



## Prison Notes

By Rev. PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.

**ED. NOTE:** On Friday, October 27, Father Phillip Berrigan, S.S.J., Rev. James Mengel, United Church of Christ minister, David Eberhardt, secretary of the Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission, and Thomas Lewis, organizer of Artists Concerned About Vietnam, were arrested by the FBI on the charge of pouring blood over the Selective Service records at the Customs House in Baltimore.

In a press statement issued by the group it was stated, in part: "We shed our blood willingly and gratefully in what we hope is a sacrificial and constructive act. We pour it upon these files to illustrate that with them and with these offices, begins the pitiful waste of American and Vietnamese blood 10,000 miles away. That bloodshedding is never rational, seldom voluntary—in a word—non-constructive. It does not protect life, but rather endangers it."

Father Berrigan and Thomas Lewis elected to go to jail rather than post a personal bond. The Rev. James Mengel and David Eberhardt were released after signing a recognizance bond. Both Father Berrigan and Mr. Lewis are continuing their hunger strike while in jail.

Baltimore City Jail  
November 2nd

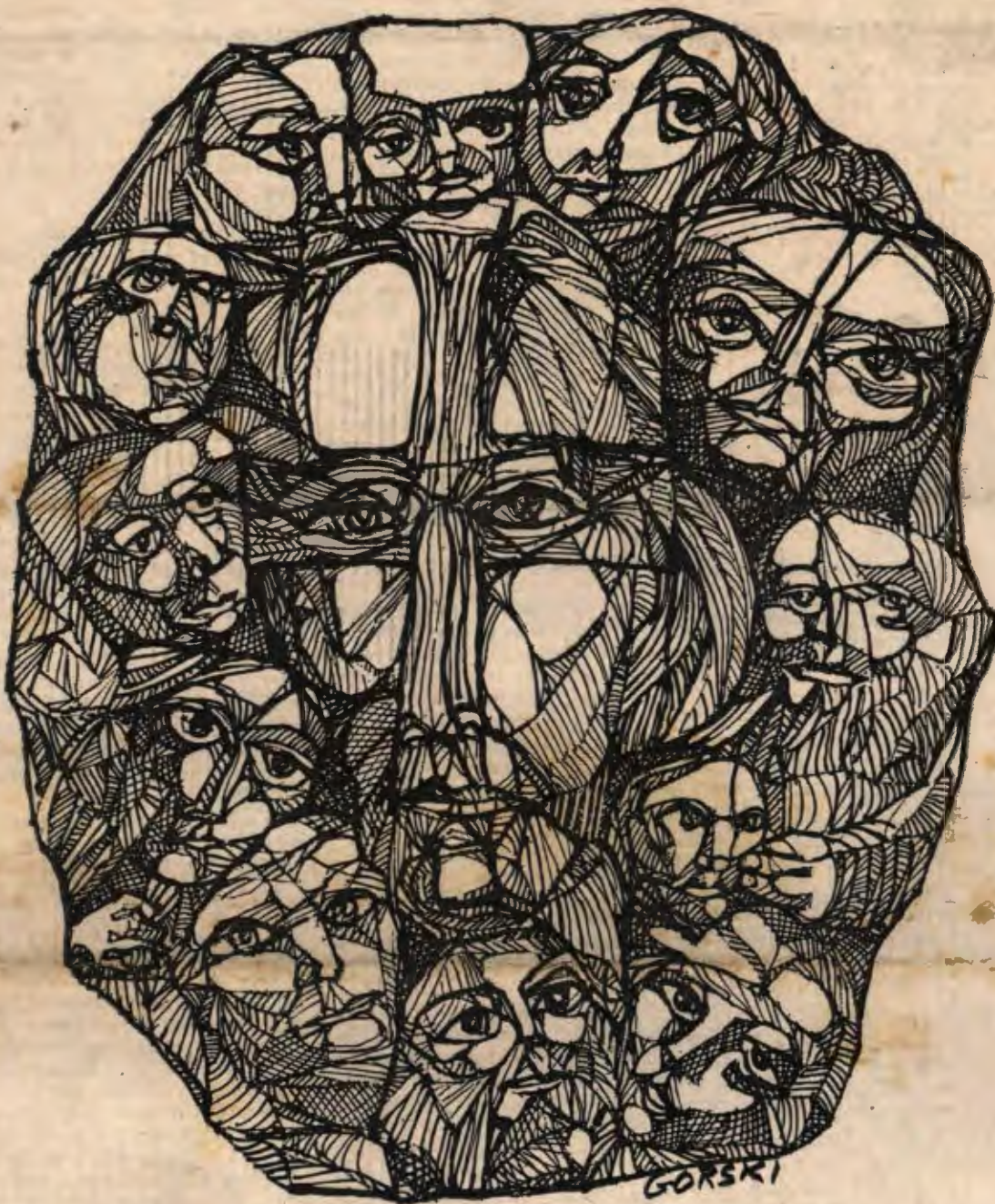
7 A.M.—Our seventh day of fast—feeling strong and lucid. Should have the Eucharist again with Father Tobey—it makes more sense to Tom and me than it ever has.

I recall discussing with Archbishop Roberts (he was in America following the second session of the Council) the Anglo-Saxon preoccupation with law, very nearly obsessive in certain types. I also recall a Louisiana summer some six or seven years ago, when the State legislature passed nearly three hundred pieces of law, most of these against black people. Finally, I recall a saying of Tacitus, remembered from two painful years of college Latin: "the more corrupt a society, the more laws it needs."

Father Tobey tells us that the central objection against us from clerics is, "but they've broken the law." Apparently, the point is returned to time and again, like a port in storm. We have no doubt that such a view is fully as common with lay folk. Implicit in such concern is the vast American consensus, which supports a body of law predominantly directed to protecting private property, and only marginally, human life and welfare. Most of the prisoners here are charged with crimes against property—with violation of the rights of others to money, goods, financial support, etc.

Another point at issue when one discusses the nature of our law is: what is actually the substance of our freedoms? Reductively, they are economic freedoms—rights to make money, acquire property, establish better credit, get everyone a bigger slice. As long as Americans channel their energies to such pursuits, at home or abroad, their freedoms expand and multiply. They not only become free to a destructive point—they can count on the tacit or active support of government and society. And so Detroit could blithely turn out its millions of absurdly styled death traps with no hint of disapproval from Washington, simply because car production meant profits. Basic to such appalling irrationality is the profoundly-held Ameri-

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## Delano: the City and the Strikers

By JACK COOK

I arrived by bus in Delano, California, late Monday afternoon, October 16th, and, rather than call the Farm Workers Union headquarters immediately, I registered in a hotel and asked the Mexican clerk where I might locate the union's office. I wanted to find out how the people of Delano regarded Cesar Chavez and his striking farm workers.

The clerk, though he managed enough English to transact the business of room, price, and checkout time, while his eyes directed mine to a list of "No's" on the wall ("No visitors after 10 PM"; "No Alcohol") seemed not to hear my question, but turned, took the room key and silently led me to my room.

A middle-aged, rather plump Anglo waitress in a restaurant on Main Street, shortly afterwards, said, "I don't know anything about 'em." And walked away. A young waitress with stringy blond hair and green eye makeup, in a smaller restaurant on the other side of the tracks, impatiently blurted out, "No. I don't know where they are," and then, suddenly conscious of her role, in a softer voice, "Ask her," and pointed to a dark-skinned, black-haired, surly girl washing pots at the other end of the counter. But I left—somewhat impatiently. What turned out to be a traveling insurance salesman smilingly apologized for not knowing the union's whereabouts, smilingly said he

had never heard of them, and, still smiling, walked on by. A young Mexican mechanic whom I approached at a gas station gave me wrong directions.

I realized after a few more of these cursory interviews that one of the many patrolling cops was on the point of approaching me. Delano, for a town of only thirteen thousand people, seems to have an abundance of policemen in marked and unmarked cars, panel trucks and on motorcycles—all white-helmeted and, like weekend fishermen, bedecked with the paraphernalia of power. (Later I would learn from Jerome Cohen, the union's lawyer, that harassment of members and volunteers is a rather common practice.) I made a point of not approaching the cop.

Thus I found myself, a little after eight o'clock in a well-fitted, suitably darkened, mahogany bar with plush booths and tables in the rear for dining. Young men, clean shaven, well-dressed, with well-fed all-American faces, drank vodka on ice or with soda and played Frank Sinatra on the juke box. The young men talked loudly of sports and joked with the bartender about high-school days. I would see some of these same men, later in my stay, wearing Stetson hats and driving new Ford pickup over the county roads outside of Delano, toward the fields where Guimarra vineyards were, past picketers

and the Huelga flag, and then into the dirt roads dividing the fields to supervise the picking of grapes by their own or another grower's scabs.

Leaving there, I walked down the now deserted Main Street and then turned left and went over the railroad tracks that divide, rather conspicuously, the American business and middle-class residential section of town from the Mexican and Filipino section, which is marked by small general stores, tiny restaurants advertising Mexican foods, a string of four or five gaudy bars with names such as Casablanca and Rancho Grande, and the rows of unpainted homes of the poor. There is a mixture in this area of fairly new split-level suburban houses and old clapboard homes, with fenced-in yards cluttered with debris. Unlike the Mexican-Americans in Rio Grande City, Texas, a large number of Mexicans in Delano and California have become Americanized; lamentably they have become like us.

"Blue Monday," I said to the Mexican bartender in one of the gaudy bars as he put a beer in front of me. He jerked his head in the direction of the almost empty bar and replied, "Business is bad. It ain't Monday night's fault. Three years ago you couldn't get close to this bar. No business now. Bars are closing down. They don't have any money,

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## ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Rome, October 11-18.

Via della Conciliazione is a long street stretching from St. Peter's to the Tiber and at the beginning of that street there is the Palazzo Pio with its great auditorium where the plenary sessions of the Third World Congress for the Lay Apostolate are being held. The last congress was held ten years ago and many of the 3,000 people here were present at that Congress and speak of what a difference now. One man said, though he may have been exaggerating: "Last time there were twenty cardinals sitting on the platform and the speeches were each an hour long. This time the red hats are in the audience and only one now and then at the conference table." It was truly a meeting of the laity. And how hard it is to give an impression of such a meeting of folk from all over the world, from all the continents. I spoke to Alexy Boulevsky, from Moscow, who represented the Moscow Patriarchate.

There are so many pilgrimages to St. Peter's of peoples from all over Europe who come in their national costume that one could not tell which were attending the Congress and which were on a pilgrimage. On Sunday morning last there were four busloads of peasants from Yugoslavia in most beautiful costumes, men with their pure undyed wool suits set off with darker wool from black sheep and their perfectly round bowl-like hats; the women with long pantaloons and gayly embroidered aprons, looking like harem beauties. Eileen Egan, who has traveled the world over with Catholic Relief Services, went to them and with the aid of an interpreter found that most of them were Albanians. Mother Teresa, famed for her Calcutta work for the dying (she once spoke at the Catholic Worker) is an Albanian and Eileen found three of her cousins among the pilgrims.

The great square of St. Peter's, encircled by the Bernini colonnades, harbors many a picnic and all around the vast square, there in the shade of the pillars, families were eating their lunches, which included spaghetti, roast chicken and, of course, bottles of wine. It would be nice to see the same at St. Patrick's in New York.

Great Honor

I suppose I should have begun this account with the high honor paid me and the Catholic Worker at the Congress. On the feast of St. Teresa of Avila, whom I have so often quoted, I received Holy Communion from the hands of Pope Paul himself—truly an overwhelming honor. Only one hundred and fifty of the three thousand delegates, auditors, consultants and experts were so chosen. Of those one hundred and fifty, only one other was an American, an astronaut, Colonel James McDivitt, who presented the cone of his space capsule to the Holy Father.

A journalist came to me afterwards and wanted to know what my emotions were on this occasion, and I could only say that I had been concentrating so much on the proper procedure of walking up the carpeted stairs, and turning away and walking back along the priceless carpets, past the red upholstered armchairs where the cardinals and members of the Synod sat and getting back

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## FALL APPEAL

St. Joseph's House  
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Dear Fellow Workers:

St. Paul writes about having nothing and yet possessing all things, and that is the way I feel as I set out on a journey to Rome, to attend the Third World Congress of the Lay Apostolate. All my expenses are paid by a generous friend, but I'm leaving the Catholic Worker family in debt (ten thousand dollars) and not enough money to mail this appeal. But one of the popes told us not to be afraid of running up bills for the poor, so I am not going to worry. The communion hymn of Ember Wednesday in September commands us "Be not sad, for the joy of the Lord is our strength." And a verse from one of the psalms says "Open your mouth and I will fill it."

I like that verse because right now we have given over the long dormitory which we have used at the farm all summer for women to a day-care center for the little ones of Negro migrants who come up from the South to harvest the apples and grapes these next six weeks. I visit each day and see the three or four young girls who are caring for them putting food into those tiny mouths, which are opened so trustingly. Thank God we have all this space in the country for such work, in addition to our hospitality, which makes us look like a rest house, as well as a center for seminars.

And here in the city, where I continue writing this letter, I wake up in the morning at six, not only to the sound of trucks on Kenmare Street, but the sound of the six Delano pickets stirring around getting their breakfast in the apartment upstairs. They spend no time reading news or listening to it. There are no books around to distract them. They are here for one thing, to go from the big market at Hunt Point to the piers where the grapes come in from the West Coast, to the stores where table grapes are sold retail, and to ask them not to buy while agricultural workers in the vineyards of California are getting starvation wages and none of the benefits which all the other workers enjoy under the National Labor Relations Act. These are dedicated men, with one thought in their minds, to work for better conditions for their fellows, and they work with love and with faith and hope, doggedly, day after day. They have not read the Popes' encyclicals *Mother and Teacher* or *The Development of Peoples*. They live them. It is such work as theirs which has brought workers the five-day week, the eight-hour day, workers' compensation and employment insurance. Such work as this must be done, and everyone helping, to bring justice, not charity, to the workers. It is certainly part of justice to share what you have.

Meanwhile our soupline goes on, seven days a week, and Chrystie Street is open from seven to seven. The beds are full in the nine apartments we rent and our latest volunteer is sleeping on the floor. News about the new-old house is that work on it is proceeding, but slowly, what with strikes which keep us from getting some necessary materials.

There'll be no moving till January, I'm afraid. And oh, the money that is needed there! Even as I am writing this a woman comes to borrow twenty-five dollars. She does this every so often and it usually is a dire need.

"Give when you are asked to give; and do not turn your back on a man who wants to borrow," Jesus said. And we all know that what we give will surely come back to us, heaped up, pressed down and running over. So please help us once more.

In the joy of the Lord,

Dorothy Day



## An Expose of the New Factory Farms

By DONALD G. BLOESCH

The book *Animal Machines* by Ruth Harrison has created a major stir in England, and there are signs that it will trouble the waters in this country also. (The foreword is by Rachel Carson.) Miss Harrison has exposed the new methods of raising farm animals, from the battery hen farms to the sweat boxes for pigs. Her critique deserves to be taken seriously, since the new farms may portend disaster both for the animals and for man. The book is now in an American edition (Ballantine Books; ninety-five cents).

Miss Harrison concentrates her fire upon the factory farms in England, but what she says is an indictment of factory farms everywhere, including those which have appeared in the United States. Intensive farming consists of five essentials: rapid turnover of stock, high-density stocking, mechanization, low labor costs and the efficient conversion of food into marketable products. The author claims that almost any type of domesticated farm animal can be raised by the intensive farming methods, but she is particularly concerned with broiler chickens, egg-laying chickens (hens) and veal calves.

A broiler chicken is one that is fed for ten weeks expressly for the purpose of being killed and consumed as human food. In intensive farming eight to ten thousand day-old broilers are installed in a large, windowless building. The building is designed to control environment in which the chick is placed. Because the chicks soon feel the intensity of crowding and become prone to the vice of feather-pecking, the building is kept in semi- or total darkness. Many farmers also practice de-beaking, which involves the removal of nearly half of the bird's upper mandible. If this is done by an inexperienced person, it can be quite painful to the bird. One observer reported that "after the operation the bird seemed to hang its head because it was almost numb with pain."

The broiler houses are equipped with ventilating fans, but the air becomes "dusty, humid, and charged with ammonia." It is impossible to walk through the building without continually stumbling upon the chickens. The stench in many of the buildings becomes almost unbearable even for the attendants.

After being fattened for about ten weeks the broilers are taken to a poultry-processing station. Here they are killed, cleaned and frozen. Miss Harrison points out that in some packing stations the chickens are fully conscious when their throats are cut to let the blood run out. One study reveals that three out of five chickens are still alive when they enter the scalding tank.

The author also examines the new battery hen farms which are responsible now for the great majority of eggs that are sold in the supermarkets of both England and America. In these farms the chickens are placed in wire cages which are tiered together in a large, windowless building. The hens barely have enough room to stand up and turn around. In some of the newer farms several hens are placed in the same cage, and the mortality has noticeably increased (although not quite enough to make it unprofitable). The bottoms of the cages are slanted so that the eggs roll to the back and can be picked up easily. Needless to say, the bones and muscles of these hens deteriorate rapidly. The eggs from such farms are often of inferior quality to eggs from free-range farms. Harrison points out that increased egg production results in poor shells, thin shells, pale yolks and watery whites. Housewives "now need three eggs to provide the same

amount of yolk that two once supplied."

### Apathy and Disease

Many hens refuse to eat when placed in battery cages and consequently have to be killed. Nearly thirty thousand birds a year are killed in England for this reason. Many other hens die of "cage layer fatigue" (lack of exercise), and an ever increasing number contract various forms of cancer. The mortality in the battery houses is moving toward the figure of twenty per cent. An investigation revealed that in one experimental unit alone, over the period of a year, the birds had contracted "cancer of the heart, lungs, ovary, oviduct, kidney, leg muscles, liver and abdomen."

Ruth Harrison next deals with the raising of veal calves by intensive farming methods. The veal calf is in demand because of its light meat and soft hide. The calves are nearly always tethered (chained) so that they procure no roughage (coarse food, such as straw), because this would cause the meat to darken. One observer reported that the calves nearly go mad the first day they are tethered but then "seem to resign themselves to it." The calf is given a special diet, which is lacking in iron, and it soon becomes anemic. As a result of restricted movement, its leg joints become deformed and calcified. After about three months of fattening, those calves which survive are taken to market. Veal calves have been known literally to drop dead when removed from their pens. Such farms seem to be a problem mainly in England and Holland.

The picture is similar for broiler-beneficial cattle which are raised intensively. The calves are installed in the beef house when they are only three days old and remain there until they are slaughtered at about eleven months of age. The enclosed building is kept in almost total darkness to discourage flies, and the calves are tethered and placed on slats. Slaters are extremely painful for a cloven-hoofed animal. One observer was moved to declare: "It is diabolical, they hate the slats. They slip on them and fall on their knees. The stench after only one month is indescribable." A veterinary surgeon has testified that calves kept in total darkness "fret and become apprehensive and lack assurance that they are part of a herd." Hormones are used rather liberally to increase the rate of the calves' growth. The use of tranquilizers is a routine method of keeping the calves quiet. Such animals put on weight rapidly, but they cannot be said to be healthy.

Pigs that are raised intensively also have a bleak existence. Even though the pig is a naturally clean, energetic and relatively intelligent animal, it is placed in an overcrowded pen with no bedding, and in dim light or darkness. There is no separate dunging area or feeding area; the feed is simply dumped on the concrete. In some pig houses the pigs have barely enough room to turn around, and this has led to pig vices, such as tailbiting. In order to counteract this vice the pigs are deprived of light. The pig house becomes intolerably humid, although the steam carries much of the bacteria out of the ventilators. Such pigs become flabby and irritable and cannot be considered in good health, even though they may not actually be afflicted at the time with disease. One farmer has said: "I think the test of a 'sweat-box' is whether or not it pays. If your pigs are healthy, then it is not a worthwhile proposition."

The rapid rise in disease (particularly among poultry and cattle) is not known to most people outside the intensive-farming profession. Leucosis, which is spreading rapidly among battery hens, is characterized by paralysis, blindness, bone calcification and the formation of tumors in the internal

organs. It is very similar to leukemia in human beings, but whether it is one of the causal factors in the alarming growth of leukemia in our time has not yet been determined. Chronic respiratory diseases among cattle are also increasing rapidly. Turkey diseases are becoming virulent and more difficult to eradicate. New types of antibiotics are constantly being used upon the animals to keep the mortality down, but the germs are becoming ever more resistant. One veterinarian has stated: "I would say we are teetering on the brink of an abyss... surely and gradually the poultry bugs are becoming conditioned to the drugs and disaster cannot be so very far off." An increasing number of broiler beef calves are coming out of their year's confinement blind and with damaged livers. Yet these animals are classified as "quality" meat.

### Impact on Consumer

Besides the question of outright cruelty to animals, which is forbidden by nearly all of the world religions, we must consider whether human beings can remain healthy by feeding upon unhealthy animals. Some farmers are now using a yellow dye in order to improve the appearance of their eggs, but the author states that this dye may very well be a cancer-inducing chemical. There are some scientists who contend that there is a causal link between certain hormones that are used in animal feeds and certain types of cancer in humans. Nitrofurans, an anti-infective agent that is fed regularly to poultry, often causes dermatitis in humans when applied in small amounts to the skin. Another growth stimulant that is given to animals is arsenic, which is capable of causing human death if consumed in small amounts over a period of months. The author also mentions stilbestrol, which has been causally linked to cystic ovaries, cystic kidneys and human sterility.

Granted that the production of animal food needs to be increased in this time of rapid population expansion, does this mean that we have to resort to barbaric methods that reduce the animal to a machine? Some persons have questioned whether animals can suffer, but it has now been proven beyond reasonable doubt that animals have both feelings and intelligence. Dr. John Baker, Lecturer in Zoology at the University of Oxford, contends "that the larger and more complex the cerebral hemispheres are, the greater is the probability that the animal is capable of suffering acutely." There is every reason to believe that animals that are tethered or confined in small spaces are placed under stress. Ruth Harrison writes: "The greatest condemnation of intensive methods of animal rearing is that the animals do not live before they die, they only exist."

It is interesting to note that Denmark has outlawed battery-hen farms, principally because of the complaints of animal lovers in that country but also to protect the small farmer from the commercialized factory farms. That country has become one of the largest egg producers in the world, and the eggs as well as the chickens still retain much of their natural flavor.

It is to be hoped that battery-hen farms and broiler houses will be outlawed in this country and that tethering and slats for cattle will also be banned. There may be need also for legislation that makes it a criminal offense to keep animals permanently in partial or total darkness. Ruth Harrison's book is mandatory reading for all who are concerned about this relatively new but very real social problem.

ED. NOTE: Donald G. Bloesch is an ordained minister of the United Church of Christ and teaches at Dubuque Theological Seminary, in Iowa. Last year he was guest professor at the Aquinas Institute in Dubuque.



## Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost the wind blew, brisk and strong, with a true November chill. There had been a heavy frost the night before, Bob Stewart told me as he drove me to Mass; and the deciduous trees in our woodland were half denuded, half still arrayed in the tattered, though colorful, finery of Autumn.

Thinking of the killing frost, I intoned a silent requiem for my flowers. Withered now my scarlet petunias that hung like jeweled garlands from the boxes outside my southern windows. Gone now that glory of every sunny day, the luminous-blue-blooming morning glories that twined about the arch above my garden gate. Where now are those bright golden disks, the sunflowers, that, as Blake wrote, count the steps of the sun? All, all decapitated and hung by Reggie Highhill in a sunny window of Peter Maurin house, that their full-seeded heads might dry and become edible. But one of the largest, packed with multitudinous seeds, reposes now, like a banquet table, in the bird-feeder box

outside my window, where throughout the day, small birds come to feed, twittering happily. It is November, and Shelley's wind—that "wild west wind," that "breath of Autumn's being"—blows. But the sun touches my cheek warmly. I think of white and gold chrysanthemums and the great Feast of All Saints.

The Feast of All Saints seemed to me a kind of liturgical banquet. At ten in the morning, Father said Mass for us in our chapel. Then at five in the afternoon, Kay Lynch and I participated in a special Mass at the Christian Brothers, our good friends and neighbors, who had asked us to share their joy in honoring their newly canonized Saint Benild. Bishop Joseph Pernicone of Poughkeepsie, with several priests of the area, celebrated the Mass. The liturgy was modern but beautiful; and the singing of the Christian Brothers seemed to me both impressive and joyful. I recall that our Catholic Worker founder, Peter Maurin, had once been a Christian Brother and had taught in a Christian Brothers school in France. I thought that most of Peter's life, particularly his life at the Catholic Worker, had been a kind of teaching; and that his Easy Essays were still our textbooks. Pray for us, St. Benild, that we may learn the lessons Peter Maurin taught, not merely to quote them but to live them.

In contrast to the gold-white-chrysanthemum joy of All Saints Day, All Souls dawned bleak, grey, dismal, with the mist over the river forming weird wraithlike figures, like lost and homeless ghosts. Then as Kay Lynch and I drove to Mass at St. Sylvie's to pray for the dead, I heard a fog-bell on the river tolling, tolling, like church bells tolling for the dead. But as I prayed for the souls in purgatory, I realized that this death—the death which the souls in purgatory had undergone, which we must all undergo—was, for all its aura of awe and mystery, but the gateway to the white gold-chrysanthemum joy of All Saints. That dying, we live.

Whatever November may yet bring of rain and snow, of fog and cold, October brought us this year, I thought, enough of sunny days, of "bright, blue weather," to suffice for all of Fall. This was particularly fortunate, since we have had in recent weeks a number of little visitors who needed just such beneficent weather.

### Child Care

About mid-September the Office of Economic Opportunity authorized the operation of a day-care center for the pre-school-age children of the migrant workers in this area. With our friend, Mrs. Lorraine Freeman, in charge, this center was set up in the long annex adjoining our main residence, St. Joseph's House. The O.E.O. moved in a space heater, a refrigerator in which to keep the fresh milk and other good food provided for the children, numerous little cots, chairs, tables, etc., and many wonderful toys. Lorraine and her helpers put up curtains and made the place very attractive. Almost every day, from my window, I heard the children laughing, running towards the swings and slides in our playground area. Several young people working with us and some Bard College students volunteered to help with the children, so that each child might receive more personal attention and tender loving care. Since the local apple-picking season has ended, this day-care center closed last Friday. We are glad that our building helped to make this operation possible, that we were able to help a little, though a mere token, these migrant workers, who are

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## JOE HILL HOUSE

By AMMON HENNACY

On September 11th, a dozen young folks carrying the Peace Torch that was lit at Hiroshima and brought to San Francisco en route to Washington, D.C., entered Salt Lake City. This march was blessed by our old friend, Bishop C. Kilmer Myers, of the Episcopal Diocese of San Francisco. Local pacifists led the march in each community, so a hundred and fifty of us walked through downtown to Memory Grove, near the Capitol, where several ministers and others spoke against the war.

In the afternoon some of us carried the torch to radio and television stations and newspapers in order to give people their chance to leave their fingerprints on the torch handle. At 3 p.m. we left the Federal Building and marched to the chancery office to give Bishop Joseph Federal, of the Catholic Diocese of Salt Lake City, a chance to hold the torch. Although I rang six times and could see people peering through the curtained windows, no one opened the door.

There has been something of a furor over Governor Romney's statement that he was "brainwashed" by the officials in Vietnam about the war. However, Marriner Eccles, who is a millionaire Mormon banker and former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, said in January 1966 that the administration in Washington had "brainwashed" most of the American people into support of the war. Just recently he gave a talk opposing the war at a meeting of three thousand businessmen in Washington.

Two Negro members of the Church of God, Rev. R. L. Harris and Deacon Gordon Marshall, stopped here on their seven-hundred-and-fifty-mile walk from Ogden, Utah to Los Angeles in the cause of peace both in Vietnam and between colored and whites. A few of us, including Bruce Phillips and myself, met them at the Capitol steps. They had no conception of the radical attitude about war and were careful not to appear disrespectful of any laws. They seem to feel that people are ready for their message and that we will soon have peace.

Shortly afterwards, the semi-annual gathering of Mormons in convention was opened here by ninety-four-year-old President McKay. The themes were Eve, motherhood, and the sanctity of the home. Two of the most right-wing Apostles spoke in the vein of Billy Graham about the wickedness of the world and the failure of world leaders to accept Christ. This despite the fact that the refusal of the Mormon Church to allow Negroes to enter the Temple and its unqualified support of war, makes all this talk of Christ and love a mockery. In my talks on the local radio station here, I suggested that, if the Mormons must follow bankers, they might at least listen to Marriner Eccles instead of the ones who favor the war.

At Joe Hill House we are cutting wood for the fireplace. Men who were here last spring have stopped off again. A deputy sheriff brought an old man in from the yards, saying it was better than putting him in jail. Students

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## CHRYSTIE STREET

By JACK COOK

"Say your prayers, Man. Remember, those prayers every day, gentlemen." Such is the theme and total sermon (endlessly repeated) addressed to the captive, indignant parishoners, who stand none-too-reverently outside our door and wait for the soup to be served. The young, bearded Negro who has preached daily—unrequested by us, unappreciated by the men—all summer long suddenly lost his flock: our landlord, whose shop is next door to us, threatened to raise his already exorbitant rent if we did not get the men away from his front window and entrance way. So the men are again inside: out of the elements and away from the religious sop which so often is served with the soup in the Salvation Army, the missions, and even the CW for a while. The men knew he wasn't part of our crew and some thought we should tell him to move on. But being reluctant to disturb anyone's dream, we and the men quietly endured.

Vince Maevisky and Christine Bove were married in mid-August and they invited everyone from Chrystie Street to a picnic in Van Cortlandt Park in the distant Bronx. So some thirty familiar faces and forms from the Bowery met and cavorted on a grassy, heavily wooded knoll. And passing strange it was to see Smokey Joe presiding over those gathered around the picnic-table, amid the soaring trees and surrounded by cases of cheer and bowls of potato salad, chips, and pickles. Chuck Bassenette started the fires wherein hot dogs and beans were roasted, while Whiskers and Bayonne Pete challenged Raona Wilson, Walter Kerell, Chris Kearns and others to repeated and increasingly undisciplined, loud and lively games of volleyball. Terry Sullivan, recently out of Federal prison, and Dan Kelly, soon to go (and still confined in in West Street Federal Penitentiary) were there and did converse with wit and charm on sundry topics. Spirited were the discussions when all took part and colorful the language as the sun danced on the empty bottles. Finnegan was not waked as well as Vince and Chris were wed. Then the rain fell on faces weary from laughing and bodies replete with good food and drink.

Then there was the day Ed Foley, Supervisor of the Fugitive Squad of the F.B.I., had an F.B.I. agent (disguised cleverly as a Bowery Man) infiltrate our soup-line, stand surreptitiously outside our window, edge ever forward in line as the men ate and left, enter our premises, play "musical chairs" (fifteen chairs in three rows must be traversed before the last man entering can take a seat at the table; thus each man except the first one in must move from chair to chair repeatedly as the first man moves to the table), finally take his place at table, eat with relish Tony's soup, and leave to report his findings. Later that same day, he and a colleague accosted one of our young volunteers, who had been waiting on the tables, as he left one of our Kenmare Street apartments, and, with badges flashing and guns drawn, they did search him and submit him to an harrowing investigation, which took place in the apartment of our already distraught landlady, who immediately called in her policeman-nephew to ascertain whether or not these men were indeed F.B.I. agents or, as she suspected, aspiring Cosa Nostra or Mafia types.

Our young volunteer, a most sensitive and compassionate student and concert artist, his sensibilities already shaken by his Chrystie Street experience, found himself accused of being a cop-killer from Boston. To the everlasting credit of Ed Foley's agents, they deter-

mined that our volunteer, though dark-haired and with deep-set eyes, did not in fact resemble all too closely the photograph of their desperate criminal. And so they released him.

But our story does not end there. It seems that the F.B.I. were "informed" by one of our guests (a young man from Boston who claimed to have been sent to us by Father Dan Berrigan) that the cop-killer was working for the CW. For which "information" the F.B.I. did pay said informer seventy-five dollars. Hence the aforementioned investigation, which proved futile. Meanwhile, we had said informer in our lap, so to speak, and what to do? At this point, the story seeming so fantastic, we asked our volunteer to call the local F.B.I. office to reassure himself and us that we were not victims of somebody's ill temper. Fugitive Squad Supervisor Ed Foley did then relate the strategy of his investigation and claimed that they had to follow up all clues to the whereabouts, etc. He added that, in his estimation, his (paid) informant, our guest, was a pathological liar. We were not reassured.

Almost immediately, with barely time for a commercial, our little TV drama commenced again with a phone call from our guest-informer to our volunteer, who happened to be near the phone. He claimed that the Cosa Nostra, and not the FBI, were involved; that they were looking for him because of gambling debts in Boston; that he needed money to get out of town. If money was not forthcoming from our volunteer, certain information might be given to certain individuals and trouble might ensue.

Now visibly shaken, our volunteer refuses and, thinking it time to pull the plug on this show, we inform our guest-informer that he had better split soon. A mistake. Soon it dawns upon us that he would have to return to an open and empty apartment to gather his gear. Being busy with our dinner-time crowd, we send the already harassed volunteer over to Kenmare to put our guest's gear outside the door and lock it. He enters and finds the clothes on the line in the kitchen affame, the small TV set bashed in, beds overturned, dressers and closets pillaged, and his own clothes, suitcase, et al. missing. The fire is put out, but the landlady and her son are now burning with rage and anxiety over their apartment building.

The Fifth Precinct cops were not enthusiastic when we told them that we had a slight problem with an arsonist. They arrived almost an hour after summoned and gave the clear impression that a fire at the CW would not be unwelcome. They could do nothing anyway, they told us, without a warrant for the arrest of said arsonist. We, not knowing anything but the first name of the fellow, called Ed Foley again and he, after some thought, regretted that he could not disclose the name of his "informer." We did not wish to issue a warrant anyway, for our guest seemed to have enough problems of his own; but we would have liked some protection at least for the Kenmare building, which houses twenty other families besides the CW crowd; and our volunteer's home, which was known to our guest as well.

But nothing else happened that night. Our young volunteer left shortly afterward, our landlady cannot sleep nights and has visions of gunmen entering her house, and her son threatens to have us all investigated. Perhaps squad-leader Ed Foley (disguised cleverly as an F.B.I. agent) will infiltrate our soup-line...

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Dorothy Day,  
(Publisher)



## The Duty of Dissent

(A sermon preached at Sayreville, N.J.  
on the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity,  
August 13, 1967,  
by Rev. AMBROSE SCHAEFFER, O.S.B.)

The Gospel of today presents to us the individual singled out from among the crowd for praise, a man who is remembered for not running with the herd. Having received from Jesus a signal favor, this one alone comes back for the simple, decent, human purpose of thanking him—recognizing the value of gratitude in preference to the enactment of ritual observance. It is worthy of note that he was a Samaritan, a member of a despised racial minority, not considered fit to be associated with by the respectable churchgoers of those times, a kinsman to those who have so long been reduced to a marginal existence in our "great society" and whose outbursts of hunger, of pain, and of despair so recently shook us in the sterile complacency of our self-righteous existence.

During the past week there occurred an anniversary of little publicity, of the death of a man—twenty-four years ago—whose name is as yet hardly known, but who one day may emerge as one of the great saints and martyrs of the twentieth century. The Austrian peasant Franz Jaegerstatter was such an individual singled out from among the crowd, a man from a sleepy little village in Upper Austria who dared to say No to the most powerful tyrant in Europe (also an Austrian and also a Catholic) Adolph Hitler, and dared to pay with his life for the defiance.

A simple man, with no more than an eighth-grade education, he saw with the unerring clarity of a living faith through the monstrous lie to which his countrymen and his clergy had cringingly surrendered, saw that the "defense of freedom" meant in reality "ruthless conquest" and saw under the disguise of the "crusade against communism" the reality of massive slaughter.

Thus he understood that his faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and military service could not stand together. And so he said No when he was first called up for "the service of his country" (as it is always called). No, again when he was imprisoned for his refusal in the provincial capital of Linz, and No for a third time before a military tribunal in Berlin, where he was beheaded on August 9, 1943. Franz Jaegerstatter knew how to die for his faith, because he had known how to live his faith, knew how to separate himself from the crowd in order to meet Jesus in personal encounter. He was—in a word—a conscientious objector.

In mentioning the expression, conscientious objector, we bring up a subject which is still largely "taboo" among Catholics on the parish level. But the possibility, the right, at times even the necessity of refusing obedience to immoral orders, no matter by whom issued, is an essential point of Catholic doctrine, to which the Second Vatican Council again gave clear expression, when it taught:

"Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or of extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and against man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation . . . Man's conscience itself gives ever more emphatic voice to these principles. Therefore, actions which deliberately conflict with these same principles, as well as orders commanding such actions, are criminal. Blind obedience cannot excuse those who yield to them . . . The courage of those who openly and fearlessly resist men who issue such commands merits supreme commendation."

By this declaration the Second Vatican Council expresses once again what is among the oldest traditions of Christian life: the tradition in which Sir Thomas More and Bishop John Fisher (alone among the English bishops of his time) resisted the tyranny of the absolute state; the tradition of Thomas of Canterbury, of all the old Roman martyrs, the tradition of the divine Conscientious Objector—Jesus Christ. For in the doing of His Father's Will, Christ set himself against and said No to the entire establishment of his time: domestic, civil, and even, or perhaps most of all, ecclesiastical. We must not forget the revolutionary, the defiant character of Christ and of Christianity. Where the Church no longer remembered how to say No, where she became an instrument greasing and sprinkling with oil and water the machinery of state, where she settled down to a comfortable existence of acquiring funds and followers, she soon paled to insignificance, and invariably ended by betraying herself and her Lord.

The words of Christ in reply to a rather silly question, to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's, are often quoted in an attempt to justify all sorts of abominations and to lend the appearance of righteousness to the methodical murder and suicide of modern warfare. But in this reply, Christ also posed two most important questions whose answers every Christian must—in the sight of God—give for himself: first, who is to decide just what is Caesar's? Is it Caesar himself who may take what he wants, leaving the remains, the wreckage of death and dishonor, whatever does not interest him, to be carted off to the churches? Second, is there anything, anything at all, life, dignity, or moral principle, that is so much Caesar's that it is not God's, and indeed God's first of all?

We are, of course, not merely rehearsing history here, nor merely analyzing vexing questions, nor merely paying tribute to the magnificent defiance of the Austrian peasant, Franz Jaegerstatter. There is rather a crisis very close at hand—so close that there may be some among you, or perhaps your husband, your brother, your son, who may tomorrow or the next day be faced with the very challenge with which he was faced; who may have already pondered in the depths of conscience where God dwells the possibility of choosing this better way, this way of greater honor, this way of true love of God, of neighbor, and indeed of country. The way of conscientious objection cannot be imposed by anyone, but it can be shown—pointed out as the most truly Christian way, founded in a tradition unbroken from Christ himself to the Second Vatican Council and the present moment, the choice being left, as it must be, for each individual to make in the recess of his own heart.

The reasons for it are clearer than ever. This atrocious war in Vietnam is ever reaching more monstrous proportions, the wholesale slaughter goes on unchecked, the lives of thousands of defenseless women and children and not least of American boys are sacrificed in the name of (to use the expression of a United States Senator) the "arrogance of power," and the whole nation is paying blackmail in the form of billions of dollars,

(Continued on page 6)

On December 20th, 1963, twenty-two former S.S. men who had played important parts in the "final solution of the Jewish question" at Auschwitz, went on trial at Frankfurt. The trial lasted twenty months. Scores of survivors of the camp, together with many other witnesses, testified to the massive torture and butchery accomplished twenty years before, in that curious place "far away, somewhere in Poland." The testimony does not make pleasant reading. It fills a book\* in large format running to nearly 450 pages; and this is only a summary of the most important points. The defendants were convicted and sentenced to prison terms, which they have all appealed. The most curious thing about the trial is that the defendants confidently and consistently denied almost everything. Finally the Judge remarked in astonishment that he had "yet to meet anyone who had done anything at Auschwitz!" There was, in other words, a marked contrast between the unanimity of the witnesses saying black and the unanimity of the defendants saying white. Still more curiously, these same defendants had previously admitted much more of the dark side of the picture "themselves. But now this has been 'forgotten.' They have somehow changed their minds. Hannah Arendt, in an important introduction, interprets this to mean that the German public has tacitly come to terms with the grim past. It has now apparently accepted these men, and many others like them.

In spite of the general tone of outrage still noticeable on the level of the court and of the better newspapers, the defendants themselves remained contemptuous and at ease, certain of ultimate freedom and confident that they had the tacit approval of their peers. Keeping this in mind, we now turn to the book. We reflect on the workings of a death factory where some three or four million people were barbarously destroyed. Yet to judge by the testimony of these men who have been sentenced to prison for literally thousands of murders each, the camp was an innocent establishment, a place for "protective custody." It doubtless knew its moments of austerity, but on the whole, it was simply a camp where people went to be "reeducated." At times, it almost sounds like fairyland . . .

### Fairyland in Poland

Chief among the defendants was Robert Mulka. In July 1942, Mulka became Deputy of the Camp Commandant, Hoess. Though second in command for about a year, he claimed to know nothing about the fact that many prisoners seemed to be dying, and of course said that he issued no orders that had any connection with these unfortunate occurrences. When questioned about his duties, he said that he had worried a lot about whether or not the camp could afford some entertainers he wished to bring there. He sometimes encountered death close at hand when he paraded at the honor funeral of one of the S.S. guards. Gas chambers? Yes, he had heard something about them over the camp grapevine. "Word," he said, "got out in the course of time." Crematory furnaces? He admitted having seen a red glow in the sky and wondered what it was: rumor had supplied details. When pressed to explain why he had not tried to discover the facts himself, he said there was "no one to ask." Not even Commandant Hoess? No, the Commandant was an "opaque man." Were there no orders about the "special treatment" of "asocial elements" and the "disinfection" of undesirables? He admitted that "there were probably some general instructions," which of course

\*Auschwitz, by Bernd Naumann, translated by Jean Steinberg, with an introduction by Hannah Arendt, Frederick A. Praeger, \$7.95.

# AUSCHWITZ: A

By THOMAS M.

bypassed his own department, for he was after all only second in command. Confronted with orders signed by himself he offered no explanation. At the end of the trial, when the prosecution was asking that Mulka be given life imprisonment for more than thirty-six thousand murders, Mulka himself simply asked the court to consider "all the circumstances which at the time brought me into my conflict situation."

The other defendants all said the same. Even those who were accused of selecting the prisoners for extermination, of driving them into the gas chambers, naked, with dogs turned loose and tearing their flesh. Of beating them to death on the "Boger swing" in "rigorous interrogations." Of injecting phenol into their hearts and killing them. Of wiping them out in mass shootings that lasted two or three hours. All these people were strangely unaware that Auschwitz had been an extermination camp and that they had been the exterminators. They admitted there were gas chambers "somewhere near the barracks." (And where were the barracks? "Somewhere near the gas chambers!") Yes, sometimes one drove a truck up "near the barracks" and one became aware that "people were busy doing something." It was even observed that "some prisoners were lying

the barracks, the gas chambers, the furnaces burning day and night. The evil smelling smoke. The glare in the night sky visible for miles. The ramp where the long freight trains arrived, the "transports" jammed with prisoners, men, women, children, from all parts of Europe. On the ramp, those selected for immediate gassing were told by a gesture to go to the right. Selection depended to some extent on the caprice or mood of the one in charge. But one could be "selected" in the camp itself. If a prisoner became seriously ill or too weak to work. If the barracks were getting too crowded. If conditions became inconvenient, efficiency might demand a housecleaning.

Delousings were not working properly in the women's camp. And a new doctor came along and solved the problem in a business-like manner. "He simply had an entire block gassed." Having thus disposed of seven hundred and fifty women prisoners, he cleaned out the block, disinfected it, deloused another batch of prisoners and moved them in. "He was the first to rid the entire women's camp of lice."

If Auschwitz was one of the main centers for the "final solution of the Jewish question," we must also remember that it dealt with other problems too. Polish intellectuals and members of the Polish resistance were sent here for torture and liquidation. Thousands of Russian prisoners of war were exterminated at Auschwitz. According to the written testimony of one of the defendants (a deposition handed to the British at the end of the war), twelve thousand Russian prisoners of war reached Auschwitz early in 1942. In six months, there were only a hundred and fifty of them still alive. "Thousands of prisoners of war were shot in a copse near Birkenau" (wrote the defendant Pery Broad). They were "buried in mass graves . . . the fisheries began to complain that the fish in the ponds in the vicinity of Birkenau were dying. Experts said this was due to the pollution of the ground water through cadaveric poison . . . The summer sun was beating down on Birkenau, the bodies . . . started to swell up and a dark red mass started to seep through the cracks of the earth."

This called for a quick and efficient solution, since the camp authorities did not like bad publicity. Twenty or thirty "very reliable S.S. men" were picked for the job. They had to sign a statement that if they violated their oath of secrecy or even hinted at the nature of their job they would be punished by death. This special detail then rounded up prisoners to do the digging. The prisoners chosen were Jews. The bodies of the Russians were exhumed and burned. "For weeks, thick white smoke continued to rise from that isolated tract of land." There were rumors. Prisoners who refused to do this job were shot. The others did not survive to tell about it.

The S.S. men on this unpleasant detail were rewarded with "special rations from the S.S. kitchen: 1 quart of milk, sausages, cigarettes and of course liquor." This, it turned out, was standard practice, and applied also to those who had the tiresome job of beating prisoners to death, or shooting them at the Black Wall, or pushing them into the gas. When things were very busy the S.S. men were seen to be pretty drunk. On one such occasion an S.S. man, trying to show off his marksmanship, unfortunately shot a colleague. He was of course punished. One of the S.S. men, Klehr, was a male nurse—a "medical orderly." He specialized in injecting his patients in the heart with phenol and thus solving all their problems at once. He was also a notorious drunk, and



around." Resting perhaps? Since resting was not the usual thing at Auschwitz, were they perhaps dead? Altogether hard to say. One had failed to notice.

What about "cap shooting," making the prisoners throw their caps away, ordering them to run over to pick up the caps, and then shooting them for "trying to escape"? What about genuine escape attempts (some of which even succeeded)? One of the former S.S. guards assured the court that there were no attempted escapes. Who would want to escape? Auschwitz, he said, was after all "a family camp." Another of the defendants, when obligingly describing the camp layout, asked the court if it would like him to point out on the map the place where he had made "a children's playground with sand-boxes for the little ones?"

Yes, there were even little ones in Auschwitz. They were marked out for play.

"The children were playing ball," says a former prisoner, "and waiting unsuspectingly . . . A woman guard came, and clapped her hands, and called out: 'All right now, let's stop. Now we take showers.' And then they ran down the steps into the room in which they undressed. And the guard took a little girl on her arm and carried her down. And the child pointed to the eagle-emblem on the cap of the S.S. woman and asked: 'What kind of birdie is that?' And that was the last I saw and heard of the child."

### The Installations

No need to describe Auschwitz, the two huge death camps about three miles apart, the guard towers, the high barbed-wire fences charged with thousands of volts,



# Family Camp

MERTON

was sometimes so intoxicated that he could no longer carry on the selections of appropriate candidates for the gas chamber. "Such selections had to be interrupted."

Klehr also had other hobbies. He was in charge of some rabbits; perhaps they were used for scientific experiments like the prisoners. At any rate he was so interested in the rabbits that he often "injected the prisoners two at a time because he wanted to get back to his rabbits." Such was the testimony of a former prisoner who had to hold the patients whom Klehr was injecting. One day the prisoner looked up and recognized the next patient in line. It was his father. Klehr was in a hurry and did not stop to ask why the prisoner was crying. He did so the next day, however. "Why," said Klehr in a burst of arbitrary generosity, "you should have told me. I would have let him live!" Favors were sometimes done at Auschwitz! The prisoner, however, had feared to speak, convinced that if he did so he would have got a shot of phenol in the heart himself.

## The Children of Zamosc

Klehr took care of a hundred and twenty Polish children from a village called Zamosc. They were killed in two batches: eighty the first day, the rest on the day after. Their parents were dead and no one quite knew what to do with them. They played in the courtyard of the hospital. "A ball had somehow turned up." Maybe that was when there were sandboxes. Another witness mentioned a balloon. But eventually the children were lined up and filed into the "examination room." Klehr was waiting for them with the syringe and the saucer of phenolic acid. The first ones screamed. After that it was somehow quieter. In the silence of the barrack, one heard the bodies falling off the chair and thumping on to the wooden floor. But Klehr did not do it all. Maybe he got bored and went to his rabbits, handing over the syringe. Scherpe, who took over, broke down under the strain and ran out of the room, refusing to kill any more children. A third S.S. man had to supply and finish the work begun. Reason for the death of the little boys from Zamosc? As a precaution against "immorality" in the camp. Auschwitz had to be very, very clean!

Other scenes with children: Outside the gas chambers and crematories where mothers with children were sent immediately upon arrival. The mothers sometimes tried to hide the children under the piles of clothing. "Sometimes the voice of a little child who had been forgotten would emerge from beneath a pile of clothing... They would put a bullet through its head."

Sometimes, children were not sent at once for "special treatment." They might be kept handy for medical experiments. In the interests of science! Or they might even be assigned to useful work. One witness, who entered Auschwitz at fourteen and survived, testified that he was on the cart detail that removed ashes from the crematory. "We got ashes from Crematory III and scattered them on the icy roads." When there were no people in the gas chambers, the capo let us warm ourselves there." Another less bucolic scene: an S.S. man who threw living children into the flames and boiling human fat of the open cremation pyres. And finally this, from a witness: "Early in the morning I saw a little girl standing all by herself in the yard... wearing a claret colored dress and [she had] a little pigtail. She held her hands at her side like a soldier. Once she looked down, wiped the dust off her shoes and again stood very still. Then I saw Boger come into the yard. He took the child by her hand—she went along; very obedi-

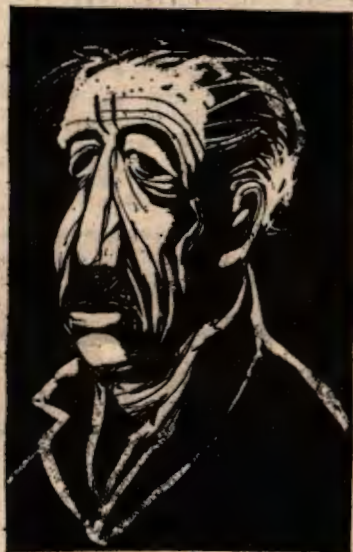
ently—and stood her with her face to the Black Wall. Once she turned around. Boger again turned her head to the wall, walked back, and shot..."

Exceptionally gentle, for Boger, one of the most brutal professional butchers in the camp. He was sometimes seen to pick up little children by the heels and smash their heads against a brick wall... But that was during moments of stress, such as the mass liquidation of the Gypsy compound.

## The Language of Auschwitz

Language itself has fallen victim to total war, genocide and systematic tyranny in our time. In destroying human beings, and human values on a mass scale, the Gestapo also subjected the German language to violence and crude perversion.

In Auschwitz secrecy was emphasized. "If you talk about what you can see from here" one prisoner was told, "you'll go through the chimney." Written records were kept cryptic, evasive. Great care was taken to destroy as much paperwork as possible before the Russians arrived. Even mention of corporal punishment was taboo. Any open reference to the realities of life and death in the camp was regarded as treason. Any guard, doctor, prison administrator, who



Rita Corbin

let out the truth could be severely punished for "defeatist talk."

This circumlocution was itself highly significant. It admitted the sinister and ironic fact that even knowledge of the truth about Auschwitz could furnish a formidable propaganda weapon to the enemies of the Reich. The very irony of the fact should have raised some urgent questions about the principle behind the camp. But the function of doubletalk and doublethink is to say everything without raising inconvenient questions. Officialdom has a talent for discussing reality while denying it and calling truth itself into question. Yet the truth remains. This doubletalk is by its very nature invested with a curious metaphysical leer. The language of Auschwitz is one of the vulnerable spots through which we get a clear view of the demonic.

Gestapo doubletalk encircles reality as a doughnut encircles its hole. "Special treatment," "special housing." We need no more than one lesson, and we gain the intuition which identifies the hole, the void of death, in the heart of the expression. When the circumlocution becomes a little more insistent, ("recovery camps for the tired") it brings with it suggestions of awful lassitude, infinite hopelessness, as if meaning had now been abolished forever and we were definitively at the mercy of the absurd.

"Disinfectants," "materials for resettlement of Jews," "Ovaltine substitute from Swiss Red Cross"—all references to Zyklon B! When a deadly poison gas is referred to as a soothing restorative, a quasi-medicine to put babies to sleep, one senses behind the phrase a deep hatred of life itself. The key to Auschwitz language is its patho-

logical joy in death. This turns out to be the key to all officialdom. All of it is the celebration of boredom, of routine, of deadness, or organized futility. Auschwitz just carried the whole thing to its logical extreme, with a kind of heavy lilt in its mockery, its oafish love of death.

"Work makes free" — the sign over the gate of Auschwitz—tells, with grim satisfaction, the awful literal truth: "Here we work people to death." And behind it the dreadful metaphysical admission: "for us there is only one freedom, death."

"To the Bath" said the sign pointing to the gas chambers. (You will be purified of that dirty thing: your life!) And as a matter of fact the gas chambers and crematories were kept spotlessly clean. "Nothing was left of them [the victims] not even a speck of dust on the armatures."

"Assigned to harvest duty" — this, in the record of an S.S. man, meant that he had been posted to Auschwitz. The double meaning of harvest was doubtless not random. It has an apocalyptic ring.

Yet the Gestapo people had an acute sense of the importance of words. One of them became quite excited in court, over the distinction between transferred and assigned.

Those who tortured escapees or resisters (and resistance could be expressed even by an expressionless face) praise the "Boger Swing" as their most effective language machine. The victim was hung from a horizontal pole, upside down, by wrists and ankles. He was whipped so vigorously that he often spun clean round on the pole. "You'll learn to talk, we have language for you" said the Gestapo men. "My talking machine will make you talk" said Boger, who was proud of his invention. In fact he has earned himself a place in history on account of it. Not an enviable place.

One of the results of the Frankfurt trial is that it makes an end of the pure Auschwitz myth: the myth of demented monsters who were twice our size, with six eyes and four rows of teeth, not of the same world as ourselves. The demonic sickness of Auschwitz emanated from ordinary people, stimulated by an extraordinary regime. The trial brought out their variety, their ordinariness, their shades of character, and even their capacity to change. In strict justice to Klehr, it must be said that he was profoundly affected by a visit from his wife in 1944, "a good kind woman... her two children were decent and well brought up." She did not suspect that her husband was involved in murder, but she knew that everything was not well at the camp. A witness overheard her saying to him: "I heard that terrible things happen here. I hope you're not involved." Klehr replied that he "cured people." But after his wife's visit, he began to treat prisoners more decently and to react against the camp methods. He even volunteered for front-line duty, and when his request was refused, he denounced a brutal camp officer and had him transferred, thus improving conditions.

It is nevertheless eerie to read the testimony of a witness who had been a neighbor of the defendant Dr. Capesius in Bucharest, and met him on the ramp where he sent her sisters, brothers and father to the gas chamber. "I still knew Dr. Capesius from Bucharest... We lived in the same building. He was a representative of Bayer. Sometimes I spoke to him and his wife..." The witness had even had coffee with Capesius and his wife in a park. That was the last time she saw him until 1944.

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Father Ambrose Schaeffer is a Benedictine priest doing graduate work at Princeton.

# Death and Transfiguration

(A sermon preached at Livingston, New Jersey on the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1967)

by Rev. AMBROSE SCHAEFFER, O.S.B.

The vision of Jesus, which through the eyes of three of his chosen disciples is set before us today, dearly beloved, is first and foremost a celebration of man, of the glory of human nature, of the brilliant light and the clear radiance surrounding him who preferred even on this occasion to be called, beyond all other names, the Son of Man—the one fully human, brother to the entire human family. It would be a mistake, I think, to run too quickly into the direction of divinity, before we have savored this apparent reality; what is divine cannot appear to us, save in the light of creation, and what is here visible is, first of all, a man in all his human splendor—of which we know so very little.

There is a gentle admonition here against our frequent derogatory use of that expression *human nature*, a use which as often betrays itself as less than quite sincere. For to ourselves we appropriate it easily, as if to gloss over our glaring hollowiness; "I'm only human," we say, or "no man is perfect,"—and rest easy in the excuse. But toward those "others," whom we will not even acknowledge as human, denouncing them in cutting terms derived from their color, their nationality, their political persuasion, or their misfortune, we find no ready pardon in that they're only human. No: they are lazy, drunken, immoral, ruthless—how endlessly resourceful the vocabulary of denunciation in the denial of another's humanity. Opposite such a dismal vision of man estranged from his brother and himself, the Son of Man shows us a vision of upward possibility.

But in the bitter memory of humankind and in the irreversible annals of history, the brilliant light of this 6th of August is—as of twenty-two years ago—linked with another glowing cloud, not warming but searing, pouring upon tens of thousands of defenseless men, women, and children, as little warned as armed, destruction, agony, despair, and death—horrid disfigurement even into boundless generations: an "infernal slaughter" and "an outrage against civilization"—that was Hiroshima. The choice of these last words is not my own, but that of our Holy Father, Pope Paul VI.

A few weeks ago, in the course of a retreat, I was with a group of men to whom the question was proposed: have you ever heard this statement of the Holy Father's, and, how does it affect you? The reply to the first part was that generally they had never heard it—and no surprise, for of the innumerable Catholic publications in our country, there was, to my knowledge, but a single national weekly that even printed his words. This fact I submit without further comment. But as to the second part, the answers were astonishing.

Typical was one reply, that the word *slaughter* was not quite fair; after all, the men who had made the decision to drop the first atomic bomb were quite sincere. Such a reply is worth some pondering. For he who made it did not answer the question—how the Holy Father's statement affected him—at all. He had not even listened to it, but took it upon himself to pick apart the words in which it was expressed. At this point another question arises; what really is our Holy Father to us—merely a ceremonial figure to give us sweet security by his smile and blessing? An oracle from whom we receive mysterious dogma requiring that we nod assent but really nothing more? Or is he really a Father to us, a Father of the family of man, to whom we listen with as much concern as is demanded by so grave an issue—addressed so unmistakably, not (as we often like to think) to someone else, some other people, some other country, to those "over there," but to us, Americans, the only nation ever to have dropped an atomic bomb on human beings?

As to the sincerity of the men burdened with the decision of unleashing this "infernal slaughter"—how wide of the mark does such a question fall! Not here, not anywhere, can we ever take up such a question—we are not God!—that we could see into another's heart and conscience to speak of his sincerity. For what concerns us—then as now—is not anyone's sincerity but the fate of those wretched tens of thousands, torn, burned, and blown to bits, regardless how sincere the man who drops the bomb or, for that matter, the strategists of "infernal slaughter" in the White House or the Pentagon.

To be as completely honest with you as I can: perhaps at this moment you are revolving such words as *disloyal* or *unpatriotic* in your minds; or more: resolving to lodge complaint or to denounce me. It has been done before—perhaps one day, soon, it can be made to stick. It is of little consequence. Of little consequence—because it would not affect reality; to silence me would not restore to life even a single peasant in Vietnam, quite likely at this very moment being ground to pieces by one of our devilish razor bombs, nor heal the hellish burns torturing the living flesh of even a single child.

It would be very easy for me to stand before you, whispering sweet nothings, spinning out consoling legends, or giving obscure interpretations—such as often pass for higher learning—of just what took place two thousand years ago.

So very easy—but quite impossible, because of the Son of Man, whose glory we see today, will one day meet us face to face. And who among us can rule out the possibility that he say to us: I was hungry—and you poisoned my rice fields; I was thirsty—and you polluted my wells; a stranger and you destroyed my home; naked and you clothed me with flaming gasoline; sick and you visited me with further agony? This is no flight of fancy. Monsignor Georg Huessler, the Holy Father's relief representative in North Vietnam, reports that over seventy hospitals and medical-aid stations have been destroyed—by our bombs! Then might we wonder when we did anything so horrible—and we would hear (dare anyone say it is impossible?): "What you did to the least of my little ones you did to me. Depart from me, accursed!"

In the brilliant light of this now inseparable double vision—Man as he still could be, and Man as he grimly has become—it is our purpose neither to judge the past nor certainly to whitewash it, but to see what took place and to see what is taking place. The Big Lie is as effective as ever, soon taxes are to go still higher and we may groan but pay our blackmail—the blackmail for our blindness and our deafness: more guns and riot squads to fire at the black Christ from whose tormented outbursts we turn away—more bombs and flaming death to pour upon the yellow Christ because such hunger and such terror, such misery and utter desolation as you, and I cannot even begin to imagine

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# Delano: the City and the Strikers

(Continued from page 1)

those strikers. Chavez, he killed this town. Two years more and it'll blow away."

Three of us now—the bartenders (also the owner), a well-dressed Mexican who for 24 years worked for a grower in offices rather than fields, and myself, discussed the strike in the deserted bar.

"They are stupid, those people. They aren't asking enough. Guys are earning more now by working for growers than the union is asking for," said the bartender.

"I'm not taking sides," said the white-collar Mexican worker. "I know both sides and can see where both are right and both wrong. I get along with all of them. I know the strikers; knew them all my life."

"This town was wide open three years ago. Now all the girls are gone. No more business," lamented the bartender.

"Yeah, we had houses out on back roads where you could go any time," agreed the office workers. "They all left. Too much noise, too many reporters and attention to this place."

For 24 years the Mexican had worked for his grower. In exactly 24 days he'd be out of a job. He wasn't worried, so he said, but he was drinking pretty heavily. No retirement, no benefits from his employer. But no job either—in 24 days, after 24 years.

As I left that bar and walked in the direction of the hotel, a tall, slender man reeled out of one of the other bars and shouted a greeting to me. "Hey, Red (ironically, that is my nickname among the men on the Bowery), where ya going?" There followed a long rather drunken monologue in which my newly found, very dark Puerto Rican acquaintance assured me of his strength, of his recently ended ten-year stint in the Army. He was a sergeant and no man should mess with him. "I'm a killer, Man. I was taught to kill." To prove his point he lifted his sportshirt, which hung loose over his belt, and revealed the silver .45 tucked into his trousers. (Richard Chavez later would tell me that a surprising number of people in Delano, especially on this side of the tracks, were armed). "You're a good guy, Red. I wouldn't hurt you," he said, while his left hand gripped my wrist. "No, I don't know anything about the United Farm Workers. United? you say, eh. Better ask over there," and he pointed toward the American side of the tracks.

I would later find out about MAC. Mothers Against Chavez is a newly formed organization, based in Delano, supposedly representing Mexican sufferers who complain bitterly and politically (with sympathetic response from Governor Reagan) about the dictatorial practices of Caesar Chavez. Their statement of purpose takes great and amusing liberties with the biblical tag about rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

## Superfluous Labor

Quite early the next morning I walked over the tracks beyond the paved roads to where the city line ends at Albany Street. Flat, sun-burnt fields of western cotton, recently ravaged by machine, stretch out for acres there. When these machines were first introduced, replacing innumerable laborers, unwise growers left them in the fields, and bitter men, their miserable employment abruptly cut short, blew them up. But there was no end to the number of machines—and no end to the misery. The cotton workers still employed despite the machine (and the greater profit which the machine brought the growers) have not received any increase in wages. What will happen when the grape-picking machines, recently developed at the University of California at no expense to the grower, are introduced is a moot point.

I walked along Albany Street, lined with the poorer type dwellings, passed yapping ill-fed dogs, until I reached the very edge of

town, and there was the union's original building, a small squat square building, its pink paint chipped and its doors without a knob. In the dusty drive lay a leaflet in Spanish which printed Chavez's ultimatum to Gulmarra.

Two Mexicans, lounging by the street sign on the corner, asked me in Spanish as I approached when the building opened. I replied that I didn't know, and, they, catching my accent, I suppose, moved across the street and left me to squat on my haunches in the early morning sun and wait for people to show.

Union building, hot sun, dust, and wide, flat spaces—these were the elements of my introduction to the union itself. It didn't really change after two weeks, for few people were around at any one time (except for Friday night meetings) because the majority of strikers are spread out across the country in cities large and small in an effort to bring Gulmarra to the bargaining table by means of a boycott of his products. But the loneliness is real.

The small "pink house," as it's called, behind this building serves now as an office building for Chavez, Jerome Cohen, and Reverend Jim Drake, whom I first met in New York City, when he arranged for the six Delano workers to stay with us. I met them all later that morning, along with the affable Mr. Kurchel, an A.F.L.-C.I.O. representative, looking uncomfortable in casual clothes, which, together with the working man's jeans and coarse shirt, are the uniforms, if any be needed, of a farm worker. An old Filipino tends the grounds and buildings with care.

I thumbed through Cohen's files on recent petitions and procedures as legal ways are sought to prevent Gulmarra from using other growers' brands; from employing illegal Greencards or wetbacks; and the testimony of Mexicans and others to illegal practices used by Gulmarra, all duly reported to the Senate's subcommittee.

Since all the officials were tied up in a meeting, I sat and talked at length with a middle-aged Mexican union member, who had come with a grievance to Chavez or Dolores Huertes. It seems he could not get along with the Mexicans (union members from Mexico) who were in charge of the crew he worked in. They were in power, he said, and he felt intimidated. Originally from Brownsville, Texas, he joined the union to get working privileges for himself and other Mexican citizens, who could not "make it" in farm labor, due to the influx of Mexican laborers, who were willing to work for pennies here in the states, for in Mexico they could live well on American pennies.

Because of the flood, it had taken a week for him to locate his sister in Brownsville, but he showed little alarm at the flood itself. It was a natural occurrence and, if it brought hardships, it was only one of many hardships which the Mexican-Americans in that area endured. Deaths, he said, were the result, even in floods, of accidents. He laughed at the millions of dollars of Federal "disaster area" funds supposedly being pumped into the area. His people would never see any of that money.

That afternoon I was driven to the Filipino hall, which is located at the other end of town, on the same non-American side of the tracks. As in Rio Grande City, though larger and more modern, this union building is a converted theatre and serves the community with a strike kitchen, meeting hall, and dispensary of groceries and clothes for striking families. Both the grounds and the building are well kept and reflect the pride the rank and file have in the union. It is here the picketers come at 4 in the morning to eat a breakfast of pancakes or eggs and coffee before they scatter to their cars, in the cold early dark, to take up their position on the country roadsides, which border the

grape fields where scabs will be working that day.

Most of these picketers are Filipinos who, with Oriental detachment, endure the long hours of picketing in the hot sun, until, weary with tedium, they return to the hall after five in the evening. The strike is into its 25th month, but morning after morning, enthusiasm is still very real in that hall.

The picketing itself, however, is neither successful (in getting scabs to leave or refuse to enter the fields) nor spirited (as it was two years ago and in Rio Grande City last June) Gulmarra always seems to have enough workers; the poor, to his great advantage, are everywhere. He will not be defeated by pickets alone; the boycott is the only way, but not this year. Maybe next year.

When the patrol car, a constant companion of the picketers, was not in our area, a few clumps of Gulmarra's grapes quenched thirsts and fed smoldering anger.

## Forty Acres

Forty Acres is both the extent, and popular name, of the property the union owns about a mile beyond the city limits. When completed the 40 acres will be enclosed by a ten-foot wall and contain a filling station-cooperative structure, currently under con-



struction, an office building, a clinic (now two converted trailer homes suffice), and other buildings. And the hostile city of Delano, a mile or so away and almost out of sight on this great plain, will be walled out, together with its immediate image, the city dump, which extends for acres along one border of Forty Acres. In the middle of these vast fields, also, a muddy swamp during the rainy season, are the squalid homes of the very poor—that misery and want will be walled out too.

The week or so remaining of my stay in Delano I spent painting the windows and the beam-like sashes of the filling station, while the regular members of the service-center crew were busy constructing two bridges across the drainage canal that runs along the highway.

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall" or a bridge: that might be county and state highway inspectors, who were constantly, from early morning until quitting time, busy with their tapes, suggestions, warnings, and threats of breaking the forms up if "regulations" were not met. Richard Chavez, carpenter for the union and in charge of construction, politely put up with their piddling harassment: only later, after the day's work and over a few beers in the People's Bar (the only bar which welcomes strikers) did he release his rage. The inspectors could not goad anyone to anger with them directly, and thereby gain the advantage; and hence in the end, the cement poured and settling, they appeared

# The Duty of Dissent

(Continued from page 4)

blackmail to save "face" for one man who lacks the moral courage to admit that he has made a colossal mistake.

In the course of the past week, the voices of five of our American Bishops, who, following in the footsteps of John Fisher, have protested against a policy shaped not by the national interest, not by Congress, not by moral principle, but by monomania nourished by the spineless counsel of flattering jackals, there was added the voice of a Bishop (like John Fisher, of a city called Rochester) particularly esteemed and beloved of American Catholics, Fulton Sheen, a voice clearly raised in behalf of our neighbor, whom to love as we do ourselves, is the heart and soul of Christian life, our neighbor in North Vietnam, whom we have already wronged so very grievously.

Only one among ten came back to Jesus—and he was singled out for praise—the man who did not run with the herd, but followed the promptings of an honest, upright, human heart, which led him, against the current of the masses, against the arrogance of power, against the waves of propaganda, but directly and unerringly, straight to the embrace of the Divine Conscientious Objector, whom we confess Christ the Lord.

# Prison Notes

(Continued from page 1)

can premise, which is indeed a working axiom: the commonweal is the businessweal.

Tragically enough, such freedoms are very far from being basic human ones. And because they are, basic human freedoms are rare enough in practice to be occasions of scandal and anger. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness means life in the crowd, liberty to help build the crowd, no happiness within the crowd, or no happiness. Free speech means freedom to wander in discussion of economic values, social mores and national purpose; freedom of religion means to worship God through reverence for Americanism; freedom of association means the right to mingle with one's peers. Such are the guts of technological society, which by its nature must be consensus and conformist.

If, on the other hand, one insists upon free speech by "telling it like it is," if one insists that religion is the living Gospel rather than institutional ethics; if one insists that association is trivial without aiming at revolutionary communities of compassion and service—then our social monolith reacts like a wounded animal—reacts to absorb, to ridicule, to ostracize and, all failing, to crush.

The law therefore is ordained to protect our freedoms, not our basic human rights—property not people. This society knows very little about what is fundamentally good for people—it knows a great deal about what it has decided is good for people. Its law expresses perfectly what it holds dear and desirable.

When therefore, our clerical friends dismiss us by saying "but they've broken the law"—they present more problems to themselves than to us. To us they present problems of analysis and articulation—but to themselves they present problems of faith, caliber of gospel, quality of life and service, the whole meaning of vocation.

as ridiculous a flustered teacher near bell time.

Of the crew that worked there, one was a mason by trade, another a mechanic, two were carpenters, one a plasterer, a young Mexican without a trade but learning a couple at a time, and an ex-priest. All shared the work that had to be done, whether it was digging the ditches for the cement foundation, shoveling dirt, hauling the wheelbarrow, or constructing the forms and securing the metal frame. So it was and will be with the station house and the buildings to come. When the foundation for the station was laid, and before that the main water-line ditch dug, every striker in the area came and took part. In vital areas, such as the cement foundation, craftsmanlike results perhaps suffer, but the community and the spirit which moves it, is strengthened, and, like the foundation itself, firmly entrenched in the ground, is prepared for the structure which will sustain or maintain them in the future.

I can say with utter conviction that events have given us certain priorities that are not negotiable with Americanism, and that they can only be exchanged for better ones.

By our best observation, Baltimore City Jail is ninety-per-cent black. Before getting immersed with our Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission, Tom was one of the key figures in the local CORE. My attempts to serve Black people go back through 12 years of priesthood. Thus we have an instant kinship with the situation. We think, while guarding ourselves against feeling maudlin about it, that one cannot be seriously against this war without identifying with its victims, who are the poor of the world and our own society. In our neighborhood back at St. Peter Claver, there are thousands of black people who have immeasurably more in common with a Vietnamese peasant, an Angolan black under the Portuguese, a Southern American mestizo than with white, middle-class Americans. All are colored, all are poor, all are oppressed, all involved, to one degree or another, in the tortuous emergence to identity and dignity. Upon realization, these facts make American nationalism a faint priority for our blacks. And when the message seeps through — only a question of time under present realities—a movement will emerge whose lines will cut across present puny divisions. That's what Stokely Carmichael may be all about.

Tom and I hold open house every morning in our infirmary ward, and sometimes well into the afternoon. The brothers speak to us—we feel it is very important to listen and not talk, for in telling us of their lives, they tell us about this society and they suggest the course of change. Their histories state very clearly what we have done and are doing—why we must stop—what we must do to heal ourselves and them.

I recall, from a book of black history, the testimony of a 14th Century European explorer, one of the first to investigate some of the reigning black civilizations in Africa. "An incredible justice is the rule here," he wrote, "one's property can be left behind and found secure months later. Everywhere respect, contentment and peace seems to reign." If it is different now with the same people coming from such ancestry, we must honestly ask why. Maybe it's due partly to the fact that our well-masked and moralized thievery from our Indians, from blacks themselves, from other nations, from the world's poor, has been necessarily learned as a condition of survival. An odd twist on the Gospel phrase—"the servant is not above the master."

With all the tools of history and propaganda at our command—it is a simple thing to call blacks a race of thieves and irresponsible. That we still do this, moreover, points chiefly to one thing: the flock coming home to roost in the gathering storm.



## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

to my place, that I could think nothing, feel nothing, but only say most heartfelt prayer for Pope Paul, who has been ill, and who looked that morning as though he were under great strain. He seemed, however, as the Mass went on, to draw strength from the numbers of the people.

I was told of this honor the afternoon before, while I was in the great auditorium of the Palazzo Pio. I was listening with such intense interest to the words of Rev. Valdo Galland, general secretary of the World Student Christian Federation, who was talking about the situation in Latin America, referring particularly to the guerrilla warfare going on there, and the tragic death of Che Guevara, that I did not realize that Donna Myers was trying to tell me something important. So many people come up to greet you or tell you they heard you speak five, ten or fifteen years ago, that I kept saying to her, "Wait, I must hear this. I'll see you later." But she had another message to deliver and went on, telling me to pick up my special ticket right away.

Of course I was happy at that Mass, feeling as I did that I was representing the men from our soupline, the pickets from Delano, and all Cesar Chavez's fellow workers in California and Texas, and the little babies and small children of the agricultural workers who are at present at our farm in Tivoli in the day-care center.

I prayed, too, for all our readers and writers, all those who break bread with us, all those we encounter each day. I prayed for the dead, including Che Guevara, who figured so prominently in the minds of men this past week. And for Lolita LeBruch, one of the Puerto Ricans in prison for the violent assault on the House of Representatives some years ago, who had just written me, and for all those nonviolent ones who are in prison today, for their conscientious objection to the terrible Vietnam war in which we are now engaged.

### Impressions

When we 150 privileged ones were herded behind the wooden fences that are constantly being shifted around in St. Peter's, there were three ushers who kept track of us most carefully. We were their charges and they kept counting us. At first to see that no one else crept in, under the barriers, and later, I suppose, to see that there would be sufficient hosts consecrated for us in Pope Paul's ciborium. Anyway, it made me think of prisoners being counted over and over. Then too, they were watchful of our dress. One African woman in gorgeous native costume let her scarf slide down around her waist, exposing neck and shoulders and bare arms. An usher pushed in to redrape her. Another young woman did not have a veil and a piece of white chiffon was provided. It seemed to me that it was long before communion time that we were ushered out two by two, to form two columns on one side of the great central altar. We were pushed forward and then backward, so that we would be evenly distributed. It was then that I noticed how the carpets were attached to the marble floors by very wide pieces of scotch tape, a thoughtful piece of housekeeping to keep the cardinals from stumbling. I may say that I was very preoccupied with whether I was going to stumble, or whether one knee would give way under me as I ascended or descended the steps. And all during these distractions the Sistine choir sang a great Gregorian Mass, with the Magnificat at the end.

### The Work of the Word

Actually, the important part of the Congress was the workshops. At the big general meeting there were only a few speakers and most of the meetings were to listen to reports on the workshop. Since reports were in any of four lan-

guages, we were happy to use the very good earphones and transistor sets, which helped us to understand not only the French and Spanish speakers, but those who spoke indistinctly in English.

The workshops were groups of 15-20 people, English-Spanish, English-French, English-German, etc., with different chairmen who led discussion on man's spiritual attitudes, the family, tensions between generations, cooperation between men and women, social communications, economic development and access to culture, peace and world community and migration. There was another series of eight workshops later and after each series there was a general report. When our workshop on peace got through with nine hours of discussion, there was a summing up. There were six sections on peace and world community and each of the six had a report, and they all had to be combined into one report to be delivered at the plenary session. Then later, after more meetings with members of the various national delegations, resolutions were formulated and voted upon. It will be seen that it was amazing to find as much amity and order as there was. It was all beautifully planned and worked out and everyone felt that large segments of the articulate laity certainly had been heard.

But at the close of it all, it was inevitable that there should be some dissatisfaction, and the conviction that nothing had really been settled, especially in the fields of birth control and war. (Racism was condemned unanimously).

Priests were of course in evidence accompanying their delegations. I heard one priest say that it was surprising how many of the delegates, far more than had been expected, were against birth control. Another priest said rather coldly that it was evident that the Congress was packed with conservatives. Practically all the priests I spoke to said that the decision was to be made by the married couples themselves, according to their conscience.

No one of course was really satisfied with the resolutions but most felt that they were beginnings of discussion, and that a great deal of work was necessary on the part of lay people to work and study and develop a strong conscience about the problems of the day.

Towards the close of the conference, four or five young people were invited to speak. (All the speeches at the Congress were truly brief.) One complained that youth was poorly represented and that no provision for them to come had been made. Another that the rural populations of the world were not represented. Another that the Congress was not ecumenical enough, that other religions of the East, for instance, were not represented. Also that the Third World be more represented at these congresses, and that they be held at centers other than Rome. One young man was cut short, rather rudely, I felt, when he said that young people had not much relationship with the Establishment, that little opportunity or time had been given them to get together or to express themselves, and that other people of middle age were speaking for them.

On the whole the young people spoke well and clearly at this small opportunity given them in the final meeting, which took place with the Synod of Bishops present and so many cardinals that a special place had to be reserved for them.

I will continue my journal in the next issue of the Catholic Worker, and I am hoping to meet Danilo Dolci and to tell of his work in Sicily, and then proceed to London to be present at three PAX meetings in England.

I spoke on the ship coming over to a class of sixty seminarians on their way to the Ameri-

can College at Rome, and here in Rome I spoke to all the post-graduate students of the American College, who were already ordained. I spoke also, with Tom Cornell, at a meeting of Italian peace workers at the YMCA in Rome, many of the members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. I also was delighted to meet Fabrizio Fabbri, former professor at the university here, who had been imprisoned for six months for his conscientious objection to military service. Those months he spent in an underground cell, with nine other prisoners who were there on other charges. They ate and slept and lived without work or without exercise. I consider him a modern martyr, and hope to interview him later.

I am sending back a mass of material — resolutions and



speeches — to Marty Corbin for him to go over and cull from it things he thinks best. But probably the diocesan papers have carried far more complete stories than the daily press.

But I do want to share with our readers some of the delightful and more leisurely aspects of this journey.

The ship Marguerite Harris and I were travelling on was making an excursion trip and was packed to the full. Many Italian-Americans who have prospered in the States return to their country for visits and choose a long trip which will stop at many ports where they can shop and bring their purchases back to their staterooms. They do not have to pack and repack as they go from city to city and hotel to hotel, but remain on shipboard as if in a hotel for a month or more.

The Raffaello stopped at Madeira, then the Canaries, and after a few hours at Gibraltar we proceeded to Mallorca. Buses met us at each port and transported us up high mountains, through savage valleys, up more mountains, even on one occasion bringing us to the very tip of a volcano supposed to be extinct. Thinking of Martini-que, I wondered how any householder could bear to build a dwelling down on the flat floor in the cone. Perched as we were on what seemed to be a wave of petrified lava, surrounded too by wave after wave of barren soil, we shuddered at the sight.

Madeira and Mallorca alone seemed fertile. I was delighted in Mallorca to visit the Carthusian monastery, which after its confisca-

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### NOTICE

Our last issue was published in September. Because of difficulties involved in mailing out the appeal, we have been forced to skip the October issue.

## A Farm With a View

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probably even more neglected than those on the West Coast.

Early in October, Mrs. Rita Davis, with five of her eight children, came up with Ruth and David Collins to enjoy a vacation from her Harlem tenement. Mr. and Mrs. George Wolf, who visited us last Spring, brought their six little ones for another long weekend. John Willis has brought several of his large family to visit their grandmother here. Mrs. Willis, who teaches in the Red Hook public school system, has been spending her weekends in the cabin built by Joe Dumenski and last used as a hermitage by Hugh Madden. Mrs. Willis, who held open house in her woodland cottage one Sunday afternoon, has had the place insulated and added some feminine touches which might seem luxurious to the austere builder.

The gayest assemblage of children, however, gathered here on the night of Dorothy Corbin's birthday party. Since Dorothy's birthday falls on the twenty-ninth of October, Rita decided that a Halloween party would be most appropriate. Peggy Conklin provided decorating materials, treats, prizes, etc. Will Gilbert did most of the decorating, and, I am told, created a real Halloween atmosphere. Some of John Filligar's pumpkins, transformed into highly original Jack-o'-lanterns, undoubtedly added a note of authenticity. That night John and Will shared honors as masters of ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blum brought a number of their fifteen children, who are, I think, among the most attractive and best behaved children I have ever met. Lorraine Freeman's three boys were on hand. The children were, of course, appropriately costumed, with Sally Corbin as a most entrancing witch and Johnny Hughes as a most ghostly ghost. Rita Corbin, however, almost stole the show by appearing as such a convincing Charlie Chaplin that her own children hardly recognized her. There was bobbing for apples, dancing, with Kay Lynch leading the children in some lively steps, guitar playing by Audrey Monroe and Will, games, and a grand peanut hunt to close the evening.

Among many who have visited here in recent weeks are: Joe and Audrey Monroe, Mary Lathrop, Pat Rusk, Father John J. Hugo, Father Jude Mill, who said Mass for us one Sunday and then spent the day with us, Carmen Mathews, with her friend Dennis Glenny from Australia, Howard and Louise Moore, Charlie Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John van Kilsdonk, of Phoenix, Arizona, several of the California agricultural workers who are staying in a CW apartment in New York and, using Cesar Chavez's methods, are trying to promote a boycott of the products of the powerful West Coast grape growers.

In the fall, when we are a smaller family and life moves at a slower pace, there is more time to walk, to talk, to read, to meditate. Under the inspiration of Helene Iswolsky some of us—Marty, Kay, Joan, and I, with an occasional visitor—have formed a Russian study group. Hoping perhaps to create the right mental climate for this endeavor, Marty and I are re-reading Dostoyevsky's powerful novel *The Possessed*. Pursuing our Russian studies further, several of us—Marty, Kay, Audrey, Charlie Murray, and Helene, who was of course personally acquainted with the speaker—went to hear a professor from Princeton speak at Bard College on Russian folklore.

Another speaker whom we were privileged to hear—this time at Vassar College—was Saul Alinsky, whose work in the ghettos and on behalf of civil rights has made him the anathema of the Ku Klux Klan and other such groups. He is a true apostle of direct action; and as Dorothy

Day has often pointed out, his approach has much in common with that of the Catholic Worker. His talk was hard-hitting and honest, devoid of rhetorical embellishment. He is, I think, the kind of leader, or perhaps I should say worker, whom the poor can trust. The chief object of his work seems to be to help the poor—at their request—organize themselves so that they can effectively help themselves.

Peace continues to be a paramount interest with us. Marty Corbin and Wally Kendrick took part in a peace demonstration in Poughkeepsie during the week preceding the big Washington demonstration. Stanley Vishniewski and Wally took part in the demonstration in Washington. Both said that they knew from personal observation that many of the press and radio accounts were distorted and false. Stanley himself wrote up the demonstration for the Camden Star-Herald, for which he writes a regular column.

Dorothy Day continues her pilgrimage and her own work for peace in Europe, first in Rome at the Congress of the Laity, then in England at the Pax conference. Since this issue of the paper goes to press on Dorothy's birthday, November eighth, I wish her on behalf of all the Farm family a very happy birthday. May God bless her and help her to continue her work for peace and for the Catholic Worker for many years to come. We miss Dorothy, of course, and hope that her work abroad will soon be finished and that she will be with us once again here at the Farm.

Although there is not as much work to be done in the Fall, there is always a great deal of routine work just to keep things going in a place like ours. Some of those who make this possible include: John Filligar, Hans Tunnesen, Mike Sullivan, George Burke, Fred Lindsey, Placid Decker, Jim Canavan, Alice Lawrence, Kay Lynch, Joan Welch, Marty and Rita Corbin, Marge Hughes, Reginald Highbill, Bob Stewart, and finally Ron Gessner and Elizabeth Durand who have recently come up from some important work in the kitchen at Chrystie Street to help out here. The wonderful thing is that, though the work is routine those who do the work, do so in a way that is not routine.

One afternoon in early October, with a wild Shelleysian wind blowing, Ruth Collins and I went for a walk between the railroad tracks and the river. The Hudson is tidal; the tide was in; and the wind sent the waves crashing against the shore with a roar which reminded me of our beach on Staten Island. The wind flailed us. The waves tumbled noisily toward the river's edge. Trains thundered by, toothing a salute. Then in the midst of the din, I heard a familiar sound; the honking of wild geese. Ruth heard, too, and looked. There they were, in full formation, flying south. Before the first formation passed out of sight, another flight came into view. They did not falter; they used the means God had given them. O God, help us to do as well.

It is November. We move towards Thanksgiving. We have much to be thankful for. Most particularly, we thank Him for the Catholic Worker, for Dorothy Day, for all our friends, benefactors, readers, and contributors. Deo gratias.

### Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot saffron tea. Everyone is welcome.



# AUSCHWITZ

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at Auschwitz. "I recognized him right away . . . I was happy to see him. When I stood in front of him all he said was: 'How old are you?' and sent me to the right." However, it may be noted that in sending her to the right he had saved her life. Not even Boger can be regarded without qualification as a pure monster. Auschwitz becomes a little more horrible when we have to admit that Boger too is a human being.

Boger and his colleagues were all more or less the products of a society at least as respectable and as civilized as that of New York or London. They had all received an education, some of them higher education. They had been brought up, it is said, in "Christian homes," or at least in middle-class Christianity has been willing to overlook the possible difference. Before Hitler, they lived and moved among "respectable people" and since Hitler they have done the same. How is it that for twelve years in between they could beat and bash and torment and shoot and whip and murder thousands of their fellow human beings, including even their former neighbors and friends, and think nothing of it?

In the first place, it would be wrong to say that they all thought nothing of it. One among the defendants who comes close to being tragic is Dr. Lucas. We sense in him a complex, lonely, tormented character who knew he was involved in a wrong that he could not entirely escape. Perhaps he might have escaped it. No one will ever be able to say with finality. But in any event he elected to go along with the system, to participate in the "selections," while at the same time practicing the ambivalent quasi-unconscious resistance technique of the "good soldier Schweik."

Witness after witness spoke out in favor of Dr. Lucas. He was different from the others. Yes, he sent people to their death, but many witnesses recognized that he had saved their lives. Still he remained identified with the machinery of organized murder, and recognized that in so doing he had ruined his own life. Another who admitted that Auschwitz had been a doubtful quality in his life was Stark. He had gone to the camp as an S.S. guard when still in his teens. He had not yet finished school. Shooting, beating and killing were, for him, normal facts of life. He accepted them without question. He had practically grown up under Hitler and did not learn the difference until later. "I regret the mistakes of my past," he said, "but I cannot undo them."

What about Boger? Though he consistently denied everything said by witnesses, in the end his defense was content to ask for leniency rather than life imprisonment, on the grounds that Boger had merely done his duty as a good policeman.

This seems to sum up Boger's rather aggrieved view in his own case. Boger defended his "swing" right to the end. How could one refuse a conscientious police official the right to use "rigorous methods of interrogation?" Boger bluntly addressed the court on the virtues and necessity of these methods. They were highly practical. His defense lawyer expostulated with the Jury: "the swing was not intended as torture: it was the only effective means of physical suasion."

The shocking thing about the views of both Boger and his lawyer is that they are evidently quite sincere. Not only that, they are views with which, it is assumed, other people will sympathize without difficulty.

In his final statement to the court, Boger made a distinction between the genocidal extermination of the Jews, which he admitted was perhaps a bit rough, and what he himself thought most im-

portant at the time: "the fight against the Polish resistance movement and Bolshevism."

Boger's case has now become an open appeal to the "good Germans," who, he assumes agree with him; they will easily approve the rigors of his interrogation methods since they were justified by anti-Communism.

At this point, there swims into view a picture taken at another investigation, (hardly a trial) in the state of Mississippi. We see the smiling, contemptuous, brutal faces of the police deputies and their colleagues who are allegedly the murderers of three civil-rights workers in the summer of 1964. Whatever may have been the facts in the case, one feels that in Mississippi and Auschwitz the basic assumptions are not very different. Instead of seeing the Bogers and Klehrs of Auschwitz as fabulous, myth-sized and inhuman monsters, we come to recognize that people like them are in fact all around us. All they need is the right kind of crisis, and they will blossom out.

Such is the first conclusion. We have learned to associate the incredible brutality and inhumanity of Auschwitz with ordinary respectable people, in an extraordinary situation.

Second: Auschwitz worked because these people wanted it to work. Instead of resisting it, rebelling against it, they put the best of their energies into making genocide a success. This was true not only of one or two psychopaths but of an entire bureaucratic officialdom, including not only the Secret Police and Nazi party members but also managers and employees of the industries which knowingly made use of the slave labor provided in such abundance by the camp.

Third: although it was usual to argue that "they had no choice" and that they were "forced" to comply with orders, the trial showed a more complex and less excusable picture of the defendants. Almost all of them committed gratuitous acts of arbitrary cruelty and violence which were forbidden even by the Gestapo's own rules. Some were even punished by the S.S. for these violations. Was there no choice? There are on record refusals of men who simply would not take part in murder and got themselves transferred. Why was not this done more often? Let us clearly spell out two of the circumstances. Auschwitz was safe. One was not at the front, and there was practically no danger from bombing planes. And there were privileges: the work was no doubt disagreeable to some, but there were extra rations, smokes, drinks. Finally, there can be little doubt that many of these men tortured and killed because they thoroughly enjoyed it.

Fourth: what does all this add up to? Given the right situation and another Hitler, places like Auschwitz can be set up, put into action, kept running smoothly, with thousands of people systematically starved, beaten, gassed, and whole crematoria going full blast. Such camps can be set up tomorrow anywhere and made to work with the greatest efficiency, because there is no dearth of people who would be glad to do the job, provided it is sanctioned by authority. They will be glad because they will instinctively welcome and submit to an ideology which enables them to be violent and destructive without guilt. They are happy with a belief which turns them loose against their fellow man to destroy him cruelly and without compunction, as long as he belongs to a different race, or believes in a different set of semi-meaningless political slogans.

It is enough to affirm one basic

principle: ANYONE BELONGING TO CLASS X OR NATION Y OR RACE Z IS TO BE REGARDED AS SUBHUMAN AND WORTHLESS, AND CONSEQUENTLY HAS NO RIGHT TO EXIST. All the rest will follow without difficulty.

As long as this principle is easily available, as long as it is taken for granted, as long as it can be spread out on the front pages at a moment's notice and accepted by all, we have no need of monsters: ordinary policemen and good citizens will take care of everything.

ED. NOTE: Articles by Thomas Merton have appeared in recent issues of the National Catholic Reporter, Motive, and Hudson Review.

## St. James House

1107 "O" St., N.W.  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Friends:

St. James House is now five months old. A chart on our kitchen wall lists the number of people who come for soup each day. The numbers read: 52, 68, 78, 40, 61, etc. The men, mostly Negroes, begin arriving at ten a.m. and we close the door at noon. Beans or split peas form the base of the soup, and bones are given free of charge by a local chain supermarket. Friends in Virginia, vegetable farmers, have generously provided us with large quantities of tomatoes, squash and corn throughout the growing season.

A few days ago, one of the men who had been staying with us passed out drunk on our front steps. We did not let him in, because he had caused too much disorder in the house. For some reason the police came by. In an unfortunate confusion, Cathy and I were arrested along with our friend when we refused to let go of him after the police decided to arrest him. We explained to the two policemen that we knew the man but were trying to stop him from coming in because he had been drinking too much. However, we did not mind his sleeping on our steps. If they were going to arrest him, we most certainly would rather take him inside.

A tug of war ensued, with the two of us (the baby in Cathy's arms) pulling our friend one way and the two policemen pulling him the other way. The policemen were shortly reinforced with two more patrol cars, two paddy wagons and eight policemen. Our friend and I landed in one wagon and Cathy in the other. Juanita Clare was also taken (protesting in the only way she knew how) to a police car and later to a special home. She was retrieved an hour later by Willa Bickham, a volunteer worker who is staying with us. Cathy and I spent the night in jail when we refused to post ten dollars collateral. The original charge, impeding an officer, was reduced to disorderly conduct, and finally dropped in court the next morning (as was the intoxication charge against our friend.)

One of the important reasons for our action was that we did not want the people in our neighborhood to think that we would call the police on anyone. No matter what the truth was, the inevitable impression on the Negro people in our area would have been that white policemen came to our white house and removed a Negro man. Now there can be no confusion. If we had acted otherwise, we certainly would not last long in this Negro ghetto, or in any other. And we did it nonviolently, without making enemies of the police.

At present, our funds are very low. The heating bill for winter promises to be formidable, along with the regular bills for rent, food, gas, and electricity. Begging is our only means of gaining the material (and spiritual) necessities for our daily living.

Peace in Christ,  
David Miller

## Death and Transfiguration

(Continued from page 5)

have driven him into a frenzy of despair. For that we give billions upon billions—unimaginable sums of money—and there is nothing left to destroy the rats that infest the cities of the richest nation in the world! Only this past week the sum assigned to the desperately needed improvement of education was pared to insignificance, but a far greater sum was readily at hand to prepare another battleship to work still more destruction among the little ones of Jesus Christ!

When that great President of ours, whose words the older among us will recall, said that we had nothing to fear but fear itself, he said as much as what Jesus spoke to us upon coming down from the mountain of Transfiguration: Be not afraid—he not afraid of me, who am your brother; be not afraid, because I cry out to you in hunger and in pain. Be not afraid—but listen to the Holy Father and to my voice within you, to stop the criminal insanity (called in the phrases of the Big Lie: defense of freedom) of which the whole world stands in terror.

The vision of the Son of Man contains a glorious promise—and an awful responsibility. Never has the womb of creation been so open, nor its wounds so gaping. The possibility still lies within our choice: for the lords of war—or for the Prince of Peace.

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)

tion by the state back in the eighteen-thirties, rented an apartment there to Chopin and George Sand. The three-room apartments each looked out on a fragrant herb and flower garden, always with a little fountain, and surrounded by a wall. A place to sit and read the psalms as well as to cultivate a garden—fruits and vegetables, bees perhaps for honey, and why not a chicken or rabbit or two?

Chopin's piano was there and not only the manuscript of his music, but that of George Sand's book, *Winter in Mallorca*, a piece of writing that reminded me in its bitter humor of Mary McCarthy's. George Sand had her two children with her, Maurice and Solange, fifteen and twelve years old respectively. She scandalized the islanders and they were frightened to death of Chopin's illness. Also the island was overcrowded. There was a civil war going on in Spain, and Belver Castle, built in the thirteenth century for the Mallorcan kings, was crowded with prisoners. M. Laurent, the artist, visited it and said that he saw fifty naked Carlist prisoners, some only children, "boisterous as they filled their tins with coarse boiled macaroni while the guards sat smoking cigars and knitting stockings." The story was that there were 20,000 war refugees from the mainland on the island.

No wonder George Sand wrote: "Why travel unless you must? It is not so much a question of traveling as of getting away; which of us has not some pain to lull or some yoke to cast off?"

"I should like to envisage the human race as happier, hence calmer and more enlightened, and leading two complementary lives: a sedentary life of devotion to a happy home, work in the city, study and philosophical meditation; and an active life, of devotion not only to the honest exchange which will one day replace the shameful traffic we call commerce, but to inspirations of art, scientific research and above all to the broadcasting of ideas.

"In a word I see the natural end of travel as a satisfaction of a need for contact, communication and the congenial exchange of ideas—pleasure should coincide with duty."

George Sand regarded the religion of the peasants as ugly superstition. She tells of a peasant awakened by his complaining pigs and reciting his rosary "in a dismal voice which, according as drowsiness came and went, died away or rose again like the distant murmur of the waves. From time to time the hogs still let loose a wild cry, whereupon the peasant would raise his voice without interrupting his prayer; and the gentle beasts, calmed by an *ora pro nobis* or an *Ava Maria*, grew calm at once."

Chopin, however, was deeply

affected by the religion in the life of the people around him, and his religious attitude as well as his ill health caused him to break off their relationship.

## Joe Hill House

(Continued from page 3)

travelling across the country stop here. Murphy (Cajun) Dowdous and his wife Suzanne are staying here for a while and we enjoy his songs. At one of our Friday night meetings he will give a talk on Woody Guthrie, the author of so many of our good songs, who died recently.

For CW readers and transients who come to Salt Lake City, the address of the Joe Hill House is: 3462 S. Fourth W., two blocks south of the Vitro smokestack.

On October 21 I led 415 peace marchers downtown; we went single file for 17 blocks. I rang the bell at Bishop Feredal's residence and the sacristan, an old friend of mine, opened the door and took the pacifist literature I left for the Bishop. The paper had said that we would not be allowed to have a meeting at the Federal Plaza at the end of the parade. I was ready to be arrested on the issue of free speech, but they allowed myself and four others to speak to five hundred people assembled there. I said that there are three ways going on now: One, that of 170,000 Utah hunters who that day were out shooting deer and pheasants. Two, half a million American soldiers were in Vietnam shooting Cong and peasants. Third, a million Negroes, Indians, migrants and we radicals were revolting against Johnson and the exploitation which went with his emphasis upon materialism. This war would go on, and while we might never win, we would continue our fight. The day before, eight students had intruded in the recruiting station and were arrested.

Joe Hill House was honored to have a visit from Paul Mann and his wife and baby, and Jack Cook. Two students who had been taking acid and smoking pot last winter wrote to me that they had ceased this activity, saying that they were lucky to stop in time. Governor Rampton has invited the Dow Chemical Company to erect a plant in Utah. This means more picketing against the makers of napalm.

November is the month of radical martyrs. November 11 is the Feast day of that pacifist who refused the bonus of gold from Caesar early in the Fourth Century: St. Martin of Tours. That day is the anniversary of the Haymarket martyrs, anarchists who were hanged on Nov. 11, 1887. November 19 is the 52nd anniversary of the execution of Joe Hill here in Salt Lake City. This month the University of Utah is publishing the most comprehensive book to date on Joe Hill by Gibbs Smith.