

CATHOLIC



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Chitaprosad of India

On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

This last six weeks I have spent a good deal of time with children, since our latest "project" as Hans calls it, is a couple of bungalows on the beach where not only children and their mothers can come for some of the refreshment, light and peace we ought to have on this side of the grave, but where some of our fatigued fellow workers can come for rest. It is wonderful to hear the lapping of the waves and the cry of the gulls on the beach, to smell the acrid odor of the privet hedge in bloom, and the sweet clover drying on the window sill, the seaweed and salt air—an indescribable mixture of odors. There have been no storms as yet, and no particularly high tides, but Stanley is looking forward to equinoctial storms with all the flotsam and jetsam of the beach. And he is beginning to dream about a houseboat to be anchored in our little harbor.

We are near enough to the farm for visits back and forth, and Hans has been putting in a staircase to the attic and repairing here and there, and Mike has been watching over plumbing, electricity and grass cutting. But now we are pretty

much on our own. When we go to the farm for a meal, and the four and five-year-olds start chasing chickens, the older ones on the farm rejoice that we are not staying longer. They have week-end guests camping on the hill in back of the woods,—Pat Maloney and some of the boys he has found in his wanderings around New York. He started with six each weekend,—last week he had increased to 14, some of whom he had to send home early, and now let us hope there will be a happy mean.

All is not beer and skittles, as my mother used to say, meaning that life is not all pleasant sounds—our slum children can't get to sleep before midnight.

It is quietest and most beautiful in the early morning when there are a few hours when one can read and study. Sometimes when I hear the wailings from our little Maryhouse, (I am sleeping in Nazareth, the second bungalow, which acts as a buffer between Maryhouse, which is turbulent, and the quiet neighbors on our other side),—I think, "Is this an image of life, getting harder and harder as the day passes, and ending in the deadly fatigue that all mothers of large

families know at the end of the day?"

Last night one of the children howled desperately all evening, it seemed, about everything. Everything was contrary to it,—mother, brother and sister. Silence did not descend on us until almost twelve when the two little Puerto Rican families closed the door facing Nazareth and the windows, and the sound was kept in.

But the mornings! The joyful mornings, the wonderful beginnings again. Every morning is a resurrection.

The book which I have enjoyed these quiet mornings was Bouyer's Liturgical Piety. On Page 119, he writes, "to eat is a sacred action

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NO INCOME TAX FOR WAR

Ammon Hennacy will picket the office of Internal Revenue at Varick and W. Houston streets in New York City from Aug. 6 through the 18 and will fast at this time as a penance for our dropping the bomb at Hiroshima Aug. 6, 1945, and for our continued arms race. He has openly refused to pay income taxes for twelve years as 83% of this tax goes for war. Readers who are sympathetic can help by fasting and praying.

Sugar Workers Score Major Gains in Hawaii

By ROBERT CASEY

After more than four months 'on the bricks' the ILWU Hawaiian Sugar Workers won virtually all their demands from the plantation owners. It was a real test of strength and the relatively recently organized Islanders came through with flying colors.

This was the longest industry-wide strike in the ILWU's militant history. For 126 days not a wheel turned on the land where once 'The Big Five' (Hawaii's five dominant companies) ruled in unchallenged supremacy. The plantations are the basis of all the islands' wealth and not too many years ago the agricultural workers there lived in barracks under almost feudal conditions and the man who had the courage to speak up ran the risk of being blacklisted from work for the rest of his life. The workers were encouraged to indulge in cut-throat practices on the job, families were kept apart, and all the latent-nationalist antagonisms of race or religion were played upon by the employers to keep the plantation workers from uniting to gain a decent wage. The tactic of 'Divide and Rule,' as old as Rome itself, succeeded only too well among the diverse races that inhabit the Hawaiian Islands.

The basic question posed in this strike therefore was; would the Hawaiian people achieve equality with the mainland in wages and working conditions or would they remain in an inferior status, as a kind of colonial union. But all of that has become a thing of the past today. To quote ILWU President Harry Bridges, "This approach is dead from here on in. We expect to bargain in Hawaii in the future exactly as we do on the mainland."

So an era ends and aroused workers once again demonstrate what can be won against the most powerfully entrenched and reactionary of business interests if there is militancy and solidarity within the ranks of labor itself.

Over four months ago the plantation owners could have signed a new contract for an increase of something short of 25c an hour. After losing a strike they had provoked, they had to sign a contract calling for pay hikes and other cash or fringe benefits averaging well over 25 cents an hour.

In the present apathetic period of labor history, when many unions in the states are settling for straight extensions of existing contracts, or at best for trivial improvements, the Hawaii settlement takes on a special significance. It poses a ringing challenge to the rest of organized labor to do something about the chronic sub-standard conditions prevailing among most agricultural workers on the mainland as well as the disgraceful exploitation of the "braceros"; imported Mexican nationals laboring on American farms who could truly be called Twentieth Century Peons.

One of the interesting sidelights of the sugar strike was the amount of cooperative and communal effort developed among the strikers themselves. They entered the fray against The Big Five with very slender financial resources, but from the start showed initiative and will to win unusual today. They enlisted their entire families in the strike, each member active on one committee or another.

The Islands blossomed forth with communal gardens raised solely for the strike kitchens, teams went spear fishing for all in the rich reefs of the lagoons, while teams hunted wild pigs and other game in the mountains; and they even found time for cultural and social efforts such as cleaning up long neglected cemeteries, tidying up children's play fields and schools, painting village eyesores including a Salvation Army headquarters and similar projects of benefit to the whole community. (One can't help speculating on how many sugar workers secretly began to wonder if the Islands economy wouldn't be more stable if they planted less sugar and pineapple for The Big Five and planted more produce for themselves.)

Elsewhere on the Coast the ILWU was busy producing other major gains this month. In the Bay Area the Warehousemen came up with a precedent setting contract that will break new ground for the entire industry.

It's a 3-year contract that calls for; 9½ cents an hour increase retroactive to last June—7½ cents across the board next June ('59)—an additional paid holiday (yet to be named)—the rate for holiday overtime to be raised to 2½ times the regular rate of pay (this is a 'first' for this particular industry)—vacations to be upped to 3 full weeks after 10 years service—all holidays falling on Saturday are to be observed on the preceding Friday—and a completely new set of classifications for all work in the industry to go into effect January 1, 1959 and these classifications will provide for increases ranging from 2½ cents to 11 cents an hour for all hands.

One of the factors that made these big gains possible for the workers in this field was the close cooperation and liaison of the Teamsters' Warehouse Union and the ILWU's Warehouse Union throughout the strike. This was in marked contrast to preceding years. Whatever his shortcomings may be at least James Hoffa is willing to cooperate with Harry Bridges in trade union matters and he is not indulging in the endless red-baiting of the ILWU that was Dave Beck's standard stock in trade. This is a pattern all labor must soon adopt, if it is to survive the attacks Big Business is preparing to launch against it.

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A Question And An Answer On Catholic Labor Guilds

By PETER MAURIN

(In 1934 a reader in Bellingham, Wash. wrote to Peter Maurin urging the organization of Catholic Labor Guilds throughout the country. Members would be assessed a dollar a year, and the money so raised would be used to start Houses of Hospitality. Peter's reply follows.)

Most organizations exist, not for the benefit of the organized, but for the benefit of the organizers.

When the organizers try to organize the unorganized they do not organize themselves. If everybody organized himself, everybody would be organized. There is no better way to be than to be what we want the other fellow to be.

The money that comes from assessments is not worth getting. The money that is worth getting is the money that is given for charity's sake. Parish Houses of Hospitality must be built on Christian charity.

But Parish Houses of Hospitality are only half-way houses. Parish Subsistence Camps are the most efficient way to make an impression on the depression.

The basis for a Christian economy is genuine charity and voluntary poverty.

To give money to the poor is to increase the buying power of the poor.

Money is by definition a means of exchange and not a means to make money. When money is used as a means of exchange, it helps to consume the goods that have been produced. When money is used as an investment,

it does not help to consume the goods that have been produced, it helps to produce more goods, to bring over-production and therefore increase unemployment.

So much money has been put into business that it has put business out of business.

Money given to the poor is functional money, money that fulfills its function. Money used as an investment is prostituted money, money that does not fulfill its function.

Poverty and charity are no longer looked up to, they are looked down upon. The poor have ceased to accept poverty

and the rich have ceased to practice charity.

When the poor are satisfied to be poor, the rich become charitable toward the poor.

Because Christianity presents poverty as an ideal Bolshevik Communists try to make us believe that religion is the opium of the people.

Karl Marx says that the worker is exploited at the point of production. But the worker would not be exploited at the point of production if the worker did not sell his labor to the exploiter of his labor. When the worker sells his labor to a capitalist or accumulator of labor he allows the capitalist or accumulator of labor to accumulate his labor.

And when the worker can no longer sell his labor to the capitalist or accumulator of labor he can no longer buy the products of his labor. And that is what the worker gets for selling his labor to the capitalist or accumulator of labor. He just gets left and he gets what is coming to him.

Labor is not a commodity to be bought and sold—Labor is a means of self-expression, the worker's gift to the common good.

There is so much depression because there is so little expression.

I am fostering Parish Subsistence Camps or Agronomic Universities as a means to bring about a state of society where scholars are workers and where workers are scholars.

In a Parish Subsistence Camp or Agronomic University the worker does not work for wages,

he leaves that to the University. In a Parish Subsistence Camp or Agronomic University the worker does not look for a bank account,

he leaves that to the University. In a Parish Subsistence Camp or Agronomic University the worker does not look for an insurance policy,

he leaves that to the University. In a Parish Subsistence Camp or Agronomic University the worker does not look for an old-age pension,

he leaves that to the University. In a Parish Subsistence Camp or Agronomic University the worker does not look for a rainy day, he leaves that to the University.

Modern industry has no work for everybody

but work can be found for everybody in Parish Subsistence Camps or Agronomic Universities.

ON Pilgrimage

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for man because it is like being created anew, since all life comes from God."

This rings so true to women who are the nourishers of the race. Built from her flesh in the womb, nourished from her breast, man receives as it were a thanksgiving from the woman, who originally came from his flesh, which in turn was created out of nothing by God.

And in work like that of the Catholic Worker hospices, where there are breadlines as well as meals for all those living in our houses — over a hundred people here in the New York area, so much time is giving to raising, buying and preparing food. What cooperators those who work in the kitchen these hot summer days!

And here in this issue we have the story of Ammon's fasting for forty days, like the fathers of the desert and the prophets of Israel and as so many of the peoples in the world do today, perforce. There are still famines in the world, still people dying of starvation, while we feast on the abundance that America has to offer. Even the poor feast from their small wages, in their deplorable housing, because they feel that here at least, there is one appetite they can satisfy and there is never enough money to do much with. It is always feast or famine with them.

In a way Ammon's fast reminds us that man does not live on bread alone, that he can go for long periods on very scant rations; that with the grace of God, he can live as Daniel and the three youths in Babylon did, on grain and beans and water. If he has the will to do it! If there is some reason for doing it! Devotion to a cause, to an ideal of peace, makes it easy for Ammon. He is a John the Baptist calling attention to the urgency of the day,—that we need to wake and use the means called for by Our Lady of Fatima, to bring peace to the world. What touched me extremely in the story of Fatima was the immediate response of the three little children, who for penance began to share their meager lunch of bread, to give it away to those poorer than they, and to fast. Prayer and fasting always have gone together. Our Lady called for prayer and penance, but we do not see much of it yet.

So Ammon goes to an extreme! Our own dear priests at old St. Patrick's responded with the utmost sympathy and promised their prayers and the Trappists in Georgia and Virginia prayed daily for him. Ammon said that he knew it was prayers and not just his own will that kept him going.

But other priests, of course were not so sympathetic. They met him coldly, and expressed their disapproval of such extreme action. They distrust, and too often rightly, the extreme. There is a story told about St. Dominic, that the devil boasted that he would tempt his order of preachers by gluttony on the one hand and fasting on the other, so

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FORTY DAY FAST IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

By AMMON HENNACY

"You couldn't be more right than you are. I know as much about the effects of atomic radiation as any one in this country. Keep up your picketing. Good luck to you," said an Atomic Energy employee to me as I was picketing them at 1717 H St. N.W., on the 28th day of my fast. Three days later Admiral Strauss, who had seen me there daily as he came from their main headquarters in Germantown, Md., to the publicity office of the A.E.C., remarked, "you look wonderful," when I told him that I felt better than when I had started and that I had only lost one pound in the past 13 days.

Fasting

To those who have never fasted and who are so fearful or so medically minded that the loss of a pound or of a meal is a major disaster the announcement that I would fast for 40 days as a penance for our atomic sins brought letters of protest that I was committing suicide.

On the 17th day of my fast a man who works at the A.E.C. building quietly told me that he had fasted 62 days with McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork who had fasted 78 days and died in 1920. He greeted me kindly several times later. He knew of the CW. Nine others of McSwiney's followers fasted 94 days and lived.

Many of the early Christians fasted 60 days in the hot desert. Pythagoras fasted 40 days before he took his exams and he would take no one as a student at the University of Alexandria who had not fasted for 40 days. Mrs. A. G. Walker, a noted Rhodesian singer, in Capetown, Africa, in 1931 fasted for 101 days to lose 63 pounds, as she was much overweight. In a supervised fast a man by the name of Succ ran up the steps of the Eiffel Tower on the 40th day of his fast.

Harry Wills, the Negro prizefighter, fasted 30 days each year when he commenced training for a fight. Freddy Welsh, onetime lightweight champion of the world, always started his training for important fights with the fast of a week. The most spectacular achievement was that of Gilman Low, artist and athlete, who in December 1903 at Madison Square Garden before 16,000 people, at the end of an 8 day supervised fast broke nine world records in weight lifting, such as raising 950 pounds three times in four seconds and raising 2,200 pounds 29 times in 20 seconds.

In World War II Dave Delinger fasted for 34 days in solitary and then was forcibly fed for 34 days. Others fasted also. When I began my fast Clay Marks had already fasted for over twenty days and he continued it for 38 days at the State Department. Peace Pilgrim fasted for over 40 days. Ben Salmon, the Catholic CO of World War I, fasted for 3½ months, being forcibly fed much of the time. Bob Hoyt of the Knight newspapers who wrote three articles about my fast had asked a leading nutritionist at the University here if I could fast for 40 days without injury. He replied that if I had a strong will it would not hurt me.

Picketing

I had refused to take part in the sit-down fasting at the Germantown office of the A.E.C. as I felt that to impose upon the privacy of these officials to seek to coerce them to pay attention to my views would be a violation of my pacifist-anarchist principles. For these principles did not recognize them as elected or appointed officials who were my servants, as I had long ago seceded from their State and did not expect them to do differently from what they were supposed to be doing.

I had timed my fast and picketing to coincide with the March for Peace and in order to finish it to be ready in plenty of time for my annual fast and picketing

of the Internal Revenue office in N.Y. City Aug. 6 to 18. Accordingly I met with John Ingersoll and other peace marchers at the Quaker meeting house in Winchester, Va. and marched for 15 miles on May 26th after an evening's meeting with the Quakers. That night I spent with Peggy Reeve's parents near Paris, Va. and took the bus into Washington where I had lunch with Ed Lahey and Bob Hoyt of the Knight newspapers at the National Press Club. Beginning my fast at 5 p.m. on the 27th I commenced my picketing the next morning at 9. Here there is no shade at all but the weather was not as hot as that of Arizona and Nevada. I marched on Sunday with the Peace Marchers and we picketed the White House.

I gave my leaflet to the woman in charge of the A.E.C. and later she asked me for more copies. They went quickly for the first day or two. Each hour shortly before the hour the A.E.C. shuttle came from Germantown and other points so I was always there to present my ideas. After a few days I planned my schedule to picket from 9 to 10; to rest on the grass at the park by the Roger Smith hotel half a block away until 10:45. To picket 20 minutes and rest 40, then to picket until 1:05. Then to rest the remainder of the afternoon except for the 20 minutes around each hour when the A.E.C. shuttle would arrive. This made my picketing for four hours and rest for four hours. Never had it so good! I only missed one rainy day and one day when I attended the Hopi hearings with Viets of Hopiland, on a bill about the Hopi where the most objectionable clause dealing with mineral rights was stricken out.

An A.E.C. employee who had met me at Las Vegas last summer agreed that it was much cooler here and greeted me kindly. Several local pacifists walked a bit with me. About five employees spoke kindly to me daily and of course the half dozen red faced Irish patriots who are always a scourge to we rebel-Irish told me to drop dead or to go and picket the Russians. People won't face the issue. "What about our bombing at Hiroshima?" and they answer, "Why don't you picket the Russians?" Might as well talk about segregation in Maine rather than in Mississippi, for the Russians have stopped their tests and we continue, I tell them. When I ask a Communist, "What about Nagy's execution?" he will answer, "What about Little Rock?" Both the American patriot and the Communist refuse to face the issue. I saw Admiral Strauss often and he nodded kindly. One Irishman said that Christ had died 2,000 years ago and all this Sermon on the Mount stuff meant nothing, for we had to fight "for God and Country." I couldn't blame the poor fellow for that's what had been handed to him by the clergy. People full of fear, beer, or born with blinders on to make them afraid to look around. So most people passed by refusing to take a leaflet. A young Mormon soldier in uniform was interested, and asked me questions for half an hour. A Catholic student who had heard me at Princeton blessed me. An F.B.I. came to take my picture; An A.B.I. man came to take my picture; wouldn't say who he was but you can tell their kind. One Catholic who went week-ends to the Trappist Monastery near Berryville took my leaflet to Father Hugh and came back with the word that they were saying prayers with me and for me. Several wanted to know what I got paid. I told them I wouldn't do it for \$100 a day but I would do it for nothing.

John Ingersoll said hello for a couple of hours and Art Harvey picketed with me for 5½ days and

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WE MOURN

AUGUST 23, 1927

SACCO and VANZETTI
Anarchist Martyrs

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

Vanzetti's famous statement.

Out Of These Ashes, This Love

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

My dominant fear as a child was fire. I was fascinated by it as what child isn't. I stood over the kitchen stove and loved to watch the subtle changes in glowing coals, hues changing from deep red to brighter red, eventually to white ashes. I thought of Hell but the fear I think was salutary, not morbid. I feared the fire yet loved its mysterious ways.

I can remember my gasp of astonishment when I first saw the Jones Loughlin Steel Company furnaces painting their inferno-like pictures on a Pittsburgh sky. The place wasn't a pleasant one to live in. The people there must be awfully good to stand it or awfully bad to need it. Still the city had other pleasant memories—the Father Hugo retreats of eight days, conversations with Catholic Worker leaders from all over the country and Canada. Dorothy and Peter often mentioned Bishop Boyle's preoccupation with the idea of a farming commune, one that never got beyond the idea stage. He called the city of Pittsburgh a city of stranded peasants.

My chief fear was that our house would burn down. Like the girl in the song, I was once the one to light the Christmas tree, setting the tree on fire and bringing a small disaster and the fire department. Perhaps the fear was born then. Afterwards our house did burn down. I was returning from my newspaper route when the streetcar conductor said to me gruffly: "Where are you going?" "Home," I answered, puzzled. "It burned to the ground this afternoon," he said just like that.

That streetcar trip was numbing. Shock mixed with curiosity. When I arrived the house was levelled to the ground, a heap of ashes. Only our piano had been saved. The town's problem "teen-ager" had courageously taken it part way down a flight of stairs when help came. I am still amazed at his suddenly acquired strength for the piano weighed four hundred pounds and he easily might have killed himself.

My mother was with some neighbor, sick from the blow which wiped out our possessions.

My father and brother wandered around the fire scene wordlessly watching the ashes. My father had missed renewing his fire insurance policy in time. The company, of course, paid him nothing. I watched him closely and was glad he still had a trace of humor left. That and courage. We needed it. My brother and I, in our teens, didn't feel the world had come to an end. For my parents, though, it was the end of a long road of hard work, constant struggle, little money, and great faith. All now in ashes because a careless garage mechanic and an oily bunch of rags had destroyed a whole row of houses. Ours was the only one without insurance.

I had always fiercely resented my parents' hard struggle. I worked constantly and helped some. Always I dreamed of getting more money to buy my mother the things I thought she should have. This background of struggle helped me immensely to understand Peter Maurin's deep knowledge of the poor. He gave me the key to knowing how I might help them.

That day I was sixteen years old. The family was separated for a month or more until we could find another house. I stayed with friends while my father, mother and brother stayed with others. Strangely I found the next five, or six weeks very happy ones. My friends were wonderful, doing everything they could to soften the blow.

My father's fellow workers moved in around him, collecting hundreds of dollars. Another

friend went through our town, collecting more. I didn't feel embarrassed at having to accept help. I was amazed and pleased at the immense amount of goodwill in the community. I could see my father and mother were loved and that made me happy. Eventually we had enough to start again. We moved into a self-contained house and for the first time had a garden, something we had always wanted. We even had chickens but weren't too successful with them.

Out of such love and such knowledge, comes courage. I explain this in detail for my experience describes extremely well the spirit that animates people to give to the Red Cross, to CARE and to the Catholic Worker. I have worked with the Catholic Worker and have seen it handle the American disaster when our economy was in ashes. For eight years, I worked with CARE, helping to bring new life out of the world's ashes. I understood so keenly the potentialities of these groups because I had seen my own family rise out of the ashes of a disastrous fire. It gives me confidence to say things

ragged. All I knew was that the man in the liquor business was the one to help me when I was in need—giving me another insight into Last Judgment possibilities.

The young teen-ager who struggled with the piano was always getting into trouble, a symbol of our present day teen-agers. Our crisis evoked in him some superhuman courage, a great outburst of charity and my family was grateful. He gave me a clue why the Jockists consider such fellows the real possibilities for leaders. Peter Maurin used to say that only projects demanding courage should be placed before the young for they are idealistic wanting to satisfy their hearts which is made for courage. Because Hitler grasped this truth and Catholic leaders of Germany didn't Hitler triumphed for a time. The Hitler Jugend went out in the streets with tin cans, begging money for the Winter Fund. That demanded sacrifice. Those with courage and those who admire courage move towards the persons possessing it and showing it. Other leaders are left with only the name of leader.

I think of my mother and her suffering. She suffered because she didn't know the future and couldn't read the whirlwind. Today with after-knowledge, I can see clearly that her suffering was our life, our way to knowledge. I have often wished I could have known



when I feel it is dreadfully important to say them when the world seems headed for a new night of fire and ashes.

To be conscious of this deep underlying stream of goodness is to have the necessary antidote to the chicanery and cheating and doubledealing of so many who make the human unity more difficult. Here lies, I think, the terrible sin of the crooked politician, the greedy business man, the self-seeking bourgeois who has no understanding that his wealth was given to him as a stewardship. It is so easy to understand Christ's words at the Last Judgment. In the Hungarian disaster, I handled tens of thousands of CARE orders each day. As the names of the donors filed before me, I felt like a recording angel marking up good deeds. The names so often were significant, members of church and social groups, celebrities, famous writers. When that went on day after day for month on end, I felt truly it was a foretaste of the Last Judgment.

The family that took me in were in the liquor business, a cause for some nose-lifting by the stiff-necked members of our community. I remember the damdest debate I ever heard. It was on a street car, full of our neighbors. The father of the family who helped me had been attacked for his work by an ex-drunk who had gotten religion and was helping other ex-drunks through his social work. The car of acquaintances sat in stunned silence while the debate

then the answers I found later. I am sure I could have helped her, giving a meaning to things. The trouble it seemed to me was that no one then could adequately explain to her the meaning of her tragedy. Life became grim but she helped us through seven more complicated years. I am certain she now knows the answers, ecstatically, forever. Out of these ashes, this love.

My father lived long afterwards. He always wanted to own land and a home. He had been an orphan, without either parent, brought up by an aunt. He always earned little, working on a railroad. He was strong for his union but his scholarly mind reverted to values before industrialism. We had many arguments on this, for I believed in progress and Ford and Rockefeller. Later I began to question progress. Progress towards what—truth or an emotional movement towards the next gas station. When Chesterton enlightened my mind, I accepted his word for he was famous as well as compelling. Later I grasped another truth that God hides wisdom from the great and gives it to little ones. My father had that wisdom which we find so lacking in our leaders. We listen to an Eisenhower, with a jumble of Madison Avenue medicine man chatter and wonder why it falls so dead on our ears. Yet some man in a headline in a short sentence can sum up a situation like a flash. The most penetrating remarks I have heard in a long time on TV

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Segregation And The New Testament

By CLINTON HERRICK, S. M.

On May 17, 1954, the United States Supreme Court ruled that racially segregated public schools are forbidden by the Constitution. Since that time the South has been a land in turmoil. Negroes and Negro organizations are working hard to secure in fact rights which still remain exclusively "paper" rights. A few white people have organized groups whose aim is to find a way to continue segregation in the South indefinitely. But perhaps the great majority of Southerners are unwilling to take a firm stand either for or against integration because they are torn between feelings of the brotherhood and equality of all men, on the one hand, and feelings of loyalty to the South and to the traditions of the South, on the other. Large-scale confusion of the type described — with two minorities locked in deadly opposition and the vast majority of the people vacillating between conflicting feelings and loyalties—provides fertile soil for the growth of ill-will and hatred, hard words, and even shameful and degrading mob violence like that which certain citi-

ing what God intended him to be. But it is impossible for a man to love God and not love his fellow men, who are all called to be children of God and whom God loves. Therefore, as St. John has said, "If a man boasts of loving God, while he hates his own brother, he is a liar." (1 John 4:20.)

When Our Lord lived on earth men had racial prejudices just as they do in our own time. The Jews were notorious for this. They were the chosen people, and they considered all other races their inferiors. For the Jew, to accuse a man of being a non-Jew was an insult of the first magnitude: so much so that Our Lord's enemies, desiring to humiliate Him, accused Him in the same breath of being a Samaritan and of being possessed by a devil—as though the charges were equally serious. (John 8:48.) That is why Jesus told the Jews—and all men—the parable of the Good Samaritan: He wanted to destroy that kind of prejudice. He wanted to teach men that they are all brothers, and that the commandment to love their neighbor as themselves means that they must love everyone, without exception.

But what does it mean, to love my neighbor as myself? When we love someone, we want him to be happy. We want him to have all the joy, all the advantages, all the blessings that we ourselves have, and more. If he makes mistakes, we are patient; if he hurts us, we forgive him. Love of neighbor means all these things. But, above all, as St. Paul says: "Love of our neighbor refrains from doing harm of any kind; that is, why it fulfills all the demands of the law." (Romans 13:10.)

Christians, therefore, must love all men with a practical, effective love. Now let us see whether or not segregation as a social institution is compatible with this kind of love.

In the South many good people believe in and defend segregation—that "theoretical" segregation in which the schools and other facilities of Negroes would be "separate but equal." The Negro would live in one section of town, and the white man, in another; and every body would live in peace and happiness. Surely such a system is in harmony with the teachings of Christ! But even a little reflection is enough to convince any open-minded Southerner that the ideal, theoretical segregation that is spoken of by segregationists and the concrete, real segregation that is practiced in the South are two vastly different things. Schools for Negroes are separate, but not equal. Eating places and other facilities for Negroes are separate, but not equal. The economic and professional opportunities open to Negroes are not at all equal to those open to white men. In a word, segregation involves discrimination.

This fact alone would be enough to condemn segregation. For it is clearly against the Christian precept of fraternal love to make one man or a group of men the object of unreasoning discrimination. St. James gives an example: "Suppose that a man comes into your place of meeting in fine clothes, wearing a gold ring; suppose that a poor man comes in at the same time, ill clad. Will you pay attention to the well-dressed man, and bid him take some place of honour; will you tell the poor man, Stand where thou art, or, Sit on the ground at my footstool? If so, are you not introducing divisions into your company? Have you not shewn partiality in your judgement?" (James 2:2-4.) Then he goes on to say that such partiality constitutes a transgression of the law.

But perhaps the greatest evil of segregation lies in this: it is the source of cruel humiliations for the Negro. For it is obvious to every-

(Continued on page 7)

zens of Little Rock displayed to the whole world last fall.

The reason hatred can happen even among a Christian people is that those people have not used their heads. They have not thought over the situation coolly and without emotion. Their conflict is between opposing feelings, and at any given time their attitude towards segregation depends upon which of these feelings happens to be strongest. Such people readily become the flunkies and puppets of mob leaders.

This article is an attempt to reason this thing out using the New Testament as the basis of discussion. For since the people of the South are sincere Christians, they will want their solution of this difficult problem to be in perfect harmony with the teaching of Jesus Christ.

What, then, do the Scriptures say?

Anyone who has read the Bible knows that Our Lord summed up the whole teaching of the law and the prophets, as well as His own teaching, in one short paragraph: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with the whole heart and thy whole soul and thy whole mind. This is the greatest of the commandments, and the first. And the second, its like, is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments, all the law and the prophets depend." (Matt. 22:37-40.) Man was created to love God. Without this love existence is meaningless. His happiness depends entirely on his be-

A Not-So-Easy Essay

By EDWARD MORIN

Part of the machinery of economic determinism, According to the "Classicists" at least, Is depression—or whatever you call it. The summer vacation is established As an American institution; this year, For many, it has no prescribed length. The very rich and the very poor Have the longest workless seasons. I have nothing to say for auto workers, Students, day laborers, and the semi-skilled. They have plenty to say for themselves though. One of them saw two nuns in a drugstore (He didn't know they were waiting for a bus) And he cracked, "Even the Pope is laying them off." Another said, "I don't care what it is You're president of—that's my golf ball." John Galbraith says our bumblebee economy Defies all natural laws by flying; As it grows overweight by the month, And while time is wearing down Keynes' Idea of stimulant government spending, Let's talk common sense economy.

It seems that the First World War Put spending on a giddy basis. I'm not saying whose fault it was. The Second World War followed suit. But maybe two examples aren't enough To establish a sound induction.

National debt may be a factor in the slump. Nearly all of it—literally—is war debt. We need a luxury economy to keep things going. Guns are our biggest luxury. People abroad don't like us, And like Gilbert and Sullivan's Philanthropist, "I can't tell why." Remember, I didn't cast the first stone— It was somebody down in Peru.

Many historians say Economic necessity is the cause of war; But, more blatantly, it's the aftermath. Why doesn't someone shove "common sense economy" Down the throats of businessmen and politicians. When they start winking "economic necessity." Perhaps you can't blame them entirely. They're giving the people what they want—security. The amount of security they want here and now They'll get—if they die in the state of grace.

A CATHOLIC CATECHISM. English version of the official German Catholic Catechism. Herder and Herder, New York. \$4.95. 448 pages. Reviewed by Rev. Robert Hovda.

If catechetics is part of the Church's work of evangelism and if catechisms are summaries of what is taught in catechetics then something is wrong. The catechisms we have seen, and the catechisms most of our children are still seeing have none of the savor of a proclamation of good news about them. Facts, yes. Data, yes. The cool, dry atmosphere of disinterested inquiry, yes. Although perhaps "inquiry" is a bit strong there. But none of the warm, moist atmosphere of God's love for man and man's yearning for God . . . none of the passion of a human history in which reason may have discovered a God but in which God certainly has spoken to man, has infleshed himself to appeal both to reason and to the whole complex of reason, feeling, emotion, and need for commitment which is the whole man.

At any rate, here is a catechism designed for human beings instead of for some kind of cerebral abstractions. It is an English version of the catechism commissioned by the German bishops and now officially adopted for all the dioceses of that country. It is the first publication of, and the highest recommendation for, the new American office of Herder and Herder, 17 East 45th Street, New York City.

The German bishops specified in their commission that the work should be God-centered and Christ-centered, that it should be biblical and ecclesial, that it should be a book for children, a book for living, and a book for our times.

These were the principles which guided the editors in their work. What is surprising about it is not the fact that it isn't the last word. How could it be? Our theologians at the top levels are still having a hard time breaking the ice of a deep freeze which in the long run may prove to have served Christian history but which has not served the comfort of the contemporary believer. The surprising thing is that a new spirit is so evident in even these beginnings. It is evident

—this new spirit—1) in the aims of this book, 2) in its structure or order, 3) in its treatment of each subject, 4) in its balance or sense of proportion, and 5) in its printing and its Albert Burkart illustrations.

Its aims, first of all. This is a catechism of the Gospel, not a tract against Protestant or secularist "errors." (The quotes do not mean that there are in my opinion no Protestant or secularist errors, but simply that there are Protestant and secularist truths.) Perhaps the greatest compliment one can pay the book is to say that one could read the whole thing and still be without those "ready answers to a non-catholic's questions" which have contributed so remarkably little to the dialog beginning in our time.

While it does not wish to take the place of the living teacher, it hopes (to quote the preface): "to help the pupil to grasp and remember the lessons given by the teacher." It describes the work of redemption as a new creation and the Christian life as one involving both will and intellect. It is concerned not only with the authority of the Gospel, but also and equally with its beauty, its wholeness, its all-embracing character.

These aims and the bishops' specifications are reflected in the order or structure of the catechism. The first of its four parts speak of God and our redemption, the second of the Church and sacraments, the third of life in accordance with God's commandments, and the fourth of the last things. For example, instead of the sacraments of initiation (Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist) getting the usual place at the end of the book after creed and commandments, they appear here in a living order, following five chapters on "how Christ founded and equipped the Church" and six on "the Church at work in the world." "Prayer" is not found in the appendix, but follows Baptism. Temptation and sin succeed the treatment of the Eucharist (which is at least a start in the right direction, even though disappointing).

One of the most inviting aspects of the catechism is the form of each chapter. Within the four main parts of the book, the material is presented in brief chapters, 136

in all. Each one has a short essay introducing the subject (after an interesting and lucid headline). The essay is followed by a few questions entitled "Consider." Then comes the formal question and answer section (248 questions and answers throughout the book), with answers in bold face, and these containing all of the "absolutely essential matter." At the end of each chapter, a series of quotes and reflections on the subject covered: "For my life," "From Holy Scripture," "From the life on the Church," "The Teaching of the Saints"—and finally a paragraph of "Things to do."

Content-wise, the essays are thoroughly biblical, written in a simple and clear style. The questions and answers (248 as against 499 in Revised Baltimore No. 3) are a much-improved summary of the glad tidings.

Only Fr. Ginder could be surprised that one of the chapters under the Fourth Commandment speaks of the community of nations, the introduction to the section on this commandment reading: "God has put us in the communities of the family, the Church, the state, and the human race as a whole. And he has given us the Fourth Commandment to impress on us the most important of our duties within the community."

By balance and sense of proportion, I mean that in this catechism it is considerably clearer which truths of faith are more important and which are less important in the Christian life. Things have some form, a recognizable body, meaningful dimensions. For example, in the Revised Baltimore No. 3, 22 pages are given to the Incarnation and Redemption and 9 pages to Indulgences. In "A Catholic Catechism" 44 pages are devoted to "Jesus Christ our Lord" (directly, and everything else is related to Him, the sacraments as his acts, etc.) and 3 pages to Indulgences. This comparison speaks volumes in terms of relative comprehension of the Gospel.

Even visually the book proclaims the dignity of its subject. The page layout is pleasing, with admirable and copious illustrations. It does not look like a guide-book to the National Shrine, a careless hodgepodge of information, a stock-pile of ammunition.

The wealth of Biblical quotations presented a problem. Copyright "difficulties" prevented the editors from using the Confraternity version. So they settled on Douay for the Gospels and Knox for all the rest. Some day surely the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine will realize that it doesn't own Holy Scripture and release its stranglehold. How proprietary can we get in dealing with what is, in the most radical sense imaginable, not ours?

Cost of the book is a problem too. The publishers promise a paperback edition very shortly. But even if we can afford it at present only for our religious teachers (and one for each home?) its evangelical message will have a healthy influence. Look at it soon.

THE CAPITALIST MANIFESTO. Louis O. Kelso and Mortimer J. Adler; Random House, New York, 1958. 265 pgs. Reviewed by Robert E. Doherty.

It isn't often that criticism of our capitalist society and revolutionary plans for its overhaul comes from its fat cats. This is perhaps the most surprising thing about *The Capitalist Manifesto*, for Louis O. Kelso is a successful corporation lawyer and Mortimer Adler has for a long time been the darling of the bourgeois press.

It is the Kelso-Adler thesis (rather the Kelso thesis in which Adler concurs) that the mixed economy that is characteristic of America today, half socialist and half capitalist, will inevitably lead to complete state capitalism (socialism by their definition) and the rise of the totalitarian state.

What to do? Go back to the primitive capitalism of the Nineteenth Century that Marx and Engels indicted in their manifesto? Not at all. As all good Americans should, we go forward. Forward to an un-mixed capitalism where justice prevails and the good life is shared by all.

We live in an age, say the authors, which is marked by capitalist production and laboristic distribution. Labor adds no more than ten per cent to the value of the industrial product yet it receives upward of seventy per cent of the distributive shares. It is the fallacy of laboristic distribution, an idea promoted by economists taken in by Marx's labor theory of value, and institutionalized by the countervailing power of labor unions and government, that has led to our inflationary spiral and governmental full employment programs which force upon the economy an orgy of production.

Not only is such a situation irrational but it is unjust. Justice demands that economic rewards will be commensurate with economic contribution. The authors put it: "This principle of justice, which is based on the right of every man or family to obtain a visible income by earning it, is integrally connected with the principle of distributive justice. The latter declares the right of every independent participant in the production of wealth to receive a share of that wealth proportionate to his contribution." (Italics mine). If labor contributes ten per cent and capital ninety per cent then the shares should be delivered accordingly.

But how could those who contribute only their labor power to the productive process be assured of a visible income under such circumstances? The answer, of course, is that they could not. A proletariat struggling along on seventy per cent of the distributive shares could hardly expect to keep alive on ten per cent.

It is here that the revolutionary aspect of *The Capitalist Manifesto* comes into play. At present two per cent of the population holds seventy-five per cent of marketable stock and ninety-two per cent of American families own no stock at all. It is this concentration of ownership that is not only unjust, but is responsible for the growth of a government whose function it has become to redistribute this wealth by fostering public works, subsidizing marginal farmers and granting gifts to foreign countries. It is also because of this imbalance (although the authors don't say as much) that a perpetual garrison economy has been fastened on the American people.

If the population is to have a visible income, and if rewards are to be kept commensurate with contribution, ownership of capital goods must be so widely diffused that everyone will become a stockholder. Eventually enough income can be derived from stock dividends so that those who originally had nothing to contribute but their labor power can reduce or eliminate entirely their mechanical work and concentrate on producing the poetry, the painting and the music which are the goods of civilization. How does the worker who already works for a subsistence wage acquire stock? The authors are not too clear, but one of the ways suggested is a modification of the pension fund type of stock distribution that has become widely practiced in recent years.

Here is truly a "people's capitalism" with everyone having a vested interest in the profit motive. There will be no featherbedding, and eventually no union since, in a really competitive society, labor must compete as well as goods. Laboristic distribution will wane, capitalist distribution will prevail and economic practice will be consistent with the Kelso-Adler principles of economic justice.

I hope I have done justice in

this short space to the theories contained in *The Capitalist Manifesto*. Mr. Kelso and Mr. Adler, I am sure, are genuinely concerned about the state of civilization. They are rightly repulsed by Stalinoid endeavors of social amelioration, and they are disturbed by at least some of the manifestations of contemporary capitalism that disturb me. It is strange though, because the book makes some claim to being a radical approach to this most important of human issues; that it does not get to the root of the problem of man's relation to man, to men and to nature. My first thought was that this was particularly unusual since Mr. Adler is supposed to be a philosopher. My second thought was that maybe that was the reason.

The Capitalist Manifesto, it seems to me, deals with only the periphery. The really valid criticism of contemporary capitalism is not that it distributes its goodies to the wrong folks, or even because it concentrates economic power in the wrong hands, but rather because it so dwarfs and stifles the human personality that no man under it can realize his full spiritual, moral and intellectual potential. Before I elaborate on this, however, I should first like to discuss some of the points made by the authors which they accept as truth and which I would accept as debatable at best.

The first of these is their concept of just distribution. Kelso and Adler argue that it is capital (machinery plus astute management) that is responsible for 90 percent of our economic production, and it is the capitalist who should receive 90 percent of the distributive shares. There are two ideas implicit in such an argument. One is that Marx is in error when he writes of capital as being nothing more than congealed labor. The other is that consciously directed human labor can be equated with bureaucratic managerial functions, most of which today have little to do with production but rather with distribution and sales. I am not convinced that industrial bureaucrats do not hinder more than help the industrial processes.

The authors are rightfully troubled by the fact that modern corporations do not act in a responsible manner to their stockholders. Those who own do not control, and, given an organization the size of A.T.&T., chaos may well ensue if they did. How an even greater diffusion of ownership could remedy this situation is impossible for me to see. Bureaucracy is a necessary condition of a mass society; the responsible public is a thing of the past. And, in a mass society communication, information and control, operates on a one way street. Those who sit in the seats of bureaucratic power, whether they work for the Department of Agriculture, U.S. Steel or Macy's, whistle the tune and the mass man dances. There is a point beyond which no organization, governmental or industrial, may grow if citizen responsibility is to be regarded as an essential in decent human relationships. "Passive participation," living off dividends (living off the sweat of someone else's brow would be a better way to put it) is not only an idiocy, but a sure indication that Kelso and Adler have a most unusual if not warped sense of industrial democracy.

The formulation of the "good society" does not begin with industry, or production, or ownership or technology or "just" distributive shares. It begins with man. It promotes that which is human and hopes to create a social environment in which everything that is human, everything that is noble in man, will have an opportunity to grow. It isn't likely that nobility will be a by-product of a society that would perpetuate those conditions of economic and political im-

REVIEWS + + + + +

O SONG OF SOLEMN MAN

By JOHN BATZ

Where were you that May Day
When it was five fifty-one a.m.
At Namu
In the Bikini atoll.

Where were you?

In New York it was two by then
And Sunday crowds gawked
At Fifth Avenue shops
On the street side sunned
By that insignificant spark.

And in San Francisco
High Mass was almost done
His Passion and our Redemption
His Body and His Blood
At Namu
In the Bikini atoll.

A B-52 at five fifty-one
Fifty thousand feet when the bomb fell
At fifteen thousand the burst
Of five hundred suns
A yield of fifteen megaton
O lullaby of fives
O song of solemn man.

It was a Great Day
Stupendous, fantastic, incomparable
Explosive energy released
In a scene for Cinerama
At Namu
In the Bikini atoll.

Papers with their big black type
Vied with descriptions
Coined by goggled reporters
In ringside seats of the Great Show
On the Great Day.

Fireball four miles wide
Pillar of flame four miles high
Burning brilliance too bright
Blinding uncovered naked eye
At Namu
In the Bikini atoll.

Ah, to know at last the feasibility
Of the thermonuclear principle
Of fusion of nuclei
Ah, at last to know, Nagasaki . . .
Of hydrogen, helium
Lithium, tritium
Sanctus, sanctus, sacrificium
Fusion, fission
Holy vision
Dedicated to perdition.

potency that are built into The Capitalist Manifesto.

I cannot help but be troubled by this statement: "Capitalism acknowledges that work, which is mechanical in quality, is an evil that men are compelled to endure to a certain extent but which, since it is humanly unrewarding, should be reduced to the minimum in human life." For "mechanical" read any work that is other than managerial or intellectually creative. Work is evil? To make shoes for a barefoot man is evil? To bake bread for the hungry is evil? Here we get to the nub of the problem. Under industrial capitalism, or industrial communism for that matter, there is much that is evil inherent in work. But why is this so? Because in a mass society work is solely a means of making a living. The worker does not and can not determine what product shall be made, what quality it shall be, and who will consume it. Consider the logger who falls spruce in the northern woods, a logger with a degree of moral and aesthetic sensibility. His spruce is ground into pulp, the pulp processed into paper and the paper ends up as 500 copies of Confidential! Consider the farmer with a certain sensitivity about empty bellies who sees his wheat rot in a government store house. Consider the pencil maker, student of syntax, whose pencil ends up on Ike's desk.

This work is evil. The producer is alienated from his product and isolated from the real object of his labor, the fellow who has a real need for what he has made. It need not be that way, but it is and Messrs. Kelso and Adler would perpetuate this monstrous evil. This is perhaps the best indication of their shallow thinking, their hacknied bourgeois logic and their complete disregard for the ultimate in human welfare.

The Lord's Prayer by Romano Guardini, Pantheon Books—\$2.75. Reviewed by Ned O'Gorman.

It is difficult to speak about God's words. Most sermons fail to be what they should be because the priest who talks about the Gospel tends to think God spoke moral lessons that have merely social and ethical application, where in fact, it seems to me, God spoke about the intimate union of God the Father and His children first and about the moral necessities and conduct afterwards. This superb book describes the nature of man's relationship with God by explaining God's Son's relationship to His Father. Creative love, the love between the Father and the Son in the union of the Holy Spirit, does not flow from moral laws; moral laws flow from Creative love.

We have been told that we are created in God's image and from childhood we think it means we are created either in his physical image (which we must partially, but not wholly, reject) or in his intellectual image (which we must understand as fragmentary in us). What this does mean is explained in this book. The Lord's Prayer is an explanation of the depths of God's will, of its sounding in each man and of God's infinite power of love. The Lord's Prayer, God's prayer to God, is the encounter of God's will with man's will and of the activity of that encounter. Monsignor Guardini considers the dialogue of the Son with the Father as bearing directly on the nature of God's will in the fullness of its creative love. The Lord's Prayer is the alphabet where the rhetoric and directives for perfection are lodged in the absolute clarity of God's own words.

There are two moments in this book I should like to write about. The first is Guardini's commentary on God's Will and the second is his commentary on the sixth petition, "And lead us not into temp-

tation." I mentioned above the Image of God and that it is somehow related to God's Will. What this Image is, in a very important part, is God's Will in our life, how we meet it, how we cherish it, how we make it our own will. Guardini writes:

God's will is His holy intention for the world and for us. It is His eternal counsel, the fruit of His wisdom, the force of His stern decrees, the loving desire of His Heart . . . Whether our existence acquires true purpose and reality or becomes a mere semblance depends upon whether God's will is accomplished in it or not.

We continually fret about commitment, about the terrible diversity of our lives, that there is no place our attention rests. But commitment means nothing unless we are committed to something beyond mere commitment; which is often simply a way to keep balance in the day. For the man on earth commitment must mean God's Will, that Will that fulfills our being "committed."

In his commentary on the sixth petition, Guardini speaks about the nature of sin. Each man contributes his portion of chaos and evil to the world and suffers the return of it, that chaos and that evil, to his own body and mind. One casts evil upon the waters, and like bread it returns with violence to us.

On each the sin of all weighs, and all are somehow or other affected by the sin which each commits. Hence the plea for deliverance from evil becomes a petition on behalf of all humanity. In it the individual brings before God the guilt of humanity from which the evils of man's life come; each single individual brings the guilt and the misery of all, his own included. It is a petition for deliverance from evil as a whole.

This prayer is the practical geography of the creative love of Him, who Guardini says, we encounter as a "Countenance." Amid the intolerable sadness and destruction of the world, the infinite patience and love of God's words to the Father break through the durable world with utter splendor and, if it does not seem improper, practicality. God's will in us is the creative Image, that will create us and renew the face of the earth.

This book says one thing with insistence, or rather The Lord's Prayer, says it with insistence, that the infinite mystery that we must understand, or try to understand is the grand truth that God loved men before men loved God and that, it seems, is the whole splendor and balance and sweetness of the Church. Once you are loved first, a monk once told me, there isn't much you can do. The Lord's Prayer is the most excellent prayer because the Lover speaks about a love that committed the beloved before the beloved existed. The tables are turned and the world becomes the abode and manner of love.

MY THIRTY-THIRD YEAR, by Gerhard A. Fittkau. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1958. \$4.50. Reviewed by Beth Rogers.

Gerhard Fittkau's thirty-third year was spent in a Russian work camp. The year was 1945. A few months before, he had taken over his first pastorate in Suesenberg, situated in the Catholic section in an otherwise wholly Protestant area of East Germany. He had been a priest for eight years, and had spent those years, because of ill health, as personal secretary to Bishop Maximilian Kaller; after several brushes with the Gestapo for distributing forbidden papal and episcopal directives, he was sent to do graduate work at the University of Breslau. On the Feast of the Purification, 1945, Russian soldiers arrived in Suesenberg, and in the first week of

Lent, while on his way to a neighboring town to register for the compulsory Russian draft, "began the blessed reality which continues as I write. I became, not the parish priest of a settled little village in an all-Catholic land, but a pastor of the Wandering Church 'which has no remaining city.' . . . And even if the priestly work of preaching the Word and distributing the Sacraments should be taken away completely, there would still be something left for me to 'do'—to suffer with my flock."

The qualities of Msgr. Fittkau's book are the simplicity and lucidity that come from a true overcoming of self and acceptance of the Cross; love and understanding of others even in the midst of suffering inflicted unjustly by them; gentleness, and a wry humor mostly toward himself. There is one unforgettable picture of Father Fittkau preparing in the days before the Russians arrived, to evacuate the village along with the entire population. On the rear rack of his bicycle was his suitcase containing chalice, Bible, breviary, missal, his manuscripts on St. John Chrysostom, a supply of food, and a dozen books. On the right handlebar were half a dozen books in a bag, and on the left handlebar his typewriter. He himself was dressed in two sets of underwear, two pairs of pants, three shirts, two pairs of socks, his boots, two overcoats and a fur coat. Thus laden, he set out for the agreed upon meeting place. "All went well for about five minutes . . . Then, near the foot of the hill, the overloaded rear rack gave way, the suitcase slipped and I plunged into the ditch. I sat there for a moment in the snow—bicycle, suitcase, books and typewriter scattered around me, and suddenly saw what a picture I made. I thought ruefully of the courageous sermon I had given only a couple of days ago.

"That was the end of my running away from the Russians. I rose from the ditch and walked away leaving everything right where it was. I felt immeasurably free."

The Russians finally did come a few days later. Then followed the months of transport, with days on end in boxcars, then finally the arrival in the Vorkuta district of Russia. With his history of t.b. and his collapsed lung, Father Fittkau was assigned to light work, and he was able by many subterfuges to administer to the spiritual needs of his fellow prisoners. Forbidden to hold public services, he and the Protestant minister in the same barracks with him evolved the method of reading the Bible or missal privately to those who wanted it, but loudly enough so that others could hear.

The reality and the horror are not blinked, but there is an immense understanding and charity for the officials of the camp and for those prisoners who were all out for themselves. "I do not wish to accuse the Russians," he writes, "or to apologize for my German countrymen, both of them guilty toward each other. This book is not so much about the evil that came upon our good life as about the good that came out of the evil that befell us."

After the war, the Ermland section of Germany was given to Poland. In July, 1946, Father Fittkau, recovering from malnutrition and all the accompanying illness and misery, became again secretary to Bishop Kaller, whom the Pope had appointed special apostolic delegate for the German expellees. "He was penniless like his subjects. We had one room for both of us to sleep, eat and work in. The job meant looking after the spiritual welfare of five and a half million Catholics living without homes and, for the most part, without churches or priests. The bishop was a man of vision as well as courage. He saw the Church in Germany entering into a new phase of its

history, becoming 'the wandering church,' sharing the condition of its people who were without homes, security or material support." And the bishop had himself written to his people. "Our sacrifice must be joined to our prayer. For us, this consists in the patient, faithful endurance of the injustices which we have suffered. That is how we can follow our Savior and carry with Him the terrible accumulation of guilt in this world. Only in this way do we break the power of evil."

Bishop Kaller died in 1946. Father Fittkau, now Monsignor, is at present director of the American St. Boniface Society, which assists in the spiritual care of millions of expellees and refugees. The book he has written is a great witness to the power of Christianity to turn suffering into good, to strip oneself of attachment to everything but the naked will of God, and to meet and conquer force and hate with love.

ANGRY HARVEST

by Herman Field and Stanislaw Mierzenski. Reviewed by Edmund Egan

This is a simple and relentless novel, undistinguished in literary style, and generally modest in tone. It has, however, in the slow unravelling of its narrative, a great depth of psychological perception and moral insight through which a sort of heavy grandeur is achieved.

The book deals with the stripping away of a man's ethical illusions to the point at which he sees his past life to be a pattern of more or less subtle self-seeking, and all his supposed motives to be merely base rationalizations. This is of course a not infrequent theme; one thinks immediately of *The Fall* and *The Woman of the Pharisees*. What is of quite unique

interest here, however, is that the book's "hero" is very much an ordinary man and his vices are ordinary ones, raised by circumstances to a higher power.

The story takes place in a small town in Poland during the German occupation. Leon Wolny is a simple man in early middle age whom the chances of war and his own hard work and ambition have raised from a peasant background to a position of relative wealth and status as a prosperous farmer. His life is changed one day when he shelters a twenty-five year old Jewish girl who had escaped from a local pogrom. He gives her care, protection and friendship and wins her gratitude, and her stay at his farmhouse, where her presence must be kept secret, is prolonged.

The body of the book deals with the development of the relationship between Leon and the girl, Rosa. She is a medical student and a romantic individualist of great sensitivity and moral intelligence. When Leon falls in love with her, she is initially repelled by this good but self-righteous burgher, and yet, in a combination of fear of being turned out, pity for Leon, and her own lonely desires, finally consents to live with him. When, much later, the basic selfishness of Leon's love becomes apparent and with it his use of her, Rosa becomes morally outraged and finally, since escape from her degrading situation seems impossible, she kills herself.

This story is told with great narrative credibility, and every twist and turn of the interior development of the relationship is managed with wonderful penetration. The climax occurs of course when Leon discovers Rosa's suicide, and all the moral influence her presence has had upon him

(Continued on page 6)

+ + FROM THE MAIL BAG + +

E. I. WATKIN

Dear Dorothy Day,

I have just finished reading your autobiography, you so kindly gave me. I need hardly say that I have read it with the greatest interest and admiration. A work of accomplished literary art yet in every detail sheer even stark truth. The power of Christian charity is most powerfully brought home. I was glad to read the account of Peter Maurin's death and burial. I knew of the sad years at the end of his life but not of his peaceful death and the sense you had that he had entered into Divine joy. Thank you so much for your most kind hospitality. I was very glad to see you. Staten Island farm. I am convinced that such communities are the cells from which a renewed Catholic religion-culture can be born.

I was very sorry indeed to read the Papal allocution in which the Pope seems to say Catholics have an obligation to fight in the army at the command of the State. The right of a Catholic to be a conscientious objector is assured by the examples of saints Martin, Victorinus and Maximilian. Moreover it is impossible to see how a modern nuclear weapon war can possibly fulfill all the conditions for a justifiable war laid down by Vittoria and other canonists. No admittedly non-infallible utterance by a Pope can override the right of unjust conditions or make an unjustifiable war justifiable.

Today the clergy too often try to represent soldiers who die in battle as all but martyrs and sharers in Christ's redemptive death. This was not the attitude of the Church even in the so-called Dark Ages of savage warfare. Quite accidentally I have just come upon the passage I enclose from Stanton's Anglo-Saxon England. It shows that the ecclesiastical authorities still had an uneasy conscience about war. I suggest that it might be worth while to publish the quotation in the Catholic Worker—as I am sure it is known to very few. It came as a welcome surprise to me. What will Straatmann or Ude reply to this Papal-censure of all they stand for. It must surely be treated like Pope Leo X's condemnation in the bull Exsurge Domine of the proposition (Luther's) that to burn heretics is an offence against the Holy Ghost as of course we all know it is, and denied by the Catholic (illegible). But it's very unfortunate all the same. The slaughter of civilians, therefore any war involving it should be condemned by the Pope and Catholics told they cannot in conscience participate in such a war. And pure pacifism—though it is not my own position—must be open to the conscientious decision of any Catholic. After all I should not dare to say I'm sure the pure pacifist is mistaken. Perhaps the

Church should have chosen St. Martin's way. Certainly a Catholic must be free to choose that way as he is to choose voluntary poverty or celibacy. I shall be writing shortly to Ammon Hennacy about his autobiography. Here the weather is damp and mild—snow-drops out, the yellow winter aconite, the grass very green and abundance of evergreens confers of all kinds, evergreen oaks, the laurustinus and bay, and late roses linger. Again many thanks for all your most generous hospitality, and the beautiful Indian shawl you gave me. Your Staten Island farm is a happy memory. Please remember me to all who gave me so kind a welcome at the Worker and in particular Mr. Al Gullion who kindly motored me around New York.

Yrs. Sincerely
E. I. WatkinLetters From
A Hermitage

Dear Brother Ammon Hennacy,

My friend Giuditta Shafer whom I dare to call my disciple, as I have always felt in her a sincere will to serve and learn, has spoken to us of your visit to Tryon the 24th of April. That day is for us a memorable date of which I hope not to be unworthy now and ever. I am very grateful to my friend for having spoken to us about you. She will send me your autobiography.

I live with eight sisters and a brother (born in Africa from French parents) who has a religious spirit and loyal heart, in an ancient Franciscan hermitage ("Eremo")—of difficult approach and, God be thanked, without any modern comforts; for instance, we do not have electricity. We do not have even drinking water—the little donkey brings up some from the valley. There is no road to reach the "Eremo," only a rough stony path to it. We cultivate the garden, we give a loving care to our brothers, the trees; we try to serve the blessed ("sacri") poor who live around, and we feel the presence of God in all the pilgrims who come here in search of the voice of the silence and communion of spirit in the prayer.

My whole heart agrees with the Catholic Worker movement, and I feel in communion with Dorothy and you. Amongst the pilgrims who arrive here from far and very far, there is also the pilgrim who does not belong to the Catholic Church, the one who does not follow the Christian faith, or the one who does not follow the Christian faith, or the one whose spirit is skeptical, sometime is desperate—everyone is welcomed by us with the same respect. We always learn from everyone.

The little ancient church in many centuries old. The Benedictines were at first living up here, after came the Franciscans, but they had to leave. When we saw the "Eremo" for the first time, it was falling to pieces. With a tremendous effort and in absolute poverty, little by little we have been able to restore it and bring life again into it.

To God, brother—

Sister Maria the Least (Minore) (According to Sister Maria's friend in America, who forwarded her letter to Ammon, Ghandi kept up a regular correspondence with her. They had met years ago before the second world war in Rome. Schweitzer is another of her faithful cor-

ACTU Appeals
For Aid

Dear Miss Day:

On Friday, July 11, I spoke to Ammon about the possibility of having a financial appeal printed in the Catholic Worker. He suggested that I write to you explaining our difficulties.

The Association is presently about two thousand dollars in the red. For us this is an enormous sum. We do not foresee any notable income for the next several months and we have outworn any welcome at union treasurer's offices.

Roger O'Neil has told me that there was a similar appeal in the early 1950's in the CW.

We hope that you might find space in the next issue of the paper to give notice of our problem.

Thanking you for your interest in this matter, I remain, Fraternally,

Daniel Schuller
Secretary-Treasurer
Association of Catholic Trade Unionists
New York Chapter
327 Lexington Ave.,
N. Y. C. 16, N. Y.

From a Conscientious
Objector

Dear Ammon:

This is Bill Henry reporting from Scattergood School, West Branch, Iowa where I would like a CW subscription sent. I got on parole from Springfield, Mo. Federal prison after 8 months and ten days inside. It was quite a meaningful experience and I can't conceive of a more worthwhile way to have used that time. Nevertheless I was eager to be released to get back to what might be called normal society. I am not quite sure that it was correct to accept parole. I'd like to hear your opinion on that. Whereas I don't believe in prisons, still I don't feel I can rebel against everything I don't believe in, but must direct my efforts toward the most critical issues in the world now.

Infamously the CW is received at Springfield prison but it doesn't get to the inmates. The Catholic Chaplain orders it destroyed. (He is a part time Chaplain) and the Protestant Chaplain destroys it. (He is the full time Chaplain). I tried to talk the Protestant Chaplain into saving it for a few of us. He said: if the Catholic Chaplain orders it destroyed, we destroy it." I did salvage one issue out of the trash can. I will see you, rebel!

Bill Henry

respondents and has also visited the Hermitage. "Sister Maria was in her early youth a Franciscan nun, and during the first world war was superior of her convent which was used as a military hospital. Later, with the permission of her superiors and I believe of the Pope himself, she was allowed to leave to follow her vocation which led her to her mountain top where she lives with her sisters. She is a member of the Franciscan third order. Now she is 83, almost blind, she can hardly stand and walk, she is so thin that she is almost transparent, but her indomitable spirit, ardent love and heroic will are still there. She still manages to dictate a large correspondence."

For Frater David

By JOHN STANLEY

Sweet caves are sometimes found in unexpected places.
At least they're glimpsed.
They're rarely entered into.
Not even curious, stalking cats,
nor morning glories,
tendrils grasping, blue bells ringing hearty-like,
can carry off this prize.

From England

Dear Ammon:

I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book long ago but living has been hectic over the last month. This hasn't prevented me from reading and enjoying the book, however, and from pursuing some of the authors who have been your own mentors. It may, for example, surprise you to know that, up to this month, I have never read any Tolstoy apart from his earlier and better-known novels. I have tried to remedy this by reading some of his essays including the "Slavery of Our Times" and find him extraordinary topical. I have also been interested for years in Gandhi and Vinoba but read little about either until now. Of course, you probably know that the last-mentioned pair have had no small influence over several surprisingly well-known Catholics over here. One is Dom Bede Griffiths, OSB, who was once Prior of Farnborough Abbey (to which I am attached as an Extern Oblate) is a close friend of Toni Sussmann and is now in India trying to found an Indian Catholic contemplative order. Another is Archbishop Roberts, S.J. who was once Metropolitan of India and now lives at the Jesuit house in Farm Street, London. He has come out quite unashamedly on the pacifist side during the last year and has even got an article in support of this position in the May issue of "The Month," the English Jesuit review which is traditionally Rightist in outlook—I was received into the Church by its Assistant Editor! Furthermore, Charles Thompson, who edits our "Pax Bulletin" had a long and most satisfactory meeting with Archbishop Roberts some time ago and was invited to make public his official and public blessing on the "great and noble work of PAX." It's the first time in years we have enjoyed such exalted benison!

I haven't seen the current issue of "CW" yet but John O'Connor, our secretary tells me that you printed the little thing we sent you for May Day. What with Fr. Prince's occasional contributions, you're getting quite a link with us over here these days. I only wish we had even something resembling the CW movement in this country but the signs are fairly hopeless. Only PAX makes any attempt to bridge the gap and any move to make the CW line better known and appreciated here—such as my own idea of a Peter Maurin Circle—must and should start with PAX. I have adopted your technique of pamphleteering almost every potential sympathizer I meet, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, so I carry around a large stock of PAX pamphlets and any copies of the CW (your one I mean) that I can lay my hands on. I would always be grateful for any spare back numbers you care to send me for this purpose together with a few reprints of the thesis by McClosky on the CW movement.

One group which I introduced to the CW will interest you. It is the House of Hospitality run by the Anglican Franciscan Fathers in Cable Street, East London. This is in the heart of the roughest part of Dockland and has a large colored population many of them lascar seamen newly disembarked who have no family, friends, or even official reception center to make for. Prostitution is rife in the area and the moral tone of this part of London has been the subject of much long and almost completely ineffectual discussion in the correspondence columns of our Stuffed Shirt Press. I visited the House in the company of a Catholic friend who is a parttime Prison Visitor attached to the Legion of Mary (I gave him a copy of the CW which he thought first-rate) one evening when this part of London is at its best—or should it be worst—and was much impressed by what I saw. The Franciscan Fathers themselves were very simple, quite unassuming people bearing a quiet and courageous, if unsensational witness. I left them a copy of the CW which aroused their interest considerably. How mad I get, by the way, at the sort of Catholic—which means every other one you meet over here—who despises all other religious denominations and Faiths and hence any work of charity that one or other of them undertake! I had a long argument with one such specimen at my office. Some of the clergy are not guiltless of this offense against Charity, either. I read in the "Peace News" that you were "knocked off" by an unfriendly policeman after your Florida demonstration but was later released. I remember you every day at Mass and have tried to fast with you a little although what my feeble efforts can do which your own heroic (I use this word unashamedly and sincerely) gesture for peace.

Yours fraternally in Christ Prince of Peace,
Ian Henderson, London.

FROM DOWN UNDER

Dear Dorothy Day:

I have read several articles in the paper but I have a very keen interest in one by James Berry concerning a French communal settlement, L'Arche in the CW for April 1958. I would like to know the address of L'Arche so that I may contact them. I hope to go to Europe next year and I could visit them or if I fail to do that I may at least write to them. Perhaps you will be able to give me the names and addresses of some interdenominational communal settlements in U.S.A. I find the CW very interesting and the illustrations are a language themselves. I was very surprised to know that the Catholic Church has such groups as the CW.

May God bless us in our work and prayers, Samaritans and Jews everyone indeed of good will to do the will of Our Father that is most important and I believe, in fact I cannot conceive an idea of His kingdom on earth unless it be constructed in communal life.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Jonathan Jacobs
Box 141, Ringwood,
P.O. Victoria, Australia.

Book Review

(Continued from page 5)

becomes focused for him in her death. This is, fittingly, the one section in the book at which the author(s) demonstrates that his general paucity of style is not an effect born of necessity, for here he achieves a wealth of brilliant description and a kind of explosion of style which stands out most effectively against the understatement of most of the book. It is I think unfortunate that the book ends with an anti-climactical treatment of the "new" Leon and a symbolic interjection which seems like an arty contrivance after the marvelous honesty of the work throughout.

This is the kind of novel one could critically pick at rather easily; it is over-long and repetitious in spots, and the author didn't quite know how to end it. But it is a book which has great intelligence behind it, which combined with its intense moral seriousness, is liable to make a better and wiser man of him who reads it. In the light of so rare an achievement as this, the book's faults are unimportant.

HENNACY'S
WESTERN TRIP

Ammon Hennacy will attend the wedding of his daughter Carmen in Los Angeles August 28. On his way west he will speak at the Catholic Center, 3559 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. at 8:30 p.m., Thursday, August 21. He will visit Santa Clara and San Francisco, Eugene and Portland, Seattle and Spokane, the Doukhobors near Nelson, B.C., Anaconda, Boise, Salt Lake City, Flagstaff, the Hopi Indians, Phoenix, Tucson, Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Denver, Cheyenne, Father Casey in Hutchinson, Minn., St. Cloud, Collegeville and Minneapolis. La Crosse, Madison, Green Bay, Milwaukee, South Bend. And finally Lemoine College in Syracuse near the end of October. Those interested in speaking dates should write at once. He will likely make a mid-western trip next spring.

Forty Day Fast

(Continued from page 2)

fasted for 10 days. This was in two stretches. He was as always good company. George Rae drove down from near Boston for a visit of one day. It was a Saturday and we visited. He is a non-church pacifist and prayed and fasted some with me. He had just read my book. Bob Steed fasted in N.Y. City for 8 days and picketed some at the A.E.C. there. Terry McKiernan of Notre Dame, good Catholic anarchist, fasted the last 9 days with me. Mrs. McMahon of Mass. who had met Dorothy and I at St. Cloud years ago, fasted 5 days. Fr. Hovda and Fr. Casey in the middle west, and others in England and over the country fasted a day or two and wrote and told me about it. Bob Grant of Santa Fe stopped by and drove me to the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld who are charwomen at Catholic U. They had met Dorothy and are sympathetic with us.

Physical Effects

I weighed 158 pounds with coat and certain things in my pockets. Each morning I weighed myself on the same scales with the same clothes on. The first day I lost 6 pounds. I drank only distilled water. By the 18th day I had lost 25 pounds. From the 12th day I had such a bad taste in my mouth and my mouth was so dry in the morning that it was difficult for me to swallow, so I tried to gargle some salt water but that was too harsh. Then I tried lemon juice. This was worse yet. Then I tried 7 Up and this was just right. After six mornings my mouth felt alright and I needed nothing else. Then came cold days or perhaps my lack of food made me feel cool so I had a cup of tea or a few times light coffee to warm me up. If I had had hot water and lemon handy it would have been just as well but I roomed in the basement and it was too much effort to go upstairs to the kitchen. Jack Gaunt, my genial landlord, offered me "just one canned peach." I told him if I took one I would want two and then three, and then I would be eating. One persistent loafer came around to see if I was not eating something on the sly. A blonde at the A.E.C. at quitting time gave me a small package which proved to be a doughnut. I expect she did it on a dare. But if I took one peach or one doughnut my stomach would call for more. If I took none I would not crave for anything. I had lost my appetite when I started.

One evening I went to a show at Takoma Park and asked at the drugstore counter for some cracked ice. They gave me what was called a "snowball," which was cracked ice with grape squirted on it. It was too sweet but I got away with it. Another time I tried some with orange squirted on it but it was too sweet also. You crave something sour it seems. Cracked ice with seltzer water was too bitter. Other places I have been near a drinking fountain or where I could get fairly cool drinking water, but nothing like that around here. And the distilled water in my jug got pretty tiresome.

On the 19th day of my fast the weather was somewhat cooler and I noticed that I had not lost any weight. I thought there might be something wrong with the scales so I got weighed at another place, but the weight was the same. This continued for 12 days with not the loss of even one pound. It seemed uncanny. Clay Marks had not kept any record of his weight and I had no one to confer with who had fasted any length of time. Art Harvey said it was the prayers of the priests and religious that was helping me, and this came very well from a non-church pacifist. So it must be that I was on holy ground. And believe it or not this Hennyay commenced to feel somewhat humble. On the 30th day of my fast I did lose one pound, and finally by the 40th day I had lost 31 pounds. Dick and Byrd Sweitzer picked me up on the afternoon of

July 8 and I rested at their quiet country place near McLean, Va., the next three days, breaking my fast at 5 p.m. July 6th as the Sunday Washington Post announced. I had V8 juice heated like soup with grated cheese sprinkled on it. I had passed a grocery store daily with strawberries displayed so I had my mind fixed on buttermilk with these berries mixed in a juicer. I drank a little of this but this was too sweet and I did not mix any more of it. I did not crave pickles and sour stuff as I did at Las Vegas last summer. I suppose this is because it was not so hot here. More hot V8 juice and more buttermilk for the next day. After 41 hours I had poached eggs and whole wheat toast, and after 48 hours a mixture of pinto beans and peppers and onions and an ear of sweet corn. This was all eaten slowly. I am writing this on the third day after my fast and I have gained 17 pounds. This does not seem possible for I couldn't figure that I had eaten 3 pounds of food. I suppose that my dried body tissue, like a sponge, filled up with juice and buttermilk and gave me this weight. I do not feel a bit tired and consider that I am up to normal.

Remarks

Each morning I went to 7 o'clock Mass at the Cathedral which was only half a block away. The priests there were patriotic and not a bit interested in my witness, but Father Coen at the Catholic Information Center downtown who has my book and Dorothy's was very kind and cordial. Out here at McLean my non-church hosts took me to early Mass in their car to the beautiful octagonal church each morning until my return the 10th of July to New York City.

I visited Jim Guinan and friends at Friendship House and Llewellyn Scott at his House of Hospitality. Frank Brophy Jr. of Phoenix came over one night with a friend from the Irish Embassy and Frank also came over to my farewell lunch at the Press Club. I did not feel like reading much although I did go to the library one evening and get some biographies. One about Jack London whom I found in his last days desired life on an organic farm away from commercialism. I enjoyed the Life of Ibsen whose An Enemy of the People always inspired me. And the life of John Woolman, the Quaker who opposed slavery. He would not pay a tax for war, refused to take money for a soldier who was quartered in his home but entertained him as a friend rather than as a soldier. He would not make a will for anyone who disposed of a slave in the will, and insisted while traveling in the South among Quaker slave-owners of paying for his room and board. He refused to pay for a substitute in the 7 Years War before our Revolutionary War, and was a thoroughgoing rebel.

When I got these books at the library a youth of 18 of the Holiness sect insisted for several hours in trying to "save my soul." According to him Gandhi was burning in hell, and all those in and out of churches who did not believe in the letter of "entering in at the one door." That seemed to be the only scripture worthwhile. The whole Sermon on the Mount was "filthy rags" for we were saved by faith, not by works. He was called by God to go to Arabia and convert the Mohammedans he said. He was not unsympathetic to my fast and radicalism but the main thing was the letter of the word.

Virginia Glenn, who had been with Ingersoll and Harvey at the Ashram last year lived where I roomed and at times brought my mail to the park. She also arranged for me to speak on Wednesday at the Bagdad Restaurant where the Washington Pacifist Fellowship meets at 1 p.m. each week. And to another meeting the last night I was in Washington. It was through her that I met the Venerable

Narada, a Buddhist priest from Ceylon. We drank tea together while the others ate, as he fasts from noon daily, and I met him again at the Burmese Embassy. Although Buddhists do not believe in God and emphasize the median way rather than extremes I found him with his vegetarian idea of "loving-kindness to every living creature" a charming and saintly man whom it was a pleasure to meet. This is one of the very few ethical groups that never sought to advance its ideas by killing others in war.

Segregation

(Continued from page 3)

one that segregation is based on the assumption that the Negro is inferior to the white man. Negroes, say the segregationists, are both morally and intellectually inferior to whites; therefore we must "keep the nigger in his place." The Negro feels this. Deep down in his heart and mind he is constantly being reminded: "You are inferior; that's why we make you sit in the back of the bus. You are dirty; that's why we don't want you to eat with us. You are immoral; that's why we don't want our children to go to school with yours. You are stupid; that's why we don't give you a chance to hold important jobs and to lift yourself up economically."

That is why segregation is diametrically opposed to the Christian law of love: Even if the lies on which segregation is based were not lies, even if the Negro, not as an individual, but as a race, were inferior and dirty and immoral and stupid, it would be wrong for us to use this as an excuse to humiliate him and to refuse to associate with him as our equal, because he also is a child of God. We would be acting like the Pharisees, who rebuked Our Lord for eating and drinking with publicans and sinners and who prided themselves on being better than the rest of men. And Jesus would condemn us, just as He condemned the Pharisees for their pride and cruelty and lack of love: "Woe upon you, you Pharisees, that will award God his tithe, though it be of mint or rue or whatever herb you will, and leave on one side justice and the love of God; you do ill to forget one duty while you perform the other. Woe upon you, you Pharisees, for loving the first seats in the synagogues, and to have your hands kissed in the market-place; woe upon you, that are like hidden tombs which men walk over without knowing it." (Luke 11:42-44.)

Because segregation means all these things—it is unjustly discriminating; it jealously prevents a large segment of the population from outgrowing their position of social, educational, and economic inferiority; and it is cruelly damaging to the self-respect of free men and children of God—segregation and Christianity are incompatible. The sincere Christian cannot be a segregationist. For Christ demands of His followers two things: love of God and love of neighbor. Both of these loves must produce results in our everyday living and doing. Our Lord did not place much value on mere feelings and fine words; for He insisted that not every man who says to Him, "Lord, Lord," will enter the kingdom of heaven. Rather, the test of a man's love is in the way he acts: "It is by their fruit that you will know them." (Matt. 7:20.)

In concrete terms, therefore: If a man really loves his neighbor, he will not make him the victim of systematic discrimination. He will not deny him the respect and social recognition that other members of the community enjoy. He will not prevent him from bettering his economic condition. He will not make it more difficult for him to get a good education. And, above all, he will not endorse a social institution that causes his neighbor constant and deliberate humiliation.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

that Dominic made it a point to urge his followers to keep to an even mean.

I can understand these priests and their reaction. We too see many who come to work with us who are the extremists, who fall away at the heat of the day, while the modest, the prudent, the fearful keep going, advancing little by little and so keep the work going.

At the same time these priests do not know Ammon who should not be judged by the tone of his writings, or even by some of the things he says, taken out of context. He is offering his life for his brothers and he has to prove it constantly, to himself and to others. Rightly, in this great work, he calls to pacifists to show they are ready to lay down their lives — to live differently, to embrace poverty, to reject the fruits of injustice, to do with less, so that others can have more, in order to make a beginning of peace now. How many things we should do without, we can do without. Our own examinations of conscience can tell us these things. We sin against our vocation to holy poverty, in many little ways.

And how many things children want from morning till night. Their desires are limitless. Working with children you can see how parents through their very love try to make up to their children by gifts and sense pleasures for what they find it so impossible to give them these days,—real training.

Living in community you come back over and over to the conclusion that the emphasis must be placed first on the personalist. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." Discipline your own life, grow in grace, and your children will do what you do, rather than what you say. There is no telling them. They must see and learn for themselves.

All these reflections make me treasure these early morning times of study. Even Holy Mass and communion are not enough, when one rushes in and out of church, as we rush to and from our work.

Out Of These Ashes

(Continued from page 3)

came from the editor of the Bowery News. He knew what was driving men to drink. Our President doesn't.

My father was steeped in Irish history and he knew a better way of life than industrialism, even though he was trapped all his life in the industrial morass.

One day he came to the farming commune at Upton, Mass. He stayed a few days while we were putting together a house. I say "putting together" for it had originally been a school house on Lake Street, Boston, opposite Cardinal O'Connell's residence. We bought it for fifty dollars from the School Board, dismantled it and had taken it to Upton in three truck loads. Eight of the men at the farm reassembled it and my father added his little help.

He was extremely happy that day for the farming commune pleased him. He had always wanted to build his own home, have his own garden but the money never came. Often he told me of the days when his own people had dug the foundations for their churches, built them without benefit of contractors. I thought, to myself later that is what Maurin wants. Such buildings are built with the hearts and bodies and not just the reluctantly given dollars. Peter's view was that most of the churches don't belong to God—they belong to the banker. And they reflect his limitations. In a perverse generation, the banks become more church-like while the churches become more business-like. The children of darkness, etc.

That was the last time my father came to Boston. He had been born there, near St. Joseph's on Chamber Street in the days of the

All this is talking to myself of course. I am the one who needs these countless reminders.

Hans.

While Hans was building the stairs and putting up gutters on the roof and doing various other jobs before he got sick, we had good conversation at table. The children were talking of the dangers of floating out to sea on the inflated inner tubes, and he told of his shipwreck in the Gulf of Mexico many years ago. The ship was the North Star and it was a lumber ship — a three-masted schooner from Boston or Maine. She had a little donkey boiler which hoisted the sail, a little bit easier on the crew of fourteen who sailed her. She was carrying telegraph poles, wired to the deck and three days out from New Orleans, a hurricane struck and the ship broke in two. The captain asked for volunteers to unwire the lumber but none could make it. It was sure death. They took to the boats, Hans in the captain's and with the help of sail, the seven of them made Veracruz in a week. They had only a cask of water and sea biscuit and a bottle of brandy for medicine. The other boat was picked up by a freighter. The American consul in Veracruz saw to it that they got some clothing, (Hans was in singlet and dungarees) and paid their fare to New Orleans but there they were on the beach while they fought with the company for their pay. When they got it was three days' pay, the amount coming to them for their three days on the boat before it cracked up. "There was no union in those days," Hans said.

* * *

We call attention to Robt. Casey's story in this issue of the strike in Hawaii and the communal work engaged in by the strikers.

* * *

We omitted to give Irene Mary Naughton's address in the last issue of the Catholic Worker which printed her letter from Yucatan.

(Continued on page 8)

faith. He returned so often that Boston became mentally my second home. I poured over his souvenirs and maps and knew the streets well before I ever set my foot on them.

It seemed remarkably apt that his last act should be to help us move an old school house from Boston to St. Benedict's at Upton, Boston prides itself on being the Athens of America. It's a well deserved title but much of the education was based on Greek ideals, twisted Calvinism, muddy German scholarship. Hawthorne and Emerson and Thoreau tried awkwardly and valiantly to move into a clearer light. The Brook Farm group had been a start towards Benedictinism. Appropriately enough it produced Hecker and Brownson and Mrs. Ripley brought the Good Shepherd nuns to America after her conversion.

St. Benedict's farming commune was picking up the Brook Farm thread. John Magee, its director, had aptly been born close by the Brook Farm. When Katherine Burton wrote her book Paradise Planters, one of our farm group read it and said every person in it was reflected in our group.

My father would have understood what St. Benedict meant when he said "education begins when you cut down a tree." He was happy that day for he saw we had started the long road back to Christian values. We were no longer trying to make Post-Reformation industrialism by baptizing it with dubious thinking. When Leo XIII had written his encyclical, *Rerum Novarum* on the laboring classes, he could only point out one person, Leon Harmel, a Catholic industrialist, who had done anything of lasting values. Leo's own words—a tragically pathetic fact

Peter Maurin Farm

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

We are always happy to have our friends visit with us. Among the visitors during the past month were: Diane Mazza from Reading, Pa.; Hazel Brady-Brown from Ottawa, Canada; Fr. Plante from Montreal; Ed and Simmie Grant from New Mexico; Dick O'Connell from Collegeville, Minn.; Dr. and Mrs. Pieper from Chicago, Ill.; Mary Lou Hennessy from St. Paul; The Felicianos, Puerto Ricans from N. Y.; The Sasportas from the Near East. Mary Lisi and her sister from Rome, Italy. Someone truly remarked that the world meets at The Catholic Worker.

We were privileged to have Father James J. De Fino of the Maryknoll Fathers offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for us in our chapel. As a seminarian, Father De Fino used to volunteer his services to our work during his summer vacations and he promised us that when he was ordained he would offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass for us in our chapel. It was a beautiful occasion and we all knelt for his blessing. In a few weeks Father De Fino is leaving for his mission station in Korea. Our prayers go with him.

Several Staff changes have been made in the past month. If we were a formal group the listing would perhaps read as follows: Beth Rogers went to Grallville for a week, and then to spend a week with her family; Charles Butterworth left the City House to take care of the shopping and the driving at the Farm; Mildred Seale and Deane Mowrer are both helping with the work at the Farm; Dorothy Day is helping the families at the beach bungalows; Ammon Hennessy has just completed a forty day fast in Washington, D.C.; Zita Pearson, who comes from Minnesota, is helping with the cooking and in her spare time is making Holy Water fonts for our cabins. Charles Russell, who comes from Texas, and Irving, French-Mohawk from Quebec, are both helping John with the farm work. Hans Tunneson has been taken ill with pneumonia and had to be taken to the hospital. This is the first time that Hans has taken a rest from his many duties around the farm and we all miss him.

A sheep can be shorn only when it is caught—a brilliant piece of logic which I arrived at after two unsuccessful tries to capture our ewe. All winter long the ewe had been growing a luxurious wool coat and now that the weather had become hot, John decided that it was time to shear our sheep.

But to capture a sheep even in a small enclosure requires a nimble

foot. Twice she eluded my outstretched hands, but on the third attempt I managed to grasp her by the wool and to bring her to halt.

All struggle was now gone from the ewe as she patiently lay on her side awaiting John's skillful hand. "He was led like a sheep to the shearer"; the phrase ran through my head, for it is true that a sheep epitomizes meekness.

John expertly clipped the wool which soon overflowed a large basket. I was surprised at the amount of wool we got from the sheep. Spun and woven on our looms it would make many things.

John showed me his hands which were dripping with Lanolin and told me that it was good for the hair since it was responsible for the luxurious growth of wool. "Just imagine what it would do for a few bald spots" I replied, as I ran my fingers through my thinning hair.

Dorothy spent an evening washing the wool in the bathtub and hanging it in sheets to dry on the line. The wool which had an accumulation of a winter's dirt became white in the cleaning. The next step is to tease the wool to remove the particles of foreign matter (Mary Lisi and her sister are doing that) and then to card it before spinning it on our spinning wheels. The final step of course is to weave it on our looms. Charles Butterworth is our weaver and already he has an excellent pupil in Frank Carasante. Frank who has a physical affliction learned to weave in a Veteran's hospital.

It was a three-way-race to harvest the sweet cherries from our trees. The starlings and the barn swallows organized a continual air lift to the trees and each would depart with a cherry in his beak. But since they concentrated on the top branches we let them alone. Besides, I reasoned, they must be the sour cherries.

But more serious as competitors and less interesting to watch were the small boys of the neighbor, hood, who the moment ones back was turned, would clamber and scramble up and down the trees. I was always afraid that they would fall and hurt themselves.

But despite the competition of the birds and the boys we managed to pick enough cherries for Shelia Johnson to bake us several cherry pies. Shelia once made us eighteen pies and was amazed to discover that they all disappeared in one day. Which proves what a good pie maker Shelia is.

It is hot in the corn patch and the sweat pours down as one at-

tempts to hoe down the weeds. It seems to be a never ending job. The minute one cuts down a weed it appears that several spring up to take its place. But in a few weeks the corn will be high enough to hold its own against the tallest of the weeds. But in the meanwhile the struggle must go on.

"If I only had a garden tractor," John tells me. "I would be able to raise a tremendous amount of food for St. Joseph's House, but as it is with all the work that has to be done it is all we can do to keep ahead of the weeds."

But John Filliger, Irving and Charles Russell keep steadily at the weeding and as soon as one field is finished they march bravely on to the next. A garden tractor would be a great help to them.

As it is we are beginning to get a tremendous amount of vegetables from our gardens and fields. Whenever Bob Steed manages to spare some time from his duties at Chrystie Street he drives out for a load of vegetables for the use of St. Joseph's House.

There is a mysticism common to those who are lovers of the sea—the thought (I had read it somewhere) came strongly to mind as I stood on the sandy beach, late one evening, and peered into the velvety blackness. The stars which fill the heavens with their brilliance and lustre had long ceased their blinking and had retired behind the blankets of dark billowy clouds that had scudded across the sky. The profound darkness which had enveloped the earth in its grasp effectively blotted out the many twinkling lights which can ordinarily be seen out at sea. There was a feeling of profound peace and a sense of kinship with the universe as I stood there with the wind blowing in my face.

The wind started to increase in its intensity and a drop of rain carressed my brow or was it a bit of salt spray that the wind had sent sailing into space. My sense of sight was obscured but from amidst the confused medley of sounds my hearing was able to distinguish the various notes of the sea symphony: The whistling of the wind and the accompanying boom of the surf which broke upon the shore with a roar and then raced back to meet the incoming waves.

It was sometime before I could tear myself away from the darkness and the wind and the pounding surf and walk the few miles back to Peter Maurin Farm.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)

They need help there and I beg our readers to send what they can. Everyone can spare a little. Even the apostles who followed our Lord had a money bag from which they gave alms, and He had so embraced poverty that He had no place to lay His head. It was our Lord too who told the story of the widow's mite. Peter Maurin used to say, "If everyone tried to be the poorest, none would be poor." And one of my Spanish in-laws always said, "There is always enough for one more,—everyone take a little less." So send what you can to Irene Naughton, Calle 15 de Sept. 22, Chetumal, Quin. Roo, Mexico.

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Where Are We Going? Out; What Are We Doing? Praying

We received a notice the other day to come to court on August thirteenth to hear all about how the city is taking over the block we are living in, to tear down all the buildings and put in the subway link between Delancy and Houston streets. The work proceeds inexorably, the enormous derricks lower giant shovels into the earth and fill innumerable trucks with soil from under the street, the trip hammers push steel girders down down into the soil and rock of Manhattan Island and perhaps they are afraid, the city fathers, that blasting will tumble our house to the ground, our old house with its wide windows which reach to the floor, its large rooms, its back yard where Larry and Roy serve afternoon and after-supper ice tea these hot days of August. In the eight years we have been on Chrystie street, the privet hedges in the back yard where we have our meetings, where our old one and sick ones sit, are giving shade and refreshments to the eyes. Perhaps when we go we can dig them up and take them with us.

But where are we going, the fifty or so people in our house? And when are we going? Who knows? There may be postponement, delay, but go we must. We may try to sit it out, but if they start blasting underneath us, we'll move quick enough I suppose. Perhaps we will all go over to the park and sit on the benches, build fires to cook on, set up house-keeping there. But the police

who do nothing to make the park safe during the nights when the marauding gangs, footpads and cutthroats are on the prowl, would soon enough gather us all in to one of the city prisons. And I cannot see Margaret, and Mollie and Scotch Mary and Hatty, and Annabelle and the two Veronicas and Cecilia and the others in the Woman's House of Detention either. There is no room there—they are doubled up, two in a cell for one, as it is. And the men! Forty or fifty of them—in how many institutions at how much a day in cost to the city will they be scattered. Or will they all just be scattered, to get lost, to suffer, out of sight, out of mind.

Where shall we go? Whatever is unoccupied in the way of a building has too many violations against it, would cost gigantic sums to rebuild. Whatever is occupied (and so in good standing with the housing department, would put us in the position of landlord, and besides keep us waiting until we could persuade the tenants to move, to get space for our own family.

Has anyone any suggestions? Does anyone own a house we can use. Does anyone own a house where there are apartments vacant which we can use for some of our fellow workers? Are there any stores available anywhere. We prefer to be on the lower east side, where we have lived for the last twenty five years of course. But we will go where God sends us where St. Joseph is able to find a stable or a cave for us. May he move your hearts to help, those of you who can help. Meanwhile we are doing a lot of praying.

Work and the Incarnation

By ADELAIDE de BETHUNE

If it is true that one third of our brain is directly connected with our hands, what happens to children who never learned to use their hands? Do they go through life with one third of their brain inactive?

Because of our fallen human nature, we know that our mind is darkened and our will is weak. Ignorant as we are, and vacillating as we are, we often find it hard to make the body obey the mind. Our body, like a poor animal, would be happy to obey its master, if only the master were reasonable and steadfast. But seeing its master is so inconstant, what can the poor thing do but become a spoiled brat and go its own unmanageable way? Training the mind to train the body is essential. (Training the mind alone is useless). In the arts, the mind directs the body's movements.

If we believe seriously that man is composed of body and spirit and made in the image and likeness of God, then there is no place in the Catholic School for the kind of teaching that neglects the body. And I don't mean that hot lunches, or a good nurse or doctor in attendance, or checking up on children's teeth, is enough. These are important because they take care of the body, but they do nothing to establish habits of workmanship, i.e., coordination of body-spirit. Athletics do so to some extent, but are limited by being merely recreation instead of creation. The arts

are what I mean. The arts unite the mind and the body and coordinate them in one intellectual and physical action.

If we seriously believe in the Incarnation of Our Lord—that is, if we seriously believe that God came down to earth, had a body like ours, was similar to ourselves in every respect, except for sin, we should certainly not be ashamed of being carpenters, or of training our children to be carpenters. Let "carpenter" here be used as a sort of exemplar of the arts. It happened to be Our Lord's art. He could have been a Doctor of Theology or a financial genius or he could have been a general or a politician. On the other hand, he could have been a slave rowing in the galleys, or hauling granite day and night. He was none of these. He was doubtless trained by St. Joseph, who was a carpenter, and for at least twenty years this must have been his trade. Carpentry is a universal symbol of man's creativeness combined with God's raw-matter.

(Adapted from an Address given at the Catholic University of America, and used by permission of the Catholic University of America Press, Washington, D. C.)

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Every one is invited.

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