, and the other she herself stayed until I:30 a.m. when the meeting broke up. Here in this radical and non-religious bookstore I was pleased to find CW's on display, with a tin can to put the pennies in as they were purchased. Every variety of radical was present and there must have been some one with knowledge of Catholic history, for the St. Paul daily paper, using the caption THEY SAY, had a picture of Pope Pius XII and myself (to the left).

It quoted the Pope: "The church is realistic. It believes in peace. It reminds us that the most complicated political situations can be solved on a friendly basis." Then they quoted my Love, Courage and Wisdom phrase—see page 136. At the end it said "Amon Henney, Roman Catholic Anarchist."

In Madison I had the best meeting of my trip, at St. John's church, near the campus of the University of Wisconsin. Father Kutchera had prepared the way at mass that morning by announcing the meeting and saying that Catholics were directed by the Pope on faith and morals, and charity above all, but otherwise they could be as radical or conservative as they chose. Fourteen years before I had spent the night with Father Kutchera and we had discussed Tolstoy until early morning. I had been diverted then to debate with the head of the ROTC at the Student Union. At the last minute the military authorities had forbidden an officer to debate with a pacifist so I had the meeting to myself.

I had many questions from the floor this night, and many of us adjourned to Father Kutchera's study until midnight. My old time Quaker friend, Francis Hoge, was out of town so I enjoyed the hospitality of John Mclnley, circulation manager of THE PROGRESSIVE, and long time admirer of the CW. The following night some Quakers and pacifists and Father Kutchera met with me at John's. I also spoke to a group of students at the University Baptist center where my old friend Sherry Collins held forth. I had him speak in Waukesha in 1929 on "Stop the Next War
in his joining the Church. I had not met him since then. Two Jesuit priests and other young Catholics came one evening to the most enthusiastic of small meetings of my trip. I had spent four days in jail in Denver in 1942 for selling the CW on the streets, but despite the super-patriotic atmosphere of secular and ecclesiastical Denver I feel that there is a real basis for a CW house there. Helen Ford and Mildred Mowe of Denver FOR left welcomed me; I had never met Paul Kermeit, who had done time as a cat, and was happy to meet him here at their evening meeting.

In Albuquerque my friend Monsignor Garcia welcomed me although he disagrees entirely with my ideas and with CW radicalism. An evening with Al Reer and Bob and Betty Reagan was the extent of the CW interest in this community. Al and Catherine had bought a house west of town. I had hoped that they would get as far as Phoenix. My good friend Rev. Soder of St. Paul's Lutheran Church was called out of town, the night before I arrived. I was pleased to see a sign "open for prayer" on his church door. I visited employers with whom I had worked during my five years here, and walking the six miles out of the city after mass early one morning. I did not get first recognition of the man whom I had written in the CW in 1945. Pickets walked in front of the chain stores, as they did in Denver. I had only a few CW's left but encouraged the pickets and gave them our CW's. I talked to Father Mathias at his clean and orderly House of Hospitality where the atmosphere is that of social work and not radical like the CW. Father Schall was not home when I went to Ileta Pueblia. I visited old friends among the Indians there. They liked my report of the Hopi. I spoke with a leader of the Jemez Indians who came to see Monsignor Garcia. He was Catholic and appreciated the CW which I gave him.

I met my daughter Carmen in Santa Fe. She met me at the bus as did also some friends with whom I had corresponded for years but had not met. Peter and Florence van Drees. Carmen teaches music here at the home of that cult to which she and Sharon and Selma belong. I had an extra fine vegetal supper with her and the cult friends where she drove. She is of a more demure type than her individualistic sister, but despite the years of separation she was kind and sweet to me, and she lives the same a-dicated life as does Shaton, and is gracious and beautiful. A boy in this house had refused to do any work for his employer on a job at Los Alamos so had lost his job. Carmen looked through my missal and knew the Kyrie, Gloria, etc. from her musical studies. She also was sympathetic to my becoming a Catholic, as there was no chance of my belonging to her cult.

I spoke to a group of Quakers, FOR members and young Catholics in the house of the grey uniformed men, medical missionaries in the house where Carmen rooms. This order has hospitals in India and here in Santa Fe and Augusta, Ga. They perform maternity services on call, as these two areas have the greatest infant mortality in the country. Dorothy had spoken here six years ago, and I was welcomed by the intelligent nuns who did not let their interest in their immediate problem
keep them from seeking to understand the wider Christian Anarchist view of the CW, which I presented.

"Schooling on the system," said my friend Peter van Dregter, as he pointed to the stone battlements built to hold his windpower generator. We had driven up from Santa Fe the sixty miles north to this beautiful 50 acres, stretching in narrow strips at the base of orange cliffs, through which ran a small mountain stream. Half of this acreage had been cultivated for many years. A road wound up from the village three miles away and on toward the nearest neighbor twelve miles distant. Peter and Florence had sought for months for just such a place and in despair had driven west toward California. On the way they had come across this Shangri La and had bought it from Mexicans living there. The adobe house was falling apart and now this new one was being built. Peter is one of the expert decentralists of this country: a house builder, and one of the few people I have met whose radicalism extends over into definite action. In this Land of the Sun the house will be heated by solar heat. Peter is a designer and builder of machines also. The workshop, which will come next along with the food grown in this sheltered mountain, is, I think, will prove that no one has to live in a town and be a slave to a boss but that everyone can be self-sufficient. Sun, shade, water, earth, mighty cliffs, and not far away the magnificent Sangre de Cristo (blood of Christ) Mountains. Eleven-year-old Steve had helped his parents make a relief map of the immediate country and recently before the first sleepless night he had gone hiking one afternoon by himself over a rough, snaky mountain with peck, lunch and compass.

On the way from Santa Fe, we had stopped a few hours for a visit with Father Canadas, at Espanola. He is one of the few priests in this state who appreciates the CW. Peter and Florence are not members of any church and were enthusiasm to find a man of the cloth who had been raised in this vicinicity, knew its problems, and understood Eric Gill and the decentralist problem. It was after dark as we came back through Espanola, and thus we were able to see the red and formal lines of the lights, at the atom bomb plant at Los Alamos. This was a great contrast to the varied sprinkles of lights, here and there in the valley, coming from the homes of humble people. The story goes around here that an old man had a school where he taught his students to develop the mind and spirit of students, and that when the government confiscated it and built the greatest force of destruction known to man on his beloved mesa, he died within a few months. (I was to meet the daughter of the founder of this school, Peggy Pond Church, in a few months in Phoenix. The old man from whom the government took the school had owned it since the death of Peggy's father some years ago. Mr. Pond had established a school in the lowlands to the east and had been flooded out so thought this mesa would never be flooded. A flood of hate however reached up and now envelopes the mesa). Mankind is not satisfied with sending the murderous product of Los Alamos abroad, but in order to make the slaves employed in this devil's work contented the manure from countless small farms has been bought up to make the grass grow an unnatural green on this murderous mesa. A social worker told me that an excessive number of maladjusted children live in Los Alamos.

In Flagstaff my good friend Platt Cline met me at the bus. He had just returned from Houeilla where he had learned of the death of Fred, one of the Hopi conscientious objects who spent four years in prison. Fred had been injured when a bus overturned. Platt has a tape recorder and I was pleased to listen to the words of Andrew, as interpreted, telling of the Hopi traditions. Platt caught me unawares and recorded my picketing experiences as I was talking. He was interested in my reasons for becoming a Catholic and just why I joined the Church, so this was also recorded.

The paper recently carried a story about the Civil Air Patrol, seeking to build up an excuse for their existence by planning to drop Christmas presents to the Navajo and Hopi Indians. The true Hopi announced that they did not want presents through this anti-social channel. The Hopi work hard and they are poor, but they want little to do with the white man and his Coca-Cola culture... A visit to the American Friends Service Committee local office with their farm-goods activities, the other extreme from the air-plane Santa Claus, completed my visit in Flagstaff.

Arriving in Phoenix after four months and four days abroad, I found it raining, and within a few days was irrigating and working as usual.
CHAPTER 12.  
I Become a Catholic  
September 21  
to November 17, 1952  

Maryfarm  
Chrstie Street  
Peter Maurin Farm  
Hutchinson, Minnesota

"When will Ammon join the Church?" asked a friend, of Father George Dunne.  
"When it gets underground, I suppose", he answered.  
I felt that in ten years or more the capitalist or the Catholic dictator-in-chief might have all of us radicals in jail, and then would be time enough for joining a church. I had always said that a priest or preacher who bled would not bless me.  

When picketing that Wednesday in August of 1956, I had momentarily felt drawn to the Church. Also for a moment at Fr. Casey's retreat at Maryfarm in August of 1952 I felt that there might be something inside the Church that I ought to have, but that was only for a second and I thought of it no more. I attended mass daily after that retreat because I was at the CW and loved them all. So when Bob Ludlow went to Uniate mass at the Ukrainian church, each morning I got up early and went with him. If I was at Peter Maurin Farm I went to mass there. I did not understand much of it and it did not mean much to me. I was busy writing on this book, speaking to all kinds of radicals, and answering letters that came to the CW. Father Casey had left for Minnesota and I was glad to have met him. I told him that if I ever joined the Church he would be the one to baptize me, but I felt no reason to even think of joining it now. Dorothy had said not to join the Church because I loved her and the CW, so if, in addition, I loved Fr. Casey, the first anarchist priest I had met, this only meant that I had fine radical friends who were Catholic. The Church which upheld the rich landlords in every country when it was in the majority and who still blessed Franco and Peron, and still blest war—that was the Church that people thought of when the name Catholic was mentioned, and not the Catholic Worker.  

It was Saturday the 20th of September when Dorothy mentioned that she had to talk to a Communion Breakfast at the Hostel Bihorel the next morning to 600 employees of Gimbel's. I knew what these confabas consisted of: they all got together and said: "God, Jesus, Gimbel's! God, Jesus, Gimbel's!" Pretty soon they were saying "Gimbel's, Jesus, God", and finally ending up with only the word, "Gimbel's". It was the old Pie in the Sky racket. As the old I.W.W. song went:  

"Long lasted preacher come out every night;  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat,  
They will answer in voices so sweet:  
You will eat  
Bye and Bye  
In that beautiful land  
Above the Sky  
Work and Pray  
Live on hay:  
You'll get pie in the sky  
When you die."

Around 9 p.m. I was typing in the office when Dorothy stopped on her way to the church. She said she did not know what to say to such a crowd so she would have to pray about it and ask for guidance. She came back in a couple of hours.  

We all wished her good luck as she went, as the saying was, into the jaws of the lion next morning. In the afternoon Tom was called to the phone and received the message that I was to accompany Florence Quinn, who did secretarial work for Dorothy at times, and who had questioned me about "Rendering unto Caesar" at my first talk at the CW, to some free opera downtown in the village. Dorothy had mentioned going there and I told her I didn't care about such things. Florence had tried to get reserved seats but only got a number to call to wait in line. I thought that as long as I was there I might as well stay for we could just as easily get 3 seats as 2. While we were talking about it Dorothy came up. She had been to see her sister Della after the talk at the Hostel Bihorel. She described how the big shots from the store and the chancery office breathed
hard when she commenced her voluntary poverty, reliance upon God rather than insurance companies and capitalist effort, non-payment of taxes for war and Atom Bomba, etc. She described going to mass in the big Church nearby, and that right after Communion without any reason or warning the big organ burst forth with the blasphemy of the Star Spangled Banner. This was a most holy moment after partaking of the body of Christ and it was broken up by this wag-mongering. Everyone stood up in honor of this God of Battles. Dorothy did that thing which only St. Francis or Gandhi would have had the spiritual insight to do: she knelt and prayed.

Hearing her tell of this gave me the one positive jolt of my life since I knew in solitary in Atlanta that I loved my enemy the warden. Here was I, brave and boastful about my great One Man Revolution. I had faced the tautness of crowds and of the police, had felt nearly alone in opposing the draft in two wars. I was making a good fight. I remembered right then of my debate with the head of the American Legion in Milwaukee, Sam Carr, at the Grand Avenue Congregational Church in 1941, before Pearl Harbor. The flustered assistant minister stood between Sam and me on the platform before the crowd, saying "Now what song will we sing? Oh,oward Christian Soldiers, with your permission Mr. Henney. Your fellows can sing it. We won't." I replied, Accordingly I sat stubbornly in front of them all while they stood and sang. I felt mean and I expected I looked mean. And they glowered at me. I was the first to speak. I said: "I suppose you folks will wonder why I did not have the courtesy to arise and sing with you. I wouldn't sing such a song in prison and stand the chance of going to solitary for many times. One young fellow walked out of the prison chapel when they sang it and did a month in solitary. So I'll be damned if I'll stand up for such a war mongering song on the outside." The next day the Church JOURNAL commented on my subbornness.

Now all this came back to me. I called myself a non-church Christian. I was just a stubborn smart Alec—perhaps with more knowledge than many others I met, but still moving along with a handicap of lack of spirituality. Now I knew my lack of it. How was I going to get it and where? I did not dare admit to myself out loud that I was slipping, but I did say then with tears in my eyes to Dorothy, "You have shown me a great light; you have made me ashamed of myself. This is the biggest jolt that I have received in my life. Where it will lead I don't know, but from now on life is going to be different for me." That next week was full of meetings. One night Dorothy and I had planned to visit a certain Communist whom I had known 30 years before, but it rained very hard and we did not go. Saturday we called up and accosted this Communist and family over to Peter Maspin Farm for the Sunday afternoon. That morning we went down to the old church near Tamar Henney's where they go to mass. The old priest had set aside a plot where Peter Maspin's body could be moved from far away Brooklyn to be near the farm named in his honor. I had promised to clean weeds off the plot, but this had always been done by a caretaker. So Dorothy and Tamar and I carried rocks and made the boundaries of the plot.

Around 1 p.m. the Communist and his wife and teenagers came. We all went upstairs, above the chapel, to the library where there is a loom and spinning wheel. We all teased and carded and spun and rewound wood. The oldest teenager asked me to explain anarchism. I did so. For several hours we all discussed Communism, anarchism, pacifism, war, capitalism, etc. We were just as far apart as people could be: Communist- atheist and Catholic-pacifist-anarchist. Yet all that time there was not one harsh word or loud voice or argument. We did not agree, but there was that spirit of brotherhood which ought to be over the whole world. There was that thing that the Catholics call Grace. There was that thing which we of the CW called The Green Revolution.

For supper we had homemade baked beans and all the home-made whole wheat bread we could eat—with a few leaves wrapped up for the Communists to take home. The Communists had recorders with them, and they played all kinds of folk and popular songs. When anyone requesting or suggesting it they commenced to play Christmas carols. None of us remembered to play The Red Flag. As they left the teenagers said, "Amon, I want to thank you for explaining anarchism to me." Now I'll swear that among all the radicals and pacifists and even Catholic workers, I never met up with such genuine manners as these.

Dorothy took them down to the bus. I looked around for something to read and saw a book on the table, At Anthropology of Russian Short Stories, and of course looked up the one by Tolstoy. It was one I had never read: "The Diary of an Imame Man". I have not seen it since and my memory of it might not be accurate, but the impression I received was that this man said that when he was a boy he had not hit back when another boy had hit him, and people had called him foolish or crazy. Then again, when he had grown up and the peasants had stolen wood from his forest, he had not done like others and taken them to court, but had said nothing about it. This was also foolish and crazy. And now, yesterday, he had sold all he had and given to the poor and had been committed to the insane asylum. How Tolstoyan!

Dorothy went upstairs at once to read and write and went towards the barn, where I slept upstairs, above Fr. Duffy's room. It was quite dark. Without any conscious intention it seemed I walked into the chapel instead of going upstairs. There was a candle burning by the Little Flower. I didn't know what the Little Flower was. I had always thought of Carmen and Sharon a red rose every day or two and had bought one for Dorothy when I could get one. I did not know how I was "working against my stubborn self" (for Dorothy had put a rose by the Little Flower and it was there while I prayed and meditated for an hour or more). I had always prayed for grace and wisdom when in a Catholic Church, and I did so now. Much of the time I was just quiet and did not say any prayers. I did not hear any "voices" but there came to me a clear assurance that the Catholic Church was the true Church, that whatever I did not understand would be explained to me, that I was not hurting the Church by remaining outside: I was only hurting myself. For I needed this spiritual insight for Dorothy had when she knelt and the main thing now in my life was to work toward getting it.

I did not think anything about theology. I had the confidence in my
heart that this was the road upon which was now entering. How fast I would travel depended upon myself, and upon more of this Grace from
God that I had prayed for since 1950, and that had been present all that
day. It was as if the Communist family represented my first Marxist
Socialism by which I had been drawn away from a bourgeois surrounding. God had brought them there to bless me by their kindness, tolerance and cour-
age. It was as if Tolstoy himself was there, as represented in his short story,
sent by God to bless me in my deminution of voluntary poverty and hard labor,
in my tax refusal and anarchist emphasis. It was as if Dorothy had brought us all together by her great spiritual influence, sent by God to bless me in deeper spirituality. I was very happy. I said to Dorothy in the morn-
ing, "I'm a Catholic! What am I supposed to believe?" I would have be-
lieved that Jonah had swallowed the whale if I was supposed to! She said
not to be in a hurry but to study and pray and get the cobwebs out of my
brain. She gave me Karl Adam's Spirit of Catholicism. A few days later, I had come up to her by the dry dock and was typing in the office. Dorothy was leaving
soon on a speaking trip to the West. She called from the corner of the stair-
way. I looked up and there was holding a whiskey bottle, half full, which she had just retrieved from an "ambassador" who had bought himself hidden
in the dim hallway. I poured it in the nearby toilet.

In the morning, several of us got up early to go to the bus with her. We could not get out of the premises, for several men were sleeping against
the iron gate at the bottom of the front stairway. They finally awakened and
made room for us to get through to the street. We all went to mass at the orphan St.Francis church near the bus station, and as we left Dorothy
placed the current red rose I had given her, with a prayer, at the statue of
St.Francis to the left of the entrance. We went to the small lunch room
down the street as it was not yet time for the bus to leave. In the midst of
our meal a big taxi man came in and quarreled with a smaller one about
some parking arrangement; finally swinging at him and bloodying his nose.
The smaller man quickly picked up a sugar bowl and threw it mightily in
the face of his opponent. The latter went outside screaming and seeking
to rub the broken glass, sugar, and blood from his eyes and face. The
owner of the restaurant was wringing his hands about who pays for
this damn sugar bowl. Dorothy asked me to open her grip which was near
her. She took out a towel, got some cold water and went outside and bathed
the face of the "aggressor". Their exit from New York was to be typical of
the problems of New York and of the world.

Saying goodbye at the bus Dorothy remembered that I had not digested all of the events of the past ten days clearly in my mind. While I knew
the direction in which I was headed I did not know how fast I would be
in my search for spiritual truth. I had thought that I would read Karl
Adam's book and the one Lessons on Life by Goodier published by the
St.Meinard Press, the Catechism and other material, talk to Father Dunne
in Phoenix and be baptized by Father Cahey in the fall of 1953, when I again went to hisMaryfarm retreat. I would meet Dorothy in Phoenix
around Christmas and tell her of my spiritual progress. All that I remem-
bered was that she whispered for me not to forget about "that other",
meaning my spiritual growth. She says that she quoted from the Psalms
"My heart is ready, O Lord", but I do not remember.

Two nights later I talked on Christian Anarchism at the S.I.A. (anarchist)
hall at 813 Broadway. I did not enter into Catholic dogma for I did not yet
know much about it, but did I had for years, praised the CW. Most of those present liked my militant opposition to war and the payment of
taxes for war. Several did not like my reference to the CW and one
comrade waxed especially strong to an anarchist church and the hierarchy. Before I could answer, up jumps Bill Ryan with a defense of
the CW and the Sermon on the Mount, although he was atheistic. Bill
did admirably and known Peter in the old days.

With my heritage of disgust at Billy Sunday's hell fire and the "once
saved always saved" Calvinist doctrine, which also linked capitalism and
Protestantism as of God, I had always thought that the Catholic church
must be just a little worse in these matters. It seemed to be so dogmatic and did not admit of any of the whittling away of doc-
true. I came through the unitarians, where a good book review takes the place of
religion; or like the Quakers who admitted to regarding such a renegade and open advocate of war as Whittaker
Chambers.

With all of my wrong ideas about the Catholic Church, I was now com-
mitted in my heart to become a Catholic, so it was not until after that
find out what all their theology meant. I had always said that if the Catholic Church
won from God then reserved all the more condemnation because it had departed so far from the Sermon on the Mount as to support war and
capitalism.

Now as I read Karl Adam's small book I began to get a clearer idea
of what the Church meant. I will go into detail on this subject because
until this was made plain to me I could not really call myself a Catholic.
The reader who knows all this can bear with my insufficient knowledge and
understanding, and the non-Catholic who reads can go along with me in
search for truth. I do not want to become a theologian but I will at least have to know what certain terms mean to me.

Original Sin. I had for the most of my adult life followed the philosophy of
Rousseau to the effect that we were born perfect but were corrupted by
society—that is by government mostly—and by organized religion which
commercialized the teachings of Christ and other great teachers and
which blasphemed called evil god. Naturally I had not known the Catholic
doctrine and had been antagonized by the extreme Protestantism. Protestant teaching. I knew that an anarchist society could not exist until
people close to do good of themselves, and as I looked around among
anarchists and almost everyone else, it seemed that there was 5 awful
lot of meanness in the world. How come? Even if the Roussean idea was correct, what could be done about it? So when I understood the Catholic
teaching of original sin and how it was to be overcome by the Grace of
God, then this was the main theological obstacle overcome.
In his book Karl Adam said:

"Though original sin brought a weakening of nature, it did not bring as well a physical deterioration or corruption of our bodily and mental powers.

This was an entirely different thing from being "conceived in sin and born in iniquity." The Grace of God brings man away from his blemish and the sacraments keep him away. If this has not worked out correctly for many Catholics, that is not my business. I had better attend to Hennessy first."

St Thomas in the Summa puts it this way:

"In relation to Adam we are to some extent like the children of a millionaire who has lost all his money. We cannot begin life with as much power as our father once had. But we have, through our own free will and the grace of Christ, the power to build up our fortune in good works. If we sin instead, it will be our own fault."

What had seemed to me a memento jumble of holy water and crucifix- crossing, I now saw was the LITURGY, as the daily redeeming grace of Christ present. I blushed at the wiseguy I had often made when a Catholic- mentioned Grace and I said, "or Ezel." I had quoted Giovanniti, the I.W.V. poet, to the effect that "The holy water is but knotted through..." spit on their God." As a non-Catholic I had thought that the Holy Eucharist had a magic which other Catholics used as an excuse to keep on sinning. But the s.v. of the priest and the Church. I now saw that the priest might be fooled and a person taking communion might possibly fool himself and those present, but God was not fooled. The sacraments were the actual body and blood of Christ. Whether Giovanniti, who was a fallen away Protestant ministerial student now turned against religion, wanted to scorn both the communion of sinners and hypocritical Catholics, and what proportion there were of hypocrites who attended mass was not my problem. I repeat that I had better attend to Hennessy and his growth in understanding things of the spirit, first.

As Karl Adam says:

"The sacramental grace flows directly from Jesus into the soul of the believer. The sacrament is no more than an appointed sign of Christ, an objectualisation of the gracious will of Jesus, a visible and perceptible 'I will, be thou made clean.'"

Now as I went to mass daily I saw that if a person was spiritually alive and wished to keep that way the perfect thing to do was to go to mass and take communion daily. This was not being priest-ridden. It was a means of spiritual growth. I was to join the Church to praise God for the spirituality of the CW and for the Communion of Saints. The Catholic Church was open day or night and one could go in there and pray; it was not just a matter of listening to drivel on a Sunday.

I had looked upon the HIERARCHY as a lot of despots ruling the dumb masses who went to mass. To my astonishment the anarchist idea of no majority role worked right along with this idea of the hierarchy and against the majority role whereby Protestants elected bishops and factions fought one against another. Not that there was no "politics" in selection of Catholic bishops, Monsignors, Knights of Malta, etc. But historically a guiding hand always seemed to produce saints among these materialists. Closely connected with this new discovery was the idea that there was more freedom within the Catholic Church than there was on the outside where radicals would quote Bakunin or Marx and would no more think of being a heretic to them than a Catholic would be to the Pope. Yet here was a queer thing: all through the history of the Church there were bad Popes and scheming Cardinals and corrupt alliances with corrupt kings; yet somehow, there always arose a St. Francis, a Hildebrand, a Catherine of Aragon, and now the CW, to bring such a great light. This was a step forward despite the mistakes made. I was wrong so look at the corruption in the Church as being the whole Church and forget that within this body there was a spirit which also produced great saints. This was not too obvious, and if a person wanted freedom in the Church he had to fight for it. But it has always been the case anywhere that the best things in the world have to be earned the hard way. Easy things come easy.

We are urged to speak the truth. Adam says:

"When He (Jesus) called the Pharisees whitened sepulchres and a breed of vipers, and Herod a fox He was not inspired by any sort of hatred against individuals, but by the tremendous earnestness of truth."

In the small book Lessons on Love Goodier says:

"Our Lord was troubled in the Garden, but we are not told that He was troubled at the sight of the Cross."

Also: "Faith teaches us to believe in everybody, not as satisfied optimists, but as men among our fellow-men. Hope gives us the confidence that nothing we do is wasted. Charity goes further; it bids us not easily to miss a chance of doing good, not to act on the defensive, never to use the arguments that we are not obliged as a reason for standing aloof!" Here is enough idealism for a radical.

THE POPE, I was to find out, is not a despot. He had to go to confession to any common priest. If ignorant Catholics followed him or ignoble members of the hierarchy when they spoke as very fallible human beings, and refused to listen to him or them when they spoke with theological authority, that was their discrepancy. As a good Christian and as a good Catholic I would do the opposite. Adam spoke of Pope Innocent III being wrong when he inveighed against witches and of the Church's being wrong in opposing Galileo. These were matters of opinion, not of Christ and God and faith and morals. There was this thing also, that the value of the sacraments did not depend upon how good an orator a priest was. In themselves they brought grace. So with the Pope, he could be good or bad, but the truth of the Church was there all the time and even a dozen bad Popes could not kill the real Church. Adam says that no one can be sure, even the Pope, that he is in a state of grace and really saved. Only God knows. I had often said and have heard others say that they needed no priest to come between them and God directly. Generally this was an alibi, for while they could, they pray
the essence of all greatness to face what is dangerous... The men who would truly love, and know to the full what it means, will beware of that timid, limping thing which sometimes parades, and hides its littleness, under the name of prudence.

And Goodier again.

"A stoic, ancient or modern, who boasts of being above emotion, who acts by his reason and that only, who prides himself on doing his duty, has triumphed over love, scotched it if he has not killed it; it is a gruesome triumph, the triumph of the unpoised over the underlying land. Beauty there may be of a kind, beauty, and strength, and stillness; but life, and warmth, and growth, and fruitfulness there can be none... Love is a restless thing. Idleness and love are incompatible; love cannot go asleep... The waster who meets you may not deserve your penny; if he receives it he may even chuckle at his fortune, and your weakness; nevertheless, as often as not, he goes away with something more than a penny in his hand, something in his heart of which he is not aware, but which someday will bear fruit; the memory of one who has treated him above that which he has deserved, the memory of a kind deed done."

For all people—Adam points out that for those who can understand but little the very minimum is required and for those who can understand and practice more, then more is required and expected, up to the criterion of St. Augustine who says, "Love and do what you will." What could be more anarchistic? And the final criterion, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come; follow me!"

"In the Catholic Church alone may we discern an organic growth in the consciousness of the faith. There is no pretending here, no sham; the church has a message for men of every age. She does not hesitate even to take over pagan ritual and pagan symbols, wherever such things can be Christianized and reformed. This is not weakness, or unprincipled accommodation, but practical Catholicism. It is a direct consequence of that fundamental Catholic conviction that every genuine value, everything that comes from pure and unencumbered source, belongs to God and has citizen's rights to His Kingdom."

"Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Adam says, "Wherever the Gospel of Jesus is faithfully preached, and wherever baptism is conferred with faith in His Holy Name, there His grace can operate. When the disciples would have forbidden a man who had not attached himself to Jesus from casting out devils in His name, Our Lord declared: 'Forbid him not.' "

And again.

"In those non-Catholic bodies in which the apostolic succession has been maintained by means of valid Episcopal ordinations, as in the schismatic churches of the East, and in the Jensenist and Old-Catholic churches, she still recognizes the validity of all these sacraments."

Adam also says that among Protestants and Jews, Turks and Japanese, Grace can abound and saints occur; especially among the Russians. It was
Pope Clement XI in 1713 who especially rejected the proposition that "outside the Church there is no grace." The praise of Gandhi by the CW has aroused the ire of the near followers of the excommunicated Father Fernery who feels that no one but Catholics can go to heaven.

HERESY—When I was speaking in Minneapolis someone asked me if I was a convert of Bishop Fulton Sheen. I replied that I converted from big convertibles and that I came in the Left door. The same person wondered if I was trying to "bore from within" the Church. I answered that my purpose was to gain spiritual growth and everything I did would be in the open and in the tradition of the best of Catholic saints I hoped. He wondered what I would do if the Pope ordered me to pay taxes. I told him that I was willing to take the risk that this would never occur. A friendly priest gave me a good answer to this by saying "The Pope tells me to walk on my hands. So what?"

No use in speaking of such foolish things. However, the priest said that in Catholic teaching a person was bound to live true to his conscience or there was no basis for morality at all. So I was glad to read what Karl Adam had to say about heresy.

"Catholicism has sometimes repelled and rejected outright an heretical position with all its implications, reasons and consequences in order to prevent any contamination of revealed truth, and then, when the danger of such contamination was past, has taken over these elements of truth which heresy had grasped but wrongly emphasized, and moulding them into harmony with the whole of revelation, has consciously built them into her teaching and maintained them."

I can now see that it could be that the emphasis on Christian Anarchism by the CW might cause the hierarchy to ban the CW. Karl Adam says that Aristotelianism is used by church authorities today, but was forbidden as "the source of all heresies" and not allowed to be taught at the University of Paris in the 13th century.

In the first edition of this book when I had been a Catholic less than a year I said that if I were the editor and were ordered by the Pope or Cardinal to cease publication, I would do so for the ultimate good of the Church. But after mature deliberation I decided that I would not do this. In February of 1969 for instance, while I was speaking in Chicago at the Catholic Worker house at 164 Oak Street, a phone call came from the Chancery office and a loud voice could be heard roaring that unless we took the name Catholic off our headquarters they would send the police and have the place closed up. It was a Monsignor who had evidently been angered at the complaints of Catholics who objected to our distributing anti-tax leaflets in front of the Federal Building and protesting the arrest of Rose Rolka for non-payment of income tax. I told Dorothy about it later that day and she said, "Her instinct is probably worse than his bite. We have had this kind of trouble before."

And she mentioned how she had had to go to the Chancery office to hear complaints about some of Robert Ludlow's articles in the past.

But Karl Meyer, who is a fine young man, but only 22, did not question the order and changed the name of the house to St. Stephen's, after the first martyr who had been a server of tables, and whose feast is celebrated the day after Christmas.

I do not blame Karl for who at the age of 22 fights the Chancery office. But I felt to rationalize this and say that the name Catholic Worker means nothing and that we could just as well use the name St. Stephen's because Dorothy disagrees with me on this and does not think Karl cowardly. I feel that Dorothy because she is kindly and motherly naturally upheld Karl in his stand. Under such circumstances I would not obey, but I would go and try to talk to the Cardinal or Chancellor first and explain my right as a Catholic to act according to my conscience. I do not think that I will be communicated for disobeying Catholic authorities, for I do not deny Church dogma, but only the support of Churchmen for exploitation and war and but if it ever did come to that I would consider myself excommunicated like St. Joan of Arc. These folk excommunicated themselves, not her. I would still be in the real Church, the church of the saints.

SAINTS were fellow-workers of Christ. Much of my attraction to the Church was for this Communion of the Saints. While some Catholics might seem superstitious and foolish in their veneration for certain saints, yet this has to be allowed, for with it can come great spiritual growth at times.

INDULGENCES. I had often asked about them, but never did get a clear explanation. Adam made it appear logical, although in the past they were a source of great scandal. And today they are not the most important feature of the Church but are a means of helping weaker Catholics—out of the great reservoir of sanctity of the Saints. Adam says that an indulgence is not a remission of sin but only of the temporal penalties attached to sin.

CHURCH AND STATE—Adam says that the Church has not for long been the handmaiden of any state, although this has happened at times. I feel that it has happened nearly all of the time, but if the name Catholic means universal then it really means it was not Italian, Spanish, American or any other church, but a Church Universal.

SEX. I had often said that Catholics did not believe in birth control because they wanted more children born so there would be more Catholics and more money for the Church. It really isn't that bad. A woman wrote me a letter once to a vegetarian paper saying that there were two main sins: White bread and birth control. There are no doubt that they are both unnatural and detrimental. Catholic teaching on sex (outside of the native Irish who get so puritanical they put the Puritans to shame) is much more natural and wholesome than the terrible Protestant "garment of shame." It is not my fault that the Church makes itself look foolish by insisting on the wickedness of birth control because it is mechanical when she takes all the rest of the mechanical civilization that goes with it: Atom Bombs and all. It is a sin not to have a child conceived but when he grows up it is o.k. to kill him and have him kill others in war.
I over-simplify this for emphasis, but if the reader gets the point I will add that the Church condemns birth control because it frustrates the end of action. Like eating for pleasure and vomiting after, like the Romans did. It is contrary to natural law and therefore immoral. But so is killing!

Now after ten years I tend to agree with Dr. Frank Lorimer, Professor of Sociology at the American University, Washington, D.C. and honorary president of the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population, who in the Winter 1963 issue of CROSS CURRENTS, reviews a book Family Planning and Modern Problems, by Fr. Stanislas de Lestapie, S.J. I quote "Nevertheless the statements of some priests imply a tolerance of irresponsible reproduction as the natural consequence of the unregulated satisfaction of sexual impulse. High fertility, as such, and large families in particular have been honored without respect to conditions, motives, or consequences. Fr. de Lestapie repudiates this point of view. A true interpretation of Catholic doctrine supports the ideal of responsible parenthood . . ."

The accusation has been made that the use of contraceptives leads to sexual abnormality and perversion. Dr. Lorimer answers this objection, "This thesis lacks substantial basis and is an unwarranted slander on the private lives of many non-Catholic couples and of some high-minded Catholics who do not adhere to the teachings of their church in this respect. And he adds, "Are not desertion, illegitimacy, and irresponsible procreation greater evils than contraception?"

I have heard worldly faced, obese priests, who would seem never to have controlled their gluttony to tell young couples to sleep together but to have "self-control."

I Am Baptized

Dorothy had not planned to be in Chicago box suddenly a meeting was arranged and she wrote to me in Cleveland that she would be there November 7th. I had planned to be there about that time also, and was glad to meet her and tell her of the progress of my reading and thinking and praying. I had planned to be in Hutchinson, Minnesota to see Father Casey around the middle of the month but was two days late getting there. Dorothy had not known just when she would speak there but she arrived a few minutes after I came, not knowing I was there.

In conversation I asked Father Casey what was the first thing to do when you joined the Church. He said it was to be baptized. I asked him how much you had to know to be baptized. He replied that no Catholic really ever understood everything as he should, and had to accept much on faith. There would always be some ideas for each of us that would remain a holy "mystery." He and Dorothy spoke of the Ethiopian who wanted to be baptized right away, while there was the opportunity. I read the Catechism and the Creed and said I believed it all, although there were some points that needed to be cleared up. Father Casey felt that I had a better understanding than many who were born Catholic or who were converts. In studying the Catechism I asked him about the questions of obeying parents and from this it flows that we should obey civil laws. We agreed that if a Catholic in conscience felt that it was a sin to register for the draft, pay taxes for war, and otherwise be a denial of the Sermon on the Mount, then that person was bound to disobey man and, as St. Peter did when arrested twice for breaking the law and speaking the name of Jesus on the street, answer, "We should obey God rather than man." It would not seem logical that by saying "Render unto Caesar" which means giving taxes to kill in war; to spread hatred and lie about the enemy; to return evil for evil; that Jesus would nullify all of His Sermon on the Mount.

When the Catechism came to the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," it was asked when was it permitted to kill? The answer was, "in a just war, in capital punishment, in self defense." While this might be the rule for those who follow the old eye-for-an-eye teaching of Moses, we felt that a Christian who was led by the sermon on the Mount could do none of these things. Today there is no "just war," for civilians are being bombed, and even by the regular rules of a just war the idea of war is out. Many states and countries do not have capital punishment and murder is not more prevalent there. Despite that fact I live in a state and a country where it is the law, I am not called upon to be an executioner or a prison guard. If I pay taxes to support such a government I am denying Christ and am a part of returning evil for evil instead of returning good for evil. And of course when it comes to defending oneself by violence I have already defended myself in a better way when the man locked me up with a knife—and a person should not go back and take up the sword. So to one who tries to practice the Councils of Perfection, to do less is to follow Christ that much less. Therefore to be a better Christian Anarchist and a better Catholic is perfectly logical and within the theological setup of the Church.

Dorothy had said that she would be my Godmother when I was baptized, and Bob Ludlow would be Godfather by proxy as he was in New York. That evening Dorothy spoke in the church basement to Father Casey's people and I was asked to say a few words. When a man asked me about "Dorothy sent me to Caesarea." I spoke to Dorothy who told me to be Baptized. I said it was very solemn and sacred. I am sure that water, salt, and necessary parts of nature, are indispensible. I entered into the Church, and Dorothy had told me once, sent me to the holy water. "All water is holy; it washes the corn for the Father."

Later that night I made my first favorite father casey. He encouraged me in my faith, assured me to keep up my rascalism, and told me that he had baptized me "Ammon St John the Baptist Hennisy." I did not know that a new name was given for the New Life in Christ. Later I asked him if that meant I was to have my head cut off like John the Baptist. He inferred that this might take place and be performed by a Cardinal, as such was the history of many true rebels.

In traveling around I had lost track of the day of the month. I found
that I had been baptized on Nov. 17, my mother's birthday, and the Feast of St. Gregory the Wonderworker. Both Dorothy and Father Casey said I would have to do more than move mountains.

The next morning we all went to mass and I took my First Communion. I was very happy.

After mass we drove 110 miles, picking up Don Humphrey, and went to Groton, Minnesota to see old man Paul Marquardt. He and I were the only ones who refused to register in both wars. He had read the CTK papers for years and was overjoyed to see Dorothy. He was "A little shaky from the last round with the officials" but his eyes were bright and he was tolerant and friendly, although he belonged to no church, reading the Bible here on his farm. We all felt truly humble in his presence, knowing that he was one of those "not of the fold" of whom Jesus spoke.

In the beautiful mass at Monstignet Hellriegel's in St. Louis, meeting with Fr. Kutscher in Madison, Wisconsin and with Father Becker at St. Louis University, as well as with many friendly Jesuits on my trip, I was welcomed and asked to speak on my radical Christian Anarchist ideas. Here in Phoenix, Father Dunne, Father Xavier Harris and fellow priests at St. Mary's, and my old friend Father Lawrence in the parish where I am a member, all explained very kindly matters of doctrine which puzzled me or which were new to me. Father Rechtel asked me to speak again to his Newman Club, in the nearby college town of Tempe. When Dorothy came to Phoenix for a week in January, I took the time off and was able to go to mass and communion daily. I have much to learn and much humility and love yet to learn, but I feel I am on the right road.

Before and after Conversion

Reading over my ideas on religion, as written on August 31, 1951, in the light of being a Catholic, naturally I found that I would place a much different emphasis, now. But all of the criticism which I have made of pious frauds in the churches still stands. Likewise all of the really religious and ethical ideas still seem to me worthy.

I will review my ideas paragraph by paragraph, placing first what I thought in 1951 and right afterwards what I believe now.

"All things work together for good to those who love God."

Naturally if I believed in this truth then, I doubly believe in it now. GOD, or Good, as I prefer to spell it, is the only real force that exists. That only is real which is eternal, and evil is temporal and defeats itself. Despite all the churches and prayers, very few people really believe in God; for if you believe in a thing then you must act as if you believed it. Otherwise you are just talking about it. Most people believe more in the power of evil for they do not trust in God, but put their trust in government, insurance, politicians, medicine, war, and anything but God. (1951)

God, of course is supreme, although it may look as if the devil is running the world, including most churches. It is foolish to take a Pollyanna attitude that evil does not exist. To work with it against good is even worse. I feel that positive action in "living the life" is more important than calling names. I feel that the system of violence is falling to pieces and that those of us who believe otherwise need to "keep the torch burning," as the saying is, so that there will be some hope. When evil piles on evil destroys itself, there will be those of us who will help with that real force, God, and be His instruments. (1955)

THE BIBLE in places reads like the word of God, especially when speaking through brave prophets like Daniel, but mostly the Old Testament is an alibi for tricks which the Jews worked upon their neighbors to get their land and women, and then put the blame for these tricks upon Jehovah. Practically every sin is condoned for the benefit of the Jews. (1951)

The Bible still needs to be interpreted by Grace from God and not by every little, loudmouthed Bible-banger who starts a holy-jumper church. My criticism came from my Protestant training of believing every word as literally coming from God and not as the growth of spiritual understanding during those centuries. To be sure I had never been as ignorant as it is said Governor Ross Sterling of Texas was, in the thirties, when he was quoted: "What good will Greek and Latin ever do for our children? If the English language was good enough for Jesus Christ, it's good enough for Texas."

I remember just now that the Communist whose visionary spirit helped me that Sunday at Peter Maurer Farm to come to prayer and meditation when I decided to become a Catholic, was Jewish. So despite my former anti-Semitic attitude I find that a true Christian should have no animosity toward any race. I shall seek to remember this. (1955)

JESUS taught something entirely different from the Old Testament. I believe that Jesus was born of a virgin, but this is not the important thing; the important question is—do we follow Him? His message of returning good for evil, of loving your enemy, of turning the other cheek, had been said by the Rabbi Hillel and others, but it was mostly conversation, for no one had been noted for living up to these ideals, much less dying for them. This of itself would have made Him a spiritual leader. But others have spoken holy words and lived in caves and done miracles. Jesus chose his disciples not from these heroes, but from live men in the world, and He met the issues of the day instead of talking "pie in the sky." He said that a rich man could not enter the kingdom of heaven; He spoke at the wrong which lawyers, church officials, and landlords did to the poor—and He drove the money changers out of the Temple. The lesson to us today from the life and methods of Jesus consists in the fact that:

He had an ideal.

He recognized the evil which the rich did to the poor.

He wrote in the hearts of men a Way of Life which they themselves must use to save them from sin.
When He had to "put up or shut up" He bravely died and did not p/full/.

If we claim to be His followers we should likewise be brave. (1951)

All that I thought on this matter I still believe and with theadded idea that He brings Grace to help us live according to His ideal through the sacraments, daily mass, and communion. (1955)

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS lived as brothers, holding property in common. They were also pacifists, for they "could do violence to no man," and many were martyred because they would not be soldiers. They were also anarchists inasmuch as they took no part in government, were denied communion if they went to court on anything, and no one was exploited. All this was changed when Constantine the Great was bled and took over the Church. It has since then always been an organ of reaction. (1951)

The Early Christians. I agree with all that I wrote on this subject. The only difference now is that although the Catholic Church and other churches have been organs of reaction I feel that the Catholic Church does not necessarily have to keep on in this role. What the other churches do is not my problem. It is not impossible for the spirit of the early Christians to be prominent again in the Catholic Church. (1953)

PAUL AND THE CHURCHES—have turned this message of Jesus around to mean nearly the exact opposite of what Jesus intended. His Mercy and Love have turned into a bargain counter whereby to "sin and be sorry" is all that is needed to join a church, get "pie in the sky" and pay little attention to life on the earth. The fundamentalist Protestant churches are the worse in this respect. Witness the following from a leaflet handed to me while I was picketing and put out by the Palmetto Baptist church here in Phoenix: "I offer full pardon; YOU'VE nothing to do; just TRUST ME; I'll keep you and take you above; and make you forever 'a son of My Love.'" (1951)

Anyone has a preference as to apostles and saints. I admire St. Paul's courage and his 15th chapter of First Corinthians, but generally speaking I believe that his influence was to dissemble rather than to clarify the ethics of Jesus. So with St. Peter, I choose to emphasize his "obey God rather than man" and not to follow him when he praises those in government authority. I accept with St. Paul the trusting time when he spoke contrary to the Sermon on the Mount in upholding the return of evil for evil. Neither he nor St. Paul can be blamed for the mechanization of religion, done since, in their names, so it would not now phrase my opinion of them in the same harsh terms. (1955)

PRAYER—"The fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much." By the same token in sincerity prayers are just so many wasted words. My prayer said often while working is: "Great God of Truth and Love, bring peace, protection, enlightenment, and encouragement to," then

listing my friends and especial enemies. On Sunday's, while fasting, or when passing a Catholic Church I enter and kneel and ask for Grace and Wisdom for me, a sinner, directing my appeal to Jesus on the Cross. I use no holy water and do not cross myself. (1951)

I agree with all that I have written above on this subject except now I do use holy water and do genuflect and cross myself with meaning as a help toward spiritual growth. There is spiritual power taken spiritual people recite the Rosary. (1953)

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH has produced saints like Francis of Assisi. Personally I do not believe in the fall of man, Haven and Pello in the accepted sense, if they went to court on anything, and not by Jesus, but by warmongering theologians. The Catholic Church seeks members, quantity, not quality. Those who get promotions are not holy men, but business men. They all support war and capitalism. (1951)

Of course my expression on the subject of the Catholic Church has changed very nearly entirely. As explained elsewhere I could find no better explanation of evil than that given by the Catholic Church. The priests to whom I have spoken tell me that "it does not yet appear what man shall be," so no one knows exactly of what heaven consists, and as to hell, it is best described as absence from God, or darkness, perhaps a burning or yearning of conscience, but not necessarily the fiery hell where one would have to be composed of asbestos to function in this place where fundamentalist Protestants and some Catholics would send the unawake. I know personally of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops who have praised the radicism of the Catholic Worker, A few super-patriots among the hierarchy stand out as companions of Joe McCarthy but many of the others blush to think of his tactics. As a whole the hierarchy is more radical than the laity. So while the CATHOLIC WORKER is the leaven it is not the only leaven for there are radical Catholics in France and other countries too. (1955)

REINCARNATION—the belief of Gandhi seems to me to be more logical than one chance for heaven or hell in this one life. Belief in it is not very important. It is "living the life" that counts. (1951)

Reincarnation does not now seem to me to be important. The important thing is spiritual growth. I accept with St. Paul the trusting time when he spoke contrary to the Sermon on the Mount in upholding the return of evil for evil. As much as I or anyone else can improve spiritually here and now is all to the good, no matter what the exact measurement of the future life may be. (1955)
"Do you really believe it?" said the Old Pioneer to me when I returned from my trip last December and told him that I had been baptized a Catholic. "I sure do," I replied. "I had a kid brother who 'got religion' at a revival meeting when I was 16 and it lasted all of his life. He was a good man," said the Old Pioneer, and added, "Do you feel certain now and not afraid?" I told him that I was never uncertain nor afraid since my time in solitary in the Arizona desert. The reason I had joined the Church now was to praise God and for the Communion of the Saints. He had been reading the Bible all winter. He had several versions including the new Catholic New Testament (Young Orme gave that to me to remember the old man by). Most old timers around here already know the Mormon Bible and they either believe it or they don't.

One Saturday afternoon while I was cleaning the Old Pioneer's house for an hour, I noticed some teenagers on bicycles pass by my shack, to the left of the garage. I thought nothing about it, as people often come in here, thinking this road goes some place, only to find it a dead end. When I went over to my shack a little later, I found all of my papers, books, etc., piled in the middle of the floor and some articles of missing. I had heard of other places being messed up by youngsters. When I told the Old Pioneer about it he was very angry and said I should call the sheriff; that the kids should be "whipped"; they didn't even do enough "whipping" these days.

After I had told him I would say nothing of it to the authorities and would pray for the kids, as I had for vigilantes who had come after me here, in order that they would not get into more mischief, he calmed down. Later he was reading the CW and said to me, "Every time I read Dorothy's column I get ashamed of myself in such a big house; why, do you know 100 families could each have a house and more than an acre on this land, but then I'm too old to think of such new things." Then, as if he had admitted too much, he added with a wry smile, "I can't see Dorothy feeding all these bums who never work and wouldn't work. They do nothing but drink. But who am I, a sinner, to tell Dorothy anything?"

One evening he told me "If I ever joined any church it would be the Catholic. You believe it, Dorothy believes it. It is the only church that doesn't whitewash things away into nothing." I told him that I was not the one to tell him to hurry for I had been nearly 60 years about it myself. When Dorothy was here he told her that he had advised me to join the church. Perhaps he had this in mind to sell me, but he never really told me. He was only glad that I did. He had always admired Ghandi, although he had never been in any war, he was a great student of history, and knew the details of battle formation from almost any battle you could mention. He knew Arizona history, too, and admired the Hopi. He had met my Hopi friends when they came.

Three times in the five years that I had been here, he had been taken to the hospital for several weeks because of his stomach ulcers. Several times I noticed a light in his house around 2 a.m. and came over and asked if he was sick. He had spells of vomiting. I wanted to sleep on the couch here so I could be near if he wanted me, but he felt this would be giving in, and he wouldn't have it. I had wanted to feed the chickens, or gather and pack the eggs, but he felt this was his job and no one could do it just right. I had taken the morning off two weeks in a row in order to accompany him to town when he took the eggs to the store on Tuesdays and Fridays and carry them in for him. He had stopped to have an examination by the doctor and took different kinds of medicine. I had planned to go to the Hopi with Joe Craymyle on Feb. 28th, and when I came back he was going to the hospital, but that day he felt worse and his son took him in. Right before I left he did show me the details of the care of the chickens.

I called him on the phone several times when I returned and the day before I picked up March 15th, I visited him. I had sent in the Arizona Sketchbook by my banker friend Frank Brophy for him to read and it was the last thing he read. (Brophy had gone naturally inscribed it to "The green Man-Revolution from a Pipiurak.") The Old Pioneer's ulcers had healed and formed scar tissue which closed the duodenum so that he would starve to death if not operated upon, and there was only a chance that at his age of 80 he might stand the operation. He wanted to know about the chickens, and told me to eat all the cracked eggs I liked "and even some good ones." He was operated on the 14th and came out of the ether alright. Several days later when I had worked all day and all night and was very tired and was sleeping soundly, I awoke feeling that something was wrong with him. I prayed for him. The next day his son said he had been called and he had nearly died at that time. He held on and did not get worse for a few days.

I phoned Father George Dunne whose name the Old Pioneer knew from my mention of him before, and asked him to call at the hospital. Father Dunne called that evening and said something about his being an "old timer" who had many things to do yet. Mr. Orme corrected him sharply, saying, "Old Pioneer sounds better." He then asked to be baptized. A doctor, a Catholic nurse, and a Catholic woman, to who happened to be visiting just then, were witnesses. When Father Dunne left, the Old Pioneer said "God bless you, Father Dunne." Two days later, on March 26, the old Pioneer died in his sleep.

Both of the Phoenix papers and the Arizona Farmer had editorials about his death. While I was waiting in the funeral parlor, I became acquainted with the Secretary of the Pioneer organization, recognizing them from conversation I had about them previously
with Mr. Orme. As his wife and son and daughter-in-law were Episcopalians, it was thought best to have the funeral service in a church; they were glad that Father Dunn had been there to give him the peace of mind which he desired.

The papers spoke of him as being an Empire Builder and of his fine services to the Valley. But up to the very last he was just as much an enemy of the bankers and industrialists who sought to commercialize the Valley as he had been 20 years before, when these local papers had made fun of his "one-man revolution" saying he could not over-turn the bankers who had control of the Water Users Association. The old man had denounced this control which they had gained by substituting big holdings into dummies who thus gave them more votes. He got the rules changed and was president of the Association for 11 years.

They forget to mention that in 1916, when the I.W.W.'s were driven out of Bisbee by the copper owners, Mr. Orme resigned in protest from the local Rotary Club which approved this action, saying, "If they can drive I.W.W.'s out of Bisbee they can drive Orme's out of Phoenix. To hell with you."

He was who also told me when I offered to leave his place, rather than to have him bothered with tax men nipping at me for my anti-tax attitude, "stay here and fight them." He knew to no man. Now, belatedly, he knelt to God.

One night recently after irrigating for a long stretch and when I was thus sleeping very soundly, the Old Pioneer appeared to me in a dream. He looked very tired and not at all intelligent. With a soft smile he said, "I wouldn't 'whup' them. I wouldn't 'whup' them, now." I then awoke. This was not a vision like that of the Blue Flame; it was just a dream, but it was real and full of meaning to me.

CHAPTER 13

Jails and Picketing

1961 to 1964

New York City: Las Vegas, Nev.; Cape Canaveral, Fla.; Washington, D.C.; Omaha; Sandstone Prison; Polaris in Conn.

Eileen Egan, Jewish student, the author, Walter Kerr, CW assoc. editor, Picketing at the last air raid drill held in New York City: 1961, at City Hall Park.

The only place I was bothered was at 43 and Lexington where I was told I had to have a license. I explained to the cop that the Jehovah Witnesses had settled this in the Supreme Court years ago, but he didn't believe me and took me to the police station and then to the magistrate's court on 2nd Ave. near the CW where the judge released me on my own name for a few weeks. (The night before Dorothy and I had been walking along that street and she said, "there's the jail." I said I didn't care, but the next day I was in it.) Patricia Rusk, an ex-airplane hostess, who then lived with us came along to help me sell CW's daily, and the next Friday at 43 and Lexington, another policeman tried to stop me but I talked him out of it. The next Friday Bertha Tison and Eileen Fantino stood on the east side of the street and I took my accustomed place at the pillar at the entrance of the Peerless stores. Dorothy was to come also, but she was late. I told the girls jokingly that if they got pitched first I would call the office and if I got pitched first they should call the office. They were talking and facing away from me while the cop of the first encounter grabbed me and took me to the police station. When Dorothy came and wanted to know where I was she waited and looked around and finally called the police station, whereupon Dorothy stood...
at my usual place and sold the CW the rest of the afternoon, saying, "Ammon Hennacy, one of our editors, was just jailed for selling the CW; buy the Catholic Worker." And along comes the atheist anarchist Jackson MacLow and helps with the sales.

The American Civil Liberties Union wanted me to be the guinea pig to prove free speech for the Democrats, Republicans, Socialists and Commu-
nists who moved on when a cop told them to. So I deferred my anarchist principles for them and allowed Emanuel Redfield, a friendly Wall Street
lawyer, to appear in court with me and pledge not guilty for me. The judge
would not listen to any argument for free speech and told my lawyer to
appeal the case if he wanted to, giving me a $10 fine or 5 days in jail.
Patricia was in court and visited me in my cell with Mr. Redfield wonder-
ing why I did not pay the fine for I could get it back again but could not
get the 5 days back. I explained that I would never voluntarily give the
government any money.

We joested in the prison wagon up to the Tombs which is near the City
Hall. After a time I was lodged in Lower D12 with Dan, in for drunkeness,
who had bought a bottle of liquor when he cashed his $55 Lackawanna
cHECK and had been rolled. Now he was picking up butts. I offered to buy
him a package of cigarettes from the trusty but he said they charged 50c
after lock up and it was better to buy Ball Durham when the regular com-
minatory wagon came around the next day, so I gave him a quarter. This
aged Jew got ten days for selling pretexts on Wall Street without a license
(and the city won't give you a license). He had not learned yet to pay off
to the cops. We were fed on trays which were pushed into our cells. There was
a runway where in the daytime we could walk back and forth. In the morn-
ing my name was called for "Rikers," which meant for Rikers Island, part
of the man's prison. As we lined up in the outside corridor a screw with a
cigar in his mouth yelled out our names, but his articulation was thus im-
peded; few could understand what he was saying. It seems he was an edu-
cated man for he used seven lettered words instead of four lettered ones
he shouted, "Get in the . . . . . . line you . . . . . . bums.

Again we packed in the wagon and joested to 134th street where we
were not permitted to leave our smoke filled vehicle for the breezes on the
ferry. About 150 of us sat on benches in the big receiving room at Rikers
Island and were counted and recounted and finger printed. We all stood
naked and all body openings were examined supposedly for dope which we
might smuggle in. The wine sores on the old men, the stooped and broken
bodies of many, presented a sorry spectacle compared to the beautiful dark
black bodies of the Negroes among us, for there was no segregation here. We
all took chances that the clothing handed us would fit. Most of us were
short timers who went to Dorm 8 in the workhouse division.

My number was 419327 and Emil had the number next to mine. He had
done 30 days for drinking and had only been out a few days and by some
misprint of police inefficiency only drew 5 days this time for being caught in
doorway drinking from a bottle. Emil is a counterman and swears that in
the future he will stick to beer, for this he can take, but not whisky. After
he had done his thirty days he went to the blood bank but his blood was too
thin to be taken. In this dormitory there were upper and lower bunks. I had
a top one, and as is the custom in these modern jails there were no mat-
tresses, only springs and several blankets and sheets. The man on the bottom
bunk told of his he had done and of the corruption of the police and of the
regular payroll to them.

Marching from Dorm 8 at the far side of the workhouse with about 150
innates we came at 5:30 a.m. to the main building where there are eight or
more three-story cell blocks where those live who are doing from one to three
years in maximum custody. We marched two by two and when I saw
through the glass door the dining room full of convicts hunched over their
aluminum plates eating their meagre fare in assembly line speed, tears of
rage and pity choked me. This was the first time I had been in jail for 35
years. Was this all that our boasted civilization meant? I remembered what
Tolstoy had said when he was exiled to Siberia from the guillotine and he had then started on the thought which led him to be a
"Tolstoyan": "There is no such thing as progress in the world," he felt if
this was all that man could do to man. And again these immortal lines from
Edwin Markham's, Man With The Hoe, that he had recited hundreds of times
in solitarity in Markham's years ago, came back to me:

"Down all the caverns of the earth to the sea gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this;
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed;
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,
More packed with danger to the universe . . .
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, prostrated and disinherited
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world;
A protest that is a prophecy . . .
O man, lord and master of all lands
Is this the handiwork you give to God . . .
How will the future reckon with this man
How answer his brute who has flayed his soul
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings
With those who shape him to the hine be
When this dumb terror shall arise to judge the world
After the silence of the centuries!

"Don't go away mad, just go away." This is the sign as you enter and leave
this House of Correction. By the most visionary use of the word no one would
suggest that anyone is ever "corrected" there. For from the time you are told
not to smoke by a guard who takes a cigarette out of his mouth to tell you to
get in the . . . . . . line until your fingerprints are taken the second time as you
leave there, there is nothing but the assembly line of the "count" and chang-
ing of the guards. It took us from 8 to 10 to get checked and rechecked and
about 75 of us left on the ferry Tuesday morning with the usual seven let-
ter word thrown at us by the screw. Emil accompanied me to the CW
where we were welcomed by David Krypton of the New York Post who
wrote in his column the next day on the contrast of McCarthyite Catholics
and us at the CW. A Monsignor Martin had complained at a Communion
breakfast here in New York City that $5,000,000 had been raised to fight
McCarthy "solely because of his Catholic ideal." Kempton said that "the forces against American Hennyacy have far more than $5,000,000; they are all arms of all states from the traffic cop up to George Malenkov, It is, he remembered, a lot to light a candle than the darkness. We have no more radical instrument in our society than the Catholic Worker group. Its members are pacifists, reconcilers, and anarchists, and they believe that the service of Christ involves service from the state." He ended by saying that upon my return from jail I 'seemed altogether the lonely man on earth.'”

Patricia had shivered in the cold selling CW's on the corner where I had been pinched while I was in jail that next Friday. We went up to the house there again to disobey the law, "for a bad law is no better than any other bad thing." The same cop was there and he told us to go ahead and sell CW's for all he cared for it. Patricia and I went to the Church down the block and wanted to see the Msgr., but he would not see us. We came back again in an hour and he heard his voice by the street. He said I asked his housekeeper for stationery upon which I wrote: "Dear Msgr.: I would like to know if you or any one in authority complained about my selling the CW at the corner of 83 and Lexington. If you did, I apologize for it. I believe that the Church I will go across the street, and if you don't I'll stay here for I have earned the right to do so." I never heard from him afterwards. The appeal of the ACLU to the next court was lost but the appeal to the higher court in Albany was won unanimously. I had the right to sell the CW and my book as I was not engaged in a commercial venture. It was six months before this decision was reached.

On a Sunday morning I was selling CW's across the street from St. Patrick's Cathedral as usual when a cop came along and said that my brother was a priest and I had no right to sell to my Catholic paper here. I told him it was not a Communist paper and if it was it was a free country and I had a right to sell it here, showing him a newspaper clipping of the court decision.

"I don't care anything about the law. If I don't want you here I'll arrest you and you won't be here. And if the judge lets you out and you come back I'll pinch you again; and if he lets you out and you come back I'll pinch you again; I'll wear you out!"

"What if I wear you out? He laughed and went away. If you are not ready to die you are not ready to live.

JUNE 15, 1955

Air Raid Drills

In the spring of 1955 I saw in the paper that there would be an air raid drill on June 15 and all were supposed to take part or suffer a penalty up to a year in jail and $500 fine, this being a state law. I told Dorothy and said that we must get ready to disobey this foolish law. I contacted Ralph DeGia and he got in touch with others, F.O.R., American F.S.C. & W.I.L. and so accordingly when the time came we had a whole group in City Hall Park ready to disobey when the whistles blew. The television men were there and asked Dorothy to tell why we were acting as we did, but she asked me to speak as my voice would be louder so I told them

that if a bomb dropped there would be no police left to arrest us and that the whole thing was a farce. Robert Fisher, a young man upstairs who was working as a social worker in lieu of going to the army heard me on television and took a taxi and came down and went to jail with us. He is a Unitarian. Just before the whistles blew we gathered at the War Resisters League at 5 Beekman Street where Bayard Rustin advised all of us not to refuse shelter unless we were told to do so by a police officer. If we did, perhaps we would be in jail and $500 fine. There were some who had walked out of shelters until the last minute and then took shelter. Dorothy and I had signed a leaflet which was well printed by Dave Dellinger and some of the picket list. We remembered the Jesus who is God, who is Love, we will not obey this order to pretend, to evacuate, to hide ... we will not be drilled into fear ... We do not have faith in God if we depend upon him to save us. On the picket list idea of refusal in every way, support war and governments.

We were ordered to take shelter and refused to do so. We were packed into vans and when we were told to be waiting to be locked at Elizabeth Street station, we noticed an elderly man with a hodgepodge in his cap whom we thought might be an attendant. I gave him one of our leaflets and it was not until later when our indictment was read in court that we discovered that he was Rocco Parelli, a bootblack, who had been sitting in the park knowing nothing about the air raid drill, who happened to be the first one arrested. Our indictment thus read: "The ACLU to the next court refused to take shelter." It was entirely fitting that this common man, not a scholar, inclement or radical, should symbolize the list, representative of the workers of the world we were trying to awaken. There were ten of us from the CW: Dorothy and I, Carol Perry, a tax refuser from San Francisco; Patricia Runk; Mary Ann McCoy; Eileen Fantino and Helen Russell of the group who work with Puerto Rican children in Harlem. Mary Roberts, an artist, Stanley Borovsky who has helped in selling CW's and picketing, and Michael Kovalak, who with others had picketed the Chancery office at the time of the gravid strike in 1949. A.J. Muise, Ralph DeGia, and Bayard Rustin were old time War Resisters. Jackson MacLow, our atheist anarchist friend; Bob Beik, a young radical I had known in jail and in Yale Brothers, a Quaker who had corresponded with me from Florida. Andy Oggood, a War Resister who had visited me in Phoenix and Hugh Corbus from the same group who had picketed with us in Washington. D.C. Also Edith Horwitz whose husband had been a CO, and Jim Reck, an old time CO. I had met net Henry Babcock, an elderly Quaker, or Henry Maidan, a Quaker with whom I celled. Kent Lathrop, head of the New York City Fellowship of Reconciliation. Orie PEll of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, but the Queen of all was Judith Beck, the actress who was supposed to be playing Phrydra in The Living Theatre that night but who went to jail with us. Dick Kent had promised us at the War Resisters' office not to "go along" with the Air Raid, but true to form he became enthusiastic and so the papers had a picture of him being carried by the police into the van. And Joan Hamilton had walked into the group and did not know to make up her mind whether she wanted to go through with it or not; as she was pregnant and she was later released.
By chance we fellow saw sandwiches but the women did not have any thing to eat all day. Around 11 p.m. we appeared before Judge Louis Kaplan. As our names were read off the Irish clerk it seemed did not wish to admit that an Irishman by the name of Hennacy could possibly be among these radicals, so he persisted in pronouncing my name as "Hennacy." Some of the girls laughed lightly at this and the judge pounded his gavel and wanted to know what was the matter. Judith answered politely that she had nothing to eat and was giddy. The judge asked her to step up and she did quickly, and not demurely. He told her to stand back and shouted angrily, asking her name, where she had been born, and who paid her rent. She answered without the customary "your honor" with which these dignitaries inflate their ego. This enraged him all the more and he wanted to know if she had ever been in a mental institution. "No, have you?" was his classic answer which will reverberate through these rusty halls until the time when courts and prisons will cease to exist. The audience laughed and the judge shouted "Take her for observation to Bellevue psychiatric ward." Judith screamed dramatically and her husband who was one of the audience in the courtroom, a Yale graduate, stood up and shouted "You can't do this." The place was in an uproar. The judge ordered the courtroom cleared by the riot squad and we were all put back in our cells. Later he had us brought in and read off a writen statement saying, "Theoretically three million people have been killed in this war and you are the murderers."

He placed the bail at the unheard of sum of $1500 each.

At that time we of the CW had not discussed the matter of bail so we accepted it after being held for 24 hours. I had thought to plead not guilty with the others to show our solidarity with them, but Dorothy being a better basic radical than I was persuaded me to plead guilty on the anarchist principle of "we did it once and we will do it again; and no legal quibbling." So Dorothy and I, Carol, Mary, Stanley, Dick Kern and Judith pled guilty, but Judge Bohle deferred our sentence until those pleading not guilty should have their trial.

After our arrest the diocesan paper, The Catholic News, N. Y. City, said that we were presumptuous in our "private interpretation" when the Church always upheld obedience to duly constituted authority. On the other hand the Commonweal in a long editorial praised our stand: "The saint and the radical (and they are often the one and the same) share a common, ironic destiny, honored by posterity, they are usually persecututed during their life times . . . We honor the saint and the radical — dead; alive we find them too uncomfortable for our tribute. . . . A society without its radical is a dead society, just as a Church without its saints is a blighted Church ... we need them to remind us of uncomfortable truths, to rebuke our slothfulness and ease."

The America magazine although not agreeing with our ideas felt that we had the right to disobey the law. The Nation and the Progressive, the Pittsburgh Post Gazette, and of course Murray Kempton in the N. Y. Post praised us. The Chicago Tribune also praised our stand, and Harper magazine for October ended a long semi-editorial under "Personal" with this sentence: "Two of the group — Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy, of the Catholic Worker movement — have a long and honorable history of getting arrested for doing what ought to be done but no one else cares to do. In weakly run-
who breathe contempt" of the law. He did not give us a chance to explain that most of us were anarchists who took no part in raking laws so we did not consider any judge as our servant to enforce them. He gave us 30 days.


It was not until then that I remembered that it was July 13, 1917, just 40 years before that I had entered Atlanta Prison in War World I. I was called "unfit" for labor because I was over 60 and was put with the old men in Dorm 12. I helped as houseman a little and spent the rest of my time pulling weeds from my favorite hobbies (egg plant and peppers) in a small garden nearby. The Warden called me in and wanted me to rewrite some thing he had composed about traffic safety. I made it alive in a few minutes. Just then the prison doctor came in and the warden told me that he had a plan to lower taxes which was to make bingo legal something like the pari mutual in horse racing. I asked what I thought about it and told him it was crazy as hell and that we should get all the people in prison for gambling — the numbers racket — and it did not need to be sanctified by the state, as it had already been by the Church. He said he had a job for me in the Commissary department. I worked for the rest of my time, getting $2 worth of goods a week for my work which was doing a little cleaning and checking of stock. Karl was under 20 and was sent to Rikers Island. Julian, Mike, Kerran, Bob, Sandy and I met in the yard at times, as we worked in different places, and sat in the sun with our shirts off, as did other prisoners. The gum prison imprisoner on the other side of the 12 foot fence had an unhappy time marching back and forth "guarding" us and took out his discomfort by telling us to put our shirts back on.

The bread here was white but fairly good. Two thirds of the inmates were Negroes and were in mostly for stealing dope. The fellow in the next bed to me had started at Elima as a juvenile, had been transferred to Dannemora, and had been out only two years since then. I met Higginbotham Chaplin and in his dealings with prisoners he appreciated my quote from John Dewey: "A good man is one who, no matter how bad he has been, is getting better; an evil man is one, who, no matter how good he has been, is getting worse." I had met him at Fordham before as he teaches there.

Meanwhile there was continual picketing of the women's jail where Dorothy, Deane, Judith and Joan were incarcerated. We picketed 24 hours a day. From 10 a.m. until 6 p.m. young women with their babies in carriages, and scores of students enlivened the atmosphere. We sang radical songs and had a good time. The cops, and the marines at the jail were generally friendly after they got used to us. The Commonwealth said that few Catholics protested when Dorothy was in jail because she protested against the destruction of mankind. "Those who protest against reparations moves are given Catholic Action medals." And the Boston Pilot said: "The conscience of Dorothy Day is clear — can we say the same of our own?"

MAY 6, 1958

We had been picketing the Eastern States Commission at 70 Columbus Ave. for several years and there was a week of picketing going on when we heard that the air raid drill would be on May 6th. Bob Gilmore was told.
by the Quakers that he should not take the chance of getting three or more months in jail by disobeying the law with us, but he and I said that to cease our picketing for 10 minutes because of an order by another arm of the war making state would be indefensible on our part. So both Bob and Stewart Meecham of the Quakers joined Dorothy and me and Deane, Kervan and Karl Meyer. Al Ulrie came along for the second time and Art Harvey, a vegetarian anarchist whom I had known in Detroit and at Cape Canaveral, disobeyed also. We made clear radical statements in court and were surprised when Judge Kenneth Phipps, a Negro, gave us 10 days and suspended the sentence.

APRIL 17, 1959

The night before the air raid drill some Socialists led by Dave McReynolds in the Village met with us and said they would also disobey the air raid drill, and Dave had an article in the Village Voice saying he would be with us. We issued a leaflet stating our position which was distributed in City Hall Park. Besides Dorothy and I met Deane and Karl and Art Harvey fourteen others disobeyed and we were all arrested. We five refused bail and the others were released on bail which I suppose I upped to $1000 for when he asked me if I did not believe in law and order I said "no" as it was cut off before I could explain that I believed in God's law. The others were Dave McReynolds, Al Scott, a former CO, Scott Herrick FOR member and real estate man, Sheldon Weeks, Quaker, Thomas Grabbell, Marty Smolin, Joe Caldwell a Catholic, Gil Turner, Joe Fraser, Walter Grutchfield, Bob Schonholz, Joe Schulman, Milton Chee, and Bob Peck. Deane & Dorothy knew how I would react to this. When they saw me they called upon me how many times he had been arrested on this charge and why I disobeyed the law. Attorney Glass spoke for the others saying that if the object of the law was to deter Dorothy it had not done so and would not do so, that he was not empowered to speak for her but had, as a man to express his thought. Dave McReynolds spoke clearly about German's being asked to do and obey Hitler and be true to their consciences so we all should be free to obey our consciences. Gil Turner, a folk singer gave logical reasons for his action. I said that I trusted S. Persky and Thoreau as an anarchist, that I had no personal animosity toward judges, police, tax men, and civil defense men, but that they were all in a bad business. The judge asked me about rendering unto Caesar what was Caesar's and Thoreau's was around here and some one had to stand up for God. The Village Voice beat 4:28-60 in a front page headline said "TOO MUCH TO CAESAR, TOO LITTLE TO GOD. A judge and an anarchist traded Biblical quotations last Friday morning." We five got 10 days in jail or $25 fine, and the others had sentence suspended as this was their first offense. I was in the Tombs on Sunday and went to Confession. The young Chaplain said "Hennaxx, what about obeying the civil authorities?" I didn't know he knew my name but replied that the way I understood it we were supposed to obey God rather than man. He replied that the Catholic Church was not in favor of pacifism and the breaking of laws, but after a time he gave me absolution. Just before Mass he stood before us saying "This is the second Sunday after Easter. In the Epistle today, remember to obey the civil authorities." It said a lot of other things but it seems he had to get off his commercial. The sermon was no worse or better than the average on the outside. Two guards at Hart Island wanted our literature, remembering me from the other times and also on television they said, when I was on Nightbeat. My number this time was 516337. I had a good rest and read historical novels, as there was not much work to do. I met several prisoners who were in for "joy-felling" which is an ineffectual attempt to pick pockets in a crowd.

There was mass picketing of the women's jail in the Village. Commons drew an analogy between Dorothy whose conscience opposed atom bombs now, and Major Eatherly, a Catholic, who had dropped the bomb at Hiroshima. For years he has been in court, but the government has denied him his rights. The N.Y. Post said editorially: "We feel a certain kinship with those behind the bars. For the notion that modern man can magna protest himself against the hydrogen bomb by conducting such fire drills is a form of self delusion almost indistinguishable from Nazism.

MAY 3, 1960

I came home by plane from Spokane in the midst of a speaking tour in the west to be here for the air raid refusal. I had thought that if we would have 50 it would be a great victory. When we got to the City Hall Park and another 500 on the sidewalks who laughed when ordered by the police to take shelter. Janie Smith had collected about 80 women with their children and there were hundreds of students playing hockey from school. Ray Boyle, the author, was right behind me singing "Civil Defense Is No Defense; We Shall Not Be Moved." Norman Mailer and Dwight MacDonald were there also but the police were from the middle west and they called upon us to move and no one moved. They wanted to know if we were not Americans and most people laughed. They arrested a few here and there, 25 in all, being careful not to get any leaders it seemed. Later in court I asked Officer O'Hearn who arrests us every year why he had not arrested Dorothy and me. "Why didn't you ask me?" he said, but we were not in the last show. Then we were all in jail with our signs. I told him that next year there would be a thousand of us and he had better get more police. When the sirens had stopped blowing Dave McReynolds got up on a bench and shouted "This law is a Catholic and Thoreau. Television men asked me to lead a song celebrating our Victory so I sang John Brown's Body and said that we would all be back to the law next year. Zita Ferron, Diana Lewis and others were among the 26 arrested. Judge Calazoo gave a patriotic lecture and sentenced them to 5 days in jail. I pickedet the Tombs that night for 14 hours and Bob Steed picked the women's the next night. On Sunday there was mass picketing at the women's jail and I pickedet for nights. The Village Voice reported as this was their first offense. I was in the Tombs on Sunday and memoral had editorials favoring us. The N.Y. World Telegram had an editorial entitled Exercise in Futility, saying "Yesterday's test can be called meaningful
and successful only if a potential enemy’s plan is to drop marshmallow puffs on N.Y. City — and to advertise in advance what time they are coming.”

Murray Kempton in the N.Y. Post had a typical article on Laughter in the Park which put the Civil Defense authorities in their proper place. On a Saturday night we had a party for the jailbirds and friends in Debe Hall where A. J. Muste and Paul Goodman spoke and Muste gave diplomas to the jail graduates. And later at the Community Church James Wochler, editor of the N.Y. Post, Kay Boyle, Norman Thomas and others spoke. Bob Steed and I picketed Brooklyn College in the rain supporting the hundreds of students who refused to take part in the drill there. 59 were suspended for four days, but as in our case, the authorities gave in and rescinded some of the heat; a Fellowship of Reconciliation Dean being the one who suspended them. It was his job I suppose but he put his job above his pacifist ideals. AIR RAID DRILL PICKETING

On October 3, 1969 Mary Lathrop, Jack Baker and I from the CW, and Ralph DeGia and others from the War Resisters and others from peace groups commenced to picket the Civil Defense Office at 46th and Lexington. We had told them in advance of our plans. We picketed 5 days a week from noon until 2 p.m. My sign read: CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

We

Call for 5,000 To refuse to take part In the compulsory Air Raid Drill at City Hall Park in 1961 Ammon Hennacy, Catholic Worker, 39 Spring St.

At times twenty people would picket with us and at times there were only the three of us. The employees at the Civil Defense were friendly. Linus Pauling stopped and greeted us kindly. I did not know him but Mary had heard him speak and introduced me to him. One fellow came with an umbrella and signs said that this was the perfect shelter. The police did not bother us. Mary stopped to take our pictures. As usual students would stop and picketed for a few hours with us. Jim Peck came often and walked along with his premeditated stride. After 2 p.m. we went to a restaurant nearby and had coffee and warmed up. Carrying our signs there and to and fro in the subway we were often praised by people who saw us nearly every day. The Canadian Broadcasting Company asked me questions and while they played only a small part of the conversation they sent me a check for $100 for my trouble.

Once when there was a heavy snow we shoved a walk for us to picket in. The lazy attendants at the Civil Defense did not clear the sidewalk, although all along the street the snow had been removed. Finally we shoveled the entire walk for them. If they are so worried about clearing people from the streets in an air raid and cannot even get the energy to clean their own sidewalk it is time they folded up. We continued our picketing until Jan. 1, when Mary went south with Dorothy on a speaking tour, and I went north and west. Jack picketed intermittently during the spring.

APRIL 28, 1961

I had come home from Salt Lake City to be in time for the air raid refusal and held a sign saying that for the 7th time I had openly refused to take part in the air raid drill. I saw Col. O’Hearn and I saw my sign, but as the year before Dorothy and I were not arrested. A powerful leaflet was distributed, headed “Brave Men Do Not Hide.” There were about 2,000 people refusing this time. I was asked to say something, and others spoke. About 40 were arrested and got varying sentences. I picketed for the women at their jail, and all night for the men in the Tombs, leaving in a few days to start the Joe Hill House in Salt Lake City.

After the demonstration Murray Kempton asked me to autograph my sign for his teenage college daughter whom I had not met when I visited him in Princeton several years ago.

VICTORY

In 1962 the fate of the air raid was so obvious that there was no compulsory drill.

TAX PICKETING

After the Old Pioneer had died in 1952 I stayed on at the farm at the request of his son until the estate had been settled. Meanwhile I had written a Declaration of Conscience giving my history, which was printed in the July-August 1953 CW. In it I quoted Thoreaus: “How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. If I do not see what I am to do — if I cannot judge between men whom I would name — if ten honest men, if one honest man, in this state of Massachusetts, raising up slaves, were actually to withdraw from this co-partnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefore, it would be the abolition of slavery in America.”

During my first day of picketing a woman told me that she had a letter from her son in Korea, and that her three other boys would go to jail before they would go to war. “God bless you,” she said. Now for the first time in my fasting I was a Catholic and I went to Mass and Communion each morning. I always notify the FBI, the tax men, the police, etc. of my picketing ahead of time, and this year I sent a typed letter to the 160 clergy in Phoenix asking them to pray for the success of my picketing if they could in conscience do so. I started the fast weighing 142 pounds. The scales which told fortunes on slips of paper came out with the dubious advice that read: “Don’t always follow the line of least resistance.”

Near quitting time on the next to last day of a fellow whose appearance marked him as of the nervous intellectual type, and not that of a rowdy, stopped and asked me if this was my sign that I was carrying. I told him that it was. He said that I had better call the police for he was going to take the sign and tear it up and dance on it, for no Communist could carry such a sign in his town. I told him that I was no Communist; that I was a Catholic and an anarchist. He replied that he was a Catholic. I asked him 295
what parish he belonged to and it was St. Matthew's, the same as mine. I inquired if he had been at Mass the last Sunday and if he had noticed me selling CW's in front of the church. He had been to last Mass and had not noticed me. I told him that if he had looked closer he would have noticed a candle burning before the Blessed Mother for the success of my invention in this picketing and fasting. He didn't believe it. I asked his name and he told me but would not give me his address. I told him that I did not believe in不怕 the police and if he got any pleasure out of tearing up my signs he could do so. He took them and tore them off the standard and danced on them there on the sidewalk. He refused to take a copy, so I gave him the leaflet of the CW, muttering "Communist, Communist." I advised him to see our parish priest and get straight on the matter of the CW and he promised to do so. I then called the priest and told him what had happened. He did not remember the name of my patriotic friend.

I wanted to see the AP man on another matter so I went to the newspaper office. Here I saw my friend with the signs telling a reporter about the Communist he had found. I recognized the reporter from pictures I had seen of him although I had never met him. The reporter said that I was not a Communist for they all knew of my picketing activities for years. The patriotic Catholic said that he was a veteran from Korea and repeated that no one could carry such a sign in his town. The reporter said that he was a veteran of two wars and he had fought for just such things as freedom for Hennacy to carry signs and picket; that if the young man did not like my signs he could do as the pickets in front of the Whitehouse in the Roosevelt case did: get other signs and picket the pickers. The reporter also said that I was standing up for the freedom which was true Americanism, and although he disagreed with my ideas, that the patriotic young man was acting like a Fascist or a Communist in denying me freedom. The young man said he would come down the next day and take any other signs I would have. The reporter told him he was lucky he was opposing such a person as Hennacy when he broke the law for I would not take him to court. The AP carried the story of my torn signs and some reporters wanted me to prefer charges so as to make the story more exciting, but I explained my anarchist ideas which did not fit the crime of picketing from the front of the courthouse. No one bothered me the next day. Groning and her boys came up at 3:30 and broke my fast with me and I left for New York on the 4 p.m. bus stopping at Platte Cline's in Flagstaff and to see the Van Dresser's in Santa Fe. We worked late and got back to the motel around 11 p.m. and I was very exhausted.

My first picketing in New York City was at the Custon House down near South Ferry where the wind blew the signs mightily at times. The CW printed a special leaflet about Himmarsaday Aug 6 also being Transfiguration Day. John Stanley, Stanley Borowski and Roger O'Neil helped out. I knew one of the picketer and the other was a student and they hadn't been to picketing before. I had not been allowed to picket and I told him I would call the Civil Liberties Union as to my exact rights and would be back in half an hour. I called and they said to go ahead. The cop never came back and a few days later he walked by and smiled. A cop argued with me about paying taxes and confered with the tax man inside and I was not bothered. Several men stopped and said they would report me to the FBI. On the last half hour of our picketing some Catholic teenagers had Dorothy and me backed up against a car calling us Communists. Just then the lady who had called the Chancery office and found that they were "not for us and not against us" stopped me in front of her car. We were very tired from buffeting the wind and wear and tear of answering questions and we left inviting the youngsters to the CW. Now eight years later a boy in our picketing group was on the sidewalk and he said that day and got a leaflet and a CW. His father is a detective but he and his brother are Catholic conscientious objectors.

In August of 1933 Carol Pryor who had quit her job with the telephone company in San Francisco and had done housework in order that no withholding tax would be taken from her pay, signed a statement with me and we picketed the tax office, Dorothy coming out of my signs read "The individual conscience Versus the atom-bomb! Yes, there is no other way." (Life magazine editorial Aug 20, 1934) Bob Steed had just come up from Memphis and he helped me picket, as did others, among them Judith Beck who had a dainty sign reading, "Love and Life, not Death and Taxes." A passer by demanded that the cop on duty "arrest that man." The cop did not know if he had the right to arrest me so he went back to the station and came back smiling, telling me to go ahead and picket. The officers in the building greeted me more kindly and there was no red ink scattered on us from the windows above as had happened last time. We gave out as many as a thousand CW's a day.

About an hour before we had intended to go home on the last day a serious ex-marine was run over by his horse and came into excitement and a small crowd finally collected around Jackson MacLow, Bob and Dorothy. Carolyn and I were handing out the other end of the street just then and we had gone to make a phone call. We returned and my heart jumped to notice a larger crowd and much loud talk, expecting to see Jacknson, Bob and Dorothy in their riot, but they were picketing from the far end of the block up the crowd to the beat of the Conmies who pretended to be Catholics. Bob wanted Bob's name and here the local paper wrote Bob's name and address and went away. Dorothy had the good sense to have no more people, so she and her two kids and Bob left the crowd to argue among themselves and went on picketing. The an important and portly well dressed man came up and dispersed the crowd saying that he had heard Dorothy of the CW and he knew she was a fine group of people, and that he was not going to allow any harm to come to these good Catholics. He showed the crowd his Knights of Columbus membership card and in a few minutes the side walk was clear. Coming over he addressed me by name and I recognized that I had sold him a CW at Pine and Nassau. We continued to picket for an hour with no more bother from anyone.
August 1956 I was picking again at the Custom House and this was the first time since 1949 that I did not have the police or mule bothering me. The Friday before my fast a new Irish tax man had come to the CW office to collect my taxes. He called me in his office on the seventh floor on the first day I picked asking about my "hidden assets." After a time he seemed persuaded that he was not going to get any money from me and said he would pass my case up to his superiors. Later a tax man from last year met me on the picket line and in a friendly manner inquired about my fasting. Last year two T men came from Washington and questioned Dorothy, Carol and me several times at the CW and at 90 Church Street, saying that they would after a report their findings to Washington and would see what was to be done about our open refusal to pay income taxes. Each day Bob Steed helped me picket. A Catholic whose folks knew Sacco in an anarchist club in the old days helped me and helped hand out papers. One man seriously thought that I was advertising a service whereby people could learn how to get out of paying taxes. While resting for five minutes in the park I noticed some sheets of Johnson grass disfiguring the scenery as they appeared between the neat evergreen border. Ordinarily I would exercise my anarchist prerogative and uproot them, but I was too tired to lift a hand. On the last day as I was again resting, along comes the park attendant and asked the occupants of each bench to move in order that he might sweep a few dead leaves from behind the benches. Then he proceeded to sweep this refuse along the hedge, pushing it along with his broom indifferent to that some remained along the hedge to blow around again. It was not his job to beautify the park by getting rid of the unsightly Johnson grass. It was nobody's job it seemed, so my last act in the park was to pull it up.

In 1957 the tax office had moved to Varick and West Houston Streets which was nearer home, and as it happened this side of the building was almost entirely in the shade. Here I picketed from 6th to the 17th. Frances Rogoz from Middletown, Pa. helped me during the rush hour at noon and Bob Steed and Janet Burwash helped at times. As I had just come back from my strenuous Las Vegas picketing in the heat I was persuaded to drink buttermilk and orange juice at times during this fast. I had many expressions of sympathy from passersby and hardly any criticism.

In 1959 Zita Pearson of St. Cloud, a small blonde, helped me picket often, and Bob Deane, Anne Marie Stokes and others cheered me from time to time. The peacemakers had invited me to address their conference but I could not do so as I was picketing, so they came for a day and visited and helped me picket. Ralph Templin who had known me in India, Bob Luitweiler who had been with me at Cape Casaveral, and Ernie Bromley active on many pacifist fronts. During all these years many of us had picketed up front near the Japanese Embassy or in front of the Atomic Bombers. I have been guilty at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

In 1959 my tax statement quoted William Lloyd Garrison, the first Christian anarchist in this country that he would not equivocate and he would not be silent and he would be heard. One of my signs read "It is a high crime to break the laws of Jesus Christ in order to yield obedience to earthly rulers.

Pipe Lee XIII." Jack Baker, pretty Ellen Hollinde in her bare feet, and Hugh Maddren, "my shadow," helped me picket. Hugh has whiskers like Uncle Sam, and is an ex-farmer, ex-Trappist novice, with a scruffy twisted rope around his neck. He fasted also and knelt at prayer every so often. A huge pile of paper fell from a truck in the middle of the street and no one paid any attention to it. Finally I left my picketing and edged it over to the curb. No trouble from anyone this year.

Picketing Tax Office, N.Y. City 1960

I commenced this picketing Aug. 6th as usual at the branch tax office at Varick and W. Houston Streets, but after a report their findings to Washington was at 484 Lexington Avenue, at 46th Street, so I picketed there for a week also. Tax men would come out of the office and greet me kindly, take a CW and argue with their brethren about their work. I was on NBC for a few minutes with a factual interpretation of my ideas. Mary Lathrop helped me picket daily and other friends came around at times, among them Diana Levitt. I was stopped by the police and other friends came around at times, among them Diana Levitt.

One day a small jerkly young man bumped into me as I was picketing. Each of us said "excuse me" to the other. As I turned around and came back he danced in front of me like a gorilla, saying "You might get in trouble carrying that sign."

"Oh, I'm always fixed for trouble," I said confidently, as if I had a dozen guardian angels at my side.

"You like the Japs?" he asked, seeing my Hispanic sign.

"Sure I like the Japs. I like everybody. I like myself. I like you. I am a peaceful man."

"I jumped into you on purpose; I wanted to see if you would fight. You are a peaceful man; I am too," and he walked away.

A reporter from Phoenix who knew me but whom I had never met was visiting in N.Y. City and was happy to write me up for his paper. The Belgian priest who had been in house arrest at the Connecticut State Penitentiary, who had spoken at the rallies and who was elected the enemy of the Chinese people was not the Communists but Chiaing in Formosa, stopped and blessed me as I picketed. The uptown cops came around and asked questions but no one bothered me.

Atom Bomb and Missile Picketing

I belonged to a committee of pacifists who had planned to enter the atomic test grounds and if necessary be atomized as a protest against the biggest bomb which would be dropped in August 1957. As I had picked at the tax office during that time for many years I did not want to leave this front for another front, so I wrote to the authorities in Las Vegas, to the Bishop in Reno and priests in Las Vegas. From June 17 through the 28th I would fast and picket the Atomic Energy Commission to wake up pacifists, as it was 12 years since we dropped the bomb at Hiroshima. In New York City when we had picketed the Atomic Energy Commission I had become acquainted with the Publicity Director, Mrs. Grace Urroz. When she learned that I was going to picket in Las Vegas she said that she would write and tell them to be nice to me, and she was coming out there a few
days later and would see me. When I began to picket Lt. Col. Hunter greeted me kindly and said he would do anything to help me except to cease dropping bombs. And he had Don the guard bring out a chair each morning in order that I might rest in the shade at times. And also I was invited in the air conditioned office to cool off and for a drink of spring water. Of the folks there were cordial except two Irish Catholics; the Spanish Catholics being especially friendly. I did not know until I came back to N.Y. City that on the day before I started picketing the Las Vegas Review Journal had an article, "Bishop Dwyer in Waving Against A-Test Attitude. Bishop Dwyer referred to the recent appeal of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, for a cessation of tests of atomic weapons. He explained, however, that the appeal was directed to the whole world, and not limited to the Nevada proving grounds ... Regarding the proposed plan of Ammon Hennacy, staff member of the Catholic Worker, to picket the Las Vegas AEC office, Bishop Dwyer said in a private interview, 'his man does not have the approval of the Church . . . . Regarding the status of the Catholic Worker as representing the mind of the Church in organized labor, Bishop Dwyer explained that it has no official status. Again, in a democracy, he said, 'we subscribe to principles of free speech and free press, and certain forms of extreme liberalism can under certain circumstances be as dangerous as some of the other "isms" circulated throughout the world today.' Bishop Dwyer re-affirmed that basically the Church is concerned with the eternal salvation of the souls of men. At the same time Catholics in every part of the world are bound in conscience to respect and support lawful authority of civil governments.”

In a book just published by the AEC they say that the winds carry this atomic dust eastward in an east and west, but not much of a north and south direction, taking from four to seven weeks to encircle the globe. “About 10% of the debris stored in the stratosphere descends to the earth annually. Strontium-90 produces anemia, bone necrosis, cancer, and possibly leukemia. Most of the strontium-90 in the present world-wide fallout, however, is in a water-soluble form ... there is evidence that in the local fallout the strontium-90 constitutes a smaller percentage of the total fission products than it does farther away ... the lymph node - tonsil, adenoids, spleen and certain areas of the intestinal lining - is one of the most radio-sensitive of all tissues ... In Japan ... there was an increase in the incidence of miscarriages and premature births, and a greater death rate among expectant mothers.”

Here it was from 100 to 120 degrees and I faced the sunny side of the building all day. I was able to get a reasonable hotel a block away. My signs quoted the Popes against atomic war and for the arousing of the Christian conscience. I went to Mass downtown at the St. Joan of Arc Church and the Msgr. was cordial when I told him of my plans. The next day I went another mile and a half the other side of town to St. Anne’s where the priest was much opposed to my ideas, but as I went there every day he soon became friendly. The first day Don Ashworth of the Review Journal and a photographer interviewed me and that night a good front page picture and article told of my ideas and mission in Las Vegas. Reporters from Hearst, AP, UP, N.Y. Times, the Japanese press and television from Atuboquerque also took pictures of Col. Hunter and me. The correspondent of the ABC news from Barcelona with headquarters in Washington, D.C. was happy to see a radical anarchist.

I knew that the Irish Catholic Chief of Police had once told me to be a priest; when he stopped on the second day and asked me if I had ever been convicted of a felony I told him that I had. He asked me if I had registered myself at police headquarters being especially friendly and he told me that I did not believe in obeying such laws and he replied that I could get 30 days for it. He already understood that he could not imprison me for something that had happened so long ago, and besides I had an ex-convict, I argued. My sign and book were shown and I gave my messages. The folks at the AEC said it was good. Later I discovered that the head of the television company had phoned a priest to find out if the CW was the goal of the pope’s party. I was told that we were very radical but were good Catholics. The priest they phoned was my friend at St. Anne.”

In the morning at daybreak they got up to watch the atomic bomb 75 miles to the west. First a flash like lightning, then the thunder, then the mushroom cloud rising and remaining stationary in the air until it would be blown toward Salt Lake City. I was not there. Bishop Dwyer re-affirmed that basically the Church is concerned with the eternal salvation of the souls of men. At the same time Catholics in every part of the world are bound in conscience to respect and support lawful authority of civil governments.”

On the next day my picketing I got up early to see the test where a bomb twice as big as any was to be dropped. 2,000 Marines were waiting on top to enter the test area and many animals were half dressed with clothing to see the effect on their bodies of the radiation. We all waited and waited and the explosion did not occur. About 10 a.m. Col. Hunter came back from the field saying, "the Henncy, you stopped this one, you had better get back to N.V., and let us get the bomb." They had pressed the button and the bomb didn’t go off. My son-in-law later showed me the Pasadena Sunday paper with the headline “Atomic Test Foe Scores ‘Victory’” saying that I had an accidental moral victory inasmuch as this bomb was a dud. After I left the AEC folks sent me an article by Mr. Ashworth in the Review Journal headed “AEC Pickel Gives Up 22 Pounds to the Cause.” I drank sauer kraut juice to break my fast voicing something that I wanted to say next day my daughter Sharon in Pasadena had an avocado salad for me.

I had planned this Las Vegas picketing in time to get home for the raw grain in which this time, as told before I got 30 days; and I got out of jail in time to begin my tax picketing. During this time a group led by Larry Scott went to the actual atom grounds prepared “to be atomized for Christ and humanity.” They had dressed prepared to sleep out in the area.

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and to offer civil disobedience to the death and several of them “went over the fence” and were arrested. A pacifist lawyer made the agreement with the authorities that if they went home and didn’t go over the fence again as planned, there would be no charge; if they went over the fence again they would get 60 days. They prayed and held a vigil all night and God told them to go home. This is terrible: to go to thousands of dollars worth of expense and then to chicken out is a poor way of advancing peace.

**Picketing Missiles in Florida**

Half a dozen Peacemakers met by plan at Cocoa Beach, Fla, on Saturday April 12, 1956 to protest the missiles at Cape Canaveral. Most of us had other plans, Art Harvey and I to refuse to take part in the air raid drill May 6 in N.Y. City, so we did not plan to offer any civil disobedience in Florida. That night we spent at the home of a CW reader by the name of C. D. Preston in Orlando, who is the head of Christian Science pacifists, this being the only church that does not allow its members to be conscientious objectors. Here we made our signs and each of us chose a church where we would distribute leaflets in the morning. I carried a sign which I wanted to use later and put by the fence near the Catholic Church in the suburb of Rockledge. I had phoned the priest twice to say that I would distribute the leaflets but his housekeeper did not get the message to him.

“Take the word Catholic off that sign and leaflet. You don’t have permission from the Bishop or me to use it. You give Catholics a bad name,” said Father Le-May at St. Mary’s Church in Rockledge.

“We are laymen and we do not need permission from the Bishop or from you to oppose missiles for murder,” I answered, and continued, “The Church has had a bad name long enough in supporting war. I like the name Catholic and I am trying to make it mean something like the early Christians meant it to be when Christians couldn’t go to court or kill in war. I venture that in the years to come the Church will be proud that we Catholic Workers opposed missiles and war and that we gave the church a good name.”

My sign read "We Picket Missiles for Murder, Catholic Worker, New York City, Peacemakers," and "Missiles Attack, They Don’t Defend." The priest said that he had heard of the CW and that we could picket any place we liked but not to use the name Catholic. We discussed the whole matter of pacifist literature for about ten minutes. I said I had as much right to use the name Catholic for peace as Catholic war veteran had to use it for war. The priest was not angry but we could never agree that I couldn’t use the name Catholic in pacifist literature. As I was talking to Father Le-May the ushers had torn up my sign and broken the stick in pieces. Before we left Marge Swann took a photo of me standing by the Church with this broken sign in the shape of a cross. As it was an hour until the next Mass I took a walk around town looking for a store where I could buy a paper. I saw a Presbyterian Church and gave the minister copies of our leaflet. Just then I saw my four Catholic usher friends talking to the Chief of Police, a young man by the name of Hubert Alup. He took me by the arm and escorted me into his office, locked the door and motioned for the ushers to go away. Pointing to our leaflet he said, “You know about everybody makes a living on these missiles around here. These fellows outside are Georgia Crackers, and I brought you in here to warn you that they are going to lynch you, or tar and feather you, or throw you in the river. And I won’t defend you either. If I didn’t have my uniform on I would beat the hell out of you myself. You better start walking out of town.”

I explained that I had had the KKK after me near Mobile, Ala, before he was born, that I didn’t run then and wasn’t going to run now. The Chief did not believe that I was a Catholic and called me a Communist. I replied that I was an anarchist. He wanted to know if that meant “no cops,” “Yes, and no government and war” I answered. As I walked the two blocks away from the station I toyed with the idea if it was worthwhile to be beaten up by these ignorant men, but found my feet walking naturally toward the Church. As I reached St. Mary’s the police chief eased up behind me and said “Better get your ass out of town or these guys will get you. Go to the Presbyterians, don’t bother these Catholics, I’m warning you!”

I listened to the sermon sitting out on the Church steps and could see the four men walking across the street for me. I had about ten pounds of literature in my pockets and this would help me sink in the water if they threw me in. Drowning was a quiet death and just a choking. And hanging was also a quiet death. Folks don’t die of tar and feathers and I didn’t see any pet of tar handy. If they took me away ten miles from town and took my clothes off and beat me up I suppose I could find the other picketers in time. I said a prayer for protection and walked to the sidewalk and commenced to give out leaflets to people left the church. About five people had received them when the redneck-faced Irish looking usher grabbed me and rushed me over to the other side of the street. Then ensued the old name calling of “Communist,” that I had no right to hand out leaflets with the name Catholic; and if the Bishop knew of it he would have prevented me. I asked the name of the Bishop but they didn’t know. Finally I remembered it was Bishop Hurley of St. Augustine. They told me Father LeMay and Chief Alup had told them to “take me over the hill” and prevent me from handing out leaflets. I said I didn’t believe this. By this time all had come out from the 11 o’clock Mass.

As the four ushers were calling me insulating names one man said, “I wouldn’t beat up that old man. You should have respect for age; that will make him a martyr and that is just what the Communists want.” He was the only one of them who took a CW to read. They said that it seemed that the Church and the police couldn’t stop me but they sure could, and the red-faced man said “We’ll take you over the hill and throw you in the ocean just as soon as you make a step to the curb to hand out another leaflet.” I told him I would sit down by the tree and rest a bit until the people came out from noon Mass and then I would give out at least one leaflet.

“You’ll go over the hill. We don’t fool around here with such as you!”

Just then Chief Alup and another cop dove up and motioned for me to get into their car. They were taking me to the Mayor’s house and I waited while they conferred with him for a time. When they returned they said they could arrest me for loitering and for disturbing religious services. I replied that I did not disturb any religious service; and that I only disturbed the already disturbed Catholic Vigilantes. They could arrest me for whatever
their law said; that I wouldn’t sus them for false arrest for I didn’t believe in courts.

"We got to be careful; that’s just what you Commies would do,” the chief replied.

By this time we had come to the town of Cocoa and to the Police Station. As I was ushered in a khaki-clothed officer in charge said, "If I didn’t have my uniform on I’d beat the hell out of you; you New York Commie b——."

He repeated this twice again within a few minutes. The officers conferred again in another room for about ten minutes and I could hear them arguing about false arrest, etc. Finally they told me to take the leaves of my pocket and they piled about 100 of them on the desk saying they would distribute them for me. Then they told me to go. Everyone won this game, for I did not chicken and kept my integrity; the Catholic Vigilantes won for I gave out no more leaflets at their Church; the Police won for I could not use them for false arrest; they didn’t arrest me; they just detained me.

The next day the local paper, the Tribune, gave a good summary of our ideas, saying also, "The pacifists met with a chilly reception. At St. Mary’s Catholic Church in Rockledge, police were summoned to prevent at least one of the group from disturbing services. He was escorted in Cocoa by Police Chief Hubert Alsp and warned to leave town." Sunday night I spoke at a Negro Baptist Church and Marge Swann spoke in several churches. Bob Nuttweiler spoke to the Episcopalians and Methodists and on the whole we had a fine reception instead of the "chilly" one referred to above. The next day Marge and Bob had a conference with the police chief of Cocoa. No leaflets were still on that desk and he said there were a couple of things he didn’t agree with in the leaflets: breaking laws and anarchism. He said the Mayor didn’t quite agree with the leaflet either and wanted to see us. We had wanted to have a street meeting but the Mayor offered us the free use the next night of the Municipal Auditorium if we would debate with the Air Force people, but they were not allowed to debate the issue they said, so we had no meeting. Marge and Dick Fichter spoke on the radio the next day. Dick is a charming wild man (without his beard and beret). H. K. Schiefer, a Quaker from Philadelphia, dragged his slight body manfully with us. Patricia Parkman, with Fellowship House in Washington, D.C. lent her charm to the scene. The Orlando and Miami papers gave us good coverage when we marched in the rain the next day picketing through the air base on the public highway.

Dave Delling and some others had entered the AEC office in the Washington suburbs, and sitting down refused to move or to eat until Admiral Strauss would speak to them. They went for 7 days and had a few minutes talk with him at last. This is not good manners and is a negative fanning with which I would not take part. I explained in my picketing leaflet which had the cut of John the Baptist saying “Make Straight the Way of the Lord.” "I am fanning not to sue es or embrace the A.E.C. but as a penance for our sinfulness in bombing Hiroshima and Nagasaki and for our continued testing of hydrogen and atomic weapons in our mad race for a supremacy that means only death. I am fanning to awaken the consciousness of those who are a part of the user machine, those who are half-hearted pacifists and those Christians who see no contradiction in following Christ and Caesar.”

Previous to my fast I had a day off from Frederick, Md. with others on a Peace Walk to Washington, D.C. and took part with their picketing on a Sunday. The AEC office was at 1717 H St. I ran around the Cathedral, went to Mass each morning, then down to buy a N.Y. Times, read it and re-read and then picket from 10-11 each. Bob was to picket from 12-2 and then I was to picket from 2-5. I was to take the last hour of the afternoon picketing. I had been told that there was a group of 8 people who came from the Union Grants at 4 and that we would have a great deal of trouble. I was to picket from 10-5 and rested four hours. I only missed one rainy day and on one day I attended the House hearings with Vires of Hopewell. I was worried most of the time when the A.E.C. shuttle bus from Grant went from Union Grants. Thus I picketed four hours and rested four hours. I only missed one rainy day and was able to attend the House hearings with Vires of Hopewell.

"You couldn’t be more right than you are. I know as much about the effects of atomic radiation as any one in this country. Keep up your picketing. Good luck to you," said an Atomic Energy employee to me on the 28th day of my fast. Three days later Admiral Strauss, who had seen me there daily as he came from their main headquarters remarked, "You look wonderful." We would mock salute each other in the morning.

To those who have never fasted and who are so fearful or so medically minded that the loss of a pound or of a meal is a major disaster, the announcement that I was losing weight was not for our atomic sins. I brought letters of protest that I was committing suicide. On the 17th day of my fast a man who works at the AEC building quietly told me that he had fasted 62 days with McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who had fasted 73 days for the freedom of Ireland and died in 1920. He greeted me kindly several times later. Nine others of McSwiney’s followers had fasted 94 days in prison and had lived. Many of the early Christians fasted 60 days in the desert. Phythagoras fasted 40 days before he took his exams and he would take no one as a student at the University of Alexandria who had not fasted for 40 days. Mrs. G. W. Walker, a noted Rhodian singer, in Capetown, Africa in 1931 fasted for 101 days to lose 63 pounds, as she was much overweight. In a supervised fast a man by the name of Succi ran up the steps of the Eiffel Tower on the 40th day of his fast. Harry Wilts, the Negro picketer, fasted 30 days each year when he commenced training for a fight. Freddy Welsh, onetime lightweight champion of the world, always started his training for important fights with a week’s fast. The most spectacular achievement was that of Gilman Low, artist and athlete, who in December 1905, at Madison Square Garden before 16,000 people, at the end of an 8 day fast he suspended fast for 8 days, in the world records in weight lifting, such as raising 956 pounds three times in four seconds, and raising 2,200 pounds 29 times in 26 seconds. Bob H, of the Knight newspapers wrote three articles about my fast had asked a leading nutritionist at the University here if I could fast for 40 days without injury. He replied that if I had a strong will it would not hurt me. A young Mormon soldier in uniform asked me questions for half an hour. Art Harvey picketed with me for 5 days and fasted 9 days. Bob Steed fasted in N. Y. City with me for 8 days. Terry McKiernon of Notre Dame, good Catholic anarchist, fasted with me the last 9 days. Others in this
country and in England wrote about their fasting with me. Mayanna Manston of Mt. Angel, Oregon, fasted 13 days. Bob Grant of Santa Fe drove by and took me to visit the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld who are charwomen at the Catholic University of America. The priests at the Cathedrals were very unsympathetic to my fast but Father Coen at the Catholic Information Centre downtown had my book and Dorothy's and prayed for me daily. Virginia Green brought my mail to the park at noon and planned a talk for me at the Bagdad Restaurant to the Washington Pacifist Fellowship near the end of my fast. And she introduced me to The Venerable Narada, a Buddhist priest whom I came to know fairly well. I listened to his lectures at the Burma and Ceylon Embassies.

I fasted 31 pounds in my fast although for 11 days I did not lose a pound. Noticing strawberries gave me a hungering for them and I mixed some in a juicy with buttermilk at Dick and Byrd Sweitzers where I stayed for a few days. Dick is secretary to Mormon Congressman Udall from Tucson who is my friend. His wife Lee drove me to Mormon Church and helped me drink the strawberry buttermilk as I broke my fast. I read the lives of Jack London, Ibsen, and the Quaker John Woolman during my fast.砂

Sandstone Prison 8-26-39 to 1-24-40

"Over the Fence" at Omaha Missle Base

AUGUST 24, 1939

Omaha is the brains of the Misiles, where you touch a button and they go off all over the world. Pacificists whom I know had a project there for several months, most of them going to jail for 6 months for "going over the fence" in civil disobedience at the air base. Kaiser Meyer was the Catholic among them and I felt I should offer him my company, so the day after my tax picketing was over I left for Omaha, first stopping in Chicago where Dorothy and I spoke at a meeting of the Quakers. Francis Gorgon, my old time friend from Wisconsin, drove me from Chicago, picking up Janet Burwash who was going to visit her folks in Peoria. Catholics had phoned from Omaha that we should stay with them. The judge had told Arthur Harvey when he asked him if he had anything to say in court that he didn't want to hear it, so I wrote to the judge giving my reasons for being the last of the group to "go over the fence."

Francis drove me out to the Mead Air Base in the morning. Our friends told us that for several days the radio had announced that I was coming from N. Y. City for civil disobedience. We waited awhile at the Mead Base in a line of vehicles until the guard said, "You're the pacifist; the picketing place is two miles down the road." We asked a trucker and went down a dirt road to a dead end and across a ditch, noticing tar-paper covered building dotted here and there. We asked where the headquarters was and offered a CW to workers but they seemed afraid to take them. Finally a clerical worker took us ceremoniously to the brass at the front gate. They were waiting for us and we had somehow got in the back way. The U. S. Marshal handed me a typed notice from the head of the Air Base ordering me off the premises, and they opened the locked gate for me to get out. I went out and immediately stepped over the small fence and was officially arrested by Marshall Raab, but no handcuffs or chains were put on me as had been the case with Karl Meyer. The publicity given him had made them more careful. Marshall Raab asked me if I was an anarchist-vegetarian like Arthur Harvey and I replied that I was and in addition I was a Catholic. He said that he had heard an anarchist speak at Hyde Park in London that summer but had not paid much attention and wanted to know if I was a real anarchist. I told him that I had and that I had been a newspaper reporter for a newspaper in London. He wanted to know if he could read it. I told him I had brought it along for the judge and would autograph it for him and the judge and he could have it first. When we came to his desk he was not the one who wanted to be with me. He was tired of writing up about us and would not give me much publicity. Before I could say a word the Marshall said, "He is not in it for publicity; he has reasons, he's different." The office secretary spoke well of Marge Swann whom she had taken to Alderson, W. Va. prison recently. Francis was allowed in to come in to visit and to be in court at 3 p.m. The D.A. wanted to make sure that I knew enough to plead guilty and he finally understood that I did not want a lawyer, so my plea of guilty was accepted. Judge Robinson wanted to know if I had anything to say before sentence was pronounced. I asked him if he had read my letter and he said that he had. I told him that I had nothing more to add. He gave me 6 months with $500 fine and costs, but as I found out later this fine was "committed," which meant that I would always owe it but did not have to sign a paper to pay it in lieu of payment. Marshall Raab said that he had taken Arthur Harvey to the newly re-opened Sandstone, Minn. prison between Minneapolis and Duluth, and I supposed I would be going there instead of with Karl to Springfield, Missouri.

Twenty six prisoners were sleeping on and under bunks and on the floor in a space in a cell tangling in their cell. They were both standing and sitting in the back way. The judge gave me a per diem for being in jail at the expense of the State. We had to drink coffee and eat sandwiches handcuffed in the car, but Marshall Raab had been more considerate with Arthur, taking him unbound into restaurants. In the afternoon we arrived in Sandstone.

Sandstone Prison

Sandstone is a town of about 1500, entirely destroyed by fire in the forest fire of the 90's but now rebuilt. The reservation is several miles out of town and was used mostly for conscientious objects in the 40's, and made as a state mental hospital, but this year it was reopened as a medium security Federal Prison, with about 500 men and women, and more coming in from Terra Haute and Milan prisons, with a few like us from the courts. At the time of my entry there were 70 and at the time of my release there were 354. The prison consists of two story buildings erected around a compound of about two acres in the midst of 3,000 acres of swamp and farm, the latter not being run just now. Mostly dormitory in custody. 307
about forty five in each dorm. E building contains cells where those who have a detainer among them are housed; and then there are 13 solitary cells, painted yellow, upstairs, with a mattress on the floor. Mostly you get regular eats and you can get books from the library to read while in solitary. Newcomers are put in A and O (Admission and Orientation) for three weeks or a month. Here we were two to a cell. I met one fellow who had done time in Parchman, Miss. where the wife has overnight visits with the hard band prisoner each week. (There have been prisoners too where the officers bring prostitutes for certain prisoners and make money for themselves.) A couple of farmers were in for feeding steers which the government had bought for surplus, to their hogs, or for figuring out their income tax differently from the way the government accountants figured. A bookie from the big city became my friend and threatened to retaliate. Most of the men were in for stealing cars over the state line, many others for peddling dope, quite a number for re-arrangements of mail fraud. My one special friend was an Indian who had stolen a horse. He knew that the horse belonged to a neighbor who was being drunk he didn’t care. There were about 100 Negroes, 30 Indians and half a dozen Mexicans. There was no segregation in the dorms or in the dining hall.

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

But in a few days when I went before the Classification Board the medical officer was all smiles (he had given me the shots and could afford to smile). Warden Meier who is a pleasant quiet man entangled in government red tape said that he understood my radical ideas and asked about the CW. I gave him our idea and history. He wanted to know if there was anything I wouldn’t do around the prison. I told him I wouldn’t kill chickens and he had better not put me to teaching history. I would teach it radical as hell. I said that just as Kruschchev and Eisenhower could disagree yet coexisted, so could I do my time graciously if that was the way they wanted to run things. I was told to go to the Educational Department and be ready to help set up the school when the educational director arrived. Meanwhile I helped Arthur set up the library as he set it up with some peculiar classifications of his own. Later with the approval of the director we ordered several hundred liberal books including all of Jack London, Erich Fromm and Aldous Huxley.

The warden read my book and liked it and I allowed him to have it for the guards’ library, as it was not allowed in our library, at least while I was there. We have two copies of Dorothy’s book in the library. Mr. Durham, an active Southern Baptist from the El Reno Reformatory, was my boss as educational director for a month. He was liberal and had never met a radical who was a Christian. He took pains to understand my pacifism and wanted to read my book very much. I sent him one. (I have half a dozen of my books in their attic for judges, Wardens, etc. Or if a Pope or a Cardinal wants one I ought to have one handy.) The present educational director, Mr. Earhart, is a very nice fellow and he understands our ideas, and he was friendly to Arthur and me. One day the Warden brought Rev. Bolon from Sandstone to see me. I had just discussed with Mr. Peterson, the general guard at the libraries, about men not hanging, or prison doors not locking themselves, and that when people refused to be judges, hangmen, guards, wardens, or madames of houses of prostitution, then these things would cease to exist. I had told that all Judges, D.A’s, Wardens, etc. ought to do thirty days in a regular jail. And he said that if we were prisoners we would be for a day what a Warden had to do put up with. I told this to the Warden and said I suppose he had a time with the old time sadistic guards.

Prison Routine

Lights on at 6:30 a.m. and breakfast from 7 to 7:30 in the cafeteria-like dining room with four to small a table. You choose to small table which you can choose for your table. You choose to small table which you can choose for your table. I was usually with my general Indian friends. Always hot and dry cereal, coffee, toast, ome, and some kind of stewed fruit. At times pancakes, French toast or scrambled eggs. On a Sunday or a holiday we have choice just at 8 and "Brunch" which is lunch and breakfast at 10. Generally two strips of bacon then. To work at 8 and lunch at 11:30 which consists of potatoes, meat, several vegetables, and jello, cake, pudding or tea in the summer, Kool-aid. To work at 12:30 and to count in your dorm at 4:30 when the whistle blows on work days. Supper at 5 which is 5 which is plentiful. Com on the cob in season, and generally too much starch. Combined at times which was good, but the white bread was not as good as the New York prison, being more like stone bread. I ate very little starch and Arthur and I gave one meat and fish to those who asked for it. I fasted from Thursday night to Saturday noon or until Ma’s dinner. Count again at 9:30 and lights out at 10:30, but at times those who wanted television could stay until later in another room.

After supper on week nights prisoners can go to the library or to classes until around 9 p.m. I worked extra at nights and on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays in the library, and while I know just about the exact occasion on the shelf of each book I never got to read much as I was busy shuffling Zane Grey and other rubbish for the prisoners as they returned and took out books. We are not allowed to visit a prisoner in another dorm. Some guards are more free with this than others. We had a skating rink and hockey games, and in good weather baseball, football, football and horse racing horse shoes. At this latter Arthur and I played and ran around, but the Indian could make a ringer nearly every time. We played 107 games of scrabble.
was said about political prisoners. Like Martin who wrote, *Break Down the Walls*, that Carol Gergen reviewed in the CW of 5, I am not interested in making bigger and better prisons. The current issue of the Atlanta prison paper says in an editorial that 95% of the men there are recidivists, that is they come back again to prison. It would be around 85% in Sandstone. I know men there who have been in jail for many years and have not learned a thing. I know others who have been caught in a mail fraud which is no worse than regular business who will now be more careful and who will not knowingly break the law again. I know kids from Milan who will likely go to and out of jail for years to come. None of the officials ever used the word "rehabilitate" without excusing themselves, for they know it is a farce. Attitudes towards prisoners range from the sentimentalist who says that there are no bad boys, and that most prisoners are incarcerated unjustly, to sadists like J. Edgar Hoover who want more jail and more punishment.

There are bad boys and bad people who knowingly choose to do evil. Jesus gave us the method of overcoming evil when he taught to the women the case in sin, "He without sin among you first cast a stone at her." If the early Christians went to court they were not allowed to go to Communion for 6 months, and if they were let off with a small fine and had to do penance for ten years. Since the time of Constantine the Church has tried to cooperate with the State and capital punishment, prison and war. All that is done in the name of Christ while Christ and his disciples had to do penance for the world is a prison and this is where light is needed. When I left Sandstone I told the Warden and Mr. Earhart, who had already met Dorothy who had said that the prison had not hurt me and, and perhaps I had helped in my attitude of being the kind of radical who does not believe in prisons at all but who while there tries to give his fellow prisoners the idea that there is a different way of living at all, on the outside, and on the outside. My time in prison was not wasted and if in the future I do up to five years for civil disobedience I think it would be time well spent on my part. I often say that a fellow who is any good on the outside does much better on the inside, for as Debs said, "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

Father Casey, Janet Burwitz and Bill Henry visited me. I was restricted to write to 7 approved correspondents. Upon my release I had 60 Christmas cards from over the world.

There would not be one chance in a million of arriving at the number 7438 if you chose four digits from 4 to 84,000, but the current issue of the Atlanta prison paper held an interesting regulation to the letter of the law. Guards are like pacifist anarchists, vegetarians, Catholos and others; they can be kind, generous, intelligent, and courageous, but they can also be arrogant, perverse, selfish, greedy and tricky.

"There are two kinds of people in the world, those who have done time and those who haven't." I said a lifer to me Atlanta prison in 1971. In prison and out of prison about a third of the people are steel-pigeons who are ready to name for a profit to themselves. In a recent issue of the prison paper in Leavesworth there was a reprint of an article by Judge Lebow in New York City praising the Russian prisons that he had visited. Here families could visit and prisoners were paid the going rate for their work. Nothing
Polaris anti atomic sub protest

JUNE 6 TO 19, 1960

Brad Lytle had organized this Action to protest the atomic subs which with 16 H bombs can kill fifty million people. The leader of the march was Adrian Maas, a young Hollander, now living in New Jersey. He has lived six months in South Africa and is the second Christian Scientist pacifist whom I have met. He graduated from their college, Principia, near St. Louis and argued with them for years, and with his draft board. He is a fine young man and deserves much credit for fighting the patriots in his church nearly alone.

The march had started June 10th from the Battery in New York and Hugh Maddren of our group had started with it then. Charlie Butterworth and I caught up with it at Columbia University the next day, Saturday, and coming back after a few hours and I continuing with the others to New Rochelle. Each night we were provided shelter with friends. I was lasting but the walk of around 20 miles a day was no more than I did regularly when picketing the tax man. My sign said, "Yes, for Life and the Green Revolution. No for Death and the Polaris Bomb." Groups of students joined us in the towns and the police often escorted us cordially through the towns, but the nearer we got to New London the more hostile the police and the people were. In one town two beautiful 16 year old Quaker twins, Merry and Mercy, walked with us and Hugh and I were fortunate to stay at their house that night. We were called Communists in many towns, but in three instances I gave the CW to Catholics who were questioning us and made friends of them.

Half a dozen atheistic anarchistic students, two Quakers, and a schismatic Western Orthodox young priest by the name of Ekin were the walkers that went most of the way. Hugh did not like to walk with "unbelievers" so solaced on the side or forward or backward. Scott Herrick and Joel Greenberg had sailed in a sloop from Cape May, and Harry Purvis, John Davenport and Bill Henry had rowed from Manhattan. And Arthur Harvey had met us on the way. In New London on the next Saturday dozens of folks came from New York and Boston to help us. Janice Smith and her children, Pat McMahon, Dave Dellingler and Ralph DeGia, and Bob Gummere:

About thirty of us marched over a long bridge and got wet in a soaking rain on the way. We were picketing in the pouring rain on the way to the New London railroad station. We were not alone. We were not alone. Workers were gathered in a narrow street by the factory entrance with angry looks toward us. We made the mistake of twice hurling in a meeting before continuing our march. When we got to the west of the crowd a 15 year youth by the name of Timothy Hutchinson from Cambridge, Massachusetts was at the head of the line and I was second. A saloon keeper tore Timothy's sign and tramped on it, and tore noise and a CW I gave him, and so on with the others. Three of the kid anarchists hurried back to give out more leaflets and when Brad went to tell them we were going home someone from behind hit him on the jaw. We gave out thousands of leaflets in the park when the Harvard Yale boat races were going on, and later that night we had a meeting in our office at night where some workers attended and gave patriotic arguments. The action went on until the first of September but I had tax picking in August, and this was enough on the Polaris front.

Miscellaneous Picketing

There has been a strike on at Kohler Co. in Wisconsin for five years. They are a paternalistic concern paying good wages but not believing in unions. Both sides had committed violence. Bob Steed, Deane and I picketed the sales room on Park Ave. one day for years. For years in speaking in Wisconsin I picked the Kohler plant with my friend Francis Gorgen and two labor employees, Bohemian Catholics.

We have picketed the Spanish Embassy, the Spanish Travel Bureau, and ships and boats, protesting against the Franco regime where Catholic as well as anarchical students are tortured. At the Travel Bureau I told them that we were anarchists similar to Francisco Ferrer the educator whom the Church and the State did to death in 1909. They remembered that.

With Anne Marie Stipe we have picketed the South African representatives here. Every Saturday in the summer of 1960 we help CORE (Committee On Racial Equality) picket Woolworth's. Bob Steed fasted for 46 days and picketed the courts here a couple of hours every day on the Chessen case, and he and I and others picket Sing Sing for five hours every day for a time when there was an execution there. Someone has to hit the old eye for an eye mentality of the traditional Catholic clergy who seem to be the only ones to advocate the death penalty or to call for more punishment when the question is up in the legislature. Some non-Catholic friends of ours were being sing along with us when they saw two priests there they innocently thought they were there on the same mission, but the priests knew nothing of such a bill; they were there to lobby for bingos. Each December for years I have picketed the Whitehouse in Washington, D.C. about political prisoners.

December 2, 1960 Mary Lathrop and I picketed Sing Sing from 4:30 until 10 p.m. A young man had hit an older man in a fight on the boat, and the old man died. The young man was persuaded to plead guilty and told he would get clemency. It was as if he did not have a good lawyer and was to be executed that night. Hundreds of people came up from town. And Arthur Harvey had read our signs. One guard said that he was hardly any capital punishment now, only four or five a year. Some guards coming to work took our leaflets and were cordial. We had walked the 72 steps up the wooden stairway which is a shortcut to the prison from the streets below. At ten minutes to we said the Rosary and at ten when the Elcort and the Electric Boat works. Here hundreds of workers were gathered in a narrow street by the factory entrance with angry looks toward us. We made the mistake of twice hurling in a meeting before continuing our march. When we got to the west of the crowd a 15 year youth by the name of Timothy Hutchinson from Cambridge, Massachusetts was at the head of the line and I was second. A saloon keeper tore Timothy's sign and tramped on it, and tore noise and a CW I gave him, and so on with the others. Three of the kid anarchists hurried back to give out more leaflets and when Brad went to tell them we were going home someone from behind hit him on the jaw. We gave out thousands of leaflets in the park when the Harvard Yale boat races were going on, and later that night we had a meeting in our office at night where some workers attended and gave patriotic arguments. The action went on until the first of September but I had tax picking in August, and this was enough on the Polaris front.

Ordinarily a prophet does not speak much in his own town but New York City is so big that I speak often in churches, schools, and special groups. The Quakers have groups of students whom they take to the UN, different embassies, and as a final treatment to the CW, or at times I have spoken to their groups in all day seminar with others such as Erich Fromm. All of these speakers believed in patching up the system so it was well that someone was there to give them hope when their patchwork failed.
I had a three-cornered discussion between Sid Stein of the Communist Party and Sam Karp of the Socialist Labor Party at a forum. Also a discus-
sion at Hofstra College in Long Island between Arnold Johnson of the Com-
munist Party, Lynde Trupfon defending capitalism, and myself with the an-
archist position. And twice at Hunter College Hyde Park Day where speak-
ers from all parties, except the Liberal who would not associate with Com-
munists, spoke and later had a soapbox under a tree for hours. This last-
meeting was on May 4th. Cardinal Spellman's birthday; Karl Marx's being the 5th. The present line of the Communists is to be reasonable and historical and not especially radical. The Socialist Labor Party is of course the oldest, but they have forgotten the message of the early Christians. We are trying to
make our Church have the old time message of the early Christians. And
this year the hierarchy put down the efforts of the poor to
build Catholic Puerto Rican hospital workers here to have a union. Although
I was in India I wouldn't last long being an anarchist, but here today
I am happy to be with comrades who are not only against this Japanese Treaty,
which is the subject of the day, but for other items as well.

Another time I met with the Trotskyist leader, Myra Tanner Weiss at a
forum. Her grandfather was the one who told good for every human being but in general it is true. Surplus Value. If a man
makes $40 a day for his employer and gets back in return but $10, then
he can only buy back that much and the surplus goes up and we have de-
pressions and wars. The capitalist system commenced to fall apart in 1914.
I doubt if it lasts until 1944. And maybe not until 1984. I would not
push it for it is already floundering: billions spent on prohibition for not growing white
corn, etc. and to store this surplus — with half the world underfed. We don't
deserve to survive. The Class Struggle: Between those who work for a living and
those who own for a living, as Scott Nearing says, there is a struggle.
All this the Catholic anarchist believes with other radicals. But Communists
believe that the way to solve this problem is to have a Dictatorship of
the Proletariat, and afterwards the state will wither away and we will have
a stateless society which would be anarchism. Anarchists do not believe
that any state will wither away and they agree with Lord Acton, the Catholic
who fought the declaration of infallibility by Pius IX, that "Power corrupts
and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely."

I spoke to several meetings of Communists to greet my old friend Eliza-
deha Garbo Hynes when she was arrested for the Smith Act. The Communists are realistic in most of the world but some-
how here their wires are twisted for they think that by opening their meet-
ing with the Socialist party and the Social Democrats they would all sing the Red Flag as we used to in the old days. The youngsters
applauded me but the old folks were poutish; they couldn't leave their party
line. Howard Fast had asked me to speak at their May Day meeting on
Union Square but I told him I might front for them but I would do it in my
own way. So in 1960 when some Hunter College students asked me to

speak at a 4th of July Anti-Japanese Treaty rally I did so. I kidded them
about the Star Spangled Banner and then I said: "When anyone is for peace,
justice, freedom, or higher wages he is called "Communist." That is an
honor and I am glad to be with you today. For people are for good things they
are never called "Christian" or "Anarchist" or "Reformer" but they are to be so called. But there was a time when being a Christian and a Catho-
lic meant something: when the Church had a power to be used. For example,
taking Communion for six months and if a soldier who was a Christian killed
any one he was not allowed to go to Communion for ten years. All over the world where we find a very strong Church they have forgotten the message of the early Christians. We are trying to
make our Church have the old time message of the early Christians. And

last year the hierarchy put down the efforts of the poor to build Catholic Puerto Rican hospital workers here to have a union. Although
I was in India I wouldn't last long being an anarchist, but here today
I am happy to be with comrades who are not only against this Japanese Treaty,
which is the subject of the day, but for other items as well."

The latest instance of pacistic action is that of the young Christian Science leader of the Polaris march to New London, Connecticut, Adrian Maas, who in August of 1960 was arrested as pacificer at the pacificer headquarters by three sail-
ors who said: "You are a pacifist?"

"That means that if I hit you in the face you would not hit back."

"True." So Adrian was hit three times in the face by the sailor. Mean-
while, Julius Jacobs, a pacifist, stood by. To defend Adrian with fists was
wrong, and he did not write the words to say the right thing to prevent this.
He did, however, have the pacificer principle to use violence.

"Now you would shake hands with me after all this?" asked the sailor.

"Surely," said Adrian, whereupon the sailor hit him in the face again. Ad-
rian and Julius have been strengthened by knowing that they are true to
their principles. Whether I would have said anything or done anything in a
pacifist manner to stop this violence I do not know. The pacificer technique is not a recipe to live forever; that is not the point. It goes from
victory to victory rather than from defeat to defeat.

As I have said before, we who get into contact with the most will win,
if so your loved one is attacked you should have a weapon to defend her. To
be without a weapon is not to be a pacifist; it is to be an inefficient militarist.

To pick up an ink bottle or use your fists to defend someone may prove that

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CHAPTER 14
CATHOLIC WORKER
New York City
1953 to 1963

Holy Family Picture
6 by 9, on wall of First Joe Hill
House, 72 Post Office Place
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Painted by
Mary Lathrop, September, 1961

We are a paper and a movement and a house of hospitality. As I said before, we are station where folks who have lost their way stop for a time until they can decide where they want to buy a ticket to — a monastery, the Ford Foundation, a union job, the Carmelites, marriage, or lower down on skid row. While there are perhaps only fifteen of us who will admit that we are anarchists, there are thousands who call themselves pacifists — that is between wars, and likely there are a hundred thousand who praise us for our works of hospitality and our emphasis on voluntary poverty.

As a House of Hospitality the CW is unique in that we who are "front office" live here and work for our keep. In organization we are truly anarchic, for even in the smallest debating club or PTA much time is spent in making up rules and by-laws and writing a constitution. There are just about two unwritten rules here: (1) don't bring liquor in a bottle in the house. We don't search the "ambassador" but we pour out the liquor if we see them drinking. (2) We never call a cop, although twice when Dorothy did not know it someone called the police.

The following describes our place at 39 Spring St. Now we are at 175 Chrystie, feeding folks on the first floor.
Dorothy designs someone to run the House and as long as they can do it without wearing themselves out they are the boss of how many people can be "paid out" for a flop when we do not have the room. Now we have eight apartments and pay for everyone els in a hotel or rooming house, but in the old days up to sixty slept in the house. The cook has charge generally of what he wants to order from De Falke, our old grocer friend from Mott St., only we cannot cancel lemon extract generally, for the tendency would be to use it for drinking instead of cooking. Roger O'Neill at Chrysstie Street, who cooked when the cooks were drunk, used to have two kinds of soup and two kinds of oneplate, rice, sweet and Irish potatoes, with no waiting. As a very vetterian I would ask if there was any meat in the stock, and receiving a negative answer I ate it and found a bone, or as I would say a "feather" in the bottom of the bowl, and it was in the soup. I and a soup line at noon, and supper for those living in the house. Now we are forty-two steps up on the third floor and it is not worthwhile for a man to come up for such a small bit, so we have a meal at 11.30 with sandwiches to carry out for later if they want them. The men come early and sit around, as first come first served, and we have to have a man at the bottom of the stairs to ward off the drunks who might fall backwards before the steps. In the old days we had a coffee line in the morning, and a soup line at noon, and supper for those living in the house. Now we are forty-two steps up on the third floor and it is not worthwhile for a man to come up for such a small bit, so we have a meal at 11.30 with sandwiches to carry out for later if they want them. The men come early and sit around, as first come first served, and we have to have a man at the bottom of the stairs to ward off the drunks who might fall backwards before the steps.

In my early days at 223 Chrysstie Street when just then most of the kitchen crew were drunk I got up at 5:00 a.m. and helped pour coffee for the line and scrubbed the slit from the hall and kitchen floor. Some men would come back as much as three times in the line. Often one drunk would preach to the line telling them that they were all no-good bums. What kind of people come to us? All sorts of tortured souls who have no other place to go. Peter said that we had to put up with one another the way God puts up with us, and Dorothy said we loved God as much as we loved the person we loved the least. By this measure I am a failure and so are most of us. The only thing is that we have different points of touch, tension, and a different breaking point as to how much of any certain kind of misery that we can take. And I suppose we get a "tolerance" toward certain irritations and an added intolerance toward others. One kind that was especially difficult for me to take is the scrupulous, over-pious person always wanting to put a scapular on me and hugging near the holy water. They are sure to burst out in vituperation a little later. We have had some of them quiet, withdrawn scrupulous type who have generally been good workers in detailed filing, etc., but I was always presented with an emergency their frustration and hatred of life has resulted in their violent attacking whoever is in their way. Then we have the loud-mouth braggart who wizen drunk by his very noise would upset everything. One such who has been here for twenty years exasperated me by his noise when I was trying to phone and I said to him, "How long do I have to put up with you?"

"How long do I have to put up with you, you damn intellectual?" he replied. This is wonderful, for the Catholic Worker is a place for derelicts, and we intellectuals talk pacifism, anarchism, and go to Mass. All sorts of these folks want is more drink and in between they have to listen to us.

Then there are the hysterical women who quarrel, accusing each other of selling clothing we give them for drink, and who fight as to where they are to sit at the table, etc.

The first day I came to the CW in 1953 Dorothy said, "Here is Susie; she wants to meet you," and she left me for hours with a woman who chattered and chattered. She was a chronic pest whose noise would send the average man to a room of his own. She got used to her in years and she is still hard to take. Later that afternoon there was a scuffle and noise in a room across the hall. Dorothy asked me to see what it was. There was Albert, a stocky part-Negro who had a huge cane as he was crippled. He did not allow "niggers" to come here and was trying to evict a huge Negro much bigger than himself. Foolishly I jumped between them saying quietly to the huge Negro, "You oughtn't to pick on a little pharaoh." And to Albert, "You are not the boss around here. This man has as much right as you have here; now lay off." They each one went to another corner of the room. I wouldn't advise this as a tactic for I might have been clubbed by both of them.

Bob Steed came up from Memphis, having asked permission of the Bishop there to sell the CW, and later having reached with whom there was a strike and it was noticed how radical we were. One summer afternoon, right outside my office window, two drunk men, one Negro and one southern white, each had a knife and was darning the other in the foulest of language to knife him.

"Oh, we must not do anything; we can't see these men kill each other," said Bob.

"You are not God and you are not a cop; just hold yourself," I said.

"But we are our brother's keeper; we are pacifists and we can't let this violence continue," said Bob.

You are young and you are going to see a lot of violence; you are in the midst of evil here on the Bowery, and you will see more of it."

"But it's our duty, it's our duty," Bob said as he went towards the door.

Duty, my eye," was my reply. After half an hour the two men got tired of shouting and each walked in a different direction. If we had interfered we would have provoked these two men to make good their boasts and threats and all four of us might have been knifed. We were going to have to put up with a lot of trouble or we shouldn't be here.

All those who come to the CW for any length of time come through mixed motives. I had a crush on Dorothy but got over it in a few years. She is the best ever and has an integrity about her worthwhile than any two radicals or Christians I have ever known. Everyone is enamored of her and calls her a saint. One woman wanted to know if she saw visions and she replied, "Hell no. She is wonderful, but she is not a saint, and what I say goes. This is no democracy and if it wouldn't stay a month. For the weekend would always outvote the few courageous ones. Everyone is not meant to be a Trappist and when Bob Steed was at the Trappists for two years it upset him so much that he left to refute here. He varied between scrupulous sanctity and anti-clericalism. Seeing Kieran Dugan and me reading the Daily Worker he was bothered and went to the local priest asking for written permission for the editors of the CW to read the Daily
Walker. The priest said that Dorothy and I could read anything, it wouldn't hurt us, but Steed, he would have to see the Chancery Office about that. Of course nothing was ever done about it and in a few days Bob was off his scrupulous emphasis. Another time when I was fasting and picketing the tax man and was going to leave for my daughter Carmen's wedding in California Bob had just taken over the running of the office. In a rare spurt of effi- ciency he wrote out checks as fast as he could and allowed me to see if all checks from the month before had been cashed yet. Now, being over- drawn, he said he thought it was God's will that I should stay home and not attend the wedding. I was the leader of the CWI and he was like Bob and when he learns how to work and discipline himself he may develop.

Stanley Vishnefski, my co-editor friend on the CW, says: "Hurry up and die, Ammon, and I'll make a fortune out of you selling Special Hennessy Han- dbag: Ammon always liked them."

One rainy day I went downtown to lunch and came back and found that some "ambassador" had lifted my coat and raincoat; the latter for com- fort, the former to sell for liquor, I suppose. I was to go to court the next morning and did not have a coat. I ran for the mail that day came a copy which Tom Sullivan brought to me, and it just fit. Tom was here for about eight years after some time at the Chicago CW with John Cogey. He was not a pacifist nor an anarchist but, I think, the best fellow we have had around here to run the house. He was kind to drunks and homos, and not so under- standing with the insane. Charlie Butterworth has taken special interest in thebalanced folks and does the best he can with the drunks. I appreciate those who have done time no matter who they are, and the young folks seem to like to tell me their troubles and to listen to my tales of radical achieve- ment. Most of the folks around here visit those who are sick in hospitals but as I don't believe in medicine I am not especially interested in this activity. When Judith Gregory was here she was interested in farming communes and co-op housing. So through it all we have a variety of interests and ev- eryone gets taken care of by someone. I meet with all kinds of radicals of the left, and with leftist union leaders, and with the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. I also am the Catholic who meets every other month with The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors of Philadelphia, which is the group doing the most for those in trouble with the draft.

Certain women come daily with handbags to haul out clothing which they sell, and often the woman who had been in charge of the clothing room got extra money for liquor or cigarettes by the sale of such clothing. I have an honest one now. At Chrysite Street we always had a night watch- man who was always very surly with any he did not know. One night John Cort from Boston who was with us for years, came to say hello and told me that he was, but this stupid watchman would not allow him inside. The old adage of Lord Acton that "power corrupts and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely," which I quote often in this book, holds true in the lower echelons also. Most of the men here who are sober for a day or two, if given power to allocate others to the table to eat, often abuse this power by telling someone that he is too drunk to be with us, when they themselves were that way yesterday and will likely be that way again tomorrow.

A book called Seabury Are for Sleeping came out a few years ago which described some characters around the Bowery that would have seemed incredible. And a documentary On the Bowery was filmed in which "Doe," the second most important character, was formerly of our house. Some film was taken of us, but was not shown in the final picture. The main character was of- fered $40,000 a year in Hollywood but all he wanted was one day's work and then to earn enough money for a few days and paid all bills, but forget to check up and see with a supply of wine and drink himself into oblivion. He said to give the $40,000 to someone who would appreciate it. We have some such men here. "Don't blame God for your stupidity," I told him. I am writing articles by John McKon about the people he met around the CW and the Bowery. The one on The Shy Apostate who got tea and Chinese food after midnight in the cold nights and stood up those liable to freeze to death and fed them is one of his best. Raymond is still with us, a sober, good-natured, industrious, kind-hearted pack rat. On Chrysite Street we worked together pouring coffee in the morning. He would bring bags of chicken bones for us to feed for soup, and leave them in every corner until the place was full of rats. Old clothes, junky furniture, anything that wasn't tacked down he would pile high here, on the roof or in the basement.

I have taken men to one of the cheap hotels to pay them in and later that night would see them drunk in the gutter. They had planned with the night clerk at the hotel to return the money.

When Charlie Butterworth was new at running the house a man came in with an anxious slip for an appointment to a hospital, wanting thirty-five cents carfare. He was obviously drunk, but he sobered.

Charlie was in a quandary for if he refused him money he was "denying Christ," and if he gave him money he might be contributing to his forth- coming drunkenness. The man argued for twenty minutes and outfoxed Charlie who was a Harvard law graduate, so that Charlie asked me what to do. For Christ's sake give him the fifty-three cents, he has a carfare and is inter- ested in ideas. Your time is entirely wasted. I remember when I was new here and a very Irish man appealed to me as a fellow Irish radical for car- fare to see his dying mother. (He might have done it on a wager to see how guiltable I was, for this was such an obvious fraud that I aught to have known better). I gave him the $1.25 necessary and of course he and his buddies got a ride.

Before Charlie Butterworth had charge of the house two FBI men came in and showed their credentials, asking for a certain fellow who helped in our kitchen who had been AWOL from the Army for over a year. Charlie used delaying tactics and said that he was not the boss and that he would have to see Bob Steed who was in charge of the house. He knew Steed was not around, but he couldn't tell a lie, or the truth which I quote often in this book, in the kitchen that the "law" was after him. He then came back and said he couldn't find Steed. Of course we helped the man get out of town. He was not a radical, just a fellow who had too much of the Army and got down and out on the Bowery.
The FBI came around and charged Charlie with "harboring" a deserter which could have a penalty of five years; and for helping him to escape another five years. Coming in from selling GWs on Wall Street one Tuesday the FBI men were here and when I entered they wanted to know who I was and I thought about Charlie's action. I told them I hoped the whole army deserted and they never found any of them. They asked me if he thought about it, and I said the same as I did. Then they teased me about not notifying the draft board of his moving from Memphis. As he was twenty-seven this was only academic interest. They asked Charlie if he had his draft card and I thought, "I haven't turned mine up yet." (Since then he has done so.) He is thirty-two.

When Charlie came to court he acted as his own lawyer and gave a good presentation of his reasons for not turning anyone in to the police. For in the middle ages all lawbreakers could seek "sanctuary" in a church or monastery. The judge had given five years to a Communist, but said that his son was of the age of Charlie and took the CW and he looked at Charlie as his own son, and gave him six months, sentence suspended. When I went to get the $150 bail money back several of the clerks said they had read my book while at college. Now Charlie runs the house, continuing to be kind and courteous, but making decisions more quickly.

Bob and I happened to be standing in the front window and saw a young man take off his overcoat and give it to a friend and come to us and ask for one. We told him he had better get it back from his friend. A drunk could be rolled and come to us barefoot the next day. We don't ask any questions as to names and reasons or keep any books about what we do. One fellow we called "Dear Soul" had charge of the clothing for a day or two and wouldn't give some one clothing because "you are a drunk." He was broke. He didn't get beaten up in some alley for it is not those who have plenty of clothing who need it, it is those who are poorly clad. In a great number of cases people get clothing from us or from any charity sell the clothing around the corner at a second hand store for very little. One of the common methods is to take a coat and ask for $5 and a "retainer." This means that the merchant gives you $5 for your good coat that he may sell for $15 and gives you in return some old rag of a coat worth $3 that can keep you warm. Likewise with shoes, you get a dollar and an old, old pair for a fairly good pair. If you ask a man if he is going to sell clothing for house of course he will tell you that he wouldn't do such a thing. If you have spies to watch the man then you will have to have spies to watch the spies, and besides we don't believe in any spy apparatus.

This "Dear Soul" was a twisted unfortunate orphan who had made the rounds of all the Trapists and many other monasteries. He feigned an ungody limy acne. Coming in he would greet you:

"Good morning, dear soul! You are looking fine. And what is your problem?" By the time you had heard this said to a dozen people and twice to yourself each day it got to be monotonous. So after about two weeks of this I told him:

"I am no damned dear soul; and I always feel fine, I never feel any other way; so cut out this pious phony crap." He didn't bother me any more. He was alone nearly every one in his energy. He always wanted to work and though he would just as likely put something in the wrong place and undo what others had done, at least he was moving. He liked to attend fires, hospitals, and funerals.

"Around one a.m. I was walking with a beautiful young woman who lived near us, coming home from the Village, when we saw a huge man sprawled across the sidewalk in a drunken stupor. It was in the early fall and not really cold, but she thought we should do something. I asked three drunks leaning against a pole to help me pull the man to a large doorway nearby, but they laughed, saying that all they were interested in was another drink. So I started over to the CW to get Bob to help me. On the way I saw a drunk Negro blabbering at a fire alarm box thinking it was a police call: "Come and get Mable; she is a bad whore; she is an awful whore." Bob and I came back with an overcoat (better Charlie and took the CW and he looked at Charlie as his own son, and gave him six months, sentence suspended. When I went to get the $150 bail money back several of the clerks said they had read my book while at college. Now Charlie runs the house, continuing to be kind and courteous, but making decisions more quickly.

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young. No one knew much definitely about her. She had long hair strag-
ning out from her hair and pretty blue eyes. She was forever asking for a
smoke, thinking that she was too unhealthy to have a tailor-made cigarette,
but wanting a bag of Bugler to roll her own, and picking up butts. She
would not sleep in a room or on a bed, but would lie on the floor in a door-
way or hall. She did not seem to realize that cigarette butts thrown away
when they emptied ashtrays into full wastepaper baskets caused fire and
she was an unconscious firebug. Her mind was hazy about people and places
and if she did not see a person for a day or two she would ask if he or she
had gone on a trip or if they had gotten married. Once we had a car
parked in front of the hospital and she has not been to see us for several years, as the Jewish
charities now take care of her.

One highly placed mechanic liked our works of mercy and was our friend
for twenty years but when we commenced to get arrested on the air raid
drill he ceased to come around. Dozens of semiannuals come and work for
few days, weeks or months and after they become priests they come back
and say hello when they can.

Another fellow had worked for the State Department in the Near East
and was getting a divorce from his wife there, or rather she was getting the
divorce from him. He came to us perhaps a little high on dope or perhaps
this was his other insatiable appetite for Which he was constantly
and drunk with him. He was always dressed as a gentleman and had an
Oxford accent. I expect because I listened to him I thought I was a fine
fellow. He would come in and "write la book." When anyone crossed him
in the slightest detail he would take a pencil and mark off a page in his
book saying, "I have crossed your name out of my book." One day he came in
from the television room saying to me, "That was sure fine the way you told
off Bishop Sheen." His mind went this way: (1) I like Hennacy. (2) I don’t
like Bishop Sheen. (3) If Hennacy told off Sheen on television that would be
wonderful. (4) Therefore it happened.

Paul was a quiet middle-aged man, perhaps a little queer, but never to be
noticed one way nor the other. He lived with us and cheerfully ran cun-
tain errands. One day he was missing and wended came from an insane asy-
lum that he had been picked up for some irrational activity and was being
kept there. A book had been found on him with a credit of $2,000. All this
time he was with us he had not slept in his bed but had been a night clerk
at a flop house and had baled his money. The State took all his money
for his keep and then showed him how to get it back. He does not get drunk
very often and is quiet and of little trouble, but has given up doing much work.

Lena is a not unattractive Italian woman who propositioned several old
Italian men to go into business with her and after she got their money she
vanished. They came around here and wanted their money. She ate here
off and on. She was forever running to Church and one day came with the
news that a certain Puerto Rican gullion who ate as much as three as our
at table, was dead from an operation on his stomach. She said that
the priest say Mass for him and we put up a notice in the office for prayers for
Pedro. Soon afterward we saw Pedro at Mass. It seems that he had been

sick and was taken into the ambulance with his eyes closed and she thought
he was dead. We all teased her at the resurrection of Pedro because of
her prayers.

A very dapper young man worked in our office and wrote an excellent
article for our paper. Whether it was done by both we do not know,
but after a time he was gone. Two phonies that I remember: on was
grooming himself to run for President of the United States, dressed well, and
invited us into making long phone calls for some mythical moccasin.
Another had a scheme for world peace and was disappointed because we
would not turn our mailings over to him. A long trip or if they had gotten married. Once we had a car
parking the postage and addressing envelopes to any list he could get with all
kinds of every scheme. He kept us for a few weeks but did not let him get
near the files.

Selling CWIs at St. Patrick’s one Sunday morning a social worker in the
midwest whom I had not seen for twenty years introduced a young man to
whom we thought we could help. He came home with acott on
among several others. Near morning we heard a hissing like a snake and then
he had a terrible screaming fit running madly around. He did not froth at
the mouth. He finally told us that he had escaped from an asylum and had
not been taking his medicine. He banged himself around for months until he
finally went back to the hospital. We have several others who we escape but we did not know it, who were not violent, but depressed.

We had news from a nun that a certain Negro girl had her face burned
and needed skin grafting. We published an appeal for funds which were sent to the nuns. After a time the nun wrote to send no more money for this family
used the girl as a come on. They would not give her up to the doc-
tors for an operation unless the nun bought them a house, a car, and gave
them a certain sum of money. They had been subsidized these few months
and now they moved on to some other town for their game of fleecing the

A good looking young Negro couple with half a dozen children gave some
peel about being out of work and we fed them several times and gave them
food to take home. Accidents happened and they got their money
blocks away. One Sunday morning they came very late to eat and the man
made up story about working overtime. His wife spoke up and said he was
drinking with bad women all night and refused to eat at all. Scores of
men and women who come here will get a job working in hospitals in the moun-
tains, or other short time jobs, but the trouble is that they ask for money
ahead of time and get fired, or if they lost a time they will come home and
drink it up. They cannot handle money and at this age they will never learn.
Many of them really think that this time they will keep sober. We have men
who work in the kitchen who will get drunk perhaps only once a year and
who are fine workers. Others are hiding away from their families, or have
prison parole. Many are too shaky to hold a job if they had one.

One fellow who has been here for many years hates anything religious.
He does a little work but not much. He does not smoke or drink and is very
party. He has grown up children somewhere. He asked us for $7 a month
because we spend that much on others for tobacco and he does not smoke.
We told him we would charge him $2 a month to live with us and knock
up one stairway and her the other and they met on either side of this woman and her dumb son who was shouting and roaring. This was enough, they ran out quickly. We could not have staged it better if we tried. Stories came to us now and then of people and agencies who have been taken in for months by this woman, but the ones who bear the brunt now. We pay this rent — $50 a month and feed them.

I have three people in mind who were terrible pests, and although I have a lot of patience, I could hardly take them, but finally each of them have gone out in the world and achieved integrity and I greet me now casually as an old time friend.

There is my friend Larry the cock who sweats daily and puts up with intellectual who gaggle at the table or come late and prolong his working hours. He has more patience than I.

"Saviour of the World, save Russia," is said at the end of each Mass at St. Michael's Church. The Communists are supposed to be our ideological enemies. We feel that it is his kinsmen for us to pray for this strange planet of the GW, also believes in a limited atomic war. Whatever that will turn out to be. So we really feel kindly toward the Communists here and in the world.

When the 65,000 papers come out our office each morning I go upstairs around noon, first to the Communist Party and the Worker headquarters on West 36 Street, give them a dollar as a good will offering for their expenses (for they have families to keep and do not get any more Monco gold or any donations from Corlin Lamont, skip day days, and are poorer than we are). I know all of them and give them a CW and talk for a few minutes about anything of interest. Then I go to the Catholic Charities where Janet Burwash and other friends work and give them some papers. Then to the American Friends Service Committe (Quakers) where my good friend, Bob Gilmore holds forth, and present me with the latest news from the left. The remainder I take to the Jefferson Bookstore (Communist) on East 16 street near Klin's Annex, where we meet.

"Where did you come from and where are you going?" asked my priest friend at the Catholic Charities, good naturedly.

"I'm coming from Canada still and I'm going to the Quakers."

"Which one do you like the best?"

"Why, the Communists, of course; all you others are pie-cards living off the miseries of others at a good salary." I replied. When I was on Nightbeat once I was asked, "What did you do today?" I told them of getting the mail after going to 7 o'clock Mass, answering the mail, selling papers on Wall Street, and I told them of it to my old time radical friend, the Commissar Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, as I was visiting her. By this time my interviewer got nervous and asked me other questions.

In 1956 the U.S. Revenue Department illegally padlocked the premises of the Communist Daily Worker for taxes for which they did not receive the bill of until the next week. They did not owe these taxes but it was at the height of the McCarthy hysteria. I remember Dorothy sitting at her desk to
the right in the front office at Chrysies Street and button over and writing the following which I took to the protest meeting at Carnegie Hall where it was read. And later we printed it editorially in the CW.

We at the CW express our sympathy to the Daily Worker in the eviction they have suffered even though their beliefs are contrary to our own. Freedom of the press is a concept fundamental to Jeffersonians and libertarians and freedom in general is essentially a religious concept. The Smith, in his pamphlet, itself shows that our country is so superficially religious that it is not willing to take the risk and consequences of a faith in freedom and man's use of it. If we only had the space and could be truly charitable and hospitable we would offer the use of our offices and even of our mailing list, since the bureaucrats have confiscated yours, and we are sure that we would risk nothing in such a gesture but achieve a heartfelt clarification of thought. Yours for a green and peaceful revolution. The editors of the CW.

Later we withdrew the offer of the mailing list which was made under emotional stress and in a facetious manner. In February of 1957, Dorothy was invited as one of half a dozen non-Communist radicals and liberals to be "observers" at the Communist 16th Annual Convention where 350 delegates debated the issues of Poland and Hungary and what the Communist Party should do about it. Various McCarthyite papers called Dorothy an "Enemy of the Cross of Christ" for associating with the Communist enemy. In an article in the March issue she quoted Wm. Z. Foster as saying in his opening speech, "Who is The Enemy," only not those gathered together there at Chateau Gardenia (a few doors from our Chrysies Street House of Hospitality), but the men of Wall Street. And furthermore, a greater enemy to the worker than the government has been the corrupting influence of our prosperity, our soft living, Foster said. "Foster himself has never hesitated to embrace the Cross though he would not call his sufferings such. Father Kasinsky on the outskirts of Pittsburgh helped him in the great steel strike of 1919, and called him friend. It was a strike which some of the American labor movement denounced as a 'Hunky' strike, engineered by foreign propagandists.' But Foster is an American . . . not enemies of the Cross, I thought, as I reviewed my mind the case of Dorothy Blumberg, whom I had met the day before and brought home to supper at St. Joseph's House. She had spent two years in Alderson Federal Penitentiary . . . convicted of one of the top Communists . . . in the struggle ahead is it the capitalist or the Communist who will be easier to convert?" Then Dorothy told of her five Communist delegate friends from Wisconsin who came to our place for supper and said it was the best meal they had in New York City. And Gurley Flynn's sister was there too. I also met Alfred Wagenknecht whom I had not seen since 1917 when I was secretary of the Socialist Party in Columbus, and he was state secretary of the party in Ohio.

The CW opposed the pill bombed and we have had sev-

eral articles against the continued imprisonment of Morton Sobell, and we have had Mrs. Sohell speak to us. I tried to visit Morton in Atlanta but was not allowed inside. About this time Mike Gold in his column in the Daily Worker mentioned Dorothy and me whom he had known all these years, and our voluntary poverty, pointing out that, "Money has become the opium of the American people. Not religion, or art, or science, but the fast buck is the topic of most conversation here." Whenever I have had a Saturday night free I have gone up to the Liber-

tarian League on Broadway where they had their dinners once a month, with Spanish and Italian cooking. Later this group split up and the younger folks are on St. Mark's Place and the older ones on John Street. I have spoken on how an anarchism based on General is essentially a religious concept. The Smith, in his pamphlet, itself shows that our country is so superficially religious that it is not willing to take the risk and consequences of a faith in freedom and man's use of it. If we only had the space and could be truly charitable and hospitable we would offer the use of our offices and even of our mailing list, since the bureaucrats have confiscated yours, and we are sure that we would risk nothing in such a gesture but achieve a heartfelt clarification of thought. Yours for a green and peaceful revolution. The editors of the CW.

As often happens people are never quite what we imagine them to be when we judge them only on what they write, and on what others have written or said about them. I half guessed that Ammon Hennacy who was 66, would be a gaunt, thin, emaciated man in baggers rags. Instead he is well built, healthy looking, and has a quickness of movement and an alert responsiveness that one usually finds in men half his age . . . I had also thought that Ammon might be dogmatically inconsistent on non-essentials and relativistic about the basic principles of Christian life. He did mention his vegetarianism, his non-smoking and non-drinking, and not in the manner of an ascetic zealot. And with respect to the reproach of lack of faith and morals, he gave no indication of any compromise or easy tolerance . . . It seemed clear to me that this man, who has suffered a great deal (inside and outside of jail) for his conviction, has no doubt that he could not say the same, with any confidence, about certain other Catholics whose "orthodoxy" is beyond reproach . . . Ammon Hennacy sure in his own mind that his anarchism and pacifism are the only road to universal war and hate! I do not know one bit of thing is for certain and that is that he must bear constant and personal witness to what he thinks is right. Perhaps few of us are called to bear the same kind of witness as Ammon Hennacy's. But I would think that all of us are obliged to achieve the indomitable quality of Ammon's perseverance and the generosity of his charity.
While I was in Sandstone prison, Murray Kempton of the N. Y. P. U. put, had a column about me entitled, "Ammon and the Wolf," quoting from my column in the CW about conditions there and giving my history. He said that I "hadn't realized how much touch I've lost with the consequential lately until I found out that Ammon Hennacy had been in and out of prison for five months with me none the wiser. . . . I cannot believe that Sandstone will ever be the same. It is obviously a sound policy for our society to keep Ammon Hennacy moving along." In 1956, Time magazine interviewed Dorothy and asked her when she as representing the furthest left a Catholic could be, would ever get together with the right wing Brooklyn Tablet. She said "at the Communion rail." Time, on July 22, 1957, had this item: "Led by Roman Catholic Pacifist-Anarchist Dorothy Day, ten members of the Catholic Worker movement (Time, March 12, 1956) were arrested for failure to take shelter during Manhattan's civil-defense drill. After registering their disobedience as "a matter of conscience and a refusal to take part in what amounts to a deliberate campaign of psychological preparation for war, they were each sentenced in Manhattan arrest court to 30 days in jail."

Another time a few years ago according to the N. Y. Times, report of a Communion Breakfast following Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral "Father Kelleher, pro-synodal judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal of the Archdiocese of New York . . . praised Dorothy Day at a sainct."

Various right wing Catholic papers call Dorothy and me Communists, and some priests and laymen have said that they have definite information that Dorothy was at present a card carrying member of the Communist Party. Many of the clergy have praised us for our ideals and have told us to never give up our struggle for real Christianity. Prof. John A. Abbo of the Catholic University of America is the author of Political Thought: Men and Ideas, published by the Newman Press, with the Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Baltimore. He has some pages on Anarchism, and after discussing Bakunin and Kropotkin, and Tolstoy, he says: "A similar theory, although highly personalized and interpreted with a touch of Thoreau's and Gandhi's ideas and ideals, is preached by the American Ammon Hennacy, a Catholic pacifist, and some of his associates in The Catholic Worker movement. Hennacy's principles and beliefs are interestingly told in his Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist. The following is a recent statement of Hennacy on his group's doctrine and policy.

"We are motivated by Christ and St. Francis to a life of voluntary poverty with no reliance upon bullies or ballots or formal organization to achieve our ideals. . . . We feel that we have creatively used Gandhian dialectic in taking the thesis of the Counsellors of Perfection of the early Christians as contrasted to the antithesis of the acceptance of the industrial-capitalist system by most of the clergy today; and we have emerged with the synthesis of living poor, in the vanguard of civil disobedience to air-rail drills, payment of income taxes for war, and in the absolutist stand of refusal to register for the draft, creating . . . the new society within the shell of the old."

Steve Allen in his Autobiography, Mark It and Strike It, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, N. Y. 1960, says on page 167: "Man has always done rather well when it comes to the formalities of religion; he will willingly burn incense, sacrifice lambs, make pilgrimages, bow to Mecca, light candles, sing until I find out that Ammon Hennacy had been in and out of prison for five months with me none the wiser . . . I cannot believe that Sandstone will ever be the same. It is obviously a sound policy for our society to keep Ammon Hennacy moving along.

Just now we are mailing out an appeal for money and the outer офис is filled with men and women of the Bowery who are stamping envelopes, and in a few days they will be putting stamps and stenciled addresses on them and inserting our appeal. The custom is to buy cigarettes, candy, ice cream, etc. as a sort of thank you each afternoon when this extra work, and the mailing of the paper is done. Most of these folks do not believe our radical ideas, and some are very opposed to them, but they feel that the CW is "our paper." Last week we had published the fact that we borrowed $3500 to interest to the city on the money paid to us for our Chrystie Street house which was torn down for the subway. Some in the office said, "They send back this money to the city and now they beg, I don't understand it."

One of the last to leave at night is a middle aged woman from the middle west who sweeps out the place; and one of the first to come in the morning is an aged Irishman who sweeps out the inner office and empties waste paper baskets. Italian Mike is big and heavy but he walks to the Ninth Street bakery every day for bread and to the Fulton market for fish on Fridays. And George has enough energy to run a whole restaurant, but considers that being "head waiter" here is satisfactory.

Before I went to prison in Sandstone, a reporter came and asked questions about the CW. He said he was writing a book. I have had many like this and never heard from them again. What was my surprise to find upon my release, a chapter devoted to his interview entitled, "Give Us, Miss Day, Our Daily Bread," in a book, The Bowery Man, by Elmer Bendis, Thomas Nelson & Sons, N. Y. 1961. He was former managing editor of The Nation. This book presents an interesting history of The Bowery from pre-revolutionary days, with a score of illustrations. He interviewed "Mission-stills" and contrasts the CW treatment of the Bowery man with the Bible-banging of the missions. I told him about the Shy Apostle, and of some of the frauds we have to contend with.

He quotes me as saying that a man asked me if I didn't know that I was a fraud. I can't remember the answer I gave but I suppose I did say, "That's one problem you can't bring to us, Mac. If you're a fraud, that's between you and God." I go around at a merrygait and I never thought of myself having time to relax, but Bendis says I "have the relaxed self-confidence of a man who knows he is right." He says that I seldom give money
CHAPTER 15

SPEAKING
1953 to 1961

Wall Street; Fordham; Other New York Meetings; New England States; South; Mid-West; Mountain States; West Coast; Canada.

Joan of Arc

Painted by Mary Latrop, 1963.

Hanging at new Joe Hill House
1131 S. 1st W. Salt Lake City, Utah

Wall Street

Here is the center of exploitation of the world. Actually Wall Street begins at Trinity Church and ends at the American Sugar Refining Company at 120 Wall where it runs into Front Street. As Eric Gill would say metaphysically and commercially Wall Street extends to Times Square, St. Patrick’s, Fordham, Columbia, and to all the places where the sermon on the Mount is ignored or watered down, and where the devil is worshipped.

Here in New York City I spoke for the season in 1954 at Broad and Wall Streets. The law in this state is to have a fairly large American flag. I also had a standard with a cut of St. Francis as drawn by Eichenberg with the current CW attached to it, and I stood on a small aluminum step ladder. I kept this parapenial at the I.W.W. hall lower down on Broad Street. Once I had the flag upside down and a woman made a complaint to a cop and once an inch of it touched the ground and I was ordered to lift it higher. But one cold day my nose dripped and I could not get at my handkerchief without getting someone to hold my flag and sign, so unknowingly I used the flag for a handkerchief. My audience must have been entranced for no one noticed it. A CW girl standing by told me afterwards about it. Some

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times I would have the competition of "The Bishop," a husky Southerner in a boating suit who arrived in a limousine and denounced "The Whore of Babylon," meaning the Catholic Church. Sometimes I got his crowd away and sometimes he diminished mine. After years when I was not speaking but was selling CW's nearby and would walk by he would take a paper from me and tell his crowd, "You know what I think of the so and so Pope, but this CW is a good paper, and my friend Hennacy is what I call a good Catholic who goes to jail for his ideology."

Patricia Rusk and I had visited John Moody, Of The Moody Investment Service and Moody Manual of Business. He had known Peter in the early days, was a convert, and had been a Single Taxer, which was quite radical then. I had told him that time belonged to God and not to bankers, not even 1%. He bought my stock and later wrote me they were trying to be like them. This is what this commandment means today: when Jesus was asked what to do with the woman caught in sin He said: "he that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her." And His teaching was to love the enemy; forgive seventy times seven; turn the other cheek. So today if you vote for any one who makes a law saying 5 days, 5 years; life or death if you do something, or if you don't do something; or if you vote for the judge who pronounces the sentence; or if the president who appoints the hangman or the jailers — then these men are your servants; they are your arm to throw the stone and you deny Christ." Now you folks don't have to be in a hurry to be an anarchist for I was 50 years getting to be a Catholic. But I am sent here to waken you up and you can't say you never heard it; you will have to sweat a little from now on; you will have to approximate the anarchist way if you want to be a real Catholic or a real Christian.

And the Fifth Commandment says Thou Shalt Not Kill, but the Catholic Church says it is permitted to kill in a just war, capital punishment, and self defense. Father Casey said that of course there was no just war; that capital punishment denied the Sermon on the Mount, and that I had defended myself much better when I shook hands with the man with the knife, than if I had used a knife; that I couldn't use knives and guns like other Catholics, for I knew better so I had to do better. Now, of course, on the subject of war the Holy Father has said we are not a parasite and this cuts us out in a just war. And there are no injust wars for the Catholic in any certain country. They are supposed to obey their rulers. I is the other country that has the "unfair" war. So in Italy Catholics killed for God and Mussolini, and in Ethiopia they killed for God and Haile Selassie. And in Germany for God and Hitler; and in this country for God and the man who said "I tell you again, again and again that no boys will be sent across to war." The fact is that the true meaning of the word "Catholic" is universal and God does not have any country, for we are all brothers. Once a Sunday School teacher was reading from the Bible and she read CW's and getting acquaintance. I was finally invited to speak to The Economics Club, the Suarez Society, and Fordham Political Union on "The Position of a Political Anarchist in the Catholic Church." I had to tell them that the term "political" was a misnomer. I told them, "that when I spoke to Protestants they asked why I had joined the worst church and when I spoke to Catholics they asked why they let a guy like me in. I replied to the Protestants that of course the Catholic Church was the worst church; that they would be just as bad if they knew how; they were jealous. And to the Catholics I said that I was baptized by an anarchist priest, Father Casey near Minneapolis, the only one in this country (there was one in Yucatan and one in Canada but they were too far away) and that you did not have to be a Democrat or a Republican to be a priest. And when I was baptized I had to read the Catechism. The Fourth Commandment said to honor and obey your parents and from this it followed to obey the civil authorities. And the Fifth Commandment says Thou Shalt Not Kill, but the Catholic Church says it is permitted to kill in a just war, capital punishment, and self defense. Father Casey said that of course there was no just war; that capital punishment denied the Sermon on the Mount, and that I had defended myself much better when I shook hands with the man with the knife, than if I had used a knife; that I couldn't use knives and guns like other Catholics, for I knew better so I had to do better. 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spent in a defense of wearing them. The night before Christmas Mr. Win- gate's secretary phoned and asked if I would be on their Christmas program. A Baptist minister from New Jersey who had a Christmas party in July to get clothing for an Indian mission in the west explained his novel scheme. Some Salvation Army ladies explained their procedure. An apostle of Negroes from a Harlem Church sang. I suppose I was to represent the Catholics. Mr. Wingate went over all of my wild ideas and goodnaturedly kidded me about them. I replied in like manner. Christ and the Sermon on the Mount is my guide to determine truth. For years I have met people on the street who saw me on these programs and stop and ask me questions.

For several times in the fall I spoke at a Socialist picnic at Massapequa Long Island, along with Earl Browder and Norman Thomas. I knew Earl in the old days when he was released from Leavenworth as a CO in World War I. He gets further and further away from radicalism. Norman is always a good speaker and fighter for what he believes, but he gets less and less radical as he grows older. It was up to me to speak of the old days of Debs and Mother Bloor and to dare them to come alive.

Father Meyer at the Episcopalian Henry Street Settlement on the lower east side is a friend of ours. But he is not a Catholic. He speaks against the Church but he puts it to good use. If any of the kids in the gangs are fighting and one of them touches his hands on his Franciscan Church that is sanctu- ary. His work with the gangs is the best that has been done.

He has spoken here at the CW twice and Dorothy and I have been down to his Church speaking to his young folks twice.

In the New England States

Holy Cross Seminary at Worcester, Mass. is a conservative Jesuit college. A student from there had bought a CW and my book from me at 43rd and Lexington and wrote for me to come there. I got there at 5 p.m. and he said, "You very nearly didn't have a meeting." "How come," I asked.

"At 1 p.m. the Dean called me in. 'I find that the Catholic Worker is subversive, and Hennacy is the worst one. The meeting is can- celled. I'll put a guard at the gate and not allow him on the campus.'"

At 2 p.m. the student received Bishop writing saying:

"I hear our mutual friend Ammon is speaking tonight. I would like to attend his meeting but cannot do so because I have a meeting of my own. Have him call this phone number at 9:30 and I'll see him in the morning. God bless Ammon and the Catholic Worker." The student showed the student this letter and I said he said "Have your meeting." The room was crowded and I was answering questions in the students' rooms until 1:30 in the morning.

About the same time a Methodist and a Lutheran student who had heard me in the mid West and who were now studying to be missionaries in foreign countries asked me to speak at the Hartford Theological Seminary. When I got there the students told me I very nearly didn't have a meeting. It seemed that the Professor in charge of meetings in the building where I was supposed to speak was afraid of the word "anarchist" and asked my friends if they could get me to speak without using this dreadful word. They said that was one of my special words. This professor conferred with the presi-
...and he did not wish to take the responsibility so the board of trustees decided that if I said I was a "Catholic anarchist" and not a Protestant one I could have a meeting. So for once I hid behind the Church.

At Dartmouth the Christian Union turned out to hear me with much interest but the Catholic youth who had suggested my coming got frightened, and when he heard that I was speaking to the class of a Catholic prof. in the morning he notified the young conservative Catholic Chaplain who tried to stop my talk to the class. I spoke. But later the Bishop of New Hampshire would not allow me to speak in that state. He died and I have no contract with that bishop and it is just as well as it has a bad reputation in jail Rev. Upham.

Prof. Bourciere of Middlebury College in Vermont had invited me to come there and speak but the authorities thought I would be "too controversial." He ordered four of my books and gave them to these men to read and I was invited to speak, having fine meetings with hours of question at the College and a large meeting at St. Mary's parochial school. I had stayed in the home of the priest that night and in the morning he looked up the definition of anarchism which meant "chaos," but after my explanation he told his school to grade the house and said he would give me the time there. I had also spoken to Trinity College in Burlington and to near St. Michaels, as well as meetings at Brattleboro and Putney College.

I spent a night at the home of a Quaker, Herbert Leader, in Burlington Vt. and he told me I was to speak to some classes at the U. of Vt. the next day. The first one was on labor history. I sang I W. S. songs, told them Mother Jones, Debs, and Joe Hill and answered questions for a long time. The next class was in Sociology where a student gave a review of an article by Protestant ministers who had visited Moscow. I had heard these ministers here at the CW and gave further information, and also the report of a Catholic priest who had been imprisoned by the Communists in China for six years and who emerged more friendly to the Communists than to the usurper Chiang. Too many priests there are agents of "American imperialism" and it cannot be expected that the Chinese would like them. The next class was a two hour seminar on social work, so I was at home describing my life as a social worker and life now on the Bowery. That night I spoke to a large meeting on the influence of CW ideas. I was interested in St. Albans, as was the town where Morgan Warders held up and robbed the local bank after their escape from Plattsburgh prison in the Civil War time. Rader Morgan had been captured near my home town of Lebanon, Ohio. Later Jo-anna Sturm and I saw a movie based on this St. Albans robbery.

New England Town Meeting

With my farmer vegetarian friends Bob and Ann Stowell I visited the Town Meeting to which they belong at Cabot, Vt. A preliminary meeting had been held where anyone who desired questions to be discussed present them so that each voter now had a printed booklet on the 28 motions to be voted on that day. There was much discussion of an increase in tax for roads. About two-thirds of the town population were there and there were more women than men present. Only those who paid a $10 poll tax could vote at the meeting, although this did not prevent them from voting in state or national elections, if they did not pay their town poll tax. The Moderator only paid this tax for one day at this meeting. He had been elected for years and was an employee of the local cheese co-op. He was voted out because he took the unpopular side of desiring a centralized school for three towns which would cost $10,000 interest. It was defeated by 168 to 7. And a prosperous farmer became Moderator. The five Catholic voters voted for free taxes for the church. In the end they might as well be good humored about it. Men are elected to run the town not according to the political party, handouts playing or baby kissing, but because all these things know each other and all are passing the buck if you are found inefficient. As an anarchist I could stand for this decentralized administration of things, not the legislation of morals.

A man by the name of Francis had a meeting for me at his house for Amherst students and friends. A neighbor whose first name was Francis received the CW and by mistake it was delivered to my non-Catholic friend Mr. Francis who liked it, and invited me to his house. At Harvard, Yale, Boston U., Springfield College I had interesting meetings. I spoke to classes at the U. of Connecticut at Storrs, having come there on the invitation of the New England Club, but the priest got scared and cancelled the meeting the day it was scheduled before it was scheduled. In Provincetown I went to visit my friends Lee and Vicki Pagano and my two god-children Pier and Jackie, and spoke to resident artists and friends, among them the old time radical Harry Kemp, who became a Catholic before his death. Somehow I spoke to a business man's club at the Agawam Catholic Church and after a couple of hours most of those present understood me even if they did not agree with me. I also spoke at Brandeis College on that trip.

In February of 1957 I gave the generous invitation of the generous invitation of Miss Waterette of New England College to give talks and make an upper plate. I had gone around for years with one tooth in front, figuring that the education of my daughters and the printing of my autobiography was more important than my looks. Seems that most of my teeth were chipped and broke off all of these after years. Of X-rays I had these roots extracted in four sessions, at my insistence, without the aid of any drugs. It hurt a little and I could not hear a tear now and then, but I had inadvertently chosen a skillful dentist who did a minimum of gouging and who had a sure grip on the forcep. I found I could say "Mississippi" without the need of liping. In fact I spoke to two meetings the first night and meetings every other day and while the dental work was going on. I spoke to my first Lions Club telling them what I have mentioned before, that "the early Christians were thrown to the lions rather than put a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar, while the modern ones join the Lions Club." I spoke to some students at Colby College. Father Gower of the local Catholic Church had me speak to some laymen and a tape recording was taken of my talk. My message was so radical and so new to these gentle men that I had to spend two other nights explaining and answering questions, with the help of Father Gower and a retreat priest from Augusta, until they were convinced and to all good humor felt that a Catholic could also be a radical. This layman came down to the CW for a week later to get better acquainted with us. I also spoke to a social worker group at Gould Farm, Gt. Barrington, Mass.
The Canterbury Boys School is a ritzy place founded by Havemeyer Sugar at Newfield, Conn. There is a priest there but the teachers are lay people. I have seldom been so enthusiastically received by an audience, although nearly all that I was said was new to the boys. They crowded around and bought twenty of my books, wanted to know "if I believed in union," etc. Later they sent a large donation to the CW. In later years I have met them as I was talking in other colleges or was selling CW's on the streets. An anarchist instructor invited me to speak at Brown University and a Monseigneur came to the meetings.

Speaking in the South

There are very few Catholics in the South outside of Louisiana and the tendency is to try to appear patriotic and regular for they are in a dis liked minority. For years I had written articles to the capitalistic letters that Bill Stevens, a convert, had written to the Herald of the South. Finally I was invited to speak at the Catholic University in Washington. I was met at the bus when I was on my way to Florida and we became acquainted. He had a page introduction to my book inserted in it when he gave it to the public library in his home town. It read in part:

"Hennacy's mother is a Fitz-Ralph. He loves Thomas Jefferson, Francis of Assisi, Tolstoy and Gandhi. His 'bomb' is the Sermon on the Mount; his 'persuader' instead of the hydrogen bomb, which he abhors with a passion, is the Palm Branch, a durable weapon . . . Hennacy puts the phony gliberal in his place and gives a clear perspective to true Conversation (of the individual)." Numerous friends had me speak at Norfolk.

Bill and Gay Houston had me speak to student friends at Morehouse University where he was then teaching, in Atlanta. Francis Coyle had me speak to classes at the University of Georgia, but the meeting at the Newman Club was cancelled as being "too controversial." This was at Athens.

At Chapel Hill, N. C. Ronald Goulestad had me speak at the home of a radical professor, and I met the Catholic Chaplain who was liberal. Dick Beyer of the Charlotte N. C. News had me speak at the Unitarian Church in nearby Monroe. Mrs. Williams, a Catholic, had asked her priest if she could come to the Unitarian Church to hear me. Her husband, head of the NAACP, and later publicized as one Negro who would use a gun instead of the pacifist method against white aggression, accompanied her. I saw the bullet hole in their car where the White Citizens Council had shot at them. I had written to all six of our subscribers in Nashville, Tennessee telling them that I would be through their town on a certain day and I would like to meet them. A professor at Vanderbilt University who was not a pacifist but who liked the CW for years, phoned me at Tell City, Indiana and planned a meeting for me, where I spoke to his class in theology. Some subscribers from the Methodist magazine Mobies in that city who liked us came to this class. No Catholic took the paper in Nashville and the Catholic Chaplain was aggrieved because someone of the CW had spoken in classes instead of a patriotic Catholic.

Mr. and Mrs. Deering teach at a boys school north of Birmingham and had written to me to come and visit them. A fellow teacher asked me to speak to these white, Protestant boys and I spent all of my two days answering questions. Later I discovered that on the last afternoon a police van from Birmingham was outside and they were getting 'ready to defend me. I had been talking about jails all along so it seemed natural for the police to be after me again. But nothing happened. I stayed two days at the Divine Word Seminary at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, an integrated school where a Negro, Father Perry is the head, and where white and Negro live together. The only manner in which the state punished them was not to allow them any surplus commodities. Father Perry is one of the finest priests whom I have seen. In New Orleans I spoke at Tulane, Notre Dame, Xavier, Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament and the Caritas group. I met a seminarian who said that I had argued with him for years on Willam Street until he had quit his "unhygienic" job and come here to study to be a priest. At Dean Stephen Ryan's I had the pleasure of meeting Father Fichler, known all over the country a courageous priest. At Lafayette Fr. Sigur and Dr. Ward made me welcome and I met many interested students at this large Southwestern University. The diocesan paper here and the local paper and also the New Orleans paper gave me a fair story. In New Orleans I spoke to Protestants who had read the CW for years. When the ministers asked me, "What can I do with those War Bonds my folks gave for my children? I can throw away the guns and turn off the gangster shows on television, but I can't throw money away." I reminded my friend of mine who at Christmas time had a date with a Southern divorcee. Just before coming to her home he had received a telegram from his friend Joe that he was sick and had lost his job. He mentioned this to the woman and she said, "Mr. Pat, your friend will have a miserable Christmas. This will never do. Help send this to him." And she went to the large family Bible and gingerly took out a $50 bill and gave it to my friend. "I keep this money in the Bible to perhaps purify it, for it has the picture of that Yankee Grant on each ball." My answer to this woman was to cash the War Bonds, thus not being guilty of receiving any more dirty money, and place the money in any not large or too small bills in the Bible, and as occasion offered for any especial personal need of others.

In Oklahoma City I stayed at the home of Byrley's, Quakers, and had a fine meeting at the Catholic Secular Institute where priests, nuns and visiting students from Norman attended. The diocesan paper, The Courier, gave me a fine write up saying that I had "a firm thing all own." A fine picture on the front page with the inscription "a visit with an anarchist," and one on the inside with two nuns. Here a Carmelite brother wanted me to answer the article in the October 1930 Hymn and Christian Review by Father Leslie Rumble entitled "Catholic Pacifism Repudiated," supposed to be an answer to the Mosali and Azizulis by English pacifics. Father Rumble said that Christ never implied anything against war in His teachings in the Sermon on the Mount or elsewhere. Denying Christ he quotes the theologian to the Catholic of England as saying, "if asked, the confessor must declare conscientious objection to be wrong and sinful." For Father Rumble to declare Catholic pacifism "abnormal" and his declaration in favor of war normal is to forget Benedict XVI who in his Passus of God, 1920 said, "The Gospel
command of love applies between states just as it does between individual men." Father Rumble commits the same mistake in 1960 as happened at the time of Joan of Arc when those in the employ of the English exploiters and rulers, and who spoke for the Church, burned her. To follow Father Rumble is to place the Church of the Communists today say it is: on the side of oppression, exploitation and war.

I was welcomed by radicals and Catholics at Las Vegas, N.M., and spoke to classes at Highland University there, first going to Mass at Morena Seminary where hundreds of Mexican seminarians are studying. I had been in Santa Fe many times visiting my daughters, and after I was a Catholic I became acquainted with the Medical Missionaries, the good nuns who delivered babies within a radius of forty miles, for free for the poor Mexicans and Indians. Dorothy had spoken there and I spoke to them at a meeting where Quakers, anarchists and pacifists of Joseph's Academy sat. Carmen lived next door to them for some years. Someone got to the Bishop with the word that the CW was Communist and he sent word that he was not allowed to speak to the nuns, so twice I have visited with them, but have had meetings at private homes of interested Catholics. This is the Bishop who became so excited about a girl appearing in a beauty contest but who says nothing about the atom bombs being made for years in nearby Los Alamos. I have reviewed several books in the CW dealing with the history of Santa Fe and the Indians and am glad that my daughter is married and living in this beautiful city 8000 feet high, with the clear air and the Indian traditions.

When living in Albuquerque from 1942 to 1947 I had met with Protestant pacifists but had not known any Catholic pacifists. The Newman Club at the University of New Mexico run by the Dominicans is a beautiful place. Just as I was announced the bells tolled reporting the death of Pius XII. I had to tell over and over again my realistic approach to pacifism and war which is that, as Gandhi said, "it is better to kill a tyrant than it is to knuckle down and obey him, but it is much better to make him your friend." And quoting Perret the Southerner, "he who gets furthest with the most tools."

If we are not pacifists then to talk of us disarming is foolish. As long as we are exploiters we must guard our loot; only when we give up our capitalism and imperialism and our loot can we talk of acting like Christians. Ed Abbey, author of The Brave Cowboy, about two anarchists in an Albuquerque jail, drove to Carme's in Santa Fe that night after the meeting.

It is very seldom that a prophet has honor in his home town, and I consider Phoenix one of my home towns. When I was a pacifist and not a Catholic for 6 years I was a scandal to the bourgeois minded pacifists and Quakers, although they liked me in private conversation, but I was always getting arrested it seemed. And when I came back as a Catholic of 6 months my Catholic friends and priests liked me but it was too sudden for them to sponsor me at public meetings. So it was not until 1960 when I was back after my release from Sandston prison that Bea Trudell had a meeting in a northern suburb for me at a dancing studio. And through a labor minded lawyer I was asked to speak a few words at the Catholic Labor group at the rity St. Francis Xavier Church. But no one knew I was coming so it did not excite anyone. My very dear friends are in Phoenix but that does not mean public meetings. There is no rational way of explaining why the Mayor of Phoenix, Jack Williams, should have me speak on his radio station and give my radical ideas without censorship. And later when he refused to run for mayor he still had me on the air. He does not agree with any of my ideas, but he liked the Old Pioneers and stood up where Corn when I was going to jail and he was only a commentator, and did not own the station and was not Mayor. Likewise Don Dederen has given me a good hand in his column quoting me as saying, "this man has two children in Morena Seminary where hundreds of Mexican seminarians are studying. I had been in Santa Fe many times visiting my daughters, and after I was a Catholic I became acquainted with the Medical Missionaries, the good nuns who delivered babies within a radius of forty miles, for free for the poor Mexicans and Indians. Dorothy had spoken there and I spoke to them at a meeting where Quakers, anarchists and pacifists of Joseph's Academy sat. Carmen lived next door to them for some years. Someone got to the Bishop with the word that the CW was Communist and he sent word that he was not allowed to speak to the nuns, so twice I have visited with them, but have had meetings at private homes of interested Catholics. This is the Bishop who became so excited about a girl appearing in a beauty contest but who says nothing about the atom bombs being made for years in nearby Los Alamos. I have reviewed several books in the CW dealing with the history of Santa Fe and the Indians and am glad that my daughter is married and living in this beautiful city 8000 feet high, with the clear air and the Indian traditions.

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If we are not pacifists then to talk of us disarming is foolish. As long as we are exploiters we must guard our loot; only when we give up our capitalism and imperialism and our loot can we talk of acting like Christians. Ed Abbey, author of The Brave Cowboy, about two anarchists in an Albuquerque jail, drove to Carme's in Santa Fe that night after the meeting.

It is very seldom that a prophet has honor in his home town, and I consider Phoenix one of my home towns. When I was a pacifist and not a Catholic for 6 years I was a scandal to the bourgeois minded pacifists and Quakers, although they liked me in private conversation, but I was always getting arrested it seemed. And when I came back as a Catholic of 6 months my Catholic friends and priests liked me but it was too sudden for them to sponsor me at public meetings. So it was not until 1960 when I was back after my release from Sandston prison that Bea Trudell had a meeting in a northern suburb for me at a dancing studio. And through a labor minded lawyer I was asked to speak a few words at the Catholic Labor group at the rity St. Francis Xavier Church. But no one knew I was coming so it did not excite anyone. My very dear friends are in Phoenix but that does not mean

Over the country it is tit, tat, too as to where the CW is and isn't. In San Diego there is lots of Navy and Bishop Buddy likes the Navy so we can only speak in a house now and then, although I did speak at San Diego University to the class of a Prof. who had been fired from a Catholic College because he had as reference some book in his English class that no one but a Jansenist would disapprove. Although when I visited Scully, the man "who has one lung, one leg, and one idea: Frank Scully." an old time friend of Dorothy, he wrote a column about me in the San Diego diocesan paper. In Los Angeles it was Cardinal McIntyre who told Dorothy that she was doing God's work and never to give it up. I spoke to a crowd there at the Little Theatre on June 9, 1954 (the saints day of two fine mar- tyr, Primus and Pelican, who wouldn't give in although told by the soldiers that each one had weakened.) Father Brucher introduced me here at Loyo- lola, and I have spoken to Quakers and to small groups many times when I go to Pasadena to visit my daughter Sharon. At Stanford and Saits Clara the Stetzer's always arrange meetings for me, and many students are inter- ested, despite the conservatism of the authorities.

In San Francisco years ago Archbishop Mitty said that a Catholic can't be a conscientious objector. I visited Ruther Duffy and George Lillis doing a 6 months sentence because of the letter sent to court from the Chancellor's Office. Individual priests are friendly here and there and I have spoken in meetings at Catholic hospitals and in St. Mary's Hospital and in the Dominican seminary in Oakland. In Berkeley at the Newman Club and at Wheeler Hall at Berkeley, and before Quakers and pacifist groups many times. I have spoken on KPFA many times and I prepared a tape every two weeks here in N.Y. City of what I thought about the world and sent it to them and they broadcast it. A most interesting meeting was at the Cloven Hoof in the "beat" section. When I have finished getting acquainted with the Mormons around Salt Lake City, I plan to go to San Francisco for good, so I will be glad to see Vic and Emma Hauer, George

The West Coast
Reeves, Warren K. Billings, Gordon Koller, Byron Bryant. Bob Pickus and my other friends there again.

I had some fine meetings in the old gold rush country at Marysville and a good write up in the Yuba College paper there. Likewise in Corvallis and Eugene in Oregon.

Portland is the one town in the west where we are welcomed by Catholics, Quakers and liberals. The Blanchet House where 1800 people a day are fed was started by young college students awakened by the CW. I spoke there in 1954 but in my two later visits the leader was not interested in our radical philosophy for the men, but was cordial to me personally. At Catholic Portland University, three classes at Lewis and Clark, and two exciting meetings at Reed, and several Quaker meetings. I ran the whole gamut of possible questions. One cordial Jesuit priest heard me give the very radical CW position as I spoke to Quakers at the YWCA. Wanting to pour oil on the troubled waters he said:

"On the subject of pacifism, anarchism and war, it could be that you are right and it could be that you are wrong, and it could be on these subjects that the Church is right, and it could be that the Church is wrong; isn't that the way, Mr. Henney?"

"No, I am right and the Church is wrong," and I added, "Father Freyba in Reno said that no one but a Catholic could go to Heaven. That is the line in Spain, but not in Boston, so he was communicated. On points of faith like Heaven, Hell, Purgatory I will no longer argue; I accept what the Church teaches on Faith, but am free to be a radical Christian and found in solarity I will obey him rather than any Church authority."

Out at Mt. Angel Mayuapa Mission and her large family have always been our friends and they plan news for us, and the good news there are our special friends always, having us speak to their classes. Reuel Ander, young non-church anarchist and John Little, school principal in the country are our good friends for a long time.

Seattle has an old I.W.W. tradition so I spoke one night for the "whoa" at Washington and Occidental where men had been killed years ago to prove the right of free speech. I came as near being beaten by a drunk as I ever did. He was just drunk enough to be nasty. The Salvation Army was playing on an opposite corner and this was old time "interference" as the wobs would say. I spoke at a liberal Church of the People and at a Unitarian Church, and to small groups of pacifists in their homes. Velda (of the Un-American Activities Committee: a good name for them) was coming there soon to a meeting at the University was cancelled. The hanger on archy there seem to be afraid of us, although numerous priests are friendly.

Our old friend Joesel MacRae always had a meeting for me, and Jean David the French professor who knew Peter always greeted me gladly. Bob Casey, a union seaman who does not follow us all the way, but who takes my books in ports over the world, planned several meetings at forums there in 1960. And the Diocesan paper gave a fair write-up of what I believed in. My friend Ed Lehmann who fought in Spain lives here, and June and Farrar Burns live away out in the Sound on their island. Last time I stayed with Sue and Mike Miyake, Dorothy's niece and her husband.

I had spoken to a Catholic group and a young priest got up and unmerci-
fully denounced me as being devoid of any understanding of Christ's teach-
ing. I am not mad at any human being so far and I am not going to start
now being angry at a priest. I answered him firmly but kindly. The next
day he wrote the following letter to me, which was later printed in the CW:

"I realize that all after you have been through you must be inured to all
kinds of insults and misunderstandings of your character and aims. But I
am afraid that what I said last night, that you don't seem to go all out in
accepting your Catholicism, might have cut into the sensitivity of even
a man of such high ideals and contempt of human opinion as you are, for
it was an accusation I don't suppose you hear too often, and since it des-
ires you what you really are to your fullest capacity. If this was the case I
hope you will accept my apology.

"I also hope that you will accept my congratulations. It takes more cour-
age than most of us can muster to accept, with no compromise, what we
know is the complete spirit of Christ's teaching. Christ didn't think too much
of those who insisted on the letter of the law but didn't live the spirit. As you
said last night, there must always be at least one to tell the emperor that he's
naked. Maybe others will try to shut him up or embarrassedly ignore him,
but they are still glad that he did say it, and do not realize that there was still
some hope for the survival of truth if there is at least one man living it.

"I will pray that God will continue to give you the grace to fulfill your mis-
ions of shocking men from their passion in the letter of the law to a real-
ization of the full spirit of Christ's law, even if they can only live up to that
spirit in a mediocre way. Since we are men, and not apples one good man
can make a whole barrel, the whole world better.

Sincerely in Christ,

Mountain States

In Spokane Sister Bernice had me speak twice to teachers and students at her Marycliff High School. And at Gonzaga College seminarians met me at the bus and had me speaking about very waking minute at their college. Just one student who has nerve enough to speak up is enough to get a speaker to come to give the message and answer questions. I will not go to any group unless it is known ahead of time that I am an anarchist and a pacifist. If they are afraid of the words they are not ready to think or to learn. I wouldn't waste time on them.

Brother Martin Gaines has a House of Charity where he feeds many people and houses them. He is "the Lord's begging practice, getting practically every-
thing by asking for it from all kinds of people. He is a pacifist, a convert, who heard me in 1954 at St. John's in Minnesota. We had a meeting also at a house of Catholic friends and he was a speaker to people at his house. I'll be nearer him when I am in Salt Lake City and count him as my good

A lone printer from Brooklyn takes the CW in Boise, Idaho, and he asked me to speak to a few friends at his home. This town hid away in the mountains reminds me of Santa Fe. I will have much more to write if there is a second edition of my Autobiography about Salt Lake City, but I will begin now to tell you of my interest in the Mormons.
In Phoenix I noticed 3000 Mormons going out on a Saturday to pick cotton for the Church. I had read the book of Mormon and saw more blood in it to a page than in our Old Testament. I had written to the heads of the Mormon Church in the Second World War and asked them if a Mormon could be a conscientious objector. The answer was "they couldn't be, then, they wouldn't get the idea around us." There was a fellow by the name of Bryan in Springfield, Mo. prison as a conscientious objector who it is said was killed some time ago by a Mormon. The Church has always been bloodthirsty and conservative, but in their early history as told in books by Vardis Fisher and others they had a "United Order" and today they help each other rather than have the welfare state do it. They also tithe and do not take collections in their churches. And their meetings are very interesting: I have good Mormon friends in Flagstaff and Tucson. When I was selling CW's at 43 and Lexington a woman told me of a Sister Mary Catherine, a Carmelite nun, whose folks were polygamists and whose relatives are the Romney's, Apostles in the Church. I corresponded with her and she read my book and sent me a copy of the CW, and I visited her in Salt Lake City. A Jewish man by the name of Herbert Rona became a convert to the Mormons. An atheist gave him a CW and he wrote to us saying that he was a pacifist. He had me speak at his home and his ex-Gov. Bracken Lee, LeGrande Richards (one of the 12 Apostles), Professor Bennion and Judge Anderson, all Mormons, came to a meeting at Rona's house where I explained my radical ideas. I also met a leader of the polygamists Mormons who are out of the Church and found that he was a pacifist, did not vote, and was a vegetarian. He had done time for having half a dozen wives and still has them.

I also know radical priests in Salt Lake City. I like to work in orchards to by the time you are reading this I will be out there in farm and orchard work. How much of regular Mormon or polygamous Mormon is worthy and how much is phony you will hear about as I live among these good people. The Catholic Church here has been very conservative, for the right-to-work law now, and our-doing the Mormons in being conservative, at the same time they are running to subverting them by bingo, which Mormons are not allowed to indulge in. I do not know the attitude of the new Catholic Bishop.

While I am living among the Mormons I will do them the courtesy to abstain from tea or coffee, meanwhile fasting my regular day a week as penance.

Ed Heusitt is a union sympathizer in Anaconda and a CW reader for years. He had me come there and after some questioning by the local priest I spoke at the Catholic Central High School. I would like to visit and speak in Butte, Helena, Billings, Deer Lodge, etc. later.

Once I had thought of living in Denver for a time, but the conservatism of Catholics there does not appeal to me and there is no special attraction to that city. I have spoken to pacifists half a dozen times in their homes and have gone to nearby Boulder to speak to Quakers. Cheyenne is the home of a wonderful woman with a wonderful family. Mrs. Robert Lebyourne. I had sold her sister a CW in Phoenix ten years ago and she had bought one for Mrs. Lebyourne and she had become one of the six subscribers in Wyoming. When I went to pick cotton in 54 days in Washington D.C. and picketing, Mrs. Lebyourne thought that if I had been in Cheyenne I would have been picketing the dedication of the missile base there the next day, but I couldn't do it for I was busy in Washington. Some one ought to do it maybe the ought to do it. So the next day she takes her 6 children and four months pregnant with another, and shivering they ride in their station wagon, saying "Hail Mary's" the 30 miles to the missile base where they parades with a sign saying, "Misiles are for Murder." The cops came, but she didn't budge. She did not know that some Quakers and pacifists had planned to come there from other part of the country and picket and go to jail, so when they came her home was the headquarters for activities. I visited her and the children — one girl is named Dimity and another Felicity — and I had a meeting of pacifists at her house. She introduced one to the Bishop who knew of her activities and did not scold her. Her father had been an old time I.W.W. and she is Irish and I suppose that helps, but she did the thing while others talked or wrote letters to Washington, D.C.

In Kansas City Bob Hoyt of the ill-fated Catholic daily had met me first friends in a huge antiquated stone house. These were all liberals but they were cordial to the CW. In St. Louis I have spoken several times as I crossed the country at the Catholic Church near the University and always have had spirited meetings. The German influence of state worship is prevalent here and their anarchist approach is not liked. Minneapolis and St. Paul have long been a center where the CW is popular among priests and students. Radical students at the University always plan a meeting for me. The German influence at all times has been against the CW. When I was in Sandstone prison, reluctantly had to cancel the meeting because the priest in control disliked us. The present Bishop in St. Paul denounced the coming of Kruschev to this country and does not seem to be as tolerant as his predecessor. The Wanderer is a right wing Catholic weekly that carried articles denouncing the CW and Dorothy, saying that she had gone to prison in Nevada against the atom bomb. New was very to prison there, and she had no part in that demonstration. I visited with the editor for half an hour and convinced him that when his paper did "it is rumed that Dorothy Day is a communist" that he was doing an injustice to a great and noble Catholic. (Later they had a long editorial against Dorothy and I and support of the Cuban revolution. I have spoken three times at St. John's Seminary near St. Cloud and have always had a good response from the students. The reporter in the St. Cloud paper printed an interview with me that showed a great understanding up such a short acquaintance. J. F. Powers, the short story writer lives in St. Cloud and I value visits with him. He and George Collins, are the only two Catholics whom I know of that refused to register for the draft in World War II. They did time in Sandstone prison. I spoke at Father Casey's in Hutchinson, and later at Belle Plaine, and to the parishes of several radical priests in small Minnesota towns. I answered questions to a large group of seminarians at St. Mary's in Winona.

In Duluth I met with the Finnish I.W.W. folks who publish a daily paper. Across into Wisconsin at Ashland I was welcomed by a Jewish professor at Northland College where I spoke to classes, and by John Chapple, a right...
wing extremist long before the days of McCarthy, who is a Catholic convert and friendly to the CW for what might seem odd reasons. We disagreed on Russia, but it seemed they had the same enemy: the welfare state. “Mamma, can that man who was in prison because he didn’t want the world blown up, sleep in my bed?” asked 5-year-old Jeffrey Lippink in Two Harbors, Minnesota where I was speaking in their home the second night after my release from Sandstone prison. “Yes, Mr. Hennacy can sleep in your bed,” mother replied. “Then I’ll help ‘gainst the war, won’t I?” Jeffrey asked.

In LaCrosse I had spoken at Viterbo College in 1954 and at the Method Church where my friend Winold Wilson was pastor. He was the first one I heard of who refused to register for the draft in 1940. Although he was already exempt as a minister, and his wife was 7 months pregnant, he refused to register and got 7 years in Sandstone prison. I collected some sums and sent to his wife. Later he became a subscriber to the CW and I have spoken to his folks several times. He is now superintendent of the district in Madison. I treasure knowing him and his fine family. In Milwaukee I have spoken in journalism classes of Dean O’ Sullivan’s, in their library, and across the street at Cardyn Center. Also at the Newman Club at what was formerly State Teacher’s College, now University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee. Also to small groups in houses, and always to my Communist friends under the auspices of their leader, Fred Basset Blair. There is not much of a pacifist grouping now among Protestants there, but I spoke to them once since becoming a Catholic.

Friends in the Ford Foundation wanted us to apply for a grant, saying that we could receive money each year for five years with no strings. Dorothy writing refused any of their money as it was “blood money”, being taken from the workers. She remembered the first president of the Ford local who was beaten by Ford thugs. Now of course, Ford, and even Rockefeller are respectable. But the point is they are not sorry they are a part of the war system and capitalist exploitation. About the same time a man from Massachusetts wrote that he wanted to send the CW some money but he was a tax man and perhaps Hennacy wouldn’t like it. I wrote to him saying that if St. Peter and St. Andrew had a day off from preaching they could go back to their old job which was fishing, but St. Matthew couldn’t go back to his old job — that of being a tax man, for it was wicked. Now, if this man could continue being a tax man, unlike St. Matthew, then he should give his money to the Bishops and St. Vincent de Paul, they were not particular, but we were. If he was sorry he was a tax man and as a penance wanted to give us something, we would accept it. I told this to Father George Dunne, a Jesuit, and he said I would make a good Jesuit. And I mentioned it at Marquette and Dean O’Sullivan said that the Jesuits would have gotten the money.

When Bishop Meyer was in Milwaukee I was not allowed to speak openly in churches or in societies having a Chaplain, but in 1960 when Bishop Cousins came from Peoria and was Bishop in Milwaukee I was allowed to speak both at the Cardyn Center when I had a meeting for many hours, and at St. Francis Seminary where I met the President and answered questions from the students for hours.

Of course in Chicago, Nina Polcyn of St. Benet’s book store always wel- comes us. I spoke at the University of Chicago and to Quakers and some radical groups but not to any churches, or to Catholic colleges. The CW here works closely with other pacifists. The new Bishop in Peoria cancelled my meeting as being “too controversial.” I spoke 5-year-old Jeffrey Lippink at Notre Dame I had spoken at the home of Prof. Willis Nutting, and to a small meeting at the University Library sponsored by Father Leo Ward. In 1960 he had me speak at a larger meeting there, and the next day to his classes and those of another professor. One student quoted Christ chancing the money changers out of the temple and wondered what I thought about it. I said that if He came back here He would probably launch a nuclear war. He sent me a letter. I was pleased to meet Prof. O’Brien, head of the teaching of courses in Criminology. He had formerly been head of all the prisons in India.

We did not disagree as much as one might think. I spoke at a luncheon in front of the machine, I spoke at a luncheon in front of the machine, I spoke at a luncheon in front of the machine, I spoke at a luncheon in front of the machine, I spoke at a luncheon in front of the machine.
my special friend is Dr. WM. Mitchell, who founded a home for spastics, later turning it over to an Order. He had me speak to them and introduced me around the Chancery office. The Bishop was away that day. The good Doctor had written and published booklets on his own expense Svorov McCarthy, and had come to the CW giving us helping for the poor "but not for that radical Hennacy." I became acquainted with him and although we disagree on some things we each appreciate the integrity of the other.

That night, 5th Apr, 1947, I spoke to the Newman Club at Ohio State University there. This was exactly 40 years from the night I had been arrested for protesting World War I. In Cleveland I spoke at the Unitarian Church opposite night while a meeting of Gov. de Salle’s Democrat was supposed to be going on, but they were late so the Democrats came in and wanted to know what this “anarchist-so-voting” meant.

I have spoken to Father Hugo in Pittsburgh several times on the phone but have never met him. Now that my friend Bishop Wright is in Pittsburgh I hope to visit that city more and more. In Philadelphia I have spoken several times to the Quaker colleges and at Pendle Hill. Also to a coffee house of my friend Bill Banamite. At the Christian Brothers La Sala College I was introduced to a big meeting of seniors by the Brother who said “This man has been cleared; this man has been cleared.” The students held signs like a political convention saying “Welcome Anarchist Hennacy.” They asked stimulating questions for hours afterward. That night I spoke with professors and students until 9:30, among them John Stokes, former conscientious objector, now a wealthy manufacturer, and Catholic con-

A more I spoke to his conservative Catholic friends at his home. He had developed Mary’s Gardens, offering seeds and flowers named for Our Lady.

In Washington D.C. I spoke to St. Peter Claver House, and to small groups of students attending Catholic University, friends of Peggy Reeves. In Lancaster, Pa. I spoke twice being invited by Kitty Shenk, a former Catholic, but now a Unitarian, and picketed at her church and other Catholic groups, and to the Evangelical and Reformed Seminary. The college paper said the next day, “Anarchist fascinates, bewilders.” I also played Hope records and spoke to the children of the “book and eye” assembly in their school. They looked at me puzzled for their founder was Jacob Ammon, Friends in the local York paper had me speak to Catholics and others there. One stormy night I spoke to students at the Lutheran Mt. Bethel College at Allentown, Pa. And another time at Drew University in New Jersey. I spoke to the Newman Club and to an economics seminar at Rutgers before being invited to speak at an assembly dressed in a gown. I spoke at Cornell but the Catholics were abashed at my radicalism, the other students being more cordial. In Rochester at the CW house I spoke to small groups several times.

In Canada I visited for a few days with Tony Walsh at his Labre House in Montreal and was introduced by Murray Ballantine when I spoke. I have 

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a strike at Silver City, N. M., and had told Catholics that they could not receive Communion if they sent their children to the summer camp of the union. The Church did not provide any summer camp for the children in this desolate area where the copper furnaces kill nearly all vegetation. I visited the camp with Weir Reed the camp director.

On a tour of the smelter at Copper Cliff I saw as much as a visitor is permitted to see, the mixing ore and its roasting in the gas oven. The furnaces did not allow us to go very near the room where the refuse was being skimmed off or near the kilns where men entered to clean out the accumu-
lated sooty refuse. The guide said that his brother had refused to go in a kiln when it was too hot for he had already had an ear burned, but the foreman went in, and to escape the heat had madly rushed out and fallen several stories and was killed. Helmet's boots with steel over the toes, and aprons and gloves, and gas masks cannot always prevent a splash of metal from injuring workers. Some mining is a mile underground.

I was in Arizona when Sol of the Earth was being filmed at Silver City, N. M. and I sent money to help the women pickets. The injunction was against the men so the women picketed and finally won the strike. The film was not allowed a public showing in most of the U. S. so I despaired of seeing it. Reid ran the picture with me as an audience of one. Jencks who played an important part in the film is currently being hounded by the authorities, not because he may have signed a non-Communist affidavit falsely, but because he put up such a great fight against those who make wars and profit out of wars. The picture showed that it was radicals who were brave enough to be beaten up and to organize unions when the going was hard. I spoke to a meeting of the union where I met old time I.W.W.s. To both Communist and Catholic audiences I say, "In Russia and the Iron Curtain countries the enemy of the free worker is the bureaucracy and the Communist; in this country the enemy of the worker is the bureaucracy and the capitalist." I spoke also to a group of women, the auxiliary of the local Lions Club, and to enthusiastic students at Sacred Heart College.

SPREADING TOUR 1961

Leaving New York City January 2nd I spoke to a group at the Catholic University of America gathered together by Father Robert Hovda, I visited with my friend Bob Hoyt, of the Knight newspapers. He attended the new Catholic Church at McLean, Va. built like that in Holyoke. Mass. in a circular manner, with built in glass sound proof rooms for women with crying babies... the priest here, along with most I met in or near Washing-
ton, was not a bit interested in social problems, least of all my radical princi-
ple to them Bob's young boy had been told about my being a vegetarian and working a garden the year around in Arizona, and proudly showed me some plants he had set out in their small garden.

Several times when I had been fasting in and around Washington, D.C. I had my last meal with Bob and his boss, Ed Leahy. This consisted of onion soup in the National Press Club restaurant. Ed had written up episodes of my argument with the tax man in the string of Knight newspapers over the country, stressing in a humorous way that I was still fighting windmills, and the tax man did not seem to know what to do about it! "The Bureau of In-
nternal Revenue in Washington doesn't like to be asked about Hennacy. A

spokesman declares that the case of the Phoenix non-taxpayer has not come to their attention at the main office. But if Hennacy's writing arm holds out, they're going to have to put him on the dozen eventually." I had a standing room only session at the big Unitarian Church across from the Mormon Church, and met with a small group of pacifists also. I also met with some AFL-CIO officials and was glad to meet J. F. Stone, whose dynamic weekly debunks much that goes on in this city of politicians. I always visit Stewart Udall and some of his liberal Democratic Congress-
man friends, Senator Gene McCarthy, and Ed Leahy and Bob Hoyt of the Knight Newspapers.

A lively group connected with Rev. Ballard's Naturalist Vegetarian Church in Baltimore was something new for me. Then I went to Philadel-
phia and addressed a group of women. On the way back to Baltimore for a small meeting at Goucher College. An exceed-
ingly interesting meeting at St. Johns University at Annapolis showed me that I should have planned a stay of two days there ahead of all of the questions propounded by those freewheeling minds. A teacher drove me hurriedly to Woodstock Seminary where the seminarian Czyperek, our friend from New York City shows me how to have fun here after a huge fire of logs we discussed radical ideas for hours. It had taken several years of speaking a few words as I was coming CW's at 14th Street before this seminarian finally became an embittered CW.

Mike Strasser obligingly met me at 4 a.m. at the bus in Pittsburgh and I spoke to a group where Eddie Egan teaches philosophy in a Catholic school. Father Rice, who picketed with us the day before spoke to me on the phone, and the priests at St. Vincents at Latrobe came and got me for a large meeting. One man had made a bet that he could get me angry, so when the time for questioning came he insulted me and dared me to hit him. I told him to come up and strike the first blow and then I would show him the chop for the second blow. Later we were good friends when he told me of the wager. Their school paper had a good write up of the meeting.

Russ Gibbons, secretary of a national group of Catholics interested in civil liberties, had planned meetings for me at Rosary Hill College, to a Newman Club at another college and to a Catholic of the Knights of Columbus in the suburb of Hamburg. I was challenged by questions from many who had never heard the radical message before. Nicole de Entremont gave a very good account of my ideas in their paper Avenir. And at the K of C meeting the head of the Democratic party in Buffalo, an Irishman by the name of Grogg, exchanged vitriols with me, in all good humor.

I had been invited by a student to speak at one of the two seminaries in the world established by the Pope, the one in Worthington, Ohio, outside of Columbus, but some minor official there became frightened and cancelled it. The student appealed to the head priest and he knew of the OW and said it would be good to listen to them up with a few unworried ideas. I never saw so many red sashes outside of a May Day parade and I was impressed that there was little opportunity in their closed world for them to know what was going on. That I was part of a revolutionary movement like that of the early Chris-
tians and that God had sent me to make sure that they didn't go asleep on their job. That what I said was going to get worse so they had better play
sick and leave if they couldn't take it. Although the questions are nearly al- ways the same, as given in my chapter on questions and answers, they came fast and furious at this meeting. Dr. Bill Mitchell, my McCarthyite friend from Columbus, took me to his home after the meeting.

In Chillicothe I visited my old time friends where they now lived on a farm. Two priests of the Gemmary Order of Home missionaries who had co- corresponded with me came over for the evening and invited me to speak to their Order near Cincinnati, where also some nuns came to the meeting. Then I had a day in Portsmouth with my old pal of Atlanta prison days, Fr. John Duty, and went on to Cincinnati where I visited by brother Fr. Frank and spoke to a meeting of Quakers and Peacemakers. I was glad to see my old friend Maurice McCracken again who had been depossed by his Presby- terian ministry for not paying taxes for war. And of course Ernie Bromley and family, leading Peacemakers. A new group of girls were at the Grail where I spoke to them at length.

I have always found a welcome at Antioch College, and visited at the home of a pacifist who refused to pay his income tax so his $900 home was sold by the tax man for the around $500 tax that he owed. No one else on his house so he bought it back, and of course paid the taxes. Earlham College at Richmond, Ind., had invited me to speak, but cancelled the meet- ing. This is a Quaker College that has R.O.T.C. so I did not expect much from them. I arrived at Purdue in the midst of a mass of students only met a few students and had a meeting at the home of a Catholic friend. Fr. Frazee at Marian College in Indiana greeted me gladly and I answered questions practically all day as the students crowded around. One student had heard me answer the same question three times, so the fourth time it came up, he answered it boldly before I could get a word in. The Athletic coach wanted me to tell the teachers at the table at lunch about my fasting and being a vegetarian. He said he had a difficult time getting them to walk short dis- tances rather than riding in cars. Again in Milwaukee I spoke at Marquette University and to the Carden Center nearby, and visited many old time friends. And of course at the Catholic Center at the University in Madison I am always welcome. Likewise at the University of Minnesota and at the homes of pacifists I had interesting meetings.

I arrived at midnight in Winnipeg and to my surprise was able to get into the buildings near the regular University for the Catholics and for the Church of England, and they pay a small token rent, and teach their religion, philosophy, etc. They make no effort to compete with the regular College in the physical sciences, I was busy all day with meetings. Father Forsythe drove me downtown to the Communist Party headquarters where I introduced myself. A young Communist vegetarian was eating his lunch and invited me to eat with him. Later I met the Communist officials and told them of the CW.

Parochial Schools

This reminds me of the whole idea of aid to parochial schools here in the United States where there is supposed to be a separation of Church and State. When Al Smith ran for President he said, but to little avail, that he believed in the Catholics running their own schools without the help of the state. President Kennedy ran on the same platform. Until his election the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the spokesman for the church, did not have the nerve to come out and ask for money from the state. It is well known that outside of Cardinal Cushing, most of the hierarchy are so con- servative that they would rather have a wishy-washy man like Nixon as President than a liberal. And it was this kind of Catholic in Congress who killed the President's effort to help the public schools. Catholics say that it is fairer for them to pay taxes for public schools than for their own parochial schools. This is no more unfair than to make a bachelor to sup- port big families of children. Nor here in Utah where no Mormon in good standing is on relief, for the Mormon Church takes care of their own. Mor- mons pay a tax for this and also taxes to feed the Gentiles. If Catholics would lay off their gambling, drinking and smoking they could have enough to run their schools. The following is from TIME magazine of August 25, 1961:

Megr. George W. Casey, 65, is a Boston Irish Catholic who looks on the schools of Boston Irish Catholics just about the way that a small boy with a pin looks on a cluster of balloons. In his lively column for the Pilot, weekly newspaper of the Boston archdiocese, Father Casey has lampooned South Boston's 'convivial, congenial, inebriate Irish' for boasting up on St. Patrick's Day, criticized parish priests for being 'tyrannical,' and even suggested that nuns wear modern clothes — all to howls of Hibernian pro- test.

Last week Columnist Casey's latest shot was front-page news in Boston. He blandly urged U. S. Catholics to abandon parochial grade schools and concentrate instead on high schools and colleges. 'Since it is quite clear by now that Catholic schools are not going to get any financial aid from the federal government,' Father Casey argued, 'we should move our resources to front of greater national importance.'

Casey challenged the assumption that primary grades are the best time and place to carry out the chief mission of Catholic schools, 'preservation of the faith.' While neatness, sanitation, table manners and so can be in- grained in these early years, it is not evident that doctrine and abstract ideas can be. More important are the crucial years of high school: 'Let us have priests and the Sisters around in the grades where boys meet girls, and where both meet the Reformation, the Inquisition, Communism, Darwinism, Freudianism, and all the other religions and philosophies. They are much more needed there than where the boys and girls meet spelling, times tables and long division.'

Sending Catholic children to public schools, argued Casey, will help 'avoid most of the less pleasant by-products of separation and education. Moreover, 'we will all be relieved of the financial strain that do distort our devotions and parish programs. The parishes will not have to erect the enormous bingo signs that disfigure all the church lawns in certain areas or run a lot of novenas for paltry profit motives. Sunday Mass will not take on the quality of a fly trap designed to hold the people until three collect-
In Saskatoon the Catholic lady with whom I had corresponded for years had to be out of town for some weeks so my contract was with the Doukhobors. Koosma Tarasoff had visited Russia and asked a Greek Orthodox priest about conscientious objectors and received the reply that he didn't know anything about them, and besides all Christians should fight for their country. He had met some Doukhobors who had pickedeted against militarism and had been sent to Siberia for a year. When they returned they lived in a colony with other Doukhobors. The understanding being with the government that if they kept by themselves they would not be bothered for military service. They told Koosma that they would like some of the "wild" Doukhobors of Canada to come and picket and go to jail and live on them. My friend A. J. Muste met Baptist pacifists who had done alternative service in Moscow. How many were killed during the Stalin regime there is no means of knowing.

Here in the vicinity of Saskatoon thousands of Doukhobors lived in the early 1950's. They were persecuted and many fled to British Columbia. Now thousands of them live in a prosperous manner, own individual farms, sing their songs, and practice their religion which might be described as similar to pacifist Unitarianism. I was invited to a dinner party by a family who had been Americans at one time and happened to be a part of the Canadian culture. I also spoke at a meeting in one of the Doukhobor meeting houses where the older folks came on a Sunday afternoon. I addressed a meeting of the local Doukhobors on pacifism and anarchism, and had a small group of young people who listened to me. I was married in Vancouver and with a 1000 page book on the history of the Doukhobors. He is getting his M.A. degree there.

In Edmonton Prof. Rose of the English Department welcomed me and he had planned with the Christian Student Council to sponsor meetings which were well attended, and good reports in the Gazette, the student paper, followed, especially one by Bentley LeBaron who analyzed my ideas as (1) individualism, (2) intelligence, (3) spiritual power; (4) pacifism, of which he was a great admirer. I was scribbling my ideas more coherently than I did, I expect. I also spoke at the Unitarian Church. Looking at the map it is not so far to Fairbanks, Alaska, and some time I hope to go there. I had corresponded with a friend of mine, Jim Milord, who teaches at Hobbeema, on a Indian Reservation fifty miles south of Edmonton, so I was glad to spend a couple of days with him and his charming family. These Indians have oil royalties which have doomed them and allied them. I listened to a speech contest and made friends with a young health minded Indian boy.

I spent a week in Winnipeg with Helen Demosskoff, Pete Maloff, and other Doukhobor friends. I visited Doukhobors in Grand Forks where a Russian paper is printed and was greeted kindly by the editor who read the CW. In Spokane my friend Brother Martin at his House of Charity took me 35 miles to the top of a mountain which a Catholic Mtgr had bought for him, this being a 500 acre tract, where alcoholics from the city could build a shelter, build them, and 30 miles away from a saloon that they destroyed. We tramped for half a day amidst magnificent pines, over streams, and to the high plateau where there is room for 100 cabins or more. In this society that is the only way to help the alcoholic, for if he is in the midst of temptation he will generally succumb, and drag down with him his weak friends. I spoke to a whole gymnasm full of boys who were anxious to get out and play. I only had fifteen minutes but I made one of the best speeches of my life. I suppose it was the challenge of these kids and the short time at hand that made me do my best. Due to a misunderstanding I was not able to make the meeting at Carroll College at Helena.

ARRIVING HERE ON APRIL 6TH. I THOUGHT I WOULD LOOK AROUND AND SEE WHAT THE PROSPECTS MIGHT BE FOR WORK WHEN I CAME BACK IN MAY. I WENT ON THE BUS A FEW MILES NORTH TO THE TOWN OF BOUNTIFUL BUT FOUND VERY FEW PEOPLE AT HOME. THEN I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS THE 131ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE MORMON CHURCH AND THAT MOST PEOPLE WERE AT THE ANNUAL CONVENTION IN SALT LAKE CITY. I GOT A FEW LEADS AFTER THREE HOURS OF KNOCKING ON DOORS I CAME TO THE STAKE FARM WHERE MORRONS IN THAT VICTANCY PRODUCED MILK FOR THE NEEDY. I ASKED IF ANY WORK WAS AVAILABLE AND WW I WAS PUT TO WORK DIGGING POST HOLES AND SETTING POSTS FOR THE GATE. THE NEXT SEVEN HOURS. MEN WERE COMING AND GOING PUTTING IN AS MUCH TIME AS THEY HAD IN REPAIRING THE CHICKEN HOUSE. A MARRIED YOUNG MORMON LIVED IN A COTAGE. HER HUSBAND HAD LOST HIS JOB BECAUSE OF ILLNESS AND SO HE WAS EMPLOYED AT A NOMINAL WAGE ON THE FARM AND THE REST WAS CHARGED UP TO HIM TO BE PAID WHEN HE GOT REGULAR WORK. I SPEAK LATER TO THE WIFE OF THE FARM MANAGER AND SHE WAS CRITICAL OF HIS STIPEND ON PACIFISM AND ANARCHISM, AND HAD MEDICATED ME WITH A "GOOD MORON" UP THE ROAD WHO CONTACTED WHEN MY WORK WAS DONE. HE HAD A CHICKEN FARM AND CHERRY ORCHARD AND TOLD ME IF I WAS BACK HERE IN CHERRY PICKING TIME I WOULD HAVE WORK FOR ME. HE HAD GONE HOME FROM MORMON COUNTRY WHEN HE WAS YOUNG BUT NOW WAS BACK FOR GOOD. HE HAD SEEN THE WORLD AND DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF IT. IN MAY, MAY AND I WERE TAKEN BY A PROCTOR TO PICK CHERRIES AT HIS PLACE AND I WAS GLAD TO MEET HIM AGAIN. Prof. Wworth of the Political Science Department at the University, whom I had met when teaching in New York City a few years before, invited me to speak to his class. He told me that of the 50 students all were Mormons but three. I told them of being bothered by the KKK when teaching and of the way I have kept my feet on the ground and won friends. I have corresponded with a young man who came up and thanked me for opening up new ideas to them. The next day, Bishop Neal Maxwell, of the Mormon Church, who had been in the room and heard me, asked me to tape a record for his television program of all of my radical ideas. I said that surely he did not want all this radicalism, and he replied that Mormons were supposed to search for the truth and if I had made a little of it it would be good for the students. The tape was played later twice when I was in New York City. I bought a typewriter and work clothes and stored them with a pacifist friend and hurried back to New York City. I was perhaps arrested for refusing to take part in the air raid drill, but as related elsewhere I was not arrested.
CHAPTER 16

IN THE MARKET PLACE

New York City

1953 to 1961

3 Hebrew Children


Tom Sullivan, associate editor of the CW, gave the above title to my activities on the streets of New York City. As a salesman I understand the value of being at the same place at the same time with the same article for sale, and not to jump around, or have a perpetual "gone to lunch sign" in your window. There is another thing that I have learned which is that the wider the sidewalk where you are standing the less likely it is that anyone will break through the line of moving people and buy from you. Also if people are burdened with shopping packages they are not likely to put them down and buy a paper. Also if people are rushing to make a subway to get home they would not take five dollar bills if someone was handing them out. If there are four people selling one block apart they will sell more if scattered.

During the Fall and Spring season there are free lectures on Monday night at Cooper Union, and from 9:45 to 10:45 as many as 3,000 people may emerge. It is true that many just go in there to get warm. In 1920 Mrs. J. Sargent Crom of Peace House, a wealthy pacifist, and a descendent of Peter Cooper, had planned a meeting where Senator Borah would speak. He was three quarters of an hour late and she asked me to get up and talk until he came. I can't remember what I said but I held the crowd. Students and "Bowery philosophers" often interrogate me as I am selling CW's there and we go to the all night restaurant across the Bowery and discuss radicalism.

One person cannot take care of such a crowd, so Patricia Ruok helped me for a time and others around the CW came along. Once we met a seminarian who had formerly been in the army and who said that he could love the enemy and kill him at the same time. Theological discussion had gone on for a long time when Pat looked up at the seminarian and innocently said, "You say this to me now, and you tell us to God when you die." That was the end of the conversation.

Tuesday from sun until 2 p.m. I held forth at Pine and Navas, a block north of Wall and Broad where I formerly soapboxed. This is a narrow corner and Catholics coming to and from Our Lady of Victory Church two blocks to the east on Pine have an opportunity to know about the CW. A well dressed man said hello to me mentioning my name and I said that I couldn't remember him.

"Oh you wouldn't know me. I slept on the floor at your place all one winter and saw you come and go. Boozie had dragged me down in the gutter of the Bowery. I had lost my job and family. But with you folks I sobered up, then went to the AA, and now everything is fine."

I meet people who have heard me speak on the streets years ago. Several guards from the banks have bought from me. At times I have had young folks, seminarians, and visitors come down and each take a corner so that the name "Catholic Worker" resounded. On snowy days I did not sell so many papers. I always have a place handy where I can get warm. The Watchman in one bank chased us, but the others were more cordial. I took friends to see the stock exchange. I suppose it is some old Fenian blood, but I felt an urge when looking over the balcony at the thieves quarreling over their loot, to have a bag of feathers and throw them all over the place, as one pacifist from Kansas did twice among the Congressmen in Washington, D.C. "First time I ever bought a paper from the editor of a paper," said a customer to me.

9:45 to 10:30 p.m. Tuesday's at New School, 12th St. near 6th Ave. Very few Catholics attend this liberal school of adult education that I have many friends there who tell others about the CW. They accepted my book in their library. One night a cab driver waiting for his "fare" who was at the school said, "There's a guy in the office making again about you folks, name of Blanshard." I didn't believe him, but in a few minutes a man whom I knew by his moustache was Paul Blanshard, the professional anti-Catholic, came out.

"Have a Catholic worker, Mr. Blanshard," I said handing him one.

"How much?" he asked.

"Nothing, you need it bad," was my reply. He gave me a nickel.

A man who had known Vachel Lindsay in the old days talked with me for a few minutes, and when he heard that I had attended Hiram College he was glad to know that I quoted my favorite poem of his to the students often: The Leaden-Eyed. The Village Voice had a picture of me selling CW's there, and later when I was in Sandstone prison they said I was not able to sell CW's for a time and folks had better subscribe for the CW as they were missing something good.
Going home I stopped at a market to get some yogurt for a friend and the manager came running out shouting, "What did you steal. Let me search you. You look like a crook. My man saw you stealing something." I told him to search me and he did so but found nothing. How am I going to please the public? One man wants me to pray for him, and another thinks I am a crook. A year later Jimmy greeted me, "Better keep on praying. Henny is, I'm just making it by the ragged edge."

I am always telling success stories but there is one story that I had to admit defeat. A tall Irish drunk came up and asked me if the CW had an imprimatur. I told him it didn't need to have one. Somehow in his befuddled mind he thought I must not be a good Catholic if I sold a paper not formally approved by the Church. So he said give me some, and took a dozen and commenced to shout:

"Catholic Worker, free copy. No imprimatur." And pointing to me he added, "Don't buy from this jerk." I couldn't argue with a drunk man and I do not believe in calling a cop. I thought he would come down, but he kept on for about six minutes and no one took a free copy from him, those who knew me took papers and paid me for them. I got tired of this thought when I walked quickly around the block I might lose him. Half way down the block he saw me in St. Agnes church and shouted after me, "I am your persecutor! I am your persecutor!"

I walked faster around the block and looking back did not see him. I stopped in a restaurant for a cup of coffee, but before it was served he was beside me saying again, 'I am your persecutor!' and he handed a copy of the CW to the waitress saying, 'Free copy; no imprimatur.' I walked out and back to 43rd and he followed me. I had 15 minutes yet before quitting time, but I was defeated, and I went home. I never saw him again.

A lady coming from church wanted to know if the Church supported the CW and I told her it was not for us or against us, and to ask some priest about it. Just then I saw a priest walking our way and I said, "Ask him." And again it was our friend Father Nates, who was on hand to reassure the good woman that the CW was good for her soul.

At times I wear sandals that friends give me. A kind old man saw me thus attired and said I was odd, and said "the CW had an imprimatur." I told him that only a pope himself could say that, and that the paper was as good as the best.

In such a fix that any way I turn I am in a fix. I know if you would say a prayer for me it would help.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jimmy," he answered.

"Alright, I'll pray for you at Mass each morning," was my reply.
"I don't need any," I replied, "for I work for my keep at the CW.

"I'm a retired policeman with a pension, and I make $60 a week on an easy job.

"We believe in living poor near the Bowery," I told him.

"I am happy and I want you to be happy and have a job too," was his rejoinder.

I told him to cowl the CW and see how we could be happy without beans. He wanted to know how much the paper cost. I advised it was two pennies and he replied that he didn't have any money on him, so I said to read it and pay me next time. I never saw him again. An Irish woman bought four of my books and offered me an Irish sweepstakes ticket for free. For a week I told her that I did not believe in gambling, bingo, chances on Poniatics, etc. for this was the something for nothing idea that was the basis of exploitation and slavery. An atheist stopped and said that the Catholic Church was the source of more evil in the world than any other institution. He did not call the Church the Whore of Babylon as fundamentalist Protestants call Catholics. I believe in putting my worst foot forward, and after that our best foot, so I replied: "Sure, compared to the good it is supposed to do, the Catholic Church is the cause of much evil, by watering down the Sermon on the Mount, by justifying wars and exploitation, by ransoming slaves but seldom opposing slavery; by insisting on married people living together midst fighting, malice and hatred, and the Jansenist idea on sex; expecting men and women to live together in "self-control" when this advice often comes from the mouths of clergy who never could be accused of any self-control in eating and drinking. I suppose if all this accumulated misery was on one scale it might seem to outweigh the balance that the lives of saints nuns and priests do in consoling the wife of a drunkard, the mother of wayward children, the man yoked for life with a termitian, the nursing of the sick, and all the works of mercy. The Church as a whole as Monsignor Guardini has said is the Cross on which Christ is crucified, for in His name they deny Him, but yet through the Church comes a St. Joan and a St. Francis of Assisi and all the saints down through the ages. So while only God knows how the scales balance, I would venture that there is more good than evil.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, 8 a.m. Sunday's. I am across the street, for the people seem to come out in a flutter or in a daze. Many pass me by but I do meet folks from all over the world who know of the CW, and others who are surprised to learn about us. The priests never bothered me here but I had to educate a few cops as to this being a free country. On very cold days I have a few friends who invite me for a cup of tea after 10 a.m. The parade, swinging of flags, playing of Star Spangled Banner and Ouroboros Christian Soldiers and the visiting dignitaries, and the whole spirit of obedience to Mammon makes this an odd place for a radical. I did go to Mass there at 8 a.m. for years, generally being one of the first to take Communion in order to get out and sell CW's. Once the priest handed me the paten and I officiated as his server for twenty minutes before Cardinal Spellman and the Cardinal from Australia who was visiting. (This ought to get me into the pearly gates.)

St. Francis of Assisi, near Penn Station, 11 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Sunday. From 1954 through 1958 I sold CW's here. One priest who acted more like a cop than a priest shouted at me and Pat or whoever was helping me sell CW's to get away. I was to the side of the entrance and would have moved down always if asked to do so in a civil manner. The priest said he would call a cop and I told him to do so. I showed the cop the Supreme Court decision as to my right and he said I had the right to sell the CW any place, but suggested that as we were all Catholics and for the sake of peace would I move down a bit. I told him that out of courtesy to the Church I would move down, and I did. Again a visiting missionary priest said I was not allowed to sell the CW in N. Y. City, and that he would call a cop if I didn't go. I told him this had been tried before, and if he didn't believe it ask inside. He didn't bother me again. For the past two years I have been attending the 10:30 Uniate Byzantine Rite at St. Michael's Mass back of old St. Patricks, near us on Mulberry Street. I like he singing, which is done more by Irish than Russians. The Choir could be blessed for all I understand it but the sermons are honestly religious and no political propaganda against the Communists and for capitalism.

Julie Lien, a girl from Ohio, was with us for a time and helped me give out CW's once a month at the National Maritime Union. Finally their goon squad came and chased us. One of them grabbed her papers and she took back and sweetly said, "One at a time, Miss!" as she gave him a CW. We had fed these men in 1936 at the time of the waterfront strike and had been thanked by their leader, but now the line is to make a bargain with capitalism. I have enough to do fighting ordinary cops and the State, so I left this labor front.

From May 8, 1942, Milwaukee Journal. The Paul Marquardt family on trial for refusing to register, in Duluth, Minn. Paul had not registered in 1917.

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where the teacher is sympathetic and all the children are Amish. Vincent
took me to one such school where he knew the teacher and children. When I
was introduced, the children looked at me attentively. I did not realize them
until I saw signs on bill boards advertising companies with the name
"Ammon," so my first name stood me in good stead. I played some Hopi
records and told them Indian stories. The girls in their blue dresses on one
side of the room and the boys in their broad hats and long-cut hair on the
other side listened with bright faces to my talk. Lunch time came and the
older girls crowded around Vincent asking him to bat on their side in the
ball game outside. He knocked a homer.

There are 10,000 Amish in and around Lancaster; none of them need sign
a note for they are absolutely honest in business; some put money in
banks, but most of them do not. The Amish have very little heart trouble
or tuberculosis. They do not carry insurance, and if a building burns all the
Amish get together and have a "bee" and the new building is up in a few
days. We passed "black-bumpers," which are cars with the chrome painted
over by the Amish for otherwise they would be thought "gay." The Amish
do not live in town or carry on any business. Dairying and chicken-raising
occupy them for long hours each day. Their land grows in value for they use
only natural manure from cattle and horses, and no commercial fertilizers,
therefore their land is never worn out, but grows deeper top soil as generation
after generation of these old country Christians continue their culture in our
atomic age. The Amish do not go to court in any circumstance. If any one
steals from them they do not report it to the police. Vincent told me of cases
where outsiders had reported someone stealing from the Amish and the judge
had given them the limit "for stealing from these good people!"

The Historians
Professor Joseph Eaton was co-author in the December 1953 Scientific
American of an article about the Hutterites in South Dakota, Montana,
and Canada. These descendants of the Anabaptists in Pennsylvania had
been tortured, robbed and exiled by Catholic civil authorities and the clergy. (Their
founder, Jacob Hutter was burned at the stake in 1536). Driven from town
to forest and given sanctuary now and then by some noble, they were driven
out again and again. Many recanted but in 1874, 102 families came to the
Dakotas. They were persecuted because of their pacifism in World War I
and the Hofer brothers died in solitary in Alcatraz. I have corresponded with
their family in Canada. These brothers were buried in the army uniforms
in whose life they had refused to wear.

I had corresponded with Professor Eaton and visited with him for an
hour at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. He suggested that I visit
the King Colony Ranch near Lewiston, Montana. I wrote to Rev. Joseph
Stahl there, and his bearded son Joseph met me at the bus in the midst of an
unusual snow storm on April 30, 1954. He is the manager of this 7,000 acre
ranch where 61 Hutterites live, all of them being related, so that, the young
folks told me later, when they wanted to marry they visited other Hutterite
communities where they had no relatives, and in a couple of weeks in August
there was some quick courting going on. There are three other ranches with
thirty miles. Rev. Stahl greeted me kindly. He is an old man who after
illness two years ago relinquished his position as minister of this community to a younger man who was just recently ordained by the religious head of the Hutterites who lives in Canada. He knew of my pacific history, but in a forthright manner was disabused about three things: (1) That I had waited until 59 years of age to be baptized a Catholic. (2) How I could be a Catholic as well as a pacifist, for the Church upheld war. (3) Why I did not live with my wife. I had given her a copy of my book, and showed him one about the Hopi, and also Dorothy’s book, and he remarked, “Did Jesus have any books?” And looking at the medal of St. Francis which I wore, he said, “And would Jesus wear a medal?” Nevertheless he gave me a doctrinal book on Hutterite history and theology. His daughter, Mary, asked questions about the CW, and other teen-agers and men and women of the community came back and forth. The women dressed plainly with polka dot kerchiefs over their heads.

The family of this house of children and grandchildren ate in the dining room, but I ate with Rev. Stahl in my above near his room, his wife having passed on five years ago. He folded his hands in a German blessing and thanked God after the meal. Services are held each day about 5 p.m., but there were none that day as the Chapel was being painted. The meeting lasts for two hours on Sunday mornings.

During the evening I was asked questions about Catholic faith and customs, and later when the older folks had gone to bed the teenagers showed me their hopes, where all that they were allowed to own was placed. Once in a while one would place a picture of a movie star on the inside of the lid, but this was very daring indeed. They freely discussed the outer world and their happy life within this community. They had met some nurses at a hospital but had read Maria Monk stories and had much to learn. Statistics show that there is less mental disturbance and a higher birth rate among these folks than any other of record. They do not send mentally ill people to hospitals but take care of them at home, which is the CW and anarchistic ideal. I asked them about discipline in the community. They said that a certain boy had stolen a bicycle from a neighbor in the “outer world.”(my daughters of the I AM religion speak of the outside in this exact term also). He broke it trying to ride it and he was paddled and had to be abashed before all in Church. The community repaid the value of the stolen article in wheat. Later this boy enlisted in the army and now writes back that he has learned a lot to obey and when he comes back he will consider himself self lucky and will behave. If a person of adult age did evil he confessed his sin before all in church and if it was possible to undo the injury he did so. A more serious crime by which there was no repentance resulted in the person leaving the community. No cases were ever taken to an outside court. Seven boys from this community were in Civilian Public Service in World War II, and none having been sent to date to alternative service in the draft which continues today. Some rabble-rousers led by a military man from the city tried to use KKK tactics at the time of Pearl Harbor, but as the Hutterites have the respect of the community this soon died down. There are 98 communities of the Hutterites, divided as follows in the 1954 Almanac shown to me: 7,264 in Alberta and Manitoba, having 88 ministers; 372 in South Dakota with 24 ministers; 52 in Montana with 12 ministers. There are 472 in Paraguay with 7 ministers and 124

In England with 2 ministers. Each colony is on its own, although they may trade produce if they desire. This colony has 200 cows, 700 sheep, 2,000 chickens, and 20 hives of bees. No tobacco is used but beer and wine is made and is consumed by these German folks without drunkenness. No songbooks, musical instruments, radio, television, dancing or going to movies are permitted. No photographs are ever taken.

Most folks do not like being called Anabaptists, for they are Hutterites. Rev. Stahl read to me from Acts and also selling about obedience to authorities, the payment of taxes to Caesar. Here they tax $5,000 local taxes for roads and schools, and court fees, and other federal taxes. Nevertheless he gave me a doctrinal book on Hutterite history and custom.

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During the evening I was asked questions about Catholic faith and customs, and later when the older folks had gone to bed the teenagers showed me their hopes, where all that they were allowed to own was placed. Once in a while one would place a picture of a movie star on the inside of the lid, but this was very daring indeed. They freely discussed the outer world and their happy life within this community. They had met some nurses at a hospital but had read Maria Monk stories and had much to learn. Statistics show that there is less mental disturbance and a higher birth rate among these folks than any other of record. They do not send mentally ill people to hospitals but take care of them at home, which is the CW and anarchistic ideal. I asked them about discipline in the community. They said that a certain boy had stolen a bicycle from a neighbor in the “outer world.”(my daughters of the I AM religion speak of the outside in this exact term also). He broke it trying to ride it and he was paddled and had to be abashed before all in Church. The community repaid the value of the stolen article in wheat. Later this boy enlisted in the army and now writes back that he has learned a lot to obey and when he comes back he will consider himself self lucky and will behave. If a person of adult age did evil he confessed his sin before all in church and if it was possible to undo the injury he did so. A more serious crime by which there was no repentance resulted in the person leaving the community. No cases were ever taken to an outside court. Seven boys from this community were in Civilian Public Service in World War II, and none having been sent to date to alternative service in the draft which continues today. Some rabble-rousers led by a military man from the city tried to use KKK tactics at the time of Pearl Harbor, but as the Hutterites have the respect of the community this soon died down. There are 98 communities of the Hutterites, divided as follows in the 1954 Almanac shown to me: 7,264 in Alberta and Manitoba, having 88 ministers; 372 in South Dakota with 24 ministers; 52 in Montana with 12 ministers. There are 472 in Paraguay with 7 ministers and 124
The Doukhobors are divided in five factions. The great majority live in Saskatchewan and are on big farms and have for the most part succumbed to Canadian ways, voting, eating meat, no communal life, smoking, drinking, but they are legally recognized as pacifists and do not have to go to war. They support the Red Cross instead.

The Orthodox led by Johnny Verigin, nephew of Peter the Lordly Verigin who sent the message from Siberia in 1895, lives in Brilliant and there are a great number of others around Grand Forks to the west who are still pacifists and live fairly simply, but who are tired out and have finished with community living and with any opposition to the government. They meet in prayer and singing and keep up many traditions and for the most part accept old age pensions. The prophet Sorokin came here but some years ago migrated to Soviet America and has been accepted by groups of varying adherence to Doukhobor ideals who await his leadership. The Reformed Spiritual Community of Christ, some of whose members may also follow Sorokin, and who all past burned down schooldouses, went naked in court, and refused to send their children to school. Some of them live in a sort of communal group in Krestova. They have not consented to their violent acts, which are opera.

In 1954 in upper California, I met an old named Fred Sorokoff, who at the age of 12 had witnessed this terrible scene. His son had been in prison as a scientious objector in World War II.

They burned schooldouses rather than send their children there to be taught militarism. They took off their clothes in court as much as to say, "You have taken our land, our children because we would not send them to your schools, now take our clothes, take everything." St. Francis dressed himself of his clothing in the public square at Assin rather than be a part of the commercialism of his wealthy father. George Fox went naked in the streets of London, so is it an old tradition. In 1941 I met Peter and Lucy Makoff, and later Helen Demokoff who was my interpreter as I spoke at Krestova where a score of men and women stood naked after a vegetarian meal, singing their religious songs. Helen had been in jail for 11 years and for going naked in court, refusing to send her child to school, and for burning down community property which the government had consti
tated and turned over to other Doukhobors whom they could train more or less in Canadian ways. Helen also burned her own house for good measure. Dorothy has also visited Helen and looks upon her as a sister. After thirteen years I visited the Doukhobors again and was pleased to see the cleanliness of her grey eyes, the lucidity and spirituality of her conversation, and the warmth of her love which the hounds of the government could not lessen.

The government had taken hundreds of Doukhobor children and kept them for five years in the New Denver Sanatorium to brainwash them into communist ideas. The Quakers had sent a certain Emmet Gulley from Portland to help the Doukhobors and he gradually turned into a persecutor of them and worked hand in hand with the government. He corresponded this to the Quakers in Philadelphia and Pasadena several times until they finally removed him. In fact, the Vancouver Sun had a cartoon of a Quaker kidnapping a Doukhobor child and turning it over to the Mohawk Bloodborders. They were used in some cases. Now after my fourth visit in 1960 I find that a compromise has been reached and all children are returned to their homes, no patriarchal authority is taught in the schools, there is no homework, and girls are allowed to wear the traditional Russian blouses and skirts. But recently a teacher asked children who had been brainwashed for five years what they wanted to be when they grew up and two boys answered that they wanted to be policemen. So it was about time that they came some where the parents could counteract some of the devilshness taught in the schools.

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The Molokans

Molokan means "Milk Drinker." This name was given to them in Russia by the Orthodox because they were disidents from the regular church, led communal lives, and were called Molokans.

Thousands of them came to Arizona and central California at the turn of the century. Each family had a quarter of an acre strip of land for their home and cow, chicken, and field were farmed in common. Any extra money earned outside was turned over to the local Molokan preacher. In 1917 in Phoenix about fifteen Molokans went to federal court for refusal to register for the draft. One of them was David, who worked for the Old Pioneer with whom I lived in the late forties. In court the Molokan wanted to sing and pray, but the Old Pioneer told them this was not allowed, but spoke to the Judge about it, and of course the Judge had to uphold the dignity of the court. The Old Pioneer told the Judge, "you had better let them sing for they do it anyway." So they sang and prayed. They all got time for opposing the war.

Later David's wife Stella said that it was not fair for her and her husband who worked hard and had no children, to turn their money over to the Molokan preacher. "The serpent has entered the garden," the Old Pioneer said. And sure enough in a few years all this communal life was abandoned and now Molokans have big cars, get drunk, and in 1952 I was asked by a young Molokan down the hallway to go to court with them as their brother was up for being against the war. He had registered but the authorities did not want to defer him. Now there was no singing and praying. About the same time David and Stella revisited the Old Pioneer. Now he is a wealthy Molokan preacher and there is no radical talk. One Sunday I went down the road several miles to the Molokan Church. Not many young folks were there.

The men sat around a table on benches, and the women sat in the back of the room on benches. They have no musical instruments, but do a lot of singing in Russian. Each one enters the church all present get up and bow. There is a short sermon and all kneel on the floor and pray. When this is finished, each man kisses all the other men and each woman bows before each man and he in a stately manner puts his arm around her and kisses her. Then each woman kisses all of the other women. The preacher here is a farmer who gets no salary. He bears confessions, but it is not obligatory. There is no collection, but anyone can place money on the table for the poor if he likes, but I never saw any poor Doukhobors around Phoenix. They keep the Jewish holydays too, and do not eat pork or lard, and at certain times the the preacher besmears the crops in the fields. Dorothy and I have visited some of the old times who were in jail in 1917 and whenever I get to Phoenix I always visit them. In August many Molokans visit in California who are equally prosperous. Many of them are friends of some of the Doukhobors in Canada.
This was started near Liversee, La. around 1912 by Joe Harriman, Social-
ista leader who was defeated for mayor of Los Angeles because of the
McNamara Brothers confession of dynamiting the Times building. My wife
and I spent a couple of weeks in the colony in 1922. They wanted us to
and teach in their school, but we still wanted to hike over the U. S., and
we did not like the dictatorship of Pickett, who was the manager. We met
Kate Richards O'Hare and her family there, and Bill Zeuch. The plan of
the radicals to gather in this utopia where they would cooperate and not be
exploited. The price of admission was $2,000. Old cut over land had been
bought cheaply and somehow instead of cultivating and building homes
the land they had, they bought more and more land, and also some on the
Isle of Pines to grow tropical fruit. They had a good bakery and dairy with
milk and bread routes toward Leeview. The Liana Colony was a well
paper with a growing circulation. When we were there they were filling
the silo. Last year there were dozens of trucks with silage and only a couple
of people to tramp it in the silo. This year there were half a dozen to
tramping but only a truck coming in now and then. The manager did not
want to thin carrots for that would be wasteful, so we had thin, spindly,
and crooked carrots. Now anyone could come if they only had two mules
and 10 children. The old timers were leaving and the newcomers were loathing.
In religion no one agreed on anything. The only thing all agreed on was
that they did not like capitalism. My brother Paul roasted the peanuts,
ground them into peanut butter, and packed it in cans or glass for sale. He
was there for ten months and got tired of the continual quarrelling and
the leaders. New folks came and the older ones left until around 1936 it was
dissolved. Pickett hung on until around 1957 on an acre or two. There
is some committee in Los Angeles that claims some of the assets. Liana was
bound to fail for the same reason that others failed such as the New Har-
mony colony of Robert Owen, the Phalanges in Wisconsin of the Fourierists,
etc., etc., because they were not interested in a more peaceful way of
life, with very little ability to work, and very little desire. What they wanted
was a hand out. They could have been held together by some religion per-
haps, but they had different religions or none.

The Bruderhof

They began in Germany after World War I, had to go to England when
Hitler came into power and then migrated to the wilds of Paraguay. With
their German efficiency they cleared the wilderness, built a hospital, and
provided for themselves. They lived on 30 miles to do unskilled work.
They were pacifist, but decidedly not anarchist or vegetarian. Later
they established a group at Kibbutz, N. Y. when the machinery was
and made a living shipping the non-perishable nuts. Friends took up the
slack of the insurance so that in effect they are insured. Members were beaten
up in America and brought to court on false charges and fined. An effort
was made in the legislature to make them illegal. But Clarence Jordon, their
leader, remained adamant; he would not run away. Three of us from the
CWI have been down there on night watch and Dormont, Paul, and
When Vivian Cherry took pictures of our Newburgh farm for Juliste in 1955
we stopped at the Bruderhof at noon. I knew some folks there who were
vegetarians and suggested that I eat a vegetarian table with them. "Oh,
we are not vegetarians any more: we have achieved unity." This is another
name for brainwashing. There are folks who have been pushed around in
life and they turn over their worldly goods to get security. If they like it,
then it is the place for them. If they can change their ideas and habits to suit the Servants of the Word and think they are doing
God's will then they are happy. I do not know what the rate of turnover is
here. A few years later I was visiting the Macedonia Colony for the second
time. The Bruderhof was just in the process of liquidating it and selling out,
moving the members either to another colony in Pennsylvania or the one in
Connecticut. I asked the son of the founder, Mr. Arnold, if a Catholic could
be a Bruderhof. He said: "You could come here and live and we would
search for the truth. There is just one truth, not two." And of course that
would be the Bruderhof. It is therefore no place for an anarchist, but for
those who do not mind being regulated and ordered around it is fine. It is
also a haven for tired radicals or those who do not wish to oppose the
system. To say that they are demonstrating nothing about a future society is
foolish: what they are doing is to show how far a free society can get by
fighting and who want to feel secure. Dorothy Day does not agree with
my ideas. She likes both the society of Brothers and Hutterites and points out
that their rule is voluntarily accepted. l have friends in the Bruderhof in
Paraguay and in England, as well as in this country, but they as a whole
are too organized and medical minded to suit me. But they do not have to
please me: there are plenty of people who will admire them.

The Koinonia Community

This group is not far from the site of the old Andersonsville Prison of Civil
War time. It is in near Americus, Ga. and is comprised of 1100 acres of fairly
good farm land where cotton, peanuts, pecans, etc. are grown. Two Baptist
ministers started it around twenty years ago with the understanding of people who came to escape the
life, with very little ability to work, and very little desire. What they wanted
was a hand out. They could have been held together by some religion per-
haps, but they had different religions or none.

The Bruderhof

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CWI have been down there on night watch and Dormont, Paul, and
When Vivian Cherry took pictures of our Newburgh farm for Juliste in 1955
shooting. I worked in the shed packing pecans. While these folks are Bap-
tists, they do not shave their religion at you the way some colonies do. Of
course people come and go for various reasons. They are pacifists, but not
anarchists or vegetarians. I have no criticism of Koitonia and would enjoy
another visit.

St. Francis Acres, Glen Gardner, N. J.

This 17 acre wooded community was founded around 1915 years ago by
the man whom I consider the best fellow I know, David Dellinger. He had
been in prison as a conscientious objector and bought this land and established
a printing press, bringing young pacifists and their wives to establish the new
life. But the women wanted the pretty things in town and both men and
women wanted other spouses and soon they all left, but others came and left
and now others came and stayed. As it happens all but one, beside Dave and
his sons are now Catholics. They have a common purere and democratic
meeting as to how to run the colony, but the trouble is that very few people
there are responsible workers, except Dave. I lived there for five months
while the first edition of my book was being printed. If people are all of one
religion it is possible for them to live together in harmony, but this is not the
case at Glen Gardner. If after living in a community for many years the
common pocketbook ideas is found among people who know each other that
it fine, but to begin with that impediment among people who come there
because they can't make it on the outside, does not make for a growing suc-
cessful community.

The Amana Society

These pacifist Germans lived in community in Iowa much like the Hut-
teries, having a blacksmith shop, some small industries, a brewery, and
farms. Around 1942 they ceased their community living and divided the
industries into shares like capitalist organizations, and each now owned
their farms. I stopped there with the old Amana boys and was interested in
pacific ideas from anyone I spoke to. The older ones did not
understand English and the younger ones I suppose were sold on The
American Way of Life. Now the Amana Refrigerator is widely advertised.

Celal Community

I visited this beautiful valley among the North Carolina mountains in
1950 when the Hopi and Joe Craigmyle and I were on our way to Washing-
ton, D.C. Each one had five or ten acres and owns it outright, but they
were not in favor of the provision that he cannot sell to anyone who is not approved by the com-
unity as a whole. There is a Quaker hospital nearby where some of the
colonists work. I had corresponded with one of the first conscientious ob-
tectors, Arle Brooks, and wanted to see him here, but he was miles away chop-
ning wood, so I visited his wife Tillie as related previously. Some old
folks have come here to retire, and while the tone of the community is pacifist, it
seems to be a resting place rather than one which is alive. As I understand
it, no Negroes live here; whether this is planned that way I do not know,
but they do not have any racial trouble. It would be too quiet and too
medical for me, but for some it would be, and is, the good life.

Macedonia Community

As mentioned before, this group was liquidated by the Bruderhof. I had
visited it in 1950 and knew most of its members. They had a notation of the
amount (not their name) on the score board, so that it would be known
when the barrel was empty. They had a fine dairy and a milk route in town.
They also made wooden toys and raised vegetables and had a small school.
There was a great variety of religious beliefs here, and continual turnover,
as some were very pious and others atheistic. They were all pacifists. The
community was bound to fail because of this controversy on religion. The
Bruderhof was the answer, for now they could live in peace, with ex-
ception of a few who did not grow with the Bruderhof.

Meadeclark, Newton, Kansas

When I spoke to the college of the Brethren in Newton I went out to
Selma Platt's place called Meadowclark. Here she took care of mentally ill
people, for free and also for pay. She had enough trouble with the found-
house for cottages for others, and some came from the defunct Macedonia
Community. The spirit was cordial, well organized, and more of a venture
than a real community. There was no religious basis upon which it could be
founded. It could function as a helping hand. The people there tended to be
liberal rather than radical.

Gould Farm

This large farm began half a century ago as a rest home in the Berkshires
near Great Barrington, Massachusetts where mentally disturbed people came for
rest and received treatment from specialists in the nearby town. Of
them could pay and others couldn't. There is a Protestant religious atmos-
phere with chapel and evening meetings but it is not forced upon the mem-
bers of the community. There are a dozen small cottages where those who
need privacy can have it. I attended a conference of social workers there
and gave the CW radical philosophy. Later I was invited again and spoke
to a smaller audience. Pacifists and anarchists have at time been part of
the staff, although the foundation that runs the community pays salaries and
is liberal rather than radical. With these limitations I feel that they are pro-
forming a good service.

Harold Gray, Saline, Michigan

Harold had been in jail in World War I and had inherited a large farm
near Saline, Michigan. Here he gathered many of the old fashioned
farmers, a large dairy, and raised pigs, chickens, and fruits and berries. They had milk, and
other routes whereby they sold their products. Harold was Episcopal and
the others were all of one religion. All were in the WWI and a big wages in the city beckoned they all left for the fleshepots. I visited there
twice when Harold was in the process of selling his herd of cows so he could
not hire men to tend them. He often went to the CW farm at South Lyons
to get their whole wheat bread, and in fact drove out there once. Now he
is building houses for city folks on his place and is a landlord with no idea of
the community with which he started. He couldn't lock the whole Food
way of life.

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In 1907 in my home town Jacob Beilhart bought an old farmhouse on the edge of town and started a religion by this name. A relative of the man who brought up my father joined it and was known as "Man Young." The local newspaper wrote terrible stories about them worshiping the devil, and when finally a girl there from Chicago had a baby, they were driven out of town and went to Kansas, where after a few years Jacob died of appendicitis. As I remember it, he dealt with spiritualistic mediums, was against all exploitation of capitalism, and there seemed to be some kind of communal marriage. Everything of course was held in common and those who came gave all they had. There seemed also to be an idea that money would come in abundance if prayers were directed toward the cash. Jacob's brother in nearby Columbus was a Socialist. He kept a harness shop and distributed some of my anti draft literature in 1917.

The Shakers

This was an old time group of craftsmen and farmers of the early 1800's. They did communal farming like the Hutterites, but the men lived in one huge stone house and the women lived in another huge stone house. When my wife and I visited what had been such a community in Kentucky in 1923 the very old lady told us that there were times when the supposed celibacy was overcome. They were prosperous but after the Civil War they seemed to get no more recruits, what with the expansion of agriculture to the west and the conception which had disturbed the even keel of Shaker farming.

Paul Williams, New York, N. Y.

This pacifist inherited money from his father and bought the side of a mountain and began to exercise his unorthodox architectural ideas in housing. He called this a certain cooperative name, built homes for artist friends, charged them a nominal rent, and presently they live in a congenial community. Each one makes his living as it happens. I visited there one afternoon and found each home "a castle" as it is supposed to be, with privacy, and yet with the understanding that each neighbor was sympathetic.

The Lemurians

This group started in Washington, Wisconsin in 1940. They were young folks who were pacificists and vegetarians but particularly not anarchists, for they envision a perfect society somewhat like that of the United States, but without war. This was all to happen in 1953 when a new continent called Lemuria was to rise from the Pacific, and meanwhile we here would sink. They moved to California near Los Angeles and bought a farm and prepared to perfect themselves for the great event of 1953. They printed all of their literature in green ink. But time went by and nothing happened in the Pacific. I do not know if they advanced the date or not but they are still on the farm in California. I was not able to visit them last time but will do so on my next trip west as I knew them as personal friends of some of the young people who printed my statement of refusal to register for war in 1942. Two of them going as conscientious objectsors to the CW camp in New Hampshire. In their community in California they live in common, each giving all they had when they joined. I have no idea of what the turnover has been with them.

Individuals on Farms who Like the CW Idea

A CW farm was started in the days of the last war for $10,000, and now Carl Paulson, Ridgeland, Upson, Massachusetts with his wife Mary and nine children live there. He makes a living in stained glass window work. I have visited there half a dozen times. Bill Walsh, also, has a farm and has also live there. He works in a church furniture factory nearby. The O'Donnells formerly lived in another house but they have scattered. Carl's father and mother have built a home nearby also. Each family has a garden and there are some fruit trees. I have visited thousands of families over the United States and I would not hope to find a finer one than that of the Paulsons. Carl went to Danbury prison as a conscientious objector. He had married a young artist friend of Ade Bethune who was a trustee of the farm when it was a communal farm. I was not a young man with a pregnant wife I would build a house there and make a living selling milk and honey to the others and to neighbors.

R. J., Springboro, Pennsylvania

Jack and Mary Thornton, a farm and a lot of children. Jack worked until recently in a foundry in Erie and does a lot of farm work. I have visited there several times and have made calls for friends to come and help Jack. There is room for a dozen families to live on the farm, but they would have to get work in town to supplement their income. Bill and Dorothy Ganchi, Avo, Ohio (near Cleveland) formerly had a small acreage and ran a home of hospitality on Franklin Street in Cleveland for years. They sold their acreage and bought at a bargain a large well-built house. Here Dorothy takes care of spastic and other crippled babies and gives hospitality. Bill works for a utility company. I have visited them several times.

At South Lyon, Michigan between Ann Arbor and Detroit, Father Hesler, the pacifist anarchist Maryknoll priest in Vcatan, gave a small farm to the CW in Detroit. Part of it was deeded to Lou Murphy who runs the Detroit CW, and the rest of it to several families. They built their homes and have their gardens and some animals. They make their main living working in hospitals or at other work. There has been a spirit of friction here for years, and although each family may be very good, and very hard working, there is no community to live close together. Glen Johnson is the one whom I knew on the farm now.

Jack Wolfin, Bluffton, Missouri read the CW after he got out of the army, and used the GI Bill to borrow money to buy a large farm. I have helped him build fences and feed hogs the times I have visited there. He works in a hospital part-time and hopes to be out of the red soon. Here is room for many families to live and the place is big enough so that they do not need to be too near each other. They are a fine young couple well worth knowing. Nearby Ruth Ann Henny, widow of Larry Henny, my good friend in the CW in Milwaukee, lives. She has five children and a small place. Marty Paul

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I visited their printing plant and the huge hotel in which they house their four hundred workers who print millions of copies of books and work for their keep. They have fine meals and luxurious quarters, and it is considered an honor to come from all over the world and work there for free. Like the CW, workers do not earn a wage so do not pay an income tax for war. All of the pacifist societies take a war tax from the pay of their employees. It was formerly the rule that those living here could not be married, but this was recently changed, some say, so that all of the big shots could be married. All the JWs live under a discipline that would make any anarchist shiver, and having little sense of humor, I suppose they take it and never know what happens. They formerly had a farm near our farm on Staten Island and I visited that twice. They knew who we were and had brought us some vegetables when we first came there. They now have a much larger farm and a school in up state New York.

Short Creek, Arizona Mormons

On the Sunday morning in 1953 when the Korean War was ended over 100 state police and deputies came to this peaceful community to arrest 26 men, 38 women, and 154 children because Polygamy was practiced. Short Creek is in "The Strip" which is an area as large as New Hampshire, Delaware and Rhode Island combined, and with a population of 700. It is north of the Grand Canyon and logically would belong to Utah but it is in Arizona. To get from the county seat, Holbrook, south of the Canyon, is 430 miles around through Nevada and Utah. This great rebellion against the "decency" of metropolitan Phoenix was engineered by Republican Governor Howard Pyle in a theatrical attempt to gain votes, but it was one of the reasons for his defeat in the next election. The real issue of course in Arizona is that the copper companies never have paid their share of taxes, and the big land companies have prevented any law regulating the ground water from being passed, and thus impoverishing many ranchers. All this dust storm about the immorality of the Short Creek Mormons was used to keep the minds of the people from the real issues. When the state police, camera men, reporters, etc. arrived to conquer this rebellion against the sovereign state of Arizona, the children were neatly dressed and stood in the early dawn singing God Bless America. The men were taken to Holbrook and there to Prescott to the prison and the women and children to Phoenix where the Welfare Department portioned them out in rest homes. After some months in prison, the men were released with the half-promise that if they were quiet they could see their children. However, the women were not allowed to see their husbands and the children are not permitted to see their fathers. An article in Calliers for Nov. 11, 1953, describes the situation. Ray Williams is one of three school teachers in Short Creek. He is a Mormon who has one wife and three children. He has never practiced polygamy but unless he promises that he will never practice in the future he will not be allowed to teach. Furthermore, his wife unless he gives up his religious belief of polygamy. Another man of Short Creek is married but has no children, yet he is not allowed to see his wife.
unless he promises to give up his ideas of polygamy. Meanwhile the parasite Tommy Marville is free to have a dozen wives and the courts over the country grind out fake divorces for him and for others. There are many cases of Navajo men having several wives for the women here own the sheep and the more sheep he has, the more wealth he has. Government works at this and calls the extra wives "boarders." Maybe it is because the Navajos are so scattered and it is difficult to tell them apart. Before I came east, the last money I made as a migrant worker was given to the Catholic lawyer who was defending the Short Creek folks. Perhaps by this time promises have been made by the Mormons which they never intend to keep and the families are together again in Mexico or some place else. I plan to visit Short Creek sometime and see how these folks live in community.

Maryvallen Fullam drove me the 230 miles southwest of Salt Lake City, through the town of Delta to within six miles to Eskdale on the Nevada line where this group has 3000 acres in the desert, a school of 50 children, and 17 adults who raise food for the colony and alfalfa for their stock. At Panguitch, 50 miles north, they have 5000 acres where Mr. Card, an early convert to the group, lives and helps take care of their land. They also have a sawmill at the top of a mountain near Price. I had met Mr. Conrad, a very outgoing man, who with his wife are teachers here, two years ago when Mary and I were picking the tax office. We visited some classes and later heard the string orchestra play classical music. I spoke of the Indians and made friends with 10 year old Mary who was especially interested. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad receive a salary from the state for teaching these children and this money is a help to the colony. They have 8 of their own and a divorce is there with 5 children. The others are boarded at $30 a month from families of the Order who cannot live here at present. Members also tithe to Bishop Glendenning and he has a Council of Twelve, and a Patriarch. They are a separate group, the Mormon Church, and a successor determined in case of his death. He is 72 years of age.

The custom here at meals is to eat silently. The girls wear blue corduroy dresses, but the boys wear whatever they happen to have. Fields of alfalfa dot the desert. The Snake Mountains are about ten miles to the west and the colony is six miles off the highway leading from Delta to Ely, Nevada. The nearest town is Garrison, Utah. They have their own power for lights and for pumping water from a diesel outfit. Their small houses are of wood and unpainted. Water is pumped into a wooden tank so they have water pressure. Small trees stick up hopefully around the place.

We spoke for a time with Mrs. LaRue Snow Young (a good Mormon name) whose husband until his death two years ago had been one of their leaders. These folks are ex-Mormons who believe in living co-operatively with all in common, like the Hutterites, whose King Colony in Montana, where Dorothy and I have visited, they have also contacted. This cooperative effort they call The Unitas which is being the Mormon term used by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. They also live The Word of Wisdom, which means that they do not smoke or drink, like good Mormons are supposed to do. Those who use tea or coffee do so as long as they feel they have to but this is frowned upon. They are pacifists and teach that the Lord will soon come, so they have unshaven their sword and taken up the Bible, and all their young men go to alternative service rather than go to the armed services. They are not polygamists, although many people around here think there would be no other reason for so many women and children to be driven away in the desert.

While we were picking the tax man here in 1961, Mary and I were invited to a singing fest of this Order at a private home, and I was asked to say a few words. A chiropractor by the name of Dr. M. L. Glendenning, had started this group 30 years ago to keep the families together again in Mexico or some place else. I subscribed to the CW for he and Mr. Conrad in 1961. I looked up their address but Dr. Glendenning and his wife were in Arizona. I spoke to a middle aged woman in charge and she explained the principles of the Order and I bought a book, More My Servant, by Blanche H. Beaton, Custom Press, Caldwell, Idaho, 1957, which tells of the life of Dr. Glendenning. According to this book he is said to have heard a voice supposed to be Elias speak to him since the age of 14. These messages are collected in The Book of Elias. He has been directed, he states, to documents left by his ancestors, in this country and Scotland, proving that he is a linear descendant of The Order of Aaron, and that he was directed to continue this Order. Converts have been made in Provo and Salt Lake City. At the semi-annual Mormon Conference April 6, 1931, because of the activity of Dr. Glendenning, Joseph Fielding Smith declared that no messages or revelations were bonafide unless they came to the President of the Mormon Church. An attempt is made to prove from The Book of Mormon and their Doctrine and Covenants that this Order of Aaron is not spurious. I have spoken to men outside this group who know Dr. Glendenning and they say he is sincere and acts fairly with those who join the Order, and that it is not a fraudulent group. I have met leaders of other religions who have claimed to have received Divine intructions and I have found that their main emphasis was on collecting money from the gullible and that their private lives were materialistic and gluttonous, and far removed from the ideal which they preached.

At Eskdale they keep Saturday as the Sabbath, but in Salt Lake City they keep Sunday. I have attended their Sunday and find them a cheerful and sincere group. If I meet Dr. Glendenning later and more of this group I will be able to form an opinion about them. Right now I am favorably impressed. Those who join the Order are on probation for a year, and after the first noviciate anything that they turn over cannot be refused if it leaves the Order. The writer of this book says that Dr. Glendenning will allow a person whom he has chosen to do any certain work the freedom to make mistakes, for by this method he will learn the hard way and the lessons will stick. This is the only pacific group that I have met that have come out of the Mormon lineage. It is easier for those raised for generations in an "out-of-this-world" religion to remain "unspoiled from the world." But for the Bruderhof, Koinan in Georgia, and this group to take people out of the commercial life of the cities and expect their children to grow up and not to go back to the fens is surely a problem. The personality of a leader may hold them together as long as he lives, but generally there is a fight
over who is to succeed in authority. This has happened among the Mennonites. Molokans and Bruderhof. If the organization squabbles all discord affairs may run smoothly, but it is likely that the spirit may be lost, as has happened to all orthodox religions. If these new groups cannot prove by their lives, as the Hutterites do, that they do lead the real Christian life, then they have no excuse for existing.

Always there have been remnants of the early Mormons who felt that their freedom of religion allowed them to have more than one wife, despite what they called the "sell-out" of the Salt Lake Mormons. They felt also that the centralized authority of the banking and other industrial interests of the rich Mormons in the big cities of Utah was not the real spirit of those early Mormons who trekked the desert and worked and suffered in common. Somehow, also, these Mormons got away from the bloodthirstiness of their Book of Mormon and took the pacifist attitude of The Sermon on the Mount. Without using the words, these folks were primitive pacifists and anarchists, for they had seceded from the state and were breaking the laws of the state. They lived with everything common except wives, just as the early Christians had lived.

There was the New Home colony on Long Island founded by Josiah Warner of Bunker Hill lineage. It lasted until that generation had died away and the young folks became city and capitalist minded. There was the Socialist Colony in Rustin, Tennessee founded by J. A. Wayland of the Appeal to Reason. Debs went there once. It lasted only a short time. And of course there was the classic Onida Community founded by John H. Noyes, which lasted only part of a generation and ended up as a financial success in the famous Onida Community Silver. Books have been written about the community of wives here and of the discipline whereby the sexual act was prolonged. There was a lot of opposition to this community but Noyes, who was a brave and forceful man, fought for his rights. Whether his leadership kept anyone else from developing sufficient strength to carry on when he gave up or not, at least the community did not last for long.

The Catholic Worker

"People shipwrecked on an island — that's not a community; that's a disaster — that's the Catholic Worker!" All of the things that made for the failure of other communities that have failed or are now on the skids: we have all that and yet survive somehow. We take in those that no one else will have, and for many there is no other place to go, and some of them stay with us until they die. Our New York group had its first farm at Easton which was taken over by some families.

We did some good for many, and how much we will never know. There were many retreats there, vacations for children, but as a farming commune we were a failure.

Our next, Maryfarm at Newburgh was again the occasion of many retreats where spiritual seed was sown, and we raised plenty of food, but civilization is in the form of jet planes that worried cows and chickens, and liquor too close by, coupled with the fact that it was really too far from New York City, caused us to sell the farm. Our Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island grows plenty of vegetables, and we have retreats and meetings there, but it is in no manner self-sustaining. It is really just another House of Hospitality such as we have in New York City. It serves a purpose and it is a community, somewhat as at a jail is a community — not that you can't leave the farm, but it is a place the river can be considered a community in the sense of any of the others which we have discussed; it is like our place in town — a station where people come and wait until they can make up their minds where to buy a ticket to, and if they can't make up their minds, they stay.

Conclusion

It would seem that the only communities that carry on successfully are those of a small religious sect who feel that they have its truth, and they also have a discipline that keeps them away from the outside world. The test comes when it is seen if the second generation carries on the idea. The most successful would seem to be the Hutterites. I have read of communities in England such as the Tarna, which is Catholic and nearly a part of monastic life, and of Lanizo De Vasta's L'Arche in France and numerous ones in India. I do not have enough first hand information about them to form an opinion. For myself I would rather live out in the world and propagate "the heathen" and fight the devil there. Within the next few years readers of the CW will see from my writings what I think is valuable about the polygamous Morrons in Utah, Idaho and Arizona. I intend to visit the Agenta Community near Nelson, B. C., Canada.

Seated: Dorothy Day, Helen Demoskoff
Standing: Helen's husband and brother Joe.
CHAPTER 18

Book Reviews
1950 to 1960

The Bending Grass, a biography of Eugene Victor Debs, by Ray Ginger, Rutgers Univ. Press, New Brunswick, N. J., 1949. Born in a Catholic family, he was not baptized and seldom entered a church, but he was a better follower of Christ as far as I know than any so-called Christian leader of his time. Even in the '90s he refused to speak before a segregated audience. He was not a pacifist, nor an anarchist, but when Emma Goldman, the anarchist said, "Mr. Debs, you're an anarchist." Debs slapped her hand and said, "Not Muster, but Comrade, won't you call me that?" He said that "The capitalist politician tells you how intelligent you are, to keep you ignorant. I tell you how ignorant you are to make you desire to be intelligent." His speech to the court in 1918 in Cleveland is a classic. He boldly gave the revolutionary position and got his ten years in Atlanta. Here he was beloved by all prisoners and refusing to go to compulsory chapel, the warden abolished compulsion for all. In his early days when he was ordered by a group of thugs out of Colorado, he said, "This will either be the beginning of organized labor in Colorado or the end of me."


"There's only one thing to be afraid of... not being a man." This was the characteristic, brave answer of Mother Jones in 1919, at the age of 89, during the steel strike when a union official felt it might compromize their fight to allow a Communist to put out leaflets in the union hall, leading the Russian revolution. She was born in County Cork of a family of fighters against British terrorism, she was in a parochial school in Monroe, Mich., had a dressmaking shop for the rich until burned out by the Chicago Fire of 1871. She then became an organizer for the United Mine Workers until her death at the age of 100. She led hundreds of the wives of miners, armed with mops and brooms and hanging on dishpan's, to the mine pits, straight up to the machines guns of the Colorado thugs. On elections she said, "You don't need to vote to raise hell... you need convictions and a voice."


In dealing with the enemy it was Good will to the enemy that Gandhi always had. Fischer said that "Victory came (in South Africa) to Gandhi not when Smuts had no more strength to fight him but when he had no more heart to fight him." Gandhi's idea of fasting is little understood in the West. Fischer quotes him as saying: "One may fast against those who love you, not against a tyrant." Gandhi also said, "We must wade into the blood gates... Freedom is to be waded only inside prison walls and sometimes on gal lows, never in the council chambers, courts, or in the schoolroom." Fischer contrasts Churchill and Gandhi: "Churchill is the Urania, Nietzsche. Political power is poetry to him. Gandhi was the sober saint to whom such power was anathema. The British aristocrat and the brown plebian were both conservative, but Gandhi was a nonconformist conservative. As he grew older Churchill became more Tory, Gandhi more revolutionary. Churchill loved social traditions. Gandhi smashed social barriers. Churchill mixed with every class but lived in his own. Gandhi lived with everybody. To Gandhi the

Inasmuch as I have gained insight from others, a short summary of the most important book reviews I have written for the CW and in the I.W.W. paper Industrial Worker is given.

The Hopi Way by Laura Thompson, and Culture in Crisis, former U. of Chicago Press, and latter by Harper's. The thesis of Culture in Crisis is that the influence of the missionaries, especially Mennonite, has broken down traditional religious beliefs of the Hopi in the villages of New Oraibi, Upper Moenoccop and Bacoilo. And also that the coercive measures of the government have produced "rigidity and ultra-conservatism" in the "outstanding rebel village of Hotevilla and in a lesser degree in Shungupovi. At the whole man's world crumbles the Hopi are shown to have a world outlook, a faith, a Way of Life more satisfying and wholesome than that of the ancient Greek city-states or of any modern Utopia. Will the Indian Bureau succeed in de-moralizing the Hopi? Will the missionaries, the army, and the cattle and oil men succeed in getting the souls and bodies of the Hopi? The author says that "The Navajo-Hopi land dispute was not legally settled until 1943, when the Navajo were confirmed in the use of three-quarters of the original Hopi reservation which they had usurped and were occupying, leaving the Hopi the use of only 986 square miles of desert land."
lowest Indian was a child of God. To Churchill all Indians were the peddlist
for a throne. He would have died to keep England free, but tried to destroy
those who wanted India free.”

The Pictorial History of the American Indian, by Oliser LaFarge, Crown Pubilca-
ton, N.Y., 1957.

This book accomplishes the difficult feat of interspersing 350 illustrations of
American Indians with their historical perspective and debunking much of
the fiction in our history books, so that it ought to be required reading in
every high school in the country. The map giving the ancient location of over
200 tribes ought to help put the white man in his place geographically, while
the details of the government’s deceit ought to put us in our place ethically.
Indians lived in New Mexico 20,000 years ago and for 3,000 years grew corn.
The way the white man got the land of the Indian was, “get him drunk, talk
him into signing a mortgage he cannot pay off, does not understand... I
must pay off, and in due course foreclose... that is the system.” “Many
missionaries think that a man cannot become a good Christian unless he
dresses as the missionary does, lives in the same kind of a house; eats the
food — despite the fact that, as Indians sometimes point out, Our Lord wore
His hair long and wrapped Himself in something very like a blanket. The
same line of thinking led well meaning schoolteachers on the Navajo reserva-
tion to propagandize their pupils urgently against eating the ‘disgusting’ parts
of a sheep, until a study by the Association on American Indian Affairs
showed that only by eating the whole animal could the Indians achieve a
balanced diet, and that those who followed the teachers advice were more
susceptible to tuberculosis than those who did not.”

Cherokee, by Don Tracy, Dial, N.Y., 1957.

True to the history of Tsali, who by his bravery in refusing with his band
of mountain Cherokees to accept the white man’s false promise of freedom in
Indian Territory and by his voluntary death at the hand of the U. S. Army,
was able to purchase the freedom of the remnant of his people, this thrilling
story gives the customs and traits of this noblest of eastern Indians. The
love story of Suti, the boy who killed two panthers with his blowgun and darts,
and of Meg, the daughter of freedom-loving pioneers, is more gripping than
most of the romances of modern whites.

The Real City, by Leo Savage, Jr., Hanover House, N.Y., 1956.

This book tells vividly of the rebellion of 1680 led by Po-pee, esthetic
cacique whose power led into a glutinous love and deserved death when he
visited Acoma. In a natural consequence of character and historical events,
the author gives a thrilling story of Luis, the young American born Spaniard,
who tried to get justice for the Indians whom the greedy zealots of the Inqui-
sion robbed for their own profit and that of wealthy Spanish nobles. The
story of the relation of Luis and his relation with three women: Condesa, the
courtesan, Kasha/a, the Acoma maiden, and Barbara, the Spanish aristocrat
whose love for the wholesome desert country around Santa Fe enabled her
life more and more as she saw through the wickedness of her aristocratic
surroundings. The contrast of the corruption and intrigue of Mexico City
with the simplicity and integrity of the Acoma cacique who fasted in naked-
ness for the sins of the whole tribe; the sunrise and sunset of the Sangre de
Christo (Blood of Christ) Mountains near Santa Fe; the smell of the mesquite
burning from countless fireplaces in the morning air—all this to those of us
who have lived and known the Pueblo Indians and have loved their
“way of life,” makes this book one to be enjoyed and remembered.


Mr. James knows much about the Hopi from scores of years spent near
them. He tells of the beating to death of the Hopi Juan Cuno, of Orchibi in
1655 by Friar de Guerra. He says that “the best of the Hopi have no desire to
lead the easy, pastoral life of the rationed, clothed, housed, and protected
‘ward’”


The author is a liberal southern writer who sympathizes with the Indians
but would solve their problems by assimilating them into white society. Until
1834 an American citizen had to have a passport to enter Indian territory.
And the Red-Cloud Treaty was the only one ever made by the U. S. B. where
the enepay received all its demands.

Conquest of Violence, The Gandhian Philosophy of Conflict, by Prof. Jau V. Bawhenni,

“Oppression Causes,” Gandhi taught his fellow countrymen, “when people cease
to fear the bayonet.” Unlike regular politicians, Gandhi sought by negotiation
with politicians to achieve the stateless anarchist ideal, and also unlike most
anarchists he was able to develop both personal and mass resistance to the
state and to exploitation and to overcome the government. The author quotes
Bob Ludlow in an article in the CW as saying, “It is the political element
that will destroy Gandhi’s teachings in India for he did not realize that Saty-
agrah must be united with an anti-state philosophy.” The author replies,
“nevertheless with Satyagraha as the functioning socio-political technique of
action, anarchism could conceptualize.” Gandhi, he adds, quoting from the
Gita that “when there is no desire for fruit, there is no temptation for un-
truth.” Gandhi says, “Do not resist arrest; if taken prisoner, behave in an
exemplary manner... do not expect guarantees for maintenance of depend-
ents.” Courtesy to the opponent in India was shown in India when “Satyagrahas
ceased their civil disobedience at midday because of the hardship this would
work on European opponents who were less accustomed to extreme heat... and
postponing an action to spare the Englishman for his Easter Sunday services and celebration.” The author quotes Gandhi as saying, “I do believe
that when there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would
advise violence... Non-violent conduct is never demoralizing whereas cow-
dice always is.” Fasting is primarily a penance and according to Gandhi
“there can be no penance where the accused person is not conscious of having
committed a wrong... Fasting... no one who has not earned the right to do
so should use this weapon.” The author shows an understanding of anarch-
ism when she says, “Anarchists urge freedom from politics rather than politi-
cal freedom.”

"Who is the true-believer...? He's a guilt-ridden hitchhiker who thumbs a ride on every cause from Christianity to Communism... When we renounce self and become part of a compact whole, we not only renounce personal advantage but are also rid of our personal responsibility." I read and reread this thought provoking and cynical book. Most of what he says is true for nearly every "true believer" you meet, but it is not necessarily true of all, and these few who do seem to be somehow diffused in the hearts of people rather than to be organized into a collectivist. To cast his incomplete self on the bandwagon after the pioneers have blazed the trail, to take benefits of the union scale of wages after having scabbed in thought or deed for years, by the impact of his numbers to water down the purity of any cause. "The mass leader: this strength lies in his blind spots and in pulping all outles but one."


In the face of a 20 year prison sentence, Haywood was asked in court if he was conspiring to interfere with the profits of the munition makers. He answered, "We are conspiring to prevent the making of profits on labor and industry. We are conspiring against the dividend makers. We are conspiring against rent and interest. We want to establish a new society where people can live without profit, without dividends, without rent and without interest."

"If it is possible; and it is possible, if people will live normally, live like human beings should live. I would say that if that is a conspiracy we are conspiring." Wonderful words! An old "Moby Maggie" taught him anarchism when he was working in the mines in Nevada as a boy. He helped found the I.W.W. whose slogan was, "over time is scale time, any time there are some working people." He was born in Salt Lake City. He married Nevada Jane and delivered the baby himself on a lonesome ranch. He attended two terms or a parochial school in Salt Lake City and knew Father Hageroty, who it is said wrote the I.W.W. preamble. Through the famous Meyer, Haywood and Pettibone trial when the stool pigeon Harry Orchard perjured himself and Darrow finally won the case, and the trials of 1917 when hundreds of I.W.W.'s were in jail against the war Haywood stood firm. The I.W.W. was the only union that had the rule that "any one who joined the army, the militia, or the police was forever denied membership." Haywood was a leader of organized power to be the I.W.W. Many of his sympathizers became Communists and went to Russia. I disagree emphatically with his skipping bail and going to Russia, but I tend to remember his good fight up to that time rather than to castigate him. His wife died in 1917 and his two daughters also passed away before Haywood died of diabetes in Moscow, May 18, 1928.

Attorney For The Damned, by Clarence Darrow, Edited by Arthur Weinberg. Simon and Shuster, N. Y., 1937.

This is a lengthy book which gives excerpts from some of the greatest summations which Darrow gave over the years, but one would have to feel the tone, see the light in his eyes, and observe the swing from nonchalant humor to tear rending emotion to know how he swayed juries and never lost a case. His summations lasted at times for three days with never the use of a note. In 1894, when he was general attorney for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, the Deb's American Railway Union had a strike on the line, Darrow resigned his good job and represented Deb's. He is known for his speech to the prisoners of Cook County jail.

"Preachers will tell you that you should be good then you will get rich and be happy. Of course we know that people do not get rich by being good, and that is the reason why so many of you people try to get rich in some other way, ony you do not understand just how to do it quite as well as the fellow outside." And again Darrow said, "If a doctor were called upon to treat typhoid fever he would probably try to find out what kind of milk or water the patient drank, and perhaps clean out the well so that no one else could get typhoid from the same source. But if a lawyer was called upon, would he give him thirty days in jail, and then he would think that nobody else would ever dare to take it (that is the typhoid fever). If the patient got well in 15 days, he would be kept until his time was up; if the disease was worse at the end of 30 days, the patient would be released because his time was out.

Anarchism by Paul Eltchich, Libertarian Book Club, GPO Box 842, N. Y. 1.

This book is mentioned by Kropotkin in the Encyclopaedia Britannica as the best book on anarchism, and Alexander Berkman told me in Atlanta prison that this was the only book I should read. The author analyzes Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Tucker and Tolstoy as to law, the state and property and as to means of achieving the revolution. I agree with Tolstoy in critical idealistic anarchism, no law in the future, no legal restraints, and so forth. I agree with both in no law in the future and no legal restraint. I agree with Tucker in pacifism. I agree with Bakunin in having both individual and collective property. I agree with Proudhon in critical idealistic anarchism. There is an article by Rudolph Rocker on anarchist-communism in Spain and other of his ideas. This book as a guide to Kropotkin's writings is invaluable, for anarchism remains, if taken with the pacifist approach, the only hope, for all other roads lead to tyranny and death.


"Anarchism has thriven best in the lands of the sun, where it is easy to dream of golden ages of ease and simplicity, yet where the clear light also brightens the shadows of existing misery." Two recent historians of anarchism, Alain Resler and Claude Harnel, have discovered the first anarchist in Jean Meslier, the 18th century cure of Etrep- igny, whose resentment against the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of his time entered into a great Testament which he left to his rural parishioners (it was intercepted after his death by the Church authorities and never reached the farmers for whom it was meant) and in which he denounced...
authority of every kind and advocated a bucolic society based on friendship among peasant communities." And Jacques Roux, a country priest, in 1796 led a group called the Enrages, said that land belonged to all equally, and burned châteaux. He was sentenced to death by a revolutionary tribunal, but he cheated the guillotine by killing himself, saying, "to die placing liberty above law is the death of an anarchist."

"In Italy on Aug. 1, 1877, Father Fortini, the priest of Latina, welcomed the anarchists as 'true apostles sent by the Lord to preach His divine law'. . . . Guided by Father Fortini, the anarchist band set off for the next village of Gallo, where Father Tambarini came out to welcome them, and went from house to house, shouting to the people, 'Fear nothing. They are honest folk'."

Tolstoy said that "the man who wishes to abolish the state must cease to co-operate with it, refuse military service, police service, pay taxes, the payment of taxes." "Perhaps the most impressive example of Tolstoyan influence in the contemporary Western world is—ironically in view of Tolstoy's distrust of organized churches—the Roman Catholic group associated in the United States with the Catholic Worker and particularly with that saintly representative of Christian Anarchism, Dorothy Day."

In Spain Pio y Margall, a Catalan banker clerk, was the first active anarchist. Pio Barroja, the author of Red Dawn, was a great anarchist writer. "The Inquisition effectively stifled any tendency toward religious dissent during the 16th century, anarchism has in fact taken on the character of a delayed Reformation movement. . . . All anarchists, has of course, a moral-religious element which distinguishes it from ordinary political movements, but this element is far more developed in Spain than elsewhere. . . . For in the eyes of the Spanish libertarians the Catholic Church occupies the position of anti-Christ in the Christian world. . . . The anger of an intensely religious people who feel they have been deserted and deceived."

The conclusion of the author is well stated: "The great anarchists called on us to stand on our own moral feet like a generation of princes, to become aware of justice as an inner fire, and to learn that the still, small voices of our own hearts speak more truly than the chores of propaganda that daily assault our outer ears. 'Look into the depths of your own beings.' In this insistence that freedom and moral self-realization are interdependent, and one cannot live without the other, lies the ultimate lesson of true anarchism."

CHAPTER 19
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
1950 to 1964
Over the U.S.

Joe Hill House of Hospitality and
St. Joseph’s Refuge, 1131 S. 1st W.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. Why do you deny the authority of the state and accept the authority of the Catholic Church?
2. Why do you refuse to pay taxes when Christ said to render unto Caesar?
3. What about Christ chasing the money changers out of the temple? Does this not justify war?
4. What would you do if Russia attacked us?
5. You are not Catholics, you are Communists?
6. You are not practical.
7. You Catholic Workers knock the bourgeois society yet you depend upon donations from the bourgeoisie to feed you.
8. How are you going to run things without cops and soldiers if we abolished them all tomorrow?
9. Why are you so critical of other people? Is it kind?
10. Why do you fast in public when Christ said to do this in secret in your closet?
what the Holy Father says about the Faith but not on matters of Franco, war, capitalism, etc.

The Church allows me more freedom than the state. The state has arrested me thirty times, and the Church through police only twice. Out of courtesy I will address the authorities of the state in good attitude and announce my proposed acts of disobedience, but I have no hope nor intention of reforming the state. I try to live as a good Catholic and I have some hope that this lesson may help to bring to light the teachings of Christ and the early Christians and be a lever in the commercialized mass of the Church.

There is no contradiction in my denial of the authority of the state and accepting that of the Church unless the Church makes me be a servant of the state in issues which I consider immoral, which please God, I hope I will never do.

"Why do you refuse to pay taxes when Christ said to render unto Caesar?"

Dorothy Day gave the best short answer quoting St. Hilary, "The less you have of Caesar's the less you have to give to Caesar." Those who believe in rendering unto Caesar will still do so no matter what I may say. To those who may have a doubt I will give several thoughts to build up their "rendering" instead of to Caesar. While Jesus was asked what was the greatest commandment He told them that the first one was to love the Lord with all your heart and the second one was like unto it, to love your neighbor as yourself. "Who is my neighbor?" asked those who wished to argue. Then Jesus told the story of the Good Samaritan.

Again Jesus was taken up into a high mountain by the devil who told Him if He fell down and worshipped Him He could give Him all the kingdoms of the world and in fact would not have to pay any taxes at all. Jesus told the devil to go back where he came from.

Then again He was asked if He believed in paying taxes to Caesar. In those days different districts had different money and the Jews had to change their money into that of Rome, so Jesus asked, not for a Jewish coin, but for a coin with which tribute was paid, saying "Why tempt me?" Looking at the coin He asked whose image and superscription was there inscribed and was told that it was Caesar's. Those who tried to trick Him knew that if He said that taxes were to be paid to Caesar He would be attacked by the mob who hated Caesar, and if He refused to pay taxes there would always be some traitor to turn Him in. His mission was not to fight Caesar as Barabbas had done, but it was to chase the moneychangers out of the Temple and to establish His own Church. Whether He winked as much as to say that any good Jew knew that Caesar did not deserve a thing as He said, "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's and unto God what is Gods," or not, no one knows.

The U.S. government considers that I owe over a thousand dollars in income taxes and if I offered them a penny they would consider it an insult. Christ insulted Caesar when He offered Caesar a penny.

Once in Phoenix I had announced that on Monday I would picket the tax man for a week. On a Saturday night a policeman told me that I could not sell papers on a certain corner. I could have stood on my rights and insisted and spent the night and Sunday and Monday in jail and not been able to be on hand for my anti-battle Jesus had to choose His battleground.
"What about Christ chasing the money changers out of the Temple? Does this not justify war?"

Christ was "true God and true man." He was hungry and thirsty and He hungered and suffered and bled on the Cross. In this He was the man. He saw the Jewish Temple made a den of thieves and evil being done by hypocrites who kept the letter of the law — taking legal advantage of the rate of exchange and of technicalities that the poor and untutored knew little about. As He suffered when scourged so did He suffer at this blasphemy.

He chased the cattle that would not move without the lash. Whether He actually lashed the money changers or whether their guilt made them flee we do not know. But we do know that He did not try to exterminate their families or to imprison and kill them. He used no man-made law against them.

"Let him who is without sin first cast a stone." So Jesus was without sin and was the only one who had the right to chase the evil men out of the Temple. And for this among other things they killed Him.

Likewise during the agony in the garden when He knew that Peter, despite his protestation of great faith would soon betray Him those three times, His flesh was tired and He told Peter to sell his clothes and buy a sword. Peter said there were two swords. Jesus replied, "That is enough." Then when Malchus was arresting Jesus, Peter took one of the swords and cut the ear of Malchus. Jesus was God and He did not tell Peter to cut off the other ear, but performed His last miracle by healing the ear. He then disarmed Peter and all of us by saying, "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

The whole essence of the Sermon on the Mount is to love the enemy, to turn the other cheek, and to return good for evil. The enemies of the Jews were the Romans. Jesus did not join with the Macabees and Barabbas in violent insurrection against the government. He did not show any hatred toward them and even said that if a Jew was asked according to Roman law to carry the pack of a soldier one mile, he should cheerfully carry it two miles instead of grudging about the one mile. What aroused His anger was hypocrisy in the Synagogue. Jesus knew that to exchange a Roman despot for a Jewish despot was not worth dying for. He had a better way which was to overcome the enemy permanently by love. Today we find those who war in violence, both in the courts and in war, who justify this violence by quoting this passage about the chasing of the money changers out of the Temple. If they would take it in its context they would look at the Churches today with their bingo and selling of chances and charge of admission at the door, all to keep up a big show, and know that He would overturn these tables also.

"What would do if Russia attacked us?"

Kneel and pray for our sins that have brought the attack upon us; and pray for the Russians.

We have scattered obliteration bombing in Bremen, Hamburg, Tokyo, and atomic death in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and we still have not learned that Christ said to the woman caught in sin, "Let him without sin first cast a stone at her." I remember His "Forgive seventy times seven," which means no Caesar at all with his courts, prisons and war.
the Catholic Press Association for twenty-seven years and this would not con-
tinue if we were Communists.

Now as to being Communists it is true that we accept the Marxist anal-
ysis of what is the matter with capitalist society, but as to what is to be done
about it we differ. Communists want the state to do everything, and after
the dictatorship of the proletariat the state will wither away and we will have
the stateless society, which is anarchism. The anarchists don't believe in any
state at all and they agree with Lord Acton that "power corrupts and abso-
lute power tends to corrupt absolutely."

With the Communists we believe in (1) The Economic Interpretation of Hist-
ory, which means that for the most part we make people's living de-
termine how they think. As the western Catholic shepherd who clips
wings until the Wall Street Catholic broker who clips coupons: they pry the
same but they think differently about life. (2) Surplus Value. If I earn $40 a
day for my boss and get $10 in wages I can only buy back $10 worth and the
balance piles up and we have depressions and wars. (3) The Class Struggle.
Between those who work for a living and those who own for a living there is a
struggle and we are on the side of the have-nots; and we choose to live
poor among them and help them fight in a non-violent way and a non-
political way against exploiters. And where those who run the Church side
with the exploiters we oppose them and side with the exploited even if they are
Communists, being critical of them as anarchists and pacificists should be, but
with sympathy.

"You are not practical!"

I am the most practical fellow you can find. The dictionary says being
practical is "pertaining or relating to practice or action." You might say that
we anarchists are the original "do-it-yourself" folk for we do not depend
upon politicians and bureaucrats to do things for us.

Being an anarchist means being responsible for the needs of yourself and
others without being told or ordered by authorities. While walking to the
Post Office one morning for the mail I saw a block ahead of me a two by
four foot of spikes fall from a truck into the middle of the street right at a
crosswalk. Dozens of cars whizzed by and some of pedestrians edged around
it but no one picked it up, for they didn't put it there, and neither did I. But
I picked it up and put it in the container for waste by the curb. Another time
when I had been fasting for ten days and picketing the tax man here in New
York City I noticed a huge bale of paper junk fall from the rear of a truck
into the very middle of the intersection at Varick and West Houston Streets.
No one did anything about it until I had side my sign and pushing with my
shoulder with all my might I finally edged it over to the curb. Likewise when
walking the roads in the country I always removed nails, glass, dead cats,
lime of trees, etc., which would impede traffic, so that I think the govern-
ment owes me money for my scavenger work. I do not feel a bit guilty in
using the roads for which I pay no income tax to build.

If being practical means piling up moss and worrying yourself sick
saving for a sick day, or to retire with your ulcers then I am not practical. If
organizing thousands of people into a group promising to do good, or pledge-
ing themselves to revolutionary action is practical, then I am not practical.
When I have been picketing the tax office I did not need a committee to
coordinate or regulate me, for I can organize myself. This is what the one-
man revolution is supposed to do.

"You Catholic Workers shock the bourgeois society yet you depend upon donations
from the bourgeoisie to feed you."

Who else lives among the poor twenty-four hours a day? Sure, "we com-
fort the afflicted and affect the comfortable" until the latter shell out volun-
tarily to help us do the things that need to be done. That the state neglects
to do. We do get money in small bits from many people who are poor: very
little of our money comes in large amounts. We refused to apply to a large
foundation that offered us $2500. The reason was the state of the Stock
City of New York because we did not believe in interest. One millionaire
gave us a thousand dollars for Christmas for helping someone he had known
on the Bowery. The next week he wanted $500, and if it was deductible from his income tax. We told him that we were not an "ac-
credited" charity organization, and that he would have to give from his heart
and from his deductible surplus. We did get $2500.

We couldn't live in this society and get our money from anyone else; and
whatever money we as writers or speakers get we turn in to feed the poor.

"Are you going to run things without cops and soldiers if we abolished them
tomorrow?"

I am not going to do anything tomorrow or the next day except per-
haps die from the atom bomb. The welfare state is here to feed us with bread
and circuses into complete senility. Even then one is never going to get all
people to think alike -- the Catholic Church has been trying it for two thou-
sand years and they have millions saying the same words but their quality is
nothing to boast about. For as the Indians said, "If everyone thought the
same way one would want my wife."

This wholesale mass idea of doing things is what is the matter with this
world. There will be cops and soldiers for a long time yet. I have already
reigned from the need of cops and soldiers to protect me for I rely on a greater
power. Obviously if we do not believe in voting or shooting, I or a million like
myself, could not begin to think of overturning society. What I have done is
reaprove the need of my independence.

Democrats and Republicans do not make good anarchists. When we have
enough pacifist anarchists in any geographical area who reign from the state
and its coercive measures there will be at least a small anarchist society.
The radical Hopi Indians have had it for centuries without being anarchists
in the true sense of the word for their action comes more from a communal
tradition. There is no reason why people interested in the transportation industry
could not meet in local, regional, national and international conventions,
which as chess players, scientists and others do, and discuss how best to solve
the problems of transportation in any given area or weather condition. A
railroader, a truck driver, an airplane pilot, and a steamboat man all are
prejudiced as to the efficiency of their own way of travel. But when profits are not the measure, but service, then the true solution can be arrived at. Not by baby kisers or banjo players or lame ducks appointed to commissions to regulate commerce, but by the very men who do the work. A decorum of, say, The Order of Frank Lloyd Wright, would be a greater incentive than all the political glory. Anything that the government does, except make war, all of us could do if we got the idea of doing it, and we could do it better.

There is a great difference between kindness and weakness. To give a delectable "dime for coffee" because you are too weak to say no, knowing the fear it is for liquor, or to give money for carfare when a walk of a mile for an able-bodied young man would help to waken him up a little, is also weakness. Sometimes we act too quickly, and do not summon a red faced town bun and an anemic "white-faced old man asked me for 80 cents for carfare to go to the bank to sell their blood. They promised faithfully to pay me back this afternoon. I have no regular donors who will give me money to pay the rent and utilities and could really not spare even that amount, but I gave it to them. They would not take blood from the old man for he had hardly a pint in him to work on, let alone any to sell, and, of course, the town bun never showed up again. How stupid can a fellow get? With all of my experience I should have known better. To make a decision is a sign of growth, but any of us postpone decisions for we cannot accept the idea that we might be wrong. No matter how humble we may appear, our basic motivation here is pride, and not the humility and kindness that we freest to the public.

"I was just going to ask you for a dime," said a well-bred non-Catholic acquaintance of mine to a young man on the Bowery who had just asked him for a dime for a cup of coffee. The young man looked dazed, staggered a bit, and reaching in his pocket took out a dime and a nickel and handed it to my friend a dime. This was too much for my friend whose conscience hurt him. He ran after the delectant saying, "Here I'll trade you the dime for this quarter," which he did.

The moral, as I told my friend, is not to be sentimental and weakminded. My friend robbed the delectant on the Bowery of whatever faith in human nature he might have had. To do one good deed that day would have perhaps built him up, but now he would think, "I have met another phony." There are people who have been betrayed by their relatives and as those whom their way through life most people are "too kind" to jerk them to their feet. One such person stumbled up to me, tramping on my toes and excusing himself by saying that he hoped he was not in the way. I told him he was hell was. And what could he do to help. I told him he could keep out of my way and sit in a corner. I said this in an alert manner and not with venom, and finally after some years there is no animosity between us. It was not my kind of me to educate this young man to be less rather than more of a nuisance. To encourage nitwits is not to help them. Useless conversation just such is something the worst waste of time. The congenital blabbermouth even of pious words, needs conversation like I need a third eyewbr. In our office and in every city where I have lived, there is one or more middl-
the small top of the iceberg appearing above water, only an indication of the huge mass beneath. It is only the rest of a dedicated life which appears be-
cause of an emergency in the war mad world, meant to say "Danger" to
those about to be wrecked. You can't obey all scripture at once. You have to
choose. Christ also said to "shout from the housetops," and "not to hide
light under a bushel." If I did not speak and fast the very stones would cry
out.

I also fasted before I was a Catholic. I do this as a penance for all of our
sins. I do not do it to coerce or embarass my enemy the government, and the
tax and war officials. I do it to waken up the timid pacifists who know better
and don't do better. Someone has to raise the ante of what should be expec-
ted of a Christian and a Catholic. Talk is cheap and in this gluttonous world
fasting can be a means of waking up some people.

If anyone thinks the maturing of my action is egoism I would ask by what
means they value their own actions. I am willing to be judged as a man,
or not a moose, by my fruits, both now and hereafter. My message is not
meant for those unable to accept it.

"Why don't you work like other men do?"

I could answer this in these days of automation with the old wobbly re-
frain, "How in the hell can I work when there is no work to do?" for they
work for companies where a withholding tax is taken from their pay for war.
I have to bootleg my work and work by the day where there is no tax taken
out, such as migrant work or in self made jobs such as speaking in colleges
and schools.

I work for my keep just now here at the CW, getting up early for the
mail, recording the income, answering letters, selling CW's each day on the
streets, which is much harder than walking around; speaking upon call at
the office to visitors, and when called upon to do so travelling over the
country. Now, since November of 1961, I am in Salt Lake City directing the
Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's Refuge, collecting food donations
and to feed thousands who come here from the freights. I will describe this else-
where in more detail in this book. If anyone thinks that sleeping on the floor
by the door with thirty to fifty people snoring, coughing, mumbling in the
after affects of liquor, answering the door a dozen times a night as drunks
pound for entrance is fun, let them try it.

I am sixty nine and I do not ask the state for any social security or old
age pension. I have worked up to the age of nineteen on a farm, and eleven
years not long ago at stooch labor on the ranches of the southwest. I have
worked eleven years in Minneapolis as a social worker, and six years on a
farm near there.

I fast and picket the tax office each year and several times have fasted
for over forty days and picketed. If you think this is easy work, try it.

"Christ ate meat. Do you think you are better than Christ by not eating meat?"

If He hadn't eaten fish He would have had a hard time; that's what His
disciples were for most part; fishermen. I am a vegetarian for sentimental
reasons: I don't like to kill animals and I don't want someone else to do it
for me. And for pacificist reasons I won't kill capitalists.

John the Baptist, Buddha, Gandhi, and the Trappists, Camaldolese and
other Orders are vegetarians. It is a matter of where a person draws the line.
The Essenies of Christ's time were vegetarians and He did not reprimand
them. He was asked why He and His disciples did not eat as John's disciples
did, and He reached a different classification of people: wise-hibbards and gluttons for
whom the Gospel was also meant.

In old English law a butcher is not allowed on a murder jury for fear that
his occupation as a killer would make him too hard hearted towards the
prisoner before the court. Primitive man had to kill and eat or starve to death.
He had no supermarkets where he could buy vegetables. Outside of the Eskim-
no who have little vegetation there is no excusable reason why man cannot
eat so much meat. And doctored up before they are killed to produce more fat,
and preserved by questionable chemicals. The eating of these foul and ani-
mal not conducive to spiritual or bodily health.

Those who wish to kill their own animals for food are welcome to do so,
and for those who wish to be kind to animals the best advice is the vege-
tarian slogan: "Be kind to animals by not eating them.

There is the cartoon of the Father Bear with a gun pointed at the hunter
who is asking for mercy because "of my wife and children at home." The
bear replied that the hunter had killed his wife and children, not for food,
but only to show off to his friends. "I won't do it again," promised the man.
"You won't have a chance to do it again," said the bear as he aimed his gun.

"Why don't you vote for the good man for office? You just help the bad man by your
negative attitude."

A good man is worse than a bad man for he finds a good reason for doing
a bad thing that a bad man couldn't figure out, so he lends his goodness
to evil. The devil doesn't have horns, he has a halo as big as a hoop. We elected
Wilson to keep us out of war, and Roosevelt when he said, "I tell you again,
and again, and again, that no boy will be sent across to foreign soil."

A good man cannot get any legislation passed or enforced unless he plays
ball with the bad men who have a head start on him and surround him. He
has to vote for their postoffice, harbor graft, or other larceny minded bills to
even get his bill out of committee. I only voted once in my life and that was in
1916 when I voted for Allan Benson, the Socialist candidate for President, who
was against the war. And before I was out of Atlanta Prison, Benson was for the war. I
might as well have stayed at home. My capitalistic brother is not a pacifist nor an anarch-
ist, but he had sense enough not to vote in a war which is not in the interest of
progressive politics.

In 1960, I was asked to run for Vice President on the Vegetarian ticket,
but of course I refused to do so. Both major party candidates believe in
the return of evil for evil in courts, prisons and war. The Socialist parties believe
in violence and Socialism, so as a pacifist and an anarchist I could not vote
for them.

I have already seceded from the idea of government. If I voted for a paci-
fist and he was not elected, I would be honor bound to obey the winner, who
of course, this time (1960) would either be Kennedy or Nixon, both of whom
believe in greater armaments and in war as a means of defeating Commun-
ists.
CHAPTER 20

JOE HILL HOUSE
Salt Lake City, Utah
1961 to present

Mural, 12 by 15, of the execution of Joe Hill.
Painted by Mary Lathrop, on the wall of first Joe Hill House, 1961.

Time: May 1961 to Present
Place: Salt Lake City, and West to the Coast

After speaking here in April of 1961 at the University I hurried home to New York City to take part in the air raid rehearsal. 2000 protested and some were arrested but few leaders, so I came toward Salt Lake City. Arriving in Cleveland, Ohio to visit my mother and brother and sisters I had a phone call from Mary Lathrop in New York City, saying that she had quit her job and wanted to come with me to Salt Lake City to help start the Joe Hill House. Mary’s father had been a Communist organizer so she knew the radical part of the CW message. She had been Catholic only a short time. She had met my mother while traveling with Dorothy before. We left for Notre Dame where I had several meetings; staying at the home of Terry McKiernan, who has the House of Bread, then to Nauvoo where we saw the grave of Joseph Smith, and I spoke to the Catholic nuns at their school. Mary had been here with Dorothy previously. Then to visit my daughter Carmen in Santa Fe, a week with Phil Burnham in Tucson where I had a meeting at the Allen’s; and a week in Phoenix visiting my many friends. Joe Craginlye drove us up to the Hopi and back to Flagstaff where we stayed with Plati and Barbara Citlote, going to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, before coming to Salt Lake City.
Here we found work picking cherries, horning beets, etc. I irrigated one night for a Mormon and got odd jobs washing dishes in a restaurant or unloading trucks. Mary got jobs at housework. We visited the town of Layton about 20 miles north trying to get work in the fields, and also talked to the local priest but he was not a bit interested in any work among the migrants.

A friend told us that a Catholic student at the University had raised $240 for us to start a House, so we looked around and found this location near the employment office and skid row. A friend in the east gave us $100 to pay the rent ahead. We got 2 months free rent and paid the 2 months ahead which brought us up to November First. Meanwhile I slept on the floor here and we looked around for furnishings, carrying bits of lumber from the alley's on our way from Mass early in the morning. Ren Malkey, a seminarian, and ex-Mormon, whom I had met several years before in Mt. Angel, Oregon, mopped our floor and gave us a few furnishings. We bought a second hand small roller top desk, and a rocking chair. When we went to get the money collected for us by the student it turned out that he could not be found, but Mary worked and we were able to make it.

We had picketed that August 6th until August 21st and failed because of the atom bomb dropped at Hiroshima 16 years before. In our leader headed in old English Thou Shalt Not Kill we quoted Joseph Smith as saying, "even the Congress of the United States has no power to make a law that would abridge the rights of my religion." Two young men were sentenced to die at Utah State Prison and their friends asked me to speak to Liberty Park at a protest meeting. The attorney general said that it was against the law to picket the prison, so I wrote to the sheriff and the warden saying that Mary and I had picketed at Sing Sing and we would picket here. The young men got a reprieve the night before the execution and we did not have to picket. The radio and television gave us good coverage and the afternoon daily, The Desert News (Mormon) had a headline: "Anarchists Picket In City Against Taxes, Killing." I had met the brother of Ernie Linford, one of the editors of the Morning paper, the Tribune, owned mostly by the Catholic Kearns family, in Santa Fe, and had looked up Mr. Linford when I came here. In his column he good naturally headed it saying "Horn's Coming," and continued: "You may have lived such a sheltered life that you don't know this one-man-revolution, but you likely will soon know him by repu-
tation, if not personally." Then he tells of my radical history and intention to open the Joe Hill House. The police did not interfere with our picketing and we were seldom called "Communists." One young Catholic who had formerly read the CW in Laramie gave us $15 to get the electricity turned on. We met a sort of Rosicrucian who bought us 6 cans and mattresses, but when he saw the statues that priests from across the track had given us he didn't come around anymore. One of these priests who was head of the Catholic Youth asked me to write an article for their paper against war and capital punishment and to speak to the youth at Lourdes High School, but a few hours before the meeting he told us that the Bishop did not want any-
thing "controversial" discussed. We had written to the Bishop when we came telling him of our plans and sending him our leaflets and asking for an appointment. After six weeks we received a letter from him saying that he did not approve of our activities. We did not expect him but we thought we might as well be friends with him. The Catholics have 8 churches here and the Mormons have 200 so they want to be overly respectable and conser-
vative, so of course anyone half as radical as we would be out of bounds.

Joe Hill

Joe Hill, born Hillstrom in Sweden, but as he wrote songs for the I.W.W. (The Industrial Workers of the World) the radical union of the first quarter of the century, his name came to be Joe Hill. Big Bill Haywood of Salt Lake City had been one of the organizers of the union which fought to help the transient and the poorly paid laborer. I had belonged to it from 1912 to 1922. The story goes that they called 'Wobes" because a Chinese re-
taurant owner who for them for terminating a strike in Seattle couldn't pronounce "I.W.W." so as they came in for free eats he would ask them "You Wobbly, Wobbly?" They would hold meetings on streetcorners and the Salvation Army would sing, so in order to be heard they made up parodies on the Christian hymns. The best known was Joe's The Preacher and the Slave:

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked "but something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get 'pi in the sky when you die.
And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray.
Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:
If you fight hard for children and wife—
Try to get something good in this life—
You're a sinner and bad man they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell.
Workingmen of all countries unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight:
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the graves we will sing this refrain:

Last Chorus
You will eat, bye and bye.
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;
Chop some wood, 'till you do good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.
The chorus of The Tramp is especially good:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a tramping
Nothing doing here for you.
If I catch you 'round again,
Wilson asked twice for a reprieve. The school principals of Salt Lake County publicly approved of the Mormon Governor Spry who stood fast against the radicals. The only person of importance here who said that the whole thing was a frame-up was Virginia Snow, the daughter of the President of the Mormon Church, who taught art at the University of Utah and was fired for her courage. Joe was executed at the old Sugar House state prison on September 19, 1913. He had written the song "Reformed Thievish Ways" and dedicated it to Elizabeth Gurlay Flynn. No friends were allowed to witness the execution. He gave the order to "fire" prematurely, but the guards were not ready. He refused any drink or food and stood like a man. His ashes were distributed in every state but Utah and in many foreign countries. Dr. McHugh later wrote to the Governor and asked for $500 reward for turning Joe in, but he didn't get it. In the archives a friend of mine found a letter written from me in 1913 from Columbus, Ohio asking for clemency for Joe Hill.

Last the song was written "I Dreamed Last Night I Saw Joe Hill" and it is sung all over the world today. Mary painted a mural of the execution of Joe Hill which is 12 by 15 feet and is the prominent feature of the University. As you see Christ is in it as another One who was framed. The I.W.W. wouldn't print this picture because it had Christ in it and the Catholic papers won't print it because Joe Hill is in it. Mary also painted a mural of the Holy Family, a picture of a Russian Pilgrim, something resembling a Russian icon, St. Joan and the Wicked Bishop, etc. We believe we are being true to the memory of Joe by sending the picture to the people for whom he cared, and in having no Bible-hanging we do have radical meetings each Friday night.

At one window we have this quotation from Dohn: "While there is a lower class I am in it: while there is a criminal class I am of it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free." And in the other window this wisdom from John Dewey: "A good man is one, who, no matter how bad he has been getting better; a bad man is one, who, no matter how good he has been is getting worse."
man, who was a Baptist, said if we were doing good work he wouldn’t take any money for it, so Francis soon had it in working order. I got two laundry tubs second hand but some welding needed to be done before they could be connected. A man came with a portable welder after hours and when he had finished he said, “Hell, I wouldn’t charge you anything, for I used to hop freight myself.” Francis finally stayed 3 weeks and the kitchen was in running order. Later I bought a shower bath for $33 and Francis installed it. Meanwhile our friend was out of jail and was collecting money and cashing checks for more liquor, all in the name of our House. I got the Mormon daily to print a notice that no one was collecting money for us. I went to the paint company and got 2½ gallons of light grey paint; then I told the next company about it and they gave me the same, and another company upped it to 4 gallons and our walls were clean. I went to a paper company and they had to ask them for new toilet paper, so they gave me a carton of it. Then to three other companies who each give a carton a year. A cracker company brings us crackers, and a few coffee companies have given us coffee. I had written to General Foods telling them that here was the opportunity to have Postum green tea instead of coffee, but they had no imagination and answered no. The Henhey man brings us plenty of cocoa. Mary and I tried 120 lbs. of wheat on our backs for nearly a mile; and it is ground on the old coffee grinder. I had in Milwaukee when my girls used to grind their own cereal, but it is not neat. Nearly all the bread companies said if they gave one they would have to give to all. I told them to break down once and see how it felt. Finally one baker allowed me to get 2 baskets of bread three times a week, and another heard about it allowed us 2 baskets once a week. The Spudnut folks gave us doughnuts twice a week and likewise a pie company. But milk and egg folks wouldn’t budge.

Mary and I went around to the merchants saying, “We are pacifists, anarchists, subversives, and Catholics too radical for our Bishop, but we need sugar, etc.” We went to the Reader of the CW over the country who knew me send bits of money at times, so I make it alright. $100 a month is enough. I know that if I do the best the best will be done by me. Few Catholics in town help us but in time they will get over their fear. Mary had been in California working among the migrants in the fields around Tracy and Stockton, and painting murals for the Mexicans and the Quakers. Now in San Francisco she wrote in the January 1963 CW: “I was down in the kitchen of St. Anthony’s Dining Room when the Archbishop was dishing out meals to the men, and I wrote to Ammon that someday perhaps Bishop Federal will go down to Postoffice Place and do the same thing for his stranger things has happened.” And although one of the leading priests advised us that, “It is more meritorious to obey a stupid and mistaken priest than it is to obey your conscience, for that may be self-will,” and although he stands for capital punishment and war, it also it not impossible that such men may change. Cardinal Suhard, an old man in Paris, said that the workers were not going to Church and he started the Worker Priests.

Public Relations

The Mormon radio, KSL, introduced me here at the House, asking me what our rules were. I said “no liquor and no cops.” Coy Ringer was doing life for murder and had escaped from the state prison, stabilizing a guard. I was asked if I would hide an escaped murderer. I replied that “I sure as hell would. In the Middle Ages anyone whom the law was after could find sanctuary in a Church. Now the Mormons and the Catholics see which one can shoot them first.” This was released twice on the radio and I had several elderly Mormons come in and ask if I was the man that would protect crimin- als. In asking the merchants for food, one of them wanted me to get a clean- ing from the Chamber of Commerce. I went there and explained our ideas and was asked what my racket was. I told them that Mary and I would not just stay on the cold curb eaves and a morning waiting. We would come and pick you up if we had any racket. Nor would we spend 14 hours going to and fro to a job and working picking cherries and then get a rubber check for our trouble if we had a sack of mail. I said that the Salvation Army only transients to stay there one night a month, and if they didn’t have a social security card they would turn them in to the police. That the cops had police dogs after the men in the alleys at night, so where the state left off it was the place for anarchists like us to begin.

The health department came around and said it was unsanitary to sleep men on the floor. I said where we were going to sleep them. We said they should have double bunk with mattresses. My reply was that the men would fall out of the bunks and crack their skulls, and besides I could have a room for a very few such bunks while I could sleep 70 on the floor. But it was still unsanitary they said. I told them that there must be some regulation from folks like them that Christ shouldn’t have been born in a stable.

The police came in and wanted to know the name of some man. I told them that I didn’t ask any questions. They said that by law I ought to take the names of all who came. My reply was that inasmuch as I did not charge anything I did not have to take names. It was not long until the police brought men in late at night, or even in the daytime for us to sober up in our “cooler” under the stairway. They are friendly now as we take a lot of grief off of them.

Four times the FBI came in looking for someone. I shut my eyes and told them that I couldn’t see, and if anyone whom they wanted was in here I wouldn’t tell them anything, because there is a J. Edgar Hoover. Later they took our literature and do not bother us. A man from the Fire Department came in and said that this place was a fire hazard. I told them that I slept on the floor by the door at night and was up most of the nights so that if there was any fire I would know it, and that we took showers away from any drugs we kept in the cooler. He looked around and said, “Well, I guess 60 men in 60 doorways are more of a fire hazard than 60 men all in one room here.”

Several people from the Federal Building where we had picketed came over and gave us $5, refusing to give their names, but saying they liked the work we were doing. The Mormon afternoon paper generally prints a small item each week telling of the subject of our Friday night meetings. I speak several times at the university, and at a luncheon at the Presbyterian West- minister College. Hundreds of students, mostly Mormons, have come down
from the university to interview me about our House and to report back to class, and as a result students often come to our Friday night meetings.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn gave us a framed picture by Art Young from the old Museum of a reward wanted for Christ, the vagabond, "sought for robbery, Criminal Anarchy, Vagrancy, and Conspiring to Overthrow the Established Government. Dresses poorly said to be a carpenter by trade, ill-nourished, has customary ideas, associates with common working people the unemployed and homeless. Alien - believed to be a Jew,Alias 'Prince of Peace. Son of Man-Light of the World', and Professional Agitator, Red Beard, Marks on hands and feet the result of injuries inflicted by an angry mob led by respectable citizens and legal authorities.

Picketing for Garcia and Rivenburg

These young men had been raised in reform school, and Garcia had at the age of 16 been put in the state prison among other young prisoners. He was held and forcibly raped by a score of men. Later in trouble among homosexuals no one man was killed with the murder. One got life, and Jesse Garcia and Mack Rivenburg were sentenced to death. In March of 1962 they were again sentenced to die on the 13th. I wrote a letter entitled THOU SHALT NOT KILL, and picketed the Governor and Board of Pardons daily for 12 days. The night before the execution they got a reprieve. Mr. McNamara, a Catholic Sociologist from New York City lectured at the University against capital punishment for a week in January. Mentioning these cases and Garcia's married sister and myself and Mrs. Ethel Hale district director of Catholic Women's Christian Temperance Union, one young woman, after taking a leaflet, came back up the steps and asked if I were Mr. Henney. I admitted it. She said she was the warden's secretary, and that they read the literature I had sent them.

It is reported that an Eastern Catholic Governor appointed 25 people on a commission to report back to him on the subject of capital punishment and that 20 of these were of other religions than Catholic, and 5 were Catholic priests. When the problem was decided by this committee, 20 were against capital punishment and of course the 5 who were for it were the 5 priests. I wrote to every minister in the City telling them that unless they took a stand against these executions that their hands would be bloody. The Catholic Chaplain at the prison spoke to me on the phone and was sorry about the pending executions but would not say anything about it公开. And of course the Catholic Bishop ran true to his conservative form in only being interested in the quiet of the bank and of the grave: nothing to disturb the collecting of money.

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Poulson's case was carried up in the courts, and he lost his appeal. He never should have been left out of a mental institution but he was paroled to his mother. He might as well have been paroled to a chair for he had continuous record of sex offenses. He went to the police in Provo and said that he was going to get in trouble again and they had better lock him up, but the police said he hadn't done anything yet. The next day he killed a babysitter. As in the case of Garcia and Rivenburg this young product of reform schools and state institutions. Whatever guilt there is lies with the state as much as with the individual. The Supreme Court denied his appeal, so I may be picketing and fasting for him.

Who Comes to Us?

About a third are Jack Mormons, a third Irish Catholics, and a third Oaikes or Arks from the South, with a sprinkling of Negroes, Mexicans and Indians. About 25 town bums come and go. Many of them get kickbacks from their landlords for the relief pay for them; and also they sell their meal tickets for half price back to the restaurant and have money for boozes. In their prosperity, they pay double price to bootleggers

quite a walk up hill to the Capitol or an empty stomach as I picketed the hour at noon, so finally I rode on the bus, and walked home downhill. Beautiful blonde Molly Fisher, whose folks had been missionaries in South America, had heard of our House and picketed with me for 2 weeks while waiting in the City for a friend. As always in my picketing after a time I got my second wind and for as much as 11 days I did not lose a pound. I continued with my regular work getting the unemployed and homeless out of the door by night. Mrs. Mildred McAuster, a Quaker woman, head of the local chapter against capital punishment, and Professor Paul Vernier of the University who had been visiting Garcia for years, spoke at hearings before the Pardon Board. I could not get out to the prison those nights because I was needed here to keep peace among the drunks who happened to be especially troublesome just then. Finally, the night before the execution, on September 13th, Garcia got life, but Rivenburg, discouraged at this 6th time he was facing the firing squad, took poison in his cell. These young men were both Catholics, but no priest was at Mass. They were charged with murder in the cemetery where the young Unitarian minister officiated. I was present and was ashamed of this callousness which placed Catholic dogma and cowardice ahead of human rights.

Several times when coming back from picketing, Molly and I gave our leaflets to the young LDS missionaries assembled for an outing as we passed by. Before the scheduled execution in March, Mrs. Hale and about 20 others held a protest meeting on the Capitol steps on a snowy night. The radio gave us publicity, but some Jack Mormons took the leaflets after the evening lectures at the University.

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on Sunday and holidays when the state liquor stores are closed. Only beer is sold in taverns, and no taverns are on the main street in downtown Salt Lake City. You have to have a dollar permit to buy from the state liquor store. Several men know about my ideas on drinking and have given me their liquor permit cards to keep. Drinking is not the cause of crime; it is an effect of a discordant and frustrated life. Overprotection by the mother in the home, the fears taught by religion, too much of a rod, and a general sense of the futility of living are causes which drive people to drink or dope to get away from their troubles. When a person desires to sober up, the AA is a great help, but the people I see here do not want to sober up: what they want is one more jug. Preaching to them does not do any good. As I have said before the only way to cure drunkards who do not want to be cured is to put them on some island or far away out in the sea where a saloon is too far away for them to get at. Then have work for them to do and no one making a profit from their labor. Let them have chicken for dinner every day if they want it; strawberries and cream, or whatever they can raise. Let the place be supervised by one who does not drink himself, and who will pour out any moonshine made from sugar, raisins, etc. locally. In the past most institutions in the cities get cream, butter, steak, while the men get milk, cheese and hot dogs. Let all eat the same food. There is Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake. Men cannot be rehabilitated when there is a tavern on every corner.

"Ellie Begay, sober," said a young Navajo at midnight. I let him in. Another time he came with an Indian friend, saying, "Ellie Begay, drunk. Let my friend in for he is sober. I go away." Indians do not have much sense of time and while I will turn away a town bum after ten o'clock, I have more patience with Indians. If I am not sure if the man is a transient or a town bum I will give him the benefit of the doubt. By the time I am awakened, up a dozen times a night, every night, I seek to minimize this grief. Many town bums have learned to come by nine p.m. and they can be in the cooler and sober up. I repeat that there is a difference between kindness and weakness. If I find a bottle on them at night I pour it out and put them out. I announce this policy each night before bedtime.

Cooka who come here and help me say that all cooks are drunkards, and in fact I have not found a sober one. On our first Thanksgiving Day in my in-nocence I thought that the cook was preparing the meal: a turkey given by a woman who worked at the Post Office, with trimmings. But he was in the back room, passed out. Alba Ryan, an old friend who had been a nurse with the Loyalists in Spain, had stopped for the meal for a day or two and took over and we had enough for all. Alba is a fine woman but sentimentally she said, "No one is born around here; we are all one big family." I spoke up and said, "I am being, though not a very efficient one or I wouldn't let the cook get by with his booting. There has to be someone here to see that this place doesn't deteriorate into a dirty box car." This cook had told Mary that he wanted to be a Catholic and went to Mass once with her, and then tried to bum her for money to get drunk on. Other cooks sold whatever they could get for liquor. One fat fraud collected about $25 for my birthday, baked a cake, gave me a new typewriter ribbon, and next day went on a drunk with the remainder. I have had scared of men help out with washing the dishes, peeling

potatoes, scrubbing the floor, etc. They get a job for a day and get drunk and move on. If they come back sober and they are not fed up they take them on again. In the beginning I used to buy them packaged cigarettes, but I quit that for I found that they had always enough money be loose, so they could buy their own cigarettes too. For the last eight months I have an aged cook whose friends buy him liquor. He is responsible, keeping the ice box and his room where sugar, canned goods, etc are stored, locked. Often men get a day's work and buy some meat, eggs, coffee, and treats the men who come here and eat with them. Several sentimental people have thought that every one on the line should get this extra food. There is not enough to go around. These men who do the work get a cut to sleep on. If they can get a little work on the side that is fine.

Often a Jack Mormons will give me a dollar as sort of a tithe, for he would not dare go back to his Church for they would want him to quit smoking and drinking. Men who get a steady job can sleep here and we give them sandwiches until they can get a payday. Storemen have said that when they get paid they will help us, and they mean it, but between their payday and us there is the tavern and they are soon broke. Many men have been around here for months, helping us at times, and have told tall tales about their former prosperity, and of leads they have for wonderful jobs now, but it is nearly all romancing. Men have worked for days for padrones that cheat them, mainly at cleaning bricks, at $7 a thousand. They may give them a dollar now and then for lunch and then they go bankrupt or disappear. Or they leave the employment office nearby with the promise of a job which terminates five miles from town with no bus, or the promise of a payday tomorrow. These cheating employers think that the "bums" will work for very little because they are poor, or they will not be bothered in town and will leave, and therefore will not have to be paid.

At Night

The sign on the door says that 9 p.m. is bedtime. This is meant to keep the town drunks away after that hour, but any transient is welcome any time. As Indians do not have much sense of time I let them in unless they are too drunk to stand up. We have a "cooler," a place under a stairway where we keep garbage and can accommodate 5 three Indians, for the latter curl up like kittens and take little space. The cops often bring in to sober up whom they are tired of pinching. Often two men will bring a comrade in who has passed out and have him sleep it off here. Two men kept me up all night with the shakes, but I guess it was wear on them and I was on the rest of us. Around midnight I wouldn't allow a drunken Navajo inside and in a minute he had thrown a vodka bottle through the window, and I was combing glass out of my hair. My Indians stayed away for 2 weeks, thinking I might turn some of them in for the damage. At times I get up half asleep when there is a knock on the door and I am not sure if the man there is a stranger or a town drunk. I give them the benefit of the doubt. Sixty men sleeping on the floor without anyone snoring! It has happened a couple of times, but generally I have to get up and turn a man over several times on this account. And sometimes a drunk will escape our eyes and commence to babble in his sleep, and then he will have
to go to the cooler. At times one of these drunks will urinate wherever he happens to stand, and one morning I got up to turn on the light and stepped in a mess that "Five by five," an enormous Mexican, had deposited on the floor. Of course he said that he was innocent but the evidence was all over him. While on the subject, I was resting in the cook's room when the phone rang and I got up to answer it. I noticed a stream of water flowing from a corner by the bedroom door. It couldn't have come from the bathroom. Two of the men were sleeping there and the other one was in the dining room. I woke them up and asked which one had urinated in that esplanad corner. Each said that he was innocent, and one of them noticed the St. Francis and the Wolf Medal that I was wearing and asked what that was. I told him it was a medal to change the subject, that the subject was piss, and not holy medals. Coming back from Mass one morning I found that the yardmaster at the freight yard had brought five men up in his car for breakfast, saying that it was better to have them here than to pinch them.

Social Work?

Both Catholic and other religious have wondered if I have been able to rehabilitate the destitutes who come here. These men have had enough of preaching. They know better than anyone else what the matter. They only feel sorry when they get out of jail or when they have a headache. Several men have given me their liquor permits to tear up, but this was only temporary, for in a few weeks they were drunk again. They have a quiet place to read, or if they are sleepy they can go in the cooler and sleep. I would not have a radio or television with all the noise. Several men have come here broke and have sobered up, got a job, and settled down to a good job and a married life. They have come back and told me about it. There may be others. I set them the example of being sober and willing to do any of the tedious or disagreeable work around here. They know I go to Mass daily and that I say prayers for all of them. Pitying their lives does not do an of good. When they want any help from me, or the AA they will ask for it. I have faith enough in what I am doing to take the long view and do not have to build up my morale by having them sign on the dotted line that they have been "saved." That is up to God.

The Daily Routine

I get up at 5 a.m., turn the lights on, roll up my blankets, put jelly between two slices of bread, while the cook makes cocoa, and two others get the chairs and tables ready. Often someone offers to sweep the sidewalk but if not, I do it. Then I read the morning paper or write letters until time to go to 6:30 Mass. Back at 7:30 and have breakfast if I am not fasting. The first meal is free. The market comes at 8:00, and by 8:45 I am on the way with the rubber-tired cart from the super-market for fruit and vegetables which they have saved for us, at two stores about a mile away. Often one of the men goes with me and we are back by 10:00 with potatoes, carrots, apples, onions, lemons, and even avocados and strawberries and melons at times. One place gives us dented cans or cans with the labels off. On Mondays and Thursdays, I go to another store, a junk store, coming through the Temple grounds where the guards greet me kindly. Monday morning I go for candy to a wholesale house; and

for salt, sugar, spices to other places when needed. At 9:30 three times a week I walk blocks (long Mormon blocks like between the Avenue and 11th in New York City) for bread, and twice a week I walk 35 blocks for spuds and pies. I ride home on the bus. Folks ask me why I don't get a car or have some of my help get these things. They do not understand. I was making man would get the car, and that most of my help would peddle the bread or pies and doughnuts for boose before they got home. If I have time in the afternoon, I try and sleep. Two or three hours' sleep in two nearby beds instead. I am making too much noise. During the day and before 9:00 p.m. visitors or students often come in to ask questions. On Friday night I always speak on some radical subject, with a notice being given in the Mormon Merrie News. Students come to the meetings often. Afterwards we serve cocoa and cookies. This is a 24 hour a day job. Once I went away to Colorado speaking and the drunks had nearly taken over the tent. I get back. Folks have suggested that I get a bigger place, but this is enough.

A Parable

One Sunday while listening to the Buddhist sermon in Japanese, I had the following thought and wrote it down:

A man built a house on the upper side of a road, "to be a friend to man," as he had spent many years traveling over the country and determined to rest a bit. The storms came and the winds blew and the fire poured down from above, and he saw the floods and debris going by where the road had been. He held out a lifetime secured at one end to a huge rock at the side of his house, and upon part of which the house was built. The name of the house and of the rock was called "Independence." Most of the people went by on rafts or old rafts, saying that they were going to the "promised land." For if they grabbed the lifetime they would get wet, and would have to struggle and might get drowned, while this way they could go half-merily along. The man shouted that there were rafts below where they wanted any help from me, or the AA they will ask for it. I have faith enough in what I am doing to take the long view and do not have to build up my morale by having them sign on the dotted line that they have been "saved." That is up to God.

Panhandling

Currently there is a campaign on by the police against panhandlers. They have ceased bothering me for they know I feed them here. My friend Ren Malby had a letter in the morning paper saying that Buddha and St. Francis were beggars; that in fact that the story is true; that the rubber-tired liquor was the excuse for not giving them anything, then the police should go after the liquor traffic, but this is a source of profit to the state and at times a source of graft for the cops. I don't believe in putting men in jail for panhandling. My solution is not to give them anything except to take them to a restaurant for the coffee or food they ask for, and nine cases out of ten they don't go, for what a junk store has, especially if one has really not eaten for five days and then I will give them half a dozen bowls for $1.
of soup if they want it. Then there is an elderly parkward who would carry a ton of junk from garbage cans into our place and hide it here and there if we would allow it. Stuff that is already spoiled, and old clothes with holes in them. Fellow tells me that he has shown them his bank book and that he gets a pension. He does not eat here but cooks food in the tourist park.

If I paid a man $200 a week to run this place, it is not likely that he would stay the second week, for he would not put up with the grief that is a part of a flop-house on skid-row. (My old wob/guy Askew says the proper term is skid-row.) Some Gypsies live two doors away and their youngsters called a colored man who ate here "nigger," so he pushed a Gypsy man through our window in a fight, only it was the right Gypsy. The landlord has insurance so it was fixed. One drunk slammed the door in anger because I wouldn't allow him to lie around drunk in the front room, but told him to go to the cooler and sober up. It was on Valentine Day. I was a member. Then we didn't have a pay phone, and the minute it happened Mary phoned from California asking how things were. I told her the nice sign she had painted on the door was lost mid the thousand pieces of glass on the floor. Another big bellowing bull of a drunk put his foot in the door and dared any or all of us to make him get away. He said that I was making a fortune out of feeding the bum and I put a chair and some cards on the floor, and said I was doing it as a service to the city. He had a lot to say, but I heard him. After about an hour he cooled off and went away and at 10 o'clock that night if he could sleep on the floor. There is no use in arguing with a drunk: you only hear wine talking, not the man. I bought him hot buns and it wasn't long until the only one left is the one I have for myself. I bought paper towels for the men to use but instead of putting them in a box for used towels they clogged up the toilet. I couldn't talk the towel company into giving us a roller towel service free so I pay $3.09 a week: one of the few flop houses with such service I expect. Even then the men cut part of the towel off of the roller. They finally got the idea that the company would not bring me any more towels if they continued.

Men get off the freights four miles away and it is often late by the time they get here. Salt Lake City is surrounded by desert for 500 miles every way you go, so men who ride the freights are tired and hungry and need a place to rest. They are welcome here any hour of the day or night. Several times young couples came along on scooters, broke, and I allowed them to stay in the cooler a night or two, and in flush moments I have paid a woman to stay in the cheap hotel upstairs. The Jewish Social Service, Luth- erans, Unitarians, and Catholics send men here at all hours. At midnight, a woman 3 miles away phoned saying that a drunk man was sleeping in her house. He had the same painting for her that day and had not sobered up yet. She was a widow, her priest said to call the cops to get him out, but she didn't like to do that, so the priest said to call me. She sent him here in a taxi. He was hardly able to walk but with my help made it to the cooler. An enormous man sat on the floor and dared us to put him out. It would have taken half a dozen men and most of the windows would have been broken, so we had to do as Peter Maurin says: to put up with such other the way God puts up with us. I wouldn't mind an adult pacifist to help me at times, for free.

Pious frauds come around and want to make our place into some racket of collecting clothing and selling it or collecting money house to house. One such fellow had been to many monasteries he said. He wore scarlets all over his coat and offered to go right out and collect for money for me. I told him to get out and stay out. An uncle of his was flash- ing money in the tavern and was robbed and raised a fuss about it. He made the excuse that Christ associated with winebellies, but I told him that Christ did not flash any money but "without scribes and Pharisees" which was flash- ing money in the tavern and was robbed and raised a fuss about it. He made the excuse that Christ associated with winebellies, but I told him that Christ did not flash any money but "without scribes and Pharisees." Then a whisky faced lout come in from Chicago wanting to know if "Big Brother" had been here yet to start a mission and make "big money selling jewelry." Maybe I could get in on it if he remembered me. I charged Catholics have told me that I am "earning merit" if I do it for Christ's sake, but that otherwise it is all wasted time. Some radicals tell me that I ought to be "making the revolution" instead of patching up the system. I'm coddling bums. The religious want me to bookkeep my good deeds like a Boy Scout. I tell them that of course I see somewhat of Christ in every man but I joined the Catholic Church for the Sacraments and for my appreciation of Christ and many fine saints, but I didn't have time to bookkeep "indul- gences" and that my prayers at Mass were direct to Christ and not to any mediators. I tell the radicals that the Joe Hill bums have a base where I can with honor picket military bases nearby, picket against the execution of prisoners, hold forth to students who are curious about radicalism, and have a meeting every Friday night where no Board of Directors can tell me what to do so radical or you'll slow up money coming in. I'm a free man in a slave-minded society.

Mary Lathrop

I have mentioned Mary and her help with my picketing in New-York City and coming to our Salt Lake City. There was some criticism from the Catholic clergy about our radical message. I did not seem able to write anything about it that suited Mary or myself so we agreed not to mention the subject in my book. However this fall Dorothy Day's book, Lovers and Fishes, was published by Harper and Row. And it is a chapter entited Future of a Prophet. The last six pages discuss Mary and me. It is done with such a good spirit and is so fair, and is so much better than either Mary or I could do that the book is repeating it here, with special permission from the publishers.

He liked women, too — especially young and pretty women — and greeted them all with a swift embrace when he met them. 'I never remember the day I was not in love with some woman,' he declared happily on the evening of his sixty-eighth birthday. Another time he said seriously, 'There is only one woman I ever really loved and this is my wife.' I suppose it was some aspect of his wife that he saw in all women.

This marriage had been a common-law one, and I think he always felt free to marry again, although he spoke of his anarchism as an obstacle. He did not believe in getting permission to marry from the state by applying for a license. Anyway, until last year the marriage never came up. Up to that time Annonum always had three or four good women friends who were truly devoted to him, even though he often spoke of women scornfully, insisting that they held men back in their radical careers.
Ammon, like most men, preferred her in frilly things, her hair waved, face made up, and so on. He like frivolity in women — but Mary rebelled at that, although half the time she fell in with his wishes. When she dressed as she pleased, she came either in rags or in some dramatic costume that set off her rather austere beauty. On the latter occasions she would put on a cultivated New England accent and the manner of the exclusive girls’ school. I am sure that this charmed the Midwestern and Will Rodgers type of person Ammon was. He liked to show her off to his friends. ‘She’s going out with me to Salt Lake City,’ he boasted. The boast became ‘And she wants to marry me.’ Not that he wanted to marry her, Mary wanted to marry him, he insisted. When Mary heard him say this, she would announce that what she really wanted was to go into a convent.

‘You can’t expect a wild creature’ everyone around the office asked. ‘She frightens young men; convents are too conventional,’ an old friend of the family observed. So all agreed ‘she might as well marry Ammon.’ It was as casual as that.

‘I’ll stay two more years, then I’ll go to Utah. There are fewer Catholics there than in any other state. However, I like the Mormons because they accept aid from the government but have their own mutual aid.’

He liked, too, the polygamous Mormons who defined the government and the concessions made by their own Church. Perhaps he was thinking of all the women friends he himself had.

Mary came into his life six months before his projected departure. The first plan was that she would go west and work with him. When it was pointed out to Ammon that this was somewhat unconventional, he decided he could forget his ancestor’s principles to the extent of getting the marriage license from the city. He knew being married by a priest was necessary, of course.

Difficulties began to arise with the chancery office. The Church moves slowly in such affairs. Neither Ammon or Mary was willing to give up their companionship, although they were perfectly willing to remain celibate. So Mary followed Ammon to Salt Lake City. She worked with him, opening up a house of hospitality on Post Office Place, which they called the Joe Hill House and St. Joseph’s Refuge. He named the house for St. Joseph, too, as a concession to Mary’s piety. Ammon lived in the house, while Mary had a furnished room nearby and did housework for it. Ammon took jobs unloading freight to keep things going. Like the Mormons, they gave up tea, coffee, and cigarettes.

But their ‘Gandhi-and-Mira’ situation was not generally understood. In turn, they resented the bourgeois questioning of their relationship and stubbornly continued with it in spite of criticism from both Catholic and Mormon clergy.

All through the summer they worked in the wards. From these let us say that Ammon did most of the picking, while Mary sat by the irrigation ditches and taught the children of the Mexican workers to paint and make toys for themselves.

And then winter came, and with the cold, indoor work. Mary’s job as chambermaid in a housing house was a lonely one. She got up early each morning to go to Mass. The parish priest called her attention to the fact that she was out of place with the crowd of men who began to come around the
fell in disgrace from that church and started one of his own called Eschatology, with practitioners in many cities. I read their literature which said that every disease is caused by a certain sin, so if you cease that sin you will get well. This group, like the Christian Scientists supported war and had no sense of social responsibility. Whether they performed healings after the death of Mr. Walter I do not know.

Dr. Shelton teaches that because of our wrong way of living and eating our systems become clogged with impurities, and according to our inherited bodies we become susceptible to discomforts which medical folk calls diseases. For instance in one person this toxemia results in diarrhea, in another boils, in another vomiting, in another fever, and finally when they have lived stupidly for long enough they get cancer. One of his sayings is that the stupid perils. The way to health he says is to cease eating any food, that is to go on a restricted fast, drinking only preferably distilled water, to rest in bed, get plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and get rid of any mental worries, and the body will heal itself. When you are well you will become ill again if you continue your evil habits, so you should become a vegetarian, cease any smoking, drinking of alcohol, tea, coffee, cocoa, soft drinks. And of course never take any medicine of any kind. He says that medicine given to a dead body has no effect. That any foreign substance in the body distorts the body's chemistry, such as put collecting around a splinter in your finger and thus it is driven out. So medicine taken into the body is vomiting or ejected somehow. This is the body acting on the foreign substance, not the medicine acting on the body. He says that the improvement in health is due to better sanitary conditions and to not vaccinations or inoculations. The wonder drugs kill more people than they are suppose to cure. He has had many thousands of people come to his rest home who are nearly dead, having tried every other way, and less than a score have died there. Many regaining their health and living for many years. The AMA in states like New York and Ohio have caused the imprisionment of doctors who use his methods.

I find it disturbing to know that anyone health care provider would join in the parts of the body so that in the case of an accident when a person is unconscious, bleeding, etc, it can be attended to. Many reputable physicians will not indiscriminately give blood transfusions because they know that the use of medicine is not based on the ground of disease, which is the Christian Science basis. To deny a thing does not remove its cause. Only in the case where disease is based on fear, and if the Christian Science or any other idea can get rid of the fear, then can it heal the disease.

I do not know of any one who has my ideas entirely on this person. The person from whom I have received the most understanding is Dr. Herbert M. Shelton, whom I mention previously in this book. He is editor of The Hygiene Review, Box 1277, San Antonio, Texas. He has written many books on the subject. His idea is that disease is remedial, and is only an effort of the body to get rid of a toxic condition caused by wrong living, wrong eating, wrong thoughts. Another man from whom I received enlightenment is a former Christian Science practitioner, William Walter, of Aurora, Illinois. He was so successful that the Christian Science leaders wanted to know his method. When he wrote about his successes the Christian Science Church sufficiently or mention Mrs. Eddy's name often enough, he

little house of hospitality. He offered to give her carfare to San Francisco any time she wished to go. One day she got from him a bus ticket and an extra twenty-five dollars and — skipping the painful farewells — left early the next morning. She, who was a most devoted friend, had fought with Ammon during the cold winter months. So it should not have come as a surprise. But for Ammon it was a shock and he was deeply hurt. He blamed me (because Mary regarded me as her mother), and he blamed the priest as well. For a while Ammon used to write bitter letters to his Bishop, calling on him to speak out against capital punishment and injustice in general. I taxed him with being a most militant pacifist, and a most domineering anarchist. Now there are no more letters. His anger, which was never out of control before, has exhausted itself. He goes evenly on about his work. At various times he has said that he would move on, after a few years, to the West Coast, where his daughters are now living. But when I asked him in a recent letter if these were still his plans, he replied that he expected to end his life in Salt Lake City. He loves his beauty, he loves all that is going on about the Mormons, and in time, I am sure, he will come to love the Bishop."

Mary has continued to paint pictures for the Joe Hill House which she calls "ours." She is working and going to night school, and growing up in San Francisco. I write her often and we talk on the phone when rates are cheaper. I have visited her several times. We love each other, but how it will work out in the future, time and circumstances will tell.

Health without Medicine

Patulm, anarchists, Catholics, and most of my friends are friendly to me, but when it comes to the subject of medicine they generally disagree more violently than they do to my other radical ideas. It seems they like their aspers. When a person says that they do not believe in medicine they are generally called Christian Scientists. I have read all of Mrs. Eddy's books, and for ten years I attended their Church and read their lessons daily, and of course took no medicine. Neither did my daughters take any medicine, nor my wife. However, I believe that the reason and basis of disease, which is the Christian Science basis. To deny a thing does not remove its cause. Only in the case where disease is based on fear, and if the Christian Science or any other idea can get rid of the fear, then can it heal the disease.
to a new idea. He is always right, even in his parochial ignorance. Thus rheumatism, arthritis, or constipation is brought on by stubbornness. Opposition to ideas of others is always personalized. I often say that the difference between this kind of a person and myself is that I am firm while he is stubborn. Then there are too many individuals with polio, the virus, and all sorts of epidemics. "Do you have the virus yet?" Every pain is called a symptom of the current fad in disease. Babies who have no sins fall ill because of the fog of fear surrounding them.

Now suppose you have a bad inheritance, you're afraid, stupid, and a victim of many varieties, what can you do about it? If you have already taken insulins for years, fasting will be of little help for you will be unable to go into a coma, but in the first stages fasting will help you. It may require several fans of from 30 to 70 days before your body is in a condition of health. But if you go back to your evil habits you will get sick again. Do not try fasting at home where all oppose you. Go to some health place like that of Dr. Shelton's.

Time magazine of 1-15-63 reports that Dr. Frederick R. C. Johnston of Vancouver General Hospital tells that of those who wrote 130 letters in the last week that infections were three times that of those who received none. He states that "antibiotics kill off the weaker germs and leave the field wide open for the more dangerous bacteria. People will contaminate themselves. They must not take any antibiotics, and they should not have a single antibiotic pill. There is no place for antibiotics in the body. The body must be kept clean."

Dr. Philip Thorek of the Illinois Medical School says, "Many thousands of people are dying this year because of blood transusions, often after the surgeon has done his work skillfully and without apparent complications." "Transfusion could be lethal," Doctor Thorek said, "because donor blood may be incompatible to the patient who receives it. Such incompatibility, the surgeon said, may occur for many reasons, including wrong composition, too much or too little of a given chemical in the donor's blood; wrong concentation, the element that the patient needs; and, wrong rate of administration, too much blood given too fast can put a deadly burden on the heart that must pump it, while too little given too slowly may fail to correct the deficiency."

The Associated Press of May 29, 1963 tells of Mrs. Elaine Johnson of Los Angeles who completed a supervised fast in Wadsworth Veterans Hospital where she fasted for 117 days and lost 136 of her body weight. And during the previous winter we all read of the man and woman plane wrecked in Alaska who went 43 days on snow water and lived.

When I criticize churches and the state I do not infer that individual churchmen and politicians are knowingly wicked people, but as I have told judges when I am in court, they are in a bad business. Likewise with doctors, who many times are humane and self-sacrificing, but who like the others, they have been brought up not to question the way they make a living. I have had mature doctors agree with nearly all of my ideas on medicine, but who can they do about it when people are so foolish and want to take poison to cure them instead of changing their way of life. The whole
anarchist philosophy teaches the responsibility of the individual, and not dependence upon clergy, politicians, doctors, lawyers, etc.

I met a woman, now a member of The Order of Aaron, who, when much younger, had been taken to a hospital here in Salt Lake City for an operation. She was in great pain, and as the doctors assembled for the operation, she asked them if there was not someone she could first call upon to pray and "lay on hands" for a successful operation. She did not belong to any church, but from reading the Bible in her youth she had this idea. They left the room and called some Mormon Elders in who prayed, and in a few minutes she was healed and did not need the operation. This was indeed faith.

Then she commenced to read the Book of Mormon and joined the Church.

For over ten years she faithfully tried to be a good Mormon but the more she read in their books the more she saw that they did not practice the United Order and were lax in their fidelity to The Word of Wisdom. Finally she joined this new group which I describe in the chapter on Communities. Some hysterical people may be temporarily healed by such evangelists as Oral Roberts, but he does not preach right living, but only faith, it is likely that those whom he has "cured" will again become ill, for the cause of their illness is not completely removed. Each year Mormon Elders are upon call to heal the sick and as I live here. I will undoubtedly learn more of this part of their religion. Their Word of Wisdom stresses a clean life. Doubtless some Christian Scientists heal those whose illness is caused basically by fear, but as their church increasingly has been commercialized, along with all others, not much can be expected from them in the matter of health.

Moral Rearmament

I have referred previously in this book to the Moral Rearmament group being the worst fraud in modern times. I refer to it again upon reading a full page ad in the New York Times in which they list sixteen ideas which they are for, and oppose them ideas which they are against. For instance they are FOR Intelligent National Security and AGAINST sexual deviates in high places who protects potential spies. They are FOR peace but AGAINST Pacifism. They claim to be absolutely pure and make this as an excuse to uphold rent, interest, profit, and armaments of the capitalist system, and boast of the labor leaders and Communists whom they have turned from their wrong way of life to the MRA which bolsters up capitalism. What makes them such a fraud is that they claim to be better than those outside of their belief, meanwhile their personal salvation that they boast so much about does not prevent them from supporting every evil of capitalism except race prejudice; yet we never heard of any of them leaving their lives of luxury and joining picket lines or freedom riders.

First Customer

When Mary and I were picking cherries and before we had started this house we worked with a man who lived upstairs in the Japanese Hotel who was seldom sober. He thought we ought to be a financial success in our new "restaurant" and kept telling us that he would be our first customer, for unless we had a first customer we would never have any more and would not succeed. So my orders to all of the b hurdle is that any time the "first customer" comes in, drunk or sober, he is to be served what he wants. After his cup of coffee or soup lie ceremoniously gives us a dime "so we won't go broke," and we take it in that spirit.

Carl, the cook who has been here the longest has drunk liquor all of his life and has no intentions of stopping now at the age of 79. He never gets loud. I tell him not to bring liquor in the house, so he has a few friends who buy him a drink at the tavern nearby. One night he had half of a glass of liquor under his bed and went to rejuvenate himself when he found a dead mouse in it. This news was too good to keep, and we all had a good laugh over his mousetrap. I will not buy any mouse traps, telling them that if they went to their cigarette and liquor money and buy a trap they can do so.

One goodnatured mouse stuck his head in the oven and got food from the market, and who claimed to be an old time I.W.W., left and took with him anything that he could steal in order may be temporarily healed by such evangelists as Oral Roberts, but he does not preach right living, but only faith, it is likely that those whom he has "cured" will again become ill, for the cause of their illness is not completely removed. Each year Mormon Elders are upon call to heal the sick and as I live here. I will undoubtedly learn more of this part of their religion. Their Word of Wisdom stresses a clean life. Doubtless some Christian Scientists heal those whose illness is caused basically by fear, but as their church increasingly has been commercialized, along with all others, not much can be expected from them in the matter of health.

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ple they present. But the real truth is that if they changed religions or be- longed to no religion they would still be the same fine people. Thus the "anonymous woman who gave us a turkey one year and two hams last year belongs to no church and her husband is a former Catholic who belongs to the Japanese Budhhist Church. The Mormon Bishop who sent us 240 pieces of syrup, and the Greek Orthodox who gives us a basket of candy once a week, as well as other Mormons who help us here at our mission are good examples of their religions, while the Catholics who boycott us are a bad example.

There are others, and I expect they are the great majority, who have had a bad physical and emotional inheritance and environment and with which whether they know it or not, are motivated by the fears which their religions or their material environment presents to them. So they go through the forms and ceremonies, or go to pay their dues, and are forever in a state of frustrated doubt, which even to admit, frightens them into going through formal ceremonies to ward off evil. No matter what they may say, their attitude is in placing the devil rather than God. The mercenary leaders of these churches grow fat on the fears of their dupes — and they may themselves be placating the Evil One (all in the name of God). They are not to be blamed overly much for they have been conditioned to read or think of anything "controversial" as a sin, and with these blinds their religion is clearly what Marx said, an "opiate." If they change religions they are no better for their whole pattern is based on fear of losing their souls.

Some can enter Orders, or on the outside blindly stress the virtue of obedience, and not being of an inquiring mind, but being of the "sheep mentality" they are relatively happy in thinking that they will be saved. "Why give freedom to sheep? They only bleat," says Max Stirner.

There are a number of others who, no matter what their previous environment has been, that faintly see through all this fear and fraud but feel incompetent to deal with it, so they eat, drink, take the newest dope, and like to think that they are happy. They may be fine people who spread good cheer or they may be larceny minded.

We find men elevated as leaders, or as leader of a religion who accept war, exploitation, capital punishment, and all the modern evils, and see no contradiction between the wonderful ethics pronounced by the leader of their religions and their denial of these ethics in their daily lives. Now at Christmas the lights come through and they for the moment really mean what they say when they say for brotherhood, peace, kindness, yet they are surrounded, and they consciously keep themselves surrounded by yes men and lickspittles so that nothing is really ever done that will cripple their power or decrease their revenue.

All that anyone who belongs to any church can do is to know that inspiration is not dead; that "all things work together for good to those who love God." And as Thorpe said: "Take one world at a time from man's thinking that comes through and they for the moment really mean what they say when they say for brotherhood, peace, kindness, yet they are surrounded, and they consciously keep themselves surrounded by yes men and lickspittles so that nothing is really ever done that will cripple their power or decrease their revenue.

A person it is based on with Charles Eakins Scott Wood who years ago wrote the book, Heavenly Dinners, in which God, St. Peter, Christ, etc. are discussing what is going on in this crazy world, and God is dodging the prayers that are sent up to Him. If one were to believe that the Jews were God's chosen people and they would multiply as the sands of the sea, then they could also believe that He thought He would take another chance and send Jesus to bring the people around to His ways. But the Orthodox killed him. Then when His Church continually denied Him after Constantine, killed millions in religious wars and massacres, and had their Inquisition in Spain and America, it is conceivable that God would find the Prophet Muhammad. But the Mohammedans did almost as bad as the others. Then it could be that when Joseph Smith prayed and asked God which was the right religion that he went to the Japanese Buddhist Church. The Mormon Bishop who sent us 240 pieces of syrup, and the Greek Orthodox who gives us a basket of candy once a week, as well as other Mormons who help us here at our mission are good examples of their religions, while the Catholics who boycott us are a bad example.

Mrs. Eddy came along "divinely inspired and without human hypothesis" and founded her Church and in the same way Adventists thought the world was coming to an end and at a certain date and set up their religion as a "one and only" featuring Saturday as a Holy Day instead of Sunday. At this time Alexander Campbell felt that there should be one True Church, so he founded the Campbellite Church or Disciples Church which was to be that Church.

Over going the worldtoday it can easily be seen that no church, despite their protestations, has any intention of following the Sermon on the Mount. In fact, if you talk about it you will get into trouble with politicians who have been elevated to run the churches.

It could be that God also tried to bring His program by inspiring individuals rather than to start another church and now being of the "sheep mentality" they are relatively happy in thinking that they will be saved. "Why give freedom to sheep? They only bleat," says Max Stirner.

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CHAPTER 21

THE MORMONS

1961 to present

Salt Lake City, Utah

"Are you going to be a Mormon now?" asked a Catholic friend when he heard that I was going to live in Salt Lake City.

"It is the best I will: you wouldn't want me to follow the second-best, would you?" And a Mormon asked me if I was on a mission. "Sure," I replied.

It is with a friendly feeling toward Mormons that I came here. It is in the spirit of honest inquiry that I have attended Sacrament meetings nearly every Sunday at the University Ward, and I have read a score of books pro and con about the Mormons. I have also attended the Reorganized Church and the polygamous Church of the First Born of the Fulness of Times. I realize that it is presumption to write about the Mormons with less than three years in Salt Lake City, but I have done the best I could to understand their religion, studying The Book of Mormon and The Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price. I will learn more and more as I continue to study and to meet Mormons.
If I believed in the revelations of Joseph Smith I would be a Mormon. My great-great-grandparents on my mother’s side were Quakers and Baptists who lived not far from the upper of the Kirtland, Ohio community. Alexander Campbell had belonged to the Aoch Baptist church where I was baptized at the age of 11, and he left it and went to Brush Run, Pa. to start his Campbellite church, being inspired by God that one more true church was needed, he said. The Mormons and the Campbellites converted each other back and forth in and around Kirtland. If I had been a young man then it is possible that I might have followed Smith who was a radical who wanted a society without any rich or poor, all living together as brothers. He called in 1844 when he ran for President for the slaves to be bought off from their masters and freed, and for the prisons to be emptied and schools established in their place. Although as it will be shown in this chapter later, that Brigham Young and others were anti-Negro. Now in 1863 Mormon missionaries are being sent to Negroid Africa. The cynical here say it is because they do not wish to alter the Negro vote if and when George Romney, the Mormon Governor of Michigan, chooses to run for the Presidency. The Mormons succeeded in communal life for a longer time where the radical colonists, such as Robert Owen and the followers of Fourier failed. I am not giving the history of the Golden Plates or of the persecutions of the Mormons. In the appendix I list books as references upon which I have based opinions which I give in this book. Others can read for themselves. Tolstoy told Ambassador White that, “the Mormon people taught the American religion” and that “on the whole he preferred a religion which professed to have dug its sacred books out of the earth to one which pretended that they were let down from heaven.”

Although these plates were supposed to be sent from heaven to the Hill Cumorah.

When Smith was accused by members of his church of not being a good prophet because he had trusted in people who defaulted, he prayed to God and God told him that “Some revelations are of God; some revelations are of man; and some revelations are of the devil.” At another time some of his followers expected pious dignity from him and he told them that “a prophet is only a prophet when he is acting as such...” At 4 in the afternoon I went out with my little Frederick to exercise myself by sliding on the ice. At another time he had healed many of the sick and told his followers not to bring any more for he felt like wrestling. He would challenge any person and he usually won. It was likely that the faith folks had in him produced much of the healing. In fact he was astonished at his success. A Campbellite preacher came and wanted a sign, saying that he would believe and bring all of his congregation with him. Joseph explained his ideas but the pious fool insisted upon a miracle, so Joseph said, “What will you have done? Will you be struck dumb, blind? Will you be paralyzado, or will you have one hand withered? Take your choice, choose which you please, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ it shall be done.” The preacher replied that this was not the kind of miracle he wanted. Joseph answered, “Then sir, I can perform none. I am not going to bring trouble upon anyone else to convince you.” One is reminded of Christ refusing to show off when the Devil tempted him to turn stones into bread, jump down from the Temple, or to be given charge of the whole material world. And by the way, it is just this charge that all Christian churches had succumbed to serving Caesar of God that provided the reason for a new religion.

A visiting English clergyman asked Joseph why he got drunk. His answer was so that his followers would not worship him too much. He said “I am not so much a Christian as many suppose I am. When a man under- takes to ride me for a horse, I feel disposed to kick him in the face and ride him.” And he told the Englishman, “I love that man better who swears a stream as long as my arm, yet deals justice to his neighbors and faithfully deals his substance to the poor, than he who is pinch-faced hypocrite. I do not want you to think that I am very righteous for I am not.”

In his journal for March 15, 1843, he said, “I wrestled with William Wall, the most expert in wrestling in United States. I beat him in a church meeting.” When asked to say a blessing as a meal he said, “Lord we thank Thee for this Johnny-cake, and ask Thee to send us something better. Amen.” Those who have seen Burt Lancaster in the movie Elmer Gantry have met a likeable half-savage, who, in no matter what he did, was charming. I suspect that Joseph Smith was an imaginative sort of Huck Finn, surrounded by religious excitement. Who, said the people that he was on the Moon were 6 feet tall, were dressed like Quakers and lived a thousand years, no one could prove that he was wrong. Werner says that “in his youth Joseph Smith was torn between the fear of not being saved eternally and the desire to have a good time from day to day. Fortunately for his peace of mind he was able to reconcile the two by having himself appointed to have a good time.” It is conceivable that he prayed to God to tell him what was the true religion and it would not take much honesty to see that all religions had long forgotten the Sermon on the Mount. Joseph must have had some rebellious feelings and he likely would have heard of his great-great-grandfather who was chairman of those who formed the Boston Tea Party. If a person does not believe that Joseph found the Golden Plates or if he found them, then the message was not the truth, or garbled truth, how can they be explained? I read of the argument that he copied them from Spanish’s book, and I have read the parallels between Ethan Smith’s book printing in London, Vt. in 1823 and The Book of Mormon concerning the American Indians and I do not think the evidence is conclusive that Joseph ever heard of these books, for when he got his revelations here was no holding him back, and his wife and Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris would nearly be worn out working down what he told them while burying his face in his hat with the magic stone or stones which it is said produced The Book of Mormon. Oliver Cowdery may have helped in the grammar of the Book of Mormon and may have cut out a few hundred “verily’s” and “it came to pass.” The wit- nesses, most of whom apostatized later, still held to the fact that they had seen the plates, and that Heavenly Personages had spoken to Joseph Smith and to them, but Cowdery, David Whitmer and Harris said later that these Heavenly Personages had appeared to them and told them to get out of the Mormon Church for it was corrupt. As Joseph himself said revelations came from three sources so his may have been a mixture. Perhaps the credulity of his followers pushed him on. He may have deluded himself without being

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consciously fraudulent. He did not pretend to be a man of the character of Gandhi or of St. Francis. But he did the thing they never tried to do: to establish a new religion. In Hiram, Ohio, where he was beaten and left for dead, the next morning he preached forgiveness to those who had beaten him, some of whom were in the audience, and he made three converts. He was here at his best. When he strutted in uniform before the Nauvoo Legion and when he had Law's and Bennett's press destroyed he was at his worst. He was more realistic and much more of a likeable human being than the dour Alexander Campbell; than the Fox sisters who founded Spiritualism in the New York area where he lived; than the fanatic Miller who expected the end of the world. He would do 8's more honest than Mrs. Edy who in 1866, got ideas from Quimby in Portland, Me. but who said that these ideas were "uncontaminated by human hypothesis and divinely authorized." She also said to follow her only inasmuch as the followed Christ and the Gospels on the Mount and that it was better to suffer death than to inflect it. Yet most minority religions make a great point also of obeying the law and of being super-patriotic. This is not true. In the end, the many of their other principles would tend to make them unacceptable. So it is that both the Christian Scientists and Joseph Smith when accused of being subversive could point to their patriotism and obedience to their leaders. Mrs Edy, like Joseph Smith and the Mormons who came after him, made changes in the "inspired" word, which if it was inspired ought not to need changes. He did not go as far as John Humphrey Noyes in the Oneida Community of free love. On the whole he was a charming man who brought happiness in the only way that a religion found anywhere. But the account of revelations whereby Joseph tried to move people around to serve his wills certainly came from anyone but divine origin. Their theology is not more far fetched than others, for all religions have picked up myths and have accommodated themselves to current fashions and superstitions.

"In the grand council called to ratify the Father's plan, a great difference arose. The majority, led by the Branch of the Founders, Joseph the Christ, was ready to accept the plan with all its conditions. The minority, led by Lucifer, a 'son of the morning,' feared the isolation and the pains and ills of earth. For them Lucifer promised that they would be sent to earth, but that provisions should be made by which they would suffer no pain and would not have to make any sacrifices. All of them would be re-restored by earthly bodies irrespective of what had happened on earth. Lucifer and his followers were thrown out of the council, and as opponents of God's plan, became the devil and his angels, who strive ever to tempt men to disobey the laws of God... By the help of Adam, another great spirit in the council, Jesus organized the earth, and to atone for the act that brought man under the ban of death, he himself suffered death. Through Jesus the leader all men upon earth call upon for aid from the Father... our first parents chose life on earth with its inevitable death. That was the fall of man. All men, saints and sinners will be resurrected...

As the eternal intelligences were given a spirit body with which to explore the spiritual world, so this other body was needed as a tool in the exploration of the material world. Eternal progression requires contact and acquaintance with the whole universe... in conformity with the free
agency bestowed upon all intelligent beings God called a council of the spirits to bear the plan . . . man must battle with the conditions of earth to which his body is subjected. That would foster faith, intelligence, and courage. The evil one would be allowed to range freely upon earth; and man would have to resist temptation. This would discipline the will and turn it into righteous paths. After a short period upon earth, man would be separated from the material body, in the experience called death. However, the body would later be restored to him in a purified state."

This explanation by Apostle Widtsoe, more of a philosopher than most Mormon writers is included here as being the clearest that I have found. In contrast to Brigham Young who continually talked about sending people who argued with him "cross lots to hell," Widtsoe says "There can be no talk of hell . . . except for the very few sons of perdition, but undoubtedly the regret for lost opportunities will be keen among those in the lower degrees of glory." He has heard a Jesuit priest say that there was a hell but you couldn't prove that any one was in it except the devil, and as far as heaven went we have the word of Christ that the Good Thief would see him that day in Paradise. Whether this was a preliminary entrance into heaven we let the theologians discuss. Widtsoe continues, "A religion without a hell seemed impossible to the minded preachers of Joseph's day. The law of progress continues in full operation for every soul throughout eternity . . . all blessings and imperfections will be corrected before the unending unity of body and spirit takes place . . . the dead retain in the spirit world the power to learn, to understand, and to choose. Did not Jesus say he was going to preach to the 'souls in prison'? And it is this baptism for the dead, which like the prayers of Catholics for souls in purgatory that helps those who are dead." Adam-God Theory

"While Adam and Eve in Joseph Smith's philosophy were raised to a foremost place among the children of men second only to the Savior. Their act was to be acclaimed. It is mentioned for Brigham Young to bring the Adam-God theory forth, which is not mentioned by Mormons much today. Efforts have been made to explain it away, but on April 9, 1852 he gave his famous Adam-God sermon.

"When our father ADAM came into the Garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, one of his wives, with him. He helped to make and organize this world . . . He is our Father and our God, and only God with whom we have to do."

This creation is a teacher and a defender of the righteous.
in the dark; they spring from this sublunary stage into a known, not into an unknown world."

As to the "mechanics of Joseph's revelations it is possible that he received words from God to start the new Church; but that pantrunk spirits gave him dimensions of building it; I wish with my might to have given him a gift to receive something similar to automatic writing, or even "hunches" as Edgar Cayce in our own generation received. And, as will shown in the section on polygamy, it is plain that when Emma heard about his cohabitation with the two young girls in his household, that in defense he made up regulations to placate her, disguised as revelations from God. In contrast Brigham Young said that Joseph had had enough revelations and he did not need to give many, but when anyone contradicted him he said he was inspired and should be obeyed: "I will smite thee, cut out their throats, their heads chopped off..." St. Paul at times said he was inspired and at other times spoke "of himself." Mohammed had epileptic fits and it has been said that this was "minor seizures" of St. Paul. Joseph's grandfather Mack had them and it has been said that Joseph had them but outgrew them. This does not prove anything, except that it might have been a form of epilepsy inherited from his grandfather, but that he outgrew these "trances" by the time he was 30. He says, "Smith's method was so far the commonplace method of the trance medium. The act of fixing the eyes on one particular point (as the peepstone in his hat: A H.) supplemented by state of quiescence through prayer, prepared the way for the influence of self-suggestion. His external acts are one thing, the sublime and self-deceiving nature of his hallucinations another. He knew no more about the subconscious self and the law of association of ideas, than he did of the fact that his "Reformed Egyptians" resembled the irregular and spasmodic writings of his epistemic subjects." Rilee also felt that in 1844 when he was at the height of his megalomania in military uniform his utterance as follows was psychotic: "I know more than all the world put together, I comb the errors of ages." I also read the Biographical Sketches of his mother Lucy Mack Smith, published in Liverpool, England in 1855, which told of his digging for treasures. This has been edited out of recent editions of the life of Joseph Smith.

The effort of the Church historian Hugh Nibley in his book *Mormon That's Not History*, published in 1946 by Bookcraft in Salt Lake City is a pitiful attempt to answer Fawn Brodie's book *No Man Knows My History*.

Brigham Young

His family was the poorest in the frontier town where he was born in New England June 1, 1801. They did not have a home, cow, or any land. His father made a living as a basket maker. His father had been in the revolutionary army and was very strict; it was a word and a blow but the blow came first." Brigham said. Brigham had but 11 days of formal schooling, but he could take a clock apart and put it together again. He was very handy in many trades and made his living as a painter and glazier, but quit be-

cause it was a common practice to adulterate paint and cheat, and he wouldn't do it. He was very independent and didn't like to be pushed around. When his father wanted him to take the temperance pledge he said to him, "No sir, if I sign a temperance pledge I feel that I am bound, and I wish to do just right, without being bound to it, I wish my right to decide."

His sister and brother had read the Book of Mormon and accepted it, having received it as a gift from Joseph's brother Hyrum. Brigham had two years to make up his mind. He was baptized a Mormon April 14, 1832 at Mendon, N.Y. but he had not met Joseph Smith. When he did come to speak in his district, Brigham was in the back of the best seats at the old synagogue were Henry Wells, the founder of Wells Fargo Express Company, and Isaac Singer, inventor of the sewing machine. Brigham turned with all he had two daughters, Vilate and Elizabeth. She was baptized into the Church shortly before she died of tuberculosis. Later he married thirty year old Mary Ann Angell. When he came to Kirtland, Ohio he thought he was going to the Church, and when five years later he was driven out he had nothing.

He was on a mission in Boston when Joseph was murdered, and he came back to Nauvoo just in time to hear the same news that he had visioned. Brigham, in his book *The Prophet*.

I, Woodbridge Riley, in a scholarly work published by Dodd, Mead, Co. entitled *The Founder of Mormonism* in 1902 said that Joseph suffered from a form of epilepsy inherited from his grandfather but that he outgrew these "trances" by the time he was 30. He says, "Smith's method was so far the commonplace method of the trance medium. The act of fixing the eyes on one particular point (as the peepstone in his hat: A H.) supplemented by state of quiescence through prayer, prepared the way for the influence of self-suggestion. His external acts are one thing, the sublime and self-deceiving nature of his hallucinations another. He knew no more about the subconscious self and the law of association of ideas, than he did of the fact that his "Reformed Egyptians" resembled the irregular and spasmodic writings of his epistemic subjects." Rilee also felt that in 1844 when he was at the height of his megalomania in military uniform his utterance as follows was psychotic: "I know more than all the world put together, I comb the errors of ages." I also read the Biographical Sketches of his mother Lucy Mack Smith, published in Liverpool, England in 1855, which told of his digging for treasures. This has been edited out of recent editions of the life of Joseph Smith.

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little something to cleanse the stomach, bowels, and blood, and wait patiently, and let nature have time to gain the advantage over the disease." A Doctor had written to Brigham from the East asking what the prospects were. Brigham answered him. "The Mormons thought little of one who could not build his own house, but we irrigate his own land, and raise up a crop of wheat, corn, beans, peas, and potatoes. If the Doctor wanted to come under these conditions he would be made welcome, but if he had any thought of accumulating wealth, he would be waiting his time." 

Just as he could organize the trek across the plains so could he organize the many wives and children. Brigham, as always, was against gambling. And he organized the women to glean the fields for wheat and corn for the poor. Naturally he was pestered by folks who asked his advice. He told them "not to ask for counsel when they were sure they were not going to take it." He could hand it out but he could also take it, for when he had tongue lashed a Bishop in public he told him to keep his temper and not to abuse the Church. The Bishop answered, "Don't you bother Brigham, this is just as much my Church as it is yours." At that Brigham chuckled. Once a one-legged man asked him to pray for another leg for him. Brigham answered that he might do so but what was the use for when he was resurrected he would have to have three legs and be in a worse predicament. The man held over satisfied. The English traveler Burton describes Brigham rising from dinner, "he took a skewl of water, and commenced to speak powerfully and extemporaneously." He did not keep pigs and never ate pork. He told his wives to give the children milk and hard bread for breakfast, no meat, and plenty of fruits and vegetables.

Tom Thumb visited Salt Lake City and met Brigham and said that he didn't understand it. He said to Brigham that he could not understand it. "He didn't understand it." 

A woman came up to Brigham crying and said her husband told her to go. He looked at her. "She" looked at him. "Go," he told her. When his 51st child was born he rushed home from a trip to be present at the birth. She, Clarina, tells of getting two pigeons each morning from the pigeon house, and when the weather was too wet to keep them she fed the young to the chickens. This was for her father's breakfast. He only ate two meals a day. This is the recipe for his only hot drink. It has been variously spoken of as Brigham tea, or Mormon tea: 4 oz. of each of ground bayberry, poplar bark and horehound, 2 oz. each of ground ginger, cloves, and cinnamon; and one ounce of cayenne pepper. This would surely be a hot drink. He would not have his hair cut, but had it singed. This is the grandfather of a Jack Mormon friend of mine here, who is also a barber. He reads the CW and the National Sentinel. Deprived of legal territorial Legislature passed a bill giving Brigham Young control of City Creek and Canyon on the payment of $500. This was clearly a monoply.

Water and wood were made public property when Salt Lake City was set up. Land was given by lot and the blocks were made large so that no one need be cramped; a bachelor got nothing, but a man with more than one wife could get land for an extra house. Brigham said: "We have no land to sell to the Saints in the Great Basin, but you are entitled to as much as you can till, or as you need for your support provided you pay the surveyor for his services, while he is laboring for you; and at a future day will receive your inheritances on the farming lands as well as in city lots; and none of you have any land to buy or sell more than yourselves; for the inheritance is of the Lord, and we are his stewards, and 56 children of his household. Anyone who was late missed the meal, as a warning bell rang 5 minutes before the meal. His children did not have to go to Church on Sunday but they couldn't play games, ride horses, or sew their clothing. True to his New England tradition he was against gambling. And he organized the women to glean the fields for wheat and corn for the poor. Naturally he was pestered by folk who asked his advice. He told them "not to ask for counsel when they were sure they were not going to take it." He could hand it out but he could also take it, for when he had tongue lashed a Bishop in public he told him to keep his temper and not to abuse the Church. The Bishop answered, "Don't you bother Brigham, this is just as much my Church as it is yours." At that Brigham chuckled. Once a one-legged man asked him to pray for another leg for him. Brigham answered that he might do so but what was the use for when he was resurrected he would have to have three legs and be in a worse predicament. The man held over satisfied. The English traveler Burton describes Brigham rising from dinner, "he took a skewl of water, and commenced to speak powerfully and extemporaneously." He did not keep pigs and never ate pork. He told his wives to give the children milk and hard bread for breakfast, no meat, and plenty of fruits and vegetables.

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Gentlemen, you can answer that question for yourselves ... we have been plundered and whipped, and our houses have been burned, our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children butchered and murdered by the score. We have been driven from our homes time and time again; but have troops ever been sent to stay or punish the mobs for their crimes? No. Have we ever received a dollar for the property that we have been compelled to leave behind? Not a single cent of the country treat us as we deserve. That is all we ask of them. We have always been loyal and expect to continue so. But hang on! Do not send your armed mobs into our midst. If you do we will fight you and clean out the troops here to disturb the people ... Before the troops reach here, this city will be in ashes, every tree and shrub will be cut to the ground, and every blade of grass that will burn will be burned. Our wives and children will go into the canyons and take shelter in the mountains; while their husbands and sons will fight you to their last breath. And as God lives, we will hung you by night and day till 20 of our arrows is wasted away ... if you want war you can have it; but if you wish peace, peace it is."

"Then the thousands of Mormons sang the rousing song "Zion." Soon the army marched through the deserted town and 40 miles away set up camp. Brigham used magnificent strategy and won.

In the sections on Blood Atonement and on Polygamy I will deal with aspects of Brigham’s character and of his beliefs which favor Old Testament vengeance; and in the section on the United Order I will tell of his idea of the Kingdom of God; and the Walker brothers would not pay tribute and were also crowed by Brigham, and they left the Church and started the Walker Bank, which even today has a huge sign seen for miles. It was this attainment of power which made enemies for the Church and led to the oppressive laws from Washington, D.C. As in Nauvoo, the destruction of the press of the opponents of Joseph Smith brought the mob down on him, so here this monstrosity stirred up enmity among the political leaders of the town, who were less a theologian, yet he came forth with some wild ideas that were not in the Book of Mormon. He was primarily an organizer and statesman; an honest and upright man in most of his dealings. The Church has produced no one since his death with a modicum of his fearlessness, or with a tenth of his ability. Despite his greatness he ordered that no monument be placed over his grave; just a flat stone. So north of where East Second Street Square begins, off First Avenue there is an enclosed graveyard with Brigham’s grave and the graves of several of his wives. However, when thousands of tourists come today in the vicinity of the Temple and the Square, the huge statue of Brigham Young stands with hand and arm stretched out to the Bank, and with his back to the Temple. This is jockeyed about by Gentiles to suggest the worship of wealth by the Mormon Church today, but the members of other churches do not come with clean hands and they, as the Indians say, speak with forked tongues, for all churches worship Mammon, and do so in the name of latter day prophets and prophets, but in the name of that Christ who drove the money changers from the Temple.

From the 4th Chapter of First Nephi where Zoram slays Laban, through the whole Book of Mormon to the next to last chapter of Moroni there is no mention of bloodshed, treachery, cannibalism and unpunishments to the page than you can find in our Old Testament, notwithstanding that many of the words of Christ are paraphrased and His dollar. Let the government of our and His parables given in the Atonement. He says that He comes to supercede the law of Moses and brings the Sermon on the Mount, and the people do live in peace and brotherhood for generations until they again become corrupted. But if you, as the Lord lives, if you bring your troops here to disturb the people who evil heart who seek vengeance, Brigham Young emphasized the necessity of the shedding of blood to atone for sins. It would seem that the death of Christ on the cross is for the sins of others and not for our own. In 1833, William Smith, Joseph Smith’s brother, testified in court as follows: "I left Nauvoo in 1845 because my life was in danger if I remained there, because of my objections and arguments against the doctrine of Blood Atonement." In a debate with George A. Smith, who advocated imprisonment rather than hanging, Joseph Smith says: "I was opposed to hanging, even if a man kill another. I will shoot him, or cut off his head, spill blood on the ground, and let the smoke thereof ascend up to God; and if I ever have the privilege of making a law on that subject, I will have it so.

And Brigham said, "Suppose you found your brother in bed with your wife, and put a javelin through both of them, you would be justified, and that would atone for their sins. Brigham held, and be wept and prayed, would at once do so in such a case; and under such circumstances. I have no wife whom I love so well that I would not put a javelin through her heart, and I would do it with clean hands." And "if you want to know what to do with a thief that you may find stealing, I say kill them on the spot, and never suffer him to commit another iniquity... I know this appears hard... if you will cause all those whom you know to be thieves, to be placed in a line before the mouth of one of our largest cannon, well loaded with chain shot, I will prove by my works whether I can mete out justice to such persons, or not. I would consider it just as any day to digit. Brigham was not a theologian, yet he came forth with some wild ideas that were not in the Book of Mormon. He was primarily an organizer and statesman; an honest and upright man in most of his dealings. The Church has produced no one since his death with a modicum of his fearlessness, or with a tenth of his ability. Despite his greatness he ordered that no monument be placed over his grave; just a flat stone. So north of where East Second Street Square begins, off First Avenue there is an enclosed graveyard with Brigham’s grave and the graves of several of his wives. However, when thousands of tourists come today in the vicinity of the Temple and the Square, the huge statue of Brigham Young stands with hand and arm stretched out to the Bank, and with his back to the Temple. This is jockeyed about by Gentiles to suggest the worship of wealth by the Mormon Church today, but the members of other churches do not come with clean hands and they, as the Indians say, speak with forked tongues, for all churches worship Mammon, and do so in the name of latter day prophets and prophets, but in the name of that Christ who drove the money changers from the Temple.

And in the Temple February 8, 1857, Brigham said: "This is loving our neighbor as ourselves; if he needs help, help him, and if he wants salvation and it is necessary to spill his blood on the earth in order that he may be saved, spill it... that it be the love to mankind." And again Brigham said: "I could refer you to plenty of instances where men have been righteous slain, in order to atone for their sins." (Journal of Discourses, Vol. 1, pages 108-109).

And in 1857 troops of the U.S. Army were headed toward Utah. A migrant train of 150 well armed and well loaded troops came toward California. They were told to hurry westward and not to go the southern route. Attached to them were a few bitter hysterical "Missouri Wildcats," one of whom boasted that he had the very gun that killed "Old Joe Smith." They would pass through towns and villages along while the road would snap

Blood Atonement
their heads off with their long make-like whips. George A. Smith went ahead of them telling the Mormons not to sell any produce to this group. Finally they camped near Cedar City at a place called Mountain Meadows. Bishop Haight and Col. Dame met and as the ecclesiastical, and Army or Militia leaders, decided that John D. Lee, who had shot the prophet, should be avenged. The Fraun- chen train was too well armed and could not be overcome without much loss of Mormon men, so it was decided to inflame the Indians to surprise them. This was done, but a few white men helped and the Mormon leaders did not want word to get out that they had had anything to do with it, so to cover it up they decided it was brought with a white flag and call for a truce, and then murder them all at a certain signal. John D. Lee, as farmer to the Indians went along and he saw men, women, and children killed, but 17 children of tender age were saved and later sent back to Arkansas. The murderers took a solemn oath not to divulge their bloody deed. Brigham sent word not to harm the Fraunchen party, but it was his bloodthirsty talk all these years that built up this episode. The unlucky General Heber war was named after him. He had 19 wives and 64 children. Without a word and in the midst of his work for the Church he was excommunicated and most of his wives left him. Haight and Dame were out of the country and it is sup- posed that Brigham knew Lee would be caught in time and if he was to be the scapegoat then it was better that he not be a member of the Church when arrested. He was tried and offered immunity if he would implicate the Church but he would not do so, being true to his oath taken after the mas- sacre. I read his two volume diary and the book about him by Juanita Brooks of the Utah Historical Society. When Lee was excommunicated, Brigham said that "under no circumstances should he ever be admitted as a member again."44

To placate the Gentiles an all Mormon jury found Lee guilty and sen- tenced him to be shot. He had been out on bail and a messenger from the Church telling him to skip bail and it would be paid, did not reach him in time. Lee felt that he had spilled innocent blood and that the only way he could atone for it was by shedding his own blood, so I doubt if he would have fled if he had received the message in time. He was shot near his college and grave at Mountain Meadows on March 13, 1877. Before being executed he said, in part: "It seems that I have to be made a victim — a victim must be bad, and I am the victim. I am a true believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ. I do not believe everything that is now being taught and practiced by Brigham Young. I do not care who he is. I studied to make this man's will my pleasure for thirty years. See, now, what I have come to this day. I have been sacrificed in a cowardly, dastardly manner. What confidence can I have in such a man (Brigham)? I have none, and I don't think my father in heaven has any."45

And 5 months and 6 days later Brigham was dead. The lawsuit of his last wife, Anna Eliza, coupled with the guilt he must have felt because the repri- man of 1877 and following the necessary man were performed in the Salt Lake Temple.43

It only took the Mormons 85 years to admit their error; it took the Cath- olics 1000 years to make the same moral mistake. And this story has yet been shown for the St. Bartholomew Day Massacre of thousands of Protestants by the Catholics, although the advent of the Worker Priests of unhappy mem- ory was perhaps a gesture in the cosmic plan to be interpreted as always by mercenary clerics.

Brigham said "If a white man steals shoot him. If an Indian steals teach him better." Brigham said of laws: "Strip a justice of all the legal reins and tie which surround him in this day and age; leave him no nook or corner of pretense, or common law enactment, or common law accumulation of the ages, wherein to shelter, and it is my opinion that unrighteous decisions would seldom be given."46

The first murder case in Utah was that of Howard Egan in 1851 for kill- ing a man whom he caught in bed with his wife. His lawyer argued that if he had not done this he would have shared his wife's guilt and by killing the man he wiped the slate clean. He was acquitted with honor, for had he not been an instrument in "blood atonement." The laws in early Utah were also bloody, the first four ordinances of the High Council providing for 59 lashes for stealing, or "disorderly or da- gerous" and for adultery or fornication. The General Assembly on December 2, 1850, in Section 10 declared that in the case of murder, "he, she, or they shall suffer death, by being shot, hung, or beheaded." None was ever be- headed, as each one sentenced could choose the method by which they were to be executed. A thief had to pay back four fold, according to Section 28.47

Polygamy

"Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord; for there shall not be any man among you have state to be one wife; and conclusions he shall have none." Jacob 2:27 Book of Mormon

"Inasmuch as this church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of formica- tion, and polygamy: we declare that we believe, that one man should have one wife; and one woman, one husband, except in the case of death or marriage again." First edition of Doctrine and Covenants section 101:3, printed in 1835, but taken out in 1876 and Sec. 132 on plurality of wives put in its place.

Revelation of Plural Marriage July 12, 1843 in Nauvoo. Joseph's secretary, Wm. Clayton states: "Joseph and Hyrum Smith came into the office... they were talking on the subject of plural marriage. Hyrum said to Joseph, 'If you will write the revelation on celestial marriage, I will take it and read it to Emma, and I believe that I can convince her of its truth, and you will thereafter have peace.' Joseph smiled and remarked: 'You do not know Emma as well as I do.' Joseph then said, 'Well, I will write the revelation and we will see.' ... Hyrum then took the revelation to read to Emma. Joseph re-
mained with me in the office until Hyrum returned. When he came back, Joseph asked him how he had succeeded. Hyrum replied that he had never received a more severe talking to in his life. (History of the Church, by Joseph Smith, Introduction to Vol. 5)

On August 29, 1832, Orson Pratt first publicly announced that the Mormon Church believed in plural marriage. This was in Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young said: "Now if any of you will deny the plurality of wives and continue to do so, I promise you that you will be damned." 18

Wilford Woodruff said in June of 1879, "I will not desert my wives and children and disobey the commandments of God for the sake of accommo-
dating the public clamor of a nation seeped in sin and ripened for the de-
nation of hell. I would rather go to prison and to death." 19

Lorenzo Snow, Fifth President of the Church said, "The severest prosecutions have never been followed by revelations changing a divine law, obedience to which brings imprisonment or martyrdom. Though I go to prison, God will not change his law of celestial marriage." 20

Polygamy renounced by President Woodruff, September 24, 1890 and ratified by the Church by the General Conference October 6th. "I Charles Penrose, wrote the Manifesto, with the assistance of Franklin J. Cannon and John White, and it is no revelation from God, for I wrote it, and Wilford Woodruff signed it to beat the devil at his own game. Brethren God has not withdrawn this everlasting principle, or revoked it, for how can it be revoked or withdraw an everlasting principle?" (This statement made at an Elders Conference, in London in 1908, and reprinted in the January 1929 issue of TRUTH.

This is Woodruff's revelation: "The Lord showed me by vision and revelation ex-
act what would happen if we did not stop this practice... all ordinances would be stopped... many men would be made prisoners... I went before the Lord, and I wrote what the Lord told me to write." In part "Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort. I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use my influence with the members of the Church over which I preside to have them do likewise. There is nothing in my teachings to the Church or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can be reasonably construed to incline or encourage poly-
gamy; and when any Elder of the Church has used language which appeared to convey any such teaching he has been promptly reprimed. And I publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contrasting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land." 21

On October 6, President Lorenzo Snow offered the following: "I move that, recognizing Wilford Woodruff as the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the only man on the earth at the present time who holds the keys of the sealing ordinances, we consider him fully authorized in the virtue of his position to issue the Manifesto which has been read in our hear-
ing, and which dated November 3, 1840, and that as a Church in General Conference assembled, we accept his declaration concerning plural mar-
rriages as authoritative and binding." The vote to sustain the foregoing was unanimous. 10-6-1890. Page 257 Doctrine and Covenants.

The Second anti-polygamy Manifesto April 3, 1904, by President Joseph F. Smith prohibiting all plural marriages.

Verse 26 of the 132nd section of the Doctrine and Covenants teaches that only by the shedding of one's blood may he be made for murder. It is no won-
der that in the Mormon dominated Legislature of 1962-63 a bill to abolish capital punishment did not get to first base. Seeking to be respectable, the Mormon Church does not openly preach "blood atonement" these days any more than it advocates the old "Adam-God" theory, but these ancient blood-thirsty belief keep them from being true Christians.

The reader will now have a background to follow in detail — this story of deceit, bravery, and cowardice on the subject of polygamy. When the average person thinks of the Mormons he thinks of polygamy, and unless that subject is dealt with clearly and fully there is no understanding of the Mormons.

To begin with I should state that I have read the Booklet issued by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Independence, Mo entitled "Joseph Smith Was Not a Polygamist". Because Emma would not admit anything about his wives or the revelation on polygamy shown to her by Joseph Smith, and because there is not a court record of any marriages this Church denies that Joseph Smith ever thought of polygamy. A person either has to believe this flimsy evidence or that of scores of people who knew Joseph and his wives. I believe the latter.

Here is the evidence to prove that Joseph had many wives before he dared to tell Emma about it. In the testimony in the Temple, Lot Case page 324, Lorenzo Snow, Fifth President of the Mormon Church said that Joseph Smith sealed or married his sister Eliza in April of 1843 and the revelation on polygamy was July 1843. Benjamin F. Johnson stated, "As I could not long be absent from my home and business, we soon returned to Ramus. On the 15th day of May some three weeks later the Prophet again came and at my home occupied the same room and bed, with my sister, that the month previous he had occupied with the daughter of the late Bishop Partridge as his wife." 22 Emily Partridge relates as follows (from Historical Record, page 249) "The Prophet Joseph and his wife, Emma offered us a home in their family, and they treated us with great kindness. We had been there about a year when the principle of plural marriage was made known to us, and I was married to Joseph Smith on the 6th of March 1843. Elder Heber C. Kimball performing the ceremony. My sister Eliza also married to Joseph a few days later. This was done without the knowledge of Emma Smith. Two months afterwards she consented to give her husband two wives, providing he would give her the privilege of choosing them. She accordingly chose my sister Eliza and myself, and to save family trouble Brother Joseph thought it best to have another ceremony performed. Accordingly on the 11th of May, 1843, we were sealed to Joseph Smith a second time, in Emma's presence... From that very hour, however, Emma was our bitter enemy. We remained in the Prophet's family many years after this but things went from bad to worse until we were obliged to leave the house and find another home.

John D. Lee was many times a bodyguard of Smith when he went to sleep for a few hours with his young wives. 23 Records of the Nauvoo Temple show these wives sealed to Joseph Smith. Lucinda Morgan Harris was the wife of William Morgan who was murdered for revealing Masonic secrets.
He tells of the first wish, who, if her husband was sleeping next door with his second wife, and did not get up early enough to suit her, would awaken him by throwing stones on the roof. In another family where they all lived in one house, as the children grew older all the boys would sleep in one big room and all the girls in another. He tells of a family where the father and mother were much in love, and the two wives he married were of a matter of duty so "to live the principle." These wives were engaged to young men but they liked their husbands whom they wanted enough to live in polygamy. All these wives had the same ideas of duty for an education, a beautiful and peaceful home. The new wives were aggressive but the first wife didn't mind it as she knew despite all that she was the "best" in her husband's affections. Another man's wife had died and he wanted to marry two sisters but their mother wouldn't allow it unless he married her too. This might be the perfect solution to the mother-in-law problem, for he married her first, and then the sisters. One husband didn't have any children and she took care of the other sister's children when needed, and it was a real happy family. Polygamy, if accepted by the wives made for usefulness. With such a large family there had to be some system so each child had certain work to do. Today if sisters marry different husbands and live nearby they will help each other in child-care, nurse the other's baby if one has more milk than another, so in the days of polygamy, if sisters were married to a man they helped each other in the same way. If it happened that one was better at some function such as sewing, washing clothes, buying at the store, etc., naturally that function devolved on that certain wife. One could take care of the children while the rest went to Burmert Meeting and there wouldn't be the babbles of children at the meeting, while in monogamy some had to miss the sermons while the other person took the squalling child outside. And if a woman was ill, some of the other wives could do her work and take care of her children and she need not worry. Brigham Young had his favorite wife, Amelia Florence, but there are other wives who might have had any special affection with whom he was deeply in love, with many it would seem that they didn't get much fun out of it, as the men procreating at a "slow" rate with many wives. Joined Lauritzen's family pioneered the town of Short Creek, Arizona, is the "strip" north of the Grand Canyon, and he lived there for many years in settlement of polygamy, although he, himself was not one of them. In his most recent novel, Enlivening Fire, the town of Lake Nauv. The description of the cooperation between the wives who all love the same husband given by the Indian wife Curiah is the best that I have read on this subject. Where life does not get dull for there was a chance of a new sister-wife coming along almost any day. The publisher would not permit any quotations from the book. Those interested can read for themselves. Doubleday, Co., New York City, 1960. Price $3.95.

Kimball Young says that Price, John Taylor and Apostle Erastus Snow each had a segregated establishment for a wife, and the families had relatively little to do with each other except at reunions and special events. This limited both conflict and cooperation. This fourth moderately successful, and there were some families that couldn't take it. Another man had a thriving business and no one knew when he was coming or going. Once he came at night and his oldest girl...
wouldn't allow him in her mother's bedroom, saying there were too many children already.

The following is from The Journal of Discourses, Vol. 4, pages 55-57, by Brigham Young: To the women who were whining, "I am going to give you from this time (Sept. 7, 1856) to the 6th of October next, for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty and say to them, now go your way, my women with the rest, go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things; either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of the world, and live their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone, rather than have wrangling and fighting around me. I will set all at liberty. What, first wife too? Yes, I will liberate you all. None of them left all his wives... the stars never left the eyes of his wives, and its glow was reflected in the eyes of the children. If John W. Taylor sacrificed career, position, and opportunities for his families, he had the satisfaction of having his love for them returned in full. He never tasted the bitterness of having paid a great price for a bad bargain. His families were the all important thing to him in this world and the next, and to his family he was the all important people."

August 25, 1871, shortly after his death, the Mormon Church issued a statement that he had been "excommunicated from the Church... the excommunication has never been revoked; resolved in a way modified; Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, Charles W. Penrose, Hober J. Grant, signed the statement. This story of a happy polygamous family is charming and sought to be read by all who were able to understand the subject. It is in many men who could have six wives and make each one feel that she was really the most special."

An equally charming book, but more critical of the polygamist, for the author does not believe in it, is I Have Six Wives. It is a case history, the author having read the diaries and other documents of others who have kept and been excommunicated for it. He is quoted as saying that the polygamists came "because we insist on competing for wealth and political advantage with the Gentiles. Do we care a whit if our own affairs irritate nobody would care how many wives we have had." It is said that President Taylor had a revelation that the plural marriages should continue secretly and that he told Lorin Woolley definite instructions on that matter. This was given to President Taylor when he was in hiding at the Woolley home in Centerville on Sunday evening, September 26, 1866. Members of the Council had been pressing Taylor to issue a Manifesto reserving polygamy. He told them to come back the next day and he would ask the Lord about it that night. He did so and the next day showed them the revelation given to him saying that the principle was everlasting and was not to be rescinded, but the Committee would not allow it to be promulgated for it would mean jail for all of them. So Taylor chose 5 of them and gave them orders to continue the priesthood secretly until the time would come when polygamy could be open again. Later when Taylor was dead and his son John had been excommunicated for taking on his 4 wives since Woodruff's Manifesto reserving polygamy and Joseph F. Smith's second Manifesto in 1904, one of these 5 asked John W. Taylor to be head of a new Church. He refused to do so, saying, "The Church has disowned me but I will never disown my Church. I will never join with any bitter group working for its downfall... I will never repudiate the Principle, but I here and now repudiate all men who try to use it in an attack on the Church."
Mr. Taylor visited Short Creek, Arizona, in the strip north of the Grand Canyon several times. Over a million dollars has been poured into this des- cend community by polygamists from Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. The young men work in neighboring towns and turn their wages over to the lead- ers, but the problem lies upon suspicion: They were called the United Effort rather than the United Order, for they are only "trying." The first big raid was March 7, 1944, when polygamists were ar- rested in three states and over 100 women were sentenced to 2 to 20 years on the charge of "unlawful cohabitation." Their attorney presented a list of 886 caught-in-the-act sexual offenders on record in the city the previous year. All of them had been fined from $5 to $50 and released without publicity. The Mormon Church activated this persecution. The second raid was July 26, 1953 at Short Creek where Governor Pyle sought to build its police fences by sending 100 troops on a Sunday morning to arrest these terrible polygamists. (The whole thing backfired and he was defeated in the next election mainly because of this foolish self-righteous attack.) Byers, the hero of Have Six Wives, had left a day and a half ahead of the raid. As in previous Mormon history, the reason for the raid was not pology, this was the excuse; the real reason being that the ranchers were being school taxed to support all these kids, and the Mormons could outvote the ranchers if they took the idea.

When Governor Pyle's troops arrived the children were lined up in their best clothes singing God Bless America. 385 in all were arrested, mostly chil- dren, and taken to Phoenix where Judge Lorna Lockwood promised that the children would not be taken from their mothers, but this was done anyway. I left Phoenix for New York City about that time and the last $5 I made I gave to the Catholic lawyer who was defending them in court. Two years later Taylor visited Short Creek and they had the schoolhouse over on the Utah side, and the families were living together again. I know of one woman of this group whose husband was a drunkard, who drove a truck to Montana taking her children with her. Under the name of LeGrande King Taylor, writes about one of the worst frauds among Mormons, polygamous or regu- lar. This man's real name is Lercy Wilson and he wrote to me for years when I was in Phoenix trying to get me to persuade the Hopi to allow him to build some enormous earth covered area for the Hopi to hide in. He had got hold of a GW in Chicago and thought I might be added to his supply list. He lived on a mountain west toward St. George, with all kinds of junk machinery and cars and trailers, the latter for his wife. He was a big bag of wind who made everyone else live on cracked wheat while he ate steak and his trips over the country getting suckers to bite on his many inventions. TIME magazine told a few years later of someone murdering him, and the sheriff figuring that a good deed had been done. Taylor says of him: "But to ask a question of LeGrande King was like fighting a pile of feathers, as I can certify. Brothers LeGrande didn't evade — he simply engorged you in a torrent of words."

Jonreut Lauritzen, the writer, had left when one of his teen age daugh- ters stood a good chance of getting engaged to a polygamous boy. This was the likely first time in America where hostages have been taken legally. Taylor asked these polygamous men why they didn't go to Los Angeles where they wouldn't be bothered by the law. They answered, "But that wouldn't advance the cause. We will never win the fight with secret practice. Some- body has to keep the issue alive." Frank E. Moss was the Federal D.A. in 1956 (he is now U.S. Senator) and his position was not to have big raids but only to take them to court. He seems to have the monopoly of young wives. This is called the United Effort rather than the United Order, for they are only "trying."
My friend John Marshall Day has completed a thesis on the Fundamentalists, and especially the Short Creek group whom he visited for two days, but by that time they refused to give him any more information. He states that the old-timers in the village who come from the most prominent polygamous families have the most wives and seem to have the pick of the young girls. For some strange reason more girls than boys are born there. When young men went to war and came back on furlough they were encouraged to marry; the reason being it is thought that the group wanted the allegiance checks. This economic basis is also shown in that in the depression in 1935 and Short Creek wives listed the same husband to get their relief checks. This awakened the authorities to the polygamists' situation, and as more got on relief and as more children came of school age the Arizona ranchers were worried about the expense and put the heat on Governor Pyle to do something. There is a story of an Arizona official who came by chauffeur driven limousine the 400 dusty desert miles, and in a few minutes he said, "If I had to live here, I'd want more than one wife myself," and he hurried back to civilization without another word.

The leaders assigned by President John Taylor to work in secret and keep the polygamous faith were in order, John W. Woolsley, Lorin C. Wooten, J. Leslie Broadbent, John Y. Barlow, Joseph Munker. The current Apostle is Roy Johnson. The polygamists criticize the Mormon Church for sending missionaries in style instead of "without purse or script" as in the old days, and they say that no revelation has been given the heads of the church since they apostatized on polygamy. Mr. Day thinks that the fact that Short Creek is not sustaining and that the young men and girls go out of the world and to work to bring money back to the colony will eventually bring outside ideas there and the young people will not so readily do as they are told.

Mr. Day points out that the Mormons, like the early Christians, started as a sect and developed into a church and gave up enough of their ideas to accommodate themselves to the outside world. They all started out dreaming of a utopia; the dimensions of which were determined what they lacked here. The religions founded in a desert country dreamed of a heaven or utopia like unto a Garden of Eden. The Eskimos thought of heaven as a nice warm place and their hell was a cold sky.

The fact that these fundamentalists accepted state aid is as much of a defeat of their ideal, as that of the Mormon Church in doing away with polygamy. If they despised the Gentile government why did they try to live off of it?

Negroes

Generally speaking the Mormon Church has denied Negroes membership of first class in their Church. There is not as much pressure for them to change as there was in the case of polygamy. As stated before the appearance of George Romney on the political scene may encourage the Church to ease up on the record of the Church on this subject. Joseph Smith has been quoted for and against slavery and while the latest he said on the subject was when he was running for President in 1844 to the effect that slaves should be bought from their masters by money received from the sale of public lands, and freed. It is possible that this might have been a political plank, rather than a sincere expression of his thought.

However, it is a matter of church history that Elijah Abel, a negro, was ordained an Elder March 3, 1836, and a Seventy, April 4, 1841. In 1886, as a member of the Third Quorum of Seventy, he left Salt Lake City on a mission to Canada. It was said that because he had labored in the construction of the Temple he was elevated to the Seventy.

William E. Barrett, Vice President of Brigham Young University says in The Church and the Negro People: "It appears that one person of Negro blood had been ordained an Elder by William Smith while he was on his mission in New York State as evidenced by a letter appearing in Journal History, June 2, 1847, "At this place (Battavia, N.Y.) I found a colored brother by the name of Lewis, I am informed, has a son who is married to a white girl and both are members of the Church." 197

Joseph F. Smith in a funeral service for a colored Mormon by the name of 'Aunt Jane' said, "She would in the resurrection attain the longings of her soul and become a white and beautiful person." And in a letter from the First Presidency, July 17, 1947, to Dr. Lowry Nelson: "We are not unmindful of the fact that there is a growing tendency, particularly among some educators, as it manifests itself in this area, toward the breaking down of race barriers in the matter of intermarriage between whites and blacks, but it does not have the sanction of the Church and is contrary to Church doctrine." 198 What egotism for Joseph F. Smith? How does he know that a fine looking colored person must necessarily prefer to be white?

In the History of the Church (Vol. 5, page 29) the question is asked of Joseph Smith, "Are the Mormons abolitionists?" The answer is "No, unless delivering the people from priesthood, and the priests from the power of Satan, should be considered abolition. But we do not believe in setting the Negroes free." Also, while an abolitionist spoke in the early 1830's in Kirtland, Ohio, Joseph in the Messenger and Advocate, and as quoted in his History of the Church (Vol. 2, pages 436-438) said that the attendance was very few, "the gentleman to hold forth his arguments to nearly naked walls. We do not believe that the people of the North have any more right to say that the South shall not hold slaves, than the South have to say the North shall..." but I can say, the cure is not yet taken off from the sons of Canaan, neither will be until it is affected by as great a power as cause it to come, and the people who interfere the least with the purposes of God in this matter, will come under the least condemnation before Him." 199

Brigham Young said, in Journal of Discourses (Vol. 7, p. 209), "The Lord put a mark upon him, which is the flat nose and black skin. Trace mankind down to after the blood, and then another curse is pronounced upon the same race — that they should be the servant of servants; and they will be, until the curse is removed, and the abolitionists cannot help it, nor in the least alter that decree." And again in Vol. 10, page 110, he says, "Shall I tell you the law of God in regard to the African race? If the white man who belongs to the chosen seed mixes his blood with the seed of Cain, the penalty, under the law of God, is death on the spot. This will always be so."
Joseph Fielding Smith, next in line to the Presidency of the Mormon Church, and who is Church Historian, was asked about Negroes being allowed in the early Mormon Church as Elders. The reply dated June 10, 1960, said, "Negroes were not ordained in the early Church." This is in contrast to the statement made by the Lds. of today, who, according to the official history of the Church, now have Negro members. In 1963, President of the Lds., David O. McKay, who is more liberal, and who is now President of the Mormon Church, who said in a letter of Nov. 3, 1947, "I know of no scriptural basis for denying the priesthood to Negroes other than one verse in the Book of Abraham (1:20). The real reason dates back to our pre-existent life." Note that he says nothing about the Old Testament Cain and Ham, etc.

Orson Pratt gives the theory (Journal of Discourses, Vol. 1, page 63) "Among the Saints is the most likely place for the spirits to take their tabernacles, through a just and righteous parentage. They are to be sent to the people that are the most righteous of any other people on earth. This is the reason why the Lord is sending them here, brethren and sisters; the Lord has not kept them in store for five or six thousand years past, and kept them waiting for their bodies all this time to send them among the Hottentots, the African negroes, the idolatrous Hindoos, or any other of the fallen nations that dwell upon the face of the earth, unless they belong to the NAACP. The Catholic idea of refusing to mix with other denominations, even for a good cause, seems to have prevented them from attending Civil Rights meetings, in particular to the Unitarian Church in the University, which teaching of their Church and Lowell Fennion spoke against capital punishment at the Senate Hearing. He is a prominent Mormon educator. Democratic leaders did not seem to be interested in this subject in Utah, if not the University, which teaching is not in line with the NAACP. The Catholic idea of refusing to mix with other denominations, even for a good cause, seems to have prevented them from attending Civil Rights meetings. In 1963, upon motion of non-Mormon Mayor "Brack" Lee, the City Commissioners passed a resolution unanimously favoring the serving of Negroes in all restaurants and public places. This was taken because a Negro reported that he had been refused service in a restaurant, but this is a recommendation, not a law.

Mormons Will Stand on Negro — May End Ban on Complete Membership in Church, by Wallace Turner, Special to the New York Times. Salt Lake City, June 3 (1963). The top leadership of the Mormon Church is seriously considering the abandonment of its historic policy of discrimination against Negroes. Because the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has a lay priesthood to which almost every adult male member belongs, the effect has been to limit Negroes to second-class membership. "We are in the midst of a survey looking toward the possibility of admitting Negroes," said Hugh B. Brown, one of the counselors serving President David O. McKay in the First Presidency of the Mormon Church. "Believing as we do in divine revelation through the President of the church, we all await his decision," Mr. Brown said.

Mr. Brown, a 79-year-old former attorney, said he believed that if the change were made, it would be a doctrinal revision for Mormonism of a magnitude matching the abandonment of polygamy in 1890. The whole problem of the Negro is being considered by the leaders of the church in the light of racial relationships everywhere," Mr. Brown said. "We don't want to go too fast in this matter. We want to be fair. But I am convinced that the President is the chairman of the prophets. He is always the senior member of the Council of Twelve Apostles, each of whom is considered to be a prophet, a seer and a revelator. A major doctrinal change would be discussed with high church councils before its enunciation by President McKay.

There are now about 2,000 Negroes in the Mormon Church, and only a few hundred of these are Negroes. Members of all races, except the Negroes, are in the priesthood. The church also has forbidden Negroes the right of marriage in a
Mormon temple. In addition, the marriage of Negroes to members of other races is forbidden by the church. Throughout Mormon writings is the hint that the ban might someday be removed. Brigham Young once asked himself how long Negroes were to endure the curse of slavery. He thought it would be "until all the other descendants of Adam have received the promises and enjoyed the blessings of priesthood and keys thereof." More positive hope was held out by President Wilford Woodruff, who led the church when polygamy was abandoned. He said: "The day will come when all of that (Negro) race will be redeemed and possess all the blessings which we now have." The Mormon church, Mr. Brown emphasized today, has never closed the door to Negroes, nor to the possibility of removing the limitation on their participation in church affairs. In a telephone conversation June 8th, Hugh B. Brown told Jared Tanner that he was misquoted in the part concerning the change of policy, however, he expressed his approval of the article by saying that it was "on the whole very fair."

Within a few hours after the New York Times containing this article had been on the stands or public containers downtown, all copies were gone. Mr. Tanner reprinted the article in a one page leaflet.

The Word of Wisdom

The Word of Wisdom was given by Joseph Smith February 27, 1833 and it forbids the use of tea, coffee, strong drinks and tobacco. The Church authorities today have changed the records trying to prove that Joseph and Brigham were strict on this matter. Joseph himself admitted that he often bought and drank, and in Nauvoo he installed a bar in the Nauvoo House only to have Emma tell him either she would move across the street or the bar would go. Emma stayed. Elder Clark preached against drinking and Joseph publicly reproved him saying that Noah got drunk and yet he was counted to be a righteous man. Joseph had a pious sober clerk by the name of Robert Thompson. To wake him up, Joseph told him one day: "Robert, I want you to go out and get on a bus, go and get drunk and have a good spree. If you don’t you will die." In less than two weeks he was still sober but by that time he was dead and buried. In Carthage jail soon before they were killed, all, including Joseph drank wine that the guard brought. John D. Lee tells of many times when working on the Nauvoo Temple they got a barrel of wine and drank all they wanted. Brigham Young on October 8, 1859, spoke against drinking "until you really need it." When his Discourses were printed this sentence was left out. At first the Utah Hotel which is owned by the Church did not sell tobacco or liquor. Now it sells tobacco and all who bring their own liquor can get accommodation of the extras that go with it. And KSL, which is owned by the Church, advertises tobacco, coffee and beer.

I have heard Mormon leaders at their Sacrament Meeting at the University declare that while they obeyed the Word of Wisdom that a person could do all this and be selfish and greedy and miss the real meaning of the Gospel. As stated elsewhere when I came to Utah I ceased drinking tea and coffee as a courtesy to the true Mormon way of life and Mary ceased smoking cigarettes. There are jokes told of Mormons who put their beer cans in their neighbor’s garbage.

Tithing as practiced in the Mormon Church is something that Mormons pride themselves on, and Gentiles are generally conversant of the case with which they get money. As given by Joseph Smith, "The celestial law requires one-tenth part of all a man’s substance which he possesses at the time he comes into the Church, and twenty-five per cent of his increase every year after. If it requires all that a man can earn to support himself and family, he is not blessed at all." (Millennial Star, Vol. 9, page 12)

The Mormon Welfare Plan in its present state was inaugurated during the 1930 depression. At 7th South and 7th West have a huge elevator full of wheat, a milk processing plant where milk from a dozen stake farms is brought and made into evaporated milk, powdered milk, butter, cottage cheese and cheese, and a cannery that any can use, paying only for the tin cans. These Mormon families that would ordinarily be on county aid can come here and get canned food, milk, meat, clothing, or whatever they need. No money is exchanged. Those who are not able to come to the house have it delivered daily or weekly in plain trucks. There is a weaving department, furniture repair, shoe repair, and a barber shop. Many men from our Joe Hill House go there and work a day or two or what they need. The Mormons pay taxes to the county and state for the aid given to Gentiles but they tithe themselves to help their poorer brethren. On the first Sunday of each month all good Mormons fast for two meals and turn this money over to their Bishop to pay for rent, utilities, etc. for the poor. When this fast is broken they have their monthly testimony meeting where any member can get up and tell of the blessings of his or her religion. I have attended many of these fast meetings, even when on my 45 day fast, and the Bishop generally had some of the congregation drive me home. It was all down hill going home but I appreciated their thoughtfulness. As at Quaker meetings, Christian Science Wednesday evening meetings, and service club, and sales meetings there is a lot of mutual backslapping, and some very monotonous conversation, but at times a sincere and eloquent note does come through.

Perhaps half a dozen wards will get together and have a stake meeting to produce milk, or produce, or have a chicken ranch, cattle ranch, or as near Mesa, Arizona, a cotton ranch. In Houston, Texas, they produce peanut butter. They have a 240,000 acre cattle ranch in Florida, and citrus juice is canned in Florida, Arizona and California and sent in exchange for applesauce, etc. from Utah. Some years ago when there was a big bread in upper California the Mormon Relief was days ahead of the Red Cross or any other help. Many elderly folks work at the warehouse to pass the time away or because they want to help. All this is in the old Mormon pioneer tradition and is something that has depended upon the Welfare State could also do if they were not spoiled by the handout system of public relief. Mormons who get help when they are handicapped are encouraged to work to pay back if they are able to do so later.

The United Order

Reference has been made in this chapter to the United Order. This was tried out in Kirtland, Far West, Nauvoo, Salt Lake City, Brigham City, Odererville and other Utah towns. The idea was that upon joining the Mormon Church each one should consecrate all that he had and turn it over to the
Kimball Young, grandson of Brigham Young, feels that a score of prominent families control the Mormon Church and that they have lost that purity and desire to be different according to their faith, and have succumbed to the secular way of life.

Prof. Richard T. Ell of the University of Wisconsin, wrote, "The organization of the Mormons is the most nearly perfect piece of social mechanism with which I have ever, in any way, come in contact, excepting the German Army alone." 108

The Mormon Prof. Leonard J. Arrington in his Great Basin Kingdom, said, "Church policy broke with the past by actively soliciting financial assistance from outsiders. And the concessions made to these financial interests paved the way for absentee ownership and control. Eventually, the levitation of American finance capitalism finally ruled Utah as it had long ruled Montana and other western states and territories." 109 The self sufficiency of the members may be said to have been brought to an end. And with this adjustment, the church no longer offered a geographic and institutional alternative to Babylon. Faith became increasingly separated from community policy, and religion from society. Individualism, speculation, and inequality -- once thought to be characteristics of Babylon -- were woven into the fabric of Mormon life. 110

Dr. Robert J. Dwyer, wrote as his doctoral thesis at Catholic University of America, A Gentle Comes to Utah. He is now the Catholic Bishop in Nevada, and formerly lived in Salt Lake City. He says, "There seems to be less profanity, rowdism, rampant and noisy wickedness among the young Mormons than among the youth of any other city with which I have been." 111

Roy W. West, Jr., a former Mormon missionary in Germany, but now out of the Church, writes a sympathetic book: Kingdom of the Saints. He concludes, "Heber J. Grant was President from 1918 to 1945. He was a member of or chairman of so many boards of directors that skeptical members of the church often asked themselves how much time President Grant had for spiritual affairs. He administration gave rise to fears that the Church had become an organization destined to be administered by aged patriarchs of an ultra conservative cast-men whose judgments were too likely to be affected by the least lively mirth among their subordinate. David O. McKay President from 1951 to the present. His first actions showed him to be a more vigorous and strongnerved administrator than most of his followers had anticipated. He curbed the influence of the most conservative leaders, whose business interests and political bias had much to do with determining church policy ... the member who once had a voice in advising his superiors through the priesthood and finally found himself barred by men in the lower ranks of authority who are too afraid of the young men above them to risk carrying criticism up the ladder of leadership."

M. R. Wernow wrote a critical life of Brigham Young. He says of Joseph Smith, "It is impossible to determine exactly whether the golden plates of the Book of Mormon were an imaginative delusion of Joseph Smith's, or whether they were a piece of conscious fakery instituted at first for fun and
later developed for their financial possibilities. His later acts seem to favor the opinion that he had succeeded in deluding himself, however much he may have been interested at first in deceiving other people. It is my conviction that Joseph Smith wrote the Book of Mormon without the aid of God, and that the book itself shows evidence of being a product of Smith's environment. The important question is not whether Joseph Smith was divinely inspired, but whether he thought he was divinely inspired.

Profl. Thomas F. O'Dea, a Catholic teaching sociology at the University of Utah writes on The Mormons, and concludes, "The conservative, literalist, fundamentalist group seems prone to control the church, and these principles of church organization — lay leadership, sensitivity as the basis of promotion, selection on other bases than theological learning, and control of appointments by conservative elements — make the advancement of liberals into church leadership very unlikely in the next several years. Yet it is very liberal, and out from leadership, who in the church's educational system are saving many of the youth from apostasy. Patrick McKay, while a man generally respected by all groups within the church, is not unfriendly to the liberals. Moreover, it would seem a grave mistake for a religious movement to concentrate its attention on this — worldly activities, since it is precisely this — worldliness and activism that modern men appears to find inadequate. For organized religion to offer competition in spheres of life in which non-religious organizations do better — especially themselves inadequate to the facing of deeper human problems — is to be found wanting. The basic need of Mormonism may well become a search for more contemplative understanding of the problem of God and man. And it is precisely here that the intellectuals — the products of Mormonism's great vale of education — may make important contributions. It is a tremendous presumption to attempt to judge the future of a movement like Mormonism, yet it is my suspicion that those who emphasize the obedience of Mormonism, those who see the end of them in a stereotyped lack of creativity and a routine running down, who believe that this Mormon world will end with a bang but not a whisper, are wrong. There is still too much vitality — the characteristic Mormon vitality — remaining for such a prognosis to be likely.

Now after reading these books and studying their conclusions, and after asking questions of my many Mormon friends I will venture the following opinions. Bear in mind that the preceding pages of quotations from authors who evaluate are thoughts that I can in part agree with, or I would not have selected them.

But first let me describe the non-Mormons what the Stake Meeting of the Mormons are like. In Cities where the Mormons, the meetings begin at 7 or 8 o'clock p.m. and last for about an hour. The Bishop announces who will take part and then calls upon, a young man to open the meeting with prayer. Then about half a dozen young men distribute the bread after some such prayer as, "Oh God, Eternal Father, bless this bread taken in remembrance of the body of thy Son Jesus Christ that we may partake of it in remembrance of Him." And likewise when the water is distributed in small cups. Then a song is sung before and after, and perhaps a young girl reads from a piece of paper or recites from memory a 4 minute talk on some Biblical hero. Then maybe a young couple play a duet or sing a song. Then perhaps a few musical numbers till of their experiences, after which there is a song and a prayer. If there is any business it is conducted first, such as voting by hands to "sustain" an appointee to some church function. No one ever votes not to "sustain" any person. In Salt Lake City at the University Ward I attended several Stake meetings, but as the membership is composed mostly of students there are no young folks taking part. At times there will be but one speaker as when a Dr. burned a cigarette and put nicotine on a mouse causing its instant death, in a talk against smoking. Or when the chaplain at the state prison spoke of affairs there. He did not tell of the tear gassing of inmates and afterward I chided him about it. Speakers have read from Tintoy's Kingdom of God I, When You, quoted from Thoreau and Gandhi, and one of said that if Christ was speaking today across the tracks none of them would hear him for they were respective folklands and wouldn't go across the tracks, shame them! Also about a Mormon who kept the Word of Wisdom and paid his full tithe, but needed humanizing as he was insociable and greedy. Then the first Sunday of the month is the Fast Meeting where those present have missed two meals and turn the money over to the Bishop to pay rent, utilities, etc., for the poor. The Bishop said some members must live very frugally for the price of their meals were only 8 cents each. These meetings, after the sacraments and songs, are testimony meetings where anyone can get up and speak, being similar to the Wednesday evening meetings of the Conference of Scientists. At times these testimonies tiresome and one gets the feeling of being at a Rotary Club or Fuller Brush salesmen pep meeting, but at other times very sincere thoughts expressed. Then all end with the expression "I bear testimony in the name of Jesus Christ that the Gospel is true." And most of the congregation concur by saying "amens." A scribe sits on the platform and takes an account of what goes on and the number of those present, both Mormons and Gentiles. Unless the usher who passes by me knows me he is offered communion and I whisper to him "I am Gentle." In towns where the Mormons are not, I am told in Mormon towns out in the state, there is a spontaneous welcome of a stranger, but here in Salt Lake City the Bishop may welcome you but most others pay little attention. Of course now that I have been attending for two years, many of the folks know me and speak to me. On a rainy day some of them have driven me downtown.

On days when I attend the Greek Orthodox I seldom see a blonde there, but here at LDS (the Mormons seldom call themselves "Mormons," but use the abbreviation "LDS") most people are blondes, as the converts have come from the north of Europe. The Bishop announced last week that during the past year there had been 26 marriages in the ward, and 20 of them had been in the Temple "for time and eternity." At another time he called for three volunteers on a Saturday to work on the St. Farm. There is Sunday School in the morning and MIA (Mutual Improvement Association) on Tuesday nights at the Mormon Institute. The latter is attended by hundreds and consists of talks given by noted Mormons. At all of these meetings, parents bring their small children, but if there is too much noise they are taken outside for a time. The whole atmosphere at the Sacrament Meetings is in
formal, announcements being made of births and deaths. A speaker generally prefaces his remarks by saying "Dear Brothers and Sisters."

In Catholic Churches you very seldom hear a good sermon. It is usually a call for money or a denunciation of Communism or birth control, or at the best a dreary lot of hall-fire theology. At the Greek Orthodox Church the sermon is short and tends to be ethical instead of commercial. At the Japanese Buddhist Church the sermons are in Japanese, but are translated into English. They are primarily directed to the children, but adults can get the idea. Both the Buddhists and the Mormons are happy people, as contrasted to the dreary fear of hell or of the Communists that one generally hears in Catholic and Protestant churches. As I have said before the Unitarian Church tends to be a good, or a bad, book review, although you are sure to get a social message there, instead of theology. The attendance at the Mor-

the movement, which was expected to last for the rest of the year. It was a time of great of thinking, of giving, of planning, of working, and of feeling. The communities were filled with a sense of purpose and a desire to make a difference. The mood was one of optimism and hope.

In the midst of this, there was a group of people who had been working on a project for a long time. They were a group of scientists who had been working on a way to improve the quality of life for people. They had spent years researching and testing, and now they were ready to present their findings.

The scientists had developed a new technology that could help people live healthier and happier lives. They had created a device that could monitor a person's vital signs and provide them with real-time feedback. It could help people avoid illnesses and accidents, and it could also be used to monitor the progress of patients in hospitals.

The group was excited about the potential of their invention. They knew that it could change the lives of many people. They were eager to share their knowledge and to help others.

The scientists had already presented their technology to several hospitals and research institutions, and they had received overwhelmingly positive feedback. They were now ready to take the next step and bring their innovation to the public.

The group was planning a series of public demonstrations to showcase their technology. They were inviting people from all walks of life to come and see for themselves how the device could improve their lives. The demonstrations would be held in a series of locations around the city, and the group was planning to invite media coverage to help spread the word.

The scientists were confident that their technology would be well received. They had already seen the positive impact it had on the people who were using it, and they believed that others would feel the same way.

As the day of the first demonstration approached, the group was filled with anticipation. They were ready to share their innovation and to help others.

And so, the first demonstration took place. The scientists were delighted to see the excitement and curiosity of the crowd. They were pleased to see how quickly people were able to understand and appreciate the technology.

The group was encouraged by the positive response and knew that they had made the right decision to bring their innovation to the public. They were confident that their technology would continue to make a difference and that it would bring joy and health to many people.
On the positive side there is a Mormon tradition of self-help, rather than looking to the government, which is in contrast to the welfare-state age as was the original Mormon teaching to orthodoxy. They pay taxes for the relief of the poor Gentiles, but do not moan about it, and feed their own people by their fasting and self denial. This is in contrast to most Catholics who cry because they pay taxes for public schools and have to support their own parochial schools, so now that a Catholic President is in power they ask for federal aid. If Catholics disciplined themselves as the Mormons do in not using liquor and tobacco, and not depend upon gambling for an income, they could support their own schools. This emphasis upon a clean life on the part of the Mormons is their greatest asset. There is also an occasional heaving by the “laying on of hands,” perhaps practiced with the old sinocity of the Christian Scientists, or of the early days at Lourdes. There is also the emphasis upon inquiry and there is no index of the books which Mormons must not read. When I have attended Buddhist services twice a month I have often met young Mormons there.

Individual polygamists whom I have met, and those called “fundamentalists” whose literature I have read or whose clandestine meetings I have attended, predict the destruction of “Anti-Chris” who is in control of the official Mormon Church, somewhat like the Jehovah’ Witnesses and some of the Protestant countenances which the Catholic Church “the whore of Babylon” and predict the destruction of all but the select few — the 141,000 who have kept the faith. These folks accept the debasement of the Negro, support of subversion of the government, except in the case of polygamy. They seem as bad as regular Mormons in their denial of civil rights to minority races. But, as stated previously, I have met a few radical pacificist and anarchic polygamists who do not belong to any group. As Prof. O’Dea states, there is still much of the old time Mormon vitality and integrity, which calls for those who are not afraid to make their church something like it was supposed to be. Here they are predominant. All they have to do is to be rebels. I am interested in the polygamists because they are a minority group, not because I favor polygamy, but they have the right to practice their religion, if they take the punishment, that comes with it.

It has been said that if a person in a good Mormon he doesn’t have time to do much else. Their praying for the dead in the Temple is sensible and authentic as the Maues for those in purgatory by which Catholics keep their priests busy. Their theory of a pre-existent life coincides with the Hindu, Rosicrucian, and Hopi Indian teachings, and would seem to be more reasonable and just as Biblical as the “hell and damnation” of the orthodox Christians. But their emphasis upon “blood atonement,” the degradation of the Negro, and their emphasis upon worldly success as a proof of the favor of God leaves the Mormons no better than other religions which worship the Golden Calf in the Name of Christ.

Because of the pressure of Communism, and the in-roads which the Jehovah’s Witnesses are making upon orthodox religions; and also the store-front churches which “Bible-bang” the old time religion, that the iosnominous churches have replaced with their social worker attitude to life, there is room for those millions who have not heard of Mormonism to be converted to this strange theology. They could have 30 million members instead of 2 million and their influence would not be as great politically and economically, outside of Utah, as the Catholic Church, the Mohammedans, the Buddhists, or Hindu religions in those countries where they are dominant, or even the Baptists in the “deep south.”

The future lies, not with any of the organized religions, all of which have given up to seed, but with that spirit abroad in the world which typifies Gandhi, Martin Luther King, and Albert Schweitzer, men who escaped from the repressive bands of their religions, and who present a message of hope, self-sacrifice and joy, rather than the piling up of money and the building of new religious edifices. Who will be the Gandhi of America? This is the challenge.

A speaker at one of the sacrament meetings of the Mormons which I attended told of the Christian who asked God to guide his footsteps, but the fellow, like most church members, never moved. He was contented to mumble prayers.

Let young Catholics listen to the theologian Father Hans Kung, who, at the Vatican Council, called for the abolition of the Index, the freedom of worship for Protestants in Spain and Portugal, and the right of the individual priest to obey his conscience rather than the medieval closed mind of his superior and who quotes the “Grand Inquisition.” Let them listen to the criticism of the Jesuit Father George Duine who has told off stuffed shirt superiors all of his life and has insisted in speaking “controversially.” Let them listen to Dorothy Day who visited Pope John XXIII asking him to allow a Catholic to be a conscientious objector, instead of, like most Popes, asking for peace, but always supporting war. And let them listen to Pope John who tried to “get out of the bag” into which the conservative Curia bureaucrats had placed him. Let them listen to Pope Paul VI who it is hoped will continue Pope John’s ideals.

Let young Mormons have the courage to refuse to sustain ancient beraucrats among their leaders. (The Dantes won’t get you now); let them believe what they like about “the gospel of Joseph Smith being true,” but, as Tolstoy says, let not this belief keep them from preaching spiritually as their forefathers did materially. Let them know that New World are also their brothers; let them know that there is something higher than “obeying the law of the land.” Let them be courageous in helping to remove their state of Utah from the ideology of the deep south on the question of civil rights. Let them stay in their Church, for a new one would in time become just as corrupt; let them have the courage of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young in searching for truth and in living it against many odds. They have the heritage of good bodies from their Word of Wisdom; let them be a leaven instead of an indigestible lump in the body politic.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1A. From page 87 of Autobiography of Andrew Wiles, N. Y. 1907.
1. From page 39 of Brigham Young, by M. P. Werner, Marcourt, Brace Co., N. Y. 1925.
2. From page 94 of Brigham Young, by M. P. Werner, Marcourt, Brace Co., N. Y. 1925.
4. From page 153, Werner.
5. From page 63, Werner.
6. From page 100, Widtsoe.
17. From page 84 Werner.
17A. From page 100 Brodie.
18. From page xx, West.
21. From page 8, Werner.
22. From page 73, Gates and Widtsoe.
23. From page 23, Werner.
24. From page 275, Werner.
26. From page 213, West.
27. From pages 261, 329, 318, 338, Young and Gates.
28. From page 962, Werner.
29. From page 278, West.
30. From pages 307, 323, Gates and Widtsoe.
32. From page 265, Werner.
33. From pages 16, 19, 48, 72 of One Who Was Faithful, by Clarinseki Spencer and Mabel Hamer. Published by the Casion Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. Used by special permission of the copyright owners.
34. From page 578 of The Story of the Mormons, by Wm. A. Linn, Macmillan Co., N. Y. 1902.
35. From page 195, West.
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raise my child! she cries, holding out her hands to Him. The procession halts, the coffin is laid on the steps at his feet. He looks with compassion, and His lips once more softly pronounce, 'Maiden, arise!' And the maiden arises...

There are cries, sobs, confusion among the people, and at that moment the cardinal himself, the Grand Inquisitor, passes by the cathedral. He is an old man, almost 90, tall and erect, with a withered face and sunken eyes, in which there is still a gleam of light. He is not dressed in his gorgeous cardinal's robes, as he was the day before, when he was burning the enemies of the Roman Church—at the moment he was wearing his coarse, old, monk's cassock. At a distance behind him come his gloomy assistants and slaves and the holy guard. He stops at the sight of the crowd and watches it from a distance. He sees everything; he sees them, they see him down at His feet, sees the child rise up, and his face darkens. He knits his thick gray brow and his eyes gleam with sinister fire. He holds out his finger and bids the guards take him. And such is his power, so completely are the people cowed into submission and trembling obedience to him, that the crowd immediately makes way for the guards, and in the midst of death like silence they lay hands on Him and lead Him away. The crowd instantly bows down to earth, like one man, before the old inquisitor. He blesses the people in silence and passes on.

The guards lead their prisoner to the close, gloomy soilled prison in the ancient palace of the Holy Inquisition and shut Him in it... "The Grand Inquisitor himself comes in with a light in his hand... 'If it is Thou, Taras... I know too well what Thou wouldst say... Why then are Thou come to hinder us? For Thou hast come to hinder us, and Thou knowest that. Tomorrow I shall condemn Thee and burn Thee at the stake as a heretic. And the very people who today have kissed Thy feet, tomorrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Thy fire..."

The old man has told Him he hasn't any right to add anything to what He has said of old. One may say it is the most fundamental feature of Roman Catholicism... "All has been given by Thee to the Pope, they say, and all, therefore, is still in the Pope's hands, and there is no need for Thee to come now at all. Thou must not meddle for the time, at least..." Thou hast given us the right to bind and unbind, and now, of course, Thou canst not think of taking it away.

Christ's temptations after fasting 40 days... But see! Thou these stones in this arid and barren wilderness? Turn them into bread, and mankind will run after Thee like a flock of sheep, grateful and obedient, though forever trembling lest Thou withdraw Thy hand and deny them Thy bread. But Thou wouldst not deprive men of freedom and didst reject the offer, thinking, what is that freedom worth, if obedience is bought by bread?..."

And we alone shall feed them in Thy name, declaring falsely that it is in Thy name. Oh, never, never can they feed themselves without us... Thou didst promise them the bread of Heaven, but, I repeat again, can it compare with earthly bread in the eyes of the weak, ever sinful and ignoble race of man? And for the sake of the bread of Heaven thousands and tens of thousands shall follow Thee, what is to become of the millions and tens of thousands of millions of creatures who will not have the strength to forgo the earthly bread for the sake of heavenly... But we shall tell them that we are...
Thy servants and rule them in Thy name. We shall deceive them again, for we will not let Thee come to us again. That deception will be our suffering, for we shall be forced to lie.

If Thou wouldst have given them bread they would have worshipped Thee. Thou wouldst have satisfied the universal and everlasting craving of humanity — to find some one to worship... these pitiful creatures... what is essential is that all may be free from any curse of the kingdom of heaven. The chief mystery of every man individually and of all humanity from the beginning of time. For the sake of common worship they've slain each other with the sword. They have slain one god and challenged another, "Put away your gods and come and worship ours, or we shall kill you and your gods."

There are three powers, three powers alone, able to conquer and hold captive the conscience of these ignorant rebels for their happiness — thou forces are miracle, mystery and authority. Thou hast rejected all three and hast set the example for doing so.

Second Temptation of Christ  — Cast Thyself down from the pinnacle of the Temple. And couldst Thou believe for one moment that men, too, could face such a temptation? Is it the nature of men such, that they can reject miracle, and at the great moments of their lives, the moments of their deepest, most agonizing spiritual difficulties, cling only to the free verdict of the heart?... Thou didn't come down from the cross... for again, Thou wouldn't be a traitor to Thy miracle. Thou didn't crave for free love and not the base captures of the slave before the might that has oversewed him forever. But Thou didn't think too highly of men therein, for they are slaves, of course, though rebellious by nature.

Canst Thou have simply come to the elect and for the elect?... We have corrected Thy work and have founded it upon miracle, mystery and authority. And men rejoiced that they were again led like sheep.

Be angry. I don't want Thy love, for I love Thee not... Listen, then. We are not working with Thee, but with Him — that is our mystery. It's long ago eight centuries — since we have been on his side and not Thine. We took from him Rome and the sword of Caesar, and proclaimed ourselves sole rulers of the earth... We shall plan the universal happiness of man. But Thou mightest have taken even then the sword of Caesar. Why didn't Thou reject that last gift? Hadst Thou accepted that last counsel of the mighty spirit, Thou wouldst have accomplished all that man seeks on earth — that is, some one to worship, some one to keep the conscience, and some means of uniting all in one unanimous and harmonious ant-thesis... Hadst Thou seen the world and Caesar's purple, Thou wouldst have founded the universal state and have given universal peace... We have the sword of Caesar, and in taking it, of course, have rejected Thee and followed him... Thou are abroad of Thine elect, but hast only the elect, while we give rest to all... how many of these elect... have grown weary waiting for Thee... some of them, the fierce and rebellious, will destroy themselves, others, rebellious but weak, will destroy one another, while the rest, weak and unhappy, will crawl lainly to our feet and whine to us, "Yes, you were right, you alone possessed His mystery, and we come back to you, save us from ourselves."

Oh, we shall allow them even sin, they are weak and helpless, and they will love us like children because we allow them to sin. We shall tell them that every sin shall be expiated, if it is done with our permission, that we allow them to sin because we love them, and the punishment for these sins we take upon ourselves... and all will be happy, all the millions of creatures except the 100,000 who rule over them. For only we, who guard the mystery, shall be unhappy. The curse of the kingdom of heaven will fall upon gods and challenged entities. Peacefully they will die, peacefully they will expire in Thy name, and beyond the grave they will find nothing but death. But we shall keep the secret, and for their happiness we shall all lure them with another, "Put your gods and come and worship ours, or we shall kill you and your gods."

We have taken their sins upon us for their happiness, and know that I fear Thee not. Know that I too have more of the life in the hallowed, reveals that to which forces are miracle, mystery and authority. Thou hast rejected all three and hast set the example for doing so.