

# CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXXI No. 8

MARCH, 1965

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## TIVOLI A Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Now March, with lean, Lenten days sun-splashed and warm, keeps close leash on her ancient lion. Pongo and the Corbin children gambol on last summer's scorched and matted grass, as though the March lamb were their play-mate. Like a diminutive, mimic lion, the lamb becomes rambunctious. The bare boughs of winter-weary trees creak in the rambunctious wind, avid for sap and budding time. Rejoicingly Paul Rothermel watches the shattered icy armor sail by in fragmented miniature icebergs until once more the river's surface, like a mirror, reflects the glinting sun and the passing flight of clouds and gulls. Frank O'Donnell comes out to try a sun cure for his cold. John Filliger emerges from the basement, pleased with the progress of his young tomato plants. Arthur Sullivan makes himself comfortable in a tutorial chair and directs Rita Corbin in the fine art of wood sawing. I use my Hoover cane cautiously to pick my way between mud puddles and the deep ruts where—Arthur tells me—green is just beginning to show. Not far from the bird-feeding station set up by Mike Sullivan and Jimmy Canavan, I pause for a few minutes to listen to the conversation of the blue jays and starlings, with now and then the more musical "tu-whit tu-whit chir-r-r chir-r-r chir-r-r" of the cardinal and from farther away, the plaintive whistled "phoebe" song of the chickadee. It is the week of the lamb. The old lion waits; before the month is out, he will roar. Only then, after that mighty roar, can we fully experience that tumult in the blood, that upheaval in the earth, that green revolution which we call Spring.

But in the calendar of world and national events, it is old Mars himself who claims his month for his own and sets his bloody seal on the days of March. In Vietnam, there are more missiles, more rockets, more marines, more lives lost every day. In Selma, Alabama, a governor and his police—recalling Hitler and his storm troopers—strike down a wronged and innocent people with clubs, cattle prods, tear-gas bombs and other vicious weapons, a people whose only fault is in calling attention to the fact that they have been wronged, who ask only that after enduring centuries of insufferable injury, they be allowed to exercise the right supposedly guaranteed to them by our Constitution. How can our President be so eager to defend the rights of a minority in faraway Asia—and the group the United States supports in Vietnam is a minority—when he does nothing to protect the rights of a much wronged and very important minority in our own country? Yet we can hardly place the blame on any one person. Surely we all have our share in this shame. It is Lent. How much prayer, how much penance, how much civil disobedience will make right these ancient wrongs, will bring good from these terrible evils? Mary, Queen of Peace, pray for us.

### Actions for Peace

Prayer, penance, sacrifice, peace demonstrations, civil disobedience. Surely all are called for. But how little we do. We speak our puny

(Continued on page 7)

WE HAVE FOUND  
THIS MAN  
PERVERTING  
OUR NATION!

HE STIRS UP  
THE PEOPLE!

SAYING THAT  
HE IS CHRIST  
THE KING!



## IN PEACEABLE CONFLICT

By Rev. DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

The ecumenical activity of God enters history, inviting men to take up the burdens of their brothers, to renounce hatred and violence, to unite with one another in a love which will be worthy of the God of love.

When we interest ourselves in one another, when we dislocate our personal and churchy interests in favor of the oppressed and poor, we can be certain, perhaps for the first time, that we are doing the works of God. And throughout history, God's intercession has shown itself powerfully in men who make peace. God is the God of peace, not the God of war or those who make war; this is the import of that Word which is both living and life giving. Accepting this Word, we may hope to stand under the blessing of God, imbued with His hope, His universal love, His passionate conscience.

It is astonishing to reflect how in time of war, the word of God tends to become complicated and diffuse. Suddenly, His word has a thousand footnotes, refining, clarifying, explaining away. The powers of the state show a mysterious concern for the integrity of the word of God. They issue their own tracts and texts. Believers must see that the God of all men has suddenly taken sides for and against. A universal love has narrowed itself to accept hate and to command hate. The message of peace is interpreted in favor of nationalism, of the ideologies of the moment, of the frenzies of human causes. The purity and simplicity of the Bible are clouded; it becomes a complicated and even devious thing to be a believer. One must now approach God through a thousand others who speak for God, who talk another language than His, who issue commands counter to His commands.

So the question of where believers stand in wartime is of crucial moment, as it could never be in normal times. For in time of war, another god declares himself. His name is total war. He is determined to claim all men and everything that is in man. He claims conscience, consciousness and community; he claims life and limb. He will have the world devastated, in the image of his own chaos and fury; the destruction of man is his universal and unassailable will.

For those who choose to reject this monstrous idol, there is small space in the world. Total war ex-

communicates the man of peace. It casts him out of his community, out of the human family, out of his future. It offers him a life of shame and, perhaps, death in disgrace.

Only a small consolation is left for those who take their stand for God and man in time of war. The consolation is so minute, so nearly hopeless, as to be almost invisible. It is simply this: that the will to make peace and to refuse to make war may have created a believer for the first time.

For war isolates and clarifies the issue of belief. In modern war, there is no longer a no man's land, where one may wander between the blessing and curse of God, between service of the God of peace and the god of war. In



spite of all efforts to the contrary, in spite of the enormous mobilization of intelligence and ingenuity in the creation of the new god, our ethic is clear. To wage war in modern times, as the war is being waged in Vietnam, is forbidden. In such war, man stands outside the blessing of God. He stands, in fact, under His curse.

There is no need for us here to review the tortured months and years which have led to this day. It is more to the point to see clearly where we stand today, as a nation, as individuals. Men of maturity and conscience are obliged to judge the actions of their society and to speak up. And where it is necessary, they are obliged to pay the price of their

speech, to put their bodies where their words are, to stand in peaceable conflict with the powers of the state. There can be no bought silence for those who stand for man. And for believers, the message of God is above and apart from the ambitions of men. Our God cannot be inducted into war; neither can He be silenced or blackmailed. He is God, the judge of nations and their works.

The opposition we speak of, between the claims of God and the claims of the state, become clarified beyond any hope of evasion, in time of modern war. The methods of war, as recent history has shown, tend inevitably toward total brutality, destruction of the innocent, torture, evasions, the corruption of whole societies. We must speak too of the corruption of churches who choose the way of silence during wartime, who equate faith in God with obedience to the warring state, who bless armaments, who justify the warring of their countries, sometimes by silence, sometimes by the most questionable preaching.

In the light of our reflections, it is entirely fitting that we include in our prayer tonight a confession of guilt. As Americans, we share in the guilt of a nation which is waging modern war and which is preparing for total war. To men of conscience, such works cry out to heaven for redress. They also sow into man's future a poison which the unborn will be condemned to breathe—hatreds, divisions, world poverty, hopelessness. In such an atmosphere the world comes over ever closer to the actuality of hell.

Today, the futile and childish hope is repeated like an obsessive incantation: through war we can make peace, through bombings we can restore order, through torture we can enforce submission. Meantime, like a nightmare come to life, day by day the realities become clearer; there is no future for the war in Vietnam. The war offers no future for the people of that country, no future for the Chinese, no future for Russians or Americans. For violence begets violence, torture begets frenzy, conscience and principle are submerged in the horrors of the moment, and both sides and the armed world watching edge closer to the final step of final war. Under such a threat, the inevitability of history is repeating itself, a fierce monotone in the

(Continued on page 7)

## ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

It is impossible to write all my impressions on the trip I am making in such a column as *On Pilgrimage*. I must write some longer articles later on various aspects of the problems I have encountered. Fortunately, tapes were made of many of my talks and if it is possible I would like to get copies of these tapes which will serve as notes. Meanwhile all this can be a diary, and a diary which works backward, at that.

I write today from Tucson, Arizona, and by the time this March issue of the paper reaches our West Coast readers I will be home again, in New York, or perhaps on my way to Puerto Rico where I have been invited to speak to some university students who are nationalists but on the non-violent side.

I am staying now with the James Allens, who have a family of ten, and eight of the children, all very articulate, are at home. Mealtimes mean discussion on all kinds of topics, from the new morality, the new look in the church, the population explosion, the anarchism of the home and the kind of anarchism Ammon Hennacy talks about, war and peace, man and his destiny. And in the midst of this life, an old man, the grandfather, lies peacefully dying. Today he was anointed. It is hard to write at such a time, but this is my job.

Arriving only last night by Greyhound from Albuquerque, I find it very warm here. When this is written I am going out to sit under a tree and read. Mail follows me, but travelling, speaking and just conversations leave little time to answer mail. I'll catch up on that later.

### Albuquerque

Here I visited the Resers, in the house which Al has over the years enlarged and which looks down an unpaved country road and across to the far horizon of the mountains through which I had come. It is as though Albuquerque was in a large shallow bowl and we were on one rim of it looking across the city to the mountains opposite. Years ago Al started the house of hospitality in Chicago together with Ed Marciniak. John Cogley lived there while he went to college and at the same time ran the house. All three had known each other from boyhood. Al came to the Southwest for his health. (He would have died had he stayed in Chicago.)

Catherine works part time for Catholic Charities. The oldest son is married, with kids, and he works cleaning out and welding the insides of trailer truck tank cars. Isn't this dangerous work? Certainly all work has its risks, but there are safety devices. They steam out the tanks first before the men go into them. (I just read of a dozen seamen overcome by gas fumes in a tanker. They got out, all but one, and when a fellow worker went in to rescue him both were killed.) Bill has the Great Books, which I dipped into while I was there. Pete, his cousin, works as mailman and takes courses at the university.

"They sure need a house of hospitality around Albuquerque," Al said. "The Salvation Army takes transients in for one night and Brother Matthew for three."

The Catholic Worker may not be

(Continued on page 2)



# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
PETER MAURIN, Founder

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

Associate Editors:

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

New subscriptions and change of address:  
175 Chrystie St., New York 2, N. Y. 10002  
Telephone OR 4-9812

Editorial communications to: Box 33 Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

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

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

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

able to take in many but those who come become a part of the community and make it such a place as Orwell recommends in the concluding pages of "Down and Out in Paris and London." If there were only many more of them! These are means in a war on poverty not much regarded.

### Other Friends

Visited with Erma Sues who has helped us much at sudden times of need. Saw John McKeon, who is still organizing for the municipal workers and trying to write a novel. He might better get his hand back in by writing some more chapters in "Poverty's Progress."

### Oklahoma City

Stayed here with Sister Nativity who lives in an old rectory which has been turned into a Montessori center for the children of the district. Sister was formerly in charge of a hospital but has chosen this work among the poor.

About a mile away there is a slum section separated from the rest of the city by a river on one side and railroad tracks on the other and there is a small house no better than the Negro houses around where two priests live together with Vincent Maevsky who spent some months with us last summer. He is going to college and also cooks the meals there. There is poverty there but not destitution, so that it looks like something which will continue and not be just a flash in the pan, just a romantic gesture as so many attempts "to live poor" are. Vincent, for instance, lived in an apartment of two rooms on Spring Street last summer which he and two others called the Sacco-Vanzetti house and where they took in so many that every bit of available space was taken up and the young extremists took to the comfort and privacy of the roof during the summer months. This sort of thing is a gesture which needs to be made no doubt but it never lasts because it is humanly unendurable for donor or recipient of hospitality. I don't know how many of these splinter offshoots of the OW house have happened in the past, as a result of our own attempts to think of the common good, and to use some measure of common sense and as a protest against our failures in charity too.

Jacques Travers seems to have some balance. He teaches, earns his living, and shares his apartment with two others, one of whom many might give up as hopeless cases who may walk off with all his possessions as he has done in the past with others. For the other who is a former professor, he is providing a home in his old age, who had nothing before but a room on the Bowery (for which, by the way, the Catholic Worker has been paying slightly more than a dollar a night for many years).

But such unspectacular hospitality is not for the very young ones who like to make the grand but not lasting gesture. However, if they had a true vocation for this work of love, sharing what they had very simply, they would have persevered through hell and high water, as the saying is. Meanwhile it is a school for them, an exercise and they can only learn by doing. They have yet to find their true vocation. Even so, as an act of love, it is of uncalculable value.

It was good to see Vincent and to learn that he will be with us again this summer, to give out clothes, mind the door, ladle out soup, in addition to other more exciting adventure like picket lines and sit-ins. We visited also with Fr. McDole, who was one of a group of priests who went to Mississippi last summer.

I came to Oklahoma City from San Antonio, a long trip which took from seven a.m. until eleven p.m. and then we sat up, Sister Nativity, Vincent, Fr. Vrana and I, until two-thirty talking and enjoying sister's fresh coffee cake and coffee. Jean Walsh had been with them at Christmas time and it was her enthusiasm for their work which led me to go so out of my way to be with them. We had a good meeting the night after I arrived and the seminarians who had just come from a Shrove Tuesday day of recollection were able to attend. I also had time to visit St. Patrick's church, which is of great beauty, and built by the parishioners themselves, with the guidance, of course, of contractors and other experts.

### San Antonio

Back in San Antonio I had had a meeting which was crowded to the doors and even outside, and thanks to microphones, I could reach them all. In fact the meetings in Austin and in San Antonio were marked by so great an interest in the poverty program of the government on the one hand and the Vietnam situation on the other. Thanks to John Howard Griffin who has also been giving a series of talks to capacity audiences, they were also keyed up about the civil rights issue and the problems of jobs for Negro and white.

Undoubtedly they were worried, some of them, about their own future work. I heard one student say to another, "Do you realize how easy it is to lose your security clearance—what would happen to you then?" In the way of job opportunity, I suppose he meant.

One of the young men who had stayed with us one summer and who taught afterward in the Aleutians lost his "security clearance" after two years of teaching and has not to this day the slightest idea why, and now can get no more work as a teacher. He loved his work too, and loved the Aleu-

(Continued on page 6)

## AN EXPATRIATE LOOKS BACK

By JAMES E. MILORD

The road from Florida, where I spent a year recently as assistant headmaster in a prep school, to way up here on the shore of a Lake Superior Ojibway Indian village, is a long one. The reasons for my trek with six kids in a VW bus are as clear as our Northern skies.

From the steamy environs of Florida's Golden Triangle, with its languid sun and Gulf breezes to six months of ice and snow, and year-round isolation, called for more motivation than mere itching feet and a yen to travel. After that turbulent year, I am all the more convinced that facing life in the United States has become a bleak proposition. In my abortive attempt to re-adjust to the atmosphere of American life, I learned the hard way that it was much easier to thin out one's blood than to acclimatize to the mercurial Stateside mental climate.

What was so enervating about that landscape?

I took a long, and scrupulous look at it, and found it to be upsetting and demoralizing on so many counts, that it takes some doing to make an integral judgment.

It was not the existence of so many clogged cities, scarred by slums and traffic—we have these things in Canada too. Nor was it the hideous suburbs that stretch along for thirty miles from megapolitan umbilical cords. It was not the unbearable television fare that clobbered us over a dozen channels, or the river of morbidity that flows through most of the daily papers and weekly slicks. The fall-apart housing developments, the terrifying crime, the frequent divorce and changing of partners—these were nothing new. What shook us up was the compounding of these defects with a quality of violence that must be experienced in order to be even partly understood.

When the guns drew in for the big kill of the Cuban people, who, as the oracles of Washington told us, had suddenly become our "enemies," I discovered that in my six-year absence from the United States, violence had become a national reflex. I became abruptly aware that I was truly living in a warfare state, where the whole population had been systematically brainwashed with fears. This realization was a harrowing experience after a relatively peaceful Canada.

One smiling professor on our school staff told me the day after the President's speech of ultimatum to Castro and the Soviets that he did not think that Russia would try anything, because, he felt, "The Russians know that they will be blown off the map. We'll vaporize Russia."

With a long term in the Army behind him, I concluded that this ex-West Point man's attitude figured; but I was crushed by the deplorable acceptance of this type of thinking among the students, who watched the week's shenanigans like kids at a horror movie. They regarded the President's stand as good news:

"Let me make it clear as the President of the U.S. that I am determined upon our system's survival and success regardless of the cost and regardless of the peril."

Confidence in such a bland statement of mass extermination and brinkmanship was unbelievably taken to heart.

I suddenly became aware of the roads filling with Army trucks en route to Miami and Tampa, of evacuation plans for our town (even in the face of incineration, the Negroes would be required to stay in separate shelters), of food hoarding and other forms of hysteria.

### Refugee Blues

One Cuban refugee on our staff, a former Havana lawyer, reached

evangelical fervor in his tirades about the slowness of America's call to arms. Strange were his hot daily war cries—"Now is the time to bomb!"—from a man who had a five-figure salary in the wretchedly poor Cuba under Batista and his henchmen. That the bombs he called for would assuredly kill many of his country's innocents did not seem to matter. Stranger still were the radio, press and businessmen's demands for invasion, when fifty percent of Cuba's rich farm land was owned by American money-grubbing interests, and ninety percent of her resources were exploited for processing abroad and high-priced resale to the poor masses in Cuba.

I heartbreakingly learned that those kids who sat before me in my sociology classes each day were cornered in a statolatry that demanded a loyalty to state before loyalty to life itself.

It came home to me that the human dimension, which politics in every country often tries to arrogate to itself, was at the vanishing point during those hot, expectant weeks. It was a dismal proposition to try to teach the

news entitled "Life Lines." Mention of America's seven foreign wars, her carnage in a four-year Civil War, her brutal butchery of the Indians over a century of battle, her generals in the White House, her robbery of 3,100,000 square miles of land (second only to Great Britain in pillage since 1776), would have been tantamount to open betrayal and sedition.

Behind my desk, I felt the tremors too of educational violence. That peculiar Princeton-Harvard-Yale violence that pushed a young man into a competitive squirrel cage of an existence by devious pressures and drilled-in nonsense about "living standards."

Coming as they did from Suburbia or small town, most of the boys saw little evidence of widespread poverty in the United States. They had no contact with the poor, and when I talked of poverty it could only be as of an abstraction. For all practical purposes, the tens of millions of America's desperately poor might just as well be living in Africa.

Submission starts early in the self-centered schools that spawned these lads. Supporting a degrading system of "marks" that become a tyranny, these mills of repression demand an encyclopedia of facts and cliches, rote formulae, slogans, rules. Such a background allowed little room for creative energies, and practically no opportunity for co-operative experiences. It was too late to talk of co-operation as the really basic urge of man, instead of the mythical Darwinian "survival" philosophy their mentors had swallowed completely. Brainpicking was, for them, the normal way. No basic cultural anthropology for building a sympathy for other societies, systems, ideals, economics, religions, could be introduced except through an Americanized funnel. The brainwashing had been too thorough. The hardest thing to teach American high school students is that their ways of doing things are not at all axiomatic, universal or correct.

### Schools for Submission

Dr. Maria Montessori said that the "obedience which is expected of a child in home and school" was rigid and pointless and admitted "neither of reason nor of justice." It could, she incontrovertibly concluded, only prepare a man "to be docile to blind forces." The greediest money makers, R. H. Tawney has demonstrated, were those who had been raised in a militaristic fashion.

When the fascists rose to power in Italy, one of their first acts was to close down the Montessori schools and Society. Why? Because they feared any person or group that did not teach lamb-like obedience. Maria Montessori emphasized self-realization, and the flowering of all those potential gifts and talents of the child into the stream of consciousness and eventually into full society. The normal child who has been opened by responsive and responsible teaching, is nurtured in an environment of co-operation, where bullying and unnatural competition is unknown, will not submit to a regime of cruelty and torture, and will not turn on his fellows.

In the Montessori schools, sharing and social co-operation are in full operation from the age of three.

The Deans of Yale and Swarthmore have admitted to the higher incidence of emotional instability among the better students. Competition, the reflex of middle-class life, takes on the air of religious duty for them—and they pay hard for this warping of Nature's warning.

My students thought I was speaking a different language in discussing a co-operative society. They could not be blamed for their lack of understanding that

(Continued on page 6)





# Seven Baskets of Fragments

By DAVID MASON

No human undertaking travels a straight, smooth road to its goal. Encouraging developments arise, but the work is complicated by differences of opinion among those who are involved and viewed with apathy and misunderstanding by many who would benefit by the plan's realization. Some participants begin to feel discouragement when their project does not immediately swing into operation. To them it seems as though nothing recedes like success, and they become pessimistic. This is just as true of Project Loaves and Fishes as of any other enterprise. It is the human situation.

The project has met with interesting and promising developments in Philadelphia in the past month. We have located an ideal site, possibly two, for a pilot project, and I introduced the plan for non-profit co-operative restaurants for Social Security pensioners to the AFL-CIO Philadelphia Council's Community Services Committee. This meeting was arranged by Eugene R. Casey, business agent of Philadelphia Typographical Union No. 2, pursuant to that union's unanimous endorsement of the project at its January meeting. The committee listened to my exposition for about an hour and asked many questions. It is too early to expect word on action by that body, but the members' receptiveness and interest were encouraging. There is a vacancy on Philadelphia's brand-new committee for action on anti-poverty projects which will be filled by a representative of labor, and I understand that he will present Project Loaves and Fishes for that committee's consideration.

## Starlite Ballroom

The site under consideration is a large building known as the Starlite Ballroom, located on Kensington Ave., near Lehigh Ave. Originally a movie house, it was converted to a ballroom ten years ago. Since then it has been used for dances, catered affairs and wedding parties. The dances were discontinued several years ago. Now it is used only for wedding parties and other affairs on weekend nights. The attractive ballroom is 100x50 feet, with a large stage and complete kitchen equipment. It could be put into operation as a restaurant within a week.

Early in February a story about the project in *The Guide*, a weekly newspaper published in the northeast section of Philadelphia, brought a call from Wm. Adelman, proprietor of the ballroom. Mr. Adelman said he owned a restaurant adjoining the Starlite which might serve the purpose of the project. When I inspected it, I told him that the restaurant was too small, and then astonished him by saying that the ballroom was what we needed. It was not easy to convince him that I made the proposal seriously, but he finally understood and agreed.

The place could be used seven days a week, from 9:00 a.m. to 6 p.m., so it could serve as a clubroom for the members as well as a dining hall. The tentative rental figure of \$400.00 a month would cost 500 members less than \$1.00 each.

The ballroom is located in an area where there are many aged retired workers who need the non-profit restaurant. It will be easy to find 500 pensioners within a half-mile radius.

A meeting was held in the ballroom at 8:00 P.M., March 2, to explain the plan to pensioners and others, but unfortunately the attendance was small—not more than 40 persons.

The meeting was timed for the convenience of our Germantown friends, but it is a sad and disturbing fact that aged persons are afraid to go anywhere unaccompanied at night on account of the danger of muggings and beatings. One man wrote me that he does not go out at night because he nar-

rowly escaped attack on two occasions.

A second meeting has been scheduled for Sunday, March 21, at 2:00 p.m., in the ballroom. It is our hope that a large number of pensioners will attend to show their interest and express their willingness to use the restaurant if it is established. Those who sit in judgment on such matters consider that this is necessary. They say that there must be a show of hands by the pensioners before a pilot project can be started. I do not agree with the premise that a poll must be taken to test acceptance by the persons involved.

## Reasons for Apathy

The aged poor are not a responsive audience impatient for an opportunity to mail a coupon requesting the free four-color brochure. Many of them are apathetic. They have been conned, buncoed and disappointed so many times by false promises that they are wary of paper plans promising participants the earth with a fence around it. These are not the people who will spend their "golden years" in a sunny clime. For them the remaining years are far from golden. They are the rock-bottom aged poor. Their needs are dire and pressing. If we present them with a fait accompli, show them a place where they can obtain satisfying meals at a price they can pay, they will clamor for admission.

Several members of our group insist that a specific site for the project should not be named in the plans because this might be taken as an indication of self-interest on the part of someone. Yet a high city official who worked with me on the project last fall insisted that the Salvation Army was the logical choice as the sponsoring and operating organization!

It is a fact that the Government requires a detailed, specific blueprint of any project for which an appropriation is sought under the anti-poverty bill. I do not know how a plan could be considered specific if a site were not indicated, because each site would require different specifications with regard to equipment needed, facilities available, service potential and service demand.

Some opposition has been expressed regarding the use of meal



tickets. I believe that careful consideration will prove that the punch card tickets will be both acceptable and feasible. The use of cash in the restaurant would necessitate the employment of several cashiers whose work is highly skilled and exacting. Large amounts of money in the till would attract predatory criminals, requiring the employment of protective methods. The use of meal tickets would eliminate these expensive operations and would give the member the comfortable assurance that his meals were paid for in advance, no matter what financial happenstance he encountered. The sale of meal tickets would make it possible to perform the service of cashing the member's Social Security checks. This would be a welcome service for many who now pay a fee to a check-cashing agency. The cashing operation could be carried on in a place not so easily accessible for the criminal as the cashier's desk would be, and it would not be a continuous operation.

The meal ticket would serve to

(Continued on page 7)



## Herald of Revolution

By NICOLE D'ENTREMONT

At 147 W. 117th St., in Harlem, Mrs. Evens lives with her eight children in a building that has the city as its titular slumlord. The tenement was taken over last month under the receivership law of New York, which states that the city can assume control of a building and make repairs and improvements when the landlord refuses to remove violations. However, Mrs. Evens continues to live in the same slum she has lived in for the past two years, for the city has made no repairs. She has no heat or hot water, and for weeks electricity has been turned off because of defective wiring. Rats scuttle within the decaying skeleton and run out through huge holes in the wall. The floor is cluttered with fallen plaster, and in this one apartment three windows are broken and only cardboard shields the rooms from cold and wind. Glass and garbage litter the stairways, and halls and the landlord has disappeared. During the two years Mrs. Evens has lived at 147 she has made sixteen complaints to the City Rent and Rehabilitation Administration; only once did an inspector come. As a last resort, Mrs. Evens called on Jesse Gray's Community Council on Housing. The Council exerted pressure on City Hall, and two inspectors were sent down to investigate. I asked one of the inspectors what they were going to do, and he said that they would submit a report requesting that the building be condemned and the families be relocated. Meanwhile, Mrs. Evens must wait upon procedural decorum and try not to be angered by the rats and the cold and her children's sickness.

On 1441 Boston Rd., in the Bronx, five buildings are having a rent strike. I visited the organizer of one of the buildings. Mrs. E. Robinson, her daughter and her daughter's two children live in two apartments that tell the same story—no heat, no hot water, dirty halls, poor garbage collection and rats. Mrs. Robinson is still going to a doctor for treatment of a back injury received a year ago when a chunk of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit her back and neck. Her lawyer is still trying to get a case against the landlord but nothing as yet has been done. Four weeks ago, the apartment next door caught fire and the fifteen families in the building had to be evicted. The wire is old and exposed and more plaster came down as a result of water being pumped into the room. For the past two or three years the Robinsons have had water only intermittently. Until last July they paid seventy dollars a month for the combined apartments. Mr. Gray's organization then organized a rent strike.

For many people the rent strike is considered at best a last-ditch resort; yet the fact is that the people in the ghetto are in a last-ditch position. And, it is grassroots leaders like Jesse Gray who have

(Continued on page 7)

# Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Peter Lumsden came for a time to help the Cajun while I am away speaking. (See Letters column.) The Cajun's original draft board is now to decide on his status. There is nothing new on the case of Darrell Poulsen, who is awaiting execution.

The highlight of my Western trip occurred when I spoke on the steps near Sproul Hall at Berkeley to an enormous crowd of students. I hadn't soapboxed since the old days in Wall Street in 1954. The San Francisco Chronicle published a two-column article with a picture under the heading *The Serene Anarchist*. I reminded the students that in this mad world they were doing time anyway, so that they might as well do time for refusing to register for the draft. In his article, Bob Robertson said that my Catholic anarchist philosophy was "too heady for most." This meeting took place after I had spoken to three groups at Mt. Tamalpais High School, in Mill Valley. My friend and I missed a sandstorm near Riverside and jogged over the northern coast of California in the disaster area, where towns were entirely wiped out.

When I spoke at Stanford, we met Wallace Stegner, who wrote *The Preacher and the Slave*, a book about Joe Hill. He will visit us this summer when he speaks in Utah. In Idaho, we said hello to Vardis Fisher, who wrote *The Children of God*, a book about the Mormons. Dorothy Coddington and the Gorgens had me speak at a meeting of the Catholic peace group affiliated with the Fellowship of Reconciliation. As usual, I spoke at Peter Maurin House in Oakland. Bob Callagy told me that the group there now owns the house. I was on radio station KPFA (Berkeley) in a discussion with Gary Snyder, the Zen poet. We discussed Catholic vs Buddhist anarchism, all in good humor. Here are some of his thoughts: "Wisdom without compassion feels no pain . . . Wisdom is knowledge of the mind of love and clarity that lies beneath one's ego-driven anxieties and aggressions." Later, I met Alan Watts, who writes on Zen and related subjects, and we exchanged books.

Tom Coddington has increased his family and his flock at Hen-



nacy Farm, near Ukiah. At Eugene, Professor Owen Edwards planned a rousing meeting and talks before classes. In Portland, I had an especially fine meeting at Reed College, organized by Professor Hugo Bedau, who led the successful fight against capital punishment in that state last fall. When I spoke at Portland University (Catholic), the priest who introduced me mentioned Peter Maurin's experience in France and the founding of the Catholic Worker in this country. Although he did not agree with our radicalism, he felt that our emphasis on the value of individual protest was worthwhile. I am going to Pocatello tomorrow and next week to St. Mary's University in San Antonio. The Newman Center has planned a meeting for Dorothy at the end of February.

The Salt Lake City Tribune printed a favorable review of my book, under the headline: *Utah's 'One Man Revolution' Injects Crusader's Zeal into Autobiography*. The story emphasized my fight against capital punishment

as well as the work at Joe Hill House. Father Hallett, who reviewed my book in the *Denver Register*, said that I am "reasonably orthodox," but questioned what he described as "wholehearted support of the Castro revolution" by Dorothy and me. When Castro came to power, I wrote in the CW that I did not expect much from any political revolution, but that I wished him good luck, and that I certainly preferred him to Batista, the sugar companies, and a decadent Church.

## Plane Song

Utah Phillips wrote a song about the Nola Gay, the airplane that dropped the bomb at Hiroshima. He sings it at our Friday night meetings.

What will I say when my children ask me

Where was I flying upon that day? With a trembling voice I gave the order

To the bombardier of the Nola Gay.

Look out, look out from your schoolroom window,

Look up, young children, from your play;

Your bright young eyes will turn to ashes

In the blinding light from the Nola Gay.

## THE PARADE

From a loose translucent cloud

Exhaled by Com Edison

That stubborn dream began,

Grew into a crowd

Of faces, places, shown and hid

Troubling the eye and id,

Of people applauding,

Leaping up, nodding,

Of banshee and shade

In fantastic parade,

Of men turned statue

Babbling at you,

Stiff men who pass

Imprisoned as

Private woe, Public demand,

Taking a stand,

Now bluff, now bland,

Of excellent evil

And its Reverend Devil

Turned sweeter than honey,

Of the few and the many,

Worshipping at

The feet of that

Politio Pumpkin,

Slits cut in,

Candle inside,

Guttering after

Days of laughter,

Hot, cock-eyed,

Affable, pled,

Whose grin, askew,

Fixed on you,

Is starting to slide.

Then into that vast hullabaloo,

In bright dozens and scores,

Rouged men and whores

Come babbling. The delicate lecher

And lady of sores,

The cellbate watcher.

Old men and cripples come

In hungry delirium.

From his dark alley

Half-man on a trolley

That he pushes and shoves

With his broken gloves

Rolls also in that jubilant, loud,

Clamoring cloud

That seems—

That by day and waking looms—

Ghostlier than in dreams.

Jon Swan



## War of the Buttons

W.E.B. Du Bois Freedom Library  
852 Short St.  
Jackson 3, Mississippi

Dear Miss Day:

I'm finally getting around to writing a letter that I've been meaning to write for awhile. I had also hoped to get out to see you all at the Catholic Worker.

One of the most important things happening in the state now is the school boycott. We are protesting poor schools, poor treatment and the abuse of a corrupt and decaying power structure. And all this is coming almost by accident, for it is an accident that the thing that gave rise to the boycott—the wearing of S.N.C.C. (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) buttons—was ever noticed. On January 29, two boys, students at the Issaquena-Sharkey County Negro high school got into a fight over the possession of a S.N.C.C. button, and the school principal was called. He reprimanded both youths, and told them not to wear S.N.C.C. pins. Next week, 179 students had been suspended or expelled for "disrupting the school" by wearing pins, and a total of three hundred students (the 179 plus sympathizers) were out of school. In addition to the high-school students, seven hundred students from elementary schools in Rolling Fork, Mayersville, Carley and Anguilla also struck.

Now there are many students out of school, but education must continue even in the strange state of Mississippi. So Freedom Schools have been started in the area. A great deal of their educational mileage comes from the boycott—here is an object-lesson in civics, in history, in government, in social studies—but the more basic education (arithmetic, spelling etc.) also goes on. The older students teach the younger and each other, and there are 3 COFO workers in the Freedom Schools. But the beauty and greatness of this boycott lies in the fact that it came from Mississippians and is maintained by them. COFO may (and must) help them, but they carry the torch and carry it high.

Much pressure is being brought to bear on students and parents to end the boycott and, hence, kill the movement in Issaquena and Sharkey. Since 1954 Mississippi has had no compulsory-education law (the law was repealed to circumvent the Supreme Court integration decision), but there is a ruling that a student may be left back if he misses more than twenty school days during a year. Many parents have been threatened with cut-offs in welfare payments if they don't return their kids to schools.

Mississippi is a poor state, and thus 4% of the funds paid out and 1/2 of the administrative costs of the state welfare department come from Federal funds. Your money, my tax-paying friends, and your Congressman's votes support this system. To qualify and receive Federal funds, a state welfare program must not discriminate in its administration, and all persons eligible must receive aid. Neither of these conditions are being met, and it is illegal to cut off a person's payment simply because of his involvement in a movement.

But in Sharkey and Issaquena Counties we can not talk of law, for basically there is no law; only the capricious whim of the white man in power. It is the white man who administers welfare, who extends credit, who hires and fires.

The vast majority of the people in both counties are receiving welfare payments. Mississippi welfare payments are the lowest in the country, and to subsist a man needs credit. The local store is white-owned, so if you don't toe the line you lose credit. There are some jobs to be had (though most got to whites), but very few, and if a Negro gets a job how much he gets paid depends on how good his white employer feels. The man may promise five dollars but if he decides to pay only two,

there's nothing you can do; you need the coins. This is Mississippi, and things are hard.

I should be in New York for a bit in March and hope, finally, to visit you then. Until then, keep us in your prayers. We need them.

Yours in the hope of peace and freedom,

Fred Heinze

P.S.: The COFO house in Laurel has been burned.

## Majesty of the Law

Danville, Virginia

Dear Dorothy:

I have been busier than ever since you were here. Have now coming thirty "underprivileged" boys from Danville's housing projects, who are under the guidance of a scoutmaster, an old Eagle Scout, who has an electrical installation business and since 1957 has given all his free time to helping boys. He is a wonderfully good man, has never married, and until last year devoted himself to caring for his mother. (He was her youngest.) They are all Negroes. He is giving these boys solid moral training and gives them work so they can earn money for all the Scout activities. It isn't anything new for us to have Boy Scouts here, but these boys are depending on us for encouragement. Alas, the downtrodden parents are afraid to encourage their children to hope for anything better than what they have always known.

I should tell you, too, that I was arrested, sentenced to ten days in jail (suspended for a year "on good behavior"), because I was supposed to appear in court as a witness against a Negro woman whom I had never heard of. I was ill in bed the day the trial came up; it was one of those bad days for a weak heart—I could not even speak. Sister forgot to call the court (a little country court) when it was time for the trial. Her explanation was rejected because a doctor's certificate did not accompany it. The case went on for four months and cost us eight hundred dollars. In the end the case was dismissed, with an insulting lecture from the judge on the Majesty of the Court, etc. The lawyer we retained had used us for his own advantage in a matter that many well-to-do in these



COME-FOLLOW-ME

areas of the South thrive on financially.

Dorothy, I am writing to ask if you can help me by giving me an address of a place of business or a worker in wool who can get some raw wool straightened out and made into balls. I want it for a baby's bed. In fact, I want to make several small-sized comforters. This wool came from a lamb we raised. It is all white and in good condition. If you don't know of any place or person engaged in handling such wool, may I ask if you know where we could get the tools to work it up ourselves.

The accounts of your magnificent place at Tivoli have been very interesting. I am glad you have the place and can accommodate many who will go out and sowing the grain

of Christian thinking. I had a letter last summer from a lady in California telling me she was to open a house of hospitality—on the plan of yours in New York City. This lady had once come to Greenville, North Carolina, to join us if she liked what she found there. But Greenville for us was a place of opposition, just as it has been here.

The pastor in Danville is negotiating with the city to buy seven acres of land in what has hitherto been a Negro settlement, now demolished in the Urban Renewal drive. This is certainly an about-face. But they need land to build, and this is the only vacant land in the city anywhere near the Catholic church.

After you were here we had as guests seven Methodist clergymen from the American University in Washington, D.C. We had a very nice three days of talks. Since then we kept up the conversations by mail. All of these men thought and spoke as in the best Catholic tradition I know. But our contacts with men such as these are rare in this part of the country.

The legal department of Danville is holding out for full punishment in fines and suspended sentences to be enforced now on the technicality that Danville demonstrators violated city statutes by parading (!!) and singing in the streets. The penalties in fines and lawyers' fees are exorbitant. They are fast approaching the half-million mark, and all concerned are poor people, who had to borrow to pay in the first place. It is not a question here of civil rights; it is a case of court power to crush.

With wishes for a very good 1963 to you and yours,

Mother Teresa  
Society of Christ Our King

## Come West, Young Man

11461 Jacalene Lane  
Garden Grove, Calif.

Dear Dorothy:

I have been reading the Catholic Worker for only a short time, but long enough to realize that you and your friends are doing a fine job for both God and man.

My wife and I are in our mid-thirties and have three children. We moved to California from New Jersey in 1957 and own our home in a low-middle-income neighborhood.

The situation in Appalachia was made horribly clear to us last December while watching the CBS Special "Christmas in Appalachia." In my opinion, the solution to the problem in Appalachia lies in a drastic transformation of the existing socio-economic relationships. The residents of that area are just as much victims of capitalistic oppression as are the American Negro, the Vietnamese, and the Congolese.

We would like to contact one of the families in the depressed area and send them clothing or other goods that they may be in need of. A further thought is that possibly a father of one of the families may wish to relocate in the California area, where job opportunities are much better. My wife and I have decided that we could provide room and board for such a person while he was here looking for work and until such time as he found work and could bring his family to California. We would do this only if it were agreed that no monetary indebtedness would be incurred by such a needy person. Perhaps you could refer us to a needy family. The unemployment rate in California is slightly higher than the national average, but there are still job opportunities.

Sincerely,  
James Paul Wilkie

# + + FROM THE

## Chips with Nothing

1131 S. 1st W.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Marty:

So far, life here is not as bad as I thought it would be. I had remembered how hard I found the few days that I looked after the Joe Hill House while Ammon was away on my last visit to Salt Lake City, and I was reluctant to accept Ammon's invitation to come here while he went on another speaking tour.

But I am glad I did now, although the only reason things are easier now is that Pat Rusk and Murphy Dowd (the Cajun) are here. They are both such good and courageous people (Pat especially), cheerful and hospitable, that were they both to stay here, Tivoli might not see me again! But Pat is leaving early in March, and Cajun will go to prison soon for being non-cooperative with his draft board, and how long I shall survive here after that is another matter.

Joe Hill House looks like any ordinary small wooden house in a



rundown area until one sees the sign in the front window: Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's Refuge (Roman Catholic); Free Eats, 5:30 a.m., 12:00 noon, 5:00 p.m.; Ammon Hennacy, Director. Inside, twenty or thirty men will be sitting on the floor or on our few chairs, sleeping, smoking or reading, or talking quietly together. (Last night two of them brought in huge boxes of potato chips. Nothing could be heard for several hours afterwards except for a steady crunching as everybody ate his way through several cubic feet of the stuff!)

The daily routine is much as I remember it from my last visit. We get up about five, collect all the blankets and stack them in Pat's room. (She tries to sleep through all this and gets up after breakfast.) By this time Bill or Henry have the cocoa and oatmeal ready, and we serve breakfast in shifts, 6 at a time, in a small kitchen. After breakfast, some of the men go out to look for work, but usually come back pretty discouraged before too long. Recently we seem to be having some luck with the Welfare here, and some people have been coming back with loads of government surplus foods, flour, cheese, powdered milk, peanut butter, and beans. They are generous with it and give most of it to the house.

About 8 o'clock, Cajun or I go for produce to a supermarket, pushing Ammon's little cart through the snow. We go through to the back and hunt for edible groceries in the large metal tank that they throw their unsaleable produce and other trash in. The employees vary very much in their attitude to us. Some say hello cheerfully and help us, others say we can't have stuff that they throw out. Ammon could shame them into giving him produce, but with a couple of young punks like Cajun and me they can be more arrogant. We get back from this about 10:30, have something to eat, and maybe there is a little work to do, peeling potatoes, etc. Lunch is usually soup and bread. After lunch there isn't too much to do; we read or write, someone visits us or we go out.

About five o'clock we have the

evening meal, and at nine we give out the blankets and everyone retires to sleep as best he can on the floor. Pat sleeps in the only bed in the place. She offered it to me on my arrival here, but I am quite certain that I would have been struck dead on the spot if I had accepted. This is not the end of our day, however. There is some disturbance during the night, someone coming in late or drunk has to be quieted and given a place to sleep. The most we have had here is 48.

Last Friday, Cajun spoke on Vietnam and conscientious objection. This Friday, Utah Phillips will speak on Protest Songs and the Friday after I will speak on the San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace.

Yours,  
Peter Lumsden

## New Liturgical Group

Fargo, North Dakota

Dear Dorothy:

A happy Ash Wednesday to you all.

It could be kind of a wild Ash Wednesday, as a matter of fact. We may have a surplus ash problem, if all the volumes of sermons, manuals, catechisms, liturgical books, which our current reformation has rendered useless or even hazardous were to be reverently disposed of. The ashes could be placed in urns of appropriate vintage and displayed in the National Shrine, to wait on the same trumpet for which the tiara will keep its eloquent watch.

But this is really beside the point. As of March 1, my address will be:

The Liturgical Conference  
2900 Newton Street, N.E.  
Washington, D.C. 20018

At the request of the Conference, my bishop has given me indefinite leave to do editorial work on the staff of its Washington office. If you are unfamiliar with this organization, you should not be. It is an association of clergy and laity from the United States and Canada which has for a quarter of a century labored for the people's active participation in and meaningful experience of the public worship of the Church. (Members receive a bulletin, which will now be issued monthly, and other materials; and they participate in the Conference's work of education, discussion and publishing in this central area of renewal and reform.)

Because of the Catholic liturgical reform now under way, the Conference has initiated a broad program of publications (books, pamphlets, kits) for pastoral-liturgical orientation and practical implementation. It is to this work that I will be devoting—very happily—whatever meager talents I possess. The inspiration of the cause and of the Conference staff and of these bright days of new life in the Church will fill my empty spots with charisms, I've no doubt.

So that's the address. Share your moments of truth with us—good things being done as well as ideas about things that need doing or publishing. And pray that these exciting years ahead will shape us all up for service to each other and to the human family's growth in Christ.

Rev. Robert W. Hovda

## Southern Safari

Stewartville,  
Minnesota

Dear Friends in Christ:

Father Russell and I have returned from a ten-day safari to New Orleans and a number of "hot spots" down South and also attended the three-day Latin-American Conference (Catholic Inter-American Cooperation) in Chicago. Both the safari and the



# E MAIL BAG + +

conference were interesting and startling.

We spent a few days with Father Graff, friend and pastor of St. Bernard's parish in Chicago, one of those now "all-black" parishes out of which the whites have moved in globe (and many now wish they were back). We spent several days with Father Krerer, S.V.D., pastor of the Negro church in Meridian, Mississippi. You've heard of this place—made infamous by the murder of the three interracial workers last summer. One evening we visited Mrs. Chaney (mother of the young Negro who was one of the murdered three) and her family, and they kindly cooperated in making an interview tape for us. We visited with my friend Father Richard Wagener, a Josephite priest and chaplain of Xavier University, in New Orleans. He told us a story that happened recently. One Sunday, a Josephite priest instructed his Negro parishioners on civil rights and their duties and privileges. The next day, four men (all Catholics) from the neighboring white parish knocked him down, jumped on him, and beat him with copper wires. One of the mystifying aspects of this sad story is that one of these men has a boy in the seminary studying for the priesthood. This happened in a town in Mississippi where five out of six people are Catholics.

After the event, three men came to the priest to express their sorrow. All three were Jews. No Catholic in the town seemed to care. One of our boys in the Oblate School in Pass Christian, Mississippi, told us about a case in which a white man shot and killed a Negro for trespassing on his property, and nothing at all was done about the murder, no officer notified, no newspaper notice given, no public protest, nothing was done.

The Latin-American conference was excellent—even though our attention was riveted on the poverty and destitution of Latin America. Cardinal Ritter made the point that work for the missions of the Church is not to be considered a work of supererogation but a duty.

We are sorry we missed our two diocesan youth, Joe Morse, with the Council of Federated Organizations, in Meridian, and Nurse Cunningham, in Hattiesburg, on this trip. Like many wonderful American young people, these two are willing to gamble their lives in trying to bring about justice for the American Negro—and it is a gamble. Both have had their lives threatened, and Joe already has a nationally recognized jail history—ridiculous as the charges are.

I send you and all your loved ones my priestly blessing.

Rev. Leo Neudecker

## Storefront Center

153 Lander St.  
Newburgh, N.Y.

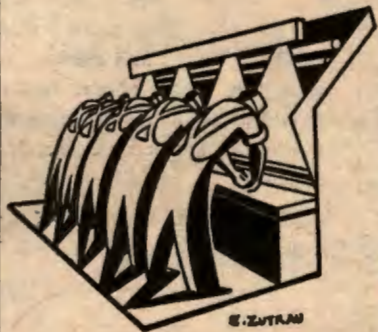
Dear Editor:

I've been in Newburgh about a month now. My presence here is directly the result of the efforts of Father Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., and indirectly of the members of a group called the Third Ward Citizens Committee. Father Berrigan and a number of his students from Epiphany College (the minor seminary of the Josephites) have been working with the Committee since October.

Many people will recall the controversy that erupted over Welfare here a couple of years ago, when Joseph McD. Mitchell was city manager. Thanks especially to the NBC-TV "White Paper," Mitchell's name is synonymous with Newburgh in many minds. After he went "home" to the White Citizens Council (for which he is now an organizer), the City of Newburgh elected a Democratic majority to the city council for

the first time in its history. The legislators are making a sincere effort to progress out of the chaos that was bequeathed them. The principal political issue at the moment is a proposed urban-renewal plan, part of which would put a low-income housing project in an all-white area. The usual Northern white mentality is strongly at work; those who oppose the proposed site would prefer that the project be built in the ghetto. There have been a number of public hearings, at which a good number of the clergy, including Father Berrigan, have spoken in favor of the site, along with a number of people from the Christian Family Movement. As the city council debates the proposed housing project, a large segment of the Negro community continues to live in an area (politically, the Third Ward) of sub-standard housing, overcrowded conditions and generally wretched poverty.

About two years ago, Bruce Hartman, a white Episcopal layman, moved into the Third Ward. An economics teacher at Rockland County Community College, he



became deeply concerned with the problems of his new neighborhood, and agreed to run on the Democratic ticket for supervisor of the Third Ward (a county office). After his election, he began to search out ways to attack the problems of the Ward and, along with Ray Davies, an active C.F.M. member, began organization of the bi-partisan, interracial, Third Ward Citizens Committee. As a starter, they began a housing survey, in order to find and begin to correct some of the more pressing violations. At this point Father Berrigan became involved and began to bring some of his students to the Ward on a weekly basis to work on the survey.

We now have a storefront community center, open from Monday through Friday, from 3 to 5 in the afternoon and from 7 to 9 in the evening, as well as on Saturday mornings and afternoons. We have about forty children who consider the place their second home. The store is staffed by volunteers, who keep an eye on the kids. They use donated toys, crayons and coloring books. The volunteers also conduct sewing classes and are moving out into other areas, such as arts and crafts and theater. The boys from Epiphany are still coming each week and beginning to make contacts with needy families in the Ward. We are also trying to ferret out sources of money for maintenance and growth of our work.

In the time that is left me after community center activities, I sense some hope for peace education. The local Unitarian minister is a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and there are a number of other peace-oriented people in the area. There has been one meeting on the Vietnam situation, which resulted in the publishing of an ad in the paper. We also hope to have a radio program with Professor Stanley Millett, of Briarcliff College, who taught in the University of Saigon and has a very realistic point of view.

Yours in Christ,  
Thomas P. Murray

"If something is well said, do not be concerned with who said it, but be sure to remember it."

St. Thomas Aquinas

## Mismanaging the News

Wednesday Brook Apartments  
Mast Road, R. F. D.  
Durham, New Hampshire 03824  
Friends:

Due to the kindness of a benefactor who has yet to reveal himself to me, I now receive copies of the Catholic Worker in the mail. Arrival of the February issue has prompted me to write and mail the following letter:

U.S. News and World Report  
Circulation Department  
435 Parker Avenue  
Dayton, Ohio 45401  
To Whom It May Concern:

As a man in search of education—hopefully as a means to truth—I have become disturbed by the opinions expressed in your magazine. Recent articles have convinced me that you advocate the following: unrestrained private enterprise, poverty, and nuclear war, while standing in opposition to the following: civil rights, labor movements, and intellectualism—to mention a few significant topics.

I find these opinions totally unacceptable to my basic beliefs as a human being. Please cancel my subscription and send the refund to "The Catholic Worker," 175 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N.Y.

Douglas J. Goodhue

## Declaration of Conscience

Theological College  
401 Michigan Ave., N.E.  
Washington 17, D.C.

Dear Friends of Christ's Poor:

I read the Declaration of Conscience in the February issue and realized how much good for Christ's peace the signing of names could do. Unfortunately, it has been a Catholic tradition in this country to unthinkingly do and follow whatever the government has asked of us, regardless of the morality involved. I feel that I am being more true to my God and in the long run more patriotic by signing my name to this declaration, by making it my own personal contribution to world peace, and I hope to convince others here to commit themselves more closely to Christ by recognizing his pleas for peace.

No longer do the arguments for a just war hold. The prophets of the Old Testament, whom we are studying now in our Scripture course at Catholic University, tell us to rely on God alone and not on arms. The prophets were called fools and madmen who obviously were unrealistic about political facts. They laughed at Pope John when he so cordially received the Adzhubels, but who is closer to reality—the saint or the politician?

Yours in the peace of Christ,  
Raymond Hartman

## Committee of 100

Suite 2030  
10 Columbus Circle  
New York 19, N.Y.

Dear Friend:

More than three thousand citizens, including Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., have been arrested in Selma, Alabama in past weeks. Sheriff James G. Clark of Dallas County and a band of deputies, armed with sticks and cattle prods, have shoved and pommelled Negro men and women, assembled under the leadership of Dr. King, to obtain the right to vote as Americans. Only 400 Negroes are on voter registration rolls in Dallas County, Alabama.

That is the meaning of the mass demonstrations of Selma's Negro citizens led by Dr. King. In their city not a single Negro child has been admitted to a white school.

As in hundreds of other communities in the deep South, Negro Americans are second-class citizens, forced to enter public buildings through back doors, denied the right to work at any but menial jobs, required to live in shanties on unpaved streets. In Alabama, the median annual income of Negroes is \$1,417.

The NAACP Legal Defense Fund is determined that these brave people shall have full protection of the laws of the United States. We have sent a legal task force to Selma to defend every individual unfairly arrested. Our lawyers went into Federal court on January 22nd and obtained an injunction barring Sheriff Clark from using brutal and unlawful force against American citizens.

Congress has enacted a Civil Rights Act which goes further than any previous legislation in defining the constitutional rights of all Americans. But the laws of our country have been denied too long. We must take legal action in every instance where ancient prejudice and traditional brutality is substituted for law. The Legal Defense Fund, with 17 staff lawyers, aided by 120 cooperating attorneys throughout the South, is prepared to go to court in Selma, and in every city and hamlet to protect Negro citizens barred from the vote and barred from equal participation in the economic life of their community.

Defense Fund action to protect the constitutional rights of our citizens must be financed by voluntary contributions of concerned Americans. Last year the NAACP Legal Defense Fund spent \$1,500,000. Will you send your gift so that we can be sure that every courageous Negro citizen of Selma, Alabama has the best legal assistance available?

Sincerely yours,  
Allan Knight Chalmers  
Chairman

## Save Witherspoon

3303 N. Southport  
Chicago 13, Ill.

Dear Editors:

Just today saw my letter about William Witherspoon in January issue. Witherspoon's death date is March 19th.

My letter was written on De-



A. de Bethuni

ember 16th. Since then there have been a number of heartening developments in Chicago. Several hundred pieces of literature mailed out: these advocate that people write Governor Otto Kerner urging mercy. Around five thousand petitions are now being circulated, most of them among the clergy. An increasing number of people is putting time, money, energy into this thing—many of these your readers. A skeletal Citizens Committee for William Witherspoon has been formed.

But I hope no one will be deceived by these appearances. Much more can, should, must be done. Witherspoon's chances of surviving are still quite poor; and the chances that capital punishment will survive the current session of

the Illinois Legislature only too good.

If the Legislature passes anything, it may well be some illogical hodgepodge compromise of a moratorium (one nearly passed during the last session). Let the murder rate go up even slightly, for any reason whatsoever, during the moratorium period, or let a particularly revolting murder be committed during the final year of the period, and capital punishment may well be restored—and remain another twenty years. Enormous efforts are required to arouse and inform people.

Felix Singer

## Breakthrough to Peace

787 East 200th St.  
Euclid 19, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Having been introduced to the Catholic Worker only a short time ago, I must say that your publication reflects a small, but glowing light, which I had hitherto thought extinguished in this country.

Through inheritance and persuasion, I have been a member of the Democratic Party during my adult life, but since the death of John Kennedy, I feel that my party has betrayed the innocent and turned to the brutes for their counsel.

Although there lies within me an Irish temperament which is not prone to pacifism, I am beginning to find my intellect longing for peace, and as a result, I am developing a growing interest in your movement.

I am the father of three children whose eyes have yet to gaze on violence, and my wife and I have great hopes and dreams for their future. It is my hope that your movement will some day flow across this nation like a fresh wind, cleansing its soul.

Very truly yours,  
Owen J. Hernan, Jr.

## Words for Peace

530 E. Orange Grove Blvd.  
Pasadena, California 91104

Dear Dorothy:

I was a Wobbly in California at the same time you were. I am almost 78 years old now. Enclosed is a donation in response to your Fall appeal.

Please let us know what your readers can do to help our Letters for Peace project, which aims at a broad expression of public opinion on issues affecting peace by means of letters to public officials, newspapers and men of influence everywhere. Our emphasis is on an intensive letter-writing program at four recommended times during the year: New Year's Week, Holy Week, July 4th and October 24th (United Nations Day).

Letters for Peace can make known our concern for peace and, more particularly, our desire that the government follow specific policies to this end, such as banning atomic weapons, disarmament, support of the United Nations, etc. Beyond stating this general purpose, and offering the usual advice that letters should be brief and to the point, it is not intended that individuals should be told what to write or what to write about. Advice on the techniques of letter-writing, prepared by the Friends Committee on National Legislation, is available from me.

We urge each person who writes a Letter for Peace to help broaden the project by asking two friends, preferably including one not yet of voting age, to write letters too. Dorothy Hutchinson, Hallock Hoffman, Marshall Windmiller and leaders of several national peace groups have expressed their support of our project. We are all volunteers and are not a fund-collecting group.

Roberta Walen



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

tions and had only admiration for the fearlessness of the young men who flew under the most hazardous conditions (in their work of surveillance, I suppose.) We were talking about war and the challenge war presented to the young when everything was asked of them in the way of sacrifice. It is a time when we need to read again that conversation of the young airman in Bernanos' famous story, *The Diary of a Country Priest*. We printed it once in the CW during the Second World War.

In San Antonio, the sick young man who was president of the Young Republican Club distributed leaflets containing an attack on my moral reputation but it was an audience which did not heckle though there was a good hour of questions afterward. Undoubtedly in most audiences there were many who represented most conservative and unimaginative thinking, but they were serious and courteous and undoubtedly could be reached in discussion. We are too often belligerent pacifists who talk only to ourselves and to each other. "God will that all men be saved."

## Here are the Poor

Thanks to my hostess, Encarnación Armas, I was able to have a close look at the truly destitute sections which surround San Antonio. On the one hand there are the air bases, five of them, not to speak of an army camp within a hundred miles, of from 45,000 to 60,000 very young draftees or enlisted men, and the knowledge and sight of all the money spent on war, and on the very small amount spent on the poor in comparison, and that to be spread over five years, makes for bitterness of heart. "In peace is my bitterness most bitter," one of the prophets said.

"The poor are the first children of the church," Bossuet said, but to look at the unequal distribution of the Church wealth one would never know it. The amount spent on wall to wall carpeting and expensive furnishings in the offices which have to deal with the fact of destitution is a scandal in the church, which cries out to heaven. As I see it I think with refreshment of the barracks used as a convent by the Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity in Gadsden, Alabama, and of the two slum priests in Oklahoma City, and of the Benedictine Monastery at Weston, Vermont, and of the Little Brothers in Detroit, and the Little Sisters in Boston, Chicago, Washington and Montreal, and all the others working among the poor and not trying to get hunks of government money with which to begin from top down to alleviate poverty. One worthy voluntary project for some publisher to do would be to reprint Conrad Pepler's book—*Rich and Poor in Christian Tradition*.

Before San Antonio there was

Austin, where I spoke at St. Edward's University to a very large audience and where I met Fr. Trebloske again, who used to work with us in New York before he went to the seminary. He is in a Mexican parish where they have a fine center for the children, bright and gaily painted, spacious, light and airy, better than anything that I saw in San Antonio where the Bishops' committee for the Spanish speaking is located. The Montessori method is used to teach the children and the children come after school every day.

Of course one sees the results of the cursillo everywhere, this course in Christianity which results in a sense of community, a sense that we are all one, and responsible for each other.

In Houston I visited Rose Badami, member of the Legion of Mary who started a house of hospitality for girls in difficulties of one kind or another. There needs to be more delicacy exercised in this kind of work, such as was done once by two young Christian Workers in New York, directed by Fr. Wendell, O.P. where they took in girls who were friends of theirs as well as girls out of prison and none visiting them knew which was which. The house in Texas is the first work of this kind I have seen undertaken and I hope it grows, but one must have a sturdy endurance and a lively faith that God will repair our own failures to remember that we are but unprofitable servants and these guests are His guests, and not our own. We are there to wash their feet, as it were, and preferably in silence, which St. Brendan said is two thirds of piety.

Fr. John Sheehan, Basilian, had me speak at St. Thomas University before I left. He was formerly in Rochester and taught the sons of our Catholic Workers there. He reminded me of the work in Toronto where the state university is combined with the Institute of Medieval Studies run by the Basilians. We could learn much from them as to how Church and State work together in the field of education. We learned much in the early days of our work from Fr. Carr and Fr. Phelan, both of the Institute.

## Mississippi

And now to get back to Mississippi about which I must write later an entire article, and with care lest I endanger our friends there by some indiscretion. When you visit friends who have been threatened, whose homes have been watched and in one case bombed, you are anxious not to add to the burden they bear of danger and suffering. Each time they speak out they are in danger and their children are in danger.

You come from Mass in the morning and see bright shiny pick-up trucks with rifle racks in the window behind the seat, with two or three rifles, and no license

plates on the car. This I witnessed too, morning, noon and evening when this violation in regard to plates was clearly visible. Then you hear of a young man whose car was being refueled arrested on charges of speeding, assaulting an officer and disorderly conduct because he tried to use the men's toilet, and he a Negro.

Ave Maria, the weekly magazine published at Notre Dame, Indiana, carried a series of articles written by the editor, who was accompanied by an Episcopalian priest, in which he told of the terror he experienced there. John Howard Griffin is lecturing on his experiences in Mississippi. Father Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, was a member of the United States Commission on Civil Rights which was conducting hearings on whether the Negro was receiving police protection in his attempt to register to vote, or whether his rights were being interfered with. I spent one day at the hearings overcome with horror and shame at the tale of brutality which unfolded. Kidnappings and beatings, eyes gouged out, dismembered corpses found in bayous, two full pages of the names of Negroes murdered in Mississippi, these things came out under the questioning of lawyers and educators which made up the commission.

Even as the hearings went on, the COFO house in Laurel, Miss., was burned to the ground. Men who testified at the hearings had to be given a guard to escort them home, and how safe they would be there was a question. Many who testified were born and raised in the same place. And many had worked and raised their children to go north to college.

During the hearings I met Clarie Harvey of Jackson, Mississippi, who had been one of the women with whom I made a peace pilgrimage that last month of Pope John XXIII's life on this earth. We had lunch together, a group of us in an integrated restaurant in Jackson. In Natchez, though there was token integration of one day, the only counter is in the Kress chain where Negroes can be served. The great struggle is the fight for voter registration now. There are no Negroes in the parochial schools yet in Mississippi.

Incident: We had dinner with Fr. Mahoney, S.S.J. who gives shelter to a COFO worker who was escaping a few cars full of masked men. The next day the filling station attendant across the street from his house stood out in front cracking a bull whip, practising with it, as it were. He seemed highly skilled.

Incident: Fr. Thompson, a Negro, across the river in Ferriday, La., visited his friends the Foleys in a white neighborhood. Bob Foley teaches in a white parochial school, not yet integrated. From then on no white neighbor speaks to him or his Louisiana-born wife and children. He is from the north—didn't know better. Cars come, filled with grim white men, and park in front of the house, with glaring headlights. Telephone calls in the dead of the night. Then near midnight a bomb exploding in the middle of their front lawn. Though there was a police station down the street, no officer came out. No evidence of interest by white neighbors.

Incident: We went to lunch with Fr. Thompson. He told us of a Negro shoe repairman who lived down the street who had been set on fire after being soaked with gasoline. He lived five days.

Incident: Powell Hall, Methodist minister with a wife and five children, demoted from one post for preaching integration, now in Kingston, Mississippi, went to town in Natchez and leaving his children in the library to browse, went to a gas station to refuel. He was picked up by the police for vagrancy.

This sketchy account has been written with many interruptions, one of which was to view the brutal breaking up of the Selma, Alabama march. Lord Jesus, son of the living God, have mercy on us.

## LITANY OF FREEDOM FIGHTERS

Holy Mary pray for us, that we may be enlightened, that we may be strengthened to carry on this fight with love and brotherhood.

Holy Mary mother of peace  
 Mary mother of freedom  
 Mary mother of black folk  
 Mary mother of white folk  
 Mary mother of all men  
 Mary mother of the movement  
 Queen of the peacemakers  
 Queen of freedom fighters  
 Queen of the new Negro  
 Queen in time of protest  
 Queen in jail with me  
 Queen of the sit-in  
 Mary protector in time of violence  
 Mary strengthener of my love  
 Mary who watches police brutality  
 Mary who comes with bonds  
 Mary instructor of workshops  
 Mary who first sang freedom songs  
 Queen of peaceful demonstrations  
 Queen of love in a time of hate  
 Queen and leader of the movement  
 Queen most patient  
 Queen in court  
 Queen of the mass meetings  
 Holy mother that loves justice  
 Holy mother that loves truth  
 Holy mother that loves brotherhood  
 Holy mother that loves all her children  
 Holy mother that loves freedom

O Mary Virgin and mother, my mother. We pray that you would open the hearts of our brothers that oppress. We ask that you would bless them. We pray that we may love them more. O Mary mother of suffering Jesus, if we are to suffer more, stand by us. Amen

(This litany was composed by Mr. Bennie Luchion in a Southern jail during the summer of 1963.)

Pray for us

## An Expatriate Looks Back

(Continued from page 2)

co-operation did not call for an annihilation of self, but rather for all the supremely human, loving and expansive qualities that can only be drawn out by involvement with others on a giving, mutual basis.

During the Birmingham crisis, solutions of the "Negro" problem ran the gamut from "Wipe 'em all out," (voiced by one of our math teachers) to "Why can't they (Negroes) rest content now. Why can't they be satisfied?" (by an administrator).

There is little reason to raise eyebrows when blind spots are discovered in adolescent boys. Violent example is never lacking in their elders. If a high percentage of high school boys, for example, believe, as polls have indicated, that people who refuse to testify against themselves should be forced to talk, or think that it is perfectly all right for police to enter a home without a warrant, it is because they are victimized by people whose pivot of action is based on force. In his *Autobiography*, Lincoln Steffens says that the "good" people in a community are most often the source of its corruption. The "good" people of our times are those who favor the use of force, force and more force, to create what they conceive to be the good society. "Give us, O Lord of mercy and forgiveness," they pray, "more ammunition, more ways to hurt our enemies." Frightening numbers of students favor censorship of the press, the third degree, wiretapping, muzzling of socialists, and some would even restrict certain religions. Most of them believe firmly that they cannot stop wars.

## North of the Border

Within a matter of hours after crossing the Border, we felt the change. The lack of hysteria in the air, the faddists, the role-players, the celebrity-sensationalism, diminish in importance. A good many of the props of violence are struck from the scene. This

is the country where news "is read" by an announcer, not wildly and breathlessly commented upon. Here was the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, with unequalled documentation and services that would doubtless be blacklisted by AWARE Inc. for its frank analyses of Canadian and world problems. This was the country that goes on trading with China and Russia, without invoking as do our industrialists "ideological" slogans, that soon lose their savour when the profits stop rolling into their coffers.

Gone too was the Army draft, that life-snapping, demoralizing experience of American youth. This is the height of absurdity in a democracy. But then, even democracy has been tossed on the slag heap by millions who hearken after some vague form of "republic"—with themselves on top of the heap, of course.

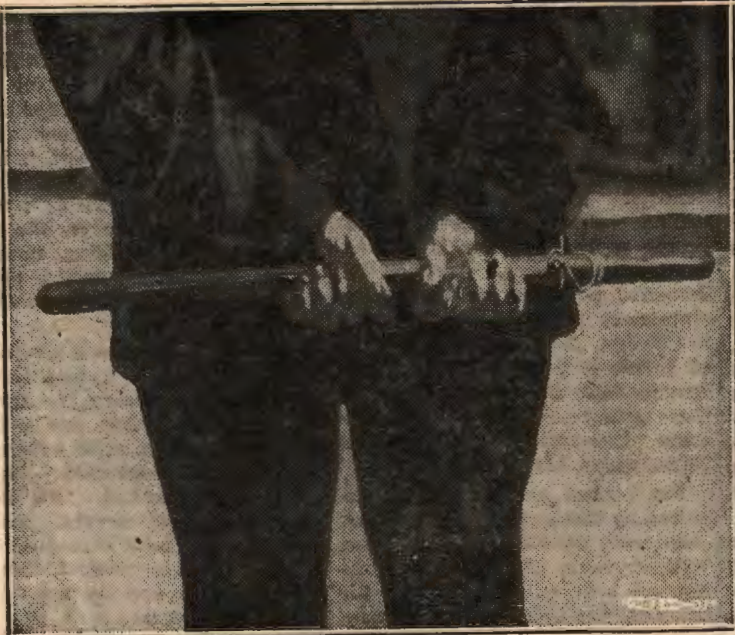
We were back to Family Allowances, Provincial Parks, Co-op elevators, the Okanagan, Social Credit, bi-culturalism, a Switzerland, France, Ukraine and England all in one, and a dozen other polymorphic duchies in between.

Looking in from the outside now, I wonder what has happened to the land of the free (white man) and the home of the brave (Negro). I wonder why behind its facade, a greater effort is not being made to restore those values that can alone save humanity from the sure destruction it otherwise faces.

## Friday Night Meetings

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

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





# Herald of Revolution

(Continued from page 3)

successfully begun to mobilize the people of the ghetto in the struggle for their rights. Calls come in continuously to the storefront headquarters of C.C.H. at 6 E. 117th St., in Harlem. Violations are recorded, meetings are scheduled, tenants join picket lines and go to court. According to Mr. Gray, there are about a hundred buildings now on strike. In the last year or so, the city has taken over twenty buildings that had violations the landlord refused to fix. The people are beginning to take a stand, whereas previously they had been intimidated by landlords who threatened eviction if they struck. Now the people know their rights, and they are ready to go to jail for heat and hot water, if it should come to that.

I asked Mr. Gray what he thought of the million-dollar anti-poverty budget the city has just set aside to make emergency repairs on alum buildings and the five millions being used to create a Harlem anti-poverty showcase in rehabilitating the property on both sides of West 114th St. Mr. Gray answered: "Before the elections we requested five million dollars from the anti-poverty fund to be spent on boilers for tenements. The one million for emergency repair is a step in the right direction, but it is only a drop in the bucket. It costs at least five thousand dollars to fix up one building. What Harlem needs is the whole anti-poverty lot." He also made the point that the 114th St. project would be a failure if the men who live in the area could not be employed by the project. "The job of rebuilding those tenements will probably go to white-union people. The contracts should go to local men and work should be done by local men, but it probably won't be that way." I asked Mr. Gray what he thought about New York's subsidized public housing. His answer was: "They are run like Northern plantations. Ninety-nine percent of the managers are white and the attitude of management is highly bureaucratic. Also, because it's a government project any city servant can walk into your apartment with impunity, like policemen-managers. The city won't make repairs regularly and I know of cases where people have been thrown out for complaining to City Hall about their manager."

When one listens to the uncompromising straight talk of Jesse Gray and contrasts it to the slick largesse of Mayor Wagner's statements one is bound to sense disaster in the air. Personally, I find it disastrous to look at New York City's budget and see 7.5 million dollars of taxpayers' money going toward the purchase of 390 new buses for the Transit Authority and the Manhattan and Bronx Surface Operating Authority, and in the next column see only a million being set aside for emergency alum repair. A typical block in Harlem contains some sixteen hundred people—most of whom live in conditions similar to those of Mrs. Evens and Mrs. Robinson. Jesse Gray has for a long time been saying that: "The main concept of this country is property first; people second." It is a continuing shame that the budget of New York City validates his statement.

## The Best Man

When I asked Mr. Gray what he thought about Mayor Wagner's bid for a 4th Mayoral term he replied, not too cryptically: "I think he will make the best opposition." The rumor is running strong that Mr. Gray will run against Mayor Wagner in November. In speaking about Mayor Wagner, Mr. Gray said: "He has avoided the whole question of police brutality, poor housing and schools. We endorse Mayor Wagner. We think he's the best candidate there is to use in exposing all the crime in that Establishment downtown." It is almost certain that the rent strike will turn into a political movement

by the summer, and that Mr. Gray is going to be a prominent figure in that movement. He speaks from the guts of the ghetto, and his demands are as uncompromising as they are just. If he can pick up one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand votes he will have much more power with which to move that Establishment downtown.

Jesse Gray's voice is singular and frightening because it is apocalyptic. He has long been in dissent from the major organizations in the civil-rights movement. He admits that these organizations have a purpose. They are winning the right to attend colleges—for everyone who can afford them. They are winning the right to play on golf courses, the right to enter hotels and enjoy summer resorts, the right to drink coffee wherever it is served. But the overwhelming majority of black people cannot afford to enjoy these hard-won gains. It is for this overwhelming majority that Jesse Gray speaks and he should be listened to, for he heralds revolution. And it would be better if that revolution culminated in the rolling of political heads than with policemen being shot by snipers' bullets in the streets of Harlem.

# Seven Baskets

(Continued from page 3)

Identify the member. Ordinary membership cards would not be practical for identification, as they could be borrowed or stolen by ineligible non-members. The meal ticket, because of its intrinsic value, would be closely guarded by the member. It would bear his name and Social Security number.

A friend has said that she does not believe pensioners would be willing to pay in advance for meal tickets. It is the practice in retirement hotels to require payment in advance, on a monthly basis. The rates in one Philadelphia hotel range from \$90.00 to \$180.00 per month for room and meals. I have just learned that meal tickets were used a few years ago on the Fred Harvey Santa Fe Railroad dining cars, and probably are still used (but not, of course, by poor pensioners!).

## Unjustified Apprehension

Objection has been raised to the use of the title "Loaves and Fishes" in connection with this plan because of its "sectarian" connotation. The use of the words "Catholic" and "Catholic Worker" is also frowned upon, because they might be interpreted as indicating sectarian domination. The objections and frowns come from Catholics who are, I believe, unduly apprehensive. This project has been publicized primarily in the columns of the *Catholic Worker*, and non-Catholic clergymen and laymen have expressed their approval in letters with no hint of disagreement or apprehension.

Are Catholics underestimating the depth and grace of non-Catholic acceptance of the ecumenical spirit?

When Christ fed the multitude with seven loaves and a few little fishes (Matthew, 15, 32-39), He showed His concern for man's basic needs and took direct and immediate action to help the needy people. Direct action is what we need today, instead of formalism, the law's delays and the indolence of office.

When the people had eaten, the disciples gathered up seven baskets of fragments. That is what I have been trying to do through these long night hours, gathering up a number of fragments that have been lying around with the hope that they may be of some use. They are not fragments to be put into baskets, but rather into minds and hearts. Mostly hearts.

I will be happy to hear from anyone in Project Loaves and Fishes. Address all correspondence to: David F. A. Mason, 2002 E. Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa., 19134.



# In Peaceable Conflict

(Continued from page 1)

ears of all—war can never be an instrument of justice in the nuclear era (Pope John). It is a lesson Hiroshima has not availed to teach us; for when the living are determined on war, the dead cannot be heard.

But the voices of the dead cannot be entirely drowned out. Among all who have died, we think today especially of those who have died in protest against war, whose death was a making of peace, a gift to the unborn. Such men stood firm in the hurricane of arrogance and fear. Their conscience, when almost all consciences had been bought and sold to violence, could not be traded in. They refused war. Their lives paid no tribute to the power of arms; without idolatry, without cowardice or fear, they died. And their death is a gift to us, the living, ringed round as we are by idolatry, cowardice and fear—and by the violence which are their evil fruits.

We must draw near today to this cloud of witnesses, summoning to our own breast their heart, their courage and vision. We recall that in the most rigorous sense, these men have not died at all. Their example is seeded into the living. Their voices are heard today in the prisons of our South, in the men of conscience who survive in South Africa, in those who work for peace in national and international life, in all who bind up the wounds of war and disunity, in all who combat lies and intrigues and the unexamined subtleties of cruelty in which our times are so skilled.

Our community today is a gathering together of peacemakers. We pray that the God of peace may cleanse us in our will to war, that He may bestow on us some measure of His wisdom and steadfastness in the tasks of peace. We gather, we pray together, and we disperse again, knowing that the work of peace cannot be accomplished in churches; it can only begin there. The making of peace implies the will to return to our world in love, to stand firm in public, to confront the powers and principalities, to assert in time of war that no government which makes war can govern well; that we ourselves will not submit before a governing hand that would thrust weapons into our hands and command us away from the paths of peace.

Ed. Note: Father Berrigan has taught scriptural and dogmatic theology at Le Moyne College, Syracuse, and Fordham University. He is now an editor of *Jesuit Missions*. What you have just read is the text of an address he gave at a rally held to protest the Vietnam war, which filled Community Church, in New York City, on February 18th. Other speakers included Rev. A. J. Muste, Kay Boyle, and Dave Dellinger. The rally was sponsored by several peace organizations, including the *Catholic Worker*.

"Sins of inertia and intellectual laziness will weigh more heavily against us at the last judgment than sins of weakness."

—CARDINAL SUENENS

# TIVOLI FARM

(Continued from page 1)

words. We make our puny gestures. Yet many puny gestures may add up to one of such impressiveness that armies will halt. And which one of us dare gauge the power of a single prayer?

On the morning of the 20th of February—a bitterly cold and windy day—the Peace Center in Poughkeepsie, the *Catholic Worker*, Dutchess County Women for Peace and the Students for a Democratic Society (Vassar College chapter) sponsored a peace walk through the streets of Poughkeepsie. Thanks to Bob Stewart's kindness in driving us there and back—Marty Corbin was in Manhattan attending the Pacem in Terris conference—Rita and I, along with the Corbin children, Dorothy and Maggie, were able to take part in this peace walk. There were about one hundred persons in the walk, most of the marchers carrying picket signs asking for an end to the war in Vietnam. The walk ended at the post office, where each of us mailed a letter to President Johnson asking him to start negotiations in Vietnam in accord with the wishes of Pope Paul, President Charles de Gaulle, U Thant and most of the peace-loving peoples all over the world. It was a small thing, a mere gesture. But I am glad that I made it. And looking back from the vantage point of my warm room, I am glad that the day was cold and windy. I think that the gesture may carry just a little more force for that reason.

Marty Corbin, in charge here at the farm and managing editor of the *Catholic Worker*, has not only been kept busy attending conferences on peace and integration during recent weeks, but has also done some speaking. On the night of March 7th, Marty spoke under the auspices of Episcopalian students at Bard College. With many others from the farm, I went along to hear Marty and am certainly glad that I did. The *Catholic Worker* is, I think, complex and multi-faceted, not easy to summarize in a short introductory talk. But Marty spoke with a scholar's understanding of his subject, with admirable lucidity and precision. To give the students a more detailed picture of the beginnings of the *Catholic Worker*, Marty asked Stanley Vishniewski to give his account of these early years. Stanley's colorful, dramatic, humorously anecdotal story of these years—which Bob Steed with Minver Cheevy-like regret at having missed them, used to call the Golden Age of the *Catholic Worker*—gave flesh and blood credibility to Marty's more intellectual presentation. There was a question period, with some good questions and some very good answers. Then there were refreshments and more informal discussion. We are glad that Bard College is now in full swing again, and that the program of free

movies, concerts, dramatic events, and lectures at Bard is once more available to those in need of stimulus and recreation. We look forward, too, to more visits from both students and staff members at the college.

Since we have not had many visitors during recent weeks, we have appreciated those who have come so much the more. Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner drove up one week-end, bringing with them Joe Monroe. Jimmy Jones also came up that weekend, and celebrated his birthday here with a cake baked by Rita. Joe Monroe brought his guitar, and on two evenings there was folk singing before the fireplace with Joe, Jimmy, Rita, Arthur Lacey, Arthur Sullivan, Lorraine Freeman and now and then Stanley singing out. On another weekend, three of our fellow workers—Dan Shay, Paul Bokulich and Bill Patton—who operate a house of hospitality in Detroit, visited. And on First Fridays Father Kane always makes a special visit to bring the Blessed Sacrament to Agnes Sydney, our octogenarian.

Our family, too, is not as large as it was. Dorothy Day has been away on a speaking trip since the first of February and is much missed. Peter Lumsden is out in Salt Lake City helping Ammon Hennacy, and is likewise much missed. Several persons have gone for shorter visits to Manhattan and elsewhere. Peggy Conklin and Paul Kothermel attended the flower show in New York City recently. John Sullivan spent a couple of weeks at that same fascinating city visiting curious and interesting phenomena, but is back now and helping Marty with the correspondence again. The saddest absence, however, is that of George Rehm, better known to many of our friends and readers as German George, who had to undergo a serious operation at Memorial Hospital in New York City. He is still in the hospital. I know that many will pray for him, and I hope that some will be able to write to him or visit him. Jean Walsh went down with George and visited him regularly. She also visited Albert Check, who is still at St. Rose's and in a very critical condition.

Thanks to the dedication of many, the work of farm, kitchen, house, and office gets done. Thanks most particularly to Larry, Fred, Alice, Rita, Jean, Frank, Stanley, Slim, and Marty.

It is Lent. Work and penance, sacrifice and prayer prepare the alleluia-flowering of love at Christ's resurrection. Now in the month of March, in the month of St. Patrick and St. Joseph, the month of the Annunciation of Our Lady, I pray that the life-giving sap of true charity and the green-ging hope of brotherhood in Christ will make a Green Revolution in our hearts.

## FOR LOUIS K., TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Times and crises fade  
Bringing in their wake new arguments  
New fears  
The slamming of doors (newer doors)  
Profanities  
Assaults  
In baskets hidden bombs.  
Times and crises fade  
We grow weary of this concern and that  
This war  
That abandoned child.  
We grow weary of wars  
(Bendt at eighteen carried bombs in Aalborg)  
The statesman's sureness  
The aging general's pride  
(Jacob at fourteen carried bombs in Haifa)  
We grow weary of other men's lies.

We carry curses as well as burdens in our hearts  
We are tired  
We wish to lie down in the warm straw  
And admit nothing.

John A. Lynch



# + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

**SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION** by Thomas Merton, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$4.95. Reviewed by DOM BEDE GRIFFITHS, O.S.B.

How far should a monk, especially a contemplative monk, be involved in the problems of this world, of social justice and peace and war? The tradition of the past few centuries has been that the monk should ideally be totally cut off from the world. One has heard of a monastic community which is said to have passed through World War I without the majority of monks even being aware that a war was on. But Father Merton will have none of this. He is convinced that a monk, not in spite of but because of his renunciation of the "world," must be totally committed to the "world." The kingdom of God is not a world of timeless essences to be contemplated in the abstract; it is the coming of God into history, and a monk who renounces the world in order to follow Christ must be totally committed to the world as Christ himself, even to the point of crucifixion. He has a good deal of support for his view, not only from the movement in the Church today which sees the Christian life as essentially a life of commitment, of service to the world, but also from the tradition of the past. St. Bernard, who is a model for a monk of total renunciation, was also the man of his time who was most totally dedicated to the service of the Church and the world. But behind the rather exceptional example of St. Bernard, there is an ancient tradition which saw in the monastic life the fulfillment of the prophetic office in the Church. Because he is separated from the world, the monk is able to see the world *sub specie aeternitatis*, to judge it in the light not of passing political movements but of the principles of the Gospel. This is something which needs to be recovered in our time and it would seem that Father Merton has called in a large measure to do so.

This book, whose title rather ironically recalls his earlier work, *Seeds of Contemplation*, is an attempt on the part of a contemplative monk to see the two most vital issues of our day, the problem of peace and war and of justice for the Negro and more generally for the colored peoples of the earth, from a radically Christian point of view. The test of whether such an attempt has succeeded is whether it brings something new to the study of these problems, an insight which only a life of deep contemplation can give. I think that Father Merton's writing stands up to this test. In his "Letters to a White Liberal" and the "Legend of Tucker Caliban" he faces the whole problem of the place of the Negro in American life with full consciousness of all its implications; and he sees what few people are prepared to face, that it can only be answered by a radical change in the present order of society. Most people would like to believe that the Negro, with a little good will on both sides, can be

fitted into the present system of American society. But Father Merton believes, and I believe that he is right, that the Negro presents a challenge to the whole order of modern society. The same question has to be faced on a wider scale in the impact of Western civilization on all the different peoples of Asia and Africa with their ancient cultural traditions. With all the advantages which it brings, this impact is culturally and psychologically terribly destructive; no one has yet been able to determine how a new creative culture is to emerge from this conflict of opposing forces.

What Father Merton has seen and proclaimed with extraordinary insight is that the white man needs the Negro, as he needs the other colored peoples. As he says in a striking phrase, the Negro is "for" the white man and the white man "for" the Negro; they "mutually complete one another." This seems to be the key to the whole problem. We cannot approach the Negro, or the colored peoples anywhere, unless we realize our need of them and their need for us. It is not unlike the relation of man and wife; they are not equal in the sense of being the same, but in the sense of being different and complimentary. This is why so many projects in India and other parts of Asia and Africa fail, because the white man tries to treat people as if they were all the same, only to find out that they are utterly different; their psychology is opposite to ours, and to treat it as the same leads to endless frustration. And this psychology, with all its cultural implications, is something of which we are in desperate need. One might say that the Western man lives almost entirely from his extraverted rational consciousness and represses all that will not fit into its narrow system, while the Asiatic and African still lives from his unconscious, from the intuitive depths of being which we have repressed. To discover the black man in the real sense is to discover one's own unconscious and to be released from one's repressions. At the same time, for the Asian or African to discover the West is to find the values of science and reason, which he desperately needs for his existence. Thus the Negro and the colored man face our civilization with a challenge which has to be met at the deepest level of our being; on this depends the emergence of a new world culture, and one may add, of a new Christianity.

The same principle lies behind Father Merton's attitude to peace and war. If we accept our present system of civilization as it stands, it is difficult to see how it can be defended by any means short of nuclear war. One may try to keep a balance of terror and hope that common sense will prevail, but it is difficult to see how any decisive change in the present situation can come. But once we recognize the fundamental lack of balance in our civilization and see the need for a radical adjustment, then it becomes possible to seek for a way out of the dilemma. In this Father Merton sees the way in a return to a more radical Christianity. He goes back behind St. Augustine to Origen and the early Fathers, who lived before the "Constantinian" era, before the Church had become committed to a compromise with the world. The early Church had a much more "eschatological" view of the world, which we now begin to see as more realistic than the later compromise. The contrast between Origen and St. Augustine, which Father Merton develops at considerable length, is here very instructive. It is to St. Augustine above all that we owe the theory of the "just war." Within the limits which St. Augustine set, this theory is not altogether wrong, but it has two very serious weaknesses and the consequences have been disastrous. In the first place it is

based on the classical notion of justice, derived largely from Cicero, and this has meant that the problem of war has come more and more to be discussed in terms of abstract "natural" justice, until the Gospel has begun to appear almost irrelevant. We cannot blame St. Augustine for this, but he certainly sowed the seeds of it. The second weakness is that he seems quite unrealistic in his view of the effects of violence. The idea that "love does not exclude wars of mercy waged by the good" is surely excessively naive and it has led by an inevitable logic to the horrors of the Crusades and the wars of religion and eventually to the acceptance of war in defense of one's country under practically any conditions.

Father Merton's book has certainly shown the need for a complete revision of the accepted doctrine of war in the Church, and has indicated the lines along which the revision must take place. A practical example of the disastrous effects of the modern Catholic attitude to war is given in the life of Franz Jagerstatter by Gordon Zahn.\* The author has shown in an earlier book how the German bishops in the name of the Church gave a practically unanimous and total support to Hitler's wars. The tragedy of this lies in the fact that



they were clearly acting on principles which have been generally accepted throughout the Church in modern times, and one can feel fairly certain that neither the American nor the English bishops in similar circumstances would have acted otherwise. The interest of the story of Franz Jagerstatter is that it shows how one solitary Austrian Catholic had the courage to resist this immense pressure of public opinion and ecclesiastical authority and to obey his conscience to the point of accepting death. What gives it a special value is that he appears throughout as a simple, normal type of man, a peasant not an intellectual, a layman not a priest; in part, it was his very simplicity which enabled him to see the demand of conscience so clearly and to follow it out in the face of opposition from all those in authority. This story raises the problem of conscientious objection with startling directness, and perhaps there is no greater need at the present time than to have a clear affirmation on the part of the Church of the right of conscientious objection as an integral element in that dignity of the human person, which the vast majority of the Fathers of the Vatican Council have upheld in regard to religious liberty. If this were to be done, Franz Jagerstatter might have some claim to be the saint or "martyr" of conscientious objection.

\*In *Solitary Witness*, by Gordon Zahn (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). To be reviewed shortly in these pages.

**PRIEST AND WORKER:** The Autobiography of Henri Perrin, translated and with an introduction by Bernard Wall, Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$4.95. Reviewed by JEAN FOREST.

Henri Perrin, as a man and priest, had the rare insight of recognizing and accepting the modern world for what it is: essentially materialistic and pagan. Believing that his mission was to be a witness to the spirit of Christ

in this world, he chose to live among the "underprivileged" workers, those who are the principal victims of modern industrialized society. He lived completely as one of them, sharing what they had and taking no more. His story exhibits one of the most courageous thrusts towards an encounter with ordinary men in the history of Christianity. This radical thrust comes close to the radicalism of Christ's encounter with the fishermen.

The wretched lot of the French industrial workers has been considerably alleviated since Henri Perrin and his colleagues first lived among them. Yet even now one feels that the revised priest-worker program, which allows the priest to work only part time, serves the equally significant purpose of "identification," not so much in terms of sharing dire poverty and misery (though that is sometimes part of it) but of bearing this way of life. The psychological, physical, political and social pressures with which the workers must contend can only be understood through a tangible sharing of their daily life and work. Only then will any meaningful dialogue be possible; only then will Christians be able to speak in the language to which a worker will listen:

"The priest would never be accepted by the masses as long as he trailed about in a long black soutane, preached about things that, rightly or wrongly, were meaningless to his contemporaries, contentedly repeated pious platitudes and trained a choir to sing sugary hymns that had no connection with the taste of the age."

Father Perrin's many years of study and preparation for the priesthood were full of the fervor and contemplation which he regarded as the "solid basis for the spiritual life." The intense self-searching is reminiscent of Bernanos. Perrin always had the capacity to see men within the Christian poetic of personal love rather than in terms of a depersonalized, abstract "charity."

"And all around us there are the workers, who make up another universe. Whoever they are, they have their own personal gestures at times: a glance, a movement, an attitude, a smile, a way of leaning over the machine, of feeling the tool edge, of taking a piece of bread, of telling me about their kids—those little refinements that come near to being a prayer. They have no idea how much I love them; and when I leave them in the chill of dawn, my head throbbing and my fingers trembling with the fatigue of the night, and lift up the host at mass, they don't know how heavily my hands are weighted with their whole life, with all their suffering of the night, which I long to charge with love as one charges an electric battery."

While in a German workcamp during World War II, Perrin faced an absurd paradox: in order to share the lot of the exploited worker he had to become part of the war machinery.

"But I know that all our work—and this whole factory—is helping the war. I know that these screws we have just polished will complete a plane that will soon be off to spread death in England or elsewhere. I can feel this thought weighing heavily on us so that at times we long to smash our machines."

Perrin's incredible optimism managed, however, to survive, sometimes finding lyric expression:

"But what about our prisoners, what about the deportees, what about the people in concentration camps—what about them? If the weight of their expectations and wretchedness and the cry of their hope were converted into gold coins, or light, or harmony, the whole earth would be shaken to its foundations, it would throb with

heart-rending and glorious music."

Perrin wisely understood that there is something to be learned from every ideology, particularly Communism, which in so many instances has succeeded in winning the allegiance of those who have been alienated by society and its orthodox religions:

"The principle of Leninism, formulated by Stalin, on constant reference to the people to ensure that one has not become removed from life and reality, to remain 'in gear,' is valid for all healthy societies, including religious societies..."

"Moreover, to be exact about the business of the Cardinal [Mindszenty], even the enemies of Communism recognize that he was a big landed proprietor in a people of serfs, and the active ally of reaction (I was told yesterday that the reactionaries had the use of his estates for shooting practice). Certainly many non-Christians opposed to Communism took a severe view of the Hungarian Church, and of the Cardinal in particular. Only yesterday one of my friends was thunder-struck (in his innocence he did not know before) that a Cardinal of the Church could be a great landowner."

While in Paris this summer I had the privilege of listening to two worker priests speak about their present lives as part time workers getting to know their co-workers and, when there is time, praying and studying. I have never encountered such total unpretentiousness and directness among the clergy or, for that matter, among anyone else. They looked (as Perrin had) exactly like ordinary working men and they spoke intelligently yet without evasiveness or stylishness. I remember especially two statements: "When we touch the deepest part of a man—we conquer by love." and "A meal between friends can become a ritual celebration of life."

Late in 1954, the Holy Office suppressed the full-time worker priest movement. Henri Perrin was spared from making the impossible decision—whether to remain a priest "in good standing" or to stay with the workers—by his death in a motor-scooter accident.

## Five Free Lectures

Wed.—March 3—8:00 Dr. Robert Pollack, lecturer at Fordham, Pace and the New School — "CHRISTIAN INVOLVEMENT IN THE WESTERN WORLD."

Fri.—March 12—7:15 Maurice Lavanoux, editor of the Liturgical Arts Quarterly — "THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN CHRISTIAN ART." Mr. Lavanoux will illustrate by using colored slides.

Fri.—April 9—7:15 Dr. Henry Elkin, psychotherapist and lecturer at the New School. A former student of C. G. Jung, Dr. Elkin will discuss "THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ORIGINS OF RELIGION."

Fri.—April 23—7:15 Prof. Thomas Berry of the Dept. of Asian Studies of St. John's — "ZEN BUDDHISM."

Fri.—May 7—7:15 Brother David, a Benedictine monk from Mount Saviour — "A WESTERN MONK LOOKS AT THE EAST."

All five lectures are sponsored by the School of Education, Fordham University, and will be held at Sheale Hall, 302 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

### WHAT IS THE CATHOLIC WORKER?

WHAT ARE ITS AIMS?  
WHAT DOES IT DO?  
GIRLS:

To help you answer these questions we invite you to a SUMMER SCHOOL at the C.W. Farm in Tivoli, New York, for the second week in August. Talks and discussions will cover all angles of the Movement. You will have the opportunity to help with the work and to enjoy the spiritual and recreational facilities of our FARM WITH A VIEW.

Please address inquiries to: Summer School, Catholic Worker, 175 Chrystie St., New York, N.Y. 10002