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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

It was William James who said that when you make a resolution, announce it publicly so you will be ashamed not to stick to it. So we are announcing that we are doing away with our two cars at the Peter Maurin Farm. "What causes your brother to stumble!" There is nothing wrong about cars—in fact they are a joy and delight but it is what happens on account of them. My love for cars I am sure dates back to the days when my two older brothers both had bicycles in Bath Beach and I didn't, and what I wanted was a tricycle which you sit in with a steering wheel and work with your feet. There was no possibility of my ever getting one and I finally learned to ride a neighbor's bicycle. But from the time I learned to drive out in Hollywood, I have enjoyed cars. Back in 1929 you could buy a second hand model T Ford for thirty dollars, and with one driving lesson, start out practicing all alone by yourself on the back streets. You did not even have to have a license in California at that time. I scandalized the studio I was working for, Pathe, by my old fashioned car, but I was saving money to go to Mexico, and the car got me where I wanted to go.

Later on when I returned from Mexico I had another old model T. and then in the early days of the Catholic Worker on Fifteenth street we had a car for a while to deliver papers and pick up food and clothing. At first we had used a horse and wagon, rented from a livery stable down the street, and driven by big Dan Orr, but later on when he got a job as taxidriver, we had no one else who knew about horses so we took to renting push carts and using them about the neighborhood, helping people move, begging produce from the markets. When we had a house of hospitality in Oakland, California, headed by Bill Everson (Brother Antoninus), the fellows used an old baby carriage to go to market with. You see them being used today on the East Side of New York by old men collecting rags and bottles and old cartons.

When we looked for our first communal farm, we borrowed Mrs. Porter Chandler's car and canvassed New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania for months, and with Big Dan driving for us I was praying to his and the car's guardian angel every time they went out.

The first car we had for the farm at Easton was an old green truck that Jim Montague drove and we did all our moving in that, with him the driver, transporting vegetables to Mott street and people out to the farm for week ends and for retreats. First it was an open truck, with people sitting all over the floor in back and freezing and having a wonderful time, singing the Gloria and Credo in Gregorian all the way out while they practiced for the Mass we hoped to have some day daily.

But the rift in the lute appeared even then. The other men on the farm began complaining that Jim spent all his time running around in the car and not working as they did in the field and he eventually, after a few years of this, got sore and resigned his job as farm manager. There was a panel truck after that which was all right for packages but not so good for humans, but it was used until one of the humans burst through the door in back as they were going up a steep hill and fell out. That was one disaster (only skinned legs and a few bruises) but the next was more serious. Three of the men went out and had too much beer and there was a slight accident, the car ramming a tree. The only injuries then were a bad tetanus reaction after the one cut-up driver was treated at the hospital. Another disaster a year later when someone had given us an old beat-up sedan and John Filliger was transporting a goat in it which jumped out the window in the town square at Easton and caused great furore among the towns' people, the goat being a butting one with big horns and a long beard. Both John and the goat were arrested.

And then for a long time there was no car. People walked the steep hills, the long three miles to town and carried home the groceries on their back in gunny sacks. The same in New York. Once I went with Jim to get some big shopping bags full of fish at the Fulton street market and coming home the bottom of the bags fell out and fifty pounds of slippery fish slithered over the floor of the bus and were very difficult to gather up. Lauren Ford says that women ought always to wear capacious aprons of strong denim for harvesting, and I suppose they would do as well for fish as for apples. But I was not wearing an apron.

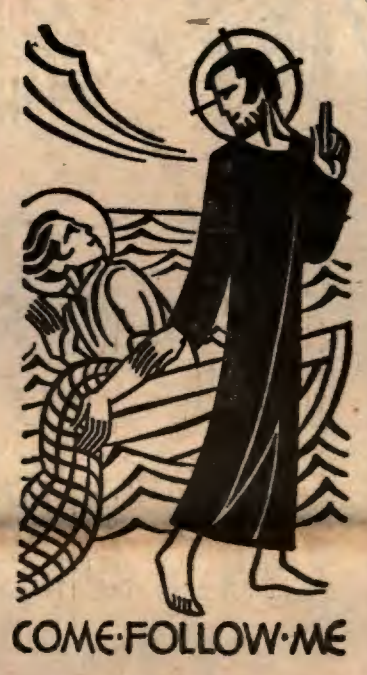
After the incident of the goat there was a long period when there was no car and walking once again prevailed. Then a kind friend gave us her station wagon just in time to move to the new farm at Newburgh, and the fellow who helped us most with the moving was a cattle hand from Montana who was more used to horses but who loved cars. He kept the car in pretty good condition but nevertheless it broke down going over the mountains on the way through the Delaware Water Gap, on the last lap of the moving. So once again we were without a car.

One of the reasons we needed a car was to transport groups of children to and from the farm for vacations, so the Hughes children who were living with us at Mott street back in 1948 started to pray. It was as though the Lord were playing a joke on us all. The first car that "came in" was a Columbia, 1928 model, which stood head and shoulders above every other car that passed it. When halted in traffic everyone turned to jeer. It should have been in a museum. Besides it was very small. It did for shopping however, but the Hughes children kept praying.

The next car that came in was a Chevrolet, 1932. One of the men working on the dam some miles north of us at Newburgh had had his license taken away for drunken driving, and so he turned over the little car to us. There were no windows in it and the headlights did not work and wind came up through the widely spaced floor boards and there were other things wrong with it, too numerous to mention. I do not remember whether that was the car whose gas pedal got pushed into the floor, or whether its battery fell out on the ground just as we arrived home one night with a car full of sick old people. It did not last long.

More prayers from the Hughes, and a 1936 Buick belonging to a television actress arrived and we used it for some time. But it really was not big enough for our crowd, so the prayers went on.

Finally another station wagon,



and the children were satisfied. That was a good summer with a regular ferry service between New York and Newburgh, and once Tom Sullivan falling asleep at the wheel coming home and being saved by his guardian angel. From that time on there was always a car of sorts for the trek between Newburgh and New York, which made it cheaper transportation. Bus fare was five dollars a round trip if you counted the thirty cent bus fare at either end. We did not begin to feel guilty about cars until there was a grand argument about insurance, with John Stanley holding that it was unChristian and lacking in faith to so indulge, and the rest of us upholding it for the common good. However thank God we never needed it except for a few scratches on the cars of others made by inexperienced parkers.

At Peter Maurin Farm we did not have a car for a long time and walked to shop and to go to Mass. When Father Duffy came we passed on a car which a dear friend from Louisville had given to me and he wore it down making trips between farming experiments so that was the end of that. There were a few others which were handed over to us when their owners got new cars and as they wore out they were sold for junk or for parts. The last time we had junked cars, they had been rolled down the incline behind the barn into the pasture in an attempt to make them start but they never did, and there they sat in the middle of the field, even after they had been sold. Months passed and the cars were still there, even though two of them had been sold for $25. It used to be said that the homes of the poor were known by the numbers of hound dogs there were around, but now it's derelict cars.

I have explained in a former issue of the CW paper that there is in our midst a young lad out on bail who has a passion for cars. So the third car provided an employment for him, an outlet for his energies and desires. He took it apart and put it together again, and found other parts to replace old ones, and when he finally got it going, he made a two ring circus out of the fields that John was going to plough up this fall. Round and round and round the car went, with one or two or three young people in it (no license plates) until there were well-defined roads in the lower and side meadow. If there were bumps, all the better and if it rained, fine, the skidding was fun. I think they would have liked it better if they could have had a squeal in the tires to make it sound more exciting.

It was all right by John the farmer but it got on the nerves of some of the older men. But kids have to have something to do. Later they made a truck out of it, cutting off the back of the car and leaving the floor. Right now it is standing there, derelict but still loved. One night around two there was a screaming of brakes, a roar of an engine, a scattering of gravel, and a gang of young ones drove up to help out Frank, the car's mechanic. Sizing up the situation, they jumped back into the car, roared down into the field, attached a tow rope and pulled the car up to the top of the incline so that another attempt could be made to start it.

When they came by daylight I could see how uniform was the garb, the turned-up dungaree, the very tight pants, belted just above the thigh bones, the flying open shirt, the Castro effect.

No More Cars

And now we have decided to do away with all cars on the farm. There have been incidents. There have been near tragedies. In fact the situation got so serious and tense last week that Charles, Beth and I decided that such devils could be cast out only by prayer and fasting. Charles thought literally of fasting, as Gandhi had done on Tolstoi Farm in Africa. But I thought fasting from cars, walking where we could walk, using only busses, calling a cab for Mollie or anyone crippled to get to Mass on Sunday, reciting prime each day when we did not have a priest, instead of driving to Mass—would be a good move. God knows we have done much praying. When you see how little you could do you depend more and more on prayer. We have little control over anyone except ourselves, and we see little progress there. We crawl along in the spiritual life.

How to reach young people? Have they faith at all? I remember two young car thieves back on Mott Street who were always walking off with the station wagon during the war. We did not prosecute them. The police returned the car each time, and we tried to talk to them. They did not believe in God and they had no knowledge of the natural law. They certainly had no impulse to keep His commandments. They had so little knowledge of human love that they could not conceive of a love of God. Seventy times seven in the way of forgiveness may be all very well, but there were no sanctions—no reason why they should not steal if they could get away with it. Their heroes were gangsters and crooners and jazz artists and what they wanted was money and they did not care how they got it.

Thinking of these things, and of the times this past year when the cars were misused, and the envy they aroused, and the resentment of those who stayed on the farm and worked, for those who "were always running around in cars," we have come to this determination to do without.

I say that we have to depend more and more on prayer, but that does not mean that we do nothing ourselves. One weapon, one spiritual weapon, is to try more and more to be poor, and not to have those things towards which the world is striving. To be stripped, to put off the old Adam, and to put on Christ!

What strange problems to be confronted with—some families overrun with debts, paying off bank loans by which they have installed heat and hot water and plumbing in the houses which they have bought with much struggle and then to have cars, both husband and wife, to get to the jobs to pay off those bank loans; and the debts on the cars making it necessary to go in for moonlighting—taking on extra jobs; and then there is the frigidaire, deep freeze, washer, dryer, and all the things to save their energy for the jobs, and finally television to keep the children quiet who have been deprived of mother and father and home.

A poverty stricken people yet smothered in luxury, enjoying all that the rich enjoy and haunted by payments to be made. No wonder we have delinquent children. And no wonder the problem is a baffling one for the idealist, who has a craving to work for justice, for better wages and hours and conditions, who wishes to see the problem in black and white—the wicked capitalist, the noble worker. An the problem is a far more subtle one, it has to do with the spirit, the spiritual poverty of our times.

During the Month

We went to press late in September, because of the retreat over Labor Day and the absence of some of the staff. It takes a week to mail out the paper and now we go to press again two weeks later. During those two weeks, I visited Tamar and Dave and the children and we had great fun harvesting some of the crop. I was specially pleased with digging potatoes, having planted some of them on Ascension Day. The crop was a beautiful one, many huge potatoes that would have to be cut up before they were cooked, they were so large. There was so rich and lush a garden of flowers and herbs, as well as corn and potatoes and other vegetables, that all I could think of was how the Lord rewarded the slightest effort, far more abundantly than we would ever dream. This in the spiritual order of course. There are always such things as droughts and too much rain and insects and birds to feast on the crop, and negligence in weeding. Tamar planted everything three feet apart so that there were paths between the rows, but still the garden became a wild and luxurious growth. Carrots, beets, melons, corn, squash, peppers, cucumbers, cauliflower, broccoli, peas, radishes, onions, herbs, parsley, basil.

It was a good thing I saw the garden when I did, because the next night there was a heavy frost and the tops of the herbs and tomatoes and all the zinnias and dahlias were blighted half way down the stems.

A new family has moved in next door, half a mile down the road, and there are eleven children, and their mother, a widow. There is no electricity nor plumbing in the old brick house which is plenty big enough, and they must go down the road to a spring. Our children go

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Please Write

Karl Meyer has been transferred to the Federal Prison at Lewisburg, Penna., and Ammon Hennacy is in the Federal Prison at Sandstone, Minn.

Readers who want to write to them may do so at the above addresses.

Nuclear Challenge to Conscience

By JAMES W. DOUGLASS

The man who shatters the confines of his most sacred thoughts and trudges painfully across his biases will one day know his own life . . .

In June, 1956, Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin was asked at a Senate investigation how many deaths would result from a Strategic Air Command assault on Russia, if the prevailing winds were in a southeasterly direction. As Director of the United States Army's Research and Development, he said:

> Current planning estimates run on the order of several hundred million deaths that would be either way, depending on which way the wind blew. If the wind blew to the southeast they would be mostly in the U.S.S.R., although they would extend into the Japanese and perhaps down into the Philippine area. If the wind blew the other way they would extend well back into Western Europe . . . (The New York Times, June 29, 1956).

A more recent article in The London Times is helpful in realizing the weight of those Army Research "planning estimates." In a coverage of the SAC bombers which circle the Soviet Union with their megaton-range nuclear cargoes, The Times reported that "one load in one bomber alone surpasses the explosive capability of the bombs and all the ammunition expended by all the planes flown by all the nations during all six years of World War II" (The London Times, May 8, 1958).

Dr. Linus Pauling, Nobel Prize winner in Chemistry, makes use of even larger terms of comparison in estimating our hydrogen power. In a speech before a Chicago convention of social workers last May, Dr. Pauling referred not to the explosives expended by all the planes in World War II, but rather to the explosive power of the entire War. According to Dr. Pauling, the single hydrogen bomb which the United States tested at Bikini in 1954 had "five times the energy of all of the explosives used in the whole of the Second World War." This superbomb left a hole in the floor of the ocean where the island of Bikini had been. It was a thousand times more powerful than the Hiroshima blast which killed a hundred thousand people. Such a bomb exploded over New York could kill ten million people.

I do not wish to stress the obvious, but we are so use to witnessing the Yucca Flats explosions on TV that we should occasionally reflect upon the wartime contents of an atomic mushroom. The towering cloud of sand and gravel in the desert means, in a city the size of New York, several million civilians blown from their homes and offices. As for the surrounding area—in an all-out attack the surrounding continent—life anywhere would depend on which way the wind was blowing.

I mention these facts to break free of the isolation booth of academicism in which so many discussions of morality and atomic weapons become enclosed. We must not isolate ourselves in airtight ethical debate from full awareness of the existing situation. Ethical considerations are an integral part of this discussion, but they are of no value unless we bear in mind the overwhelming effects of nuclear warfare. We live in a world, not a syllogism, and a syllogism merely works with the things of our world and the transcending values to which life testifies. Deliberation which aims at validity must never lose sight of the annihilating power which both East and West hold in constant readiness, nor of the almost inconceivable consequences of that power if unleashed.

St. Augustine said: "He who can think of war unmoved has lost all human feeling" (The City of God, Book 19, c. 7). He who can think of hydrogen war unmoved has lost all human intelligence as well.

The first consideration is one of justice, of human natural rights. I do not question the divine gift of freedom or the right of men of good will to defend that gift. I am questioning our right to defend it in any way we please. Is the United States justified in employing the threat of nuclear retaliation as a deterrent to Soviet aggression? This question is based on an assumption which I believe most observers would admit as correct: that in the event of an atomic attack on the West, the U.S. would retaliate in kind. Do we have the right not only to maintain but to increase constantly a deterrent power of such monstrous proportions—a deterrent which is already capable of exploding and poisoning a continent of people? A further question forces itself upon every thoughtful American who is subject to the draft: If the use of large-scale atomic weapons is not a just defense, how can I agree to training which will call for active participation in such incredible slaughter?

In our search for right answers to the problem, a valid standard of judgment is the principle of double effect. This principle is frequently cited in support of thermonuclear defense.

Double effect was recognized implicitly by St. Thomas as the basis for our individual and national rights of self-defense. The conditions for a just war which St. Thomas sets forth in the Summa Theologica (I-II, q. 40) are simply an explication of double effect as applied to international conflicts. The principle states that an act leading to both good and evil effects is permissible, first, if the act in itself is good or indifferent. We can begin by saying that Catholic ethics considers the killing of one man by another an act indifferent in itself. The intention of the killer, and the circumstances surrounding his act must be known to determine whether or not the killing is morally justifiable. A deliberation on these points involves the other conditions of double effect: The good effect must be proportionate to the evil effect, and must follow as immediately as that evil. Finally, the doer must not intend the evil effect for itself.

Thus, to use a common example, a policeman may spot a dangerous spy in a crowded cafe. The spy must be captured dead or alive or an international disaster is likely to result. The policeman makes sure of his prey by throwing a lighted stick of dynamite into the cafe, killing forty people besides his target. Was the policeman right in his action? Double effect says no. The good effect of the spy's death is not proportionate to the indiscriminate massacre. The policeman should have made a discreet approach or aimed a careful shot at the spy.

In a similar manner, the principle of double effect is the source of the moral distinction between combatant and noncombatant in the problem of bombing raids. When a state defends itself by bombing proper military targets, which in human terms mean massed combatants, the unintentional killing of innocent civilians is normally justified by theologians as the accidental by-products of a legitimate act of war. The good effect, which is the killing of combatants by a justly warring nation, is held to be proportionate to the evil effect, the unintentional killing of civilians in an area liable to attack. A natural question arises here as to the specific identity of the "combatants" in their "proper military targets." Which men in war are morally liable to the vision of death falling towards them from a bomber-filled sky?

The first and most obvious answer is "the men in the enemy's uniform," the members of the aggressor's armed forces. These men have either volunteered or been drafted to fight for their state's cause, a cause which we have supposed is unjust. Either from voluntary choice or acquiescence to an evil order, they have placed themseves in a morally and physically vulnerable position. They have allowed themselves to be made the instruments of injustice; now they can be forcibly repulsed by the defenders of a just order. By their own participation in the unjust actions of their state, they

have exposed themselves to lawful execution by the exigencies of war.

The evil of conscription has made it certain that many of these "combatants" are men too young or unequipped to make mature judgments of their nation in war. Men of good will, they become legitimate targets if we adhere to a merciless logic. These innocent combatants can be destroyed according to ethics because they pose a threat to our own safety. Christianity has been said to call for a more positive way of life than the following of a natural code of ethics. We are engaged in no sacrifice when we kill other men to save our own lives. To the question, "How great a sacrifice does my Faith call for?" a man of courage should meditate upon Calvary. To regard ethics alone as the criterion for acting is a denial of self-sacrifice. Many of the men we kill in the next war will be better human beings than ourselves. The killing of men in good faith, just though it may be, should reinforce the fact that our use of the ethical right of self-defense is not laudable, but simply permissible.

But even admitting the just defender's right to kill combatants,

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The Connection

By KIERAN DUGAN

The unanimous opinion handed down by uptown drama critics on "The Connection" was summarized by a layman who agreed with them: the play was like a session of night court constantly interrupted by too-loud jazz.

Flipping a coin the other night, I went to the Living Theatre instead of the Criminal Courts Building. The critics had been right. Here was all the liveliness and spontaneity of a session of night court. But if they were right beyond that, then this was the first night court ever to enjoy the happy accident of unifying symbols and ideas running through its disparate action.

I had thought the critics might be right about the jazz. The give and take of jazz with voice or action is a blending of the arts fraught with the danger of disproportion, as anyone who has heard poetry turn to torture at a jazz-reading can testify. Even the patience and sympathy of the sound engineers who brought Kenneth Patchen and the Chamber Jazz Quartet together in the otherwise excellent recording did not prove sufficient defense against occasional outsized, misplaced punctuation.

But there is none of this disproportion between the action of the players and the music of Jackie McLean and the Freddie Redd Quartet, who, besides being accompanists, are integral participants in the action of "The Connection." Nothing in the play bears the faintest resemblance to the "long, tedious jazz interruptions slowing up the plot" mentioned by the critics, unless it be the use of jazz in those places where the mood wanted and deliberately set is one of waiting.

The unanimous condemnation of "The Connection" can be adequately explained, I believe, only in terms of impatience born of antipathy—antipathy to techniques which flaunt all the vested rules sacred to the drama critic, antipathy to the depiction of a world the critics do not know, and above all, antipathy to the idea that this world overlaps theirs and involves them.

This latter idea, asserted so continuously and by such unaccustomed techniques throughout the play, is enough to make anyone squirm in his seat and pounce on the jazz or the techniques themselves as scapegoats. It is introduced implicitly before the play in Judith Malina's dedication of the production "to the memory of Thelma Gadsden, dead of an overdose of heroin, and to all the . . . junkies . . . in the Women's House of Detention." It is explicit throughout the play. The actors never allow the audience to feel detached from the scene they are watching. They speak to the audience when they speak to the playwright himself: "You can't find out anything about anything by flirting with people. What do you think we live in, a freak show?" They speak to the audience when they answer the question of a photographer cast in the role of intermediary between house and stage. Where does the international narcotics set-up start? "Right here," he is told. They speak to the audience directly. "You want to laugh at me," psychotic Erni says in his address. "You don't want to know me." Sam is more cheerful and subtle: "I want to take this opportunity to thank each and every kind, gentle and good contributor in the audience. You have helped . . . a cause that is dear to our hearts." They speak to the audience when they speak to each other, as when Solly says that drugs were made illegal to protect people from themselves.

Cowboy: . . . Man, they got a bomb to protect us from ourselves . . . The Japanese cats don't feel that way . . .

Solly: . . . But junk does take its effect.

Cowboy: We all pay our dues.

Or when Sam says: "The people who worry so much about the next dollar, the next new coat, the vitamin, the chloryphyll addicts, the aspirin addicts, those people are hooked worse than me."

But there is no absolution or glamorization of drug addiction in "The Connection." It is a sad, serious, tragic play. Apparently the critics prefer their view of the hip and junkie worlds to come through the frothier versions dished out by "The Nervous Set" or "The Billie Barnes Revue," where the picture of vice is prettier and the vicarious enjoyment of it painless.

Anarchist—Libertarian

"A free society cannot be the substitution of a 'new order' for the old order; it is the extension of spheres of free action until they make up most of social life . . . The libertarian is rather a millenarian than an utopian. He does not look forward to a future state of things which he tries to bring about by suspect means; but he draws now, so far as he can, on the natural force in him that is no different in kind from what it will be in a free society, except that there it will have more scope and will be immeasurably reinforced by mutual aid and fraternal conflict. Merely by continuing to exist and act in nature and freedom, the libertarian wins the victory, establishes the society; it is not necessary for him to be the victor over any one. When he creates, he wins; when he corrects his prejudices and habits, he wins; when he resists and suffers, he wins. I say it this way in order to teach honest persons not to despond when it seems that their earnest and honest work is without 'influence.' The libertarian does not seek to influence groups but to act in the natural groups essential to him—for most human action is the action of groups. Consider if several million persons, quite apart from any 'political' intention, did only natural work that gave them full joy! The system of exploitation would disperse like fog in a hot wind. But of what use is action, really born of resentment, that is bent on correcting abuses yet never does a stroke of nature?

"The action drawing on the most natural force will in fact establish itself. Might is right; but do not let the violent and the cowed imagine for a moment that their weakness is might. What great things have they accomplished, in practice, art or theory?"

PAUL GOODMAN, Art and Social Nature

ST. PAUL

"This first option which St. Paul was content to make, of infamy, ostracism, contempt, of being taken for a fool—it is the common lot of those who take Christ seriously. It is the same thing every time, the world calls it madness. Anyone who shows the least inclination really to practice Christ's poverty in his own life will be called a crank. He will be accused of trying to attract attention, and condemned for rebelling against the rules and customs of his station in life. But St. Paul would surely never have transformed the world about him if he had not first done that very thing, making a clean break with a whole pattern of customs and prejudices which belonged to his own environment just because the following of Christ required such a final breach. A Christian is bound to give offence, and if he does not, it is a bad sign, for it shows he cannot be so very Christian —the salt has begun to lose its savor. Among Christian people today it must be admitted that Christianity is very largely inoffensive, politically, intellectually, and every way: but that sort of Christianity will never transform anything."

Jean Danielou, S.J., **The Lord of History**
(Henry Regnery, 1958)

Inside Mexico

By Stanley Vishnewski

Russia may boast of its Sputniks and its lunar rockets. We in the United States may brag about our democracy and our tremendous industrial achievements. But Mexico has something far more precious than all of man's scientific and technical progress. Mexico is the only nation in the world that can truly say that it has a self-portrait of our Blessed Mother. A privilege so great that Pope Pius XII in a radio message, Oct. 12, 1945, remarked: "Not to any other nation has this blessing been given."

The story of how Mary appeared to Juan Diego, the Indian, is well known and authenticated. It is one of the most appealing of all the stories about the apparitions of our Blessed Mother. At Lourdes she left us the legacy of a spring at which innumerable miraculous cures have been recorded. At Fatima she caused the sun to whirl in the heavens as a sign that her mission was true. But at Guadalupe she left to Juan Diego, and through him to the people of both North and South America the legacy of her picture on the rough tilma cloth. And today it may be seen above the High Altar in the Basilica of Guadalupe—a telling tribute of the love of our Mother for her children in Mexico, South America and North America. The Virgin of Guadalupe is the Patroness of all the Americas.

It was to Juan Diego that our Blessed Mother appeared and said: "I am the Everlasting Virgin Mary, Mother of the True God. It is my will that a temple be erected in this place, where I shall demonstrate my mercy and sympathy to all natives and to all those who solicit my help and call on me in their sorrows and afflictions. In order to carry out my wish, it is necessary that you go to the Bishop's Palace and tell the Bishop that I send you, that it is my wish that a temple be erected for me in this place; relate to him all that you have seen and heard."

Juan, we know, hastened to do Our Lady's bidding, but only to discover that the Bishop was sceptical of his claims. Saddened because he was not able to carry out her wishes Juan tried to avoid her by taking another path. But she appeared to him and said:

"Where are you going my son, and what road have you followed?"

Juan replied in his graceful language: "My Beloved Lady, God be with you. How have you spent the night? Are you in good health? You know My Lady, that my uncle is dangerously ill and because he is dying I am going hurriedly to the church of Tlateloco to call a priest to give him the last Sacraments. After I have done this I shall come here to obey your command. I give you my promise to be here tomorrow without fail."

Our Blessed Mother replied: "My son, do not feel afflicted by anything. Am I not your Mother? Are you not under my protection? Am I not life and health? Are you not on my lap and my responsibility? Do you need anything else? Do not worry about your uncle's illness; he is cured."

We know how Juan's uncle was cured of his sickness at that moment. We know how Juan climbed the hill at Mary's direction and gathered the Castilian roses (this was in December) and how he brought them wrapped in his tilma to the Bishop's residence and there when it was unwrapped the image of our Blessed Mother was imprinted.

It is this same image which is on the High Altar of the Basilica for all to see and venerate. We all know how the conversion of the Mexican Nation was effected within a few short years after the Church approved of the devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe.

On Nov. 14, 1921 an attempt was made by some vandals to destroy the painting and thus deal a blow to the Faith of Mexico. A time bomb of dynamite was hidden in a bowl of flowers which was placed on the altar. The explosion twisted out of shape a bronze crucifix that was directly under the image; the force smashed all the windows in the Basilica and tore several blocks of marble out of the altar.

This act of senseless vandalism confirmed the divine origin of the picture, for by all the laws of natural science and physics the painting should have been destroyed, but though the explosion caused great damage the painting was not touched—even the glass in front of the picture was not cracked.

There are constant Pilgrimages to the Shrine of Guadalupe. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims visit the Shrine anually. There are organized groups of workers and students from all parts of Mexico who converge on Guadalupe with bands blaring and banners waving. The pilgrims from the United States are beginning to come in increasing numbers to pay their respects to the Mother of all the Americas.

After a visit to the Shrine of Guadalupe everything else in Mexico is but an anti-climax. But everywhere one goes one finds evidence that Mexico is a land dedicated to Mary. Her pictures and statues and Shrines in her honor are to be found everywhere. Her image is on the walls of gasoline stations. Her statue may be found in restaurants and shrines in her honor may be found in market places. There one finds many candles burning before her image. There are fresh flowers always before her outdoor shrines and it is refreshing to see the people blessing themselves as they pass by.

The Mexican people have suffered a great deal for their Faith. They have seen their churches closed and their priests and nuns imprisoned and martyred for their Catholic Faith. In the Churches there are slabs dedicated to the memory of Catholic Action laymen and women who were martyred during the persecution. We all know of Father Pro who died shouting, **Viva Christo Rey.** But there were many others who suffered humiliation, imprisonment, loss of property rather than deny the Faith.

It is hard to realize that some 25 years ago the Church was enduring a bloody persecution in Mexico. One walks through the streets and tries to reflect on the persecution. Even the people who lived through it think of it as a bad dream and a horror. There in the Square is a statue of Our Lady whom the revolutionists in their insane fury roped and dragged through the streets. She is there now on her pedestal surrounded by bouquets of fresh flowers. And on the road one sees a wayside shrine dedicated to the members of Catholic Action who were put to death for their Faith.

But even though the anti-Catholic laws are still written in the Constitution they are no longer enforced. They have been laid to rest by mutual consent. The Church is free to engage in education and processions in honor of Saints and Our Lady are held. The Catholics of Mexico regained their freedom without recourse to a revolution.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

What Is Distributism?

"It was not merely that the book (The Napoleon of Notting Hill) contained paradoxes; the whole idea of the book *was* a paradox—to us. We had grown so accustomed to the idea that the happiest destiny which could fall to the lot of any nation was to be incorporated into the British Empire—and here was a man telling us that the small nation had a positive value of its own; that the infinite variety of a world divided up into small states, each with its own fierce loyalties, its precious individuality, was an ideal which could be set over against our own unreflecting idea of painting the map red. This was to be, in great part, Chesterton's message. But he did not confine the patronage of his genius to small nations; he extended it to small institutions—to the small landed proprietor who was being cleared off the scene to make room for scientific farming, to the small shopkeeper who was being frozen out by the big chain stores, with their threat of 'Amalgamate or starve.' That the joy of ownership, the right of a man to express himself in his work, instead of being a hired servant working to the orders of another, should be extended to the greatest possible number of citizens, was thenceforward an idea which dominated Chesterton's mind, and it is in large part the meaning of the political philosophy which he founded, what is known as Distributism."

—From *Literary Distractions* by *Ronald Knox, Sheed and Ward*, 1958.

Nonviolent Saints in

By ABBE PAUL CARETTE

Sanctity and Nonviolence

Within the Catholic Church, the term "saint" is used in a sufficiently precise sense: it is applicable only to those men and women who, having lived exemplary lives on earth, lives devoted to the imitation of Jesus Christ, are declared to be among the number of the elect, and hence proper objects of our veneration and devotion. Such a declaration did not originally possess the character of juridical infallibility. It was more a matter of election by the **vox populi,** in accord with the adage, **lex orandi lex credendi,** the prayer of the faithful is a guide to their faith. In more recent times, the demonstration of the qualities of "heroic virtue" has been codified, and it now takes the form of a trial during which, as miracles are adduced in his support, the Servant of God is led to the successive stages of beatification and canonization.

Here we shall confine our discussion to those who are saints in this narrowly defined sense of the term; needless to say, we have no intention of denying sanctity to those whose names are not included on the official list.

There is a sense in which all the saints (even though a minority of them found themselves involved in military ventures) were nonviolent at least by intention—which is little enough, it is true. It is evident that their sanctity does not flow from their military prowess, but is recognized as existing **despite** such prowess. The religious grandeur of Joan of Arc is manifest above all in her decision to obey God rather than civil or religious authorities; St. Louis owes his glory to his role as a peacemaker, rather than to his military enterprises (he preferred to abandon his possessions rather than wage war, as was also the case with St. Edward the Confessor); St. Bernard found his fulfillment in his mission of reconciliation rather than in his preaching of a Crusade; St. Nicholas of Flue, who as a youth had taken part in many skirmishes in the Swiss cantons during the fifteenth century, later atoned for the sins of his youth by a life of penitence in his hermitage, consecrating himself to God and to the apostolate of peace.

It is not within our present scope to discuss those who have confined themselves to the preaching of nonviolence, whether in writing or teaching. Obviously we do not intend to minimize the importance of the contributions to thought that have been made by those whose life circumstances did not always permit them to translate theory into practice. We are purposely leaving to one side Ambrose and Augustine, Clement the First and Basil the Great, Clement of Alexandria and Cyprian, Cyril of Alexandria and Gregory Nazianzen, John Chrysostom and Leo the Great, Athanasius and Gregory the Great. From the writings of all these men, one could weave a garland of texts on nonviolence. Not to mention the ecclesiastical writers who have not been canonized, such as Tertullian, Origen, and Lactantius.

Let us observe finally that although we shall cite certain nonviolent figures among the Catholic saints, they have not (except in the case of martyrs) been canonized because of any single action or orientation, but rather in view of their all-around perfection.

First Witnesses

One of the first well-known witnesses to be martyred for refusing military service was St. Maximilian of Thebaste, who was beheaded in 295, and whose feast is celebrated on March 12th. The Acts of the Martyrs contain a moving account of his interrogation and execution at the age of twenty-one.

When the proconsul Dion pressed him, asking "Who put these ideas into your head?" he answered boldly: "My own mind and God Who has called me." In this magnificent rejoinder we can observe the primacy of a conscience that is determined to remain faithful to its sole Master.

His father, called in to rescue him from the scaffold by persuading him to change his mind, said: "He has the use of reason and is intelligent enough to know his own mind." In refusing the military insignia, Maximilian said: "I am already marked with the insignia of Christ, my God."

"But there are Christian soldiers," insisted the consul.

"They must know what is right for them. For my part, I am a Christian and must not do evil."

"What then is this evil that they do?"

"You yourself know very well. . . . Even if I must depart from this life, my soul will live with Christ my Lord."

"You shall be punished for your pride and shall serve as a horrible example to others."

"Thanks be to Thee, O God!" Maximilian burst out joyfully.

When he was led to the scaffold, he said to the crowd: "Dearly beloved, may the Lord grant you equally magnificent crowns."

We have narrated some of the principal features of this trial, because such a striking parallel could be drawn with the Christians of today who refuse compulsory military service.

Like Maximilian (and like Nereus and Achileus) Martin and Victrice refused military service on account of conscientious conviction, and not merely to avoid having to sacrifice to the emperor or the Roman gods. After being baptized, Martin, the future Bishop of Tours, left the army. This happened in 341, in the vicinity of Worms, on the eve of a battle. Martin left the ranks, refusing to accept his wages. "I am a soldier of Christ," he said. "I am no longer allowed to fight." "It is fear of combat that has inspired you," said the emperor. And Martin replied: "If anyone mistakes my faith for fear, I am willing to walk tomorrow unarmed before the enemy troops, in the name of the Lord Jesus." He was placed under arrest. On the following day—was it a sign?—the barbarians sued for peace and Martin was released.

Victrice had a similar encounter several years later. His father, a veteran soldier, had been obliged to enroll him in the Roman army at the age of seventeen for a twenty-year period. One day, during a parade, Victrice marched up to the commanding officer of the legion and said: "Free me from my oath; I am casting away these bloody weapons in order to take up the arms of peace in the service of Christ." The furious tribune had him whipped, St. Paulinus tell us, but he stood fast, entrusting himself to God.

Let us mention here another early Christian, St. Almachus, an Eastern monk who came to Rome to put a stop to the cruel and bloodthirsty pastimes of the circus. He was brandishing his crucifix in the arena when the crowd, disturbed in its pleasures, stoned him to death. The emperor published an edict forbidding gladiatorial combats, and Almachus was enrolled in the number of the martyrs.

Finally, let us cite from this early period St. Isidore Pelusiot (d. 434), who wrote in one of his letters: "Some declare you to be so

n the Catholic Church

insane . . . that you would lead that young man . . . to arms and to that vile, despicable and outstanding school of death, the army . . . Rather permit him who has use of reason to give assiduous work to studies."

Apparently our forbears spoke a less circumspect and more direct language than we do.

A Return to the Gospel

Eight centuries later, there appeared, not a great isolated figure, but the precursor and champion of a whole trend within the Church: St. Francis of Assisi. The Franciscan motto **Pax et Bonum** clearly shows the prime position he gave to concord, which is the fruit of love. Born in an age and a place of political rivalries and military encounters, Francis from his youth combined poverty and meekness in his life. He sought to imitate Christ and he was not mistaken in his choice of methods.

When Perugia and Assisi had a large-scale war, Francis flatly refused to participate in it and was the reconciler of the two contending cities.

The enormous original influence of the laymen who rallied to the ideal of the evangelical life propounded by Francis is well known. The Tertiaries—as the members of the Third Order were called—were forbidden to bear arms. We should reflect today on the meaning and import of such a collective attitude, which served as a powerful check to unbridled violence. Not only the Franciscan brotherhood and the Sisters of St. Clare, but the whole body of Tertiaries living in the world, were thus automatically withdrawn from combat.

It is worthy of note that the ecclesiastical authorities granted every member of the lay Franciscan order, down to the meanest vassal, the unqualified right to refuse all military service. Later, this policy was attenuated by Nicholas V in order to cover the case of defensive war.

The famous episode of St. Francis' life, when he ventured, alone and unarmed, before the Sultan, was received by him "contrary to all expectation," and preached the gospel of peace to him, impelled G. K. Chesterton to speculate on the incommensurable consequences that would have followed a conversion of Islam, a conversion that might have been accomplished without military force, by missionaries who were willing to run the risk of martyrdom.

The glories of the Third Order of St. Francis are beyond counting. Let us cite just one example: St. Thomas More, chancellor of England and author of **Utopia**, declared himself ready to be tied in a sack and thrown into the Thames in order that "at a time when most of the Christian princes are locked in mortal combat, they should find themselves once again in universal peace."

Two Heroes of Modern Times

In conclusion, let us recall to mind the characters of two priests, one French, the other German. The first has been canonized: although the second has not, without pretending to anticipate with certainty the judgment of the Church, we shall take the liberty of linking his name with those of some illustrious predecessors.

St. Jean-Marie Vianney, better known as the Cure of Ars, was a deserter from conscription in Napoleon's time, as Father Franz Reinisch was under Hitler. Father Reinisch was beheaded; the Cure got off with a severe scare when he was forced to hide in the hay from his armed pursuers. Each of them, under very different circumstances (the Cure almost unwittingly joined the mass of deserters of his time; Father Reinisch deliberately stood against the general current by opposing the war), chose to resist tyranny, especially the brutal and totalitarian methods of conscription. How many crimes and enormites might have gone uncommitted if there had been a widespread refusal to participate in the last war!

Andre Therive has written excellently about the Cure of Ars: "For the villagers of a hundred and twenty years ago, military service appeared as the principal form of tyranny. It evoked disgust rather than fear, since at that time we had not yet accustomed ourselves to becoming soldier-citizens and being enslaved by the friends of the people in the name of the people. The conscription under the Emperor was particularly detested. That is why the young Vianney, an out and out draft dodger, or, more precisely, a deserter, was held in great esteem by his parents and his contemporaries. By his offense he avoided having to fight in Spain, where the armed monks might have killed him as a pagan!

"Pious biographers have felt constrained to find a thousand and one extenuating circumstances for his illegal conduct. Indeed, it appears that the conscript Vianney may have fallen ill after having barely tasted of the joys of barracks life, and after a halt, found himself unable to join his regiment, thus becoming a deserter technically before he became one by conviction. But what is certain is that he, like many others, took flight, and crossed the Saone. He was welcomed and concealed by the villagers of Noes, where he performed the duties of a tutor. He remained at Noes, adored by the mayor and the townspeople, until his brother substituted for him to appease Moloch and he was able to return to a normal existence.

"He had a delicate conscience and used to describe himself as an old deserter. But, like certain classical heroes, he believed that the natural law supersedes human laws. I can hear the protests from the faithful servants of the goddess France. Where would these anarchic principles lead us? Oh, well, the exception cannot be erected into a principle. Without having read Kant, M. Vianney knew this very well; he was simply following the tradition which protects clerics from having to shed blood, and more simply, he was living in an age when the power of the State was not yet regarded as absolute or divine, but rather as perverse and diabolical, when revolt could still mean liberty and not disorder. In human affairs it is hard (and perhaps dangerous) to have to admit that success decides right; if general rebellion overcomes this or that form of social slavery, we no longer think of calling it rebellion."

As for Father Reinisch, to whose memory a veritable cult is attached, is he not in the first rank of those thousands of Germans and Austrians who died in prisons and concentration camp from the same motives?

He was born on February 1, 1903, in Feldkirch, Austria. When he was called up by the **Wehrmacht** in March of 1941, he purposely showed up a day late and refused to take the oath of allegiance, being opposed to both dissimulation and mental reservation.

"His superiors tried to get him to go back on his decision," Father Pierre Lorson, S.J. wrote, "appealing even to the virtue of holy obedience. They presented arguments designed to prove that he had the right to go through the motions of pledging exterior fidelity. They told him that he would be put in the medical corps and hence would not have to shed blood. They reminded him of the young

(Continued on page 8)

A CHILD'S POEMS

Autumn in October
Can't you smell
The burning leaves odor
Don't you see the Hallowe'en
spooks
Going lightly, nightly
Don't you feel the cool air sharpening
Oh October!

There's just one devil
But today theres more
Each little devil
Goes knocking on the door
Trick or treat trick or treat
They all say
You must give each a penny
or a candy today.

Oh the ramshackled house
Men of the community had built
Where you couldn't touch a wall
Or else
Bang bang
It would fall.
But it did its duty
It sheltered. It did

Oh that ramshackled house
with hardly a lid.

by Rachel de Aragon, age nine

Hibbing

Our summer vacation brought us through grey, chilly (even in the summer) Duluth to Hibbing the next day. Hibbing is a flat little town surrounded by red mounds on east and west and a tremendous gouge out of the earth on the north (the gouge is where the red mounds came from). The whole town either works in or lives on that gouge. If the mines close (as they did when we were there), Unemployment has to set up special makeshift offices all over to take care of the applications, which come from every working man in town, thousands at once. I talked to some of the miners and learned some interesting things about the Oliver Mining Company, past and present. Before the Union (CIO Steelworkers) came in: all miners had to vote Republican, wear Landon buttons — well, you know all that kind of thing—but listen to this: during the depression, when the miners' families needed food, company wives came around with food baskets every week or so. The miners were shocked with gratitude—until they went back to work and learned payment for the food was being taken out of their paychecks retroactively. Now that the Union is in, the chief gripes of the men are about the Company Clinic and the Taconite Tax Relief. They say the Company takes credit for all medical care of the men at the Clinic —and gets tax reduction for it—while the men pay $18 a month out of their own paychecks for Blue Cross and the Clinic combined, and every time one of them goes to the Clinic for the tiniest thing he finds that his Blue Cross is paying for it.

Taconite is the low grade ore being mined by special process in the mines to the east, toward Duluth, where higher grade ore has become depleted. The State government allows a tax reduction in consideration of the expense of the special processing. The Oliver Mining Company (which is really U. S. Steel, by the way) at Hibbing is now saying that it needs to mine taconite. The men say that this need has not yet arisen at Hibbing, and besides, who is going to say what is soft ore and what is hard (the Oliver Company is saying that its taconite process will be even more costly than that to the east because its taconite is soft and non-magnetic and therefore harder to do anything with)? What the men feel is that the company is trying to get tax reduction incommensurate with any increased expense, and that what the company doesn't pay, they, the workers, will certainly end up paying.

Kieran Dugan

ST. FRANCIS

St. Francis' encounter with the Sultan is described in the **Life** by St. Bonaventure. Here it is in the Everyman's Library translation by E. Gurney Salter:

"Howbeit his glowing charity urged his spirit on into martyrdom and yet a third time he essayed to set forth towards the infidels that by the shedding of his blood the Faith of the Trinity might be spread abroad . . . He set forth for the regions of Syria, continually exposing himself unto many perils so that he might win entrance into the presence of the Sultan . . . For at that time there was relentless war between the Christians and the Saracens and the camps of both armies were pitched each over against the other in the plain, so that none might pass from one unto other without peril of death. Moreover, a cruel edict had gone forth from the Sultan that anyone who should bring the head of a Christian should receive a gold bezant as a reward.

"Then, taking the Brother that was his companion, Illuminate by name, a man verily of illumination and virtue, they started on their way . . . When they had gone on further, the bands of the Saracens met them, and they, like wolves making haste to fall upon sheep, brutally seized the servants of God, and cruelly and despitefully dragged them along, casting abuse at them, vexing them with stripes and binding them in fetters. Thus in manifold wise tormented and beaten down, they were brought before the Sultan, the divine counsel so disposing as the holy man had desired. When that prince demanded of them from whom, and for what purpose, and after what manner they had been sent, and how they had come hither, the servant of Christ, Francis, made answer with undaunted heart that he had been sent not by man, but by God Most High, that he might show unto him and his people the way of salvation, and might preach the Gospel of Truth.

"As the Sultan beheld the marvellous fervor of spirit and valor of this man of God, he heard him gladly and did right earnestly invite him to tarry with him."

News of Ammon

Ammon is working as helper for a Mr. Durham who came from El Reno, Oklahoma to set up a school at Sandstone Federal Correctional Institution. The librarian is in connection with the school so he sees Art Harvey. Fr. Smith, a Benedictine is the chaplain who is familiar with **The Catholic Worker.** He has been sick recently and we beg prayers for him from our readers. Certainly the chaplains do a great deal to make the life of prisoners happier. Ammon has written to Fr. Casey in Belle Plaine, Minnesota, and he passes on the news to us. Ammon says that he has had letters from people he did not know, so he guesses anyone can write to him. He is only permitted to write to his family, and Father Casey as far as we know and he can write only three letters a week.

Fr. Fehrenbacher of Brooten, Minnesota, drove 140 miles to see Ammon but was not permitted to visit him. Visiting hours are only from 9 to 11 and 1 to 4 on Saturdays and Sundays, and the warden has to be written to beforehand.

Fr. Fehrenbacher says that the prison is not full but will have eventually about 500 "guests." It was opened for conscientious objectors during the second world war. Jim Powers, the writer, Bill Ryan, George Collins and others of our friends were there. The prison is located about two miles outside of the small town of Sandstone, along a river in cut over forest land, and the building looks rather new, Fr. Fehrenbacher said.

Ammon's mother in Cleveland wrote me September 21st; "Ammon was interviewed by the warden and four other officers. The warden asked about Catholic Workers. Ammon told him his ideas, you can be sure. He wrote Fr. Casey a letter and a 350 word book review on the back, not sure if warden permitted it. (He didn't.) He gets plenty of good food and is afraid he might get fat. Has fasted 42 hours from Thursday night to Saturday morning as an added penance. He gets to see television and can write letters on the office desk. I tell him to take exercise to keep in good health, since he has always been so active but I suppose I should not worry too much as the Lord will care for him. In Christian love, Mrs. B. F. Hennacy.

Mrs. Hennacy is almost eighty years old and her handwriting is clear and firm and much easier to read than Ammon's.

Ammon's last letter to Fr. Casey said that time went fast and meals are good and that he reads the New York Times, two days late. "I saw Khrushchev on television and he puts the world to shame by calling for disarmament.

I offered to go into solitary rather than take shots but they refused to let me. So I took them. First three then another three. They didn't swell up on me any.

Too bad about the worker priests in France.

We see deer here, and there are also bears. In Christ, Ammon Hennacy, H3467."

Karl Meyer

We are no longer allowed to write to Karl Meyer who has been in Springfield Missouri Federal Prison because we published his last letter as he intended we should. News comes from Karlene Mostek and Ed Morin of the Chicago Catholic Worker that Karl is now in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania where a great many of our friends have served time as peacemakers. "Ed talked to the warden, long distance, at Springfield, but no reason was given for the transfer so we are in the dark regarding his situation. All that is certain is that the transfer occurred sometime during the week of September 14th. Please remember him in your prayers as this must be a very hard time for him. Ed Morin will send on more information as it is received. Karlene."

Blessed are the peacemakers, children of God!

Nuclear Challenge to Conscience

(Continued from page 3)

we are faced with a graver problem in the case of civilians. Does the civilian share the soldier's liability to execution? Has he, or more accurately, she—for the civilian population in war is always predominantly female—in some way made herself and her children liable to execution by war? In 1939 this statement appeared in the Vatican publication, **L'Osservatore Romano:**

> . . . For seven centuries the Church in her councils has declared the inviolability of civilian populations—and what is more, of their workshops, their houses—from every assault of war. Reprisals against civilian populations are a monstrous thing.

Theoreticians of Catholic ethics do not always accept this inviolability of civilians "in their workshops." Civilians in jobs which make important contributions to the military effort are frequently designated as legitimate targets for destruction. Rev. Austin Fagothey, S.J., in **Right and Reason** maintains this less inclusive range of civilian inviolability:

> . . . workers on arms, munitions, transport, communications, and the like, despite their technically civilian status, are actually combatants; their work is directly military in nature and can have no other purpose. The same is not true of farmers who grow food that will eventually be used by the armed forces, those who take civilian jobs to free men for military service, those who merely contribute money or lend moral support toward the war effort; their cooperation is too remote to make them combatants . . .

Although the exact line of demarcation between combatant and noncombatant is debatable, the principle of double effect makes an implicit demand for a distinction between the two. In saturation bombing—and a single atomic burst city-aimed is saturation bombing—the evil effect of indiscriminate slaughter far outweighs the destruction of military targets and combatants in that area. That an entire city is a military target could be claimed only in the rare case of a completely mobilized population engaged in direct military work. Cape Canaveral is an American site whose military function is of such a high priority. In less extreme cases the inviolability of civilians must be respected, if we are to maintain the proportion between the corresponding good and evil resulting from hydrogen bombing. We should keep in mind, too, that overall victory in a war cannot be used as the good effect to balance the evil of numerous wholesale holocausts on the way to that victory. It is never permissible to seek good through evil; we may not excuse our butchery for the sake of and as a means to a final end. Not the possibility of final victory, but the immediate destruction of strictly military targets is the good which must balance the killing of civilians. In the nuclear bombing of civilian populations, the obliteration of military installations in the area does not balance the huge massacre of innocents. In terms of our earlier example, the policeman is again throwing dynamite in the crowded cafe to make sure of his adversary. The reaction we would feel to the policeman's murderous method of protection should be a lesser outrage than our attitude towards the hydrogen bombing of a Russian city.

Field Marshal Montgomery was quoted in the April 1957 **Jubilee** as saying:

> We at SHAPE are basing all our operational plans on using atomic and thermonuclear weapons in our defence. It is no longer a question of 'They may possibly be used'; it is very definitely 'They will be used—if we are attacked.'

If we adhere to Catholicism's conditions for a just war, then a failure to reconcile the nuclear bombing of civilian populations with the principle of double effect forfeits from a state using that defense the claim to a just war. Needless to say, if a Catholic does not follow the Church's traditional, but nondogmatic conditions for a just war, he has imposed upon himself the obligation of finding some other measure of morality in war which is consistent with his conscience.

The condition that the evil effect of an act must not be directly intended also makes it difficult, if not impossible, to see how an atomic attack on a city could be declared ethical. If it is claimed that the authorities who order the attack do not have the direct intention of violence to the innocent, we must ask why these authorities do not choose bombs which can knock out military targets without annihilating residential areas. The deliberate decision to so use these devastating explosives, which when dropped upon cities by their very nature wipe out the distinction between combatant and civilian, must necessarily include the direct intention of violence to the innocent. This may be considered regrettable, on the order of "We're sorry but we had to do it to them," but to deny that this intention would be part of our leaders' decision is to deny that they have the rational power to decide their weapons. The nuclear apologists argue that an H-bombing is innocent if those responsible simply concentrate their intent to kill upon the combatants in the area. Sophism and hypocrisy have not lost popularity in the Atomic Age.

There is one, inevitable justification for nuclear retaliation argued by politicians and moralists alike, who wish somehow to place God on their side. From the politician it issues as: "We have only one effective way of defending ourselves from Soviet aggression—atomic warfare. If we have to, we'll use it." The moralist will use different terms, such as "rights," to restate this position: "If a nation has the right to defend itself, it has the right to use whatever force it needs to attain that end." The politician and the moralist are both arguing from the same principle, always the underlying basis for a verbal defense of nuclear warfare; the end justifies the means.

The right of self-defense, for either an individual or a state, is not unconditional. It is derived from the principle of double effect and limited by the conditions of that principle. When self-defense is referred to without an implicit recognition of those limitations essential to it, this "right" will always, upon careful analysis, dissolve into a restatement of that infamous maxim: the end justifies the means. The state has the right to defend itself, but only when that defense can satisfy all of the conditions which govern the right. Nuclear warfare can never satisfy those conditions.

If we are unswerwingly dedicated to vindicating our present methods of defense, we must invent a new code for the just war which somehow manages to prove that the end does justify the means. The end in question here is the few pockets of Western citizens which will survive the Third World War. Our nuclear apologists must make these pockets of survival justify the inferno which will envelop North America, Europe, and Asia, our guilt in this being something like the "several hundred million deaths" in Asia, and a like toll in Europe . . . if the wind blows the wrong way.

The irreconcilability of total war and morality has been the dilemma of Catholic militarists since that dawn in 1945 which was shattered by the first atomic explosion. They have dealt with the dilemma in various ways: by a silent front which ignored the new moral problem of the Bomb; by a deistic nationalism which made "God and country" one supreme entity subverted by the pacifist; by a seizure of isolated parts of moral principles to justify the new weapon; and most recently, by painting the Catholic pacifist as an outlaw from the Church by alluding to some of the public statements of Pope Pius XII. The latter method is now the most frequently used to demonstrate that the pacifist is "subjectively in good faith but objectively wrong."

The attempt to establish a case against pacifism by carefully selected quotations from Pope Pius XII's messages is futile for more than one reason. Pope Pius XII never issued an ex cathedra pronouncement on the pacifist position. Every statement he made on the question was that of a learned man speaking in a fallible, nondogmatic manner. His view of the pacifist seemed to shift, too, from one address to another. As early as 1944, he stated in his Christmas address:

> "If ever a generation has had to appreciate in the depths of its conscience the call: 'War on war,' it is certainly the present generation . . . the theory of war as an apt and proportionate means of solving international conflicts is now out of date."

"War on war" had been a favorite phrase of the pacifist movement long before it was taken up by the Holy Father. That war is no longer "an apt and proportionate means of solving international conflicts" was his 1944 application of the conditions for a just war.

The Christmas 1956 message of Pope Pius XII contains the quotations most frequently seized by the anti-pacifist. This address includes the controversial statement that ". . . a Catholic citizen cannot invoke his own conscience in order to refuse to serve and fulfill those duties the law imposes." For two years now, those words have been the argument used to discourage young Catholics from exercising their own consciences on the problem of nuclear warfare. Those who so use the quotation seldom mention that the sentence preceding it makes explicit mention of the condition of "legitimate instruments of internal and external

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This Talk of 'Overpopulation'

By Rev. Anthony Zimmerman, S.V.D.

(The following are excerpts from an article which appeared in the June, 1959, issue of **The Catholic Family**, published by the Divine Word Missionaries, Techny, Illinois. Fr. Zimmerman, a member of the Society of the Divine Word, spent some years in Japan, both in parish work and teaching in colleges and at the Catholic University of Nagoya. He did his doctoral thesis at the Catholic University in Washington on the subject of overpopulation and has written and lectured widely on population problems.)

Much of the human race has recently come into possession of the heartening benefits of improved health, nutrition, medical care, and stable civil life. As a consequence, more infants survive to adult life, more adults live the full span of years which nature has allotted to man . . . We can expect mortality rates to remain depressed for some

generations in the future, until the upper tiers of the population pyramid finally fill up with elderly people. Then death will finally catch up with those who escaped it before, and the death rate will more nearly balance out the birth rate, as was the case before average life cycles began to expand . . .

Life cycles cannot expand beyond a certain limit . . . It seems that 80 years can be reached, perhaps even 100, or 120. More likely we'll have to settle for around 80. If that is true, we should see a stop to this population explosion within eighty years, and sooner than that for peoples of European stock. In the meantime, world population may have grown to about four times its present size, figuring it generously. Thereafter the net reproduction or replacement rate will function practically alone, without assistance from swelling life cycles, as a population growth factor . . . We are not at all sure about a steady population increase in the world after life cycles cease to expand completely.

The Food Situation

. . .To support the growing population we must extend intelligent economic efforts adequately. Planning must be far-sighted, including reasonable guidance of national, regional, and international efforts, and an increasing use of new energy and advanced mechanization.

. . .Productivity in some of the countries using advanced technology is so superior to areas still followig patterns of subsistence agriculture that while surpluses pile up here, hunger is still rampant there . . . (But) a look at facts as revealed in statistics gathered and compiled by the United Nations Secretariat and Agencies reveals that the overall picture is not black at all. In spite of the vast population increases—maybe because of them—the average level of living of mankind is on a steady rise. The prognosis for the foreseeable future is one of continued improvement . . .

Future world food production will depend to a large extent upon actual demands in the form of purchasing power . . . Given reasonable incentives, such as a broader foreign market, the United States could double farm production in a reasonably short period. The surplus problem is perennial even now . . . It costs over 2 million dollars a day just to store the surpluses . . . A farmer (in Japan) produces enough from an acre of land to nourish almost six persons, at least ten times as many as in America . . . The Indian Government . . . aims to double output in less than twenty years. The real potential appears to be almost limitless . . .

We have no real estimate, of course, concerning the total food potential, neither under present technology nor under future methods and break-throughs. A few comparisons inspire confidence, however, that the earth will have enough productive potential during and beyond the foreseeable future. For example, the population of Java and Madoera is over a thousand persons per square mile. Agriculture is extensive, but still primitive in comparison to modern standards . . . Nevertheless, if South America supported 1,000 persons per square mile as Java does now, this would equal over six billion people, more than twice our present world population. When that continent is developed fully, this should be entirely possible.

Estimates vary as to the amount of land on the earth which is ultimately arable . . . Colin Clark, the famous agricultural economist, Director of the Agricultural Economic Research Institute at Oxford, estimates that about 16.4 billion acres could be made arable and productive, leaving plenty of room for parks, recreation, and other purposes. If these acres were used to the same advantage as in the Netherlands, they would support 28 billion persons at one of the best diets known in the world today. If they supported 5.8 persons per acre according to the Japanese standard, this would equal 95 billion persons. Japan is still increasing output by 3.5 percent annually. If we (had) a quadrupling of population before life cycles cease to expand, the total would still be under 12 billion persons. In the final analysis, therefore, any food problem of the foreseeable future centers more truly around production incentives than a shortage of resources . . .

Birth Control No Answer

The standard argument of birth controllers is that population growth is so great that it continually neutralizes the progress which the economy is trying to make . . . We fail to understand how this better health of a nation's adult population can give rise to an economic imbalance, because a healthier working force should mean greater production . . . Ordinarily, when a population gains in health and longevity the capacity to produce rises faster than do immediate consumption demands. We should expect greater economic gains in such a population than in one afflicted with sickness, debility, malnutrition, early mortality . . .

The late Pope Pius XII . . . declared that . . . (the) proper solu-

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Archbishop Roberts S.J. Speaks On War in Montreal

By JACK BIRMINGHAM

Archbishop T. D. Roberts, S.J., came to Montreal and spoke at the Gesu Hall on September 9th with wit and calmness in favour of the "Council for Survival". This former Archbishop of Bombay and admirer of Gandhi began his lecture with illustrations of how human beings of various cultures are conditioned by tradition to accept or reject ideas. Before the rule of the British, Indian widows were burned on their husbands' funeral pyres and the British at first caused great social disorders by interfering with this practice. Similarly, the flesheating peoples of the world are abominable to the devout Hindu who knows that animal lives, possibly containing the spirits of his ancestors, have been violently destroyed for their food.

In the same way the Archbishop finds that Christians have been conditioned to accept the concept of war. Inherited theological writings on the theory of the "just war" have been extended and diffused so that the Christian perspective on what war is has become blurred. Nor has the unholy spectacle of Italian bishops blessing Mussolini's Fascist bombers and guns done anything to clarify the picture.

Archbishop Roberts said he did not come to frighten us with horrors of the Bomb. It was enough to know that one bomb would wipe out most of Montreal and the effects of radiation on survivors for hundred of miles about would be more severe than those still experienced to-day in the Nagasaki and Hiroshima areas. Moreover, future generations would be crippled and the moral evils would be very great.

In spite of the reality of the Bomb, the majority of Christians have somehow been led to look with complacency on strategic concepts and war objectives. Few seem to realize that the "just war" theory has absolutely no application to total war and the Bomb. Gandhi spent an entire day every week in meditation and prayer when no one, however exalted, could see him. Few others, except the Quakers, did anything about the teaching of Jesus on non-violence.

"Gandhi's Gospel-inspired life was utterly fearless", exclaimed the Archbishop, who then went on to point to the power of more recent non-violence as employed by the Rev. Martin Luther King in the racial bus dispute at Montgomery, Alabama.

The Archbishop has a plan for peace which he has laid before high churchmen at Rome. It is to summon a world "Council for Survival" at Rome where leaders of all Christian communions can meet in the common interest of humanity with non-Christians and try to deliver man from the tangle of war and armaments. He feels most strongly that Rome is the most neutral place for such a gathering. To this congress would come economists, geneticists, scientists and other learned men capable of dealing with the immense misery of our day, where three out of four humans is in serious want.

Archbishop Roberts urged members of his audience to form themselves into small groups to study the problems of peace and let churchmen and statesmen know their conclusions. "Authorities of both church and state are influenced by what their people think and will rarely go further or faster than public opinion." He particularly recommended study of the writings of Sir Stephen King-Hall, Martin Luther King and Pere Regamey (Non-Violence et Conscience Chretienne).

Crucifixion, of his infinite debt of love. It is a pacifism based on a true and loving man-to-God relationship, which necessitates a loving man-to-man relationship. What more is this than the order of living called for by the Gospels? As Father J. F. T. Prince says in **A Guide to Pacifism**, the Catholic pacifist accepts "wholly the cross as the means appointed to save and set right, not prescinding from it when the need is most obvious and the occasion most critical."

The crucial issue is that of faith. How much should man trust in faith? What limits, if any, should he place on faith? The Catholic rationalist will find many. The Catholic pacifist looks to Christ and says, "No limits on faith." He then suffers to live his belief.

Ours is the age of the terror bomb, of the cold-warm-hot war, of global fire and winds of poisonous dust, all threats dependent upon the sanity of key, shifting minds. The individual American citizen has a negligible political power over these threats, a single

vote which is absorbed into the collective swarm of public opinion. If he cares enough to reflect on the nuclear arms race, its suicidal significance, and his country's preparation for slaughter, he is frequently discouraged by his own weak bit of democracy. He too often accepts this weakness in quiesence as a chain of destiny. He forgets his voice; he forgets moral protest. He neglects the wisdom of Thoreau, who said, "It matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever." He neglects the inspiration of Gandhi, whose victory over the British in India proved Thoreau right. And in his greatest oversight, the citizen prone to inadequacy ignores the enormous power at his disposal, the potential weapon of a soul with an immeasurable capacity for strength. The soul of the citizen in reflection needs a painful, spiritual training, whereby the acts demanded by personal conscience can withstand an age without collective conscience. That citizen can retain his moral power of protest until the white flash blinds him. Then he will see his moral activity, or passivity, in its eternal reference.

Notes On Cooperation

Dear Miss Day:

All day I've thought of how I could say the things about co-operation that would have meaning in the circumstances we live in today. Then, I wondered how to explain these several ideas in an intelligent way. One has to have the blessing of the Lord to come across an occasional ability helpful to others in a serious way, and then pray again for the facility to construct it into good sense.

To begin with, there is hardly anything new about co-operatves that I can add. What is stimulating me is the ways it can be applied to immediate aid for quite ordinary people in poor circumstances. For years I had imagined bright new housing made for less, at a cost many could well afford. Then, somehow, without knowing how, I began instead to visualize the improvement for families who would get possession in ownership of their present housing. Not the new, but the old, not the middle rich, but the poor.

And yet, there is something beautiful just about these fancies. For when the Rochdale system of union among consumers began to make the buyer very self-conscious, it was just for these people that it alleviated a portion of suffering. If they could not get higher wages, at least they found a way to go into business together and by it reduce their costs sufficiently to be able to buy more for less. An extra pound of flour, or a little sugar, meant much in those days.

But more than that, the poor did not have to beg for philanthropy, but by influencing the very mind and will of their business enterprise, caused it to serve them totally. One speaks of democracy, and on the political front I imagine it has since then accomplished much. Our own land is an example where it has. But till the economic system is as much persuaded to release its abundance to our citizens, it is a mockery to believe the political vote alone is a satisfactory kind of voice. One votes with every dollar he spends to patronize the special kind of business and society it supports.

Should one merchant treat with his helpers in a more generous way, or be willing to give more for the purchase price to a customer, patronizing him is a vote of confidence in his higher morality. Were we able to so influence private traders, we could bring much reform about in a direct way. But sadly, this is unconventional and unacceptable to merchants. They too speak of their own liberty and right to do as they please. So, we think of businesses owned by the customers and profiting them.

Worker Ownership

In a way, one could almost call this a kind of group capitalism. Not a private capitalist investor, or the state, but a small poor group of citizens have a way of adding their strength to any enterprise that would benefit them when it is theirs. They own it, they control it, and they share all the gains by distributing the goods at a price that gives each man back the profit that the private trader puts in his own till as a tribute for the capital he allowed to be risked in business.

To this is the added advantage that it is an entirely voluntary kind of association. One must have the reason to support his business and want the goods it can give him. To participate in electing his directing officers not on the basis of votes equal to capital invested, but by a more human generosity to the value of man, one vote to one man no matter what his capital.

This alone, the abolishing of votes in proportion to capital invested, puts an end to what is measured as "private capitalism." This one rule would be impossible for adoption in any large corporation for with votes for control based on the right of each customer to have a voice equal in proportion to any other, private business changes completely. This is Rochdale Cooperation in contrast to any other kind of enterprise where commerce or industry rules.

Sometimes it seems that what is needed most is a way to dramatize the human values, the Christian way of conducting a business. Thorstein Veblen said in one of his books that all the wheels of industry turn on one basis, that it gives a profit to commerce to sell its goods. Well, here is a business that can run without an exaggerated profit, which in fact gives service at cost price, and so is in direct competition with any other kind of commerce. Take two businesses side-by-side, both sell shoes. One will not sell unless it can make a 25% profit on every shoe, the other is cooperative and after selling a shoe at the same price, gives back the customer the 25% as a rebate. Which can then continue to support industry longer and manage to bring more goods to the customer at a price he is able to do more purchasing with? As simple as that, are the economies of cooperation upon the economy.

Housing

In old tenement housing a single family paying $6.00 additional a month gains almost nothing. But unite with twenty others and it will pay off in five years a $5,000 loan that may well pay for the initial investment so they can together own the apartment house, and run it as seems fit. This is how economics can be mastered to serve man and by these applications serve his highest needs The need now is not to educate masterful economists, but to find a way for those who have compassion and love of Christ, to explain and tell the simple fundamentals to disheartened and disorganized people. That this knowledge, and confidence in their own ability to work together on even a simple beginning, will much help them. Then democracy becomes a fact by its economics and not only in political theory. Under what other system of commerce can man serve himself and his fellow man as well?

Yours sincerely,
William Horvath

Anxiety is inevitable in an age of crisis like ours. Don't make it worse by deceiving yourself and acting as if you were immune to all inner trepidation. God does not ask you not to feel anxious, but to trust in Him no matter how you feel.

—Thomas Merton

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

there after school to play, when they have finished their chores. Little Hilaire valiantly carries huge hunks of wood, almost as big as he is, to feed the furnace and makes a wooden road all across the kitchen floor. With each piece he calls out, "Big log" to call attention to his heavy work.

I stayed for four days and then had to come back for a meeting at St. Finbar's parish which is very near my old home in Bath Beach. In fact we drove down Bay Thirteenth Street to Cropsey Avenue where we used to live when we were children. It is a very wonderful parish, and the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is made up of all the societies in the Church. I have spoken there before, and am always happy to be invited back again.

Peace Meeting

Now at the end of the month, I shall be at a Peace Conference in New Jersey the first few days in October, held by the Quakers at Hudson Guild Farm. There are so many meetings, and so many discussions and plans on how to meet the threat of war, and meanwhile, this present life is a war, and the most pathetic is the war of the children against the adults which has resulted in teenage gangsters and their savage violence. Our life in the Catholic Worker family, both on Spring Street and on Staten Island is that of a family in war time. We can only live from day to day and pray without ceasing. And do without cars, which cause our brother to stumble.

Nuclear Challenge

(Continued from page 6)

policy" in a state, or that this section of the Papal message when fully read is an obvious reference to the Hungarian Revolution which was occurring at the time.

No Pope has ever passed public judgment on the justness of a particular war. Catholic tradition has given us nondogmatic principles of judging wars, but the Church does not serve as the individual's own conscience; the individual citizen-soldier must decide the justness of the wars he agrees to fight in. Nor is there any foundation in our Faith for the comfortable notion that the state has replaced the citizen's conscience when it is confronted by questions of morality in national law. St. Paul's admonition that we must "obey God, rather than men" has not been superseded by the dictates of modern nationalism. "God and country" can be our cry only when the state's acts are in agreement with their divine source of authority. When God and country are seen to be in conflict, and we as thinking persons must judge when such a conflict occurs, then we are obliged to "obey God, rather than men." Neither the Church to which we owe our first allegiance, nor the state to which we give our loyalty, can remove the individual's responsibility for making his own moral decisions by the aid of reason and divine grace.

The Catholic pacifist has the vocation to turn man's conscience to the moral vacuum which surrounds the question of nuclear warfare. The Catholic pacifist's convictions grow from his contemplation of the meaning of the

Overpopulation

(Continued from page 6)

tion is not at all some form of birth control, but proper guidance of the national economy, and closer international cooperation based on the conviction of mankind's unity. He spoke out in favor of freer migration, trade, and circulation of capital around the globe, in order to strengthen the factors of production, and to establish that international peace which is essential to prosperity . . . God does not deny the means of a decent livelihood to those He calls to life . . .

"God," (he said), "will not require an accounting of men for the general destiny of humanity which falls within His care, but for the single acts willed by them in compliance with or in violation of the dictates of conscience."

Fr. Prince Dies

Highwood School—Mill Hill—
N.W. 7, England
30 August, 1959

As I expect you've heard, we in PAX have suffered a grievous blow in the death of Father J. F. T. Prince on August 9th. Although virtual blindness and an incurable and intensely painful illness made his parting a merciful release, yet the loss to his many friends and admirers is incalculable.

The combination of high intellectual and artistic gifts, great personal charm and pre-eminent Christian virtue is a rare and lovely one. Father Prince, as well as being a priest, was a scholar, sculptor, painter, poet, novelist, humorist (he contributed to the English comic magazine Punch) and a delightful personality.

He became a Catholic at the age of seven, when his whole family (together with his nurse!) were converted from High Anglicanism. Educated at Douai, the Oratory and Freiburg, he had a brilliant scholastic career and was ordained in 1931.

His career in the Church was of course affected by that courageous and uncompromising pacifism that formed an essential part of his Christian faith. When, as a young curate, he was sent to a parish in the West of England where his duties included the chaplaincy of a neighboring Royal Air Force Station, his brave stand and his refusal to wear uniform, led him into serious trouble with the authorities. Such troubles followed him in plenty, and his later years were darkened by persecution, poverty, neglect and extreme ill-health.

But throughout his priesthood he preached fearlessly the message of Christ. He grasped, as so very few do, the revolutionary aspect of Christianity, and had much to say on the creative vocation of the **pacificus**. He was boldly outspoken too in protesting against the evils of materialism and spiritual apathy—**"We live in an England in which the Fact of Jesus Christ is of infinitely less importance to the majority, than the latest football result"**—and against smug condemnations of Communism—**"It is the insincerity of generations of Christians, pharasaically declining to make their faith effective; that is what we have to thank for the Red menace . . . humility and honest shame are our chief needs."** He addressed PAX meetings in his usual lively and stimulating manner, and assisted Catholic conscientious objectors not merely by advice but by appearing for them at the tribunals.

As an author Father Prince enjoyed greater popularity in America than in England, and had many "fans" in the United States. He contributed to **"The Catholic Worker"** and had a very high opinion of it. In one of his very last letters to me he expressed his admiration for you, Dorothy, and the work you are doing.

We mourn his passing deeply. But such books of his as **"Creative Revolution"** (1937—an American Catholic Book Club choice), **"A Christian in Revolt"** (1945), and **"A Guide to Pacifism"** (1956) remain as monuments to the memory of one who was truly a great Christian and an undying inspiration to all of us who seek to be, in Father Prince's words, **"givers and lovers"** and **"Christians ready for the Supreme Adventure of Christianity."**

Sincerely yours,
Margaret M. Maison

Thoreau on the Church

Thoreau's book, "A Yankee in Canada," abounds in surprises. What, for instance, would this man, the absolute nonconformist from Concord, think of such a monument to Roman Catholicism as Notre Dame Church in Place d'Armes? It might, one would suspect, draw forth his violent scorn and condemnation. Yet Thoreau was deeply impressed.

The same autumn afternoon on which he landed in Montreal in 1850, he strolled into Place d'Armes. The massive strength of Notre Dame Church rose before him. Its very size, he thought, must signify something, so he pushed aside the half-open door and stepped in. Down the main aisle he walked softly, his hat in his hand.

What struck him first was the fact that the worshippers in the great church were not in the least distracted by his presence. They continued their prayers. They did not look up at him, nor did they regard one another. For Thoreau it was a strange experience, and he thought, "if there had been fifty people there, it would still have been the most solitary place imaginable."

Then a troop of French Canadians, clad in homespun, entered. He recognized them, for they had been on the boat with him on the trip to Montreal. One and all kneeled somewhat awkwardly, as cattle prepare to lie down. Yet what an impressive spectacle it was.

What would happen, he wondered, if some farmers' sons, having come to Concord for a cattle show, were to kneel silently in a Protestant meeting-place in Concord on a Wednesday? Would there not be a mob peering in at the windows?

As Thoreau lingered in the vast church, its solemnity enfolded him. He later wrote of his experience in this remarkable passage: "It was a great cave in the midst of a City; and what were the altars and the tinsel but the sparkling stalactites, into which you entered in a moment, and where the great atmosphere and the sombre light disposed to serious and profitable thought?"

* * *

"Such a cave at hand, which you can enter any day, is worth a thousand of our churches, which are open only on Sundays—hardly long enough for an airing—and then filled with a bustling congregation . . . I think that I might go to church myself sometimes some Monday, if I lived in a city where there was such a one to go to. . ."

"As for the Protestant churches, here or elsewhere, they did not interest me, for it is only as caves that churches interest me at all, and in that respect they were inferior."

The above paragraphs are from an article by Edgar Andrew Collard received by us in a clipping from a Canadian paper, sent by a reader.

Non-Violent Saints In Catholic Church

(Continued from page 5)

people of Germany, for whom he had done so much, and who were still in need of him. They got nowhere. Like Joan of Arc, the young priest remained faithful to the interior voice of his conscience. He said simply: 'I believe that it is God's desire and His will that I voluntarily accept death as a gift and as a duty.' "

On the morning of August 21, 1942, he and six comrades, four of whom were Catholics, had their heads chopped off.

When we are scorched by the flame emitted by these epic heroes so close to our own time, and realize that it is the same flame that has burned steadily and brilliantly since the first centuries of Christianity, who would dare deny that the purest witnesses of today are contributing to it?

Translated by
Martin J. Corbin

Tr. Note: Abbe Paul Carette is editor of a Catholic journal, **Le Populaire**, and a member of the Belgian section of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation. His article is reprinted from **"Les Chretiens, l'Evangile et la Guerre,"** a remarkable collection of writings on nonviolence by contemporary Christian authors, which was put out in magazine form a year or so ago by our friend M. Andre Trocme.

Peter Maurin Farm

By Elizabeth Rogers

The retreat over Labor Day weekend, with Father Peter Minard, O.S.B., as retreat master, drew a small but good group. Father Minard is novice master at Mt. Saviour Monastery at Elmira, N. Y. We had Prime and Compline each day, and dialog masses on Saturday and Sunday, with an offertory procession, and a sung Mass on Monday, celebrating the Mass of St. Joseph the Worker. I heard only the two closing conferences, one on charity and one on Our Lady, but the reports from the retreatants were enthusiastic. The conferences, as Dorothy mentioned in the September **Worker**, were held in the grove of trees on the hill, and the weather was clear and, at the last, cool.

The summer has been one of many visitors, as is usual at Peter Maurin Farm. Diane Mazza, who did a valiant job on her vacation a year ago in getting the beach bungalows ready for habitation, spent her vacation again this year with us, and worked as hard as before. Denis Knight and his son Christopher, from England originally and more recently living in New Brunswick, Canada, spent a few days here, having hitch-hiked down. Two Maryknoll seminarians, Kenneth Riley and Frank Gerace, spent several days with us, and Vincent DeFazio and James Mieckary, also Maryknoll seminarians, came for a day. Our good friend, Father Joseph Becker, S.J., from the Institute of Social Order at St. Louis University, paid us two visits. From further afield we had Father John Patterson, O.M.I., who is stationed in South Africa, but in this country to study at Catholic University. And Father Robert Hovda, stopped in one day on his way from his parish in Nebraska to Catholic University, where he will teach this year.

We were delighted by a visit from Elizabeth Knell, a nurse at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, who came just before the retreat and stayed on for a day longer.

We had a most pleasant visit this past weekend from Phil and Julia Porcelli Moran and their four children, who range in age from a year and a half to five and a half. Julia was with the Catholic Worker in the early days, and Dorothy says, "No one ever took care of children so well." The Morans came bringing the gravestone that Julia has made for the grave of Catherine Odlivak, who is buried in the Catholic Worker cemetery plot at St. Joseph's Church, Rossville. Eventually she plans to add the names of others buried there. It is a beautiful and unusual piece of work, in limestone, and we will write more about it later on. Julia is a professional sculptor, a student of Ade Bethune, and this stone is a real masterpiece.

As for the community at Peter Maurin Farm itself, one of the happiest news notes is that John is finally out of the cast that he wore so patiently all summer. The doctor took it off the Wednesday after Labor Day, and John gets around very nicely, though occasionally with the help of a cane on account of the unevenness of the ground.

Charlie Butterworth will be at the farm this winter, going into the city on Saturdays for his class in philosophy at Fordham. He is setting up the big rug loom so that we can weave drapes.

Tommy Hughes' watermelon patch has begun to produce in the past couple of weeks, and we have had several melons from it. They are small but very sweet. In general, the last of the crops are in, though we still have pumpkins, hot peppers, and the like to come; the shelves in the barn have many quarts of vegetables canned through the summer by Joe Cotter.

BOOK REVIEWS

IN BRIEF

(Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers)

In the Whole Christ, by the Most Rev. Emile Guerry, Archbishop of Cambrai. Trans. by M. G. Carroll. Society of St. Paul, 2187 Victory Blvd., Staten Island 14, N.Y., 1959. $3.50.

The Society of St. Paul, which was founded as an apostolate of the press, has done a real service in making this book available in English. Archbishop Guerry is the author of a splendid meditation book, *God the Father*, issued some years ago, and the present work is fully as good. It is a series of 105 meditations, profoundly theological, on the Mystical Body, with three principal divisions: The Mystery of the Personal Christ, The Living Community of the Members of the Mystical Body, and The Mystery of the Catholic Church. Those who are looking for a Christ-centered book of meditations would do well to consult this sizable volume.

Reflections on the Psalms, by C. S. Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1958. $3.50. Decorations and jacket by Jeanyee Wong.

A new book by C. S. Lewis is always to be received with joy. Like many people, Lewis experienced certain "difficulties" in reading the Psalms, at the same time that he was much drawn to them. He discusses the difficulties—the psalms of malediction, the self-righteousness in many of them—in a fashion which greatly illuminates, not only the psalms themselves but our own psychology and spiritual failings. And, for this reader, his chapters on the psalms of praise and thanksgiving have a special felicity. What we want from such a book as this is that it shall make us not only to understand God and the things of the spirit more, but that it shall increase our love. "Reflections on the Psalms" does both these things to a notable degree.

House of Friends, by Patricia McGowan. Milwaukee: Bruce, 1958. $3.50.

Mrs. McGowan has written a really good novel about two girls who come to New York from Miami for jobs. They get involved in Friendship House volunteer activities and meet the Catholic Worker. Hearing of the concept of a Christ Room in every home, they evolve the idea of an "apartment of hospitality," named by them the House of Friends, to provide temporary shelter to girls in need. The human problems they meet, not all of which are resolved, make a fine story. Mrs. McGowan, a veteran of the Friendship House volunteer program, with her sister and other young women, once had such a House of Friends as she writes about, so that the stories of the girls who come to the House have a quality of reality. Give this to a teen-aged girl on your gift list.

Liturgical Retreat, by Roy J. Howard, S.J. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1959. $3.00.

Father Howard desired to bring together those two great modern movements, the retreat movement and the liturgical movement. This book can be used to make a private retreat, though, as the author points out, this was not his special aim in writing. The book considers the dedication of the Christian life to God in relation to the three great sacraments of baptism, confirmation, and the eucharist. This is first-rate spiritual reading, and might also be helpful as material for retreat masters.

Paperback Books

One of the most cheering of the current projects in paperback publishing is Sheed and Ward's new series of young Catholic poets, priced at 95c each. So far the series has included John Fandel's **Testament and Other Poems; Discovery and Other Poems**, by Samuel Hazo; and **The Cliff's Edge**, a reprint of a remarkable book by Eithne Tabor, a young woman then in a mental hospital, first issued in 1950. The low price of these books—and each of them is really fine poetry — should make them available to all people who love poetry and who believe it is important to encourage contemporary poets. We hope the response to this series will be a good one.

Sheed and Ward's paperback series of Canterbury books continues with an abridged edition of **A Handbook of Heresies**, by M. L. Cozens. The descriptions and brief summaries of the history of the major heresies make it a useful reference work. **The Mystical Body and Its Head** is an abridged edition of Robert Hugh Benson's **Christ in the Church**, which first appeared in 1911, and is still a very fine apologetical work, even in the light of the many superior books now being published. Each of these Canterbury books is 75c.

New Novel

P. J. Kenedy have issued the English translation of a rather remarkable French novel, **Lucinie**, by M. L. Pascal-Dasque ($3.75). The novelist is a woman whose life has been spent mostly in Algeria, which is the scene of the book, though the setting is not by any means the most important aspect. The country of this novel is the soul of a nun in a nursing sisterhood, her desolation, her possession by God, and finally—a difficult problem for a writer, but one which is here brought off — the performance of miracles. The group of nuns portrayed is very varied and the writer treats of very different psychological types quite succesfully. It is as satisfying a book dealing with religious themes as I have seen for some time.

To see what (Heaven) really means, we must suppose ourselves to be in perfect love with God — drunk with, drowned in, dissolved by, that delight which, far from remaining pent up within ourselves as incommunicable, hence hardly tolerable, bliss, flows out from us incessantly again in effortless and perfect expression, our joy no more separable from the praise in which it liberates and utters itself than the brightness a mirror receives is separable from the brightness it sheds. The . . . catechism says that man's chief end is "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." But we shall then know that these are the same thing. Fully to enjoy is to glorify. In commanding us to glorify Him, God is inviting us to enjoy Him.

— C. S. Lewis,
Reflection on the Psalms.