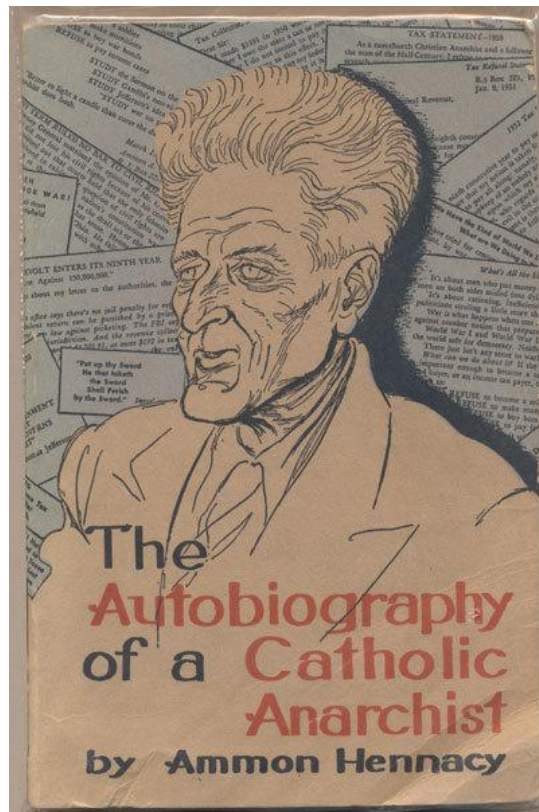


Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist

Ammon Hennacy



January 1954

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Christian Anarchism

Christian Anarchism is based upon the answer of Jesus to the Pharisees when He said that he without sin was to cast 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 of 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.

(In 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 everyone 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 I raise nearly all that I need in my garden I do not need to buy much. 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. Perhaps twice in ten years I have been the occasion of a friend paying my way to see a good movie and paying a tax. 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 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.

Introduction

Feast of St. Matthew, 1953

Father Vincent McNabb, 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 try to abound in goodness and service, love of God and fellows, that for "such there is no law." His is the liberty of the children of God, the brothers 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 fulfil the law of God, and earn his living

by the sweat of his brow rather than the sweat 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 disobedience 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 far from skulking 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 condense, to combine, to shorten, not only to save paper and type, 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 sprawling 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 penance for Hiroshima, repeated 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 excessively 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 as 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 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 days will rank, I think, with the great writings of the world of prisons. He had nothing to read there but the Bible, and he turned to that with an anxious, hungry mind, a mind that was tortured by inactivity. Ironically enough, in this so called Christian country, when 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 Atlanta Penitentiary, so great a light, Monsignor Hillenbrand 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 of the Mount. He came out of prison a philosophical anarchist like Tolstoi, in rebellion still against Church and State.

I always remember those words of Monsignor Hillenbrand 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 belabor 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 attack, the human element in the Church. But if it had not been for Monsignor

Hillenbrand's deep understanding and encouragement at the time (and the Monsignor is not a pacifist nor an anarchist by any means, though a great lover of freedom) I would perhaps have 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 the editor. Every month his article came in, and every month I am sure, each of us members of the staff, were shamed by his consistence, 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 draft, he worked at 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 castles or hovels, in banks or on skid row. He is, what he attempting to be, a one-man-revolution.

Ammon was baptized on the feast 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 before him, he stands pretty much alone. Next year, he will transfer his activities to Denver, the capitol 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 his new surroundings, reaching the man in the street by going to the man on 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 grandson did not expect to get it done in his. But if they kept at it, one day it would be dug.

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 "rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Let us pray that he will abound in Charity which "never falleth away, whether prophecies 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 poets Robert Frost, Lillian Spencer and Vachel Lindsay; also for the material quoted in book reviews, as

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“But Peter and the apostles answered and said, ‘We must obey God rather than men.’”
(Acts V, 29–30)

“Such problems [our 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.”

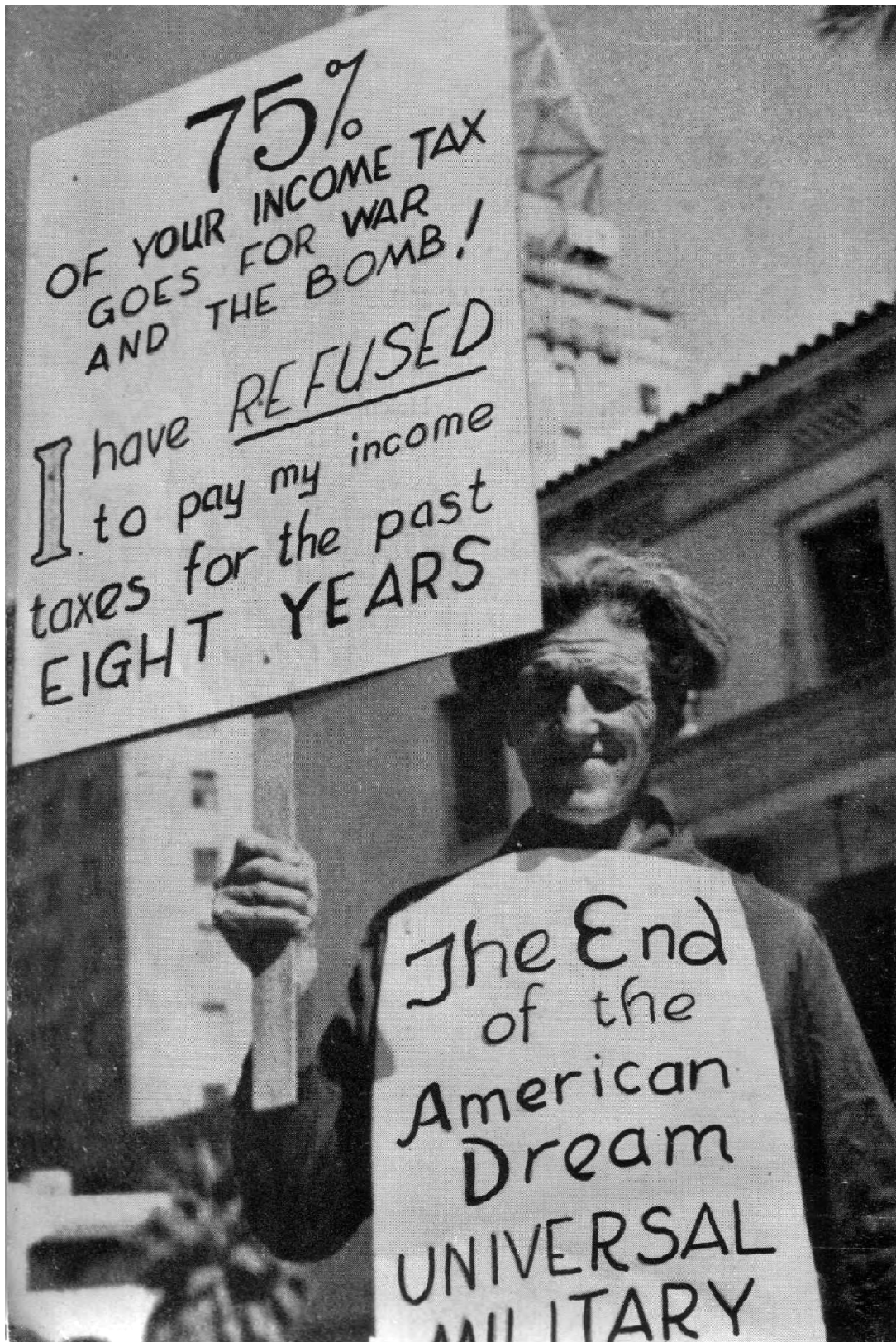
Carl Jung.

“You see the beauty of my proposal is it needn’t wait on general revolution. I bid you to the one man revolution—The only revolution that is coming.”

Robert Frost in *Build Soil*,
A Political Pastoral.

TO FOUR COURAGOUS WOMEN:

My Mother
Sharon
Helen Demoskoff
Dorothy



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 nesting 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. Anyway 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 Fitz-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 booze. 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 Fitz-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.

I was just as ignorant of my own origin as I was of God. Half a mile down the maple-lined road were three stumps. I was told that the doctor had found me in the first stump. My sister Julia was discovered in the second stump, and my brother Frank was hid in the third stump. We would often say, "I'll race you to my stump." As there were no more stumps there, the fiction for the other babies was that the doctor brought them in his satchel.

The house where I was born was a huge brick house built in 1838, each room had a small grate fireplace, for there was a coal mine on this 333-acre farm. About 100 acres of brush and woods surrounded this mine; blackberry bushes, hazelnut bushes, wild strawberries. Directly back of the house and about a mile up the hill was a lone pine tree which had been planted the day that Lincoln was shot; and thus this hill, down which we went with our sleds in winter, was called

Lincoln Hill. Mr. Brown was the first farmer in that community to have purebred Jersey cows; I remember old Cato, a cow with horns like the handle bars of a bicycle. I used to sit on her neck and hold these horns to keep from falling. I never have been afraid of snakes, for in the spring they would emerge by the dozen from the huge ice house where ice packed in sawdust was kept. Then the hay-tedder would kick up countless copperheads as we were haying. Sloan's Liniment, the Modoc Oil that was sold in the medicine shows down by the river every winter, Peruna and Carter's Liver Pills were always handy, but for regular cuts and bruises a little tobacco juice, my father said, was the best remedy. He ought to know for had been chewing it since he was eight years of age.

My first memory is that of my Quaker great-grandmother in her bonnet sitting in the east room by her Franklin stove and telling my three-year-old sister Julia and myself of how the peaceful Quakers loved the Indians and were not hurt by them. In this Republican community my father was a Democrat. (I found out years later that when I was a baby he had been a Populist and my mother had baked ginger cookie for Coxey's Army as they encamped on the meadow near us. The reader had better begin to get used to my quick change of gears through these years, from time and place and subject, here and there.) A neighbor girl, Mable Clark, who helped my mother when my brother Frank was born in 1898 taught me on the piano the chorus of the only music which I can play today: "Mid camp fires gleaming; mid shot and shell; I will be dreaming of my own Bluebell." I shed tears because I had not been born in time to go to war. My first remembrance of money dates from the time in the 1900 campaign when I lost a quarter betting on Bryan. A lot of money for a kid then.

On rainy days we children climbed to the top hay loft and munched apples and salt and bran. A side door showed us Camp Bouquet, a mile away across the lower meadow where it rose several hundred feet high in the V where two creeks met. Indians had camped there for centuries and in the French and Indian War a certain General Bouquet had given his name to the place. Methodists and Baptist had camp meetings there but it was a long way around by road to get there, and I never attended, although we could see the lights and hear the Hallelujahs as they shouted at nights 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 especial pride was ground cherries; a kind of a husk tomato growing on a small bush. These fell off, a few each day, and were taken 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 Astrikan apple tree, a spring that never went dry or froze up, out of which water swelled sparkling and cold for the milk and butter in the milk house and for the watering trough for the horses.

As I grew older I cultivated corn the length of a mile-long hillside field, behind Dexter, the old white horse. I shoved back hay in the sheep barn mid wasps and sweat. My uncle Louis would always say, "It'll hold another load." I rode horses bareback after the cows to the lower 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 buckwheat 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 “Celestial Bulldozer” 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 Mammon.) He was the only rebel in the family. He did not belong to church but when he died he left me his Bible with the Sermon on the Mount underlined heavily. He had been a 49-er in California; a sheriff in Missouri who was shot in the leg by Jesse James. He was the local blacksmith 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 my grandmothers; also 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 at our church, I was baptized in the creek and gazed upon by a curious crowd—the only sucker caught in the theological net. This was in the swimming hole which I knew but the preacher did not, so he 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 ashes from the big round stoves—but then I got to ring the bell and that was something. 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 Irishmen who made friends in this Republican community so that in time he was elected township 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 Russelite, 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 sawmill and cider mill. When he got this new religion he ceased 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 Witness. (Mr. Clark, unlike modern JWs 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 bloodthirstiness of the Old Testament his only reply was for me to pray. This I did, but the questions kept coming up. Finally he told me to go to Youngstown and hear Billy Sunday, the great revivalist who had thousands pouring down the “sawdust 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 splash 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. McKeever, subscribed 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 do. 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 COMMONER and subscribe for this new radical paper. I had been told that this bricklayer was a socialist. My cousin Jessie was there, from her home in Beaver Falls, Pa., at the country each summer. She was a Republican for the same reason that I was a Democrat: her father was a Republican. A man, the age of my father, was there that summer also. He was my second cousin Isaac McCready. He was a radical. His fiery red-headed wife was a beautiful woman. Isaac did not believe in God and all of the relatives who were church goers were anxiously looking for the judgment of God to kill him. He had a "tobacco heart" but outlived most of them. (Here was forming a thread that would weave into my life in a few years. For my cousin, riotously red-headed and beautiful, Georgia, was to marry a man in Georgia who was the son of the chaplain of Atlanta prison.)

I become a Socialist

By the fall of 1910 I had exchanged my lost Baptist heaven for the new Socialist Heaven on Earth. Here in Lisbon the local Socialists were proud to elect the son of the Democratic mayor as secretary of their local. The first Socialist I met was "Curly", a vegetarian. I thought this was a part of the rebellion so the butcher joined the capitalist in the list of my enemies. Then I read Upton Sinclair's *Jungle* and had more reason both for being a vegetarian and being a Socialist. My father scolded me for my radicalism and especially for spending my Sunday morning in distributing THE APPEAL TO REASON on doorsteps, rather than ushering, in the Presbyterian church. My father was a good-natured man whose bark was worse than his bite. (In later years he told me he wanted to see if I really was a good rebel and was secretly glad that I kept on with my Socialism.) I introduced Fred Strickland, and Cornelius Lehane – a big Irishman who wore a gold cross on his vest and who was beaten up by the police and died soon afterward in Connecticut during World War I. They stayed at our house and my father talked radicalism intelligently with them. My father allowed me to put up a sign on the public square by the Civil War cannon giving definitions of Socialism. It stood there for years. This was a staid Republican town but it had a little history of rebellion for here during the Civil War lived Clement Vallindgham who favored the South, was put in prison, and ran for Governor of Ohio while in prison. Near here also was captured "Raider Morgan" who got further north than any other Southerner. During a winter vacation I worked in the local pottery and joined the Industrial Workers of the World (I. W. W.) Section 6, Article 2, of the Socialist Party constitution had not yet barred "wobblies," as they were called, from also belonging to the Party.

In August of 1914 my grandfather broke his leg, and this being an easy time to make promises for the winter, I offered to live with him that winter and walk or ride the 5 1/2 miles to the high school in East Palestine, where I would be a junior. Here I met a man about ten years my senior who was a Socialist, Ed Firth. He was also a Sunday School teacher. He was an expert pottery worker. I would have treasured his friendship during all these years, as we had much in common, but he died in prison in World War I. He was indicted with the Communist Labor Party group.

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 dark cellar form 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. Mother Bloor came 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, got lost, and ended up knocking at a door across the hall from where I should have knocked, and being abashed 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 speakers such as J. G. Phelps Stokes and C.E. Ruthenberg, 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 penny 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 "don't'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 banister to answer the door. She appeared holding a copy of Jack London's *Iron Heel* in her hand. I was reading the same book from the town library. This was beautiful Zona Gale, author of *Lulu Bett*; 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 dozen Socialist legislators here, and I earned \$17 space 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. At times I would spend a quarter for tickets and 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 one anarchist I knew was working towards a degree, and he asked me to introduce her. 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 and 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 until 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 commence. 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 Darlington Hoopes, who ran for Vice President and for President on the Socialist ticket years later. That session of the legislature had a conservative setup, so they increased the tuition for outside of the state students from \$24 to \$148. 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 hers home. She whispered to this friend, "Better look out for that fellow." Four days later I had a date with my new girl friend, Selma Melms, daughter of the Socialist sheriff of Milwaukee, leader of the Yipsels, as the young Socialists were called, and secretary to the President of the State Federation of Labor. On the excuse that I had to go back to Ohio I had a date every night for ten nights, and we became engaged. Selma was the broad faced peasant type that always appealed to me. Love is blind, and how much the fact that I was a happy Irishman, much 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 handsome 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 Socialist local down town. In my classes in philosophy and sociology there was much room for my radical agitation. I had never been sad about my radicalism, and with this love of Selma in my heart I felt that I could conquer the world. Arthur M. Schlesinger, 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 or 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 delivering 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 10% breakage which I was allowed—Lorraine promptly called me "Ammon-cookie." Meanwhile I had introduced Ben Reitman and Bob Minor 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.

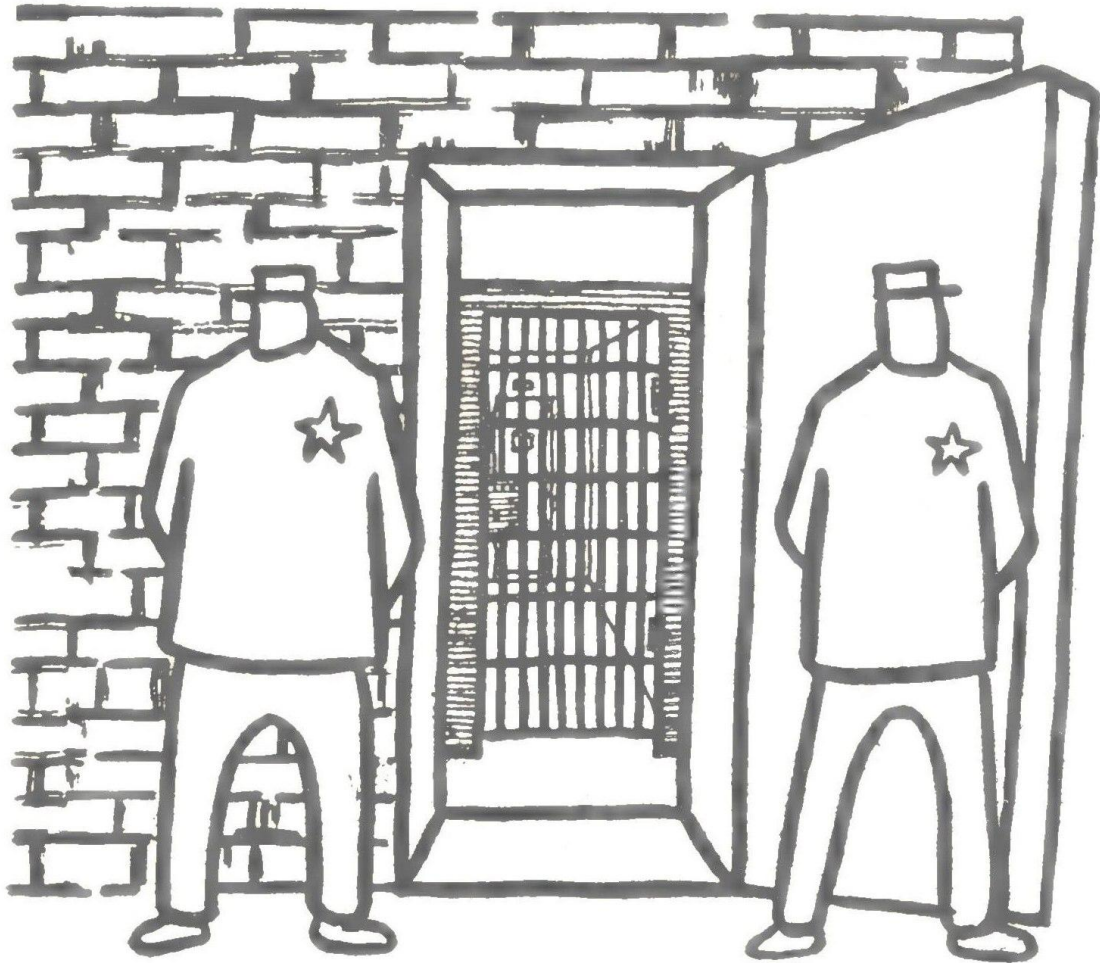
During this winter I studied Yogi, Spiritualism, and Theosophy. Rosicrucian friends had cast my horoscope: Leo with Saturn in ascendancy, which meant that I would always be in trouble, but never defeated. As if to bear out this prediction of difficulty Selma wrote that she was breaking our engagement, 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 "tainted." These days hardly a voice is raised against the great 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 Cleveland who would refuse to register for the draft. He told of his disappointment 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
stay at home
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 that 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, 1977. 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 Socialist 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. If 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 carfare 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 Frieh in Huntington, West Virginia, and also went to the end of the spur railroad in notorious Cabin 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 'Liza, get out'a that there bed and let this white gentleman sleep." Whereupon a colored girl ran 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, sowbelly and coffee set before me. My hosts were cordial and found it difficult to understand why I refused their sowbelly. 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 seeing the books on top of the literature muttered something about my being a student returning from college and moved on.

Getting back to Columbus the night before I was to have my trial I routed 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 zigzag. There were no squad cars and radio in those days, so a person did not have to be smart to outwit a cop. I put stickers on nearly all the downtown store fronts. Finally at 2.30 a.m. I was caught and put in solitary.

I asked to see a lawyer but was told I could not see one. Detective Wilson said that unless I registered for the draft by June 5th, which was registration day, I was to be shot, on orders from Washington. I was shown a copy of the local paper with headlines "Extreme Penalty for Traitors." I only saw it through the bars and was not allowed to read it. It was not until my release from prison in 1919 that I read this paper and discovered that there was nothing definite in the follow up about the death penalty. This was just a scare headline. However if men take you out to a cliff on a dark night, lower you at the end of a rope and tell you it is a hundred feet and when you get

tired to drop-then when you drop it is only two feet; it might as well have been a hundred feet, for you thought it was.

Detective Wilson said that the young Socialists arrested with me for refusing to register had all given in and registered. (Later I found out that he had also told them that I had registered.) I felt that if they gave in some one had to stick, and I was that one. While I was in solitary a statement was given out that the patriotic prisoners had threatened to lynch me and that the sheriff was forced to keep me in solitary. Spike Moore, an I.W.W., sneaked me a note and also a clipping from the paper in which a reporter had asked my mother if she was not frightened because I was to be shot soon. Her reply was that the only thing she was afraid of was that they might scare me to give in. This gave me added courage. My mother never weighed more than 87 pounds and looks like a timid mouse, yet she is one of the four women I have known who have that greatest of virtues: courage.

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 outside barber to come in so I was presentable in court. 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 folks the only people who came to see me were an old Irish washerwoman, Georgia Crooks, who was a Socialist and a Spiritualist, accompanied by a long-haired American Indian, Karakas Redwood, who was some kind of a Yogi. I had met them often and somehow had come to believe that reincarnation was the only explanation of the injustice in this 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 ex-judge by the name of Earnhardt, 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 get Harry Townsley, the comrade who did the printing, into prison. Technically he was not guilty for he had not printed any of my leaflets *after* the 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 raided 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 summing up to the jury on July 3, 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 little children and bayonet the enemy alive to barn doors as the Beast of Berlin has done. In 1776 such men as Hennacy would be defending King George and in 1861 it was men like him who would have allowed the slaves to remain slaves. Judge Earnhardt would have you believe that this despicable coward, Hennacy, is a hero. He calls him by the resounding name of 'conscientious objector.' I tell you

this man does not have a conscience. The money of our state has been spent to educate him in our university. He would bite the hand that feeds him and would repay the state by knifing 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 disloyal actions? Why should he be praised for facing death when millions of men better than he are facing it in the trenches every day for their country? You have the evidence before you where he has ordered his co-defendant to print the treasonable leaflets calling this a Wall Street war and advising young men to refuse to register for the draft. I am only sorry that two years is the limit which can be given; he has said that he would go to jail rather than rot on a foreign battlefield; then give him the jail which he desires.

"As I look over the faces of the jury: faces toil worn with efforts to make this, our great country, the home of freedom, I know that every one of you would not now be here if you were of military age, and you would enlist; you would not need to be drafted." (Several jurors were asleep during this speech.) "You have doubtless celebrated many a Fourth of July with fireworks and oratory. I say to you that you cannot celebrate this national holiday in a manner more patriotic than by giving the limit of the law to this traitor. The blood of those who have died for America rises up in protest and calls upon you to do your patriotic duty: convict this traitor!"

I was sentenced to two years in Atlanta and after this term was served I was to do nine months, for refusing to register, in the county jail at nearby Delaware, as the Columbus jail was always too crowded. I had never occupied a Pullman berth. The two guards who accompanied my partner and me chained us to our berths and gave us sandwiches prepared by their women folks, kidding us that they were marking up good meals on their expense account.

In Prison

Friday, July 13, 1917 was the date of my arrival in Atlanta. My number was 7438. About fifteen others were in the line when I was admitted, so although my entrance into the Baptist fold was lonely, here I had company into what would prove a greater baptism. I was sent to the top floor of the old cell house, to a certain cell. This was occupied by some one else it seemed, for pictures of chorus girls were on the wall, and magazines and cigarette stubs on the floor. This cell was eight feet long, eight feet high, and four feet wide and was made of steel. In half an hour a large burly but good natured man of about forty-five came in. "Hello kid; my name's Brockman, Peter Brockman from Buffalo, doin' a six bit for writing my name on little pieces of paper. Got one to go yet. How do you like our little home? What's your name?"

I gave him my name and shyly shook hands with him. Soon we went down the corridors to the mess hall. Several prisoners spoke to Peter and nudged him and winked at me. I was hungry and the beans, coffee, plenty of bread and rice pudding proved a welcome meal. While Peter was reading the evening paper in our cell I picked up a book of prison rules. He saw me reading them and threw the book in the corner, saying, "Don't waste your time on that crap. There's just three rules in this joint; (1) Don't get caught; (2) If you do get caught have a good alibi ready; (3) If this fails, have a guard who will fix it up for you, either because you pay him, or because you have more on him than he has on you." I wondered what the harm could be in reading the rules and Peter said as he sidled over to me and stroked my hair: "You have lots to learn about prison life that's not in the rules, kid!" Just then a gong rang and Peter explained that in ten minutes the lights would be out. He said I was to have the lower bunk which was not so hot and easier to get into. We undressed and Peter came over and sat on the edge of my bunk. I edged away but could

not get far. "Don't be afraid. I'm your friend," Peter said, "I've been here four years, kid, and I sure get lonesome. Several skirts write to me off and on but the one I planted my jack with has forgotten me long ago. The hell with women anyway! You can't trust 'em and a fellow is a fool to marry one." "I'm tired, Peter, I want to go to sleep," I said jerkily as he commenced to caress me. "No one goes to sleep so early in this hot jail; the bedbugs are worst this time of year. This is a man's joint and you'll have to learn what that means, kid. Anyway, when I did my first bit in Elmira I had a pal; I was soft and homesick then, and many a night Jimmy consoled me. Jimmy was more beautiful than any girl I ever met. Quiet! I hear the screw!" Peter had finished this last word and climbed into his bunk when a guard stopped before the cell and said: "No more talking there! What's this, your new punk?" he said pointing to me and winking at Brockman, I asked Peter what a punk was and he laughed and said he supposed it wasn't defined in Webster but I would learn soon enough about it.

The next morning after breakfast, Blackie, the runner in the block, brought me a note, saying that he knew the prisoner who had written the note, and had done time with him in Allegheny prison years ago. I read:

"Blackie, who gave you this note is o.k. See me in the yard this afternoon if it does not rain; otherwise come 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 workers 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, 3 1/2 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 me to debate in class *against* Socialism, and asked the daughter of conservative 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 to compel by force to blow the coat from the back of the traveler. The sun shone gentle rays which made the traveler *voluntarily* doff the garment. Anarchism was thus the gentle way. 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 only living anarchist, other than 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 meet him. His kindly smile made me feel that I had a friend. He told me of a means of getting out letters, *sub rosa*, and explained how to talk in your throat without moving your lips. He said that on rainy Saturdays, when we could not meet, we could see each other at the Catholic chapel, as the chaplain was an ex-prizefighter who was sympathetic to workers and did not mind those who came to visit each other. He gave me four things to remember. "(1) Don't tell a lie. (2) Don't tell on another prisoner; it's the job of the screws to find out what is going on, not yours. (3) Draw your line to what you will do and will not do and don't budge, for if you begin to weaken they will beat you. (4) Don't curse the guards. They will try to get you to strike them and then they will have the excuse to beat you up; and if one can't, two can; and if two can't, ten can. They are no good or they wouldn't take such a job. Just smile. Obey them in unimportant details but never budge an inch on principle. 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 but a few hours each night until I was transferred to another cell. Meanwhile my good natured 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 new cell house, with four in a cell. Boston Dave and John were counterfeiter 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 Warden Osborne. Later I was to read Frank Tannenbaum's *Osborne of Sing Sing*, and corroborate what Johnny had told me.

A red-headed kid who had a radio without a license was doing time as a spy. He was not a radical or subversive, only interested in radio and did not know he had to get a license. He celled a few cells from me. One noon he slipped me a saw made from a knife, as we were in line going to dinner. It seems that he had cut 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. Here I stuck the saw underneath 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 had me transferred to his gang, and when he left in about 6 months I was made 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 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 o.k. of the warden and was not sneaked 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 conservative. 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 was boss of the plumbing gang.

The conscientious objectors were scattered in different gangs and cell houses over the prison. The warden told me that the orders from Washington were to put us all in one place, but he knew better and scattered us out, for if we were in one place we would plot. This reminded me of the farmer who caught the ground mole and said, "Hanging's too good; burning's too good; I'll bury you alive." So we conscientious objectors were scattered around where we could do propaganda instead of being segregated where we would argue among ourselves. John Dunn and I were good friends. His number was 7979 and he got 20 years. When I was sentenced, the Espionage Law had not yet been passed. After his release he studied for the priesthood and is now a priest in Portsmouth, Ohio, and a reader of the CATHOLIC WORKER. Paul was a young, Russian-born Socialist who had quit a good job to come to prison, Morris was a quiet, very short Russian Jewish anarchist, whom I met often at the vegetarian diet table. (You could get all the good toast bread and milk you could devour if you signed up for any certain length of time at the diet table, but you were not allowed to eat anything from the regular table, at the same time.) Louis was just the opposite; an erratic boisterous Nietzschean who felt that everything that you had was his and what he had was his own. Morris was deported at the same time as Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, after the war. Louis very recently has come to an appreciation of God, if not of orthodox Christianity. Tony was a Russian who did not speak English, but whose quiet manner marked him as some kind of a religious sectarian. Walter was a college man who came from an old anarchist family who had reviled his father's ideas until the crisis of war brought him to prison. His partner was John, a seaman who belonged to the I.W.W. maritime branch. He had been banished from Australia as a radical, and had refused to register for the draft.

Theodore and Adolph were young Socialists from Rhode Island who were enthusiastic and helpful in any prison rebellion. Gilbert was an Italian I.W.W. who spoke little English. He worked in the stone gang. I never met him personally; we just smiled from a distance. Al and Fred were two older comrades who had unwittingly been sent to prison. They were not left wingers, but were in official position in the Socialist Party, where the extreme conservatism of their communities made them martyrs. 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 Porto Rican and had the advantage of his family coming to see him often. The young Hollander from Vermont was now 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 Russellites 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 dying of tuberculosis. I only saw him from a distance for

he lived by himself in a tent the year around. He was a Mexican revolutionist. Two Negro objectors who belonged to some Holiness sect in the Carolinas would not mix with us. I sent candy and other trinkets to them but they did not respond. We were not religious and I supposed we shocked them. My especial friend was William McCoy, of the McCoy-Hatfield feudists in Kentucky. He claimed to have killed six Hatfields. 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. The warden was afraid of him, 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 buggies," a slang for wheelbarrows, full of concrete mixture and pouring it into the foundation walls for a mill to make duck for mail sacks. There were about 80 of us in a line. The platforms had been built in such a way that we had to make a mighty run to get to the top. So John, the wab from Australia and I took turns slowing up the line; stopping to tie a shoelace, to look intently at the wheel as if something was wrong with it, etc. About the time 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 runways 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 brace this wooden car had a nice little hiding place for such a skinny fellow as Oklahoma Red. He was working on the construction gang and said that the next time that car came he was going out with it in this cubby hole at the end where the brakes were. It is 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 outgoing shoes, hat, suit, etc., made in the different prison departments, paying for them in tobacco, and hid this precious bundle of outgoing clothing in the rafters of the cement shed. Several weeks later that car came in. Red found out from the fellows at the power house that it would be switched out at 11.15 that morning. Some of us watched the toilet so no guard or stool pigeon could see Red changing his clothes; others of us kept the guard busy in conversation with head turned 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 whistles blew and the guards and the trusties looked in every corner for Red. As far as I know they never got him.

A white man and a Negro had been killed by guards and I was incensed about it. My cell mates laughed and said I should worry about the living, 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 Fridays by the new mess guard, DeMoss, who had been heard to say that he would make his rakeoff 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 refuse to go to dinner or to eat the rotten fish. The guards and stool pigeons tore the signs down, but I made others and put them up. The first Friday 20 of us stayed in our cells. The guards came around and asked us if we were sick. We said we were sick of that damn fish. The next Friday 200 stayed in their cells; and the next Friday

600. That was too many people thinking alike, so 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 the hole. Some kid squeaked out in a shrill voice: "You can't do it warden; there's only 40 solitary cells and there's a thousand of us." The next day 900 out of the 1100 who ate at this shift stayed in their cells.

The next Monday I was called to the office and was told that I had been seen plotting to blow up the prison with dynamite, and was promptly sent to the dark hole. This was on June 21, 1918. I was left in my underwear, and lying in the small, three-cornered, very dark hole. I got a slice of cornbread and a cup of water each day. I kept a count of the days, as I heard the men marching to work, and at the end of ten days I was put in the light hole. White bread, which I got then, tasted like cake. This cell was on the ground floor, back of the deputy's office. It was about 18 feet long, 15 feet high, and 6 feet wide. A small dirty window near the top to the east faced a tall building, which kept sunlight from coming in, except on very bright days. A bunk was attached to the wall to the right; a plain chair and a small table, with a spoon, plate, and cup on it. There was a toilet; and a wash basin attached to the wall. A small 20 watt light was screwed in the high ceiling and was turned off and on from the outside. There was a door of bars and an extra wooden door with a funnel shaped peephole through which guards could watch me at any time. I walked around examining my new home. The cell was exactly 8 1/2 steps from corner to corner. The walls were dirty, and initials and home-made calendars which days crossed off had been left by former inmates.

After the dark hole this cell was a relief. A Negro lifer brought in meals, three times a day, and ladled grits, beans, raisins, etc. out of a large bucket onto my plate, while Johnson, the fat guard, stood at the door. The Negro found out that I did not eat meat and he always grabbed my portion. Perhaps this helped him in his favorable attitude toward me, for he gave me notes and candy from Berkman and Dunn, and took my notes in return. The first morning I said "Hello" to the guard, but he did not answer me; after a few days of silence on his part I ceased to bother him with a greeting.

When I had first come to prison I had met the Protestant Chaplain. My red-headed cousin Georgia, who was his daughter-in-law, had told him about me. He wanted to know 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 asking 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 this was taken away, and one with very 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 mush. I am not sleepy, but I stretch out and relax. In a minute I wash and pull on my few articles of clothing. I pick up my chair and swing it thirty times—up—right—left—down; up—right—left—down. Then I walk 100 steps back and forth in my cell—arms—up—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 door; the key turns in the lock; the wooden door opens and Johnson, the fat guard, stands back after he has opened the iron barred door. 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 to me as he turns his back to Johnson and I smile in return. I look up at Johnson but he scowls; no fraternizing it seems. The trusty 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 my 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 restless and turn on my side. I hear the men marching to work and stand near the outer wall hoping to hear a word or two but I only hear mumbled voices and the shout of the guards. I hear the whistle of the train in the distance. I kneel by the door and strain my eyes seeking to discern someone in the tailor shop on the second floor next door, but everything is a blur. I walk around the walls reading the poetry I have written and all the inscriptions others have engraved. I am not a poet but my feeling about the Chaplain goes as follows:

THE CHAPLAIN

*The Chaplain said that Christ had risen
And that He died to set men free;
But we all knew, who lay in prison,
The lying lips, the mockery;
That He who helped the sore oppressed,
Who scorned the Scribe and Pharisee,
Would never have His children blest
By one who winked at misery.*

I try to figure out what the possible history of this or that initial may mean, but soon give it up as waste time. I hear the voice of the deputy in the hall meeting the guard in charge. It is now 9 a.m. and according to my schedule, time to read the Bible. I lie on my bunk for half an hour reading the chapter for that morning. Then I sit on the toilet and take my pencil which I found the first day hidden in a small crack in the plaster, back of the toilet. A pencil is precious. You either have one or you don't. The toilet is near the door and the only place in the cell where a full view of the occupant cannot be gained through the peephole. I do not want to be caught with my precious pencil. I place the toilet paper on which I have written my notes in the Bible and sit on my chair and study what I have written. Then I return to the toilet seat and write some conclusions. Then I lie on my bunk and with my eyes closed think over what I have read.

I then try sleep for half an hour but become restless and walk back and forth in my cell for a mile and a half and take my exercises. I spin my plate again. I look up to the dirty window many times but can see nothing. For fifteen minutes I look steadily, after I have noticed a bird flying near the window, hoping that it may return. But why should a bird stop by my dusty window? It is now 11.15 and the guards are outside watching the men enter for the first mess. I feel that this is the opportune time to write a few words, 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, oleo, bread and coffee. I eat the beans carefully, for often I break my teeth from biting against the stones which are included in the beans. I again 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 time. 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 sassed 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 take 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 marching by at 4.30. Supper comes and 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 on what I have read. I rest on my bunk; sing some songs; perhaps curse a little if I feel 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, "o.k.; all in at 10 p.m." I toss about, am nearly asleep when the bedbugs commence. I finally pass a night of fitful 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 walked what I figured was 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. For the first few weeks the time did not go so slowly, as I was busy planning a routine. I found that on one day, perhaps a Thursday or a Friday, I would suddenly be called by the guard to go across the hall and get a bath. 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 for a year or more until he went insane. Selma and I visited him in 1921 at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C. He did not recognize me until I said "Johnson, the guard." I sent notes to my sister Lola for the newspapers about the treatment of Popoff. I heard the chains fall which bound him to the bars and then the thump of his body to the floor I would curse the damned capitalist system and the guards and everyone connected with the government and the prison.

Once in a while I would crouch by the door of my cell, on bright sunny mornings, and see the top of Berkman's bald head as he worked at his regular table by the west window of the tailor shop on the second floor of the building next to my solitary. I thought that if he did 3 1/2, years in solitary, in Allegheny prison, in a cell with slimy walls, I could do the balance of my time in this comparatively clean dry cell.

It was now nearly three months that I had been in solitary. Fred Zerbst, the warden, came in and asked me to sign a paper. It was registration for the second war-draft. I told him I had not changed my mind about the war. He said I wouldn't get anything around here acting that way. I told him that I wasn't asking for anything around here; I was just doing time. He said I would get another year back in the hole for this second refusal to register. I told him that was o.k.

It was September 21, 1918. The warden came in again and said this was all the longer they kept prisoners in solitary and that he would let me out the next day; that I would not plot to blow up any more prisons.

"You know I didn't do that," I said.

"I know you didn't," he replied, "but what do you suppose I am warden for? If I had told the prisoners that you were put in solitary for 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 stoolies 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?” was the query. “That is for you and your guards and stool 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 stubborn fool,” he said as he left.

It was not for many years that I knew I had used the method of moral jiu jitsu as advised by Ghandi. 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 mumbling to myself: the liars, the double-crossers, tempting me with freedom and then telling me the only way to obtain it was by being a rat. This was bad enough, but to talk the Golden Rule and religion, as they did whenever outsiders came around. Love your enemies, turn the other cheek; fine stuff, after they frame you and admit it.

The world needs a Samson to pull down their whole structure of lies. Debs is arrested near my home town in Ohio for defending my comrades Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht and Baker who were doing time in Canton jail and he will come to Atlanta soon. He did time when he was a young man. Now he’s not so bitter; but then, he’s older, and won’t allow the capitalist class to tramp on him either.

Love your enemy?

That night I was nervous and tore off the buttons from my clothing in order to have something to do to sew them on again. I paced my eight and a half steps back and forth for hours and finally flung myself on the bunk. It must have been the middle of the night when I awoke. I had not had a note from anyone for a month. Were my friends forgetting me? I felt weak, lonesome and alone in the world. Here I had been singing defiance at the whole capitalistic world but a few hours before, and had boasted to the warden how I would bravely do my time; now I wondered if anyone really cared. Perhaps by this time Selma might be married to some one else with a real future ahead of him instead of being lost in a jail. The last letter I had received from her was rather formal. Would she understand why I did not write; and could I be sure that some of the letters I had sent her had been received, with the officials opening the mail I had sent to my sister Lola? How could one end it all? The sharp spoon with which I had carved poems and my calendar on the wall could cut my wrist and I could bleed to death before a guard arrived. But then that would be such a messy death. Then the warden would be sorry for the lies he had told me and the tricks he had tried to play. The last thing I could remember before falling asleep was the long wailing whistle of the freight train as it echoed in the woods nearby.

The next day the deputy came in my cell and said that I was looking very pale; that number 7440, a man just two numbers from me who had come in the same day with me, had died of the flu, and that thirty others were buried that week. If I did not get out and breathe the fresh air it was likely that I would die sooner than the others, he said. Why should I not tell what I knew and

get out? In reply I asked the deputy to talk about the weather, as I was not interested in achieving the reputation of a rat. He asked me if it was a prisoner or a guard who had sent out my letters. I walked up to him closely and in a confidential tone said, "It was a prisoner or a guard."

I did not know the nature of the flu but thought that this might be a good way to die if I could only get it. Fate seemed to seal me up in a place where I could not get any germs. (Now that I think of it my "Celestial Bulldozer," guardian angel, or whatever the name may be, must have been in charge of events. In those days I believed in germs and doctors and out in the prison I might have absorbed their fears and succumbed. I was saved until I could emancipate my mind from medical as well as all other kinds of slavery.) Late that afternoon I was called across the hall to take a bath. The guard accidentally left my wooden door open when he was called to answer a telephone. I could not see anywhere except across the hall to the solid door of another cell, but I could hear Popoff in the next cell moaning and calling for water. He was still hanging from his hands for the eight hours a day as he had been for months. As the guard came down the hall he opened Popoff's door, dipping his tin cup in the toilet and threw the dirty water in Popoff's face. Then he came and slammed my door shut and locked it. How soon would I be strung to the bars? How long could a fellow stand such treatment?

As soon as it was dark I sharpened my spoon again and tried it gently on my wrist. The skin seemed to be quite tough, but then I could press harder. If I cut my wrist at midnight I could be dead by morning. I thought I ought to write a note to Selma and to my mother and I couldn't see to do it until morning. Well, I had waited that long, I could wait a day longer. That night my dreams were a mixture of Victor Hugo's stories of men hiding in the sewers of Paris; I.W.W. songs; blood flowing from the pigs that had been butchered on the farm when I was a boy; and the groans of Popoff.

The sun shone 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 continued torture of Popoff and others if I gave up? 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. Just because most 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 me. Now, as I studied 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 scores of times. I had made up games with pages and chapters and names of characters in the Bible to pass away the time. I had memorized certain chapters that I liked. As I read of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Micah and other 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 knowledge that I could remember and 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 Robin Hood Wobbler who was in on 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 guard in the tailor shop and was killed. I had read of riots in prison 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 firm, but quiet. He had cried violence but 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 empire 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 into 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 in my mind. 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 until yesterday. So I must not blame him. I must love him." Now the whole thing was clear. This Kingdom of God must be in everyone: in the deputy, the warden, in the rat and the pervert—and now I came to know it—in myself. I read and reread the Sermon on the Mount: the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew thus became a living thing to me. I tried to take every sentence and apply it to my present problems. The warden had said that he did

not understand political prisoners. He and the deputy, in plain words, did not know any better; they had put on the false face of sternness and tyranny because this was the only method which they knew. It was my job to teach them another method; that of goodwill overcoming their evil intentions, or rather habits. The opposite of the Sermon on the Mount was what the whole world had been practicing, in prison and out of prison; and hate piled on hate had brought hate and revenge. It was plain that this system did not work. I 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 "squeal" 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 doers 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 held 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 that 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 used 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 repressed 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 fake a sick call with this dose in view. However, the dentist could 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 ache 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. Duehay, Superintendent of Federal Prisons from Washington, and his secretary, and Warden Zerbst came to my cell. Duehay 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 divulge the source or 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 winks the other eye;
The Banker calls it Interest and heaves a cheerful sigh;
The Landlord calls it Rent as he tucks it in his bag;
But the honest old Burglar he simply calls it Swag.*

Duehay 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 hear an outsider do so. "If he's 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 especial advice for those about to oppose World War II.

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

The warden nodded and smiled. I shook my head saying I wanted no job hunting down radicals and criminals for I was on their side and not that of the oppressor ... The secretary of Duehay 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 Hennacy 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 jails. He is too much of a nuisance."

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, Hennacy?"

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

"We give; we take. You tell who is getting out your contraband mail or you'll stay here another five and a half months and lose your good time 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 as I chokingly replied, "I can do it. 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.

The next morning after breakfast I wrote on the wall that I was beginning to do the "good time" that I had lost when the door opened suddenly and old Johnson smiled for once, saying, "Going out of this jail, Hennacy." I did not believe him; and even while the barber was shaving me I thought it was some trick to bedevil me. I was given my outgoing suit and an overcoat. It is customary for the warden to shake hands with those who leave and to admonish them to live a good life out in the world. A guard gave me my \$10 outgoing money and a bundle of letters that had come to me while I was in solitary, but the warden never appeared. When I walked out of prison a plain clothes man met me saying that I was being arrested for refusing to register in August, 1918 and would be taken to the County Tower to await trial. We took a street car there, at the end of South Pryor street, and walked a few blocks downtown before we got to the Tower. A second-hand clothing merchant recognized my prison clothes and asked if I wanted to sell my

overcoat. I was not handcuffed but I guess my white face from the months of solitary was sign enough to anyone as to my being an ex-convict.

I was ushered into a cell where Joe Webb, a mountain boy, also slept. He had been found guilty of murder, and was to be executed. Through influential friends I was able to get him a new trial, and he got life on the chain gang instead. I was now able to read and write as I pleased. Selma had received some of my contraband letters from my sister. She was cordial and not married to anyone else, so there was still hope. There was not the restriction on correspondents then that there is now, so I had letters from many people over the country. Mary Raoul Millis, a Socialist of an old southern family whom I had met in Cleveland in 1913, lived in Atlanta and visited me in the Federal Prison and also here in the Tower. (She is the mother of Walter Millis, the author of *The Martial Spirit*, the best book on the Spanish-American War farce.) Peggy Harwell, a pretty young woman who was a Socialist and a Theosophist, also visited me in both jails. They told me that my red-headed cousin Georgia had gone to the warden's office when I was in solitary and raised particular hell because she was not allowed to see me. I asked for radical books to read and among other books Tolstoy's *Kingdom of God is Within You* was brought. I felt that it must have been written especially for me, for here was the answer already written out to all the questions that I had tried to figure out for myself in solitary. To change the world by bullets or ballots was a useless procedure. If the workers ever did get a majority of either, they would have the envy and greed in their hearts and would be chained by these as much as by the chains of the master class. And the State which they would like to call a Cooperative Commonwealth would be based on power; the state would not wither away but would grow. Therefore the only revolution worthwhile was the one-man revolution within the heart. Each one could make this by himself and not need to wait on a majority. I had already started this revolution in solitary by becoming a Christian. Now I had completed it by becoming an Anarchist. Mrs. Millis was a Christian Scientist and she brought me Science and Health to read. I did so, but it did not appeal to me. Mr. Bazemore, the deputy sheriff, said that "the Federals" 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 stool pigeon 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 expressing my admiration for one who in his old age was still a rebel. Sam Castleton, who was to be Deb's lawyer in Atlanta, was also my lawyer. My case came up for trial after seven weeks. Castleton told me that if I was not too radical he might get me off with six months.

When I was in court a Holiness preacher was being tried first. He had refused to register, he said, because the Bible said not 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 powers 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 might as well have kept 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 an atheist and not a pacifist, but that my study of the Sermon on the Mount had made me an all-around pacifist, and the logic of Tolstoy had made me move to the extreme left and become an anarchist. I could see my lawyer wince and put his finger to his lips. 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 asked me how the hell I got that 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. He said that if I had been penniless he would have given me the fare out of his own pocket. He was signing my papers ten days late to appear at the Federal Court in Columbus. He was supposed to send me with a guard and had no right to take the law into his own hands and allow me this ten days of freedom, but he was doing it, he said, because he liked a good fighter. I had approached the court this time with love for my enemy and had never thought that it would result in my freedom.

After a few joyous days with Selma and with my family, I was one of the few prisoners in the Delaware, Ohio county jail. After a few weeks I was eating dinner with the sheriff and his family. At times I was the only prisoner and would lock myself in at night, and in the daytime beat rugs and mow lawns for 40c an hour. Among my employers was Senator Willis nearby. The head of the Department of Sociology at Ohio Wesleyan University here had known me in Madison and sent students to interview the only political prisoner in town. Bishop Brown of Galion, Ohio, the "Bishop of the Bolsheviks and Infidels" came over to see me in his Episcopalian robes. That day my sisters Lola, Lida, Leah and Lorraine had come to see me and he bought ice cream for all of us. I had been reading books on health from the non-medical point of view and took ten days of fasting just to see what it was like. It was not as difficult as I had thought. Selma rented a room in town for two weeks and visited me most of the time. On December 5, 1919, on her birthday, I was released. I did not know whether I would be arrested again, for the Espionage Law was still in force by which one could get 20 years for saying "damn the President."

Chapter 3: Marriage—Travel in 48 States

1920 – 1930

(Carmen and Sharon Born; 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 Vanzetti 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 I.W.W. paper, THE FELLOW WORKER and spoke at one of their forums. I was giving the pacifist argument when a burly fellow worker said no cop was going to tell him what to do and we had to fight for our rights; being 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 poem, Hypocrites, and now in November, 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 mob and maim,
All those who will not help to kill
In lowly Jesus’ name.*



Ade Bethune

*I wonder if the devil laughs,
 And if his joy's increased,
 To see the god of gold worshiped
 By preacher and by priest;
 Who teach contentment with your lot—
 Unless you run the game—
 And wink at sin and grab the tin
 In lowly 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 lowly 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 lowly 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 Assemblymen in Albany were being expelled because of their radicalism. They were not very radical but the Lusk Committee was out to get even pinks. 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 himself, 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 squeaking Assemblymen lost their jobs anyway, and later all of them lived through another war and supported it. Evan Thomas, Julius Eichel, 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 man with a bayonet but no head, and issued 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 distributed her illegal birth control pamphlet and other literature. I remember talking to bewhiskered 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 thumbed a ride but waited for people to ask us.

We hiked first over Staten Island, visited Walter Hirshberg in Atlantic City, whom I had known as 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 Hennessey, 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 Waldheim cemetery where the Haymarket men are buried and placed a rose there. Then down through the snow towards Georgia.

Before we came to Sewanee 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 o.k." We asked if there was a Bottomless 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 shet up!" said the mother. We camped there that night.

In Rome, Georgia we said hello to 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 to 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 got near the house where I was in solitary so long I whispered to Selma and she very sweetly said to the guard who was escorting us:

"Officer, 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 lifer 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 seedy 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 this was the animal he had under his torture for 8 1/2 months while he was deputy warden, for he suddenly stammered and changed the subject before the invitation for salvation had been fully delivered. So even Deputy Girardeau 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 Franck'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 since I had been sentenced. We left Atlanta in the spring, climbed Mt. Mitchell in the Carolina's, went across Texas and up to Milwaukee in time for the state Socialist picnic in the late summer. We visited our folks leisurely, 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 discovered 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 he wrote books about his early days as a castaway on a cannibal island and other tales of derring do. It was a standing joke in his family that when his sons 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 "Coin 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 Revolt. A strike of masons interrupted it and it was never finished. Now 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 hiking on a dirt road in Arkansas we chatted for a minute with 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 closely and said: "Be you all Socialist?"

"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 snake shows over Texas and then end it up with a Socialist speech. You must stop at my house and visit tonight. It's 18 miles down the road; 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 "thang," as they say that gets under your arms and knees and itches and itches and you can't see them at all. After supper our host said we should walk a mile down the draw 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 vaguely 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 Working Class Union, a division of the I.W.W. Along with others he had

refused 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 guile, 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 thang in your fat belly," and the guard knew he would. He was called to the "head doctor," as he called it and asked why he didn't learn how to behave in jail. His reply was that it would "spoil 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 cheery 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 at 1,000 years ago we did a lot of guessing about it, and less than 300 years ago we had the fable about George Washington and the cherry tree. What then was the truth? On the Civil War I had learned 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 would be the history of tomorrow soon. 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 discussing current events with *absolute freedom of speech*. They had the regular conservative Mobile daily, the Single Tax COURIER at home, the others I ordered: The CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, AMERICA, the catholic weekly, The Milwaukee LEADER, Socialist, The DAILY WORKER, Communist, FREEDOM, the London Anarchist paper, FELLOW WORKER of the I.W.W., The NATION, The WORLD TOMORROW, pacifist, the ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL, and the WALL STREET JOURNAL.

The first day Sam lay down on a bench. Everyone looked to see what the new teacher would do. I had never studied pedagogy but I had had a good course in pacifism these past few years, so I picked up a dictionary and gently placed it under Sam's head and told him to sleep on. He wanted an argument and there was none. The next day he mumbled half audibly to George. I waited a minute and then told him to hurry up and tell George all the good news and when he was finished we could talk about history. He suddenly had nothing to say and from that time on was no bother.

A Disciple Church minister was head of the Boy Scouts and of the KKK in Fairhope. One Sunday he openly said from the pulpit that I should be tarred and feathered and drowned in Mobile Bay, for there was no room in that town for a person who was a traitor, a jailbird, a man who did not attend church, and who was not legally married. They burned a cross by our house. Some folks wanted me to have a guard when I went the lonely mile home from the folk dances at night but I felt my Celestial Bulldozer made way for me. Next week I went to see the minister and invited him to come to my Friday class and give a talk on the KKK. He promised to come and didn't. Three weeks later he was "called" to preach in another town. If I had started to run from such cowards I would be running yet.

Some of the students wanted to skip other classes and attend my history class for they had never had it taught in this interesting manner. I told them they couldn't do that and they had better figure out some other method. Accordingly about half of the high school met in a special history club where all kinds of questions were asked every Wednesday night from 8 to 11; no credit. This was the Organic method with a vengeance.

There was a Shakespearean group and Selma played the part of Autoculous in an outdoor presentation of "The Winter's Tale." During a vacation between semesters I shoveled manure for a Quaker farmer and graded tangerines at a packing shed. I still remember the wonderful lunch at the Quaker farmer's: whole wheat bread, honey and a pitcher of cream. That was all and you could have all you could eat of it.

There was an old fashioned silent Quaker meeting house nearby Fairhope. Selma and I went several Sundays. I found they were of the same Hicksite group as my great-grand-parents, Ashford, in Ohio. Later some of those Quakers went to prison in World War II, and some of them moved to Costa Rica to escape militarism. In late May we went westward across Texas again and climbed Pikes Peak on the night of the 4th of July, 1924. (We learned that next year the history teacher in Fairhope was an ex-army captain, so the pacifist was counter-balanced.) We stopped at Ludlow, 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 Doran, Jim Thompson, and other I.W.W.'s still imprisoned. I was surprised to see Zerbst, my old warden 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 maggots moving over a distant mountain. Drawing closer we saw they were goats. We watched that evening as the Greeks at the goat corral, backed 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 slightly ajar 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 Red Doran on the street. He was a barker 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 1922 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 all the 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 Mother Bloor and a radical news vendor 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; Webster's unabridged with atlas, and a few other things that we knew we would never buy if we did not do it right then. In June we hiked in the breezy weather to the Valley of the Moon and slept near Jack London's place. Hiked over the snow to sleepy Carson City, where we spent a week with Abe Cohen and his hanger-on Dot-so-Lallee renowned basket maker. We sent home Navajo rugs from here. We rushed through the Babylon of Reno, through beautiful Truckee, (by Lake Tahoe) and crisscrossed 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. Spent a week at Taos pueblo where we were friends of Juanita, sister of Tony who later married Mabel Dodge.

We zig-zagged 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; 2,200 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-Santa 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. At least that much of the good that the person 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 howl about Him on Sunday and especial holy days. So, no matter how many chances we took with people and places unknown we felt that it would all work together for good. (My Celestial Bulldozer again.) We had needed this running around: Selma to counteract the staid, comfortable bourgeois Milwaukee outlook, and I to balance my confinement in solitary. Now we would appreciate 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 \$105. We bought ten acres of woods with \$100 down, built one room in a cozy 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. 23, 1929 (the day the Depression started) when Sharon was born. We did not notify 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 was discharged. We had been happy with our cow and calf, sheep and lamb, police dogs, and life in the woods. We had built with our own hands and with the help of Selma's kid brother, Edmund, four more rooms. I had dug a cellar 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 wind whistling outside and June, 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 Sharon and when I ran under it full speed they would swing over the tree tops below like over the top of the world with screeches 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 hickory trees and brought a mattress alone 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."

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 Hennacy 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. Hennacy was convicted while a resident of Columbus, Ohio. He failed to register and 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 certain 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 on him. 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 at me. 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 me 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 answer 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!"

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 knife. 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 knife a good Christian anarchist who returns good for evil. Don't kill this Hennacy; there isn't any more," he would have laughed at me. When I showed no fear and dared him to do me up it woke him up to reality and took his mind off his meanness. The good was in him the same as it was in the warden and the District Attorney but it had to be brought out by the warmth of love which I showed and not by the blustering wind which provoked only more bluster.

"Do you want those groceries?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" he said in astonishment.

"I mean that the door is not locked and the knife is put away. I'll give you the groceries now and skip them next time; all in the same month's bookkeeping." "Well, I'll be damned," was his reply. Adding "And when do I go to court?" "You won't go to court. I don't believe in courts; you have learned your lesson." When I left the house my knees were shaking from the strain although I had not wavered a bit all along. For several years whenever I asked Carmen and Sharon at night if they wanted me to tell them a bear story they would answer, "Daddy, tell me about the man with the knife."

Later at the office, my boss, who was a leader of the American Legion, asked me to testify in court about this man who had locked me up. I refused, saying that he had been imprisoned twice for such tactics and had only learned to do the same thing again. I felt that my way therefore should be used.

"What is your way?" he asked.

For several hours I explained my ideas and experiences.

"You ought to get acquainted with those radical Catholics in New York," he said. He was also a Catholic. I asked Father Kennedy around the corner who was editor of the HERALD CITIZEN the name of such Catholics and he gave me a copy of the current CATHOLIC WORKER. I at once subscribed.

At that time some Fascist-minded American Legion members were putting out a well printed sheet each week calling upon all patriots to run radicals and pacifists out of the city. My boss knew that this was dangerous but he did not know how to combat it. He asked me to speak at a private meeting at his home to several dozen of the more liberal-minded Legionnaires. They had never met a pacifist nor an anarchist before and we had an exciting evening. I asked them to meet my Communist friend, Fred Basset Blair. They went up in the air at the mention of his name but I kidded them about their timidity until they consented to have him meet with them. I was there also. A Socialist and a Technocrat spoke also and by the time winter was over the true Legionaries had argued their vigilantes out of the idea and they disbanded. Meanwhile I spoke on Christian anarchism to the Legion at their Cudworth Post, where Gen. MacArthur holds membership. And at their annual banquet I was the only outsider present and was asked to say a few words at the end of the festivities. Later I debated with different commanders of the Legion in two large Protestant churches and at the Jewish Synagogue. I also spoke scores of times to classes at the State Teachers College and at the University Extension classes.

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 took more courage 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 second of a motion to that 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 dietitians who fed "the average family" and there was no such thing. 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 menu". I wrote a letter to all of 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 I went to the office of my boss with this letter and he was not in his office. 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 and the devil names. 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 returned my \$2.50 each pay day 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 not seconded the motion at the union meeting said "fine work, Ammon." I was a delegate to the union of relief clients, The Workers Alliance.

Long before I read of the method of moral jiu jitsu, described 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."

"Hennacy, 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 a wholesaler" was my rejoinder. Obviously he did not need that many mattresses but

he asked for the impossible in order to be refused and then he would start shooting. "Let's go upstairs and see what size mattresses you need," I suggested. "No body's going up my upstairs," 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 he 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.

Another time I had a quick call to visit a family where the last visitor had been thrown downstairs. In this case, as in 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 and marked them "o.k." as they were not too high. Soon the man came in shouting "I want my gas and light bill paid." I told him quietly that they were already paid. "I don't get enough cornmeal," he said. "What part of the South do you come from?" I asked, knowing that no person in the north asks for cornmeal. "I come from Baldwin County, Alabama," was the answer. "I used to teach history in Fairhope" was my reply. "You know my kind; I won't argue with you," said he smiling. The fact was that the nice clean social workers tried to clean up this old man who was born dirty, born with a tendency to drunkenness, lying and laziness; and they wore 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 standards 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; sell them for booze?" "No, my buddy and I were up north looking for work and got caught in a storm and came to a cabin, Here we rested over night and put our shoes to dry by the stove and when we got up they were all turned up and we couldn'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 needed 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 my boss and asked him to sign it. "You can't do that," he said. "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. He lived the third flight up and when I knocked on the door 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 Sacco and Vanzetti, 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 temper and get in a fight and lose his job. He asked me to speak for him. I took an Irish friend along, Ray Callahan, the president of the union, in order that anything I might 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 anarchist 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." Everyone 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 also organized a union. We had an increase in pay, extra vacation for overtime, and a five day week. 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. I announced a meeting at his home one evening when I would speak about Catholic Conscientious Objectors in World War I. Only a few attended but I was pleased to meet Nina Polcyn and Dave Host, early friends of *The Catholic Workers*. I told at that meeting of my friend Ben Salmon, a Catholic, Single Taxer, 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 45 CO's in Ft. Riley. (He had begun the hunger strike at Ft. Riley and continued it at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C.) Selma and I had visited Ben in Washington, D.C. where he was rooming with the guard who had forcibly fed him at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and whom he had converted to pacifism. I told of John Dunn and of Francis Xavier Hennessey, a member of the Knights of Columbus, from Boston 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 1937 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, 1937 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 Basset Blair, Communist leader, also spoke. I told him if he praised Russia I would tell on him, so he kept to the subject. Martin Cyborowski of the CIO also spoke, as did Prof. Philip Persons 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 Busch Shoe Co. a Tolstoian 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 outside of any church. One of his prized possessions is a picture of Tolstoy carved on a piece of bark by Tolstoy himself and given to a visitor, who upon his death gave it to Mr. Nunn. Socialist and union leaders of Milwaukee and

several pacifists among the clergy were also sponsors. The ushers of the meeting were the young Catholic Workers. The diocesan 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 on labor. I had asked old Mr. Bruce of the Catholic Bruce Publishing Company to be a sponsor. He was sympathetic but said he was too old to stand the criticism which would come from conservative Catholics. He wished me 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 where there was no union. After a time I was able to get our union to delegate another 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. 7, 1937. In my speeches in churches and before labor groups I often quoted the following verse from Robert Burns to wake the audience up:

*"A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest."*

In 1934 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 apartment there and I went down on week 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 left 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 can't find them. You would 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; that she obeyed only what was good. Sharon did not pout, 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 Atlanta for over a year and had visited Mrs. Millis. Selma had attended 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 Tolstoian Sermon on the Mount principles. It was not difficult for both of us to accept the non-medical 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 super patriotism made me

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 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 else kill them for me?" I answered. "But Daddy, maybe, this pig just died; nobody killed it." was her reply.

Both girls were interested in music, dancing and dramatics. We often took walks up the river both winter and summer on Sunday mornings.

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 and before I got into jail. We had seen the life there and they were old enough to appreciate some of the advantages which they might have there. So in July 1938 we drove there and I came back to Milwaukee alone. My father had died in June, in Cleveland.

Emma Goldman spoke in Milwaukee in the late thirties. I had not met her for years. Later when I wrote to her in Toronto telling her of the Haymarket meeting and of the Catholic Workers being ushers she wrote to me: "I appreciate the good wishes of the young Catholics and I ask you to kindly give them my thanks and my greetings."

In 1937 Dorothy Day spoke at the Eucharistic Congress in Milwaukee, being invited there by Bishop (now Cardinal) Stritch. She had been upstairs in the office 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 Gellert and Claude McKay. She had left the Communists and joined the Catholic Church 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 much about radicalism. I had but a few words with her on our way to Nina's. She spoke at Marquette to a room full of nuns, 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 the Church 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 commenced to quote Marx. Peter answered, "You did not quote Marx right—here is 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 an anarchist; 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 of it, and its immediate practicability as syndicalism." Read ended the

article with this sentence, speaking of Gill, "He was the most honest man I have even known, or am likely to know."

The opposition of the CATHOLIC WORKER to Franco aroused the ire of patriotic Catholics. I remember a priest speaking at the CW one night who said that if a Catholic fighting for Franco killed a Catholic who was a Loyalist he was doing the latter a favor, for if it was the other way around the Loyalist would be committing murder and would go to hell because he was on the wrong side. During this time I wrote letters to every Protestant church in the city telling them 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 the 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 CWs and CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS every other Monday night at meetings of a lecture 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 wouldn'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 them behave." was my quick reply. 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, so each one departed with a copy of the November CW which had a chapter of my life in Atlanta entitled "God's Coward." I sold 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 knifed by the CIO and Communists of Milwaukee for his renomination—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. Somehow a reporter was present, so when the time came for election of Chairman for the ensuing year this cowardly follower of Christ gave a long talk about democracy 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 man had posed as

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 to me as they met me on 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 wouldn't 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, Thoreau, 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 insofar 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."

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.

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 CWs 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 council 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.

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, a 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 ritzy St. Roberts church this morning and sold 33 cents worth. The cop (a Protestant) who had wanted to stop me the first time 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—besides I did not have the admission price posted on the door. Tried to sell papers at St. Rose's 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 Commies when he escaped. Coming home he was one of the few to tell the truth of how the Commies 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 fought in Spain wrote a letter to the Milwaukee JOURNAL in which they said 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 register 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, Bill and I rode to Chicago with a Quaker friend and attended a meeting of CO's at a Brethren church, Evan Thomas was there and he was going to refuse also. Of us old timers who were in jail in World War I and who would again endanger our families and jobs and property, there were Harold Gray of Saline, Mich., Max Sandin of Cleveland, Howard Moore of Cherry Valley, N.Y., and Julius Eichel and Evan Thomas of New York City, and myself. Also, of course, the Marquardt family, being the old patriarch and his sons and sons-in-law of Grasston, Minnesota. A. J. Muste, head of the FOR would also refuse. We all felt that we would get five years and were prepared to take it.

I spoke at the meeting, visited with friends, and started hiking home in the late afternoon. I walked about ten miles, and got a ride with an ex-army captain of the last war. He was against this one. Then I walked awhile and got a ride with a young fellow from Zion City. I gave them both CWs containing my statement. I did not have a cent on me and it was dark. I thought of the Chinese who lived on a mouthful of rice a day. Just then I saw an ear of corn on the road. I shelled it and for the next three hours chewed it grain by grain and was not hungry when I finished. Finally after 10 p.m. when it commenced to drizzle a man picked me up and took me to Milwaukee. He admired Lew Ayres who was a CO and was glad to read my statement. Arriving home I received a telegram of congratulation as to my refusal to register from Dorothy who was speaking in Albuquerque. On my last day at the office my Legion friends were very kind to me. The papers had a fair summary and picture on the front page. My argument with the timid souls who felt I would hurt the cause by being radical was that they sneaked off to a CO camp and no one knew they had gone, while if you refused to register it was the man biting the dog and was news. Therefore your ideas went before the world.

The following is my statement of refusal to register as printed in the May, 1942 CW, and addressed to the U.S. District attorney.

Dear Sir: As a Tolstoian—a Christian Anarchist—I choose to follow the example of the early Christians who refused to place a pinch of incense upon the altar of Caesar. I consider that registration for the purpose of helping this or any other war is the first step towards a defeat of the principles of Jesus as given in His Sermon on the Mount: “Love your enemies... turn the other cheek...” This does not mean to kill them in war or to commit injustice in time of peace. Personally I wish to frankly admit my inconsistency in having worked for a branch of the government while being an Anarchist; however I did so openly. I refuse to register and will cheerfully accept the sentence of the court, desiring no probation or parole, but willing to sacrifice for what I think is right, as the soldiers and sailors are doing.

In 1917 I refused to register for a somewhat different reason. At that time I was a Socialist who believed in fighting in a revolution, but not in a capitalist war. I had never heard of a God of Love in the churches, and thought I was an atheist. During my two and a half years in Atlanta, I spent eight and a half months in solitary, where my study of the Bible convinced me that the most revolutionary teaching in the world was contained in the Sermon on the Mount. I saw that the Kingdom of God was within every person, but most of us had forgotten it. I felt it was futile to change the *forms* of society—that the biggest job before me was to change myself; 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 policemen’s club: upon a return of evil for evil, the very opposite of the teachings of Christ. I saw that all churches supported this essential 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 Mennonites, Brethren, Quakers, and the Doukhobor, Molokon and Jehovah’s sects. 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 end war.

In refusing to register, I want to make it clear that the great majority of the people who have supported the economic evils that make for war are acting logically in an all-out effort for war. As an Anarchist, I have taken no part in politics and am not bound to accept the will of a majority whose political battle I did not enter. I honor those who are sincere, sacrificing, war-like patriots. I am a peace patriot. I accept, along with others, whatever punishment is due this generation because of the mistakes of our forefathers. We lied to, and cheated the Indians, and broke nearly every treaty we made with them; we formed our great Southwest by stealing it from Mexico in what Grant and Webster called an unjust war; we fought an unnecessary Civil War to free the Negro and we have refused to give him his real freedom; we grabbed the very islands for which we are now fighting from Spain in an equally imperialistic venture; we started a revolution in Columbia and stole Panama, we invaded Nicaragua and countless other countries to protect foolish foreign loans

and investments; we sold war materials to Japan until recently and helped build up her imperialism in the Far East; we excluded an energetic and noble people from our shores; we refused to support or to build up a decent League of Nations or to live up to our own Kellogg Peace Pact, renouncing war. We do not come before the bar of history with clean hands.

More recently the President, with the aid of his erstwhile opponent, has duped the country inch by inch until we are in this war. Likely, he sincerely believed that "the end justified the meanness" and good would come of it. History has proven him mistaken now, and will increasingly prove that evil defeats itself. His slogans tell this story of trickery: "Fools Gold;" "Cash and Carry;" "The draft is just a census... your boys are 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 were fooled by the slogans of the War-Party and who now, but dimly, realize how the President maneuvered them into this war. I speak for the millions of Christians who have been again sold out by their leaders who value church property and power more than they value the example of Christ, and who accept the "lesser evil" rather than the ultimate good and the counsels of perfection. I speak for the millions of union men who have succumbed to the glory of "time and a half," little realizing that they are accessories before the face of legal murder, in making the weapons of death. I speak for the thousands of radicals whose leaders have forgotten the ideals of Debs, Lansbury, old Bob LaFollette, Berkman, the I.W.W.'s, and Sacco and Vanzetti, and who now support the war. I speak for those individuals and small groups in and out of Protestant and Catholic churches who do not go so far in opposition to war as I do. I speak for my fellow-vegetarians, many of whom have succumbed to this wholesale blood-letting called war. I speak for those in our prisons whose chances for the ideals of Thomas Mott Osborne mitigating their misery are dulled by the fog of hatred which envelops this war torn world. I speak for my own and for millions of children whose hopes of a better world are crushed and who are doomed to the wheel of despotism, fear, greed, and starvation, which will be the outcome of this war. I speak for a Just Peace and against World War III. I also speak for that better world whose spark has been kept alive by those who are not afraid to face the misunderstanding and scorn of the multitude. I speak with the voice of Thoreau who said: "A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority... one on the side of God is a majority already." I speak with the voice of Peter and Socrates who chose to obey God rather than man. I speak with the voice of St. Francis and of Gandhi who exemplify the life of Christ. I speak with the voice of Jesus who said: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them... overcome evil with good." I speak for that time when all shall realize that they are

Sons of God and brothers. When all the world is filled with hatred, this is the time when I must not be silent.'

Ammon Hennacy

1534 N. 60th St.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Dec. 19, 1941

While in New York City my wife had joined one of the esoteric cults that spring up 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 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. (I had stopped for a day to visit the radical Doukhobors in British Columbia.) This cult did not allow the aura of the husband in the house if he did not belong. When my wife knew I was refusing to register she wrote that when I went to prison my name would be as if I was dead, as far as she and the girls were concerned. I wrote to them cordially all of this time and sent them nearly all I made. The policy of this cult was not to allow correspondence between 100% followers and unbelievers. I had faith in my daughters and knew when they were old enough to understand they would do what was right.

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 recognizance and he would call me when I was to have a trial. The papers wrote about the terrible tongue lashing he had given to a "draft dodger." Bill Ryan was soon sentenced to 2 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 machine; sore teated ones; kicky ones; and those suffering from garget 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 family for a few hours now 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 shanties where squatters eked out a living panning gold.

I did not know that the dairy where I worked was a closed shop, being organized by the AFL Teamsters Union. Mr. Coffee, 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 about 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 without 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 it. 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 dairies. Finally, Coffee admitted that this motion had been made on 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 I could not sell them without a permit. On the way to the police station he asked for my draft card; I told him that 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 contact 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 "Showup." 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 me 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 beaten 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 the Chief of Police who, upon 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 put 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 whenever 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 Denver. 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 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 furthestmost end of the barn from the milk room, and carry one of their heavy DeLaval bucket 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)



Ade Bethune

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 anarchists 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 unChristian, inasmuch 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 1943 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 trapnesting 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 best 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 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 non payment 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 filters through the mulberry and cottonwood trees to my open door. I turn in bed and relax. 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 Hennacy," 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 makeshift 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 treetop 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 morning 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. Fido and Borso follow us to the orchard and it seems they must lie under the very tree where limbs are falling, gnawing 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 noon as Paul goes to the dairy to eat his lunch with Fred, Frank and Karl, and the guard who carries a gun but never uses it. I have cooked a kettle of pinto beans, and not having planted any chili peppers last summer I have added some vegetable shortening 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 loaf of bread with oleo. 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 radio around.

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 making 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 odd 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 again." It would be good if I would reply, "come over to my house," but the accommodations of a bachelor are not conducive to visiting. Brother Joe has been over to practice typing letters, and Lipa has come running several times to "see your girls" (the pictures of my daughters). Seeing the typewriter she took great pride in saying this long word. Another English 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 CO. camps, discussing Tolstoy and bringing up questions 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 twigs burn 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 shortening 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 article which I feel impelled to write. Perhaps I am writing another Tolstoy booklet corresponding with my Doukhobor friends in Canada, or writing a digest or review of a book which a friend has loaned to me. My only 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, hectographing, and a general place for material I want within easy reach. I use a board across my lap for a table and have the food handy at the stove.

Before me, above the fireplace, are oil paintings by the former 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 the weeds now 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 atmosphere 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 had first 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 economic system which feeds on war. When they have the courage and the spirituality of the early Christians then they can surely "take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." But warmongers 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, Leeland Soker, gave me Sallman's Head of Christ. My unorthodox array of "Saints" on the wall are Tolstoy, Debs, Thoreau, Jefferson, Abdul Baha, St. Francis, Vanzetti and Gandhi. The pictures of my own girls and family and that of an Indian maiden is the only touch of femininity in the house. This room is 14 by 16 feet with two windows and three doors, and the bedroom is 13 by 13. The walls are nearly four feet thick, made of native adobe, and the ceilings are ten feet high.

Tradition tells of treasure hid here in this house at the time of Indian raids. For the house was once an old fort in the times when the whites were encroaching upon the Indian country. The treasure that I have found here was buried, all right—buried deep within my personality, and it took the peace and quiet, the productive labor among kindly, common and everyday sort of people to discover it.

Originally all doors led upon a small patio in the center open to the sky. The east wall is now torn down. Part of the house was used as a Catholic chapel in the early days. Enough cracks here and there allow Brother Mouse to come and go. At a former place where I lived by myself I was able to stop up all cracks and holes within two months so that mice did not enter. It was their home before it was mine. They have a right to live, to chew and gnaw, but they do not need to do so in my two rooms. There is plenty for them in nearby fields and farm buildings. They do not bother old copies of the CATHOLIC WORKER or other pacifist or radical papers. Their especial taste seems to be for the CHRISTIAN CENTURY—but then they may have developed certain tastes from the former owner of the place.

It is now a bright morning in early May. By this time my skin is nearly as brown as that of Hans. Last year the blisters on my back worried others much and myself but little. This year not a blister came from my exposure to the sun. Two electric pumps bring water from the irrigation ditch and from a well to irrigate the 100 rows of trees. For a short distance the water runs between banks uphill until it reaches the trees. (The saying here is that only a Mormon can make water run up hill. They understand irrigation, are good workers and their system of helping each other could easily be studied and used by all of us. I have some Mormon friends who like to read the CATHOLIC WORKER.) The gopher has made holes in the ditch bank and this is a continual trouble until they have all been stopped up. Hans watches the ditch bank for leaks and I see that the water reaches each tree.

Melons have come up from some left in the field last year. I plant onions, parsnips, rutabagas, tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, blue Indian corn from nearby Isleta pueblo, and the native pinto bean. Later sweet potatoes and peppers will be planted. Last year I planted a small patch of wheat but soon afterward came to work here and did not harvest it. My employer has doubts about my ability as a wheat farmer but I planted about an acre. Much of it is up but some of the ground is black alkali where even weeds will not grow.

Old timers here and there along this Rio Grande have watermills where corn is ground between two stones. They go with exceedingly slow motion but there is no cost, and these stones have been grinding for centuries. If it is possible to get my blue corn and wheat ground at such a mill I will do so; 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 canvas seems queer. By itself 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 who eats meat 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 needed 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 eat it yourself?

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 is 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:

Whole wheat pour, 25 lbs	\$1.25 (could grow own wheat)
Vegetable shortening, 3 lbs	.68
Cornmeal, 5 lbs	.46 (could grow own corn)
Oleomargarine, 2 lbs	.38
Rice, 4 lbs	.58 (price is too high)
Raisins, 2 lbs	.23
Syrup, 5 lbs	.47
Yeast, salt, sugar, etc.	50
	— TOTAL 4.55
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 asparagus, 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 Cobbetts old-fashioned way of bread making, and of Catherine de Heuck's rye bread encouraged me to persevere until I can now say that I make as good bread as I have ever tasted. Here is my method, developed at last after getting the yeast too hot, the oven too hot, and the dough raised too quickly. At noon I put 13 cups of whole wheat flour in a pan. Heat a pint of milk until it commences to bubble, then add water until it is a little more than luke warm. 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 take it over to Lipa'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 a 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 mouse proof. In the morning, half of a small loaf goes to Reyes and Lipa 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 mush often for breakfast. When I am out of bread and do not have any yeast I can make fairly good tortillas. One day Lipa 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. Do not have the fire too hot. Keep turning 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 lop-sided tortilla and placed it on the stove. Chattering in her snappy English and Spanish, she forgot it and it was badly burned. With a nonchalant gesture she said, "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. Here the water has gone into another row and missed half a dozen acres; there it is 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 turn the water into this new row. I oil the pump, and then a dash of cold water livens me up. Change my clothes, and walk a mile down the road to the seminary chapel, where I give a CW to each person as they enter for 7.30 mass. Then I walk the 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 younger 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 partly 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 Atlanta in 1918 commands their respect. They see the pacifism of the CATHOLIC WORKER but it has the name "Catholic". How could that church be

for “the Truth?” There must be something wrong! I have met the Jehovahs 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 asked, “Hennacy, you been to Ecclesia?” I said that I had. “You say Name of the Father?” “Not very much, but I say benefice for my honey,” 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 CWs 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 conscientious objectors 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 some 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 Isleta, seven miles to the south. The road was uphill and down and quite 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 Isleta 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 the 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, and the next Sunday it would be at 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 a copy to each family. The houses were on narrow semi-streets winding here and there, as in Santa Fe, and each yard held farm machinery, wood, and the familiar wagon 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. Several extremely wrinkled old men 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 locked; the people were in the fields or gardens in the 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 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 Jiron. 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 howled, although I was dressed in the white suit I had worn in 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 to 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 Navajos simply do 'sh-h-h' and the children cease whatever nuisance 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 shine too 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 the 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. Corn 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 smelled 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 army factories of international cartels had not been touched, while hundreds of thousands of civilians had 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 down there. They had often met me as I had passed their camp on the way to on Sunday mornings. Nearing home I stopped for a drink of water at the home of cousins of Lipa whom I had met before. As soon as I got home, a look at the well in the orchard 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.

A Winter Journey

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 183, I came about an hour after dark to a farmhouse 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 please 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. Passing a small town, he said, "See that undertaking establishment? 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 rear, and crowded themselves to allow me to sit with them in the front seat. We struck a snow storm as we arrived in Oklahoma City. 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 flour sack hung in front of me, which balanced the sleeping bag on my

back when I hiked. A girth strap of wide leather, wound around the back and buckled in front formed a harness. As on the hike which my wife and I had made years before, I never asked for a ride, but waited for people to ask me: trusting in God instead of my thumb. During two nights in Oklahoma I slept in old vacant houses along the road. Doors and windows were missing, but the floors were dry. Both times I was directed to them by the keepers of small stores who were unwilling to permit me to occupy their nearby sheds. The temperatures these nights were below zero. My sleeping bag was warm enough, but tying it up in the morning was a problem, for my hands became very cold.

In Webb City, Mo., I met several soldiers with bus tickets in their pockets hiking from the west coast, trying to get home by Christmas. No room on bus or train. (My sisters had offered me a round trip ticket, but I felt that I did not wish to be the occasion of the government getting that much war tax. I found that even if I had a ticket I could not have used it. So the absolutist turned out to be practical for once.) In the afternoon a man who had attended Quaker meetings in Philadelphia in his youth, but who was now a Catholic, gave me a ride from near Kansas City to Des Moines. He was an officer in the Kansas Co-op Wholesale and a friend of Monsignor Ligutti. He was much interested in the copies of the CW which I gave him. It was now after dark and bitter cold. I phoned Msgr. Ligutti and made an appointment for 8:30 the next morning. Salvation Army, hotels and tourist camps were full, so the only recourse for this anarchist was to ask for the hospitality of his enemy, the state. With very little formality I was ushered into a tank cell and was the only occupant of a fifty-bed room. Later in the night some one else came in, whom I found in the morning was a young fellow whose employer had skipped town without paying him. They went around cleaning brass on the front of banks. I staked him to breakfast and a CW and each of us went our way. It was storming. Msgr. Ligutti greeted me cheerfully and I warmed myself before his cheery fireplace in the large house where the offices of the Rural Life Conference are located. He was to leave for Rome the next day. He was interested and sympathetic with my mode of life and enthusiastic about the CW. Presenting me with about ten pounds of literature he wished me well on my trip.

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 in at a farmhouse to get warm and ask directions. The town was still three miles away. Again I walked and walked in the darkness; suddenly I saw another 24-hour restaurant. Looking closer I saw it was the same one, for when I left the farmhouse I had walked four miles back the wrong way. I treated myself to a good omelet, for I was extra hungry and tired. The proprietor had overheard 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 windshield 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 girls. 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 raised 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 Catholic neighbors copies of the CW but without success. I met Max Sandin, CO in World War I. He was also a non-registrant 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 pacifist 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 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 they 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 walked 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 wife of the proprietor fixed me an especially fine breakfast and wondered what they would have done if I had not happened to come at just the right time. I told her nothing "happened" in this world, that all things work together for good to those who love the good—God. I had barely stepped out of the place the next morning when a taxi stopped and the driver, who was going to work, took me the twenty-eight miles to Toledo.

This Sunday I walked twenty-two 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 closer 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 Columbiere. 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 sister announced that my venison was ready. I had not said that I had nothing 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 father is a vegetarian." So eggs and cheese were substituted. The sisters were 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 Columbiere, which matched her radiant countenance. I felt that all things did work together for good, as I had asserted that morning, for 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 headquarters with Nina Polcyn, Florence and Margaret, old friends of the Milwaukee 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 had lived in desert country but had never seen a mirage.

As I walked closer the building disappeared, for it was a mirage. It was much further on hidden in the blinding snow that I came upon the monastery. Brother Joachim, a native Irishman, red-bearded and smiling, 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 anarchist 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 agricultural college at Las Cruces, N.M. After supper I attended Benediction. We all retired 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 500 acres of land and the monastery was founded that year. The present Abbot is Alfred Beston. 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 peace and 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 sturdy youth picked up my pack and asked 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 sheep for he look me in the eye and I cannot do it. Someone else has to kill the sheep.” I journeyed through the long dreary stretches of Nebraska and over the exact spot where Crazy Horse had put blankets on the hoofs of horses and escaped the U.S. military patrol, over half a century before. A returned 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. Going south the next morning toward Denver a middle-aged man picked me up. He asked my destination and why I was hiking. He soon said after looking closely at my Gandhi headgear, “I don’t like such people as you. You seem to be smart but have no ambition. Going around the country like this and living on charity in a jail. I never took a dime from anybody. I’m going to leave you right here in the desert although I could take you to Denver if I liked.” Knowing it was little use to discuss life and its problems with this Babbitt, and wondering how he ever detoured from his bourgeois mentality to pick anyone up, I thanked him for the ride, walked on a mile and a half and got a ride with a jolly U.S. Marshall to Denver by noon.

Here I visited with my old friend Helen Ford, who had a small printing press and who had printed my tax refusal statement. Charles Salmon was studying for the priesthood, but I was unable to locate him. I hiked south and slept one very cold night under a bridge three miles south of Walsenburg, Col. When I awoke two inches of snow covered me. I had not been cold during the night but my fingers were nearly frozen by the time I had tied up my pack. After I had walked a few miles, a man gave me a ride, and I still remember the fine breakfast that I had at the Globe Hotel. Now it warmed up and I was soon over Raton pass and down into New Mexico. Another day, after walking twenty-one miles over dreary roads, I arrived after dark at a small settlement. All of the stores were closed. Going to the house with the brightest lights, I was greeted at the door by a Mexican who worked on the section gang. His wife was away and he invited me in giving me supper and breakfast, refusing any money from “my amigo.” I guess he appreciated the fact that I was walking. I gave him my last CW.

An ex-soldier going west to college stopped and asked me to get in. He thought I was an Indian and picked me up because of the pack I was carrying. We arrived in Albuquerque at dark. I phoned my employer to tell him that I had at last come home. A smoldering fire in the fireplace greeted me from my roommate Hovey, the ex-soldier who worked on the farm. I had walked 490 miles and had ridden 3,582, a total mileage of 4,072.

Glad to get back to this land of sunshine I reviewed the result of my trip. I had acquired a sympathetic feeling toward ex-soldiers. It seems that their difficulties had made them kinder than the civilians.

I remembered one evening in Iowa where I had asked half a dozen farmers for permission to lay my sleeping bag in a sheltered end of a building but had been chased away. Later that evening one farmer came to the restaurant where I was eating and slipped a half a dollar in my pocket and said sheepishly, "I am ashamed because I turned you away."

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 solo 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 that it was an honor to be chosen and she replied, "It is no honor to play trash; 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 wind and storm and home again. I brought Lipa some mittens and her small brother Ernesto, a cap. The new irrigation ditch was nearly finished and several months of pruning the trees under the rays of the sun and away from the fog and smoke of the cities awaited me.

Back Home

This Hovey 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 anyone I have met. Some new worker would come and Hovey 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, watch that fellow, 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 had outside of Hensley." Hovey 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 Hovey felt better.

Once he asked me 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. "Now sign it," said Hovey. I told him that 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 quaint ways and slow motion were a source of joy to be, but one Hovey was enough at a time.

I had been visiting the Indians at Isleta pueblo all along. When the Atom Bomb was exploded at nearby 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 hearth,
 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
 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 Yogi 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 or the person afflicted. The person to be helped did not need to believe in it; only to acquiesce 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 Msgr. 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 Scheil in Chicago was directly concerned about Claude. In speaking of 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 COLLIERS 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 and I could not leave them alone, so continued. After Christmas I had finished a novel of 120,000 words, which I called *Unto the Least of These*. As I visited Isleta pueblo on Sundays I would meet an Indian whom I would develop into a character. In order to develop the characters correctly I read every book that I could find in the University library on the different Indian tribes. The hero was Ramon of Taos pueblo to the north of Santa Fe. My wife and I had visited there in 1925, and she and the girls had gone back there for a visit several years ago. A white girl by the name of Ledra, patterned in courage after Sharon was the heroine. I sought to debunk all of the political and religious philosophies and to develop a spiritual force in opposition to the coming Great War in 1951–52, from these Indians and the Hopi and the Catholic Worker. (Looking back I expect that I only made my characters unreal mouthpieces for my ideas, but at least it clarified my ideas.)

As it was spring now, I heard the lively song of the mocking bird as I irrigated the trees in the orchard. The chirp of the robin and the cooing of the mourning dove were broken by the song of the meadow lark, which my boss says, is translated as “John Greenleaf Whittier.” On my way to the pueblo one Sunday I passed the wreck of a B29 that had crashed the day before and all aboard were burned to death but one who was dragged out by nearby German prisoners before the whole plane burst into flames. An army truck came along and a voice cried “Halt.” It seemed that a German prisoner had escaped and as no white man walked the roads they thought I was the prisoner. One of the guards knew me and so I was not bothered. I had but fifty papers so went to different homes where I had not given the paper last time.

I was walking this time and I saw a flock of sheep herded by a man on a horse in the lowlands within the river area proper. Indians were watering their stock; some coming in from their fields in their wagons, the men with hair in braids and the women with their bright shawls. Here a colt followed its mother; there a dog barked angrily but jumped up and licked my hand when I entered the yard. I went to different houses this time to give out CWs and as before the Indians thanked me. At one house an Indian dressed in American fashion welcomed me and asked for several papers for in-laws, as he was visiting in this home. He asked what kind of a Catholic paper I had. I told him that it was against the war. He replied, “Yes, this is a capitalist war.” Several children were around, among them a small sweet child named Carmelita. I gave them apples which I brought along in a sack with the papers.

I stopped at the house where about fourteen Indians were meeting with a visiting Baptist preacher who gave the same kind of a hell-fire message that I had heard when a child. From this meagre crowd the missionary took up a collection of \$21 for, of all things, paying another missionary to go among the Jews and convert them to be Baptist! The absurdity of this cleansing of the outside of the platter was never more evident to me.

I went to visit a young returned soldier who was not religious and who was more attracted to anarchism. His wife was from another pueblo. It was Easter Sunday and I carried the baby for her as she hurried to mass; 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 appellation 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
Lightning and thunders in the medicine-house
While bright noon waits outside;
Wonder of the Holy Corn, grown from kernel to ripe
Ear 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 lone eagle feather on end,
making it dance, a living thing.
None will come after me to see in the deeps of the hoganda water-bowl
All that was and is and will be.
The son of my son's son reads a book.
He counts one and two.*

Lillian White Spencer

At 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 stretched out across the road with three lumps 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 is 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 digest 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 bull 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 know, 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 Comanches 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 la comancha

Salieron para Santa Fe

a vender los comanchitos

For azucar y cafe.

The Comanche men and women

Went to Santa Fe

To sell the little Comanches

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 followed I was a daily visitor and played games with her, or she and her aunts came to my cottage for “huevos”; 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 again.

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. Meanwhile I had corresponded for years with the Hopi conscientious objectors and decided to find work in Arizona in order to be nearer them.

Chapter 6: 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 missionaries. 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 the jail in Keams 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 Tolstoy "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 the man across 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 illiterate and when we signed our names to our 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 gov'ment got your number; did you give them your name and get a number on a social security, ration or draft card? For if

you did 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 refused 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 gov'ment that makes bombs!" 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; pester 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'm 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 "winos," were waiting to select the truck in which they would go to work. Just now there were only cotton trucks, there being a lull 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 pickups. 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 lettuce 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 hundred. All aboard gentlemen!" shouted a good-natured Negro in a bright mackinaw. The truck to which he pointed was box shape, 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 myself, and one Indian. Our destination was nine miles beyond Buckeye, which is about thirty 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 tall cotton, and harder to pick 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 sadly 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 was a big shot among his people because of his holdings in cattle. Now with the "plowing under" and rationing system of the government he was a poor 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 than last year. If left to themselves, they would be able to get along in sheep and cattle raising and in growing corn. But the government restrictions as to grazing made havoc with the Navajo. These restrictions came about because the best land was 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 were given schools. 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 boondoggling 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, chili, pie, wieners, etc. at reasonable prices. Some of the truck drivers sold food to their passengers.

Returning to the field we picked in more 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 CW to read, with my letter 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 pickup which headed westward 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 expertly, and I asked him what time they quit on Sundays here. He replied that he only came on Sunday's. "Make \$1.25 an hour at my job in town and time and a half for overtime." I commented that unless a person had a large family that was a good wage. "I don't work here for the money," he continued. "I just come out here so I can keep sober. I was drunk from Christmas until yesterday—ten days. I can keep sober if I am working, but I can't stand to be quiet or loaf. And as I have eight kids, I have to keep working."

There was not much cotton left to pick in this field, and the word went around that we would quit about 2 p.m. At that time my sack weighed thirty-one pounds, which, after paying rental on my sack, netted me \$2.23. My Navajo friend had not done so well, picking only sixty-eight

pounds. He said he had liked my reference to the Hopi in the CW. As we were going into town in the truck the man who picked cotton to keep sober was discussing the merits of different brands of liquor with another picker. This man was telling of going to a town upon receiving a paycheck as a “gandy-dancer” on the railroad, going to the police and asking how much the fine was for being “drunk and disorderly.” They said it was \$17.50, so he paid it at once, for he intended to get drunk and disorderly.

I did not hear the rest of the story, for the truck soon passed lateral twenty, near where I lived. I proceeded homeward with \$3.93 for two part-days spent in the cotton fields. Later in the day, sitting in my doorway resting, I was asked by a man who drove up in a car to work for him for a week, irrigating, at \$7.20 per twelve-hour night. Gladly I was willing to let this two part-days of cotton picking suffice. Good pickers can make from \$8 to \$12 a day, but I was not in that class.

First Picketing

In May of 1948 the Freedom Train came to Phoenix. I felt that as they had invaded “my territory” I ought to say something about the lack of freedom for conscientious objectors, Negroes and Indians. I made some signs and went forth with CW’s. About 5000 people were moving inch by inch in the crowded blocks. Shouts of “Communist,” “How much does Stalin pay you?” etc. came at me. “Hello, you Communist s.o.b.” said one man. My reply was “I’m not that kind of a s.o.b.” The crowd laughed and no one was hurt.

Toward the afternoon the American Legion was handing out copies of a forty-eight page comic book put out by Catholic fascists calling names at the Communists. I felt a surge of hatred towards me. One man came up and said “I could knock you down.” I answered quickly “You have the right to knock me down and I have the right to picket: that makes us even.” 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 said the police captain wanted to see me. After a crowd had gathered and I waited he said that the captain had changed his mind, so I continued my picketing. Later a Franciscan priest told me that the police had phoned him at 7 p.m. that evening asking 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 Train 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 have it you cannot practice the other virtues.
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 on the Mount* I had learned in solitary and they provided a basis for a worthwhile personal life and for a philosophy 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, so that the above principles might work to best advantage.
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 orthodoxy, 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 them. 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 figure it out," I replied. "What kind of a country would we have if everyone thought like you?" he asked. "We would have a fine country; no government; no war; no tax man; no police; everyone living according to Christ and the Sermon on the Mount!" was my answer. At this he became angry and said "If you don't like this country why don't you go back to Russia?" "I like this country; it is my country; I want to stay here and fight you fellows who are trying to spoil it," I replied quickly.

At that time I was working for the big produce company so the tax man said he would garnishee \$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 garnishee 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.

Molokons and Doukhobors

One Sunday I went down the lateral several miles to the Molokon church. About thirty families of this Russian sect live in this vicinity. Not many younger 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. As each one enters the church all present get up and bow. There is a short sermon and all kneel on the floor to pray. When this is finished each man kisses all the other men on the lips 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 hears confession but it is not obligatory. Any one can place money on the table for the poor if he likes. They keep the Jewish holidays and do not eat pork or lard. They are pacifists who do not go to war, but they do own land and pay taxes. Many of them are friends with families of Doukhobors in Canada whom I knew when I was there in 1941. Molokon means "milk-drinker" in Russian.

Helen Demoskoff, who had been my interpreter on my visit to the Doukhobors, took part in the burning of homes of patriotic Doukhobors and was given time in Kingston, Ontario prison. In Russia the Doukhobors first burned ikons as a symbol of their escape from the Greek Orthodox Church. Then in 1893 they burned all firearms and weapons publicly as a protest against militarism. Since coming to Canada in 1899 they have burned schoolhouses which mean to them the inculcation of militaristic principles. The government took over the community property and turned it over to the patriotic Doukhobors while the radicals were in prison protesting the war. This seemed a desecration, for these "bad" Doukhobors now ate meat, drank and smoked and defiled the homes formerly unused to such evil practices. The radicals called on their patriotic brethren to repent; gave them notice they would burn these houses down; and then for good measure burned down their own. Those in the world who still approve war and the A-Bomb have no need to condemn these Doukhobors. Despite what I might call her misguided zeal Helen Demoskoff is a fine woman.

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 Brophy, the 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

"Hennacy, 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 no followers and Winkelreid had enough to break the Austrian line."

Thus spoke the Old Pioneer, Lin Orme, one of my employers, as I was on my knees in the hot Arizona sun sawing a tree which had fallen in the driveway. He knew that I had quit a good job for this "Life at Hard Labor" that I had sentenced myself to when I chose to work at day jobs. I replied that my work was not that of an organizer but of a Sower to sow the seeds. If people preferred death and payment of taxes for their own destruction that was their lookout.

Mr. Orme had been head of the Parole Board of the State for 14 years and was now President of the huge Water Users Association which furnished water and power to Central Arizona outside the big cities. In 1916 he was a member of the Rotary Club in Phoenix when the I.W.W.'s were driven out of Bisbee. He resigned from the Club in protest over their approval of this outrage,

saying, "If they can drive I.W.W.'s out of Bisbee they can drive Ormes out of Phoenix." I had worked for him off and on and now he invited me to live in a three room cottage to the left of his house. It was back from the road and quiet. Only an oil lamp, but there was running water. I got the rent free in order that I would give him first chance on my employment, such as mowing his lawn, chopping wood, cutting weeds, etc. He was not a Catholic, but was a nominal Episcopalean 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 big company I had first worked for. He knew of my radical ideas and read the CW.

Dates

"The bourgeois 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 hewed 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 land owners and bourgeois."

"Leo, you talk like a Communist," I remarked.

"Maybe in Yugoslavia I be a Communist," he 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 wedge 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 them from 8 to 16 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 to pierce my 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.

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 man caused me to quit in order not to have my wages garnisheed for my share toward the Bomb. This carrot work was piece work and workers were paid as the crates of

carrots were filled, so I would have no trouble with Caesar 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 purchased 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 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 4 cents a bundle 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 got them by the truck load for their cattle, free of charge, (truck loads of culls were also hauled away in lettuce, celery, cauliflower, and broccoli fields where I worked. Mormon farmers can make much of this waste and 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 it seems that they would rather 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 crates full, which netted me \$1.04, after paying for my wire. Then because of the heat (which was around 95 and would wilt the carrots) we had three hours for lunch and came back and worked until dark. Here the carrots were of a good size, but the next day there were too many small ones and it was difficult to make time. The Mexican parents bought soda pop and ice cream at 10c for their children without any coaxing. The children played but when they worked they worked fast and got much done. Several families of Anglos were working in the field and there was a continual haranguing on the part of the parents to get their children to work. They made more commotion than the whole field of Mexicans and they were the only ones who cursed their children. In three and a half days I made \$8.48 and did not go back to get my last 96c, as I had work the next day at the date grove and on my way home saw that the carrot crew had disbanded. Mexican families with a dozen working could make \$30 or more in a day, but for a slow, single man like myself the only value in such work was a deflation of the ego.

Every Monday morning I walked four miles down the road to hoe for a farmer. I noticed the same men in the same cars passing me on their way to town, but never offered to give me a lift. I never met anyone else walking. For a few days I hoed maize for a farmer. I worked with a family from Oklahoma. This farmer was away on a vacation for several Sundays so I got up before daylight and milked his five cows before going to Phoenix to sell CW's near Catholic Churches. For several Saturdays a young Mexican boy and I dug out and sawed tamarind trees that were interfering with nearby buildings. This was for the Old Pioneer.

Much of my time in August was spent in putting paraffined cloth bags over the new large branches of dates. This was so that the 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 ones most exposed to the sun ripen first, although a few on the hot inside of the huge bunch would also ripen. The bag was slipped over the top and the whole bunch explored from beneath for ripe dates which were put in a small basket and then emptied into wire trays that were carried three

at a time to the date room to be sorted and then placed in cold storage until tourist trade came in November. This date picking began the first day of September. A canvas was placed under the tree to catch the dates that would fall. All over-ripe or mashed dates were supposed to be placed in one corner of the tray to be used for date-butter. However, most pickers threw these mashed dates out of sight in the grass rather than bother with them. Here I was paid 62 1/2 cents an hour, although in most groves pickers were paid so much per pound.

Time and piece work

In all of the farm work that I have done this problem comes up. In one lettuce field that I know of the men were paid so much a row to thin the lettuce. The work had to be done over four times as it was not done thoroughly at any time. Most workers if paid by the hour would loaf and soldier on the job. Yet I worked for one farmer who gave me such weedy rows to hoe that I was really paid but 25 cents per hour, although 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 hoe large fields in a short time in order that they can be irrigated again. Thus large crews are necessary to do the work and a foreman cannot watch all of the men all of the time. One employer who paid low wages said it was difficult to get a worker whose mind was 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 labor it would seem that 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" Bill. 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 hangman; no one *has* to be a tax man. 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, date picking is nearly finished and lettuce harvesting is commencing. I live in the mist of hundreds of acres of lettuce but the big company for whom I previously worked is hiring mostly Mexican Nationals by the week. Until they hire men by the day I can have no work in the lettuce. I took a cotton bus west to the cotton fields on election day. I did not make much: only \$1.88, 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 in which I could work. I did a little better. Several 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 caused war, and did not bother to choose between the rival warmongers who sought to run the country. Each day that week it happened that I got a different cotton truck. The next Monday I disced and harrowed in wheat and alfalfa with a blind mule and a deaf mule for the Old Pioneer (The mules belonged to a neighbor a mile down 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 Negroes. Here the cotton was of fine quality and I earned \$4.30.

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. Time 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 bowling 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 untangled from our cotton-sack-cocoon. By 10 a.m. I had taken off my shirt and coat and tied them around my waist in the fashion in the fields. 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 field. His mother cooked and sold soda pop. One evening as we were riding home we stopped for groceries in Buckeye. Moving on homeward a young Negro was drinking two cans of beer, being kidded meanwhile by an older Negro who was a teetotaler, 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 a desert cotton ranch which employed none but white people. The man next to me in the truck had recently come from

California and said that after a strike last year cotton pickers were now receiving \$4 and \$4.50 a hundred there. There the union allowed all races to belong. In the packing sheds here I am told that no good paying job is given to a Negro or a Mexican. As we passed a church this man said; "These folks are just playing at church, same as lots of unions just play. They don't mean business or we wouldn't be in the fix we all are." Here the cotton was not as easy picking and I only made \$4.26. They did not pay by the day but when the truck was full of cotton, so I will have to go that 100 miles again to get my pay. (Later I discovered this is a common trick and that most people never did get their pay.) It is generally 7 p.m. by the time I get home. One effect of this work is the enjoyment of a rest at night.

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 much to live. I make enough to send my daughters, in college, a substantial 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 Indian 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 bingo party or raffle and 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 bashful but to shout my wares. This priest is pro-Franco 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 of 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. Radicals 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 Yogi 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 different 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 in solitary I had a *gradual* enlightenment of mind and spirit but nothing spectacular. In Albuquerque the morning after we knew about the Atom Bomb explosion I was impelled to write a few paragraphs about my conception of what an Isleta 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 couldn't 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 about where I had knelt. Before I made any breakfast I sat down and wrote the following blank verse. Bob Ludlow printed it in his CATHOLIC CONSCIENTIOUS 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, worshipping.
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 unconsciously it seemed I had
Appeared naked before this Divinity.
Today I go about my work;
I write letters to friends and receive letters in return.
I have a tolerable peace of mind.
Yet now after having knelt before this Flame
I know that wars and famines 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
Is strengthened.
For I have caught some of that Holy Fire.
That Inner Light has been rekindled.
For I have seen God.*

Radical Philosophy

“Is that all your education amounts to?”

“Better lay up some money; who will take care of you in your old age?”

“You with your crazy ideas; how many followers have you got?”

“You write books that no one will print; and articles that no one reads except fools like yourself; you all spend time converting each other.”

“Don’t be more Catholic than the Church.”

Such are the barbs that come from relatives and friends. To have to argue with Christians that God would take care of those who seek first the Kingdom; to have to try to prove to a priest that Jesus really meant the Sermon on the Mount; to have to tell so-called metaphysical leaders that their Mammon worship was not important and that “all things work together for good to those that love God”—all this might seem superfluous but it is part of being fools for Christ’s sake; part of trusting in God rather than in the social security and old age pension of a war-making state; it is part of that “Life at Hard Labor.”

Recently I had letters from two anarchists—one a young man who had been a 4F in World War II (a 4F is one excused from military duty because of ill health or deformity.) He now had intellectually made the jump from this position to that of anarchism. The other is an old man much past the four-score-and-ten, who had given up any hope of educating any portion of the masses against the coming war. Both suggested emigrating to some tropical country away from the materialistic world, where a few of us who knew better could cooperate and survive. These two comrades lacked that which I had lacked before finding the spirit of Christ in solitary. Truth is eternal and as Tolstoy says, no sincere effort made in the behalf of Truth is ever lost.

Wells and Toynbee may write of the significance of history; Churchill may boast of his part in contaminating it; and Hutchins may o.k. the bomb with his right hand (whether he approved of the use of the bomb he stayed there while it was being worked out) and issue the Great Books with his left hand—but all this cannot hide the fact that there once lived a man who faced this issue; who refused to be banished to an island where he could not propagandize the truth, but who instead drank the hemlock. This Socrates tells us:

“Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you... O my friend, why do you, who are a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens care so much about laying up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth? O men of Athens, I say to you do as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whatever you do, know that I shall never alter my ways, not if I have to die many times. I would have you know that if you kill such a one 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 jugged 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 it is theirs. Despite Bilbo I think of Jefferson; despite Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton and Dale Carnegie, I think of Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay and Edwin Markham. Despite the two warmongering Roosevelts and Wilson, I think of Altgeld, old Bob LaFollette and Debs. Despite the Klan and Legion vigilantes I think of the old-time Wobblies, of Sacco and Vanzetti, and of Berkman and Emma Goldman. Despite the warmongering churches I think of the old-time Quakers who paid no taxes for war and who hid escaped slaves; I think of Jim Connolly 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 go-getter 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 state whose 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 scoundrel 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 one 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 southwest, where I was told to place the big apples on top and the inferior ones beneath, each trade has snaky tricks peculiar to itself. Leo, the Yugoslav, whom I meet at the date 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 changing of the system to uproot trickery from both 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 of the custom in the old days in Arizona, when in order to secure a homestead 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 loafers and hangers on around the court would swear for all and sundry who approached—for a monetary consideration. These were called “Affidavit men.” And in later years to call a man “An Affidavit Man” was the worse insult. One of the most wealthy men of this valley based his fortune on staking any roustabout 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 are 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 so over to the fire to try them on. The frost is now off the leaves and two of us get on each side of the cart and two behind. Each armed with a big knife with which we cut the ripe shoots, which are discerned by their purple color. The right way to do is to keep going straight ahead and not turn around for 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 date grove I was selling CW's while waiting for the bus. 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 Christian and the most revolutionary one printed. He was not a Catholic either but had met followers of that paper in Oakland, California. He wanted to know if there were any Tolstoians in this vicinity. I told him that I had not found any. He asked if there was not a Tolstoian, 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 Hennacy. "That's the fellow," he exclaimed. It was thus that 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.

Christmas morning was cloudy but no rain as yet, so I picked the scattered dates on a few palms. Last night upon entering the store I met my colored boss of the cotton truck who asked if I was coming back to work when this rain was over. I told him I would meet him some morning at Lateral 20 as usual. I gave him a copy of the December CW which told of my work with him. 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 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 eating dates were those which could not be shipped. They were brought as needed from the cold storage room. The nice dates you pay a good price for in the stores are generally processed with gas and are therefore not so pure 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 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.

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 bewhiskered 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 copy to 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: "GOD'S 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, "This is a free country; have you never heard of the freedom of the press?"

The Monday after Christmas Joe was to have his trial for refusing to register. As the papers tend to hide or distort the witness which he was making against war we thought it would be a good idea if I picketed the Federal Building during his trial. It was drizzling rain that morning and the wind was blowing so that my 2 1/2-ft. by 3-ft. home-made sign took 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 sympathetic 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 recruiting officer across the street, out of the rain, came across and read my sign and smiled good naturedly and shook his head, not his fist. What a change from World War I when I was to be shot for refusing to register and for agitating less openly than this! No one openly said a word against my action. One reporter who said he was from an outside-of-the-city paper took my picture. I thought at the time he was from the FBI, and later found this to be true.

The young reporter of the evening paper took half a dozen pictures and questioned me sympathetically about the purpose of my picketing. That night the headline read: "DRAFT RESISTER ADMITS GUILT AS FRIEND PICKETS COURT". Note that Joe was called "resister" instead of

“evader.” Some of the facts of Joe’s history and mine were twisted in the report but the essential quotation as to our purpose was correct. “We are governed by the Sermon on the Mount which tells us to return good for evil. But courts and governments return evil for evil. That’s why we would abolish them and let every man be governed by his own conscience.”

I should know better at my age than to wisecrack to a reporter, but to his questions about Indonesia, after I had given him a lengthy explanation and he still looked curious, I said I knew that name because I knew how to spell it, but as my friend Byron Bryant says of Bill Ryan and myself “fighting the whole world of pipsqueaks,” it does not do to become too serious. The reporter must have understood our emphasis for in describing my work in the vegetable fields he coined the phrase “spiritual independence” as the reason for my vocation. The next day the same paper carried a picture of myself and sign.

The Judge postponed the sentence until the following Monday and asked Joe to speak to the probation officer who was in court. This officer asked him if he knew the man who was picketing outside, and tried to argue with him that there was no such thing as a Christian Anarchist. Joe replied: “Well, Tolstoy and the CATHOLIC WORKER and Hennacy says there is, so it must be so.” “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. (None of the local pacifists showed up although several of them were ministers who had this Monday off.) Bryant came out with Joe at noon and each carried the sign for a few steps as “token pickets.” We went to a cafeteria where Bryant stood treat. Then Joe drove us in his truck with his signs on it, to Tempe where we were fortunate to find Father Rook home and had a pleasant visit with him.

On the next Monday I picketed the court again from 10 to 12. Joe’s lawyer, furnished free by the Progressive Party, came out and told me that Joe had received a sentence of one year, so my picketing had not hardened the judge. The paper again quoted the import of my sign as it reported Joe’s sentence. Thomas Acosta, the young Mexican who had refused to register but who had afterward been frightened into registering because he knew of no pacifist group, got 6 months. In 1944 the Federal Judge in Santa Fe, N.M., sentenced Jehovah’s Witnesses to 5 years and bemoaned the fact that he could not hang a Mexican who had refused to register.

I gave Joe a copy of Dorothy Day’s *On Pilgrimage* to read in jail. In discussing non-registration with Bryant before this he felt that if one 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.

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

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 "forgive seventy times seven. " We make retroactive laws and hang our defeated enemies.

Jesus told His Disciples not to call down from heaven to destroy those who would not listen to His gospel. We have no concern with any gospel but the dollar and with our atom bomb bring fire, not only to destroyed 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 the Indians, Mexicans, Central and South America with our dollar diplomacy, Europe with blockbusters, Japan with the atom bomb. We should talk! Russia wants security. We need not fear Communism 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 in China, Greece, and wherever the common people seek freedom we take the side of the Fascists—and do so with hypocritical mutterings 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 in the White House with his bankers and generals bribing quotes with subsidies pensions and false promises. And, as in the days of Wallace, 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 give-away programs, bingo, witch hunts, and escapist Youth 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. HENNACY

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 frost to get off this cauliflower. You must be that guy I heard 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 that 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 next row 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 a group of Anglos that noon and said "Here's a dollar that you 'can't throw sixes.'" After about half an hour with his own loaded dice—he had every cent from his opponents, so he mockingly tipped his hat and said:

"Thank you gentlemen. Now I'll go to Tolleson 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 discs, drags, scrapes and floats 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 furrow in on one side or the other and miss the opposite side. Mormons and Mexicans 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 remains. 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 it against sticks 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 disced under. 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 contract and thin out the lettuce to 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; handle 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 dusts 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 *lateral* 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 the 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 throwing further but there is less likelihood of there being a collision between human and lettuce heads. At times I have steadily 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 is 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 packer the heads and another tops 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 lettuce will 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 morning.” In the midst of the season crews of Filipinos come from California. There are about 45 in a crew. 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 cutters, 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 the heavy machine. They worked as a crew and each man received a more-or-less equal share of the 55c a crate the owner paid. These workers are very quick and sober and dependable. I know of a case where a Filipino leased land and raised lettuce, hiring men of his own race. Some Anglos grumbled about it and so he built a shed and hired Anglos also. This was dry packing of lettuce in the field. He found that the shippers had to repack most of the crates of lettuce which the Anglos had packed. And in the hoeing, the Filipinos could hoe twice as fast as the Anglos and much better. I will admit I would not speed up the average of the Anglos myself.

One morning the boss told us to get in the closed truck and we would all go to the sheds. I had never been there. I found there was broccoli to pack. We finished all there was in a few hours. Meanwhile, I had heard the conversation of the workers and had picked up a bulletin of the union and found that there was a strike of the shed workers. The fields are not organized. I then looked outside and saw the pickets. The foreman told us he would take us home early for dinner and pick us up and pack lettuce until late that day. I told him that I was not working in the shed that afternoon because I did not want to be a strikebreaker. He said “you are already a strikebreaker.” I replied that because I was dumb I did not have to stay dumb. Here the pay was about \$1.25 an hour but in the fields where I worked from that time on it was 85c and at times 60 cents. Afterwards they never asked me to work in the sheds, and did not discriminate against me because of my refusal to scab, although the foreman would at times, jokingly refer to me as a strikebreaker. Two I.W.W.’s, one of them a Mormon, also refused the next day to scab. The strike finally lost and the head of the union resigned and started a tavern.

One cold morning about fifty of us were cutting weeds out of the beds of small celery. This was done with a paring knife and was tedious work. Next to me was a fellow who had not been there before. He was sympathetic to the I.W.W., and as the work was slow we had an opportunity to talk. I had not found anyone for a long time who knew the meaning of radical phrases and who even quoted Veblen and Plato. He had never heard of the CW and was glad to know of such a paper. I always had an extra one in my pocket. At noon one of the winos who could not help

hearing our conversation asked me what I had been drinking. In my younger days I would have uselessly argued with the man but now I only said “I don’t drink.” In his mind he was right, for what business did educated people have coming to these fields and talking a lingo which the others did not understand. The foreman and a few of the more sober workers knew that I was doing farm work in order not to have a tax for the bomb taken from my pay. 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-Biblical babble. This was not meant to be a part of the conversation which he was interrupting for he never looked up as he mumbled but this was just an habitual “aside” on his part. I might say to my partner “I don’t eat meat.” Immediately this man would mumble: “Meat—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 that 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 fine meshed, three feet high wire, rolls of which were a part of his standard equipment. This kept out the dogs and coyotes and kept the sheep inside. Among the several hundred were the two black sheep, (There isn’t that proportion of us radicals to the general population of sheep-like followers of authority.) During the day the sheep roamed over the field, always keeping together but running wildly in one direction or another for what would seem like no reason whatever. Toward evening the shepherd brought them towards the windbreak formed by the tall eucalyptus and the spreading china berry 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 Pioneer, 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 meetings. 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 no attention was paid unless three were gone, for at a dollar a head sheep were plentiful. Now at around \$15, each sheep was accounted for. Yesterday as I was gathering some wood for my stove I noticed the Mexican cutting the 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 sheepskins. Herding is a 24 hour per day job, with sleep to be taken when quiet prevails. The pay is around \$140 a month with food, stove and cooking utensils furnished. Some ranchers complained that the herder invites countless relatives for meals, but if the shepherd was a good one this overhead was taken—if not with a smile—for a good one is difficult to find. Basques who settled here many years ago make the best herdsmen. When I lived in the shack of the Molokon

across the road last winter, the man who herded the sheep was a married Mexican from Glendale. In the summer the sheep are taken to the mountains near Winslow and Flagstaff. A year ago I worked one night irrigating with a young man who had been cook for a sheepherder 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 salt marsh caterpillar. Some say that the DDT used previously had killed the bug that ate the caterpillar eggs, but the DDT did not harm the woolly caterpillar. The big company had imported Mexican Nationals and 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 breath 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 men sat by laughing at an Anglo working for them. Some of my pipsqueak 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 brawn, 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 outstretched 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 telling his boy and girl not to emphasize these shooting escapades he took them downtown and bought them each binoculars 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 \$1,569. 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 wait 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 Curry.

"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 30 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 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 an hour while their secretaries sent notes or phoned back and forth as to the procedure in my case. Between them, this Pilate and Herod finally came forth with the wisdom that I was 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 at once and deliberately break the law and they could do as they liked. I did so

and was not bothered. Soon the papers had a picture of myself and sign, and were joshing the police for arresting me twice and letting me go.

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

"No, but I am damn sure it can't change me" was my reply. He put this retort 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 broadcast on Arizona history and has not hesitated to give the truth about the despoiling 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, Bub Ludlow and myself; 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 Indians. 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 Gitlow and Elizabeth Bentley speak at a mass meeting in the downtown High School Auditorium. I came early and shouted loudly that I had "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 telling of 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 courageous type which is a credit to any movement. I had met her husband before, when I picketed the Freedom Train. He felt that after we had the Dictatorship of the Proletariat then would be the time for anarchism. He knew my idea that the state would never wither away. This evening I listened to Gitlow bellow forth the terrible danger of The Communist Manifesto (written in 1847 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 \$300 which it is said each received was wasted money on the part of the Legion, for they could not convince any of the danger who did not already believe in the Red Menace, and who were not already entangled in the Red Network.

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 admitting it 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 deceived them and how I couldn't "stomach" the rabble rouser. 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 his opinion on 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 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 wish you wouldn't sell that 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 a 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 BUREAUCRACY and DESPAIR And on the reverse side: WHY PAY FOR YOUR OWN ENSLAVEMENT? ARE SLAVE BONDS On the reverse side: “THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST” Thomas Jefferson	OPPORTUNITY BONDS
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I gave out CWs 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 well-meaning Quakers or pacifists who kept 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 so 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 a brilliant thinker 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 Heaney died. He was at that time on a farm west of St. Louis with Marty Paul. In the old days of the Milwaukee CW there was a drunk by the name of “One Round Baker” 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 freaks and frauds that I was repelled from emphasizing this portion of my belief. But to others who saw me refuse meat three times a day it seemed 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 druggist 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.

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 so we started hiking the 70 miles to Hopiland. It was a fine clear, morning and although we each carried a medium sized bag, we cheerfully walked northward. After about three miles a woman in a nice car stopped and asked us to get in. She was on vacation too and 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 Indians in general 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 objectors. 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 statement, a CW and my green card summarizing my tax refusal stand.

Small cornfields appeared bordering in the distance the Washes where water sought its level when it did rain. Red buttes glistened in the sun, and finally the brown mesa of thousand year old Oraibi appeared right before us. From our view we could not see the stone houses which formed the most ancient of settlements on this continent. The brown sandstone homes at the bottom of the cliff which formed New Oraibi were scattered here and there. Patches of corn, beans, melons, and trees of peaches and apricots surrounded them. The whole pueblo was an organic part of the desert, with the exception of the white Mennonite church (with white outhouses that could be seen for twenty miles) Rik worked in an architects office and he shivered at this violation of taste. Both Eric Gill and Frank Lloyd Wright would have squirmed also at this monstrosity. 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 Conscientious 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. It took him several years to see that the inefficiency, graft, and favoritism to Indians who would blindly 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 got 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 offence, but the constitution means nothing to war mongers.

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

Massau'u, 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 Hotevilla under the care of the chief of the Spirit Clan. God first made the sun which gives light and warmth to all living 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 scours the sky awaiting the devouring of the refuse and offal of the earth.

Among the Hopi the wicked or evil one is said to have two-hearts. We might say a split personality. Symbolically speaking the hard hearts of mankind through the ages piled up and piled up until they formed great glaciers. Likewise the white man, hopping around after money, produces the great hordes of grasshoppers which did not exist before the white man came. The Hopi, like Atlas, hold the world upon their shoulders. Every good deed makes for harmony of nature, not only on this earth but in the universe. Every bad deed makes for storms, drought, earthquakes, wars and misery. Prayers accompanied by eagle feathers and proceeding from one who is not a two-heart can overcome evil. As with Gandhi, all true deeds make towards a build-up that is invincible. In fact one good Hopi can save a pueblo from destruction, which the Hopi have predicted from old time will soon come. The prediction reads that the purification of the world by fire and the destruction of evil-two-hearts will be accomplished by white brothers coming from across the water in what we would call World War III. Somewhere in this turmoil the White Brother who has the replica of the Sacred Stone will appear with it, and when the two are compared and found the same, then peace and brotherhood will begin and a New world with no armies, prisons, government, courts, or Indian Bureaus will cover the earth.

When a bad Hopi dies (and God is judge of what is good or bad—not the Indian Bureau) he still has the feelings of his old time body and its personality, but he cannot be seen by others. From the place where he is buried he can take but four steps a year toward the supiau: the hole in the bottom of the Grand Canyon ninety miles away which is the entrance to the Hopi Underground. Meanwhile he reviews his life of wasted effort, of wickedness, greed or whatever his especial sin may have been. The Good Hopi goes at once to the Underground. When this Third World War has cleaned the world of all two-hearts then the bad Hopi will be judged by “the God of the Hopi” who will push him into a pit of fire if he has not been purified by his four steps a year. Only the feeling body is burned. No soul ever dies. Then all the souls of both good and bad Hopi will be reborn into this new peaceful world. (Babies who die before they are initiated into the clan when 20 days old are at once reincarnated into the same Hopi family.) This Deferred

Reincarnation, with its allied Purgatory of four steps a year, and its life in the Underground of the Grand Canyon is a mixture of the tenets of many otherwise dissimilar religious—all of course unknown to the Hopi.

The real Hopi should not live in town and cater after the fleshpots of the white man. He should not strive for big cars, go in debt or be obligated to any one in a manner which would make it difficult for him to be a true Hopi. He should live from day to day with confidence that God will not let him starve, spiritually or physically. He should not send his children to the devil worship of the public school, accept rations or gifts from the government, register for the draft, vote, or pay taxes to the war-making state. Preferably he should work hard with his hands and be 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 he cannot save it or himself when his mind is chasing after the dollar.

The Hopi are different from any other Indian tribe, inasmuch as they do not have a tribal chief who can sell them out to the whites. Chee Dodge, former head of the Navajos for many years, died worth several hundred thousand dollars. Each of the eleven Hopi pueblos 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 bribe so many chiefs.

Some years ago the government placed most of the young educated Indians away from the pueblos in a work project for a few weeks. Then they scurried around and put across the Tribal Council idea among the older folks 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 setup, 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 1948, 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 boondoggling 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 diplomatically 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 so-called good work. The Quakers took this 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 thou when thy 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 today those who build schools for the devil worship 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

Hopi Indian Nation,
Shungopovy, Arizona
March 2, 1950

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 Lomahaftewa has kindly referred to us for reply. Accordingly we held a meeting in Shungopovy village at which our highest chief, Talaftewa, of the Bear Clan, was present. We have read your letter carefully and thoughtfully.

As village advisers of Hotevilla, Shungopovy we speak for our respective head-men and for these villages that are still following the traditional form (self) government.

You know as well as we 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 he punish, 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 \$90,000,000 long-range program. It will not solve these larger issues for us. It will only destroy our moral and spiritual foundation thereby destroying the peace and prosperity of the whole world. This the traditional law of this land. It cannot be changed because it was planned by the Great Spirit, Massau'u. He has given us these laws and Sacred Stone Tablets which are still in the hands of the proper leaders of Oraibi and Hotevilla villages, Shungopovy 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 understood, will deduct these “helpful assistances” 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 Katchongva of Hotevilla you mentioned the fact that, “you stated that the money is not needed by the Hopi Indians, although you admit that the Hopis 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 government 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 drought 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 it 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 homeland of all the Indian. To this fact all Indian people should know.

Now, by what authority does the government of the United State pass such laws without our knowledge, consent nor 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 a 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 have someone plan our lives for us, issue us rations, social security or other dole. Our plan of life have all been laid out for us long ago by our Great Spirit, Massau’u. This is our traditional pact 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 or nothing about 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-glory. They do not represent the Hopi people.

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. If we fail to do this our lives are in very grave danger of being totally destroyed. Because we do not want this to happen to us or to our people we again demand that you come. Should you fail to come we shall be forced to bring this matter before the United Nations which we understand is for the purpose of settling matters of this nature. Our life is at stake so let us meet together.

Sincerely yours,

Hermequaftewa, Blue Bird Clan, Shungopovy

Dan Katchongva, Sun Glan, Hotevilla

Viets Lomahaftewa, Shungopovy

Chester took me in his car the two miles to the top of Old Oraibi. Here I met his relative Don, author of *Sun 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, although not an especially pacifist Hopi. He did not need to cooperate with the government, having done well enough by himself by cooperating with Yale. Chester was helping him build a room. Several very beautiful Hopi women graced the doorways as we passed by. The face 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 room.

Later in the day Dan 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 secession which are basic principles of anarchism. Thus in 1906 about half of the Hopi in Old Oraibi left to form the pueblo of Hotevilla, seven miles to the northwest. This secession was because they did not wish to cooperate with the government as the others in Old Oraibi did. Today Hotevilla is the chief of all the villages in size and in opposition to the whites. As we left Old Oraibi 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 sheltered places.

Some of those who seceded from Old Oraibi in 1906 wished to go back but they were not welcome so they formed the village of Bacobi to the north of Hotevilla. Today they fly the flag of the conqueror and are subservient. At Moencopi, 40 miles northwest of Hotevilla and two miles east of the Mormon dominated Tuba City, just outside the Hopi reservation, are two villages: upper and lower. The former 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 outlined speak one dialect and occupy the Third Mesa and beyond, westward. (This reminds me of Thoreau, who was asked on his death-bed 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 Shipolovi are the other villages here. In each of these villages are many of the true Hopi who have not succumbed to old age pensions and government bribes. They often speak a different dialect derived 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 especial prayers or abilities they have to give to the Hopi. The Tewa said they would stay there and "protect" the Hopi from invaders. There are no battles on record but the Tewa were good naturedly 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 Hopiland and hardly a part of it, for they have intermarried with Navajo, Mexicans and whites, have commercialized their Snake Dance, and have taken on the vices of the white man along with his watered-down religion. (The Mormons, Mennonite and Baptist's subvert 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 Oraibi. Hano and Walpi are the villages of the First Mesa. The post office is called Polacca. Recently when the Bureaucrats were trying to put over their \$90,000,000 budget for the Navajo they got the bright idea of getting the rice-Christian Hopi Agency interpreter, and some other subservient Mormon Hopi to Washington and have them apply for part of the money for the Hopi. Of course they represented only themselves. The real Hopi will not lease oil or uranium lands to the government or apply for settlement of land claims. They say the land is theirs without any "claims." They say that while they are poor and work hard they do not want any of this 90 million; that maybe the Indian Bureau is poor; for by the time they bookkeep this money it will have been the main source of income for needy Democrats. The Hopi reservation occupies a spot roughly 37 miles by 100.

Our hostess on the road slept in her car under the shade of a tree. About 3 p.m. we went toward the Snake Dance, Chester leading the way in his car. We parked among hundreds of cars at the bottom of the cliff and walked up the cliff this way and that until we reached the narrow area way between the two-storied houses of the village. Here several thousand people were already assembled waiting for the Dance. I could tell a Navajo man or woman here and there among the Hopi. No cameras were allowed. Our friend from Baltimore feared the snakes so asked us to accompany her to a roof-top right across from the leaf bower which held the snakes. She paid 50 cents for each of us. The sun was in our eyes but we had hats so it could have been worse. We looked around for the sight of friends: noticed a few of the young Quakers, but could not locate George Reeves and Dave Myers who were supposed to have driven in from San Francisco that day to witness the dance. Likewise we did not see the pretty student nurse from St. Monica's in Phoenix who was returning to her native Hopiland for the dance. We had met her on the bus and

gave her a CW and a copy of the letter of the real Hopi to Truman which Rik and I had varityped and mailed for the Hopi.

I will not try to explain all the details of the Snake Dance. If I remember rightly, men and boys of the Antelope Clan danced around the small space in front of us throwing sacred blue cornmeal on a certain spot on the ground and stamping there with one foot. After a few rounds of this dance with a certain chanting, in came the men and boys of the Snake Clan. They were fiercely painted, each symbol meaning some very definite thing to them. Each reached in the brush tent and was handed a snake by the Indian within. This was at once placed lightly in the mouth, about eight inches from its head. With each snake dancer went another dancer with a feathered stick to draw the attention of the snake away from the man who had it in his mouth; although the snake could easily have bitten an ear or cheek. Scientists have examined these snakes after the dance and found them with fangs and with poison; not having 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 have to catch whatever snakes they can get in the desert. 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 and put it in his hand 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 nearly as long as he was tall. The boy held it bravely in front of him, very close to the head of the snake. I fancied I saw a lump in his throat and tears in his eyes, but he held on.

Finally a circle was drawn in the sand and marks were made dividing it to four corners. This was done with sacred cornmeal until the whole circle was covered. Then all dancers threw the snakes in this circle and the small boys threw them back if they tried to get outside. They danced around with a certain chant for a time and then each Indian dancer grabbed a handful of snakes and ran—some to the North, some to the East, some to the South and some to the West. Then these snake-brothers of the Hopi would go in these directions and give notice that the Hopi desired rain for their corn and other crops. And woe to the white man who did not bring an umbrella, for soon the rain came. Once a stranger in a new car was caught in a flood that came thus after a Snake Dance and his new car remains yet in the vast middle of Oraibi Wash.

Don tells in his book about the time when he was young and was lying under a tree. A rattle snake came up and touched his foot and then went away. Came again and crawled up to his knee and went away; then up to his cheek and went away. Don tried not to allow fear and he said to the snake, “Dear brother snake; I know I have not been a very good Hopi; but really in my heart I mean well. Please do not hurt me. Look into my heart and see that I am good.” The snake came up again and coiled around his neck and kissed his cheek and went away. Don then said a prayer of thanks, for brother snake had looked into his heart and found him good.

Visiting Carmen and Sharon in San Francisco

I had not seen my daughters since that few minutes around Christmas of 1945. They were now mature 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 Hauser with whom I was staying. Vic is a kind-hearted, rattle-brained, 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 cult at Mt. Shasta and were going back to Northwestern University to continue their musical education. They knew that I considered their cult simply a scheme for its founders to get easy money out of the uneasy consciences of the rich, by their super-denunciation of radicals and labor leaders. This cult, like the Jehovah's Witnesses, claims to use the blazing sword of God to destroy mortal enemies on earth whenever the time comes. My girls appreciated the emphasis on love and the whole Rosicrucian vegetarian, non-medical discipline which I felt was a cover up for the luxurious life of the avaricious founders of the cult. They figured that my anti-tax and anti-war activity was good enough but hardly in the class of the super-prayers which went forth from the cult. However they were sincere, and the materialism of the cult had not made them mean-minded and hateful. Vic drove us up and down the steep hills and over 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 I.W.W. outdoor meeting where Tom Masterson, a vituperative 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 pacifistic 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 excuse 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 Carota's at Aptos and we visited there for a few hours. This exciting young couple had adopted seven babies and had a veritable nursery 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 Heinegg, a vegetarian who had quit his job in San Francisco as a commercial photographer at the beginning of the war, as about all the work he did had something to do with war work. He is the first vegetarian per se whom I have known, other than Scott Nearing, who really works. I had heard Nearing speak at Ohio State in 1915; he was my teacher at the Rand School in 1920; and my wife baby-sat his son John, while Nearing debated with Clarence Darrow on the subject Is Life Worth Living? I had met him each year when he came to Milwaukee. He had visited Sharon in Evanston in 1946 and came to see me in Albuquerque later. I do not agree with his emphasis on World Government but admire him as a down-to-earth man.

I Meet James Hussey

During the summer I ran out of work to do, so walked south and east along the highway asking each farmer for a job. Finally about eleven o'clock and four miles away a young farmer, James Hussey, a reserve officer, told me I could cut Johnson grass if I liked. After that I worked for him now and then. On Thanksgiving day I carried but one small sandwich thinking that James would invite me for dinner, but he went to his folks for dinner and I had this small amount of food and cold water. I was digging twelve holes in the middle of a hard driveway for the planting of rosebushes. One of the vegetarian arguments is that people eat too much, and that when the belly is full of food there is not much blood left to work the brains in the head. About 4:30 in the afternoon my brains were going on all eight and I evolved the following philosophy which I wrote down when I got home that night:

"Love without courage and wisdom is sentimentality, as with the ordinary church member. Courage without love and wisdom is foolhardiness, as with the ordinary soldier. Wisdom without love and courage is cowardice, as with the ordinary intellectual. Therefore one who has love, courage and wisdom is one in a million who moves the world, as with Jesus, Buddha and Ghandi."

My friend Helen Ford printed this on a card for me for Christmas. Later I raised the ante from a million to a billion. Nearly all of my philosophy is a rehash of what I have gained from Jesus, Tolstoy, and Ghandi. But this once it seems that an original thought got through. Looking back over great radicals I think that Debs showed great love and courage, but all Berger or Hillquit had to do was to say, "Sign here, Gene, it's for the cause," and Debs showed his lack of wisdom by signing. Any amount of radicals, including myself, have great courage and a fair amount of wisdom, but are nearly totally lacking in love. Many pacifist leaders have great love and a fair amount of courage but are so gullible when it comes to being stooges for do-good schemes of no-good politicians that it is pitiable. It seems to me that Dorothy Day alone today has the love, courage, and wisdom of which I speak.

* * *

Joe Craigmyle 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 notoriously 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 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."

* * *

Ginny Anderson has a son Keith by her first marriage. While the conversation around the house between Ginny and Rik and myself was pacifistic, Keith read wild west funnies, 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?”

Chapter 7: Dorothy Visits Phoenix

*Washington D.C. Fasting – August Hiroshima Fast—1950
(Phoenix – Washington, D.C. – Mott St. – Hopiland)*

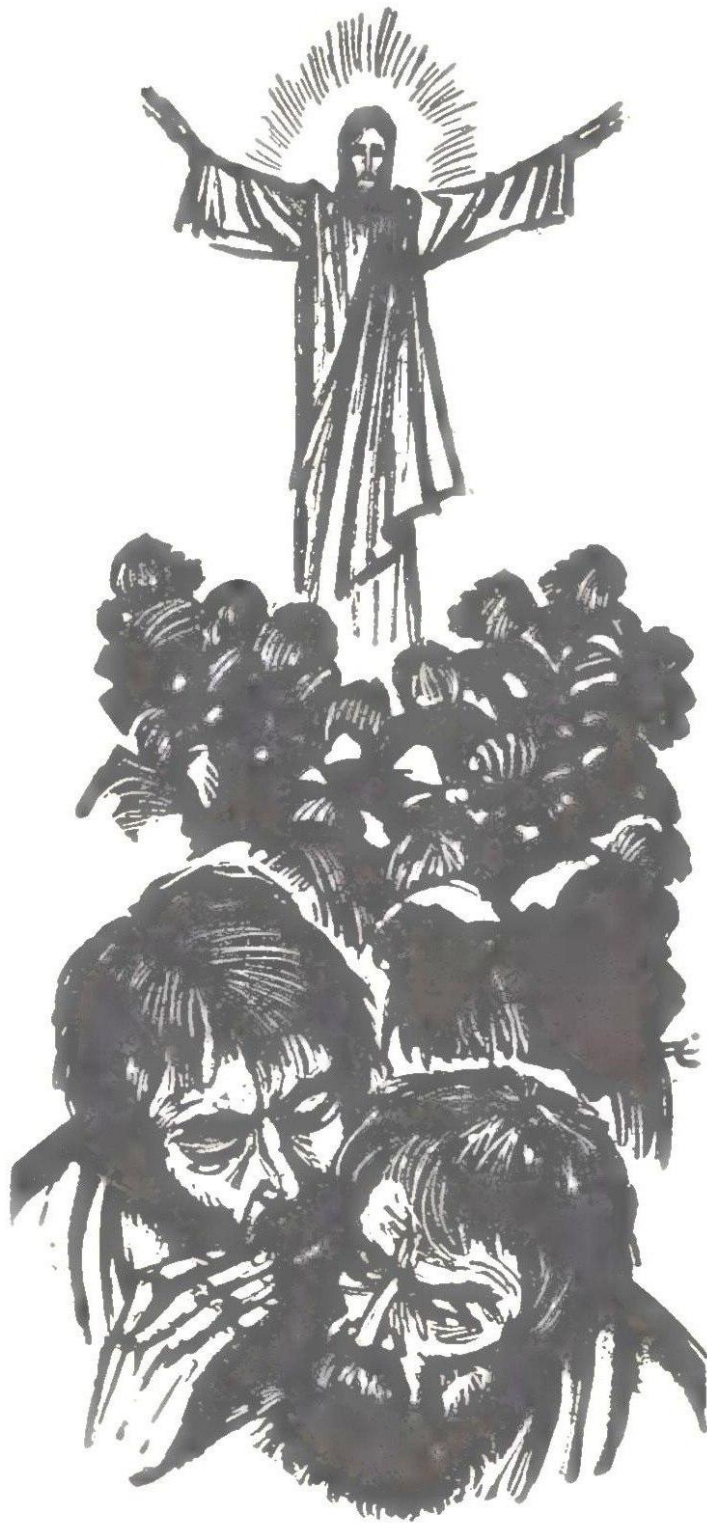
I had not met Dorothy since September 1941 in Milwaukee. I had written letters to her and the CATHOLIC WORKER. She had come to Albuquerque a few months after I left for Phoenix in 1947. Now I was overjoyed to get a card from her saying that she would be here Dec. 29th. I met her at the bus. She had been a chain 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 Yaqui mission 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.

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 denies 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 of 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 decrying 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 anarchistic brotherhood of man. I also quoted from a book *Tolstoy the Man* by Prof. Stirner issued by Fleming Revel Co. about 1902. Prof. Stirner visited with Tolstoy and quoted him as saying that he was such an anarchist as Jesus 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 divorced from 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.

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 wanted 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 martyr 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 from prison an anarchist. That I was associated with the CW because of its brave stand in publicizing my 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 atheistic anarchists were more atheistic than they were anarchistic so he should not be adverse to allowing Christians or Catholic Christians to be at least as religious as they were anarchistic, if not more so.

That the atheistic 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 atheistic anarchist should be glad that someone was fighting authority in one sphere—and the most difficult sphere at that—where the atheistic anarchist stood no chance of being heard. Dorothy told of losing over half of the CW subscribers because the CW opposed Franco 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 Chris-

tian insists on transforming the authoritarian set up of the Church to the temporal 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 whenever we of the CW became cowardly because of pressure from the Pope, then it would be time for atheistic anarchists to decry our use of the name anarchism. 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, Berkman and Goldman, whom they revere.

Tax Statement – 1950

Now on Jan. 14, 1950 I mailed a statement to Mr. Stuart, Collector of Internal Revenue in Phoenix explaining why I was refusing to pay my income tax. It said:

As a non-church Christian Anarchist and a follower of Gandhi the man of the Half-Century, I refuse to pay my income tax for the seventh consecutive time. Enclosed find my statement of earnings in 1949. I have instructed my various farm employers that I am working for nothing on the day that you come to garnishee my wages, so that I receive nothing, and so do you. As in the time of Matthew, the tax-gatherer (aside from the hangman) has been the least honorable of the human species. However I hold no ill will against you personally. Your allegiance is to Caesar; mine is to God.

I believe that the state is immoral inasmuch as it lives by war and operates by the return of evil for evil in legislatures, courts and prisons.

I believe that the church un-Christian and immoral in upholding war and this return of evil for evil by the state, thus denying the Sermon on the Mount.

There are millions of well-meaning Christian people who pay taxes for war. How, then, do I set myself up to judge them? In older times prophets came out of the desert who warned the people of certain destruction awaiting them because of their evil ways. Today we cannot wait for leaders, but all of us who pay for the Bomb must take our responsibility. The extreme of the Atom Bomb brings the need for the extreme message of Christ: the Sermon on the Mount. The following ethical analysis leads up to such action as I and a few others have been and are taking; Love without Courage and Wisdom is Sentimentality, as with the ordinary church member. Courage without Love and Wisdom is Foolhardiness, as with the ordinary soldier. Wisdom without Courage and Love is Cowardice, as with the ordinary intellectual. Therefore, one who has Love, Wisdom and Courage is the one in a hundred million who moves the world, as with Jesus, Buddha, Gandhi. *The people in this country who approximate this difficult ideal are the leaders of the Catholic Worker movement who publish the Christian Anarchist monthly, the CATHOLIC WORKER.*

The argument is an old one, old as Jesus driving the money changers out of the Temple and being crucified for His rebellion against the corrupt church of His time. It

is as old as Socrates who drank the hemlock rather than cater to the corrupt politicians of his time. It is as old as Tolstoy who defied the Czar and the subservient Orthodox Church which enslaved the Russian people. It is as old as Gandhi, who by his non-violent Satyagraha campaigns overcame the great British Empire and his chief detractor, Churchill, who called him a “naked fakir.” I am acting in the tradition which Jefferson, Paine and Emerson gave to this country. I am acting in the tradition of the early Quakers who refused to pay taxes for war and openly broke the law by hiding escaped slaves. I am practicing the same idea as that of Thoreau who refused to pay taxes for the Mexican War and slavery.

The refusal of myself and a few others to pay taxes will not stop World War III, the continuance of conscription, and the fraud of the Welfare State now being slipped over on the American people. The question is not “Can we change the world?” but “Can we keep the world from changing us?” The Unforgivable Sin is that committed by our politicians, clerical and intellectual leaders when they make pipsqueaks of young folk who start life with high ideals. In the past a few men like William Lloyd Garrison and Eugene V. Debs stood in the way of evil politicians and corrupt union leaders. Today those few who might speak the truth have been fooled into becoming leaders of pressure groups. If they get something for their group at the expense of the rest of us they have won their battle—and their own individual life pension.

The fallacy of seeking to change the other fellow and to get his name on the dotted line for some party, union, religion, or other pressure group has prevented people from doing the one thing which they are capable of doing which is to change themselves, to refuse to be a part of the dominant lie, to live the truth no matter what the consequences. In order to do this one must not have much baggage; one must live a life of voluntary poverty, of dedication to the ideal.

The validity of this proposed action is supported by the following analysis of events and trends in present day society. The great mass of people are kept busy gaining a living and in being victims of “escape” activities of their senseless world, rather than in trying to think matters through on the coming war and the Servile State. To those who are ready to question the acts and purposes of their lives this summary, though harsh, is essentially true.

The whole propaganda of the capitalist and high-up clergy against Communism is a camouflage; their cry for Free Enterprise and Freedom of the Will, for the American Way of Life, and against the Servile and Welfare State does not come with good grace. The capitalist who grew rich at the expense of the small business man, the farmer, and labor, now cries against subsidies granted to others than himself. The dominant clergy, whose churches pay no taxes on their immense holdings and who do not have an Inquisition and a state-supported church, or the old Puritan Blue Laws and Prohibition simply because they cannot get away with it, now wish released time for so-called religious education in the schools and free bus transportation for parochial schools. The capitalist is not interested in Free Enterprise; he is interested in his freedom to exploit you. The dominant clergy are not interested in your exercise of Free Will but seek to enslave you to their dogma and will.

To oppose the enemies of Communism does not mean that I approve of Communism. The racket of the capitalist and the clergy has been exchanged for the racket of the Commissar. Real communism was practiced by the early Christians, who also refused allegiance to Caesar in the army and refused to go to court, one who did so being denied communion. There is no communism in Russia today, only state capitalism. They have not been used to freedom so do not miss it. In this country we are free to talk but few pay attention because of the noise of the Mammon Arts. Capitalism is doomed. It cannot last because its machinery produces more than the wages given to workers can buy back. Hence the depressions and wars. Despite the give-away Marshall plan (we fought two wars and are not free from England yet) and the talk of Christian missionaries about a Jesus whom they have, perhaps unconsciously, discarded for churchianity and worship of capitalism, the Communists are destined to rule the world as capitalism continues to fall. Whether the Christians will become true followers again when they are forced underground and whether a free civilization can emerge when the Communist dictatorship falls of its own weight of bureaucracy and tyranny is a question.

The efforts of the confused man in the White House with his deficit spending and election promises of increased income for everyone, and with his hypocritical quoting of the Sermon on the Mount will be of no avail. His one good quality is his loyalty to his fellow gangsters. The only part of the Sermon on the Mount he practices is where it says; "Give to him that asketh of thee and to him who would borrow of thee turn thou not away." Only it is not his increased income that is squandered but the heritage of the American people. The Republicans are not better for they advocate such policies as pouring money into the dead-end of Formosa. Meanwhile big trust funds and Democratic politicians are relieved of full payment of taxes and the poor man has his taxes withheld to pay for the atom bomb and future and past wars. The only reason that the Fascist Franco has not been officially blessed is that our politicians do not feel that they can put it across.

There is a way of life that is not at the same time a way of death. (Armaments and war preparations have not saved any nation, but only aggravated wars.) It takes something more than conversation and prayers to attain this New Way of Life. If we believe in some thing differing from this dog-eat-dog system under which we live we have to act as if we believed it. This means that we cannot be a part of the system which lives upon Rent, Interest, Profit, and the weaknesses and vices of its members. If we mean business we cannot register for the draft, pay taxes for war, accept ration, social security, pension or subsidy from the government which we consider immoral. We will then have to simplify our lives and live on the land. We must be producers, not parasites. We cannot vote or ask for police protection but must know that "All things work together for good to those who love God." Despite our white man's arrogance, we must not permit ourselves to be deluded into thinking that we have something to offer the primitive people, such as the Hopi Indians, whose civilization without war and government can teach us many lessons.

I do not intend to pay any income tax now or in the future, and plan to picket your office on March 14th in protest against payment of taxes, not only for war and the

bomb, but for the support of an anti-Christian government which denies the Sermon on the Mount daily.

Sincerely,

Ammon A. Hennacy

About this time I had a letter from a teacher in Fairhope, Ala. where I had taught in 1924. Her name was Miss DaPonte and she had refused to pay taxes. She told of some boys, Quakers whose parents I had 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 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 "shrine" 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 met me in San Francisco. I 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 atmosphere of envy of the rich, 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 state. 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 she was happy with this patriotic and materialistic religion I had no right and, I felt now, no purpose, in bothering her. So I wrote to the girls each week 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 despaired of finding any woman who could stand the pace and who would not seek to tame 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 nine 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 that we had a common devotion to both pacifism and anarchism; and, sad necessity or undue asceticism 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 never 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 for years. So when Dorothy left, I felt a new 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 1934 when he was in prison. I had written to him, "Gandhi. India" and he received it. I had never met these great spiritual leaders yet loved them. How much more then should I appreciate one such leader who was a contemporary and whom I had known for thirteen years. At any age in life the fact that she was a woman did not make as much difference as it would have twenty years

before. The men I had known in my radical life had either all turned bourgeois, married women who had tamed them, or had died. So it was natural that I should enjoy the companionship of the one person I knew who lived the ideals which I believed. In 1941-42 I had walked ten miles each Sunday evening to attend a Quaker meeting. Here in Phoenix the Quaker meeting was held in the morning when I would normally be selling CWs. If there had been one at night I would have attended. As it was I felt the need of spiritual strength in my picketing so attended mass and prayed for peace and wisdom before picketing. In the spring of 1949 the scabbing of seminarians per orders of Cardinal Spellman in the graveyard strike in N. Y. City aroused me. The opposition of the CW to this disobedience of the famous Encyclicals of the Pope, and their picketing of St. Patrick's Cathedral caused me to wish to praise God for such brave action. The best place to praise God was in the Catholic Church so from that time forward I prayed for grace and wisdom at mass, wherever I was selling CWs. But I still had the regular Protestant attitude toward the Catholic church, as being the worst of them all.

* * *

Around this time there was a Brotherhood meeting in the first Methodist Church down town. Levi Udall, Chief Justice of the Arizona Supreme Court was to speak for the Mormons. Frank Toothaker, Supt. of the Methodist Church in this district, and a pacifist of many years, was to speak for the Protestants. A leader of the Jewish charities, Mr. Kaplan, was speaking for the Jews, and Fr. Xavier Harris was speaking for the Catholics. It has always been my custom to read the daily papers carefully to see who is invading my territory, so when these leaders announced that they would speak on Brotherhood I wrote each of them a personal letter telling them that if they talked of Brotherhood and followed their respective churches in supporting war I would get up and say something about it if I had a chance. Also I enclosed my current leaflet and told them that I would be selling CW's outside of the church that night. The Mormon and the Jew came first and greeted me cordially and took a CW. Rev. Toothaker had already read the CW and I found that Fr. Harris had taken it for years.

There are many good things to say about the Mormons: their canning of waste food; their social life around the church; and their tithing. But Judge Udall gave a Fourth of July speech, with little depth or religion or real patriotism. The Jew seemed apologetic and rambled on seeming to want to say something without hurting the feelings of anyone. Rev. Toothaker did not say anything that was especially wrong but sidestepped anything of importance. Fr. Harris gave a real spiritual message but I doubt if many who were there appreciated it, including myself. There was no 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.

* * *

"There's only one way the poor class of folks can beat this system," said the poor tubercular Oakie as we shivered together on the cotton truck on a dull February morning.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I 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 beat 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 dime stores, shows and taverns," he continued as we came to the cotton field.

This field had been picked over before and now just the bolls 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 Negroes. We snapped off the bolls 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 2c a pound was the rate instead of 3c. I mentioned this to one of the Negroes as we were picking and he said:

"Lucky we gets the 2c. The other day they gave us slips of paper and told us to come 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 Arlington. The Negro went 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 Conscientious 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 scales and cheat you of half the cotton. The other day I picked around 100 pounds and the weigh man 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 contractor who 'short-weighed and ticket-paid' the pickers and made a thousand dollars month from poor folks as poor as he had been a month before."

He wanted to know if I was a Witness. I told him that I belonged to no church, for each one prayed more and did less than the other. I mentioned about the Oakie who had wanted to go back to the land and he replied that he was sorry, he had gone out for day work for he had had more real income and satisfaction on the land. He spoke of several relatives who had made from \$50 to \$100 a week all during the war in war work. When they had lost their jobs they went to live with his old father who had but \$70 cash income a year but always had his cellar full of something to eat from what he had raised on the land.

"You can't farm in this commercial valley though. Takes too much for machinery and if you lose a crop through lack of water, bugs, or poor prices, then the big company grabs your land for

what they want to give. Have to get in the sticks,” he added with a smile, “away from the places where you think you have to spend money.”

We then discussed unions, radical organizations, churches, and the different methods of making a better world. The aim of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God was there but so many things interfered to make us all forget it. All these organizations came first and we forgot our aim.

“And the more noise, the more traffic and the more big whirring machinery, the more we seem to forget that the man next to us is our brother. I know folks back home in the country who never saw a city who feud like all blazes though, so it isn’t only where you are or what you do that counts; it must be what you have inside,” my friend said as we quit for the day. He had picked 130 pounds and I had picked 111. It was 4 p.m., and as he lived down my way I pocketed my \$2.22 and rode with him eastward. On the way we saw some men forking cauliflower culls into trucks for their cattle, and stopped to get some culls. But they were all gone and only the leaves that were cut from the top of the box as they were packed were left.

One morning I had gone down the highway to wait for the first bus to Coldwater, where I had heard they took on cotton pickers. I had previously asked the colored family on the corner, with whom I had worked, and they said that cotton trucks did not come by on this highway since the holidays. The trucks in town only picked up regular customers and did not bother with the slave market at Second and Jefferson in Phoenix. A young driver of a milk truck which bore the sign “no riders” picked me up before daylight and took me toward Coldwater. His first pickup was way beyond Buckeye. After a time we noticed people gathered by the side of the road, and stopping, we saw a motorcycle tangled up against a telephone pole and a young man whose brains were scattered over the ground. Later we found out that he had worked nights irrigating 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 \$75 a week 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 can to this 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 arms 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 corner, 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 the 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 mackinaw came with his bedroll over his shoulder, a small package of clothing, and a three-cell lantern in his hand.

“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 like 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 sang 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 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 hike. 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 four came 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 got some groceries, and books at the library.

The night after I had made the \$2.22 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 sawed 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 Mexicans and Negroes whizzed by from Phoenix destined away beyond Buckeye it seemed, but the drivers did not glance toward us. One lanky red-faced, bleary-eyed and slobbery-mouthed individual danced around the fire and in jerky pantomime acted 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 into a dog 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 unshaven man by the fire. He of the imagination saw a truck stop for the two 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 70c a day," remarked the man of the unshaven countenance and continued, "Last night the chief of police knocked on my window and wanted to know my name. I told him to get the hell away; that I didn't care for his kind: and did he go!"

A huge fat man with whom I had picked cotton in November winked at me as we listened to this braggadocio. He told of an ad the day before asking for 300 women to sew parachutes in nearby Goodyear. When hundreds of applicants arrived they sorted them out and hired 25, which was all they wanted in the first place. Any who were over 30 or under 20 or weighed more than 120 pounds were not wanted. He added:

“A fat woman I know who is about my size and has had thirty years experience in sewing could not get a look in there. Getting so people’s got to be all one size and one age, and I suppose pretty soon they’ll want them to all look just alike.”

A farmer came alone in a car and picked up two women who had worked for him before. This was all he wanted. Joe had been talking to a young man who lived in a shack for which he paid \$30 a month. He received a soldier’s pension of \$90 a month so life was not quite so tough for him as for many others. My Oakie friend told of his wife giving the last of their food the other night to a big man who asked for a handout. After he had eaten he explained that he had been on a drunk and spent his \$70 pension and would now have to mooch until his next check came. The Oakie had been in the store the day before and a poor woman with two small children asked for bread, saying she had nothing to eat for today and there was no cotton to pick because of the rain. The storekeeper (who charged from 10% to 30% too much anyway) had answered that he was not running any relief and would not help her.

It was now after 9 a.m. and no trucks came. People drifted away slowly. I asked where the bridge was that went over the Salt River to the Pima Reservation, intending to visit my Pima friend Martin with whom I had worked in the lettuce last year. There was a bridge at lateral 20 I was told, so Joe and I walked down that way. After a few miles one young fellow who had been standing around the fire drove by and stopped, giving us a ride for the remaining four miles to lateral 20. He spoke about not liking to stand around a fire with colored folks and remarked about how he would like to shoot one just as well as to look at one. We did not ask him how many notches he had on his mythical gun but tried to insert a word against such bigotry, but doubt if it did much good. We walked toward the river for a few miles and finally came to a dead end road. It seemed that the bridge was two miles up on lateral 22 and another bridge below at lateral 17 and no one we spoke to knew just where the Reservation was located. So we walked back toward home, stopping to pull a few carrots and sugar beets from the fields for our dinner.

We met some Oakies clustered around a woodpile in their yard enjoying the sun. One boy was wielding an ax and the father rested, snuggled a few inches away against a log, much as cartoons depict certain long whiskered hill billies. The subject of continued rain here and snow further north came up. One young man remarked that it wasn’t fair to drop food to the Indians while the white ranchers got nothing. How much he knew of white ranchers was another thing. The inference seemed to be that no airplanes dropped anything near this particular woodpile. All the poor kid knew was depression and war so for him to think of an All Time Santa Claus was understandable.

Nearing home we were picked up by a colored man, partly Indian, whom I had known before when he came to visit me in my cabin last winter when he was irrigating near the Molokon’s where I lived. He was, as he described it. “A Witness, for they gives and they don’t take, and they are not Jim Crow.”

At this time there were articles over the country about migrant workers starving out at Coldwater and nearby Avondale. I had been through these 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. Right now they are irrigating in the field next to me... 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 there as long as I cannot get a Catholic to help me sell CWs.

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 such a sign. Having no other means of transportation, I got up early and walked the ten miles into Phoenix with my two signs, pairs and leaflets, arriving by 8 a.m. The small yellow leaflet which I handed out was rather saucy and not a masterpiece. Rik varityped 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 "won" a war? Or that any good can come from returning evil for evil? I don't believe it! And I 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. Hennacy, R. 3, Box 221, 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 stopped me and said 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 was I had 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 had 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 and told him of two prominent men 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. I said I did not have time as I was going to Washington with the Hopi, but would see him when I returned.

Fasting in Washington, D. C.

Joe Craigmyle felt poor after his release from prison, so he departed from his ordinary life of fruit stand operator to help me rattle 65 pound 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 gopher holes and skunk apartments for ten days until the job was finished. Meanwhile we had notice from pacifist headquarters in New York that all varieties of pacifists were going to fast during Holy Week and picket the White House in Washington, D.C., against the piling up 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 this would be an opportunity for me to picket the head of the U. S. Revenue office in Washington.

The Hopi had spoken of wishing to protest against the inclusion of their name in the Navajo-Hopi bill, so I wrote to my Hopi friend telling him I would collect money for his expenses from radical Catholics and pacifists here if he would accompany me. I told the Old Pioneer that I would leave on the 26th 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 Hopi 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 there for supper. About 10:45 p.m. we received a phone call that my Hopi friend and Dan Kuchongva, spiritual leader of the traditional Hopi, 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 reclined in the back; partly under blankets. We stopped at the Catholic church in Tempe where our good CW priests Bechtel and Rook, held forth, and said a prayer for the success of our journey, Dan sang Hopi prayers and Joe and I thought the best we could do was to say our pacifist-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 Hopi silversmith who had done time in chains at Keams Canyon years ago with Dan for non-cooperation with the white conqueror whose policy it was to kidnap the Hopi children and send them to missionary schools. His wife and daughter prepared us an excellent meal and as the rain let up we built the back of the pickup into a secure and nearly rainproof shelter for the one whose turn it would be to sleep there while the other three sat in front.

By 3 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 along the road 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 Hopi 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* dealing with fasting, which is a basic therapy in his conquering of the disease of people who finally like the woman in the scripture "suffer from many physicians." He 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 socialistic. He was not religious in the church sense, but strange as it seemed to us opposed birth control because it was unnatural. 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 ethical expert. We found later that a non-radical from Phoenix took a fast of 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 1955 at the University of Wisconsin, Bill Brockhausen, whom my wife and I had visited in 1923 when we were hiking. He was an advertising executive with a big house and servants headquarters where the Hopi soon were sleeping peacefully. Bill and I sat up until 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 that product which has made Milwaukee famous. I had always been an extreme radical in his eyes and I suppose brought back visions of Debs 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 CWs at a Catholic church near where we stopped. All along we gave copies or 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 when 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 when she refused to pay taxes and had bravely escorted a 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 some trial about segregation. As many do who are new in a movement she asked why I did not fast-to-the-death on the White House steps against the H-Bomb. I felt that if such an act came as the natural conclusion of 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 midst sewer repairs he knew where he was going and we didn't. Toward morning we came to Clarkesville, Ga. and soon to the 800 acres of the Macedonia

Cooperative Community. Here my old friend had social worker from Milwaukee, Dave Newton and his brave beautiful wife, Ginny, 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, he registered and spent about four years in CPS. About the time the war was over he walked out of CPS and was in Sandstone prison with Bill Ryan and Walter Gormly. He was paroled out to Macedonia. All of the families here were CO'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 home. There is a common storeroom where such items as have to be purchased are kept. Each one has a key and can take what they like without anyone else knowing about it; only they mark the amount taken on a chart so the stock 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 to a small dairy. They furnished milk for all in Macedonia and living expenses of the two families who attended to the cows. A few garden patches 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 deprivations and hard work necessary to make 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. If I was thirty and had a wife who could take it I would choose to live here, but as it is and I am single I favor living “out in the world” and doing my propaganda among the “heathen.” We left about 9 p.m.

The Hopi wished to visit the remnants of Tsali's tribe who by their rebellion in 1828 had not been deported with the other Cherokee to 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 unreconstructed did not live on this sign-decked highway that catered to tourists so perhaps we did not miss anything.

Winding around the beautiful Smokies and asking numerous directions we finally brushed along side a wagon where armed guards 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 Philadelphia in 1940 that he felt like Pontius Pilate in sentencing Arle to prison for non-registration. I had corresponded with them some years ago. Arle was away in a mountain helping build a house. There was a new brick medical center with nurse and beds and Doctor at hand under Quaker supervision. Each of several families here at Celo, N.C. owned their separate few acres and made their own living as they could.

We drove on steadily, and at 3 a.m. on April first knocked on the door at Inspiration House, 1867 Kalarama Road and under the efficient ministrations 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 to register for the draft in 1942. Both of the Longstreths refused to pay taxes for the war. Also John Baily, a young student feeling his way midst the maze of World Government, back-to-the-land, pacifism, anarchism, etc. Lucile Lord, an FOR member of a month, a pretty young girl, was also a first arrival. We had breakfast of

scrambled eggs together in a restaurant. (Before starting a fast you should not eat heavy food.) Soon I met Woodland and Olga Kahler, super-vegetarian Vendantist friends of Scott Nearing. They asked about anarchism and I loaned them my article on Christian Anarchism in THE ARK which had been published a few months before in San Francisco by a group of anarchists who were atheistic but had asked for my explanation of Christian Anarchism. The English pacifist Winifred Rawlins, with whom I had corresponded, was also there. J. B. Fenner, an elderly Unitarian from Pittsburgh, roomed near me. He had quoted my "love, courage and wisdom" in the bulletin of his church. All this anarchism was new to him and for an older man he did pretty well in trying to line it up with his idea of brotherhood in general. He stood up fairly well in picketing. Charles Huleatt of Tracy, Calif, was a young man of much energy whose duty it was to awaken the sleepers in the morning. He had emerged from a religious environment and at this stage called himself an anarchist. Grace Rhoades was an efficient and pleasant lady with whom I had corresponded on the tax refusal question. She spent endless hours typing for the group. Margaret Dungan was an elderly, smiling lady who taught in a high-class girls school. She is also a tax refuser with whom I had corresponded. She was a good sport in picketing and stood up in fasting much better than the super-vegetarians whom I expect watched their loss of weight too morosely.

Toward evening I was pleased to meet Dave Dellinger with whom I had corresponded for years. He is the one man there with whom I feel most in common, anarchistic and not super-religious. He has character and I love him like a brother. His adopted son Howie Douglas slept near me and was the youngest of the group. Janet Lovett, wife of Bill Lovett of the first CO group to go to jail, is a sweet girl always on hand to do her share. She and Bent and Taddy Andresen came from the group at Glen Gardner, N. J. where Dave prints ALTERNATIVE. The Andresen's are critical of religious ideas. Bent was on a long hunger strike in prison. I had known of Francis Hall but had never met him. He and his wife Pearl were religious, and quiet vegetarians, Francis tried to be fair but I felt he stressed religious observances too much.

I had known A. J. Muste, at times called the Number One Pacifist, in 1920 when he was a Trotskyite and again in 1942 in Boone, Iowa at a FOR Conference when he and I each thought we would get five years for refusing to register the next week, I had written to him for five years suggesting that he refuse to pay taxes. He finally came around to that position and does very well. He is edging toward non-cooperation with government. I had only eaten a banana and an apple during the day. Shortly before the fast was to commence Francis and Pearl Hall and Dorothy and I went to a restaurant where we had supper.

Dorothy had said that she would not picket during the week. She came here to pray. There was a long discussion about a 24-hour vigil before a candle purchased for \$3 when one for \$1.00 could be had from any Catholic church. It was finally decided that those should pray, who liked, in a separate room. Each evening and each morning sessions were held to decide the action for the day. Leaflets were prepared and much discussion was held upon the exact wording. It was after midnight before the final form was mimeographed-while Bayard Rustin entertained those present with lusty songs of prison, accompanied by his banjo. The good old ladies upstairs could not hear this or they would have gone home at once in dismay it is feared. And all of this activity on an empty stomach.

On Sunday I went to mass with Dorothy, not because I believed in the mass, but because I believed in Dorothy. All these years Dorothy had not spoken to me much on theology. Once in a group she said to me never to join the Church because I loved her and the CW; it 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 CO's and Catholics came to see Dorothy evenings. At one open meeting at night the Chairman asked Dorothy to explain about the CW 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 Committee 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 pacifist message. The Atomic Energy Commission was also visited, as was the National Educational Commission. Dave Dellinger 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 there was a try at an open air meeting instead and this failing we gave out literature on the street for several hours. Thursday morning, which was stormy, saw Fenner, Lucy Lord, Winifred Rawlins, Ann Rush, a young married woman from Tracy, Cal., Ruth Hartshaugh, wife of a minister who tried to understand all this new anarchism, and myself handing out leaflets at a high school.

I did not want to picket the tax man 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 their basic 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, where they keep the stolen money, but the Department of the Collector of Internal Revenue, where they do the stealing. A cop came out at once and told me I could not picket government property. I told him that I had already picketed the Post Office which was government property, in Phoenix, and had gotten away with it.

"But this is *real* government property," he replied.

"There is a *real* Supreme Court around here someplace that says this is a free country and no permit is needed," I said quickly.

He replied that I would have to go up to 19th. St. and get a permit to picket or he would pinch me. I told him that was a long distance to walk and if I went there and did not get a permit I would picket anyway, and then he could pinch me. I said he ought to call his boss and see what the law was, and then act accordingly. He smiled and said he would check up, and there was no further trouble. We gave out all of our papers and some slips about my non-payment of taxes.

Workers came out of the building and asked for copies. Only 15 people who passed refused to take our literature, so we considered our work a success.

While I was picketing the tax man, the group had a discussion about tactics at the Pentagon Building. The nice old ladies would not take any part if there would be any arrests or trouble. And Wally Nelson, a courageous Negro from Cincinnati who picketed Ashland prison when Jim Otsuka was there, would not take part if pipsqueaking tactics were used. I was not present but I understand that A. J. Muste weakened and allowed the old ladies to have their way. They had left for the Pentagon by the time I got back from my picketing. Most of the group stood against the wall in the corridor by Johnson's office. He invited them to hold their prayer meeting in a certain room, out of sight, nearby. They evaded this by going outside of the building and sat on the steps during the Holy Hour of Good Friday, and nearly until dark. Later most of us agreed that the whole thing was a farce, for we should have either disobeyed the cops and had our civil disobedience or never have gone in the first place. Moral: too many old ladies.

There were some late arrivals who fasted for only a day or two or who had fasted in their home towns but were unable to come to Washington the first of the week. One of these was Marshall Bush, a blind man from up-state New York, who had befriended CO's during the war. Ralph Templin of Yellow Springs, Ohio, who had been a missionary in India and knew Gandhi, but who returned to this country rather than swear allegiance to the British Empire was present. He had poise, and was a non-registrant and tax refuser. He and I handed out leaflets one afternoon. Horace Champney and Lloyd Danzeisen of the PEACEMAKER group in Yellow Springs also came. Bill Sutherland and Paula Waxman, and Juanita Nelson, wife of Wally were active in setting our leaflets done on time. Katie Voorhies was an elderly, blind Negro woman from Tracy, Cal. who took money she had saved for burial and came here. Dave Mason was an old time wob. I went to mass with him mornings. Madge Burnham made fine precise posters. Walter Longstreth came down to greet his wife who had weakened somewhat physically while fasting. Elizabeth Haas, a young Quaker librarian from Baltimore who was fired because she refused to sign a loyalty oath, was a part-time faster also. I had met Louise Haliburton in Camp Mack, Indiana when I spoke at a Brethern Conference there in 1938. George Houser, non-registrant 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 the last three days.

There was an attempt at the fast 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. Miss Dungan felt that if a person led a life of voluntary poverty he would miss the aesthetic values: music, beauty, etc. I spoke up and boasted of the scenery and sunsets of desert Arizona which cost nothing and which I liked better than the canned music and organized beauty of the cities. I am reminded here of Dorothy's saying that she liked the chirping of the desert thrush, the cooing of the mourning doves and the varied song of the mocking bird at Desert Ranch just as much as a symphony.

I was asked to give in detail 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 they did pay would be prorated for war, so the only way was to pay nothing at all. Bayard 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 always was nearly last 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 Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War, with whom I had 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 fast was broken.

A few minutes after midnight on Saturday we all had orange juice and/or V juice. The Hopi had brought some piki bread which is like cornflakes and I gave some to each person. Bayard and Bill Sutherland and Bent sang some songs. The next morning A.J. Muste read a poem and asked me to read a letter from Gandhi. None of us were the worse for the fast. We kidded Joe about sleeping 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 Dearcy McNickel, assistant Indian Commissioner. He is a sophisticated, one twenty-fourth or some such fraction, Flatfoot or Flathead Indian who had just written a book, *They Come 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 left the true Hopi way. He told of meetings that the Indian Agent had held and what went on at these meetings. While one Hopi was translating the English to Dan, McNickel 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. McNickel 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." McNickel blushed and hid his face behind his hands in shame.

In the afternoon we met with Commissioner Nicholson who was soon to be replaced by Dillon 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 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 anyhow. The Christian Hopi and the government-employee Hopi went to war, but not the real Hopi. Dan spoke of the stone tablets which have 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 their 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 doesn't make sense."

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 and given to the Navajo. He advised them to get a lawyer, Dan gave the regular Hopi sermon at length, saying that they did not want money for the stolen land; they were here to ask the White man to repent of his evil ways. The judge wiped his eyes again and again and with great feeling said

"I thank you for the best sermon I have ever heard. I congratulate you on your noble faith and religion. I appreciate your visit and wish you well."

We spent a few minutes with Congressman Toby Morris, typical demagogue and head of the committee on the Navajo-Hopi Bill. He said he did not know how the name of the Hopi got in the bill. While I was picketing the tax man the Hopi interviewed Senator Johnson of Colorado. He had not known about the real Hopi and had the idea that as 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 rice-Christian Hopi. He nodded approvingly toward Dan.

Mott Street

After selling CWs at the Cathedral I left around noon with Bill and Paula Sutherland and Bent Andresen, 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 o.k.,” looking at Bill. 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 met. I had corresponded with Bob Ludlow, 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. Several there knew of my articles and greeted me kindly. Bob was not 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 fasted 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 backfire of penicillin. 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 known 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 3 and 5 so I must have slept 2 hours.

I was wondering 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 started in Phoenix as soon as possible. I had to find a Catholic to run it and as yet I had not found any to help me sell CWs 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 Vanzetti had been born 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 practising Catholic, came from Italy to see him before he was executed. That his last words were worthy of a saint: “I want to forgive those who are doing this to me.” I had never met 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 wife 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 in 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 McKeon. I accompanied Dorothy to the small Italian church. Only two or three others were there. The walls were covered with life-size murals of my favorite saint, Francis of Assisi. Before this I had always sat still in church but today I felt like kneeling 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 orthodox 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 least of all was I attracted to the Catholic church. Mostly because of Franco I suppose. If I had known any Protestant 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 Irene Naughton who was on a speaking tour to Nova Scotia. Dorothy asked me to entertain seminarians 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 Fi'. Deacy of 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 but he could not come down. I met Sandy 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 atheist anarchist, much interested in Freud; one of the few regular 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 turtle neck sweater. Sandy said he had not been in the Village in five years, never wore a turtle neck 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 food. She said she didn't know; everybody helps; that they come and go and 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 red," but after half an hour when no one disputed his song he left. Another drunk muttered around for hours after we said compline. I left around midnight on the bus for Washington to meet the Hopi and Joe. I had not slept 5 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 Clarksburg, W. Va. Each of the four Greek brothers who ran the place was more decrepit and suave than the other. A person eats thousands of meals yet very few are remembered. This huge Spanish omelette with homemade 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 being Catholic. She was excited to meet real Indians and when Dan took a belt from his pocket and gave it to her she was overjoyed. We drove through Indianapolis where Joe had formerly run a fruit stand. It was ten p.m. when we stopped in Terra 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 Msgr. 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 stealing it. As we came to 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 Gollier they did not favor missionaries. He showed us the beautiful 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 they could do nothing with the Hopi. We told him that the Hopi were true pacifists and anarchists like the CW and had nothing to learn from priests who took the part of the government against the Indian and supported war and the capitalist system. He took it in good spirit.

We stopped in New Oraibi, and proceeded on to Hotevilla to take Dan home. He reported to his family in Hopi language about the trip and introduced us. One girl was asleep on the floor and a beautiful girl of 18 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 CO. His wife sat on sheepskins 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, columnist on 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 Yukeoma.

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 romantic, grotesque Kachina 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 nature has provided the people it loves with multi-colored corn that will germinate a foot beneath the dry desert surface; this is a land where the villages are built atop precipitous mesas; where water is scarce and beautiful vistas are abundant; where men are the weavers 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 which 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, Yukeoma eloquently recited a philosophy of passive resistance that 30 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 Yukeoma, the Hopi Indian from Arizona, and Mahatma Gandhi, the wizened 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 simple old way of doing things, and both had hatred only for compulsion and violence.”

My Hopi Friend had told me when we came home that Yukeoma 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 way of Meridian Miss, but the storms had persuaded us to go by way of Mobile and Atlanta and this was the route taken by Yukeoma-and we did not see the President, for he was in Florida.

Joe and I came through Flagstaff and left CW’s with Father Albey whom I had met before. We came down beautiful Oak Creek Canyon zig-zagging up the mountain side through Jerome, the mining town built literally on a mountainside. We stopped and said prayers at St. Joseph’s Shrine at Yarnell in gratitude for the 6000 mile trip without even a flat-tire. Opening my mail I found two five dollar bills from anarchist friends who liked my anti-war stand; thus my debt to Rev. Soker was paid, and the trip was ended without a deficit. The Old Pioneer had worked an hour a day in the garden. Mulberries were ripe; pomegranate blossoms enlivened the place. The desert flowers of Arizona still seemed to me better than the lush green of the north and east. I visited my new friend, Columbus Giragi the columnist who had said in the morning paper when I picketed on March 14th, that I should be locked up. He understood now what it was all about. Although we agreed on very little we became good friends.

My idea of God in May of 1950 is described in a letter to Dorothy: “God is a power-line, and a person can pray and do anything he wishes but unless he connects with this power line he is not connected up. It is all talk. If the average person tries to ‘connect up’ without using a transformer he is likely to get shocked or killed (maybe that is what happened to me in solitary, as Msgr. Hillenbrand so wittily said). Churches should be these transformers to do the ‘connecting’ but they weaken the current until it hardly means a thing.”

Around this time I worked at very hard work for two days with a sledge hammer and came home too tired to eat. I slept for eleven hours and ate three oranges for breakfast, worked hard all day and was still tired and 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.

World Federation

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 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). Now in May of 1950 the new Unitarian 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 went 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 have a live ideal

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 one of these days. That they would 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 going to overcome 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 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."

Tax Garnishee

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 and as I had started late that morning I had \$5 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 out 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 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 Lin Orme Jr., neither of us knowing that the tax man was headed this way. From that time on I notified my employers that if they paid the tax man any of my wages I would not work for them.

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 when I finished, or trusted to luck that the tax man did not know where I was working on any certain day. Generally I did not know myself until I phoned to see which farmer wanted me that day. I had told Mr. Schumacher that I would not lie to him but it was his business to find out where I was working. I had given him the names of my employers and my address and I was not hiding. The idea was that I would not pay any income tax.

Irrigating

The water gurgles in the ditch past my cabin all during the night. I hear the soft whistle and song of the Mexican National as he skillfully guides the water evenly, by the quarter-mile-long rows of cantaloupes. Now it is morning and the shift changes. The Big Company has the straightest, cleanest rows, and their ground is well worked. There is a distrait against my wages now so I can't work for the Big Company any more. I do not know much about irrigation, but in the eight years that I have been working 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 open and filled in again with the shovel, but 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 canvass tarpaulin (called tarp) is slanted 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 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 to the bus along the lateral, 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 flows into these ditches and is used again and again further down the line.

The chief worry of an irrigator is that rodent vegetarian who fills canal and ditch banks with holes. When you figure on so much water in one place, a great portion of it 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 wet. I remember irrigating such land for a jack-Mormon (backsliding Mormon) and right even with the flow of water a thousand winged blackbirds would be hopping from dry clod to dry clod, gobbling up the insects 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 sheep which were gazing 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 the Truth. If I had asked people where 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 chased numerous tax men, the FBI, an

Army Intelligence man and a Postal Inspector. I offered to leave as Mr. Orme was sick in the hospital with ulcers at times and I felt this nibbling at me by the law would aggravate his illness. "Stay here and fight them," he said.

In the old days before dams and water districts, the Indians had irrigation canals. Some of these are modernized and used today by the whites. Land was cheap then but much of it was gobbled up by bankers and companies who had "affidavit men" swear falsely as to the validity of their homesteads; or they each had 160 acres in the name of some minor employee. The users of water had banded themselves together in a sort of semi-cooperative Water Users' Association. Soon these bogus farmers and absentee and corporate retainers of wealth had control. The ordinary rancher was at the mercy of non-working theorists, with expensive and impractical plans, who knew little of the procedure of farming and whose chore was to make a living by parasitical living only. At that time the Old Pioneer was in his prime and went from schoolhouse to schoolhouse, evenings, making a fight against these corporate interests. The press jeered at his "one-man revolution." Certain big interests tried to bribe him by giving him a nominal job, but he refused to consider it and cleverly turned their trickery against them. He kept on until he was elected president of the Water Users and fought the good fight there for fourteen years. In the old days all water gates were locked-and the zanjero, or "sankerra" as we Anglos pronounce it, who was the ditch rider, had to carry an enormous bunch of keys. The Old Pioneer ordered the gates to be left unlocked, for only a few would steal water and when they were caught then the gates could be locked. The plan worked. Strange tales are told of supposedly pious men who were water thieves. In those days too a zanjero would often let it be known that the best way to be sure of water when you wanted it was to give him a calf, sheep, or a bag of wheat, etc. The old Pioneer finally weeded these dishonest fellows out. Feather bedding was not born with the diesel for in the old days here when a crew of Yaqui Indians went out to clean the laterals of weeds and Johnson grass, the custom was to have a foreman, a timekeeper, a truck-driver and a water boy. The Old Pioneer changed all this. One man could drive the truck, keep the time, and be foreman. Ice was furnished and each Yaqui had a rest during the day when he was water boy for his fellows. The Yaqui lived in the desert east of Phoenix. The Old Pioneer built them modern cement-block houses and a Catholic church. He reopened dozens of cases for Yaqui, who had previously been injured and had signed off any demands for a pittance. They received a liberal settlement from him. He also invested a lot of money in a shop where tools were to be sharpened and kept in shape, thus appealing to the peasant-instinct of the Yaqui; for pride in their work. At times when I meet strangers in the valley and they ask me where I live and what I do. I tell them where I am. Sometimes they say "That bald-headed old s.o.b." When I mention this to Mr. Orme he laughs and says "That must have been one of the fellows who were sitting doing nothing with their feet on the desk when I went around the first day; and I made them go to work."

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 benches lined 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 the chance that he had 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. The Old Pioneer did so and within a few days this parolee had passed a false check on the Governor himself. From that time on the Old Pioneer listened to no outsiders. He did approve paroles for men who made good. Some of them to this day write to him from distant places. But he had a hard heart toward bankers and felt they had an education and should do their time.

One Mexican who had been fired from the ranch for putting stones in his cotton sack to increase the weight later went to prison for some other theft and came up for parole. He said to Mr. Orme, "You know me." Mr. Orme answered, "I sure do. The answer is 'no.'" "When I am writing my articles or my tax statements I give them to him to read, not as a censor, but for correction as to fact or emphasis. Often he says: "Put more Gandhi and Jesus into it."

There was a time, when he was head of the Parole Board, that a man was supposed to be hung for an especially cleverly planned murder. This man belonged to a certain religion, and great pressure came to Mr. Orme from the people of this religion who said: "A ... has never been hung in Arizona." The Old Pioneer had definite proof, other than court evidence, from one who saw this murder, so his answer was, "A ... is sure enough going to hang this time." And he did.

At another time several people were caught in a murder, tried, and sentenced. All officials who had anything to do with it except Mr. Orme and the Sheriff had agreed to allow these criminals out on high bail, with the understanding that they would skip bail and the county would be that much richer. This was in the depression when money was hard to get. The bad bargain fell through and the men hung. He was stern, and believed in the rod and in an eye for an eye; but he was just, and never defrauded or underpaid his help, as others did who talked religion. Under another Governor he was offered another job, and was asked 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 ethics of the Sermon on the Mount he would have had the courage to practice them; there would be no halfway business with him.

Los Angeles Unlimited

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 \$1500 to \$2500 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 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, 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 materialize.

The freehanded Westerner 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 gasp for water while the Babylon of Los Angeles and California cheerfully and brazenly siphons 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 channelling 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 would sell more land at inflated price to suckers, the present day evils would only be increased. The rancher whose land is under a lien to 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: people come here for their health and find little work to do. The chief industry is the Reynolds Aluminum Plant employing 1500 men. Reynolds, with his 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 not enough for all at any time, except for a very few rushed months in cotton and cantaloupes. The well paid jobs are in the packing shed, and the Union books are generally closed. The fields are not organized. Trucks come to the slave market at 2nd and Jefferson Streets around dawn to get workers. At times they pick only those whom they have known previously. Some trucks are run by Big Companies; other by private contractors. Some take only Mexicans, others only Negroes, others take mixed groups. Trucks load up at Tolleson, Glendale and other small towns too.

Field Work

When work is done by contract, that is so much a row for thinning lettuce, chopping cotton, etc., the tendency is for the worker to do a poor job and earn as much as possible. In a big field no boss can see everything. If the pay is sixty or seventy cents an hour or more the tendency is to loaf and kill time. Many Big Companies have solved this by importing Mexican Nationals and having them live, like slaves of old, on the ranch. Indians are also brought from the reservation, paid unbelievably low wages, and cheated in the company stores. The Nationals have generally 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.

As long as so many people live in the cities there will be this unnatural plan, with thousands of migrant workers scurrying here and there to provide the labor needed to harvest the crops or the Big Companies. Too many city workers and farm workers want a pay check, but no responsibility. They have adopted the something-for-nothing philosophy being encouraged by demagogues. They may make good pay but it is soon spent for canned goods. A few hours of work a week in a

garden would provide better 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, eh?” 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 spading.

“Yes, but I eat from this garden every day of the year and don’t plow under my crop like you folks do,” I replied.

True, the disc was ten thousand times more efficient than my 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 in on the field. Three years ago my Molokin 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 communes, or family homesteads, or groups where a diversity of crops are raised may be established some day, when capitalism dies after World War III. It is more likely-but not necessarily more likeable-that a Communist dictatorship will intensify all the evils or large scale corporate farming, with their forced, so-called communal farms. All the more reason why Catholic Workers and other decentralists of spiritual emphasis should establish themselves on the land now.

My first fast and picketing

Before the Korean War I had told my tax man, a Catholic who thought the CW was a Communist paper, that I was going 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 6th 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. I also wrote 94 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.” I knew what my CW priest friends thought about it, but from all these letters I received only one answer, from a Methodist minister praising my stand. It happened that his church was not far from St. Matthew’s where I was selling CW’s the next Sunday 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 communion about four times a year I think. On an impulse of sympathy with this preacher who had answered my letter I took communion telling him later that the reason I had was because of his sympathy with my pacifism. I had only taken communion before when I was a Baptist-and there a goblet was passed around and everyone took a sip.

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 had come 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 of radical thought had suggested that before he go any further in radical thought or commercial pursuits he should look me up in Arizona. He quit his job and hiked down here in four days. Inquiring as to the location of my postal address he was told 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 wheel he said that he wanted to get off where that Hennacy was who wrote in the CW, someplace west of town. The driver replied that this bus went north within a few blocks and not west but that I 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 CW's to bus drivers bore fruit.

Jack had the regular anarchist criticism of society, but as with most anarchists he did not have the positive ideas with which to build toward the new society. When we discussed my plans for the fast he offered to be at hand and give me a drink of distilled water every half hour or so. By the time of my fast he had met my Catholic pacifist and anarchist friends here and read old copies of the CW so that he understood the mood in which a fast should be conducted.

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, CW's, and folded tax statements in the back pocket of my Levi's. 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 CW'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 16 and no one threw me in" I answered quickly. 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 8-7-50 by virtue of warrant for distraint 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 CW's without my signs until Rik met me at 5:30 p.m.

Rik made new signs that night and marked them "This sign is the personal property of Joseph Craigmyle" *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 the 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 recognition.

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 the 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 then, he said. He was kindly but advised me to beware of the tricks of the Roman Catholic Church. I 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 atheistic. 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 water to drink. 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 ache but now realized that I should have 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 and war. Wednesday morning, before picketing, 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 especial to me. I have been quite smart in calling non-Christian Anarchists pipsqueaks 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 now 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 me good I am not sure.) My J.

W. friend stopped to see 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 atheistic uncle and had sent him a CW, so he knew who it ought to be that was picketing the post office. 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. 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 at this time some Catholic Anarchist friends came by looking for me, and some one told them that I had been arrested. One of my CW priest friends called Rik and found out that I was still free and picketing. Because of the two intermissions I had, I felt fine that night.

The next morning it was cloudy. The cap that I wore while picketing had a double length green visor and was given to me by a Catholic veteran who had used it in the navy. This morning I forgot it. It seems that God tempers 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 everyday, 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 garnishee my wages, and had taken away my signs so 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 surly people now and then, but more and more people took my leaflet. 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 congregation of fundamentalists at his little mission west of Phoenix. One man whose employment kept him near to my picketing had muttered patriotic obscenities 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 fast weighing 143 pounds. I ended it weighing 129. Now, a week later I weigh 140. I broke the fast with tomato juice, a peach, pear, plum, orange 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.

Hopi Snake Dance Again

I was rested up from my picketing and went up for the Hopi Snake Dance Aug. 23, starting to walk on the road from Leupp's Corners as Rik 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, Hotevilla. A thousand or more people were there. This being the radical village, 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 Hopi stooge 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 to be mistaken for a Hopi was an honor indeed. The snake dance followed the same pattern as last year and hundreds of years. Knowing hardly anything 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. After the snake dance it rained, as it always does. That night I met with about twenty of the radical Hopi at Shungopovy. They asked me questions about my work, my tax refusal, about Dorothy and the CW. As I looked around each Hopi 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 Hotevilla 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 Morris Robinson. He had been in jail in Keams 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 Hotevilla, 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 long as he could. The Hopi face facts. Before I left I spent three hours trying to explain pacifism to Mormon missionaries who were staying in New Oraibi, but I think I wasted my time.

Hopi Message

Around the middle of September I was asked to meet in Flagstaff two young editors of a radical weekly, published in Los Angeles, to go with them to the Hopi, and introduce them to my friends. These young men had been CO's whom I had known by reputation but whom I had never met. The day we arrived was also the day when men from each village were meeting at a Hopi home to prepare a letter to Truman about the draft of Hopi to the war in Korea. While they were busy at this meeting I drove with my friends to Old Oraibi and we met Don; to Hotevilla and Bacobi and over to Shungopovi on Second Mesa. Soon after we returned to the home of a Hopi friend, the government-stooge Hopi, who had been elected by his own kind as Governor of the village, came and gave notice that I and my friends were not welcome here because we were having a secret meeting. We explained that we were here visiting and not taking any part in the meeting, for we could not understand Hopi. I had made the mistake of writing a postal card to my friend saying that we would be here. The postmaster in Oraibi was head of the government Tribal Council so of course the word got around that we were having this secret meeting. My Hopi friends stood up for our rights and their rights to meet as they wished.

The next day, as was our plan, we left for Flagstaff. My friends continued to Los Angeles, and finding that I had to wait for a bus I called up my old friends from Cincinnati and Phoenix, Virgil and Ysobel Maddox. They asked me to skip another bus and come out for the night. Previously they had invited Platt and Barbara Cline over for the evening. Mr. Cline is editor of the Flagstaff daily. He had been reading the CW for a short time and said that he liked my articles about life in Arizona. He had been a member of the legislature at one time and was in the right mood to read about anarchism. He was sympathetic to the Quakers, and his wife was Mormon. From that meeting we became very good friends, and he has given me fine publicity whenever I have picketed. His paper is the only one in this country, other than the CW, which prints the views of the real Hopi as contrasted to the apologies for the government appearing elsewhere.

In the latter part of October TIME magazine had a note that the appeal of the Hopi against the draft was Communist-inspired. It quoted as authority Ramon Hubbell, old time trader among the Indians. I at once sent TIME an air mail telling them that the Hopi were pacifist for centuries long before Karl Marx was heard of. After some more correspondence I received the following note from TIME:

"Referring to your letter of Dec. 7, TIME made no error in its October 23 report on the Hopi Indians. We correctly stated what Mr. Hubbell told us."

My reply was as follows:

"Received your alibi on printing the misinformation of trader Hubbell libeling the peaceful Hopi as Communist-inspired. He has absolutely no authority for this false assertion. In choosing your sources of information you show your plain intent to slander those whom you stand no chance of corrupting. To correctly print a lie is not telling the truth."

For several years I had sent Mr. Hubbell copies of what I had written in the Catholic Worker about the Hopi, but he had not replied. It was not until later that the uneasy conscience of that

trader had multiplied the visit of myself and friends into Communists being there to influence the Hopi.

The real nature of the Hopi opposition to the draft may be seen in the following letter which was printed in the December, 1950 CW with the following note: "The above letter was sent out by our friends and brothers ... The Phoenix papers commented that the signers of the letter represented 50% of the Hopi and were respected leaders."

Hopi Indian Sovereign Nation

Oraibi, Arizona

October 8, 1950 Harry S. Truman,

President of the United States,

Washington, D. C.

Mr. President:

"I also wish to assure the members of both the Hopi and Navajo Tribes that their religion and social customs will be fully respected in accordance with this nation's long-established laws and traditions."

Harry S. Truman

Today our ancient Hopi religion, culture and traditional way of life are seriously threatened by your nation's war efforts, Navajo-Hopi bill, Indian Land Claims Commission and by the Wheeler Howard bill, the so-called Indian self-government bill. These death dealing policies have been imposed upon us by trickery, fraud, coercion and bribery on the part of the Indian Bureau under the government of the United States, and all these years the Hopi Sovereign Nation has never been consulted. Instead, we have been subjected to countless number of humiliations and inhuman treatment by the Indian Bureau and the government of the United States. We have been dipped in sheep-dipping vats like a herd of sheep. Our young girls and women folks were shamefully disrobed before the people, and they were either pushed or thrown into these vats filled with sulphur water. Our religious headmen 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 Massau'u has taught us. Hopi Sovereign Nation has been in existence long before any white man set foot 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 conscription 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 whose land you have been living. Time is short, and it is our sacred duties as leaders of our people to bring these truths 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 Katchongva, Advisor, Sun Clan, Hotevilla, Arizona.

Andrew Hermequaftewa, Advisor, Blue Bird Clan, Shungopovy, 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 defiantly showed remnants of green after the rest of the garden was 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 subbing up and making sufficient moisture. Next 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-I had told 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 Hennacy" 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 make a fine salad, 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 eggs. When I worked in the large apple orchard there and wrote of my visits to the nearby Isleta Indians, I had apples every day of the year-and apple dumpling 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 this 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 nearby 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 failure has been tomatoes. While we have had 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 planted 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 in the center, attached to a small cultivator. The Old Pioneer was the driver as we roughed up the ground between the rows. "Damn burros," mumbled Joe. (I also mention two other Joe's at times; Joe Craigmyle the CO who did time at La Tuna, and Joe Mueller who painted signs for me two years ago and who was a CO in Sandstone...) I just spent the morning hoeing the Bermuda grass from around the egg plant and peppers.

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 letter to be 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 piki. Piki was made a thousand years before Post and Kellogg and 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 Eliot Arnold and understood that this account of a white man who made friends with Cochise 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 Craigmyle 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 commander 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 neer-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. Thus the 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-mad 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 signs told of my regular refusal to pay taxes and mentioned Gandhi. I attended mass at St. Mary's before picketing and prayed for peace 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 noticed 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. Byron 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. My leaflet was as follows:

What's All the Shooting About?

It's about men who put money ahead of God. It's about young men on both sides misled into dying and killing each other.

It's about rationing, inefficiency, dictatorship, inflation, and politicians stealing a little more than usual.

War is what happens when one nation prepares to defend itself against another nation that prepares to defend itself.

World War I and World War II did not end war nor make the world safe for democracy. Neither will this one.

There just isn't any sense to war!

What can we do about it? If the politicians think one person is important enough to become a soldier, ammunition maker, a bond buyer, or an income tax payer, then one person is important enough to:

REFUSE to become a soldier.
REFUSE to make munitions,
REFUSE to buy bonds, and to
REFUSE to pay income taxes.

War does not protect you-it will destroy you!

You cannot overcome Communism with bullets. It can be overcome by each person doing what he knows in his heart to be right. The way of Jesus, of St. Francis, of Tolstoy, and of Gandhi teaches us to love our enemy, to establish justice, to abolish exploitation, and to rely upon God rather than on politicians and governments.

If you are a Christian why not follow Christ? You might as well die for what you believe as for what you don't believe. If you must fight, fight war itself. Don't be a traitor to humanity! Wars will cease when men refuse to fight.

(No "Johnny come lately" to the peace movement, I served 2 1/2 years in prison for opposing World War I. 8 and 1/2 months of it in solitary confinement in Atlanta Penitentiary. And since more than three-fourths of one's income tax goes for war purposes, I have refused to pay my income tax for more than seven years. Nor did I register for the draft in either World War. I am a Christian Anarchist, a follower of Tolstoy, Thoreau, Gandhi, and invite your serious consideration of their examples.)

Ammon D. Hennacy,

R. 3. Box 227

Phoenix, Arizona

"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 could then confer 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 gruff 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 3 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 sense enough to put the leaflet in an envelope for her to give to the tax man but not sense enough to advise her not to give the leaflets to her friends openly 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 FBI 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 handed 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 grinned and said, "That's another day."

We went back again and gave away our few remaining leaflets. Postal employees looked out or 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 earlier, 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 Apostatate

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 Sermon on the Mount in vain. That inasmuch as he was invading my territory I had to write to him again. 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 by 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 Fromiller, 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" in this new community than 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 decisions 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.

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 hobos, 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)



Tax Refusal Statement of Jan. 1951

R.3 Box 227, Phoenix, Arizona

Jan. 9, 1951

Collector of Internal Revenue,

Postoffice Bldg.,

Phoenix, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

I am refusing for the eighth consecutive year to pay my income tax. I am doing this because most of this tax goes for war and the bomb, and remainder for the upkeep of an unholy and un-Christian social system. I am a non-church Christian Anarchist who, however, attends mass and prays for grace and wisdom.

Did you ever wonder why our society is based upon the return of evil for evil instead of the return of good for evil which Jesus commanded in His Sermon on the Mount? Tolstoy explains that the responsibility for this return of evil for transgression is divided among so many bureaucrats in legislatures, courts, prisons and executive departments that no one person actually feels responsible. Tolstoy lived under a Czar-an old fashioned dictatorship. Under our form of government the evil we return to wrong-doers is initiated and authorized by the individual citizen, and so the responsibility of denying Christ falls on each one of us whether we like it or not.

You as tax collector, have your responsibility either of denying Christ, or, as Dorothy Day, editor of the CATHOLIC WORKER, recently wrote in COMMONWEAL, "... giving up all things as St. Matthew did and not going back to the tax office or money tables. St. Peter could go back to his nets but not St. Matthew to his money changing." These are hard words, but no harsher than those of Jesus when He chased the moneychangers from the temple. As a Christian I have nothing but a kindly feeling for the individual tax man. I picket the tax man because he is the visible symbol here in Phoenix of the war makers in Washington. My criticism is against his occupation (we all do what we want to). I believe that all of us should give up jobs which "contribute to social disorder that makes for war." But what is the general situation we face which leads me to renounce war, the payment of taxes, and belief in government? The tragic and fearful situation today did not just happen. This thing we call government formed supposedly to keep "order and tranquility" has developed through modern war into a Frankenstein which may soon destroy us.

Yesterday, in his State of the Union message to Congress, Truman blew harder than usual. It is the old story of the pickpocket crying "stop thief!" Seeking to distract attention from his own blundering aggression, he calls Stalin an aggressor!

Our politicians tell us that Russia plans to attack and enslave us. Russian politicians tell their people that we have been aiding the enemies of Russia since 1920 when we sent troops to Siberia to defeat their revolution: that we are Fascists who uphold Tito, Peron and Franco; and that again we wish to defeat their revolution by imposing capitalist imperialism upon them.

The fact is that the lying politicians of both countries wish to keep in power, and use the phrases "capitalist imperialism" and "freedom-loving nations" as bait to keep the workers of each country in fear.

The fact is that Stalin long ago relinquished the idea of workers' control and substituted a dictatorship which is not Communist, but only state-capitalist.

The fact is that Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman likewise relinquished the democratic principles of Jefferson, the founder of their party, and established a gloved dictatorship under the camouflage of the New Freedom, the New Deal, and the Fair Deal, and have succeeded in bribing a majority of the people by means of pensions, subsidies, and special favors to pressure groups.

It is also a fact that McKinley, Teddy Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Hoover, and "me-too" Dewey started, developed, or supported American imperialism in the islands of the Pacific and Caribbean, and in South and Central America. Current Republican criticism of Truman comes with poor grace, for they would out-Chaing and out-Franco the confused little man from Kansas City gangster-land himself.

Secretary of War Stimson said in his memoirs that Roosevelt told him on Nov. 27, 1941 (just ten days before Pearl Harbor) that our course was to maneuver the Japanese into attacking us. Our politicians have taken us into three wars in one generation. Is it not about time to cease following tricky politicians and inefficient generals?

Roosevelt said in Boston in 1940 when running for his third term: "I say to you fathers and mothers, and I say it again, and again; your boys will not be sent into foreign wars."

Today Truman and other politicians tell us the lie that we are defending freedom throughout the world against Communist imperialism. The fact is that we tried to defend a corrupt government in South Korea and the property of the New Korea Company whose exploitation caused the Korean peasant to have the lowest standard of living among seventy countries (as reported by the United Nations). Likewise in Indo China and the Dutch East Indies we have upheld the imperialism of the French and the Dutch. The only freedom our leaders are interested in is the freedom to exploit.

When will you cease to believe the promises of lying politicians?

Between wars the churches have been for peace, which is like being a vegetarian between meals. With a few notable exceptions they have o.k'd war and thus denied the Prince of Peace who said: "Put up thy sword; he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." Cooperatives and unions have preached brotherhood and solidarity but in war time have bought bonds and made blood-money cheerfully.

Is it not about time that you ceased to rely upon organizations that repeatedly fail you in a crisis? Why not organize yourself and depend upon whatever understanding you can gain from true religious and ethical teachers? "One on the side of God is a majority." If you wait until there is any kind of a majority you will be sold out before you win-if you win.

Cease to be afraid of the enemy conjured up to keep you in a state of fear!

Nations which “get there fustest with the mostest” can win a war, but only for a time. These days no nation wins a war. Roosevelt and Truman have muddled around until this country is “damned if it does

and damned if it doesn’t” in most any action. We win a war, and then feed our allies and our enemies-not because we love them, but because we are suckers in believing that we can buy friendship. We have written a blank check to help any good or evil character who shouts that the Communists are about to get him and his country.

“The American Way of Life” has come to mean that about every third person is a bureaucrat, salesman, banker, lawyer, or parasite of some sort (of course the very worst being tax-men, policemen, the military, and the clergy, scientists, writers, and intelligentsia who warmonger). The worker may gain an increase in wages but he must keep up all these parasites. He can only buy back that amount of what he produces that he receives in wages. The surplus piles up in the hands of capitalist so that under capitalism there must be depressions when goods are not produced or wars when there is a struggle over markets for this surplus.

The politician will not admit he is wrong. He will fight to the last drop of your blood and taxes. I have no illusion that enough people will be so sensible and courageous as to cease to die for the money bags, but for those who are ready for it I offer the following analysis and hopes:

Much ado has been made by politicians and clerical warmongers about defending “The American Way of Life.” We accuse the Communists of wishing to destroy Christianity when in fact we have already been worshipping the “Golden Calf” for generations. With our boasted high standard of living we feel “involuntarily poor” because we do not have the latest model or the most chromium-plated gadget. If we have wealth we growl about high taxes and envy those richer than we are-and want those who are poor to die defending our wealth. If we are poor we envy the rich and dream of pensions and something for nothing. We are not “free people.” We are slaves to money. This way of life is not worth defending.

The basic idea of Socialists, Communists, Anarchists and radicals of all kinds is that there should be a society where each should give according to his ability and receive according to his need-where all should be brothers. When obliged to meet in secret, or when a persecuted minority, certain groups under pressure have lived this ideal. But in nearly every instance they were corrupted by prosperity: by the profit motive. The early Christians up until the time of Constantine lived as brothers where “none said that aught that he had was his own but all held everything in common.” Such were the Doukhobors and Molokons in Russia until they moved to America and became commercialized. If the Hutterites in the Dakotas and Montana have not yet succumbed to materialism they are the exception. Some groups of Anarchists in Spain during the Civil War practiced this true democracy.

Robert Owen, Fourier, and countless radicals have started cooperative colonies which supposedly operated without capitalistic principles, but they all failed for the same reason the Russian Revolution failed-because they based everything on economics and forgot that something more than a lack of capitalistic principles

was needed to overcome selfishness and greed... In other words, they forgot the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

However, for those who are ready there is a basis upon which they can build lives of satisfaction without depending upon politicians or upon a majority believing as they do. Voluntary Poverty and Pacifism is the basis upon which such ideals must be built today. Look about you and wherever your income derives from rent, interest, profit, making munitions, being a part of government, or depends upon the weakness and vices of your fellow men, then gradually remove yourself from this activity. Individually or cooperatively produce most of what you need on the land. It is further necessary to refuse to fight in a war or to support it. And in everyday life, respect and love every man and return good for evil.

Three men who have greatly influenced the world have emphasized this "being rich in proportion to those things which I can do without." Thoreau said this in 1845 when he lived at Walden Pond and went to prison rather than pay taxes for slavery and the Mexican War.

Later, from about 1875 until his death, in 1910, Tolstoy-the Russian who found the Sermon on the Mount despite the Czar and the Greek Orthodox Church-worked in the fields with peasants and ate their simple food. He counselled disobedience to the Czar and popularized that Christian Anarchism which he discovered in the writings of our own William Lloyd Garrison. He urged men to refuse to be soldiers and to refuse to pay taxes for war. In our own day the great Gandhi led his many pacifist civil disobedience campaigns, renounced his profession as a wealthy lawyer, and lived a life of poverty.

We cannot take Truman's deflated currency with us, so we might as well give up the idea right now and start on an honorable basis. If we practice a middle-of-the-road policy, we will develop ulcers and get slapped on both sides. Many well-meaning people believe in ideals but feel that immoral means can be used to gain moral ends. And don't forget war is immoral. Liberals can be depended upon to find a good reason for doing a bad thing, for using evil means for a good end. Gandhi has given an answer to that illusion:

"This means may be likened to a seed, and the end to a tree; and there is just that same inviolable connection between the means and the end as there is between the seed and the tree.

There are two groups in this country which live the pacifist-anarchist principle of reliance upon God rather than government. One group is the traditional Hopi Indians who have lived for a thousand years on high mesas near the Grand Canyon without a murder, without jails, and without courts and fines. They call their God Massau'u and He is a God of Peace. True Hopi refused to register for the draft and went to prison. The "Christian" Hopi went to war. The Hopi live simple agricultural lives when not interrupted by the Indian Bureau and white missionaries.

The other group, which is based upon voluntary poverty, is the Catholic Worker.

There are also more than one hundred work communities mainly in France, which reject rent, interest and profit, although they are not fully pacifist nor anarchist.

I enclose my 1950 tax statement of income. I plan to picket your tax office March 14, and also during six days from Aug. 6 to 11, at which time I will also fast in memory of and in penance for the Sixth Anniversary of the bombing at Hiroshima. If at any other time my conscience causes me to picket, I will do so. Whenever the war-making authority infringes upon my "territory of freedom" here, I will be obliged to picket you with my message.

Sincerely,

Ammon A. Hennacy

P. S. It might interest you to know that I resigned a civil service job in Milwaukee on April 27, 1942, after working for eleven years as a social worker, when I refused to register for World War II. In 1917 I also refused to register for World War I. for which I did time in Atlanta. Since 1942 when I first became subject to the income tax I have worked as a day laborer on farms where no withholding tax is taken from my pay. I make a true report of my income each year, but refuse to pay the tax. I lived on \$200 this past year, spent \$366 on propaganda for my Christian Anarchist ideas, and sent the remainder of my \$1491 income to my younger daughter who attends a university.

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 Craigmyle 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 Ysobel 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 Oraibi.

We saw in the distance the panorama of the mesas 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 Hotevilla where the initiation was taking place. We went there and Ezra, a nephew of Dan, and one of the Hopi CO'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 aunts and uncles-but not to tell 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."

Mutton and hominy and an especial sweet cornmeal pudding were on hand and everywhere we went we ate some of it. We slept a little and visited with our Hopi friend. We also visited Don, the Sun Chief on top of Old Oraibi; we went to Shungopovoy 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 autographed copy of Marcus Graham's *Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry* which he had purchased from the author in a hotel 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 booklet on Anarchism he did me the honor of giving the definition, although there were many anarchist 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 anarchist as violent men, 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 anarchistic 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 communes 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 of 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 agreements 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 aspirations of a civilized being. In a society developed on these lines, the voluntary associations which now 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 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 baby-sitting for them. I read the manuscript of my leaflet after supper and Rik asked me if I were going to picket on Sunday. I told him that he knew it was on a Wednesday. 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,” Rik said as he left for the play. After the boys 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, Rik, Ginny, and I worked until 2:30 Sunday morning getting the exact words for my posters. 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 Rik 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 title good-naturedly. One postal employee asked me who paid me for my 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 several 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 no one was paying me; 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 tore 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 and continued my picketing.

My first tax man of three years earlier, a Catholic veteran, greeted me kindly. Other tax men asked for my literature and kidded some of their more patriotic 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 as 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 for 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 Tempe 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 rested. 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 when 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 newsman 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 tapped me 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 750 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 noticed the police of my activity, but they did not bother

me. 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 Catholic 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 for 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 garnishee my wages; now I work by the day for different farmers and if necessary am paid in advance in order that no garnishee is effective.

I believe in the idea of voluntary poverty somewhat after the pattern of St. Francis, Thoreau, Tolstoy and Gandhi. I have no car or anything the tax man can get. I make a true report 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 revolutionary than opportunistic 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 depressions 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 also 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, 223 Chrystie 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

Aside 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 a 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 to pay 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 D. Hennacy

Hopi Protest to Governor Pyle

There was a bill up in the legislature to legalize sale of liquor to the Indians if and when the Federal Government also withdrew 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 Heremquaftewa of the mother village of Shungopovy, was busy with religious ceremonies 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 is not to increase the number of drunken Indians but that you feel the Indians should be citizens and become a part of the white man's civilization and that this approval of the sale of liquor is just the first step in this direction.

Perhaps you have not known of the Hopi traditions. In order that you may understand why we oppose the sale of liquor to Indians we will tell you the way we look at life. The name Hopi means "PEACEFUL." We were the first people to inhabit this land; it was given to us by our God Massau'u. He gave us instructions of how to live pure, clean and spiritual lives. We have held to this tradition even though we have been put in chains, beaten and punished, and our land stolen.

We live where there is no irrigation. We depend upon rain to grow our corn, melons, peaches, etc. The white man has sought to make rain by a machine in the clouds; you have also made huge bombs and have stolen the fire from the Sun for deviltry. Whether liquor is just one part of the white man's way, an essential part perhaps, we do not know, but we do know that we do not want anything to do with the artificial way of life of the white man. *We will get rain if our lives are pure and if we fast and pray and are humble in seeking forgiveness for our sins.*

Our God has told us centuries ago of the great wars that would come and of a third great war which will purify by fire this evil generation. He has told us long ago of wagons that run without horses and of men traveling by machines in the sky. All this is not new to us. If we remain true to our traditional teaching of prayer, fasting and true living then we will not be found wanting when that Day comes. If we look around and find our girls and boys drunken we will be judged for having made this

possible. You too are a religious man and a leader of your people. You should not take this matter lightly. We tell you that if you wish to solve this question in the truly democratic way you should live 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 Massau'u that our oil and minerals must be used for peaceful purposes and not 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 Katchongva, Advisor,

Sun Clan, Hotevilla.

Andrew Hermequaftewa, Advisor,

Blue Bird Clan, Shungopov.

Interpreter, Oraibi.

The Governor signed the liquor bill. The night before the Hopi left we had phoned 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 he was their true friend. 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 CW's. And later went inside and listened to second-rate pep talks. After the meeting I spoke to Haywood, gave him a CW, and told him that CW's had picketed St. Patrick's when Cardinal Spellman had his priests scabbing in the cemetery strike. Haywood said he had organized that union, but did not know of the action of the CW. He had bought a copy from me as he went in but I did not recognize him. When he came out of the 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 cap full of peas from our garden, and a bowl of mulberries 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 monotonous 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 now 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 August and picketed the tax 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 mesquite.

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 suitcase 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.

Wells 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 the 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 to hell with the rest. 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 wetbacks 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 shiftless 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 Hussey, 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 rough ground for machinery that had to go over it. The right way-the 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 I have worked every day except the eight days I picketed in 1950 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 irrigated at a time. The water was already set and running in these rows. Bits of straw, sod, or tin kept those 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 I walked down the quarter mile length of the field, stopping 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. I had brought a raincoat, but with my slushing around 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 row would be finished I would remember its number 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 when daylight came I was able to find portions of a few rows 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 runs down each row for about 36 hours until it has subbed 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 tomorrow. He believed in the previous war, but sees no sense in the farce in Korea. As he is not a convinced pacifist there is little he can do about it. Now the next day when he called for me to irrigate he joyfully informed me that the discharge he had asked for long ago had just arrived and he would not have to go to Korea. He is the most considerate employer 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 creaked my back working in the, for me, unnatural posture required to manipulate this scythe. The second day I borrowed one from the Old Pioneer that had handles and got along nicely. These few days were not as hot as usual, so the work was strenuous but not tiresome.

That kind of labor is a good way of telling whether you are a man or a mouse. Tolstoy at my age, 58, swung the cradle along with his peasants and ate their vegetarian diet. Some of his best works were written while he did this heavy labor.

One thing to remember while irrigating is not to scatter the water. About 50 rows of maize were irrigated at one time. Some rows would be finished ahead of others, so water from one or more rows would be changed over into a dry row and irrigation would proceed twice as fast. I have my same sleeping bag. When water has started down rows or lands it takes a couple of hours to see where it is missing. This is the time to sleep. Dozing with head on knees is not restful. I am a light sleeper and generally take the clock along to gauge the time. In irrigating plowed lands the water has a tendency to flow on one side or the other, and you are never sure just where until it gets going. To wade boot deep in mud which nearly pulls your boots off when you make each step and to make a check that will deflect the water is quite a chore. Always slant the check in the way you want the water to flow-not straight across.

Meet George Yamada

George Yamada, Japanese CO who did time in Civilian Public Service and in Danbury Penitentiary visited me for a week. Aside from Scott Nearing, and my friend Max Heinegg of New Zealand, George is the only vegetarian I have met who is a good worker. Likely this is because

he is Japanese and not because he is a vegetarian. George cleaned ditches ten hours a day that week. He kidded and said it was not such hard work for him because he did not have far to stoop as he was built close to the ground.

George had a print shop on the Coast but gave it up rather than pay income taxes for war. He is an expert linotype operator, but will not take the excellent pay this occupation gives, for a withholding tax for war is taken. He has been visiting the Hopi and helping them plant corn. Never a harsh word of Hopi parents to their children he reports. He feels that the Hopi represent a way of life that is an oasis in the world of gadgets. He did not mind my wood stove, oil lamp, and lack of an icebox or air conditioning, for the Hopi cannot afford these things either.

A Legionnaire who is a friend of the Old Pioneer and who says he knows me told him that I was "crazy as hell for there is no such thing as Christian Anarchism." The Old Pioneer told him that he was not of my belief and would not pretend to defend my ideas, but that a thought came to him that might throw some light on the subject. He told the Legionnaire that bluing added to water did not make the clothes blue, but made them white. It could be that anarchism a vague or violent ideal as the case may be, and Christianity, which has not succeeded in following Christ 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, 1951, 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 noticeably to human happiness or satisfaction. On the contrary, it seems only to have increased tension, insomnia and ulcers.

"Man, apparently, cannot live by bread alone, or by caviar alone, or even by the escapism of modern transportation and entertainment. He has also had his fill of Supermen and Medicine Men, of puny panaceas and mortal 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 disillusionment sets in, people usually become embittered fatalists or humble supplicants seeking divine guidance.

"Fatalism, of course, is a negative and not wholly reassuring philosophy. Most people must 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 *Mammon 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 de-

pression, cleverly admits that something might be wrong with affairs. The religious stuffed-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. "1%, 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 calling others soulless and godless. At least the Communists do not use the name of God to justify their usury. Bankers should not groan about their ulcers and insomnia. They have it coming. They should remember that Jesus who turned the money changers out of the Temple and who said that a rich man could seldom enter the Kingdom of Heaven; that Jesus who told of rich men devouring the portion of widows and orphans. They should think of the time to come when their soulless adherence to money has drained this Valley of water and their warmongering activities has brought destruction to the cities. Then their valued real estate will produce less than the semi-waste lands of the Hopi who lay by two years of corn ahead.

The city parasites are crying to a loan company when they miss two paydays. Until the day they die with their moneybags at hand these bankers will not see the handwriting on the wall which shows that it is they and their lay and clerical apologists who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Big Business heads the Freedom Drive for more propaganda against Communism, while they will not allow a radical to speak or write or allow freedom of books in libraries or schools which do not bolster up the status quo. Unlike Babylon and Ninevah Phoenix may then again rise from the ashes of desolation, but if it does it will be without a need of bankers and parasites. It will be at a time when each can have his own vine and fig tree and live simply-without ulcers and insomnia; and without Red Feather charity drives, loyalty oaths and politicians.

In a letter from Lloyd Danzeisen, one of those who fasted and picketed with us at Washington, D. C. he says, "You are lucky and of course very wise to be a 'one man revolution,' for you do not have to discuss your action over and over again (with committees) but can swing into action."

Thus I carry papers wherever I go and when I see French soldiers in training at Luke Field on the bus I do not have to belong to a Committee to Propagandize French Soldiers, but I explain that the founder of the CW was a Frenchman and give them CW's.

Tax Fast and Picketing

There was no rush for me to write my leaflet for the picketing and fasting commencing on Aug. 6. However, as with all things of the Spirit, it is best to act when you feel like it and not "quench the spirit" as it says in the Bible. On July 4th. I sat down and in five minutes had finished my leaflet. Later Rik made some fine suggestions as to phraseology and paragraphing but it seemed to "have come out of the blue" for there was no argument between us as to substance, as formerly. It read:

We Have the Kind of World We Deserve

What are We Doing to Deserve a Better One?

We have tried for centuries to make people good by law, by punishment, by war, and by exchanging politicians. We have failed.

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 Atlanta 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 there 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 13th day of August is the deadline when their time will 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 or mind, love of neighbor, and "Thy Kingdom Come" for which we pray ... We sense the illusion of violence, but still cling to the illusion of wealth... We need not sow the wind and reap the whirlwind ... We can begin

to be men instead of pipsqueaks... The spirit of True Pioneers shall yet defeat the bureaucrats!

Ammon A. Hennacy,

R. 3, Box 227

Phoenix, Arizona

August 6 to 11,

1951

I approached this tenth stretch of picketing with absolutely no fear. Heretofore when I even thought through the year of picketing my knees would feel weak, and likewise my stomach. In my mind I was very brave but my body had not caught up with my mind. This year they were both sturdily in unison. I expect that this may be due, not only to experience, but to my deeper study in recent months, of the philosophy of Gandhi and of the traditional Hopi both of which emphasized the cumulative buildup of true thought and action into a powerful force, whether outsiders measure things that way or not. Someone has said that no good thought or action is ever lost.

The night before we were to make the signs George Yamada came over and we discussed the content of the signs. When hiking over the country I never did like to go over the same road twice and likewise Rik did not like to make the signs the same as previously. So the rear of the big sign was in a black border, with the first three lines across the sign and the last three given a different kind of emphasis by being in a small box beneath.

I mailed out about 300 leaflets, first class postage, to every minister, priest, rabbi, Mormon, or Jehovah's Witness leader in this community, writing each a personal note asking him to pray for the success of my picketing if he could, in conscience, do so. I knew my CW priest friends would do this without asking and that outside of several Rotary and Legion minded priests they were all sympathetic with my efforts whether they openly said so or not. I knew also that it might take many years for the non-Catholic clergy to get over the fact that I was connected with the CW, although the leading Baptist minister here had mentioned my picketing in a sermon, after having been given a leaflet and CW by me two years ago. I also mailed the leaflet over the country to many friends, and to heads of the Internal Revenue Department in Washington, and to all officials connected there with the Hopi or Indians.

The week before I planned to picket I wrote to the chief of police asking for a permit to picket and saying if I did not get it I would picket anyway. I also suggested that what I was doing was clearly subversive, but not more so than formerly, and he might check up with the FBI and Revenue department and see what the three groups wanted to do about my picketing. I also wrote to the tax office and FBI and told them the same thing. I wrote to my two tax men personally and sent them leaflets. 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 officialdom. 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 peace and wisdom at St. Mary's and saying hello to my newspaper friends, I loaded my pockets with leaflets, took extra CW's under my arm, and my water bag 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 was 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 world, by violence; the change has to come with each person 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 being about 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 13 lines about my picketing but the anarchist paper FREEDOM in London to whom I had sent an advance air mail copy of my leaflet never mentioned my activity; neither did the leading pacifist journal, FELLOWSHIP, in this country.) I gave out 400 leaflets and 175 CW's. I only gave the latter when people asked for them or when they seemed especially interested.

"That leaflet of yours is a masterpiece, but there is one thing that spoils it. It is not dignified to picket like this," said a well-dressed man to me kindly on the second day of my picketing.

"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 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 water bag under a tree. (In November of 1952 I was carrying extra luggage in this apron when I got on a bus at Ann Arbor, Mich. 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 their uniforms in prisons nearby had consisted of for some years. 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 CO. She was visiting in Arizona

and had been the first of the radical pacifists to visit the radical Hopi. As she was reading the UP release I had given her, a cop called me and 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 before 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 that 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, so the honors were even. He seemed worried how the world would get along without cops when the anarchists overturned the world. I advised him that nothing would happen that suddenly; that today most people behaved and did not need a cop; it was only the weak minded 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 what 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 brag about it. And besides we did not join the Brownies because they are for war."

The Captain asked me how I got by without paying taxes for war and I explained the matter in him in detail. He wondered what the FBI thought 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 way of stopping this anarchist from parading around the post office and what did the FBI think about it. The FBI didn't give him any satisfaction it seemed. He then called the tax office and asked if there wasn't some rule whereby they could arrest me. He got no satisfaction from them so told me to go ahead and picket. I told him there was no hard feeling on my part and offered to shake hands with him, but he felt insulted, or so he pretended. If he knew what I think of cops he would know that I was really humble for once and tried to be decent to him.

I went back to my picketing. At noon I heard that the UP had interviewed the tax office as to my method of working and not paying taxes and had sent an additional release over the wires. Later in the afternoon the Hearst syndicate took my picture for the Los Angeles papers, using a rewrite of the UP article. I met Mrs. Stuart, wife of the tax man, and she deplored my being arrested in a free country. She is Democratic National Committee woman from Arizona. She was always kind and gracious each time she met me while I was picketing. As it happened last year the second night of the fast is always the worst. I took a bath and rested or slept until 6:30 a. m. and felt fine. I had my second wind. My eyes and head were clear. I gave out 300 leaflets and 70 CW's.

The next morning my first customer was the head of the Associated Press Bureau in Phoenix who had been requested by an out-of-town member to report on my activities. This client was told that the policy of the local papers (owned by one man in Indianapolis) was not to “dignify” my activities by mentioning them, although they had given me publicity in the past. Whether now this was because I was emphasizing evil which the white man was doing to the Indian; whether they did not like my poking fun at their stuffed shirt thievery of the bankers; or whether it was the mistaken idea that only wisdom could come from those who wore white collars, and not from one who digs ditches, pickets, and has no desires by which he can be bribed to shut up, I do not know. At least a favorable release was sent AP over the state, featuring my Hopi sign and telling of my non-payment of taxes.

Another cop stopped and questioned me. I told him they had all of my answers at headquarters so he left. One of my employers drove up and asked me to rest in a nearby park for a few minutes. Many of the same people came and went, so I could not expect an increase in the number of leaflets handed out. However dozens who had received the leaflet before stopped and asked for CW’s. As before Negroes, Mexicans and Indians nearly always took my leaflets. A leading post office official greeted me cordially and asked for my propaganda, but the two-penny clerks, for the most part had a “loyalty oath” consciousness and were afraid to be seen casting a glance toward me, much less taking a leaflet.

Service Club members marched down four abreast from luncheon in the nearby Westward Ho and glared at me. Invariably the youngest of them would furtively ask for a leaflet. Only the Cadillac-mind seemed impervious to unorthodox ideas. Numerous mechanics in nearby garages with the name “Cadillac” sewed on their coveralls passed by sneeringly. Both of the tax men who had tried to get taxes from me during these years greeted me cordially, not deeming it a disgrace to do so among their fellow workers. Several people reported that my activities had been broadcast by local radios at different times during the day without any bias against me. They quoted my reply to a reporter that while I might not change the world I was sure it wouldn’t change me. I gave out 235 leaflets and 100 CW’s.

That evening 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 pipsqueaking.

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 wob friend, Askew, in Seattle had heard a report of my picketing on the radio there.

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 income tax. I told him that I 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 took my leaflets. 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 drew up their belt a notch and did without, calling this operation an “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 Commie. I gave out 235 leaflets and 159 CW’s.

The next day around noon a friend from Tucson who had visited me four years ago when I picketed the Freedom Train came with Ed Morgan, a labor-lawyer who was his friend. He had read in a Tucson paper that I had been arrested and so drove up to see if there was anything that could be done. I needed a little rest so we took half an hour off and drove to the ranch where George Yamada was working and told him of the events of the week. Each time I fasted and picketed because of Hiroshima I had sent my leaflets and an air mail to the Mayor of Hiroshima. This year George mailed the letter for me with his own greeting in Japanese. When I was picketing a woman shouted from a car:

“Did you just get nuts or have you always been that way?”

“Lady, we all live in a crazy world” I replied.

About 25 cars would always be parked around the sidewalk as I picketed. If any of the people looked interested I offered them a leaflet and later I gave them a paper if they seemed to read the leaflet with interest. Being naturally of a sociable nature if I saw a car from Ohio or Wisconsin I told the occupants that I was from those states, and thus, as Peter Maurin said made my revolution more “personalist.” One man in a car to whom I handed a leaflet asked for a CW when I passed again, saying that he was a veteran and an Indian and was sure glad to see my Hopi sign. He was a Cherokee.

Driving homeward with Rik that night I was very thirsty. As we were near the town of Tempe Rik suggested that we stop in a drugstore there and get some ice water. If you drink it slowly when fasting it will not hurt you. As we parked the car we saw next to us the car with Number 1 license plates; that of the Governor, so I left a leaflet and marked copies of the CW in it. Inside the drugstore I introduced myself to Governor Howard Pyle and told him of my activities and of the literature I had left for him to read. He said he felt he would gain some information from what I had left, and although he has the reputation of being all things to all men it could be that some knowledge of the Hopi might counteract his advisors who want the Indians to own land privately and not communally, and to be taxed by the state. I gave out 210 leaflets and 100 CW’s that day.

Now it was the last day of my picketing. I felt fine and thought if it was necessary I could fast another week. Working for farmers I seldom take time to look in the small piece of glass I use for a mirror, but this morning while shaving I noticed how bright my eyes were. A woman asked me for extra leaflets and CW's, 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 cease my picketing and was on the last round of my course I gave my last leaflet and CW's to an Apache Indian and his wife who just came out of the post office.

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 broadcast soon on a Sunday. I gave out 86 leaflets and 59 CW's. A total of 1320 leaflets and 563 CW's 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 cannot 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. had mashed potatoes, 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. So 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 all 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 anarchistic, which was the furthest removed from Communism 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 horns.

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 propaganda. Seems the more educated anthropologists are, the less they know what is going on today. They may know all about the bones of the ancients, 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 over the world from readers 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 I 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 need 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 assertion 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 I.W.W., a parasite and exploiter, or just a disgruntled chance reader of the CW. I answered each false assertion of his in detail and in good humor; although with some sarcasm. In answer he apologized. Many times we do not know the intent 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 with whom 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 these 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 of 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 Government or World 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 now 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 blush 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 alibiing that their temporary convenience is the ideal and that any makeshift 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. Hennacy

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 metaphysical magazines, had asked me to stop and meet him at the Pfister 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.

Chapter 9: Book Reviews

1950 — 1951

(The Hopi-Debs-Mother Jones-Gandhi 1950–1951 Phoenix)

I have reviewed hundreds of books in radical publications during the last twenty-five years. The work it takes to make notes and get the sense of the book and then review it takes scores of hours, but if it does nothing else it does digest it clearly in my mind. I am including reviews of books on the Hopi, and of the lives of Debs, Gandhi and Mother Jones, not only because these subjects are important for those in the world who seek to understand the spiritual rather than the material approach to life, but because they have been very important in my understanding and development.

The Hopi

Reviewed in the CATHOLIC WORKER

Laura Thompson, the wife of John Collier, former Indian Commissioner, wrote a book, *The Hopi Way*, in collaboration with Alice Joseph. This is *the* authoritative book on the Hopi. Much of the material in this book is also included in her new book, *Culture in Crisis, a study of the Hopi Indians*, Harpers, \$4.00. John Collier says in the introduction: “For our world is in crisis stern and as obscure as that of the Hopi Indian Tribe, and an aspect of that crisis the dissolution of the human bonds and the sinking of faiths and values which are from of old... The Hopi are in crisis. In crisis too are ethnic communities throughout the world, and the world is in crisis. The Hopi life — the Hopi event — contain and yields means of planetary scope.”

Here we find John Collier and his wife at their best. The lesson for them-and for us-is to think carefully and discover if possible the fine nuances of thought, decision and character which changed an Indian Commissioner, and a sincere and able anthropologist into apologists for bureaucratic government.

Until the access of Collier to the Indian Bureau in the depression, the policy was one of coercion, robbery, military despotism, and subsidizing of missionaries to “convert the pagan Indian.” This was true in the time of the wholesale robbery of the Indians of the Southeast and their forced removal to Indian Territory under Andrew Jackson in 1828, when the Indian Bureau was in the War Department. This robbery was continued after the Civil War when Carl Schurtz, a supposed liberal, was in control and although the Indian Bureau had previously been transferred to the Department of the Interior it continued under more or less Quaker influence right up until Collier took office.

The Thesis of *Culture in Crisis* is that the influence of missionaries, especially Mennonite, has broken down traditional religious beliefs of the Hopi in the villages of New Oraibi, Upper Moencopi and Bacobi. 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 extent in Shongopovi. As the white man’s world crumbles, the Hopi are shown to have a world



Ade Bethune

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 demoralizing the Hopi? Will the missionaries, the army, and the cattle and oil men succeed in getting the souls and bodies of the Hopi? How can the Hopi retain their ancient faith and convince the white men that here is one people who do not live by the white man's rule of money?

I feel that the author raises these questions but she fails miserably in answering them. What is worse, she gives foolish advice unworthy of an anthropologist. I am sure that she sincerely desires the welfare of the Hopi. How an intelligent person can be so muddle-headed can only be explained, I suppose, by the fact that she has no conception of the basic Hopi anarchist ideal, and her ethical outlook fails to comprehend the essential pacifism of the Hopi. She mentions the latter but does not know what it means.

Before going into a detailed discussion of these issues it is well to tell those readers who are not familiar with the Hopi who they are and where they live. (I have heard many natives and outsiders say, "Yes, I know of the Hopi and their snake dances; I've seen them in Prescott." Chamber of Commerce enthusiasts seeking to draw trade to Prescott got a group together to perform a snake dance in August a few weeks before that of the Hopi. They call themselves "Smoki." They are fake white men dressed up as Indians. They say they want to be sure that the traditions of the Indians do not fade away. They do not need this fake Smoki dance to keep up their spirit.) The Hopi are a small Indian tribe numbering about 4,500, of pure stock and with very little intermarriage with outsiders. They live on about a thousand square miles of desert and semidesert land on high plateaus (5,000 to 6,500 feet), ninety miles east of the Grand Canyon and seventy miles north of Winslow, Arizona. The rainfall is from 10 to 13 inches and the mean annual temperature is 51 degrees Fahrenheit. They have lived here for over a thousand years. They work extremely hard to raise the corn, melons, etc. upon which they subsist. They have never been at war with the United States, have signed no treaty, and consider themselves a sovereign nation. They have no tribal chief or government, each village being a theocracy of its own. They are the only tribe which has had men in Federal prison for refusing to fight the white man's wars.

I do not pretend to have as much detailed knowledge of the Hopi as either John Collier or Miss Thompson. (I have given elsewhere in this book my experiences with the Hopi.) With Miss Thompson's disapproval of the narrow-minded Mennonite outlook I am in thorough agreement.

The Mennonites are supposed to be one of the historic peace churches, yet their record of cooperating with the government in their farcical "second mile" in "Civilian Public Service" camps, in the last war, is anything but Christian or pacifist. In forty years they have not produced one conscientious objector among the Hopi. Hopi objectors were "pagans." I have spoken to the present Mennonite missionary in New Oraibi, who had formerly been in a CPS camp. Despite this my feeling is that he did not care to understand the Hopi tradition.

I visited at length with the Mormon missionary and his wife in New Oraibi and met them later at the Snake and Butterfly dances. They showed more tact in their missionary endeavor than the Mennonite and Baptist, who would not attend what they called "heathen ceremonies." Mormon dogma has a special teaching about the Hopi being "chosen people," but the feeling of the Hopi seems to be that the Mormons "choose" to steal their lands. This is not because Mormons are thieves more than other white men but it is because they settled nearby and are the immediate whites who have done the robbing. Mormons are fine people in many ways but on the subjects of war and capitalism they are ultra-conservative. The chief herdsman of the Hopi is a Mormon

government employee and many Hopi feel that he is an advance agent for coming Mormon aggression.

I visited the Catholic priest on the Navajo reservation at St. Michael's. He felt that little could be done to convert the Hopi. A letter from another priest there appeared recently in the Phoenix paper in which it was stated that there were many fine points in native Indian religion which did not need to be discarded. So much for missionaries.

This book gives a thorough explanation of Hopi customs, of their clans, dances, and of their especial organic attitude toward children. It is well illustrated.

While Miss Thompson does not openly whitewash the Collier administration, she does so by inference, inasmuch as she condemns the previous antisocial attitude of the Indian Bureau and suggests that: "recently... in Congress and a change in Indian Service personnel, and also because of renewed pressures toward 'liquidation' of the Indians and of the Indian Bureau by powerful lobby groups, the forced assimilation policy, has been revived in Indian Service."

It would therefore seem right at this point to show that whatever the advanced insight which Collier had in dealing with Indians in general and the Hopi in particular he was the administrator at the time when the two greatest crimes against the Hopi were committed. If he believed that these crimes were unavoidable or necessary or if he thought they were for the ultimate good of the Hopi then he was a man easily fooled and of a dim vision. If he knew better and did not resign rather than be a part of this general evil, then he is a moral coward. General Glassford resigned in Washington, D. C. in the depression rather than use violence against the bonus marchers, leaving that distinction to General MacArthur and Eisenhower. Ernest Crosby, Judge of the International Court of Claims in Cairo, Egypt around the turn of the century, resigned when he became conscious that Tolstoy's Christian Anarchism was the highest ethical ideal. So there is precedent for Collier to have been a brave man.

The two crimes to which I refer are the drafting of the peaceful Hopi to fight, in a white man's war, and, as described by his wife:

"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 upsurged and were occupying, leaving the Hopi the use of only 986 square miles of desert land."

Thus the Hopi were so crowded that their range was overrun and sheep had to be killed by government order. If Collier did not want to be a part of this plowing under he should have resigned in protest.

Miss Thompson must have been a rebel herself in her younger days, for she mentions several times that the insistent fight which the Hotevilla people made against partitioning land to individuals instead of leaving it in communal ownership caused the government to cease bothering all the other Southwestern Indians, as well as the Hopi, in this matter.

Why does she call this same refusal of the Hotevilla folks to register for the draft or accept government sponsored Tribal Council as being "inflexibility... probably the most local administrative problem of the government staff?" Does she not recognize a matter of principle when she sees it? She does not want the Hopi tradition to die out yet the very ones who insist the most on this tradition draw her greatest disapproval. She contrasts the First Mesa people (where Hopi government employees and Mormon converts favor the Tribal Council) who have attitudes

which please the psychiatrist to those of Hotevilla who do not cooperate. Is it the old story of the social worker who marks down as maladjusted, queer, or uncooperative those who will not “adjust” themselves to a crazy world? What about the world getting adjusted to a sane outlook? She admits that Hopi tradition is the sanest outlook on life presented, yet when the Hotevilla Hopi insist on this tradition she speaks as if they were making up a story to justify their own stubbornness. When Dan and his associate told Congressman Toby Morris that they wanted to meet in the open in Hopiland where the sun could be a witness to the truth in their hearts and where the government officials and their Tribal Council friends and all Hopi could be freely heard, this was certainly not being “adamant.”

Miss Thompson has her wires crossed when she suggests that:

“The Mennonite influences may have played a role in the development of attitudes of non-cooperation and passive resistance at Hotevilla, expressed, for example, in the refusal of certain Hotevillans to swear any oath or sign documents.”

Her dislike of the Mennonites has gotten the best of her. Does she not give credit to the people of Hotevilla for having enough rebel spirit to refuse cooperation with the conqueror, without being advised by the Mennonites whom they despise as much as does Miss Thompson?

What is radical and what is conservative? Miss Thompson says: *“Hotevilla, the arch conservative Hopi pueblo stands in a class by itself.”* “I call them radical, and I guess that is what the FBI and the government thought when they refused to register in World War II and went to prison.

One can hardly believe that Miss Thompson is serious when she advises the Indian Bureau to develop 4-H clubs, games, dances, plays, P.T.A.’s, etc. etc. Surely she knows that the Hopi have given all these and more as an organic part of Hopi life for centuries. The best that the white man could do compared to the colorful Hopi dances would be pitiful.

Does Miss Thompson have any hope that the Indian Bureau and the politicians in Washington will do better instead of worse? Perhaps she has written this book nearly in despair hoping it will awake a few bureaucrats. Then, again, who could she appeal to if not to those in charge of the Indians?

There are two attitudes toward helping Indians today. Each side can be equally unselfish and sincere. I have lived for five years near the largest Indian pueblo along the Rio Grande: Isleta. Here, practically a suburb of Albuquerque where liquor and bright lights have “assimilated” much of the Indian population, nearly all traditions have withered away. For those Indians who have left their traditions the crumbly so-called civilization of the white man has only added disillusionment to offer. There are those who wish to get Indian oil and minerals and grazing lands. They speak of turning the Indians over to the states, of allowing him to be a free man and not a slave of the Indian Bureau. What they really mean is that they want freedom to exploit him.

If there is no community ownership of land, then the Indian is likely to sell his land for a bottle of liquor. They want him to vote and be like a white man.

The other group is those who support the bureaucrats of the Indian Bureau and want to make Indians stooges of the government, patriotic and religious as is the white man, but keeping the federal bureaucracy. Do-gooders of the Quaker type may work with both groups and be used as catspaws by them. Those who understand the Indians and wish them to live their own lives are very few.

Despite the fact that Collier had a greater understanding of the Indian problem than any administrator before or after his time, he is the most hated of all of them. This is because the

“plowing under” of animals and men came under his rule. If he wishes to have any moral leadership, he had better admit his mistakes, cease relying on politicians, and appeal to those, both Indian and white, who have finished with this mad, white man’s world and are ready to seek understanding of the peaceful traditional Hopi. When Miss Thompson has also renounced all Indian Bureaus and governments, she can again explain to those able and willing to understand-the Hopi Way.

* * *

Debs

The following book review appeared in the December 1, 1950 issue of THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER, official I. W. W. paper. My friend Bill Ryan was editor of the paper at that time and thus more radical articles could be printed than before or since his year as editor. THE BENDING CROSS, A BIOGRAPHY OF EUGENE VICTOR DEBS by Ray Ginger, Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N. J. 1949. \$5.00.

“There is but one labor organization absolutely free from capitalist domination in the United States and that is the I.W.W., and its headquarters are in the penitentiary.”

Debs, in Sept. 1922

“There are times when a libel suit, or the threat of one against a revolutionary paper is the very thing that it needs.”

Debs, in Feb., 1916 in the APPEAL TO REASON, after the NEW YORK CALL had refused to print his criticism of courts in N. J. for imprisoning labor leaders for contempt of court.

“This will either be the beginning of organized labor in Colorado or the end of me.”

Debs when met by a group of thugs who ordered him out of Leadville, Col, in 1895.

These quotations taken at random from this latest and best biography of one of the founders of the I.W.W. who did not turn Communist or Technocrat or become a tired radical but who remained true to the last, shows that courage and class consciousness which is so scarce today.

The book is notably frank and honest and tells in detail of the rare friendship and love between Eugene and his younger brother Theodore. The author does not gloss over the fact that Debs, fond of companionship which among laboring men in those days was found mostly in saloons, was very often drunk and could make his best speeches when slightly under the influence of liquor. Neither does he go to the extreme of Irving Stone who, in the *Adversary in the House* tried to make a regular devil of Kate, the wife of Debs. Kate was selfish, proud and materialistic but she is not the first nor the last woman who has tried to tame a radical and make him conform. My wife and I met her once, after spending the night at Theodore’s, when we brought a red rose for Debs’ birthday. We were not so fortunate as Hutchins Hapgood, who likewise being refused admission because Debs was ill in bed, met him down the street and had an extended visit. (When my wife was a small girl she had given Debs a rose when he spoke in Milwaukee, and he had lifted her up and kissed her.) One would have to have lived in Terre Haute or have talked extensively to old

timers who knew the Debs family to know the full truth. Debs never carried on personal feuds with union men or comrades who differed from him. It would then be understandable that he would upon the return from enervating lecture trips appreciate the home comforts which Kate thought were more important than ideals, and upon occasion openly to praise Kate. This of itself does not prove that [she] was not bitchy most of the time.

A detailed description of the work of Debs in organizing firemen and switchmen and of his great ARU strike and fight with Pullman is given. I had missed two events, in other accounts of this first, one, big union: one, the fact of Army officers in Chicago coming out against the use of Federal troops and being court martialed and demoted because of their dislike of the army's being used to crush unions. Second, that the railroads sent fake orders for workers to return to work, saying that other workers in neighboring towns had done so. I had never known of the ex-priest Hagerty, book and bottle companion of Debs during all these years. (He it was who wrote the preamble of the I.W.W.)

Of especial interest to anarchists is the fact that Debs, in the Fireman's Magazine of which he was the editor in 1885, said, "Legitimate warfare in the future is to be in the interest of the weak, the oppressed, those who aspire to be free. Dynamite is to be a potent weapon in the contest." The author thinks that because Debs did not wish to have the Firemen's union disrupted when attention might be called to the above statement; that he, for this reason, said nothing until the last minute about the injustice of the trial of the Haymarket martyrs. But forever afterward he praised these anarchists and often visited their graves at Waldheim cemetery. He said in 1898:

"The stigma fixed upon their names by an outrageous trial can be forever obliterated and their fame be made to shine with resplendent glory on the pages of history."

Debs was a great friend of Altgeld and openly praised his pardon of Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab.

In 1925, he contrasted Bryan and Altgeld:

"Bryan was petty, mean and contemptible... this shallow minded mouther of empty phrases, this pious, canting mountebank, this prophet of the stone age... Altgeld supremely great... in heart and brain, in soul and conscience had been rewarded with contumely, malice, hatred and almost oblivion."

Although the AFL did not allow Negroes to join its unions and the ARU followed that line, Debs always refused to speak before segregated audiences. He fought Victor Berger on this issue when Berger declared in May 1912 that, "There can be no doubt that the Negroes and mulattoes constitute a lower race." In fact, Debs' chief hero was John Brown, and his most prized possession was the tin candle holder which Brown had in his barricaded dwelling at Harpers Ferry. When the race riots in East St. Louis occurred, Debs wrote:

"Had the labor union ever opened the door to the Negro instead of barring him... and forcing him in spite of himself to be a scab, the atrocious crime at East Saint Louis would never has blackened the pages of American history."

I was especially interested in the account of his time in Atlanta prison. Debs was a deeply religious man, and it is no doubt that the inmates of the prison, only a dozen of whom were

political, recognized his Christ-like nature. His mother was Catholic, and two children who were older than Debs and who did not live long, were baptized in that faith. Debs was not baptized. He entered a church once and swore that he would never enter another. He did when he was married and here in Atlanta he went to chapel because it was compulsory. The farce of the chaplain, who kept his job only because he winked at misery and the presence of guards with clubs parading in the chapel, so aroused Debs that he publicly refused to attend chapel again. Rather than argue the point the warden abolished compulsory chapel attendance. A large picture in Debs' cell was that of Jesus -or Jesus the Rebel, and as he called him "That Divine Tramp who never had a dollar." As he was friendly with all he was also an especial friend of Father Byrne, the Catholic chaplain. This priest sent Debs a congratulatory telegram when he reached home after his pardon; next day Debs learned that he had dropped dead.

The author is in error in stating that Debs insisted upon wearing stripes rather than the blue denim, for no one wore stripes then in Atlanta. I had not heard the story of Debs waving and calling to a man in solitary. (It must have been Alexander Berkman. Upon my release of 8 1/2 months in this solitary, Berkman was soon put in the hole for the remainder of his nine months stay.) A guard put Debs in solitary for this solidarity with some one in the hole. When the warden heard of it he released Debs at once, saying, "Don't you know that if the men heard that Debs was in the hole they would tear down the walls of this prison brick by brick, to get him out?"

When, in Woodstock, the papers said that Debs was being considered for a pardon, he indignantly replied that he had never applied for one and was due one as a matter of justice, not as a matter of mercy. When he was pardoned by Harding without any promises "to be good," the warden suspended all rules and 2,300 convicts crowded against the front wall of the huge prison building. "The ivied walls trembled with the vibrations of shouted farewells." In Terre Haute 25,000 people welcomed him while a Negro band played "Swing Low Sweet Chariot."

I met Debs when I was a young Socialist in 1912. I had worked with Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht and Baker in the anti-war movement in Ohio. Here most of us also belonged to the I.W.W. I had been routed by the party all over Ohio in 1917 distributing anti-war and anti-draft literature. Margaret Prevey of Akron who was an especially good friend of Debs who visited him in Atlanta and helped provide bail when he was arrested because of his Canton speech was also a good friend of mine. After my release from Atlanta, when Debs had just entered Moundsville prison, I was doing nine months in Delaware, Ohio prison for refusing to register. I received greetings often from Debs through Theodore and sent him mine in return.

Regular politicians like Hillquit, Berger and Stedman, and purists like Daniel DeLeon, tried to get Debs to sign on the dotted line but he was away beyond any of them. Although DeLeon said that Debs was traveling on a free railroad pass, Debs advised his followers in New York to vote for DeLeon. He attended only one party convention after 1900. His dislike of the right-wing compromisers and his friendship for Ruthenberg of the Workers (Communist) Party and of Wagenknecht of the Communist Labor Party prevented him from condemning them. He would not stick to the "party line" of the Socialists, so where would he have been in the changing lines of the Communists? In 1926, when he was lecturing for the Socialist Party in New York, he was invited to speak at a rally in favor of Sacco and Vanzetti. But the party bureaucrats would not allow him as he was under contract to them. When Emma Goldman told him: "Why Mr. Debs, you're anarchist," Debs clasped her hand and said: "Not Mister, but Comrade, won't you call me that?"

The author correctly describes Debs character when he says:

"Many men did big things occasionally-he did the little things every day. When he was traveling with a companion, he carried the heaviest grips slept in the upper berth, sat in the aisle seat. Men noticed that he never hurried a waitress or a bellboy, never complained about a hotel room. If there was not enough food to go around Debs got the small portion."

While Debs might have been fooled by Socialist politicians who sought office through the glory of his oratory he was never afraid of supposedly great men. While still a very young man he rushed into the office of a vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad. This pompous gentleman said he did not give a goddam about Debs or his union. Debs replied that he did not give a goddam about him or his railroad. They argued for an hour and Debs was offered a job with the railroad which he refused. This encouraged men all over the country. Gov. Knute Nelson of Minnesota tried to bulldoze Debs during the ARU strike but Debs soon had him apologizing. Jim Hill had Debs invited to speak to the Chamber of Commerce in Minneapolis thinking that he would be at a disadvantage before such wealth. Pillsbury and the others were completely won over by Debs' sincerity and arguments and they compelled Jim Hill to arbitrate. Of course his two hour address to the jury in Cleveland is famous and here he is at his best.

Debs was not a politician. He used election campaigns not for office but for propaganda-and told the voters 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." And also, "I care nothing about public sentiment. Public sentiment hanged John Brown." He was, as the APPEAL TO REASON said in the 1908 campaign, victorious: "Taft elected; Bryan defeated; Debs victorious."

Never elected to office as a Socialist, he overshadowed all of the petty reformers who used the name of Socialism for personal gain. Although not an anarchist he had that courage and love of humanity of his contemporary Berkman-those qualities so lacking in anarchists in this country today. Although not a pacifist, for he would have fought on the barricades if there had been any any at hand, he saw, like Gandhi, that it was better to convert the enemy than to kill him. Yet he valued resistance to tyranny above submission, as did Gandhi. It is not likely that today Debs would be fooled like most pacifists into writing to Congressmen to try to make men out of them, or in talking disarmament and World Citizenship, but he would be, as he was at the age of 65, a leader in real opposition to war and militarism. While not a member of the I.W.W. after the split on Section 6, Article II. in the SP convention in 1912, his great work in the ARU still remains as the one success story in unionism-not based on laws from Washington or petty bargaining, but upon all members of the railroads belonging to one union, It is not conceivable that today he would be signing loyalty oaths to hold a job. Although he was not a church member he was a better follower of Christ than any so-called Christian leader of his time.

Nine months before his death, when he was worn out, he and his wife planned to go to Bermuda for his health. The New York newspapers made a big fuss about an ex-convict getting a passport. He announced that he would not swear allegiance to a Constitution which meant the upholding of injustice by the courts. Although he was questioned at length by the authorities, here and in Bermuda, he did not waver in his stand.

Before Debs was a conscious radical, and when he was Democratic City Clerk of Terra Haute in the 1880's, he showed his rebel spirit by refusing to levy fines against prostitutes. In 1913 when the daughter of a friend was arrested as a street walker he obtained her release and took

her into his home; later finding her a job in another city. Instinctively people felt that this man, who belonged to no church, was practicing that Christianity which organized religion had long forgotten. The HOUSTON CHRONICLE said in a big headline: "Deb Challenges Christianity."

When Debs died, on Oct. 20, 1926, Heywood Broun said when he noticed the great reverence paid to his character by those who hounded him to prison: "Eugene V. Debs is dead and everybody says he was a good man. He was no better and no worse when he served a sentence in Atlanta."

The only criticism I have of this biography is that it does not include pictures of Debs at different stages of his life; of Kate, Theodore and his father Daniel and his mother Daisy. The author is a young man raised in Indiana, and, as he is not an active radical or does not appear to have been a conscientious objector, he cannot be expected to understand the absolutist spirit of Debs. This is evident when he mildly criticizes Debs for not meeting issues, such as the Negro question by reform measures. Debs was not a reformer; he was a revolutionist.

Mother Jones

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MOTHER JONES, *with an introduction by Clarence Darrow. Edited by Mary Field Parton, Charley H. Kerr Co., Chicago, 1925 Illustrated.* Review in Dec. 21, 1951 INDUSTRIAL WORKER.

"*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 compromise their fight to allow a Communist to put out leaflets in the union hall, lauding Russian revolt.

In this day of weak-kneed pacifists, sentimental do-gooders, and corrupt union officials, it is well to remember this valiant leader who braved coal mine thugs and jails in Colorado, who walked in the icy water of Cabin Creek, W. Va., to give the union oath to miners-this being the only area that was not company property.

Born in County Cork of a family of fighters against British terrorism, in 1830, she was of the caliber to withstand the hardships of the pioneer struggles here of the labor movement, which she joined after her husband and four children died of yellow fever in Memphis. She owned a dressmaking establishment in Chicago, but was burned out in the Fire of 1871. Her first job had been that of teaching in a convent in Monroe, Mich.

Clarence Darrow, in the introduction, says: "Mother Jones was always doubtful of the good of organized institutions."

Like one of her chief opponents, John D. Rockefeller, she lived to the age of 100. In her last years she gave this advice to labor:

"In those days labor's representatives did not sit on velvet chairs in conference with labor's oppressors; they did not dine in fashionable hotels with the representatives of the the capitalists, such as the Civic Federation. They did not ride in Pullmans, nor make trips to Europe. The rank and file have let their servants become their masters and dictators. The workers have now to fight not alone their exploiters but likewise their own leaders, who often betray them, who sell them out, who put their own advancement ahead of that of the working masses, who make of the rank and file political pawns. Provision should be made in all union constitutions for the recall of leaders. Big salaries

should not be paid. Career hunters should be driven out, as well as leaders who use labor for political ends."

In telling of the Haymarket frameup, she quotes the advice of the Chicago TRIBUNE that farmers should treat union men like other pests, put strychnine in their food. She agrees with Emma Goldman that Schnaubelt, who it is thought threw the bomb, was never sought or apprehended.

In a West Virginia mining district the only place where they could have a meeting was in a Negro church. One union man had a gun and the authorities chided Mother Jones for associating with a man who would carry a gun in "God's house." Her quick answer was, "Oh, that wasn't God's house; that was the coal company's house. Don't you know that God Almighty never comes around to a place like this?"

At another time in the same state the union men had paid the local priest for rent of the church. She cancelled this and held the meeting in a nearby open field, saying, "This is a praying institution. You should not commercialize it.

Your organization is not a praying institution. It is an educational institution along industrial lines. Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living!"

At another time, near Shamokin, Pa., she heard the priest tell the miners to cease striking, to obey their masters and their reward would be in Heaven. He denounced the strikers as children of darkness. The miners left the church in a body and came across the road to her meeting in an open field. Her wisdom was shown in 1893 when J. A. Wayland told her he was entering a cooperative colony, and she told him it would not succeed without a religious basis. Later, when the colony failed and he founded the famous APPEAL TO REASON she got the first subscribers by going to the army barracks in Omaha. Many years afterward she received permission from the mine owners near Pittsburgh to get subs for the paper in the mines. They thought it was some religious sheet, and that she was an old lady missionary.

"The rights and interest of the laboring man will be protected not by the labor agitator but by the Christian men and women to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of this country. " George F. Baer.

This early version of the Big Lie, uttered by a coal mine executive in the midst of the fight of Mother Jones for better working conditions, was well answered by the quotation she gives from Clarence Darrow:

"These agents of the Almighty have seen men killed daily; have seen men crippled, blinded and maimed and turned out to almshouses and on the roadsides with no compensation. They have seen the anthracite region dotted with silk mills because the wages of the miner makes it necessary for him to send his little girls to work 12 hours a day or a night in the factory ... at a child's wage. President Baer sheds tears because the boys are taken into the union, but he has no tears because they are taken into the breakers."

Here in Phoenix, the other day, I heard the mother-in-law of an employer of mine tell of seeing in the early 1900's a company wagon come along and dump the dead body of a Polish miner, who had just been killed in an accident, into the front door of the company house where his wife and five children remained. Not a word of sympathy, and of course no compensation. In

the 1930's her nephews still worked as breaker boys, and she saw the narrow ledge where they stood to throw out the chunks of shale as the coal cars came along. If one of them jumped the track the boy would be crushed, but then boys were plentiful. This was near Pottsville, Pa.

Mother Jones' distrust of pie-cards, such as John Mitchell, who betrayed the miners by ordering the northern miners to go to work and cease supporting the southern miners, who were on strike, is shown at a miners convention when Mitchell was being voted a present of a \$10,000 house. She spoke of the poor hovels in which the miners lived and tore up the petition before them all, in scorn.

As the mill owners of the south would not employ anyone who did not have a family of children they could exploit, Mother Jones obtained work only on the pretext that she would soon bring her six small children to the mills. Then she moved on to new company towns. The machines were built in the North, especially for small children, who received 8c to 10c a night for 12 hours labor, shuttling in and out of the machinery. At this time the Liberty Bell was being moved over the country to arouse the patriotic emotions of a dumb populace, so she conceived the idea of marching these slaves of the mills to important centers to arouse noble sentiments of compassion. On the outskirts of a New Jersey city the police were arrayed against the "invaders" but when they saw the poor skinny children they were ashamed of themselves and when the workers entered town without trouble, it was the wives of the police who fed them. Seth Low, the Mayor of New York City, would not allow them to enter the city on the excuse that they were not citizens of the metropolis. However he soon allowed them to enter as the wrath of Mother Jones recalled to his memory that parasitic royalty from Europe had been officially welcomed to the city, and here were producers who were denied entrance. Senator Platt had invited them to breakfast, but he got cold feet and ran away. President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay refused to see them.

Mother Jones again practiced the Gandhian principle that people armed only with determination can conquer the forces of government, when she led thousands of miners to the station to meet Debs at Birmingham, Alabama. He had been billed to speak at the Opera House but at the last minute the authorities forbade the meeting. As the great crowd bore Debs on their shoulders through the streets, the police gave in and the meeting was held as planned.

In another foray, not quite so pacifistic, she led hundreds of the wives of miners, armed with mops and brooms and banging on dishpans, to the mine pits, straight up to the machine guns of the company thugs, and dared them to shoot. The precious mules of the company got scared and ran away. (When there was an explosion in the mines in those days the question of the company superintendent invariably was "How many mules are killed?" He was not interested in the men.) Another time Mother Jones and her wild women were jailed and they banged and sang songs all night, and kept the whole town awake until they were released.

Woman suffrage, prohibition, and welfare were three reforms that Mother Jones derided with all of her will and energy. Colorado had had woman suffrage for two generations, and was the worst state of all to organize. The eight-hour day had been carried, but declared unconstitutional by the company owned courts. She was deported from Colorado by orders of the Governor, but a friendly engineer took her right back to Denver, saying that if he lost his job he didn't care. She at once wrote the Governor a letter stating her rights and asking him "What the hell are you going to do about it?" She was in the midst of the burning of the women and children at Ludlow; was quarantined in the basement of a house for 26 days, fighting rats with beer bottles and unable to sleep. The pretense was that she had smallpox and was being quarantined. She was also held

incommunicado for nine weeks, another time. She would never budge an inch. Her battle cry at this time was: *"You don't need a vote to raise hell... You need conviction and a voice."*

In West Virginia she called for men to step into a dark hall and take the union obligation. This was in order that the company spies would not know who joined. A district official was there and said that she did not have the proper book with the oath and the \$15 for a charter. "Charter hell, I'll pay it myself, and I'll make up an oath," was her reply.

She was sentenced to 20 years in West Virginia, and called on 5000 miners to go to Charleston and parade before the Governor. Her parting advice was to go to the hardware stores, instead of the saloons, and buy every gun in town and go home ready to defend their rights. The Governor soon got the idea, and the sentences of herself and the others were revoked.

The curse of the radical and labor movement today is the presence in overwhelming numbers of chicken-hearted leaders and followers. The one man who has led the greatest strikes and walk-outs in history, who has used the boycott and passive resistance to the utmost and succeeded, also gave the advice that it is better to use violence against the oppressor than it is to kneel in submission. This Gandhi also told us that his method of non-violent resistance was better than violence. Nearly without exception we find pacifist leaders today of the chicken-hearted type who talk kindness and truth and love, but seek to save their own skins. Union leaders speak fine words about peace and cooperation, but do nothing to risk their fabulous salaries. Gone are the days when a Mother Jones, a Mother Bloor, or an Emma Goldman aroused the slaves. The only fight today is a squabble over pensions. Imagine the scorn which Mother Jones would take toward a "loyalty oath." Imagine her anger at the Freedom Train of a few years ago.

Gandhi

THE LIFE OF MAHATMA GANDHI by Louis Fischer.

HARPERS, N. Y., 1950. \$5.00. Illustrated.

Reviewed in the INDUSTRIAL WORKER, I.W.W. paper.

"We must widen the prison gates... Freedom is to be wooed only inside prison walls and sometimes on gallows, never in the council chambers, courts, or the schoolroom."

"We have now reached almost the end of our resources in speech-making, and it is not enough that our ears be feasted, that our eyes be feasted, but it is necessary that our hearts have got to be touched and our hands and feet have got to be moved."

"Swaraii (freedom) depended on how good India was, not how bad the British were."

"The social revolution could not produce a new man. A new type of man would make the social revolution."

"A modern nation is only quantitatively less violent in peacetime than in war-time, and unless one non-collaborates in peace time one is merely salving one's conscience by non-collaborating in wartime. Why pay taxes to make the arms which kill? Why obey the kind of official who will make a war? Unless you surrender citizenship or go to jail before the war, you belong in the army during the war."

Each of these quotations from Gandhi carries a basic lesson to all radicals and should be studied carefully in order to understand the message from East to West picked up by Gandhi from

Thoreau, Tolstoy and Ruskin and relayed in action to us. He is the one man in this century who practiced revolutionary action, combined with a true religious life, which put organized religionists to shame. He is one of those few, like Debs and Berkman, who had superlative courage and who, his enemies finally understood, was not to be bought at any price. Eleven years before the I.W.W. was formed, Gandhi was in South Africa making \$25,000 a year, as a lawyer. After buying a ticket to India, he found that coolie laborers were being discriminated against, so he stayed to help them. It took 20 years and he led 50,000 of his fellow countrymen in civil disobedience, and strikes in mines; but he won. There are three tactics used by Gandhi which can easily be misunderstood by the average radical, but as they are the basis of his success they should be studied. They are:

- (1) Goodwill toward your enemy, with absolute frankness.
- (2) Fasting.
- (3) Voluntary Poverty on the part of radical leaders.

Goodwill toward your enemy as phrased by such shadow-boxers as the Moral Rearmament Group and prosperous Christian Scientists, who seem to think that saying "God is love" gives them a license to support the status quo, and the sentimental and "innocent" World Government folks should not blind radicals to the truth of this idea as practiced by Gandhi. Goodwill toward your enemy as a tactic of an uncompromising revolutionist adds to his strength. In the hands of collaborationists of the Civic Federation type, it means a sell out. The only disagreement is the price which the Judas of labor will receive. In South Africa coolies had to register. Gandhi opposed this and when Smuts told him this would be abolished and registration would be voluntary, Gandhi took him at his word and was the first to register, although he was knocked senseless by one of his irate followers who accused him of selling out. Smuts went back on his word and was thus proven a liar. Gandhi proved his own faith and the faithlessness of Smuts. During one of Gandhi's civil disobedience campaigns there was a railroad strike. Gandhi called off his campaign until the strike was over, as he did not wish to take an unfair advantage of his opponent.

Fischer says that "*Victory came to Gandhi not when Smuts had no more strength to fight him but when he had no more heart to fight him.*"

At another time, in India, he called off his seemingly successful civil disobedience campaign because some of his followers used violence, saying that they were not ready for victory even if they did win. He inferred the same thought when political freedom was gained. The fact that Nehru is a politician, and uses violence and denies freedom to those who contradict him, proves that not all those who say "Mahatma, Mahatma" are virtuous. In Gandhi's famous salt march, when he left his ashram, afoot, to travel the 200 miles to the sea, and gathered several thousand followers on the way, he advised the government of all his proposed subversive activities. Hundreds of his followers were beaten by the British soldiers but they never raised an arm to deflect a blow.

Webb Miller of the United Press was an eye witness and describes how the bravery of Gandhi's men broke the spirit of the English officers. Fischer says, "The British beat the Indians with batons and rifle butts, the Indians neither cringed nor complained nor retreated. That made England powerless and India invincible."

In South Africa he walked the 21 miles to town and back again. The coolies for whom he was fighting had to walk and he showed his fraternity with them by living as they did.

Fastin'-Gandhi's first move when he came back to India in 1914 was to lead the mill workers in Ahmedabad on strike for better wages. The especial mill owner was a friend of his and a

daughter of a mill owner lived at his ashram. Soon it appeared that loss of wages was compelling the strikers to return to work. Gandhi went on a fast to rally them and the strike was soon won. Gandhi said, *"One may fast against those who love you, not against a tyrant."* This has not been generally understood by those conscientious objectors in this country whose fasting many times was based on stubbornness, and was intended as a pressure against the administration to release an especial prisoner. Sometimes it succeeded because the authorities couldn't stand the wear and tear.

Easter week of 1950, I fasted for seven days in Washington, D.C. along with Fellowship of Reconciliation and Catholic Worker folks, and picketed the authorities against war and the bomb. I fasted for 5 days here in Phoenix, last Aug. 5 to 10, and plan to fast 6 days Aug. 5 to 11 this year and at the same time picket against the payment of taxes for war. My aim is to awaken the hearts of those with whom I come in contact. I know that I am breaking one of Gandhi's rules, one which he, himself, always broke: "Conserve your energy both physical and mental from the very beginning."

My feeling is that the average person is so conditioned in dollar chasing, aping the rich, keeping up with the Jones'; aside from reading the funnies and mystery stories, numbing his brain with tobacco and alcohol, and succumbing to various shots for the supposed improvement of his health, that there is little opportunity to break through this smog. But the dumbest person can note a sincere appeal to the heart; this was done most effectively by Gandhi's fasting. His first "fast to death" was Sept. 20 to 26, 1932, protesting against the scheme of Ramsey MacDonald to separate electorates for untouchables, thus legalizing this blight on true Hinduism. In this Epic Fast he caused the most orthodox Hindu temples to admit untouchables-something no law could ever accomplish. He "snapped a long chain that stretched back into antiquity and had enslaved tens of millions."

Jan. 13, 1948 he commenced his last fast which was also a "fast to death," to stop the Hindu Moslem riots in New Delhi where thousands had been killed. By the fifth day of his fast both sides met and pledged their support to Gandhi, even representatives of the Mahasabha, the KKK of the Hindus. He asked the Hindus to pay Pakistan the \$180,000,000 which they owed them but had delayed to pay. This was done at once. Moslems who had fled were to be invited back and be given their own homes and reimbursed for any losses. Gandhi said, *"These things will be done by our personal efforts and not with the help of the police or the military."*

His further advice on fasting begins with this sentence, *"Eat only when you are hungry and when you have labored for your food. Fast to cure constipation, anemia, fever, indigestion, headache, rheumatism, gout, if you are fretting and foaming, if you are depressed, if you are overjoyed... and you will avoid medical prescriptions and patent medicines."* He was also opposed to injections as being acts of violence on the body. Fasting appealed to the traditions of India.

Fischer says, "India stands in awe of power and wealth. But it loves the humble servant of the poor. Possessions, elephants, jewels, armies, palaces win India's obedience; sacrifice and renunciation win its heart."

Fasting on the part of Westerners will not win friends and influence many people. One fellow sneered at me when I was fasting and picketing, "Want to be a martyr, eh?" My answer was, "Sure there are not enough martyrs for the right thing. Too many are involuntary martyrs to war." This shut him up. He had expected me to crawl and excuse myself. In the hands of those who have a clearcut revolutionary message divorced from all personal tieups with the Communist or

capitalist systems of value, fasting is one of the best weapons to be used to awaken people, even in this country. Pipsqueaks had better not try it.

Voluntary Poverty is not to be confused with involuntary poverty. The gripes of many so-called radicals about “oppression by the rich” amounts to nothing more than the “oppression by gadgets” which they think they own, but which really own them, as Thoreau said. My residence in Milwaukee for 18 years proved to me that from Mayor Hoan to the smallest Socialist ward healer, a good job was all that was needed to divorce a comrade from his supposed ideals. From the time of Terence V. Powderly head of the mighty Knights of Labor, whose price for the desertion of his cause was a government job, to the John L. Lewises, Greens and Murrays — not to mention the goons or a few special unions who live like kings-to be a labor leader means to live in luxury.

Says Fischer, “Part of every leader’s equipment is a wall. It may be high and made of brick and a battalion of guards, or it may consist of unanswered questions and an enigmatic smile. Its purpose is to lend distance and awe and to obscure frailties and secrets. *There was no wall around Gandhi...* To Gandhi nobody was an untouchable, neither Birla, nor a Communist, nor a Harijan, nor an imperialist. He fanned the spark of virtue wherever he discovered it.”

It was the work of untouchables to clean privies and handle the garbage. Gandhi always emptied the chamber pots of those where he lived, proving that he of the second-highest caste did the work of those lower than any caste. This was more than pious talk. He allowed his insurance policy to lapse when he first began his civil disobedience work in South Africa. “Security” for him did not mean money or position. It could never enter the mind of an opponent of Gandhi that he could be bribed, for what was there in the world that he wanted that he did not have?

This appreciation of Gandhi by Fischer conies all the more welcome inasmuch as Fischer was a fellow traveler of the Commies for so many years. The book is well illustrated, and describes two visits with Gandhi by Fischer. Gandhi knew that many agreed with his ideas but very few practiced them, yet although he had very strict rules for himself he was not intolerant toward those who disagreed with him. He did not smoke but when a Congress leader who was a chain smoker had an appointment Gandhi always instructed the girls to bring him an ash tray. He said that it “Would be folly to assume that an Indian Rockefeller would be better than an American Rockefeller.” He had a sense of humor that is rare among radicals whether of the “party liners” or elsewhere. When he had tea with Lord Irwin he took a pinch of contraband salt from a pocket in his homespun garment and put it in the tea, saying, “This is to remind us of the Boston Tea Party.” When told that he should have an injection of penicillin to cure a cold he said he could cure it in three days by fasting “But penicillin will cure it in three hours and besides you might carry the cold to others,” he was told. He replied that he was in no hurry and to give the others the penicillin. He carried his personal integrity into jail, for when forbidden to write to ashram members on matters of policy, he refused to write at all.

By those slimy politicians who cannot understand sincerity, Gandhi was called a master-politician. The fact is that he refused to be a member of the Congress Party when it became apparent that freedom from England was within reach, and he refused to take part in the ceremonies of emancipation, saying that to be free from discord between Hindu and Moslem was more important. He said, “We may foam, we may fret, we may resent, but let us not forget that the India of today in her impatience has produced an army of anarchists. I am myself an anarchist, but of another type. Their anarchism... is a sign of fear. If we trust and fear God, we shall have to fear no one. Not Maharajahs, not Viceroys, not the detectives, not even King George.” He also

held the anarchist idea of no majority rule, saying “In matters of conscience the law of majority has no place; it is slavery to be amenable to the majority no matter-what its decisions are.”

Although he was the one supremely religious man of his time, when asked about the progressiveness of the various religions he answered, “I have noticed no definite progress in any religion. The world would not be in the shambles it has become if the religions of the world were progressive.”

The action of the London authorities in disbarring Gandhi from legal practice on Nov. 10, 1922 is the modern example of the dog barking at the moon. Fischer masterfully draws the contrast between Churchill and Gandhi.

“Churchill is the Byronic Napoleon. Political power is poetry to him. Gandhi was the sober saint to whom such power anathema. The British aristocrat and the brown piebean were both conservative, but Gandhi was a nonconformist conservative. As he grew older Churchill became more Tory, Gandhi more revolutionary. Churchill mixed every class but Gandhi smashed social barriers. Churchill mixed with every class but lived in own. Gandhi lived with everybody. To Gandhi the lowest Indian was a child of God. To Churchill Indians were the pedestal for a throne. He would have died to keep England free, but tried to destroy those who wanted India free.”

Chapter 10: Work-Fast-Picketing

Jan. 1, 1952 — Sept. 21, 1952

(Maryfarm Retreat-Phoenix-New York)

“It’ll rain; it always has.”

This has been the assertion of the Old Pioneer for half a century when the faint-hearted ones thought Arizona would dry up and blow away. He had studied the data compiled by scientists as to rain and drought, by means of the growth of rings each year as recorded in the tree stump. Our well here had to be deepened twice recently, and all around us farmers were drilling again as the water level lowered. We were 350 miles away from the Hopi who prayed for rain and got it; we believed in machines, not in prayer.

In the last three days of August it commenced to rain and roads were flooded and insufficient water sewers in the cities were overflowing. One man who had memories of the drought of years ago walked in his shirt sleeves on the main street of Phoenix in the rain whistling and saying “Ain’t it wonderful?” When the Old Pioneer went to town the average person scowled at him as if he had brought the rain because he had never been a Jonah of despair. I took these three days when there could be no 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 mile “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 treat me as usual.

When the farmer brought me new boots the other night, as three pairs had the left boot snagged. 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.

PRAY and WORK



Ade Bethune

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 of the jury, argued that everyone cut mesquite, and to the assertion by the D.A. that the law plainly 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 the five bore Spanish names. We stole this part of the country from their forefathers (other than the small Gadsen 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 bullet-proof 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 Hussey's for whom I irrigate. This year I worked eleven nights straight from 7 to 7 for Hussey and three others, having 72 cattle in my charge. They were there for show and they had to be clean so it was up to me to see that any fresh manure was removed at once. One man wanted to know what we fed cows to produce homogenized milk. I had a notion to answer a fool according to his folly to the effect that homogenized milk came from one teat, regular milk from another, cream from the third, and buttermilk from the fourth, but could not do so with a straight face so I explained to him that homogenizing was done by a machine and that cream was put through this process and thus "stretched" so that a big cream line in a bottle did not necessarily mean anything. These Jerseys tested from 4.8 to 6% butter fat, while the kind of milk you buy at the store is about the legal standard of 3.4%. My daughters were brought up on unpasteurized Jersey milk from our own cow in Wisconsin and had seldom been ill. I had worked in a milk plant in Albuquerque 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 which is just sufficient to keep it from spoiling for several days it may be on the market.

From midnight until 4 a.m. things were quiet, but there would always be a few cows that needed attention. On the second night I heard a disturbance and sure enough a heifer calf had

just been born. I felt at once to see if there was any remnant of the skin bag that had held the calf covering its nose to prevent breathing, but all was well and in an hour the calf was walking around. I lengthened the rope of the mother so she could lick the calf. It did not seem to know its own mother and bothered all the other cows, so it was taken away. Besides the milk was too strong and had to be diluted for the calf. A few rows down the barn, twin Holsteins were born another night, and they were a source of delight to the children.

One night I was surprised to receive a visit from Oliver Huset and wife. He had read an article of mine on the Doukhobors in RETORT in 1942 and had visited them in Canada. He had been a smokejumper in CPS for four years and had corresponded with me from Montana, but I had lost track of him in recent years. He was anarchistic, and we had much to talk about as he accompanied me on my rounds over the barn. I wondered how he had found me. He said that he heard I was in Phoenix, and, not finding my name in the phone book, had called the Internal Revenue Department and asked them if they knew of a person by the name of Hennacy who did not pay income taxes. My prayers for the tax man must have been of some avail, for they gave him my address obligingly.

My work was at the end of the barn next to the free show given each evening at 8:30. There were Hopi and Apache dancers, hillbilly antics, dancing girls, acrobats and jugglers. The girls came in and practiced their handsprings in the barn, but at the age of 58 my mind was on other matters. The juggler and his wife sat on bales of hay between acts. He juggled six Indian clubs with ease. In conversation with him I learned that he had been all over the world and had given a free exhibition in Atlanta prison, when Debs was there. I gave him a copy of the September CW with my One Man Revolution article and he was pleased to read other copies which I gave to him later. He mentioned that at Le Havre, France, he had put on his act for the soldiers and saw them with trunks full of paper money which was no good outside of France. He inferred that our Truman currency had not reached that level as 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 after 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 three quarters of an hour to wait for a Tolleson bus so I sold CW's on the street corner. One man who bought a copy had been head of the Holy Name Society in Los Angeles, but had never heard of the CW. He was much pleased to learn of such a paper. One Sunday morning, waiting at the Fairgrounds for a bus I was talking to a man who was the brother of a Universalist preacher by the name of Kenneth Patton, who had refused to pay taxes for war but had had the tax taken from his bank account. I gave this man extra 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 low wages in Arizona. I work for 75c an hour and some Mexican Nationals get 60c and 70c. Some of the men in the barn who worked daytime slept there at night. In the morning about 5 a.m. this vegetarian still liked the smell of the bacon 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 man, his backers in the state are ultra-conservative cattle, copper, cotton and citrus growers. He ap-

pointed a new manager of the State Fair who either from stupidity or from habit as a “free enterprise stooge,” awarded the contract for lunches for members of the school bands to a scab 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 Oraibi communicated to the Governor the displeasure of the Hopi towards the huge 60 foot kachinas 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 denoting 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 2:30 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 rebel village of Hotevilla, Andrew spoke for Shongopovi, and Seyestewa spoke for Mishongnomi. David, 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 might 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 false picture of the traditional Hopi after interviewing the stooge government employee Hopi. They tried to picture these traditionalists as crazy old men and as being subverted by radicals. In fact the Governor must have been advised to this effect by his conservative backers, for after the conference he called the interpreter for a private conversation and asked him if he knew that both the white man who had accompanied them to the conference and the Japanese who had driven them down from Hopiland in his car were anarchists who had done time for refusing to fight for their country. 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 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 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 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. 3, 1951. The following is substantially what was said on the air:

Mr. Brophy — I expect Mr. Hennacy, 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. Hennacy?

Mr Hennacy-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 apologists for the capitalists in this country cry "Communist" to call attention away from their own picking of our pockets Every step in the boasted high standard of living and "American Way of Life" that 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 the radicals such as these and their forerunners, Thoreau and Bronson 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 wage 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 we have a depression. Or the goods are sold in foreign countries less developed than we are. The quarrel over these markets brings about war which seemed to be the approved method these days of getting rid of our surplus.

The radical says that no matter what pious wishes and prayers we may indulge in, depressions and wars will continue in greater and greater devastation until we get rid of the capitalist system and put one of cooperation and production for use and not for profit in its place.*

There are various ways of accomplishing this aim. The Communist says to organize workers in political parties in order to gain control of the government and have the government run the industries under a Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Then the state will wither away and we will have peace and prosperity for all. At times when the Communists think they can succeed, they do not wait for a legal parliamentary change but use violence, as we did in 1776 to get free from England. (As between fellow Irishmen, it is a long time and we are not free yet.) The main thing wrong with the Communists plan as it works out is 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 Malatesta, the Englishman William Morris, and the American William Lloyd Garrison were also believers in the ethics of the Sermon of 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 no church and decry 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 action of non-cooperation with the 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 would die we would still have this problem of capitalist non-producing parasites living off the rest of us.

Mr. Brophy- Mr. Hennacy, 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 least 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 Communistic 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 connection 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 Marcantonio are listed as Democrats. However, if you were to check their voting records I think you will find that what the 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 product 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 truce in Korea. " If there is any truth in such speculation that does not sound much like a Capitalistic war to me.

Mr. Hennacy-Capitalism already dead. You mean it wants to make us all dead. Capitalists are the pawns of the bureaucrats. Nonsense! Does anyone seriously affirm that the President today bosses 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 or increased wages as a bribe to workers to make the munitions of war. (Just then when we were off the air Mr. Brophy asked me, "What's the best objection to your idea?" "Ask me how the hell I am going to get my ideas in effect," I replied.)

Mr. Brophy- Well, Mr. Hennacy, it looks as though you and I both agree that "our common enemy is the state," as Albert Jay Nock has written. As you say, the state does not just wither away. It grows, while the helpless citizen watches it grow, and as it grows in importance the individual citizen diminishes. I suppose you and I are what our Socialistic and New Deal friends would call rugged individualists. You, a Christian Anarchist, and I, a Christian Banker, if there is such a thing. After all, Mr. Hennacy, as an anarchist it is up to you to get rid of the state. What I want to know is how you are going to do it.

Mr. Hennacy- That's easy. If you want to change things you have to get 51% of the ballots or the bullets. If I want to change things I just have to keep on doing what I am doing, that is every day the government says "pay taxes for war. " Every day I do not pay taxes for war. So I win and they lose. The One Man Revolution -you can't beat it. The only revolution that is ever coming, as the poet Robert Frost says.

Mr. Brophy- I'm inclined to agree with you again, but when I think of the One Man Revolution I think of it in terms of individual revolution rather than in terms of political action. If, for instance, everyone in the country had a one man revolution himself and gave up greed chiseling, and the other vices that all lead to way, then perhaps the good world that you and I both dream about might come to be.

Mr. Hennacy- *Anarchists do not believe in political action. Anarchists do not need a cop to make them behave. Amen, brother.*

Mr. Brophy-Mr. Hennacy, *I cannot allow an anarchist to have the last word, so I will say, Amen.*

During the summer I received a letter from Carl Owen, a young man who came from a KKK atmosphere in South Carolina. He had openly refused to resist but no one in his vicinity had paid any attention to it. His state has a heritage of revolt, so perhaps one who did not jump when Washington called was not to be handed over at once. He had hiked to a Quaker seminar at Sedona, Ariz. and had been arrested and held for not carrying a draft card at the same spot where my friend Jack Hewelcke had been arrested for the same reason in 1946. This was on the mesa, just west of Albuquerque. Carl had read Emerson in high school and somehow got away from his provincial surroundings. He had played around with the Progressive Party, being on their national platform committee in 1948. A Quaker lady had sent him a clipping of my One Man Revolution article in the Sept. 1951 CW. Now in Feb. of 1952 he came to visit me for a few weeks before he was to report in Albuquerque for trial. We dug ditch and trimmed trees together. Carl was not a "sleeper" in the sense that the Old Pioneer meant when some one had called me on the phone and I had asked who it was and 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 anarchistic 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 a pleasant time together. He then left for Albuquerque and on Feb. 19th 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 where a prisoner refused freedom, for Carl said if he was for the 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 violated the law by refusing 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.

1952 Tax Statement

Dear Mr. Stuart:

I am refusing for the ninth consecutive year to pay my income tax. I surmise you are aware that my action is taken for the same reason that I have refused to pay all along; namely, that most of this tax goes for war and the upkeep of an unholy and unChristian social system. The philosophy upon which my action is based is that of the Christian Anarchist, who regards all government as based upon the return of evil for evil in the courts, legislature and prisons. Opposition to all government is therefore a necessary part of the daily life of one who seeks to follow the Sermon on the mount.

As all churches uphold the state, I do not belong to any church, but attend mass and pray for grace and wisdom because of my love and respect for Dorothy Day and Robert Ludlow, editors of the CATHOLIC WORKER. This was the first publication to support my non-payment of taxes. Its basis of voluntary poverty and manual labor on the land I accept as an integral part of my life as a revolutionary Christian. A hundred years ago the test of whether a person was socially conscious or not was whether he supported slavery or opposed it. Practically all the good religious people justified ownership of slaves by quotations from the Bible. Northerners whose fortunes were based upon the slave trade denounced William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist. (Garrison also was the first Christian Anarchist, Tolstoy having been encouraged in this direction by Garrison's famous Peace Declaration in Boston in 1838 in which all government was considered anti-Christian.)

Mr. Stuart, your ancestors, as well as mine, likely hid escaped slaves and helped to get them to freedom in Canada. The law said that escaped slaves should be returned to their masters, but good Quakers broke the law.

Today the measure of social consciousness is whether we support war and conscription. All thinking people must admit that the state is a Monster-a Monster of corruption and inefficiency, a Juggernaut that crushes freedom, that regiments us from the cradle to the grave, supposedly for our own good. Yet, while most, churches grudgingly allow members to be conscientious objectors they all, with the exception, generally speaking, of Quakers, Mennonites and Brethern, support war when it comes. And, with very few exceptions, all pacifists pay taxes for war. They may wish to do differently, but the reason they pay up is because they are so attached to the comfort of capitalism that they dislike to inconvenience themselves for an ideal. People who thus know better but do, not do better are properly classified as pipsqueaks. Peter Maurin, the French peasant, founder of the Catholic Worker movement quoted Samuel Johnson that "he who is a pensioner of the state is a slave of the state." The Christian Anarchist patterns his life after that of the early Christians. He does not vote for officials or go to courts to get even with those who may wrong him; neither does he need a cop to make him behave. He wants no social security benefits or pension. As Dorothy Day quoted St. Hilary on commenting on my refusal to pay taxes, in her recent book, *The Long Loneliness* (Harpers 1952: "*as he does not accept from Caesar, he does not render to Caesar.*" Instead of opposing war and the state most people fall for this BIG LIE.

Hitler said that if you said it loud enough and often enough THE BIG LIE could be put across. He proved it for the duration of his despotism, which fell somewhat short of the 1,000 years that he had planned. With our loyalty oaths we are adopting the methods of Hitler. With our lack of moral perception we double-talk on our Voice of America and throw our dollars over the world thinking it will cover up our imperialism in Puerto Rico and our continued despoilation of the American Indian. By calling the Communists names and linking up with the despots Tito, Chaing and Franco we are not fooling the starving millions of Asia. If all the Communists were dead we would still have the problem of capitalist over-production causing depressions and wars. Truman, MacArthur, Stalin, Churchill all vie in calling for

peace while preparing for war. Hitler and Mussolini said "Peace" too-again this is THE BIG LIE. Without the income taxes, paid grudgingly by most people, THE BIG LIE of the capitalist imperialists who dominate our lives today would endure but for a moment. For one person to refuse to pay taxes will not stop war but it may start a person here and there to question the whole setup of exploitation and the fallacies of THE BIG LIE which consist of:

1. *The assertion that preparedness prevents war*-The fact is that those countries which have had the greatest armies and the greatest preparations for war have gone down in defeat. Sparta, Rome, the Great Spanish Empire, Germany, Japan, and now the British Empire is on the skids. This country has become penurious at times because of the cost of armaments but its spirit has still been larceny minded. Accordingly after wars it has relaxed somewhat but has kept up the economic imperialism and diplomatic trickery which led right into another war. Today we are spending untold billions in upholding French and Dutch imperialism in the Far East and our war in Korea has been a farce no matter which way you may look at it. And we are making more bombs and getting into war deeper and deeper.

2. *The assertion that the majority is always right*-Benjamin Tucker, anarchist editor of LIBERTY half a century ago gave the answer to this illusion in unalterable logic: "If one man robs another, as does a highwayman, that is theft and is wrong. If one man robs all other men, as does a despot, that is wrong. But if all other men rob one man, as by the instrument of the ballot and majority rule, that also is wrong." In any moral issue the majority have always been wrong. When the matter is no longer in dispute the majority will corrupt the good by their sheer weight of complacency and orthodoxy, as William James has told us in his incomparable Varieties of Religious Experience. The strongest man in the world is not the dictator, but as Ibsen said, "he who stands most alone." Thoreau put it "that one on the side of God is a majority."

3. *The illusion that there has always been a state and that it is necessary*-This final installment of THE BIG LIE is so old that most people will die for it in the mistaken idea that they are helping themselves. In the Bible it tells us that, "in those days there were no kings in Israel for each man did what was right in his own heart." But the people wanted a king and asked Samuel for one. God told Samuel to tell them that a king would make their sons soldiers: "all the best of your lands and vineyards and oliveyards he will take away... you will be his slaves and when you cry out for redress against the king you have chosen for yourselves, the Lord will not listen to you; you asked for a king."

If we were not demoralized by our materialistic civilization and mesmerized by our chant of the American Way of Life we might be quiet for a minute and know that unless our fears and covetousness were not organized in a state they would never amount to 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 to keep power to make wars. It takes a state giving fat contracts and big wages to make munitions for war. When this Moloch devours our children in the next war we need not cry to God for mercy, for we asked for it. We have been warned and would not listen.

If, Mr. Stuart, after your thought on these matters for several years that I have been refusing to pay taxes here in Phoenix, you come to the point where you realize that “all is vanity and vexation of spirit” in this mad world, you may see fit to renounce your post as tax collector and join me in my exhortation to those who may not be able to live one more day as a prop to this dying system. Did you know that Ernest Crosby, who was Judge of the International Conflict of Claims in Cairo, Egypt resigned his job as a jurist after reading Tolstoy’s Kingdom of God is Within You, for which he was welcomed by Tolstoy himself? Therefore for those of us who can take it it is time to break away from THE BIG LIE. Take the first step in refusing to make munitions; in refusing to register for war or military training; in refusing to buy government bonds which are truly slave bonds; and when you get around to it, refuse to pay income taxes. No matter what we have done toward living the ideal we should remember the words of St. Augustine: “He who says that he has done enough has already perished.”

P.S. I earned \$1,701.91 in 1951. I sent my younger daughter at University \$1,260; spent \$225 on living expenses; and the remainder on propaganda. I owe \$192 taxes, and you may rest assured that I, as an anarchist, Mr. Stuart, will simply refuse to pay the tax and not resort to political influence to avoid payment.

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 my name 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 Hennacy’s acts are not within its jurisdiction. And the revenue collector says his office can’t prove Hennacy earned \$1,701.91, or owes \$192 in taxes. But that’s not all, unless Hennacy has attachable property, the only thing that could be done would be to assign a tax agent to trail him and levy on a day’s pay, or change from current tendered in any purchase, ’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 had 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 unmercifully 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 rules of grammar but go by 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 rabble rouser 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 notion, we can change our own lives in many basic respects and thus do that 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 this 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 for from 80%, to 90% of your income tax goes to pay for war past, present and future. As a conscientious objector in both World Wars I believe that war is destroying us and has actually created the Russian Communist threat. The poverty and misery of the Czarist Empire culminated in the First World War (with Russia on the side of the Allies) and brought the Communist state into being. The world wide destruction poverty and totalitarianism of the Second World War (with Russia on the side of the Allies) made

the Soviet Union a world power and a real threat to our military machine and our capitalist aspirations.

The Marshall Plan and our attempt to arm the non-Communist world has directed the hate and distrust of our allies towards us. By trusting in our own armed power instead of trusting in God we have created the very conditions which are helping promote Communist Russia: the conditions of insecurity fear and hate. The poor of Europe are tired of fighting. The wealthy classes there have used our money to retain their Asiatic possessions and to fill their own pockets. The "Voice of America" tells those behind the Iron Curtain to revolt and boasts of the freedom in capitalist America. But with our loyalty oaths and with the building of new concentration camps (two of them in Arizona), we are rapidly becoming a Police State like Russia. Here in Arizona even druggists must now sign loyalty oaths ... next it'll be undertakers and corpses!

This nation was settled by many folks from Europe who sacrificed everything to escape religious despotism and the tyranny of military conscription. While we have achieved separation of church and state we are more in danger of a military despotism than ever. The early Christians refused to be soldiers and some of them are official saints of the Catholic church for this reason. When they were thrown to the lions in the Roman arena they died singing. Truly "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church." Today most Christians join the Lions Club, or Rotary, sing "for he's a jolly good fellow," and die respectably of ulcers. They bless war, and their churches are built out of the profits of an unjust economic system. If we continue in this manner war and income taxes will be the death of us yet.

Do you pay your income tax because you are afraid of the sacrifice that trust in God and opposition to the state may involve?

I decided long ago that, while all of us must die I could choose something worthwhile to live for and die for. You might as well die for what you do believe as for what you don't believe. Remember that Johnson said to Boswell, "Courage is the greatest virtue for without it you cannot practice the other virtues."

If you want a better world you will not get it by trying to make men out of Congressmen through writing them letters, by voting for any politician since they all believe in war, or by expecting very much of a World Government composed of these same ignoble politicians. Neither will the mocking of God by saying prayers for peace while making munitions and paying taxes for war be of much avail. That kind of prayer bounces back!

If you want to think a little further about this, here are the first steps (you will know in your heart what is right for you); Study the Sermon on the Mount, and the lives of such dedicated men as St. Francis, George Fox, Tolstoy and Gandhi. Try to make whatever you do coincide with Christ's teachings. Ask yourself whether returning evil for evil in courts, legislatures, prisons and war is not denying Christ. If your answer is yes then stop doing it. But be honest with yourself. Don't alibi by saying you have to do this evil for your family's sake or blasphemously, for Christ's sake. Ask yourself whether you are a producer or a parasite. A third of us lead parasitical

lives as salesmen, 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 indoctrinate them into giving their first 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? If 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. 1952 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 Old Pioneer wondered if the Lord and the weatherman would favor me, on this, The Ides of March. The day was sunny and not windy. The first person to greet me as I picketed was my banker friend, Frank Brophy. It seems that in this society today the only free men are ones like myself who practice voluntary poverty and do not care for money, and the banker who 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 themselves or the 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 200 CW's containing my tax statement, thinking this would be more than enough. The first hour I gave away 100 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 a cowboy hat, appeared. Whether he saw my signs or not I did not know. As a fellow Ohioan I had written to him telling him that I would be picketing, and enclosing a copy of the CW with my tax statement. He may not have received the letter. I had told him that I considered himself and Supreme Court Justice Douglas as men who were fairly honest and not quite so corrupt as their associates, but that this was very faint praise, indeed, and that he was wrong in wanting war in China.

Mr. Stuart, the head tax man, whom the headlines this morning said would soon lose his job in the reorganization of the Revenue Bureau greeted me kindly, as did his wife. They had

read Dorothy's book and enjoyed it. One out-of-state tourist good naturedly wanted to know what my racket was. "The government that it getting the taxes has the racket," I replied. Several people shouted from cars that I should go back to Russia if I didn't like this country. My answer that I like this country silenced them. The same employer who always comes in his car and gives me a little rest by driving around the block came again today. A reporter from the AP interviewed me and said a photographer would be around later, and the story would be sent over the country. Ted Lewis, of the N. Y. DAILY NEWS introduced himself to me. He was with the Taft entourage and knew of me through his friend Ed Lahey, Washington correspondent of the Chicago DAILY NEWS, Detroit FREE PRESS and other Knight papers, who had interviewed the Revenue Department in Washington about my activities and who had written clever articles about my fight with the government. A reporter on the local paper, who had reviewed Dorothy's book recently, also introduced himself to me.

A local writer and radio broadcaster, who along with the demagogue I mentioned before, makes a living as a red-baiter, spoke to me for about fifteen minutes. I had met him at the Gerald L. K. Smith secret meeting. His group had announced over the radio that Dorothy, the CW, and myself were Communists, and when Dorothy cancelled her engagement here in 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 our 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 Molokon, and she said she was, mentioning her name which proved to be also that of my nearest neighbors who are Molokons. She lived near Glendale, on lateral 20. Only last week a Molokon couple who had worked for the Old Pioneer 35 years ago stopped to visit him. This was when the Molokons owned everything in common and had a common purse, living the idealistic lives they formerly had lived in Russia. This couple did not have any children and when the Old Pioneer heard them complain because their wages supported the huge families of other Molokons he said "The serpent has entered the garden."

Sure enough, although they went to prison as war objectors in both World Wars, or to CPS camp in this last war, their lands are long since privately owned, they sport big cars, and many of them smoke and drink and lead bourgeois lives like other people. Some of my Doukhobor friends have visited the Molokons here.

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 spoke to 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, so 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 bound by their bourgeois lives to keep on supporting the system, albeit griping 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 1951. 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 give 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 Hennacy.

"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 leave 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 naturedly. "You are a Communist and this Catholic Worker is a Communist paper and we don't like it," said the leader.

"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 my 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 persecuting 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 Gasden 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 explanations for an hour and did not attack me. They asked where I would be selling CW's next Sunday and I told them at St. Mary's and the leader marked it down on an envelope. As I shook hands with the leader and they were leaving, Rik and Ginny came in to take me to see the Hopi who were at their home. I did not know that they were coming so soon. They told me that they saw a gunny sack tied over the license plates of the Vigilante car. These men did not need to fear for I would not report them.

The next Sunday three very husky young men came up to me and in a surly manner each bought a CW. One was Mexican and the other two were Anglos. They pointed to me and at the paper and discussed the matter between themselves but took no action as there were too many people coming or going at St. Mary's. I told those who had been to beat me up that if they could find me on the highway or in the fields working they could beat me up if they thought they could solve anything by doing it.

Several times down town I met two different fellows who looked enough like the leader of the group to have been his brother. Whenever I hear of a person swearing in court that a certain person committed a crime I am very doubtful. I looked at this man for an hour and we are no more than two feet apart, yet I could not be sure of this identity. It is now nearly a year since this happened that I am writing and I have heard nothing more from the vigilantes. They were not especially vicious but had been told lies about my being a Communist, so they were not to blame for their action.

Work

It is a good thing that I like to do manual labor on a farm. A life of not paying taxes and of voluntary poverty, such as I have set for myself, requires work as a basis. To talk about the dignity of labor, of life on the land, of a vegetarian in his own garden, of refusing to pay taxes, and then to mooch for a living gives the lie to all conversation. The best feeling that I have had during the past year was to look at the two rows of potatoes which I had laboriously hilled just right and planted before a storm broke over the mountains and the driving rain made me seek the refuge of my cabin. It happens that I also like to write articles describing my life and my ideas. (I think better as I type). But the pleasure in writing an article or a book is outdistanced by my work in the garden and the fields. Working for a wage without enjoying the work that you do puts you in the class of the rich man whom some one has said is just a poor man who has money; you are a poor man who makes money.

John Goldstein has written articles in the INDUSTRIAL WORKER on Communities and the reasons for their failure. Nearly all of these colonies have failed because they did not look upon work as a pleasure. In some colonies most of those who came were looking for a life without work. In others, such as the Llano Colony where I visited for a time, and for whom my brother Paul made peanut butter for nearly a year, there was a dictator who knew little about having work done or planned efficiently. I have lived in a Single Tax Colony and visited the Doukhobors in Canada and none of these groups live anything near the ideal with which they started. Friends

tell me that two groups having a sensible idea of work still exist: the Rutterites in the Dakotas, and the House of David in Benton Harbor, Mich. A recent issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST tells of workers owning plywood mills in the Northwest, one mill employing a thousand workers. This exploiting of others, whether it is done in a cooperative or in the Bruderhof Colony in Paraguay where the natives are hired to do the dirty work, is not making toward the ideal.

During the past ten years I have had nothing to do with those props of capitalism: Rent, Interest and Profit.

All this leads up to the conclusion that for myself a life as a “wage slave” for farmers gives me a freedom that I could not conceive of in a community where there is no freedom of thought or action. Are these communities a refuge from the storm of the outside world? If so, as an active One Man Revolution I want no part of them. If their purpose is to show the world that communities can exist without the profit motive it seems to me that all they have taught the outside world is that they succumb to the gadgets of the outside world sooner or later. Today I spent nine hours pulling weeds in our garden and just before dark I planted two dozen each of eggplant and peppers. I work, but I eat freely from this garden every day of the year.

For the past six months I have irrigated barley often at nights 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 I 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 Hussey, my boss, 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 8th) I saw pickers in the strawberry fields. I had always wanted to do this work but have been too busy. They pay 70c an hour now, rather than by the basket as very few are ripe. I remember eating berries at 10c a quart in 1942 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 year around. If there is a big head of 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

Digging 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 bit smart,” I shouted at them. 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 car stop 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. A week later she wrote again and the cat was still there. In an anarchist society each one would be responsible 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 cars 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 this 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 rose 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 prizes, and burdened 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. 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 not listen 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 to. 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 good natured 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 laws 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 the CW is a Communist paper I answer: "Worse than that, it is 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 jeered 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 one Sunday morning after 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 the priest about it. They all bought a copy without further argument. "Is that the good Catholic paper that is sold on the streets?" asked a lady as I was selling CW's in front of the bus station. I replied that it must be for it was the only one sold on the streets. "I'm not a Catholic," the lady said. "I belong to the Grey Ladies and we visit hospitals. I have heard patients ask for it. I want ten copies. One professional man invariably hands me a nickel or dime for a copy but won't take it: "Makes me mad to read it. It is all true but what can I do about it?" For a year or more a certain elderly lady has pointed to 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, formerly, for years and I know 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!"

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 what 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 he 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 sewer worker from Seattle, a Mormon and a Wobblie, 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 actor who sincerely believes that there is no conflict between his religious phrases and attitude and his support of capitalism and war. His talents are a grade above the ban-joplaying vote-chaser. He has a pleasing voice and gracious personality. This could all be true and yet he would 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 God 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. (The best book to read on the Spanish American War is *The Martial Spirit* by Walter Millis. Also a farce, *Captain Jinks, Hero*, by Ernest Crosby.)

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 83% 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 belleyache always about government restrictions but they still lease the land from the government.) The Hopi have only 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 Navajo 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 meaning "Tis 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 rattle 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 jolted 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 timid anarchists prefer the word "Libertarian" for fear they will be called bomb-throwers. I explain "an-archy" 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." Yes, 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 tired radicals because we use our weakest weapon: the ballot box, where we are always outnumbered, and refuse to use our strongest weapon: spiritual power.

Culls

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 and 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 discussing 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 than 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 a great number of eggs were thus culled out. “Why feed the culls?” My boss said. Each day a dozen or more hens would die of “blow-outs;” which meant that the very efficient egg producing machine had overstepped 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 manure drive the next string of cows to the barn to be milked. Nearly every night a calf 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 calf, which being a bull I carried away and she never saw it again. For months she followed me and “moo-ed” 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 priced purebreds. My job was to keep a fire in a stove in the barn all night and to feed these calves eggs, 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 culls” 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 misfit. 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 a 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 Give-a-Dime campaigns, pensions and social security payments 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 booze,” 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 filth 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 stooges of 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 a very smart person to scurry 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 tracks, we who accept Lady Poverty have given up worldly goods, insurance, and much of our privacy. This cull in the breadline, this drunk or prostitute; this maladjusted and perhaps lazy man—all of these may not be improved a bit by our help—and yet one may be helped now and then. Ours is not 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, Malatesta, 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 culls. We make no mistake in thinking that because a man is ragged he 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 rich for the CW. I told him that he would end contradicting 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 Old Pioneer tells of stopping at a stand in the desert recently and being charged 15c 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 25c for one common needle in the old days when everything coming into Phoenix had to be hauled from Maricopa 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 count the purebreds, Tommy Manville, the dear old, DAR ladies, the useless royalty of Europe and the Maharajah's of India, our own inbred Du Ponts and intellectuals who have nearly without exception prostituted their talents toward the making of bombs. There is some hope that among the bums we may find a John the Baptist to carry on the work when we have gone. There is little hope from politicians whose integrity has already been purchased, or from the super-educated to whom a doctor's degree, a deep freeze and a television set mean more than fighting for a lost cause.

How will we then come to a sensible way of life? Without war work we would have a terrible depression. Hardly a person but will gladly earn this blood money! Hardly a person but will pay taxes for more bombs! The rich will not give up their riches and the poor will not give up their pensions (for the young will not help the aged, preferring to "keep up with the Jones's") The froth at the top has little right to scorn the scum at the bottom, meanwhile we who do the work of the world scorn them both.

The Old Pioneer remarked recently that Jefferson's plan of not having great wealth inherited was 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, for if he is any good he can 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 show our sincerity by our own voluntary poverty. No one would think of bribing us, for by our lives we have established the fact that we need nothing. We need not fritter away our 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 intellectual, the bum, and even the politician and the clergy may have an awakening of 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 not 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 which consisted of three mice. While I, as a pacifist vegetarian, would not cause the death of Brother mouse yet as an anarchist I have no right to deny Johnny the right to catch them... The old mules, belonging to a neighbor, which I have used for plowing the garden these five years, are now muleburger. They did not enter this incarnation legally, for they were not killed in time for the new government regulation which allows equine meat in weiners.

Molokons

Recently I went to Federal Court, as a young Molokon who lives a few miles down the lateral had been out on \$5000 bail for refusing to report to the army. Dozens of other young Molokons in this vicinity had been given CO status. Whether the draft board lost his questionnaire or thought they ought to be hardboiled I do not know. I had phoned a local lawyer who had handled Craigmyle's refusal to register case and he promised to come to court, but did not do so, his excuse being that he couldn't do anything about it. Judge Ling set Oct 7th as date for a trial and the Molokon will get a lawyer from Los Angeles. The Old Pioneer tells of how in 1917 he went to

the court commissioner with about fifteen Molokons who had refused to register. Two of them worked for him and he arranged bail for them. They asked him if they could sing and pray. The Old Pioneer doubted if they could but asked the commissioner about it "Hell, no, this is a court", was the answer. "You'd better let them sing and pray and not look foolish for they're going to do it whether you give them permission or not," said the Old Pioneer to the commissioner. So they sang and prayed. Now they register for the draft and do not sing and pray in court.

Irrigating

Today, May 15th I received a notice that I owe \$2.15 interest and penalty on my \$192 tax bill for 1951 and unless paid within ten days my property and wages will be attached. This is an old run-around and I am not worrying. 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 up 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 drought or not. Various crops need various amounts of water. In this two crops a 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 celery the most of all: 9 acre-feet. The average amount used by a farmer is 4 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 gradually sub 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 a foot deep. The zanjero has a measuring device 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 next 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 from 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 hot-footed it to make openings for the water to escape. There is a fine for flooding the highway. I always jeer, in a high-minded way, toward those who let water run into the road, and now I, myself, am the guilty one. 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 these past few weeks for the Navajos and Mexicans who tie carrots all night. Some camp in the bushes along the lateral, others come in trucks

from town. Little money in this work. As I was walking to a neighboring farm the other morning, 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, “la 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 articles 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 it on. The sun bakes 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 trench beside the plant until it subs up and moistens 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 unethical to sell anything from our garden. The work is a labor of love and not commercial so the produce should not be commercialized either; so we give away our surplus.

Whittaker Chambers

The Old Pioneer and I had read the summary of WITNESS by Whittaker Chambers in the Saturday Evening Post. Any Irishman detests 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 she had married but didn't know it was Chambers. As I read 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 time; and who had just enough knowledge and feeling of religion to use it as a cover for his weakness of character. I have met many tired radicals and those who have frankly decided that their radicalism was youthful folly so for the remainder of their lives they would eat, drink and be merry. I have also met former radicals who have become holy junipers, Jehovah Witnesses' and even Christian Scientists, but in each case they carried their radical sincerity and self-sacrifice into their new belief. I have also met radicals who have gone away over to the other side.

As I read of the life of the early Quakers I could not place Chambers into any sincere relationship with them. He did quit the party. 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 anarchist philosophy. If he liked life on the land he could have made a living on the land instead of accepting the 30,000 pieces of silver a year from that super apologist of capitalism and war, TIME Magazine. Whether all that he said about Hiss 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 vomit?” 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 bashful 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 sliminess, 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 slept off his spree on the pile of horse manure 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”.

The Real Issue of 1952

This being election year I thought it well to summarize the anarchist argument against voting in my leaflet given 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 way things turn out. The answer to the 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 these 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 stop 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 voting is 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 slaves of them, but still 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 rationing 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 unionism 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, is democratic only during that one day of the year that it meets, for the rest of the year delegated authority usurps the real democratic idea.

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 conscription, centralizing and consolidating power in the all-too-familiar pattern of today. This myth that teaches the right of an omnipotent 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 do not own the tools of their trade. Yet where 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 paid not in the terms of the worth 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 produced 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 destruction — tanks, guns, uniforms, battleships, bombers and the like. Before these implements of warfare became entirely obsolete, “practice” wars are waged as in Spain and now in Korea and the hoary alibi of “na-

tional defense” perpetually justifies the continued production 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 slump 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 before the stock market recuperated. And as for the truce talks which have lasted for more than a year, do you really 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 exploitation and war? Our technology today is sufficiently advanced that our forests, mines, mills and factories can produce commodities far more rapidly than the world can wisely use or consume 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. Tolstoy, Thoreau and Gandhi re-stated it and practiced it successfully. In 1952 it can still be stated that evil begets evil and that only good can over come evil. And while it is essential that we begin practicing that as a personal code, it is equally essential that we apply it as a people in our corporate acts. An objective analysis of the motivation and actions of the governments of any of the nation-states will reveal to what an enormous extent they return evil for evil. In our own country our national governments represents the largest single example of the organized return of evil for evil, both in foreign relations and domestic affairs. Since our national government has truly been created in our own image, it is obvious that the place to begin any reform of government is not by “voting for the good candidates” but by changing our own motivations and actions. As an instance of the satanic ingenuity of this organized evil, our government, in cahoots with the real owners of our economy has assumed the major share of paying for the “unprofitable surplus” produced by our economy and earmarked for destruction, and has reached into the worker’s wages through the device of the withholding income tax to compel the workers to pay the brunt of this “profit insurance.”

The withholding tax was scarcely two years old when President Truman secretly ordered the atomic bombing of Hiroshima on Aug. 6, 1945, just seven years ago this week. Six months previously the Japanese had sued for peace through the offices of General MacArthur. The terms upon which they were prepared to surrender were identical with those we later accepted on V-J Day. The history of the war reveals that during the months following this bid for peace we engaged in the bloodiest battles of the Pacific island fighting, climaxed by the most dastardly action of any war in history-that atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This act, which earned us the label of being the bloodiest killers of all time, was done in OUR name, yet we were never consulted on this policy of atomic bombing or even informed of our adoption of it.

I feel impelled to commemorate this infamous anniversary by picketing the local office of the Bureau of Internal Revenue during these seven days from Aug. 6 to Aug. 12. I might add that I have absolutely no stomach for food when I contemplate this monstrous act, so I am abstaining from eating for these days also. Were I only concerned for myself, I would not have prepared this explanation of my picketing. If you are still at a loss to know how best to challenge our

government's iniquity you might do worse than follow my example of refusing to pay income taxes. I have not permitted the government to collect the tax it says I owe for the past nine years.

I am fully aware that my message may seem too far-fetched to have any place in the world of today and, that in self-defense, you will wish to dismiss it and write me off as a crackpot. I would almost be inclined to agree with you if it weren't for the fact that we have, right here in Arizona, a thousand-year-old example of a people already living this good life, having had no need for government election campaigns, courts, prisons, murder or warfare. I speak of the traditional Hopi Indians who have found the key to living harmoniously together. The major sin they recognize is to try to get even with the neighbor who may have wronged them. Their wholesome culture rests upon each individual's complete acceptance of responsibility for the consequences of his motivations as well as his actions, and their keen awareness of the spiritual significance of life. In our culture the name given to this way of life consistent with the above mentioned requirements of the better world is Christian Anarchy. You can approximate it today, here and now, without passing the buck (through voting) or waiting for the rest of the world to achieve it. While it rejects voting for politicians or going to war, directly or through subsidizing its cost, it embraces that radical practice known as returning good for evil. Should you wish a free copy of my letter to the Collector of Internal Revenue as reprinted in the Feb. 1952 issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER, ask me for it, or send your request to my mail address.

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Picketing and fasting Aug. 6 to 12, 1952

Rik's varityper had broken down, so we had to work all night to get even 80 leaflets for distribution on the first day of my picketing. Byron 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 Maryfarm near Newburg, N. Y. He stressed also, "the 59-year-old Christian anarchist picketing in accordance with the Gandhian principle 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 on high 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 of Gandhi's opinion on this subject. My experiences in solitary in Atlanta in 1918-19 had taught me to really love my enemies. Therefore when I had fasted I had the most kindly feeling toward tax men and officials. By 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 4 p.m, the next day. Accordingly I had in mind eating a few extras that I could not get out in the country; 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 pm 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 harness." I did not picket on 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 clearheaded and lightheaded 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 lost. During the last 5 1/2 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 35c 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 she thought I was eating meals regularly.

On Sunday, I stopped to rest on a chair in front of the church where I was selling CW'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 CWs 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 Lahey 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 at my 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 4 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 at Cleveland, 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 right of legalized murder. (Selma and I had passed it on the boat in 1921 when we had gone to visit Ruthenberg 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 bankers 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 needle 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 dogma, went through all of the masses, compline, rosary, benediction 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 Tolstoy, Gandhi, etc. and among them saw this poem by the Protestant Vachel Lindsey, which I had somehow copied with the special one of his I liked, "The Leaden-Eyed." In this atmosphere of radical religion the one radical and the one religious poem fitted. Here they are:

The Leaden-Eyed

*Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
It's poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-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 doubt 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 marvelous hour
I am thy son, I know.
Once in a thousand days your voice
Has laid temptation low.*

It seems that no one had pulled 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 said some of the Matins 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 Communist 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 Willock, so Jim, a seminarian and Roger O'Neil, 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.

Whittaker Chamber Again

Several letters came in protesting my denunciation of Whittaker 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.

New York City, 223 Chrystie St.

Sept. 9, 1952

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 Communist 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 hard 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.

Regular bought and paid-for informers, like Budenz, do not deserve the attention of real Christians, Catholic or otherwise. Their mouthing of slogans indicates no prayer or thought. Your case is different for you have not exulted in your informing. It is difficult for any of us to understand ourselves much less other people. However, as you have handed it out by the hundred pages you ought to be able to take it, so here goes.

First, to introduce myself I will say that my wife, Selma Melms, and I knew your wife at the Rand School in 1920... (*Then I gave my personal radical history with which the reader is familiar.*)

My attitude toward Communists may be explained by saying that if any of them were arrested in Phoenix where I live I would picket the court at the time of their trial with signs saying:

"In Russia the enemy of the Worker is the Communist and the Bureaucrat.

"In this country the enemy of the Worker is the Capitalist and the Bureaucrat.

"This trial is Stalin's way; not Jefferson's."

In a frank and sincere spirit I would like you to consider the following questions:

- 1) How can you boast of a Messianic role of martyr, identifying yourself with the early Christians who refused to put even a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar, or seek to expiate your crime for the sin of being a Communist when with both of your hands you offer your clever mind and the body of your son to Caesar?
- 2) How can you expect the American public to leave their materialism when you offer them only a defense of that materialism against a rival materialism?
- 3) It is true that St Francis and Gandhi inched around and retreated before they found the path to sainthood but once they found it they did not blaspheme by calling evil good. You may be weak, and may have sinned, and may not aspire to sainthood but to hide your weakness and cowardice behind the facade of God and Freedom is sainthood in reverse.
- 4) The Good Thief on the Cross admitted his thievery and asked to meet Christ in Paradise. You continue your wickedness and are unrepentant.
- 5) You do not need to choose the lesser of two evils and uphold war and capitalism. You do not need to forget the plight of those worker whom you claim to have "humanized my soul for the rest of my life." You can still choose voluntary poverty,

life on the land, and dissociate yourself from both capitalism and communism by accepting Christian Anarchism. Does not the example of Jesus, St. Francis, George Fox, Tolstoy and Gandhi mean more to you than the acclaim of the makers of the Atom Bomb?

Sincerely,

Ammon A. Hennacy

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 stoolies 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 setting acquainted. I kidded Betty Lou and Pat, as I had Jane and Helen at Maryfarm for being too pious. 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 Hennacy in the conversation. Bill Ryan was in the city for a few months, having relinquished his job as editor of the I.W.W. 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 Eichel, old time CO of both wars, 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 Father Duffy in some 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 women 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.

The Old Catholic Church

A letter came from Archbishop Francis of the Old Catholic Church inviting me to see him in Woodstock, N.Y., beyond Maryfarm fifty miles. I had planned to visit Holley Cantine and Dachine Rainer in nearby Bearsville, so made the two visits at one time. I had corresponded with them for years and was glad to spend the evening and night there in their log house and beautiful wooded hills. They are pacifist anarchists so we had much in common. After getting lost up a mountain, Holley brought me to see Archbishop Francis whom he knew. This kindly, thin and agile old man was my match in conversation. Bob had told me I could only be able to get a word in edgewise. But he was not really that bad. He knew many old time radicals whom I had known. I had only vaguely heard of the Old Catholic Church. It started around 1871 when groups in Poland, Holland and England mostly refused to go along with the infallibility of the Pope. Other leaders had died until now Archbishop Francis was the head of the group in the world. There are about 70,000 members in this country. As I understood it these people were not radical but had meekly followed their leaders just as many others do. Father Francis was also a vegetarian. His big church in Woodstock was burned during the war whether by Vigilantes or act of God no one knows. He had moved to the edge of town on top of a mountain and built this beautiful small church decorated with wooden screens like the Middle Ages and other mood carvings. He also worked quite a garden. He had signs and pictures of St. Francis warning hunters not to kill anything on his premises which extended way back. He would ring a bell when hunters approached and this scared the game away. I attended mass that Sunday morning. It was in English. At the close he introduced me to his congregation along with praise for the CW. I talked informally to some of them. He had a friend drive us to Maryfarm where he thought he would meet Dorothy but she had just left for New York City.

I was not attracted to this small denomination because it did not seem to have any life, but I was attracted to the good Archbishop with his simplicity kindness and spirit of love. Coming back to town I visited for half a day with Hugo and Livia Gellert, old time radical friend. They were nonreligious and radicals, but not anarchists. Hugo’s brother had been a CO in World War I. They knew of my association with the CW and were pleased with my anti-tax campaign. It is good to meet friends after thirty years and to feel perfectly at home.

It was about this time that the “grace and wisdom” for which I had prayed for the past four years and the prayers of my good Catholic friends coupled with that Celestial Bulldozer of which I have spoken made it imperative in my heart that I should become a Catholic. I had written nearly 100 pages of this book before I surprised myself and friends by changing the title of the book to Catholic instead of Christian Anarchist. In the last chapter I tell of this in detail.

Chapter 11: Traveling

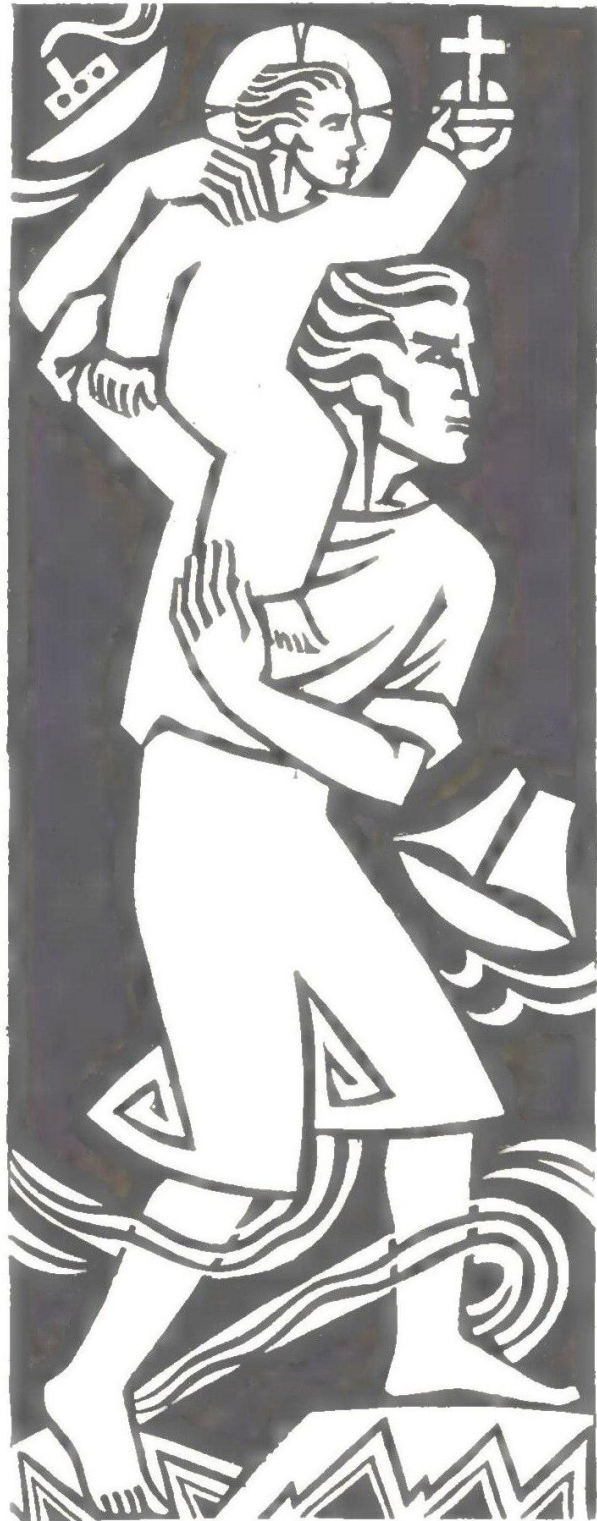
September 21 to December 16, 1952

(In the East and Middle West; to Phoenix)

"I didn't know the Catholic Worker had a right wing," said a 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 lesser of the Second and Third evils in the current campaign. We had a Pacifist Conference at Peter Maurin Farm, early in September, and Mike had spoken for the Socialists. He was practically alone among us anarchists. In defense he said that if the 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 Four Minute Man speech at the end of the staff meeting of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia a few days before.

Arlo Tatum, 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 them 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 Atom 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 manual 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 only changed masters. I repeated my anarchist argument, as given in the Frontispiece of this book. I ended up by telling of Dorothy's 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 Resisters 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.



LORD·HELP·US·TO·BE·CHRIST·BEARERS

Washington, D.C.

Here I arrived at the very minute that my friend Ed Lahey 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 Huston, the leader, thanked me.

I had written to Fred Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War in 1917 when he headed a 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 Heston told me. He works with politicians 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 Finucane 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 cold.

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 Cort 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, and knew Peter well. Dark and handsome Irish, Joe Dever came over one evening, and he and John received an antidote to 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 later came down with an article “The Charms of Anarchism,” for THE COMMONWEAL, 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 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 the problem. He had figured out somethings similar to my Love, Courage and Wisdom thought. Bob Ludlow had said that I would meet my equal as a conversationalist when I met Sorokin, so when either 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 justified. 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 Cort 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 Vanzetti, on August 23rd, and he was pleased, although puzzled at the connection between priests and anarchists. I told him of Peter Maurin, 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 rugged 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: “Stealing the brightness of Father Sun for devil worship.” He had sent me maple syrup at Christmas and letters 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 age and color were in the places unoccupied by books and bells.

One of the tests of a man is whether he knows how to prepare his own food, says Henry. Fire in the fireplace early in the morning, coffee boiled the old New England way on the stove, and a dash of Saturday baked beans greeted me the first morning. I played the Zuni Sunrise Song before Elizabeth was out of bed and together with the other nine records they were a source of happiness to the Bestons.

I had not known that Elizabeth Beston was Elizabeth Coats worth the poet. I read a book of her poems while there and liked especially the “Song of the Rabbits Outside the Tavern,” and the poems about nature. I copied seven of them to read to friends as I travel back to Phoenix, and I know the Old Pioneer will like the “Green Fields.” I was also entranced by the book of Fairy Stories written by Henry thirty years ago. The Beston’s, like all farmers, go to bed early, so for once in this last two months I did get the right amount of sleep.

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 Mott street. Yone's house is one of the very 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 architects 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.

Coming back to Chrystie street for a day or two, a new friend persuaded me to speak in Rochester on my way west.

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 gave out. One fellow argued with the cops and then got arrested for "beating up the cops." It is not 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 Anzilone, 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, and that most 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 interpretation. Next day, after some stray bus riding and phoning, I met the Thorntons, 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 buses I looked in on Mike Strasser's philosophy class at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, and spent the night with his charming family. Erica thought of me as a desert father I guess, and gave me *Desert Calling* about Charles de Foucauld. 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 Fr. Hugo and Fr. Meehan was the best that I could do in the rush of this Smoky City.

The next day I phoned the authorities at Chillicothe Prison and asked permission to visit my CO friend Carl Owen. I was no 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. Soltis, 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 the electric gate, which decorated the super-electric barbed wire enclosure, opened and I was on my way.

That evening I had supper with Father John Dunn 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 bald headed, so now he looked just a little older, and with that merry 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 said 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 me one to read on the way. I found it very interesting and a relief from the stool pigeon mentality of the Budenz-Bentley-Chambers type. Hyde put his anger 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 graded 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 Bromley's in Sharonville. He is leader of the tax-refusers and Marion quit a good job as secretary to A.J. Muste of the FOR rather than have taxes taken out of her pay for war. They still deduct war taxes in that organization which is dedicated to peace with a capital P. 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. 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 with my nieces and nephews and five sisters and 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 heard this 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 old letters of mine from prison days packed away, including 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 Sandin, CO and tax refuser, and strange as it may seem, a pleasant visit with the Catholic columnist of the Universe Bulletin who disagrees mightily with Dorothy and myself.

The kindly atmosphere of the CW house in Detroit and the cheerfulness of Lou and Justine Murphy and their happy children is outstanding. These folks are not very radical and they listened to my extreme message with goodwill. I had breakfast with my old friend of CO days, Carl Haessler, 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 1942. The cooperative feature of their farm which appealed in the lean days of the depression, was now dead, having succumbed to the big wages of the city. But Harold and his wife held forth 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 Tweedie Dum and Tweedie 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 Ann Arbor where I looked in 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 Beck, 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 I had a good visit with Fr. Leo Ward, Fr. Putz, Julian Pleasants and others that evening and a super breakfast-dinner at The House of Bread with Ruth Farney who had set up the ovens at Peter Maurin Farm. The good 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 Nuttings and promised for sure to see them next year. Later Father Casey loaned me Nutting's *Reclamation of Independent* 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 exalt 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 Melia'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 Maurin 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 had enough time saving themselves from booze without saving the world. With John Melia and FOR friends I met Elly Mayr of Vienna, Catholic pacifist daughter of Casper Mayr, leader of Catholic pacifists in Europe. Also a short visit with Father Teresivich, a gentle and also a radical priest.

In Milwaukee, I spoke in the Summerneld Methodist Church, where I had given a pacifist sermon from the pulpit at regular services fourteen years before. Al Cortez, an I.W.W., was the secretary of the FOR the first active Spanish rebel I have known. I said hello to my mother-in-law who was an old time radical. She is still cordial to me although she does not like my quitting a good and secure job for labor on farms and thus decreasing the family income. I met many friends and got 40 subs for the CW. I visited with Henry L. Nunn who read to me some pages from his forthcoming *The Whole Man at Work* concerning my activity. Several friends on the Milwaukee JOURNAL greeted me kindly as did dozens of my coworkers 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 is 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 Ells, 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 get 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. Mulford Sibley who had read my book on Christian Anarchism 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 our visit to old man Marquardt's at Grasston. "Weep and howl, ye drunkards" the old man had said to the court, explaining his refusal to register in both wars. He "judged no man" but stood adamant against the forces of church and states that made war. He made this braggart feel humble in his presence. In 1942 when those of us who were over 45 had to disrupt our lives (and our wives) by refusing to register, the eight Marquardt boys and near relatives who refused to register and did time in Sandstone cheered me. The old man had five farms to tend to, with only his wife and daughter to help. 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 Campus Bookstore, near the U. of Minnesota campus in Minneapolis. Beverley drove me there. Two of the Marquardt boys greeted me happily, and the older one stayed until 1:30 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 a knowledge of Catholic history for the St. Paul daily paper under 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 statesmen that the most complicated political situations can be solved on a friendly basis." Then they quoted my Love, Courage and Wisdom phrase-see page 126. At the end it said "Ammon Hennacy, 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 from the Pope on faith and morals, and on 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 advertised 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 Hole, was out of town so I enjoyed the hospitality of John McGrath, 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 Shorty Collins held forth. I had him speak in Waukesha in 1929 on "Stop the Next War Now." I was glad to meet Ivan Bean, who with Bill Ryan and myself, were the three non-registrants in Wisconsin in 1942.

My old-time friend, Francis Gorgen now lived in his home town of Mineral Point, Wisconsin. He came to get me, to spend Thanksgiving with him and his wife, Gladys, and the children. He had known Peter in the old days and had been to Easton retreats. This is an old lead mining region occupied by many Welsh. Wages had been lowered in the mines and the resulting strike was lost a few weeks before my visit. We had planned to visit Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin North, a few miles distant, but the group had moved to Taliesin West near Phoenix the week before. Here was the first deep snow and cold of the season and I left with a hunters cap and overshoes and mittens donated by my good friends. As usual the children enjoyed the Indian records.

Real tax refusers are difficult to find so I couldn't miss Walter Gormly whose car had been taken by the tax man a year ago. He met me at Cedar Rapids in a car not registered in his name and we had a pleasant evening along with a professor at nearby Cornell College who was interested in my anarchist ideas especially. I promised to speak to his class next year. Walter is a technician and an expert on efficiency for small business. He had done time in Sandstone, after quitting a good job because of the war work in the plant where he was employed.

Dave Dunn and Mignon McMenamy met me at the bus in St. Louis and I spent several days in and around the Pio Decimo press. I especially enjoyed the sung mass at Monsignor Hellriegel's Holy Cross Church, and his robust faith and energy. We drove out to see Cy Echele and family and met with Quakers and young Catholics interested in the more radical CW program. Father Joseph Becker, at St Louis University introduced me to his class which was studying unemployment. I stressed the fact that there was no unemployment on the land. He read some of Peter's Essays and we all discussed the anarchistic implications of the Green Revolution. A very fine man indeed was Father Becker. Before I had joined the Church I had often used the word Jesuit in the Protestant connotation, which meant double talk but now Father Becker and my memories of Father George Dunne in Phoenix gave the word Jesuit a new meaning.

Larry Heaney had been my especial good friend in the Milwaukee CW, so I was pleased to meet Ruth Ann Heaney and her children. Two of them resembled Larry. Marty Paul had met me at the train. We went over rough roads until we reached the farm. Here I felt at home among the oil lamps and wood stoves and cold bedroom upstairs. Marcy had worked hard with very little result until now he begins to see growth. Their four children danced around, bashful and happy,

Jack and Frances Woltjen came over the next morning and after a pleasant visit by Ruth Ann's fireplace they drove me to the bus. We all talked theories but we also knew something of hard work-and the loneliness that goes with detachment on the land.

It was nearly a twenty-four hour ride on the bus to Denver. I sat next to a boy who was going to work at the atom bomb plant in Washington. He had graduated from high school and looked hopelessly upon a possible army life. He offered no patriotic comments as I gave my conscientious objector history, read a CW that I gave him, but was bound to follow the line of least resistance. In Denver I was glad to stay at the home of a lady who puts CW's in the book rack at her church: Mrs. Kennebeck is a CW fan and the mother-in-law of my old friend Elliot Wager who says that my debunking of everything in the world, except the CW, at an anti-war meeting of Wheeler in Milwaukee in 1941 gave him the push which ended up 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 the FOR left welcomed me I had never met Paul Kermeit, who had done time as a CO, 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 Reser 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. Soker 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 in the country after mass early one morning, I did not at first recognize Lipa and Ernesto about 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 CW's. I spoke to Brother 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 Isleta Pueblo. 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 Dresser. Carmen teaches music here at the home of that cult to which she and Sharon and Selma belong. I had an extra fine vegetarian supper with her and the cult friends where she rooms. 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 dedicated life as does Sharon, and is gracious and beautiful. A boy in this home 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, Glori, 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 Catholics in the home of the grey uniformed nuns, medical missionaries next door to 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.

"Scabbing on the system," said my friend Peter van Dresser, as he pointed to the stone battlements built to hold his wind power 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 retreat, will prove that no one has to live in a town and be a slave to a boss but that every one can be self-sufficient. Sun, shade, water, earth, mighty cliffs, and not far away the magnificent Sangre de Christo (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 deep snow had come he hiked one afternoon by himself over a rough snake mountain with pack, lunch and compass.

On the way from Santa Fe, we had stopped a few hours for a visit with Father Cassady, 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 enthused to find a man of the cloth who had been raised in this vicinity, 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 cold and formal lines of the lights at the atom bomb plant at Los Alamos. This was a great contrast to the varied sprinkle 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 sought 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). Mammon 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 Hotevilla where he had learned of the death of Fred, one of the Hopi conscientious objectors 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 papers 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 hazy goodwill activities, the other extreme from the airplane 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-Chrystie Street-Peter Maurin Farm-Hutchinson, Minnesota)

"When will Ammon join the Church?" asked a friend, of Father George Dunne.

"When it get's underground. I suppose", he answered.

I felt that in ten years or more the capitalist or the Communist dictatorship 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 blest war could not bless me.

When picketing that Wednesday in August of 1950, 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 Ukranian 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 Hotel Biltmore the next morning to 600 employees of Gimbels. I knew what these confabs consisted of: they all got together and said: "God, Jesus, Gimbels! God, Jesus, Gimbels!" Pretty soon they were saying "Gimbels, Jesus, God", and finally ending up with only word, "Gimbels". It was the old Pie in the Sky racket. As the old I.W.W. song went:

"Long haired preachers 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 down in the village. Dorothy had mentioned about going there and I told her I didn't care about such things. Florence had tried to get reserve 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 Hotel Biltmore. 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 Bombs, 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 war-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 taunts 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 Corr, 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, Onward Christian Soldiers, with your permission Mr. Hennacy." "You fellows can sing it. I won't", I replied. Accordingly I sat stubbornly in front of them all while they stood and sang. I felt mean and I expect 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 stood the chance of going to solitary many times. One young fellow walked out of 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 Milwaukee JOURNAL commented on my stubbornness.

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 invited this Communist and family over to Peter Maurin Farm for the Sunday afternoon. That morning we went down to the old church near Tamar Hennessy's where they go to mass. The old priest had set aside a plot where Peter Maurin'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 already 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 teen-agers 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 wool. 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 intemperate bit of speech. 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 home-made baked beans and all the home-made whole wheat bread we could eat-with a few loaves wrapped up for the Communists to take home. The Communists had recorders with them, and they played all kinds of folk and popular songs. Without anyone requesting or suggesting it they commenced to play Christmas carols. None of us remembered to play The Red Flag. As they left the teen-ager said, "Ammon, 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 good manners as this.

Dorothy took them down to the bus. I looked around for something to read and saw a book on the table, *An Anthology of Russian Short Stories*, and of course looked up the one by Tolstoy. It was one I had never read "The Diary of an Insane 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 Tolstoian!

Dorothy went upstairs at once to read and write and I 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 bought Carmen and Sharon a red rose every day or two and had brought 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 that 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 I 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 Marxian Socialism by which I had gotten away from a bourgeois surrounding. God had brought them there to bless me by their kindness, tolerance and courage. It was as if Tolstoy himself was there, as represented in his short story, sent by God to bless me in my life 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 life of love and sacrifice, sent by God to bless me in a deeper spirituality. I was very happy. I told Dorothy about it in the morning and 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 upstairs from supper and was typing in the office. Dorothy was leaving soon on a speaking trip to the West. She called from the corner of the stairway. I looked up and here she was holding a whiskey bottle, half full, which she just retrieved from an "ambassador" who had thought 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 ornate St. Francis Church near the bus station, and as we left Dorothy placed the current red rose I had given her, with a prayer, to 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 would pay for his damn sugar bowl. Dorothy asked me to open her grip which was near me. She took out a towel, got some cold water and went outside and bathed the face of the "aggressor". Thus her 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 go in my search for spiritual truth. I had thought that I would read Karl Adam's book and the one *Lessons on Love* by Goodier published by the St. Meinard Press, the Catechism and other material, talk to Father Dunne in Phoenix and be baptized by Father Casey in the fall of 1953, when I again went to his Maryfarm retreat. I would meet Dorothy in Phoenix around Christmas and tell her of my spiritual progress. All that I remembered 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 it.

Two nights later I talked on Christian Anarchism at the S.I.A. hall at 813 Broadway. I did not enter into Catholic dogma for I did not yet know much about it, but did as I had done 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 in his denunciation of the 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 had admired 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 every way than the Protestants. It seemed to be so dogmatic and did not admit of any of the whittling away of doctrine like the Unitarians, where a good book review takes the place of religion, or like the Quakers where their witness against war sinners down to admitting such a renegade and open advocate of war as Whittaker Chambers.

With all of my wrong ideas about the Catholic Church, I was now committed in my heart to become a Catholic, so it was up to me to see what all their theology meant. I had always said that if the Catholic Church was from God then it deserved 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 my 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 had blasphemously called evil good. Naturally I had not known the Catholic doctrine and had been antagonized by the extreme hell-and-damnation Protestant teaching. I knew that an anarchist society could not exist until people chose to do good of themselves, and as I looked around among anarchists and almost everyone else, it seemed that there was an awful lot of meanness in the world. How come? Even if the Rousseau 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 Hennacy first.

St. Thomas in the Summa put 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 mumble jumble of holy water and criss-crossing, I now saw was the LITURGY, as the daily redeeming grace of Christ present. I blushed at the wisecrack I had often made when a Catholic mentioned Grace and I said, "or Ethel." I had quoted Giovannitti, the I. W.W. poet, to the effect that "The holy wafer is but kneaded dough... spit on their God." As a non-Catholic I had thought that the Holy Eucharist had a magic which dumb Catholics used as an excuse to keep on sinning, with the o.k. of the priest and the Church. I now saw that the priest might be fooled and a person taking communion might possibly fool themselves and those present, but God was not fooled. The sacraments were the actual body and blood of Christ. Whether Giovannitti, who was a fallen away Protestant ministerial student now turned against religion wanted to scorn both the communion of sincere 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 Hennacy 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 objectivisation of the gracious will of Jesus, a visible and perceptible T 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 dreary theology 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 rule worked right along with this idea of the hierarchy and against the majority rule 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 Sienna, and now the CW, to bring such a great light that there was a step forward despite the mistakes made. I was wrong to look at the corruption in the Church as being the whole Church and forget that within this great 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 whited 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 other 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's 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 for they could deal with God directly. Generally this was an alibi, for while they *could*, they practically never *did* get a direct contact with God. And by taking communion from the poorest excuse for a priest there surely was no attachment to a great orator or divine by which notice of God would be deflected. THE IDEAL. Adam says:

“Wherever a purely human ideal seeks to assert itself and men are taken captive by values less than the ultimate value, then the Church proves herself an irreconcilable opponent. “ And when the Church fails to do this it is also living up to its tradition for “it is a field of wheat in which there is much cockle, a net that contains both good and bad fish.”

As Cardinal Newman says, *“The Church is ever ailing, and lingers on in weakness, always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be manifest in her body.”*

FREEDOM... CONSCIENCE ABOVE ALL-Karl Adam says that a man is bound to that which appears to his conscience to be God's will, although the judgement of his conscience be objectively false. No less an authority than St. Thomas stresses this obligation of the erroneous conscience. Even in so vital a matter as a belief in Christ, a man would act wrongly who should profess this faith against the judgement of his (erroneous) conscience. He also says that the Vatican Council condemns blind faith. *“He is bound to follow his conscience and conscience alone.”*

Concerning pastoral authority, Adam says *“There is no absolute certainty that all the particular measures of the pastoral authority are according to the mind and spirit of Christ.”*

Therefore if I, as an anarchist and pacifist, do not agree with the prevailing support of capitalism and war by the clergy that is perfectly o.k. I do not have to agree with them. I have freedom.

There is also this dogma, that it is Grace from God and not the great brains of theologians and the hierarchy that have produced real Christianity.

LOVE. Adam points out that the supreme test was *"See how these Christians love one another."* So this is the best of arguments why those of us of the CW who stress returning good for evil and are pacifists and anarchists are really working with the spirit of the Church. How can those who bless the killing of Catholics by Catholics in wars love one another?

Adam says that many theologians become so narrow that they do not see the luminous torch that,

"The Kingdom of God is not a kingdom of the sword, that a man should forgive his offending brother seventy times seven times, and that fire should not be involved from heaven upon unbelieving cities."

Father Goodier says,

"Love does not always calculate, does not always consider pros and cons, is not always prudent, as some philosophers understand that virtue, does not always look for success, but once aroused shuts its eyes, 'gives and does not count the cost, fights and does not heed the wounds, toils and does not seek for rest, labors and looks for no reward.' lays down its life and does not think about it. Such a nature is dangerous? Yes ... it is the essence of all greatness to face what is dangerous ... The man 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 polar ice 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 wastrel 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 petrification here... thus the church has a message for men of

every age... She does not hesitate even to take over pagan ritual and pagan symbols, whenever 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 uncorrupted nature, belongs to God and has citizen 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 Jansenist 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 Feeney 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 he converted the 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 then into harmony with the whole of revelation, has consciously built them into her teaching and maintained them."

I could now see that if the emphasis on Christian Anarchism by the CW would cause the hierarchy to ban the CW because people were not ready for such an advanced spirituality then we could obey and by our prayers and silence work on the conscience of those sincere ones of the

hierarchy who became afraid of our message a little too soon. These who banned us would have to sleep the next night and in time might see that in discarding us they had helped the great evil of materialism. They really couldn't kill the spirituality of the CW or even smother it. We could cease publication, but never in conscience could commit an overt act of evil and actually support war and killing. 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.

I had always believed in purgatory so this was no problem. (The Mormons pray for the dead too.) And as Dorothy has said, prayers for the dead are retroactive.

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 a letter once to a vegetarian paper saying that there were two main sins: White bread and birth control. There is 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. Poor morals and very poor theology!

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!

Dorothy had not planned to be in Chicago but 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 question 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 meant giving taxes to kill in war, to spread hatred and lies 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 and 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 backwards and take up the sword. So to one who tries to practice the Counsels 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 "Rendering unto Caesar," Dorothy spoke up before I got my breath, saying, "The less of Caesar's you have, the less you have to render." After the meeting was over Dorothy, Father Casey and I meditated and prayed for a time in the church, and then, after further explanation as to the meaning of baptism I was baptized. It was all very sacred and solemn I saw that water, salt, oil-necessary parts of nature-were linked with my entry into the Church, and as Dorothy had told me once, sensing my objection to holy water, "All water is holy, it makes the corn grow for the Hopi."

Later that night I made my first confession to Father Casey. He encouraged me in my faith, abjured me to keep up my radicalism, and told me that he had baptized me "Ammon St. John the Baptist Hennacy." 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 Humphries, and went to Grasston, 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 CW 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 Monsignor Hellriegel’s in St Louis, meeting with Fr. Kutchera 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 Bechtel 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 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 piled on evil destroys itself, there will be those of us who will help with that real force, God, and be His instruments. (1953).

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 gracious spirit helped me that Sunday at Petey Maurin 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. (1953).

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 hermits 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 of the wrong which lawyers, church officials, and landlords did to the poor-and He drove the moneychangers 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 pip-squeak.

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 the added idea that He brings Grace to help us live according to His ideal through the sacraments, daily mass, and communion. (1953).

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 blest 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 they 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 worst in this respect. Witness the following from a leaflet handed to me while I was picketing and put out by the Palmcroft 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 13th 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 think that he denied Christ the fourth 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 I would not now phrase my opinion of them in the same harsh terms. (1953).

PRAYER- “The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” By the same token insincere 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 especially 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 when 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, Heaven and Hell in the accepted sense, or in bargains in sins according to rules set up, 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 doth 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 unsaved. I know personally of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops who have praised the radicalism 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 this CATHOLIC WORKER is the leaven it is not the only leaven for there are radical Catholics in France and other countries too. (1953).

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 the Apostles' Creed as to life after death. 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. (1953).

Chapter 13: Epilogue

“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 he 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 Atlanta, and 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 didn’t.

One Saturday afternoon while I was cleaning the Old Pioneer’s house for an hour, I noticed some teen-agers 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 value 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 “whupped”; they didn’t do enough “whupping” 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 whittle 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 his mind to tell 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 twice a week through February 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 Craigmyle 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 picketed, March 13th. 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 good naturedly inscribed it to "The One Man Revolution from a Pipsqueak.") 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 they had been called and he had nearly died at just 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 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 and Vice-President of the Old 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 under that auspices; they were glad that Father Dunne 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 industrialist who sought to commercialize the Valley as he had been 20 years before, when these local papers made fun of his "one-man revolution" saying he could not overturn the bankers who had control of the Water Users Association. The old man had denounced this control which they had gained by subdividing big holdings into names of dummies who thus gave them more votes. He got the rules changed and was president of the Association for 14 years.

They forgot to mention that in 1916, when the I.W.W.'s were driven out of Bisbee by copper owners, Mr. Orme resigned in protest from the local Rotary Club which approved this action, saying, "If they can drive the I.W.W.'s out of Bisbee they can drive Orme's out of Phoenix. To hell with you."

He it was who also told me when I offered to leave his place, rather than have him bothered with tax men nibbling at me for my anti-tax attitude, "stay here and fight them." He knelt to no man. Now, belately, 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 bel-

ligerent. With a soft smile he said, "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.

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