

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Father John Faley Follower Of Poverty

Father John Faley is dead. He was our priest visitor (we could not call him chaplain, since we are a group of lay people, editing a paper and running houses of hospitality, and are doing it as individuals, and so have no official status in the diocese or city). If we had called him chaplain, people might have blamed him for positions we took in the Catholic Worker which have always been controversial, to say the least. Two archbishops may be for us and two may be against us for instance. There is freedom of thought in the Church, as the continued existence of the Catholic Worker gives evidence. We are not priest ridden. But we are certainly thankful and grateful when we have such priest friends as Fr. Faley, who was God-sent, to live with us and offer Mass for us, and counsel us about the works of mercy, instruct us about the Mass, and set us an example of humility and poverty. We have known him since before the second world war. He helped in our Baltimore House of Hospitality and he made the retreat there under Fr. Pacifique Roy. He helped in the Cleveland House of Hospitality and then came to us at Maryfarm, Newburgh, New York, a farm which we sold some years ago to move to Staten Island. Both at Newburgh and at Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, he lived in a cabin, which was warm enough and comfortable enough, but which obviously was a converted chicken coop or wagon shed. One man could make a shambles of a place and, another could live in decent poverty, with dignity. Fr. Faley always looked comfortable, was always ready to welcome you to one of his easy chairs for a talk. But he was not a man for idle chatter or gossip or "kidding around." He was a priestly man, read his Office as he paced down the path to the woods, and when it was stormy, up and down the long dormitory in the barn. He read a great deal and got many books from the library. He was a priest "on leave" and we all felt he was an answer to prayer. And now after a long illness at St. Vincent's hospital, on Staten Island, he has gone to his reward, as the saying is. He never asked any reward in this life, and when Mass stipends were sent to him, he generally sent them to poor priests in the missions. He never argued with anyone about pacifism or anarch-

ism. He read his Bible and his breviary and left such concerns to the laymen who are supposed to be devoting their energies along these lines of social justice and peace. If he admired Ammon Hennacy, it was because of his great ability to work. He

liked to see him weeding between conferences when he made a retreat at the farm. His cousins and nephews who came to the beautiful requiem Mass at St. Vincent's villa said that they would bring his "effects" to us at Peter Maurin Farm, but there will be little

there, we know. He wanted nothing, and certainly with the Sisters of Charity, he wanted for nothing those last three years of his life. They deserve to have the first American-born saint in Mother Seton, their foundress, and we thank them.

And when his parents brought in the child Jesus to the temple according to the law, Simeon received him into his arms, saying "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation." (St. Luke, Chapter 2.)



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129

EASY ESSAYS

By Karl Meyer

I—WORDS AND FACTS

In Bread and Wine
Ignazio Silone says
that peasants of Italy
did not submit
to the propaganda of Mussolini.
They submitted
to the fact of his power.
And they would not respond
to the counter-propaganda of the revolutionist,
but they might respond
to revolutionary facts.

Peter Maurin said
that a leader has only
to shout a word,
Silone says
that the leader had only
to present a fact.
Peter Maurin said
that discipline
was Mussolini's word.
Silone says
that discipline
was Mussolini's fact.

I believe
that the liberals,
and the students,
and the intellectuals of America
do not submit
to the propaganda of the military.
I believe
that they do submit
to the fact
that the nation
is committed to war
overwhelmingly.
And I believe
that they will not respond
to the counter-propaganda of the pacifist movement
but they might respond
to the fact
of a nonviolent revolution against war.

II—THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION AND THE NONVIOLENT REVOLUTION

In order to have a revolution,
it is necessary, first of all,
to begin.
The nonviolent revolution begins
with a one man revolution
and a two man revolution
and a three man revolution.
But not every one man revolution
is the beginning
of a two man revolution
and a three man revolution.
If the one man revolution
aims to be a beginning
and an end,
that is what it will be.
But if the one man revolution
asks to be not an end
but only a beginning,
that is what it may be.
Yet in either case
the one man revolution
is, at least, a fact.

III—THE PACIFIST MOVEMENT AND THE NONVIOLENT REVOLUTION

The American pacifist movement
is in four phases.

the first phase is
peace education,
as exemplified by
The American Friends Service Committee.

(Continued on page 4)

Letter to an Imprisoned Editor

January 1, 1960.

Dear Ammon: Instead of the usual On Pilgrimage column this month, I shall spend my first day of the new year writing you a long letter with all the news of the month. I have already written you the meager two pages which I am allowed to write once a week. This is the last month of your six month sentence and it is good to hear that you are being released for sure on January 20 and will set out on your journey around the country. And since this is an open letter, and there may be many new readers this month to add to the usual 62 or 63,000 or whatever it is whose names are on our mailing list, let me explain here that an editor of the Catholic Worker is in jail this time not for making a demonstration in City Hall park against the war game of a civil defense drill but for trespassing on the Omaha missile base and giving out copies of The Catholic Worker.

Peter Maurin used to say proudly that the Catholic Worker was not



just a journal of opinion, but a revolution, a movement, a way of life. To say the least it is an unusual paper, with one or another of its editors in jail. This last year for instance, there were three of its editors in jail in April for fifteen days, and another editor arrested for providing shelter for a deserter and letting him escape (leaving him free to make up his own mind as to the when and how of his return to the army). The head of the Chicago Catholic Worker Karl Meyer also served a six month sentence and came out on Thanksgiving Day to go back to his work of running a Catholic Worker house of hospitality in Chicago, with the help of two or three other young men. Karl was the youngest to go to jail and it is a happy thing to know that there are constantly young ones coming into the movement to join the old ones who persist in their "starry-eyed idealism" as the Nation once termed our state.

The Catholic Worker began in 1933, and is in its 28th year and since its beginning there have been wars—the Japanese-Chinese war, the Ethiopian war, the Spanish Civil War, the Second World War, the Korean war, not to speak of the little wars in one or another part of the world, like the Indo-China War and the present French-Algerian war. Peter Maurin kept reminding us that the way to reach the unemployed, the poor, the workers, was through the works of mercy and starting in the midst of a depression as we did, there was plenty of work to do.

Our salvation depends on whether or not we perform these works. "Inasmuch as you did not do it unto the least of these you did not do it to me." But war is the opposite of the works of mercy. Instead of feeding the hungry, it

forces more to go hungry. Instead of sheltering the homeless it destroys homes. If we are "peace-makers," and Jesus said blessed are the peace makers, we must fight war.

And is it not a wonderful thing that the government considers us dangerous enough to their war preparations and so imprisons us? The newspapers may pay little attention to these demonstrations but the values of men in jail carry farther than those at liberty. And besides how many more of the works of mercy are we practicing when we visit the prisoner, become one with these poor, the most impoverished of all, since they are deprived of man's most precious possession, his freedom.

I enjoyed your last letter, Ammon, written on Christmas day. You say that you got the two books permitted you, and the box of nuts. A meagre Christmas gift but all you were allowed. Myself, I did not care for the Danilo Dolci book since he did not tell of his own work of building a community in Sicily, or trying to instill a philosophy of work, and of forcing the issue of unemployment by leading men to work on roads and in the fields, even when there was no pay check—a reverse strike, they called it. He was arrested for this and so his message about poverty is heard all over Europe. But his book does not do justice to him.

"I will review the book for the prison paper, and for the CW," you write. "Just as we put up with the Bowery and beatniks and so forth, so does Dolci put up with Palermo. None of us can do much. What we can do is to live among this misery—and in jail. And not for a minute edge toward the Ford Foundation, the bourgeois life, etc. This with faith is all anyone can do. Could Lot change Sodom and Gomorrah? . . . This is definite, I am getting out January 20. You can put it in the paper. I did not get the December issue yet in the library, and I never got a single issue of the paper myself. The Nation this week has an article by John Cort's brother David about Atlanta prison. Very hard to generalize about classes of criminals. Just as the Gallup poll is faked by the loaded questions so are the answers to questions asked in prison . . . It is good to hear about the visit of the French priests, and that priest in exile from Algeria . . . I read all those articles in the New York Times about Cuba and I do not agree with those people who criticize Castro. He does not claim to be a pacifist. But his enemies are ours too. The United Fruit Company, the sugar planters and so on. When we meet our old Communist friends it is not whether we agree on many things or not, but we have that old comradesly feeling of the days when the issue was not obscured. I hope you print the route I intend to take when I leave prison and let the exact dates from the way they happen for I could not write to the people. Our friends can write to The Catholic Worker and you can forward the letters to me and I will answer them and get in touch with them on the way. (Ed note: I hope he types his answers as his writing takes hours to decipher.) About co-ops, I think those anarchist co-ops can work in a place like Spain as they did for a while where the fishermen and peasants are not corrupted by life as we are here. Much can be done, but so many come to us at the Catholic Worker running away from responsibility and it takes just this trait to succeed in a co-op. Yet as we do with all things, we must keep on trying."

Cuba

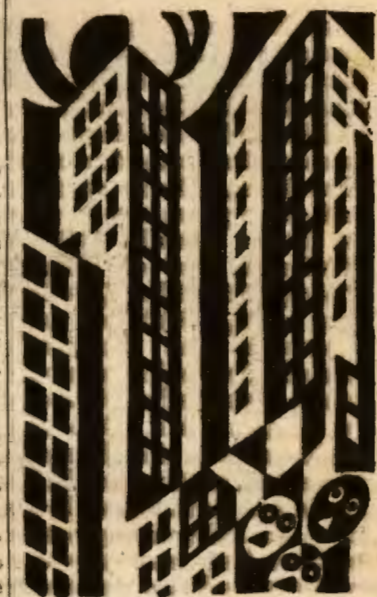
I had been writing him about the talks by Wm. Morvath, and his study groups on co-operative housing, and the project he is trying to start in Harlem. Next summer we hope to have a folk school at the Peter Maurin Farm for

some weeks in July so that people can get together and put in some serious sessions on these ideas of mutual aid and self help.

On one Friday evening during the month of December we had had speakers on the co-operative movement and the emphasis was all on enlightened self interest. "How to get people interested in cooperative and credit unions?" "Teach them how to save a dollar." Having listened to this approach for a few other meetings, I could not resist talking about other motives that move men, that inspire their actions. So I began quoting Claudel, "Youth demands the heroic." The series about Castro's Cuba had just come out written by a Tad Szulc, summing up what had happened in this first year since the Castro revolution, and I could not forbear reading aloud some of the paragraphs from the article. "The revolution had given the Cubans an honest government and a feeling that their rulers cared about them. The promise of social justice, erroneous as the regime's road toward it may be in the opinion of critics, brought about a foretaste of human dignity for the millions who had little knowledge of it under the old order of near feudal economy. Socially and economically, the revolution's supreme aim is to provide reasonably full employment all year."

There are 6,500,000 inhabitants of Cuba and the agricultural workers have had only three months work a year on the sugar plantations. Now they are working for diversification of crops through government cooperatives which are taking the place of the vast estates. There has been a great deal of expropriation of land, and most of the newspaper accounts have neglected to say that there is going to be compensation for the land taken over for the people. Most of them are emphasizing the fact that the "frantic and disorganized practices of land reform are said to have already caused serious injury to agriculture." Certainly it must have caused serious injury to capital invested in Cuba.

The Rev. Doctor Arthur Miller, moderator of the General Assem-



bly of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and the United States to be patient with Cuba and the Castro revolution. At least 95% of the people he met fully supported Castro and said he was honest, not a communist and is working for his own people. "I cannot become excited by the loss of land by companies like the United Fruit. These companies came to Latin America knowing the risks and have made huge profits for many years."

You see, Ammon, you are not the only one criticizing the United Fruit company.

There has not only been land reform, which I am especially interested in, after visiting so many of the migrant labor camps throughout the United States but there has attention paid to the educational system long neg-

(Continued on page 3)

GANDHI SAID:

A Treatise on Non-Violence?

To write a treatise on the science of ahimsa (non-violence) is beyond my powers. I am not built for academic writings. Action is my domain. What I understand, according to my lights, to be my duty, and what comes my way, I do. All my action is actuated by the spirit of service. Let anyone who can systematize ahimsa into a science, do so—if indeed it lends itself to such treatment.

From the above it may be concluded that there is no need at present for the treatise in question. Any such during my lifetime would necessarily be incomplete. If at all, it could only be written after my death. And even so let me give the warning that it would fail to give a complete exposition of ahimsa. No man has ever been able to describe God fully. The same holds true of ahimsa. I can give no guarantee that I will do or believe tomorrow what I do or hold to be true today. God alone is omniscient. Man in the flesh is essentially imperfect. He may be described as being made in the image of God but he is far from being God. God is invisible, beyond the reach of the human eye. All that we can do, therefore, is to try to understand the words and actions of those whom we regard as men of God. Let them soak into our being and let us endeavor to translate them into action but only so far as they appeal to the heart. Could scientific treatise do more for us?

(From Harijan—1946)

I am not a visionary. I claim to be a practical idealist. The religion of non-violence is not meant merely for the rishis and saints. It is meant for the common people as well. Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute, and he knows no law but that of physical might. The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law—to the strength of the spirit.

I have therefore ventured to place before India the ancient law of self-sacrifice. For Satyagraha and its off-shoots, non-cooperation and civil resistance, are nothing but new names for the law of suffering. The rishis who discovered the law of non-violence in the midst of violence, were greater geniuses than Newton. They were themselves greater warriors than Wellington. Having themselves known the use of arms, they realized their uselessness, and taught a weary world that its salvation lay not through violence but through non-violence.

Non-suffering in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but it means putting one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire, to save his honor, his religion and his soul.

(From Young India, 1920)

THE FUNDAMENTAL ALTERNATIVES
CHRIST OR THE BOMB

By REV. JOHANNES UDE

(Text of a sermon preached in the Church of St. Kazian in Austria on June 4th of last year.)

Mankind as a whole, and therefore every man in particular, is now faced with the necessity for making a decisive choice on which depends nothing less than the possibility of establishing peace in the world. I have no doubt that you who are assembled here sincerely desire a true peace. But such a peace can come about only if each individual assists at the building of it. Every man, without exception, must contribute to this undertaking. Has it not been pointed out that the best of us cannot live in peace if our ill-disposed neighbors stand in the way? We have to make ourselves realize that war and peace are born in the heart of each individual.

Meanwhile, there is the practical question to consider: What must we do in order that, at last, peace may become a reality? To pose this question is to place before ourselves the fundamental alternatives: either we choose to follow the way of Christ or we choose the atomic bomb. There is no third solution. To follow the way of Christ is to opt for life, to elect, with His help, to secure and consolidate a real peace. But if we adopt the view, held by every nation-state in the world, that peace can be obtained by atomic bombs, then, to be sure, we will also be choosing peace, but peace of a very different kind—the kind found in cemeteries.

That is why I am asking you, and the rest of humanity as well, which way you will choose. The way that leads to peace through Christ, or the other way, that professes to reach the goal with the aid of the atomic bomb. But perhaps you have already made your choice?

More than nineteen hundred years ago, on the banks of the Jordan, a man named John the Baptist cried out to the people: "Be on guard, do penance, because the Messiah has come among you, the Savior whom God has sent you and whom you do not acknowledge: the Messiah, the Christ, sent by God to show all men the road that leads to eternal life."

You all know what happened. They did not listen to him. They crucified Him who had come to bring them Truth, Salvation and Peace. We know what the consequences of this rejection were. Jerusalem was chastised for having chosen to follow its false prophets, its politicians and its clergy, rather than Christ, the Divine Messenger.

An identical fate—or rather a far more terrible one—lies in store for us if we ignore God's warning and if we do not make up our minds to initiate the indispensable revolution of conscience. Everywhere in the world, the scourge of atomic death threatens men. In the wake of numerous nuclear tests, the terrestrial atmosphere becomes progressively more contaminated. In the United States, seventy-five thousand nuclear weapons are stored; the Russian stockpile is even larger. The American weapons alone are enough to destroy all the people on earth twenty times over.

All the statesmen, the leaders of the Western camp as well as those of the Eastern, the representatives of the churches, whether Catholic or Protestant, stubbornly adhere to the old slogan: "If you want peace, prepare for war." All their actions are inspired by this principle. The States and the Churches believe that peace can be established with atomic bombs, arguing that neither of the blocs will dare attack the other, for fear of precipitating a world-wide nuclear conflict. Because everybody, including Eisenhower, Khrushchev,

and all the other men who hold power, knows that an atomic war would mean the almost instantaneous disappearance of life on earth.

Yet we must ask ourselves if this assurance is sufficient. What guarantee do we have that the stockpiles of nuclear weapons, Eastern or Western, will not, in fact, one day be used? Meanwhile, the world lives in perpetual anguish, paralyzed by the fear of being present at the final catastrophe, when the bombs will finish us all off. Is this kind of anguish compatible with peace? Isn't it ridiculous to hope that peace can spring from such constant anxiety? As far as I am concerned, people who share this hope have no business being at large; they ought to be in asylums.

Christ said: "The peace which I give you is mine to give; I do not give peace as the world gives it" (John 14:27). The peace of men, with their pride and lust for pleasure, is founded on death, on slaughter and destruction, in short, armed peace. The peace of Christ, on the other hand, is peace stripped of violence, the peace that is the fruit of love, because the fundamental law of Christ, the one that resumes all the others is the law of Love. From this splendid law of Love follows the commandment that the Apostle John has transmitted to us: we must be ready to lay down our lives for our brothers. From this same law of Love follows also the prohibition against taking life.

And yet how do soldiers, whether they be Christians or not, act, once war is unleashed? They give themselves over unreservedly to their trade; they kill, pillage and destroy. I ask you, is such behavior compatible with the law of Love, with the injunction against doing evil to another? Or is the mighty law of Love suspended every time war breaks out?

And I ask those who defend this work of destruction how they reconcile the death of the criminal with the interdiction that Christ made against doing evil to others. Isn't the criminal whose death you desire the very neighbor whom Christ commanded us to love?

And I ask those who preach "legitimate defense" if the aggressor, the killing of whom appears clearly justified to you, is not the very neighbor whom God has commanded us to love more than ourselves. Or is it that the great law of Love is, once again, suspended every time an unjust aggression takes place?

* * *

According to the teaching of Christ's Apostle, the prohibition against killing admits of no exception.

I am well aware of the objection that some of you will raise; thousands have already raised it. If the Western camp does not arm, millions of Russians will descend upon us; this will mean the end of Western culture and Christian civilization. We must have a sufficient supply of arms, including nuclear arms, and must do everything in our power to achieve military superiority. Only the atomic bomb can protect us against invasion. The identical argument, with the terms reversed, is echoed by the East.

Who then is right? Christ, according to whom "all those who take the sword shall perish by the sword?" Or our contemporary worshippers of the atomic divinities, who contend that the bombs are indispensable to the maintenance of peace? Such a position, such a justification of armaments is enough in itself to enable Christ to discern the falsehood in you; you have ceased to be a Christian. That is why you must be told,

you madmen who hold power and all of you who sanction their crimes, in the name of Christ, who forbade all killing, without exception: You have no right to obligate your fellow-citizens to violate God's law by imposing military service on them. A man cannot be a Christian and kill; a man cannot be a Christian and a soldier. And that is why we who are sincere Christians do not recognize the military obligation you would like to impose on us. Every barracks built by a government, on the instigation of international capitalism, is a place of perdition, where young men are taught to kill and to destroy the fruits of culture and civilization.

War is now more than ever a business venture, in which huge sums of capital are invested in the hope of reaping immense dividends.

This means that a terrible responsibility rests upon all those who expect peace to come from the atomic bomb. And this holds true especially for you, moralists and Christian theologians. You use every subtle device of dialectic to persuade us that the divine commandment "Thou shalt not kill" admits of certain exceptions and, specifically, that atomic armament is sanctioned by the moral law. Those who talk this way are guilty of a crime against humanity.

Christians of the world, have two world wars taught you nothing? Whose fault is it that in the course of these two conflicts, sixty-four million, seven-hundred thousand people lost their lives? Whose fault is it that the nation-states are already arming for a third world war? On whom does the guilt devolve for the tragedies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Who bears responsibility for the countless nuclear tests that are poisoning the atmosphere? Whose fault is it that the governments offer up hundreds of billions of dollars as a sacrifice to the monstrous idol of militarism? In the last year alone, the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union have devoted more than fifty billion dollars to armaments!

Who is responsible, I ask you, for the horror of the innumerable deaths, the destruction, the atrocities, the indescribable misery? The answer is that the responsibility rests upon all who do not take Christ's commandments seriously, who turn away from his words.

Of course, we all desire peace. But the vast majority of those who call themselves Christians aspire to the peace of the atomic stalemate rather than the peace of Christ. Accordingly, the words that the prophet Isaiah once addressed, in the name of God, to the unbelieving Jews now apply to the general run of humanity: "Pray as much as you like; I will not hear your prayers, because your hands are steeped in blood. Save yourselves, purify yourselves, remove the spectacle of your wickedness from my sight, cease doing evil. . . . But if you disobey me and provoke My wrath, you will be destroyed by the sword."

So it is up to every man to make a choice between Christ and the atomic bomb. Unhappily, most men have already made their choice; they seek peace through violence, atomic peace, the peace of perpetual anxiety, with the constant prospect of death and destruction. But there are others who are seeking Christ's peace, the unarmed peace solidly based on the prohibition against taking life and the obligation to propagate love.

You who hear me must make your decision. Your choice is free. Choose, while there is still time, the way that will lead you, and the rest of humanity, to safety. But

(Continued on page 7)

St. Helena: a Travelogue

By NICHOLAS ROSA

Far down in the South Atlantic, the top of a great undersea mountain breaks surface, to present ramparts of forbidding cliffs to the endless march of the swell. It is a dead volcano. On its few square miles of dry land, some five thousand people dwell. It is almost the entire world, for them.

Their forefathers had a wider world. The ships of the great old wooden whaling fleets used to put in at St. Helena for water, fresh food, and men. Men of St. Helena came to know New Bedford and Stonington as their "home" ports. For merchant ships, too, and for the British Navy, plying between Europe and the Far East and South America, the island was an important way station. Now the whalers belong to legend, the merchantmen cruise great-circle courses and the Navy is oil-powered and refrigerator-victualled. The world has fallen away and left St. Helena alone like a raft on the empty sea.

It is possible (though not quite simple) to visit the place and visitors generally fall in love with it, though Napoleon was never happy there. For the occasional tourists, for administrators, for anyone with money—in short, white men—the place is the equivalent of an unspoiled West Indies island, complete to mountaintop golf course and the finest "native" population this side of Tahiti.

For the St. Helenans, it is another matter. Of course the island is their home and they love it. Every year about fifty young men leave, to find a living in the great world but every year a contingent of old men returns, to leave their bones there. I understand these old men: I have seen their island. The people who stay seem "happy," but in a way that lacerates your soul. They are wretchedly poor.

The St. Helenans are descendants of African slaves, their owners, and a long succession of sailors. Since the island is a thousand miles off the African coast, there were no aborigines. There are now some "near-whites," and a seasoning of Chinese. The latter dates from about 1870, when a shipment of Cantonese laborers

was imported. Occasionally the three racial strains are mixed to produce what you would swear are Polynesians, as the Polynesians were made in the same way, long ago. Here and there, a pure and lovely Cantonese face shows.

The island is a Crown Colony of Great Britain. The Colony includes Ascension, 800 miles to the northwest (yes, the missile target), and the Tristan da Cunha group and lonely Gough Island, a thousand miles to the south. It is not a profitable colony. Its deficit of 90,000 pounds a year is borne by the United Kingdom.

St. Helena proper exports some flax and some potatoes. Ascension is a major Atlantic cable junction point, and affords employment connected with cable maintenance to a few hundred, but this does little for the Colony's economy. There is a spasmodic trickle of tourists to St. Helena, from the passenger-carrying freighters that stop (for a day or so) every six weeks to two months. St. Helena, like, on an Irish linen base, is excellent, but it cannot be produced in large quantities and there is little market. Woodwork (in African woods) is fine, but the whole woodworking industry is a matter of a few craftsmen. The interior scenery is superb. It features a "heart-shaped waterfall" that really falls from a heart-shaped basin, dramatic natural stone pillars ideally set to be known as Lot and Leticia, and an awesome Devil's Cauldron of a volcanic crater. All this does not, however, draw crowds from across the thousands of sea miles. It just sits there, generating no money. Oh, yes, the residence (attractively restored), garden, and original tomb of Napoleon are there, too, but nobody comes just for that.

Tiny as it is, the island was once the most important British colony of them all, lying as it did at the intersection of the main sea roads of the Empire. It is now worse than a white elephant, because its mortgage can never be paid. It cannot be sold (who would want it?) and it must not be "liberated." Its five thousand people are utterly dependent on the "mother coun-

(Continued on page 6)

Nationalistic Journalism

The most remarkable paper read at this year's convention of the American Catholic Sociological Society was Gordon Zahn's "The Catholic Press and the National Cause in Nazi Germany." News wire services gave it "trunk" rating and major newspapers in this country and abroad carried summary articles. For newspaper people this study by a professor at Loyola University in Chicago was unusual because, before a gathering of Catholics, he had publicly discussed the attitudes of the Catholic hierarchy, press, and laymen toward particular Nazi practices, the Nazi war effort, and the problem of National Socialism being the legitimate government.

Dr. Zahn utilized a Fulbright Fellowship to sift German newspapers. He approached the general problem of Church-State relationships through a scientific analysis of the performance of the German press during the era of National Socialism.

The extensively documented results revealed conclusively that for the German Church a fusion of national with religious identities occurred and, further, that this was expedited by the general attitudes and behavior of the German hierarchy and Catholic press. Further evaluation of the data requires two assumptions and these Dr. Zahn makes: the wars of Nazi Germany were unjust, and the function of the Catholic press had been hitherto illucidated.

As it is for most of the world, the duty of the Catholic press in Germany is and was to instruct and guide the faithful. As Hitler rose to power severe penalties were laid upon Catholic editors and writers hostile to the "New Order." A Cologne paper saw in these hardships a source of inspiration when it wrote in 1933: "If anywhere there are still martyrs for the cause of Catholicism, they will be found in the ranks of our Catholic editors."

The Zahn study reveals that despite an impressive initial reaction of the press against Nazism, rising social pressure gradually forced an amalgam of religious and national interests. Though a large percentage of the Catholic papers had been banned, enough remained well into the early war era to reinforce the intense chauvinism of German Catholics, resulting in patriotic fervor goal-oriented toward a mystical body composed of Volk and Godhead.

The cause of this moral bankruptcy in the sphere of social action is of crucial importance in today's world, for it lies in a fundamental obscurantism which envelops the problems of state sovereignty, the common, and personal good.

The position of the hierarchy and national Catholic press was to accept without question the sovereignty of National Socialism. When this relationship is assumed or ignored, Volk and Fatherland easily become beatified in times of crisis; identification of civil with moral responsibilities becomes a categorical imperative which defies appraisal.

Dr. Zahn's data induces an im-

mediate electric reaction, but sober reflection reveals that this painstakingly accurate study is not the broadside which first impression gives. The deductions are made cautiously: the particular Nazi practices of genocide, euthanasia, and sterilization—all condemned by Catholic press and hierarchy—are issues distinguished from aggressive wars against Poland and Austria which were used as shiboleths concerning the sovereignty of National Socialism.

There has been a perhaps not unexpected violent reaction in some of the American Catholic press which entered the fray in a defensive posture of massive denial.

An outstanding example of this was the Chicago archdiocesan paper issuing an immediate, prominent refutation based on an interview with Hans Kuehn, an ex-editor of the Berlin Catholic *Petrusblatt*. Thus, the man chosen to criticize had an extremely deep emotional investment in the disputed material. With an anecdotal approach the article proceeded to refute Dr. Zahn's scientifically conducted study.

In addition, the usual problem of partial quotation out of context was complicated by the established fact that the authors worked from second-hand sources and did not



receive Zahn's text until the day after theirs was printed. All Kuehn's positive points related to the question of particular Nazi practices aside from war and sovereignty, and these Zahn himself makes in his paper.

It is ironic that the point Kuehn depends on heaviest, which is in bold type, is exactly the issue upon which Zahn's entire work is focused: the fusion of national-religious identities resulting from an insufficient analysis of Church-State relationships.

Having been placed in the public domain, the Zahn article raises moral issues other than originally intended. Why the official organ of one of the world's largest dioceses finds its security so threatened as to make it act out in a most blatantly immature manner must be reflected upon. In a pluralistic society, intensity of out-directedness is closely related to projected images. What is the situation when our representative press looks at its self image through a glass darkly?

Edward Morin and
William J. Pieper

Seneca Indians

An urgent appeal has been received on behalf of the Seneca Nation of Indians, with tribal headquarters at Gowanda, New York, who face the loss of a portion of their ancient homelands.

These tribal lands are held under the oldest continuing treaty which the United States has—The Treaty of Canandaigua bearing the date of November 11, 1794—November 11—a historic date—also the day universally observed as Veterans' Day. (It is Treaty of 11 November, 1794, 7 United States Statutes at Large 14).

The treaty was signed by Timothy Pickering, as personal envoy of President George Washington, for the United States of America, and by 59 of the Iroquois leaders of the Great Indian Confederacy of the Six Nations—whose democratic constitution was the model for the Constitution of the United States. A personal letter of confirmation of the treaty was sent to the Seneca Nation bearing the signature of George Washington. The Confederation of the Six Nations consisted of the following tribes: Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Senecas and Tuscaroras. Timothy Pickering was sent by President George Washington to New York State, to promise these Indians certain lands forever, in return for their promise not to ally themselves with the British against the infant republic. The Six Nations ceded to the United States all the lands they had once ruled, extending from Canada to North Carolina, and in return, the United States promised in return that it would never claim the lands granted in the treaty, nor disturb the Iroquois in their free use and enjoyment thereof. This treaty has been kept for 173 years. The Senecas wish to keep it still.

But now the United States Army Corps of Engineers want to condemn 9,000 acres of Seneca land to build a high dam on the Allegheny River. This would result in putting 1,000 Seneca Indians out of their homes and off of their ancestral lands, as well as the relocation of the cemeteries where their ancestors have slept for centuries. It would also destroy the long house, the traditional religious edifice, where the ancient tribal rituals have been performed for hundreds of years before the coming of the white man. All men realize the hallowed character of a spot where men have gathered to pray to the Supreme Being for untold centuries without interruption, and also the hallowed ground where sleep the earthly remains of the old ones, the ancestors of the race. The proposed dam would put these spots under 180 feet of water.

The Allegheny River in Western New York and Pennsylvania is subject to flooding at certain points and over a period of years surveys have been conducted by the United States Army Corps of Engineers, for a protected Allegheny River Reservoir Project, and their final recommendations were the construction of a 210 foot dam at Kinzua, under appropriations for the Allegheny River Reservoir Project.

On the Pennsylvania side, the lands which the construction of this dam would flood are occupied by the lineal descendants of the Great Indian Chief Cornplanter (whose X mark is on the original treaty). Their homes and property would be completely destroyed. On the New York side the lake back of the proposed dam would flood 9,000 acres of rich bottom land, on which 250 Seneca families (over 1,000 people) now reside, and conduct the farms which furnish them with a living. Both the lands of the Senecas and of the Cornplanters are held under solemn treaty of perpetual occupancy by the United States. These Indians have not consented to the loss of their homes, but condemnation proceedings have been filed against them and a declaration of taking (Continued on page 7).

EASY ESSAYS

(Continued from page 2)

The second phase is public witness, as exemplified by Peacemakers projects.

The third phase is the nonviolent direct part time and summer revolution as exemplified by CNVA projects, like Omaha Action, manned mainly by summer supporters and sunshine radicals on leave of absence from the first phase and the second phase.

The fourth phase is the nonviolent revolution, as exemplified by nobody.

IV—BOURGEOIS PACIFISM AND THE NONVIOLENT REVOLUTION

American pacifists have little sense of personal responsibility for the poor, or for each other, and therefore they have little sense of personal responsibility for creating the reality of peace.

American pacifism is a bourgeois pacifism. Bourgeois pacifism is a verbal phenomenon. Its habitat is the atmosphere of outer suburbia and the college campus.

William James said that voluntary poverty might be a moral equivalent of war. Bourgeois pacifism has no moral equivalent of war, except in the sky, bye and bye. Bourgeois pacifism offers itself on the altar of nonviolent resistance to aggression, but not until a future that, thank the Supreme Being, will not happen along very soon. Bourgeois pacifism does not offer itself on the altar of nonviolent divestment of wealth, or on the altar to war, today. The nonviolent revolution lives in poverty. Its habitat is prison. Therefore its habitat is locked and barred against the entry of bourgeois pacifism. Therefore the nonviolent revolution is locked out of the war society. (I was going to say that bourgeois pacifism is the scab of the war society in the nonviolent strike against war, but I am not sure that that is accurate, in every case.)

V—UNITY AND THE NONVIOLENT REVOLUTION

The nonviolent revolution is a union. The bond of union is love. The characteristic of love is solidarity and mutual aid. The function of the union is to go on strike against war. The union makes absolutist pacifism a common action, the action of a body. Common action makes the pacifist stand a political reality. The political reality is revolutionary. The revolutionary reality is the overthrow of the United States Army by love. The political reality is a spiritual reality. The spiritual reality is the reality of peace.

VI—HARD WORDS AND HARD FACTS

These have been hard words. I am sorry.

(Continued on page 7)

Employment Chicago

At the Chicago house of hospitality we are trying to initiate a service to do odd jobs and temporary labor for readers in the Chicago area. The purposes of this service will be:

- 1) to provide the staff with employment for the financial support of the house,
- 2) to avoid the withholding of income tax for war by working for individuals on a temporary basis.
- 3) to serve as an agency to find work for other tax refusers among our pacifist friends in the city,
- 4) to provide work for the unemployed people who live at the house,

If any readers have work for us call:
Whitehall 4-5825

Catholic Worker Centers

Karl Meyer Terry Sullivan
215 W. Division 164 W. Oak
Chicago, Illinois

Appeal to Chicago Readers

164 W. Oak Street
Chicago 10, Illinois
Thanksgiving Day, 1959

A year and two months ago Karl Meyer and Ed Morin moved the new Chicago Catholic Worker out of the 2nd story apartment on Clark Street. The five room "home" on Oak, which CW readers hear of from time to time, was a dirt-caked, infested storefront which had formerly been a bookmaker's. It was weeks before there were no more strange phone callers asking "what number is on today!"

Karl slept on the cover of a coffin shipping case made of soft pine. Propped on four paint cans it provided comparative safety from roaches and a perfect situation for meditating on the Last Things. Saturdays and evenings brought crews of generous friends to sweep, wash, spray, move furniture, and paint. AFSC brought in a stove, refrigerator, beds, and an office desk. The coffin case patched a broken window, and Karl bought a second hand typewriter.

Karl was working hard every day in a bookstore; evenings he threw himself diligently into the work of the peace movement. With a couple of students he supported the poor who came for help. A year ago Karl wrote like an urban Thoreau marveling at the appearance of a late thrush outside on a garbage barrel. Bi-weekly Sunday discussions have brought guests ever since; there have been competent lectures by experts in sociology and history, as well as cracker barrel clarifications of thought.

Karl is at the end of his civil disobedience sentence. The work at the CW center goes on under Terry Sullivan. A little family of 6 to 8 men has risen to—we'd mention numbers if we weren't afraid of building inspectors. But it's gotten cold. Two nights ago the cook tallied 85 men at supper. Many of them prefer the floor here to sleeping in alleys, under viaducts, and hallways.

Recently Sexton Food Company gave a fairly large shipment of canned goods; the boxes get in the way of sleepers. We've proved so far that you can "stem" everything our large population needs except a house or the rent for its substitute. We're frankly afraid of the next step.

Our accounts would make a really well-run organization envious. Income fluctuates but careful though spontaneous expenditures make an auditor unnecessary. The books promise to balance perfectly and most simply. We have three objectives:

1. Serve the poor by giving the corporal works of food, shelter, clothing, and special help like taking the sick to hospitals or alcoholic treatment centers.
2. Build morals and morale by Christian Community living.
3. Provide a home and meeting place for radicals and/or idealists—Peter Maurin's idea of intellectuals sharing the life of working men and the poor, understanding society better for seeing it from the bottom up.

We can say honestly that each of these goals is hampered by our cramped living. We say everything when we say that Community is impossible in tenement conditions. With a few private rooms and storage space the character of our work and spiritual life could be far different.

Houses are still to be had for the renting as long as the city clearance commission doesn't demolish from under us. The Center's best accomplishment so far has been the 2 or 3 personalists in the movement here who have provided "Christ room" in their homes for recent guests at the CW. The work will go on, we feel, if we have something like a home from which to encourage others in the movement. Anyone whose home and resources are already available for hospitality should not stoop to make us, in Karl's phrase, "brokers for charity." But from whoever can't provide lodging right now we ask a Christmas present for the poor in God's name.

Terry Sullivan
Ed Morin

Peter Maurin Farm

By ELIZABETH ROGERS

On Monday, December 21, the feast of St. Thomas, at eleven in the morning, Irving Daniels, whom everyone knows better as "Shorty," was baptized in the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, Pleasant Plains, by Father Arthur Campbell. Charlie Butterworth, who has been instructing Shorty for the past several months, was godfather. Several from the farm attended the baptism: Albert, who has been Shorty's faithful companion in the work in the fields all summer, Frances Bittner, Tom Cain, and Beth Rogers.

Christmas
We had a quiet Christmas, with few visitors. Jean Walsh, who is now living in Washington, was home visiting her parents, and came several times during Christmas week. She took Beth shopping for the Christmas trees, and, as usual, we had a tree in the house and two matching ones in the chapel. The house tree was trimmed and other decorations put up by Tom Cain. Ernest Lindgren's beautiful Nativity set which he carved himself from holly wood is in the chapel, replacing the handsome but machine-made crib we usually put up. The figures are quite simple, and have the appearance of some of the colonial American wood carving that I have seen in books on American art. I particularly like the St. Joseph, who has a stiff, forked beard.

And speaking of Christmas, we all take this opportunity to say thank you for the Christmas cards

and other remembrances that came in.

Visitors

A few days before Christmas, Father Jacques Leclerc, whom Dorothy, Charles, and I got to know last summer on the Montreal retreat, visited. And on the thirtieth, six seminarians from the Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, came for the day. Two of them, Vincent de Fazio and Jim Nieckars, were among the Maryknollers who spent some time here last summer. They brought with them on this visit, Joe Fahey, Wayne Van, Dennis Mahon, and Joseph Carney.

William Horvath, whose article on cooperative housing appeared in the December issue of the Worker, came one Sunday. He has spent time in Denmark studying at the Folk schools and making studies there and in this country of the cooperative movement.

Father Francis Russell came on Gaudete Sunday for the second in his monthly series of conferences.

Norma Melbourne, her daughter Dylan, and Ed Turner spent New Years' Day with us, and Mary Lathrop, who has been helping out in Spring Street, came New Years' afternoon and stayed for the week end.

A group from here went tour friends the Callanans' for their annual Advent parties.

With New Years' past but still fresh in our minds, we wish all readers a very happy year to come.

War Itself Is The Problem

In the October, 1959 Catholic Worker, Mr. Jack Birmingham reported on the address given by Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S. J., in Montreal, on September 9th of last year. A reader has been kind enough to send us a clipping from *La Presse*, a French-language daily published in Montreal, which summarizes some additional points made by the Archbishop:

Last Wednesday evening, an archbishop who has travelled all over the world as a personal representative of the Pope, delivered a vigorous attack on nuclear weapons, and demanded that the question be approached in a rational fashion, ignoring the customary clichés.

His Excellency Msgr. Thomas D. Roberts, Archbishop of Bombay from 1937 to 1950, spoke at the Jesus Hall, under the auspices of the Catholic Inquiry Forum. The title of his address was: "The Moral Problem of the Use of Atomic Weapons."

The prelate acknowledged that he was rather bold in his choice of words. His brutal frankness was repeatedly applauded.

Survival

Reminding his listeners that a single modern bomb could wipe out the capital city of Canada, and that the United States and the Soviet Union possess hundreds of these devices, Msgr. Roberts emphasized the fact that the very survival of the human race is at stake.

"Nevertheless, we must not simply lay the blame on nuclear weapons, but on war itself. It is war itself that is the problem."

Msgr. Roberts began by discussing the legitimacy of taking life: Christian tradition and common sense are in agreement as to the right of self-defense, even if this results in the death of the adversary.

In theory, continued the prelate, we have, through ententes and international agreements, outlawed some of the more terrifying aspects of war. But for all practical purposes, the ententes and agreements have always proved to be inoperative. Actions that were emphatically condemned by the Allied countries at the outset of both world wars became, in the course of operations, part of their military policy.

A number of thinkers have finally reached the conclusion, continued the Archbishop, that modern war can hardly bear good fruits, because, when all is said and done, there is no victor. In the case of nuclear war, it is accurate to say that there would be no survivors. This means that a nuclear war (and this applies to any total war) cannot, in the judgment of moralists, be a just war.

Just War

By definition, a just war is a defensive undertaking. But a proportionate relationship must exist between that good which is to be defended and the evils that the defensive measures can bring about.

And can one say that the evil, physical or moral, caused by the two world wars, even assuming that they were just, was in proportion to the results obtained? Since each side always professes to be on the side of justice, how can one ascertain which side is really fighting for truth and freedom? At any rate, even when it is a question of just war, we are obliged to distinguish between combatants and non-combatants: nuclear weapons make this distinction purely academic.

An armed conflict, the speaker explained, is justifiable only as last resort, when all other means have been exhausted. Aside from international institutions, such as the United Nations and the International Court of Justice, there exists a method of resistance to unjust aggression that is particularly appropriate to our age: the method of nonviolence. This method, which

was recommended to the Indians by Gandhi, achieved excellent results.

Archbishop Roberts warmly praised the Mahatma. He added that his techniques have become the subject of study in a number of universities throughout the world. The prelate also referred to the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. Under the leadership of Rev. Martin Luther King, the Negroes were able to change the prejudiced policies of the bus company.

The speaker urged a careful study of the thought of Sir Stephen King-Hall, a retired British naval officer and author of "Defense in the Nuclear Age." For the last ten years, Sir Stephen has been trying to persuade the military authorities of his country that a nuclear war would be sheer folly, even from the strategic point of view.

Our military bases necessarily get on the nerves of the Russians, said Msgr. Roberts. And if three countries have nuclear weapons, it is natural for other countries to want them. After France, why not China? There is always a danger that some country will suddenly decide to settle a dispute by having recourse to one of these weapons.

We must bear in mind that an expedient decision to resort to nuclear weapons will be a decision taken on five minutes' notice. In five minutes, with the weapons of today, one side can already have lost the war. All this does not permit us to presume too much on the survival of our species.

Calling attention to the role played by Canada at the time of the Suez crisis and to the fact that the country has a great moral influence in international organizations, Msgr. Roberts said he believes that Canadians have a special responsibility to concern themselves with these grave issues and to put pressure on their government to insist on the irrationality of any recourse to nuclear arms.

Msgr. Roberts strongly endorses conferences of experts. Wouldn't we be better off, he asked, if we had discussions among representatives of different countries, experts from every field, moralists of all faiths, with the purpose of informing public opinion of the crimes that would be committed in a third world war and of the moral values at stake? The war will exterminate the entire population of the earth.

It is an excellent thing to say the rosary for the intention of peace, Msgr. Roberts said, but we must prove to God that we are really bent on peace. Otherwise democracy becomes only a word. We cannot leave these problems in the hands of politicians alone, or even of statesmen. We must get people who are aware of the danger, and discuss at length the question of our survival.

The meeting was presided over by Father Irene Beaubien, S. J., director of the Catholic Inquiry Forum, a research center at the service of non-Catholics who are interested in learning more about Catholic beliefs and practices.

Translated by Martin J. Corbin
Tr. note: Archbishop Roberts' proposal for an international "Council of Survival" was published in the *Commonweal* for August 14, 1959, and is available in pamphlet form from Pax, 37 Northiam, London, N. 12, England. His views on Gandhi, Christians and war can be studied in the February 1959 issue of the *Catholic Worker*, in an article reprinted from *Peace News*, the international pacifist weekly published in London.

The Montgomery bus boycott is described in L. D. Reddick's biography of Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., *Crusader without Violence*, and in Dr. King's autobiography, *Stride Toward Freedom*, both published by Harpers. An American edition of Sir Stephen King-Hall's *Defense in the Nuclear Age* has just been published, with

an introduction by Edward R. Murrow (Fellowship). Scores of studies dealing with Gandhi's techniques of *satyagraha* have appeared: a recent one, *Conquest of Violence* by Joan V. Bondurant (Princeton University Press), was reviewed by Ammon Hennacy in the *Catholic Worker* for January 1959.

Upon his return to England from Canada, Archbishop Roberts attended a peace conference at a Dominican Priory, where he read aloud the text of a letter that he had sent to the Vatican, in response to a request for suggestions as to the agenda of the next Ecumenical Council. (See the December 1959 *Catholic Worker*.) In addition, he is one of the sponsors of the protest action planned for January 2nd, at the Harrington rocket base, in England. On that date, a group of volunteers will try to scale a security fence and establish a camp on the actual rocket site. The purpose of the demonstration is threefold: 1) to reclaim the area for peaceful rather than lethal uses; 2) to challenge the paraphernalia of security and secrecy that surrounds preparations for nuclear war; and 3) to demonstrate, by taking personal risk, that the protesters are prepared to cross all barriers that stand in the way of unilateral nuclear disarmament by Great Britain.

Not long ago, Archbishop Roberts wrote: "Intrigued all my life, especially in India, by the abyss separating Christian theory and practice on the just war, I have been comparing recent Roman pronouncements with such pacifist philosophies as Bertrand Russell's, Canon Collins', the Rev. Donald Soper's, Mr. [J. B.] Priestley's and Dr. George Macleod's. To some inclined to denounce this teaching on war as subversive, I commend the attitude of Cardinal Ottaviani, under the Pope, chief of the Holy Office." (Archbishop Roberts is here referring to thesis 86, entitled "War is to be altogether forbidden," of Cardinal Ottaviani's *Public Laws of the Church*, 3rd ed., Rome, 1947.)

Finally, we should like to call the attention of our readers to the following noteworthy item that appeared in *Peace News*, October 2, 1959:

"We, as Catholics regard the manufacture, testing, and use of nuclear weapons as immoral and unjustified in conscience. Our reasons for this view are based upon the traditional Catholic teaching on war."

"This is the opening paragraph of a statement issued by the recently formed Catholic Nuclear Disarmament Group."

"The Group say that in making their demands for unilateral disarmament, they realize they would leave this country defenseless against an unscrupulous aggressor, which in turn would almost certainly mean the persecution of the Church."

"They consider it their duty humbly to accept a return to the catacombs rather than to countenance the wholesale slaughter of the innocent which a large-scale nuclear war would involve."

"Chairman of the Group is Brendan P. Murphy, 29 Quebec Road, Ilford, Essex."

WOE!

"Who does not know that kings and rulers took their beginnings from those who, being ignorant of God, have assumed, because of blind greed and intolerable presumption, to make themselves masters of their equals, namely men, by means of pride, violence, bad faith, murder, and nearly every kind of crime, being incited thereto by the prince of this world, the Devil?"

Pope Gregory VII

St. Helena: A Travelogue

(Continued from page 3)

try" because the island cannot support them.

Yet St. Helena used to export meat and hides, it provisioned the ships, and over a hundred years ago supported the same-sized population as today: in fact, a few hundred more. The population has "always" been within a few hundred of five thousand.

Centuries ago, before the island was populated, goats and donkeys were set loose to run wild and multiply on the island, along with the rat, of course. Originally, the island was forested, but in the 1790's the last of the trees died. No seed or shoot had been missed by the browsers, grazers, scavengers. This story is a familiar one: what it means to soil and water supply need not be repeated here. In making over the island for plantations, the English helped the deforestation process along. A reforestation program is now in progress, but this is a long-term thing. It will take decades to show results. Of course, it should halt erosion, rebuild soil, and improve the water supply in the long run.

Ironically, reforestation and land enclosure (to control overgrazing) only aggravate certain problems at present. The number of livestock has gone down since the War, partly because there isn't enough good pasturage available.

There is a meat shortage. The ration in 1958 was one and a half pounds of meat per week per household, for those who could afford it: families in which the breadwinner makes as much as £2.15.0 (\$7.70) a week. Many rarely see meat. The staple diet seems to be bread, margarine, tea without milk, and a little fish along with some fruit such as paw paw and bananas. (Some vegetables are grown but do not seem to be popular, even though St. Helena's tomatoes are the tastiest I have had since boyhood.) Although St. Helena, at Latitude 16° South, is "tropical," it does not burgeon with fruit. Being a high island, it is cool. One of its major products is flax—a European-climate plant—and it grows some coffee, a cool-mountain product. (The coffee was a choice, distinctive one, with a high international-market value, until recently, when alien plants were introduced to increase the size of the crop. Cross-pollination caused the loss of unique, quality strain, and therefore of the market.)

By the way, as of 1958, there was no meat ration for Europeans. I have heard of none being imposed since, and I am in contact with the island.

(The Europeans, mostly British colonial, commercial, and cable company officials and their families, number about seventy.)

Ten percent of the people were on relief last year, and the rate was 28 shillings: \$3.64, per family; some families number six or seven souls. And mouths.

The annual allocation for medical supplies, including X-ray plates, has been £1000 a year for the entire population, or four shillings per head. There is a small, and inadequate, hospital in James-

town, the one "town" on the island. It lacks a full-time staff.

Roundworm is prevalent because of bad sanitation. A UN World Health Organization team visited the island and issued a report on this. Housing is poor. Houses are small, crowded, and damp (much of the island is very humid). Since the war, less than a hundred Government cottages have been built, but a plan has been drafted for a "reasonable cottage with a bathroom that can be built for £300," according to a reliable report. At this writing it is still a plan. The island's own Social Welfare Officer regularly found "overcrowded conditions, leaking roofs, crumbling walls and splintered box-wood flooring infested with white ants."

Yet the most tattered islanders I met seemed to be clean about their persons: they manage somehow to keep their self respect. These people, by the way, are always fully dressed. They have an English rather than a South-Sea

and these are at least unofficially represented on the council. There is no real opportunity for a St. Helenian to become independent, self-sufficient, and able to stand up for his own rights and those of his people.

A few of the Englishmen on the island have been trying to do something about the islanders' plight. They have succeeded to a certain extent in overcoming the apathy and even the callousness of some of their countrymen there, but colonials are colonials, and most of the time it seems like a matter of shouting at deaf ears. It also, I imagine, involves the risk of making one's self unpopular. Yet the spark-plug of the tiny reform movement, a retired but vigorous English businessman, has not relented over the last two years.

A member of the British Parliament visited the island as this man's guest in 1958, and published a report to the House of Commons



tradition. The clothes may be rags, but they are clean.

There is some fishing done on the narrow "shelf" of shallows edging much of the island, but the boats, methods and equipment are primitive and inefficient. There is a queue every day for the day's catch; the catch is always quickly sold out, and many customers are turned away. A few years ago a deep-water albacore fishery was set up, using power boats, echo sounders and other modern gear, but this supplied a cannery putting up albacore (tuna) for export. It was a cash crop, not for home consumption. The export cannery experiment failed. I have not been able to find out what became of the boats and equipment. In 1945 a British team of fisheries experts had visited the island and made recommendations for the improvement of the home-consumption fishery, including power boats and deep-water sorters. In 1957, except for the short-lived commercial venture, the fishing was the same as it always had been. As far as I know it is still that way.

Recently, £4,000 was spent on a new printing press, which then sat idle since no one knew how to run one.

Nowadays a few St. Helenians sit in the advisory council, which is not a parliament or even a board of aldermen. They cannot influence its policies very much, because they are working men, dependent on some of the Englishmen they sit with. Seventy percent of the arable land is owned by two companies, which dictate wages, etc.,

on island conditions. He also brought the matter up from the floor last season, but not very much has been done. Other matters quickly intruded, as "Hansard," the parliamentary record, shows. After all, St. Helena seems like such a "small" matter, with so much of the world in ferment.

It is a small matter, a matter of only five thousand human beings, and it seems incredible that Britain has been unable or unwilling to cope with this tiny problem.

The St. Helenians deserve better of their guardian and of their very island than they have had for decades. They are the finest "natives" I have met in a galaxy of islands and on four continents. There is no room here to do justice to their remarkable character. Let me say that their innate courtesy is something to marvel at: it is not a groveling thing. Their patience and their loyalty seem like a miracle, especially in view of their pride and their essential dignity, that tattered clothing cannot damage.

They are intelligent and industrious; they take well to education. From the whaling days on they have shown themselves apt for industrial and other modern skills. There have been programs for training a few native teachers in England, but inadequate incentives for encouraging talented St. Helenians to go in the first place, or to return once they have gone.

For relatively trifling sums, much could be done to improve the diet, housing, hygiene and education of the islanders. For a rather paltry sum, a modern, deep-water fishery could be set up, and perhaps become self-sustaining, since there is a hungry local market. Until the land-restoration programs have matured, the colony should be regarded as a depressed agricultural area in need of relief, and have world if not Commonwealth attention. Loans and other means could be provided to enable St. Helenians to own small family farms. Surely there is room for cooperatives in farming, fishing, and export crafts.

Since St. Helena belongs directly to the United Kingdom, none of this can come to pass until the conscience of the British people and their Parliament is aroused.

Poster: Visit Sion

By Richard Kelly

In the doorways dark as pain
The old men grieve the iron streets
Where dogs of night crawl
Into every corner cold as rain.

Once dark horses came to pound
Their golden hoofs into the snow
And carried kings as loud as bells
To kingdoms far as Sion bound.

But now black children break their eyes
On muted walls that promise gold
For riding out to Sion Hill
Away from posters preaching lies.

The old men lingering on iron bones
Are growing deaf in the bells of rain,
Relent and bid their black boys go
And summon steeds of all white snow.

And so the doorways cold as age
Swing iron doors into the rain
Where kings beguiled go out to ride
The grieving streets all nights amaze.

South Africa

(The following story by Andrew Murray, dated from Johannesburg, South Africa, is reprinted from the Catholic Messenger of Davenport, Iowa).

Many of the policies adopted by South Africa's new Progressive party are in line with the stand against racial discrimination taken by the bishops of this race-conscious nation.

The new party will admit persons of all races to membership and has declared that no one should be barred from taking part in national life on the basis of race, religion, language or sex.

The Progressive party was formally established here at a meeting attended by 300 delegates in mid-November. Its leaders are ten members of Parliament who have broken away from the United Party, South Africa's second largest political group which also favors racial segregation, but of a milder sort than that advocated by the Nationalists. The small Liberal party opposes racial discrimination.

Among the new party's influential members is a prominent Catholic, Leo Boyd . . . He said the formation of the new party represents the awakening of the moral conscience of South Africa in response to the calls of its religious leaders.

Bishops in South Africa have repeatedly condemned the national policy of race discrimination.

In 1957 in a joint pastoral letter the prelates called the policy "intrinsically evil."

Earlier this year Archbishop Owen McCann of Cape Town answered claims stating that apartheid is a means of preserving Christian civilization here. "Such a policy is not the way to save civilization, but to undermine it," he declared.

Archbishop Denis Hurley, O.M.I., of Durban warned in May that South Africa must end its color bar within the next ten years or face total disintegration and collapse. Only murder, he said, is a greater injustice to a man than being discriminated against because of his color.

The Progressive platform also calls for an end to the system of job reservation, which prevents the employment of nonwhites in certain occupations, and the discouragement of the migratory labor system. Both were condemned last month by Archbishop McCann in a speech in Cape Town. The migratory labor system has been denounced on many occasions by bishops as a major cause of the breakdown of a African family life.

Progressive party leader Jan Steytler said that the group's policy had been decided after consultations with practically all of the country's prominent non-white leaders. "We want to face the

future not with fear, but with confidence that we can live together in harmony in a multiracial country," he said.

Worker Priests

Following the Vatican's recent decision to end the French priest-worker experiment completely, French bishops met in Paris to consider ways of continuing the mission to the French workers.

One hundred priests had been employed in factories and on docks as ordinary workers in an effort to draw the Church and the working class closer together.

The Vatican recognized the desirability of maintaining close contact between the Church and the workers. It suggested that Catholic laymen, backed by priests and trained in the Church's religious and social doctrines, should be sent into factories in place of priests.

Maurice Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, stated at a Catholic Action meeting in Paris that the Vatican's decision to end the priest-worker experiment has been accepted "with admirable docility."

Cardinal Lienart, Bishop of Lille, said: "Worker's Catholic Action remains especially responsible for the evangelization of the working class. It is more necessary than ever, in view of the role that the Holy See's decision reserves to laymen in this evangelization, and I can only desire that the number of its militants will grow."

"The only modification imposed (on the worker mission) is the resignation of its priests from their present jobs. But this must only be done with prudence and in a way that will endanger as little as possible the effort being made."

"We should therefore seek for the way they can still be consecrated to the service of the working class other than as workers, but in close union with the militant laymen. That is the object of our present investigations."

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Miss Dorothy Day,
Editor—THE CATHOLIC WORKER,
30 Spring Street,
N.Y.C.,
N.Y., U.S.A.

Dear Miss Day,

Someone handed me a copy of the Catholic Worker for August, 1959. I was so intrigued at the prospect of Ammon Hennacy climbing over the fence (Psalm 17) that I enclose my subscription for The Catholic Worker, and hope to keep in touch with the future adventures of Ammon Hennacy and the rest of you wonderful people.

With the assurance of my blessing,

I remain,
Yours sincerely in Christ,
Dennis E. Hurley, O.M.I.
Archbishop of Durban.

19/10/59

Letter From Agnus Dei Farm

(Aptos, Calif.)

By MARIO CAROTA

Our pilot family work project to Mexico came about as a result of a talk by Fr. John Garcia to the coordinating Committee at the annual national convention of the Christian Family Movement held at Notre Dame University in 1958. In his talk, Fr. Garcia asked for the establishment of some sort of a national major project for the movement.

The Christian Family Movement is a new Catholic Action organization for families to which we have belonged since 1961. It strives to make happier families through a program of study and action by small groups of families on family and social problems by the use of Christian principles.

We in the movement in the California area felt that an endeavor in international relations would be the best possible project that could be adopted by our movement on a nation wide basis. And, we felt that the best possible way to offer the suggestion was to try out the idea by going on a trial expedition to Mexico.

Consequently I made a flying trip at the end of last April to Mexico City to survey the possibilities of a group of families going there and working on some sort of project. Following up a previous contact made by Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Crowley, of Chicago, I met with a Fr. Francis Marin, S. J. He is a chaplain in the Christian Family Movement in Mexico and one of a team of five Jesuit priests who are establishing a center to help the poor working families in the slums of Mexico City. He thought that we could help by working on the trade school part of the center. We also decided that it should be a joint effort between our movement and theirs. They were most willing to give our families hospitality while we worked at the center.

Upon my return from the scouting trip we began looking for families that would make the trip with us and began raising funds to purchase material and equipment for the school.

On Father's Day in June a spaghetti feed picnic was organized by the CFM people in Richmond, Calif. that raised about \$1,000 on food donated by a non-Catholic. I made enough sauce to feed twelve hundred people. Together with the results of a picnic by the San Jose CFM and other private donations we were able to raise a total of about \$1,500. The remarkable part of this modest fund was that it did not come from corporations, foundations, the church or the government but from poor Mexican families of California.

Three families made up the group that left California in July for Mexico. Ernest and Elizabeth Johnson of Aptos took their 18 month old Jimmy with them. Ernie is a school teacher and had the whole summer vacation for the trip. Lupe and Pat Ramirez of Richmond took with them their boys Danny, age 8 and Dominic, age 3. Lupe is a painter at the Standard Oil Refinery and had to take a five week leave of absence without pay to supplement his regular three week vacation to make enough time for the project. My wife and I did not have enough to do to get our fifteen children ready for a six week trip—we took our four year old god child David along with us as well. I had accumulated a six weeks vacation for the trip from my work as an engineer for the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory

of the University of California in Berkeley. Since each family provided for their own traveling expenses, it was not necessary to dip into our modest fund for personal use.

For transportation we used our old surplus 26 passenger White bus and towed behind it our new Volvo station wagon in case of emergency as well as provide space for excess baggage, food and personnel. Most of the driving was done at night to escape the heat of the desert and to make up for the time we lost during the day to stop for Mass, cook meals, get gasoline and use the rest rooms.

We departed on July 11 after attending the California CFM convention in San Francisco. We camped out as we traveled and cooked our meals over a fire or at the kitchen facilities of the Churches along the way. Sleeping accommodations in the bus were a bit taxed while driving all night long as nineteen children and seven or eight adults tried to stretch out horizontally.

We passed through the border at El Paso on July 15 and took home a brace (a Mexican worker imported to labor on American farms) to Zinapueño a little village off the main highway to Morelia. We intended to stay there only for a couple of hours and wound up staying for two days enjoying the great festa he insisted on throwing for us.

We arrived in Mexico City on July 21 and were greeted instantly with the tremendous hospitality of the Mexican people. The Johnson family was taken into the home of Raul Suarez and the Ramirez family was taken into the home of Jaime Valverde and were given the most generous hospitality we have ever seen. And Fr. Marin had twelve other families willing to take American families into their homes. Our family was given the free use of a five bedroom, three bath apartment in downtown Mexico City. Other Mexican families loaned furniture for the apartment and Fr. Marin procured 16 bunk beds complete with bedding. The bunk beds were U.S. Army surplus so we felt right at home. On top of that, every day 10 loaves of bread were delivered to our door as well as all the Coca Cola we could drink—free.

Within two days we were hard at work at the center putting in wiring for the machinery of the carpentry shop of the new trade school. After purchasing and installing a table saw, band saw, jointer and drill press, we bought lumber and began cutting out the parts to make fifty chairs for the retreat house to be built for the workers. During the month that we spent working we made no attempt to do anything in the form of catechizing or preaching—we just worked. We put in an average of nine hours of work a day except on Sunday when we were taken on picnics and sight seeing trips. We permitted and encouraged our own children and the ever watchful Mexican children to participate in our mission by helping with the work as much as they were able. We managed to put together fifty chairs before we left because Fr. Garcia came down from California for the last ten days to crack the whip.

In the evenings we visited the members of the movement and attended their meetings. In this way we came to know and establish a real relationship with the members of a great new movement in Latin America. It was a really refreshing sight to see members of an organization with a great deal of enthusiasm, combine unusual intelligence and ability with

a wonderful willingness for hard work.

The high point of our venture and which showed the sincere gratitude and response of the poor was the great festa that they gave us before we left. At a great sacrifice they hired a Mariachi band, sang and danced for us, cooked a big dinner and presented us with gifts. It was a most moving experience. The richer CFM people were also impressed by our intentions and showed their gratitude by giving a Piñata party for the children with gifts for all. And the folks back home thought we were crazy to come to Mexico.

Also, before we left, Bishop Villalon came to see our work, had dinner with us and earnestly invited us to return soon in other American families to help him establish an agricultural school on his 600 acre ranch near Morelia.

On August 21 we left for the States and for the convention in South Bend, Indiana. Four days later we dropped in on the Fitzpatrick family in Chicago after a three hour notice. Alma put us up for the night with her fourteen children without the slightest trace of nervousness.

We had traveled the route through Laredo, Houston and St. Louis driving night and day except for a long stop in Houston where we were the guests of the CFM group there. Hugh Rafferty arranged for rest, hot meals, showers, clean laundry and a full tank of gas.

At the convention we made our report to the coordinating committee and enthusiastically recommended that CFM adopt this type of work as our national project. We strongly urged that they send small groups of families all over the world to work together with the families of other nations for the good of the poor in their countries.

After the convention we headed for home. It took us four days of continual driving with a midway stop in Denver where we again had the wonderful experience of Christian hospitality at the hands of Denver CFM'ers. We reached California on September 4, 1959.

All in all we had traveled 8900 miles without any accidents although we had a near miss when one of our drivers fell asleep at the wheel and put twenty five Guardian Angels to work. The old bus ran perfectly except for some worn out generator brushes. We averaged only seven miles to the gallon but we felt that we did well considering that we were transporting nineteen children, seven and eight adults with all their luggage, food, diapers, camping gear and toothbrushes.

Probably the most significant result of our whole venture was that although we did not have the training, equipment and resources that many people thought we should have had we were able to succeed with our mission far beyond all expectations.

And once again we were able to prove that ideals, enthusiasm and faith are much more important for the successful accomplishment of good works than even practical wisdom and planning.

Above all it was certainly the most thrilling experience in our lives and an invaluable education for our children.

A Carol For the Women's Jail With a Happy New Year For Ammon

By DEANE MOWBRER

Night, O night of Christmas Eve. Nine-thirty o'clock. The faces of late shoppers begin to relax. Here and there the taut lines of worry light up with the old, old expectancy. Late revellers are not yet raucously astir among the neon-spangled ways. A few coming from the confessionals in nearby churches walk with a buoyant step, their eyes like lamps of welcome for the Christmas Guest. It is only nine-thirty of Christmas Eve. But in the grim, gaunt, armored building on Greenwich Avenue, the lights go out—not at intervals, nor here and there, nor first on this and then on that floor—but suddenly, all at once, with a kind of a dark fiat: Let there be no light. But now, as suddenly, without the darkling walls, sound glows and rises round that tyrannous gloom in aureole of song—It came upon the midnight clear, O little town of Bethlehem, Glory to the newborn King. Then answering voices call from the small and darkened pines that peep upon the street—Sing, O sing again, Come, Holy Night, Come, Holy Night. And—thank you, thank you. Then, from unmerry hearts from behind unmerry walls—Merry Christmas.

This is the third time that some of us have stood in the cold carolling to the forgotten women in the Women's House of Detention. It was Judith and Julian Beck of the Living Theater who first had the idea and communicated it to Dorothy and the rest of us at the Catholic Worker. We were enthusiastic, especially those of us who had shared the lot of prisoners during the summer of 1957 after our pacifist demonstration. We knew what it was to be shut up in a locked cell, to look out through bars, and to be cut off from friends and the familiar flow of event and circumstance. Above all, we knew the special bond that binds those who have shared suffering in prison. And so we went carolling that Christmas Eve of 1957 with love in our hearts for all prisoners. Nor do I think that any of us who took part will ever forget that experience. We knew that we had inaugurated a new Catholic Worker tradition which would continue as long as we had freedom to assemble and sing.

There were many new voices this Christmas Eve, but the experience was just as unforgettable. For some of us, perhaps, the true beginning of Christmas, that moment of expectant love in which one awaits the Christ-Child. We sang for the women in the Women's jail, but we also sang for all prisoners everywhere, especially for our own pacifist prisoners. Some of us undoubtedly thought of Ammon Hennacy who had helped us carol in previous years, but was now in prison again out in Sandstone, Minnesota, for the pacifist action at Omaha last August.

Now that the New Year has banished carolling until another Christmas, I think again of the

women in the Women's House of Detention and hope that we will not banish them so easily from our hearts. I think, too, of Ammon who will walk out of prison this month a free man—as he was free even in prison—to go up and down the land talking to everyone who will listen about his one-man revolution for peace. And so, as a kind of postscript to a Christmas carol, I send this greeting to Ammon: A happy New Year, Ammon. "Make straight the way of the Lord."

Seneca Indians

(Continued from page 4)

these lands for the construction of the proposed dam.

A survey by private engineers discloses that flood control in the region of the headquarters of the Allegheny River will not be measurably improved by the construction of the dam, and these engineers made an alternate proposal of the Conewango Reservoir Site, which would prevent Pittsburgh from twice as great a flood as the proposed Kinzua Dam, and would also create a large lake for recreation and conservation of the waters, at a more accessible spot. The proposed Conewango Site would not flood the lands of the Cornplanter and Seneca Indians, and would have the additional advantage of costing far less than the Kinzua Dam.

The Congress passed the appropriations bill over the veto of President Eisenhower.

There is still hope. Letters to the appropriations committee of the House of Representatives should be written urging independent study of alternate plans. Letters to the President, to your Congressman and to the Governor of New York should also be written.

We request your letters and your prayers on behalf of the Seneca nation of Indians.

Anita de Frey "Sunbird"
Modoc Tribe

New York, December 8, 1959.

Fr. Ude

(Continued from page 3)

since the majority of men have already decided in favor of the peace of the atomic bomb, I am doing no more than my duty as a Catholic preacher when I solemnly adjure them:

"Heed this warning; stop and reflect. Make up your minds once and for all to choose the peace of Christ." . . . Amen.

Translated from the French by

Martin J. Corbin

Fr. note: Father Ude has taught moral theology at the University of Graz, in Austria, for over thirty years. His outspoken pacifism earned him a prison sentence during the Nazi occupation.

The French text of Father Ude's sermon appeared in the July-August issue of *Coexistence* (formerly *Routes de Paix*). Once again, we wish to call the attention of our readers to this bi-monthly magazine, published in Brussels, which regularly prints important articles on war, colonialism, and related topics. The same issue contains an assessment of the Fifth Republic by Robert Barrat, Paris correspondent for the *Commonweal*, and extracts from *La Gargarene*, a harrowing and detailed account of the obscene tortures carried out by the Paris police on seven Algerian students. (The book itself was confiscated by the French government four days after its publication.) A year's subscription to *Coexistence* is \$1.50. It is published at 39, rue de Lovik, Boitsfort-Bruxelles 27, Belgium.

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 4)

I should give you hard facts, instead of hard words. When Jesus spoke hard words, some went away and walked with him no longer. When he gave them a hard fact, he made a revolution. Since then we have no right to speak hard words. Since then we have only an obligation to live hard facts.

On Pilgrimage

LETTER TO AMMON

(Continued from page 2)

lected, which is being rebuilt from scratch; new schools are rising, teaching techniques are being modernized; children are being given free text books and materials. Under the Castro regime, according to the story in the New York Times, the city workers received a 50% decrease in rent and a 30% decrease in power costs. Their salaries have been raised 30% on the average.

"Their living standards were thus suddenly raised and in the first flush of gratitude they have not yet looked beyond tomorrow to notice the pitfalls of an artificially stimulated economy. They saw the ambitious public works programs, the construction of new schools, housing units, aqueducts, hospitals and playgrounds. But few seem to have fully realized that an economy that in the view of most experts is bound to contract soon may eventually offer the dilemma of deficit financing or sacrifices of an austerity economy to keep these programs going."

Hard to Understand

This is the economics that is hard for me to understand. Of course it is necessary in times of crisis to have an austerity regime. "Let your abundance supply their want," St. Paul said. "If everyone tried to be poorer," Peter Maurin used to say, "There would soon be no more poor." The old I.W.W.'s used to refuse to work overtime when there were other men out of work, and one of the things they fought for was shorter hours so that all men could have jobs. Now the word automation is in the headlines, and the strikes in the steel plants, among the longshoremen, and in the transit system are partly caused by automation.

Fr. Gustave Weigel writing about the Catholic Church in America stated recently that the three things most demanded of Christians today were austerity, preached and lived; a deeper awareness of the reality of God; and a truer and more effective love for all men, including those who are our enemies.

These things are quoted by D. MacMaster in *Unity*, which is published monthly by the associates of the Benedict Labre House at 208 Young street, Montreal, and we are urging our readers to subscribe for this little paper which also is published like the Catholic Worker for 25 cents a year. We hope subscribers send more to help in their hospice.

And it is these same things that are needed in a non-violent revolution, and in Castro's violent one.

Another writer quoting Fr. Weigel in the *Times* of London sums up his three points as austerity, God awareness and brotherly love. These are the motives which should urge us on to a greater effort to reform the social order.

In the life of the CW we have had the privilege of meeting such priests as Fr. Marion Ganey, who started credit unions and rescued the poor from loan sharks in British Honduras and in the Fiji Islands and Fr. McCarthy in our own South West, with Sante Fe for his center. There is Fr. Donald Hessler of Yucatan, the Maryknoll priest who has been the forerunner of much of this work in the mission field. These are priests who have come to talk to us, and now we have our friend William Horvath, who is a bricklayer by trade, a union man, a worker, who is a dedicated enthusiast for cooperatives and who has been having articles in each issue of the Catholic Worker. If we do not use this way, the workers will have recourse always to bloody revolution.

"Thou art neither cold nor hot . . . because thou art lukewarm . . . I am about to vomit thee out of my mouth," our Lord says. Far better to revolt violently than to do nothing about the poor destitute.

Here is a long quotation about

co-ops which I found in my diary, from a book called "From the Land of the Chinese People," by Cornelia Spencer and published in 1951, by J. B. Lippincott.

"When the Japanese invasion drove the Chinese from Nanking to Hankow and then inland, what has been called one of the greatest migrations in history began. Schools and colleges started on the long trek to the west, on foot, boats, rickshaw, trucks and cars, some of them conducting classes as they went. Families went in the same way, all headed for what came to be called Free China . . . China had no equipment to fight Japan except by guerrilla warfare. The population of Szechwan where Chungking stands, had to support not only itself but the thousands now arriving as refugees. They dug houses in the rocks and when houses were bombed out, they were rebuilt.

"Mr. Rewi Alley who had long been in China began to think of some way that the people here in besieged China could produce enough to save themselves. Others worked with him. The Chinese Industrial Cooperatives started. There was not much money, but there were plenty of people of different trades and abilities. Seven people could start a cooperative. Perhaps seven blacksmiths got together. They could borrow a small sum for capital from a control organization which was set up, and begin producing hoes and hammers and chisels and all the things they were used to making. They repaid a certain percentage of the loan each month, reinvested a certain percentage to use themselves for their living. This kept the capital built up so that other groups could start.

"Machine shops, printers, soap-makers, weavers, laundrymen, carpenters—anyone who knew a trade could begin producing. The first big order was made by the Chinese government for one million woolen blankets for the army. In the early days of the war a large number of wounded Chinese soldiers had frozen to death wrapped only in cotton blankets. Now thousands of spinners had to be trained, 7,500 new spinning wheels had to be made, 750 special hand looms had to be constructed. Aluminum for the wheels came from Japanese planes that had been shot down. But in spite of the difficulty of the undertaking, the blankets were delivered on time, and by the end of 1942 three million blankets had been made by the cooperatives. One found young Chinese with all sorts of college degrees working in the cooperatives, for all the skill that China had was needed to create where there were parts lacking, to use ingenuity and creativeness. Many of the little factories were hidden in old temples, in secret places in deep ravines, in homes. They had to be mobile in case of a raid. In 1944 the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives produced more than two hundred and fifty sorts of things. There were about 2,000 cooperatives with 30,000 members. They now have cooperative clinics and hospitals and nurseries and banks."

When I use examples of collective or cooperative farms in Russia and China, the scene of violent revolution. I must point out too the work done in the kibbutzim in Israel, where there are also not only state farms but cooperative farms. There were also examples of cooperative industry and agriculture in Spain before Franco, and which of course have been wiped out. Dictators have wiped out such efforts by the people, and dictators have also built up such cooperatives. If Castro puts to one side any idea of elections at the present time and continues to hold the position he has seized, while he puts through the reforms

he is trying for, he is no different from the labor leaders in the United States, who originally with great effort seized control of their dormant unions and continued to hold power after they were successful. There may be elections, but a Joe Curran, a Lewis, a Reuther will continue to reign for life or until a stronger man can take his place. Their salaries will be high and they will ruthlessly fight all opposition until they themselves are ready to resign. The peaceful Benedictine ideal is on the same pattern in its way. The Abbot should take advice from all according to the rule and listen to the youngest who is free to speak his mind, as well as the oldest, but once elected, he is Abbot for life, the father of his vast family,



and his decisions must be followed, and it must be left to time to show him wrong.

Cooperative Review

For those who are interested in co-ops and whose talents lie along these lines, there is the Review of the International Catholic Co-operative Centre which is now in its second year. It is a quarterly publication in English and is obtained from 30 rue des Champs, Ciney, Belgium, for \$2 a year.

When we are writing in the Catholic Worker we can only suggest the direction research may take. Peter Maurin used to tell the young people who came to listen to our discussions, to find what they wanted to do in life, and then study and prepare for it, to concentrate on such research and study. He was scornful of those who know "more and more about less and less" and let their time be frittered away in idle chatter and newsmongering.

Speaking at a parish meeting one evening last month, I was so unfortunate as to speak of a book, "Three who Made a Revolution," by Bertram Wolf, and to talk of the years of study and planning that went into the Russian revolution. One of my listeners indignantly asked me how dared I hold up for example such men as Trotsky, Lenin and Stalin, and went on to indicate that we should read nothing about them, but think only of extirpating them. I was reminded of articles I have seen in some of our diocesan papers, and of a statement of Baron von Hugel that he would soon lose his faith if he read much of the diocesan press, which in our own time so often reflects the thinking of William Randolph Hearst and of the editorial writers of the Daily News.

Hospitality.

Our own particular gifts are those of editors, and pilgrims, speakers and writers, with a love of poverty and hospitality which go together. I don't think there will be any cooperatives started around The Catholic Worker office on Spring street, but we can certainly patronize the small grocer and baker, if there is no cooperative in our district. You, Ammon,

Christian Communism

There was one heart and soul in all the company of believers; none of them called any of his possessions his own, everything was shared in common. Great was the power with which the apostles testified to the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and great was the grace that rested on them all. None of them was destitute; all those who owned farms or houses used to sell them, and bring the price of what they had sold to lay it at the apostles' feet, so that each could have what share of it he needed.

(Acts 4. 32-35)

1. "The passage . . . represents the philanthropy of the primitive Christian Society as flowing from a God-given grace, which was the fruit of a belief in the divinity of Jesus. In other words, the charity which is here depicted as moving the primitive Christians to go—in their mutual concern for one another's welfare—to the extreme length of sharing all their worldly goods is not a mere love of Man for Man (which is the limited literal meaning of the word 'philanthropy'), but is a spiritual relation to which God is a party as well as His human creatures. In fact, this Christian Socialism is a practical application, on the economic surface of life, of the fundamental religious truth that the brotherhood of Man is a consequence of the fatherhood of God—a truth which is driven home with special force by a religion which teaches that God is not only the father and creator of man, but also his saviour who has been incarnate in human shape and has suffered, and triumphed over, Death. Christians believe—and a study of History assuredly proves them right—that (beyond the narrow circle of the tribe, in which a parochial 'honour among thieves' is maintained at the prohibitive moral price of an Ishmaelite warfare against a world of foreign enemies) the brotherhood of Man is impossible for Man to achieve in any other way than by enrolling

himself as a citizen of a Civitas Dei which transcends the human world and has God himself for its king. And anyone who holds this belief will feel certain, a priori, that the Marxian excerpt from a Christian Socialism is an experiment which is doomed to failure because it has denied itself the aid of the spiritual power which alone is capable of making Socialism a success. The Christian critic will have no quarrel with the Marxian Socialism for going as far as it does: he will criticize it for not going far enough. Its fatal flaw in his eyes will be a sin of omission and not a sin of commission."

—Arnold J. Toynbee, A Study of History (Oxford University Press)

2. "A society based on the principles of the Gospel, of faith in God, and non-violence, of common ownership willingly accepted; a society in which the individual renounces the exclusive right of private ownership and shares what he has with others, but is guaranteed what is necessary for the well-being of himself and his family; a society of free men organizing their life in cooperation and making themselves responsible for law and order—this is what Vinoba (Bhave) is looking for. He believes, like the Communists, that in such a society the state would ultimately "wither away" and a central government would no longer be necessary. Perhaps that is just utopian, but at present at least he has the full support of the state, and the whole system of education in India is being geared to this idea, by the introduction of 'basic' schools, where village children are to be taught their lessons through the practice of some craft, and to have these ideals instilled into them.

I feel that a Christian can only look upon this movement with the utmost sympathy and with the prayer that it may be blessed by God. One would like to see more Christians cooperating in it."

—Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B. (In the Commonweal, Oct. 23, 1959)

will be the pacifist anarchist who more nearly exemplifies the life of austerity than any we know, not to speak of manual labor and availability to all.

I cannot conclude this column, these many columns, without tribute to Marjorie Swann, participant in Omaha Action, who has also served a six months term in the woman's federal prison in West Virginia; to all those who are continuing the vigil at Fort Detrick in Frederick, Maryland, where poison gas and germ warfare are in preparation for future conflicts, who for months and months have stood in rain and cold at the gates of the plant, who go from house to house to make their appeal to change public opinion and public apathy. Willard Uphaus too, who is serving a term in New Hampshire of a year, for refusing to turn over to the state the names of those who have come to the pacifist World Fellowship Camp that he was in charge of, must be remembered with respect and sympathy. God bless them all this coming year.

There is the Ghana team too, led by Michael Scott and participated in by Bayard Rustin with many others, who are protesting near the field of action, the testing of nuclear weapons in the Sahara. There may not be much news of these continuing demonstrations and protests in the daily press, but governments, the men in power, are familiar with their witness. People will read of the voyage of The Golden Rule, published by Doubleday and to be reviewed later, as a great adventure story that will do much to change men's thinking.

Mail.

Much is happening all over the world, and our own small lives are filled here at The Catholic Worker,

with the people we are caring for, the opus dei, and last but not least, the mail. We beg all our benefactors, all our friends and readers throughout the country who have written to us, who have sent us presents, and money to help pay the bills of feeding and sheltering people, to be patient and to know that answers to their greetings will come eventually. The mail piles high and there are not enough to do the work. So you who are reading this letter to Ammon, please receive our thanks our deep gratitude to you and to God who has sent us such friends, and if you feel neglected, if your address has not been on your letter, if you do not, for some reason get thanked by us,—God will thank you. You will truly have your reward.

And your mail, Ammon.

You have a folder full of cards and notes, Ammon, and we will send them to you care of Francis who will be meeting you at the gate of the prison, I hear. Archbishop Roberts, S.J. sends you cordial greetings and congratulations, and at the other end of the (I shall not say social ladder), there is Francis Balem, convicted murderer, who sent us both a card from his prison. So remember to pray for him, as well as for the archbishop, and for all of us too, at St. Joseph's Loft, Spring St., New York.

Since writing the above, Dorothy Day has left for a trip to the west coast and will stop in Minnesota to welcome Ammon as he comes from jail. She will be at Maryhouse, 450 Little Canada Road, St. Paul, Minn., until January 30.