

# CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXIII No. 1

July-August, 1956

Subscription  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## Thanksgiving Mass In Lincoln Tube

**First Major Tunnel to Be  
Completed Without a  
Fatality**

A Mass of Thanksgiving was said on June 28th at the New York approach to the third tube of the Lincoln Tunnel by Father Philip Carey, S.J., the director of the Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations. It was offered in thanksgiving for the protection the Catholic Tunnel Workers had received from God during the year and a half that they had worked under the Hudson River. On Dec. 8th, 1954 when work began the archbishop of Newark, N.J. had granted permission for a Mass to be said for safety on his side of the tunnel.

Past experience had given more than a little cause for concern. Veteran sandhogs, have not forgotten the many workers who were killed or scarred for life during the digging of the IRT subway between Bowling Green and Boro Hall in Brooklyn. And just a few years ago when the first two tubes of the Lincoln tunnel were being constructed seven men were killed. The Battery-Brooklyn Tube took its toll also, eight lives. So when this third tube went through without the sacrifice of a single life Cardinal Spellman at the request of Catholic Tunnel Workers granted permission for Mass to be said.

Some 200 men attended the Mass and at its conclusion they asked God to "... bless this road we have made for the millions of our brothers that they will find it safe and convenient and help them to their journey's end. May they sometimes remember to pray for us, the builders."

R.S.

## Chrystie Street

By ROBERT STEED

attended two weddings last month (June)—the tradition is obviously not dying out—one in Washington and the other one here in New York. I had written to Jim Guinan, the director of Friendship House in Washington asking him if he could put me up for a week. Earlier I had had a letter from a friend from home saying that she would be in Washington for a week and since it is only five hours from New York I didn't want to miss seeing her, and besides the pace of the big city is very tiring so I couldn't think of any place more quiet and provincial than Washington in which to take a week's vacation.

Anyone who has ever been to the Washington Friendship House knows that it would be hard to find any place more justly famous for its hospitality. Jim said that they would be glad to have me spend a week so I hitch-hiked down. When I got there I found Tom Powers who spends a lot of time around the Worker when he is in New York and not doing part time teaching.

The wedding was between two  
(Continued on page 6)



Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, therefore is she become unstable: all that honoured her have despised her, because they have seen her shame.

My eyes have failed with weeping, my bowels are troubled: my liver is poured out upon the earth, for

JEREMIAH

the destruction of the daughter of my people, when the children, and the sucklings, fainted away in the streets of the city. For great as the sea is thy destruction: Who shall heal thee?

Go, and proclaim these words towards the north. And thou shalt say: Return, O rebellious Israel, saith the Lord and I will not turn away my face from you: for I am holy, saith the Lord, and I will not be angry forever.

(taken from the Books of Jeremiah and the Lamentations.)

## C. W. EDITORS ARRESTED IN AIR RAID DRILL

**With 5 Others They Plead  
Guilty, Are Released  
On Bail; Eleven Others  
Plead Not Guilty as In  
Last Year's Trial**

By DOROTHY DAY

The night before our public protest in Washington Square Park, which is a block away from the Civil Defense Headquarters in New York City, there was a meeting at the Quaker hall on East 20th St. at which I spoke about "our moral and religious heritage." It was the subject given to me, and everyone knows that Catholics have no tradition of pacifism as the Quakers, Brethren and Mennonite have. So I tried to explain that when men fought as they had been doing this past month in Poznan, Poland, and in East Germany a year ago they were bravely, though futilely trying to uphold man's freedom, his ideals, his right to educate his children. According to the Thomistic conditions laid down for the conduct of a just war, there must be some reasonable chance of success, and when men in an isolated city revolt against the Soviet oppressor they are not to be judged by those conditions. At the same time who would convict them of sin? They are using the only means  
(Continued on page 8)

## Hiroshima Day

The feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1945, marks the first use of the atom bomb and that by the United States government, on the order of President Truman, which wiped out tens of thousands of Japanese in Hiroshima. A few days later the slaughter in Nagasaki took place. These two mass murders of modern war, this slaughter of the innocents, the non-belligerent, has been neither admitted as a sin in confession, as the Boston Pilot pointed out last year, nor atoned for. The making and the testing of nuclear weapons goes on.

As protest and as public penance, Ammon Hennacy, one of the editors of The Catholic Worker, will fast for eleven days,—subsisting only on water, and will picket the Customs House at Battery Park in New York City, from about nine each day to five except Saturday and Sunday. He has paid no income tax for war and for the making of nuclear weapons during all these years, and this picketing is also to protest this federal income tax which goes for war. The fast and picketing are for eleven days duration because it is eleven years since the bomb was dropped.

# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
(Member of Catholic Press Association)  
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:  
CHARLES McCORMACK  
AMMON HENNACY  
ROBERT STEED  
BETH ROGERS  
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY  
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2  
Telephone GRamercy 5-9180

Subscription: United States, 25c Yearly; Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly.  
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



## Non Violence and Love of Enemies

By FR. REGAMEY, O.P.

From *Roads of Peace*, bi-monthly French magazine printed in Belgium by lay Catholics with the collaboration of many priests. July-August 1955.

Love of enemies and non-violence are clearly taught by the New Testament (the author develops at length the evangelical texts). In today's atmosphere of growing violence and brutality we need careful concentration to understand this message. For many centuries neither theology nor Christian behavior have granted these truths their full role in the teachings of Christ and the Apostles.

Today it is frightening to compare the weakness of Christian conscience with the urgent need of lives conforming to the Gospels. The urgency is manifest in the virulence of the hatreds that divide men and in the formidable means with which violence is now equipped. With some, be they Christian or non-Christian, conscience has become more acute. With others, on the contrary, who follow the way of the world the trend is toward the worst excesses of hatred, fear, and violence. The tragedy is that the ordinary behavior of Christians follows the leadership of the world.

We have tended to associate the fate of Christianity with that of societies, failing to perceive when they have served Moloch and Mammon. Today some of us still have a mental block, as for example putting our reliance in the atomic bomb, while others—I hope we all belong to the latter group—realize that it is only possible to escape from betraying the Gospels by recovering purity anew in the principles of human behavior even if it means re-assessing, as much as is necessary, behavior considered up to now normal by Christians.

Let us beware: though certain attitudes have in the course of centuries been approved by saints and Church authorities, this must in no way impede Christianity from repudiating them today. It is not by chance that the Lord has compared his Words to a seed; their full possibilities may be revealed only with time after strong roots have formed and considerable growth has taken place. This may take a long time. Who would have suspected after several centuries of Christianity that the Christian spirit implied the condemnation of slavery? Is the old order of empire, or the feudal system, or now the modern State system, an organization of the faithful in a "Christianism" about which we can congratulate ourselves? This may be discussed at will. But at least it is true that these systems imply frequent wars and all sorts of cruel coercion, and imply them too essentially for one to make effective a law of non-violence and love of enemies. In a similar way it was hard to see slavery as a scandal in antiquity and the middle ages because it was at the base of the social structure. But today we cannot shut our eyes to the scandal of hatred and violence. Let us open new eyes upon the Gospel.

To be "just," wars today must limit themselves to great police operations conforming to the rules of the Hague. But total war cannot be just. Therefore the conscience must fix and highlight those limits that it will refuse to cross, otherwise it will die. It must awaken, work out its limits with tribulation if necessary, and prepare for resistance.

The role of non-violence in the modern world appears essential as an organic reaction of salvation. On one hand one must try to remove from the conscience of those in responsible positions the erroneous judgments that lead them to consent to scandalous violence, and thus avoid the unleashing of this violence (cf. Einstein's warnings). On the other hand one must refuse cooperation in this violence once unleashed to the point of martyrdom.

There must be, once the time has come, great collective refusals in regard to this terrible violence. Thus if France turns her slender resources in atomic energy toward war, it would be the absolute duty of technicians to refuse, as a whole, to collaborate.

What our occidental world seems to lack most in every country is disinterested zeal applied to great human problems. We Christians will only be worthy of our name on the day when we shall be capable of sustaining for a spiritual cause in the interests of society a non-violent action that will

(Continued on page 7)

## In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

The young Christian Frontier who had been addressing an anti-Communist crowd on the evening of Aug. 23, 1952 when Father Casey and I took his crowd away for our 25th anniversary of Sacco and Vanzetti on Union Square, came to me when I was selling CW's there recently saying that he had read my book and was sorry that he had openly denounced Dorothy and me as Communists. While he did not agree with us he would no longer denounce us.

"No wonder you are so starved out looking; one cent for a paper" shouted a passer by as I was selling papers at Pine and Nassau. And this was not my fasting day either. This heckler was quite corpulent so I placed him in the category of bald headed friends who ask why I don't get a haircut. Rose Clements who lives in the house sells twice as many papers as I do and with little effort. She goes most any place, and while people generally buy sooner from a woman than from a man she tops all of us in sales.

### Maryknoll Nuns

During the past several years half a dozen groups of Maryknoll nuns have stopped in our office and listened to our radical interpretation of the gospel. They all knew Father Hessler of the Maryknoll order who is one of the two priests who are not disturbed to be called anarchist, so I always felt at home when I kidded these "anarchist nuns." I had stopped to visit them when I spoke to a Catholic picnic of young folks in Albany but the ones I knew were in the city get-

ting their inoculation preparatory to going to foreign countries. I had been invited to their Departure ceremonies. The first time I had been in Ossining was in 1921 when my wife and I had visited Charles E. Ruthenberg, the founder of the Communist Party who was in jail there with Jim Larkin, a Catholic who was also doing time as a Communist. The train passed under part of Sing Sing prison just before the Ossining station. The 55 nuns who were graduating were a portion of the 1,200 over the world. They were going mostly as nurses and teachers. I gave a copy of my book to each six groups going to different countries.

### The Cops

It is difficult for city magistrates to determine just who is lying, among the accusers and defendants who come before them. Waiting in court recently while the case of my friend, Graham Filmer, was to be tried I heard the accuser and defendant swear to different events as being true. It is obvious that one of them was lying. And each had witnesses who sustained their utterances. In the case of Filmer, he had noticed a policeman break a bottle in the hand of a drunk with his club and mildly remonstrated with him about it. For this he spent the night in jail. After appearing twice in court with a liberal lawyer friend of the CW his case was dismissed. The policeman lied about the facts and insisted that Filmer should be found guilty of disorderly conduct when it was clear to anyone that it was the policeman who was disorderly. In this case the judge chose to

believe Filmer rather than the policeman, which is rather unusual.

The experience of Filmer is not an isolated case for I have seen police right here on Chrystie Street come upon unsuspecting unemployed and hit them with a club without warning, and friends of mine have seen them do this often. A 12 year old boy nearby said he and his family were moving away to the country and when asked if he wouldn't miss the movies, etc., pointed to a policeman a few feet away who was just then hitting a man on the wrist with his club, and said, "This is why I want to move." And in court on Filmer's case I heard the judge refuse a colored man a lawyer after he had waited for trial five days and shouted to him much like Judge Kaplan who called us "murderers" last June. Respect for those in authority is only given when earned by those in authority. This reminds me of the boy in Tolstoy's story who was asking about the procedure in courts. "What if the judge decides wrong?" Then it was taken to a higher court. And then if that court decides wrong, then to the highest court. And what if it decides wrong? Then God decides. "Why not let God decide first of all?" asked the boy. Why bother with courts?

### Cherry Valley

I had not met Howard Moore since 1920 when we had both been released from prison as conscientious objectors, he from Ft. Douglas, Utah, and I from Delaware, Ohio, county jail. Our paths had met again in 1942 when we were

(Continued on page 5)

## BAN THE BOMB

We have reached the point beyond which we travel at the peril of human existence . . . We must find some effective and immediate measures which will make the H-bomb morally obsolete before it ever becomes an actual instrument of war . . . This is the great human decision of our generation . . . America, the first and only nation to use the bomb, must now lead the way to its banning.

(THE PILOT, Archdiocesan Paper of Boston, May 26, 1956)

## By Personal Protest



of the image of God in our brother. God is our Father and all men are brothers. We are willing to die for this belief. We are ready to do penance for the sins of our country which was the first to drop the bomb. Jail is in a little way a dying. But "unless the grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone, but if it dies, it brings forth much fruit."

One year ago this June, a group of 27 pacifists broke a New York State law which made it a misdemeanor not to take shelter during a compulsory air-raid drill. We were put under \$1500 bail each, tried during the course of the summer, and given a suspended sentence. The penalty for breaking this law is one year in prison and a \$500 fine. We are repeating our "misdemeanor" on this air-raid drill of July 20, 1956. We are exercising our own God-given reason in making this decision.

Our "disobedience to law" and readiness to take the penalty for it is in protest against deception of the people by leading them to think there is any shelter from a nuclear weapon attack. Atomic warfare is uncontrollable, wipes out the innocent as well as the guilty, and is contrary to all natural law.

The bomb is defended as a weapon against Communism. One objection to Communism is that "atheism is an integral part of Marxism" as Lenin said. Another is that Communists believe in the use of force and violence to change the social order. We of this country, which we dearly love, believe that use of such weapons of "force and violence" against our brother is a denial of God and



JOIN US IN PENANCE AND IN PROTEST AGAINST WAR!

# Co-Existence—and Christian Conscience

(Concluded From Last Issue)

By Jerem O'Sullivan-Barra

## Communism—Part of Total Moral Bankruptcy

The great danger is that from the Christian side, these simplifiers will have their way again, and carry with them as quiet sheep the great masses of the Christian community. Those who inveigh against peaceful co-existence and who demand a "showdown with Russia" are those who see our present crisis as originating solely with Communism. They fail to see that Communism in Russia is only a part of a total crisis that afflicts the West—of the Free World, as well as Moscow and its dependent territories. As mentioned above, Moscow only reached its present position because of the moral bankruptcy of the Western Allies during and at the end of World War II. In any war, the tendency is to become like one's enemy. We in America sanctioned one by one the methods of our enemy—the extirpation of which methods was our justification for entering the war in the first place. In the name of the American people, mass expulsion of civilians was ordered (at Potsdam); slave labor detachments, composed of drafted soldiers were legalized to rebuild Russia (at Yalta); innocent people were burned alive in the flaming ovens of their homes as were the innocents in the ovens of Auschwitz; whole countryside were denuded of their productive equipment in the name of reparations. In the end, the victors were just about as morally bankrupt as the vanquished. But as an earnest of their moral blindness, they looked down on the vanquished with so great a moral condescension—even detestation—that they refused to let their troops fraternize with the civilians of occupied Germany in the first flush of victory. The conquerors looted homes, and let the vanquished starve in their gutted cellars, or on the roads during the expulsions, to prove to them what moral lepers they were. In a sense, that is what has happened in the Cold War. We are reduced to the belief that the only weapons we can use are those possessed by our opponents—the weapons of violence. To this extent, we have lost any war with them in advance.

That the great spectre of Communism should rise out of this morass of death and evil is not a surprising thing. That we can expurge the moral bankruptcy by destroying Communism by all the force at our disposal is a dreadful over-simplification. The essential fallacy of the argument against attempts to continue the present policy of co-existence until something better can be made of it, is that spiritual evils can be driven out by material means. This by-passes the total reality of a situation in which Communism is only a result, a symptom of that blunted moral sense, that sickness of the spirit, from which we in the Western world are suffering—as nations and as individuals. We Christians are more to blame than others, because we should not have been silent, and were silent, we should not have conformed and we have conformed. People have looked to us if not for guidance—then at least for a pure, unafraid reaction. They have found us Catholics, to use Frank J. Sheed's phrase, "horribly like everyone else." Communism will continue to take advantage of our moral ambiguity and will flourish and thrive until our own moral stand is clear.

All through the 1954 Christmas Message of Pope Pius XII is the clear emphasis on the fact that both sides in the "cold calm" are guilty of many errors. He does not see the present picture as unmitigated good arrayed against unmitigated evil.

## What Do We Want—A Shooting War?

If co-existence with Communism is "shameful appeasement," then what alternative is there? The most obvious one would be a shooting war. A shooting war today means total war, and total war means the use of thermo-nuclear bombs, weapons and devices. It was a two-billion dollar investment of the United States during World War II that made the development of the atomic bomb possible. Had it not been for a war situation, it is debatable whether any such amount would have been thrown into nuclear research, or whether atomic energy would have been developed in any other form. In any case the investment "paid off" in the carnage of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and America ushered the world into the thermo-nuclear age via the sudden pulverization of two Asian cities and the rendering into radio-active dust of hundreds of thousands of Asian bodies. Looking into such a future one can visualize an epitaph, "Man, died by his own hand." Only there would be no one to write it. It is a truism to say that the alternative to co-existence is co-extinction. But the point of this article is not that we should join the forces of co-existence for fear of physical death but for fear of moral death.

## The Use of the Sky

It was publicly announced by the leaders of American foreign policy that in any new war the U. S. would follow a strategy of "massive retaliation." This retaliation was understood to mean the "taking out," or destruction, of whole towns by hydrogen bombs. So great was the revulsion and dread, even on the part of our allies, at such a policy, that we have recalled it and have substituted one of strategic attack with thermo-nuclear devices of more restricted capacity. But, in any case, we do not have to use much imagination to know how the next war will be fought. The United States has a world-encircling net of bases from which planes bearing the dread burden of atomic and hydrogen weapons are ready to take off. The story of the Strategic Air Command reads like a fairy-story, or rather a demonic tale to destroy whatever peace of mind is left to the ordinary citizen over whose head it constantly plies its appointed flights.

An article in Life Magazine tells us that: "... the Strategic Air Command is always practicing, leaving its

long white vapor trails as the B-36's and B-47's make their lonely bomb runs eight miles high in the upper atmosphere, or sometimes a converging pattern of trails as fighter jets try to intercept them. To the earthbound citizen this mock battle is a kind of space-cadet fantasy—soundless, invisible save for those spreading puffs of vapor or the chance glint of sunlight off a far away aluminum wing." The article adds details to vivid detail, stressing the tremendous planning which goes with this ceaseless criss-crossing of the skies, the airmen always ready, always flying in full battle regalia, the refueling of some SAC bomber in the air every five minutes of the day or night, the targets already chosen. "Every plane," we are assured, "has an untouchable flyaway kit of enough spare parts for 30 days operation—and 30 days is at least 15 times as long as anybody in SAC thinks an airwar would last."

A recent television comedy program boiled all this sky combat down to a joke when, as a credit title to a movie spoofing the Hollywood air force stories, it ran the following: "We thank the United States Army Air Force for the use of the sky." This mirrors in a way what other less powerful nations must feel when they see the sky being monopolized by this incessant weaving, intercepting, criss-crossing, refueling, of bombers and jet fighters, readying for an explosion that may burst over their helpless heads.

## All-Out, Fall-Out War

This is the war that is the alternative to the condition of co-existence, unsatisfactory as this condition may seem. This war would start immediately after enemy attack on



this country. The long range strategic bombers would take off and retaliate even if the President, as Commander-in-Chief, is incapacitated or cut off by the attack. Someone has pointed out that "no one was going to have to hunt around in the ruins of the first onslaught for someone to issue the order for atomic counter-bombing." It is for this war, using the sky as the source of dread and death, that the deserts of America are blooming as the rose—those roses of fire and white dust—flowers of evil, filling the landscape with their evanescent forms. It is for this that our deserts are literally blooming with death. It is the all-out, fall-out war of fission and fusion that we must ask for if we refuse to preserve the present phase of co-existence even in its most negative meaning as "the absence of total war."

Two recent Catholic thinkers of some reputation feel that a Christian cannot in good conscience take part in thermo-nuclear war. The Rev. Conrad Pepler, O.P. (War in Tradition and Today—Blackfriars, February 1954) states that the possibility of a "just war" in the traditional sense is scarcely realizable today, since any war is a total war and a total war destroys the justice of any cause. "It would therefore," he states, "seem to be impossible to launch a war against Communism to protect the Christian world from that danger." Father John Drinkwater (in The Morality of Nuclear War—Commonweal, March 18, 1955) feels that the future pattern of warfare is so clear that the Christian at this point should "refuse to co-operate in mass destruction." This refusal refers to scientists, factory workers, civil servants now as well as to soldiers, navigators, bombardiers if war should break out.

## Terms Set by the World

Certainly such analysis by the Christian conscience of what we are in, and what we are headed for is more than due. Is there no Christian ground between Communist strategic co-existence and American thermo-nuclear encirclement? Could not the Christian place himself on a third plane, neither strategic, nor thermo-nuclear, but rather spiritual? Is our Christian and prophetic mission so bankrupt that the terms are set for us by the world—the world divided into two great armed camps, both disposing of the fire plucked from heaven.

The Christian can use the time of co-existence to reject both alternatives offered him, and to create something

better. This time of "cold calm" gives him the chance to hear the truth, and even tell the truth, while modern war stifles truth and substitutes the lies of war propaganda. Some of his truth does penetrate the Iron and Bamboo-Curtains that encircle the world—as we know from refugees who escape to our side.

In this time of co-existence we can carry out the call of the Father of Christendom to help build "the bridge of peace," by sharing our personal goods, by working earnestly so that the economic relationships between nations will be "inspired by love." His Holiness asks not that such economic relationships be inspired by trade advantage or enlightened self-interest, or even mutual aid, but by love.

## Ransoming the Time of Co-Existence

We Americans have almost unlimited opportunity to ransom this time of co-existence for the love and service that bring peace. Our government is already channeling millions of pounds of life-giving foods through voluntary agencies (including Catholic Relief Services—NCWC) to the accessible needy and homeless of the world. Wheat flour, powdered milk, butter, vegetable shortening, are packed in small containers for speedy distribution to those for whom life is a daily struggle for existence. We can urge Congressmen to make more of these surplus products available to religious agencies who distribute them to all in need in programs of loving service without parallel in scope.

The national awareness of the necessity of centering our thoughts on peace was proved by the appointment by our President to a new post in his cabinet—the post of presidential assistant for disarmament. In his statement the President of the United States indicated that the presidential assistant for disarmament will be expected to "weigh the views of the military, the civilians, and the officials of our Government and of other governments" on the matter of new weapons and future probabilities of armament. If this post is to be more than a useless front the views of American civilians must be made known. They were specifically asked for by the President.

Our government is presently engaged in technical assistance programs to aid underdeveloped areas in meeting their basic needs of water supply, food and fiber. Catholics play a sadly negligible role in this whole program. Now would be the time to express vocally and with personnel support our agreement with these global programs that have the seeds of charity in them. One is reminded of a nation's possibilities for good or evil by a recent dispatch from Bonn, Germany, which outlines a German plan to send technicians to aid backward nations, and in the long run to further trade with such areas.

If in 1939 Germany had sent its technical experts to share skills with more backward areas of Europe it would have found acceptance for its offerings, and even lebensraum for its people. Europe would have become more like a garden than the charnel house it became after Germany used its technical skill for war. Catholics seemed to play little part in shaping public opinion in regard to such concepts.

Young Americans who feel as Father John Drinkwater and so many others feel, that participation in thermo-nuclear war is against the Christian conscience, can qualify for alternative service with voluntary relief organizations by insisting to their draft boards that they are religious conscientious objectors. Their two-years' service would then not consist of criss-crossing the skies in bombers and jets, but in going about the world binding wounds, and teaching by the apostolate of their very presence, that a God of Love exists. Too many people in our anguished world know only too well that the devil exists. Who can show them the message of the existence of God?

While we are so engaged, perhaps our Communist adversaries may attack with all available weapons. Or perhaps, goaded by small attacks, we may start the holocaust by "anticipatory retaliation" or some such reasoning. Christians can then show forth the passion of Christ by dying in defense of His Kingdom of Love, rather than exemplify the violence of His executioners by pouring death on the innocent and guilty alike. In the meantime, by prayers and works, we can beg for a lifting of this horror of impending attack by either side.

In 1241 the Mongol armies had conquered Eastern Europe and stood at about the same position as the Communist armies stand today. They had conquered Muscovy, and had annihilated the Kingdom of Hungary. Three Polish armies fell before the hordes from the East. Duke Henry of Silesia and his forces were conquered at Liegnitz. The Christian Emperor was at enmity with the Pope, and Europe was divided and open to further attack. Instead of a crusade of arms, a crusade of prayer was offered up in all the churches of Christendom for delivery from the Tartars—who became known as Tartars because they were feared as men from the nether kingdom. Europe was on its knees. The prayers were answered in a spectacular way. A messenger came 6,000 miles from Mongolia to find Batu, the leader of the Mongol armies, to announce to him the death of the Khan of Khans. The law of Genghis Khan called for the return of the descendants of Genghis to Mongolia for the election of a new Khakan. The Mongol leaders called off the campaign and led their armies back to distant Karakorum, and Europe was left in peace.

The present co-existence gives us time for such beseeching prayers, for truth, for works of love. Perhaps our capital sin lies in the exaltation of man in the belief that only we can resolve this total crisis by the methods and weapons that we have devised.

This article has been reprinted from the June, 1955, issue of INTEGRITY Magazine, 157 East 38th Street, New York 16, New York.



## HOW TO STRIKE

By PETER MAURIN

Strike news doesn't strike me, but the sit-down strike is a different strike from the ordinary strike.

In the sit-down strike you don't strike anybody either on the jaw or under the belt, you just sit down.

The sit-down strike is essentially a peaceful strike.

If the sit-down strike remains a sit-down strike, that is to say, a strike in which you strike by just sitting down, it may be a means of bringing about desirable results.

The sit-down strike must be conducted on Gandhian lines, that is to say, according to the doctrine of pure means as expressed by Jacques Maritain.

### IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The capitalist system is a racketeering system. It is a racketeering system because it is a profiteering system. It is a profiteering system because it is a profit system.

And nobody has found the way to keep the profit system from becoming a profiteering system. Harold Laski says: "In the Middle Ages the idea of acquiring wealth was limited by a body of moral rules imposed under the sanction of religious authority." But modern business men tell the clergy: "Mind your own business and don't butt into our business."

### ECONOMIC ECONOMY

In the Middle Ages they had a doctrine, the doctrine of the Common Good.

In the Middle Ages they had an economy which was economical. Their economy was based on the idea that God wants us to be our brothers' keepers. They believed in the right to work for the worker. They believed in being fair to the worker as well as the consumer. They believed in doing their work the best they knew how for the service of God and men.

### PROPER PROPERTY

Leon Harmel, who was an employer, not a labor leader, says: "We have lost the right concept of authority, we have also lost the right concept of property."

The use of property to acquire more property is not the proper use of property.

The right use of property is to enable the worker to do his work more effectively.

The right use of property is not to compel the worker, under threat of unemployment, to be a cog in the wheel of mass production.

### SPEED-UP SYSTEM

Bourgeois capitalists believe in the law of supply and demand. Through mass production, bourgeois capitalists increase the supply and decrease the demand.

The speed-up system and the extensive use of improved machinery has given us technological unemployment. As a Catholic worker said to me:

"Ford speeds us up, making us do in one day three times as much work as before, then he lays us off."

To speed up the workers and then lay them off is to deny the worker the right to work.

### MAKERS OF DEPRESSIONS

Business men used to say: "We make prosperity through our private enterprise."

According to business men, the workers have nothing to do with the making of prosperity. If the workers have nothing to do with the making of prosperity, they have nothing to do with the making of business depressions.

The refusal of business men to accept the responsibility for business depressions is what makes the workers resort to sit-down strikes. If business men understood business they would find the way to increase the demand for manufactured products, instead of increasing the supply through the speed-up system and the extensive use of improved machinery.

### COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Business men have made such a mess of things without workers' cooperation that they could do no worse with workers' cooperation.

Because the workers want to cooperate with the business men in the running of business is the reason why they sit down.

The sit-down strike is for the worker the means of bringing about collective bargaining. Collective bargaining and compulsory arbitration will assure the worker the right to work.

### IN THE RUMBLE SEAT

There is nothing wrong with the sit-down strike if it is used to bring about collective bargaining.

The aim of the NRA was to bring about collective bargaining but, as Father Parsons said:

"The NRA made the mistake of placing labor in the rumble seat."

Labor must sit in the driver's seat—not in the rumble seat.

Bourgeois capitalists are not such good drivers as to be able to drive without the cooperation of organized labor.

Organized labor, whether it be the A. F. of L. or the C.I.O., is far from knowing what to do with the economic setup.

## Families On The Land

Early in July the first of some 75 refugee farm families settled near Rock Hill, S.C. in a new three bedroom house on 2,000 acres of soil up to now unproductive but which they hope to turn into the kind which make their farm completely self supporting.

The Gherisnich family who came from Madera, Italy only a few weeks ago at the invitation of Father Maurice Shean, C.O., the originator of the plan to revitalize this South Carolina farm land feel confident that their example will eventually convince other families to follow their lead.

Father Shean with the approval of his superiors and the local ordinary formed the York County Farm Produce Co. of Rock Hill. The company purchased 2,000 acres and offered 2,900 shares of stock for sale at \$100 a share, redeemable on a long-term basis. Each family will be offered 40 acres of upland and bottom land.

Father Shean says that there is a good market for fruit and vegetables in Charlotte and Columbia which are only an hour's drive from Rock Hill and that the produce is now being brought in from other states at high prices.

Father Shean says he sees no reason why this project should not succeed in opening up other undeveloped and unproductive areas in his area.

Peter Maurin said there is "no unemployment on the land." The trouble is not that the land is no longer productive but that on one hand too many farm families have left and are leaving the land for the "good life" in the cities and on the other the government's farm policies are a hinderance to the farmer's making a go of it.

R.S.

## Letter From A Farmer

Bluffton, Mo.

Dear Dorothy

I guess it's about that time. For what its worth, I thought I'd bring you and yours up to date where we are concerned. It's been almost 5 years now and 4 of them have been rather parched to say the least. But not this year. We are floating as of two weeks ago. My oats, my cash crop oats, are slowly disappearing beneath a sea of grass. A 4 inch rain put them down; succeeding rains have made combining them impossible. But our most important crop, pasture, has exceeded anything we've ever seen. We've pasture for twice the number of cattle whereas in other years we were wishing we had only half as many. I almost forgot what it looked like to see a cow lying down. They spent every waking hour staving off starvation and usually had all of the brush and saplings cleaned up as high as they could reach. This summer this place has looked like a lush garden spot. I've sixty acres I haven't even turned in on yet. We've still thirty cows and an extra good bull. I had a polled bull last year but got ahold of a horned whiteface and he's by far the best male we've had so far. Our cattle are young now too. We've been fortunate enough to keep back 15 heifers in three years and each time I put one in the herd, I would sell an old one and right now we've only seven cows with any age on them. We've some sheep too. Six western ewes and they had some nice lambs during Holy week. I sheared them myself with a hand shears. I averaged about two hours per sheep and sold the wool for twenty-five bucks. I'd like to get about ten more and we probably will next spring. Katy's colt is almost her size now and she's bred again. Horses, especially riding horses, are getting scarce and worth some money. We plan on keeping one more filly colt and raising some colts every year. I broke the tree in my saddle and have been riding Kate bareback the past few months.

(Continued on page 6)

# CULT :: CULTIV

## Distributism Is Not Dead

By DOROTHY DAY

The very fact that people are always burying distributism is evidence of the fact that it is not dead as a solution. John Stanley buried it last year in the *Commonweal* and *Social Justice* of The Central Verein in St. Louis some months ago buried it. But it is an issue that won't be buried, because distributism is a system conformable to the needs of man and his nature.

We write of farming communes as an ideal form of institution towards which we should aim, and for which we should plan and we will continue to write about those which are in existence today in a continuing attempt as a way of living. We feel that there are ways of combatting the servile state, and working towards a restoration of property.

During those months when there was an exchange of visits between Soviet farmers to this country and some of our farmers to the U.S.R.R. there were some very interesting newspaper accounts. One of our Iowa farmers visited some large scale collective farms where 5,000 or so Russians were employed by the State in spite of the fact that they were using modern machinery. This was a collective farm, but each family was allowed anywhere from half an acre to two acres, and on this small plot they had their own cow and chickens and pigs, and raised such an amount of vegetables, that it was due to their efforts that so much foodstuffs were able to go on the market. The cities would be hard put to find the foods they needed, were it not for these smaller plots.

At the same time one would feel that communal farming of such vast acreage as there is in the Soviet Union and the United States would not be out of place in the raising of wheat and flax and cotton and fruits and other such stuffs that demand large acreage and in some cases many men employed.

Here in the U.S. we have our migrant laborers, millions of them, to harvest the crops, and they live ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed, and are definitely a problem in our economy. In Russia they seem to be stabilized. The very mention of such numbers would indicate that there could be no speed up, though planting and harvest time necessarily mean long hours, from dawn to dark, with corresponding shorter hours and lighter toil in winter.

I've been told on farms I have visited in my trips around the country that winter is just as hard as summer for the individual farmer, since the animals have to be fed more often (not having the grazing they do in summer) and the work is done under the difficult conditions of the cold and dark, with fewer laborers.

Governor Harriman talked of poverty being a national problem and he was doubtless thinking of migrants, and Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, and Negroes and our city and country slums. Labor leaders have talked of pockets of unemployment. Where industry has moved south, or to another town there is great fanfare over enterprising real estate men who buy up the factories and invite other diversified industries to take over. With all our prosperity there is still the specter of unemployment.

But on the land, as Peter Maurin always said, there is no unemployment. There is food, clothing, shelter, and fuel and work to do. Proof of this in spite of our poverty and pockets of unemployment, is the fact that in all the 23 years of the *Catholic Worker*, only one farmer has come to us, and that was John Filliger, who was a seaman during the 1936 strike, who seeing our need, stayed with us. There is the saying, "Scratch a seaman and you will find a farmer."

In *The New World* Chesterton series published by Sheed and Ward, the volume *Tremendous Trifles* has an essay called *The Dickensian*. Our readers will remember that G. K.'s *Weekly* championed Distributism and his two books, *What's Wrong with the World* and *Outline of Sanity* are basic volumes to read on Distributism, together with *The Sun of Justice*, by Harold Robbins, his friend.

In this essay, *The Dickensian*, Chesterton and a stranger meet on a little pleasure boat crawling up Yarmouth Harbor. The stranger is mourning the passing of good old things like the wooden figureheads on ships and he prowls around the old parts of the town looking for traces of Dickens in Yarmouth. During the course of the afternoon they visit a church and there is a stained glass window which was flaming "with all the passionate heraldry of the most fierce and ecstatic of Christian Arts," there was the angel of the resurrection. Chesterton dashed out of the church, dragging his friend after him, to buy as he said, ginger beer, postal cards, to listen to the concertinas, to ride on a donkey. And when the Dickens enthusiast all but decided Chesterton needed to be committed to a mental hospital, the latter explains;

"There are certain writers to whom humanity owes much, whose talent is yet of so shy or retrospective a type that we do well to link it with certain quaint places, or certain perishing associations." And he went on to say that were Dickens living today, he would not be harking back to the past, but dealing with things just as he found them. So that he, Chesterton, was being particularly Dickensian by enjoying his surroundings as they were, and beginning from there.

It is the same with Distributism. It needs to be constantly rewritten, re-assessed, restated, with the wisdom and clearheadedness of a Chesterton who by his paradoxes, made us see our lives and our problems in the light of Faith, who can help us today to make a synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation.

In spite of the nuclear age we are living in, we can plant our gardens even if they are only window boxes, we can awaken ourselves to God's good earth and in little ways start going out on pilgrimage, to the suburbs, to the country, and when we get the grace, we may so put off the old man, and put on Christ, that we will begin to do without all that the City of man offers us, and build up the farming commune, the Village, the "city" of God, wherein justice dwelleth.

# CULTURE VATION ::

## COTTON GINS

By AMMON HENNACY



IN RESPONSE to my article in the June CW on this subject I had the following letter from Mr. Craig of Utah who knows my Hopi friends and with whom I had corresponded about them previously. He writes as follows.

My brother:

In the June CW you speak for the need for small (as well as large) cotton gins. The enclosed sketch describes a machine for use in subsistence living but perhaps adapted to greater production. It is hand operated and can de-seed about 20 pounds of cotton a day. If Gandhi's figures of 60 pounds of cotton cloth per person per year hold true for this country, you can see this is practical for subsistence type living. It was developed at Navaho Mountain in connection with some cotton and textile and gardening experiments made there in the summer of 1954.

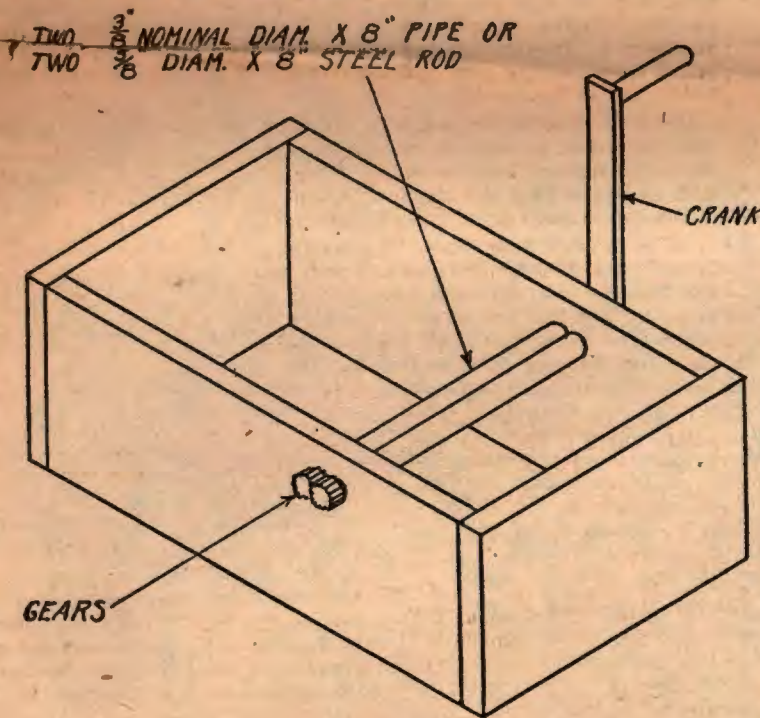
Note: Both cylinders must be power driven and synchronized with each other. A diameter greater than  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch tends to grip the seeds as well as the fibre, to squash and mash them in with the fibre. A roller diameter less than  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch does not grip the fibre securely enough to strip it from the seeds.

Must be hand fed, one boll section at a time, and the striped seeds need to be scraped from the rollers by hand also. Drive gears were made from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch bolts by filing 8 teeth into the head of each bolt and then screwing the bolts into the threaded pipe. Doesn't require a mechanical genius to make or operate. It works. I use it. Craig.

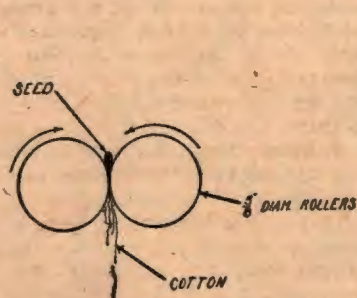
I sent his letter and drawings to Walter Gormly of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, an industrial engineer, conscientious objector and tax refuser whom I have known since 1940. He writes as follows:

Dear Ammon:

I enclose drawings of Craig's sketches of a cotton gin. I have had two blueprints made of the perspective and the cross section of the rollers and am sending them to Bayard Rustin. Other blueprints can be made from your originals for probably not more than 10c each at a commercial blueprinter. The drawings should not be folded or creased if they are to be printed.



COTTON GIN



Craig's crude gears would not be satisfactory if any amount of cotton is to be ginned. A machine shop could make gears. If pipe is used for rollers, the gears might be 22 diametral pitch, 15 teeth, 0.682 in. pitch diameter and 0.773 in. outside diameter.

Incidentally, I think Craig meant to use  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. pipe rather than  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. pipe is just a little over  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. outside diameter, and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. bolt would be a tight press fit inside.

Further improvements to make it possible to handle a larger quantity would be to use bronze bearings, or better yet, needle bearings. A  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. shaft would be used in the bearings, or possibly  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. The needle bearings would be purchased from the Torrington Co., Torrington, Conn.

## Cross Currents

Cross Currents V 1955, Cross Currents Corporation, 3111 Broadway, N. Y. 27, N. Y.; \$5.00. Reviewed by Deane Mowrer.

Since its initial publication in 1950, Cross Currents, has appeared to a growing number of readers as a green oasis of burgeoning truth. Edited by a group of Catholic laymen with an avowed purpose "to explore the implications of Christianity for our time," this brilliantly eclectic quarterly presents a fountaining pattern of creative thought drawn from the deep well-springs of many cultures. Most welcome, then, should be the permanently bound volume Cross Currents V 1955.

A roll call of contributors, though impressive, can hardly suggest the range and quality of insights contained in these challenging articles. Particularly pertinent to today's needs and problems seem to me Augustin Leonard's article, "Religious Tolerance and Civil Liberty"; Joseph L. Caulfield's editorial, "On Christian Maturity"; and Martin Buber's "Genuine Conversation and the Possibility of Peace." But whether the focus be theological, sociological, political, psychological, or literary, these articles in Cross Currents relate each special subject to man's immediate and eternal reality. Nicolas Berdyaev on Ibsen, Jean Lacroix on atheism, Friedrich Heer on St. Therese extend our understanding of the conflicts between individuality and personality, give a truer dimension to our concept of Deity, and help to disentangle from the ribbons of sentimentality the great Saint of our time who pleads to lead us into God's great love through the hard uncompromising way of the love of God in all His creatures—even the basest, even the lowest.

Ultimately an extension of the understanding should be an extension of the love of God. The purpose and accomplishment of Cross Currents, I think, may be best measured by this rule.

The rebel undoubtedly demands a certain degree of freedom for himself; but in no case, if he is consistent, does he demand the right to destroy the existence and the freedom of others. He humiliates no one. The freedom he claims, he claims for all. . . .

—Albert Camus,  
THE REBEL  
Vintage Books, N.Y.C.

rington, Conn. The next step would be to fasten a sheave to a roller and belt an electric motor to it.

I suspect the bottleneck in the process would be the job of keeping the seeds cleaned off the rollers. That might be helped by mounting a tray so that it would easily slide under the rollers. Then, when the rollers got filled up with seeds, the operator could stop the rollers, slide the tray under them and flip the seeds out with a hand tool shaped to fit between the rollers.

If a  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. rod were used for rollers instead of the pipe, the gears should be 24 diametral pitch, 15 teeth, 0.625 in. pitch diameter and 0.708 in. outside diameter. I suspect that one roller should be adjustable so that a screw can be used to tighten one roller against the other.

If the cotton gin was mounted so the rollers were vertical and so that the seeds would fall into one container on one side and the cotton into a container on the other side, a fellow should be able to run quite a bit of cotton through it in a day if he has a motor belted to it. That might be suitable for handling the crop from several acres if the farmer has a place to store his cotton until he can get it baled. Could it be stored under a tent? Make a tent by waterproofing unbleached muslin with mixture of 1 pound of paraffin, 4 ounces of beeswax and 1 gallon of naphtha or buy waterproofing at a sporting goods store. No smoking around the tent with naphtha, I assume.

It appears probable that I also will be going to prison. A tax man told me he was turning my case over to the District Attorney.

Yours

Walter Gormly, 412 N. 3rd St. West  
Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Any of those interested in the problems of making a home cotton gin could correspond with Mr. Gormly, that is, if he is not locked up also. Several people have written to Bayard Rustin about the works camps care of us, but it would be better to write direct at 5 Beekman St., N. Y. City, c/o War Resisters League.

## IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

two of the seven who had done time in World War I who had refused to register in World War II. He met me at Cherry Valley bus station, west of Albany, after I had spoken to a Catholic picnic near Albany, expecting, as he said later, to see a taller and heavier man: Francis Xavier Hennessey, who had been with him in Leavenworth. I knew Howard from his picture, a short wiry man, four years older than I but with not a grey hair. Soon we were on the small plateau where the main part of his cultivated farm was located, and I met his wife, Louise, who had some years before their marriage been a tax refuser with whom I had corresponded. There are few cherries in Cherry Valley, the name coming from the prevalence of wild cherries 150 years ago from which furniture was made from the bright cherry wood.

In the morning I helped Howard pick up small stones from between the rows of his garden. Literally tons of such stones had already been carried and dumped in the gulch near the railroad that cut through the upper part of his land. This cutting up of farms to make parallel highways between the big cities whereby exploiters can travel so much faster to exploit, and frustrated city people can swarm over the country has cut up many farms in the vicinity, including his own, Howard told me. His nursery of spruce had been destroyed and a gulley had been cut in front of his house all for a four lane highway that was out of date before it was half completed, because of the diversion of traffic to the new lavish thruway. We walked through fern and moss laden woods near the spring where before the Civil War Howard's great grandfather had piped the water half a mile in wooden funneled-out logs underground. This was plenty for the house and for irrigation through a flat rubber hose which made a rain-like mist for the strawberries. Next I thinned corn from some hills of corn to make two stalks instead of more, and that evening slept wonderfully well in the quietness of the country.

The next morning was spent in leveling off tons of gravel which was spread on the hilly driveway. Branches were broken by the truck so a little sawing of wood exercised some muscles that were too relaxed from sitting at a desk at Chrystie Street. Some more gathering of stones near the beautiful rows of potatoes as Howard explained to me that he had a soil testing kit whereby he knew that if one of the four essential mineral elements needed to make the perfect potato was missing he could supply it and have customers come and pay \$3.50 per bushel for the same variety that could be purchased in the super market for a dollar.

He had potatoes from last year that had not yet rotted. The strawberries were late because of the cold weather but I picked a few. Then in the afternoon I took a diamond-shaped hoe and in a few hours went over the entire garden. This hoe is not like the regular one but is flat on the ground so that a slight push cuts the weeds. The main thing is that you can get closer to the plant without injuring it.

As we worked, Howard explained that he never belonged to any organization and neither did he follow the "ploughman's folly" of Falkner or the composting and the excessive organic propaganda of organic enthusiasts. He felt this was overdone, mainly by those who made a living by telling others how to farm, but did not live from the proceeds of their farm as he and many others did. He said that a deer, gopher, or insect would eat a plant whether it was "organically" grown or not. But that a weak plant grown in devitalized soil would succumb sooner to insects. Good soil made good plants, so he composted, mineralized, sprayed, and roto-cultivated his fields. He did cut weeds before they went to seed, and he ploughed under rye in the spring and let it dissolve in the soil for six weeks or more and then went over it with a roto-tiller made in Brillonn, Wisconsin, about forty miles north of Kohler, and priced at \$650. I also helped tie up grape vines to train them in the right manner. Howard explained that the wild cherry tree is host to a certain insect which moves on to the peach tree but does not travel from peach tree to peach tree, but back to wild cherry.

As we were working I asked Howard how he came to be a radical. When a small boy he had lived with an uncle who was a follower of Tom Paine and Ingersoll and he had been sympathetic to those ideas. At butchering time his father had ordered him to knock a bull in the head and he was slow about it so his father commanded him to do it or get a licking. The best he did was to knock a horn off whereupon he went to the hay loft and vomited in agony. Dave Dellinger's first knowledge of revolt to the outside world was when he was not allowed to invite a boy from across the tracks to his birthday party. Mine was the story of the Quakers and Indians from my 104 year old great grandmother when I was five years of age. The ideal may knock to us once or several times but unless we are sensitive to its appeal our lives are not changed. Soon afterwards Howard left at the age of 14 for New York City where he worked for several years at \$5 a week in retail stores. After a time he got a job with the telephone company mainly because he could play baseball and a pitcher was needed for the team. Within a year he was boss over the man who had hired him and before World War I he was getting \$10,000 a year and was installing telephone equipment in the largest hotels. He registered for the war, not knowing of any movement for non-registration, but refused induction. He was sentenced to Leavenworth where he was on a hunger strike with others for several weeks. Being transferred to Ft. Douglas, Utah, a guard knocked him cold but he refused to testify against him to the higher officials. This incident was told before a Knights of Columbus meeting by the Catholic chaplain as the story of an "unbeliever" acting in a Christlike manner and resulted in the Chaplain being removed from the rolls of the patriotic K. of C's.

Saturday, Even Thomas came from Albany where he works for the Department of Health. I knew him in the 20's when we had a World War Objector's group here after we all had been released from prison. He was one of us seven who refused to register in 1942.

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

Friendship House staff workers. Floyd Agostinelli who is, I think, originally from Montana and Beth Ann Cozzins. I had met Floyd before during a previous trip through Washington. The wedding took place in Maryland in a small suburb of Washington. The church was constructed out of an army quonset hut and while not exactly beautiful was not painful to the eye. The congregation sang the nuptial Mass without too much practice which just goes to show that it can be done by the ordinary parishoner contrary to the opinions of some of the "old guard" clergy. The ceremony was done in English. The priest spoke in a loud clear voice and the whole thing was really a treat if I may be allowed to use such a term in referring to a sacrament.

The reception held at Friendship House was packed with guests and there was turkey and ham and punch besides the cake. And that night even though the bride and groom had left there was another celebration in honor of the wedding at the home of two friends of the couple.

During a little group singing there which I am afraid I don't particularly enjoy anyway, someone (it was probably Jack Biddle) instigated a plot to embarrass me by singing the Star Spangled Banner. At a previous visit the Friendship House group had taken me over to a Marine Band concert on the Capitol lawns and I had embarrassed them by refusing to stand at attention during the playing of the "National Anthem." I didn't have the nerve to keep seated but I did turn my back to the band. This alone caused a lot of stares.

The only thing that keeps you from really enjoying these festivities is that while you are sitting in a comfortable home downing a glass of beer you suddenly remember that old man you saw a few nights before, lying on the sidewalk under the fire escape of the National Jewish Theatre on Chrystie St., his face unshaven and bloated with cheap wine, without the shoes that he sold or were taken off while he was unconscious, and you feel a little guilty. But you quickly remind your over-sensitive conscience that everyone has a right to a little recreation now and then. And after all the old man should be able to show a little moderation just as you do.

The day before, Kerran Dugan, a volunteer at the Center and Peggy Reeves who attends Catholic U. and who had been doing volunteer work at the Center for a week, drove me out to St. Elizabeth's Hospital to see Ezra Pound. After going through all the red tape we found Mr. Pound and his wife sunning themselves on the grounds and spent a very pleasant hour with them. He seems very interested in the economic theory of Peter Maurin and he paid the Worker a very fine compliment saying that while we were not always well informed no one could dispute our honesty. He told me that he never gives interviews because people never print what you actually say and I told him that I had not come there as a journalist seeking an interview but simply as "student of literature." He is a very likeable person and a very great poet (contra Graves). He told us a very funny story about a meeting between himself and Don Luigi Sturzo which was arranged

by a certain Wickham Steed, a former editor of the London Times (meeting someone with the same name brought it to his mind) which I would like to put down here but I am sure it would not come off just the way I heard it.

Beth Rogers told me to be sure to visit her sister who lives in Arlington, just outside of D.C., and the end of my stay was approaching and I still hadn't made it but fortunately she came over to the Center one day and invited me out to dinner the next evening. Her husband drove over to pick me up bringing some of their offspring; they have about five boys who are the most well-behaved children I have ever seen.

We had a wonderful supper cooked over the barbecue pit in the back yard and then went into the house and chatted until late in the evening. During supper a long-time reader and admirer of the Worker drove over from a nearby town with her youngsters. She had heard someone from Chrystie St. was in town and came over especially to see me which inflated my ego no little bit. When you go traveling around you see how Peter's personalism has really taken root in the lives of a great many people. Some years ago this woman who was inspired both by the Catholic Worker and the Baroness de Hueck began storing clothes which her own family and her neighbors could part with in her garage giving them to the poor. Now there are three other women doing the same thing in northern Virginia alone. Beth's sister is one of them. This is all done on a very personal level and with the least amount of organization. They have drawn up a platform for their Little Houses of Charity. I will quote part of it here:

"With a loving and trusting prayer to the Holy Spirit, we, the undersigned, propose to set down the ideals which guided us in our attempt to serve God through our Little Houses of Charity. These houses are simple projects designed to help all those who ask for our help. We have set no limits to our giving except the duties of our state of life and the time and material at hand. The things we have to give are those that fill the simple needs of people—mainly outgrown clothing from our own and others' families, and to a lesser extent food, household furnishings and sometimes money for medicine and fuel . . . there are no rules, to see that the works of charity help to sanctify our family life and not interfere with it. We have tried to make our Little Houses of Charity community projects. The accent is on sharing with our neighbors, helping one another as far as we are able. We cannot always give material help . . . but we do believe that we can always give them ourselves . . . our prayers, our love and understanding. We want to see Christ in everyone. When Christ told us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and imprisoned, He placed no limitations or qualifications on these needs. He identifies Himself with the very least of these. When we meet God's Poor, we try to remind ourselves that we do not know what graces in their life they have received or what they lack. We don't know what trials and sufferings they have had to endure. Many of the poor are bitter through no fault of their own, since they know nothing about God or faith and trust in Him. As Abbe Pierre says, perhaps all they will ever know about God is what they see in us. In our serving God's poor, we have discovered that they do much more for us than we can ever do for them. This work has given us the greatest happiness and peace and joy we have ever found in this world."

When you see ordinary people, mothers and fathers of families, doing things like this you find yourself judging rather harshly those who, like the people in the parable Our Lord told about the marriage feast, declined because

they had no time, because they had bought a farm or married a wife. The works of mercy are not outside the scope of family life nor can they be limited to those who are able to dedicate their whole life to it. People like these do more than they realize to atone for the personal selfishness of the Park Avenue and Stork Club crowd even though they would be the last to judge them.

### New York Wedding

Back in New York a couple of weeks later another wedding took place. Eileen Fantino married Indio Diaz. Eileen has been associated with the Catholic Worker for a number of years now and most of our readers have read her articles in the paper and know of the work being done by Eileen and Mary Ann McCoy and Helen Russell in East Harlem among the Puerto Rican children. Their summer camp out on Staten Island has just received its second batch of children. Eileen and Indio and the girls want us to thank the very generous people who have helped with the finances this year as well as last. And it goes without saying that they are still in need of money to pay the bills for the second half of the summer.

The marriage took place in a very new church, The Holy Agony on East One Hundred St., and Bob Ludlow, looking sober as the proverbial judge, gave away the bride. John Stanley had a reception for the couple at his place in the Village. John rents only one room but his very gracious landlady offered him the use of her basement kitchen and the garden in the backyard. Al Gullion and Norman Stein helped John decorate the place the day before and that evening it really looked enchanting with colored lights strung across the garden and Chinese lanterns hanging in the basement.

The thing that really made the whole evening a success was the Spanish combo which was so good that the neighbors were hanging out of their windows enjoying the music.

Apropos of the wedding I want to mention Ned O'Gorman's poem in this issue. It was written in honor of the occasion and we are very proud to publish it because it will appear in a book of his poems which has been accepted by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Ned was recently awarded a Guggenheim grant for poetry and is going to Europe in August.

### Sheets

Last issue we made an appeal for sheets and mentioned that the last time it was done back in 1954 by Tom Sullivan we were deluged. I must not have his powers of persuasion because we haven't gotten any this time, and honestly we really do need them! Not only are there none to put on the 50 or 60 beds while the dirty ones are being washed but some of them have been washed so many times that there are as many square yards of space as there are of material.

### A Rocking Chair

Last week we received a letter in the mail that was one of the most heartbreaking I have ever seen. It was from a woman 79 years old. She lives on Long Island and has been taking care of her sister-in-law's son who is forty years old and has been mentally retarded since he was a baby. She receives \$28 dollars a month from the city to take care of expenses plus \$5 for clothing. She wrote to the Trappists in Georgia asking their prayers and Dom Robert the Abbot told her about the Catholic Worker. Here are a few lines from her letter: "I can't afford to buy much clothes as I have five dollars a month for them. I don't need fancy ones as I don't get out anywhere. In the summer we sit outside. All I need is to have clean underwear and a few house dresses. If you know of anyone who has a rocking chair for the boy to sit in as he don't sit in any other chair. He walks up and down the house all day long. When

he gets tired he sits in his little rocking chair. About the boy's size for his top pants. He takes waist size 38 and the legs 36. His size in underwear is 40. I can't put shorts on him. You will excuse me when I tell you why the boy don't go to the toilet and when he has to do anything he does it in the bed and in his clothes so I have to put long underwear on him summer and winter but in summer I get the thin underwear long ones. If I put shorts it would go all over the floor and it would make it hard for me because I am not young any more. I want to try and keep my strength that God and His blessed Mother is giving me. The boy is 41 years old but just like a baby in mind so I want to stay with him if God is willing until they relieve him of the terrible sickness he has in which ever way it pleases His Holy Will."

We have a rocking chair here and we will take it out to Long Island along with clothes for both of them. We hope that our readers will pray for them both. Some people say that America has no saints but I think that they are wrong. There is one living out on Long Island.

### New Faces and Visitors

Huntington Seminary on Long Island has provided a number of visitors this month. During the summer the seminarians form study clubs and each week someone reports on some phase of the apostolate. A number of them have come down to our offices to find out what was going on here. One of them promised to come back and let us know what the verdict is.

Peggy Reeves and Kerran Dugan came up from Washington after my visit and spent a few days visiting us. Peggy went on to Canada afterwards and Kerran visited his family in Boston. When Dorothy got back from her trip South she told us that while she was in Washington Kerran had said he was coming up to throw in his lot with us and we expect him any day.

One night a few weeks ago I answered the telephone and heard a faint voice saying that he was calling from South Carolina. That voice belonged to one Arthur Lacey who had spent some months at Maryfarm some three years ago. He was calling from Our Lady of Mepkin, the Trappist house near Charleston and wanted to know if we could put him up here as he was coming North the next day. Arthur had been a familiar brother there and to those who are ignorant of Trappist lingo this means one who lives in the monastery but is not a member of the order. A priest is appointed to look after their spiritual welfare and they usually look after the guests.

Arthur is helping Roger in the clothes room, going to the laundry with all our blankets and sheets while our washing machine is broken and doing a lot of work around here that has needed doing for a long time but which no one ever seemed to get around to.

Since Ammon will be going either to jail or on a year long speaking trip this fall we are fortunate in having Charlie Butterworth, a young lawyer from Philadelphia, who will take over some of Ammon's old jobs.

Our Friday night meetings have been well attended lately. Our souped-up street apostolate is paying off. There was a very good crowd for a very good talk last week by Eddie Egan on the philosophy of Gabriel Marcel.

In the May issue I reviewed a pamphlet entitled: "A Guide To Pacifism" by J. F. T. Prince. A few weeks later I received a letter from the publisher, Michael Shelton & Murray, who asked me to make clear a point about the author I had not been sure of myself. Father Prince is a well known Catholic priest and writer in England. We did not have the publisher's complete address at the time to give to our readers. In case any one wants to send for this excellent booklet it is: 39-41 Palace Street, London, SW 1.

## Farmer's Letter

(Continued from page 4)

and I'm getting so I like it better than with a saddle.

We had a pretty good wheat crop this year and the best garden we've ever had. Someone gave us twin billy kids for the taking and we enjoyed them until one night when they slipped into our garden and finished off our pea crop, then the next day one found the orchard to his liking and cleaned all the leaves off of our young apple trees. At this point I decided our menu needed a little goat meat lift. They tasted very good, just like spring lamb.

Our financial situation has made no great strides in either direction. We have been able to pay the government quite a bit each year but not as much as they would like and as a consequence, we are termed delinquent. I guess most of the other FHA farmers are in about the same fix so they haven't been rough about it. In fact, they have been down right nice and encouraging. Our quota is \$2,000 this year and it looks like we'll be able to make it.

To keep a few bucks coming in all the time, I've had to take on some outside jobs. A neighbor and myself purchased a saw mill and were fortunate in getting a four hundred acre tract of timber about five miles from here. We set the mill up right on the woods and have been knocking out railroad ties as fast as we can. We get about \$1.75 per tie, have to pay the owner twenty five cents and we split the rest. We've two trucks, a couple of chain saws and two tractors and we can knock something out in a day. Right now we are working on stove bolts. Today we cut down, cut up and split 112 bolts. They bring about a dollar a piece and the stove company makes up whiskey barrels out of the finished lumber. Of course, this keeps me away from the farm and things get a little raggedy around here. The fencing doesn't look good but the cattle and calves do and as long as they aren't getting out on Mosley's Alfalfa, I'm going to keep doing what I'm doing. I owe about six hundred bucks in non-secured debts, feed bills, grocery bills, gas and oil, etc, and with any kind of luck, I'll be out from under by Christmas.

Our family is due for an addition in a few days. That will make five of us and we've high hopes for a big family.

We haven't had the visitors this year that we have had in the past. Sometimes we get a bit spooky out here and start kicking the TV idea around but I don't think we will ever rationalize it into our setup. We still aren't the spiritual house afres we always wanted to be but we get our licks in every now and then. We finally found out that we can actually get through a rosary if we say it while doing the supper dishes. Prime and Compline are the backbone of our prayer life. Every time Maria (1½) hears "Glory be to the Father" around here, she automatically goes into a pronounced bow. She also likes to kiss a statue of Mary holding Jesus but lately she has taken a fancy to biting the head of the baby Jesus instead of kissing it. She also genuflects thirteen times on the way up the aisle for Sunday Mass.

Getting back to those visitors, we haven't had anyone from Madison Street here for almost six months. We're set up now too, with a bunk house that sleeps three, cooking facilities and wired electrically. I don't go out and get headlocks on them anymore. We are content to let nature take its course.

We are only slightly interested in politics and have not as yet succumbed to Ike's "heartly" smile. When we feel downright mean and cynical, we always talk about Nixon. We tried to find a good news mag. Finally decided on "Newsweek" in preference to that horrible example of soul selling, "Time," but found "Newsweek" was just about the same. We like

(Continued on page 7)

It was when he trusted his own strength that the Apostle succumbed to the jeers of a servant girl. When he relied upon his Lord he was able to defy an empire. And we are still living upon his victory.

—Maurice Zundel.

## On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

There was a story going around about Stalin, a long time ago, before the debunking period set in, which I enjoyed very much. Stalin was in his inner office, and a number of his helpers in the outer office suddenly heard a great burst of wrath. Someone was being dragged over the coals! (Verbally speaking, of course. No one admitted that such things happened actually. It is only the Catholic Church which has had an Inquisition). After fifteen minutes of the harsh tirade within, the door opened, and Stalin was seen coming forth, alone. Inside the office was empty. "He has just made his fifteen minute period of self criticism," someone commented, breathing a sigh of relief. It was one of the recommended customs of the times.

There will no longer be any official, good natured stories about Stalin. And I might have believed that the present era of self criticism was a sincere attempt to admit past mistakes, past sins, and gigantic ones at that, if it were not for the latest news story yesterday which stated that Stalin was suspected, of murdering his second wife, and keeping a harem of young girls! Now everything has said that can be said! If the murder charge won't stick, then ridicule may do the trick. An old politician becoming senile, with not one "Peaches Browning" with whom to relax after a long day of sentencing old Bolsheviks to be tortured, executed or sent to Siberian wastes (which are no longer wastes, of course) but a harem of them. A touch of the East here, the Oriental despot motif.

I want to take a longer view of history. When Fritz Elchenberg started the job of illustrating *The Idiot* last year, he found in a second hand store a wonderful book of travel, illustrated, about a journey through the Siberian prison camps, and what had started out as a white wash (else it would not have been permitted) turned out to be a damning and terrible indictment of the cruelty of the prison system under the Czar. I want to remember the history of the French revolution, and the revolution of 1848 and the uprisings after the Franco Prussian war, and the more recent persecution of the Church in France in 1905 when again religious orders were suppressed. And I want too, to study more intensively the history of my own country, with its glories and its crimes, its ideals and its failures, its virtues and its sins. Newspapers disclose to us the temper of the day, the mind of the day, but the story played up on the front page one morning is often denied on the back page on the next morning.

There is no use in being taken in by this emotional upheaval in the USSR, now. I can well remember a pamphlet issued by the Communist party in the United States about John L. Lewis, when the Communists were backing another union and Lewis was to be made a villain to the masses in a fight to dislodge him from his hard won position. The pamphlet accused Lewis as the vice president of the mine workers not only of gaining his position as mine leader by engineering the death of the former president who was a heavy drinker, by keeping him under the influence all the time, but also by degrading him morally, inducing him to frequent brothels where he contracted a venereal disease. Later

when the party line changed, when Lewis was in good repute again with the Communists, this pamphlet was hastily bought up, destroyed, obliterated as best they could, and Lewis, the first president of the CIO was the hero of the hour (because he was using many a strong and brave communist to organize in districts where less convinced men would turn tail and flee). I remembered this pamphlet when I saw the most recent criticisms of Stalin, in the attempts to obliterate his name and reputation from the far reaches of the Soviet land.

Similar charges have been made by workers against the mine owners. Labor always insisted that the mine owners brought burlesque shows to town the nights that union meetings were being called. They were accused of trying to seduce the union membership by much liquor and a goodly display of fleshly comeliness from the difficult and self denying job of building up an organization of workers.

Is it a mark of my class-war attitude, inherited from the days when I wrote for labor in the columns of *The Call* and *The Masses*, that I believed this of the "bosses," and now refuse to believe it of Stalin? Is it that the bottle still smells of the liquor it once held? I do not think so. One sees too much in this present day of prosperity of the seduction of the masses with television sets and cars, not to speak of the more necessary expensive gadgets such as refrigerators, freezers, washing and drying and ironing machines, and so on. Man has been induced to sell his soul for a mess of pottage, because he has no longer time to think of his soul and the saving of it, because he is too busy trying to pay off his debts for all these luxuries. Sometimes he has two jobs, and sometimes his wife has one besides. And still they are in debt, because they cannot pay off the time savers they have bought, because there is always a new one on the market, of new make, new color, new design, and the old one cannot be fixed because the screws or the tools are also of new design.

How far from the truth can we get, with our modern advertising, which persuades men to find a paradise of ease here and now. Who tells the truth now adays? If we say we do, we are lying, because Scripture says, "All men are liars." And yet it is hard to find, in our examination of conscience, just where we have not been true, just where we have lied, in thought, word or deed.

Christ said, I am the way, the Truth, the life. The trouble is, He is so hard to find. There is so little time, and the danger is so great that we will die before we have begun to live, spiritually speaking of course. (Because as I write that sentence, I can think of three people who have lamented to me that they have never lived, have had no experience, have never been fulfilled, are unwanted, rejected, and so on, with infinite sadness). They are not talking about the spiritual life, but the life of the senses. They do not realize how universal is their complaint, "lest having Him they may have naught beside." And they flee the Hound of Heaven, because they do not want Him just yet. They are like St. Augustine, saying, "Give me purity, O Lord, but not yet." Because they cannot give up their love or their desire for love, and that intensity of life, which comes

with love. They do not believe Him when He says, "I have come to bring life, and to bring it more abundantly."

There are times in our lives when we feel life flow in our veins, feel ourselves to be alive, we can look into our hearts and find there the Holy Trinity, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. But we need to be alone, we need to have time, to be at rest, to be rested too.

That brings us to another trouble, we never get enough rest, enough sleep, enough immobility. I know a mother once, who had one small child and she said she was kept so busy that at night when everyone was in bed, husband and child, that is, she liked to just sit and savor her leisure. That was before the days of television. Now people just sit in front of that, and look and look and even if they are bored, or dull, they cannot bear to go to bed, because what comes next might be more interesting. Or they stay up and read detective stories and cannot put out the light until they are stupefied, until the past page is turned. They are too tired to sleep—that moment has been passed when they could have rested, could have slept.

We need to sleep, we need to rest, we need to lose consciousness, to die in this way, in order to live—and this is on the natural plane. But grace builds on nature, and we must live a good natural



life in order to lead the supernatural life to its fullest.

Baron Von Hugel used to say that every morning as he made his plans for the day, he used to draw up a schedule of work to be done, and then cut half of it out. I should do the same about reading—draw up a list of books to be read, and then cut half of them out.

There is a time to do nothing, when one needs to do nothing, and now for me is one of those times. It is June, and we are preparing for our summer retreat. There are visitors in abundance and they help in the work, whether it is dishwashing, painting, repairing or just getting ready for the retreat. There is Andy, a seaman, between trips. He has been a dozen times around the world, and now he is doing a seaman's job of painting the porches. Hans Tunneson, another seaman is repairing the rotted posts and screening in one porch. Andy talks of the cottage in Ireland by the sea, and Hans talks of his family farm in Norway. To them, in a way, *The Catholic Worker* farm on Staten Island, is that cottage in Ireland and that farm in Norway. John Filliger, another seaman, is making hay, and Stanley, in between a typing job and a printing job, and work on a book he is writing, called *Lithuanian Boy*, is helping him. A young graduate of Annapolis, fourth of a family of nine children, and a young lad from the slums of New York, paroled to us after a two year stint in prison, are also helping. Jim and Joe are doing a wiring job, putting up outside lights on the barn entrances, the two dormitories where men sleep, and two young women, chambermaid and typist, are cleaning the two women's dormitories in the house, the attic and the children's playroom. We have two sick ones with asthma and when there are more visitors, they will get more attention. It is like an inn by the side of the road, this farm in Staten Island, and we never know who is coming, nor how long they are going to stay. Those who come to spend the summer, go back to Chicago, or to summer school, and those who come to spend a week

## Non-Violence

(Continued from page 2)

be as generous as the violent actions of the proletariat for its class interests.

By FR. JEAN DANIELOU S.J.

On one hand if the sources of violence are spiritual, they must be fought by spiritual arms. This is why in terms of the first Christian communities or of medieval monarchy Christians could be relieved of temporal service to the City so as to be able to dedicate themselves to praying and suffering for peace. On the other hand, now on a political level, it is possible to quote Cardinal Ottoviani, that modern war should now be seen as always unjust, and thus a sin; obedience to God should then require all Christians to shun it. This would equal Jeremiah's position. In this case it would be our duty to obey God, whatever it would cost us to do so.

By FATHER AVRIL, O.P.

A war between USSR and USA from whatever angle one views it could never be called "just." It would, on the contrary be the greatest crime that could be committed against humanity. And I believe that the preparation for war, piling up atomic bombs etc. is therefore the preparation or premeditation of this crime. A revolt of the universal conscience is what we need right now. Does this conscience really exist?

## Farmer's Letter

(Continued from page 6)

Stevenson, Truman and the Post-Dispatch which makes us the local oddballs.

We still think about community but can find no takers. I don't blame them in a way. We don't own our farm as yet and to build a house on a deal like we've got would be taking a considerable risk. Perhaps when we get the thing paid for and can give title to house building land, we'll have better luck.

I know a few guys who would be willing to give it a try but their wives aren't for it and this automatically nixes a proposition like that. We could furnish all the lumber needed for a house out here though with very little expense attached now that I've got a saw mill. There aren't a lot of jobs in this area but I keep myself busy and I'm sure anyone else in

the same boat could too. At any rate, we are convinced that this will be our home until we die and we're going to love every minute of it. I love my work and am always near my family. I can be with my kids and they in turn can be closer to me. My time is my own and though I have to work hard, I'm doing so because I want to, not because some guy is telling me to. We've fish in the pond, rabbits on the ground and squirrels in the trees and I don't suffer from claustrophobia.

We hope you can visit us soon Dorothy. That bunk house is a nugget of privacy and you could escape those three men in your life for a week or so if you would let yourself. Please remember us in your prayers and give my regards to Jack Kelly if you see him. Jack Woltjen

end, stay for a year. We cannot talk about a dedicated lay apostolate, because we are a "house of hospitality." The wandering monks find us an attractive stopping off place, and some of them spend their time in the chapel praying, and some of them build meditation places down by the brook. There is also the Stations of the Cross, put up along the meadow in the center of the farm, erected but not canonically, by one of our guests, who is at present on Ward's Island, or Ryker's Island or one of the city prisons for drinking.

And with all the comings and goings, with all the work to be done, suddenly there is time, here in this oasis, to sit and pray, to sit and think.

Even with the seven grandchildren, on a quiet beach, one can sit by the side of the sea, and while Eric and Nickie are collecting snails, and Susie is floating out to sea on a raft, and Tamar with her three other little girls hovering around her like butterflies, collects shells with quiet absorption, I sit by the edge of the water, no breeze stirring, watching the shifting colors of the dead calm bay, with the gentle tide coming in around me, and rejoice in the Lord, in peace and stillness un-

utterable, and there is singing in my heart, with the three children exiled in Babylon "Ave works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all forever."

## A Song for Eileen's Marriage

Some are made for marriages and build the artifact of love. Some are walled in silences to know the darknesses of love.

One there is who'll marry When summer and its sun is high. Who'll walk with whispering earring girls to marriage with an ebony boy.

His manhood is a certain dark a dignity and gist of flame, and ladyhood will hover there and speak a sweet florentian name.

When bridegroom shudders like hand and the sun of summer sings race will make exchange of grief and lose itself in marrying.

Then wedding like a quiet tree will make a balance in the night when alabaster windows break and fall in illads of light.

NED O'GORMAN

"The most quoted weekly in America"

## THE COMMONWEAL

A Catholic weekly magazine which deals directly with the issues of the day and attempts positive, concrete suggestions. Competent evaluations of current books, plays and movies.

17 Issues for \$2

For New Subscribers

In recent weeks THE COMMONWEAL has published articles such as these: Michael Harrington on "The New Communist Line", John Todd on "John Wesley's Legacy", Stephen Whicher on "Eugene O'Neill's Long Journey", Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., on "The Missionary Today", Francis McMahon on "Franco and Peron", Christopher Dawson on "Christianity and Ideologies", John P. Sisk on "The Expose Magazines", and Arthur Cohen on "Nathanael West's Holy Fool".

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

## Embroider Your Own Wall Decorations

Ready-to-Work Kits

Designed by A. de Bethune

Catalogue on Request

ST. LEO SHOP

118 Washington St.

Newport, R. I.

# NUCLEAR WAR AND THE LIBERALS' DILEMMA

By EDMUND J. EGAN

The Associated Press report on the "first American air-dropped H-bomb" contains a series of indicative statistics. It informs us: (1) that the explosive force generated equaled that of 10,000,000 tons of TNT, (2) that the bomb's fireball was three miles in diameter, (3) that even buildings "with brick walls 18 inches thick" would be completely demolished to a 6½ mile radius, (4) that great "fire storms" would sweep through a bombed city, and (5) that radiation effects would insure "early death or long lingering illness" to anyone exposed within a radius of "several miles."

There is about such statistics a certain deceptive calm; their terrible meaning remains veiled behind the surreal image of spiraling numbers. There is somewhere in this spiral a point at which meaning deserts quantity; when we hear of millions of tons of explosives, of hundreds of thousands of dead, of such or another radius of total destruction, of entire cities in flames, the limits of judgment have been long overpassed, and the normal sensitivities have been assaulted.

There are perhaps two basic reactions which a man may have to such statistics. He may succumb to this assault upon his sensibilities, and simply cease to respond in terms of meaning, and await with a numb certitude the larger and larger numbers which his leaders indicate will characterize the next group of statistics. This reaction would seem to be the one desired by the leaders of the nation, whose utterances tend to avoid realities of guilt and suffering, while they serve to excite the people and divert their thoughts with a stream of anxious, urgent discourse upon the means and methods of "civil defense."

The other reaction is the one which results when the mind looks behind the numbers; and this reaction entails the realization of being surrounded by insanity. For the continued and mounting production of nuclear weapons in the face of the real possibility of general human annihilation has about it the madness of an agent who desires to survive, yet, in the grip of some unknown drive, prepares the way for its own destruction.

It is of course very well to make this observation, yet until we face the question of the cause and character of such madness and the alternatives in the way of sanity, our role is that of the detached observer, the merely abstracting moralist. Yet to deal with this issue is to enter an area of serious ethical difficulties, and to risk certain almost standard assumptions regarding social morality.

The conscience of ethically interested liberalism has been

stirred by this question, and the result has been an increasingly insistent plea that somehow, the nuclear weapon be outlawed. An excellent example is to be found in a recent editorial in THE PILOT, weekly newspaper of the Archdiocese of Boston. The editorial stated: "... we (America) must find some effective and immediate measures which will make the H-bomb morally obsolete before it ever becomes an actual instrument of war." What is at once apparent in this attitude is the implicit trust that "we"—which is to say, a nation, can achieve the outlawing of the bomb, assumedly through some political, diplomatic action. Such a position evinces a hopeful and sincere optimism, and if it also betrays a certain unquestioning blandness, we must realize how severe is the alternative position in the light of the liberal consciousness.

The liberal idealist places his faith in social structures, and out of the faith and idealism of the liberal mind have come great contributions to human progress and freedom. When, however, an historical situation arises in which a society to materially defend itself must leave the area of its own values, moral imperatives obtain whose implementation demands that the individual separate himself from the usual structures of his society.

This becomes clear with reference to nuclear warfare when certain political and strategic facts are squarely faced. First of all, it is obvious that in the context of military competition the hope of America and her allies for superiority as against the Soviet lies in tactical advantage, which today means nuclear weapons and air power. The size and the totalitarian character of the Soviet bloc gives it a superior power and military mobility in terms of non-atomic, "conventional," warfare. The leaders of the West are well aware of this, and it is quite unrealistic to believe propaganda statements by Western leaders which claim a desire to ban nuclear weapons, which are their basic means of maintaining equal or superior military power.

The Stalinist bloc, on the other hand, (1) is realistic and knows that the West needs its A and H bombs (2) can therefore with cynical impunity call for cessation of nuclear testing, etc. . . . and (3) would obviously without armed might be at the mercy of its internal and external enemies; and has therefore no intention of a general disarmament, which is the only condition upon which the West could agree to atomic disarmament.

The purpose of this analysis is simply to demonstrate that the means to "make the H-bomb obsolete" are not existent within the context of the real political situation. To seek for these "means" within such a context is to expect one political bloc or another to give an idealistic ethic priority over material autonomy and survival; and this simply is not the way of nations and states.

The answer of the radical and pacifist to this question of means lies ultimately in the doctrine of personalism; the individual taking upon himself ethical responsibility, withdrawing from that vague and supple "collective conscience" which always bends, however painfully, to the necessary.

The consequences of an individual's choosing the personalist path regarding war in an era in which the collective drive and intention of society is war-centered, must be admitted to be as against the image of an ideal situation, unsatisfying. That each man ought to be engaged in the struggles of his brothers, and share with that even the imperfections of their social structures, is I think a great truth, and one profoundly perceived and articulated in our century.

But when society decrees as the

## ERIC GILL

We are always complaining that bishops, priests and clergy do not lead us. That is not their function. It is the laity's business "to do the thinking even at the risk of a little heresy here and there", then bishops and clergy can take "what is best, discard what is objectionable" and legislate accordingly. The pioneering cannot be done by those who sit in the seats of judgment.

From a foreword to the pamphlet, "The Evolution of Peace," by G. C., published by Stormont Murray, 276 Hughenden Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks, Eng.

price and pledge of this engagement, commitment to such moral abomination as modern warfare, the individual must dissent, and he is not to be faulted for it. The existential involvement in and deference to the concrete situation (as against myths, abstractions and remote ends) is among the most noble insights of contemporary thought. The Christian, however, is committed to an ultimate absolutism in which certain acts whose immediate character is evil must be rejected regardless of any broad, longterm situational demand. A frank avowal of a "situation ethic" is, however, rare among Christians. The more dominant tendency among non-pacifists re-



garding the problems of war has been to evade, with the aid of some or other "theological principle" exhumed for the occasion (e.g. the "double effect" approach) the fact that there is anything immoral at all about modern warfare.

In this regard, the progressive development of nuclear weapons may ironically be serving a valuable ethical purpose, in that it forces into bold relief the dialectic of war, and makes less and less possible the rationalizations which have served to obscure the moral responsibility of individuals in its regard. The liberal non-pacifist moralist is being forced by what he sees to pose questions which admit less and less of an answer. Perhaps his question about the means of war will finally come to be answered in the asking. But it will be answered in a realization that in this central area political society at large has deserted morality, and that a true moral sense can be regained only in the way of individual responsibility, and in the protest and dissent which today are responsibility's necessary expression.

## BOOKS WE NEED

There are a few books we need for study and reference which we cannot afford to buy. If any of our readers have copies they do not need we would appreciate having them. They are:

The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas (complete) — English Dominican trans. preferred; The 2 Vol. Louvain Philosophy text by Cardinal Mercier published by Herder; Volume V of the Catholic Encyclopedia; The Enchiridion Symbolorum; The Church of the Word Incarnate by Msgr. Journet — Sheed & Ward.

R. S.

## Air Raid Drill

(Continued from page 1)

they know about, the only means they have been taught. They are in a better state than the great mass of fearful or indifferent men, who think of their material safety, their families and not only are afraid to fight but forget the traditions of the saints, who saw their brothers or their parents put to death for their faith, and rejoiced to follow them in suffering. The latter used spiritual weapons, the weapons of suffering, prayer and forgiveness. "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

But just as daily or frequent communion became rare since the days of the early Christians, until the days of St. Pius X, so also the use of spiritual weapons ceased to be put first. For many centuries the tradition has been to fight first and when all other weapons have been used, then to trust in prayer. We need to reverse this practice, and with faith and love, overcome the enemy. I pointed out in my talk that certainly there were heroic virtues among warriors and that even in the time of David, one could point to the nobility of Urias, when King David with deceit and treachery tried to make him go from the battlefield to his wife, to cover up his own adultery. Urias said, "the arc of God and Israel and Juda dwells in tents, and my lord Joab and the servants of my lord abide upon the face of the earth. And shall I go into my house, to eat and to drink, and to sleep with my wife? By thy welfare and the welfare of thy soul I will not do this thing."

So David fell deeper into sin by having Urias sent to the front where fighting was heaviest so that he would be killed. An easy way of getting rid of an enemy, and a way the Communists in Spain were accused of using by John dos Passos. Urias was a greater man at that time than David. David was not permitted by God to build the temple because his hands were stained by blood.

We are certainly willing to exalt the courage of men at war, and with Gandhi to point out that it is better to fight than to run away. And we wish to point out also that we believe the whole point of the life of Joan of Arc, was that she followed her conscience, she recognized the supremacy of conscience and stood out against the Bishops of France and of England.

I went on in my talk to say that our public demonstration on the next day of refusing to take shelter was not only to practice civil disobedience to a law which was unreasonable since there is admittedly no shelter and no defense except by dispersal, by fleeing the cities, but also to do penance for our having been the first to drop the atom bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Our demonstration was to show our willingness to go to jail, to be deprived of our freedom, to suffer disgrace in the eyes of those who cannot understand our position.

God knows, it is a suffering. I don't think any of us, not even Ammon Hennacy, enjoys these demonstrations, this "going to the man in the street." It is so much easier to sit behind a typewriter, to sit in an office or a meeting house and talk about these actions and these ideas. There is a tenseness in the atmosphere, both among those who are engaged in civil disobedience, and those who are officers of the law and forced into the duty of arresting us. Only the day before, another of a series of home made bombs had been exploded in a telephone booth at Macy's department store, and in any public demonstration the police are always afraid some unbalanced person or someone insane in his own personal way will try to

explode a bomb. (Certainly the government has set him the example in violence, in bomb-making and throwing).

Even before the sirens began their unearthly noise at four-ten p.m. newspaper reporters and photographers, and a television camera were on the scene which of course added to the confusion. Many friends who did not intend to demonstrate had to be urged away so that they would not be caught outside a shelter, and when the sirens blew, the police and civil defense auxiliaries, as many of them as there were of us, converged upon us and told us to take shelter. When we refused they announced we were under arrest, and escorted us to the patrol wagons which were drawn up a block away.

There were four of us women in one; Elizabeth Quigley, Quaker and mother of three children, Pat Daw, twenty-two years old and soon to become a mother, Dean Mowrer and I. There were fifteen men, two of whom were there on the spur of the moment. There was Stanley Borowsky and Ammon from the CW and Dan O'Hagan from Pendle Hill, and the others represented the War Resisters, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the American Friends' Service Committee.

We were all taken nearby to the Mercer Street station and the charges against us were made out there. It took from four-thirty until six-thirty and then we were brought again in patrol wagons to the Tombs where we were all locked in cells to await the night court. Judge Strong called our case almost immediately, treated us with courtesy, set our bail at one hundred dollars each and set Wednesday, July 25 for trial in the magistrates' court at 151st St. We had to stay until midnight; it took so long to make out papers for us all.

We had many friends in court and there was none of the disagreeable excitement of last year when we were called "murderers" by Judge Kaplan. We have been having a wide experience among judges this past year and were singularly fortunate in having Judge Strong sitting that night, and Judge Comerford the following Wednesday.

The cases of the seven who pleaded guilty of civil disobedience was severed from the eleven who pleaded not guilty. We will all appear in court again Oct. 31.

### Other Incidents

My friend Helen Crowe told me after the trial that she had last seen Judge Comerford at the laying of wreaths at the statue of St. Thomas More in Central Park on his feast day as head of the Irish Counties' Association. It is an annual affair and is accompanied by the playing of harps and bagpipes.

### Stanley Borowsky

Probably Stanley in his modesty would not want to be cited for heroic penance. He decided to stay in jail rather than pay bail. Bail was there and available for him, and we all thankfully accepted it because although we have pleaded guilty, we have not as yet been tried. But Stanley wished to remain. He looked cheerful and calm after his five days imprisonment and went as cheerfully back again to his cell. Stanley has fasted and prayed, and as a pilgrim has walked to our retreats from New York to Newburgh, from Brooklyn to the end of Staten Island (aside from the ferry ride) and he is accounting life in jail as one of the works of mercy, the visiting of prisoners. God bless him. We wish he would come out, but if he is making his own kind of a retreat, we can only reflect that God is being praised where perhaps before He has been blasphemed, and the world is a little brighter for it.

P.S. The day after this was written Stanley was released without bail.

## SACCO and VANZETTI

MARTYRED  
Aug. 23, 1927

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

—Vanzetti's letter.

"I wish to forgive those who are doing this to me."

—Last words of Vanzetti.