



## Torture In Spain

Norman Thomas and Salvador de Madariaga  
Urge Kennedy to Protest

The recent strikes in Spain and the meeting in Munich early in June of the Congress of the European Movement attended by opponents of the Franco regime such as Madariaga and Gil Robles have provoked numerous arrests, exilings and torture.

According to "IBERICA," a magazine devoted to the return of a democratic regime in Spain, liberal Catholics and trade unionists have been the principal victims of recent police repression in Spain.

More than one hundred workers and students are being tried on charges of belonging to the Popular Liberation Front and of having participated in the strikes.

In Valencia an army chaplain, Father Jose Bailo, has been tried by a military tribunal for the first time in Franco Spain. He was accused, in a trial, held behind closed doors, of distributing clandestine propaganda, insulting the Chief of State and inciting to disorder. The tribunal of three generals was headed by General Cabanillas, said to be a close

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## More About Cuba

By DOROTHY DAY

Last month the National Council of Catholic Men, with the consent of the Bishops of the United States, were making a documentary on the Catholic Worker movement, a week's work of filming to be condensed into a one-half hour of television time on a Sunday morning in this coming September on the program, Look Up and Live.

One of the questions asked of a group of the editors sitting in the third floor office on Chrystie Street was, "Do you agree with everything that is written in The Catholic Worker?"

As I remember it, all of them answered "No," and I would have given the same answer myself, if

I had been asked. But I was there just to introduce the others.

On another occasion the chancellor of the archdiocese of New York asked me if I saw everything that went into the Catholic Worker, for which after all I am responsible as editor and publisher. I told him yes, and that is true with few exceptions, when the paper was printed during my absence, and the material coming in late was used at once, assuming my approval. Perhaps on two or three occasions I disapproved of the emphasis given by the placing of material, as well as by the articles themselves. But no great harm was done.

Cardinal Hayes sent us word years ago, through Monsignor Chidwick that he approved our good work, and it was to be understood that we would make mistakes and the thing was not to persist in them. On another occasion Cardinal Spellman expressed approval of some of the aspects of our work, though it is undoubtedly true that there are many aspects of it which he is probably very dubious about, if not downright disapproving. The fact remains that we have been given, from the very first, the freedom which it is to be expected we laymen should take in handling temporal affairs, which after all is our province. That is a great gift. It seems to me that if the Catholic Worker did nothing else but indicate to critics the enormous freedom there is in the Church, which laymen so far have not taken advantage of, it is doing a good job.

A few months ago when I had a visit with Cardinal Leger in Montreal and he asked me about the position of the Catholic Worker in the church, I replied that we were a group of Catholics, engaged in writing and editing a paper dealing with the great problems of the day—the role of the State in man's life, war and peace, means and ends. That we had no chaplains, were in no way an organization included in Catholic Action, that we were under no bishop, and that we were therefore free to explore all possibilities of reform and restoration without committing the hierarchy to dangerous positions, and to try to rebuild the social order to make a better society where it is easier for men to be good. To be good men, to be holy men is to be whole men, living a full life, developing all their capacities for good, using the talents God has given them.

The Cardinal had been looking at me from under his heavy brows, his deep set eyes scarcely visible. But when he lifted his head he smiled and commented, "St. John the Baptist."

We are among those who go ahead and prepare the way. This long preliminary is to indicate that we are Catholics in good standing, that we revere our clergy and are not hesitant to speak to the clergy. To print the criticism of others is not to mean that we are anticlerical. We are reporting events and the point of view which led to these events.

Of course we are not in agreement with the most basic and fundamental point of view as expressed by our friend Mario Gon-

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## Exploitation In Our Hospitals

By EDGAR FORAND

There is probably no one group of workers in the city of New York who are any more exploited than the non-medical workers in our hospitals. These people, not to mention low wages and sometimes long hours, are even denied the right to representation of their own choosing and collective bargaining. About two-thirds of the workers are Negroes and Puerto Ricans who earn salaries from around \$43 to \$47 per week. After taxes and other deductions their net pay in many cases falls below \$40 each week.

Although Governor Rockefeller stepped in to halt the strikes at two of the hospitals here, there are many problems ahead before the settlement is translated into real stability. The Governor said he would try to get the state law amended to grant collective bargaining rights to hitherto exempt hospital workers and would ask for a no-strike clause and compulsory arbitration in an impasse. A bill with similar purposes failed to get a vote last spring. It was violently opposed (according to the N.Y. Times) by powerful Roman Catholic leaders and leaders of other charitable institutions. The state labor federation swung against it at the end because of its arbitration proposal and penalty feature.

Of course, all this law will do is simply authorize unions to try to organize workers and win representation. The city went through a long, painful hospital strike three years ago. The central issue then, as now, was union recognition. The 1959 truce avoided the crux of the problem, which is how to prevent hospital strikes while at the same time giving the employees some effective means of improving their wretched conditions.

In the RWDSU Record for July 1, 1962, Charles Michaelson has focused his story on one individual; his job, his home, his life, his hopes and fears and things that make him risk the little he has in the effort to organize. This story, with minor changes, holds true for thousands of other voluntary hospital workers in N. Y. C.

Antonion Colon is 36 years old and a member of Drug and Hospital Employees Local 1199 of the RWDSU. Before he went out on strike he worked as a kitchenman—peeling vegetables, cleaning tables and the hospital's butcher shop, moving food carts from the kitchen to the employees' cafeteria

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Fritz Eichenberg

## One Man At Hiroshima

By Elizabeth Sheehan

**BURNING CONSCIENCE**, by Claude Eatherly and Gunther Anders. Preface by Bertrand Russell. Monthly Review Press, New York, N.Y. \$4.00.

"He who doesn't lose his mind over certain things has none to lose."

—Lessing

"Hiroshima in itself is not enough to explain his behavior."

—A Psychiatrist

VA Hospital, Waco, Tex.

Between these two statements—one by an 18th century German writer and the other by a 20th century American doctor—lies a terrifying abyss.

It is bad enough to consider in the abstract this age in which man has learned to produce machinery,

the magnitude of whose effects staggers human mental, emotional and moral capacities. But we are not merely faced with an abstract issue. Condemned for life to this same abyss is a man who symbolizes in his unhappy self all that is implied in both the above sentences.

This man is Claude Eatherly, the "Hiroshima pilot" and this book brings to the American public for the first time a remarkable correspondence between Eatherly and the German philosopher, moralist and pacifist, Gunther Anders. These letters have already been widely circulated abroad, and in many countries, notably Japan.

Eatherly has long since been recognized as a victim of the mental and moral effects of the atomic

age. In America, however, this disturbed and disturbing "war hero" has proved a thorny embarrassment to family, friends, law enforcement officials, and the United States Air Force. So few of us here even know who he is!

Claude Robert Eatherly was the 26 year old Air Force Major from Van Alstyne, Texas, chosen to pilot the lead plane over Hiroshima early on the morning of August 6, 1945. A veteran of many conventional Pacific bombing missions, Eatherly gave the coded "go-ahead" signal to the bomb-carrying plane, thus loosing physical death upon a city and moral, if not also physical death upon the world.

Flying his B-29 Straight Flush back to the island base at Tinian

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## RESPECT FOR LIFE

Ammon Hennacy is fasting for forty days, as penance for our dropping the first atom bomb on Hiroshima. In the ordinary course of events he would be fasting seventeen days this year, since seventeen years have passed since the dropping of the bomb. But he is including in his fast of protest, a plea for a young man whose execution is slated for September 14 and for two other young men condemned to death in Utah where the death penalty is a choice of shooting or hanging. Ammon is running the Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's refuge at 72½ Postoffice Place, Salt Lake City. He will send you his leaflets on request.



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## Torture In Spain

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friend of the French rightist general Raoul Salan. Father Bailo pleaded innocent and said his only interest was in social problems.

In Madrid, a student, Jaime Ballesteros, who was accused of belonging to the Federation of Democratic Spanish University Students so badly tortured that his fiancée did not recognize him at Carabanchel prison. Three other students, all Socialists, are being tried for the same offense.

In Barcelona eight students have been sentenced for gestures of sympathy toward the Asturian miners. One of these is a young pregnant woman who got a six months' sentence. Her husband was also jailed.

Over a hundred strikers in Oviedo have been jailed and tortured and hundreds of workers from the Asturias and the Basque country have been deported to Castile.

Two petty officers of the Spanish navy took asylum in the Ecuadorian Embassy. They are members of the Socialist youth group prosecuted on charges of distributing leaflets inciting to strike in the Bazan shipyards at Cadiz.

On the day of the meeting of the Munich Congress mentioned above Franco suspended for two years the 14th article of the Spanish Constitution which grants freedom of residence and gave many returning delegates the choice of exile or house arrest.

Spain's chronic economic problems, and its need for closer economic union with, and an end to its medieval isolation from, the rest of Europe is as obvious to Franco as it is to the Asturian miners; the Right Wing Democrats and the Communists agree on it; as do the anarcho-syndicalists and most of the clergy. Hunger organized the strikes, not left-wing agitators, and hunger for freedom brought Spaniards from both inside and outside Spain together in Munich. Franco's pious promise to pattern the social order in Spain on the encyclical "Mater et Magistra" of Pope John will convince only the very gullible, coming on the heels of his appointment as his successor one of his generals who fought with Hitler; it is an obvious attempt to placate the growing opposition from the bishops and new nuncio. Sr. de Madariaga expressed the contradiction well when he declared in Munich: "It is unthinkable that a regime be admitted into our Europe when under its sway Socrates is every day poisoned and Christ every day crucified. Much has been said about the Common Market and the price of coal and steel. I should be the last to deny the importance of such things, but Europe is not just that. Europe is not only a Common Market and an agreement on the price of steel and coal but also and above all a common faith and an agreement on the price of man and liberty."

Robert Steed.

## Expressway Hearing

By Charles Butterworth

In the June issue we printed an article by Fr. La Mountain about the crosstown expressway that Moses and the City want to build just south of us. It would force 2000 families and 700 businesses to move when there is already a housing shortage.

Ed Forand, Mike Kovalac and others from the Worker went door to door in the area asking people to attend the June 18 hearing at City Hall. The Board of Estimate hearing room was filled and there were 50 mothers and children waiting in another room. Fifty-five opposition talks were given from 10:30 AM till 10 PM with only three talks for the expressway by automobile groups.

The City never presented their case why such an expressway was needed at all, or why an elevated expressway was impractical. So the hearing started with opposition talks only and we had nothing concrete to speak against. A vague resettlement plan was outlined in the afternoon.

Jane Jacobs, author of a book on Cities, said the planners were treating the people as if they were incapable of any sound judgment as to their own welfare. "Do you wonder why time after time people flock to these hearings and keep you up late at night with their opposition. It is because again and again you are planning and doing things that the people don't want.

This same opposition will continue and grow till the planners begin to do what the people want."

A letter from Mrs. Roosevelt was read saying that many people in the area are advanced in age, that there is a low crime rate, there are too many floating urban people already and some other solution to the traffic problem should be found. One speaker showed that the expressway plan was another example of a dangerous contempt for small business where personal responsibility still lives.

### City Creepers

After this hearing Mayor Wagner delayed action until a new report on resettlement could be made. Another Board of Estimate hearing is set for Aug. 22. The City will now be making a new house-to-house survey concerning resettlement.

The Joint Committee with help from Steve Zoll is planning a parade and rally for Aug. 9 with a sound truck and Dixie band to strengthen opposition to the expressway and the resettlement survey. Ellen, Gregory, Terry and others have circulated the following notice in the Broome St. area.

### DON'T ANSWER ANY

### QUESTION

IF SOMEONE COMES TO  
YOUR APARTMENT AND  
ASKS YOU ABOUT:

MOVING TO PUBLIC OR PRI-  
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## PEACEMAKER TRAINING IN NONVIOLENCE

August 19-September 2, 1962

164 W. Oak Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

Phone: 664-2817

(Oak Street is about one mile  
due north of the Chicago Loop)

General Information for resource  
people, participants and others  
who have expressed interest.

The program will convene Sun-  
day, August 19.

Accommodations will be ready  
on Saturday, August 18, for those  
who arrive early. Bring your own  
sleeping bag or bedding.

Most accommodations will be in  
apartments rented for this pur-  
pose in tenements in the neighbor-  
hood of 164 W. Oak Street.

### PROGRAM INFORMATION

Most program details will be  
worked out by consultation among  
the resource people and partici-  
pants. Advance arrangements  
have been made for six open ses-  
sions for the peace public in Chi-  
cago, three of which will be held  
at the historic Bughouse Square  
free speech forum.

We will propose to the training  
program a public action project  
in the form of a vigil or demon-  
stration in behalf of a prisoner  
who is scheduled to be executed  
on August 24th.

The hosts for the Program are in  
the process of purchasing a house  
in the neighborhood of 164 W. Oak  
as a new home for St. Stephen's  
House of Hospitality. The house  
may be used for group meetings  
and discussions, during the course  
of the Program, and Program par-  
ticipants may consider a morning  
workcamp project making basic  
repairs on the plumbing, wiring  
and structure of the house. You  
are invited to bring tools in prepa-  
ration for this possible project.

Anyone who is planning to at-  
tend but has not made definite ap-  
plication should write to us im-  
mediately so that we may have a  
clear idea of how many to expect  
and when. Advance payment to-  
ward the expense of the Program,  
in the form of checks payable to  
Karl Meyer, would be helpful,  
since the rent for apartments will  
have to be paid in advance and  
some resource people may need  
advances for transportation.

The following is a list by region  
of some of those who will attend,  
with the approximate date on  
which they will set out, if known,  
and the number of rides they can  
offer, if they are driving a car.  
This list is for your assistance in  
making cooperative travel arrange-  
ments, by direct contact with one  
another. Those of you who have  
cars are requested to give priority  
to resource people who may ask  
to ride with you, and resource  
people who need help on trans-  
portation are asked to take ad-  
vantage of the auto rides available,  
when practicable.

James T. Jackson, 421 Poinciana  
Drive, Birmingham 9, Alabama;  
Charles Solin, 256 E. 37th, Brook-  
lyn 3, N. Y. Leaves August 21—  
5 riders. Dave Dellinger, Box A,  
Glen Gardner, New Jersey. Leaves  
August 18, Holley Cantine, Bears-  
ville, New York. Leaves August  
16? Wallace Nelson, 3509 Baring  
Street, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylv-  
ania. Leaves August 22, Wendall  
Bull, R.F.D. 1, Box 197B, Volun-  
town, Connecticut. Leaves August  
16? Dan Shay, 18535 Deering, Li-  
vonia, Michigan. Leaves August  
18, Maurice McCrackin, 1111 Day-  
ton Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Leaves  
August 20, Daniel P. Hoff-  
man, 136 Gramercy Drive, San  
Mateo, California. Miss Gunnell  
Boxstrom, 84 Queen Anne Road,  
Toronto 18, Ontario, Canada.

Karl Meyer and Preston Schiller  
164 W. Oak, Chicago 10, Ill.

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

My New Book—the work on  
which has kept me from my other  
writing (except some letters)—is  
out of my hands, aside from read-  
ing the galley proofs. At least it  
is finished if I can keep out of the  
way of the particular editor to  
whom I have been assigned. I had  
thought all the work was done, the  
work accepted, the contract signed,  
and "just a few little odds and  
ends, loose ends, to be attended  
to." Ed Sammis was the editor  
Harpers assigned me to. He  
broke it to me gently. A few  
additional paragraphs here and  
there. And then he began to ques-  
tion me. "Who was Peter Maurin  
and what did he look like, more  
details about him. You make Am-  
mon Hennacy come alive but not  
Peter." I'd have to do a few addi-  
tional chapters! Of course I was  
glad to have this direction. It  
was good to have an editor who  
knew nothing about the beginnings  
of our work, who could draw from  
me all those details needed to  
make our work, its beginnings and  
its continuance understandable. So  
I worked steadily for months on  
the revision. I am rather like the  
sorcerer's apprentice when I get  
at the typewriter. When I am  
turned on, a flood of words come  
and hundreds of new pages poured  
out. All of which had to be sorted  
over by Mr. Sammis and woven  
into the narrative, as he said.

All the while I worked I kept  
reminding him, not that I wanted  
to complain, but that I was pretty  
well occupied by the life of the  
family, my own and the Catholic  
Worker family here in the New  
York environs, made up of scores  
of people in town and country.  
There were births and deaths, mar-  
riages, and engagements, and of  
course always the conflicts that go  
with community living. I would say  
that we are living in a hard school  
where from day to day there is a  
war going on in which we can  
only use the weapons of the spirit,  
and try to practice the non-vio-  
lence we talk so much about. Dur-  
ing the winter this conflict took  
the shape of a war between young  
and old, the twenty year olds and  
our senior citizens, as they are  
euphemistically called by the  
press. Since we were a commu-  
nity of need, it was the young  
ones, two of them, who in this  
case left to continue their work  
elsewhere. The next crisis was a  
moral one, not a simple one of  
techniques, or emphasis, or choice  
between two goods. A group of  
beats or those desiring to follow  
the life of beats, descended on  
us. This lasted some months. They  
came, they went.

### Love and Sex

My criticism was that they de-  
spised the life forces within man,  
that they were nihilistic rather  
than pacifist, that their contempt  
was directed against the very body  
of man, that temple of the holy  
Spirit, and that all the four letter  
words they used so glibly (and so  
reminiscent of our prison days)  
was to express this contempt, this  
hatred,—not only of the square,  
of the bourgeois around them, but  
of the life force in man himself.

Also they lived and moved among  
the poor as though they were not  
there, taking their meager hous-  
ing space, pushing in to table at  
the CW to get their share of the  
food, and so living that they dis-  
regarded the affront they offered  
the simple, reticent, decent and  
modest men among whom they  
lived.

All winter I had been reading  
Chekhov, his letters, stories and  
novellettes and the very basic phi-  
losophy of work that he expressed  
in his plays and stories gave me  
good ammunition in my talks  
about man's necessity to earn his  
living by the sweat of his brow,  
not to be a parasite on the social  
body, but mindful of the common  
good. I talked too on sex and chas-  
tity, and in addition to the Gospel  
teaching of Jesus, I cited Solo-  
viev's book, "The Meaning of  
Love," but those to whom I wished  
to speak were not there. I felt  
again the great gulf between  
youth and age. "You can only tell  
people what they already know,"  
Ade Bethune had said to me once,  
quoting St. Augustine, (if anyone  
knows the exact quote I would  
like to have it.) A priest wrote in  
and asked for a copy of my talk,  
and the letter was lost and I wish  
he would write me again if he  
reads this.

Another occasion for my speak-  
ing on the subject of sex, was to  
a group of non-Catholic students,  
participating in sit-ins and free-  
dom rides, and puzzled by the  
changing standards of our times,  
especially relating to sex. Certain-  
ly sex and its place in life is as  
pertinent as the discussion of war,  
capital punishment, and the role  
of the State in man's life. I seldom  
speak at state universities or non-  
Catholic colleges without the ques-  
tion of overpopulation, birth con-  
trol, abortion, and euthanasia com-  
ing up. The entire question of  
man's control over the life of  
others, over the life forces within  
man, is one of the most profound  
importance today. Kirilloff debated  
the question—Did God create me  
or is my life my own, to do with  
as I choose? And as an absolute  
gesture of defiance, an assertion  
of independence, a denial of God's  
existence, he took his life.

### New Houses

My book, which the publisher  
wishes to call "The Cost of Love,"  
and which I urge to be called  
"Loaves and Fishes," will be about  
Peter Maurin and the Catholic  
Worker, how it started, and con-  
tinued through his life time and  
how it has gotten along since his  
death. It was good to bring the  
Catholic Worker story up to date,  
to let people know that we go on  
in spite of jail sentences, evictions,  
the comings and goings of people  
—that we are a family, and our  
very readers make up that family  
together with us at Chrystie Street  
and the farm. To let them know  
that there are other houses start-  
ing up. There is not only Am-  
mon's House of Hospitality in Salt  
Lake City, but also the new one,  
St. Elijah house in Oakland, and  
St. Demetrius house in Boulder.

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## RETREAT

Woe unto me if I do not preach the gospel, St. Paul wrote in one of  
his letters. And Woe to that man who has not spread the message of  
Christ, or who has spread only half of it, Mauriac wrote.

PATMOS is a fitting nickname for St. John's parish, in Belle Plaine,  
Minnesota, where our dear friend and adviser is giving, together with  
a few other priests, a series of one day retreats on the last Sundays of  
June, July, August and September, and two five day retreats, one of  
which has already been given, and the other will be from Sunday,  
August 26th to Saturday morning, September 1.

The original Patmos was a small rocky island off the coast of Asia  
Minor. St. John, the beloved disciple spent some of the last years of  
his long life in exile there. It was then and there that he was given  
his splendid vision of the triumphant Kingdom of God and (sans type-  
writer) wrote it down in his book of the Apocalypse.

Patmos in Sibley country is not rocky and desolate and none is liable  
to have visions here. But it is remote, insular, out of the world  
enough. And St. John, the Seer and "a disciple whom Jesus loved"  
does preside there. It seems a proper and propitious place to make  
a fruitful study of the Kingdom of God.

Fr. Marion Casey, St. John's, Belle Plaine, Minn.



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

Colorado. People come and go, houses open and close, but there are always readers of the paper, inspired by the charm of Lady Poverty and the means she offers, and by the love of their brothers to embrace this life and begin to study all it entails in non-violence and personalism.

## Brazil

Probably the book will come out next January. By then many other things will have happened and I will have to write another book. Perhaps a book about Brazil. I suppose the grapevine has spread the news that I am contemplating a trip to Brazil and making all my plans and suffering many delays. My book *The Long Loneliness* has been translated into Portuguese by Aimee Amorosa Lima and has been widely circulated these last few years. So our work is known there. The McCloskey articles about the Catholic Worker movement which was part of his Harvard thesis was translated into Spanish and circulated in the Argentine.

## Passports

I have obtained a passport with no difficulty, swearing that I would defend my country by those means which did not conflict with my conscience. The passport was sent to me three days after my application. But having been invited by a number of friends who have been to Cuba or who live in Cuba now, to come and see how things are going there now, I decided I would as a journalist apply for a Cuban visa. One of our readers, a rabbi from Boston, whom I had met at Fr. Robert Hovda's in North Dakota, wrote me that he had had no difficulty in getting a visa from the United States government as editor of a Jewish magazine. So I sent in my letter of application together with my passport three weeks ago and have heard nothing since. It should not take more than ten days, one of our experienced traveller friends assured me. So I wait.

Meanwhile, without the passport I cannot get my Brazilian visa. At that embassy I was assured that if one stayed only two months one did not need a visa. But the steamship line (Danish) which goes to Brazil sent me word this morning that they would not receive any passengers who did not have a visa to Brazil in their hands two weeks before sailing.

## Change of Plans

More news has just arrived which makes me believe that it would be better for me to postpone my trip to Brazil until next April—but I am still trying for the Cuban visa and if it comes through (it is supposed to be even slower on the Cuban side) it is on the American side, I shall be able to give more direct reports from these as to the co-operative farms, the family, the church and the clergy.

There is a good staff at both farm and beach and city, and I feel that this is a good time to do this travelling and writing, especially since God has sent me the means, most unexpectedly, to pay my fare. I am offered hospitality and can live on rice and beans so this will be no luxury trip. I ask our readers' prayers that the way will open up to me on these travels, this pilgrimage.

GOOD READING I have done this summer.

For most stimulating discussion about the coming Council in Rome and the Liturgical movement read *WORSHIP* published at St. Johns, Collegeville, Minn. Also *The Briefery*, 7215 North Ridge Avenue, Chicago 45, Ill. Jubilee and Summer issue of *Cross Currents*, Commonweal and America. Monthly and weeklies.

For most complete coverage of peace news subscribe for *THE PEACEMAKER* (\$2 a year), 10208 Sylvan Avenue (Gano) Cincinnati 41, Ohio.

The Poor Man's Prayer, the story of Credit Union beginnings, by George Boyle, Helicon Press, Baltimore, Md.

Two books on the Montessori system, one by Nancy Rambusch, published by the Helicon Press, and another by Standing, author of the life of Maria Montessori, published by the Academy Guild Press, Fresno, Calif. Both of these books will be reviewed by Eileen Fantino Diaz in the next issue.

Down and Out in Paris and London, and Road to Wigan Pier both in Paper-backs, and by George Orwell. These books are recommended for anyone who is working with the poor. For all those who talk about whether people are rehabilitated, converted or grateful these books are a must. Also all of Chekhov's plays and short stories.

As for spiritual reading, The New Testament Reading Guide, Gospels and Epistles with introduction and commentary, published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville. The Pamphlet Bible Series, Commentaries and complete text of each book of the Old Testament, a new volume published each month by The Paulist Press, East Fifty-ninth St., New York City.

# Oakland House Six Months Old

ST. ELIJAH House of Hospitality  
964 Seventh St.  
Oakland 20, California  
July 31, 1962

Dear Friends—PAX

After 6 months our door is still open. The line now averages 50 a day, slacking around the first of the month, then picking up as pension checks, etc. begin to dwindle. Ray, our cook for the past 4 months, does an admirable job of feeding with whatever is on hand, Dorothy and Dee having made the initial contacts for bread, soup bones, pork and beef scraps and cottage cheese. Joe and Whitey clean up and Pat makes pickups of unsaleable fruits and vegetables from the produce district adjacent to fashionable Jack Kondon Square. We've finally made some contact with our immediate neighbors, mostly thru the children who frequent the House. Vitamins for children of families on relief have been generously supplied by friends in San Francisco and Oakland.

As some of you already know, the House is in the middle of the Acorn Redevelopment Project, and as of this A.M. we are tenants of Redevelopment. That means we will be looking for a new home soon. Also we're having plumbing problems—sewage seeping and bubbling up in the backyard (finis garden) and

our only toilet unflushable. The owner was most uncooperative, but Redev will send a plumber to begin repairs tomorrow. "Business in business and buck's a buck," which is also the attitude of Redev, which boils down to "If the people in this particular area aren't a source of income for the city fathers and stand in the way of potential revenue from light industry, they are expendable"—Of course, all this is done under the guise of the city being interested in the well-being of these poor slum-dwellers—minimum Public Housing (about 1/5 of the area) will definitely not be for the low-income brackets re the brochure put out by the Redev Agency: "Families and single persons from the Acorn Redevelopment Area who meet the entrance requirements for public housing will be given first priority in all of Oakland's permanent low-rent public housing. The Agency is requiring the cost of new construction to be as low as it can be and still produce good modern housing. Rents will be about \$80 for a one-bedroom, \$95 for a two-bedroom and \$110 for a three-bedroom apartment. Some town houses will be for sale as well as cooperative apartments at reasonable prices. All the new housing built in the Acorn area will be available without regard to race, color, religion,

national ancestry, or origin. Families with children will be welcome." I hope this direct quote speaks for the fallacy inherent in most Redev projects or slum renewal; call it what you will, all it means is that because of any number of factors, among them being Negro, limited education, low-income and general undesirability, one slum will be torn down (remember, not because of potential revenue, because the city fathers and others involved are solititous of the less-fortunates' well-being—this tongue-in-cheek attitude smacks of Southern graciousness and concern in regards to integration, "We love our Niggers; that's why we want to maintain our 'separate, but equal institutions and facilities' (otherwise known as plain, down-to-earth SEGREGATION), only to have slumfringe areas turned into bigger and worse slums. By the way, about 1/3 of the present area in the project is residential, with many neat, well-kept houses and yards. — another quote from the Redev brochure, "The only other Redevelopment is Oak Center, immediately to the north of Acorn (from 10th to 18th Streets). It is presently being planned and will not begin for two years, or about 1963,"—which isn't even 2 years away. This last proposed area is about 3/4 residential, small neighborhood business establishments and parks and playgrounds.

We'd like to stay near skid row which begins just above the eastern boundary of Acorn, yet still be within walking distance for families (and there are many on the fringes of and scattered thru Skid Row.) Our main problem will be increase in rent—a distinct possibility of \$100 to \$150 for rent alone, maybe with first and last months' rent in advance, plus utilities. We'd like enough room for more than occasional "flops"—also a shower.

In order that St. Elijah's door may remain open for those who come to us in their need, please return the slip attached, we can have an idea of future capabilities and limitations.

Yours in Christ,

Joan, for the House and those served.



## S. African Bishop Begs for Aid

DURBAN, S. AFRICA  
Dear Miss Day,

No doubt you will know, from reading your daily newspaper, of the "apartheid" policy of our Government. Due to this policy, all financial help by the State to Catholic Mission schools has been stopped.

The task of the Church here has become a heavy one indeed. Your heart would be sorrowful, as is mine, Miss Day, to see the desperate struggle my oblate Missionaries, many of them Americans from your country, are now having.

In this Archdiocese, we have over 11,000 Zulu children in our schools. School buildings are dilapidated almost beyond repair, teachers' salaries reduced to a bare subsistence level and school meals have had to be discontinued. Many children come to school, badly undernourished, having had only a cup of water for breakfast and we cannot provide even a daily glass of milk. The position is truly a heart rending one.

Catholic Mission schools play a vital part providing a high standard of Christian education which the emerging African people now so desperately need. Is so much to be lost for want of money?

For the sake of Our Blessed Lord, Miss Day, can you find it in your heart to send us a sacrifice of five . . . or even ten dollars? A gift can be sent in cash, or by

personal check or money order made out to "The Archbishop of Durban." Rest assured it will reach me safely and that I will personally acknowledge your gift.

The children pray daily for their benefactors and we will deeply appreciate your charity to our cause. I send you my personal blessing and warmest regards.

Devotedly yours in Christ and Mary Immaculate.

Denis E. Hurley  
Archbishop of Durban

## Non-Violence

"Non-violence on the political plane has its complement in Franciscan poverty. Does not Franciscan poverty announce in an intemperate manner—out of season certainly with respect to every reasonable and ordered economy—the end of the curse which is attached to the private and selfish appropriation of goods, an act which generates hard-heartedness and solitude? Doesn't a wide and generous vision of the Redemption teach us to read some signs of the Kingdom to come in the most absurd endeavors connected with the destruction of the Monster of capitalism and the Leviathan of the State?"

PAUL RICOEUR, O.F.M., "The Image of God" and the Epic of Man.

## Poor in Spirit

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven . . . In the first Beatitude, as St. Matthew makes clear, there is implied no condemnation of material possessions as such. Where one's heart is, there is one's treasure. What is commanded is the 'spirit' of poverty, that is, non-attachment to the things of the world, the recognition that whatever we have is given us in trust from God, to be withdrawn at his pleasure. It must be recognized, however, that the whole tenor of Christ's teaching (Mark 10:25 and parallels) show how conscious he was that the well-to-do classes are all but inevitably tainted with wordliness and irreligion. Actual poverty is one of the most potent means of bringing home to us our state of utter dependence on God; when so accepted it can lead to the 'perfect joy' experienced by St. Francis of Assisi. Abundance of possessions, on the other hand, can all too easily induce blindness and arrogance of mind, that unreality and false sense of values against which we are warned in the Apocalypse: ' . . . thou sayest: I am rich and made wealthy and have need of nothing: and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked' . . ."

—Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B., *The Christ of Catholicism* (Image Books).

## Are We Sane?

"In the last one hundred years we, in the Western world, have created a greater material wealth than any other society in the history of the human race. Yet we have managed to kill off millions of our population in an arrangement which we call 'war.' Aside from smaller wars, we had larger ones in 1870, 1914 and 1939. During these wars, every participant firmly believed that he was fighting in his self-defense, for his honor, or that he was backed up by God. The groups with whom one is at war are, often from one day to the next, looked upon as cruel, irrational fiends, whom one must defeat to save the world from evil. But a few years after the mutual slaughter is over, the enemies of yesterday are our friends, the friends of yesterday our enemies, and again in full seriousness we begin to paint them with appropriate colors of black and white. At this moment . . . we are prepared for a mass slaughter which would, if it came to pass, surpass any slaughter the human race has arranged so far. One of the greatest discoveries in the field of natural science is prepared for this purpose. Everybody is looking with a mixture of confidence and apprehension to the 'statesmen' of the various peoples, ready to heap all praise on them if they 'succeed in avoiding a war,' and ignoring the fact that it is only these very statesmen who ever cause a war, usually not even through their bad intentions, but by their unreasonable mismanagement of the affairs entrusted to them"

—Erich Fromm,  
*The Sane Society*  
(Rinehart, 1955)



## Life Among The Leeches

By James E. Milord

That August journal of inflammatory opinion, the CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE, despite its frailties, has one steadfastly redeeming spot: the Help Wanted Ads. Whether you are a scientist with brains or a drifter with brawn, a bi-lingual forty or fresh fifteen, employable or not, there, on those bright pages, you will find hope and courage. Your fires of inspiration might sputter, fade, and all but die with the polite We'll-Let-You-Know response, but tomorrow's fresh crop of hyperbole will re-ignite the glow.

As a liberal arts student, and worker-without-portfolio, with sweeping and shovelling skills to my credit, I usually by-passed the dazzling Executive, Professional, Clerical and Sales columns, pausing to lament not having earned a doctorate in galactic physics, or run up ten years in synthetics. The luminous four-figure salaries fell to the earthbound, one-figure realities in the unhappy-hunting ground of the hard-pressed, the MISCELLANEOUS column.

This nebulous catch-all section often came up with clever ads. Having passed the course as a proof reader between lines in that flotsam of decoys, I should have known better than to bite on the tempting bait. But this ad began with an artful dodge, though slightly on the shop-worn side now, it was steady enough to bring this college idler up hopefully. Besides, it was February, and a more bleak one I had not seen. It read:

Wanted. Young man with pleasant voice to do telephone contact work. Call Superior—

Whoever said that flattery will get you nowhere has never consulted the Help Wanted columns.

The Office door read: GENERAL RESEARCH CORPORATION, in the boldest of letters. And bold was the man, indeed who conceived its shady inner workings. A nondescript, cubby-hole place, one among thousands like it up there on the Near North Side. It boasted of two tiny rooms; one served as the manager's office, the other as the "boiler" room.

The manager waved his disgustingly large diamond around on a fat hand, effusive, enthusiastic about the "Bureau," and its work. What work? Down to brass tacks now. It was really very simple. They were pushing children's encyclopedias. A worthy cause, I reflected naively, and signed on as a "statistician." This category was the euphemism of those primitive days for book drummer. I was given a sheet from the Chicago telephone book, a dial phone, some file cards and three pitch sheets, typed in single space on the wall before me.

You began the pitch like this: "Hello . . . Mr. or Mrs. D? How are you today? (Pause) That's good. Mr. or Mrs. D. this is the General Research Corporation calling . . . Yes, We're gathering educational statistics in your section of the city. We'd like to verify the number and ages of the children in your family?" (Pause)

Sometimes the answers were amusing: "Children. I don't got no children. I ain't even married." Or, "MY children? Well, there's Myrtle—she's forty-two, and Henry is thirty-eight."

Without further ado, the statistician bowed gracefully out of this as soon as he could say good-bye.

Every fifth or sixth house struck grist for the money mill. It was amazing the number of people who unwittingly gave out information on their children. While they were enumerating the details, we hastily scrawled the bare facts down on an index card. In a week's time, we exchanged our "statistics" with the man next to us on the boiler line and rang the number. We now shifted our titles to contact counsellor, and began to pitch away. This polemical gambit was a masterpiece of double talk, superlative and nonsense. They were pasted at eye-level for convenient reading (and eventual smooth memorization), and contained three disputations:

Introduction      Positive      Negative Rebuttal

The whole point of our contact was to involve the element of surprise.

"Hello, Mrs. S.? (Yes . . .) This is Mr. M. of the General Research Corporation . . . (Yes . . .) Mrs. S., our statistics department called you last week to verify your children's ages?" (Oh . . . Yes)

A quick look at your "data" now

"How are Billy and Mary today?" (Oh—Uh. Fine . . .)

Keep talking now-on through the first paragraph, following well into INTRODUCTION. If no adverse comments from the other end came bouncing back, proceed through POSITIVE. If any questioning started, shift over immediately to NEGATIVE REBUTTAL. Swing the tone up to an oily level now, easy does it, get sing-songish, indulgent, authoritative, elaborate.

All this ritual and can't and hypocrisy to sell a very sad, shabby set of books! The phenomenal inventiveness of the lies! Throughout the INTRODUCTION phase of this operation, and well into the POSITIVE accentuation, our main product, if you will, BOOKS, were never, but never to be mentioned. Finally, nearing the climax, we told our harassed housewife:

"Now, for a limited time only, to select families, we were placing the educational SERVICE RIGHT IN THE VERY HOMES by the "educational counsellors" from our Bureau."

There was never any mention of prices. As a contactor-statistician my objective was securing appointments for the counsellor, for which I earned \$12.00 if the sale went through. The salesman and the manager also took their generous cut of the pie. I often wondered what the sets were purchased for by this bogus outfit.

The manager had the unhealthy habit of monitoring our pitches occasionally, and when things were waning on the sales graph, he would storm in to chide us for our lack of sales technique. His boast was that he could sell books to a Chinese who couldn't read English!

I placed a solid lead for a counsellor, after a few dozen pitches, with a weary housewife, whose husband was a street car conductor. Crying children's voices echoed in the background. To my regret, I overrode her arguments about not being able to "afford anything new for the children at this time" by some specious nonsense, probably like the classic, "But when you examine this service, you'll see that you can't really afford NOT to take advantage of it." This phoney "corporation" had learned well the dialectics of the humbug world of advertising, and learned them without the surface veneer of respectability.

I was a bit slow in my rationalizing about eating—I lasted a week in this nightmare of lickspittle and sham. I had contributed my bit to the grand total of pain and superfluity and money slavery to the tune of thirty-five dollars. Needless to say, it was the chemist's way to solvency, but I belonged to a society that had joined hands with posture and pretense. I had to learn the "heart" way.

EDMUND CAMPION



## Lathrop

Dear Dorothy,

Got into Stockton Monday night, June 1st.—Was thinking of taking a live-in job and saving to go to the Chicago Conference, but Ammon said I might as well not bother, and as I do not like to live in, preferring to be independent, I came here. Got acquainted with a woman in the room next to me in the Kean Hotel in San Francisco, and when I took the bus to Stockton she was on it and was coming to do field work also, and she kept me company and helped me learn the ropes of the shape-up. A friend of hers, a man from Eureka, California, has been going with me to the fields. We go together—that is, we split the money in half. The first day, Tuesday, I went out alone to the boysenberries. The buses leave at 4:30 from Skid Row. We got 75c a halleluck. I picked only three. This was the fifth picking. The ones on top were dried out—You had to dig into the tangled vines at the bottom to get at the ripe ones. This was \$2.50 for the day's work. Got back to Stockton at about 3:00—making nine hours.

Wednesday, the three of us went out to get apricots. I picked twelve boxes, making \$4.20. They picked 22 boxes between them. The inspector from the cannery kept telling us to "pick for color"—no green ones. He also said I was the best picker in the orchard—so now I am always talking about my "reputation." There were nationals in that orchard, too.

Thursday, yesterday, Dick and I went out for apricots again. This time the trees and the ladders were smaller; between us we picked 28 boxes, making \$4.90 each. Today we went into a carrot field where we picked or pulled 30 bags of carrots, making \$3.90—or \$1.95 each. This was for 8½ hours' work. When we got back to town, we had to wait for two hours to get paid.

The dirt in these fields of carrots is called peat dirt. It stings and itches the skin. When you bathe, you must bathe in cold water first—the hot will make your skin smart more. Tomorrow we hope to get a dollar-an-hour job hoeing.

Much love. No typewriter to type this—am very sorry.

Love,

Mary Lathrop

### FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is invited.

# CULT :: C :: CULTIV

## Voices In The

**Nuclear Weapons and the Conflict of Conscience;** edited by John C. Bennett, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962, \$3.95, 191 pp.

**The State of the Question: Morality and Modern Warfare;** edited by William J. Nagle; Helicon Press, 1960, \$3.95, 168 pp. Reviewed by Edward Morin.

I

These books are important because they are representative statements of American Protestant and Catholic thinking on the most vital issue of our times. They are not a consensus of the churches, however, for that would be simply a desire to avoid discussion. In the foreword to his symposium, John Bennett, Dean of the Faculty at Union Theological Seminary, New York, says that Protestants who are not pacifists have been keeping quiet about the morality of building and using nuclear weapons. He believes that since World War II Catholics have held an "intensive discussion." Yet William Nagle, whose book contains the only three serious studies written in that period by American Catholic moral theologians, insists that the "theologians and churchmen" have continued the pattern of "The Great Silence" (*Commonweal* 5/18/62, p. 204). The new voices in the wilderness ought to be compared with the old ones.

From 1950, when Protestant clergymen called together by Bishop Angus Dun issued their report on "Christian Conscience and Weapons of Mass Destruction," through the publication of the Nagle symposium in 1960, the churchmen and the nation shared two assumptions: (1) Communism deserved the threat (though, if possible, not the actuality) of nuclear war and (2) the deterrent would work indefinitely. Almost all the writers of Dr. Bennett's new Protestant study have turned against both nations.

Dean Bennett has gathered essays from a physicist, two political scientists, three theologians, and a psychiatrist. An informed technical study of weapons by Senior Physicist David R. Inglis of Argonne National Laboratory should make Civil Defense literature an impertinence for most readers. He says that deadly strontium 90 and cesium 137 decay to half-strength only after 30 years, adding that radioactive carbon (a cause of genetic disorders) from H-bombs lasts thousands of years. Because there is no distinct dividing line between the radiation of large and small nuclear weapons, tactical nuclear weapons are no substitute for conventional weapons in small-scale wars. Their intensive use by major powers and the danger of escalation to larger weapons make "all war . . . so dangerous as to be obsolete in the nuclear age, from a rational point of view, even though it may seem inevitable." He hopes for a satisfactory policy from the new Control and Disarmament Agency and warns the public against hastily labeling long term solutions "Utopian."

John Herz, a political scientist at C. C. N. Y., relates modern international politics to Hobbes' nationalism dependent upon the State's tough defensive outer shell: "the war of all against all." Although the posture of defense has usually provided minimum security, the more or less "moderate" policies in

regard to the security of individual nations hardly make sense anymore. The old national shells are completely permeable; they also seem incapable of effecting reliable arms control or disarmament. Common interest in survival argues against both "national interest and radical change, and for "universalism" or international cooperation.

Kenneth W. Thompson seeks political alternatives within the limits of the current "balance of terror." War or disarmament are extremes to be rejected, along with all limited nuclear war. All three are impractical and immoral. Because realism demands preparation for disaster, he accepts the RAND Corporation's proposals for elaborate civil defense systems. "We are doomed not to extinction but to living with dangers more terrifying than man has ever known . . .; the moralist must help prepare men to live under these circumstances, not merely beckon him to a happier if imaginary land."

Of the three theologians, only Roger L. Shinn of Union Theological Seminary emphasizes the problems of faith rather than morality. As men lose confidence in survival they defect from creeds of progress laid down by Adam Smith, Hegel, and the more plebian Dale Carnegie and Ford I. These have given secular substitutes for divine providence, and their optimism is easily undercut: as Bertrand Russell says, "The human race has survived hitherto owing to ignorance and incompetence." Men are driven to make old problems of fate, freedom, and providence relevant to the nuclear crisis. . . . The Judeo-Christian tradition teaches that God's hand, dimly perceived by men, is working through human history. Yet modern historians are reluctant to admit any pattern in human events. Dr. Shinn reconciles these views by noting that God's plans are not limited to time. Man may destroy his planet, but eternity remains. Faith in providence makes fatalism impossible, including that which claims total war is inevitable. Fatalism destroys public confidence in responsible decision making; fanaticism, which replaces solid activity with frantic gestures, "feeds the very prejudices and irrationalities that invite destruction."

Two moralists collide on familiar ground' Paul Ramsey writes "The Case for Making 'Just War' Possible." Both he and John Bennett call war between armed forces legitimate and reject "counter-people" (i.e., against civilians) war as immoral. But Bennett criticizes Ramsey's use of the "double effect" principle because "it opens the way for permissible killing of vast numbers of civilians as the power of the weapons increases." The strategist's good intention to kill civilians only "indirectly" is not as honest a standard, says Dr. Bennett, as an appraisal of the consequences. Megaton bombs are never moral when used against centers of population because the attacker automatically intends to destroy chances of social recovery. Dr. Bennett also deals effectively with the moral erosions of a continued arms race and provides a charitable critique of Kahn's *On Thermo-nuclear War*.

Dr. Ramsey contends that the "just war" tradition is based on



# CULTURE ATION ::

## Wilderness

obligations in charity toward the society one defends, without regard to the assessed guilt of the enemy. This "neighbor-regarding love," although it reflects the Old Testament more than the New, is easier to argue for than the Suarezian idea of punitive war, recently revived by Fr. John Courtney Murray. For in the age of the "permissible" State, when the "enemy" is difficult to identify as an "aggressor," the justice one sovereign nation assumes it has the right to inflict upon the members of another lacks political responsibility and legal jurisdiction. (See J. T. Delos, *Crosscurrent*, Fall, 1958.) But Dr. Ramsey's historical view of the "just war" tradition is questionable since he calls it mainly a development of Christian teaching on charity and not primarily a concession to political necessity and the mores of the Roman Empire. He ought to have documented this controversial position with at least one early Christian source, Dr. Ramsey ends caricaturing the American ethos with an entertaining, factual parable about nuclear Hatfields and McCoys. He calls for "limited war" plans which are less "detering" but less catastrophic when deterrence fails. Yet he admits his inability to point to a specific program within nuclear capacity.

The two moralists expect churches to teach proper war morality which in turn may be reflected at high levels of policy making. Yet if strategists continue ultimately immoral policies, Christian pacifists are nowhere conceded the right to make war morality their individual responsibility. Dr. Ramsey ignores the question. Dr. Bennett says the growth of pacifism is "natural." But since America has a more direct responsibility than Europe to prevent a Communist nuclear monopoly, nuclear pacifists here ought to offer a "second best" policy if they see no possibility of the government's accepting theirs. In a footnote added after the original writing, he espies the danger of the "military-industrial complex" increasing its control of business, civilian government, the scientific community, foundations, and universities in the interests of the arms race. As the "establishment" grows, he frankly expects the churches to join it or be almost silenced by it. Apparently, then, moral responsibility would rest with the "military-industrial complex."

Finally, in an article slightly revised since it appeared in *Daedalus* (Fall, 1960), psychoanalyst Erich Fromm argues for nuclear pacifism. He observes that our real enemy is the hollowness of our beliefs: producing and consuming have become the goal of life, man's "decision" are manipulated, the individual has abandoned his freedom to an all-powerful state, and talk of such values as integrity, responsibility, and love "more and more becomes an empty ritual. . . . If we continue to live in fear of extinction and to plan the mass destruction of others, the last chance for a revival of our humanist-spiritual tradition will be lost." The risks of pacifism are great, but not greater than the human risks civilization accepts now. Pacifism strengthens those very values being threatened. To make sense ethically, any decision must be made by persons. There can be

no "authentic decision made for millions by a few leaders who, in order to get the individuals to accept the 'ethical' decisions, have to make them drunk with passions of hate and fear."

### II

Of the nine authors in the Catholic study, *Morality and Modern War*, all who had anything to say about megaton bombing of population centers agreed that it is immoral—except Fr. Connery, who endorsed the "indirect" annihilation of civilians. On this point he and Fr. Ford confronted each other from the same basic positions taken later by Drs. Ramsey and Bennett.

Col. John K. Moriarty's strategic outline and James E. Dougherty's "The Political Context" were impressive technical discussions, both authors relying on deterrence to prevent an immoral holocaust. Others dealing specifically with moral (Fr. Murray and Thomas E. Murray) and international legal (William V. O'Brien) problems expressed generalized hopes in limited nuclear war as the correct alternative. The idea that tactical nuclear weapons can be used as a substitute for conventional weapons is still a staple of armed forces and R.O.T.C. training. This notion is no longer defensible; it belongs to moralists' "happy if imaginary land," as Kenneth Thompson and Henry A. Kissinger demonstrate. The President has ordered stoppages in production and distribution of small weapons because expert opinion has come to believe that a small nuclear war may occur (accidentally perhaps) as a prelude to megaton war. Catholic limited war moralists had told us that while riding fast cars might be bad, motorcycles would be no worse than bicycles. The Protestants (except for Dr. Ramsey) were not taken in.

A positivist like Kenneth Thompson ought to have an easier time living with the nuclear status quo than Catholic moralists do who are committed to a priori principles.

But the moralists often compensate by arguing that U. S. deterrence cannot be wrong per se so long as even a few prospective military targets on enemy soil could be struck without violation to civilian rights. This approach and the belief in the myth of clean bombs tread the thin line of "probabilism." Those who rely on these arguments disregard the non-existence of big or little clean bombs and, more important, the increasingly mechanized operation of weapons systems which are geared to strike any place believed to be strategically important. Such reasoning has postponed the real moral problem until the button pushing moments. It ought to count for something that RAND statistically has demonstrated the near impossibility of a nuclear arms race lying tame for several decades. The deterrence and limited war beliefs are obsolete from a factual standpoint. Those who hold them tenaciously "presuppose," as John Bennett says of some cold-blooded war experts, "a degree of rationality under stress that calls for almost as much faith as the optimism of idealists who presupposes virtue in all men."

I am suggesting that a new Catholic study of nuclear "deterrence" (Continued on page 6)



## Farming

West Bay Road  
Inverness County Nova Scotia  
Dear Dorothy,

Thank you for your little personal note. We appreciate it very much. It must certainly take a lot of your time answering even a fraction of your mail.

As you may remember, we started our little commune here three years ago with two families. The two families are still together, but we have been living in the one small house for almost three years. We have separate living quarters, but it is nonetheless very crowded (6 children and 4 adults). So we are going to split up if we can find another farm. This isn't the only reason, but one of the main ones.

With regard to your question, "Do you depend solely upon the farm?"—the answer is, "No." Last year I worked out most of the time, and the other man ran the farm. Our total income was \$2,500, which supported two families for a year. Our greatest expense was running two vehicles (a car and a truck). We grew all our own food, wore second-hand clothes or mended old ones, and paid for our farm.

With regard to the "practicality" of this kind of life (living solely off the land), I sincerely and firmly believe that it can be done. By the individual family? Only with great difficulty and privation. By a group of families? Yes, by hard work, and a central unifying factor of prayer. The Shakers did it; the Quakers are doing it. Why not Catholics?

One of the biggest obstacles in the way of this kind of a life is obtaining a piece of land free of debt. If this hurdle can be jumped, then the next step is to obtain people who are not afraid of work or prayer.

There are many other difficulties, but if people could be found who would live a frugal life and save enough money, be willing to work hard and pray earnestly. I believe Catholics would have communities as well ordered and living bountifully off the land as any Shaker community ever did.

My real hope would be for revival of the old Benedictine monasteries which were the centers of cult, culture, and cultivation. People would live in small villages around these centers, learning the art of living from the monks who were devoted to the art of living for God alone.

But I'm afraid this is a lost cause. From my observation of the monks, they are interested in highly mechanized farms, not the simple art of tilling the soil intensively, which would teach them the love of God for men. Secondly, they believe in running all over the country in high speed cars proselytizing, rather than the stability of St. Benedict, which would attract all men to their way of life as it did many years ago. I hope I am wrong in my analysis of the monastic orders of today. Perhaps I have exaggerated. If so, I stand to be corrected.

If the monks cannot lead the laymen of today in simple living, laymen must lead laymen—a difficult task, but not an impossible one.

Richard LeBlanc & Family

## "As Poems, Created He Freedoms"

By Elizabeth Sheehan

BOOK LIKE A BOW CURVED, a collection of poems by Raymond E. F. Larsson published by the University of Detroit Press in its Contemporary Poets Series, [\$4.75] is the first volume by this distinguished American poet to appear since 1939. Through the intervening years, some of Raymond Larsson's poems have appeared for the first time in "The Catholic Worker."

This lapse will certainly make the present volume all the more welcome to Mr. Larsson's quiet but devoted followers, some of whom consider him our most gifted contemporary poet. But then, as Pulitzer-winner George Dangerfield points out in his very fitting introduction, it is both presumptuous and misleading to give poets "ratings"—as one would a TV series.

First a word about the book itself. It is beautifully made, with a lovely jacket-design, splendid red end-papers and well-chosen typography.

Raymond Larsson states he has taken as sources phrases from random texts, captions of photographs and even classified advertisements. This suggests that the raw materials of poetry like those of life, often are garnered in the most random circumstances. There is nothing random, however, about Mr. Larsson's use of his materials. He must understand words as though he had made them. He respects every syllable, knowing its worth and limitations, shaping it like a master craftsman to his purposes. Without doing violence to language, he can arrange it in perfectly fitted, very spare patterns. This skill becomes especially evident in the section of the book devoted to the severely limited Japanese "Hokku" form.

As for his context, the most striking thing about these very literary poems may not be their literary quality after all. Unlike so much that goes by the name of poetry today, Larsson's poems do not hurl themselves upon the world whose beauty, evils, or tragedies they record. They are rather statements—forceful, perhaps anguished—but always statements rather than bitter or vindictive assaults. Is this what Wordsworth meant by "emotion recollected in tranquillity"?

Finely wrought, pure in form and content, these poems give the impression of peace arduously won and tenuously held amid chaos. Among the many notably chilly images—of rock, bone, egg-shell, snow, glass, Himalayan heights and desolate ancient ruins—we are suddenly told of the sun, glowing coals, gold, light and love. The continual interplay of heat and cold, of lonely isolation and the brave comfort of Christian hope is shown in "Song for Winter's Midst":

"O scarlet, leap, and leapt, be glad,  
That snow, the snow lies wide,  
For thou shalt be so white as thou  
Had bathed in Christ's red Side;  
O scarlet, thou, thy scarlet cleansed,  
Thou white as any bride.  
Come leap, rejoice! to see thee glad,  
Christ sorrowed and He died."

But the one which will have the most meaning for many readers, is "Ironic Epigram," in which the poet speaks for us all, very deeply, very truly.

"From prison, he turned  
To composing poems,  
But in none  
Was beauty imprisoned,  
All beauties too fleet.  
"Thus, as poems  
Created he freedoms,—  
Until within them  
It was seen, a truth  
Had been given steadfast house."

Thus the bars of every individual man's own prison, though unmoved by his beating, must melt before that freedom of spirit which is a life in itself and need not stand or fall upon outside commands.

If you are sick, really sick, of the screams and vituperations of writers whose outpourings so tragically participate in the ugliness they attack, read Larsson and be cured.

## Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

O Summer, Summer, where are you hiding? Why do you hide your beauty from me? Where are your roses, your gold-eyed daisies, your sunflowers and honeysuckle, your Queen Anne's lace and purple blossoming milkweed, the luminous candelabra of yucca? Where is the green of your grasses, the green of your wind-rustled leaves? Where are your painted skies of morning, the roseate splendor of evening, the star-jewelled wonder of night? O Summer, Summer, where are you hiding? You cannot be far. I feel the warmth of your sun. I smell your fragrant sweet clover. I hear your voices. The deep-voiced chorus of frogs that sing all night and much of the day, the happy shrill of crickets, the trill of a meadow lark, the night-long refrain of the whippoorwill, the zuzz of marauding mosquitoes, the sudden anger in the voices of two of our youths who sit up and argue the hot night away, the early morning scorn of an old man, up and ready for work but disgusted with the young for their inability to keep regular hours, the ebullient baby sounds of Brenda Fay and David taking the air and sun in the front yard while Slim looks on from the porch, the rumble of thunder and the impetuous sound of a summer shower. O Summer, Summer, you have many

sounds, but where are you hiding? You have brought me a bitter cup, and I have not wished to drink. Out of the depths I cry. O God come to my assistance. O Lord make haste to help me.

Sooner or later each of us must drink the cup of bitterness. Then is the time we have most need of prayer. I am grateful to all who have prayed for me; and hope that many will continue to pray that if I am not to see again—and I still hope—I may have more confidence in God, that He will help me learn to live in a sightless world.

For most of our farm family, Summer is a time of accelerated activity. John Filliger has, as always, produced a good garden in spite of drouth and hail; and has need of his helpers—Albert, Shorty, the two young Johns, Dick and Larry—to gather in the product for Joe Cotter to can. Joe in his turn has need of helpers to prepare the vegetables for canning. Molly Powers remains champion bean snapper, though Classie Mae, Lucille, Mary, Gloria, Dick, Larry, and sometimes our guests give good assistance in this department. The sound of Hans Tunneson's saw and hammer can be heard throughout the day as he goes from one repair job to another. What with our larger family and influx (Continued on page 7)



# BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

is needed. The Bennett writers have made a fair beginning. But neither Catholic nor Protestant professional moralists have handled the problem of responsibility adequately. Sociologist Gordon Zahn presents data in the Nagle study to show that the conditioning military personnel receive may disqualify them as moral agents. Fromm extends this observation to include most of our culture. These professional opinions ought to be related to discussions of moral formulas. John Bennett may have a point when he says nuclear pacifists are socially irresponsible unless they offer a "second best" national policy when it becomes clear that Congress and the people will never accept a pacifist policy. Absolute pacifists say, "Let non-pacifists find their own second best policy." And Erich Fromm says pacifists are the most responsible of any group because they at least make a personal decision and act upon it. Zahn says that our un-Christian social complex provides no "justifiable basis for assuming that the demands of the secular ruler or his intentions will meet even the minimal standards of Christian morality." The moralists of both studies have misplaced the burden of proof. They assume that a Christian should prepare to kill until told to stop. But obviously he should not prepare for killing until he understands a clearly justifiable basis for it. For some people no reason is good enough.

Fr. Murray differed from the Protestant moralists, who implicitly discouraged pacifists' exercise of personal responsibility, in that he made a direct appeal to authority. He said the 1956 Christmas Message of Pope Pius XII "disallowed the validity of conscientious objection." Fr. Murray listed three of the four conditions which the Pope said must exist all together to rule out objection to service: the legitimacy of the government, the democratic openness of its decisions, and the necessity of defense preparations adequate for the circumstances. The Pope's fourth and most important condition was that "legitimate government" must use "legitimate instruments of internal and external policy on defensive precautions." (CF. texts: Nagle, pp. 82-83; Catholic Mind, March-April, 1957, p. 179.) The Pope did not forbid Catholic citizens to evaluate the legitimacy of the "instruments." Whether massive deterrence, limited war, or war itself is a legitimate instrument is what the whole dialogue is about. Clergy and laity participate. By leaving out the "instruments" clause, Fr. Murray constructed an air-tight case against pacifism where there was none.

All the writers of both symposiums are truly voices in the wilderness. Their audience in the secular and religious communities is deafened by the "rationality of irrationality," the attempt to beat Communism with bombs. The military-industrial complex is in the saddle spurring the public on to fear and hate. Sometimes the writers speak to whatever part of the public they can find. More often, they seem to visualize their audience as the policy makers and experts. As they choose this course, the measure of their success may be intuited from Henry "Limited War" Kissinger's touching portrait, "The Position of Intellectuals" in his recent *The Necessity for Choice*. The over-worked administrator, too busy to keep up his reading, makes committees of eminent scholars who compound research to answer questions the executive believes relevant. Research and committee work is so voluminous that "in the absence of standards, all advice tends to become equivalent." The expert is most welcome if he assembles data, least welcome if he defines goals. "There are intellectuals outside the

bureaucracy who are not part of the maelstrom of committees and study groups but who have nevertheless, contributed to the existing stagnation through a perfectionism that paralyzes action by posing unreal alternatives. . . . He (the intellectual) must steer between the Scylla of letting the bureaucracy prescribe what is relevant or useful and the Charybdis of defining these criteria too abstractly. If he inclines too much toward the former, he will turn into a promoter of technical remedies; if he chooses the latter, he will run the risks of confusing dogmatism with morality and of courting martyrdom—of becoming, in short, as wrapped up in a cult of rejection as the activist is in the cult of success."

Morality is a practical guide to conduct, action, doing. Ethics is speculative thinking about morals. So far there has been some speculation about sets of alternative compromises without meaningful imperatives. When the moral experts have offered their best advice, when all patience is spent and the plan for war will have become no more moral than it is now, one question deserves to be asked: Will they finally start talking to their people?

## Gandhi

*Gandhi on World Affairs*, by Paul F. Power, Public Affairs Press, Washington, D. C., 1960, 128 pp. *The Covenant of Peace*, a personal witness by Maurice Friedman, Pendle Hill Pamphlet No. 110, Wallingford, Pa., 1960, 32 pp., 35c. *Freedom Ride*, by James Peck, Simon & Schuster, N. Y., 1962, 160 pp. Reviewed by Judith Gregory.

*Gandhi on World Affairs* is a useful survey of Gandhi's ideas on war and peace, relations between Asia and the West, India's role in world affairs and other related matters. It provides much evidence that Gandhi's was not an absolute pacifist. Mr. Power is on the whole fair in his presentation and he is sympathetic to Gandhi, but at times his evaluation excludes Gandhi's own assumptions and therefore has little value. The notes and bibliography are excellent.

It is very reassuring to a Christian pacifist to read of Mr. Friedman's discovery that "Out of the Biblical covenant grows the covenant of peace." Usually the Old Testament is a stumbling-block to one who accepts the whole Bible as revelation, but can find the gospel of peace only in the teaching of Christ. Mr. Friedman discusses pacifism in the light of his own experiences as a Jewish C.O. and of his studies of the Hebrew Bible and of Martin Buber, emphasizing the error, as he sees it, of "absolute" pacifism. This is a remarkable pamphlet and I recommend it very highly to all pacifists.

*Freedom Ride* is an excellent straightforward report of a series of episodes in the non-violent movement for racial integration, both north and south, with particular emphasis on the work of CORE (the Congress of Racial Equality). It starts with a description of the Journey of Reconciliation of 1947, which was very much like the Freedom Ride of 1961. The author took part in both (as well as in many other demonstrations) and was beaten nearly to death in the 1961 ride. It is particularly interesting to learn that nearly every technique used in the last few years in the south had been previously used by CORE.

## Hiroshima

(Continued from page 1)

that summer day, Major Eatherly experienced the first shock-wave of the remorse that would haunt his whole life. It is said he spoke to no one for days afterward. Gradually he returned to normal

behaviour, apparently having taken Hiroshima, like other targets, in stride. He continued at his post as a tough efficient AF pilot, also witnessing the bomb explosions at Nagasaki and Bikini.

By 1947 he had had enough of military life. He resigned his commission and returned home to Texas. He had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and had attracted considerable attention for his role in the world's first atomic bombing.

But, trying like so many other ex-GI's to reconstruct his life—with wife, children, home, job, night courses in law, etc.—Eatherly was soon overtaken by a terrible realization of the consequences of that fateful "go-ahead." Daytimes he worked himself to exhaustion hoping to defeat the nightmares which regularly drove all rest away. Again and again as he tried to sleep the faces of dead Japanese rose before his tortured mental gaze—thousands upon uncounted thousands of men, women and little children—amid the smoking dust of their ruined city. In each face he read the same unbearable accusation:

"It is you—you who have done this to us!"

Caught between these relentless spirits and the plaudits of a society which praised what he had done and persisted in seeing in him the ideal young American war hero, Eatherly's personal life disintegrated.



SAINT FRANCIS sweeps a church

grated with tragic speed and thoroughness. Drinking didn't help. Drugs couldn't buy him sleep. Envelope after envelope stuffed with money and mailed to Hiroshima in reparation were unavailing. Letters to Hiroshima begging forgiveness failed to exorcise his demons. Driven in desperation to irrational acts, he attempted a series of petty crimes—hold-ups in which he took nothing—a forgery in which the money was paid into a fund for Hiroshima children—all in an attempt to elicit from society the punishment he felt he deserved. But he failed to become a successful criminal.

Finally, in 1950, the year in which President Truman announced the production of a new and more powerful weapon, the hydrogen bomb, Claude Eatherly was found near death in a New Orleans hotel room. The life he had tried to end had become truly unbearable.

Instead of anger, however, he now drew from society the scientific sympathy of psychiatrists who judged him mentally disturbed. He went willingly to a Veterans Administration hospital for treatment. There Army doctors pronounced him "schizophrenic," "out of touch with reality," and suffering from a "guilt complex." What he really suffered from was just plain guilt! His tormented conscience seemed to VA psychiatrists pathological, a condition the mere destruction of a city of living

people would never normally induce!

The following years were a sad round of commitments to VA mental hospitals, interspersed with brief hectic periods of freedom; court hearings, insulin shock treatments which failed to eradicate Hiroshima from his mind. There were periods of confinement in the ward for the violently insane. There was, inevitably, a divorce, and a court order restraining him from seeing his children or contributing to their support, though from his sizable pension he could have and wished to do so. (Later while in the hospital, he did "adopt" 19 war orphans in various countries, contributing to each regularly \$10 a month.)

Fourteen years passed in this dreadful routine. Then Anders, living in Vienna and trying to work out a morality for the atomic age, heard of Eatherly and wrote him. This opened the correspondence which, with other letters to various persons bearing on the case, is reproduced in *BURNING CONSCIENCE*. It covers the period from June 3, 1959 to July 11, 1961, when Eatherly was a patient at the VA hospital in Waco, Texas. Obviously it is an extremely interesting exchange.

Anders does not play down Eatherly's role in the bombing or try to encourage him to banish it from memory. No, he tells the ex-pilot firmly, "seeing a city vanish into nothingness as a result of one's own act exceeds the emotional and moral capacity of everybody." Anders considers Eatherly's subsequent difficulties an entirely normal reaction for any moral man to such an abnormal experience. In an effort to help him face his past in a realistic manner, he urges Eatherly to write his story, both as a therapeutic for himself and as a testament to the world against nuclear armaments. Always he addresses Eatherly as a responsible and rational person.

Eatherly on his part responds with eagerness, courage and insight that seem very unusual in the insane. Although not a natural "writer," he expresses himself clearly, firmly, reasonably, and at times very movingly. Lacking in self-pity, Eatherly's writings convey an obstinate hope and a sincere effort to gain objectivity toward himself and the outside world. The only time his letters became a little disorganized is during the period just before August 6, when, as he himself explains, he cannot write well because the doctors have given him drugs to allay agitation over the approach of that momentous anniversary!

Evidently this correspondence clarified Eatherly's thinking to some extent, helped him accept the fact that he can never make peace with a "sick" society, and encouraged him to plan constructive ways in which his past might be turned to good in preventing other "Hiroshimas." ("My only desire is to lend influence toward peace, to end nuclear buildup . . .")

Aside from the personal angle in this unusual publication, many important questions are raised which can only be suggested here:

1) Is it true that, as the Viennese journalist Robert Jungk says in his preface, "to future generations, his mental confusion, his indignation and his sufferings will probably appear 'more normal' than the attitude adopted by his contemporaries"?

2) Can moral values survive the nuclear age? As merely one of the "team" on the mission, acting under orders and not fully aware of the destructive powers of the new weapon, Eatherly stands for the modern "machinery" which by involving many persons in the different parts of a given act, appears to absolve all of them from moral responsibility as to the act itself. But his tragic mission apparently is to witness to the individual conscience in a world which has all but surrendered moral responsibility. His years of agony prove beyond doubt that we all have to answer for our own acts and those of our "team" in which we participate.

3) Did military authorities at any time violate justice in keeping Eatherly continually incarcerated, calling him a "voluntary" patient when in fact he had been repeatedly committed by courts and by members of his family acting under official instructions? The book clearly implies that the Air Force in Washington as well as in Waco used pressure to keep him quiet once he began to send out letters and articles pleading for an end to wars and war's preparations. It does seem that the true facts of the case have been either concealed or misrepresented to the American public and even after reading this present book one feels there are a great many important details on both sides still to be brought to light.

Recent news reports (NEWSWEEK, April 23, 1962) indicate that Eatherly is now on a trial visit to the "outer world," under close supervision of a private doctor. Apparently an avalanche of publicity—TV, movies, biographies, articles, etc.—is on the way. While hoping that people will have the opportunity to learn the truth of this case, we may also wish, probably in vain, that unscrupulous publicists with their ill-advised curiosity will not exploit Claude Eatherly for their own reasons, playing upon his acknowledged weakness and taking advantage of his long separation from the normal world. As a symbol he may evoke a strong emotional response, but this alone will neither help him nor bring about what he most desires—cessation of the nuclear arms race.

As a matter of fact it seems unlikely that his actual message, "to end nuclear buildup," will gain many adherents. For not only is he a sign of contradiction to official U.S. policy, but unfortunately for our psychiatry-ridden age, this message of overwhelming urgency has issued from behind the walls of a mental hospital!

Speaking in one letter of the uses of any earnings he might accrue from the publication of his memoirs, Eatherly says:

"If I were to receive the money for any other purpose, it would only remind me of the 30 pieces of silver Judas Iscariot received for his betrayal. Although it has always seemed to me that the real culprit responsible for the judicial murder of Christ was the High Priest, Caiaphas—the representative of the pious and the respectable, the 'conventional good people' of all ages including our own. These people, while not blameworthy in the same sense as Judas, are yet guilty in a more subtle but also more profound sense than he. This is the reason why I have been having such difficulty in getting society to recognize the fact of my guilt which I have long since realized. The truth is that society simply cannot accept the fact of my guilt without at the same time recognizing its own far deeper guilt . . ."

In the words of Gunther Anders, "Happy the times in which the insane speak out this way; wretched the times in which only the insane speak out this way!"

## The Council

*THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, THE CHURCH AND CHRISTENDOM*—By Lorenz Jaeger, Archbishop of Paderborn, Kennedy & Sons, New York, 194 pp. \$3.95. Review by Ed Turner.

In this short clear book Archbishop Jaeger defines the council. He tells what a council is and can do, why it is necessary in the life of the church, and gives a short sketch of previous councils. He points up the fact that the definition of Papal infallibility rather than doing away with the need for councils reinforces it. Whatever the Pope may declare in matters of faith and morals can very well remain a dead letter without the consensus of the bishops which only a council can give.

The function of a council is twofold: doctrinal and disciplinary. From the coming council we can

(Continued on page 8)



# More About Cuba

(Continued from page 1)

sales in his letter. (It was our printer who put that bold black box around the letter which makes it stand out and which gives it so much prominence. And after all, it is a letter dealing with an issue of terrible importance.)

First of all we must quote Lenin, "Atheism is an integral part of Marxism." We therefore are not Marxist Leninists. At the same time, we admit to being fascinated by the story of the lives of both Marx and Lenin. We advise our readers to read such a book as "Three Who Made a Revolution" by Bertram Wolfe to understand what I mean. Having heard Trotsky speak back in 1917 at Cooper Union and having interviewed him with another reporter from the New York Call who spoke Russian, I was doubly interested in the story of Trotsky, that tragic life ended by an assassin. To be interested in a Garibaldi, a Napoleon, a Castro is to be interested in men who have made and are making history, and to be inspired furthermore by their zeal, their study, their hard labors and to say again and again that until we ourselves as followers of Christ abjure the use of war as a means of achieving justice and truth, we Catholics are going to get nowhere, in criticizing men who are using war to change the social order. Too often, as Cardinal Mundelein said once, we will find ourselves on the wrong side.

We agree of course with the letter's utter condemnation of the Cuban invasion of a year ago, and the deception of the American people by both President Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson, who had too much conscience and not enough ruthlessness to be all-out villains and make a thorough job of it. So it failed, as it was bound to fail in the long run even if it had been successful at once. There are all manner of ways of resisting the enemy in an occupied country, and I am not talking about sabotage and destruction either. I am talking about the resistance the Christian ought to give, to be trained to give, with non violence, with Christian love, with what co-operation can be given in all things which are for the common good.

What if men are stripped of their goods? "If a man takes your cloak give your coat too." It is good to be compelled to practice the poverty (not destitution) which is the ideal of the Christian life and most in conformity with the life of Jesus Christ. There is many a young priest throughout the world, and old ones too, caught in the System, going along with building laws, State requirements, involved with building operations, financing, interest, debts—wearing their lives away building ever bigger buildings and institutions while the institution of the family and the poor are left to the state to care for. There is too little personal contact with the poor. See Pius XII Christmas Message 1952.

Helen C. White's book, *To the End of the World* is about the French revolution but she confessed to me that she wrote it for our time. In that book there were priests and bishops who fled to other countries and tried to stir up armed intervention. And there were those who stayed, who went to prison. The head of the Sulpicians sat in jail and said, "Now I have the time to study St. Thomas!"

In our own day the persecution in Mexico was overcome by non-violence and civil disobedience. The French in Canada live in what to them is an occupied country and hold on to their language and religion and culture. It is the U.S. with press and cinema which corrupts them.

The Church cannot be destroyed, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. At the same time we recognize the fact that in England the Catholic religion was wiped out so that only a remnant remained.

All the Bishops but one went with the State at that time.

Over and over again we hear that such a technique as non-violence, voluntary poverty, suffering, and prayer and fasting are too heroic weapons to expect the laity to use. And yet in our time they are compelled to use them, and without the training and preparation necessary to such heroism. In the life of the family heroic virtue is expected, in accepting from the hand of God each child sent or accepting continence or celibacy within marriage. The teaching of the Church in regard to marriage and its indissolubility demands over and over again heroic sanctity. And in both cases without the help of the teaching of voluntary poverty and the mutual aid which maternity guilds and credit unions in the parish could give.

Above all, we need to hear more and more about the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. "We are all members, one of another. Where the health of one member suffers, the health of the entire body is lowered." "An injury to one is an injury to all," the old I.W.W.'s used to say. We are all members or potential members of the body of Christ, St. Augustine said. And since there is no time with God, this includes Chinese, Russians, Cubans and yes, even those who profess Marxism-Leninism.

And why else did we print the letter besides our feeling that it presented authentic news from Cuba, giving the actual feeling of a great many of the people. It admits to the Leninist orientation and tells us that parochial schools are all closed and that the clergy have no newspapers and magazines in which to express themselves.

To speak frankly, this is a wonderful opportunity for the Catholic press to practice the silence of the Trappist, using another spiritual weapon. Baron von Hugel, a great Catholic layman and theologian said once that he was in danger of losing his faith if he read the diocesan press. I can understand such a remark when I read some of the hymns of hate and the Hearst-like editorials, in some of the papers.

In none of the letters sent to us in protest was there recognition of the fact that the writer, Gonzales, was as much opposed in his own way to the Marxist-Leninist position as we ourselves. His position is that of the anarchist, pleading for the principle of subsidiarity, calling for "secular monasticism," using that expression when speaking to the clergy in order to make them understand the idea of farming communes, or collectives, or cooperative farms.

What has not been done voluntarily has now been done with the revolution, by force of arms, by confiscation, though the Castro regime has offered to pay, over the years, for the property nationalized. (Little attention has been paid to such offers.)

I must assure Mario Gonzales that I would not be teaching "socialist morality of generosity and sacrifice," but would certainly try to speak always in terms of the generosity and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, our brother and our God.

Gonzales says, "a good Catholic can easily accept the 'materialist' doctrine of paradise on earth." He probably was remembering my oft-quoted line from St. Catherine of Sienna, "All the Way to Heaven is Heaven, because He said, I am the Way."

As for the bitterness of soul expressed by Mario, I confess that I too have felt that bitterness, but at the same time felt self judged. I too am immersed in comforts, in luxury even, with enough food to eat, a roof over my head, even the means to travel, thanks to people who pay my way. I know that people look at me and judge me with the same harshness as the clergy are judged. "How hard it is" to be

what you want the other fellow to be" as Peter Maurin used to comment when criticisms were hurled about.

I must confess that righteous wrath as well as any kind of wrath wearies me. Rebellion too, I find exhausting. To grow in love, to rejoice, to be happy and thankful even, that we are living in such parlous times and not just benefiting unwittingly by the toil and suffering of others—rejoicing even that there is every sign that we are going to be given a chance to expiate here and now for our sins of omission and commission—and so to help the revolution and convert the revolutionaries. This is a dream worth dreaming, and the only kind of a vision powerful enough to stand side by side with the Marxism-Leninism which with its vision is working out in our day the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor.

## Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 5)

of guests, there is inevitably more work to be done in the kitchen. Our cooks—Larry Doyle, Joe Roach, Joe Cotter, Hans Tunneson, and Classie Mae—are sometimes nonplussed about how much to cook, since we never know exactly how many guests may arrive to share a meal with us. It is good that we are able to get so much of our food from the garden, Corn, squash, Swiss chard, lettuce, tomatoes, green beans, green peppers—all these are part of our daily food supply. So much activity, so many comings and goings, necessitate more cleaning, as Agnes Sydney and Mary can testify. There are more dishes to be washed, too, as Slim and Margaret will affirm. Nor have the errands diminished, nor the trips to clinics and hospital. Jean Walsh has been glad, I think, to have the help of Margaret and of Eddie Okstel.

It would hardly be possible to list all our visitors, but a random sampling reveals many familiar names: Ernest Lundgren, Pat Rusk, Mary McArdle Asaro, Joe and Audrey Monroe, Jimmie Jones, George and Mary Gulick with their children, Michael Kovalak, Bob Steed, Teresa Lampropoulos with her little brothers, Teresa Jewel with her daughter Pamela, Larry Evers, Eileen Fantino Diaz with her children, Mary Anne McCoy de Wiece with her children, Tom McIntee, Joe Galeo, Mike Dumansky, Betty Dellinger, Magdalen Roman with her children, Beverley Devore with her children, Beth Rogers, Frances Bittner, Anne Marie Stokes, Dennis and Lucille Hadley, Theodore and Anne Upshure, Larry Doyle who helped edit the Catholic Worker in its early years and who brought his wife and children to see the farm. Ellen Paulsen with some of the children from the tenements near Chrystie Street, and, as always, Jonas and Arthur J. Lacey. We have also had a number of visitors who come for the first time with the object of learning about the farm and the Catholic Worker. Stanley Vishniewski and Tom Cain have done a good job showing these newcomers about the place and telling them about the work. Many have also come bearing gifts, donations of clothing, food, articles of furniture, for all of which we are very grateful. We are more than grateful to the young priests who have visited us this summer and who have said Mass in our chapel. We are glad, too, that so many seminarians could visit us, and that one group was able to bring some of the boys from deprived city areas for an outing at the farm. On one Sunday Fr. Foley brought twenty boys from his Brooklyn parish for a day of recollection. With such diversity of visitors, one can hardly complain of dullness at the farm.

Among events of special interest in recent weeks, the day of the CBS camera men turned the farm into a kind of movie set was probably the most exciting. They were making a documentary of the CW which is sponsored by the National

## Expressway Hearing

(Continued from page 2)

**VATE HOUSING  
YOUR RENT OR YOUR  
INCOME  
THE SIZE OF YOUR APART-  
MENT OR YOUR FAMILY  
ANYTHING HAVING TO DO  
WITH RELOCATION  
DON'T ANSWER!!**

No matter how you answer the questions, your answer will be twisted to help the people who want to drive you out of your home to make way for the senseless Broome Street Expressway. You have a right to refuse to answer. You can save your home by using it. Any information you give will hurt you, so

**DON'T ANSWER ANY  
QUESTIONS!**

**Joint Committee to Stop the  
Lower Manhattan Expressway,  
378 Broome Street, NY, NY.**

One tenant was told if he didn't answer the questions, his property would be thrown on the street "when" the expressway went through. This is an illegal threat, and shows why we need a rally.

**Cooper Square**

The bulldozer threat also hung over our St. Joseph's House which is in a 12 block area that the City wanted to tear down for "middle income" housing. Middle income rent is so high that only 7% of the people in our area could pay it. Two years ago the city planned to bulldoze everything from Delancey to 9th St. and resettle everyone to make room for middle income people.

But a few people in the local community resisted and have developed a fine alternative plan for rebuilding the area. Thelma Burdick at the Church of All Nations two blocks north of us is the Chairman of this Cooper Square Committee. The alternate plan was developed by Walter Thabit, a city planner, and by the local tenants and businessmen. A small group have refused to believe that they are helpless before City Hall and have rejected all discouraging advice. Therefore this alternative plan is a reality now and is being studied by the City Planning Commission.

It is called An Alternate Plan for Cooper Square printed by the

Council of Catholic Men and will be shown on TV in September. There seemed to be some question as to who should be rated as stars in the farm film—Stanley Vishniewski, Jean Walsh, or Brenda Fay; but whoever the stars were, we have been told the cameramen are pleased with the result.

The work weekend in June, which concluded with a talk by Dorothy Day on the subject of work and prayer, has elicited much favorable comment from those who participated in it. For many of us here at the farm, the fact that Dorothy Day has been able to spend more time with us this summer has been an added source of interest and stimulus. Moreover our new volunteer workers—Dick Barber from Arizona, Margaret Alsworth from Mississippi, and Mae Bellucci who is an old friend and has often helped us in the past—have not only proved remarkably capable and dedicated but have done much to make life more pleasant for everyone.

As for me, I am truly grateful for the interest and variety of life here at the farm, and for all the kindnesses shown me during this difficult period by so many of my farm family. I am also deeply grateful to those who visited me so faithfully while I was in the hospital.

So it is with us here at Peter Maurin Farm, this Summer, the Summer I have not seen. O Summer, Summer, if you must hide from me, hide in some deep recess in my mind. Make there a garden, a grotto, a fountain of beauty where every singing bird and flower shall give glory to God.

Cooper Square Committee, 69 pages, 9 Second Ave., GR 7-4155.

**Principles of Plan**

According to this plan, tenants are not forced to leave their community, but are relocated directly into new buildings built to meet their needs. The buildings are constructed in stages to prevent dispersal of site tenants and businessmen. All types of housing—low rent, moderate income, and co-operative—are built in an integrated fashion, creating a desirable community mixed racially and economically. The special needs of the aged, artists, and single people are met and the rights of small business are protected.

"All the site tenants want better housing, but they are bitterly opposed to a project which would displace them from the site. They resent the inference that they are not fit to live with because they are poor, that they must get out of their community because middle-income housing is so important to the future of the City of New York, that they are expendable pawns in the housing experiments of the intelligentsia."

**Homeless Men**

About 4000 beds for homeless men would be lost because of the rebuilding of this area. The committee wants to resettle these men further away. They want to close the Men's Shelter and open a new center below Delancey Street. They would expand Camp LaGuardia and have a winter work program to employ some of these men. Non-drinking older men are to be put in furnished rooms in other parts of the city.

**Long Range Study**

An appendix to the report shows that a deeper study of the problems of these men is needed before resettlement. It mentions some facts gained from other skid-row studies. Only 20% of the men are troublesome drinkers. 20% are full-time workers. Over half are aged persons living on small pensions or welfare. Many of the younger men are there because of mental disturbance and unemployment.

Poverty is seen as the first problem. Small pensions and welfare are not enough for a decent room, food, and clothing. Money for recreation is nil. The men go to missions for food and room, and beg in order to get by. The second problem is alcoholism, for which arrest and the workhouse are no answer.

We believe this Alternate Plan is far better than what the City originally intended to do and we shall work with the Committee. Perhaps better answers for the homeless men will come to light.

**Peter's Institutions**

Both these committees are set up to protect our neighborhoods against destruction by the expressway in one case and a higher income group in the other. The committees are good examples of what Peter Maurin referred to as institutions in his Easy Essays.

**Institutions vs. Corporations**

Jean Jacques Rousseau says: "Man is naturally good, but institutions make him bad, so let us overthrow institutions." I say: Man is partly good and partly bad, but corporations, not institutions, make him worse.

"An institution," says Emerson "is the extension of the soul of a man." Institutions are founded to foster the welfare of the masses.

Corporations are organized to promote wealth for the few.

So let us found smaller and better institutions and not promote bigger and better corporations.



## A Thanksgiving to God for His House

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell,  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather-proof;  
Under the spars of which I lie  
Both soft, and dry;  
Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
Both void of state;  
And yet the threshold of my door  
Is worn by the poor,  
Who thither come, and freely get  
Good words, or meat;  
Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchen's small;  
A little buttery, and therein  
A little bin,  
Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
Unchipt, unblead: (unpeeled, fresh)  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,  
The pulse is Thine, (peas, beans and the like)  
And all those other bits, that be  
There placed by Thee;  
The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
Of water-cress,  
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;  
And my content  
Makes these and my beloved beet,  
To be more sweet.

'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth;  
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
Spiced to the brink.  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,  
That soils my land; (fertilizes)  
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,  
Twice ten for one.

Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
Her egg each day:  
Beside my healthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each year:  
The while the conduits of my kine  
Run cream (for wine).

All these, and better Thou dost send  
Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
A thankful heart;  
Which, fired with incense, I resign,  
As wholly Thine;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
My Christ, by Thee.

Robert Herrick

## Exploitation in Our Hospitals

(Continued from page 1)

and helping the cook. His hours were from 10:50 in the morning until 7:50 at night with an hour off for lunch. His gross pay every two weeks was \$93.29. From this the hospital deducted \$2.31 for meals; other deductions, including federal income tax and social security, totaled \$4. Colon was taking home a little over \$86.00 for two weeks of work.

Colon was born in Puerto Rico and went to school through the fourth grade. Then he worked on a farm until he left Puerto Rico in 1951. He went to Chicago and worked in the Morrison Hotel, in a bakery, and in an aluminum die-casting factory, earning up to \$75 a week. When he was laid off and couldn't find another job in Chicago five years ago, he came to New York with his wife Maria and their children. They have six children, who range in age from two to nine.

In New York, Colon got a job as a kitchenman at the Mayflower Nursing Home on West End Avenue, earning \$30 to \$35 a week. He left that job and took another kitchen job at the Park Lane Nursing Home in Brooklyn. Two and a half years ago he went to work at Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat, one of the city's 80 voluntary, non-profit hospitals.

After he left the picketline one night last week, Colon showed a visitor the city welfare center on East 108th St., where he had spent four hours that afternoon waiting to see a New York City Department of Welfare investigator. Be-

fore the strike began he received \$45.55 in supplementary assistance from the city every two weeks. With the strike on and no wages coming in he needs more money.

Colon said that he spent \$80 every two weeks for groceries for the eight members of his family. "We don't eat well," he said, although he receives \$45.55 in supplementary assistance from the city every two weeks.

The outside steps and halls of the building at 442 East 117th Street are old and falling apart, and rats infest the building. Isabel, the Colon's 3½-year-old daughter, was bitten twice last winter. There was a broken window in another apartment that was not fixed. Three months ago a child fell through it and was killed. Mailboxes have been broken into and one of Colon's checks was stolen. Gangs of teen-agers often hang around in the building.

The apartment is a four-room railroad flat for which he pays \$42.62 a month rent and another \$10 a month for gas and electricity. He has applied twice to get his family an apartment in one of the city's housing projects but the Housing Authority merely sent him a form post card that reads: "Your preliminary registration for an apartment is now on file and will be reviewed in relation to the housing needs of all the applicants. You will be sure it will receive every consideration."

The kitchen is the first room as you enter; then the living room, a narrow room about 12 feet long with a couch, several chairs and a television set; then the Colon's bedroom and then the back bedroom, which has one double-decker



bed and a single bed. The six children sleep two to a bed. All the windows of the apartment overlook an inside courtyard where Colon allows his sons to play after supper if neither he nor his wife can go out on the street with them.

"The boys don't go out by themselves," he said, "except in the back yard where I can keep an eye on them from the apartment. There are lots of fights in the neighborhood although it is patrolled by the police. The police are always around, but they can't stop the fights."

Angel and Luis attend P.S. 78, at Pleasant Avenue and East 119th Street. Sometimes he will not allow them to go to school because they don't have shoes to wear. He thinks the children would be better off in Puerto Rico because of racial discrimination here; the ideas they get from television and the things they hear on the streets.

He says that if he had his own home in Puerto Rico, he would have stayed there. "If I make enough here to buy a house in Puerto Rico, I will go back. If I had a home I would have everything."

The family sat down to supper shortly after Colon arrived. Supper consisted of one course, a plate of macaroni. Before going to bed the children would get a glass of milk. Colon said that the family has meat twice a week, beef or chicken, fish on Fridays, and rice and beans as a staple. For breakfast Mrs. Colon serves eggs or cereal and milk—which is surplus powdered milk and water, with either evaporated milk or whole milk given them by neighbors to give the powdered milk some body.

The Colon family has little opportunity for recreation. "We just go around the neighborhood," Colon said. "Nothing that requires carfare. Sometimes I don't take the kids out because they start asking for things I can't afford."

Antonio Colon doesn't expect miracles to happen. He knows that about all he can look forward to is — hopefully — a wage increase that will enable him and his family to live a little better than they do now. He doesn't want welfare assistance — although chances are he'll be continuing to get it for a long, long time.

Are these aims too grand for a citizen of the largest city in the richest nation in the world? Are Colon and 40,000 other workers in New York's voluntary hospitals to be denied forever the right to aspire to a decent standard of living?

Colon and his fellow strikers gave their answers on the picketlines at two New York hospitals. And it's pretty obvious that they won't be beaten; they have so little to lose.

## BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

expect a doctrinal definition of the Church. The disciplinary action will most probably be in terms of a giving of more independence to the bishops in their pastoral efforts, as shepherds of their flocks, a break up to some extent of the centralization of the church's administration. It is on the basis of having accomplished these two that some beginning in the effort of reunification can proceed. We must look forward to the fulfillment of these efforts at a much later date. This much we can safely predict on human evidence. Anything more would be second guessing the Holy Ghost, which besides being somewhat blasphemous is futile. More to the point is prayer for the above which would be no mean achievement.

A word of warning on present and future rumors is due here. Except for the points established above no one outside Vatican circles can predict what will happen, if indeed anyone inside can, which is doubtful. On one hand the Pope issues an encyclical that seemingly excludes any thought of the use of any other language than Latin in the liturgy, but on the other hand, missionaries are constantly allowed a greater use of vernacular languages in conjunction with Latin. If Fr. Lombardi is commissioned by his Jesuit superiors, with the full knowledge of the Pope, to write a critical comment on Vatican bureaucracy, a writer in *L'Osservatore Romano* freely criticizes him in turn. Which reminds us that after Pope Pius XII wrote an encyclical defining the Mystical Body of Christ as the visible Church on Earth, he commissioned Fr. Lombardi to write an extensive treatise on the salvation of non-Catholics. Finally the Pope issued an encyclical underlining the desirability of celibacy for the priesthood yet he speaks of a reunification of Christendom which would, almost by definition, exclude a strict identification of these two. What does emerge from all this seeming confusion and contradiction is a frankly political maneuvering on the part of what might be vulgarly called, conservative and liberal ecclesiastics to forward their own positions.

How will we be able to tell if progress is being made in the council? Let me have the temerity to suggest the following as guides—If they happen I should think that the church will visibly grow in this century; if not I should think that it will suffer persecution and visible diminution (not that what is visible really matters). We hope that the writings of Bl. Raymond Lull on the Crusades (he was against them) be promoted on at least equal footing with the traditional teachings on "just wars." He was a Franciscan scholar (1232-1315) known as the "Illuminate Doctor." We see a new spiritual life if the bishops are given a free hand to reestablish the Worker Priests.

We wish that Fr. Juan de Mariana's teaching that the State ought to compel the rich to distribute their surplus lands be promoted and developed. He was a Spanish historian of the sixteenth century. We wish that the first part of the Mass, the liturgy of the preaching of the word of God, be in the vernacular. Assuredly it is absurd to read the Gospel in Latin to the book and then to turn around and read it to the congregation in the vernacular. Of course the silent Mass has its function as also its origin in time of persecution—in the hedges of Ireland, in the secret gatherings of penal-law England and revolutionary France, and now in China and Russia—but elsewhere now is it really meaningful?

Maybe the experience of East Germany, where it is only in the liturgy that the church is free to educate, will bear some fruit. Surely the virile devotion of the Psalms and the teachings of the Fathers of the Church should be played up

and our current sentimental devotions played down, though something will have to be done with the atrocious Second Nocturnes and the impossibly translated hymns of the Breviary before it is presented to the laity. But meditation is necessary for the development of the laity's spiritual life and nothing can teach meditation better than the psalms and the Fathers of the Church.

Finally if there is to be any real hope for the reunification with Rome on the part of the Orthodox Churches several things are necessary. The legislation prohibiting the ordination of married men in North America should be abolished, I believe. It is not only an insult to the charity of Western Catholics but a clear injustice to the Eastern Church since they possess the historical right to do this. Secondly, the Patriarchs of the East should be acknowledged ex-officio Cardinals and members of the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church with the Pope as Prefect. Not only this, but it would be well if the Latin Patriarchates of the East not only be left vacant as now, which is good, but positively be abolished. And further, that those Patriarchates established since the schism be acknowledged though vacant till the churches be formally united, including the Patriarchate of Moscow! Thirdly, a reappraisal of Photius and other Eastern doctors must be undertaken in cooperation with Orthodox Theologians in an historical context rather than in partisan polemical context.

Such are the minimum achievements we should like to see. Their occurrence would mark this a council that had cooperated fully with the grace of the Holy Ghost. They would augur well for the church within our life time—more than this we cannot hope, that would be another generation's and the Holy Ghost's concern. All this is said in the spirit of what Archbishop Roberts calls commending authority. Such is the vision we see when we join in prayer with the Pope's intention: "The Success of the Council."

By Ed Turner

## The Vagrant

"We often hear of Jesus of Nazareth as a wandering teacher; and there is a vital truth in that view in so far as it emphasizes an attitude towards luxury and convention which most respectable people would still regard as that of a vagabond. It is expressed in his own great saying about the holes of the foxes and the nests of the birds, and like many of his great sayings, it is felt as less powerful than it is, through lack of appreciation of that great paradox by which he spoke of his own humanity as in some way collectively and representatively human; calling himself simply the Son of Man; that is, in effect, calling himself simply Man. It is fitting that the New Man or the Second Adam should repeat in so ringing a voice and with so arresting a gesture the great fact which came first in the original story; that man differs from the brutes by everything, even by deficiency; that he is in a sense less normal and even less native; a stranger upon the earth. It is well to speak of his wanderings in this sense and in the sense that he shared the drifting life of the most homeless and hopeless of the poor. It is assuredly well to remember that he would quite certainly have been moved on by the police and almost certainly arrested by the police, for having no visible means of subsistence. For our law has in it a turn of humour or touch of fancy which Nero or Herod never happened to think of; that of actually punishing homeless people for not sleeping at home."

G. K. Chesterton, *The Everlasting Man* (Image Books).