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Distributism Versus Capitalism

By DOROTHY DAY

David Hennessy was talking enthusiastically about the latest pamphlet he had received from England, Aquinas Paper No. 22, Financial Justice, by J. F. L. Bray, a Blackfriar's publication. He sat there with a child on each knee, the baby crawling around the floor, sampling everything from building

block to discarded crust, learning according to her capacity. Susie and Eric were building a tent in the corner, and Beckie was reading quietly in the middle of the room, oblivious to the noise and confusion around her. Sometimes we had to raise our voices above those of the children to be heard. The din-

ing room and the kitchen adjoin, and there was a good fire in the kitchen stove, it being a cold rainy day in the midst of the equinoctial storms of September. Tamar was trying to cook supper, take care of one demand after another of the children, and participate in the conversation.

"This is a good pamphlet to review in the light of that article you had in the last issue of the Catholic Worker about the controversy between the Council of Business and Professional Men of the Catholic Faith, and Monsignor George G. Higgins, of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Monsignor Higgins, together with Fr. John F. Cronin, Sulpician and Fr. William J. Smith, Jesuit, Gerald Schnepf, Society of Mary, and Ed Marciniak, editor of Work, not to speak of John Cort, of the Commonwealth and Association of Catholic Trade Unionists are in favor of the Industrial Council plan, which stands for co-management. The former group which also has the backing of Fr. Edward A. Keller, director of the Bureau of Economic Research of Notre Dame, which has the backing also of Archbishops and Bishops, is all in favor of no interference by labor in the management and are all for pure and unadulterated capitalism.

"As a matter of fact, both sides are for capitalism. They believe that it is here to stay. Monsignor Higgins says that the Industrial Council Plan is here to stay. It isn't even here yet. It is just a

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CANTICLE OF THE SUN

O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing.

By Thee alone, Most High, Were all things made and no man is worthy to speak Thy name.

Praised be my Lord with all his creatures, especially Messer Brother Sun, who brings us the day and brings us the light; fair is he and shining with a great splendor; Most High, he signifies to us Thee!

Praised be my Lord for Sister Moon, and for the stars, the which He has set in heaven clear and precious and lovely.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which Thou upholdest life in Thy creatures.

Praised be my Lord for Sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Fire, through whom Thou givest light in the night; and he is beautiful and joyous, and very mighty, and strong.

Praise be my Lord for Sister Mother Earth, who doth sustain us and keep us, and bring forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for those who pardon one another for His love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably endure, for by Thee, Most Highest, shall they be crowned.

Praised be my Lord for our Sister, the death of the body, from whom no man living can escape. Woe unto them who die in mortal sin. Blessed are they who are found walking by Thy most holy will, for the second death shall do them no harm.

Praise ye and bless my Lord, and give thanks unto Him and serve Him with great humility.

Saint Francis of Assisi.

Labor Priest

The activities of Father Jerome A. Drolet, of Louisiana, for which the Workers Defense League will give him the 1954 David L. Clendenin Award for Distinguished Service to Labor's Rights, was characterized this week as "growing more and more significant." The award will be made at a luncheon to be held at the Hotel Commodore, New York, Oct. 9th.

The story covers 18 years of valiant and practical action in behalf of workers in the Deep South. Since 1936, when he was ordained in New Orleans, Father Drolet has given unsparingly of his energies to labor. He is now pastor of St. Charles Catholic Church in Thibodaux, La.

Visitors from the South have told of his activities. Day and night he has been ready to go wherever needed in industrial conflicts. Often that meant long journeys, not only in Louisiana, but in Texas, Alabama, and Georgia. Time after time Father Drolet marched in union picket-lines; spoke at meetings upholding unionists; said Mass for strikers; took part in conferences with management; and emphasized in speeches and testimony before the Kefauver Committee the close kinship of organized crime to anti-union forces in Louisiana.

He fought and three times helped defeat the so-called 'Right-To-Work' bill which finally became law in his state. The Louisiana Manufacturers' Association protested to Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel against his activities, and was answered with citations from Papal encyclicals.

The Clendenin Award is named for the founder of the Workers Defense League. The luncheon is sponsored by a committee of

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SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

When young people engaged in works of mercy in the apostolate are picked up on two occasions by the police and held in jail merely because one of them happens to be colored, one would consider it news and play it up. Of course a community like Shreveport, Louisiana, which has received an award for good community relations, might well want to hush the matter up. But for us of the lay apostolate who look upon these friends as having beer "considered worthy to suffer for Christ," we feel that some attention should be paid to the story. It all goes to show the stranglehold the State has on us all, when even Catholics pass over so lightly, or seem to hush up a bit of heroic bravery on the part of some young people doing interracial work. A few hours or a night in jail may seem a small matter, but terror, whether it lasts for a moment or a night long, still remains terror. One accommodates oneself to fear after a time.

Ann Foley, Mary Dolan, Frank Petta, Loretta Butler and Larry Pausback, are those who suffered this indignity (from the worldly sense) of imprisonment. In June of this year some of the Friendship House workers were first picked up and brought to the police station where Fr. Grenillion came to the rescue after a few hours. Fr. Grenillion is a young priest in the Lafayette diocese who has been an outstanding leader working against injustice, labor and racial. But the second time a group of four of the F.H. group were picked up was in August when the young priest was in Europe.

Frank Petta, a school teacher whom we had all known for some time, a neighbor on Grand Street in New York, who had worked as

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ORIENTAL RITES

One of the most unusual religious ceremonies ever to be witnessed in the United States will be held in Philadelphia, October 22 to 24, during the National Eucharistic Marian Congress of the Oriental Rites, when nine Masses in nine different rites will be celebrated simultaneously in the Quaker City's Convention Hall.

Planned as a tribute to the Blessed Mother during Marian Year, the ceremonies will also afford many laymen who are unfamiliar with the Oriental rites an opportunity of assisting at these unique and colorful liturgies.

Participating in the tribute to the Blessed Virgin will be representatives of the Byzantine, Melchite, Ukrainian, Rumanian, Russian, Moleben, Ruthenian, Slovak, and Hungarian rites. Hosts for the Congress will be Bishop Constantine Bohachevsky, Apostolic Exarch for Ukrainian Catholics in the United States, and Archbishop John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., of Philadelphia. Chairman will be Auxiliary Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn, of the Ukrainian Catholic Exarchate.

The ceremonies will be launched Friday, Oct. 22, at 6 p.m. with devotional service in the Moleben rite, and will continue through Sunday, closing with the Moleben rites services of Thanksgiving. During the schedule three Cardinals and ten Archbishops and Bishops from this country, Canada, Europe, and Asia will be celebrants and speakers at the various services.

The Cardinals will include His Eminence, Cardinal Stritch, of Chicago; His Eminence Cardinal Tien, of Peking, China, and His Eminence, Cardinal Agagianian, Patriarch of Cilicia of the Armenians.

The Archbishops and Bishops will include, in addition to Archbishop O'Hara and Bishop Senyshyn, His Excellency, Most Rev. Amelto G. Cicognani, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the U. S.

In addition to the various religious ceremonies scheduled for the Congress' session, an exhibit displaying the Oriental Rite vestments, altar equipment, liturgical articles, and publications will be featured at Convention Hall.

The Concelebration of the Divine Liturgy in the Oriental Rite will be made possible by the arrangement of the nine altars in a circle, with each celebrant and his assistants garbed in the vestments appropriate to the rite in which their particular liturgy is being observed.

Representatives of numerous religious communities and membership of various societies and organizations will also participate in this colorful ceremony designed to honor the Mother of God during Marian Year.



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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

It is only in the middle of September and the children are already talking of Hallowe'en and already the "five and dime" are selling punkin pie. "Hallowe'en," we explained to them, "is really Hallowed Evening because it is the night before All Saints' Day. So if you wish to dress up this year, you must all take some saint and dress up like that saint, and we can get busy collecting the costumes now."

"I want to be St. Joseph," Paul Anthony Yamamoto said, ignoring the two great saints after whom he is named.

We decided that would call for a carpenter's apron with fascinating pockets for hammer and saw and nails. "And a beard," Sue said. "I want to wear a beard too," Beckie insisted. "I want to be a man saint." The beard could be made out of wool from Laufen Ford's sheep from Bethlehem, Connecticut.

Sue decided on St. Catherine, from whom St. Catherine's wheels are named, and since the wheel was the instrument of her martyrdom, we will applique beautiful wheels front and back on a long full skirt, and perhaps we can find a few fire works. Mary, we decided should be St. Macrina, since she is at the grimy age. St. Macrina never washed as a mortification to herself and others. We'd dress her in a flour bag, or a handsome burlap bag as a dress. It is none too soon to figure out the saints the children want to impersonate, and the dress and distinctive badge each should wear. Nickie will be St. Nicholas and Eric wants to be St. Patrick. (On later thought, Becky decided on Kateri Tekawitha).

Weather

One is always conscious of the weather in the country, the wet days and the dry days, the high winds, and the lovely calms. We like to say, "The wind is rising, a

storm is brewing, let's go down on the beach and collect drift wood."

Twice this last month high winds rose, hurricanes which were named Carol and Edna and aside from wind and rain and a few branches down, no harm came to the island. The year before abnormally high tides made hundreds of families homeless, but this year terror came over the radio, every hour on the hour, a warning to batten down the hatches, expect winds at one hundred miles an hour, and we dutifully went around making every thing secure, and then not even a high sea rewarded our expectations. The Cape and Connecticut and Massachusetts got the brunt of the storm, electric wires were down, pumps for water no longer worked, refrigeration failed and food was spoiled, those who had electric stoves could no longer cook. If the weather had been cold, and oil burner furnaces which also depend on electricity for the beginning and distribution of heat had failed, the suffering would have been greater.

At Maryfarm, Newburgh, we have been through these crises, but there are wells and wood and coal stoves and no need to worry about spoilage. We still stick to the old ways of canning. Here at Peter Maurin Farm, there is a wood and coal stove and a well out in a field, and if lights fail we can use candles and go to bed earlier.

Visitors

The day the last batch of children rolled away in a borrowed car, Hurricane Carol came with its rain and the collapse of the tents on the hill. The weather no sooner cleared when another truck drove up with Mary Wildman and five helpers who looked like another bunch of children in the back of her car! Mary also has been running a camp for colored children mostly since there is where her

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East Harlem Center

By EHLEEN FANTINO

Breezes from the river are cool, the streets are less crowded, at night, all the lemon ice carts have disappeared, the children are back in school and we all turn away from summer. Helen and Mary Ann came back from Peter Maurin Farm and a couple of months of living in tents with groups of children from our neighborhood. It was an eventful summer at the farm, the highlight of which was a furious wind and rain storm that knocked the main tent down and sent a line of pilgrims through the woods to the farmhouse in their nightclothes, battling the furies and carrying their reluctant cat, Calico, to safety. The farm was in an uproar another time when one of the children had a tonsillitis attack that looked just like polio. Despite these setbacks they were happy at the farm, came back tanned and smiling, telling everyone how they prayed faithfully every day for the cow to give enough milk. After a day of sun and space they were ready to face the perils

of wild life. They spent most of the time at the beach and in the woods. When it was time to leave it was hard to get them back to the stifling tenements and garbage strewn lots. One boy wouldn't leave the CW station wagon when they got his group home. He said he didn't like his "house."

Although they enjoyed new freedom at the farm their anxieties erupted, and the sound of gritting teeth and fitful sleep were heard even in the calm of the woods. Two weeks at camp were a small joy to combat weeks of strain and hardship.

There was one family of children who came that needed this escape more than food. We still haven't erased the memory of a night shortly before they left when their mother had a nervous breakdown. She and ten children live alone in a dark crawling store front apartment on a steady diet of rice and beans, often less, in an atmosphere of tension and insta-

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LIFE OF A SALESMAN

By D. C. McCARTHY

The plight of the factory worker and laborer in our present highly industrialized way of life has been the subject of lengthy discussion in recent years, and rightly so. The frustrating and degrading effect of performing repetitious and fragmentary operations on objects without experiencing the satisfaction of creating the whole object or in many instances, without even knowing what the finished object will be or how it will operate, has been clearly expressed and it's damaging results plainly marked on the characters of the workers. The factory system-assembly line idea was born out of the need for mass production, which lowers the cost of production; while at the same time increasing the profit for the manufacturer. Mass production, while a blessing in the form of lower costs, is also a curse in that it creates the problem of moving (selling) the finished product. It isn't demoralizing enough that our modern worker is deprived of being Man the Creator, but he must assume the necessary through unenviable position of being Man the Economist and buy without ceasing the finished products, in order that the factory system, to which he is enslaved, may flourish.

To insure the maximum consumption of these manufactured goods, the worker, who is also the buyer in most cases, is exposed to terrific pressure to buy. This pressure is brought about through the medium of mass advertising. No where can the worker go without being exposed to advertising. He is subjected to it in his home through his television and radio and daily newspapers and weekly magazines. He is exposed to it in his trade journals, fraternal publications, theater programs and church bulletins. While out driving in the country or sitting at the ball park, he is forced to notice gigantic billboards and animated neon signs.

This overwhelming pressure placed on the consumer to buy brings to light a parallel evil, equally significant, and this is the pressure placed on those who must sell. It is with the unique position of the individual who must dispose of the multitudinous end products of our modern industrial system (so the cycle may be completed) that this article is concerned.

The individual who finds himself selling for one of the big manufacturers, particularly on the retail level, (for here he is dealing directly with the consumer, with the worker), is also in a demoralizing

and frustrating position. In his relationship with the consumer, the seller more often as not pushes products on the buyer that the buyer doesn't need. Due to the relentless barrage of advertising being hurled at him, a true sense of value no longer exists in the mind of the consumer. The lowest paid worker must be sold a television and five or six of the various types of electrical appliances that are being turned out "ad extrimum," until his already inadequate dwelling becomes even more congested and uninhabitable.

To those few customers who do put up some sales resistance, selling points are presented which are based on fear (in selling automobile tires for example, the danger of blowouts from worn rubber is highlighted) or pride or other emotions. The seller's description of product performance is often vague and ambiguous. Guarantees of a products quality are circumvented by double talk. In the event of product failure, misuse is often charged to the buyer. Slogans like "Customer Satisfaction Guaranteed" and "The customer is always right" are tossed about at the drop of a tongue, but the idea of after-purchase service on these products is almost nonexistent. Sellers are told to "promise the customer the world, tell him anything, but get his name on the contract. Close the deal! Make the sale, make the sale!"

The need to sell is so great that installment buying is encouraged. The idea behind this budget buying is that even the poorest paid consumer can buy products with time payments that he couldn't or wouldn't buy with cash and he can buy more products more often. Installment buying encourages over buying on the part of the consumer and over selling on the part of the seller. This over buying usually leads to repossession of the product by the seller, or the garnisheeing of the buyer's wages, in either case causing hardship and distress to the victimized buyer. The very low income consumers are the greatest victims of the installment buying-repossession technique because while they usually pay small down payments, they are encumbered with excessively high "carrying" or "handling" charges. Upon failing to meet a payment, the product is repossessed and whenever possible, resold to another poor but eager customer as a new item. This last statement may sound rash, but none the less these methods

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Catholics And Peace

By MARTIN J. CORBIN

From the text of an address delivered by Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the United States, at the dedication of the American Bar Center in Chicago, reported in the New York Times on August 20: "If we are to achieve a peaceful world, it will be accomplished through ideas rather than armaments; through a sense of justice and mutual relationships rather than with guns and bombs and guided missiles. We are living in a world of ideas and are going through a world war of ideas. Everywhere there is a contest for the minds and hearts of people."

"Every political concept is under scrutiny. Our American system like all others is on trial both at home and abroad. The way it works, the manner in which it solves the problems of our day, the extent to which we maintain the spirit of our Constitution with its Bill of Rights, will in the long run do more to make it secure and the object of adulation than the number of hydrogen bombs we stockpile."

From a N.C.C.W. press release, published in the Newark Advocate on July 31: "U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren denied bail and refused a stay of execution to two Catholic young men who have refused induction into the nation's armed services on the ground that they are conscientious objectors."

"George A. Lillis, 23, hospital surgical orderly, and Arthur E. Duffy, 24, stenographer, both former aspirants to the religious life, contended that their interpretation of Catholicism prohibited their services in 'unjust modern wars.' They were denied classification as conscientious objectors on May 13 on the ground that such persons must be opposed to 'all wars.'"

"The Church does not condemn conscientious objection any more than she endorses it. Everyone is free to follow the voice of his own conscience, just as everyone can, like St. Francis, embrace the way

of perfection and of privation." From a statement to the press by Maurice Cardinal Felin, Archbishop of Paris, made in 1952.

We have received a communication from the Catholic Social Problems Association in Japan concerning the menace of American hydrogen bomb experiments and to compensate the Japanese victims of the last explosion. (When news was received of the impending death of one of the fishermen exposed to radiation, Asahi, largest daily newspaper in Tokyo, asked The Catholic Worker for a statement, which was given). The communication continues: "We are sure that all the Catholics in the world, in response to the hope and effort of Pope Pius XII for the prohibition of atomic weapons, are wishing for the day when this ideal is established by putting their efforts together in stirring up the public opinion in every country."

"Following the will of His Holiness and with the permission by Bishop Furuya, this campaign for prohibiting H-bombs was attempted at three churches in the city of Kyoto by collecting signatures of about 1,200 including five Japanese priests were secured. The similar campaign is being carried on at many Catholic churches in various parts of Japan, and the results are being mailed to us and they will thus increase the total number of signatures."

The Hiroshima Day Joint Committee, composed of several pacifist groups, including the Catholic Worker, demonstrated in front of the Japanese consulate on the anniversary of the nuclear blasting of that city nine years ago. A letter expressing our feelings of shame and horror at the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was delivered to a representative of the consulate.

"The Catholic Herald" of London recently published a remark-

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of The Catholic Worker, published monthly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1954.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Associate Editors, Tom Sullivan, Ammon Hennacy, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Managing Editor Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Business Manager, Tom Sullivan, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only).

Thomas J. Sullivan, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1954. (Seal) Ethel Supnick.

Notary Public, State of New York. No. 24-8275600. Qualified in Kings County. Certificates filed with Kings, New York, Queens & Bronx County Clerk & Register Offices. (My commission expires March 30, 1956.)

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Homeward Bound

By AMMON HENNACY

I am back in New York City now, soapboxing on Wall and Broad Tuesday noons and selling CW's from 11 to 3 on Friday's at 43 and Lexington. This is my recreation; my main job being answering the phone and speaking to visitors here at Chrystie Street.

SEATTLE

Here I was met at the bus by Roger Hall, anarchist; Guy Askew, old time Wobbler, and Carl and Mary Owen. The shadow of the Velde Committee was nearing Seattle, so the meeting planned for me by students at Seattle U was cancelled and instead I met with Isobel McRae, Prof. Jean David and others of the old CW at St. Teresa's. Askew introduced me from a soapbox on Skid Road. The Salvation Army was cat-a-cornered across the street, drums beating. I held my own against three such "pie in the sky" shouters. This was not entirely a "scorning crowd" as Vanzetti remarked, but I had to be on my mental tip toes for that two hours. Ed Lehmann, who had fought in Spain and whom I knew in Milwaukee years ago, has a small farm here and I had a rest for a day or two. The largest meeting was that in Fred Shorter's Church of the People on a Sunday afternoon where I faced a beautiful flowered patio as I spoke.

PORTLAND

Beautiful freckled faced Helen Jones, radical Catholic whom with her fine family I had known in Phoenix, met me at the bus and started me on the round of 16 meetings. John Little who had formerly ran the Blanchet House and Pat, his wife, welcomed me several nights to small meetings in their home. Several fine young priests were at my Blanchet meeting; John Biernie told me of the 507 men who were fed there that night. They have rented a place nearby where 50 or more men can be housed. Although Reed College has the reputation of being radical and the students appear in shorts and some classes are held under the trees I was only permitted to speak if the meeting was not publicized. Sister Miriam Theresa at Marylhurst greeted me kindly and I spoke to a class of girls at this College where I received critical but intelligent appreciation. I had a fine meeting at Friendship House where I met their leaders from the east whom I had known at Maryfarm and Washington, D. C., and spoke also to three classes at Lewis and Clarke College where I hardly got a breath as the questions came hotly until the next class came in the room. At a noon Friendly Forum sponsored by the Quakers and the YMCA I spoke to a varied group where questions about my extreme ideas were asked. Here I met Mrs. Temple, friend of Dorothy and the CW for years. The largest and most wide awake meeting in Portland was at Portland U where a priest warmly introduced me. This was at an assembly voluntarily attended by the students and the questions came fast and sometimes at a furious rate mostly on the idea of how a Catholic could be a rebel against the state. Two visits to the Manion's near Mt. Angel and an attempt to understand their heroic efforts to maintain life on the land, together with visits with some of the kindly nuns

and priests associated with the Monastery there and I was on my way to Eugene, Ore., where I met my CO and tax refuser friend, Ross Anderson, and spoke to Quakers.

SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY

Wallace Hamilton, of KPFA, the FM non-commercial radio in Berkeley, had me record a 20 minute talk on the Doukhobors, Hopi, and the CW. These were broadcast twice during the last of June. A fine sleep at the home of the Quaker Ben Seaver, whose CO son had heard me speak in Phoenix last summer, and a meeting of

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Pacifist Conference

By AMMON HENNACY
September 3 to 6, 1954

Dorothy Day—spoke on the writer and peace. We write and talk for war or we write and talk for peace." Conscience is the light of God's countenance shining upon us." Free will is the basis for the idea of freedom, but with this freedom goes the idea of having personal responsibility for our actions. Research is very important in propaganda for peace, not just words. We do not need to go to India with the noble Vinoba Bhave for we can begin where we are. The spiritual basis for pacifism was clearly presented.

Mike Harrington gave a clear and forceful analysis of the failure of capitalism to distribute goods. In 1929 there was still 3½ millions unemployed; the depression was not licked. Only being "the arsenal for democracy" in war production saved the day. Communism is only state capitalism without liberty. We always back the exploiter in all of our foreign policies. The Third Camp of radicals who do not follow capitalism or communism, symbolized by the government of Burma and small groups over the world is our only hope. People will starve if we do not develop industrialism. This was questioned by some present.

Arlo Tatum—of the War Resisters League who had spent six weeks in Europe reported on his trip. Arlo had done two bits in jail for refusing to register. He told of Catholic anarchists in France who were leading pacifists. His information about Catholic action in Italy seemed biased to us, but he gave us a gem: "Use the weapons that cannot be taken away from us."

Ammon Hennacy—for once put the brake on his memoirs and gave the absolutist pacifist anarchist theory: the personalist approach that we would have a better world when we have better people. William Lloyd Garrison was the first Christian Anarchist in this country, refusing to cooperate with the government, stating that "the Constitution of the U. S. is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell" in that it supported slavery. Likewise we Catholic and Christians follow Christ when we refuse to be on a jury, to vote for a legislator who makes laws for the

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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

Fighting Communism

The Catholic Worker proposes fighting Communism the way the first Christians fought pagan Romanism, through the works of mercy.

The Catholic Worker proposes fighting Communism the way the Irish scholars fought pagan feudalism, through Round-Table Discussions, Houses of Hospitality, Farming Communes.

The Communists do not build Communism, they build Socialism.

The Catholic Worker does not build Catholic Socialism, it builds Catholic Communism.

The Catholic Worker builds Catholic Communism the way the first Christians and the Irish scholars built Catholic Communism.

The Catholic Worker believes that there is no better Communism than Catholic Communism, and that there is no better way to build Catholic Communism than by building Catholic Communes.

Catholic Communes are not a new thing. They are an old thing.

Catholic Communes are so old that Catholics have forgotten them.

Communists have not invented anything, not even the name Commune.

The Communist ideal is the Common Good ideal—the ideal of Blessed Thomas More, the ideal of St. Thomas Aquinas, the ideal of the Irish scholars, the ideal of the first Christians.

The doctrine of the Common Good of St. Thomas Aquinas is still a Catholic doctrine.

We don't need a new doctrine, we need an old technique.

We need the old technique of the first Christians and the Irish scholars.

What was good for the first Christians and the Irish scholars ought to be good enough for us.

What was practical for them ought to be practical for us.

Hands and Heads

Some one said that the Catholic Worker is a movement for down-and-outs, including down-and-out business men, down-and-out college graduates and down-and-out college professors.

In the Catholic Worker, besides being fed, clothed and sheltered, people learn to use their hands as well as their heads. And while they learn to use their heads to guide their hands, the use of their hands, improves a great deal the working of their heads.

The Catholic Worker

The Catholic Worker does not credit bourgeois capitalism with an historical mission. It condemns it on the general principle that labor is a gift, not a commodity. The Catholic Worker does not throw the monkey-wrench of class-struggle

into the economic machinery. It aims to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy: a philosophy so old that it looks like new. The Catholic Worker does not stand for

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Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

Today it is cold and damp along Chrystie Street. The men who hunger for their bowls of soup and slices of bread are huddled in a tight formation in the yard next door. The large number of men, who come each morning seeking a small coat or sweater, has increased today. We are able to take care of the needs of a few of these men but are forced to turn away the majority of them. We don't have anywhere near enough clothes to satisfy the demand. The last of the men, a little old man who volunteered his age as sixty-seven, said that he was released from jail yesterday afternoon. He said he had to sleep on the streets last night—there was no place for him to go.

Last night we had every bed in our house filled. We also had thirteen sleeping on the floor in our library. These past few nights have been bitter and it is a painful ordeal to have to refuse individuals a roof over their heads when we don't have the room. We who have a bed and a home here are grateful to our readers for your continued support. However, we would like to remind you to please send in whatever clothing you can spare, especially men's clothing.

A slight little woman of some fifty years stood over my desk last Tuesday asking me what she was going to do. "I was locked out of my basement apartment by the landlady. She objected to my dogs and cats. Besides I have been a little in arrears on my rent. Would

you take my cats and dogs into your house? Do you have a list of vacant apartments which I might see? Don't start telling me to walk around the neighborhood. I am dead tired and I can't walk any further. Don't bother to direct me to that hotel on the Bowery for women—most of the people in that hotel are impossible. I can't stay at the Salvation Army's hotel for women—they won't allow me to have my cats and dogs in their dormitories. The nice hotels are too expensive for me and they wouldn't take me in since I am so badly dressed. I am scared to live in these cheap hotels around this area—those men hanging around them. Well, what happens to the poor who have so little money that they can't live on it? On the other hand the city welfare department won't have anything to do with you if you have a couple of dollars. Where do we poor go from here? What do you tell them?"

There was no opportunity to get a word in edgewise with this poor distraught woman. Each time I would attempt to offer a suggestion she anticipated what I was going to say and then would cut me off. Thus the lady hurried out of our office with the impression that she was wasting her time.

As you readers might know by this time the above is not a unique case here at the Catholic Worker. Numerous people in this part of the city live on inadequate pension

(Continued on page 7)

CHURCH'S MISSION

... Under the pretense of saving the Church from the risk of being led astray in the 'temporal' sphere, a slogan launched some ten years ago continues to gain acceptance: return to the purely 'spiritual.' And by that is understood that the Church should confine her activities to a purely dogmatic teaching, to the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, the administration of the Sacraments, and all incursion into, or even the right of examination, into the domain of our public life, all intervention in the civil or social order, should be denied her.

As if dogma did not have a bearing upon every aspect of human life, as if the mysteries of the faith with their supernatural wealth, were not to maintain and invigorate the lives of individuals and, as a consequence, to harmonize public life with the law of God, to impregnate it with the spirit of Christ! Such vivisection is quite simply anti-Catholic." His Holiness, Pius XII—Address to the Congress of International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues, Rome, Sept. 11, 1947.



NORWAY

Apostolado del Mar
Muelle de Rebaix
Barcelona
August 5, 1954

This is meant as a letter of encouragement for the Catholic Worker.

I am a Scandinavian in my early twenties. I have what is termed a good education, and have never been much of a success in life—I haven't even been very successful at not being a success. I finally came here to Spain in the hope of finding work in a Catholic country. It was some hope—you probably know quite a lot about the labor situation here already. When my money ran out somebody took me along to the Apostleship of the Sea here in Barcelona. Here I have been staying a couple of weeks now, working a little and reading everything I have come across in English. One of the things I have come across is a pile of some ten old copies of the Catholic Worker. It has meant more to me than any other Catholic magazine I have ever read; it was like a copy of Integrity somebody gave me four or five years ago.

Now I have cabled to my father for a ticket home. He will not like it—but he will probably send it. And when I get there I will go to my father's small holding in the country and live and work there. My father himself lives in Oslo and intends to retire to the farm in about ten years' time, but meanwhile he rather desperately needs someone to look after it.

It is not that I am used to farm work, it is not that I like it—being of a somewhat lazy disposition—and it is not that I like living in the country at all. But I have come to realize that cities are an unnecessary evil—even if I like them—and have done nothing to add to the happiness of mankind. Also—I am not particularly good at working under the command of others, nor commanding over others, so working on by own will be a good thing. (Whatever that is.) Out at the farm I shall be independent most of the week. There is a Catholic Church in a little town about an hour's walk down the hill, so I shall be able to get to Mass every Sunday and now and then on weekdays too, which is not a little thing in the Norwegian countryside.

I shall be making my own food (grim thought) and I shall be very poor and it all depends on whether my father is in a good humor or not when I come home, but I think I shall be a godsend to him. (That sounds like a too-right word. Of course I don't know whether it is the will of God or not.)

So far there are no animals on the farm, it being a very small farm even for Norway and nobody being there all the time to look after them, but I think that my father would consent to a couple of hens and odds and ends.

Of course I shall hate the place at first; but then I have an idea that God never meant this life to be particularly pleasant, not for me, anyway.

If anybody should feel encouraged to write and encourage me and have the time, my future address, I hope, will be: Arnfinn Palmstrom, Amundsengen, Haugsbygd, Busherud, Norway.

And if you should have any old copies of the Catholic Worker lying around, I should be very grateful to get a couple. It would be some sort of contact. I am greatly tempted to take with me some of those lying here, but then there is a chance that the seed may spread from here another time.

Yours in Christ,
Arnfinn Palmstrom

By PAUL J. CLARKE

The human memory is a tricky thing. Events and personalities, making their original imprint years previous, hang unlighted and unnoticed on the walls deep in the dark recesses of our mind, like paintings in an abandoned wing of a gallery.

Suddenly we are confronted with an elusive face, a vagrant snatch of melody, a faded and sometimes comic snapshot from a holiday album. Then, the wonder of memory bursts upon our consciousness—individuals and circumstances, unbidden and often unwelcome, are revealed once more in startling detail like a landscape illuminated in the eerie glow of an exploding sky rocket.

Thus it was that a strange episode, which occurred some 18 months ago and which, up to now, had been submerged in my memory, was suddenly suffused with unusual brightness by a three-paragraph story printed on an inside page of the New York "TIMES" for September 4th.

MAU MAU LEADER SLAIN

Nairobi, Kenya, Sept. 3—The terrorist "Field Marshall," Olekisi, second in command of the Mau Mau secret society, has been killed in the Narok area, 70 miles west of Nairobi, it was announced tonight. A police spokesman said it was a "major success for the security force."

Olekisi was shot dead in an ambush laid by men of the Black Watch Regiment who had been given information he would attend a meeting in the district. Olekisi walked unsuspectingly along a path into the ambush and was cut down by the military's fire when he failed to halt at the soldiers' challenge.

Olekisi, who was half Masai and half Meru in nationality, was reputed by British officials in Kenya to be the leader, organizer, and "inspirer" of all Mau Mau terrorist activities in the Rotin district of Masai land.

The effect of this tiny, almost obscure news item was to relight in my mind "pictures" of Olekisi and my relationship with him, "taken" more than a year and one-half before, and the way this brief association with the Mau Mau changed the life of my friend Boltolph.

Edward Boltolph was the same age as myself. We had first met while doing a "hitch" in the Chicago "TRIBUNE" city room. Boltolph had become a newspaper reporter by the way of a small teachers' college in Vermont, while my credentials as a neophyte journalist had been issued at a large Midwestern university.

Our very newness to the city room, its characters, and their habits, made us the butts of the jibes and practical jokes of the veterans of the rewrite group and the men on the copy-desk rim, forcing Boltolph and myself into a friendship for mutual protection. Before too long, however, we discovered we had many interests in common and we were soon finding pleasure in each others company.

But, our companionship was destined to be short-lived. Boltolph and I, each at our own chosen level, fell willing victims to the blandishments of larger incomes and broader social horizons. He went to the West Coast as a Hollywood press agent while I, wallowing in some small fame as the author of a minor novel, moved East to Greenwich Village.

We never met again except for a brief, warm interlude during World War II when, as fellow officers in the U. S. Navy we were present at an Armed Forces public relations conference held in San Francisco. After the meeting we toasted our future and drank to a "happy voyage home" in the bar on "Top of the Mark."

Boltolph returned to Hollywood after the war and climbed to the top public relations rung at one of the world's major motion picture studios. I was never able to repeat my initial success as a novelist and my subsequent career, after the Navy, was "mountain high and valley low."

In 1952 word reached me, via the newspapermen's grapevine, that a press agent's job was open on the West Coast. I applied for the position and, somewhat to my surprise, was immediately hired by telegraph. When I reported for work, I learned Boltolph was the Public Relations "Chief." I am certain he was responsible for my prompt employment, although neither he nor anyone else ever hinted as much.

My first assignment was with a unit preparing to shoot a movie with an African locale. "King Solomon's Mines" had enjoyed a great box office vogue, and, as a result, Hollywood was "high" on Dark Continent scenarios. I was instructed to go to Nairobi, Kenya, with the production crew. We were scheduled to arrive about ten days ahead of the larger party which would include a bevy of top-name stars. My group was to set up suitable background shots, photograph atmosphere areas, and generally prepare the set, so that, once arrived, the Names could perform their chores and return to Hollywood and Vine with minimum delay. My specific task was to grind out a daily press release from the location.

Since this was my initial job for the studio Boltolph—sincerely, I believe—wanted to see me make good. In a way that only Hollywood can manage such things, he arranged to make the trek to Africa with me and the crew. Neither of us had been there before and during the flight over, we shared curiosity about what was ahead of us.

I don't know what I expected when I landed at Nairobi, but I certainly was not prepared for what I received. Neither, I learned, was Boltolph. Don Juan, in George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," asserts that "Hell is a city much like unto Seville." In Nairobi, Kenya, we found a city much like unto Hell.

The Kenya Colony covers an area of about 224,000 square miles and lies inside the East African Coast almost on the Equator. The capitol is Nairobi and, in physical appearance, this city is not much different from the average American town of comparable size. But it has an exotic atmosphere so thick you almost taste it.

The population is a mixture of Europeans (urbane men and chic women), Sikhs in turbans, Tam o'shantered soldiers of the Black Watch, fezzed Moslems, sleek Hindus and weirdly-garbed African natives, who come into town from the surrounding bush country to do odd, menial jobs. The district's basic economy is agriculture, but there are men engaged in other mundane occupations, as well as such bizarre ones as leading a wild animal hunting safari.

Boltolph and I had our first inkling that something was wrong in Nairobi as soon as we stepped off the plane. Our party was met by a British army officer and two civil servants. The trio presented themselves, parried all questions politely, and firmly piloted us toward two military cars parked beside the airfield apron. Boltolph and I were put in the first car, with the officials, and the rest of our crew tumbled into the second. We were annoyed, but there was little else for us to do.

As our car left the airfield behind and began to move through Nairobi's streets, I slowly became aware of something strange. Every European on the sidewalks appeared to be carrying a revolver. Well-

The Mau Mau and

dressed British housewives, strolling along on shopping tours, had the black, ominous butt of an automatic peeking out from their handbags. The sedate businessmen, hurrying along from deal to deal, sported that suspicious under-the-arm bulge that we Americans associate with the gangsters of the Prohibition era.

I didn't like it. The air was close and tense and supercharged. It brought to my mind the bitter memory of a small Southern town, back in the Thirties. I had been sent down to cover the scheduled lynching of a Negro rape suspect. My editor had received an anonymous tip that the townspeople, impatient with due process and other civil rights frivolities, had such a fiesta on the agenda and he wanted an exclusive, eye-witness account of the affair to boost circulation.

The atmosphere in that town, I remembered, had been electric; faces were icy with hatred; the actions of the people were nervous and jerky. One was almost afraid to strike a match, lest the whole village explode. Such was the climate of Nairobi, and I wondered why.

"What gives here?", I burst out, suddenly. "How come every one packs a gun?"

"Yeah," Boltolph joined in, "I noticed that, too. Except for the clothes, this looks like the set for a horse opera."

The British officer, whose name was Preston, explained. He was painstakingly explicit. "That," he said, "is why we are now on our way to the Memorial Building. It is the Colony's administrative headquarters, and we are going to arrange for you gentlemen to carry guns."

"But, we don't need guns," Boltolph protested. "We're here to shoot a movie, not people or animals. You must have picked up the wrong party, Buster."

"No, we did not," Preston answered, obviously annoyed at my friend's familiarity. "Kenya is a rather unpleasant place these days, with this Mau Mau business. It is best for all white personnel in the district to take proper self-protective measures."

"Mau Mau? What's that? It sounds like a cat crying," Boltolph's feeble wise-crack drew no response. The Army officer passed around a package of Players, lit one himself and then explained:

"Personally, I think Mau Mau is a disease. And the Kikuyus—the largest tribe in this area—appear to be its special victims. It is a secret society and no one really knows how or when it started. Official quarters first heard of the Mau Mau back in 1946. Rumors began to drift into us that the Kikuyus had formed a secret society among themselves . . . performing weird rites in the forest—practicing witchcraft and that sort of thing. I'm afraid we didn't pay too much attention to the yarns. Matter of fact, we realize now we missed the full import of the society . . . missed it completely."

"What import?" Boltolph broke in. "What possible import is there in a group of natives reverting to type?"

"The import was both political and racial. As I said, we failed to appraise it properly and today, six years later, that secret society is spreading terror and fear over the countryside."

Preston paused as a command car roared past us, headed in the opposite direction. It was closely followed by a lorry, loaded with native police, rifles at the ready. As it trundled toward the airfield, the Britisher continued:

"Even at this late date, we only have a handful of facts on the Mau Mau. We know the bulk of the membership is Kikuyu, with some Masai and a few Kisii. We know they are sworn to drive all Europeans from this district, to kill them all, if necessary, and the Christianized natives, too. And, there seems to be a bit of financial chicanery. We hear natives pay from one to two pounds initiation fees. This is not great until you realize the average Kikuyu worker, male and female, earns only from two to three pounds monthly. This means the initiation fee represents a real hardship, so the society must have a tremendous appeal."

"I can understand that," Boltolph said. "You make sure their standard of living isn't too great, don't you? Paying them ten to fifteen dollars a month . . . that's awful. So, this Mau Mau is sort of an African trade union, eh?"

"No, no," Preston protested. "Mau Mau is nothing like that, at all. Trade unions are excellent . . . we have many in England, you know . . . but this is a society of assassins determined to push the British settlers into the sea." Was there any way to identify a member of the Mau Mau? I asked.

"No," the officer said. "There is no uniform, no insignia, no way to identify them at all . . . nothing but a bullet in the back or the slicing off of a head or arm by a two-foot, razor-sharp blade called a panga."

We had pulled up in front of the Colonial Administration building by this time, and we slowly entered the small office to have our "permits" for guns issued. Actually, this was a formality reserved for "foreigners." The white residents stocked their homes like arsenals without so much as a scrap of paper showing legal possession. However, a native caught with an unauthorized gun in his possession ran the risk of a long jail term or—with trigger happy native police and English soldiers—being cut down with a fusillade.

Armed with permits, we walked across the street and purchased two American .45 automatics, careful to get a sales slip so that we could enter the transaction on our expense accounts. We anticipated a loud scream from the accounting department, back in Hollywood. After all, why did we buy revolvers when the studio had millions of them in stock, give or take a couple of thousand?

Now without our escort we returned to our hotel. Both of us had lost the spirit of adventure that had welled in us when the plane first put down and we were anxious to exchange impressions and ideas on the Mau Mau.

In our suite, we started a conversation with one of the native porters who, incidentally, spoke excellent English. Lacking the gift of total recall, I can not remember all that was said, but at the end the porter was convinced Boltolph and I were "good Americans" and he promised to arrange for us to talk with a Mau Mau leader.

By this time Hollywood and our motion picture assignment was no longer our top project. We were in the middle of a live, vibrant problem involving human beings and the cinema's contrived dramas of struggle, and love, and life seemed like an obscene parody.

That night, after dinner, we had a discreet knock at the door and when we opened it, the porter stood with one of the tallest men I have ever seen in my life. Dressed in native garb, our visitor must have been close to seven feet. His face was mahogany in color, his features sharp. His eyes were deep set and extremely large, while his mouth, larger than Europeans', bore a slight smile that I was unable to identify as being either cordial or scornful. This was Olekisi, second in command of the Mau Mau.

He had been smuggled into the hotel by the porter and brought to our rooms. We made him comfortable and then asked him to tell us

My Friend Boltolph

of the Mau Mau. His English was good. His voice was deep and pleasant, and he spoke calmly, as if moved by an inner conviction of the rightness of his cause.

Before he started to talk about the Mau Mau, he told us we were running a great risk with the British by playing host to him. He was a "wanted" man and we could be jailed for entertaining him. Both Boltolph and I explained we still had enough of the old newspaper spirit in us to get both sides of a story and, since we were Americans, we doubted if the British would do more than pack us on a plane bound for home.

Olekisio's next statement surprised us. He said, in effect, that the Mau Mau difficulty actually dated back to the House of Hohenzollern. When the Germans lusted after Egypt, around the turn of the century, they could have moved into Sudan, seized the source of the Nile and redirected its route. Instead, the Germans landed at Tanganyika and the British claimed all the land north of Tanganyika and, to clinch the deal, laid an expensive railroad that had its terminus just inside the Kikuyu territory. This terminal point grew, with the help of Kikuyu labor, into the city of Nairobi.

The development of the area, according to Olekisio, was comparative to the growth of our western frontier in the railroad building days. The first white settlers were ruthless and ambitious. The natives were hired to do menial tasks and were paid off in small change and cast-off clothing.

The railroad had come at a psychological time in the Kikuyu tribal history. A short time before, an epidemic had killed almost a third of its members and a live stock disease had all but eliminated its cattle. To these twin disasters had been added a third, a prolonged drought that burned up most of its pasture land. As a result, the mere handful of the tribe that remained split up, some moving to the north, others to the south, in search of greener pastures.

When the white settlers arrived, the Kikuyu territory was deserted and showed no signs of formal ownership. The settlers, motivated by the "early bird getting the worm" philosophy, grabbed off the choice plots. There were no purchases from the natives and their title deeds were issued by a Government office that had no right, under God's heaven, to give something it did not own.

With the Crown's title in their pocket, the settlers proceeded to clear their claims and bring it into production. Now, a strange thing occurred. According to Olekisio, it often happened that the Kikuyu the white settler hired for a few coppers to till the soil was the rightful owner of the very land he slaved on.

Eventually, the true picture of the situation came into focus to even the most backward Kikuyu. They petitioned for redress—their land back or a fair sum for its purchase. But, the white settler already had a title to his claim, and he would not relinquish it to a native. He most certainly would not pay a large sum to a person he held in such low esteem. In brief, the whites said to the Kikuyu: "We hold the land now. You shall never get it back. And we shall pay you nothing for it."

Of course, Olekisio explained, there were many conferences between the whites and the Kikuyu. But, in an atmosphere of hate, the language barrier loomed large and neither side ever really understood their opponents' position. The Arabs stepped in, and using a more-or-less common tongue, called Kiswahili, attempted a reconciliation between the two camps, but their well meaning efforts failed.

The coming of World War II sealed off whatever hope there may have been for a peaceful settlement, Olekisio said. With hostilities the Kenya colony became important to Britain's war effort. Sisal, used in rope and paper; pyrethrum, the base for D.D.T.; and coffee became vital Kenya exports. Of course, the whites grew wealthy, Nairobi expanded in size, and everyone shared the prosperity but the natives to whom the country belonged.

"But, there must be some answer to all this," Boltolph demanded. "This is the 20th Century... England is an enlightened country..."

"No," Olekisio broke in almost sadly, "that is one of the problems. The Colonial policy is made in London. And, in London, our problems are too remote to be given much attention, I'm afraid. The Colonial Secretary, Oliver Lyttelton, has told the House of Commons that we have thrown the Kenya Colony into a state of war. He says nothing of the unabashed land-stealing of the English citizens. No, we will get little help from London."

"How about the Mau Mau?" I asked. I outlined what Preston had told us of the terror society, and inquired if there is any basis of fact in his statements.

"What he said is largely true, I admit," the native leader replied. "But, we have an excellent precedent. The Irish had to fight as we are doing, with violence. The Indians, behind Gandhi had to fight British colonial near-sightedness. True, they used other tactics. Personally, I would follow Gandhi's policy, but our people have been deeply wronged and anger is an emotion almost impossible to control. Perhaps, eventually, we will resist the white European with methods more effective, yet more humane, than the rifle and the panga."

He paused for a moment and then added, almost wistfully, "Africa's greatest demand is for leaders... leaders like Gandhi, who believe in reform through nonviolence, but with the present temper of our people it is suicide to advocate such a policy. The whites have brought it on themselves... they have their own blood to answer for."

He refused our offer of a drink, arose from the chair where he was sitting and, with dignified simplicity said: "I like you men... the only white men I have spoken to in two years... you do not understand our problem, but you are kind to listen to the Kikuyu... may we meet again some day, in peace."

He bowed to us and with dignity, walked from the room. Boltolph, with a highball glass still in his hand, stared after him, speechless. Finally, he set the glass down, lit a cigarette and walked from the room, without saying a word. I did not see him again that night and, while I was a bit anxious about his welfare, I settled down to write my first press release for the studio.

We had breakfast in our room, and after fruit juice, I asked where he had gone the night before.

"Walked around, seeing the town," he replied.

"Considering the situation, was that wise?" I wanted to know.

"Yes and no. First, if the town is as tense as they tell us we had better cable the studio to keep its precious darlings at home. Who knows what might happen with a plane load of box office bait in town? Secondly, I checked on this tall chief's story—checked as best I could—and I find what he says is true. The land does belong to the Kikuyu's. It was simply and clearly swiped."

"So what? This is an old story. We did it to the Indians. The Italians did it in Ethiopia. More real estate has been grabbed under the guise of civilization than there are hot dogs at Coney Island on the Fourth of July."

"Yeah," said Boltolph. "This, I know. But there is one thing you miss.

I think the Kikuyu have a case. I think it should be placed before the public. What these guys need is a good, A-1 publicity man, and I'm available for the job."

"You must be nuts."

"No, I'm not. Look at it this way. Here is an obvious injustice, so loud it can be heard in Heaven. It is a swell chance to do something real... I'm tired of starlets, and opening nights, and public appearance junkets. I saw Olekisio again last night and offered my services. I'm staying here. You can give my regards to Broadway."

I tried to argue with him, but it was to no avail. He sat down at a typewriter and began writing a press release on the Mau Mau, even while I was talking to him. When he finished, he said he was packing his gear and moving out. He had cabled the studio he was quitting and he couldn't stay at the hotel on its expense account. I helped him pack, certain he would return before the assignment was over. We shook hands warmly. He said he would drop by and see me the next day. He wasn't quite sure where he would billet.

Uncounted hours after he left, I received a cable from Hollywood advising me production on the picture had been cancelled because of "local conditions in Kenya as reported by Boltolph." It also ordered me back to Hollywood immediately. Since the message did not mention Boltolph's return, I knew, positively now, that he had burned his bridges behind him. Eddie would not be with me and the rest of the crew when we went home.

I waited most of the next day at the hotel, but he didn't come back. Finally, since I had to make arrangements to fly out, I left for the airport. Here, I waited again, but this, too, was in vain. Boltolph did not show up. When we were air borne over the Dark Continent, I looked down on its bright greenness and I was overcome with the deepest mood of melancholia that has ever enveloped me.

I have never seen Boltolph since. Back at the studio, I was hard pressed to defend his action among our colleagues. These bright young men placed his retreat from Hollywood at an even higher level of madness than entering a Trappist monastery. In a few months I became involved in a clash of personalities at the studio and I was soon headed back East. In New York, I went to work for a public relations firm where I was assigned to service the Stateside end of a European account. This job meant spending a few days in attendance at the UN. Here, one day I indirectly heard from Boltolph. And, from what I heard, he was doing all right.

Looking for a method of killing an hour before a luncheon engagement, I had taken a seat in a UN council chamber. Hardly had I settled in the chair when an African native, tall and dignified, addressed the Chair for permission to speak. When it was granted, he told the story of the British land grab in Kenya and the Kikuyu's plight. He spoke with his personal sincerity, underscored by his personal dignity, but his words were the creation of Boltolph.

"The English colonizers can achieve nothing concrete or lasting by their war of attrition. Nor, can we Kikuyu win back our rightful lands by violence. Justice, and justice alone, can bring back peace and tranquillity and harmonious living to the Kenya Colony. We were a proud tribe, but not too proud to sit at a table of arbitration. But, we will not bow beneath a bloody yoke of illegal exploitation and illegal possession of our homes and our pastures. We plead with this august tribunal to investigate our claims. If it finds them just, as we believe it will, we trust it will submit recommendations to Her Majesty's Colonial Office. Any step, any action, other than a council of conciliation and adjustment..."

Gazing at the speaker, I saw him dissolve before my eyes and the figure of Boltolph standing there, trim, and self-assured, and sartorially correct, pleading the cause his heart had adopted. The speech was vigorous and impassioned, written as only one who is dedicated to his task could write it.

Boltolph, I thought, harbored many thoughts we little suspected. Behind his glossy exterior (the figure familiar at the Brown Derby and Mike Romanoff's, and his name a fixture in the gossip columns as the escort of a long series of movie cuties) he must have considered man's inhumanity to man; the inherent wrongness of violence; and the need for common justice. Was he alone or is his number legion? How many more like him, I wondered, eager and ready to answer the call when it sounds clear... and what almost Divine urge impels them to cast off life's every material comfort to go forth and champion the cause of the oppressed?

"... further refusal of the Crown to recognize the rightness of the Kikuyu's claims can not help but intensify their determination to cast off the social and economic shackles that now bind them. Gentlemen, in the name of humanity, I beg you..."

I looked from the speaker to the men seated around the horse-shoe table. They represented nine nations, all of which, at some time in their history, had felt the lash of tyranny and the heel of oppression. Obviously impressed by the speaker's earnest plea, their faces were grave and thoughtful. At long last, the Kikuyu were getting their day in court.

"... the terror that now reigns in Nairobi is unnecessary: indeed, it is barbaric. Violence, such as this, has never brought a solution to any problem..."

As the African's voice rolled on, I glanced at my watch and realized I could stay in the Chamber no longer. Despite the fact my luncheon companion was to be a chic and personable young lady, I left the room with a slow step and a heavy heart. This, I felt, would be the last contact I would ever have with Boltolph. But, Fate was to be kind once more.

In July of this year, while casually perusing the newspaper, I came across a news story that startled me. It was a Reuter's release out of Nairobi and it said the Eastern African Court of Appeals, sitting in Mombassa, spoke out sternly in a criticism of the Kenya Police Force and the Government. The Court, in quashing the convictions of four Kikuyu tribesmen sentenced to death for murder, declared there was a grave "danger that the police force in Kenya is tending to become a law unto itself."

The Court comprised of Englishmen transplanted in Africa, spoke harshly of the police practices in the arrest and treatment of the natives, calling the conditions "deplorable" and asserting the "present emergency" was not an excuse for "barbarism."

Perhaps, somewhere I may meet Eddie Boltolph again. Perhaps, sometime, we will get together, even if only for a fugitive hour as we did in 'Frisco during the war. And, perhaps, not wanting to embarrass him, I will be able, with great self-control, to resist telling him about the greatest job of public relations I have ever seen pulled off.



PRISONERS

1427 12th Avenue
San Francisco
California

Dear Friends:

I received a letter from Art Duffy. They have separated him and George Lillis (doing hard time). Art is in the Federal Prison Camp Box No. P. M. B. 10907, Tucson, Arizona. He asked of all of you and said "you were surely doing God's work." Their camp is high on Mt. Lemon in the Caribo State Forest and according to Art very beautiful. In the local jail they had poor food, steel slat beds and no recreation—here, he writes, they enjoy three meals a day, sleep between clean sheets and with their work are allowed some athletics. Contemplation and meditation fit in with the surroundings. Mass is said every Sunday, the sermon however, is said in Spanish. The Archdiocese paper finally printed a factual and intelligent report of the case without prejudging.

The Christian Family Movement is having a regional convention next week end and I will send you an article upon its conclusion. One of the subjects will be the spirituality of the Apostolate and I am very interested to learn the conclusions of the members on this point. Because of CFM's rapid spread and its impetus on finding new groups I fear a sort of anti-intellectualism in this mass leveling process. CFM is young and my main interest is in keeping with it to see what direction the movement will take on its maturity. Our group is being disbanded to form new cells. I am against this but will accept it and form a new cell in the hopes that once this feverish organizational activity is gone we will be able to cull a strong nucleus that can work as a haven for real Catholic Action. Timewise it may be two or three years away but the fruit will be worth the season for ripening.

This Sunday morn the feast of Mary's Immaculate Heart, the boys and I are sitting here in the front room listening to our long player—the Ceremony of Taking the Veil in a Benedictine nunnery and Gregorian chants from a Cistercian Abbey. It gives the entire day a sense of peace and reverence. Even somehow quiets the little ones. Incidentally, Art Duffy is only allowed a certain number of letters and no publications if I correctly interpret the page of prison regulations they sent to me. All of you dear rebels are near us in our hearts and prayers.

Love and Prayers
Gordan and Charlotte Koller

Distributism Versus Capitalism

(Continued from page 1)

plan to make the best of our present capitalistic system, patching it up in other words,—it is a design for the corporative state, not the corporative order. Here is what *Osservatore Romano* has to say about capitalism:

"Capitalism seizes, confiscates, and dries up wealth, i.e. reduces the numbers of those who may enjoy riches, holds up distribution and defies Divine Providence who has given good things for the use of all men. St. Thomas Aquinas says that man must not consider riches as his own property but as common good. This means that communism itself, as an economic system, apart from its philosophy—is not in contradiction with the nature of Christianity as is capitalism."

"Capitalism is intrinsically atheistic. Capitalism is godless, not by nature of a philosophy which it does not profess, but in practice (which is its only philosophy), by its insatiable greed and avarice, its mighty power, its dominion."

Nickie left his father's lap and began to climb on top of the high chair as though it were a diving tower and leaping off into the middle of the room.

"The Industrial Council Plan is all for co-management, but Distributism is for co-ownership," David went on. "The one is for working from the top down, the other works from the bottom up. The trouble is, in schools, colleges and seminaries, the Industrial Council Plan is always talked of as the Papal Plan. The Pope has said that all ways should be explored. His 1952 Christmas address has many things in it which are pertinent to these problems."

Dumping Mary unceremoniously on the floor where she started to turn a backward somersault, David seized some of his invaluable Catholic Documents which publish all the Pope's speeches, and found the one he wanted to read. It was the 1952 Christmas message.

"Of course people can say that you are taking statements out of context, but you can't ever quote without that risk. Look at this: 'It is superstitious to expect salvation from rigid formulas mathematically applied to the social order, for this attributes to them almost a prodigious power which they cannot have: while to place one's hopes exclusively in the creative forces of the activity of each individual, is contrary to the designs of God, who is the Lord of order.'"

"We wish to draw to the attention of those who step forward as benefactors of mankind, to both these mistakes, but particularly to the first; to the superstition which holds for certain that salvation

must come by organizing men and things in a strict unity directed towards ever higher capacity to produce."

"They think that if they succeed in co-ordinating the energies of men and the resources of nature in a single organic structure for the highest possible production, by means of a plan carefully made and executed, then every kind of desirable benefit will spring forth: prosperity, security for the individual, peace."

"One knows where to look in social thought for the technical concept of society: it is in the gigantic enterprise of modern industry... What must be denied is that modern social life should be regulated by them or made to conform to them."

"It is above all a clear principle of wisdom that all progress is truly such if it knows how to add new conquests to old, to link new benefits with those acquired in the past; in a word if it knows how to make capital of experience. Now, history teaches that other forms of national economy have always had a positive influence upon all society, an influence which benefited both the basic institutions of family, state, private property, and those other institutions freely formed by men. We may point by way of example, to the undeniable advantages which have followed where an economy based chiefly on agriculture or the crafts has been to the fore."

"In the face of all the present Pope has to say it is amazing to hear the Industrial Council Plan always spoken of as the Pope's plan. We should read all the statements that the Holy Father has made! The text books used in Catholic schools and seminaries uphold industrial capitalism and little attention is given to that body of thought among American Catholics which sets its face against this godless system. The *Social Justice Review*, published at St. Louis, has very good material in it and so has *The Living Parish*, published by Monsignor Hellriegel at Baden, St. Louis, although the latter is more liturgy than sociology. It considers the life of the family however. Fr. Rembert Sorg's book *Holy Work* has the essence of this teaching. The *Sun of Justice* by Harold Robbins contains the best thinking ever done on Distributism. And always, all the social writings of the present Pope. Here is the theory of the Green Revolution, and all the little people, all the families scattered in small towns and villages, all the people in the holds on the land which we hear of from one end of the United

States to the other, should be reading these things and spreading these ideas."

By this time Tamar had finished spooning some apple sauce into Margaret, the baby, and David was hollering for supper. "Here I am," he said ruefully, "spreading the seeds (let's not call them germs) of the Green Revolution through my booklists in *The Catholic Worker* every month, and working in a smelter which is controlled by one of the largest monopolies in the world and compelled to belong to what is considered a communist-dominated union. Life is made up of fantastic, paradoxical situations."

But who could think of life in that book-filled, child-filled room, with the good smell of fresh homemade bread in the air with anything but gratitude to God who gives us a rule of life and instruction, and gives us, too, the joy of this strong conflict.

Hospitality

(Continued from page 1)

a volunteer at Friendship House had gone for a vacation visit to Shreveport and while there had committed the serious error of boarding with a Negro family for his two weeks' visit. Friendship House workers have always, these fifteen years or so of work for the Negro lived in the same slums with them, sharing their homes. Larry Pausback and Loretta Butler, a colored girl working in the Washington, D. C., house, never away from the North before, were also visitors there. Either Ann Foley or Mary Dolan had gone with them to show them the sights of Shreveport, and they had driven in a car to the outskirts of the city to see a lake, and while they parked the car, a police car drew up and the officers accosted them. They summoned several other police cars, and with this mob escort (as though to warn of other mob action threatening) they brought them to jail where they were not permitted to telephone and let people know where they were, and they were held over night.

This happened at seven-fifteen in the evening. The police lectured them as a group, telling them what they thought of the Friendship House interracial movement, and then questioned them all separately. In the morning they were released at eight-thirty.

In the September issue of the Catholic Interracialist Frank Petta tells the story of his drive north with a Negro companion and the difficulty they had in getting sleeping accommodations or anything to eat even in the State of Illinois, on their way to Chicago. Loretta Butler tells what it feels like to be a Negro in the South.

D. D.

Catholics and Peace

(Continued from page 2)

able article in the form of a dialogue between two Catholic priests on the morality of modern methods of warfare. The author is Father F. H. Drinkwater, who has, on several occasions expressed his disagreement with the Catholic pacifist position. The following excerpts appear to represent Father Drinkwater's own present views:

"Even before the atom bombs, war methods had already gone beyond what is right and lawful, when both sides went in for the wholesale terroristic bombing of cities. That was when the Christian conscience ought to have spoken up strongly, if it had anything to say... Men are not the helpless pawns of Fate. We must try to control events, not merely wash our hands of them. If we have done wrong, we can repent and retrace our steps. And that is what the nations ought to do now; they ought to admit that indiscriminate warfare has been wrong, and renounce it openly. This hydrogen bomb, which is entirely and necessarily indiscriminate, makes a real opportunity to stop and think and start all over again... God is the One who has the last word. The consequence of that, for those who believe in God, is that they don't need to FEAR. All this piling up of atom bombs, all these threats of massive retaliation and so on—what are they but FEAR? You atomic bomb mongers talk about being 'resolute'—but what it really means is that you are afraid. You are going to act out of panic, act without a genuinely long view. And the Russians are full of fear, too; in fact, Moscow may well feel it has more reason to fear the West than the West has to fear Moscow."

"If things go on the way they're going, war is pretty certain, and pretty certain to be fatal to everybody. The only way out now seems to cast away fear, and resolutely go back to keeping the Ten Commandments."

The dialogue concludes with the following exchange: "Well, take for instance, the Catholic scientist working on hydrogen bombs. What would you say to him?"

"That's simple enough, anyhow. Tell him he ought to change his job. Tell him there's a God, and he should put God first. And I suppose that goes for you and me, too."

"You mean we should change our job?"

"No, just act up to it, that's all."

The August issue of *"The Catholic World"* carried an article on "The Catholic C.O." by Gordon C. Zahn, who served as an objector in Civilian Public Service camp during World War II. Mr. Zahn's article is a summary of some of the conclusions contained in his Master's thesis in Sociology which was submitted to Catholic University. He reports on the social, educational and family backgrounds of the 135 Catholics in C.P.S. during the war and divides the basis of their opposition to the war into four broad categories: perfectionists, traditionalists, integralists and humanitarians. This study deserves the attention of those interested in the subject from any viewpoint. Dr. Zahn's article was reprinted in the *"Catholic Messenger"* of Dubuque, Iowa, which has carried other news of Catholic pacifists.

We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Caine for a translation from the German of Father Franziska Strattmann's book: "War and the Christian Conscience," published in Trier in 1951. We hope to print passages from it in future issues of the paper. Chapter titles are: "The Responsibility of the Church for Peace Among Nations," "The Immorality of Modern War," "The Problem of Preserving and Defending Peace," "War Against Russia," "The Question of Objection to Military Service" and "Personal Duties Concerning Peace."

We are pleased to report that Mr. Donald Reed of Los Angeles

has been granted 1-O status by the Appeals Board of Selective Service. (1-O is exemption from military service because of conscientious objection). Mr. Reed is a young Catholic who received attention from the press last year when he refused to take R.O.T.C., which was compulsory at the Catholic college he attends.

Catholic men of draft age who have taken a C.O. position are urged to keep us informed of their status and experiences with the draft boards, if they have not done so already. Any information thus obtained, may be of value to us in assisting other Catholics who are preparing to take the C.O. stand.

Homeward Bound

(Continued from page 3)

FOR and Quakers in his home was appreciated by all from the pacifist view but the question as to anarchism and the Church kept the meeting lively. Here I was overjoyed to meet gracious and beautiful Carmen Moran and her fiancée Perry Broz. That evening I returned to Sebastopol, Cal., with John Beecher to his chicken ranch and orchard. Raised a Catholic, Beecher fell away from the Church but returned later, refused to sign the loyalty oath at California State College, lost his job, and I rode with him the seven miles to daily mass which is now his joy. He is a friend of the CW and of Carroll McCool of the CW Oakland House whom I later met. Carroll is doing a lonesome and wonderful work.

I spent much time at the Junipero Serra book store, 116 Maiden Lane, where Phil Burnham, whom I knew in Phoenix, holds forth. Vic Houser, my old friend, took me to meet Warren K. Billings who has a watch repair shop downtown. He told me of times in his long years in prison and of his friendship with Alexander Berkman. He is small and wiry and full of fire. The FBI still hounds him but to no purpose. He is not a stoolie any more than my old time Wobblie friend, Tom Masterson, whom I was glad to see again. Carol Perry is a pretty young radical whose contact with the FOR and Quakers brought her to the CW. She is recently a Catholic and planned my talk at the FOR picnic in Berkeley. Here I had a very appreciative audience outdoors; met many COs and some old time Wobblies. The most appreciative meeting of my trip among seminarians occurred when Brother Cyprian (Byron Bryant, my old time radical friend from Phoenix) invited me to speak at St. Albert's in Oakland. Mrs. Frank Schmid kindly offered her spacious home where those present asked intimate questions about the CW over the country and listened to my extreme radicalism in all good nature. Gordon Keller took me out on a Sunday to meet Arthur Duffy and George Lillis, the two Catholic COs doing nine months for refusal to be inducted in the army. Here I also met James DeRyan of the same group who was given a 4F classification. He has compiled scores of pages from church history proving the CO status. I had never visited prisoners where the modern superscreen is used. These were a few feet apart and each so fine that a pin point could not penetrate and presented but a dim view of visitor and prisoner. Duffy and Lillis were glad to get greetings from the CW and we visited about 40 minutes.

WANTED

Men over 17 wanted to serve God's poor as a Franciscan tertiary. Only those willing to sacrifice need apply. Those interested write:

Brother De Paul, T.O.S.F.
House of Charity,
26 East Hennepin Ave.,
Minneapolis 1, Minn.

Life of a Salesman

(Continued from page 2)

are resorted to constantly. The fact that the poor are the most indiscriminating and gullible buyers does not aid the situation.

The relationship between the seller and the company which employs him is as equally degrading as the seller's relationship with the buyer, but in a different manner. It must be remembered that sales are the life blood of the manufacturer. If there was a way to entice the consumer into buying the finished product and a way to place this product into the buyer's hands without the need of a salesman, the seller would soon be done away with. The seller then, at best a necessarily evil in the realm of "operating expenses" and "budgets" and "high gross profits," is expected to give his time unceasingly and unbegrudgingly to the company. It is in the element of time that one most certainly feels the dominating influence of the large sales organizations. A fifty-five or sixty hour week is not uncommon for the retail seller. Inventories and special sale preparations often necessitate Sunday and night work. The company's demanding so much of the seller's time interferes with the social life and any real family life for the seller. Any activity in the seller's life that is not concerned with making sales must be relegated to a secondary position. The desire for salesmanship and the drive for sales among the companies competing in the various markets in the country today amount to a force so powerful that it is frightening to anyone who has come in contact with it.

If at any time sales decline in a territory or re-

tail store, the lack of sales must not be blamed on business being bad, but the seller himself must "confess" to his superiors (in many instances in a signed statement) that he wasn't trying or that he failed to adhere to company policies. Negative attitudes on the part of the seller are not tolerated. Sales meetings take on the appearance of pre-game high school "pep" meetings where the sales-manager or store-supervisor exhorts the sellers, aided by profanity, statistics, and obscene jokes, to get out and sell and sell and sell. The seller's reward for all this effort is the receiving, in the words of one store-supervisor, of some "nice money." That money is earned at the expense of the buyer, who is also the worker. The worker is paid less than he should be paid to help make a product that he must purchase at more than the product is worth. Think of this vicious and senseless circle: the worker must not only collectively bring into being objects that frustrate and degrade him in the making, but he must then in turn purchase these objects that he might finally receive a fraction of their sale price in the form of wages. The wages will barely sustain the worker and his family while he produces more objects that will have to be purchased in order that...

A person high up the management ladder of a great corporation was heard to say: "For salesmen, give me the kind of guy who's 'hungry'. Hungry in the sense champion athletes are hungry. Give me a man who's hungry for money."

But better, give us "those who hunger and thirst after justice."

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

checks. The checks are not sufficient to pay for a decent room let alone buy one's groceries and clothes. The result is that these men frequently throw these checks across a tavern bar for a night of drinks and they are compelled to sleep on the streets for the remainder of the month. A man who cannot afford to live in anything better than one of those wretched bird cage rooms in the Bowery hotels, would be a saint not to turn to drink. The government and other institutions who issue these pension checks seem to have a moral obligation to raise the amount of the checks so that the recipient might be able to live like a human being.

A former guest of our house began to receive a small pension check shortly after he had departed from our house. It was only \$40 per month. You have to pay at least fifteen dollars a month for the cheapest room in a Bowery hotel. That left him less than a dollar a day for food and other necessities. His feet are too crippled for him to secure work in his field. He is an elderly man who has worked long and hard all of his life but now has nothing to show for it, but this small check which provides him with a dismal room overlooking the Bowery. He once said that he wanted to lead a good Catholic life for the remainder of his days on earth but he didn't know how he could possibly succeed in that aspiration living along the Bowery with his weakness for alcohol.

* * *

A flashy dressed young stranger bounced into the office late one afternoon. He announced that he would like to have dinner with us that evening. He said that he was penniless and that he was driving through town. His 1951 Ford was parked in front of our house beside of our 1949 station wagon. We wanted to ask him how he is able to look so prosperous and yet be unable to buy a meal. We failed to ask him any of the many questions that we were dying to ask since we were afraid that we would be embarrassed at his embarrassment. Instead we simply showed him to a seat in the dining room where he ate a hearty meal. We remembered that you get hungry from driving a car.

* * *

We visited a friend over at Manhattan State hospital. It is a mental hospital for the poor and is probably one of the most hideous group of buildings on the face of this earth. People with a weird sense of humor claim that if you are not insane when you are placed in that group of buildings you certainly will be after a short stay. Although this comment is not funny still it is very easy to believe once you place your foot on Ward's Island which houses these buildings. The red-faced brick buildings are a dirty squalid sight. The insides of the buildings are no improvement. Inside it is dark and daylight seems to find it impossible to penetrate the rooms. The patients, who are dressed by the city, appear in utterly drab looking garments. The zoo for animals in Central Park is a damn sight more cheerful looking than Manhattan State hospital. It even seems that the animals are treated better than the patients at Manhattan. Patients who are unable to afford smoking tobacco for themselves have to do without—the city does not think it necessary to furnish smokes for its patients. Up in the

Central Park Zoo I once watched a chimpanzee smoke a big fat cigar.

* * *

Yesterday afternoon a clergyman stopped into our office. He works in this city with the homeless men. He appeared quite concerned with the problem of alcoholism among these men. That issue was the chief topic of our conversation. He asked if we had ever visited the city jail. We replied that we had. He went on to say that he was favorably impressed with the appearance of the men, the alcoholics, once they were in jail. "They look so well and sober in jail. I am sure that many of them will owe the salvation of their souls to their imprisonment." This nice affable visitor smiled as he spoke, consequently, I felt sure he was simply ribbing us. I soon found out that he was serious. This clergyman is a good man and I am appreciative of the terrific work that he is engaged in. Thus I felt as though I was arrogant in my disagreement with him. However, I felt compelled to ask him if he didn't agree that there are a lot more serious sins than over indulging in alcohol. He agreed. After a few minutes more we reached an accord in our belief that perhaps alcoholism is an illness and that most of those so afflicted will not be held fully responsible in the eyes of God. In a way it is easy to slip into the attitude that this good minister has—we too have been frequently upset and annoyed by individuals around the house when they become drunk. Again and again we have heaved a guilty sigh of relief when we hear that some troublesome drunk who has been giving us a difficult time is jailed. Whenever speaking to an alcoholic seeking advice we have advocated daily Mass and Communion at which point the alcoholic stares at us as though we are insane. Aside from ALCOHOLIC ANONYMOUS and psychiatrists we don't know of any other advice to offer.

* * *

One rainy night about eleven-thirty we learned that one of the men in our house who was drinking had been beaten up by a thief on the Bowery and taken to Gouvenenr Hospital. We decided to visit the hospital and obtain first hand information as to his condition. Gouvenenr is a city run hospital below the Williamsburg Bridge. It is a long distance from our house on a rainy night. Upon arriving at the hospital we found our friend slumped in a wheelchair. His shirt and trousers were covered with blood and his injured head was bandaged. The hospital staff on duty at that time was quite abrupt with us and requested that we take our friend out of the hospital. We begged the doctor and the nurses to keep the man for the night. This they refused but immediately helped our friend out of the wheelchair and started him for the door and the steps leading out of the building on to the street. Due no doubt to the effects of alcohol and the beating up, the poor man staggered and swayed and almost fell down the stairs. We caught him in time and lead him back to a bench in the corridor. We then continued to appeal to the doctor, nurses and attendants to allow the man to remain in the hospital for the night. The staff held firm to their original refusal and we had to start the long trek back to Chrystie street at one o'clock in the morning. Although we held the rejected patient by the arm he fell down three times on the way back to our house which trip took all of an hour.

* * *

Last month in this column I made a special appeal for bed sheets and up to now the response is breathtaking—not one sheet was sent in. Yesterday morning a large envelope came in the mail. The envelope bulged and from the feel of the contents I was sure I had one sheet from the appeal. I felt

kind of silly thinking that some generous reader had rushed out and bought a sheet with their hard earned cash. Succumbing to the worst part of my nature I did not open the envelope until I had sneaked it into my room, thinking that I had first claim on the sheet and would immediately place it on my own bed. The envelope was filled with second hand ties—nobody but nobody wants or asks for a tie around our house.

* * *

A clean cut young policeman visited our house last week. He carried a large thick envelope. Inserted in the envelope were several long forms which were to be filled out by the proprietor of a hotel or a lodging house. The names, ages, and sexes of the residents were to be written into the forms and returned to the city department. From what I could understand the purpose of these forms is to prevent people from voting from more than one address in the city. We have a natural antipathy to filling out forms for any purpose no matter how worthwhile the project may be. We pointed out to the policeman that we did not come under the heading of a hotel or a lodging house so that it was not addressed to us. We devoted twenty minutes in describing our work for him. When he left he took the envelope with him. The next day another policeman returned with the same envelope and insisted that we take it and fill it out. Now we are staring at the notice at the top of the form which reads that it is a crime to fail to fill out this form. So far none of us feel worthy to go to jail for such a transgression of the law.

East Harlem

(Continued from page 2)

bility. The night the mother broke down the children stood around her while we held her arms, legs and jaw so she wouldn't hurt herself, listening to her scream and moan and watching her try to kick wildly. All of her body seemed to cry out against her life. The children said she got sick often. One of the boys, in a numb effort to escape, read and reread the printing on the side of a Duz soap powder box. Their outward calm and familiarity with terror left us weak. Then the ambulance finally came after an hour's wait, the attendant, a large strong woman, spoke critically of the mother in front of her children for having "lost control of herself" when she had the responsibility of taking care of the children. She asked the driver to see if there were any ammonia salts in the ambulance. Helen, who is a nurse, tried to control her wrath and told her that the symptoms were serious and that the woman had been unconscious in a convulsive state for over an hour and needed immediate medical attention. They took her away after a lengthy discussion and Helen went with them to the hospital.

The next night we had all the younger children sleeping in our apartment on four cots and an extra mattress that we put on the floor. Everyone found a place to sleep because they are so small and frail they don't take up much room.

In two days their mother was released from the hospital and was home, working at her usual frantic pace trying to keep their scanty clothes washed, pitting her strength against the dirt and heat, bugs and rats that surround her. It was weeks before we could think of that night without shivering, without feeling an overwhelming inadequacy in the face of such intense suffering. The children have across their faces the shadow of raw beauty and the submission of the saints.

Ed. Note: (East Harlem Center, where Eileen Fantino, Mary A. McCoy and Helen Russell live and work with the Puerto Rican families, is located at 321 East 100th St., Apartment 14.)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

Blessed Martin center is located on Chicago's west side, bringing them out to her beautiful farm for two weeks' vacation as we did. The same day Mrs. Hanley and Veronica Dugan, Irene and Leda Johnson also came. They hadn't built up Carol on the radio, so none worried about being out in a storm.

Conference

By the time our annual pacifist conference began on Friday night three days later, the weather was again clear and hot, and we were able to hold all the sessions out in the back yard at 223 Chrystie street. All the evening conferences were well attended but the place was too hot and sunny for all but a few in the afternoon. The Tuesday after I spoke at Fr. Monahan's parish at Midland Beach, to the Holy Name society. He has been a friend of the Catholic Worker since we started in 1933. The next day, a picnic on the beach with Mary Herman and her son who came all the way across the country from San Diego to visit relatives in Boston and dropped by to see us on Staten Island. On Thursday, September 9th the Cardinal blessed the Sister's new convent at Mt. Loretto and we went to the celebration at four in the afternoon. That noon we had had Fr. Charles Sala, one of the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld, Helene Tsvolsky and Winifred Neville to lunch, and the evening after the Cardinal's sermon we had the honor of Tom Sullivan's presence for supper. He had accompanied his father to Mt. Loretto for the festivities there. We had soup for supper, he had had soup for lunch. We have always had trouble synchronizing our meals, between St. Joseph's house and Peter Maurin farm and it is especially hard during Lent. If you have lunch in the city, you have more lunch in the country, and if you keep up this commuting you have a lean time of it Ember days and Lent. Charlie McCormick and Pete Asaro and their bread collecting and transporting of visitors back and forth have to take this into account.

Meditation on the Rosary

Last week while we all knelt in the library at Chrystie street saying the rosary for peace, which Jack English, now Brother Charles at Our Lady of the Holy Ghost, Conyers, started us on three years ago. I was filled with distractions, and most sensitive and irritated by a number of small incidents. (I could only comfort myself by thinking of the little Flower and her nervous agony at the rattling of rosary beads behind her back in the chapel.) The period of prayer had started with an incident. An overly pious member of our community had snatched a cigaret from the mouth of one of the old men who were sitting around the room, and the prayerful one and the unprayerful were almost involved in a fist fight. Then a woman with a number of packages wrapped up in very noisy paper began wrapping and unwrapping them all the while we prayed. The prayers that day were led by an old Irishman with a strong brogue who began each decade with a

leisurely meditation. We were used to the brisker prayers of Michael Kovelak. I was still seething with my own irritation, and could sense the irritation of others who seemed to be trying to hurry up the prayers. Some came out way ahead of the others. Oh, the mortification of the senses, all the senses, interior and exterior, on these occasions. It is like being put to death with pinpricks.

And then on other occasions, one is so filled with a feeling of love and joy and gratitude and consolation in the midst of religious exercises that one is fearful that life is too joyful. This month a recent convert said to me, "There may be plenty of suffering ahead, but just the same I know that I will never be really unhappy again."

Pacifist Conference

(Continued from page 3)

punishment of crime, or the judge who pronounces the sentence, or the president or governor who appoints the hangman or the jailer. We must not cast a stone. We must secede from the war making and exploiting state entirely.

Dave Dellinger analyzed the place of pacifism and going to jail—that these should be the by-product of our daily lives. He told of Thomas a Becket who could have compromised with the King and who was tempted to be a martyr per se, counting the glories in heaven due him. But this temptation passed and he went about his daily work, being beheaded when the King's soldiers came for him. Too many COs are like the stunt performer who told Billy Rose that he had a wonderful trick: climbing up a 300 foot ladder and diving in a tub of water. He did it and Billy Rose said it was great and offered him any money to go on the road with him. The reply was, "I never did it before and I'll never do it again." We pray "give us this day our daily bread," but we really do not depend upon God for our bread, but will do anything to keep our job with General Motors, make war munitions, etc. A person's real God is what he serves. Dave told of some of his exciting prison experiences in his two terms for refusing to register. An inspiring talk!

John Stanley told of his short time with the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld at a novitiate near Rochester. The "little way" of being humble, working and praying but not doing propaganda.

Marty Corbin gave a fine detailed presentation of the teaching of the Church on war. Of the COs who were recognized martyrs and of the impossibility of fulfilling one of the conditions for a "just war," that of no innocent people being killed, which is impossible in this atom age. The Church says we must be true to our individual conscience and has taken no position for or against pacifism. CW pacifists hold that all war violates the spirit and teaching of Christ, hence participation in it is incompatible with supernatural ethics of the new dispensation.

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+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Based On St. Teresa Worship of Money

I WANT TO SEE GOD, by P. Marie-Eugene, C.C.D. Pub. by Fides Publishers Association.

Growing out of a series of conferences given at the insistence of a group of lay persons in France, "I Want to See God" is a book that should be shouted from the rooftops. Based on St. Teresa's masterpiece, "Interior Castle," it has all the charm of the great saint herself, coupled with the happy faculty of the author to inspire at the same time that he is teaching. Father Eugene-Marie catches the interest on the very first page when he tells us that his course on the science of prayer proved "less a matter of satisfying legitimate intellectual curiosity on a subject of current importance, than of throwing light on a spiritual experience that was becoming conscious of itself and urging souls to enter more profoundly into the life of God." He cements it when he notes "that the thirst for God is not the exclusive right of a cultural few; that God is very happily arousing it in many souls today; and that to have received this gift is enough to enable one to grasp the language of the masters who have traced out for us the steep slopes that lead to the source of living waters."

"I Want to See God," together with a second volume, as yet unpublished in English, "I Am a Daughter of the Church," covers the entire spiritual life of the soul. St. Teresa was chosen as guide rather than St. John of the Cross because she alone gives the complete progression in the ascent of a soul, beginning with its first turning away from mortal sin, and because she divides the progress of the soul's journey into stages, which provide a plan for the conferences. The invaluable writings of St. John of the Cross are used to supplement, clarify, and point up the doctrine of St. Teresa, and other spiritual writers are brought in from time to time, especially St. Therese of Lisieux. But the book is Teresian, and the Friends of Holy Mother Teresa will delight in every page, even in the repetitions that are so much a part of her style. Father Eugene-Marie is repetitious, too, sometimes, but who cares? A lover never tires of hearing the words, "I love you," and so it is with lovers of St. Teresa: her quaint and stirring phrases cannot be repeated too often for those who are seeking the

Fountain of Water with her as guide.

"I Want to See God" covers the first three mansions of the soul, that is, the active life of prayer; "I Am a Daughter of the Church," will begin with the fourth mansions, the night of the senses and prayer of quiet, and will continue on through to the apostolic mission of the highest mansions. Of great interest is an outline of the entire life of the soul through the various mansions, showing the action of God, the activity of the soul, and the relation with Christ Jesus, together with a listing of chapter headings of both volumes. This outline, placed inside the front cover of the book, is often of much help to the reader. The book itself contains first an overall picture of the spiritual life, called "Perspective," and includes most enlightening chapters on such important topics as knowledge of self, mental prayer, the good Jesus, asceticism, the devil, the Teresian spirit, and spiritual growth. The chapter on asceticism alone will unravel most of the knots that tangle the thinking of many a traveler on the spiritual road.

The second part of the book describes the soul in its progress through the first three mansions, amplifying and clarifying St. Teresa's teaching along the way. This section includes very fine chapters on prayer, spiritual reading and direction, and ends with a chapter on supernatural wisdom and Christian perfection, which bears many a re-reading; for it is at this point in the spiritual life, namely the third mansions, that so many souls are caught as in a mesh. In this chapter the author tells of the necessity of the folly of the cross to offset release from the mesh.

The last part of the book is on mystical life and contemplation, one of the most important chapters of which is on the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Much has been written on the gifts, but Father Eugene-Marie makes them come to life in a wholly fresh manner, especially when he starts explaining how they manifest themselves in reverse! These final chapters are all so fine that it is difficult to mention one without the others. They include gift of self, humility, silence, solitude, and several on contemplation that are truly gems.

Many persons interested in the spiritual life may feel that these topics are not new. That is true; yet Father Eugene-Marie has pre-

sented them in an entirely new light, including in particular those angles that apply to our own day and age. He brings in, for example, several important references to the psychological problems involved in the growth of a soul towards union with God. These notations alone give the conferences great value, not only for the lay or religious reader, but also for directors of souls. The chapters on silence and solitude are among the most beautiful and inspiring in the whole book, and also carry much of practical application in the life of those engaged in the active apostolate. The study closes with some conclusions that sum up the life and faith and that cause the reader to put the book down with a holy (we hope) impatience to see Volume II.

For those who have discovered that God is in the depths of their souls, and who desire above all things "to see Him and to find Him," Father Eugene-Marie has written this precious guide. They will know that "in order to see Him and to find Him, the soul must be orientated and move towards its own depths. The spiritual life will be par excellence, an interior life, the movement towards God will be a progressive interiorization leading to the meeting with Him, the embrace and union in darkness, while awaiting the vision of heaven." The reading of "I Want to See God" is a sobering experience for those souls who may be feeling that they are already soaring around in the rarified atmosphere of the Seventh Mansions, about to take off to the realms above. On the other hand, "God who dwells in the innermost mansion, is Love"; and those who are in love with Love will be laggards indeed who will fail to let the eager Teresa grasp their hand and pull them with her along the road to her Fountain of living water.

A.K.C.

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 3)

proletarian dictatorship. It stands for personalist leadership.

What the Catholic Worker Believes

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FINANCIAL JUSTICE, by J. F. L. Bray, Ph.D. Aquinas Paper No. 22. Blackfriars' publications. Fifty Cents. Obtainable from David Hennessy, 201 Winant Ave., S.I. 9, N.Y.

Here is a clear analysis of modern industrial capitalism presented briefly in 22 pages, with a generous distribution of quotations from St. Thomas, on justice as applied to the present day. With its discussion of usury, this short work would have delighted Peter Maurin's soul and I can see him drawing his points from it. It is so important a pamphlet that our contemporary, the *English Catholic Worker* devoted a great deal of space to a discussion of it. With its facts and figures drawn from the *Economist*, it will be more convincing than the reasonings of any back-to-the-landers who have all too little time to study when they are making a living for families.

The capitalist axiom is the "maximization of profits," regardless of the consequences on people; and whereas the industrialist knowing his work people, may temper his practice, the financier, who controls industrialist and politician alike, does not. The worship of money, the regard of it as a living and breeding thing instead of the token that it is, that money is in itself fruitful,—that is the central doctrine of the capitalist heresy.

Dr. Bray recalls us to the principles of Aquinas, founded on the natural law, eternal and immutable.

"According to St. Thomas, to take interest for money lent is unjust in itself because this is to sell that which does not exist. The loan of a pig in 1900 would be adequately and justly repaid by giving back precisely one pig in 1950. The principle of compound interest at five percent asserts that the loan of one pig in 1900 would require payment with about 11½ pigs in 1950, 131 pigs in 2000, or about 17,000 pigs in the year 2050." Using this homely comparison he speaks of English and United States investments abroad. What is justice? St. Ambrose says "it is justice that renders to each one what is his, and claims not another's property. It disregards its own profit in order to preserve the common equity."

St. Thomas Aquinas says that in communitative justice "it is necessary to equalize thing with thing, so that one person should pay back to another just so much as he has become richer out of that which belonged to another."

It will be hard indeed for the business man to save his soul, according to Dr. Bray. "Of course," he concludes, "if the injustices of the capitalist system should become manifest and all pervading so as to lead the Church to condemn it, our duty would be clear. Faithful Catholics would all become hewers of wood and drawers of water. In no other way could they hope to save their souls. Meanwhile, we must strive to become the finest of craftsmen, the ablest and most energetic of managers, the keenest and best informed of financiers,—not for the love of gain, but for the glory of God."

As a postscript we would also

NOTICE

In the April, 1954 issue of this paper, we ran a news story on the Shoreham Cafeteria strike, entitled "Absentee Ownership," by John Stanley, in which it was stated that The Chester Bowles family was financially connected with the corporation which owns the Shoreham Cafeterias. Mr. Bowles has written, denying such a connection. We regret the occurrence of all factual errors, especially when they injure the reputation of men.

call attention to the fact that Dr. Drinkwater, writing for the *Catholic Herald* (an article reprinted afterward in *Peace News*, speaks of Modern War, and while he does not call himself a pacifist, he does not consider modern war justifiable, considering the means used, and he advises people to examine their consciences as to their occupations, as to whether they are not contributing to a social order that makes for war.

And Hanson Baldwin, military expert for the *New York Times*, writes in a *Saturday Evening Post*, an article which warns us that only through decentralization can there be any defense against atomic weapons.

D.D.

Labor Priest

(Continued from page 1)

prominent liberals and labor unionists, with three co-chairmen — Auxiliary Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, of Chicago; Walter P. Reuther, president, Congress of Industrial Organizations; and A. J. Hayes, International Association of Machinists, AFL.

When the announcement of the award was made Father Drolet said that with permission of Ecclesiastical Authority, he would gladly accept. But he would have in mind, he said, "not my own small personal accomplishment, but the glorious labors for Christian social justice by countless members of both clergy and laity from coast to coast."

He declared then that American leadership in social justice was needed more than ever, to prove that democracy is better than totalitarianism; that collective bargaining was paramountly important in meeting the Communist challenge; and that because of our strategic position in the world struggle against totalitarianism "the future of collective bargaining in Louisiana and the United States will quite possibly determine the fate of the economic system in many countries as well as our own."

FREE ENTERPRISE

Edwin R. Butterworth, Long Island gasoline station operator, hit on the happy idea of selling his monthly quota of 20,000 gallons over the Labor Day week end to "get the company off my neck."

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