



GALLEY SLAVE

By JAMES E. MILORD

During a particularly impecunious Winter, while trying to live on the land, I heard of a temporary job as a fourth cook on a Chicago-Los Angeles streamliner, over the Christmas-New Year's holidays. I had just about reached the end of the line with railroad-ing, but I conjectured that two more weeks of it could be endured.

My job as a Fourth Cook is a perfect example of the upmanship that too many industries like to indulge in. Given to fakery and symbols, personnel hands out a new sobriquet like "Commissary Aide" in the hope of upping the job, and creating an aura of prestige. This is pure hokum, of course, and cannot possibly change the nature of the spud-peeling, pot-scrubbing and mopping-up that constitutes the job. Nevertheless, my two round trips to L.A. added up to two revealing weeks that were worth a lot more than the cash I received for my sweat.

Behind the Scenes

What can be absorbing in a wobbly dining-car galley?

Like so many facets of modern life that are close at hand, the average passenger pays little or no attention to the mechanics of food preparation, and could not care less. He is interested in food—and the snowy white table cloths, the gleaming sterling, the flowers in the vase, the mural walls, the piped music. And the supernumerary plates keep his eyes or his thoughts from straying kitchenward.

The galley is a frantically busy place. Tempers burst in the clangorous, steamy air, like gunshots, and nasty words are hurled back and forth. Few people can visualize what a herculean job it is to feed, as we did, some two hundred people, three meals a day, from our little 9-by-20-foot steam bath.

This is the world of red hot stoves, huge quantities of food, piled in readiness for the grill, the sauce pan, the charcoal brazier. It is a place where you work for several hours at a casual, leisurely pace, awaiting the rush of hungry eaters and then, you automatically step up your tempo and start doing two men's work. This is unavoidable in a business that must wait until the last moment. You cannot grill bacon a few hours ahead of time, or fry eggs at three o'clock for a six-thirty setting. It is a time for storming oaths, accusations, furious, burning hot spills, and hasty moppings up, of bitter curses under the breath. It is part of the process; without it, I know that few meals would be served.

Washing Up

Everyone knows of the superfluous plates that surround a diner on the standard railroad table. These are the bane of the fourth cook. O for the descriptive powers of a George Orwell to describe the furious cascade of cutlery and china that descends on the dining-car plongeur! Tiny butter plates, saucers, sauce dishes, platters, massive frying pans, pots, saucepans, grills, roll plates, cups, glasses, at least seven pieces of silverware to the diner, totaled by two hundred eaters, and you have an estimate of the mountain of foodware that must be washed. Washed? No, scalded in frightfully strong suds that eat the skin away. Moreover, this assem-

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Robert Hodgell

Rangers Riot, Strikers Suffer Chavez: "We Will Endure"

By JACK COOK

Rio Grande City, Tex.

What shall become of the laughter of these children? Dark-skinned and barefooted, they play in the hot Sunday afternoon at being frightened by el monstruo. With mobile features and gestures, Harold Dickie, former student now in charge of the boycott in Corpus Christi, scares the delighted Mexican-American children, and they scream and dart from the porch of the shaded home, set quietly back from and between the union headquarters (an abandoned theater) and the strike kitchen, where the workers' families are fed beans and eggs for breakfast, beans, rice, and perhaps some beef for lunch and dinner.

"Regardless of their fate, the little victims play." So wrote Thomas Gray years ago; it is still true. It is precisely their fate, not that of the strike or the union alone, which is at stake here. The strike must not be viewed simply as an economic matter: "Let's provide them with \$1.25 minimum wage, bargaining power and a vote." To be mindful of the fate of these people, one must be concerned with more than purchasing power and free speech. There is the danger, too, of thinking that by opening the door to better living conditions and a legitimate place in the working class of America, we solve the knotty problem of thousands of Mexican-Americans, who have tenaciously refused to go through that door, refused to adjust to our society, refused to belong. Instead, they cling to their delightfully un-American, thoroughly Mexican traditions, their language, and their way of life (so foreign to ours in its earthiness, its communal sharing and participating, its clannishness, separateness, and protectiveness). Even in the cities, Mexican-American-

icans cling to their culture, resist the socialization and adjustment syndrome, with a determination rivaled only by the Orientals of a generation ago.

The strike is more than a strike. It is a "search," as Benito Rodriguez puts it; he is one of the young Mexicans whose judgment I have come to respect. The search of a people whose way of life is at one with nature and themselves, but at odds with a new environment which has made slaves and pawns out of them. La Casita, one of the struck farms of some twenty-seven hundred acres, is not their heritage; but the land La Casita owns is, and they retain a great sense of that land, a feeling for the earth, its give and take, its warmth and rigidity. They were subsistence farmers before they were migrant workers; living in poverty and squalor here, moving to poverty and squalor in California or Michigan, then to return here: their children unschooled and unskilled, their bills paid out of savings from the trek, new bills acquired and once more in debt. Flesh caught in the wheel.

The alienation of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, even hippies in our cities is due in part to being uprooted, cut away from homelands and traditions. Here in the wide lonely spaces of Texas, the Mexican-Americans are alienated, even though they remain in their homeland, amidst their traditions. Here is the real crisis of identity: face, family, surroundings are all familiar; but the mirror and its image are owned by someone else. They do not belong to themselves.

Out of such separation and frustration courage grows. El monstruo of Mexican-Americans is being faced. That is why the fate of these children, delighted in their imaginary fright, is at stake

here. The real fear, as their elders know, is not at all delightful.

The Union

If the growers, the local officials, and the political powers in the state only realized what a blessing this union is, not to the workers only, but to themselves also, they would welcome it with open arms. For the union has channeled two forces inherent in these people, which could cause havoc if unleashed. I am thinking of the religion and violence of Mexican-Americans. These people retain an almost medieval religious energy, a great capacity for faith, and a willingness to suffer, which is unparalleled in North America. This energy is heard in every cry of Viva la Huelga! And in the non-violent position taken by the union, the naturally violent and volatile Mexican temperament is given a valid and rewarding alternative. (In New Mexico the other method is being tried. Revolutionary Reles Lopez Tijerina and his men stormed a courthouse in Tierra Amarilla. He and his people claim title to twenty-five hundred square miles of land under seventeenth- and eighteenth-century land grants. As I write, two hundred and fifty National Guard troops and two tanks are looking for him.)

The striking families, union officials, and volunteer organizers from Delano, are facing a different monstruo. In these final weeks of the melon harvest, these workers have been threatened, beaten, and arrested by the Texas Rangers, who are here at the invitation of the growers. There have been close to fifty arrests since I arrived a little over a week ago. Violent and brutal arrests. More violent, perhaps, because they

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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

This summer, at conferences at the Catholic Worker Farm which we call attention to in a box in this issue, there will be a great deal of talk about conscientious objection and working for peace. We have already had articles on the economics of peace, one by Robert Swann (January 1967) and another by the economist, E. F. Schumacher (March-April 1967).

Of course the emphasis is always on helping the people to help themselves when it comes to dealing with under-developed areas, and that is perfectly right because people do not want handouts, they do not want to be recipients of charity when they know full well that in justice they should have received the fruits of their toil and recompense for their labors. In this issue of the paper, for instance, there is a reference to the economic aid given to a cooperative venture involving six hundred farmers of Alabama.

Caritas International

But the fact remains that in the work for peace we still have to think in terms of the works of mercy. These may be thought of as restitution on the part of American peacemakers for the great evils inflicted upon the Vietnamese by our own country. I think we should never forget this and that we should try to learn from what the Quakers, Mennonites, and the Fellowship of Reconciliation are trying to do in Vietnam, North and South. It is too bad that we have to remind our fellow Catholics that there is a tremendous work of relief being done by Caritas International, which has been making financial contributions to the North Vietnamese Red Cross, to the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front Red Cross organization, and to the Red Cross of South Vietnam.

We only learned of this work when we read of the visit of Monsignor Georg Hussler, secretary-general of a West German Catholic welfare organization which is a part of Caritas International. He was the first foreign Catholic official to visit North Vietnam since the Communist regime began there. He went there to find out what medical supplies the North Vietnamese needed most, such as antibiotics, quinine, and surgical instruments. He was conferring also with the Catholic hierarchy there and so made the first personal contact between Rome and the Hanoi churches since 1954. His visit, which took place last January, was an example of Pope Paul's work for peace in Vietnam and showed, too, according to a report by Harrison E. Salisbury in the New York Times that the Vatican's interest was not

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MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor
Associate Editors:

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On Pilgrimage

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concentrated exclusively on the church in South Vietnam.

There are just under a million Catholics in the North, according to Father Ho Thanh Bein, pastor of St. Dominic's Church in Hanoi. Seventy-five miles east of Hanoi there is a heavily Catholic district. Local officials reported that ten thousand of the area's eighty thousand went to South Vietnam in 1954. Father Bein said that this exodus was the consequence of an intensive campaign by representatives of the Diem government, who insisted the Communists would suppress the Church completely in the North.

In Contact with Rome

In this area there are eighty-two churches functioning for a population which is again about eighty thousand. Father Bein said that six of the North's ten bishops went south and that all ten seminaries operating in the North were closed. He estimated that two-thirds of the Northern priests went south and said that the North Vietnamese now had six new bishops consecrated since 1955 and that all ten dioceses now have bishops. The seminaries have reopened and there are about a hundred seminarians studying for the priesthood. The Archbishop of Hanoi, named in 1962, is Most Reverend Trinh Nhu Khue. The priests of North Vietnam are in contact with Rome and the Pope's encyclicals and other messages are being received. Church functionaries estimated that three to four hundred priests are serving in the North. Hanoi, which has never been as strongly Catholic as the countryside, has twelve parishes, with ten priests and possibly twenty thousand communicants.

Schools Closed

There are no Catholic schools in North Vietnam, but the children are given instruction at the church, especially during vacation periods. Despite the number of nuns who went south, many convents are still operating. The official policy is non-interference in religious matters. According to Catholic spokesmen, the government provided funds for rebuilding churches after partition. Harrison Salisbury reported constant references, in conversation with both laymen and priests, to the exodus of Catholics in 1954 and the deep and bitter wounds that were left. He was also told that many churches had been destroyed by American bombing and two priests killed.

It seems to me that in the light of all this Catholics should seriously attempt to get aid through Caritas International to the North Vietnamese as well as to the South. Some have suggested that aid be addressed to Caritas International, Vatican City. Perhaps some of our readers have other suggestions to offer.

There are always books that I want to share with our readers, and one of these is a wonderful story called *Whales and Men*, by R. B. Robertson, published by Knopf in 1954. After reading this book I wanted to get the explorer Ernest Shackleton's book and read his comment about the mysterious fourth man who accompanied him on the rescue trip, which is so vividly described. Shackleton wrote: "When I look back at those days, I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across these snow fields, but across the stormy white sea that separated Elephant Island from our landing place on South Georgia. I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, it seemed to me often that we were four, not three. I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.' Crean confessed to the same idea. One feels 'the dearth of human words, the roughness of mortal speech' in trying to describe things intangible, but a record of our journey would not be complete without a reference very near to our hearts."

The men in the Robertson book have been discussing why they are whalers, or working on a factory ship in the Antarctic. One of them says that they are people who do not fit in—the world does not want them and they do not want the world. And they have no escape in writing and painting, and so on, like other men, so Shackleton and explorers and whalers go off to these most far off places, such as Georgia Island, which was called a "South Atlantic slum." But another of the men says: "You all talk nonsense, and you know it. Shackleton and the best kind of explorers and maybe old whale-men too, come here because they know there is something else, that man can feel but not quite understand in this world. And they get closer to that thing—that sense of the fourth man who walked with Shackleton across South Georgia—when they are down here, more than anywhere else in the world..."

When I read this I remembered the story of the three young men in the fiery furnace and how there was another standing beside them. In the Douay version of the Bible in the Third Chapter of Daniel, "They walked about in flames praising God and blessing the Lord..." But the angel of the Lord went down into the furnace with Azarias and his companions, drove the fiery flames out of the furnace and made the inside of the furnace as though a dew-laden breeze were blowing through it. The fire in no way touched them.

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MICHAEL GOLD

(April 12, 1894-May 14, 1967)

By DOROTHY DAY

I last saw Mike Gold two years ago when I visited Oakland, where he was living with Elizabeth, his wife. She and I had gathered shells and rocks together on the beaches of Staten Island ten years ago, just as Mike and I had explored the beaches forty years before, picnicking with artists Maurice Becker and Hugo Gelkert, sometimes on a Staten Island beach and sometimes at Palisades Park. It was the year the old Masses was suppressed, and during the last months of its existence there was a general feeling of irresponsibility, stemming from our incapacity to do anything in the face of the war into which we had just been dragged, after a Presidential election won with the slogan "He kept us out of the war." We were marking time.

When I first met Mike I had been working on the New York Call, a socialist paper that had a few anarchists and members of the Industrial Workers of the World on the staff. One editor was an A.F.L. man and another supported the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which was out of the A.F.L. at the time, just as some unions are out of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. now. When it came to all the conflicts after the Russian revolution, we were young enough not to pay much attention to the old guard, but instead to rejoice in a victorious revolt of the proletariat and the peasants of Russia. We all went to meetings, to picnics, to dances at Webster Hall, stayed up all night and walked the streets, and sat on the piers and sang. Great things were happening in the world, along with the senseless capitalistic war, which to us represented the suffering and death that came before the victorious resurrection. I thought in those terms then. "Unless the seed fall into the ground and die, it remaineth alone. But if it die it bears much fruit." The suffering and the death that accompanied war and revolution seemed to make the keenness of our joy the more poignant. The revolution was world-shaking, it liberated the people, the ancient lowly, the burden bearers, the poor, the destitute, and opened up to them a new life. We longed ourselves to be able to take part in that suffering.

We were far away from it all, of course. We were young, we had found ourselves, in that we had a cause, and we served it in our writing. It was through his writing that I came to know Mike. In the summer of 1917 I had been left alone in the office of the Masses as an editor's assistant while Floyd Dell was on vacation and Max Eastman away on a money-raising and speaking expedition. I opened the office and answered the mail and sent back the work of some eminent poets with rejection slips and one written word, "Sorry." In my haste to get through with office duty and go out into the streets, to meetings, and to the beaches, the work of the Masses did not seem of vital importance.

I walked the streets of the East Side, which I had come to love (I had been living there for a year and a half), down on Cherry Street, on East Broadway, on Madison Street. I knew the Jews and their life there, I bathed with the women in those little bath houses (there were no baths or hot water in the tenements). I visited Mike's home on Chrystie Street, down the street from the present location of the Catholic Worker, and his mother, a stern and beautiful woman who wore the wig and observed the dietary laws, offered me food, even though I was a shiksa, but she did not speak to me.

My suffering at that time was brief, but Mike's was profound. I went to jail in Washington, up-

holding the rights of political prisoners. An anarchist then as I am now, I have never used the vote that the women won by their demonstrations before the White House during that period. But Mike was suffering because of the threat of the draft, which hung over all young men then, as it does today. It was a physical, as well as a mental and spiritual anguish and it undermined his health so that Max Eastman helped him to get away to Mexico, where the "draft dodgers," as they are always contemptuously termed, were taking refuge. (I would like to call attention here to the fact that one of the saints of the Catholic Church, the Cure of Ars, St. John Marie Vianney, a Frenchman who is still famous as a patron of parish priests, was a draft dodger and hid out in barns to escape the draft during the Napoleonic wars.)

In those days conscientious objectors had no rights. There was no alternative service. There were no discussions as to whether you were opposed to all wars or only the present one, whether your conviction was a religious one or not. Mike was certainly not opposed to war as such. He thought that the revolution had to be a violent one, and that although the workers did not want violence or advocate it, it would be forced upon them, and then they would be exercising their right to defend themselves and their dear ones. His faith in the class struggle and violent revolution never wavered over the years.

Mike came back from Mexico not long after the war was over, and it was at this time that he took the name Mike Gold, rather than Irwin Granich, which was his family name. It will always be as Mike Gold that he will be remembered.

I saw Mike some years later in Chicago, where I worked briefly for Bob Minor on the Liberator. Then I returned to New York and, thanks to the sale of my first novel to Hollywood, I was able to buy a beach bungalow on a section of Staten Island that is almost as undeveloped today as it was then. I was living a married life, spending a good deal of time reading and going through a painful and tortured, yet joyful process of conversion to a public acknowledgment of a faith. It was painful because I had to give up a common-law husband with whom I was very much in love and with whom I still feel a most loving friendship. I write of these personal matters because Mike was very much around at that time; two of his brothers had bought a beach bungalow three doors down the road from mine, and we all swam and dug clams and fished together and spent long hours on the beach. One of his brothers was married and had two little children who played with my two-year-old daughter. Mike, who loved kids and did not yet have any of his own, came down often to be with us all.

Never for a moment did Mike

try to argue me out of the step I was about to take. My small daughter was already baptized and I tried to get to Mass every Sunday in the little village church, although I was not yet a baptized Catholic. Mike was editor of the New Masses at the time, and I wrote a few things for him. He seemed to understand my misery and to sense that there had to be a price to pay, sometimes a heart-breaking price, in following one's vocation. Neither revolutions nor faith are won without keen suffering. For me Christ was not to be bought for thirty pieces of silver but with my heart's blood. We buy not cheap in this market. Because I was so unhappy I clung to my old friends. I did not know a single Catholic and I suppose I considered Mike my oldest friend.

Mike was indirectly involved with the beginning of the Catholic Worker. In 1932, I was doing some free-lance writing and Mike's brother George was one of the leaders of the hunger march that was to converge on Washington in December. George and Mike used to drop in to see me where I was living with my brother and his wife on the East Side, and I became so enthusiastic about the march that I went down to cover it for the Commonwealth, along with the late Mary Heaton Vorse, who was covering it for, I think, the Atlantic Monthly. It was the march, and the devout prayers I said at the shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Catholic University, that brought the French peasant and teacher, Peter Maurin, to my doorstep to start me editing the Catholic Worker.

Peter Maurin was a philosophical anarchist in the tradition of Kropotkin and never missed an opportunity to express his distrust of the State. He agreed with Jefferson that the less government there is, the better. He wanted to stay out of the N.R.A. (National Recovery Administration) and all the other initial projects and he endorsed the union movement only as long as it kept the State out of its bargaining with the bosses. And of course bargaining was a bad word; labor was not a commodity to be bought and sold and bargained for. Man by his labor was creative, working for the common good, creating order out of chaos. Peter wanted to rebuild society within the shell of the old society, which meant patience, suffering and endurance, the kind of nonviolence that characterizes the work of Cesar Chavez in Delano, California and the Rio Grande Valley of Texas.

One day, in the fifties, after Peter Maurin was dead, Mike, his wife Elizabeth and their two sons Carl and Nicholas visited us on Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island. They had brought me a gift, an old print with a painted representation of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne of Brittany. They had brought it from France, carefully rolled in a newspaper.

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ADVENTURE IN COOPERATION

In last month's issue Robert Swann reported that the International Foundation for Independence (cf. his article on "The Economics of Peace" January 1967) has initiated its first pilot project by making a twenty-five-thousand-dollar loan for fertilizer and seed to six hundred farmers in the Selma area of Alabama. The loan was granted to the Southwest Alabama Farmers Cooperative, which covers ten counties that include some of the poorest people in the nation. For the first time in history, these farmers in the Black Belt of Alabama have been able to purchase six hundred tons of fertilizer and six tons of seed together at a fair price. More importantly, these farmers, who have families ranging from five to twelve members, have learned something of the marketing process and the value of acting cooperatively. The Foundation hopes to set up similar programs in other depressed areas of the United States and overseas. We urge interested readers to write to: Robert Swann (Voluntown, Connecticut 06334) for detailed information on the I.F.I.'s attempts to promote rural reconstruction and economic independence for the poverty-stricken.

CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM HOEY

Summer and all its symptoms have come upon us abruptly. There have been two festas already in Little Italy, with processions, lights, the smell of sausage, and the inevitable empty beer cans. The seven-block-long park between Chrystie and Forsyth Streets is dressed in green, which affords the eye an iota of relief in this kaleidoscope of hot sidewalks, tenements and garbage; the kids playing stickball, the derelicts drinking in the shade, the junkies waiting for their man will all be there now for four or five months. Since the nights are more bearable, the Bowery is not as deserted as the men drink their flop money, but they must risk both being robbed in their sleep and the ire of the police with their billys.

Tony opens up every morning between six and seven, six days a week (Jack Cook makes the soup on Sundays). Until one o'clock he will be busy cooking, serving, and cleaning, and with John McMullen nursing a broken shoulder he has to fish around for someone both sober and unoccupied to help. The second floor is hot, damp, and busy with the preparations for the next issue of the paper. Up in the office Walter handles the mail and the money, Ed Forand comes in twice a week to pay the bills, Smokey eternally sits and works at sending new subscribers their first issue of the paper. He also provides a rambling Greek Chorus on anything and everything as the day wears on. Preston and Phil daily attack the subscription files, easily the most monotonous job at the CW.

Jack Wells left after six months, first to visit his family in California, and then to go to school in British Columbia. Jack Cook spent a month in Texas with the striking farmworkers, and Dan Kelly went to Washington to help Dave and Cathy Miller settle their new house, St. James the Apostle House at 1107 "O" St. NW. He is now in Utah, visiting Ammon Hennacy. Bob Gilliam and Cathy Grant are both visiting their families for a few weeks. We have several new people: Martha Mooney from Long Island, Pat Vaught from Oklahoma, Andy Tymowski & Joan Schoen from Detroit, Charles Corso from Notre Dame, Indiana, Arlene Schmidt, Mike Krayche & Mary Doyle.

Chris Bove and Vincent Maefsky are getting married in August, which makes us all very happy. Salome Mann delivered an eight-pound, four ounce baby girl, Desiree Claire, which again is cause for joy. Dan and Rope Shay, who used to have a house of hospitality in Detroit also had a baby. Phil Maloney has been accepted at the University of Toronto, where he will study Russian. Both he and his wife Sheila will be greatly missed, not to speak of their baby.

Frenchie is going blind in one eye, and Julie must have a second operation on hers. Polish Walter and John Pohl are in the hospital, Tony and our New York Jim Douglass visit them regularly. We have a new car, and are grateful to all those people who helped us. At long last we have the building permit for the new house, and the work of cleaning and renovating has begun.

After afternoon tea, things calm down somewhat. The office and the second floor are usually quiet with people busily working, someone is usually giving out clothes, and the kitchen is almost dead. Paul is either working in the pantry or caring for the cats, and there are one or two people preparing supper under the watchful eye of Irish Pat, who spends the afternoons watching the world go by from his chair in the corner under the stairs.

Patrick was born and raised in the mountains of western Ireland, in a small village on the desolate Atlantic coast. In his early teens he found himself in an English

uniform, destined for the Western Front in World War I. He didn't get very far; he took the ferry from Belfast to Glasgow, took off his uniform, went back to Ireland, and joined the I.R.A. He fought in the bloody Battle of the Four Courts in Dublin during Easter Week and then in the Irish Civil War, came to America and is now our sometime "watchman." We try to keep him passive, if not non-violent.

Other countries, other armies, other wars, the stories of the people on the Bowery are all basically the same. When they fail at life's game of every man for himself, when they become superfluous and unnecessary, when their lives are ruined and they turn to wine, they are all but forgotten by the benevolent leaders they and their compatriots killed and were killed for. They are scorned because they were too sensitive, too human to bear the inhumanity of our day and age. They are remembered only when the policeman with all his superiority hits them with his club and says, "Move on," when people en route from their midtown hotels to Chinatown absolve their consciences by giving a nickel or a dime to panhandlers.

But in spite of their addiction, their loneliness, their insecurity, they go on living, working at back-breaking jobs for pittance, coming in on soup lines. "They arouse the conscience," Peter Maurin said, but the tragedy is that they move all too few consciences. They are the poor. They are always with us. And whether they are aware of it or not, they point an accusing finger of condemnation at our society.

New House

1107 O Street, NW
St. James House
Washington, D. C.
20005

Dear Dorothy:

Love to you and all at the farm. It's hot down here in Washington compared to the cooler summer at Tivoli. I hope we'll be able to visit the farm some time this summer, perhaps at one of the conferences.

Cathy, Juanita Clare and I have been in our new home for over a week now. It's a large row house (eleven rooms) just six blocks up from the bus station on New York Avenue. Around the bus station and around the main public library a few blocks away is the transient area of the District of Columbia. Four blocks away, at 7th and O Streets, is the O St. market, where a number of men hang out looking for small jobs. These will primarily be the areas from which men and women will come for something to eat. The neighborhood has more than its share of unemployed men, in their twenties and thirties, who spend most of what they have on drink and not on food.

The house we are in is sturdy, but the electrical and plumbing systems are in poor repair. We have three stories of curved bay windows with fold-in shutters. There is an ornate chandelier in the front room and a decoration on the ceiling that resembles cake trimmings. There are several carved fireplaces with mirrors, but all are closed off. This was evidently a very fancy place some years ago.

Our hopes are to try to provide some food and clothing and shelter as soon as we can. As I write, our most important needs are money for food and the rent (which is a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month), bed, hennas, a dining-room table, other furniture, office equipment, a washing machine, and a couple of full-time people to live and work in our Catholic Worker community. We will be very grateful to CW readers if they can help us. Peter Maurin said that those who are in

need and not ashamed to beg give those not in need a chance to do good for goodness' sake.

We have had several guests and many visitors already. My mother, Wally and Juanita Nelson, Terry Grace from Chicago, and Sheila Maloney and Raona Wilson, with their children, have stayed for a few days. Fathers Dan and Phil Berrigan both stopped by to visit. Friends in the area have given much kitchen equipment and other items. The Carmelites gave us twelve single beds and fifteen mattresses. We still need a large soup pot, among other useful objects.

Remember us in your prayers. I talked with the parish priest a little while ago and he was helpful, which makes me glad.

Love and peace in Christ,
Dave Miller

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Darrell Poulsen lost his appeal to the United States Supreme Court and will soon be sentenced, for the sixth time, to be shot. As soon as I heard of this decision I got up before breakfast and wrote a leaflet on it. I think it is the best leaflet I have written on this subject. (The last one is always the best.) When the execution date is set, I will insert it in the leaflet and begin my daily picketing at the State Capitol. This will probably coincide in part with my twenty-two days of fasting and picketing of the tax office to mark the twenty-second anniversary of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It has been raining here every day for a month, and I hope that summer comes soon.

Three Jehovah's Witnesses, Chadley Gardner, John Morales and Thomas Taylor, were sentenced to five years each for refusing to accept work at the University medical center in lieu of military service. Judge Ritter, who sentenced them, is considering their plea that they be given probation consisting of five years work at the medical center, but not under the auspices of Selective Service, but he is unlikely to approve such an arrangement.

At one of our recent Friday night meetings at Joe Hill House, I reminded my listeners that the Mormon Church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, in 1880, by declaring a jubilee: all tithes that were owed were cancelled and all debts were supposed to be forgiven. By 1930, the bankers who run the church would not even have considered such a proposal, and by 1980 it will seem even more out of date.

Two radical friends of about my age died recently: Mike Gold, whom I knew since 1920, a kindly man and a sincere radical; I still remember his phrase, "Money is the opium of the people"; and Aldo Felicani, secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti defense committee, an untiring organizer and writer, a pacifist-anarchist, who kept alive the memory of the good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler.

A Sioux Indian who visits occasionally tells me that his uncle, Francis Black Cloud, did time against the war in Sandstone prison, in Minnesota. I recently addressed the assembly of St. Mark's Episcopal high school, after hearing a Bircher address a class there; he saw Communists in every corner. Joe, the Chippewa Indian, is doing carpentry work around the house. Men from the freights continue to come and go. We gather wood daily for the winter, and when this rain lets up we plan to get some free paint and paint the house. Friends are welcome at: 3462 S. 4 W and the mailing address is: P. O. Box 655, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84101.

"There ought to be, behind the door of every happy, contented man, someone standing with a hammer, continuously reminding him with a tap, that there are unhappy people."

ANTON CHEKHOV

A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

June, this year, made the predicted leap from the wet, chilly, April-like weather, which prevailed through most of Spring, straight into the hot, humid days one expects in mid-summer. For the past week, almost every afternoon, great thunderclaps have rolled out from the Catskill mountains and boomed across the Hudson, to reverberate in our ears like the heavy armament of modern war. These thunderstorms, which are usually accompanied by high winds and rain, have brought us no more serious damage than a power failure of several hours; yet they serve to remind me, at least, that in some parts of the world such artillery sound effects inflict a more lethal consequence, that the war in Vietnam is still escalating, that the conflict between Israel and the Arabs is by no means settled, that the Chinese have tested and exploded an H-bomb, and that incidents of racial violence have already occurred in several American cities.

Now today the thunder has ceased, and after a night and morning of heavy rain, we are once again enjoying April-like coolness. When I stepped outside after lunch, an indigo bunting greeted me with his completed thread of song — sweet-sweet sweet-sweet. The irrepressible wren bubbles on; and many another songster and twitterer seems to say: No matter how foolishmen are, God made this day. It is good. Enjoy it while you may.

If I speak much of weather in this column, it is that—in the country as has been true for aeons of years before us—weather, people, and events are intricately associated. Every season brings to our farm with a view changing aspects and functions. Now that June is here and more than mid-way past, we seem to be moving rapidly into our multiple summertime functions, with emphasis on recreation center, folk school, and vacations for refugees from the city slums.

Our swimming pool, which John Filligar, George Burke, Reginald Highhill, and Kay Lynch worked hard to get ready for the swimming season, is—particularly on hot days—a real recreation center for the children from Tivoli. Families, in fact, often make up parties and come to enjoy an afternoon or evening outing at our pool.

As for our folk school, the first full day of discussions took place here during the latter part of May. Jean Keelan, who attended the Peacemakers conferences here last August, has organized a very active chapter of the Catholic Peace Fellowship in New Jersey. About seventy-five members of this group journeyed to the farm to hold a day of conferences with us. Discussion leaders included Dorothy Day, Marty Corbin, Father Ambrose Schaffer, and Tom Cornell. The speakers explored foundations and history of nonviolence and Catholic pacifism, with Marty Corbin providing a kind of ideological structure for the Catholic peace movement. Fr. Schaeffer presenting a scholarly background for pacifist living among Catholics and emphasized the life of St. Thomas More, with Tom Cornell interjecting some practical suggestions based on his experience in the Catholic Peace Fellowship; and Dorothy Day drawing, as always, upon a lifetime of rich experience and profound spiritual insight. Lively discussion followed every talk, and in the afternoon Fr. Schaeffer said a beautiful Mass in our chapel. There was also excellent food provided by Hans Tunnesen and a number of faithful assistants. Conferences such as these help, I think, to create a kind of climate in which it may be possible to achieve more peaceful living. If only there were more time. How much longer will it be possible to hold such conferences? We are, however, planning to

have more conferences on peace in the near future. The Pax weekend will take place towards the end of July. The Peacemakers conferences will be held during the last two weeks of August. Those who are interested in the Catholic Worker approach to pacifism, as well as in the other functions of the Catholic Worker, should attend the Catholic Worker Summer School, which will open here at the farm July ninth and continue for a week. All who would like to become acquainted with Catholic Worker ideas and people as well as enjoying a pleasant week in the country should get in touch with Stanley Vishniewski, here at the Farm.

One day early in June, our good friend Audrey Monroe and some of the sponsors of the Head Start Program in Harlem, brought up some thirty children for an outing in the country. The day, unfortunately, was too cool for swimming, but the children were able to breathe the good country air, walk on the lush country grass, see and touch the trees and flowers, see and hear the birds, and have a wide variety of experiences they had never had before, including pony riding on a neighbor's farm.

In spite of his late start caused by cold wet weather, John Filligar's garden seems to be doing very well. Corn, tomatoes, peppers, cabbages, cucumbers, etc. are thriving, promising good eating for our conferences later in the summer. John's chief assistant in farm work this year is George Burke, who worked with us two years ago, and now, we are happy to say, has returned to help. In addition to helping John, George has continued the work of mowing and landscaping around the Peter Maurin house area, as well as about St. Joseph's and Beata Maria houses. Both George and John feel that the farm work would proceed more efficiently with the help of a good tractor. John's old tractor broke down before he had finished disking. Catholic Workers are usually resourceful—they have to be—and so John and George hooked the disk and corn planter on to an old car and managed to get the job done. But more could be done, and better done, with the help of a good tractor. If anyone has a good used tractor, not being used, it could be well used here.

The influx of visitors, the comings and goings, the conferences, etc. make summer work heavier for all who work in the kitchen and dining-room areas, the house-keeping and laundry departments, the odd jobs and repair work. For those who keep the work going in the above categories, as well as those who look after the office and the mail, we thank: Hans Tunnesen, Mike Sullivan, Alice Lawrence, Jim Canavan, Placid Decker, Kay Lynch, Marty and Rita Corbin, Stanley Vishniewski, Arthur Lacey, Reginald Highhill, Dom Crawford, Dick Galligan, Gene Bailey, Hugh Madden, and Marge Hughes. Dom, Dick, and Gene are young men who have come to us recently. Dom has undertaken to cook two days a week so that Marge Hughes could be released to do some important secretarial work.

We were happy that Tom and Monica Cornell with their small son, Tommy, and Mary O'Neil, with her three small daughters—Tyrrell, Slobhan, and Branwyn—were able to visit for several days at the time of the Catholic Peace Fellowship conference. It was quite an event, too, when Eddie and Elizabeth Egan and their two young sons, Owen and Eamonn, drove up for a visit before moving to Montreal, where Eddie is to teach in the Philosophy Department at Loyola. While I was not here on the day of his visit, I was delighted to hear that Terry Sullivan had completed his sentence for burning his draft card and had

(Continued on page 6)

JUST WAR IS NOT JUST

By JOAN TOOKE

When lecturing in America on the subject of Christianity and war, I began at first by launching into academic arguments. However, I found my audiences openly interested in finding out a few facts about myself, about the history of my own thinking and feeling about the subject; I was asked on one occasion, "What are your motives?" a question I had never heard in England. So, without revealing all of these motives now, I will start with a few introductory remarks about myself.

Some of my oldest memories are of distress at hearing my father recall some of his experiences in the first World War; as a child, we had holidays in France, and I remember the war graves, the trenches near Ypres, preserved complete with dummy soldiers transfixed on barbed wire. The tragedy of war and the fact that Christians could take part in it began to worry me.

When the last war broke out, my conviction that Christians should fight against rather than in war, grew, in spite of a deeper understanding of the complexity of the issues and of theological thinking. I came face to face with some of the evil that both sides were committing, and, particularly, in the area of Christian ethics, with Niebuhr's arguments. In spite of Reinhold Niebuhr, I was completely certain that, if following Christ meant anything for me, it meant pacifism, though I realized that this decision was not one-sidedly—but predominantly emotional. I also had a feeling that the intellectual arguments for Christian participation in war could be refuted, but was equally certain that the real issue was more comprehensively a spiritual rather than an emotional or intellectual one.

Meanwhile, I was collecting some interesting and confusing comments on the question. I went to see the rector of the church (it had the richest living in the country) where I worshipped to discuss the attitude of the Anglican church, for I felt that there was too much pulp propaganda; but he shouted at me, "Are you perfect?" He had read his Niebuhr and refused to discuss any other aspect.

The curate, a young and charming man, was more sympathetic. "Well, of course you're right, Christianity is pacifist. I was a pacifist once until my wife converted me. She's Irish. But you know I can't say from the pulpit the things I really think are right—not always, not if they would offend Mrs. B sitting in the front pew. Mrs. B, after all, gives handsomely to the church, and we can't afford to lose her income."

An eminent professor, who had been Dean of a famous cathedral, said, "Well, I'm not a pacifist, but I agree with you that war is a great evil, even though I think it is a lesser one. I agree the church has rather over-emphasized that this war is a Christian duty, and has glossed over the sin involved in fighting. At the end of the war, I tried very hard to persuade the Archbishop and other eminent churchmen to hold a great service of repentance for what we in this country had done, but I was not successful. It seemed completely impossible." At the moment of military victory, the church could not accept the role of 'wet blanket'.

Another eminent theologian: "I agree with you entirely. There is no doubt whatever that Jesus was a pacifist and preached this way of life. The Christian church must be a pacifist church and is absolutely committed to this message. It must preach pacifism. But of course Christians are citizens as well as members of a church; they need not be pacifists, if this contradicts their duties as citizens."

A senior chaplain told me that one of his most vital jobs was to

boost the spiritual morale of the soldiers when they weren't fighting well.

I went to see a Roman Catholic professor of moral theology, and asked him why, since the just-war theory only makes sense if war is just for one side only, the Pope had not, during the Second World War, pronounced quite clearly as an impartial arbiter, which side was just and which unjust. He smiled. "You over-simplify things, don't you? All Christians have a duty to obey their governments." "Which accepts that Christians can kill Christians, and both Catholics, Catholics — can both sides be just?" He answered, "Well, yes. Because as soon as the just side have attacked even those who are less just are justified in fighting in self-defense against the more just."

As secretary of the pacifist society of Birmingham during the war, I was summoned to the vice-chancellor because it had reached his ears that, as a result of a debate on the issue of war and Christianity, two undergraduates had refused to do their Officer-Training Corps training. The vice-chancellor took the matter seriously, and told me that if it were known that Birmingham University harbored a pacifist society during a war, people would stop giving grants to the University, and its future program would be seriously hampered. A somewhat histrionic estimate of the power of our little group! He asked us, since in any case we were not an official society and had little hope of becoming accepted as such, to discontinue holding meetings on University premises. Even though the war-cry in Britain at this time was "no more war!" That kind of experience made me decide to look more deeply into the intellectual basis of the Christian attitude to war, and I decided to write a thesis. I am not a Roman Catholic, but was told by my supervisors that I must write on the topic, "The Just War in Aquinas and Grotius" or not at all. Hence, the following very brief summary of some of the conclusions which I reached.

The "just war" doctrine has for many centuries been most firmly defined pronouncement of orthodoxy covering the conditions which should limit and which can justify Christian participation in war. Enshrined most obviously in Roman Catholic doctrine, it has also been profoundly influential on Protestant thought. Many Roman Catholics and Protestants feel it of little relevance today because it was a ruling for conventional warfare, and cannot control the wild dimensions of nuclear warfare. Nevertheless, Popes Pius XII and John XXIII referred to it with great respect, and it is implicit, if not explicit, in the writings of such prominent spokesmen for the non-pacifist Protestant position as Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Ramsey. This is natural enough, for the majority of Christians today do not dare to justify nuclear, but only conventional warfare. Analysis of this doctrine proves, I would submit, that it is not Christian, but is a theological glorification of the thinking of the man in the street on the question of war, and of the rationalizing of his impulses to preserve his life and his way of life. Thus, a study of it is very relevant today.

The doctrine is found in Cicero, where it was both pagan and religious, for both priests and gods were involved in the formal ceremonies of declaring war. Cicero relates his rules regulating war to his understanding of natural law and reason. The law of reason is so universal that in itself it is an international bond between men, it contains and lays down rules of justice which should regulate relationships between nations, including that of war. The unique aim of war is peace, said Cicero, it

should not be undertaken if it cannot be carried out with moderation, and it must be preceded by a formal declaration.

These conditions are all visible in the Christian version of the just-war doctrine with its rules that war must be declared by the right authority, it must have a just cause, and be carried out in the right spirit.

Of many Christians who professed to Christianize the doctrine, the most eminent and influential were Augustine in the fourth and fifth centuries, and Aquinas in the thirteenth. Until the time of Augustine, the Church had been not completely, but distinctly, pacifist, so his motives have to be carefully considered. In spite of a Niebuhrian sense of disillusion about the capacity of man to be helped by Christ towards perfection, Augustine denied a private individual the right to kill in self-defense. But he justified public warfare. Why? He was the first great theologian after the Christianization of the Roman Empire by Constantine, who had achieved this triumph by a battle which he believed had been blessed by God, and who had further ruled that all soldiers in his armies must be Christian. Augustine also had to



SAINT PAUL

answer the objection that the pacifism of the Early Church had hastened the collapse of the Empire. He had too to justify his own sanctioning of warfare against Donatist heretics.

Searching the Scriptures

Both Augustine and Aquinas, however, did not merely repeat Cicero. They made a show of relating the rules of the just-war theory to Biblical, including specifically Christian teaching, and managed to find authority for it there. An exhaustive study of the texts referred to by Aquinas in his discussion on war shows quite clearly, however, that he often applied a meaning to a text which was quite out of line with his own understanding of it in another context. For example, he discussed whether the laying of ambushes is compatible with love of one's neighbor. In doing so, he discussed only the deceitfulness involved and ignored other more uncomfortable things like wounding and killing. He concluded that, whereas positive lies are wrong, withholding the truth, as must be done when laying an ambush, is justifiable. He supported his justification of deceit or secretiveness by quoting Jesus' words that we should not cast pearls before swine or throw that which is holy to the dogs. How much more then should we not tell our enemy about our plans to demolish him! He justified warfare also on the grounds of Jesus' remark that he came not to bring peace, but a sword, but in his own commentaries elsewhere on this passage, and in his editing of the commentaries of earlier

fathers, as in later Catholic and Protestant exegeses, the sword had always been interpreted as a spiritual manifestation of a warfare which is fought between faith and unbelief and sin, a warfare which permeates all other divisions and societies and sects. It is, more dangerous than civil war; it invades and divides the intimate unity of the family, and even the individual personality. An example of how near he in fact came to condemning warfare for all Christians might be seen by looking at his own exegesis of II Cor. 10, 4:

For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh; for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.

In his commentary on this passage, he explained the meanings of St. Paul's war-imagery. As each warrior has arms suited to his rank and type of warfare, so has the Christian. The arms of those who wage war or fight according to the flesh are riches, honors, pleasures, and worldly and temporal powers, but "our arms," said Aquinas, "are not of this kind for the arms of our militia are not carnal but powerful from God or to the honor of God." Therefore "we do not fight according to the flesh." Nevertheless, said Aquinas, Paul emphasized that spiritual weapons are effective materially. When he said that such weapons were effective in "pulling down strongholds," he meant that they can confound rebels, as God has power "to pull down and destroy." Such destruction is aimed at tyrants who seek to protect themselves by cunning wiles against God's will for them.

Paul wrote the words of this text as part of a defense of his own character and authority against the criticisms and taunts of "false prophets" and their followers in the Christian community at Corinth. By using the quotation to prove that clerics should not fight with material weapons therefore, Aquinas understood that by his use of the plural pronoun Paul identified himself with all the apostles and clerics, although not with all Christians.

However, much hangs on how "we," which was often used in Paul's epistles, is interpreted. Moffat, for example, took into account the practice of Hellenistic Greek, and usually replaced the *we*, *us*, *our* pronouns of the authorized and revised versions with *I*, *me*, and *mine*. J. H. Moulton thought the papyrus usage so irregular that the right translation was "a problem for the exegete, not for the grammarian"; "Paul," he says "used the first person singular only when he was anxious to make clear that he was speaking of his own personal attitude." As, however, the first person singular is often used in this epistle, it would seem that, despite Moffat's translation, the use of the plural pronoun in "our warfare" might mean that Paul was not there speaking of himself alone but of a society to which he belonged.

Right or wrong, therefore, Aquinas's plural interpretation of the pronoun could be defended. If it were right, however, it would not necessarily follow that by "we" Paul meant apostles and clerics only rather than Christians as a whole. The writer in *A Catholic Commentary*, in fact, describes Paul's state of mind at the time of writing this epistle in such a way as to suggest that he meant more than apostles and clerics by the plural pronoun:—

St. Paul's recent experience (intense misery and the triumphant use of it for good) had stamped on to his mind a new and overwhelming impression of the meaning of the Cross for the Christian and the Apostle, the power in and through suffering, and this

thought is so dominant throughout the epistle that his two immediate purposes are not only seen in its light, but are sometimes eclipsed by it.

More than once, the writer stresses his belief that throughout this epistle, Paul described his sufferings and way of life as an example for all Christians. It is, moreover, quite clear from other epistles that Paul's "we" was very likely meant to cover all Christians.

Aquinas's understanding of Paul's use of the pronoun *we* in this epistle, therefore, has not been widely followed, even by Roman Catholics. If he was wrong, however, it must be taken that a right interpretation according to his allegory of the incident would show that Paul forbade warfare to all Christians.

Casuistry of War

These are only a few examples. A study of all his Biblical references in the war articles proves clearly that Aquinas, who enshrined the just-war doctrine in the heart of Christianity in the Middle Ages—and it is still there—only managed to reconcile Christianity with warfare by means of such inadequate, subtly-twisted and often erroneous exegesis. This is illustrated most clearly when Aquinas, discussing Jesus' simple words, "Resist not evil," interprets them as forbidding non-resistance to public evil for all persons. He was able to do this because, although in one place, Aquinas recognized Jesus' teaching on non-resistance as leading to fullness of perfection and the essence of the New Law, he nevertheless managed to confuse it with both the Old Testament command forbidding revenge and the *lex talionis*. For he interpreted the command "Thou shalt not avenge nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people" as restrictive of, savage personal revenge, which should wait for the administration of social revenge, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Aquinas was also, of course, particularly influenced by the existence of Old Testament warfare, and here he was limited by the insights, or lack of them, of his own day. It has been said that Augustine also swings like a compass needle back to this orientation of Old Testament warfare as a criterion!

In addition to this misuse of Scripture, both Augustine and Aquinas could manage to reconcile Christianity and warfare by accepting a sharp division between lay and clerical morality based mainly on the now outworn distinction between commands and counsels of perfection, another split between act and intention, and a further division between public and private morality. All killing must be done in a loving spirit; clerics could not fight by reason of their Christian vocation; the individual could in fact kill as long as there was no intention to do so, and if acting in a public capacity he could not only fight but must defend life and property and could moreover intend to kill.

Not one of these divisions is supported by Christian revelation or by the doctrine of natural law, which is really the standpoint from which Aquinas speaks to the problem of warfare. Aquinas's great work was to harmonize Christian with pagan moral thought, but the "Christianity" of natural law as it is understood by him is questionable. It does, of course, profess to be a God-ordained law, given to pagans and Christians alike, and thus seeming to provide an excellent meeting ground for them, but in Aquinas's synthesis of natural and Christian morality, one or the other may dominate at various points. His natural-law teaching on marriage is really Christian; that on war, tied as it is to the instinct of self-preservation and self-defense, is essentially natural-

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THE SHOSHONEANS (A Review-Article)

By THOMAS MERTON

"Indians who are, now principally on the reservation, were the aboriginal owners of the United States. Placing them on reservations was an act to protect the white settlers from acts of depredation, which became more common as the Indians were pushed further back out of their original holdings."

(From a Government Mimeographed Sheet about the Indians of Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho.)

The above statement, the modest production of some very minor bureaucratic mind, merits our attention. Indeed it merits more than that: perhaps an international prize for crass and impenetrable complacency. But at any rate, failing an international prize, our attention. "Indians," it says. The subject of the mimeographed sheet is Indians. What are Indians? Everybody and nobody knows what are Indians, but anyhow they are "principally" (let us not get into exquisite details) they are "principally" on "reservations." In point of fact, once it is imagined that you know who they are, it is enough to remember also where they are. The "where" is an extension of the "who." That is to say, you can guess who the Indians are by viewing them in the world of essences which is TV. And the "where" follows as an obvious conclusion. They are "principally on reservations" since they are essentially people who have to be punished for shooting at covered wagons. Why "principally"? They do not have to stay on reservations. They have other choices: to bite the dust or move elsewhere—for example to a ghetto in Reno. Or even to Brooklyn, for that matter. But they live principally on reservations where they are, as we might expect, "shiftless." They do not "take responsibility," since they are Indians. Like certain other races, they seem to gravitate to "run down sections." They are also considered "minors" you know, "wards of the government."

Incidentally, in passing, they did once in a manner of speaking qualify as "property owners," but of course only in a very mystical, primitive, irresponsible way, a way utterly laughable. They seemed to be owners of the whole continent, until we arrived and informed them of the true situation. They were squatters on land which God had assigned to us. We knew immediately, we could see at a glance, we understood without the slightest hesitation that they were only aboriginal owners. Now you know and I know just how much of an owner that is. Really no owner at all. The Indian had all this real estate but never even knew it was real estate. So he never really had any legal title. He never even claimed a legal title. What a betrayal of responsibility! What shameful disrespect for the basic values of life: property ownership, etc! The aboriginal owner was content to put forward some fantastic story about ancestors, about living here, about having the right to hunt in order to stay alive, and other romantic nonsense. From the first it was quite evident that the manifest destiny of the Indian was to live "principally" on reservations as wards of the true owners of the land, the ones for whom legal title had been prepared in some mysterious fashion from the beginning of time, or drawn up perhaps in Noah's ark.

So we magnanimously shouldered our responsibility for this great continent. In so doing we also shouldered the aboriginal owners and placed them (with the help of the military) principally on reservations appropriate for the irresponsible—that is to say tracts of

land that were already remote and a bit run down.

Remember: there were always those "depredations." The sort of thing a sneaky old aboriginal owner might resort to. Just when the white man is starting to develop the neighborhood, to make a little money on his investment, along come the Indians with their depredations, stealing horses for example, not only in order to ride them but even in some deplorable cases to eat them, hunger being one of the weaknesses of aboriginal owners who suddenly learn that they are no longer in a position to live by hunting, since the white man has destroyed all the game.

Unsentimental Journey

In 1965 Edward Dorn, a poet, and Leroy Lucas, a photographer, went looking for the Shoshonean Indians, in the Basin Plateau, the high, dry, valleys of Nevada and Idaho. Their itinerary took them from Reno to the Paiute reservation around Pyramid Lake, to the Western Shoshoni at Duck Valley on the Nevada-Idaho border, to the Shoshoni-Bannock at Fort Hall reservation in the Snake River valley of Idaho. They wanted something more than to "see" these people, these "aboriginal owners" long since separated from their "original holdings" and reduced to a state of alienated helplessness. They did not simply come to point a camera at human objects and make notes about the folkways of a distraught minority. In this book, Dorn's text does not even pretend to be sociology and the eye of Leroy Lucas's camera discovers images strangely unlike what we might find in the *National Geographic*. These are not the photographs which somehow manage to ignore Indians and treat them as if they weren't there—making them disappear in a raw, post-card colored landscape and an incomprehensible costume. The aboriginal owner has a face marked with suffering, irony, courage, sometimes desperation: always with a human beauty which defeats sometimes obvious degradation. Perhaps the explanation for this clear vision is the fact that Lucas is a Negro and knows what he is seeing when he looks at people who have been systematically excluded from life, and who yet manage to remain very much alive, at once present and lost, accusingly separate and outside. Yet very much "there."

The journey of Dorn and Lucas was a pilgrimage. What is a pilgrimage? A journey to the source, a return to a place where there will be an encounter and a renewal of life. The beauty of this book is precisely in this pilgrimage aspect; it is not a sentimental journey into a romantic past, but a humble, difficult, necessarily incomplete effort to cross an abyss and achieve communion with people who, in such large measure deprived of identity and reduced to inarticulate silence, have little or nothing left to say in ordinary language. Dorn highlights this pilgrimage theme by devoting the first chapter to a hundred-and-two-year-old Indian, "probably the oldest living being in Idaho or Nevada," whom he visited one hot afternoon in a dirty little shack. Description of the mess in the old man's room. Description of his look: "Very old animals have such coats over the eyes, a privacy impenetrable from the outside." Yet even then an overpowering "presence" and with it all the appalling neglect of a life burned out finally after a hundred years of poverty, a "man gone to the utter end." Attempts to communicate: did the old Father need anything? Finally they discover that he likes cigarettes. They leave him with several cartons. They hope the mysterious smile of a passer-by is a sign that communion now exists.

The whole book is pitched low like this. Nothing is romanticized. The life of the "aboriginal owner now principally on reservations" is hardly touched by glamor. There is a pitiful beauty in it, but the equal-

or in which the beauty persists is not evaded or drenched in nostalgia. The book is quietly eloquent, objective, without camouflage, confessedly incomplete and tentative. It is an attempted pilgrimage to the point "beyond which there would lie the fullest explanation of a people who have been so fully maligned by crimes of omission." The authors have the honesty to admit that they never reached any such point. But the photographs and text give us a valid idea of what that point might be.

What about the Shoshoneans and the United States of America? Indians who have fought in the "Korean conflict." Indians who like war. Ritual flag raising incorporated into the Sun Dance. But also: the Sun Dance for Peace in Vietnam. Leroy Lucas, the Negro, participated in the Sun Dance, danced for the full three days, fasting, in the hot sun. Fine pictures give some idea of the dance but it is only alluded to, in passing, by Dorn's text. Dorn was not there.

Meanwhile Radio KSSN, Pocatello, Idaho, praised, if not the Sun Dance for peace, at any rate a War Dance for War: "Congratulations out there all you Shoshoni Bannocks for a job well done, and all you Shoshoni Bannocks participating out there at Fort Hall, Ross Fork an' Tyhee . . . We can all be



proud of the war dancers." Sure, a war dance is safe enough now: it no longer means anything. That is why we can be proud of it. We are indeed proud of our Indian friends. They have accepted their meaninglessness.

Or have they?

What do they make of themselves "out there" on the reservation?

Are they simply content to believe what we have made of them?

Inventing an Identity

The precise question must be clearly defined. Let us return to the original statement, from the mimeograph about Fort Hall. The Indian has been forcibly confined within the limits of a mental definition that is at once arbitrary and unlivable. Of this, his existence on the reservation (principally), as a minor and ward of our government, as a being who is assumed to be unable to decide anything for himself, is only a symbolic, ritual expression. The real confinement, the real reduction and unmaking of the Indian is the reduction to a definition of him not in terms of his essential humanity or of his truly ethnic identity, but purely and simply in terms of his relations with us. More exactly, a definition of him in terms of a relationship of absolute tutelage imposed on him by us. This is of course extremely significant not only for the Indian (against whose human identity it is an act of systematic violence) but for ourselves.

In defining and limiting the Indian as we have, we are also expressing a definition and limitation within ourselves. In putting the Indian under tutelage to our own supposedly superior generosity and intelligence, we are in fact defining our own inhumanity, our own insensitivity, our own blindness to human values. In effect, how is the Indian defined and hemmed in by the relationship we have imposed on him? His reservation existence—somewhat like

the existence of an orphan in an asylum—is as close to non-existence as we can get him without annihilating him altogether. I fully realize that this will arouse instant protest. The Indian is not confined to his reservation: he has another choice. He is free to raise himself up, to get out and improve his lot, to make himself human, and how? Why, of course, by joining us, by doing as we do, by manifesting business acumen and American know-how, by making money, and by being integrated into our affluent society. Very generous indeed.

But let us spell out quite clearly what this means. IT MEANS THAT AS FAR AS WE ARE CONCERNED THE INDIAN (LIKE THE NEGRO, THE ASIAN, ETC.) IS PERMITTED TO HAVE A HUMAN IDENTITY ONLY IN SO FAR AS HE CONFORMS TO OURSELVES AND TAKES UPON HIMSELF OUR IDENTITY. But since in fact the Indian, or the Negro, is in the position of having a different colored skin and other traits which make him unlike ourselves, he can never be like us and can therefore never have an identity. The lock snaps shut. The Indian, like the Negro (though perhaps less emphatically), is definitively excluded. He can never sell himself to us as fully human on our impossible terms. In theory we recognize his humanity. In practice he is, like the Negro, at best a second-class human who tries to dress and act like ourselves but never quite manages to make the grade. Therefore "Indians are now principally on the reservation." They have failed to establish themselves in our society. "But," and we continue to paraphrase, "placing them on reservations was an act to protect white settlers from psychological depredations, from any loss of self-esteem by an admission that the Indians might be humanly their equals. To protect white America from the realization that the Indian was not an inferior being. In order to guarantee that the Indian conformed to the white man's idea of him, the Indian was more and more deprived of his original holdings, since for the white man identity is coextensive with the capacity to own property, to have holdings, and to make a lot of money."

In one word, the ultimate violence which the American white man, like the European white man, has exerted in all unconscious "good faith" upon the colored races of the earth (and above all on the Negro) has been to impose on them invented identities, to place them in positions of subservience and helplessness in which they themselves came to believe only in the identities which had thus been conferred upon them.

The ultimate surrender of the Indian is to believe himself a being who belongs on a reservation or in an Indian ghetto, and to remain there without identity, with the possible but generally unreal option of dreaming that he might find a place in white society. In the same way the ultimate defeat of the Negro is for him to believe that he is a being who belongs in Harlem, occasionally dreaming that if only he could make it to Park Avenue he would at last become real.

When Radio Station KSSN congratulates the Indians for their war dance, it is congratulating them for accepting an identity imagined for them by somebody else and performing a meaningless, perhaps slightly nostalgic act which defines them as non-persons. The war dance is permitted as an admission of failure. One admits failure by admitting that one is an Indian. A situation worthy of Kafka. To be an Indian is a lifelong deplorable exercise in acting as somebody else's invention. But the human incapacity to measure up to such demands constitutes a problem: "the Indian problem." After

all, the war dance does remain ambivalent: an assertion that to be an Indian formerly meant something: a capacity for self-defense.

Just as the innocent sounding songs of Negro slaves possessed a deeper meaning, so such dancing too can have a deeper meaning. Dorn's text reminds us of the Massacre of Wounded Knee, December 29th, 1890. Men, women and children were ruthlessly cut down in punishment for the "Ghost Dance," a manifestation of a forbidden and disquieting new Indian consciousness. The Ghost Dance was a desperate appeal to supernatural powers to send a religious Liberator. White America was having none of that. But Ed Dorn remarks that if the massacre marked the end of the Ghost Dance, "It also registered another small installment in the spiritual death of America."

The intentional ambiguity of Dorn's text is basic and fruitful, for it shows him to be conscious of the guilt of white America and totally unsure of the validity of his own pilgrimage of reparation. The photographs of Leroy Lucas are more direct, more stark, and more accusing. One sees in them the grinding effect of poverty, suffering, and the mockery of the pseudo-identity conferred on Indians by the hats, the cars, the sunglasses, the food, the clothing, the juke boxes of white America. And one sees the marvelous untouched beauty of the Indian children, affirming a yet uncontradicted reality and identity. (But they will learn!)

The most eloquent, moving and hopeful statements in the book come from one or two Indians who are too articulate to be heard by white politicians and sociologists. One, for example, a "literate Indian in Pocatello" argued against Peyotism while Dorn suggested arguments in its favor. Was the drug not after all a useful protection against alienation in an impossible society? Was not the spread of many other drugs an indication of this? "He allowed that, but on behalf of his own people he pointed out that they were not natively Western and had, until white contact, a cosmological sense of a different order, and while drug taking might be a useful desperation on the part of a troubled person in white society, it was at least possible for an Indian to regain his oneness, because the history of the split was quite short and probably not yet complete and was perhaps actuated by mere suppression in all its forms, true, but was not an internalized psychological shifting of spiritual power as was the case in Western civilization. He said it is very important for his people to work for their cosmic identities within the unaltered material of their being, without the agency of an hallucinogen . . . His point . . . was that a man has as much potential as a plant and should grow by virtue of his own roots."

Two remarks: first, in spite of the widespread myth that Indians have everywhere used drugs religiously since time immemorial, it must be noted that peyote came to the Shoshoneans only fifty years ago (around 1916). Second, the Indian is still conscious, or able to be conscious, that he is close enough to his own roots to return to them in spite of the violence exercised upon his spirit by the white man. And of course, in so far as a man returns to his own roots, he

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*THE SHOSHONEANS by Edward Dorn, photographs by Leroy Lucas, William Morrow, \$6.95.

*The question of peyotism is a very technical and complex one. The peyote cult grew up as a desperate spiritual reaction against the policies of genocide and cultural destruction which were directed against the Plains Indians after the Civil War. Peyote was not merely an escape: it was (and is) considered by the Indian as a way of recovering his identity and spiritual roots in a ground of messianic and apocalyptic vision. However, as the speaker here suggests, there is an essential difference between the cultic use of peyote by the Indians and the use made of it in an entirely different context by whites, though for the same kind of purpose. Indian peyotism cannot simply be dismissed (as it so often has been) as a cultural aberration.

The Shoshoneans

(Continued from page 5)

becomes able to resist exterior violence with complete success and even, after a certain point, invulnerably.

Poverty and Power

The last four pages of the book are devoted to an admirable statement by a Ponca Indian, Clyde Warrior. A speech was first drafted as the statement for a conference on the War on Poverty. The speech was never given. This was not permitted. The ideas came too close to the nerve. Perhaps the best way to conclude this article would be to quote extensively from Clyde Warrior's speech. Its wisdom effectively balances the unwisdom of our opening quotation, and makes us feel that America would be better off if we had a few more articulate Indians.

My name is Clyde Warrior and I'm a full blood Ponca Indian from Oklahoma. I appear here before you to try, as much as I can, to present to you the views of Indian youth. If I start my presentation with a slightly cynical quote it is because American Indians generally and Indian youth particularly are more than a little cynical about programs devised for our betterment. Over the years the federal government has devised programs and "wheeled them" into Indian communities in the name of economic rehabilitation or the like. These programs have, by and large, resulted in bitter divisions and strife in our communities, further impoverishment and the plunging of our parents in a more and more powerless position.

I am a young man, but I'm old enough to have seen this process accelerate in my lifetime. This has been the experience of Indian youth—to see our leaders become impotent and less experienced in handling the modern world. Those among our generation who have an understanding of modern life have had to come to that understanding by experiences outside our home communities. The indignity of Indian life, and I would presume the indignity of life among the poor generally in these United States, is the powerlessness of those who are "out of it," but who yet are coerced and manipulated by the very system which excludes them . . .

When I talk to Peace Corps volunteers who have returned from overseas, they tell me, along with many modern historians and economists, that the very structure of the relation between the rich and poor does not want change and that it is the very system itself that causes poverty; and that it is futile to work within this framework. I am not an economist and I cannot evaluate these ideas. I hope that men of good will even among the powerful are willing to have their "boat rocked" a little in order to accomplish the task our country has set itself . . .

As I say I am not sure of the causes of poverty, but one of its correlates at least is this powerlessness, lack of experience, and lack of articulateness . . .

New we have a new crusade in America—our "War on Poverty"—which purports to begin with a revolutionary new concept—working with the local community. Indian youth could not be more pleased with these kinds of statements, and we hope that for the first time since we were disposed of as a military threat our parents will have something to say about their own destiny and not be ignored as is usually the case. If I am once again a little cynical let me outline the reasons for our fears. I do not doubt that all of you are men of good will and that you do intend to work with the local community. My only fear is what you think the local community is . . .

I do not know how to solve the problem of poverty and I'm not even sure that poverty is what we must solve—perhaps it is only a symptom. In a rich country like the United States, if poverty is the lack of money and resources that seems to me to be a very small problem indeed. So I cannot say whether poverty is a symptom or a cause or how one would go about solving it in pure economic terms. But of this I am certain, when a people are powerless and their destiny is controlled by the powerful, whether they be rich or poor, they live in ignorance and frustration because they have been deprived of experience and responsibility as individuals and as communities. In the modern world there is no substitute for this kind of experience. One must have it to make rational choices, to live in a world you feel competent to deal with and not be frustrated by. No one can gain this experience without the power to make these decisions himself with his fellows in his local community. No amount of formal education or money can take the place of these basic life experiences for the human being. If the Indian does not understand the modern economy it is because he has never been involved in it. Someone has made those decisions for him. "Handouts" do not erode character. The lack of power over one's own destiny erodes character. And I might add, self-esteem is an important part of character. No one can have competence unless he has both the experience to become competent and make decisions which display competence.

In the old days the Ponca people lived on the buffalo and we went out and hunted it. We believe that God gave the buffalo as a gift to us. That alone did not erode our character, but no one went out and found the buffalo for us and no one organized our hunts for us, nor

told how to divide our meats, nor told us how to direct our prayers. We did that ourselves. And we felt ourselves to be a competent, worthy people. In those days we were not "out of the system." We were the system, and we dealt competently with our environment because we had the power to do so. White businessmen and bureaucrats didn't make the Ponca decisions, the Poncas made those decisions and carried them out. If we were rich one year, it was our doing and if we were poor the next, we felt competent to deal with that condition. Democracy is just not good in the abstract, it is necessary for the human condition; and the epitome of democracy is responsibility as individuals and as communities of people. There cannot be responsibility unless people can make decisions and stand by them or fall by them . . .

I might also add it is only when a community has real freedom that outside help will be effective. The lessons of new nations have certainly taught us that. It was only when colonies in Africa and Asia had their freedom that economic help from France and England became productive. We can apply that lesson here in America to the local community itself.

Ed note: Father Merton is the author of over thirty books, the most recent being *Mystics and Zen Masters* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). The March-April issue of the *Catholic Worker* contained his review-article of Ishi, a biography of the last wild Indian in North America.

A Farm With A View

(Continued from Page 3)

come to the farm for a brief visit. Among the many other visitors we have had, there are some familiar names: Mike Kovalak, Louis Draghi, Marlon Tanner, Stefan Gressi, Joe Cavallucci, and Joe Audrey Monroe, Tommy and Mary Hughes, Johanna and Tommy Turner and Dorothy Day's grandson and granddaughter, Eric and Susie Hennessy.

Our most distinguished visitor, however, took us by surprise one afternoon, the day before the Catholic Peace Fellowship conference. This visitor was Bishop Joseph Pernicone, who had come to Tepoh to confirm the children and had asked Father Kane to bring him down to visit our farm. He was cordial, warm, interested. Later he visited our chapel and spoke with those whom he met along the way. We are pleased indeed that a Bishop of our own diocese should visit us and bless us and our work.

There have, of course, been goings as well as comings here at the farm. Dorothy Day visited Dr. Karl Stern and his family in Montreal; then on her return visited her daughter Tamar and the grandchildren in Vermont. Last week she went to New York City to deliver a talk at Town Hall at a memorial service honoring Mike Gold, the well-known Communist writer, who died recently. Helene Iswolsky likewise went into the city last week to give a talk on Dostoevsky at Emmaus House. Marty Corbin took part in a panel discussion on God which was held at the Christian Brothers in Barrytown. I spent a most delightful and refreshing ten-day visit at the beautiful place of Howard and Louise Moore, near Cherry Valley. Many persons from the farm have driven over to the hospital at Rhinecliff to visit Agnes Sidney, who is still very ill.

It is June, the month of daisies, the month of the Sacred Heart. From early morning until late at night, I hear the twitterings, calls, scoldings, and ecstatic singing of birds. All manner of birds. But one evening in a woods near Cherry Valley, I heard the flute-like notes of a wood thrush, singing an Ave-Maria in the Vespers of the birds. Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us.

GALLEY SLAVE

(Continued from page 1)

blage of greasy china does not dry or stack itself. It was easy to use a dozen drying cloths for each meal.

Except for short intervals, we put in a day worthy of Central Asia's jute mills or rice paddies. Starting at 5:30 in the morning, I found myself mopping up at nine o'clock at night. It took only a minute to fall into a drugged sleep in the crew car.

Potatoes came to me in hundred-pound sackfuls to peel. When a Third Cook noticed my slow, meticulous method of peeling, which had produced only a few potatoes in an hour's time, he seized my knife, and in one easy lesson, showed me how to slash the peelings away. When I objected that this seemed a very wasteful method, he said that it was necessary in order to meet the chow-line demands.

Each meal I threw away quarts of milk and pounds of those slashed potatoes in mashed, fried or scalloped forms. I used to lie on my bunk thinking about the expenditure of sweat and cursing and money that went into our garbage bins in the form of half-eaten steaks, untouched vegetables, nibbled-at rolls, dabbled desserts.

Our train was only one of hundreds that rolled every day across the country. It made my head spin. Then I reflected that our eating unit was puny by comparison to the Conrad Hilton chain, the Howard Johnson restaurants. How much did they throw away every day?

Once I found my Third Cook friend holding aside dolls and bread that had been doled to our refuse bin. When the train stopped for water in a cold and lonely Arizona desert town, he distributed it from the window between the cars to the poor Mexican laborers. It was strictly against the company rules, but it seemed a clearcut picture of duty to him. He would say simply: "Man—that waste is awful."

This incident proved to me that a calloused, indifferent state of mind is something that we slip into, that we allow. All the waste that confronts America—the yearly junking of five million cars in hideous, sprawling lots, the publication trash that gobbles up miles of pulpwood forests each week, the bottle-littered highways, the slovenly parks—are realities that are easier to ignore than to clean up or conserve. Especially in our world, where every third person goes to bed hungry or ill-fed, food waste is a terrifying act.

Integration in Action

On the positive side, I saw Negroes and whites, from steward to waiter to head chef, eating, working, washing, and whiling away the few restful periods between meals together. It was something I had not seen before. I had worked with Negro carmen on the railway and on construction jobs as a carpenter's helper. And although I had made stumbling overtures of friendship, there had always seemed to be an intangible lack of rapport, a flimsily disguised "separate but equal" principle at work.

The galley was different. This was true co-operation. Was it because we had to mix closely, use the same showers, toilets, sleeping quarters, which forced the foolish barriers to tumble? In no time, I found the men taking me into their confidence, telling me of their background, and even of some of their hopes and dreams. Babe, my portly Third Cook friend, told me of the grinding poverty of his boyhood as a dollar-a-week filling-station attendant for a slavemaster in Arkansas, before he took the plunge and headed North to find life a bit more liveable. Even in this tragic decade of "sovereign" states, with their sovereign fire hoses and big, brave helmeted cops, his face was ringed with sympathy and he was not embittered. When we landed

in L.A., he steered me to the (unfortunately segregated) railroad hotel, and took more than casual interest in my welfare.

Benny, the pantryman, a distinguished gentleman, who took justifiable pride in his salads, never failed to ask me what I wanted for my dinner, and set it aside for me, before it was used up. He was the kind of man that I believe anyone would like immediately—even Mississippi legislators. He told me how his father had wanted him to become a minister. Without any fake humility, he said, "But you've got to be really good to be a preacher."

Harry, a Second Cook, and ex-Air Force pilot, told me how he had felt, when on his return to civilian life, an airline had turned him down because of his color. He brooded silently for a moment, and said, without malice, "But I like this job, I really do." He had made the best of his ironic situation. He had flown to protect the very people who had penalized him as soon as he doffed his uniform.

Since that rewarding experience, I have reflected on what I feel was the most "chicken" act of my life.

Several years before a locomotive-alive tap, I had been a locomotive-fireman in Chicago. On the same commuter's train, I fell in with a Negro stevedore, and we liked each other immediately. He had a spontaneity that led to an inevitable invitation to have dinner at his home some evening. I assured him, in good faith, that I would come.

As the time approached for me to take up the invitation, I began to rub the mental sore spot that had been scarred by the sickening bogies of my childhood—the knives and razors, the dark, hot streets, the drug-crazed slums—all the stereotypes, all the lies that pious, church-attending sages of the neighborhood could conjure, began to fester. This is the type of rationale that stays miles this side of the right thing to do simply because of naked human respect. Certainly I should have to reciprocate. What would my neighbors say? The all-important neighbors?

I knew that the Bible was dead against my dishonesty. But tribal clichés and our deadly habit of rationalizing are often stronger than the seldom-heard full gospel of brotherhood. I chickened out, with a disgusting excuse, and my fourteen-carat chance of holding a valuable friend went down the drain. My "prudent" decision had made a mockery of all my small talk about human rights.

Gandhi once said there was no salvation for the man who did not consider himself lower than any other man. That a Hindu could so nobly inspire by his life-long actions—his riding in third-class railway carriages, his poor clothing and diet, his embrace of the untouchables, his lack of property, his hatred of class structures, his faultless acceptance of suffering—is a perpetual indictment of the brand of "Christianity" that perpetuates any form of segregation, that puts real estate above human decency.

I have often wondered if the fear that people have of each other might not dissolve in short order if they could share the same table, bathroom and sleeping quarters, as we did. The galley was a great leveller. You had to cooperate, as all of organic nature thrives on its urge to mutual support. It was unthinkable not to do so.

When my dishes would start crashing to the floor in my frenzy to keep up with the rush, Babe would turn from his two-man task, grab a towel and start whisking away several dozen dishes, without fanfare, without as much as a look in my direction. With him, life was not the usual: "I have my job, you have yours."

With men like him at my side, in our sardine-can inferno of a galley, I didn't mind being a slave at all.

Summer Conferences 1967

CATHOLIC WORKER FARM

Box 33, Tivoli, New York 12583

Tel.: (914) PL-9-2761

July 9-15—CATHOLIC WORKER SCHOOL: Discussions led by members of CW staff indoor and outdoor work projects. (Please write to Stanley Vishnewski, at CW Farm, for reservations.)

July 28-30—Annual weekend of AMERICAN PAX ASSOCIATION. (Reservations: Eileen Egan, Box 139, Murray Hill, New York 16, N.Y.)

August 19-September 1—PEACEMAKER Orientation Program in Nonviolence: Socio-drama; action projects; history of nonviolence; education; urban problems; rural poverty; peace & freedom movements; noncooperation; the State; economic sharing. (Reservations: Wally Nelson, 3810 Hamilton St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.)

Farm is located on east bank of Hudson River, about a hundred miles north of New York City. If driving, consult road map for route. Three trains daily go from Grand Central to Rhinecliff, which is nearest train stop. (Since it is about fifteen miles from farm, please call us BEFORE leaving New York, if coming by train.)

Chavez: "We Must Build an Army"

(Continued from page 1)
occurred whenever the strikers were becoming successful; i.e. when the Greencards from Mexico or other scabs (many of them grammar- and high-school students) stopped their work, listened to the strikers, and left or refused to enter the fields. Since the strike began one year ago, a total of 125 arrests have been made.

The Rangers

One thing unites all Mexican-Americans, despite their clannishness; that is a deeply and firmly held hatred of Texas Rangers, at whose hands they have suffered brutalities and atrocities for decades. Stories abound. One was terribly familiar: that of two Rangers coming upon a couple of Mexican-American boys, who carried kerosene cans. The Rangers poured the kerosene on the boys and then ignited it. That happened, so I was told, fifty years ago.

How blind and unstrategic, not to say unjust, it is, then, for the growers to invite the Texas Rangers to Starr County to function as strike-breakers, while posing as lawmen, to function as a gestapo, while posing as protectors of the lives of all citizens. During these final weeks of the melon season, when a heavy investment of money is made by the growers because the fruit is so perishable, I have felt the tension in the air as the Rangers periodically drove past the union buildings; a tension increasing in tempo as strikers moved out to picket, knowing Rangers, armed with rifles (on one occasion, a sub-machine gun) would be waiting for them. The day I arrived in the city, the excited group in front of union headquarters was discussing the brutal treatment they received the night before, when 22 were arrested for picketing a Missouri-Pacific train loaded with truck produce. Some strikers were struck, shoved, and dragged to the Rangers' car; Rev. Krueger was man-handled as he attempted to take photographs; then his wife was similarly treated when she attempted to take shots of her husband being shoved around. A young 18-year old Mexican-American was knocked into a wooden structure in front of the Justice of the Peace's office by a Ranger (he was coughing blood hours, even days, later). Cameras and film were confiscated by Rangers; newsmen were prevented from taking pictures. It didn't stop with the arrests. Exorbitant bond was set; charges left unmade; strikers kept in jail; no trial dates were set; and new injunctions and restraining orders were filed against the union. As a climax to a week of terrorism, drunken Rangers, loaded and leveled shotguns in hand, searched for one union member, broke into a private home and attacked him and his friend with their weapons. The union can proudly boast that no act of violence has been proved against it.

This small but militant United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, though backed by the AFL-CIO, and supported by Cesar Chavez and his organizers, is beset with difficult problems. First of all, the strike preceded the union. All of the organizing which should have taken place prior to the strike, so that unity of purpose might be achieved, must go on while the strike is in progress. Cesar Chavez spent several years organizing in the communities around Delano before his strike was launched. Here the situation is far more primitive and far more desperate.

Despite the growers' contention that the strike is not hurting them (although La Casita admitted late this past week to a loss of a thousand dollars a day) and the white community's claim that there is no strike, for (with scabs in the fields and Rangers on the trains) the melons are being picked, packed, and shipped, the work on the farms is slowed down, if not stop-

ped, and increasing numbers of migrant workers are becoming aware that an irreversible movement is under way. The growers and their "guests" the Rangers are inadvertently responsible for the nation-wide publicity which the union and the farm worker have received recently.

Still the problem of getting the word out to more of the migrants remains. Picketing is not the simple affair it was in California, where county roads border the fields and the strikers could reach the field workers with signs and shouts. Here the fields are far away from public roads and the scabs are brought in by bus or truck. The union is not opposed to Mexicans finding work in Texas; it would, however, prefer that they work elsewhere in the area and not on struck farms. In an effort to reach the Mexicans, Ed Frankl, Benito Luna, and Eliseo Medina, from Delano, Kathy Lynch, from Oakland's Catholic Worker house of hospitality, and Magdaleno Dimas, from Rio Grande City, leaflet and talk to the workers at the border as they wait to be trucked to the various farms in the area.

On the Road

One early morning at 5 o'clock, while it was still dark and cool, I accompanied them as they sped along the Texas highways to Reynosa. Though few vehicles were about so early, they greeted other drivers and were greeted in return with the shout Viva la Huelga! The Mexicans received the leaflet eagerly and small groups formed to learn the latest news of the strikers and the Rangers. We were unable to find the other scabs, scattered throughout the small communities, but by mid-morning this small group had again reached close to a thousand Mexicans. I was impressed by their youth, their singing and laughter, as we sped back toward Pharr, where they were to meet Rev. Ed Krueger. Ben Luna, a broad, heavy yet gentle, Mexican, tried to catch upon his sleep; but Magdaleno would periodically disturb him by tickling his moustache. Benito slept as best he could with a copy of El Malcriado held up to his face.

But there are other places at which the Mexicans cross over which cannot be reached, and there is the huge migrant population, at the moment out of state, as it follows the crops and the harvest. Sixty per cent of this area's families are gone; more will leave after the melon season ends. Although sympathetic to the union and the cause, they have bills to pay; the sacrifice upon sacrifice of the striking families is more and more apparent. They must stay, though there is money to be earned. But in earning money there is no change; it is change these people want. So they sacrifice.

Three thousand farm laborers have signed authorization cards, expressing interest in being represented by U.F.W.O.C. said David Lopez, of the national staff of A.F.L.-C.I.O. in a recent interview. "The original strike involved 700 persons; this has been reduced since for financial reasons." The little money the union does have is tied up in bonds for those in jail; the union cannot afford, nor does the leadership want, its people idling in jail; but their release is often a matter of producing cash. The people are released, but not the cash.

The major problem facing the union, however, is the power-complex, which extends from Rio Grande City, with its local officials in the employ of the growers, and the grower (Jim Rochester, of La Casita, for example) one of the local officials, a deputy (someone overheard Rochester say to a local restaurateur that the Rangers were his "guests" and that anything they wanted was on him); to

Randel Nye, the county attorney, who also represented the growers; to Governor John B. Connolly, himself a grower and rancher, who is ultimately responsible for the Rangers' presence in the city; to the state legislature, which refuses to pass a minimum-wage bill or even a child-labor law; to the federal government, which favors the growers with large grants. (Griffin and Brand recently received a \$45,000 grant for research; G & B is a struck grower and packer; the money will be used to modernize and streamline its plant in order to increase its profits).

Freedom to organize is not "granted" to the worker. Violence and intimidation are granted to him. Contracts, bargaining power, respect, are not "granted" to the worker. Poverty, illness, suffering, are granted to him. Human dignity and praise are not "granted" to the worker. His supposed complacency and indifference are taken for "granted."

But the United States government awards "grants" to growers.

Power of Union

One major Rio Grande Valley grower signed an agreement recognizing the union as exclusive bargaining agent for his workers. This grower, Virgilio Guerra, of



Los Velas ranch, near Roma, maintains that church support of the workers' position influenced him. Guerra belongs to the "old" party, which is no longer in power in the county. The agreement was achieved with the aid of an international picket line. Mexican law forbids its workers to cross the Huelga flag, but politicians, be they Mexican or American, can be reached. The Huelga flag was withdrawn the next day.

The real power of the union is not in its contracts, but in the people. The old are determined and will not be moved; the young are angry and yearn to be tested. They are aware; aware that Mexicans, Latin Americans, and migrant workers all over the states look to them; aware that the strike means more than just a strike, just as the civil-rights march meant much more than a march. One is struck by the dignity, serenity, and resolve to be seen in their faces as they picket. Willingly do they accept their suffering. In that suffering, solidarity is born, breathes, and unites them.

Strong, too, are the leaders. David Lopez is most competent and professional. Legal battles against the Rangers and growers, foreign to the mind and ways of these poor people, will be effectively handled by him. Gil Pedilla, vice president of U.F.W.O.C. and long-time assistant to Chavez, burns with the same fire as the strikers, for he was a stoop-laborer before he entered the military service and a stoop-laborer enraged at the lack of change, the permanency of oppression, when he came out. Bill Chandler, who worked for Chavez in California, married a Mexican-American, and both now work for la causa.

Domingo Arredondo, president of the local union, is at once the poorest and richest of presidents. With his wife and six children, he lives in a clapboard, tar-paper shack without a floor. But he is a man rich in personality, in warmth and graciousness; close to the earth, he has toiled long and searched for a place in the sun; now, as local head of the union, he is loved by the people, for he is

of the people and has suffered as they have. As those children laughed and ran from el monstruo, Domingo strummed his melancholy guitar, joked and talked with the strikers as they sat in the shade by the dusty road, amused by the scurrying national network cameramen and reporters.

As picket captain he is in charge of pickets at entrances to farms and at railroad crossings, where trains loaded with struck produce keep coming despite the pickets. It is not a simple task to place a picket at a remote crossing, when Rangers ride the trains, trail the train on the rutted side roads, and, worst of all, trail Domingo. I was with him in his battered wreck of a car, the Rangers following closely, as he drove down the backroads, lost the Ranger by darting into an obscure path, deposited the young Mexican with his picket sign, and drove back to the highway, passing the Rangers on the way. Observers are placed within convenient distance of the picket to spot any trouble and call for help if needed. They take no chances with the Rangers.

Then there is Eugene Nelson, a writer who came here on a shoe-string a year ago, invested the little money he had in radio spots and leaflets, called a rally, and stood that night facing two hundred people. The next night the number tripled. He is now working on organizing the packing sheds.

Support from the church is found in the person of Rev. Ed Krueger, a minister of the United Church of Christ, now a member of the valley team ministry of the Texas Council of Churches. Open-hearted, sympathetic, and self-effacing, Rev. Krueger would rather talk of others than of himself, as he did at the rally on Saturday night, when instead of recounting the brutality he had received at the hands of the Rangers, he told of how Magdaleno Dimas, who was treated far more cruelly, responded without violence, without even a curse. Magdaleno, as the white community is quick to point out, has a criminal record, which makes him particularly vulnerable. The local Catholic priest is far from being sympathetic. He is busy building a new church and enjoying his new rectory, the "Statler-Jesus," as it is called by the students from San Antonio.

In San Antonio Father William Killian, editor of the Alamo Messenger, gives the strike as much coverage and support as he can, no doubt to the chagrin of his conservative readers. He and four other priests were arrested here a short while ago. A few radical, Spanish-speaking priests, who could live, work and minister to the people here, would be welcomed by Rev. Krueger and the union. Where are they?

El Malcriado, the widely read, independent, radical and worker-oriented magazine, which brings news of the union to the Spanish- and English-speaking people of California in Delano, now has a Texas edition, under the direction of Doug Adair, a former student who joined the movement in Delano and stayed with it in Texas. El Malcriado was invaluable in reaching the migrant workers in California, and is now being put into grocery stores all along the Texas border. There are two types of stores in this region: the large, modern "anglo" store, much like the Acmes everywhere; and the small country stores run by Mexican-Americans. The big stores take the magazine until they realize what it's about; then they tell Doug: "Oh, we had too many complaints about it." Outside one such store, as Doug was being asked to leave, a huge cop and one of the store's managers were questioning a little Mexican girl, whose head barely reached the gun belt of the cop. In the small Mexican stores, the magazine is welcomed and often

"pushed" by the owner. It is essential that the strikers reach as many people as possible; El Malcriado, now carrying news of Rio Grande City, will be a powerful voice in the future for the Valley workers. Now, however, the task of building a route is tedious and profits from the sale of the magazine do not even cover costs of gas. But contacts in each town are being made. Like the citrus fruit, golden in the fields, the Valley will soon be ripe for organizing.

"Kill the Bastard!"

"Where is Magdaleno Dimas? We're going to kill the bastard!" In such words did the thick-headed Rangers, shotguns cocked and leveled, address the small group gathered on the porch of the union house late Thursday night. Gil Pedilla told me they were drunk; these protectors of law and order, who break laws and employ violence with impunity. Magdaleno, was not there, and, after the Rangers left, people went to his home to warn him. He wasn't there either and they raced to the other clapboard house where volunteers, including myself, stay. He was there and they were about to escort him home when the Rangers arrived. He went back in; Kathy Baker, one of the hard-working staff, hid as best she could inside, and the Rangers confronted Camillo, a large, gentle Mexican outside. They wanted him to open the door. "It's locked," he said. They pushed him aside, kicked the door open, and stormed in, shotguns at ready. They found Magdaleno and Benito Rodriguez. One of the Rangers repeatedly struck Magdaleno on the head and back with the barrel of his shotgun as others pinioned his arms. Benito's finger was broken when he attempted to shield his head. All this time, as Kathy said, the house shook as if in a wind storm with their shouts and violence. Magdaleno and Benito quietly endured the beating. Outside in the dark the judge stood by the Rangers' car.

Magdaleno returned yesterday, after six days in the hospital: his head a mass of wounds, his back bruised and swollen. Benito, quiet and brooding, is sore inside. I listened to songs of Joe Hill and Woody Guthrie, as we drank tequila or beer in the kitchen of this small house, and felt beneath their friendliness and warmth a real tension: they live on a razor's edge and feel a kinship with the searching, bedeviled youth everywhere: sick of being pushed around. Unwilling to accept the deadly migratory trek, they wait restlessly for the day to arrive when those powers massed against them shall fall. They are not running, as those children did, from their enemy. Yet one must ask of them: What shall become of the laughter of these young men?

Enter Chavez

Cesar Chavez arrives and all is polarized. After day-long strategy sessions with union leaders, Chavez, in spirit and in program, announced a new offensive, in what had been, mainly a defensive battle against the political machine of southern Texas, which involves, a coalition among the growers, the police (local and Rangers) and the courts.

Among the first moves of the new offensive were appeals for a congressional investigation of brutality and interference with the union's right to strike and picket, combined with a request to Senator Harrison Williams, of New Jersey, to bring his Senate subcommittee on migratory labor to Starr County to investigate union claims for extending coverage of the National Labor Relations Act to farm labor, and the announcement that the union attorneys would file suit in Federal Court (local courts are impenetrable) to restrain Texas Rangers and others

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Cesar Chavez

(Continued from page 7)

from interfering with the strike.

These moves take time; direct action was also needed. On June 10, Chavez and over fifty strikers joined a newly organized group called VIDA (Volunteers for Democratic Action) in Laredo, Texas, where they marched, picketed, welcomed Governor Connolly with boos and jeers, and rallied afterwards. VIDA began as a group in support of waitresses in Laredo restaurants, who struck because they were being paid less per hour than the price of the hamburgers they served.

As the pickets protesting outrage marched behind the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Connolly told his audience: "There are those who seek to divide us, to categorize us into groups based upon different origins. There are those who would enter into our midst from elsewhere and attempt to mislead us under separate and false banners in different directions. These itinerant, paid purveyors of division, distrust, and dissension would attempt to paint some of our people off into a corner, out of the mainstream of our society, by falsely convincing them that they're better off alone."

Chavez, Roy Reuther, director of the Citizenship and Legislative Department of the United Automobile Workers, and other union officials were refused admittance to the Civic Center in Laredo, where they had hoped to speak to Connolly. They were not properly attired—that is, dressed in black.

The next day Chavez set up a vigil in front of the Rangers' Hotel Ringgold headquarters in Rio Grande City; a vigil composed of the mother, wife, and sister of Magdaleno Dimas, who, because of internal bleeding, had returned to the hospital. The national network reporters were there and asked him, "Why struggle against such overwhelming odds and in the face of obvious defeat?" He answered, "We don't judge commitment by success, but by need. The need is here; the poverty, lack of protection, and harassment. We are determined to continue." When the hour is darkest, he went on to say, experience teaches that victory may be near. Not because he is knowledgeable, or powerful, or a genius at organizing farm laborers; but because the cause is just and right, and those who are wrong are bound to make a mistake, which will open up doors for him—that is what makes Chavez confident that the union can succeed.

He spoke, too, of nonviolence as being not just a tactic but a moral weapon waged against those committed to violence; of the social revolution coming in the Southwest among the farm laborers (Negro and Mexican-American) who, when organized, would change the whole machine—city, county, state, and nation. A revolution is needed because it's not a matter of providing better wages, so that these people can eat and live better, but of providing a wage that will enable them to eat and live. He envisions such a revolution as a dramatic event in the life of the farm worker and the world at large. He spoke, also, of

the political machine massed against the union in Texas, and of their full knowledge of what he and union are about. He says that they are fearful, "so fearful they will stop at nothing to destroy the union."

He speaks as he marches; in quiet dignity, full of an understanding which is his, and a determination which can only be shared in by many. His face bears no malice, his smile no hypocrisy. The gestures of his small, sensitive hands are natural and eloquent.

How striking, in contrast, is Captain A. J. Allee of the Texas Rangers, who (with his company of from nine to twelve Stetsoned and gun-toting, swaggering, unbelievable stereotypes) struts, growls (cigar clenched in his jaws; thumbs in his gun-belt), harasses, intimidates, and brings his own kind of justice down on the heads of the strikers. Let him growl for himself: "I'm down here as captain of the Texas Rangers. This is my territory—I've been covering this territory for 35 years. Nobody's been mistreated. All these reports about a head-skinning and nose bleeding—that's all false accusations." Of Rev. Krueger: "I didn't put him in jail before when he was demonstrating at Trophy Farm because of respect for him as a clergyman. Now he has tried to get some of the local people to join in the huelga." He also remarked that if he couldn't enforce law and order, he'd hang up his "boots and his gun." (Quotations from an article by David Shute, reporter for the Alamo Messenger.)

Thus, the stage is set for the confrontation between Cesar Chavez and Capt. Allee, the union vs the machine.

But such a confrontation, other than in federal court, may have to wait until October, when a new harvest begins. The melon season is over; Rio Grande City dries up, as a puddle in the hot sun after a rain; stores, even the Cat Fish Inn (with its dust covered spurs, guns, boots, and idlers) closes down. The Rangers, though still around, are not to be seen as frequently as before, patrolling the streets and "staking out" union headquarters and homes, as they "protect" the property of growers.

Now the battle must be waged in the larger cities of Texas—Austin, Corpus Christi, Dallas, San Antonio—and the country at large—in Chicago, Detroit, and New York—a battle in the form of a boycott. The word goes out, leaflets are distributed, picket signs 50' apart appear on the parking lots of grocery stores; managers and consumers are asked not to purchase produce from SunTex, E&S Farms, La Casita, and Griffin and Brand. In this venture, all of us can take a part.

And in Rio Grande City, union officials and strikers conform to the directives of the pragmatic Chavez (the other side of the idealistic and compassionate revolutionary Chavez) who demands sacrifice and suffering of the strikers; and of his organizers he demands much more, for they must lead—lead in discipline, in hard work, in sacrifice. A Tank-Chavez term for the political machine they face in Starr County—cannot

be overcome by a bicycle. They must be an army, even in choosing this non-violent alternative. Then, through union and solidarity, may that crisis of identity which plagues Mexican-Americans be overcome.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 2)

nor caused them harm. Then these three with one mouth praised and glorified and blessed God in the furnace." And then follows that long and beautiful "song of the three children." All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord.

It is not only the angel guide of Tobias that makes me remember the Guardian Angels. (These are both apocryphal stories.) I am so firmly convinced of their existence to this day that I pray to them daily. It was good to find my faith confirmed by Shackleton. I strongly recommend this prayer to our readers.

Retreat Cancelled

We are sorry to announce the cancellation of the retreat I wrote about in the last "On Pilgrimage" column. Word from Father John Hugo came right after we had gone to press. I have written to those who had planned to make it. This too is a late issue. The enormous amount of work involved in changing all our stencils to Zip code and the refilling of our entire list is our only excuse for this late notification.

MICHAEL GOLD

(Continued from page 2)

We framed it and hung it in the dining room of the farm. St. Anne is the patron saint of grandmothers, since she was the mother of the Blessed Virgin and the grandmother of Jesus of Nazareth. We still talked of how man's freedom could be protected, how man's basic needs could be provided for through collectives, or cooperatives, or farming communes, as Peter Maurin always called them, and how the State could progressively wither away. But we always came back to the problem of the use of force in bringing about the common good. For example, Mike pointed out that the kibbutzim were well-armed and part of a powerful state they had helped to build up.

I remembered the one time Mike had turned bitter against me and the Catholic Worker. "The brotherly love the Catholic Worker preaches would be more understandable if it were not that they were pro-Franco during the Spanish civil war," he wrote in his column "Change the World." We were not, of course, pro-Franco but pacifists, followers of Gandhi in our struggle to build a spirit of non-violence. But in those days we got it from both sides; it was a holy war to most Catholics, just as world revolution is holy war to Communists. I call attention to these fundamental differences about religion and the attitude to force to show how there can be strong personal friendship between a Catholic and a Communist and constant seeking of concordances and agreements.

It was indeed more than a personal friendship; it was a friendship between families. Mike was best man at my sister's wedding forty years ago and last week, when her son wrote to her of Mike's death, he recalled his gentle and loving spirit. He indeed had a gentle and loving spirit but some of his writing was strong stuff, because of the bitterness that the sight of poverty and human distress always inspired in him.

We lament his passing and send our sympathetic love to Elizabeth, thanking God that Mike left her sons and grandchildren to comfort her.

BOOK REVIEW

PAY NOW, DIE LATER by James Gollin, Random House, \$5.95. Reviewed by STANLEY VISH-NEWSKI.

There are times when I feel that books like *Pay Now, Die Later* should never have been published. There are times when I feel that it is far better for us to remain in ignorance about some of our cherished institutions. In the past few years we have been treated to a spate of "expose," books, such as Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death* and *The Doctors* by Martin L. Gross—and now another sacred cow of the American establishment, the life-insurance business, is irreverently given the "expose" treatment by James Gollin.

Given our present form of society, insurance is almost a necessary evil if a man is to provide for his family in the event of his sudden death. However, James Gollin points out that the life-insurance business has now become "our biggest and most wasteful industry."

The combined insurance companies of America have a sum of a hundred and fifty million dollars a day (of your money) to invest in various enterprises. It came as a revelation to me that a great deal of insurance money (six hundred and eighty million dollars in 1964) is lent to the small-loan credit sharks. On the one hand, a man is told to be thrifty and invest in life insurance and on the other his money (without his knowledge) is used to finance "spending" at a high interest rate.

James Gollin, who was a successful insurance agent for eight years, gives us some valuable advice on how to get the best value from our life insurance and how to handle agents. For those who have insurance or are contemplating buying some in the near future this book could be of invaluable help.

The American Agency system, by which most of our insurance is sold, comes under heavy attack by Mr. Gollin. He deplores the cynical and deceitful manner in which prospective recruits to the ranks of insurance selling are solicited, exploited and then brutally discarded.

"Of the approximately 110,000 men and women recruited, hired, and trained each year to sell life insurance, some 90,000—nearly 90 per cent—leave the business within ninety days. And by the end of each full year, year after year, another 5,000 to 10,000 have failed."

No doubt you have seen the advertisements soliciting men of executive ability who would like to earn a starting salary of from four hundred to six hundred dollars a month. This is the come-on to recruit men into the agency system. The interested party answering the ad is wooed and recruited by the agency and made to feel that he is on the way to financial success. Part of the psychological set-up is to give tests and interviews, but as one cynical manager stated, "Hell, we'll hire any warm body."

The new agent is then pressured into cajoling his relatives, close friends and acquaintances into buying insurance. The commissions that he makes the first month justify his starting salary, but the novice salesman soon discovers (when his sales begin to lag) that in reality he is not an employee of the insurance company and has no straight salary (as the ads implied) but is dependent on commission selling.

The novice salesman, discouraged, then retires from the field (and in most cases—though this is not legal—is made to return his starting salary) and by a tricky legal maneuver is deprived of all rights to the commissions from whatever policies he may have sold his friends.

Mr. Gollin's incisive critique of the industry as it now operates points up the need for alterna-

tive methods of providing the individual with a modicum of financial security: pension funds, mutual-welfare groups, and, above all, cooperative insurance.

To C.O.'s In Prison

P. O. Box 40

Thurms,
British Columbia
Canada

To the many conscientious objectors incarcerated throughout the world:

Three primary things govern a man in the world we are living today: his God, his country, his self. When I was drafted into the United States Army I knew that my God came before my country and my self. Therefore I took the stand as a conscientious objector—stating that I could not (and would not) aid mankind in the destruction of men and nature.

I was sentenced to prison for my stand. I debated: who, in the eyes of my God, is more important, my country or my self? Do I go to jail and suffer needlessly because of man's inhumanity to man, or do I leave America—my country—for foreign shores? I decided that since I am a man—a free man, as created by my God—that I was to remain free—free to aid and persuade others to do as I (and hundreds more) have done: to escape American injustice for free Canada.

Since I am a landed immigrant to Canada, American law does not affect me. I am protected by the Crown. But because of my conviction I cannot return to my birthplace, to my family, loved ones or friends. If Canada instigates a draft law and I am asked to register, I shall once more pack my rucksack and migrate to a country that does not kill.

I send my encouragement to those in prison fighting for the cause. I understand the choice you have made, and I love and respect you all.

Peace,

Ken Smart.

Just War

(Continued from page 4)

istic. It is also tied to reason. But human rationality, however invaluable as an ingredient in moral decisions, is limited, shortsighted and frankly opposed to some essential aspects of Jesus' teaching. If Jesus lived the fully human life, because it was fully divine, He must be the finest enlightenment that natural law could have. In fact, however, Aquinas was often content to harmonize the law of nature with Old Testament morality and he seemed unaware of how incompatible the latter can be with Christ's own morality.

The absence of any clear and explicit words from Jesus on the question of war has made it easier for Christians to accept their own alternatives to his unspoken commands. The increasing intensity and scope of the cruelty of war is showing up the inadequacy and evil of such acceptance. Christians ignore the terrible moral problems created by the threat and presence of modern warfare not only at their own peril but at the peril of Christianity itself. If we have faith that the latter is imperishable, then we have certainty as to the source of the enlightenment we need.

Ed. note: This article summarizes the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Tooke in her book *The Just War* in Aquinas and Grotius, which was published in England by the S.C.M. Press and will be reviewed in a future issue of the Catholic Worker.

"When you do something, do it as if the fate of the world depended on it and at the same time as if you were to die at that moment and that it would not matter."

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