

CATHOLIC WORKER



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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

This is the month when we pray for the dead and read over again The Dream of Gerontius, and the teaching of St. Catherine of Genoa on Purgatory, who said that next to Heaven, that was the happiest place one could be because one is sure and secure. If the pains of separation are the most we have to bear, and they will be proportionate to our love, there must be great joy there. These are matters of faith, and a mystery.

Joe Hughes

When we think over some of the deaths that have occurred among us this last year, it is good to keep this in mind. Just two days ago, Marge Hughes called me up to tell me of the death of her husband. He had fallen on the street unconscious and by the time he arrived at the hospital he was dead of a heart attack. He was buried at Seneca Falls, his home upstate, and we ask our readers to pray for his soul. He came to us in 1936 during the first of the seamen's strikes along the East coast which resulted in the formation of the National Maritime Union. Together with Charles O'Rourke, Bill Callahan, John Cort, and Austin Hughes, his brother, who had been shipping out on the Great Lakes, he helped run the soup kitchen on Tenth Avenue which we kept going for three months or more, during the '36-'37 winter strike. He wrote a number of articles about it for the CW. When we were running the "Ben Joe Labray" column (after the fashion of the Roger de Coverly papers) he was one of many writers of that story of the jobs of a wandering worker which appeared for months in the late thirties in the Catholic Worker. I wish we could republish a series on poverty—those of the Ben Joe Labray (St. Benedict Joseph Labre) series and John McKeon series on "Poverty's Progress." Perhaps they may come out some day in paper back.

Stephen Johnson, for a long time editor of Catholic Missions under Bishop Sheen, is another old friend who died this year. He and his wife had a little apartment with us when we lived on Mott street in the Thirties and I always remember him sitting quietly in his corner under a lamp in the bedroom, reading Scripture. He is survived by his wife Mary, who was such a mother to all the young ones around the Catholic Worker. She is living in an apartment near Medical Center, and fortunately she has two other former Catholic Workers living in the same building, Elinor Corrigan Gosselin, and Kay Brinkworth. She will not be so alone. May he too enjoy rest from his labors.

Then there was Victor Smith, of Maryfarm, Easton, Pa., who leaves a widow and (is it?) ten children. There is another family, the Christophers and their children, with her on the farm, so she also is not left alone. Eve Smith was a refugee from Germany, and worked with us at Mott street and on Staten Island before she married Victor. They lived for a time in the city, but later moved to Maryfarm and Eve wrote a number of the Farm articles for the Catholic Worker.

And then there are those who were with us at Chrystie st. at St. Joseph's house of hospitality, Jim

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A Nuclear Pastoral

MANKIND IS IN DANGER AS NEVER BEFORE

By Msgr. JACQUES GUILHEM,
Bishop of Laval (France)

"But what if sentry, when he sees the invader coming, sounds no alarm to warn his neighbors? Here is some citizen overtaken by the enemy; well, his guilt deserved it. But for his death I will hold the sentry accountable."

Thus speaks Jawe, through the lips of the prophet Ezekiel.

As a bishop, I must acknowledge that I am one of these watchers in an advance post who will be held accountable to God for the welfare of man, the welfare of his body as well as his soul. We must be bold enough to say that mankind today is in danger as never before. Nuclear armament has suspended a monstrous sword of Damocles over the whole earth and over the heads of each one of the three billion human beings who inhabit it, and this terrifying specter cannot be dispelled like a bad dream. For the reports of scientists are there, dry, detached, irrefutable, bloodcurdling even in their estimates. Let us take a brief glance at the dossier:

We have been warned by Mr. Robert S. McNamara, the United States Secretary of Defense, that in its initial phase a nuclear war would unquestionably bring about five hundred million deaths, of which three hundred million would be in Europe, which is a considerable increase over the thirty-eight million victims of 1939-1945. Such a figure can be easily understood once we realize that a single hydrogen bomb "has an explosive force greater than the total of all the explosions that have been caused by man in the course of history", and that a rudimentary French atomic bomb is equivalent to fifteen thousand Flying Fortresses of World War II. How could I fail to recall at this point the frightful bombardments of London, or those of Dresden, which the German Fathers at the Council have described to me with such horror and which caused two hundred thousand deaths from February 13 through February 16, 1945?

And these were only phosphorus bombs.

• Look back at Hiroshima. On August 6, 1945, a single bomb, ridiculously puny in comparison to the ones we now possess, caused a hundred and twenty thousand victims, twenty thousand of whom, consumed by flames, hurled themselves into the water. Among the survivors appeared that strange variety of human being, radioactive man, doomed to this agonizing fate: to risk, down to the second or third generation, bringing abnormal children, infant monsters, into the world.

• We learn that a single twenty-megaton hydrogen bomb (which is a thousand times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb), exploded over Paris, would destroy all construction in a radius of fourteen miles, level most of the houses at twenty-five miles, cause first-degree burns at fifty miles, and produce lesions due to radioactive fallout at two hundred and

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TIVOLI

A Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

All Saints and All Souls Days have come and gone, ushering in November with full liturgical and seasonal beauty and ritual. Day after day goes by—clear, bright, mild. Now the colorful leaves of Autumn crunch under our feet, and the woods are redolent with a tangy pungence. But O November, where are your grey skies and clouds filled with rain? It is rain we need. Rain to end our long drought, rain to renew our diminishing water supply.

After the excitement and stimulus of our summer visitors and activities, the tempo of our life this fall is certainly much slower, more quiet, perhaps some would say monotonous. Yet the slower tempo has given us time to look about us, to try to assess what we are and where we are going. We are not yet out of the formative stage, I think. Moreover, if we are to call ourselves a community—and community is one of our aims—we have to admit that we are a most open kind of community, somewhat amorphous, decidedly heterogeneous. Whatever else we may or may not be, there is no doubt that we are a remarkably well functioning house of hospitality, with from forty to fifty persons living here enjoying good food and good lodging.

Much of the credit for our smooth functioning as a house of hospitality must go to Marty Corbin, the manager, who manages to keep cool in every crisis, and to those who assume responsibility for doing the routine, essential, daily tasks of farm, cooking, and housekeeping. John Filliger is not only our farmer, who kept fresh vegetables on our table this summer and early fall in spite of drought and marauding cows, but is also our unofficial superintendent of maintenance, who keeps the pump and the furnace going and looks after more things about the place than I could enumerate. As for cooking, dishwashing, and housekeeping, Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, Larry Doyle, German George, and Alice Lawrence play principal roles. Arthur J. Lacey, Beatrice Russo, and Lorraine Freeman help out in the dining room, table-setting and cleaning up after meals. Russ Bowers and Lorraine are also learning how to bake bread under Jean Walsh's tutelage, and are producing some very edible results. Lynn Rousseau frequently takes over the cooking, giving Hans a much needed rest.

In a new place, a place that is larger than our farm on Staten Island, there is more work to be done. We are fortunate in having some very capable new people to help with the work. Steve Kaune and Paul Rothermel are remarkably disciplined, dedicated, and cheerful young men, who always manage to keep busy. George Burke, Herbie Sund, and Mike Sullivan make a wonderful team for any task requiring carpenter and general repairman abilities. Recently they built a very professional-looking storm entrance before our front door to protect our large living room from winter winds and snow. Herbie's shelves have also added much to the beauty of that same living room. The shrine that George Burke con-

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PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher
MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:

CLARE BEE, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, THOMAS CORNELL,
EDGAR FORAND, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH,
WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, HELEN C.
RILEY, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ROBERT STEED, ANNE TAILLEFER,
EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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Gosselyn, Indian Pete, Josephine, and others who came in on the soup line and whose names we do not know. The year before, Tom Cain, Molly and Joe Roche died at the Peter Maurin Farm. And Molly and Tom are buried in St. Joseph's cemetery there. I will always remember Tom for little hermitages and meditation places which he built down by the brook at the foot of our fields, for his calligraphy, map making, his study of the stars and of botany, his interest in the liturgy and music. Joe Roche worked with us for years at Maryfarm, Newburgh and at Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island. He had been badly crippled in early life while working on a farm upstate. His brothers buried him upstate.

We all have dear memories of Molly. All the letters we got from one of our young delinquents on Staten Island who ended at Dan-nemora, mention her: "Give my love to Molly,—I remember her laughing at my jokes." When she was in Chrystie street she used to watch television at night from five to nine. When there was a comedian on the screen, I could hear the canned laughter, strange in the silence of a room filled with men who were going to sleep on the floor when television was shut off, and then suddenly Molly's laughter would ring out and the others would laugh too, because of her.

Here and there in my missal, my little office, lay breviary, Imitation, I have lists, some of the dead, and some of the living, and when I remember the dead at Mass I always add, "all those listed in my prayer books." Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

There are lists of saints in the Mass, and time out for us to remember the living and the dead. And my dead include martyrs on the labor movement, Harlem county miners, Memorial Day massacre victims, the five little children killed in Birmingham, and all those tortured and lynched by all our fellow human beings who give themselves over to those black forces of evil—of cruelty and hatred and lust for murder, which rise within them and take possession of them. Oh, God, you must—you will—wipe away all tears from their eyes, you must make up to them for all the agony they have endured, which their families have endured.

Even as I write the mail comes in and with it a letter returned to me marked DECEASED. It was a note I had written to Madeleine Kider, a former neighbor in Staten Island, so she must now be added to the list. She was one of our benefactors, coming to our aid when we were forced to buy the first house on Chrystie street when we had to leave 115 Mott street and could not rent another. Many

of our readers helped, and one of those who came in to the office to leave a donation was Madeleine, who offered to loan us three thousand dollars without interest for as long as we needed it. She did not have much herself, making her living by cleaning up and renting bungalows at Midland Beach so that she could live at home and take care of her mother who was bedridden with arthritis. She herself lived in one of the bungalows, a little narrow, vine-clad cabin-like affair, one of a row built before there was a building code, on tiny plots of land, put up mostly by the owners themselves. She had worked hard at manual labor, and she lived poor herself but she said that our paper made her feel ashamed at being a landlord and living on rents. Not many months passed before she came to see us again to tell us that in reading the Sermon on the Mount, part of which we had quoted in that month's issue of the paper, she had been struck by the statement that when one loaned one should not ask a return of the money, so she wished us to consider the matter closed.

Later on, her mother dead and her own health deteriorating, she decided to sell the few little houses she had and go down to a tract of land she had bought in Florida, west of West Palm Beach, and build there a place which we were welcome to use with her as a house of hospitality for any who needed a change of scene from New York. She invited various members of our Staten Island community to visit her, but they all eluded to the familiar community in and out of New York, so she had to work with the poor down there. She had had built for herself a small cement block house, divided by a breezeway, so that she could occupy one part and her guests, when she had them, the other. At first nothing worked out. She took a few alcoholic women but was not able to handle them, and they too preferred the freedom of their lives in town. Then she discovered the town dump as a place where one could encounter the poor. She herself retrieved furniture and lumber which others had thrown away, and during one of her visits, she met a little family: the wife dying of cancer and the husband and son trying to take care of her in the truck in which they lived. They were migrants, spending all their time in Florida, which is a vast state. She took in the family, and the woman stayed until she died in that little house set in a pine grove, so near to and yet so far from the homes of the wealthy.

Then she began visiting the migrant camps and helping the Puerto Ricans and Negroes who worked the crops, collecting clothes and food for them, and

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The "Spirit Of Freedom"

By TOM CORNELL

The U.S. Attorney in Miami, Florida, has instituted a federal court case entitled, with unintended irony, *The United States vs. the "Spirit of Freedom."*

On October 27, a twenty-four foot power boat called "Spirit of Freedom" started on her voyage from Miami to Havana. The crew consisted of five members of a team that had set out from Quebec on May 6, 1963, walking to Washington D.C., and then through the South to Florida. Their purpose was to reach Cuba with a plea for relaxation of hostile acts between the United States and Cuba. On their way through the U.S., the walkers demonstrated against military installations and planned to bring to Cuba the same message of peace through nonviolent action as they had in this country. Feeling that a direct confrontation of people with people could result in a more human approach to mutual problems, they considered their walk to be in the best interests of the United States, Cuba and the rest of the world.

The group applied to the State Department for visas to enter

The campaign against civil defense that the peace movement waged, from research to community education to direct action (Dorothy Day and several of our staff were repeatedly arrested for refusal to take shelter), has brought about the end to nationwide civil-defense drills and a marked diminution of c.d. propaganda. Direct action may be embarrassing, but it has been effective.

CNVA

Foremost among the pacifist groups employing nonviolent direct action for peace is The Committee for Nonviolent Action. The committee is a non-membership group of about sixty people who act through an executive committee. CNVA's first protest action took place in 1957 against nuclear bomb testing in Nevada. About seventy-five people held a vigil outside the testing grounds, conducted public meetings and distributed leaflets. On Hiroshima Day, eleven walked into the testing grounds to present their bodies as a living barrier to the continuation of the tests. They were arrested for trespassing. Bert Bigelow's report of the bomb tests so affected me that I still dream of them occasionally.

Those who went to Nevada felt that they had to present their concern for the future of mankind as it was being affected by the arms race and specifically by the tests then in progress. They knew that the unimpeded race for greater weapons of war, if not checked, would lead to world cataclysm. The tests themselves were killing untold thousands, some before birth, other through leukemia and related diseases caused by the increase in radioactive background everywhere on earth.

They had petitioned the government with telegrams, letters and messages signed by thousands, including many outstanding scientists. They felt that they could generate the greatest amount of pressure against the tests by taking direct action in a nonviolent manner and in a highly dramatic and visible way by offering civil disobedience and accepting the consequences, serving whatever sentences the courts might mete out to them.

In the following years CNVA grew considerably as more and more young people and old hands in the peace movement were drawn to CNVA's imaginative, creative approach. Demonstrations had to be dramatic in order to make any dent at all in the news media which try not to embarrass the government with reports of dissent.

CNVA Projects

In 1958 CNVA sent a ship, "The Golden Rule," from a California into the South Pacific bomb test area to "put a man under the bomb." The ship was stopped at Honolulu and five crew members were imprisoned for violating a federal court injunction forbidding their sailing into the prescribed test area. The voyage was resumed by the Reynolds family who succeeded in sailing their yacht "Phoenix" into the Eniwetok area before they were apprehended. 1959 saw "Omaha Action," the demonstrations against the SAC base in Nebraska. There were sixteen arrests and several six month terms in federal penitentiaries for those who trespassed upon the base to protest the construction and installation of intercontinental ballistic missiles there.

"Polaris Action" in New London, Connecticut started in June of 1960 and is still going on. At this point the Polaris fleet is nearly completed and no more Polaris submarines will be built. When this happens, the economy of eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island will be disastrously affected. Massive unemployment will result.

New England CNVA has now taken up the fight to save the fading shipping industry of New England by studying the needs of our dilapidated fishing fleet and urging a federal program to renovate it, creating jobs for displaced submarine construction workers. One of the richest fishing areas of the world lies off the New England coast. Fish from this source; reduced to protein rich fish flour, could alleviate the sub-human conditions of millions of people who suffer debilitating diseases because of a lack of protein in their diets.

Most spectacular of CNVA projects was the San Francisco to Moscow Walk, starting December 1, 1960 and reaching Moscow October 3, 1961. Walkers took their plea for unilateral disarmament across this country, then across England. They were refused entry into France. They walked across Belgium and West Germany. At East Berlin they were sent by East German authorities to the Polish border by bus. In the Soviet Union they had to walk in shifts around the clock in order to keep their time schedule. They held the only known anti-military demonstration at a Russian Army base along their route. They demonstrated in Red Square in Moscow and were allowed to address a meeting of enthusiastic students at the University of Moscow, where the students refused to acquiesce to the demands of the officials to close the meeting after one hour and insisted that the Walkers be allowed to discuss nonviolence with them another two hours.

The Guantanamo Walk

When CNVA determined to send a team of walkers to Cuba, their aim was to point out the mistakes and intransigencies of both sides, and to call for peaceful, nonviolent solutions to the tensions that exist between the two countries. The termination of the Walk would be the Guantanamo naval base, where they would protest the maintenance of a U.S. military installation on foreign soil where it was certainly not welcome. But to do this, they had to get to Cuba. The State Department does not allow U.S. citizens to travel to Cuba unless they are journalists on missions for their papers, or in cases of humanitarian nature, such as a child rejoining its family or a doctor treating his patient. The State Department did not think that the CNVA walk fitted into the humanitarian category. This brought up another cause for CNVA to fight for: freedom to travel.

The Magna Carta recognizes the right of freedom to travel. So does the United Nations Charter. The right to travel has been a universally recognized right under natural law throughout the ages. Only since World War I have governments, (especially totalitarian governments) arrogated to themselves the right to restrict this freedom. The passport system was originally meant as a system of identification for the protection of nationals of one country while travelling in another. But what governments register they may soon control. So it is with travel. U.S. citizens are not allowed to travel to Cuba, Albania or mainland China. Since this is an unjust restriction, CNVA felt free to violate it.

"Spirit of Freedom" Departs

The account of the confrontation between the "Spirit of Freedom" and the U.S. Coast Guard is compiled from first-hand accounts from crew members, Bradford Lyttle, the leader of the Walk, and Erica Enzer, and from Walk team member Mary Suzuki.

The "Spirit of Freedom" headed toward Biscayne Bay—and the open water of the Gulf Stream—followed by a Coast Guard cutter, a C.G. helicopter, two heli-

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SAINT NICHOLAS



Cuba and were repeatedly denied. They procured the boat, "Spirit of Freedom" in order to sail into Havana illegally. Shortly after the boat set out from Miami, it was stopped by the Coast Guard and taken back to Miami.

Many well wishers question the validity or the usefulness of such projects as peace walks and civil disobedience in the quest for peace. We have supported them for a number of reasons.

I have spoken to many liberals, peace-minded people active in such groups as the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, who would not give their names or their time to peace walks or to submarine boardings in New London, but who were so moved by the courage, the immediate urgency that motivated the demonstrators there, that they could not in conscience keep from doubling their own efforts in the safer but extremely important jobs of community peace education, lobbying, and research for peace. A poll taken at the request of the government indicates that the peace activity over the past six years has had little appreciable effect upon the attitudes of the general population, but that the attitudes of the intellectual community, which includes decision makers at every level, have changed significantly toward the peace position. The support given the test-ban treaty indicates this.

Report from Prague

By JEAN FOREST

My husband and I visited Prague this summer as part of a group of twenty American members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, including ministers of several denominations, four Catholic priests (two of them Jesuits), professors, writers, and housewives. We had come to participate in the All-Christian Peace Conference, the second to be held in four years. The largest delegation was from the United States, the second largest from the Soviet Union. Although Eastern and Western countries were about equally represented, the episcopal balance was a far different matter, with Eastern patriarchs, metropolitans and arch-priests predominating. Early in the week-long conference, good will messages were cabled to most of the major heads of state. The only one who did not respond was President Johnson, a fact which naturally embarrassed the American delegation.

During the course of the conference, our delegation had many discussions with Marxists, particularly regarding their attitude towards Christianity. Here are some of the things they said: "We think of Christianity not so much as a religion but as the message of Jesus." . . . "We are interested in the anti-bourgeois and anti-bureaucracy struggle within Christianity, since this is also a Communist struggle." . . . "A Marxism that would avoid the question of the ultimate meaning of life is unthinkable." . . . "Christ in this world is ahead of Christ in the Church." . . . "Marxism and Christianity are the greatest powers in the world today, but there are others in the world that are powerful too and perhaps not so concerned about human life." . . . "We think that if religion can transcend institutional limitations and instead concern itself with message, principle, and service, then it is no longer the opiate of the people." . . . "We reject a religion that pacifies the people, makes them think about other worlds, tells them to forget about this one. What is needed is the activation of the people, encouraging their concern for the world around them." . . . "We pose questions in all sincerity: What is man? What are human values? I am a Marxist. I am a Communist. I wish to go along with Marx and the class struggle. But in spite of this—and I speak from my deepest convictions about why I have come here—I am concerned that everyone should contribute to and work for the ultimate solution of the problems of human life, trying to be oneself and understand the other person."

The New Man

Some of the Marxists were enthusiastic about Teilhard de Chardin (although his books have not been published in Czech and must be read in German or French). They are sympathetic with his struggle against "Christian and atheistic pessimism." The Marxists are also striving for the "new man" of extended consciousness. There is an interest in Christian humanist ethics (we heard St. Clement of Alexandria mentioned in this regard) and in helping young people establish ethical standards. However, the Marxists feel that any Christian who wants to involve himself fully in the emerging society owes allegiance to Marxism over any other ideology. Many Eastern European Christians are outspoken in their belief that, on the social plane, Marxist and Christian can cooperate fully, striving towards the common good. The phrase common good was used over and over again in this regard. The prevailing belief is that Christians can and must strive to work for the common good within their own society, except when this society takes the lives or violates the civil liberties of its citizens (as happened in Nazi Germany and in Russia under Stalin).

Most Christians in Czechoslovakia, like most of its citizens in general, tend to accept the socialist government unquestioningly as long as it continues to treat its citizens decently and promote their material welfare. (Czechoslovakia is the most prosperous of the Eastern European nations.) But there are other Christians who enthusiastically welcome socialism. One of these is Professor Josef Hromadka, a leading Czech Protestant theologian, who was one of the sponsors of the Conference. At a private meeting with members of the American delegation, he said:

"We Christians are very much in danger of simply moralizing and criticizing and measuring people according to our own pattern. It is important that we do something more than that—that we understand one another's situation in historical, geographical and psychological perspectives, projecting ourselves into the minds and psychological positions of other people." He told us of the terrible suffering of the two great wars and of the great difficulty in coping with the enormous changes of today. "I was born under Emperor Franz Josef the First. Today I do my work under a Communist government. During my lifetime, millions have been killed, whole areas utterly destroyed. Even now we have not completely overcome the terrific suffering of the old days. It is essential to understand that we are living with something that has the imprint of permanence. The idea that the socialist 'experiment' is just something temporary is not true. You see many mistakes and blunders. We are still in the process of learning. And it is especially hard for Christians, psychologically. It is not easy to realize that it is exactly those persons who were not shaped by our religious institutions who have taken over. Yet we Christians must have a positive attitude towards what happened, seeing the mistakes in context, understanding the leaders of our nation, understanding their rejection of Christianity. We need a positive attitude because of our commitment to the Gospel, for the Gospel is something that goes beyond all historical and social changes. The Church in our new society has a great mission, a tremendous mission to fulfill, and we must carry that mission forward in a spirit of great hope and expectation. It would help us very much if you could understand our situation and seek ways of helping us—responding to the Gospel, which goes beyond all boundaries, systems, races and classes."

As to the specific challenges to Christianity in Czechoslovakia he said: "The spirit in our schools is secular and in higher schools anti-church and atheistic. But this atheism, you must realize, perhaps you do realize it, is not just our problem. It is not just because of Communism that it is here. It is a universal problem. Our leaders merely confirm what is in the air all over the world. For very often what we call religion and faith is just a thin veneer which doesn't really penetrate to the depths of life. Religion in West Germany, for example, is very well organized. The majority of children attend confirmation classes and must pass an examination in religion in order to be confirmed. Yet afterwards less than ten per cent attend church. For all of us, we also, this is a disturbing situation."

In his final remarks, this aged churchman spoke with deep personal anguish of the role of Christianity in the modern world and its response to atheism and secularism: "Christianity has for too long been an umbrella protecting us against the secular rain—and we have hoped that the rain would soon be over so that we could re-

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Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome:

CHRYSTIE STREET

By MARIAN BRASS

"Success is not the name of God" is a sentence of Leon Bloy's that Walter Kerell has colorfully chalked on brown paper and taped to the wall behind his desk. It was first quoted to us by a priest from Germany who was visiting, and it seems to sum up the Catholic Worker spirit.

Many fascinating and thought-provoking discussions of religious and philosophical themes have been taking place lately, among both staffers and other members of the family. This is perhaps in part a result of the stimulating ecumenical dialogue that was held here last month between Father Herbert Rogers, S.J., of Fordham University, and Rev. Howard Moody, pastor of the Judson Memorial Church. Over a hundred people attended. Other Friday night speakers have been: Hiroshi Uemura, formerly a social worker in Japan and now a CW member, who compared social problems and



welfare techniques in the United States and Japan; Ed Turner, one of our associate editors, who critically analyzed the Warren Commission report of President Kennedy's assassination; and Dr. Gertrud Luckner, a Nazi concentration camp inmate during World War II, who displayed slides and spoke on the topic: "A Catholic Discovers Israel."

As wintry chills begin to nudge us, we grow more conscious that warmth, like cleanliness and privacy, is a luxury and a privilege. There are traces of deep futility and dark despair inscribed on the face of each man who comes to us. The terrible apparent resignation to defeat is the quality that has made the harshest impact upon this observer. This quiet acceptance of futility seems to pervade the entire being of most of the men who wander in for a bowl of Charlie's hot soup or beg at our doorway for a pair of shoes and warm garments. The sense of futility staggers and lurches on the sidewalks, slumps in doorways, shambles listlessly and leaps recklessly into busy traffic. Behind the vulnerable masks of weary men, unmistakably marked by personal tragedy, one finds (if one searches with open heart and with courage) the spark of divinity and universal brotherhood. God knows, it's not an easy search. It's difficult and painful, the meaningful penetration of neglected beads, unwashed flesh, and all the telltale signs of spiritual and social impoverishment, but . . . the spark is there and those with enough vision will see it. "Every human face is a very special door to Paradise" is another significant reminder from Leon Bloy that Walter has placed on his wall. This

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Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Yesterday I cast my vote against litterbugs by stopping my grocery cart on the sidewalk and going out into the middle of Main Street to rescue two planks full of nails that those in a hurry to vote had neglected to remove.

Johnson didn't need the votes of radicals. My favorite fairy story is "Chicken Little," who you may remember, was hit on the head by an acorn, thought the sky was falling, and ran to all the other small-brained fowl. In their terror they were met by the fox, who told them to come into his den if they wanted to be safe. He then ate them all up. The obvious moral is not to fear Goldwater but to "lift up your eyes unto the hills from whence cometh your help." We must be true to our vision, and not become mired in the swamp of hatred and fear. Radicals who voted for Johnson were asking in advance for more Vietnam and Cuba wars.

Woody Guthrie

Utah Phillips and Cajun gave us a night of folk songs and the life of Woody Guthrie. Whenever clergymen come around, we start off by singing Woody's song about Jesus Christ, to the tune of "Jesse James." The last verse goes:

This song was written in New York City
Of Rich Man and Preacher and Slave.
But if Jesus was to preach like he preached in Galilee
They would lay Jesus Christ in his grave.

The other verses describe the clergy, bankers and lawyers deciding to kill Christ because he told them "to give their jewelry to the poor."

Bob and Bill were here for a few days and then left for the east. In Omaha, Bill was bragging about Joe Hill House and showing around a picture I had given him by Art Young, which depicted Jesus as being wanted by the law as a vag. Later he put it on a bulletin board in a Baptist church mission. When the preacher in charge asked who had blasphemed Christ in this manner, Bill replied that it was not blasphemy but the truth. He was thrown out the door, and took the picture with him to Little Rock. Bob is back here now and will soon carry our radical message as he travels through the West on freight cars.

The House

Darrell Poulsen's appeal for clemency from the death sentence is still before the State Supreme Court. Patricia Rusk, who was in jail with us in New York City in 1955 for refusing to take part in the air-raid drill, is staying here for a while and helping the cook. With fewer and fewer jobs at the employment office we are getting crowded. One man came with a bed roll from Eugene, Oregon, saying that someone there had given him this address. Folks have sent us some blankets, but we need more. This place can hold only about thirty-five men. A married couple came for a few days; the wife and Pat slept in my room. Father Pellegrino sent a Mexican who had just rented a house but had no food for his wife and nine children, who were arriving from California. Indians come in late at night, but curl up in a heap like kittens and are little bother once they get settled. Last night one of the men from the town sat on our front porch covered with mud; he had fallen twice into a muddy ditch. We put him in the small back room that had just been vacated by John, who had saved his money during the month he stayed here and gone to the state of Washington. A polygamous Mormon friend brought us a lot of small apples from his place out in the desert, so we make applesauce by quartering the apples with their skins on and straining the mess through a colander. After three years, I have finally talked a milk

company into giving us a gallon a day from their returns.

A local television station took a few minutes to film our place in action, and a radio man spent several hours getting the Cajun's story and mine. Utah drove Patricia, Paul and Cajun to nearby Park City, where five thousand copper miners went on strike in 1913. Joe Hill once worked there. They saw the underground cells, without windows, where prisoners were manacled by handcuffs to the walls. The manacles are still there, and you can still see the I.W.W. emblem on the wall. The new jail is upstairs.

Friends have sent me subscriptions to the *Commonweal*, *Jubilee*, *Ramparts*, and the *Catholic Reporter*. This last is edited by my friend Bob Hoyt, of Kansas City, Missouri. I met a priest from Ireland who is now stationed here; he had never heard of radical ideas. My book is being printed now. Although deer-hunting season delayed things a bit, copies ordered now will be mailed out by Thanksgiving. It contains 510 pages, with 40 new pictures.

The Election Campaign

The Democratic candidate for Governor was answering questions on a downtown street. When Paul asked him his position on capital punishment, the reporter who was taping the proceedings said that this question could not be discussed. Paul said, "Chicken!"

I took my card and a CW into Goldwater campaign headquarters and good-naturedly said that I thought the extreme right and the extreme left ought to have at least a speaking acquaintance. When the lady in charge heard the word anarchist, her feathers were ruffled and she seemed stunned.

"Sir, are you an American?" an extremely portly gentleman asked me. "Yes," I replied, "two hundred years back," for my mother's folks came over in 1720 to Barnstable, Massachusetts. I was prepared to be sociable, but they had no sense of humor and could only see Communists in every corner.

Welfare State

I have received a copy of *Minus One*, edited by S. E. Parker, individualist anarchist of London. I especially liked an article by J. R., on the Free Society: "The capitalist rat-race will have disappeared and to achieve this we must urge today's workers to get more and more out of the capitalist rat-race . . . The only freedom that anyone is going to see is that which he makes himself by his own efforts . . . All one can do is to try to live as one would wish in the reality of the present." There was also an excellent article on the life of E. Armand, pacifist-anarchist who died in 1862 in France, at the age of 90. As a young man he had spent six years with the Salvation Army. He had done time in both world wars, which is especially difficult in France. I had corresponded with him for years.

When I asked a man for some produce, he said that he could not understand why I did so much walking around and put up with so much discord. What was I getting out of it, he wanted to know. I told him that I had been a migrant for eleven years in the Southwest, and that there were many days when I did not have a job, even though my daughters were depending on what I could send them. I know that many men here have to find a rest between jobs. A non-church pacifist-anarchist friend likes to deny altruism and calls his ideas realistic. I imagine that he has met so many "do-gooders" that he does not want to be identified with them. As I have said before, there are pious folks who tell me that any charity I do is "filthy rags" unless I do it in the name of Christ, and that if I don't I will not get any merit in the after life. Christ has been my model ever

(Continued on page 6)

TIVOLI FARM

(Continued from page 1)

structed down below the chapel and the clearing and landscaping he did in the chapel area have certainly made an improvement. I could not begin to name the repairs that Mike Sullivan has made. Paul Lyga has also proved a very handy man about the house, and Fred Lindsay took over German George's dishwashing job during George's recent illness. Joe Dumenski, our hermit-sacristan, has built himself a hermitage in the woods so that he can enjoy peace and quiet and devote himself to prayer and meditation in a wooded place where all nature seems to urge one to give glory to God. Peter Lumsden has spent quite a lot of time working in the old mansion, Beata Maria, and has made one room habitable for winter. He has installed a wood-burning stove and chops his own wood from the fallen logs about the place. He likes to quote the old adage—A wood fire warms twice, first when you cut the wood and finally when you burn it.

Peter also helps out his friends, the Lehmanns, at the Ammon Hennacy Farm, and worked in nearby orchards and vineyards this fall to earn money to buy some much needed tools for our own farm. Rita Corbin works at her art whenever she can find time from family and community duties. Stanley Vishnewski keeps busy at his printing or writing, but always has time for a fast quip or a mirth-provoking joke. Peggy Conklin has challenged the weather and hopefully set out bulbs, which she hopes will make a bright showing next Spring. Agnes, our octogenarian, who is the calmest and sweetest-tempered among us, has more sheets to mend than ever, but now can sit by her window and watch the boats go by on the Hudson while she sews. Marty Corbin never quite catches up with correspondence and editorial work but keeps trying. As always, there is work for everyone, and everyone—though I cannot name all—makes a contribution.

Work alone will not build a community; play, too, is essential. In the evening, when Rita Corbin or Michael Cohen play the guitar, many of the young people, and sometimes some of the older ones, gather about to sing folk songs around the tables in the dining room or sitting on the floor before the open fire in the living room. Almost every evening there is a chess game or two going, and sometimes scrabble, Monopoly or other games as well. Some will prefer to read; others to sit and talk. Sometimes the happy laughter of the Corbin children will drown out the singing, as Stanley tells one of his famous children's stories. Out of such evenings, a community can begin to take shape.

All in all, the best communitarians among us are, I think, the Corbin children—Dorothy, who attends the second grade at the Tivoli public school, Maggie, who is in kindergarten, and Sally who is just two and a half and is never where she ought to be but always somewhere else, so that the air is almost always filled with cries of "Sally, Sally, Sally." Sally is independent, full of antics, and is a great favorite with everyone. But Maggie and Dorothy—who celebrated her eighth birthday the other day with a wonderful party—are great favorites, too; for they are lively, spontaneous, playful, with a genuine liking, it seems, for people of all ages and varieties. Without the children, this large house would be but a bleak and cheerless habitation.

Although we undoubtedly have a community in process of formation here, I think we might form a better community and do so sooner if we could have a good priest to live with us, say daily Mass for us, and help us build the spiritual foundation for a community. We are not too conveniently located for getting to daily Mass

here—since week-day Mass at Tivoli is quite irregular—and all of us, I think, would benefit from daily Mass in our own chapel. As Stanley Vishnewski intimated in the September Catholic Worker, we would be happy indeed if a priest with a few weeks or months to spend as he pleases would choose to spend part or all of the time with us. We have a room reserved for a priest; we have a beautiful chapel and the Blessed Sacrament. Of course, a priest does come in every two weeks to say Mass for us. This past Saturday, a priest of the Byzantine Rite said a beautiful Mass for us, in English according to that rite. Yet for the optimal functioning of a community, such as the one we should like to build, Mass every day is essential.

There is no doubt that our present home is a beautiful one, with a beautiful view. There is no doubt that we have here an ideal site for retreats and conferences. Yet though everyone—except for the hardy ones (John Filliger, Joe Dumenski, and Peter Lumsden) who do their own wood chopping—has moved into the main residence, St. Joseph's House, we still have heavy expenses. As a result of the drought, we were not able to put away much garden produce for winter use, and there have been certain expenses inevitably resulting from moving. We do believe, however, that we are in the right place, with the right view, and that our friends and readers will continue to pray for us and help us.

There are things that we miss, of course. We miss the easy access to the stimulating events and activities of New York City, particularly those of our own group at Chrystie Street or of related groups. We miss the frequent Sunday afternoon discussions and Days of Reflection held at Peter Maurin Farm and with which we have not yet made much headway here. Most of all we miss the frequent visits of good friends, who can seldom visit us now because we are so far away.

Since we are farther away, we are always glad when friends pay us a longer visit. I was particularly happy this fall when Peter and Mary Asaro and their little son Girard spent several days with us. The weather was perfect and all outdoors bright with autumnal coloring. Mary and I went for walks in the woods together, and one fine afternoon Peter, Mary, Girard, and I drove up to Maryknoll to visit Mary's aunt, who has been a nun in that Order for many years. Somewhat earlier, Annabelle Lund and her aunt spent a vacation week with us. A group of Maryknoll seminarians visited us one day and put in a hard day's work, which is a welcome kind of visit, too. Then one fine day in October, Dorothy Day drove over from Vermont, where she is taking care of her grandchildren. She brought Stanley, who had been helping with the children, back to the farm. Although she could spend only one night with us, we were certainly glad to see her.

Although the weather has been so perfect, we have had some sickness. Viruses have made some inroads among us; the chronic illnesses, which so often afflict the old, have caused some suffering. German George has had a serious ear and glandular infection. Shorty Daniels, who has Parkinson's disease, has been undergoing great suffering all fall. Jean Walsh, who is a nurse, always seems to have someone to look after or to take to the clinic or hospital. Sickness, however, is not our only problem. We have the usual problems of any group of people trying to live together, those inevitable personality clashes between persons of utterly disparate temperaments and background. But considering how many we are and how diverse, I think we do reasonably well.

On the brighter side of the pic-

ture, we are fortunate in having Bard College as a neighbor. Bard College sponsors a remarkable series of lectures, concerts, movies, dramatic events, discussions, etc., all of which are free to the public. Marty Corbin drives over frequently with a group from the farm. Several of the Bard College faculty and several of the students have also visited us. This kind of interchange helps to keep us intellectually alive.

But for me the most interesting activity in which we have participated is that of the Ulster County CORE group. Shortly after our arrival in Tivoli, Marty Corbin heard of this group and inquired about the possibility of our joining, since Dutchess County has no CORE. Several of us have been attending the meetings in Kingston. Michael Cohen, who is living with us and finishing his senior high school year in Tivoli, has been taking quite an active part. But Michael, for all his youth, is a real CORE veteran, since he started to work with the Brooklyn CORE group when he was only fourteen. This past Sunday, November 8, a number of those from the Kingston CORE group and several Bard College students, including Jim Peterson who worked with the students in Georgia last summer, gathered here at our farm to hold a Sunday afternoon discussion about CORE. Lou Smith, the Northeastern Regional Director of CORE, was also present, and he and Bill Jones, the secretary of the Kingston group, gave an excellent account of the origin and structure of CORE, some history of CORE activities, and an account of the Kingston CORE group's work to date. The group has undertaken a survey of the Kingston slum area, which, according to Michael Cohen, who helped with the survey, is as bad as any slum in New York City. They are also trying to find out what brought about the closing of the Kingston brick yards and trying to learn if something can be done about reopening these important factories. Eleven hundred men are being thrown out of work as a result of the closing, and the effect on a small community like Kingston can hardly be less than disastrous.

One wonders where the War on Poverty is being fought. Certainly Kingston seems to be the kind of situation where enough federal aid intelligently expended might make the difference between disaster and survival, might save the economy of a community and keep 1,100 men from having to go on inadequate relief. If only the right person could get the right word to the right politician. Local cooperative effort would undoubtedly be preferable, but that might entail more energy and money than the community could find. Meanwhile, 1,100 men must lose their jobs, jobs that help hold together the whole economy of a community, and many of the poor in Kingston live in tumbledown old buildings, without heat or plumbing, and with rats in the ovens where no bread is.

It is November. Month of thanksgiving. Month when we pray for the poor souls in purgatory. But who will pray for the poor who are with us? The terribly poor, who are never very far from any of us if we only look. O all you Saints and all you holy Souls, I beseech you, pray for them, the poor who are not dead, yet are not truly living, pray for them that they may have life in all its fullness of health, beauty, knowledge, work, and love and learn from these great gifts the everlasting goodness of God.

SOS

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CATHOLIC WORKER

175 Chrystie Street, New York City

Red Roses For Her

(In Memoriam:
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn)

Ed. Note: Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, died in Moscow on September 5th of this year, at the age of 72. Dorothy Day, invited to speak at the memorial meeting held for her in Community Church, New York City, in October, was in Vermont and unable to attend. However, she sent a message to the meeting, which was read aloud by Associate Editor Tom Cornell. Here is the substance of her remarks:

I dreamed of Gurley Flynn last night, and woke up thinking of how on Christmas Eve in 1957, Ammon Hennacy and I had gone to her apartment just off Second Avenue, which she shared with her sister. Not long before, she had been released from the Women's Federal Reformatory, at Alderson, West Virginia. Ammon and I had just come from the Women's House of Detention, over in Greenwich Village, outside of which we had been singing Christmas carols with a group of about fifty young people, a custom we had started the year before after the first of four brief sentences a number of us served for breaking the State Civil Defense Law by refusing to take shelter during the air-raid drills.

I had served a sentence of thirty days. But Gurley Flynn had spent twenty-eight months in a jail (I hate to call them "reformatories") far away from home and friends. Her sister had faithfully visited her each month. Ammon had brought a red rose for each of them, but it was really to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn that he was paying tribute. First of all, because she had valiantly endured jail many times; she had laid down her life for her brothers in this way. Certainly going to jail is dying to oneself, and living according to the great commandment of Jesus, who went beyond the Old Testament when he said: "A new commandment I give you." (Not only loving your neighbor as yourself, but loving him enough to lay down your life for him.)

In my dream I was there again with Ammon and Gurley Flynn, experiencing again her warmth, her equanimity, her humor, and above all, the purpose of her life. Her aim was to help bring about the kind of society where each would work according to his ability and receive according to his needs, truly one of the noblest possible aims in life.

I had first met her when I was eighteen and she was lecturing at some workers' hall in Brooklyn. I was a reporter on the New York Call, which boasted a staff of socialist, anarchist, and Wobbly reporters, in addition to trade-unionists who divided their allegiance between the American Federation of Labor and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who had stayed outside the Federation. She was a member of the I.W.W. (Industrial Workers of the World), that truly indigenous form of unionism and radicalism. There had been no revolution in Russia as yet, and the I.W.W. was fought as bitterly as the Communists are today. In fact, it seems to me that anything that threatens money or property, anything that aims at a more equitable distribution of this world's goods, has always been called communism. I like the word myself; it makes me think of the communism of the early Christians and the communism of the religious orders. In fact, the success and prosperity of religious orders shows how beneficial communism could be if it were practised for all, rather than for only those professed religious who give up family, marriage and personal belongings to devote themselves to the problems of poverty. But, as the Ecumenical Council has stressed, this is the age of the laity, and the laity comprises all those who are not monks, priests, or nuns, but just ordinary brothers

and sisters, in the widest sense of the word. Gurley Flynn was of the laity, and she was also my sister in this deep sense of the word. She always did what the laity is nowadays urged to do. She felt a responsibility to do all in her power in defense of the poor, to protect them against injustice and destitution.

On that night I first met her, she was speaking in behalf of the Mesabi Iron miners of Minnesota, who were on strike at the time, and her words moved the large audience to tears. She charmed us out of our meager money; people emptied their pockets when the collection was taken for the strikers. I forsook all prudence and emptied my purse, not even leaving myself car fare to get back to the office. (My salary at the time was not more than ten dollars a week.) In this way she aided countless workers — miners throughout the Far West, workers in wheat, lumber, textiles, all have benefited from her early work. If there had not been an I.W.W., there would have been no C.I.O.

You must forgive me if my emphasis is religious. Whenever Jesus spoke about the attitude man ought to have towards his brother, He always emphasized the problems of wealth and poverty. He told the story of the rich man who burned in hell while the poor man who had sat at his gate, sick and unemployed, was taken up "into Abraham's bosom." (How loving a phrase that is!) He told the story of how the men who came to work at the end of the day get paid as much as those who had worked since early morning. How different from the attitude of the associated farmers of California, who consider themselves Christians! And when people asked Jesus: "When did we see you hungry or homeless, or in jail or sick, and did not visit you?" He answered them: "In so far as you did not do it to the least of these my brothers, you did not do it to me."

The great English writer George Orwell once said that one of the greatest tragedies of our age has been the loss of a sense of personal immortality. It may sound exaggerated to say that Gurley Flynn's name will be immortal in the labor and radical movements, but it brings out the point I wish to make. Orwell spoke of personal immortality, and that is the kind people who have a religious faith believe in, because it is clearly taught in the New Testament. "If we did not believe this, how vain our faith would be," St. Paul wrote. It is the core of our faith.

I don't think anyone really wants to die. Unless, of course, he is in such pain that he seeks death as a relief. But not a person as vital as Gurley Flynn, who enjoyed life so much, found so much to do, lived so keen an intellectual life (not in a philosophical sense, but rather in a "sociological" sense), who loved so ardently—no, I do not think that she wished to die, to go into oblivion, personally, she herself.

She has long been in my prayers, and I really believe that one's prayer is always answered. "Ask, and you shall receive," Jesus said, and He also said that God wills that all men be saved. I was once told by a good priest, and have often read it since, that there is no time with God. That is a difficult concept, philosophically and theologically. But it means that in this particular case all the prayers I have said, and will say in the future, will have meant that Gurley Flynn held out her arms to God (and the word God itself means Good, Truth, Love, all that is most beautiful) at the moment of her death, and was received by Him. And she will be judged by the love that is in her heart.

"Some people cling to what is past; some, the fewer and braver, face the future; but to live harmoniously in the present is an almost superhuman task."

Caryl Houselander

"Spirit of Freedom"

(Continued from page 2)

copters carrying newsmen, a rented fishing boat (the "Escape") loaded with reporters, and a boat carrying a Ft. Lauderdale News crew and a CNVA observer. After 10 or 15 minutes the C.G. cutter hailed the "Spirit of Freedom" and boarded her for the 12th or 13th "routine" inspection. When the boarding officers asked where the boat was headed, Brad refused to tell them and stated that it was not their business to know. However, they noted the log, open to a page headed, *Miami to Cuba Voyage*. After the cutter left the "Spirit of Freedom," it pulled along-side the "Escape," and issued a summons for having too few life preservers for the number of passengers.

The "Spirit of Freedom" renewed its course toward Cuba and continued through Biscayne Bay for another 15 to 20 minutes before being stopped a second time and boarded by the captain and some of the crew of the C.G. cutter. Brad was at the helm; when ordered to stop he shut off the engines, pocketed the key, and remained in his seat. Lt. Mathieson captain of the cutter, stated that the "Spirit of Freedom" was under seizure by order of Aaron A. Foosner, Assistant U.S. attorney in Miami. A line was thrown from the cutter and the "Spirit of Freedom" was taken in tow for a trip to the Coast Guard station in Miami Beach—followed by the flotilla of observers and reporters.

Shortly after arrival, Commander Paul W. Welker, the commanding officer of the base, and his executive officer, Lt. Commander Howard Istock, went aboard the "Spirit of Freedom," shook hands, and then formally read two statements: "Your craft is under seizure and under the custody of the United States Attorney General." Then, after a pause, "Your presence here is interfering with the operation of the base. I ask you to leave." The crew refused to leave their ship.

Another Coast Guard officer, Lieutenant Johnson, came aboard with a crew who carefully inventoried, packaged and labeled all the boat's equipment. Finally they padlocked the cabin and even sealed the door with masking tape. When questioned as to the purpose of sealing the locked door, Lt. Mathieson replied, "To keep the genie in."

Both officers were pleasant throughout, and participated in some good discussions. Throughout the encounters with the Coast Guard, there was none of the tight lipped refusal to talk that is common at most military bases. When asked what he would have done if he had been ordered to shoot at us in our ship, Lt. Johnson just shook his head and said he'd rather not speculate on that; there are so many variables. He also said that the CNVA Bulletin was read by everyone on the Base.

One reporter asked Brad Lytle if the crew had access to the cabin of the boat. Brad replied that they did not and were therefore not being allowed to use the toilet. The reporter suggested that this might be the C.G.'s way of forcing them off the boat, which they had seized and which they now claimed as government property. Brad answered that just because a representative of the U.S. government had presented himself on board the ship with a piece of paper in his hand and had laid claim to the boat as U.S. property did not mean that the boat was indeed U.S. property.

He said further that locking the toilet against use by crew members—the rightful owners—and particularly with a lady aboard, was a low, dirty thing to do and, he thought, fell far beneath the dignity of the C.G. He also said that this showed the way the government worked to enforce its foreign policies, adding that he

hoped every radio, newspaper and television reporter would put these statements in his articles. (The Miami Herald did.) These were strong words but they angered no one. Almost immediately there was a conference of C.G. personnel and the cabin was unlocked.

Commander Welker thanked the crew for their policy of non-obstruction and then engaged in a lengthy discussion of the issues involved. He first made the point that the Walkers were making things hard for the men of the Coast Guard. Brad agreed that the quarrel was not with the Coast Guard but suggested that he complain to the State Department. The Commander's response was, "I have complained. They are not making decisions that should have been made hours ago." He then said that the Coast Guard spends 90 percent of its time on service actions such as safety and rescue and that the "Spirit of Freedom" and its crew had forced them to do things that are repugnant to them. The crew agreed and said that the obvious answer is to not do the things that are repugnant. He said that they had to obey orders. His unhappiness with the crew's situation was very clear.

For the benefit of the crew of "Spirit of Freedom" a 20 foot square area on the dock was roped off for their use as exercise area. Later the crew rigged a tarp over the cockpit as protection against the rain and were preparing to bed down for the night when an officer came aboard to state that reports were aboard that the Coast Guard had taken the provision's and were attempting to starve the crew out. He offered to bring food if needed.

Phil Leahy, a long time supporter of CNVA and a member of its 1961 San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walk, happened to be in the Miami area with his family. He had heard the news reports that the crew had been deprived of its food. He decided that morning to attempt to relieve the siege by bringing food to the crew members, even though he was completely without funds. His luck was good. He hitched a ride with a Goldwater supporter who agreed that the travel ban was arbitrary and unreasonable. He took Phil to a grocery store, gave him money to buy food, and delivered him to the entrance to the C. G. station.

At about 1:30 Phil presented himself at the entrance to the C. G. base on his "errand of mercy." He was refused admittance and told that nothing could be delivered to the crew of "Spirit of Freedom." He departed and told a newsman that he planned to swim to the boat with the food. Phil returned a second time to the gate to the base and again asked permission to deliver the food to the crew inside. When he was refused again, he returned to the bridge, removed his shoes, and jumped into the water with his bundle of groceries.

His progress toward the boat was slow and painful because a strong current was against him. The crew of the "Spirit of Freedom" responded with great excitement when they saw the head bobbing in the water; the response of the Coast Guardsmen was even more excited. A huge cutter, Cape Trinity, moved in close to the sea wall to prevent the swimmer going directly to the arrested boat, so Phil reversed his direction and swam between the Cape Trinity and another cutter. Some fruitless efforts to catch Phil with a boat hook were made, but the C64095 was successful in placing itself between Phil and his goal. Phil's response was to lob the groceries from the water over the intervening cutter. Most of the apples got through and were caught by the crew but a head of lettuce was intercepted and presumably filed as evidence. Phil finally reached the "Spirit of Freedom" shortly before he was totally exhausted.

fore he was totally exhausted.

The C. G. then moved the "Spirit of Freedom" back to its original dock. Shortly a group of C. G. enlisted men and a few officers appeared. After the formality of a request for the crew to leave, the officer in charge pointed to Brad Lytle and said, "Get him first." Thereupon, the crew was carried to a truck, driven across the small bridge, and unloaded outside the base. Bob Clapp remained at the entrance while the others returned to the house to get dry (it had been rainy), to get warm, to eat and to decide on further action. Bob stayed long enough to see the "Spirit of Freedom" hoisted aboard the buoy tender, Walnut. (Later the boat was hoisted onto a dock).

After a conference with the Assistant U.S. Attorney in Miami, protesting the seizure of the boat, Brad Lytle, Erica Enzer and Marv Davidov commenced a sit-in in the U.S. Attorney's office. Mr. Meadows, the U.S. Attorney, complained bitterly at this interference with office procedure. At 6 p.m. the sit-inners were ejected from the building.

Trip to Washington

On November 5, Marj Swann, Jim Peck, Ralph Di Gia, George Willoughby, Bob Hollis, Harry Purvis and I went to Washington to see Mr. Reis at the Justice Department and Mr. Abba Schwartz at the Justice Department to explain to these gentlemen and their associates why we think the "Spirit of Freedom" should be allowed to sail, with permission of the U.S. Government, to complete its mission in Cuba. We were treated very respectfully. The Justice Department representatives knew that they could hide behind the fact that they were only enforcing decisions made by the State Department, so they were willing to talk to us, about policy. One of Mr. Reis' assistants, Mr. Collins Flanagan, explained the law under which the boat was seized. Mr. Reis discussed with us the freedom to travel. He held that the government had a basic duty, historic and legal, to protect its nationals in other countries. We explained that we did not seek the protection of the government. That didn't matter. He averred that in countries where there are no diplomatic ties with the U.S., our citizens could not be protected.

At the State Department, Mr. Schwartz' assistant Mr. Bowdler, told us that the hemispheric policy of the U.S. was the isolation and containment of Cuba. Nationals of Latin American countries, he told us, were invited to Cuba and trained in guerilla tactics to subvert their own governments. We indicated pointedly that other governments (US?) did the same. It was our government's determination, he told us, to keep this from happening by discouraging Latin American governments from allowing their nationals to travel to Cuba. Therefore we could not allow our nationals to travel to Cuba. He didn't crack a smile.

Mr. Schwartz had respect for the Chairman of CNVA, A. J. Muste, who was not able to accompany us. He resisted getting into a really personal exchange about the Cuba policy, and insisted on speaking as an official representative of the government. He gave us no indication that we could expect a change in the Cuba policy, but we knew that there still exists some difference of opinion in high government circles.

The Future of the Project

It will soon be decided whether any further attempts will be made by the Walk team to enter Cuba. Perhaps the legal fight over the "Spirit of Freedom" will be the end. Readers who agree that the freedom of travel should not be restricted in this way should write letters and send telegrams to the President, the State Department, their Senators and Congressmen to let them know. Meanwhile we will await the outcome of the federal court case entitled, "The United States vs. the 'Spirit of Freedom'."

No Dignity Left in Farm Work

By SUZAN MANN

(Ed. note: Mrs. Mann, as secretary of the West Oakland Farm Workers Association, has been in touch with the farm labor problem at the closest possible range. The appeal which follows is a direct result of her experience in farm work in California.)

We the consumers are as much to blame for the conditions in the field as anyone else. You, Mrs. America, hop in your new car and run down to the store, you buy fruits and vegetables, you come home, put them away and think no more about it. You don't stop to think that the fruit we pay 29c or 39c a pound for, someone picked for half a cent a pound. Sometimes less.

We don't know and we don't care. No, not as long as we can sit in our warm houses, eat our well-balanced meals. We talk about the skid rows and the crime waves, and feel righteous when we give a few dollars to the poor. This gets us off the hook: we feel that we are no longer responsible.

Let's go back to 1936. What were you making? How much did your food cost? Your income has improved since then, and the cost of food has gone up, but the wages of the farm worker are the same. There is no dignity left in farm work. Did you ever think what would happen if all the farm workers refused to work? In two years or less, we would have a major depression.

No Way To Make It

The average wage of a farm worker here for a twelve-hour day is from five to eight dollars. From this is deducted the cost of hauling him to the fields from the cities: \$.75 to \$1.50. Since he returns from the field about 7:00 p.m. when the larger stores are closed, he must buy his food at a small store and pay an outrageous price. Then he rents a hotel room for a dollar and half to two dollars. He has to be back in the field next morning at four. What is left of his money? When the rain begins and winter starts, he has no work. He has no money saved to tide him over to the next season, nor does he get unemployment compensation. There is no way for him to make it.

These men eat in missions and beg for a few pennies for a bottle of wine. You ask why the wine? Did you ever sleep in a doorway with the rain beating down on your face? A bottle of wine makes it easy to go to sleep. It also allows you to forget that you are hungry, lonely and forgotten.

The women turn to prostitution or shop-lifting. Some of the more fortunate manage to get on welfare. But there is no place to go when you are a farm worker. When the rains start you are no longer of use to the grower or to anyone. The very sight of you is offensive. Somehow you make it through to spring. Here is what you can expect then. These are our actual work experiences this season in various crops:

Horsebeans. The average daily wage was \$1.52. The field was growing wild with weeds and nettles. The beans were few and far between. There was no toilet in the field, and no water until after 1:00 p.m. After working all day we had to drive into town to get paid.

Peas. The average daily wage for a 12-hour day was \$6.00. There was one toilet to serve two hundred people. It was cleaned about once a week. There was one water tank with warm water. One morn-

ing it was raining in the field, but the grower wouldn't let the people quit. They knew if they did they wouldn't have a job the next day.

Apricots. Our best picker made \$12.80 on his best day. He made \$6.00 to \$8.00 on other days. The bus fare was \$1.00. The grower would call and say that there was real good picking, but when we got there we would get only half a day's work.

Onions. The daily average was \$9.00. The bus fare was \$1.00. We have to charge our members the actual full cost of running our bus and station wagons, because we have no outside financial support and no cash reserve.

Bushberries. \$1.00 per hour. The temperature was 107 degrees at noon. Harassment by the foreman was very bad. For instance, they made us work in flooded rows and docked workers' pay without explanation. They did these things because they wanted to use braceros instead of domestic workers. The braceros will work like machines and not complain about bad conditions.

Cucumbers. \$1.15 per hour. The worker has to stoop throughout the day. When a worker stood up to stretch his back, the farmer would come over and say "What's the matter; why aren't you working? You're here to work, not to stand up." That night, he might be laid off.

Snap beans. The average wage was \$5.00. There were about three hundred people in the field and only one water tank, with a few cups, about a half mile from the workers. There was no toilet.

Pears. Maximum wage was \$1.25 per hour. This was good work, but it lasted only about two weeks, and we could place only a very limited number of workers in the pear orchards.

Prunes. The average wage was about \$4.50. At the end of the day the grower refused to pay our men, because he did not think there was anything they could do about it. They waited until long after dark and were still not paid. We are suing for the wages; our lawyer says that, to his knowledge, this is the first wage suit filed by a farm-labor group in California.

Onion Topping. The average daily wage was \$3.70. The grower wanted to withhold the wages until his entire crop had been harvested.

Squash. \$1.15 per hour. The foreman pushed the men to the point where they were forced to quit. He did this so that the grower could hire Mexican nationals.

What Is To Be Done?

You can help, first, by keeping informed on what is happening. *Farm Labor Magazine*, P.O. Box 1173, Berkeley, Calif., costs \$3.00 for a subscription of 12 issues. Our own newsletter is available without charge. Write *Association News*, 710 13th St., Oakland, Calif.

You can help, second, by accepting the fact of personal responsibility for this evil, and seeking your own personal means of discharging this responsibility. As one man puts it, you need to have a willingness, not to "serve" disinherited humanity, but to become a member of this portion of humanity. Social change has never come easily. It will never come at all unless each of us accepts the full burden of responsibility and strives to find practical means to make our own vision of what could be and should be become a reality.

THE BOOK OF AMMON

A newly revised edition of the *Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist*. (Copies of the original have been unavailable for several years.) With a foreword especially written for this edition by Steve Allen. *The Book of Ammon* is certain to stimulate reflection and provoke controversy, particularly among Catholics. Price is three dollars, postpaid. Order from: Ammon Hennacy, 1131 S. 1st W., Salt Lake City, Utah. Copies ordered now will be received before Thanksgiving.

Report from Prague

(Continued from page 3)

turn to the old way of life. But we can no longer do this, we can no longer hibernate. We would hibernate to death. The umbrella cannot help us. We would stay under it forever, even when the sun was in the sky. Instead, we come now to the beginning of the offense, leaving the self-defensive ghetto. And what is it we carry, what is our burden? It is this. Christ is the Lord of History. He is all in all. And He is in the Communists. It is not the Communists who will decide whether we will live. It is Our Lord. Our fatalistic cowardice is shocking. Our pious attitude is without responsibility."

Memories of War

The most serious shortcoming of the Conference was the ignorance of and lack of interest in, non-violent resistance, especially among Christians from Eastern Europe. Having suffered so terribly in the course of this century, they could not conceive that defense through non-violent resistance is possible. In Czechoslovakia (and surely it is the same in Soviet Union and throughout Eastern Europe), fear of Germany is a vivid reality. The wholesale slaughter that occurred during the Occupation will never be forgotten. Prague is dotted with tiny memorial plaques marking the spots where one resistance fighter or a group of them were stood up against the wall and shot. Deep bullet holes still scarred the stone on the side of a Russian Orthodox church, a chilling reminder of the war years. Although most Czechs can speak German, many of them refuse to use the language and frown upon those who do. They seem to consider Nazism inherent in the German character, and they cannot help feeling that current German aspirations to democratic practice are nothing but an expedient sham. The difficulty in conducting a dialogue in the area of non-violence is aggravated by the dearth of material in print on the subject throughout the Soviet Union and the rest of Eastern Europe. Gandhi's autobiography and other basic writings are unavailable. As long as there is a paper shortage and the state has the final say as to what gets printed, it is unlikely that the Eastern governments will print any more on non-violent approaches to international conflict than the United States Government Printing Office does.

There is some anti-Soviet feeling in Prague, although it is negligible compared to the fear of Germany. During our visit a youth festival was in progress and tiny pairs of Czech and Soviet flags had been put up around the city. Here and there we noticed that the Soviet red flag had been turned upside down. But this feeling seemed to have more to do with culture than with economic theories. The Russians are often considered Hicks and uninitiated bumpkins. There is some mistrust of the regime; this is basically anti-bureaucratic sentiment, which we all sympathized with. Perhaps the most discussed question in Prague was: "How shall we get rid of bureaucracy and personalize our government?"

Church attendance, in Catholic and Orthodox churches, we soon discovered, is very low. The day after we arrived, we attended a Sunday mass and found only a few elderly people present. We discovered on the following Sunday that the Orthodox church had much the same problem, even though there happened to be a patriarch and several visiting metropolitans present. There were only about forty-five people in the congregation, most of them over fifty. Unfortunately, we were able to attend only one Protestant ceremony, a Sunday night service on the eve of the commemoration of

the martyrdom of Jan Hus. (The Council of Constance condemned Hus as a heretic, and he was burned at the stake in 1415.) Even though the main worship service had been held in the morning, the Twelfth Century church of St. Martin-in-the-Wall was filled to capacity, with people forced to stand along all the walls, many of them completely out of view of the ceremonies. There were no hymnals, and everybody sang from memory, with enormous vitality, filling the church with song so that it seemed held up by the fervor of their voices alone. Several members of our group, including a Catholic priest, preached or spoke at the service—a real breakthrough. Although there were quite a few young people, they were again in the minority. One student told us afterward that many who ordinarily attended had summer jobs outside the city. The revival in the Czech Protestant Churches we had heard about seemed clearly in evidence.

Living Conditions

The people in the streets, especially the younger ones, were extraordinarily friendly and anxious to know about our lives in America. Students compete keenly for advanced courses in English. The second language currently taught in the schools is Russian. Many of the middle-aged women are untrained (because of the lack of education for women in the pre-Marxist era) and these make up the bulk of the unskilled workers, such as trolley car conductors, sanitation workers, and storekeepers. (Despite their prevalence, there is rather a serious shortage of unskilled labor. The people found it hard to believe that any country could really have sizable unemployment, especially a country like America. Of course, the full employment in Czechoslovakia is due partly to the fact that the degree of automation has not proceeded very far.) State nurseries, staffed by professional trained personnel, care for the children of working mothers during the day. Maternity leave and benefits are amply provided. I kept wishing that such facilities existed in my neighborhood for those who desired them.

The cultural renaissance is apparent everywhere in Prague. Even street signs and grocery displays were beautifully and imaginatively presented. Many operas are performed—both modern and traditional. We were captivated by *Laterna Magika*, the experimental medium (recently shown in New York) that combines theater with films. Despite the present relaxation, this is still tension over censorship. Only recently has Franz Kafka been honored—officially—in his own land. His books had not been published there for years, not doubt because of official sensitivity to his unrelenting attack on bureaucracy and depersonalization; they are still not printed in sufficient quantity and are sold out on the date of publication. While we were there a Kafka festival was in progress and handsome posters advertising the Festival dotted billboards everywhere. The general shortage of books remains a source of great frustration to intellectuals.

Although the standard of living is quite decent, most luxury consumer goods are not within the price range of the public. There seemed to be meat and vegetable shortages while we were there, and the dominant diet was starchy: potatoes, dumplings (a Czech treat) and marvelous pastries.

Weatherbeaten by the vicissitudes of history, the Czechs have managed to emerge as the creative, peace-hungry, lively, human force they constitute. Their political system is gradually assuming the mold of the national character. The great hopes of the people rest in the bright faces of the children, who are everywhere.



Joe Hill House

(Continued from page 3)

since I became a Christian while in solitary confinement in 1918, but I dislike being associated with the Boy Scout idea of doing good for reward, so I tend not to admit that I do anything "for Christ's sake."

Ecumenical Meeting

Dr. Christensen, of the Mormon Institute, introduced the speaker at a recent ecumenical meeting on "Death and the Hereafter." Rabbi Relkin said that most Jews, including himself, do not believe in any life after death. He said that we live on in the reputations we have made, whether for good or evil, such as Socrates and Hitler. Or else we live on in our children or in the books we have written. The Pharisees believed that there would be life after death when Redemption by the Messiah took place, but he has not yet come. Father Sweeney, of the University Newman Club, gave a conventional Catholic sermon, good if you already believed, but which had little meaning for others. During the question period he was asked if an agnostic can go to heaven. His answer was one that would not have been given before Pope John, although it had been said quietly in radical Catholic circles. It was to the effect that since Catholics have given such an inadequate message, an outsider cannot be blamed for having refused it, and that therefore if he has led a sincerely good life, he will go to Heaven without having accepted any church. He also mentioned the starving people of the world, to whom we have given theology instead of food. This baptism of desire was not mentioned by the Greek Orthodox Father Isaiah, who gave the traditional message that Adam was responsible for death having come into the world, but that there is no power of death over the soul. Therefore we should pray for the souls of the dead, whose fate will be decided on Judgment Day. Father Brown, the Episcopal chaplain at the University, said that we do not know much about death, and that life hereafter is not bound by time and space. If we live well here, we are doing all we can. Lowell Bennion, the Assistant Dean of Men at the University, spoke for the Mormons. As usual at such gatherings, he was the best speaker. At the last session of the legislature, he argued against capital punishment before a senate committee. The Mormons do not believe in Hell. They say that sin brings its own punishment here and now. If our lives here are good our lives in Heaven will be better, with a spiritualized family life.

Bakunin said that anyone who had comprehended the extent of exploitation and misery in the world could do one of three things: get drunk, get religion (the only kind he knew emphasized pie-in-the-sky and remaining content with earthy destitution), or become a revolutionist. We Christian anarchists have improved on Bakunin by accepting Christ as a rebel, and being for the true revolution on this earth in the spirit of Gandhi. Most of us are not worried about our place thereafter; our total lives as we meet the crises of our time will take care of all this. We have no fear.

1131 S 1st W,
Salt Lake City, Utah

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

trying to teach catechism to their children.

On one occasion of sickness among relatives in New York State she came north again and the story St. Francis told, "This then is perfect joy," came very much to my mind. She arrived at what was then St. Joseph's Loft on Spring street, where we were daily being insulted by neighbors because of our guests from the Bowery and where on one occasion Judy Gregory and I had had eggs thrown at us as we came from Mass on a Sunday morning.

Madeleine came in the evening and there was no one there who knew her, and I was on the farm on Staten Island. She was unostentatious in her dress, a tall thin woman, nervous in manner. She was referred by whoever it was in charge of the office, then to the Salvation Army, where she could get a bed for the night for thirty five cents, sharing a huge dormitory with the derelict women from the Bowery. I was not too much surprised at this, since on several occasions I myself had been taken for a Bowery woman, both at the Municipal lodging house and at a Catholic nursery where I was abruptly dismissed by a busy young nun at a day nursery. I had gone there trying to get the child of a young unwed mother taken care of, but before I could even make my wants known I had the door shut in my face with the curt remark, "Go away, I can do nothing for you!" I could well understand a young nun in the midst of some crisis with a score of tiny children being hasty and thought nothing of it—even glad to be so closely identified with the poor as to share the insults and contempt they encountered.

But Madeleine—sick as she always was! And our benefactor! But she went where she was told, and shared the lodging of the poor, overwhelmed with compassion for them, and only wishing she could do more to help them. As though this encounter with our hospitality was not enough, when she came to Spring street for a cup of tea the next morning she met with more rudeness. She asked for a cup of hot water and was brought coffee instead, which she gave to an old woman sitting next to her. When she went over to the sink to get some of the boiling hot water from the faucet, the dish washer snarled at her, "Don't you like the way we wash dishes around here?"

But she finally got the cup of hot water to make her tea from the tea bag she carried in her purse, and she got the directions to Staten Island and visited us there and when she told me the story, she felt only sadness at the way poor, old and unattractive women are treated. As for herself, "This then was perfect joy," bringing her a bit nearer to the sufferings of Christ and by her very sharing, lightening to some degree the burden of others.

I thought of these things when I received that terse message from the postoffice, "Deceased." I have no way either of knowing whether it was really true, because we only exchanged notes yearly. I knew she had gone to a nursing home some months before. Death is always taking us by surprise.

For those who will say, "Dear Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," such stories of the deaths of his little ones are anything but cheerless. "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," Jesus said to the poor criminal dying in agony nearby on a cross.

"What is it I love when I love Thee?" St. Augustine asked. I have only an old translation here at Perkinsville, but I will copy the passage and maybe it will induce our readers to go back to this wonderful book.

"Thou hast stricken my heart with Thy word and I loved Thee.

Yea also heaven and earth and all that therein is—behold on every side they bid me love Thee. But what do I love when I love Thee? Not beauty of bodies, nor the fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of the light, so glad some to our eyes, the sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, and ointments and spices, not manna and honey, not smiles acceptable to embraces of flesh. None of these I love when I love my God. And yet I love a kind of light and melody and fragrance, meat and embracement of my inner man, where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away, and there smelleth what breatheth disperseth not and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not. This it is which I love when I love my God."

Lord, increase in me this love. Take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh. In Thee have I hoped, let me never be confounded. I believe, help Thou mine unbelief. I pray this for all of us, in the words of Scripture itself, uttered by the Word made flesh who dwelt among us, and who told us—"Ask and you shall receive."

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Edgar Forand,
(Business Manager)

MANKIND IS IN DANGER

(Continued from page 1)

fifty miles. We do not dare estimate the number of deaths in millions (or mega-deaths, to use the language of certain specialists). I have not seen Hiroshima, but like many tourists and pilgrims to Italy, I do know Pompeii. The startling tableau of lifeless streets provides a foretaste of what Paris would look like after such devastation.

• We learn that the instruments of death already exist, accumulated in stocks so considerable that the Western and Eastern blocs have at least eight times what they would require to annihilate each other. This means that they have enough to lay waste the entire earth. The "Exterminating Angels" are at hand: the future existence of the world is in the hands of a few men, which does not prevent them from continuing to produce more and more bombs and missiles of every range. The nations that are bent on power have entered upon a hallucinatory competition; at the present rate, according to President Kennedy, there will be ten of them by 1970, fifteen or twenty by 1975.

We hear pronouncements by the experts that are hardly reassuring: Mr. McNamara tells us that an atomic war, even though irrational, must be envisaged as possible. The American General Maxwell Taylor has expressed his opinion that, in the event of an attack directed against Western Europe, it would be necessary to resort to the use of nuclear weapons almost from the beginning of hostilities. The heads of state themselves seem appalled. Thus President Kennedy, on July 27, 1963, a few months before his death, uttered the following words: "A war today or tomorrow, if it led to nuclear war, would not be like any war in history. A full-scale nuclear exchange, lasting less than sixty minutes, could wipe out more than three hundred million Americans, Europeans and Russians, as well as untold numbers elsewhere. And the survivors, as Chairman Khrushchev warned the Communist Chinese, 'would envy the dead.' For they would inherit a world so devastated by the explosions and poison and fire that today we cannot even conceive of all its horrors."

Urgency of Awakening

Faced with this kind of scientifically foreseen and calculated destruction, is it possible for the human conscience to remain unshaken, as if it were not on trial? We have suffered a quasi-biological mutation; henceforth there is no proportion between what will take place and what was described as war and armaments in the previous era, which can already be termed the pre-atomic era. What is most urgently needed is the birth of a totally new outlook, a totally new understanding of Man and of Law. We must sadly affirm that the spiritual mutation is far from being accomplished.

It seems that humanity is asleep, that it is anesthetized, that it doesn't know what is going on, would rather not know. Wholly absorbed in and harassed by immediate concerns and an imperative need for distractions, riveted to its humdrum tasks and its narrow passions, conditioned by news media that cram it with random and often superficial facts, it has given itself over, bound hand and foot, to fatalism, as if it were a

race of moles, industrious but blind, unable to foresee the cataclysm that is about to engulf the mole-hill. It does not understand that the menace that hangs over men's bodies and cities is already affecting their souls with a kind of disintegration that is subtler than that caused by the atom. People become strangely accustomed to the horrible. We listen, without a shudder, to talk of destruction, in reprisal, of entire cities, entire countries, of what, in technical terms, are modestly called "demographic objectives." We accept the balance of terror, apparently without realizing that it is already destroying man spiritually by turning the earth into a ferocious, suspicion-filled jungle. The great scientist Albert Einstein ably diagnosed our dangerous malady when he said: "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything—except our ways of thinking."

The Popes Have Spoken

Could it be that the Church has failed in its duty? Who would dare make such a claim after the mighty voices of Pius XII, John XXIII and Paul VI have been raised? It is true that there was a long period during which it seemed that, because of her concern to embrace humanity as it is in the concrete, steeped in sin, as well as to proceed gradually with an eye to the degrees of maturity in people's consciences, the Church found herself unable to propound—and still less to impose—the Gospel message with all its exigencies, for fear of cutting herself off from the very people it was her mission to evangelize and save. Without ever ceasing to recall the principles of Peace she inherited from her divine founder, she devoted herself in those days, not without courage and with some success, to limiting the harmful effects of violence by making moral distinctions between the just and the unjust and by establishing regulations. Impatient idealists have taken exception to her prudence, which they glibly attribute to cowardice or opportunism.

But is it sufficiently recognized that the preaching of general disarmament is common to every Pope since Leo XIII? Have we forgotten (if we ever knew them in France) the painful attempts of Benedict to prevent the holocaust of 1914-1918? Have we noticed how the mutation brought about by the atomic era was announced by Pius XII when he included in the definition of the "just war" conditions that today are practically unrealizable. Even before the bombing of Hiroshima he dared to proclaim to the people of the world that: "If ever a generation ought to hear the cry 'war on war' rise from the depths of its conscience, it is certainly the present. . . . The theory of war as a proportionate means to resolve international conflict is already out of date." To which John XXIII, in his encyclical *Pacem in Terris*, provided an echo that stirred the whole world: "It is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice."

Finally, have we really listened to the astonishing words of Paul VI? In his Christmas message for 1963, delivered to the Diplomatic Corps, he declared: "In order to have peace reign among men, it is sometimes necessary, and you will understand this, to know how to sacrifice a part of one's prestige or superiority, to agree, on behalf of a higher good, to surmount differences, to initiate and pursue dialogues that may seem humiliating in some respects; it is necessary to negotiate and keep on negotiating, in order to forestall that supreme humiliation, which would also be under present circumstances, the supreme catastrophe: the recourse to arms."

At Nazareth, on January 5th of

this year, he took the gospel Beatitudes and applied them to our contemporary dilemmas: "Blessed are we, if, having acquired the weakness of the strong, we learn to renounce the deadly power of hate and vengeance, and have the wisdom to exalt above the fear of armed force the generosity of forgiveness, alliance in freedom and work, and conquest through goodness and peace."

"Blessed are we, if we prefer to be the oppressed rather than the oppressors and constantly hunger for the progress of justice."

The following day, at Bethlehem, after launching an earnest appeal to heads of state, he called upon the Almighty "to grant them" a clearer understanding, greater eagerness, a new spirit of harmony and generosity, so as to spare the world, at whatever price, the anxiety and the sufferings of another world war, the consequences of which would be beyond calculation.

Action for Peace

In future, it will no longer be enough that the voices of the Popes resound. Their moving declarations will be regarded as Platonic statements of principles if they remain isolated. Since apathy, ignorance, and selfish inter-



ests seem still so predominant, cries of alarm must reverberate throughout our cities and our countryside . . . before it is too late. Who could wonder that, representing within my diocese as I do the Law of Love and universal brotherhood, besides having taken part in two world wars and not wishing to see a third, I am doing all I can to accelerate the consciousness that events demand of us? It is not a matter of making snap judgment or advocating imprudent solutions. What we must do, regardless of what our opinions may be, and without overlooking the complexity of national problems or the merits of these men who are applying themselves to their solution, is to be resolute in expanding our minds and hearts to meet the dimensions of an entirely novel situation. Above all we must reflect and explore.

That is why, my dear flock, placing myself entirely above politics and adhering to the position formulated by Pius XII, John XXIII and Paul VI, I earnestly exhort you to proceed sanely and courageously in one or the other of the following ways:

a) By becoming aware of the gravity of the danger: conducting an exact, objective, non-partisan inquiry into the dangers being incurred; the size of the atomic stockpiles, the amount of money invested in them, and the risks of radioactivity.

b) By opening our minds, serenely and with good will, to the problems of the whole world; recognizing the qualities, the merits, the needs and the problems of other peoples, especially those in the opposite political camp to our own. In the spirit of the Pax Christi movement, to promote, especially among the youth of the Mayenne area, direct contacts with people of other countries by means of tours, exchanges, camps, linking of parishes. Special attention ought to be paid to the poverty-stricken and underdeveloped countries of the Third World.

c) By action in behalf of "general, progressive, and controlled

disarmament," which John XXIII quite explicitly called for. By supporting these international institutions and organizations, particularly the Pax Christi movement, that are working in this field with prudence and impartiality. Absence or indifference on the part of Christians would constitute a scandal.

d) In all movements, charitable societies, associations, religious classes, which under various forms are concerned with charity, mutual aid, Christian culture, human and social advancement in the different walks of life, we must take into account the extremely serious problems connected with world peace. Let all the zealous workers who are devoting themselves to these admirable activities not forget to confront, periodically, these wider decisions on which all the rest depend.

e) Finally and most important, let us intensify our private and collective prayers for peace; let us organize vigils for meditation and supplication. As Paul VI has said, "Words are not enough . . . it is necessary to engage the whole person, we must be men of peace, wholly penetrated with the thoughts and sentiments that are those of God and that impelled Christ to become man" (?). In having recourse to prayer, we are going, like our Holy Father in the Holy Land, towards Christ "in order to draw from the very roots of certainty and power." It will not be a matter of sending up our groans to God, still less of fleeing the harsh and complex realities but of undertaking a heartrending revision of our lives, of purifying our hearts and filling them with the "new wine" of the Gospel. Only in this way can we carry out the instructions of John XXIII: "Every believer in this world of ours must be a spark of light, a center of love, a vivifying leaven amidst his fellow men: and he will be this all the more perfectly the more closely he lives in communion with God." (?) My personal and specific exhortation is that, at each one of the Masses at which we take part, the supplication "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace" take on a special intensity and in a way sum up our determination and our hopes.

Guideposts for Reflection

I believe that it is worthwhile to complete this discussion by posing several questions, among many that could be chosen, to guide personal study or group discussion. There will perhaps be some uncertainty about the answers; but certainly there is no doubt of the gains that will ensue if the answers are faithfully sought.

1. How can we reconcile the hypothesis of atomic war with the most traditional teaching, which imposes respect for every innocent human life and absolutely opposes the principle that "the end justifies the means?"

2. Is it accurate to say that the admirable upsurge of natural science and the efforts of so many researchers and scientists in the domain of medicine and the conquest of the universe require the development of nuclear armament as a necessary impetus? Can we look on without anxiety as thousands of young engineers and physicists dedicate themselves to research that is liable to contribute to the destruction of mankind instead of ministering to its well-being?

3. Isn't the enormous effort of the rich countries devoted to building up a nuclear arsenal, which, according to their way of thinking, is intended only to inspire fear, to "deter"—isn't this collective madness, the most visible sign of original sin, and at the same time a monstrous and fraudulent misappropriation of wealth at the expense of the tasks of civilization and aid to the poorer countries?

4. Are we Christians, really, "the

light of the world," the "salt of the earth?" If, as the Popes have proclaimed, war is henceforth an outmoded method of resolving human conflicts, could we not contrive to find other methods in the Gospel that will be purer, more imaginative, and more certain? Haven't we for too long disregarded these "weapons of the spirit" of which the Apostle speaks, that power of Love that enabled the early Christians to resist during three centuries of stifling and oppression, and that force of Truth which has been successfully experimented with in our own time? There were martyrs of course, and there are risks, but don't our modern wars involve infinitely greater risks? Where is the efficacy? Where is the realism? Shouldn't an authentically Christian education for the times to come, without despising its historical groundwork, concern itself with forging free and indomitable souls, which will be capable, without turning aside from the law of Love, of waging a spiritual resistance to any possible invader and violation of the rights of the human person?

* * *

I have not been trying to frighten you, but only to alert you and to urge you to understand our collective responsibility. I am deeply convinced that by going ahead along these lines, we shall be taking a long step along the road that leads to the Kingdom of God, which, although it is not of this world, has its humble beginnings in this world. We shall have labored, in our modest way, for the establishment and consolidation of that Peace which is, as someone has said, "the state of grace of civilization." May the Lord, the Prince of Peace, bless and fructify every effort that is made in this direction by priests and faithful, and by every heart that yearns for justice and brotherhood.

Translated by Martin J. Corbin

Notes:
(1) Estimate given to representatives of NATO.
(2) Raymond Aron, in "Paix et Guerre entre les Nations."
(3) *Revue Militaire d'Information*, April, 1963.
(4) Allocation to the World Congress of Medicine, September 30, 1954.
(5) Radio message to the world, December 24, 1954.
(6) *Pacem in Terris*, Section 3, No. 127.
(7) December 28, 1963.
(8) *The Pope Speaks*, Vol. 9, No. 3.
(9) Christmas message, 1963.
(10) *Pacem in Terris*, Pastoral directives.

Tr. note: Bishop Guilhem's eloquent appeal first appeared in March 15th of this year in his diocesan paper and was reproduced in extenso in the excellent Catholic weekly *Temoignage Chretien* (40, Rue le Faubourg-Poissonniere, Paris 8e, France) for March 20th.

A NEW VOICE IN THE EAST

Well known on the West coast through Pacifica Radio in Los Angeles and Berkeley, California, Tom Ritt, a Catholic author and lecturer, will begin a bi-weekly commentary series on WBAI, New York (99.5 FM dial) at 7:15 P.M. on Friday, November 20, 1964.

A panel discussion on THE CHRISTIAN VOCATION: CATALYST OR CORRUPTOR will be broadcast over WBAI on Thurs. Dec. 10th at 9:00 P.M. Moderated by Tom Ritt, panelists included: Chris Kearns of the CW; John Lee of COMMONWEAL; Jim Forest of the new Catholic Peace Fellowship; and Fr. Philip Berrigan, SSS, Epiphany Apostolic College, Newburgh, N.Y.

HELP

Pacifica Radio is in financial difficulty. Listener-supported and devoid of commercials, Pacifica is free radio in its finest sense. Send YOUR check to: Pacifica Radio, 30 East 39th Street, New York, New York.

For Christmas

THERESE by Dorothy Day. A biography of St. Therese of Lisieux. (Published by Fides at \$3.25.) Our price: \$2 per copy; 3 copies for \$5.00. Please add 25 cents for shipping charges.

Send orders to: Stanley Vishniewski, Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, New York.

LETTERS

Scholarship Fund

P.O. Box 455
Staten Island, New York 10302

Dear Friends:
Fourteen years ago, Morton Sobell was imprisoned for alleged complicity in the Rosenberg espionage case. Many persons — jurors in particular — were dismayed about certain aspects of his conviction and the campaign for his release from prison has been going on for years.

Now an even more human problem has emerged: the education of Morton Sobell's son Mark, who was a year old when his father was jailed. I have been told that Mark is doing well in high school and is interested in becoming a physicist. If his father, an engineer, were not in prison, the educational costs could easily be absorbed. As it is, his mother, Helen, has difficulty keeping the family afloat financially.

I am happy to hear that several concerned persons have established a Mark Sobell Scholarship Fund, which will attempt to raise five thousand dollars. Rabbi Balfour Brickner is adviser to the fund, and the executive secretary is Abe Weisbund, who is serving as trustee of the fund along with Mrs. Sobell.

Contributions should be sent to: Mark Sobell Scholarship Fund, 100 Fifth Ave., Suite 1507, New York, N.Y. 10011.

In Christ,
James H. Forest

Toying With War

19 Agassiz Street
Cambridge 40, Mass.

Dear Friends:

War toys and the spirit of CHRISTMAS are, to many of us, irreconcilable. "THIS CHRISTMAS BOYCOTT WAR TOYS" is the message contained on bumper strips now available from: Lexon, Box 183, Colvin Station, Syracuse, New York 13205.

Respectfully,
Lanier C. Greer

Abandoned Parishes

1685 Fairmont Drive
Florissant, Missouri

Dear Dorothy:

Last year, when I was in the Holy Land, I heard about a young Canadian priest, Father Jacob Barclay, who had volunteered to take an abandoned parish, isolated high above Nazareth. Father Barclay first heard of the abandoned church when he was finishing his studies as a secular priest with the White Fathers in Jerusalem. It is a parish of Arab Catholics of the Eastern rite; Father celebrates mass in Arabic.

When I was in Israel, I visited Father. The church had been stripped. There was no tabernacle, no baptismal font, not even any icons. The roof leaked in several places and the building needed painting inside and out, as well as many other repairs. The rectory was in a similar dilapidated condition. The little furniture was worn and shabby.

Since that time, Father has written and told me that there are five or six such abandoned churches in the vicinity. He now has another priest interested in helping him take care of these other parishes. However, getting about is very difficult. These parishes are small, remote villages, several miles apart. When Father goes to Nazareth, he has a thirty-five-minute walk to the bus stop. If he had a motorbike, he could say mass in his parish, then drive another priest to a second parish and go on to a third, thus enabling the people in at least three parishes to attend mass on Sundays and holidays. He would also be able to take care of their barest spiritual needs, such as baptism, confession and marriage. There are several hundred souls in that part of the world who haven't

had the benefit of the sacraments or mass for years.

A motorbike costs about eight hundred and fifty dollars, delivered in Israel. Missals and catechisms in Arabic (which are ordered from France) are among the items he needs to continue just the basic fundamentals of the faith. Father does his own housekeeping, bakes bread and cooks, keeping his own personal needs to a minimum. Any contribution to make it possible for Father to bring mass and sacraments to so many neglected or forgotten souls would be an invaluable benefit to them.

Father's address is:
Greek Catholic Rectory
Ihillin
Western Galilee,
Israel
Mae Bellucci

PAX Not Pacifist

American PAX Association
Box 139, Murray Hill
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Dorothy:

The smooth working out of the annual PAX Study Weekend, when nearly a hundred people were housed and fed, indicates that the Tivoli farm can serve the same fine purpose as Spode House, Staffordshire, England—where as you know so many groups gather for study and retreat.

Deane Mary Mowrer's vivid account in the September issue of the *Catholic Worker* of happenings at Tivoli referred to the American PAX Association as a pacifist organization. On behalf of the PAX membership, it is necessary to point out that while PAX is open to pacifists, it cannot be described as a pacifist organization. It asks no commitment of its members other than that of studying the implications of Church teaching for peace and war, and the encouragement of the application of Christian principles to the questions of peace and war.

We feel that Tivoli afforded an admirable setting for carrying out the aims of PAX, in that it gave us an unhurried time to absorb the memorable talks of Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., and Professor Seymour Melman, of Columbia University. "Peace: Ends and Means" was a very big topic, but we were able to penetrate into many crucial aspects of it in the rich discussions which followed the talks.

We are deeply indebted to you, to Marty Corbin, and to all the *Catholic Worker* family for helping to make the weekend the fine experience it was in every way.

Sincerely in Our Lord,
Eileen Egan
Publications Editor, PAX

Required Reading

Misiones Episcopales
Bluefields
Nicaragua

Dear Miss Day:

For some years I have been a regular reader of the *Catholic Worker*, being much impressed by the Christian love and forthright championing of important but unpopular causes that is shown in the paper. I find myself very much in agreement with your stands on disarmament, nuclear war, the problems of lost people in the cities, civil rights, and Cuba. At one time I was very much involved in urban church work in Boston but since becoming a missionary in Nicaragua I have not been able to participate in these movements, other than to pray fervently for those involved.

At the moment I am most interested in the situation in Cuba, what has happened and what will result, for the pattern may be reproduced in this country, or many others. I have always deplored the lack of sympathy toward the Cuban revolution displayed by the U.S. government and the American press, but only vaguely, not having much background information. Recently I read a book on the subject which supplies a vast quantity of documented detail, showing how the U.S. government deliberately failed to reach understanding and accord with a truly indigenous and popular movement and government. I commend this book to your attention, if you do not already know it. It should be a textbook for those planning to enter foreign service, that they may be warned thereby.

Title: *Cuba, Tragedy in Our Hemisphere*
Authors: Maurice Zeitlin and Robert Schieer
Publisher: Grove Press, New York
Price: 95 cents.
I enclose a small contribution for your work, with prayers that God will continue His blessings upon you.

Yours in His name,
Robert J. Carlson

(Ed. note: We also highly recommend: *Christianity and Revolution: The Lesson of Cuba* by Leslie Dewart, published last year by Herder & Herder.)

Stamp Out Racism

Dear Miss Day:

Pax Christi!

Bronx Chapter of the Catholic Interracial Council of New York "has recently initiated a "C.I.C. Stamp Program," designed to publicize the fact of the Catholic Interracial Council and its aim to unite all in Christ.

This program, approved by our parent body and encouraged by



the recent National Conference in Washington, is being handled by Bronx Chapter. In order to stimulate year-round use of the stamps we are offering them for a very nominal contribution — 50c per sheet of 50, or \$1 per 100.

Since we deem this a most effective method of propagating the message of interracial justice, we wondered if we might ask the favor of you of a mention in the pages of the *Catholic Worker* regarding our project—orders may be placed at Box 810, Fordham University, Bronx, N.Y. 10458.

Asking God's blessing on your work, I am,

Sincerely in Christ,
Denis O'Sullivan.

Another Mexico

79-58 265th St.
North Floral Park
New York

Dear Friends:

Besides being a land of music, color, and hospitality, Mexico is a land of great contrasts. The saddest of these is the contrast between the rich and the poor. In just about any town or city you can find a palatial hacienda, with droves of servants busily in attendance, directly across the road from a squalid, disease-ridden barrio, or slum. And the rich rarely feel any responsibility towards the naked waifs who burrow through garbage like dogs. And Mexico is a Catholic country.

The government has instituted a wide-range program of social security, but the problem of poverty is as big as the country itself. And although legislation is sometimes very necessary, Charity was never meant to be legislated. Three years ago, the Newman

Club of Queens College, in New York City, following the lead of some Ivy League colleges, inaugurated the Queens College Mexico Volunteers. The Volunteers are now a non-sectarian, independent, non-charted organization on campus. Our purpose is to train and send volunteers to Mexico for simple, unskilled work among the Mexican poor. We go where we are invited and do what work the people themselves think important. The work is sometimes hard, and often discouraging. But we work with the people, giving them a sense of pride in what is done, and encouraging them to go on bettering their own lot. This, however, is often impossible without help. The comfortable must be disturbed.

Since the poor are barely able to support themselves, we can hardly live and eat with them. Through local churchmen and important citizens, we appeal to the hospitality of the comfortable, who are always very willing to put us up. But they also have to put up with us.

When the comfortable see students, many of them from their own class, getting up early, donning the clothes of workingmen, and going off to join the poor in the piles of rock and tile, or in their homes, they ask themselves, why?

I have participated in the last two of our summer projects. Last year, most were disappointed because we found no work, due to a lack of organization. This year, many of us doubted the overall worth of the work we did. But is this disillusionment warranted? We have communicated with Mexicans of all classes. To the poor we have brought American good will, and to the rich, with whom we have dined and spent hours chatting, a chance to be true Christians. If they take what we offer, if they even let it trouble their dreams, we will have built more than schools or dispensaries, we will have taught more than English or hygiene. We will have succeeded beyond our wildest hopes.

God grant us a bountiful harvest in 1965.

Arthur Gatti

Way of Commitment

Whitefriars Hall
Washington, D.C.

Dear Miss Day:

For the past two years a group of us Carmelite seminarians have been very active in the freedom movement here in Washington. We have been home visiting, working with youth groups, attending demonstrations, etc. Recently we have been actively working with the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.) on rent strikes and teaching Negro children their rights as human beings. These young men and women reject comfort and safety as goals in life. They are too involved in making a Christian commitment. Like Christ, they identify with the poor and wear the clothing of the working man. But to the "middle class mentality" this is foolishness and extremism. Like Christ, they non-violently protest injustice, believing that love will overcome. Their constitution firmly states: "Through non-violence, courage displaces fear; love transforms hate; hope ends despair." Like Christ, they are willing to pay the price of death for freedom and equality. But all of this is foreign to Christians too concerned with social status and satisfied with a "watered down" Christianity.

Some day History will tell of these warriors of justice who gave their youth and very substance for their fellow men. Will History relate the same about Catholics in the field of civil rights? Or will History record that Catholics contributed little to the freedom

movement? These questions must be answered by each of us. Christians are called to greatness. Catholics must move. Catholics must begin to do great things for freedom—now!

Frater Dominic J. Savino, O. Carm.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

is the place to express our gratitude for the donations of money, clothing and other material gifts sent to us to be distributed among the CW family and the rest of the poor. Our needs are pressing and never-ending. Thank you.

We have had numerous visitors last month, including thirty boys from South Jersey Christian Brothers Academy, who toured our quarters, from the third-story office down to the first-floor Siloe House, where our guests from the streets huddle together to await their soup, bread and coffee. You wonder what the clean, bright-faced youths feel after a visit to St. Joseph's House. Are they shaken by the obvious signs of desperate economic need, or do they see that, despite our skimpy material possessions, the CW is a kind of oasis? In either case, they are not likely to forget their visit to the unique organization that Dorothy Day has managed to keep dynamic throughout years of difficulties and trials.

The marriage of Barney McCaffrey and Pat Engel was solemnized at a beautiful Mass in the Ruthenian rite at St. Mary's Byzantine Church. Barney is an old friend of the CW and Pat a new one. Tom Gays, who became a member of the CW family early this summer, expects to be discharged from Bellevue Hospital soon. Matilda Serence's fractured ankle is apparently on the mend; she too is at Bellevue. Pete Kurkel returned from Beekman Downtown Hospital at the end of last month and has been doing an admirable job of learning to walk around the premises, even getting up and down the narrow stairways quite adeptly. It's good to have the general manager of the house, Ed Foran, back on the job after an operation for hernia. Clare Bee's peaceful presence was missed around the house during her four-day visit to the Regina Laudis convent, at Bethlehem, Connecticut, where various members of our staff have gone from time to time in search of rest, repose, prayer and restoration of essential energies.

It is with genuine regret that we lose our Mary Hayes to the lay fraternity of Charles de Foucauld, where she feels that her specialized training can be most productively applied. Mary will teach at Martin de Porres Center, which is located in a slum area of Long Island. Mary's strong, sure hand will be missed in our kitchen and women's clothing room.

We mourn the death of Arnold Schwartz, who under the guidance of our old friend Dr. Alfred A. Gross, was often responsible for finding jobs for young people we referred from the CW.

An unhappy world creates unhappy people, and unhappy people create an unhappy world. A vicious circle. In thinking about the cause of this course of events I cannot but feel that the denial of love is humanity's greatest weakness. All great constructive works are creations of love. We must be trained in overcoming our hatreds; we must be shown how we can turn our love toward our fellowman, how we can develop with and through our fellowman, and thus prepare a happier future for all of us.

WILHELM STEKEL, M.D.