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The Fire Bell In The Night

By PAUL J. CLARKE

In 1820, when admission of Missouri into the Union brought the slavery question to the fore, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "It fills me with terror, like a fire bell in the night." For the next decade Jefferson saw his fears scoffed, but eventual political developments vindicated his apprehensions—slavery split the nation right across the center. It is axiomatic among historians that great crises seldom mature rapidly and, because of this, no man striving to properly evaluate the signs of his times can lightly underestimate the degree of substance contained in the shadows thrown before the event.

Thus, the controversy between New Orleans's Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel and a group of Catholic business men in that city over legislation to outlaw the union's "closed shop" in Louisiana exploded last June and filled many Catholics, both clerical and lay, with small but definite fears. Like Jefferson's nocturnal fire alarm, it awakened them to the grave rift that now exists in the American Catholic Church over the interpretation and application of the social justice encyclicals.

When the 66 dissident laymen purchased advertisements in the New Orleans daily press in June to attack their Archbishop for his pro-labor position in relation to the "closed shop" legislation the effect of the blast against their ecclesiastical superior was two-fold. The advertisement laid bare the militant, anti-worker character of the Catholic rightist cadre and it made evident that, unless restrained, this bloc could rend the Church in America with its greatest schism since the infamous "Hogan Revolt" in Philadelphia more than a century ago.

Lest this opinion be considered extreme and alarmist, it should be pointed out here that such words as "heresy" and "heretical" are being used by both the right and liberal wings of the Church with almost wanton abandon as each hurls charge and counter charge over the Papal encyclicals on labor and management. Actually, the New Orleans incident, unsavory and bit-

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KOHLER STRIKE

As the tense struggle between the embattled workers and management at the Kohler Company plant, Sheboygan, Wis., enters its fifth month, the company has come under the official scrutiny of the Sheboygan County District Attorney's office because of a statement, reportedly made by the firm president, Herbert V. Kohler, that tear gas bombs were being held in readiness for use against picketers.

Kohler is said to have told a session of the Wisconsin Employment Relations Board that the use of tear gas "would have his approval." The WERB issued a statement rebuking the Kohler Company's "small arsenal of arms, ammunition and tear gas," and it was this unusual utterance that brought the District Attorney, John Buchen, into the picture. Buchen, according to those close to the scene, is fearful that Kohler's disclosures may set off a blaze of violence in a situation that has, thus far, been calm despite the intense feelings on both sides of the negotiation table.

The strike was launched in the Spring after Kohler management failed to reach an area of agreement on the contract being negotiated with Local 833, UAW-CIO. Principal stumbling block in the transactions has been a pension plan paid wholly by the employer; improved working conditions in specific departments; and an extended lunch period in sections

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The Spirit Of Violence

"Native to nothingness." That was a phrase Fr. Casey used at the retreat last month. I thought of it as I read the story of the horrible beatings and murders in Brooklyn, in the same Williamsburg section that Stanley Vishnewsky came from. There were gang wars then, fights between groups of boys, Lithuanian, Irish, Italian, and Jews—they all fought together and against each other. But there was some equality in the combat. This violence and murder reported in all the dailies, even in the New York Times, which does not usually feature such crime news, reeks of hell. It is native to nothingness, to the abyss, to the dark pit. There is an abandonment of all goodness, of all virtue, a direct embrace of evil for evil's sake.

The Herald Tribune insists editorially that there must be some explanation. In an editorial entitled Horror in Brooklyn, the editor demands, "If anyone can suggest what led these teen-agers into their senseless killings it is something the whole city ought to know at once. And it would be interesting to hear if the causes can be pinned down

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DEATH IN AUGUST—VITO MARCANTONIO

BY DOROTHY DAY

Even so early in August the sycamore trees were shedding their leaves, and that was a windy night, with little whirlpools of leaves and bits of paper and dust whirling in the streets. Every now and then there was a gust of rain.

Driving up First Avenue to East Harlem, I soon passed the neighborhoods where there were trees and by the time we reached the funeral parlor we were in the desolate regions of the uptown slums, huge gas tanks, five-story tenements and filthy gutters where children played, darting out between long hedges of parked cars.

Vito Marcantonio was laid out there surrounded by four walls of flowers towering over the long lines of people—the poor, who came to pay their respects. There were Negro, Puerto Ricans, Italians, the Puerto Ricans in gypsy-like color and the Italians in black. In the center of the bank of flowers, against one of the walls, sat a little wisp of a woman, Angelina, his mother, surrounded by sympathizing and mourning friends.

They were of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel's parish, around the corner, where we had made pilgrimages these last few years. It is a shrine beloved by the Italians of the city, who walk barefoot from

all over Brooklyn, the Bronx and Manhattan, to attend one of the Masses which continue from midnight of her feast until noon the next day. Many of us from The Catholic Worker have made this pilgrimage, waiting in lines which extended around the block for three and four hours to get to Mass, and coming home at dawn to find our own neighborhood poor lying in rows on the sidewalk in front of St. Joseph's House and against the old theater building on the corner, waiting for their breakfast. The streets around 115th St. were blazing with lights during the festa and the push carts were piled high with delicacies to eat and candles to burn before the shrine. But on this night of somber pilgrimage, there were no lights, no festive spirit but one of mourning.

Vito Marcantonio dropped dead of a heart attack near his office in the vicinity of City Hall, during a drenching rain, and lay there while the police and the priest were called. The priest came from St.

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Picketing and Fasting

By AMMON HENNACY

A talk by Father Casey at the Maryfarm retreat in July inspired me to sit right down on the swing in the yard and write the leaflet for my August picketing. This was the Feast of the Transfiguration always in the missal, and also the day of our sin of the A Bomb, but I had not connected the two until now.

The country mouse comes to town and the noise of Chrystie Street keeps him awake. Away from the meticulous varityping of Rik in Phoenix I shuffled around here and there among well meaning but broken down equipment and produced but 800 poorly mimeographed sheets, the remaining 2,200 being spooled in process.

Rita Corbin made me a sign which told as usual of the 75% of taxes that went for war and the bomb, and I had refused to pay taxes for 11 years. Also that August 6 was the day Hiroshima had been bombed and I was fasting for 9 days as a penance. This time I put the name and address of the CW on the sign with my name in order to introduce myself to New York City.

John Stanley came down from Maryfarm to help me that first day, and Dorothy had come over from Peter Maurin farm and was waiting in Battery Park when we arrived. Several seminarians took pictures and helped with the leaflets also. The Customs House pavement where we walked was nearly always in the shade. As we paced

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PETER MAURIN, Founder
Associate Editors:

TOM SULLIVAN Managing Editor and Publisher
AMMON HENNACY
DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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Easy Essay

By PETER MAURIN

CAESARISM OR PERSONALISM

Christ says:

"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." The Fascist Caesar, the Nazi Caesar, the Bolshevik Caesar are not satisfied with the things that are Caesar's; they also want the things that are God's. When Caesar sets up a claim to the things that are God's he sets himself up as God. And when Caesar sets himself up as a God he sets himself up as a faker. When Caesar sets himself up as a faker he should be denounced as a faker.

FASCIST CAESAR

The Fascist Caesar claims that the child belongs to the State. The child does not belong to the State; it belongs to the parents. The child was given by God to the parents; he was not given by God to the State. The parents must teach the child to serve God, from whom they received the child. When the parents allow the State to grab the child and to act toward the child as if God did not matter they lose their claim to the allegiance of the child.

THE NAZI CAESAR

The Nazi Caesar claims that there are superior races and inferior races. The superior race is always the one one happens to belong to. The inferior race is always the one

that refuses to recognize that superiority and claims to be the superior race. If a race is superior to another race then the extermination of the inferior race is the moral duty of the superior race. The superior race tries to believe that God works through the superior race. The superior race conceives God as a racial God.

THE BOLSHEVIK CAESAR

The Bolshevik Caesar says that there is no God, but that there is a messianic class and that the working class needs to be guided by those who are aware of the messianic mission of the working class. The Communist Party claims to be the guide of the working class in the fulfilling of its messianic mission. Those who contest the superior wisdom of the master minds of the Communist Party are considered as the enemies of the Bolshevik revolution. Many old-timers in the Bolshevik movement are now considered the worst enemies of the Bolshevik revolution.

THE USE OF LIBERTY

Patrick Henry said: "Give me liberty or give me death." Liberty is a great thing but few people know how to use it. Some use liberty to become rugged individualists but don't know how, and choose to be rugged collectivists. Some use liberty by serving their fellowmen for God's sake. Some are moved by greed, some are moved by grudge and some are moved by creed.

MODERN EDUCATION

Thomas Jefferson said that the less government there is, the better it is. If the less government there is the better it is, then the best kind of government is self-government. To teach people to govern themselves, such is the purpose of education. If we are threatened with Caesarism it is because educators do not educate because they lack unity of thought. Modern educators ought to read Maritain's book, "Freedom in the Modern World."

NOTICE

The CATHOLIC WORKER has received a request from Elizabeth Hafch to inform its readers that the Pilgrim State Hospital patients are in need of Rosaries, prayer books, prayer leaflets, and other religious material and that receipt of these devotional articles would be greatly appreciated.

In forwarding this material, address it to Elizabeth Hafch, Saint Anne's Shrine, Brentwood, Long Island, N. Y.

CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

On Labor Day of this month, Saint Joseph's House celebrates its fourth anniversary here at 223 Chrystie street. It seems longer, much longer, than a mere four years since we moved over here from our old tenement house at 115 Mott street. This morning a section of plaster from our ceiling almost fell on poor old Anna's head. That happened in our corridor alongside of the kitchen. At the turn of the month the water main pipe in our basement sprang numerous leaks. The floor was flooded as Larry and Bill spent ten hours stemming the water. Three plumbers arrived and charged us ninety dollars to repair the damage.

These little things climaxed our thoughts on the rapid disintegrating appearance of our home and surroundings. If you study with a long look the lot next door to us where the poor line up every afternoon for their soup and bread you will see every conceivable piece of junk you could imagine from empty tins of canned heat to discarded rain pipes. The poor men are not disturbed by the appearance of the lot since they frequently sleep there at night on a few planks. Although all of the beds in our house are filled and there are several men sleeping on the library floor we sometime have the feeling that the Rich Man must or should of had when confronted with Lazarus.

The month of August witnessed the departure of two of our exceptionally fine workers, Jean Wallack, Oshkosh, Wisc., and Sue Coffield, Indianapolis, Ind. Sue and Jean took excellent care of our circulation department. It is going to be extremely difficult to replace these two.

Thus we decrease instead of growing at the present time. Other times we have more than enough help. Still the most vital spot in our dwelling is covered by a most expert kitchen staff. Without an able crew in our kitchen we would fall to pieces.

We don't see any good reason why we should give a detail list of accomplishments for the past four years on Chrystie street—even if we were capable of doing so. Fortunately we are not the 83rd Congress.

However, we do have one statistical minded person in our house. He drew up a card graph with a line zig zagging up and down amidst a block of small squares. This good man keeps track, on his own initiative, of the number of bowls of soup served from our kitchen each noon. If you like graphs we might persuade Fritz Eichenberg to draw this one for the paper—it is very comprehensive. This graph covers the number of bowls of soup dispensed to our line from July 17 thru August 14. The high point is reached on August 14 when 255 bowls of soup were consumed or at least dished out. The low point is found on August 7 when only 150 bowls were served. To the modern efficiency expert this data would perhaps be unsatisfactory since we are unable to ascertain why such a peak was reached on August 14 or why the low point was brought about on August 7. If it was determined by the weather or the quality of the soup—we don't know. Although we are sure that the soup is good and plentiful every day of the year.

Occasionally a visitor will express an over concern about the amount of reform that we are able to exert over the members of our family here in the house. "What percentage of these people do you rehabilitate?" they ask. By this date in the work we boil it down to a quick response, "That is not the primary function of our work. We believe that the feeding, lodging and clothing of the poor must be continued even if no one is ever reformed or rehabilitated." Then

they ask other questions which never appear to be answered to their satisfaction. This is routine stuff with us and we realize that you can't dent peoples' set opinions in a half hour which have been jelling for thirty or forty years.

On a recent Tuesday Henry Sanborn was operated on for cancer of the mouth. Saint Vincent's hospital was the scene of this nine hour operation. Before Henry left the house he used to help out in

our office and issue clothing to those in need. Henry was the most badly burnt person in our big fire of April, 1953. At that time Henry was confined for several weeks at Bellevue hospital where he made a good recovery; the staff did everything within their power. Now, thanks, to the answer to our prayers, and to the entire staff at Saint Vincent's hospital, Henry is recovering rapidly from his successful operation. Visits to Henry before and after the operation (Continued on page 7)

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

A most crowded month.

July 30. Mary and Stephen Johnson, one of the editors of Catholic Missions, and Helen Crowe, came for a picnic with Tamar and her six children. The Johnsons so often took care of Tamar when she was a little girl that they think of her children somewhat as their grand children. A delightful hot day at Wolf Pond Park, ninety five degrees in the shade. The same Friday night Arthur Sheehan, formerly an editor of The Catholic Worker showed CARE pictures of relief work done. It is good to have pictures at some of our Friday night meetings.

July 31. Fr. Reinhold, famous liturgist, had lunch with us at Chrystie street. A truly great man, to be loved gratefully by all the laity because of his work for their participation in the work of worship. Another visitor from Israel, a tool and dye maker from Tel Aviv, a conscientious objector to war who is trying to emigrate here with his family to peddle his inventions for agricultural machinery. He does not seem to realize we have conscription here too. Visitors also from North Dakota, friends of Fr. Robert Hawda, who was a pacifist and served in a c.o. camp during World War II.

That evening Ammon Hennacy and I visited the scene of his coming picketing in front of the customs house where the tax payments from this district are to be made, and around the corner are the headquarters of the I.W.W. where Bob Willock, long time seaman gave us a history of the waterfront situation and the recent struggle between the A.F. of L. union and the old I.L.A. It made the position of Bridges understandable.

August 2. Betty Lou Geenty is leaving the work to return to the

apostolate in the world but not of the world. We will all miss her and remember gratefully the years she gave to the work at Maryfarm, Chrystie street, and the last year at Peter Maurin farm.

Never so many comings and goings at this summer, what with many children and many adults. Up on the hill in three tents we have thirteen children and Mary Anne McCoy and Helen Russell. They are colored and Puerto Rican, all ages from four to fourteen. We have made Fr. Duffy's big room in back of the chapel into a long dining room for them so that they will be safe from the flies which pestered them when they were eating under the cherry and pear trees. Fr. Duffy is growing in holiness every day. He sees his farm work, his hay stacks, his fences for the chickens and rabbits all in danger from the ubiquitous and curious children. As we go to press we have had three camp periods of twelve and thirteen children each, and though the girls have been tireless in their care, the children get around. Green pears and apples endangered stomachs and the prospect of fruit for the winter dimmed. And then one day Fr. Duffy came in storming about the hay stack being burrowed into and fifty dollars worth of hay destroyed. Eleanor Corrigan, Ed Turner, Lee Perry, Al Grunnon and Stanley Vishniewsky had all helped to bring in that hay! Then he found that a genial drunk of our acquaintance had been making it his paradise, with evidence of his sleeping arrangements, and empty bottles secreted here and there. So Father apologized handsomely, but just the same the summer had been a hard one for him. On the one hand he says, the children have to learn about farming, (Continued on page 6)

Maryfarm

By JOHN STANLEY

It's a long time from May to September, and everyone feels very different and everything looks very different. In April and May there's a sort of "first fervour" when you spade and plow the wet earth and sow a lot of seeds and put in a lot of onion sets and cabbage plants. And suddenly there are green shoots and blossoms everywhere and there seems to be an assurance in these of rare abundance. But by late July the earth is like concrete or like dust; the tomatoes develop dry rot and rabbits and ground-hogs are devouring the late cabbages; already leaves are yellowing on the elms and wild cherry trees; weeds are tough and green. It is a time of ennui and non-romantic agrarianism.

(It would be ungrateful not to note, however, that we have already harvested many dozens of bushels of string beans and beets and swiss chard and lettuce and cabbage and green peas. We have eaten mightily of these good things and canned some of it and given some away. And Daisy May does not cease to turn grass into milk).

The nuns of the Benedictine

convent of Regina Laudis have given us a wooden plate which lives on the mantle in the dining room, and the plate bears this terrible legend: EVERY GUEST IS RECEIVED AS CHRIST. And how you're nagged by the question every time you look at it. Is every guest received as Christ? Are those who come in off the road, sweaty and dusty and undistinguished looking with their little bundles of God only knows what remnants wrapped up in a scrap of brown paper, are these received the same as those who roll in cars, or with confirmed reservations in busses and trains and boats and cabs? They are Christ mendicants, these "Ambassadors," these men off the road. There have been other mendicants of his, but they have drifted into big brick buildings. These men have a different "habit": baggy pants, a worn jacket, a soiled, frayed shirt, a hideous cheap tie, all stringy, a greasy cap, and ill-fitting shoes, broken and thin. They are usually clean shaven, this gesture towards respectability making it easier to explain their existence to the troopers. They eat quietly and not

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Apostle of Peace

"Christians have been selfish, unfeeling, combative like others. It is the so-called Christian nations above all that have instigated and waged wars, that have perfected the weapons of war. This shows a fundamental infidelity to the essence of Christianity."

"The scandal is that twenty centuries of Christianity have not succeeded in eliminating war."

"I do not see why all the Christians in the world, Catholics, Protestants, Orthodox, dissidents, not only by a doctrinal proclamation from their respective leaders, but by their own enthusiastic initiative, do not declare solemnly that modern war, as it has developed thanks to modern science, is opposed completely to justice and charity and that it must be placed entirely outside the law and human possibility."

"History shows that the armaments race always ends in promoting war. On the other hand, the war of tomorrow will be fought with the arms of today. If the weapons prepared are immoral, the war will be immoral."

"From now on, every war will be a civil war, a fratricidal war."

"Perhaps we should create ministries of Peace and disarmament in place of ministries of War and armaments. We shall need apostles to preach this novel crusade."

The above quotations are from the writings of Father Pierre Lorson, S.J., who died at Saarbruck on May 5 or 6 of this year, of acute peritonitis. Pierre Houart, editor of "Routes de Paix," of which Father Lorson was a director, writes that "the news of his death

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BREAD

By ANNABELLE LUND

One of the great joys which I experience at our house of hospitality in Chrystie Street is to have charge of the clothes room. It lifts my heart to see the expression of thanks on the face of someone to whom we have given a coat, a pair of shoes or some other useful article of clothing. Your contributions of clothing have been very generous and may God bless and reward you is my sincere prayer.

Unfortunately we do not always have a full assortment of sizes and at times our supply of clothing runs extremely low and this forces some of our applicants to go away empty-handed and disappointed.

During the day, when I am not assisting those who come to us for help, I have some little time to think and my thoughts frequently turn to what the others in the house are doing to find Christ in the poor. Our bodies are in need, not only of clothing to protect us against the elements, but also food to sustain us through the rigors of our daily living. One thing that comes to my mind frequently is the importance of the humble loaf of bread in the pattern of our lives. And, with this thought of bread, is conjured, almost automatically, in the mind's eye a picture of our house across the bay on Staten Island.

In the bakery at the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island I have seen them baking a seemingly endless supply of whole wheat loaves—loaf after loaf after loaf coming from the oven in a chain that would please any industrial plant production chief. These loaves are brought to Chrystie Street and distributed to the hungry, sometimes as many as 300 men, in the two daily meals we have here.

Now, as often in the past, I find myself wondering what kind of bread Our Blessed Mother baked in the tiny kitchen of that little home on Nazareth's side street.

At mid-day out comes the bread again, this time to supplement the

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CONTROL BILL HITS LABOR

By EILEEN FANTINO

Falling all over each other to get on the "I hate Communism" bandwagon in this very ripe election year, 79 out of 79 Senators and 265 out of 267 Representatives voted "Yes" to the Communist Control Act of 1954. This Act outlaws the Communist Party and contains Amendments to the Subversive Activities Control Act which can strangle the labor movement by depriving unions of their rights on the grounds they are "Communist dominated."

The Democrats ended any illusion anyone might have as to the relative importance to them of political expediency and justice. Wrapped up in this law, are seeds of the destruction of the labor movement though it indirectly gives a clean slate to the CIO and AFL by reference to anti-Communist infiltration. A CIO or AFL union may see in the bill a means of getting rid of Communist-led unaffiliated unions with which they have jurisdictional disputes, but this would be a case of seeing the silver lining and ignoring the dark cloud.

The Democrats pulled a political surprise move by sponsoring this bill, catching the Republicans off guard (their 20 years of "Red codding" line against the Democrats is seriously damaged) and forcing them into a position of not wanting to be outdone in denouncing Communism when obviously it is the political issue of the election. The Democrats anti-McCarthyism voted itself out of existence in the interest of "security" and the old election vote. Thus the line between the reactionary Republicans and the "Liberal" Democrats gets thinner and thinner.

Labor as a whole is furious over this betrayal. It sees in the Subversive Activities Control Bill amendments an attempt of the government, in effect of one political party, to gain life and death control over labor unions and other organizations. Under this law, by singling out one or several leaders

in a union, the political agency called the Subversive Activities Control Board makes this "infiltration" known to the National Labor Relations Board and the union can be smashed by having NLRB sanction withdrawn and being stripped of its rights to function in behalf of the workers.

The language of the law, in the form in which it has thus far been released to the public, defines Communist infiltration as follows:

"A Communist infiltrated organization means any organization in the United States (other than Communist action organization) which is found to be substantially directed, dominated or controlled by an individual or individuals who are, or within three years, have been actively engaged in knowingly giving support to a Communist action organization, a Communist foreign government or the world Communist movement . . . and is knowingly serving, or within three years has knowingly served, as a means for:

1—The giving of aid or support to any such organization, government, or movement, or (2) the impairment of the military strength of the United States or its industrial capacity to furnish logistical or other material support required by its armed forces."

Union-busting privileges which can result:

(a)—A Union can lose its rights if the Board submits that its leader or leaders are Red, pink, or "used to promote objectives of . . ." (See text of law on proceedings for determining what constitutes "infiltration.")

(b)—Any Union, which strikes in a defense or "essential" industry can probably be hit on the "impairing military strength . . . or industrial capacity . . . in material support for the armed forces" clause, and, in addition, to having the strike broken, can lose its existence as a union.

3—If the clause on impairment of military strength is extended to an anti-war stand, any union or union whose leaders take an anti-war stand might be subject to being stripped of rights. (This clause may very well be used against Pacifist organizations).

This law, combined with the many States' "Right-to-Work" bills, the Taft-Hartley Act, plus the Republican dominated NLRB, whose anti-labor record is getting worse every month, leaves little hope for the labor movement unless workers make a concentrated effort to drive the money-changers and their political cohorts out of Washington.



Negative Approach to Communism

By Michael Harrington

Last month, the Congress of the United States passed the most sweeping and severe limitation on political freedom in the history of this country: for the first time, a political party was outlawed.

Moreover, the actual sessions of the United States Senate which considered portions of this unprecedented law were conducted in a bedlam. A New York Times report noted that one amendment to the bill was read by its maker and Senator Humphrey only—because of the noise—but was voted unanimous passage. That the Congress did not go much farther is to the credit of the President of the United States—of all people.

The final amazing characteristic of this action was that it was led by the liberal contingent in the United States Senate. The strange linkage, Humphrey-Dies appeared in reports of the passage. With the exception of Estes Kefauver, who demurred at a few points, not one Senator usually associated with civil liberties spoke out against the bill. On the contrary, the "civil libertarians" were the guiding spirit behind the creation of the bill. And along with it went the Butler Bill, probably the worst legislative interference into unionism since the early thirties.

Why did this happen?

Democracy and Stalinism

It is a general phenomenon of the cold war—described by American ideologists as a struggle between the free and slave worlds—that the Western camp, led by the United States, has been unable to make any political answer to Stalinism. For in addition to being a brutal, totalitarian system, Stalinism has a tremendous politi-

cal appeal, especially in underdeveloped countries. In the impoverished area of the world, the totalitarianism of Stalinism is not as apparent as its anti-capitalism. It is able to rally volunteers to its banner of anti-imperialism (which is in reality the anti-Western-Imperialism of Stalinist imperialism) while the West relies on draftees.

This failure to meet the political threat of Stalinism has meant, in foreign policy, that the United States has relied on reactionary forces (Chiang, Bao Dai, Franco, the government of Thailand), or propped up the status quo (the Marshall plan), or even initiated aggression (Guatemala). In practically no area of the world has it won men's mind. For though it does stand for a limited political democracy within the United States, this is a capitalistic political democracy, one that cannot be anti-imperialist.

On the domestic scene, the corollary of this political bankruptcy is the witch-hunt.

Here again, the United States is confronted with a movement which has two aspects: the one conspiratorial, the other political. It moves as if both were the same, and passes undemocratic laws aimed at political belief in order to do away with conspiracy. More than this, America finds it necessary to insure an intellectual unanimity within its borders, partially out of a sense of frustration at its failure abroad.

Heresy and Conspiracy

Among intellectuals, the theoretician of the heresy-conspiracy distinction, has been Professor Sidney Hook of New York University. And though Hook himself pays

service to the values of political freedom, his ideas have been the mainspring of an undemocratic movement.

It is true that the American Communist Party has produced its conspirators. It is also true that no one would expect any government, in the name of civil liberties, to allow criminal treason. But there are several aspects for this conspiracy which must be remarked.

There is now abundant testimony (Whittaker Chambers, for instance), that the conspiratorial apparatus of the American Communist Party is separated from the political apparatus. Klaus Fuchs did not run for Parliament. Alger Hiss (if we assume that he was a Stalinist spy—and I do) has never admitted Party membership. A bill aimed at the Communist Party destroys, not the conspiratorial apparatus, but the political.

As a result of these two factors, the political bankruptcy of America and the failure to distinguish between the conspiratorial, and political aspects of American Stalinism, we now have a tremendously undemocratic law on the books, one which may well be the basis of striking at the essential freedoms of the entire nation. But the question still remains how do we explain the liberal role in all this?

American Liberalism

In the events centering around the passage of this bill, American liberalism was almost a caricature of itself. What had been concealed became apparent in a sudden flash of political reality.

For American liberalism has been defenseless in the face of

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The Death Penalty

Almost two centuries ago it was thought that the deeply humane words of an Italian who rebelled against "the prodigality of torture, which has never led men to be better," would be enough to banish the death penalty and torture from the civilized world. Cesare Beccaria's inoffensive little work seemed on the point of winning the battle against the gallows. It was merely an illusion. Today, more than ever, the death penalty remains in force, in and outside Europe, in most civilized states . . . Talk of the dignity of the individual is heard everywhere; but can such words be sincere when the death penalty continues legally to exist? Can a society in which homicide is recognized as an act of justice, call itself civilized. Can anyone go on thinking that the irreparable harm caused by a murder can be rectified by a second murder, under the pretext that the latter takes place under the mantle of authority?

The argument round which Cesare Beccaria developed his exposition remains the least refutable: the vanity, the blind and senseless futility, of the death penalty. "Un pendu n'est bon a rien," said Voltaire. What is the use of killing? What does it gain? What remedy does it bring?

The United Nations Bill of Human Rights provides for the right to live, but does not exclude the annihilation of a man by a sentence of death. So long as the violation of the right to live is held to be legitimate, any other violation of minor rights finds its justification.

Two centuries ago it was possible to believe that one lone voice would be enough to bring down the gallows of Europe. The moment has come when that voice should echo again. We should wake the voice, amplify it, until it becomes the voice of multitudes, the will of the peoples. As long as it is permissible to kill a man, humanity will not know peace. The fault does not lie with governments, nor with the judges or the executioners. The guilty are those who remain silent and accept the fait accompli . . .

It is for this reason that this appeal is being broadcast. We hope to promote a vaster movement, along lines which can be easily worked out, provided we find, in Italy and elsewhere, friends as convinced as ourselves of the utility of such a movement, and willing to cooperate with us in its organization.

E. E. Agnoletti
Ignazio Silone
Piero Calamandrei
B. Tecchi
Nicola Chiaromonte
C. Tumati
Ferruccio Parri
Lionello Venturi

Piazza Academia di San Luca, 75 Rome.

Ed. note: The above communication was printed in the January, 1954 issue of "Encounter," organ of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.)

IN MEMORY OF SACCO AND VANZETTI

EXECUTED AUG. 23, 1927

"If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in all our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as we now do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fishpeddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph." (Bartolomeo Vanzetti upon receiving the death sentence.)

By Whose Authority?

THE EXECUTION OF PRIVATE SLOVIK by William Bradford Huie. New American Library. 25c.

By Elizabeth Bartelme

The crime was desertion in battle. The verdict, guilty. The sentence, death. Private Eddie Slovik was sure, as all the prisoners were sure, as even the command which passed sentence was sure, that twenty years would be the most he would get. But Eddie Slovik was executed by a firing squad on January 31, 1945, in an enclosed garden, on the outskirts of St. Marie aux Mines, the only American deserter to be executed since the Civil War.

And why Eddie Slovik? At the time of his death, military prisons were filled with men who had chosen incarceration rather than the firing line. None of them were shot; most were released shortly after the end of the war. Even those who received the death sentence, a not uncommon occurrence, were not executed. Eddie Slovik's case was unique. It was also buried deep in the War Department's files. His wife did not know the manner of his death, neither did his buddies. Only those directly involved in the case and the prisoners with whom he spent his last days knew what happened to Eddie Slovik. He was the example—the scapegoat—and a dreadful warning to those other deserters who had so exasperated the military command.

William Bradford Huie, who has brought the case to light, heard of the execution in 1946 and from then until 1953 he made what he describes as "once-a-year effort to persuade . . . the Pentagon to declassify the case and to co-operate . . . in its presentation." Permission was finally granted and Huie at once set out to find the story behind the execution. What he came up with was the history of a weak, likeable young man who should never have been in the Army in the first place. Eddie Slovik grew up in a tough section of Detroit and Hamtramck and he ran with the crowd. If they stole, he stole; eventually he was sent to a reform school for petty theft. After his release he stole a car but turned himself over to the police. He went back to Ionia reformatory where he stayed for three more years, and where his supervisor described him as "good-hearted, a good worker, and, with a little luck (a boy) who could make a pretty good citizen." What he needed was a new environment and a strong woman, and he found them both almost as soon as he left Ionia. When Eddie married Antoinette Wisniewski and settled down in an apartment full of new furniture he felt secure for the first time in his life. The war was on, but Eddie was an automatic 4-F because of his prison record. He had a decent job; he was set. If he leaned heavily on his wife, she was a woman able to bear it. In spite of the fact that Antoinette was crippled by polio and subject to epileptic seizures, she was a dominant personality well suited to guide her weaker husband.

Unfortunately for the Sloviks, the Army was reaching deep into the manpower barrel in 1944 and Eddie was reclassified. His agony at leaving his wife and his newfound security are pathetically revealed in the hundreds of letters he wrote her, and in his frantic attempts to obtain first a deferment, later a hardship discharge based on the fact that Antoinette has suffered two miscarriages within a year and a half, and had had such severe epileptic seizures that she was unable to work and was forced to live on Eddie's allotment of \$55.00 a month. He was unsuccessful and was sent overseas as an infantry replacement.

On August 20, 1944, Eddie Slovik arrived at Omaha Beach; on January 31 of the following year he was dead, buried in an unmarked grave in a plot reserved for criminals of

the lowest order. His wife did not know his execution, but she was refused his insurance with only the notification that he had died dishonorably.

Two factors undoubtedly had bearing on the case of Private Slovik. One was the signed confession of desertion which he voluntarily handed over to his commanding officer, and which he steadily refused to retract. The other was his prison record. The proceedings in the court martial which followed his confession studiously avoided all reference to his civilian background. Only the salient facts of desertion were brought out. In the review of his case, however, his prison record admittedly influenced the legal advisers. To their minds he was a "hardened criminal" whereas in reality this was far from the truth. Both these factors worked against Eddie Slovik—these and his position as a replacement during the heaviest fighting of the war when desertions were heavy and the loss of men at its height.

The point which Huie raises in his book (and does not resolve) is

whether or not the United States was justified in executing Eddie Slovik. The fact that it is no longer possible to carry out such a sentence without recourse to a court composed of three civilian judges would indicate that the United States was wrong and knows it. To go deeper, how much does one's country owe the individual who is unable to cope with a situation beyond his grasp. The strong have an obligation toward the weak—an obligation avoided in Private Slovik's case. In a sense he was the classic victim, condemned by circumstances and character to stand before a firing squad, a tragic example of the elimination of the unfit in a social group which has no room for those who cannot carry the heavy load. Eddie Slovik died a Christian death, fortified by the Last Sacraments. Those responsible for his death showed themselves totally lacking in the Christian virtues of mercy, of strict justice, and in respect for the individuality of the human personality. One does not kill a rabbit because he is not a lion. Eddie Slovik was killed because he was not a lion.

JOYOUS MESSAGE

THE LAST THINGS, by Romano Guardini, Pantheon, \$3.00.

By Natalie T. Darcy

The Christian message is a joyous one even when treating of death, justification after death, the Last Judgement and eternal life. In the hands of Father Guardini the "last things" take on so particular a glow, however, that one can more than hope that the reading of this book will bring about the mental conversion which its author states is needed for modern man to believe in revelation which is "truth beyond reason but still truth."

With the faith in revelation a new light is given to existence and man is oriented to his Creator in truth and love. Since this book is grounded in revelation, from it emerges man of the body as well of the spirit, man who has separated himself from his Creator and who must, therefore, suffer from that loss but man who is so loved by God that He could not leave His creatures desolate for eternity but brought him once man, through the Incarnation, death and resurrection of Christ, the message of eternal hope.

Death is not a constituent part of man's nature but the result of an act. Man was created in a state of freedom but also of probation, free "to throw out the span of his life to God" but he did not stand the test, choosing in Adam, the progenitor of the race, to be as God and thereby breaking the link from God to man and being condemned to the sentence of sin and death.

"The Last Things" does not minimize the pain, loneliness and misery of the death of man; neither does it ignore the importance of Purgatory from which the soul through the grace of effectual repentance emerges justified and ab-

solved. We are reminded that Christ too died and died as no other man died since "death is more truly death as the life it puts an end to is more truly life." But the Christian message is one of hope and its hope lies in the resurrection of Christ. Christ having risen, man too will rise and this resurrection will be not of the spirit alone but of man in reality with all his human dignity, actions and destinies. We do not know what the body will be like in eternity, but we have some small inkling of the work of grace on earth when we look upon a man animated by a mind and heart and spirit overflowing with the love of Christ and his fellow men in Christ.

Man has the freedom of choosing to rise to his eternal salvation or perdition and in accordance with his choice his body will be blessed or accursed. This message of Christianity which had lost its vitality since the Middle Ages but which is being revived in our time may, in the opinion of Father Guardini, relieve the tension brought about by the cleavage between matter and intellect. When the salvation of man is centered upon the whole man, when all man's actions are governed by the heart—"that union of blood and spirit which characterizes man"—and when man's faith and hope in the resurrection of body and soul in Christ, the decision for or against God becomes more vital and the love of one's fellow men in God more meaningful.

One regrets in reading this revised edition of Father Guardini's book that he did not find it necessary to amplify some of its sections, particularly that on Purgatory.

However, it is a rarity in our time to find a book which leaves the reader wanting.

CHRISTIANITY AND MAXISM

BE NOT AFRAID, a Denunciation of Despair, by Emmanuel Mounier, Harper, N. Y., 1954, \$3.50.

By Ammon Hennacy.

"Personalism was born out of the rather strange marriage of Christianity and Marxism," says Leslie Paul in the introduction to this small volume. The title is well chosen for Mounier quit a secure and sheltered position as a professor and plunged into that insecurity which sought to bring a spirituality and clear aim to Marxism, and to confound the bourgeois Christians in their Centre parties by telling them that, "Christianity is not a brake, it is a madness, an irrational force of upheaval and progress."

His scorn about making "the end of the cheerful republic of professors" is matched by his dangerous life with the resistance

during the war where he was on a hunger strike for two weeks and won his point. He was a strong man who worked until he was exhausted and who died at the age of 45 in 1950.

He defends the machine against those like Ruskin and Tolstoy whom he designated as sentimentalists with a "blend of religious loftiness and peasant stubbornness." He felt that a contempt for manual work and the bourgeois idea of being a "gentleman" is at the basis of much of the opposition to the machine. But nevertheless he recognized that, "technics . . . left to themselves, they would rather tend to stupefy through comfort, crush by centralization, disassociate by specialization, complicate by civilization and finally alienate us completely." Here we find a germ of the thought which Lewis Mumford developed so well in his books

and which Ralph Borsodi gave to a prosperous and scornful world in 1928.

Mounier must not be confused with the technocrats for he speaks of them as being in every group seeking an elaboration of "frozen fascism." The synthesis which he tries to make between Christianity and revolution is not an easy road but a dangerous one which he denotes as "the vertigo of the abyss" as contrasted to the "prudent, civil service type of mentality which offers us an evolution without risk, economics without aim, and intelligence without passion . . . we take the commonplaces of five generations to be eternal, the prejudices of a peninsula to be universal." This technician and the engineer he feels have shaped our world. He wrote of this before our automatic factories where robot-like machines perform every function. It is likely that he would now underscore his statement that "it is time to introduce the epoch of the poet and the hero."

Speaking of the invasion by the barbarians he feels that we have it coming to be invaded, "by Babbits, with crucifixes of gold, teeth of gold, and hearts of gold, coming to preach their new theologals in a big way: optimism, good temper and philanthropy."

The greater portion of the book is a discussion of the meaning of Personalism and the best statement is that, "The best future one could wish for Personalism is that it should disappear without trace, having become the general climate of our days." This is too much to expect but it shows that he does better than most of us in wanting Personalism to be a means and not an end.

He very frankly believes in a socialist organization of society and in a democratic socialism which is not bureaucratic. No mention in the book is made of pacifism and unless I am mistaken he is like nearly all Frenchmen in that there is little room for pacifism in their ideology. With even the democratic socialist state which he envisages there must needs be a bogging down because of militarism. As even Gandhi was slow to become an all out pacifist Mounier cannot be blamed for at an early age being unconscious of the truth of pacifism.

His greatest message to all of us is that of action, and he proved it by his active life. He is the enemy of the ivory tower. Although he states that all kinds of people may take his Personalist idea and make it fit their very different philosophies it is his opinion that "Personalism is not the offshoot of individualism." It is right here where he comes out forthrightly on the temptation to fall into the anarchist negativism which, of course, is entirely opposite to his socialist ideal. Whether Mounier would have changed his mind about "personalizing collectivism" after witnessing the nine millionaires in Eisenhower's cabinet, and the English and Russian bureaucracy, is problematical. There is some truth in his statement that all anarchists "have to put into the pool is bitterness, negation and impotence." It is not likely that he had become acquainted with any Christian or Catholic anarchists.

It is in his metaphysical outlook and in his depth of spiritual understanding rather than in his economic and political emphasis that the strength of his life and the real message of his book lies, for he says, "progress for the Christian, is not an accumulation of possession such as goods, power or comfort, but a journey towards a perfection of being." This coupled with his life of activity is what attracted Peter Maurin to him, for Peter used the word Personalist instead of the word anarchist to denote his thought. I would likewise use the word Personalist to denote a personal responsibility to be active and responsible for my actions. The difference being that Mounier felt the need of the state and of the military.

Those who as a minority seek an ideal may be foolishly optimistic,

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 2)

too much and then they go over to the barn and sit around and roll cigarettes until bed time. In the morning they hit the road.

We had one man come to us who'd just got out of hospital. Andy was his name. His body gave him all sorts of tribulation: he wore thick, strong glasses and his hands and legs were a mass of scars from operations for arthritis. He stayed with us a couple of weeks and then was offered a job by a truck driver who was opening a chicken "farm" a couple of miles away. The truck driver was continuing his work and Andy was to do the chickens, even tho' he can see and walk and use his hands with but the greatest difficulty. So he went away, and every Sunday, his day off, he'd come back to see us and bring us dozens of eggs. One day he told us that there was a lot of chicken dung over there that would be ours for the carting away.

Isidore and I pulled the back seat out of the 1940 Plymouth Sue Coffield gave us and went over. We filled a lot of bushel baskets with the stuff and loaded the car, and then had to unload because it wouldn't go and finally had to call John to come tow us out with his tractor.

While we were waiting Andy started to show us around and open his heart. He hated the place and it was easy to see why. It was one of those egg factories where the chickens are housed in long, low sheds; the lights are kept burning 24 hours a day so they will keep eating all the time and produce the maximum number of eggs. The reek of ammonia from the dung was almost overpowering and the roar of cackling from almost 2,000 white Leghorns was dreadful. Andy sat on a bale of sugar cane waste and said he couldn't take it any more. The scene was one of unrelieved ugliness, every sense was assaulted, including the sense of what was right and fitting and dignified. Every where were mounting piles of dung and between them a forest of weeds. All day he collected eggs and some times noisy, flighty birds would trip him because he couldn't see well. It was drizzling as we walked towards the car. We could hear the put-put of the tractor. Andy came away with us. We went back again for another load, but again we stalled and had to be pushed so we didn't go back. Andy went away again on some other job; on the chicken deal he got ten dollars a week and keep.

On the Feast of the Assumption it was two years since Marjorie Crowe Hughes left Maryfarm for her hill-top overlooking the Chemung Valley which she calls Maryvale. What hardships have come her way in those two years, alone with four children, no money and creditors pressing her. She's had the greatest difficulty in getting a job, and has not been able to get anyone to either come in with her on a cooperative basis or to help get the land under some sort of cultivation. She doesn't know how much longer she can hold out. Will anyone alive today see the victory of the Green Revolution.

and then when the reality of politics buffets them they become pessimists. Mounier's great insight gives this meaning: "The contrary of pessimism is not optimism. It is an indefinable mingling of simplicity, of pity, of stubbornness and of grace."

His grasp of history was complete for he felt that it was always possible through greater spiritual comprehension to give new meaning to the events of history. His essential faith determined his attitude towards the Existentialists in France as "a form of despair," although "a dual tendency to solipsism and pessimism" prevents it from being a synonym for Personalism.

CATHOLIC WORKER POSITIONS

The general aim of the Catholic Worker Movement is to realize in the individual and in society the, expressed and implied teachings of Christ. It must, therefore, begin with an analysis of our present society to determine whether we already have an order that meets with the requirements of justice and charity of Christ.

The society in which we live and which is generally called capitalist (because of its method of producing wealth) and bourgeois (because of the prevalent mentality) is not in accord with justice and charity—

IN ECONOMICS—because the guiding principle is production for profit and because production determines needs. A just order would provide the necessities of life for all, and needs would determine what would be produced. From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs. Today we have a non-producing class which is maintained by the labor of others with the consequence that the laborer is systematically robbed of that wealth which he produces over and above what is needed for his bare maintenance.

IN PSYCHOLOGY—because capitalist society fails to take in the whole nature of man but rather regards him as an economic factor in production. He is an item in the expense sheet of the employer. Profit determines what type of work he shall do. Hence, the deadly routines of assembly lines and the whole mode of factory production. In a just order the question will be whether a certain type of work is in accord with human values, not whether it will bring a profit to the exploiters of labor.

IN MORALS—because capitalism is maintained by class war. Since the aim of the capitalist employer is to obtain labor as cheaply as possible and the aim of labor is to sell itself as cheaply as possible and buy the products produced as cheaply as possible there is an inevitable and persistent conflict which can only be overcome when the capitalist ceases to exist as a class. When there is but one class the members perform different functions but there is no longer an employer-wage earner relationship.

TO ACHIEVE THIS SOCIETY WE ADVOCATE:

A complete rejection of the present social order and a non-violent revolution to establish an order more in accord with Christian values. This can only be done by direct action since political means have failed as a method for bringing about this society. Therefore we advocate a personalism which takes on ourselves responsibility for changing conditions to the extent that we are able to do so. By establishing Houses of Hospitality we can take care of as many of those in need as we can rather than turn them over to the impersonal "charity" of the State. We do not do this in order to patch up the wrecks of the capitalist system but rather because there is always a shared responsibility in these things and the call to administer to our brother transcends any

consideration of economics. We feel that what anyone possesses beyond basic needs does not belong to him but rather to the poor who are without it.

We believe in a withdrawal from the capitalist system so far as each one is able to do so. Toward this end we favor the establishment of a Distributist economy wherein those who have a vocation to the land will work on the farms surrounding the village and those who have other vocations will work in the village itself. In this way we will have a decentralized economy which will dispense with the State as we know it and will be federalist in character as was society during certain periods that preceded the rise of national states.

We believe in worker-ownership of the means of production and distribution, as distinguished from nationalization. This to be accomplished by decentralized co-operatives and the elimination of a distinct employer class. It is revolution from below and not (as political revolutions are) from above. It calls for widespread and universal ownership by all men of property as a stepping stone to a communism that will be in accord with the Christian teaching of detachment from material goods and which, when realized, will express itself in common ownership. "Property, the more common it is, the more holy it is," St. Gertrude writes.

We believe in the complete equality of all men as brothers under the Fatherhood of God. Racism in any form is blasphemy against God who created all mankind in His image and who offers redemption to all. Man comes to God freely or not at all and it is not the function of any man or institution to force the Faith on anyone. Persecution of any people is therefore a serious sin and a denial of free will.

We believe further that the revolution is to be pursued in ourselves and in society must be pacifist. Otherwise it will proceed by force and use means that are evil and which will never be outgrown, so that they will determine the END of the revolution and that end will again be tyranny. We believe that Christ went beyond natural ethics and the Old Dispensation in this matter of force and war and taught non-violence as a way of life. So that when we fight tyranny and injustice and the class war we must do so by spiritual weapons and by non-cooperation. Refusal to pay taxes, refusal to register for conscription, non-violent strikes, withdrawal from the system are all methods that can be employed in this fight for justice.

We believe that success, as the world determines it, is not the criterion by which a movement should be judged. We must be prepared and ready to face seeming failure. The most important thing is that we adhere to these values which transcend time and for which we will be asked a personal accounting, not as to whether they succeeded (though we should hope that they do) but as to whether we remained true to them even though the whole world go otherwise.

BLESSED MARTIN HOUSE

218 REAR TURLEY,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Dear Friends in Christ:

The family is smaller now. The twins and their mother moved a few weeks ago and all the other mothers are working at least a few days a week and helping out with the food. Our other Helen's class in the practical nursing school she is attending goes to the hospital for a week's orientation next week and Helen is glad and asks prayers. Louise is trying to decide between a business course and one teaching kindergarten children. And Annie Lee intends to stay at Blessed Martin House a while to help with the work here.

We've been getting lettuce, greens and collards from the garden, and note with joy that the cucumbers, squash, beans and tomatoes are in blossom. We should have a nice garden this year which certainly should help with the food problem.

Butch is now joining me several days a week at Mass and going with me to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion. I don't know how long this delightful piety will last but it is good to have him there with me.

I had to answer a very surprising and unexpected question this month from one of our white friends in Memphis who spoke for several. She (and they) wanted to know why we had not attended the meetings and talks sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Women here in Memphis held at the Peabody Hotel. It said that the fact that it was held in a white hotel should give her her answer; colored were not invited. (I used an uglier word though, in my exasperation) nor wanted. She insisted that we should have come. I don't know. I heard the same thing last year after the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine met here in the same way. Before the meetings no priest (in white or colored parish) we approached knew if colored were invited and since everything was held at an all white hotel or at the all white Catholic Club we assumed we were not and didn't go. However, if she were right in her assumption and we wrong in ours, if Negroes are welcome at such Catholic gathering in Memphis it would seem that these organizations would make this clear to Catholic Negroes through their pastors or the Catholic press—especially if these things are to be held in places which ordinarily do not admit Negroes as they usually are. It is hard enough for us to make ourselves go to white churches where we know we have a right, and meet stares and mutterings. (Though thank God at all these we have almost always met a few smiles and friendly greetings too.)

It's all right for these groups to talk about prudence in these matters but we can hide a lot of cowardice and a lack of charity behind that word too. Supernatural prudence is not the prudence of the world; on the contrary the "foolishness" of the Cross is the wisdom and prudence of God. Our Holy Father says "there is no other way to salvation than that of repudiating definitely the pride of race and blood and to turn resolutely toward that spirit of sincere

fraternity which is founded on the worship of the Divine Father of all." (To the citizens of Rome, March 18, 1945.)

In Christ,

Helen Caldwell Day

P.S.

The big news this month, of course, is the Supreme Court decision on segregation in the public schools. We at B. Martin House are jubilant but with reservations. . . . There have been some very bitter words spoken by public officials and by private citizens. We sincerely hope and pray that there will be no violence and no lasting enmity between Negroes and whites. We think that when the two races mingle with one another as equals they will realize that there isn't so much difference between Negroes and whites and all grow to love each other as befits Christians. This has been the case many times here at the House of Hospitality.

As far as Catholics are concerned now that the law no longer puts restraints on efforts to practice publicly the teachings of the Church on the subject (though the law didn't apply to parochial schools) we hope and pray that our hierarchy and clergy will open their institutions to the colored and lead the way immediately to complete integration rather than follow along like a puppy dog after the civil authorities. Such action has already been taken by a number of great social apostles: Archbishop Ritter, Rummel, Lucey, O'Boyle and Bishop Waters of N.C. We urge you all to write to your bishop and talk to your pastors urging them to do these things.

Robert Steed

APPEAL

St. Joseph's High School,
Crater, Aden, Arabia.

Would you be kind to publish in your paper a very urgent need we poor missionaries are out here in the sandy deserts of Arabia? We need books new and old—spiritual, general classical, reference, etc.—to help us carry on our work in the schools. Yes we are in dire need of them and alas are too poor to buy all of them ourselves.

If among your readers there are some who have such books to spare please do tell them to bundle them and send them off to our address.

If only our Catholic mission friends in the states knew what good could come out of them in these sandy deserts never would they allow even any decent reading matter to go waste. It takes very little to make the people of this place happy and therefore even old picture cards, Christmas cards and the like will be gratefully received.

In return we and our charges shall offer grateful prayers to draw God's choicest blessings upon you, your noble work and all our good benefactors.

Trusting you will give this humble appeal some place in your esteemed paper and thanking you in anticipation for the same.

Your very sincerely in Christ,
Rec. Fr. Stanislaus.

OUR POOR PARIAHS

I am missionary in charge of pariahs. The pariahs are the most poorest in India. They are a set of oppressed and depressed class of people. Their children are poorly fed and badly clothed. Most of them are under-nourished and skeleton-like. One of our outstanding problems is how to feed, clothe, and lodge these poor, unfortunate children. You can see children, mostly boys, up to the age of 12

years going about naked. We try to conduct a school for them and try to feed and clothe as many as we can. It is true rice is cheap here. But to feed twice a day 60 children is not an easy thing. Well, dear Sir, if you could send me a donation in behalf of our poor pariahs, I would do some good for them. Whenever I go to a place to say Mass or administer the Sacraments they all come around me and ask me for clothes and rice for their children.

NOTE

Rear view of St. Joseph's house at 223 Christie Street by Rita Corbin.

Rev. Kururilla,
Roman Catholic Mission,
Ranipet,
N. Arcet St.,
S. India.



ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

about cows and pigs and rabbits and chickens, and what is a garden and the difference between pruning trees and breaking branches. On the other hand it takes more than a ten day vacation to teach them anything. What I hope for is this, that in the midst of the heat and furore of Harlem, or during the dingy cold winters, there will be a memory of days in the fields and woods, and off the beach, and the image of the goodness of God in their hearts and minds from their contact with nature, and they will think of Him as the Maker of heaven and earth and the sea and all that is in them.

August 6, Feast of the Transfiguration. Ammon began his fast yesterday afternoon at three. A French Protestant monk from Cluny, on his way to the World Council meeting at Evanston, a French Canadian seminarian, an Alabamian seminarian, another young man about to go to join the Little Brothers of Jesus, and Robert Steed from the Memphis Martin de Porres House of Hospitality, and several others launched him on his way, some of them helping distribute literature.

In the afternoon at four fifteen there was another demonstration in front of the Japanese consulate which is in the Empire State Bldg., expressing our contrition for the past and present opposition to atomic weapons, and horror at the continuance of hydrogen bomb trials which are poisoning the food of the Japanese people.

In the evening to dinner with Karl Stern and his brother, and a walk through the East side. Later Helen Iswolsky talked on what the feast of the Transfiguration meant to the Russians. A beautiful evening.

August 8. Today Lucille Lynch and Jane Judge left Maryfarm, after their year's service there. Beth Rogers has returned from Atlanta where she had been caring for the last four months for her mother who broke her leg. She will be in charge of Maryfarm. Fr. Brown's retreat started today, and John Stanley is doing the cooking.

Four left Peter Maurin farm to go to the Maryfarm retreat, Ernest Lundgren of the St. Joseph's farm, Cape May, driving them.

Three Indo Chinese students at Peter Maurin farm for the week end, two of them Buddhists and one a free thinker.

Also this week end, four car loads of Puerto Ricans, a dozen to a car, one would think, from the appearance of them, so crowded that a policeman stopped them as they were going to the beach. On another occasion Helen and Maryanne were stopped with their load of children. "Who were they, Where did they come from," the police wanted to know. "Friends of the Catholic Worker," was the reply. It's like a new organization, "Friends of the Catholic Worker." Some times such friends give us a good reputation, and sometimes a very bad one.

August 9. Jane and Lucille took the plane to Pittsburgh, and after a stop over to St. Louis Farina, they went on to St. Paul. The fare on coach plane is only \$58 to St. Paul! Plane stations now begin to look like bus stations. Lucille was nervous since she had never flown, but Jane had, years ago. I hated to see them go, but am hoping to visit them in the fall.

August 8-13. Father Robert Brown of Louisville finished his retreat and the four from Peter Maurin farm came back in such a state of exhilaration, that they talked half the night. Peter Maurin used to say—"Be drunk on the Spirit, not spirits." The spiritual revolution makes all other kinds look pale and grim in comparison.

August 15. We do not have Mass on Peter Maurin farm on Sundays, since Father Duffy helps out Fr. McGrath and, says the eight and nine thirty Masses. One of these days we will surprise Fr. McGrath into permission for a sung Mass.

We love our little church, on its quiet street (no traffic problem there) with its church yard and benches and church hall and around the corner the cemetery. At a requiem Mass one weekday during the month, Fr. Duffy said the Mass and Fr. McGrath read the prayers for the dead, slowly, clearly, so that we heard every word of those beautiful intercessions. When my daughter had her last baby baptized by Fr. McGrath it was the same, both with the baptism, the churching and the offering of little Margaret to the Blessed Mother.

On Assumption afternoon we had vespers and a retreat conference from a book of recordings of Fr. Hugo. We were glad to see that our pastor at Old St. Patrick's is reprinting some of Fr. Hugo's conferences in his parish bulletin.

August 19. The loom is all set up. It took Tamar three hours, what with the children always getting cut feet and bruises and needing attention, and little Margaret crawling around on the floor underfoot. But someone sent in an extra crib, glory to be God, and now we can get her out of the way, and leave her to take a walk around the farm once in a while. She's at the crawling stage and has to be watched every minute.

Thanks to the crib, the loom was finally set up and now we are weaving yards of linen towelling. Lauren Ford sent another bag of wool so there is plenty of work ahead, for winter evenings, and we can make some of our own blankets and comforters this winter. Margaret Vincent, from the Edinboro, Pa., group came for a weekend visit and she tried to do a bit of weaving on the same loom that Mary Thornton had set up with both our own sheep's wool and goat's hair back at Easton.

Stanley has his printing press, a very small affair, going every day and has printed leaflets for Robert Steed, of the Martin de Porres House of Memphis, cards for Sue Coffield on the commandments, beatitudes and works of mercy, and countless letterheads for David Hennessy, and for me a card with a beautiful Memling of Our Lady to answer correspondence on. Now we can boast of a few crafts besides that of rolling cigarettes. We have breadmaking, of course, and carpentry, and Father Duffy his farming. There are plenty of things to learn if people want to learn them, at this farm which could easily be an agronomic university if people talked less and read less and worked more. The best example we have of steady work, is Hisaye Yamamoto who yet finds time to read some every evening and for short periods during the day, and is ever willing to teach others, or lend a hand to others. This last week she was showing a few girls in a work camp how to make bread. They all got their hands in it and said it was something they had always wanted to do.

August 23. Another hectic week end. We had long watched the picnics at The Neighbor which is a tavern, not an inn, where every weekend there are working class picnics, from factories round about, and sponsored by Knights of Columbus, Holy Name men or various parishes. There are ball fields, parking lots, a dance pavilion and a good grove and the noise of the juke box, and occasionally of hand played instruments is wafted to us on the west wind. We put up with their noise and they put up with our occasional vicissitudes. Ours is an interracial neighborhood too, so there is no question ever about our international and interracial guests. We wondered why some of the ladies of the picnics never visited our chapel and in an effort to correct the situation, Ann Perry painted a very beautiful sign to hang under our Peter Maurin Farm sign and it was hung during the week.

Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Therese, Visitors Invited, the sign read.

We were greatly rewarded last Sunday as flocks of lovely Italian mothers and grandmothers from Queen of Peace parish of Brooklyn made visits all the day and came again at four in the afternoon for rosary and benediction. It was a beautiful way to celebrate the Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. May she bless our chapel this coming year.

In addition to our Italian picnickers, we had an American Friends Service Committee work camp of seven, four girls and three young men, who came to work out of doors, but were forced to do the uninteresting work of tearing all the old paper off the hall wall and patching with plaster and sizing it. It was one of those rainy Saturdays when we were delighted not to have the children on hand.

Ethel Thurston, Margaret Dadah and several girls from Hunter College also came to sing plain chant together, and we had some classes out under the cherry tree Sunday. As I write, this busy summer is coming to a close. Our Sundays will probably still be very crowded, but the children will be back in school again. And when I think of our crowded life which is an intensely happy one too, I think also that it is a good thing there is not much time to worry about what we accomplish. It is like singing the Mass, which Fr. Duffy has the forbearance to let us do this week. We at least try to do what we know is right to do. We want to do "the work of God" which King David says in the Sunday vesper psalms "is praise and magnificence." We want to sing the kyrie, the gloria, the credo, the sanctus, the agnus dei, the deo gratias with all our hearts, with the breath of our hearts. We want to use ourselves to do this work of God and we have no voices, we are not trained to sing, we do it badly. But God sees the desires, He sees the intention. He sees what we have wanted for these children, these visitors, these ambassadors, these people of other faiths, other nations. He sees the vision we hold, the positions we take, and our living these positions in what small way we can. We will scatter the seed with all the generosity of which each one of us is capable. It is for Him to see to the increase.

Strike

(Continued from page 1)

where the conditions lead to early fatigue.

The first UAW-CIO contract with Kohler was concluded in 1953, with Emil Mazey, national UAW secretary-treasurer, at the helm. This year, when the agreement expired, Herbert Kohler balked at the union's revisions to the initial document. After weeks of fruitless conferences, the workers voted to cease production.

With the national CIO poised, ready to render assistance to its fraternal brothers, the Sheboygan workers are prepared to resist every effort to have them yield from their original demands. Asserting that the company has "merely been going through the motions of bargaining," Local 833 President Allan J. Graskramp points out that Kohler has failed to keep abreast its competitors Briggs, American Standard and Crane) in the bathroom fixture industry at the wage level. Recent surveys indicate Kohler's wage rate is about 20 to 50 cents below that of Briggs.

"However, salary was not the issue of this situation until the strike began," Graskramp explained. "There are other vital considerations—the pension plan and the company's refusal to boost hospital insurance to full coverage are as urgent as wages."

Emil Mazey and Harvey Kitzman, CIO union regional director, head the UAW-CIO negotiating team, while Lyman Conger and William Howe, Kohler's Washington representative, direct management's bargaining unit.

By PAUL J. CLARKE

DEATH IN AUGUST

(Continued from page 1)

Andrew's church and gave him conditional absolution and extreme unction. He had the last sacrament of the Church. When he died he was carrying on his person a rosary and a crucifix. It is not as though he had known he was going to die. He was a young man yet, as ages go these days, in his early fifties, and he probably felt he had years of work ahead of him. He carried a rosary and a crucifix, but he was not on good terms with the Church. He called himself a Catholic, and doubtless was, but he followed "the Party line," and it was the communists who supported him in his campaigns as he supported them so often in the positions he took, the legislation he backed or opposed in Congress, to which he had been elected so many times. If he were a communist, which he denied, one could say we had one Communist in Congress. A fearsome thing! Enough to set off another McCarthy oration on God and country! Reminding one of the brave FBI man who displayed his gun-packed holster under his arm, as he interviewed us women and children at Peter Maurin farm some months ago about a Catholic conscientious objector. A fearful country we have become with the frightful outcry we have let loose, the outlawing of the Communist party, and of anyone who ever took the same position it did in regard to labor, race relations, free speech, housing, relief, and so on.

Of course one might have asked Marcantonio, "Why were you against the war against Hitler until he invaded Russia?" Of course there are all sorts of other embarrassing questions one might ask. It was these things the Chancery office had in mind when it refused him Catholic burial from his parish church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. But for a generation which has put the adventures of Don Camillo on its best seller list, and has laughed warm-heartedly at the adventures of the parish priest and the communist mayor of a little Italian town, it was a hard-to-explain action. Maybe none of the priests there have had time to read that bright piece of fiction. But I am sure they sweated over that decision which they felt it necessary to make, and grieved in their hearts over it and felt that it was the only thing they could do, considering that Marcantonio always seemed to flout Holy Mother Church whom they loved. But I still can't help wondering about that rosary and crucifix. He didn't change them from one pants pocket to another, on that rainy summer Monday morning, saying, "If I drop dead I'd better have a rosary and a crucifix in my pocket. It will look well for my party." He was not even a member of the American Labor Party any more, saying it was communist dominated here in New York, though he was running for House of Representatives again this fall on another ticket.

The thing that we will remember Vito Marcantonio for was "he understood concerning the needy and the poor." The Psalmist said, "Blessed is he who understands concerning the needy and the poor." I can't help thinking of the rich man who sat at the table and feasted sumptuously, and the poor man at the gate, starving, covered with sores, a repulsive looking sight in all likelihood. They might even beep wine sores, such as we see so often on men of the Bowery, which are so casually and unsympathetically dismissed. "Why don't you go to the Gouverneur Hospital clinic (that's your district, and let them look after those sores of yours, instead of letting the dogs lick them in that horrible manner? The Municipal Lodging House is on Second street, right off the Bowery—you can get a handout there, if you form in line and get a ticket. No bums allowed in this Rockefeller center section of the city."

One recalls too, that other famous saying-of-the-month of the teen-age slugger of Brooklyn, "I have always hated bums and vagrants. They are no use to society and have no right to live."

But the poor of East Harlem felt that Vito loved them and was interested in them. "It was like the confessional or the clinic," someone said of his office. "There was always someone there to listen, to advise, to give help. Crowds came to him, and he always listened. He always tried to help."

In the 25th chapter of St. Matthew there is a description of those who are the saved. It is those who feed the hungry, shelter the harborless, visit the prisoner, bury the dead, and perform the works of mercy. That is the description of what we should be doing, given by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. He told another story too, of two brothers, and one said to the commands of his father, "I won't," and yet afterwards went and performed the works his father wanted, and the other said, "I will," and didn't do them.

We sang a Requiem Mass for him, on Peter Maurin farm and besides the group at the farm, and Maryanne and Helen, who were caring for the children, there were a dozen children from his own district, from 101st St. and First Avenue; Carol, Lee Samuel, Marthana, Verlene Wright and Carmen Torres, Nilda, Isabella, Esperanza, Rafael, Francisco Ortero, Felix and Pura Ruiz and Gilbert Ortiz.

May Marcantonio's soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God (we know a little about His mercy from the story of the prodigal son) rest in peace.

Bread

(Continued from page 3)

bowl of nutritious, delicious soup. When one realizes this has been going on for years, with the successful feeding of uncounted thousands of hungry men in "the line," one is suddenly brought face-to-face with the fact that here Divine Providence re-enacts the miracle of the loaves on a 24-hour schedule. And we are not unmindful of and deeply grateful to our dear friends all over the country who make possible the flour we use in this bread. And, those, too, who make it possible for us to purchase loaves from the local baker when our supply becomes exhausted.

After we have our noon day meal, at which bread is always to be found in the center of the table, we adjourn to the Library where we recite the Holy Rosary in concert. I am in a position to let the light of faith shine upon a great truth which makes me lift my heart even higher than thinking in the terms of ordinary, everyday bread or in the line of men waiting for its sustenance. My thoughts turn to the universal line, expanded around the world and numbering men, women and children of all races, who eagerly partake of the Bread of Life, Holy Communion. This is the Divine and Living Bread that enables us to share more and more in the life of Him who went about doing good. Who am I to tell how wonderful it is? All I can say is that it makes the soul strong. If we can lead one spiritually starved person to this "line" and to share in this Blessed Banquet, all our years of labor and confusion will not be lost. St. Paul makes me think and pray and work with a better heart whenever I read his words: "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me."

MOVING?

Arthur Sappe, old friend of the Catholic Worker, has bought a one ton truck and is available for moving jobs. His address is 334 W. 26th St. Phone AL 5-0794.

PICKETING AND FASTING

(Continued from page 1)

facing the bay we could see the big ships coming and going, and there was a continuous stream of people coming to and from the park between noon and 2 p.m.

While Dorothy had gone to the printers to order 2,000 leaflets of which we would be proud instead of ashamed, for we were handing out so many that they would all be gone that day, a cop came up and told me I was not allowed to hand out leaflets. I gave him an argument to the effect that everywhere you went you saw leaflets so what was the matter with some more of them right here. He didn't want the street cluttered up with my propaganda but I countered with a sweep of my arm asking him to find a scattered leaflet. He gruffly told me I had to stop. I told him that I would discontinue for the present and call a lawyer. If I was allowed by law to keep up my activity I would do so and if not I would likely break the law and he could arrest me later. A friend called the Civil Liberties Union and I was advised to go ahead. I did so and was not bothered. A few days later this same cop came by and saw me in action and said not a word.

A Catholic woman stopped me and felt that what I was doing was not Catholic Action. I told her that it was my kind of Catholic Action, and she could practice her kind and we would both be happy. Later she returned and said that she did not like pickets but I was "not such a bad picket"; that she had complained to the Chancery office and they were going to ask me to cease picketing. I replied that I would worry about that when it happened.

Later in the morning George Carlin helped me distribute my leaflets and also some that he had printed about our treatment of the Japanese people; our advice on birth control, abortion and armaments. As we walked along red ink was squirted twice on us and on my sign. Later an employee in the Customs House told us that no one there had thrown the ink; that it had been a teen ager whom he knew by sight and he would get him if he came back. We told him not to bother on our account but it seems that some ink had been spattered on a car also.

A big man stopped in front of me and told me he was a marine with the insinuating tone of what I was going to do about it. I told him it was all right if he wanted to be a marine. A woman told me to go back to Russia and I replied that I didn't have the fare. Most people were cordial or curious and only five leaflets out of 750 were thrown away.

Someone took eight photographs of my sign. Whether it was the FBI or some newspaper I do not know. I had notified the tax man, the police, and the FBI about my subversive action a week before so there was nothing to hide. A news story and photo was sent to the papers in Japan by reporters who came to interview me.

Between 4:30 and 5:30 we of the CW cooperated with the War Resister's and the Peacemakers in a poster walk at the entrance to the Empire State Building where we passed out a special leaflet expressing our sorrow because of the Bombing at Hiroshima 9 years before. A visit was made to the Japanese Consulate in the building. Here on 34th St. the fumes from cars gave me a headache. I lost 5 pounds that first day of my fast.

As the tax office was closed on Saturday and Sunday I rested in the CW office and was ready to picket on Monday. Now the much needed rain came and gave me an extra day of rest. Roger O'Neill came down with me Tuesday morning, carrying 100 CW's and giving them out with leaflets at the side of the building. Roger is a good, quiet kid who was fasting along with me except that he drank some milk and fruit juices.

A policeman in a squad car, who subscribes to the CW, asked me about myself and ideas and good naturedly gave me some argument. He wondered why we did not soapbox on Wall street at noons and give an answer to the "atheistic" talk that went on there. I plan to go there one noon a week and give the CW radical message, weather permitting. A police official came from headquarters and asked questions about my history and ideas. He was courteous and wondered what the FB and tax man thought about me. I advised him to ask them and see and told him that under the new tax law I could get 5 years and \$10,000 fine for "defeating" the tax law, and it was up to the government as to what they wanted to do about it. He conferred with the tax man and later waved his hand as he left saying "o.k." and I was not bothered further by the police. A detective came to the CW that day to find out what kind of a place it was, and another woman called up saying that the Chancery office was going to stop us. Several people who received my leaflet phoned in an excited manner about the name of Marx being mentioned, and now they were sure that we were Communists.

Dorothy came around at 11:30 each day and by 2 p.m. we had given out the 500 leaflets and 100 CW's allotted to that day. Those who came before and after this time were generally people who had already received the leaflet on previous days. It was noticeable that folks would take a leaflet from a woman when they would not from a man. Stanley Borkowski from Eric Gill Center came down each noon and carried my sign. This was a great help as the wind came in mightily from the ocean at times.

A veteran felt that he had to pay taxes and I didn't and this was not fair so he was reporting immediately to the tax man about my getting away with it. Many people stopped and asked for extra leaflets to give in the offices where they worked. A group of uniformed workers, from the subway I think, passed by several times each day but would not take a leaflet. Only about half a dozen leaflets were thrown away each day. A priest from a small cotton mill town in Georgia conversed with us freely, bought my book, and explained that he was a personal friend of the Catholic chaplain in Atlanta, prison, to whom I had already sent a gift copy of my book describing my life and times in his prison.

My friend Hollis Wyman, a former air officer at the time of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, picketed a day with a sign denoting his penance and shame, in Great Barrington, Mass., where he lives. I received greetings from him and from friends over the country. As in previous fasting I had no appetite after the first day, but because of the fine weather I did not lose weight as I had in the 105 degrees in Phoenix last year. Going to bed early, leisurely to Mass in the nearby parish church each morning of that week of great saints' days: Cure d' Ars, St. Laurence, St. Clare—all this made my fasting and picketing a joy although I was tired and by the last day was aching all over.

Dorothy and I had each but three leaflets left now on Friday afternoon. I saw a crowd around her and came up to hear insulting questions from young Catholics about the CW and about our being Communists. We were both very tired from buffeting the wind and the vociferous youngsters shouted over and over the same thing without paying attention to but little of what we said. The lady who had phoned the Chancery office came up also and was shocked to see Dorothy upholding my picketing. It would seem that the only scripture our audience had ever heard was "Render unto Caesar," for they had no conception of the Sermon on the Mount. After half an hour of this more or less fruitless

conversation we left, inviting them to our Friday night meetings.

First with fruit juices and fruit, and soup Saturday evening I commenced to regain the 16 pounds that I had lost, and early Sunday morning I was on my way to Fellowship Farm near Pottstown, Pa., where Nettie Mae Merritt and Marjorie Penney had invited me to speak to their group. They sang a lot of lively songs about brotherhood, and one about all being in the same boat and we oughtn't to rock it, being especially good; although I had the impression that it was also very important to know whether the boat was to be wrecked in the rapids, and where it was headed. Their quiet hour on the top of the hill at dusk refreshed me.

On my way back I stopped with Jim Keitzman at the Federal Court in Philadelphia where A. Vail Palmer, who had done a year for refusing to register, was being sentenced for his further refusal to cooperate with the draft. The DA asked for 5 years and an army officer felt that this stubborn refusal to obey the law should be made an example to deter draft evasion or resistance. Clarence Pickett and George Walton, leading Quakers, testified as to the right of young Palmer to defy the law and be a Quaker. The judge gave him \$500 fine and 3 years probation.

Apostle

(Continued from page 3)

will be sorrowfully received by all those working for peace who had learned to love this priest's engaging spirit, at once audacious and calmly reasonable." Although we had not known Father Lorson personally, he had kindly inscribed the copy of his last book "Defense de Tuer" which he sent up to his "dear friends at the Catholic Worker."

Father Lorson was ordained in 1929, after intensive studies in literature, philosophy and theology. His range of activity was vast. A remarkable journalist, contributor to the Jesuit publication "Etudes," author and translator of numerous religious works, Father Lorson was besides an excellent orator and his regular sermons at the Cathedral of Strasbourg attracted large numbers of the faithful. Notable among his books were "Can a Christian Be a Conscientious Objector?", "Killing is Forbidden" and "Christians and Racism." (No English or American publisher has issued any of these works in an English edition.) His translations into French include Romano Guardini's "The Lord" and Father Strattmann's "Jesus Christ and the State."

Since the war, this eminent Jesuit has devoted himself to promoting the establishment of a Christian peace in a divided world. He was active in the "Civil Service Internationale" and "Pax Christi" movements, although he regarded the latter as inadequate, because of its too exclusive emphasis on the spiritual.

Pierre Houart continues: "Above all, he made friends, and even unbelievers and our separated brethren esteemed him highly. There was not an ounce of cowardice in him, on the contrary, he always preferred Christian boldness to pusillanimous prudence. Father Lorson, apostle of non-violence, in working unceasingly for the reconciliation of peoples and races, has truly deserved peace. His efficacious and fruitful activity will be for us an example and a stimulus to redouble our ardor. Because of his example, we shall work harder than ever for the realization of that ideal of non-violence which was his. May his soul, we pray Thee, Lord, rest in Thy Peace."

(The obituary of Father Lorson was published in "Routes de Paix" for June, 1954, by Pierre Houart. Copies of this periodical may be obtained by writing to 39, rue de Lorient, Boitsfort-Bruxelles in Belgium. Translated by Martin J. Corbin.

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 2)

have proved to be great opportunities for fruitful meditations on our reason for being—however, you sometime feel that you could do very well without such meditations. One of the good products of visiting these hospital wards is that, you get to know the other patients and their ills plus their relatives and friends. All barriers are shattered and you become intimate friends with everyone as they do with you.

Late one night during the week, a slight little man with a broken nose came into the office seeking a place to sleep. He said he had just been released from jail that day. He had been locked up for ten days after the police had picked him off of a park bench. The police had considered him drunk and all the man's explanation that the trembling of his hands were due to a bad case of palsy impressed the police not one bit. The judge shrugged at that excuse the next morning in court. The little fellow found a job for himself after he spent three weeks with us. During that time it was obvious to everyone the he was a victim of palsy.

Another man came in this afternoon for a cup of coffee. He too had been released from jail this morning. This man has never stayed in our house but we have known him a long time. He derives his living from collecting and selling junk found in trash piles. He claimed that the police woke him up on a park bench where he had fallen asleep over a newspaper. The judge sentenced him to thirty days in the city jail.

Applying the fallacious reasoning that everyone in the Bowery area who is without a steady job must be a criminal—the police have pitched numerous people into jail during the past month. Human and civil rights are non-existent for the poorest segment of society—at least in this section of the city. The injustice perpetuated against these little people is of the most flagrant kind. While one can fully commiserate with the Mayor and his police force over the seriousness of the rising crime rate still they should realize that everyman has a God-given dignity whether he be on the Bowery or on Park Avenue. Likewise, that the really dangerous criminals do not live on the Bowery, if for no other reason than that there would be no criminals if a life of crime paid off in terms of a forty-five cent a night birdcage room in a Bowery flophouse or a night's sleep on a park bench.

Last Friday noon, a good priest friend pulled me away from the environs of Chrystie street and we made a tour of the United Nations buildings at 42nd street and 1st avenue. We spent an hour on a guided tour and were impressed no end with the gigantic program and accomplishments of the U.N. The priest and I like many other people had a hazy idea of the value and usefulness of the U.N. That was before we made the visit, now the achievements of the U.N. are a lot clearer at least in the fields of health and social service. You can't come away from the buildings with any idea that these people are not working for peace in the world, because they are and they at least have a sound foundation to work upon. If it is only for the fact that there is at least one place where all nations can meet and know each other—besides the constant reminders adorning the buildings pointing up the desirability of world peace.

One good member of our family complained of a lack of bedsheets. He said I had better do something about it. He claimed that even he is short sheeted and added that this condition is a shame. In my usual cheerful response to criticism, I offered to ask our readers to send in a few sheets—without the holes. Our complainant snorted,

"Nuts to the readers—go out and buy the sheets." "Buy" is a fighting word, particularly at this minute, when we do not have enough money on hand to mail out this issue of the Catholic Worker. Besides it is going to be a terrible rat race to get enough money up to mail out the October appeal. If you would like to have us send the October appeal to you then you might wrap up a few dollars in those sheets and mail it in.

A beautiful American flag is hanging on a clothesline in our back yard. Ammon Hennacy washed it this morning and hung it up to dry. This is the first time that I have seen a flag around this house. Roger O'Neill had this huge flag hid down in the basement. Ammon is going to prop this flag alongside of his soap box when he speaks at Wall Street on Tuesday noons. Ammon said that it is against the law to speak in public without a flag. All of this reminded me of the time Bob Ludlow was mistakenly invited to speak at an American rally day sponsored by the American Legion in an uptown auditorium. The flag was draped around the stage as Bob started his dynamic speech but was quickly removed within five minutes by three Legionaries. That was the one and only time that the American Legion invited Bob to speak.

Few visitors escape from our office these days without purchasing a copy of Ammon Hennacy's Autobiography. Ammon is a persistent and relentless salesman. Ammon hooked a well balanced priest friend of ours with a copy last Saturday. The priest phoned a few days later to say that he liked the book immensely although he didn't see eye to eye with Ammon's ideas.

There is a middle-aged gray haired woman sitting in our library waiting for supper. She does not live in this house although she has had a great number of meals with us during the past three years that we have known her. A few minutes ago she asked about moving into our home for a while. We said that we were sorry but that all the beds in the women's house are filled and we can only permit men to sleep on the floor in our library. We asked her about other places that might take her in. She replied that she was not acceptable at any of the places that the city or the Bowery missions provide. There are but a small number of places where a poor woman can find shelter in this city and she had lived in every one of them at some time or other. She had spent last night sitting up in the waiting room in the Pennsylvania railroad station. This lady has a drinking problem and a disposition which grates on others when she is drinking. We can readily understand the difficulty that anyone is faced with who might take here in for shelter and yet we feel there must be some place for these extra difficult cases.

Autobiography of A Catholic Anarchist

by Ammon Hennacy
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Introduction
by Dorothy Day

A penetrating presentation of what happened to the body and within the soul of a man who refused to register for two wars, has been a tax-refuser for ten years, and tries to carry the same uncompromising loyalty to the Sermon on the Mount into every area of his daily life.
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FIRE BELL

(Continued from page 1)

ter as it was, may have been only a prelude, "a patrol action in force," to the larger scale battle that many Catholic social and political authorities sense is in the offing.

As the lines are drawn we see, on one side, the socially-conscious bishops, priests, and laity. Facing them is a vigorous, vociferous reactionary bloc that appears determined to scuttle what it terms the "leftist interpretations" of the Vatican's social justice policy. Tempers have long since become lost and, as already indicated, communiques from both forces have gone beyond the merely waspish.

To say that the reactionary bloc is national in scope would be incorrect at this time, but the skeletal form of such a country-wide bund appears to exist in the "Council of Business and Professional Men of the Catholic Faith," an Illinois corporation that piously claims its sole objective is furthering what it deems to be the "correct" interpretation and application of the Church's social dictums. This group, with headquarters at 321 West Huron St., Chicago, and a mailing address at 546 N. East Avenue, Oak Park, Ill., serves to hold together, in an informal way, such organizations with identical aims formed at the local community levels.

The Council first won national recognition when it published the controversial booklet, "CHRISTIANITY AND AMERICAN CAPITALISM," written by Rev. Edward A. Keller, Director of Economic Research at Notre Dame University. Fr. Keller is not to be confused with Rev. James Keller, of the Christophers. He had John Francis O'Hara, C.S.C., Archbishop of Philadelphia and former president of Notre Dame University, write the introduction to the booklet and the Archbishop of Fort Wayne, John Francis Noll, supplied the imprimatur.

The booklet has been under fire from the day it rolled off the press. Fr. Keller's efforts failed to impress Monsignor George G. Higgins, Assistant Director, Social Action Dept., National Catholic Welfare Council, and he said so in his syndicated column, "The Yardstick." Msgr. Higgins said the priest-economist was "fighting a straw man of his own creation" when he tackled the problem of compulsory co-determination or co-management and took umbrage at the booklet's implication that a group of unidentified American Catholics subscribed to the Marxist philosophy in this phase of labor

relations. The Higgins critique summed up by saying that Fr. Keller added to the confusion relative to Catholic social doctrine, instead of dispelling it.

The Council immediately took up the cudgel for Fr. Keller and stalked Msgr. Higgins through the mails. But, here a strange thing occurred. The Council suddenly decided it wanted no publicity. Its releases to the press were "slugged" for information only and, through its Social Action Committee Chairman, Frank Flick, it had the audacity to suggest to Msgr. Higgins that he refrain from writing further columns on Fr. Keller! Its plan was for a cozy little get-together between itself and the Bishops, decide on what was the "correct" position to take in regard to the encyclicals and then, but only then, tell the masses. This approach, it is reported to have said, will best serve the interest of cooperation of the lay people—and, only incidentally, of course, the interest of the Council.

On just what basis this tight little group feels it is qualified to sit with the American Bishops and cut up the Papal encyclicals to suit its end is not revealed in its propaganda. Certainly, the men whose names are connected with it are, as far as the rank and file of American Catholicism goes, nonentities. John K. Dorsey, is Chairman; L. Mickle, Vice Chairman; C. A. Mawicke, Treasurer. Charles Scully is secretary for the group and its Board of Directors list James Donnelly, Lee Gary, Edward Kerwin, Walter Schintz and Robert White. Admittedly, these gentlemen may enjoy some local eminence in Chicago, but it is seriously doubted if they are qualified to confer with the American Bishops to find a solution to the social policy encyclicals for the rest of the Catholics in the nation.

It would be foolhardy to underestimate the vigor of the rightist wing of the Catholic Church. Its propaganda finds its way into schools, parish societies and clubs, Knights of Columbus Councils and to individual laymen. The New Orleans advertisement quoted Fr. Keller and, on the basis of his statement, implied their Archbishop was distorting the encyclicals. And, the usually mild magazine "MAGNIFICAT," published by the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, N. H., finds itself editorializing on Fr. Keller's position as an encyclical authority in the August, 1954, issue.

With the New Orleans skirmish,

the battle is joined. If the reactionary bloc should expand, every progressive step the Church in America has taken to apply the social teaching of Leo XIII, Pius XI, and Pius XII will be destroyed. The liberals in the Church hold that these encyclicals are the most vital topic on the Hierarchy's agenda today. The working class is looking anxiously for a definite statement of mandatory social policy that will squelch the individual, opportunistic interpretations that can only result in chaos and, ultimately, heresy. The fire bell is ringing, but let us pray our fears are groundless.

Negative

(Continued from page 3)

what it calls McCarthyism. The right-wingers made a charge which was true that the Stalinists had infiltrated the American Government during the thirties and early forties. American liberalism has been unable to admit this. The reality does not, of course, square with "twenty years of treason," but then neither was it simply a "red-herring."

Not only were the liberals unable to admit the charge in the face of a very real security problem, they had no program of their own. McCarthyism is, in a sense, the spume of the witch-hunt. But its depth, its tidal force, has come from executive orders like the Attorney General's List, Justice Department policy like the Smith Act prosecutions, administrative processes like the loyalty and security program. Many of these were initiated by liberals. Without a program of their own, caught by the accusations of Stalinist infiltration, they became me-tooers, the proponents of a subtle witch-hunt, obsessed by the phenomenon of McCarthy and blind to the massive drift of which they were a part.

The infamous break-down of American liberalism in the case of the bill outlawing the Communist Party was the logical, if irrational, outcome of this process. Certainly, no one expected it to be so clear, yet it was not unprecedented. It merely signaled that the liberals were now ready to indulge in a demagogic witch-hunt instead of the polite one they had been conducting for years.

Thus it was that Hubert Humphrey, a Vice Chairman of the ADA (and a candidate for election this year) lead the pack. And thus it was that Herbert Brownell remained consistent to his policy of witch-hunting and the President fought the liberals on civil liberties.

Democracy and Freedom

The result was tragic. A law which many Senators admitted was useless, and yet which was undeniably undemocratic, became a part of American democracy. The unseemly and ugly session at which it was discussed in the Senate was only the sur-realistic setting which the whole process deserved.

We have come far now. Less than a decade and a half ago, Franklin Roosevelt's Attorney General (it was a liberal, Francis Biddle) started the first Smith Act prosecutions. And then, in rapid succession after the war, came Attorney General's List (an arbitrary listing of organizations without hearing), the Loyalty and Security Program (guilt by association, the concept of "risk" rather than loyalty), Immigration Policy ("executive imprisonment," wrote Justice Jackson, has come to the Anglo-American law for the first time "since John at Runnymede"), the Internal Security Act of 1950, and the McCarran Immigration Act—and now, the outlawing of the Communist Party.

The United States is not a police-state—yet. Men still may speak out, at a great price. Fewer speak. Yet all of these laws are part of a massive, deep, unprecedented movement toward a police-state. Their source is almost always the same the political bankruptcy of American capitalism in a hostile world.

Meaning of the Word 'Rich'

Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." At least if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for the fact that it is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor" as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor.

John Ruskin

THE SPIRIT OF VIOLENCE

(Continued from page 1)

to more specific grounds than the usual blaming of the home, the background, associates and what not. The catalog of crime is so peculiarly shocking that generalization will not do for an answer."

Dr. Charles Malik, Greek Orthodox representative of Lebanon on the United Nations security council told a plenary session of the World Council of Churches today that at the present rate of spiritual impotence, it is only a matter of time before the whole of Asia and Africa and maybe even Europe will be engulfed by Communism.

Spiritual impotence and our militarized state may be the answer. Joseph N. Welch, the Boston lawyer who represented the Army in the late Army-McCarthy hearings said that a cloud of hate and fear was hanging over Washington. "We seem to be measuring our reactions by emotion and not by logic and reason. The two simple emotions I observed at the Capital were fear and hate fanned to a white heat. It was frightening to me. Those who fan fear and hate to a white heat are doing this country a great disservice. A steady diet of this would destroy us."

Bishop Sheil also attending the American Bar Associations' National meeting said that "demagogues who preach rigid conformity and paralysing fear as the only path to solidarity are false prophets who, in their attempt to preserve freedom, destroy it."

Fear, hatred—these seem to be the frenzied emotions that lead to such violence which Brooklyn has recently witnessed. None of these young students, who were of middle class background suffered from material want. Frankly they killed for the thrill they said. Originally arrested for beating up a vagrant in full view of a police station, they confessed to other brutal attacks. One man they had beaten died, and another had been first tortured and beaten and then flung into the river to drown. Another man they beat, then attached gasoline-soaked rags to his legs and set fire to them. They whipped two young girls.

One of the four boys arrested was a musician, and played accompaniments to his father's violin. Another was a student of Mediaeval history. Another attended the synagogue regularly. All were neat, well-read, mannerly, according to the detectives investigating the case. The student of history gave as his explanation the fact that he "hated bums and vagrants" and felt they were of no use to society and better off dead. He had attended New York University and had hoped to teach. There is acrimony in the discussion among lawyers, social workers, judges, reporters and editors in this terrible case. The story of these youths, studious, homeloving, music lovers, regular clients at the public library, recalls the crime of Leopold and Loeb which shocked the world a generation ago. Since that crime of 1925 we have had wars and preparations for wars, and youth has become accustomed and trained in violence, in flushing out with flames and mopping up with mortars, in dropping napalm, flaming gasoline jelly, on the defenseless population in obliteration bombing and now finally the atomic weapons and nerve gas and even more deadly weapons of mass destruction.

There may have been satisfaction of a kind before in personal encounters, in the hand to hand fighting of one soldier against another. Denis de Rougement in his *Love in the Western World* had much to say on the sexual element in war. The Carmelite Review in France which is digging deep into the minds and hearts of men as is fitting for followers of St. John of the Cross, is responsible for the volume *Satan*, recently published by Sheed and Ward, and another volume entitled, *we believe, Love and Violence*. De Rougement's more recent book, *The Devil's Share*, might also throw some light on these problems. The spirit of violence, of black hatred and fear, is certainly abroad today and must be dealt with.

If we, with deliberate intent, not from any softness or weakness, undertake the work of love and non-violence in all our thoughts, words and deeds, we will make a beginning of dealing with these problems. But we must remember, as Fr. Zossima said, in *The Brothers Karamazov*, that "love in action is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams."

By DOROTHY DAY

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