

# THE CATHOLIC WORKER



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## ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

All Saints Day, 1963  
Taena Community,  
between Stroud, Cheltenham  
and Gloucester, England

It is good to spend the Feast Day with this community of families which had its beginnings in 1940 and through three moves, and various vicissitudes, has continued until now, and will, God willing, continue. There are twelve adults and twenty-three children. Three single men, a farmer, a potter and sculptor. There are not enough workers of the land for these 130 acres, with its 25 cows, 45 sheep and 80 chickens, 15 acres of wheat and 5 of potatoes, so they hire a lad, David, and recently a group of girls from a reform school nearby came to harvest the potatoes.

Barbara goes out to work as county nurse, George Ineson as an architect, Tom as an accountant, but now he has been in the hospital with a stroke. Say a prayer for him.

### Community and The Land

I have slept at Ronald and Hilary's home these last nights and there is in the house besides me, two single men and eight children, and Hilary's mother who is visiting. Hilary, a tall young woman who met her husband in Germany in Quaker Relief Work, and has spent her entire married life in community, does all the cooking, washing and caring for eight children. It is an old stone farm-

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## CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

This has been a month of changes, though here everything is always in a state of flux. Dorothy has been in England, and Ed Forand has been on a two-week vacation. Bob Stewart, Chris Kearns, Monica Ribar, Al Leonard, Arthur J. Lacey, Polish Walter, Walter Kerell, all of us had to tighten our schedules and share the burden. There is more to it than just putting in the time. The man in charge, (i.e. with the money), has to have the respect of the men so that he can exert gentle authority when a fight is simmering, or when someone is tearing up by himself. At the same time he has to listen to an endless catalogue of woes, some of them real, some of them not so real, and for better or worse he has to make decisions. Chris has carried much of the load. I am comparatively safe up on the third floor most of the time.

### Visitors

Three seminarians from Maryknoll came in last week with food, flour and lots of clothing, men's and women's. We are really desperately in need of serviceable winter clothing for the endless line of ill-clad people who live in our area. We are very grateful to Maryknoll for their friendship and for the great help they have given us.

Fr. Lauder brought 30 ladies from St. Joseph's College. We went through the House with them, then we split up into three groups. Chris spoke of pacifism on the third floor, Monica of hospitality on the second floor, and I spoke on the CW background and our involvement with

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R. O. Hodgell

Sing to the Lord a new song, sing to the Lord, all the earth,

Sing to the Lord, bless his name, proclaim his salvation from day to day.

Tell his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all peoples.

For the Lord is great and to be praised exceedingly, he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the gentiles are idols, but the Lord made the heavens.

Majesty and beauty go before him; might and glory are in his holy dwelling-place.

Give to the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples, give to the Lord glory and might; give to the Lord the glory of his name.

Offer sacrifices and go into his courts; adore the Lord in holy attire.

Tremble before him, all the earth; say among the heathen: The Lord reigns.

He has established the world, so that it may not be moved: he rules the people with justice.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; let the sea roar and the

fullness thereof; let the field exult and all that is therein.

Then all the trees of the forest shall be joyful before the Lord, for he comes, for he comes to rule the earth.

He will rule the world with justice, and the peoples with his truth.

Psalms 95.



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## Archbishop Roberts And the Peace Question

By JONAS WINTERS

As the second session of the Council opens, there are many signs in the air, telling of a Church which is slowly recovering from the malaise of her recent history. In all these signs, one notices a common element which is really the basis for the hopeful prognosis of men like Kung, Bea, Rahner, and others. The Church is showing a larger interest in the world 'outside.' So the bulletin might read: 'The world matters, the patient is recovering.' It is almost as simple as that. All the medicines in the world can do little for the patient who is indifferent to the world. For the world—its voices, its lives, its needs, its rich and rhythmic variety—is itself the best medicine for man.

The Incarnation had said as much, if we had ears to hear. One of its best implications is surely so simple a thing as the 'visibility,' the necessary sensuous character of the sacred, given human life. Men of God are not faceless beings; they are made in the image of a God who wears a human face. And this face is turned moreover, in the direction of human life and action, as the supreme religious adventure of history—to man's fear, to man's wilfulness, to the relief of his ignorance & uncharity.

God has consecrated Himself to man, so it remains clear that after Christ's coming, there could be no such thing as Christian vocations to invisibility. Believers can never be granted a wish which Christ has shown to be simply pagan; the wish to bow out of the world, for the honor of God.

This viewpoint of Christian vocation as a creature of time and place, is constantly in need of being recalled. History has shown the fierce pull which the instinct for the hidaway exerts on religious men. With them, the temptation to invisibility takes a particularly subtle form, almost in proportion as a single insight, that of the holiness of God, has taken hold of them. What can holy God have to do with the impurities of human life? This is the key question of such men. In face even of the Incarnation, it remains their key question. Granted the fact of Christ, granted even the catholic character of His church, it still remains true that the divine must be protected. The things of God otherwise remain at the mercy of hands that are stained with sin, uneasy in the presence of God, seldom joined in prayer, miserly and carnal. So the task of religion is to bind men, to lead them about, to restrict their exposure to the world, rather than to allow them a freedom for which they are perennially (read perhaps: congenitally) unready.

Such a mentality as this inevitably builds temples to its own name. And the temple's real use

is ambiguous; it houses not so much areas of worship as space for men under siege. There, the atmosphere is charged with rigidities of all kinds. In a kind of Kafkaesque nightmare, men no longer even examine the topography that lies 'outside.' They fight paper battles in closed rooms, with a kind of mad urgency. Inside the fortress, time is no longer measured by the achievements, the words, the world currents and rhythms that beat elsewhere. But if the insiders only troubled to notice, all the old enemies who had once laid siege against believers long since pulled up stakes and departed—presumably because the insiders were no longer any threat. The fortress has become a museum piece.

Our parable has a good factual basis, as many of us have known for a long time. The difference now, however, is that everyone is saying as much. There is no longer question of a few harassed people in each country, carrying the burden of the Church's mission of freedom, speaking, if at all, to a very few, only under risk, only in hope. The old fortress has been breached; the miracle is that the breach came from within. Someone with a passion for fresh air, and fresh words, and an ingenuous love of life, swung the windows open on their rusty hinges, and a tornado entered.

Things can never again be quite as they were. It will never again be possible, in this century at least, to silence men without a hearing, to rebuke men without just cause, to violate justice and charity in the name of someone's orthodoxy. Air and light have entered; good men have found one another, and have begun to ask the right questions. And their questions turn in two crucial directions: toward the past (why were we ever subject to such indignities?) and to the future (where do we go from here? What can we do to change things?). Merely to ask such questions, in one or another form, is to have won out. Pope John showed the way, as everyone knows. The statement is made here to insist on one point—the point, really of this article. In the church, the crucial man is inevitably the man in authority, who is unafraid to speak out.

There have been perhaps several thousand thoughtful men in America and Europe, who during our own century have been speaking up for freedom. They were men of all countries; they represented almost all cultural and intellectual traditions. They brought a heavy weight of learning, holiness and courage to bear on every human issue they met. They were political leaders, sociologists, theologians, scientists, missionaries, worker priests. Many

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## Jack Horner and the Black Pontiacs

By KARL MEYER

Nearly a year has passed, and the dust has settled at A. C. McClurg and Co. allowing me to resume my story of Company, Union and the common good, interrupted so abruptly when I was fired on the day after Christmas last December.

In the Catholic Worker that month I had a story about my work and some practices of my bosses. Mainly, I attacked speed-up, low wages and excessive overtime, which burdened the employed at the expense of the unemployed who badly need work. I also attacked discrimination against Negroes, which obviously prevailed in the hiring practices of the Company at that time (around August this year there was a sudden and noticeable change and quite a few Negroes were hired in a couple of weeks and more since.)

On December 26, I was fired, allegedly for errors in my story. The officer of the Company who did the firing claimed there were four times as many Negroes working there as I had ever seen, and he said there were many other slanderous errors in the story.

In January 1963 I published a general apology for any errors which may have appeared. Subsequently, I was reinstated with back pay by a Settlement Agreement between Company and Union, through grievance procedures of the National Labor Relations Board.

Having told my version of the McClurg Story, I will begin with the appearance of professional organizers for the Warehouse and Mail Order Employees Union, Local 743 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

I had already told my boss at the Book Supply division that I was planning to leave to seek a higher paying job. Then one day in late November, on one of my regular order picking trips to the main warehouse of our parent Company, I picked up a Union leaflet. It asked directly, "Can you afford to lose \$1,000 a year?" I signed the card attached and sent it in.

The organizer called me and asked about the Book Supply Co., which I had put down as my employer. I said it was a small divi-

ally of many workers was hard to crack. They told us all our grievances at length, but didn't say much about organizing ourselves to correct them. They wanted a list of our complaints to write about in their leaflets, and then they dug and dug for evidence of labor law violations by Company supervisors, so they might have a legal basis for picketing and closing the plant up tight at the height of the Christmas rush.

I had been at a coffee and cake meeting two years earlier, before they went on to lose an NLRB representation election by an overwhelming majority, but I didn't recognize any other workers who had been at the meeting then, and I began to suspect that these professional organizers weren't trying to organize at all. They dressed like bosses, they looked like bosses and they talked like bosses. And when I spoke up and told them so, and asked what we could do to get organized, they huffed and puffed about how they had worked up from the ranks, but they didn't answer the question. One rolled his eyes and said, "I'm disposed to fight at McClurgs." A brother named Karl has just spoken and he sounds like a fighter. I wish to hell the whole bunch of you were fighters." But then he returned persistently to the task of digging out Company irregularities. Since the Company was being proper as a pig, I couldn't see what they were driving at, and I left the meeting discouraged.

Later it dawned on me that after years of failure to organize the workers, they had lost confidence in the prospects for signing up a majority to vote for recognition, and now they were fishing for something else, a foot in the door, a legal basis for throwing up a picket line, some vulnerable point for bringing the tremendous power of the Teamsters to bear on the Company. Within a few days I was to give them their opening, and when they saw it they moved in like lightning.

Just a week after the meeting the organizer called me to ask how many eligible workers were employed at the Book Supply division. I told him ten. He said,

thing was all right and the Union would stand behind us, and a talk that night with a trusted friend and former labor organizer convinced me that this was a normal procedure backed by a can-do Union. That was Thursday, December 6.

The next morning an air of excitement radiated from the Book Supply office, where the telegram had been received, back through the warehouse, and on Monday negotiations began. Two days later the organizer called again; negotiations were going badly. The President wanted to see us that night.

Again, three of us were picked up at 5:00 and driven in the black Pontiacs to the new headquarters of Teamsters Union on Ashland Boulevard. In the vestibule, a tin Christmas tree, trimmed with pink balls and bathed in a pink glow, revolved slowly over a large circular mirror to the tune of bells, tinkling the melody of "Jingle Bells," and speaking for the new unionism with simple eloquence. We were led into the spacious Hollywood office of the President. The President swiveled round and

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Charles Butterworth  
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By Dorothy Day

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sion of McClurgs, and I offered to hand out Union literature. He brought it over the next day at noon, and I gave it out to the ten eligible warehouse workers and all other employees of Book Supply. When I punched out that night I gave some to the boss and said, "Jack, I've changed my mind. I think I'll stay until we get a union in here." He laughed and slapped me on the back, exclaiming, "Good old Karl," and that was that. From that day on they never sent me near the main warehouse.

The Union called its first meeting of McClurg workers November 29 at the Eastgate Hotel with free coffee and cake. It was a scene from Animal Farm. At the far end of the table sat three white shirt and tie organizers. They said that back in the 30's the first organizing assignment of the now President of the Union was to organize McClurgs, and they'd been trying ever since.

After the War, McClurgs brought in Japanese Americans released from the West Coast concentration camps, and the

"You've got seven signed up. That's a majority. Bring the boys over tonight; the President wants to talk with them. We'll pick you up at 5:00 around the corner of Jefferson St. We'll be driving black Pontiacs."

At 5:00, nine of the ten piled into the black Pontiacs and rolled over to Union headquarters. The President explained their strategy. The Union was moving fast. Already that afternoon they had filed a petition at the National Labor Relations Board asking recognition as bargaining agent for Book Supply workers. He read a telegram sent that day to Book Supply asking for immediate negotiations. If they could persuade the Company to grant us a contract, the foot would be in the door, and they could carry the message of achievement to the workers at the main warehouse. So they were seeking a very impressive contract for us. I was afraid I had led the boys into a trap, caught like Cuba between the big guns, but the President reassured us that every-



## A Perspective On

## Pacem In Terris

By FR. EDVARD D. VOGT

Fr. Vogt is a Norwegian Catholic priest, formerly a Professor of Sociology at the International University for Social Studies in Rome and General Secretary of the Institut International de Sociologie. He holds a research fellowship at Bergen University and wishes to develop a Peace Research Center in Bergen. This article is reprinted from Peace News, London. Available from AFSC, 100 North 15 St., Philadelphia 2, Penna. \$3.50 per annum.

At the time of the publication of Pope John's encyclical letter *Pacem in Terris* last April the commentators concentrated their attention on its most immediately newsworthy features, such as its strong exhortation to ban nuclear weapons and its indication of a new attitude toward the Soviet regime. The important passage most directly relevant to the question of nuclear weapons reads:

"Justice then, right reason and humanity urgently demand that the arms race should cease, that the stockpiles which exist in various countries should be reduced equally and simultaneously by the parties concerned, that nuclear weapons should be banned, and that a general agreement should eventually be reached about progressive disarmament and an effective method of control."

The passage that has to be interpreted in the contemporary context of the encyclical as referring to communism reads:

"However, one must never confuse error and the person who errs. Meetings and agreements in the various sectors of daily life between believers and those who do not believe or believe insufficiently, because they adhere to error, can be occasions for discovering truth and paying homage to it. It must be borne in mind, furthermore, that neither can false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin and destiny of the universe and of man, be identified with historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or, political ends, not even when these movements have originated from these teachings and have drawn and still draw inspiration therefrom. Because the teachings, once they are drawn up and defined, remain always the same, while the movements, working on historical situations in constant evolution, cannot be influenced, by these latter and cannot avoid, therefore, being subject to changes, even of a profound nature. Besides, who can deny that these movements, insofar as they conform to the dictates of right reason, and are interpreters of the lawful inspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?"

The news value of these papal utterances is evident enough. By now, at six months' distance and after the death of Pope John, it may be more useful to recognize that this news value arose mainly out of a previous ignorance of the stand of the Catholic Church, and that indeed the most striking and most promising feature of Pope John's teachings is their continuity with traditional Catholic doctrines.

The banning of nuclear weapons, and indeed of war in the world today, is a direct continuation of the traditional theory about the "just war." It represents a direct application of the Church's criteria to the present technical and social situation. The "just war" theory is a typical example of the way in which the Church tries to develop the reign of evangelical perfection in the world. At a given stage of personal or social development there are numerous psychological and social obstacles to the realization of moral perfection. The presentation of the ideal of selfless, brotherly love in the form of abstract commands may, in such

a situation, operate to the detriment of one's aim to educate people. It is not simply a matter of being useless to condemn an action that to the subjective conscience of the actor is good and noble, like the armed defense of women and children; there is in fact no subjective moral guilt to condemn. The only practical course open to the Church—or to any educator—is to develop the person's conscience and the right alternative possibilities of action. This has to take place from within, helping the person to see one step after another in the right direction within his gradually less limited field of vision.

The theory of the "just war" is such an educational instrument, adapted to a certain stage of development. It says that in no case can you participate in a war of aggression. If you feel it your duty to defend your nation, then you have in any case to keep your defensive actions within certain limitations; that you should by now be mature enough to recognize as morally binding. The theory says nothing about any objective moral legitimacy of war or of killing and makes no compromise with the fifth commandment or with the duty to love your enemies. It is a recognition of the dignity of the subjective conscience of the individual as the principle of personal morality, even when it is ignorant or deformed. The personal moral condemnation by the Church, as by Christ, is reserved for the hypocrites, who act against their conscience, pretending to represent moral perfection.

It would not have been surprising if the "just war" theory by now had become obsolete, like so many other similar theories in other fields of human life. Such a change of instruments would not have indicated any change in the ideals and principles of the Church. The superior quality of the theory is, however, revealed by the fact that, as applied by Pope John in the new existential situation of the nuclear age, it conveys a clear evangelical message in a form that may be understood by today's statesmen with their still limited horizons. The practical toleration of ideologically non-acceptable movements, like communism, is another application of the non-condemning attitude to people in error, that is the basis of the "just war" theory. Tolerance has always been applied by the Vatican in its diplomatic relations with the various regimes, in all cases where it has considered that the unevangelical and wrong actions of a regime have not been exclusively determined by hatred to the truth and to humanity.

Many of those who applaud this attitude when applied to communist regimes condemn it severely when applied to fascist types of regime. Pope John reminds us all that our condemnations or approvals should not be based upon labels and official ideologies of a regime, but on its human and social involvements and assumptions as they deepen and increase in the course of time.

The specific contribution of Pope John's encyclical is possibly connected with its sociological insights into the human situation. The encyclical is expressly addressed to all men of goodwill, and it elaborates therefore more on the clues to the natural moral principles given by common experience than upon argumentation from Sacred Scripture as is usual in encyclicals exclusively addressed to the Catholic Bishops.

The encyclical, which is 20,000 words long, is easily available in extenso, and it would be out of place to undertake a resume of its insights in this article. Let it suffice to say that it builds on the ideas of a God-given natural order and a natural dignity common to all human persons, their consequent inborn human rights, their

common interests and the necessity of a public organization commensurate with their common problems. It has been suggested that the encyclical's insistence on loyalty to the public right order and the duty to collaborate readily for the common good of all puts limitations on the moral legitimacy of conscientious objection or of other forms of civil disobedience to the commands of legitimate authorities, who, possibly due to an unenlightened conscience, prepare for a war or another action that according to one's own conscience is unjust. A more attentive reading of the relevant passages makes it clear that this is not the case. A man-made social order, that is not "right," not in conformity with the moral order willed by God, is not to be respected.

"To safeguard the inviolable rights of the human person, and to facilitate the fulfillment of his duties should be the essential office of every public authority. This means that if any government does not acknowledge the rights of man or violates them, it not only fails in its duty, but its orders completely lack juridical force."

These words of the Pope, that sound like the most staggering *carte blanche* to all revolutionaries, have to be interpreted within their full context, which cannot be



given here. They supply, however, not only a papal permission to such civil disobedience (provided it fulfills all the papal conditions of responsible ethical action) against formally legitimate governments, but they make it a direct moral obligation to the persons, whose consciences are developed to this degree of responsibility.

The passage quoted, incidentally, represents one of the limitations to the possibility of tolerant collaboration with movements subscribing to perverse ideologies, discussed elsewhere in the encyclical. Where the perversity of the ideology is dominantly operative, collaboration is impossible.

The grateful response to Pope John's clear words of guidance has sometimes contained an implicit reproach to his predecessors and to other Church representatives for having failed in their duty. These reproaches are largely unjust. Firstly, they ignore the great quantity of initiatives and pronouncements for peace that has been made by Church representatives throughout the ages. Secondly, they ignore the necessity to which all teachers are subject of adapting the form of the initiatives and the messages to the degree of development of their receivers. Thirdly, they ignore the limitations placed on the teaching activity of the Church by the technical and institutional framework within which it takes place, like the existence of democracy or of mass media.

Most people seem unaware of the fact that there have been papal encyclicals dedicated to the problems of international peace before Pope John. Benedict XV issued an encyclical on this subject, *Pacem Dei Munus Pulcherrimum*, in 1920, and the first encyclical of Pius XI, *Ubi Arcano*, of 1922, was also centered on peace. Before this period the problems of war and peace were commonly considered to be outside the moral sphere of the common man as a political participant. It was largely a princely prerogative and most of the pro-

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## Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

November's grey solemnity has not quite taken over the month as yet, though we have had grey days which brought us rain, thank God. October's unseasonably warm and opulent, though much too dry Indian Summer, seemed to put all Nature in a festive mood so that gay leaves and bright Autumnal flowers were loathe to depart. Even the forsythia down by the chapel door, which is our traditional harbinger of Spring, got wind of the festivity and put on bright yellow blossoms for the occasion, and is even now in almost mid-November still blossoming.

Perhaps this rarely beautiful Indian Summer made us restless, or perhaps we have merely desired to exchange the customary role of being visited—almost every day in company day here at the farm—for that of visiting, but in any event several of us have been stirred to go forth on longer or shorter journeyings. Dorothy Day, to whom journeyings are but part of her pilgrimage and apostolate, set sail early in October for the Spode House Pacifist Conference in England. Bob Steed set off for Salt Lake City to help Ammon Hennacy with the Joe Hill House. Bob Paul Lee and Pat Beauvoir visited employment Agencies until they found jobs to their liking. Bill Hart visited friends in the Village. Charles Butterworth and Norman Foret took advantage of a business trip to stop off for a visit with the Bruderhof community at Rifton, New York. When Norman returned after a few days' visit, he spoke so enthusiastically of the life and work of the Bruderhof that a young woman visiting us said that she had to go and see for herself and set off immediately in her car, taking Norman and Paul Lerner with her. Norman and

Paul remained for longer visits. Not too long ago Stanley Vishnewski visited the Bruderhof community in Pennsylvania and brought back the same glowing account. As many readers will know, the Bruderhof is a self-sustaining, intentional community made up of families who believe in pacifism and the kind of love taught in the New Testament, and who try to live in accordance with their belief. They earn their living by making educational toys which are designed to inculcate in children a love of creative living rather than the love of war and destruction which probably results from the warlike toys most children are given to play with. Joe Dumenski, who spent a few days on retreat at the Trappist monastery in Berryville, Virginia, also visited the Bruderhof for a weekend. But Charles Butterworth, taking advantage of the return of Jean Walsh to help at the farm again on a full-time basis, went to Philadelphia for a short visit with his sister.

I, too, felt the impulse to travel, feeling that variety is—as someone has written somewhere—as essential to life as the food we eat, or almost as much so anyway. My first journey did not take me far, only to the beach house. When the summer families have come and gone and there are few beach visitors, it is delightful to spend a while at the beach house and listen to the sea sounds and breathe the sea air. As always, I enjoyed talking with Marge Hughes, whose conversation is as stimulating as the sea air itself. Little Johnnie, who has grown to a fine handsome, sturdy young man of five who revels in playing the role of official greeter for the beach house area, was always ready to take me on

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## Christmas 1963, U.S.A

We believe in Christmas, because it is the birthday of the Prince of Peace and Brotherhood; the birthday of the Christ who chased the money-changers from the temple; who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"; who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven." This is the Christ we will celebrate; the great Jewish carpenter-philosopher who was born in a manger in Bethlehem.

Thousands of atrocities committed against humanity and the Negro people from slavery to the present time, have gone unpunished. And now we are mocking the Prince of Peace; throwing bombs in the holy place of God; blasting the brains of His children against the high walls of His tabernacle in Birmingham; turning His day of days into a sabbath ritual of blood and destruction. We are guilty. Not only those who planted the bomb, but those who condone injustice and segregation and thereby give it sanction; those who profit from it and those who do not work to eradicate it. We are all guilty. And who among us can participate in life as usual, in business as usual, or even Christmas as usual?

Let us celebrate Christmas this year in a way that will bear witness to the life and the love of Jesus. Let us re-create from His Life that image including all the Adams and Eves and their countless generations. Let us repent this most recent of our crimes against humanity and God; the murder of our tender six children of Birmingham, with the fervent determination that it will never be sixty, or six hundred, six thousand, or another six million.

This year we will give our children the profoundest gift of all; the gift of truth which is the gift of love. And we will have the duty to tell them that Santa will not come this year because he is in mourning for the children of Birmingham, who will get no gifts this year or the next or the next. And for the children too young to understand we will make gifts and toys with our hands from boxes and cans and string and last year's toys and paste and paint and wood and love.

To the sellers of trees and trains and pins and planes, we urge you to understand and to pledge with us, that this Christmas shall come from our hearts and minds, not from our pocket-books. To the ones who must give something, notwithstanding, we urge you to give to the organizations and institutions working to build and strengthen the moral and religious fibre of our nation.

It is in this spirit that we ask all Americans of all colors, creeds and religions, to join us in this determination to put Christ back into Christmas and His Great Life back into moral and religious perspective.

## ASSOCIATION OF ARTISTS FOR FREEDOM

James Baldwin  
Ossie Davis  
Ruby Dee  
Odette Gordon  
John O. Killens  
Louis Lomax



# BOOK REVIEWS

**THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX**, by Edmund Wilson; Farrar, Straus and Company; 1963; 118 pp.; \$2.95. Reviewed by JAMES FOREST.

Edmund Wilson's most recent book is a small volume which carries the subtitle "A Protest." Indeed it is that: a forceful, plain-spoken broadside at the cold war and the related income tax, and though it is not without blemish, it ought to provide at least an awakening for a great many.

What Mr. Wilson has done is to tell a simple, and at times homely, tale that began with carelessness (or more likely unadmitted and ingrained Yankee independence) and concluded with a monumental decision, at least for our timid age: a modified refusal to pay income taxes.

Much of the book is devoted to a detailed account of the original carelessness, fascinating in the sense that a common experience of almost everyone is seen in the sharp relief of Mr. Wilson's prose—the utterly frustrating encounters with the rule-book bureaucrats, who seem always the same whether it is a hospital clinic or the army or a tax office that houses their working hours, or no matter what their ideology may be.

In Mr. Wilson's case, his long encounter was precipitated by almost dedicated indifference to taxes.

Until 1946 taxes were no problem to him, as they were automatically withheld by his various employers. But after that year he began to devote himself to full-time independent writing, and of course there was no withholding. Six years went by, no taxes were paid, no returns filed, and though he tells us he occasionally thought about the eventual necessity of paying up, he was unaware of the astounding severity the law applies for even minor neglect. When at last he spoke to a lawyer friend, saying he might need some assistance in preparing his returns, the lawyer was flabbergasted and immediately urged Mr. Wilson to establish citizenship outside the United States before it was too late. But even the author of *To the Finland Station* can be naive, and he couldn't believe it would be more convenient to change countries than negotiate a debt. He insisted on settlement, gave the lawyer a check and told him to begin his work. "You're a brave man," his lawyer told him.

## The Years That Followed

It would be of little value to outline the years that followed 1955, when the arduous work began. He must often have wished he had followed his friend's advice and tucked himself away in a friendlier economy, where if he were paying taxes, at least it wouldn't be for war. It took Mr. Wilson five years and two lawyers to settle the case.

At some unspecified point, Mr. Wilson's instinctual annoyance emerged into a time of probing the meaning of his experience, the inadequacies of the collection system and, most important, the uses the money was being put to. His discoveries are carefully outlined—translating the noble sounding verbiage of the Administration's Budget in Brief (which says in part, "The Federal Government's final responsibility is to help safeguard the peace and security of the free world. This is our largest category of expenditures . . . Expenditures devoted to national security . . . space programs . . . and the continuing cost of past wars amount to 79% of the administrative budget . . ."), translating this into the facts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, of napalm and phosphorus bombs, of disease warfare. The latter two are of particular interest because (despite protest demonstrations at Ft. Detrick, Md., the U.S. research-

development center for chemical and biological weapons) there is little popularization of these methods of warfare, though it is admitted that napalm bombs are being used in Vietnam—as they have been widely used elsewhere—and there is evidence that disease weapons are also being employed. For instance, water supplies in South Vietnam have been poisoned in areas where both civilians and Vietcong rebels use the same well, killing some Vietcong, but also many non-combatants who were merely thirsty.

About napalm: It is, Mr. Wilson writes, "a kind of jelly saturated with gasoline, which is ignited by the bursting of the bomb. Its great advantage is that it sticks to whatever it touches . . . Its effect on human beings has been described by a BBC correspondent in Korea: 'In front of us a curious figure was standing a little crouched, legs straddled, arms held out from his sides. He had no eyes, and the whole of his body, nearly all of which was visible through tatters of burned rags, was covered with a hard black crust speckled with yellow pus. A Korean woman by his side began to speak, and the interpreter said: "He has to stand, sir, cannot sit or lie." He had to stand because he was no longer covered with skin . . . ' The BBC correspondent goes on to explain, however, that he would rather be killed by napalm than phosphorus or flame throwers.

## Toward Inspired Derangement

The material on disease warfare (often termed bacteriological, biological or chemical) is on much the same level, though not so grossly horrifying, as we do not see it translated into eye witness accounts. Involved is the same degradation of any value system. For as one military man, Admiral Mahan, puts it, every advance in the use of lethal weapons, beginning with firearms, has been denounced as cruel. He goes on to point out that shells with asphyxiating gases could produce "decisive results." Says Philip Noel-Baker, in his book *The Arms Race*, "All the leading governments have them now." And in 1955 the Chief Chemical Officer of the United States Army announced that even "mental derangement might be deliberately inspired" by this form of weaponry.

As Mr. Wilson observes, "Human life since Stalin and the Nazis has been something that few people in the East or West any longer care much about." Or as Robert Pickus, Turn Toward Peace executive, observed: "We support policies that would make Genghis Kahn vomit, and yet we turn out for Church every Sunday."

Of course the question is, what can we do about all this? To Catholic Worker readers this is no new question, as we have been fighting this a long time.

Mr. Wilson outlines the general steps of tax refusal (see detailed article on this subject in the September 1963 *Catholic Worker*) and describes the course of two more well known refusers, Dr. A. J. Muste, of the Committee for Non-violent Action and Liberation Magazine, and the Rev. Maurice McCrackin, active in the civil rights effort and the Peacemaker movement.

He goes on to describe his personal response, which is to keep his income below taxable levels. (It is a fact, though it is not mentioned in this work, that Mr. Wilson has assigned all royalties of this book to use in the peace movement.) He has decided not to go to jail, however, and will move to another country before allowing this to occur. But he is determined to withdraw his support:

"When the stakes in games become so serious—when everybody's life is at stake—they ought not to be played at all, and the taxpayers should not support them."

**THE SMALL RAIN**—Raymond Rosellep, The Newman Press, Westminster Maryland, 1963, \$3.95. Reviewed by HAROLD ISBELL. (Note: Unsigned portions of this review appeared on the dust jacket of *THE SMALL RAIN*.)

People expect a priest to write Catholic poems. And most priests do. But now and then there fortunately appears one who has discovered his vocation in the catholicity which comprises the goodness and beauty of all things. Defined here in *The Small Rain* is the shape of a man who is priest, poet, and teacher. The poems perform a sacrificial act. The ordinary becomes the extraordinary and the reader is graced by finding himself with a new man put on.

This poet knows that to be human a man must love, must be content with an unending pouring of himself, a giving which always engages the risk of no return. What can particularly pain any of us is the realization—and I call it "terrible"—that we may have found an object attractive, though forbidden to our love. As one loves the object loved excludes all others. Yet a point is mysteriously reached—and for us, humans, it is a source of either salvation or

## Peace Calendar And Appointment Book

The 1964 Peace Calendar is published by the WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE. The calendar-appointment book is dedicated this year to the revolutionary tradition in America, with histories of a variety of American movements on each page, ranging from the Shakers of 1774 to the great March on Washington of this August 28th. The 112 page book is wire bound, flat-opening, with pages 5½ x 8½. The Peace Calendar is a unique and inexpensive gift of real value.

\$1.50 per copy. \$7 for five postpaid in the United States. Gift orders will be mailed to arrive by Christmas, with a card giving the donor's name.

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE, 5 Beekman Street, New York 10038

damnation—in which the exclusiveness of loving rebounds to include in its vitality anything which might share with us or increases for us the presence of the object of our love. At this point of loving Paulinus broke up his magnificent inheritance and retired to Nola, Augustine embraced the God of Ambrose, Elizabeth of Hungary buried her husband, and Paolo cast his lot with Francesca.

Raymond Rosellep—a man committed to the triple loneliness of priesthood, teaching, and poetry—is writing some of the most touching lyrics of love appearing today. Though his song sanctifies the delicacy of "hair" [which] falls blackbird, it never becomes his to touch. The finality of loving gives these poems a wide-ranging freedom, a freedom to love all things because they reflect the catholicity of goodness and beauty which is this poet's voluntary engagement.

Priests and teachers as well as poets are concerned with a representation of tradition. But the knack is always one of making it new. I am thinking of a number of poems from this second volume of Rosellep's poetry, but two in particular. Both "Alan" and "GI" reflect the poignancy and melancholic tone which thrive in the Scots border ballad. Though differently, both use a terse, abbreviated form to trace a web of magic around quite ordinary situations—the pensive lover and the soldier returned from his war.

The short lyric "Your Hair Falls Blackbird" reminds the reader that the two lines used as an introductory epigraph for the book are the opening of a quatrain

which ends "Christ, that my love were in my arms, / And I in my bed again!" It is important to remember that the passion captured in this old quatrain is a passion not foreign to Rosellep's poems. If anything, it is passion controlled which guarantees their validity.

The book contains several occasional poems which are reminders that the poet and his craft must always have some reason for being. The most moving of these is that written about the death of e.e. cummings, "3 September." Those who have followed the growth of Raymond Rosellep must be quick to acknowledge this poem as one of the finer exhibits in his new work. Enjambment is a term frequently heard. Rosellep is able to use this devious and sometimes recalcitrant technique to achieve the maximum effect

within a brief plot of words fenced by a highly demanding rhyme scheme.

This poem happily betrays the influence e.e. cummings exerted in his own time. Conciseness as well as intricacy of rhyme are features he presented to the contemporary poet for both admiration and emulation. Faced with the formidable individuality of cummings' style, Rosellep is able to compose an epitaph which both recognizes the achievement of his teacher and also demonstrates effectively his own gift of poetry, a gift which truly makes the lyric a thing of "distilled significance."

"Campus, Early March" is a carefully formed poem showing the poet's mastery of syllables. In a lean, bare eighteen lines, we have enacted the vision of a teacher who realizes in his middle

(Continued on page 7)

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

our own neighborhood on the first floor. Another group of high school young ladies, from the Dalton School, came one noon for the end of the soup-line, and we had a very fruitful exchange. It is very heartening to have such groups visit. More young people get to know that there is a "hidden America."

### Speakers

Fr. Philip Berrigan of the Society of St. Joseph came to speak on Race and the Christian Conscience. Fr. Philip has been in Louisiana for years working in a high school run by the Josephites. You may remember his excellent articles in the CW. Now he is stationed in the Bronx, much to our delight. Fr. Philip's talk was so moving and such a thoroughly Christian statement that there was nothing to say afterward but to thank him.

Four students at the University of Indiana are facing charges of subversion under a state Smith Act kind of law. It appears that the state of Indiana fears that these four Trotskyite members of the Young Socialist Alliance are a serious threat to the State and Nation. One of them, Ralph Levitt, a very articulate young man, came to tell us about the case and about the YSA. Our audience, while strongly disposed to a sensitivity to the civil liberties issue involved, was at the same time anxious to examine the underlying assumptions of this Marxist group. We had a very lively, enjoyable and friendly evening.

Mr. Ed Hillpern of the American Friends Service Committee talked about the history of the Committee and upon its works. He spoke of the Quaker principles which inform the work and illustrated his ideas with interesting incidents from his life in Austria and this country. We liked him very much.

Downtown CORE sent us two young men, Lorry Rhodell and Bob Harris, to speak of CORE's Housing Committee and their plans for this neighborhood. This is perhaps the most exciting development in the East Side since the fight against the Expressway, and for the same reasons. Neighborhood self-determination, the organization of minority groups with others, of church, political, social and educational groups to see to it that Urban Renewal does what it's supposed to do, gives us an extraordinary opportunity for putting CW principles of responsibility and direct action for the betterment of the oppressed into practice. We hope to see much more of the Bob and Lorry and Downtown CORE.

### Speaking

With Dorothy away, I've been speaking more than ever. Albright, a Lutheran college in Reading, Pennsylvania, Williams College in Massachusetts, New York State University College in Cortland, The American Humanist Association in New York and the Unadilla Quarterly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends. They

were all very pleasant, stimulating trips, but the most unusual one was the Quarterly Meeting. My friend Honey Knopp had outlined some skits, and had written two sociodramas to be used to illustrate the transforming power of non-violence, and to make it more understandable to the average person, within familiar contexts. The son of the family takes the car without permission and appears at 4:30 a.m. to confront an irate father. Similar situations are acted out improvisationally by people from the audience and the nature of non-violence is then examined by the whole group analyzing what went on. We went on to a sociodrama the next day involving neighborhood uproar caused by the entry of a Negro family into an all white middle class community. Lawrence Apsey of the AFSC directed the two day program, and Monica and I participated. It was a pleasure to get up into the country with the good Friends at Unadilla. There was still some color to the trees and the Indian summer weather made us very thankful for the opportunity to escape the City for a while. The program, called an "Institute in Non-Violence" had been held once before, in Bernardsville, New Jersey. Lawrence Apsey, Walter South, Honey Knopp and Ross Flanagan hope to take it on to more towns and develop this method of teaching the nature of non-violence.

### What Good Does It Do?

The question most often asked us is what good does it do to feed people. (We do more than feed people but we'll talk about those whom we just feed.) We don't keep records of the men as they come and go. Some we see only once. Others for years. Some want to talk, or to help, and you get to know them. Others continue to be quiet, gaunt shadows, withdrawn and sad, and we can't get to them. One whom we had come to know was a drug addict. He ate with us, and sometimes lent a hand. He was dead for four months of an overdose of heroin before we knew it. Then his wife called for him on the phone and Ed told her. Another addict of many years standing came in and sat next to me at table the other day. We had never talked much. He told me quietly that he had been clean (off drugs) for six weeks, the longest he had ever been, and that he thought he was going to kick it now. He said he could not have made it without the CW. Just the food, knowing it was there, and knowing that he didn't have to prove anything, that he didn't have to be worthy or to be "taking it seriously" or anything, had made it possible for him to face the psychological pain of withdrawal. He is going to Narcotics Anonymous now. We don't know what good we accomplish, how many are "rehabilitated"; but we know that a full stomach is better than an empty one and that if we feed the least of these, His brethren, we feed Him.



# Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

a guided tour wherever I wished to go. Mary Roberts came out to spend part of the time with me; Anne Marie Stokes came one Sunday; Bob Steed was about much of the time. I went for walks along the beach, sat on a log in the sun, felt the sand, the rocks, the shells, the sea weed under my feet, listened to the vociferous chatter of the gulls, lay awake at night just to listen to the ancient sonority of the waves. I could no longer see the sea, but my mind and senses seemed immersed in it. I thought of its ancient vastness, of that vastness that extends through time and space, that covers more than seventy per cent of the surface of the earth, of that vastness that recedes down measureless eons of time—for who can really count, can really believe these multi-billion-year-old statistics?—and so thinking of this vast abyss of time and space, thought further till the waves lapped at eternity, and the Spirit moved upon the waters, and life moved out of the sea and man himself began.

The sea will always mean renewal to me, but there are times when one needs another kind of renewal. I was glad, therefore, when Jean Forest asked me to go with her for a week's retreat at Regina Laudis during the latter part of October. Regina Laudis is the monastery of a group of cloistered Benedictine nuns who originated in France, and who follow, I am told, the primitive Benedictine Rule. The monastery is located on a large tract of land in a beautiful wooded and scenic region at Bethlehem, Connecticut. The orchards and gardens both within and without the enclosure, give one the feeling of great fruitfulness. The guest houses are like old fashioned country houses—there is one for men and one for women. The food is simple but nourishing and deliciously cooked with vegetables and fruits of the nuns' own growing and bread of their own making. The nuns keep their bell-chimed hours, but for the guest there is much freedom, freedom and the great privilege of going to Mass in the morning, a beautiful High Mass with the nuns singing. The nuns sing the hours of the Divine Office, too; and the guest may follow in the chapel just on the other side of screen from the nuns—Lauds, Prime, and Terce before Mass; Sext at noon; None at 2:00; Vespers at 5:00; Compline at 7:20; and for very hardy souls, Matins at 2:00 a.m. Jean read to me and was always ready to take me wherever I wished to go. Sr. Prisca, who is one of the Oblate Sisters who share the life of the cloistered nuns but do the work outside the enclosure, and who before she entered the Order was in charge of a Catholic Worker house in Rochester, New York, talked with me, went walking with me, and gave me lavender to strip for sachets while I sat with her in the art shop or listened to Jean read. Since Regina Laudis is, I think, a great contemplative, as well as liturgical, center, one can hardly go away without receiving the kind of spiritual counsel which one really needs. I was privileged also not only to talk with the nuns but with Fr. Menard, who is a French Benedictine monk who once gave a short retreat at the farm and whose excellent conferences on poverty will be remembered by all who heard him. Fr. Menard has been in Haiti and Martinique, but for reasons of health is now acting as chaplain at Regina Laudis. There was another link with the Catholic Worker during that week at Regina Laudis. Sally Appleton, who is teaching at Smith College but who once helped out at the Catholic Worker and will be remembered by many, was a guest over the weekend. It was an interesting week; but much more, a kind of

renewal which comes not just from one's own prayers but also from the deep contemplative prayer of God-centered, God loving nuns. Now in this month of thanksgiving, I wish to say for Regina Laudis—a heartfelt Deo gratias.

For all our visiting around, however, we have not been without visitors at the farm. Recent visitors include: Ernest Lundgren, Marilyn Shindel, Don and Jeanette Dreyer and son, Phillip, Mike Domanski, Joe Galeo, John Stanley, Ed McLaughlin, Ronnie Rosen with rockets that really went off this time to the great delight of the neighborhood children, Philip, Sharon and Kendra Havey, Thaddeus "Spike" Sawicki, who has worked in the apostolate for years and is now working in a mission in the remote desert area of Baja, California, and Mrs. Walsh, Jean's mother, who is better now and we hope will be able to visit us more often. We are happy too that two women have come to join our family—Marietta and Barbara. Now that Jean is with us again, the feminine balance has been somewhat restored.

Work goes on as usual. John Filliger continues to bring in tomatoes, peppers, and butternut squash from the garden. Andy Spillane and Joe Dumenski have been helping renovate the new rectory for Msgr. Dolan and Fr. Sexton. Hans, John, Joe, Larry, Slim, Jim, George, Shorty, Agnes are the mainstay of our routine work. Today all able bodied men had the arduous task of digging out a cess pool. Young John Barry pitched in and did his share of the digging along with the other men.

Healthwise, we have not fared too badly. Many of the family suffer from chronic ailments, and have had to visit clinics. Peggy Conklin spent about a week in the hospital with bronchitis but is better now and able to resume her Friday cooking. We were all saddened to learn of the death of Kenneth Little, who lived here at the farm some years ago and will be remembered by many, for he was much loved by all who knew him. Requiescat in pace.

Now on a grey November morning, the crows caw stridently down in our little grove. Yesterday I heard the creaking symphony of multitudinous blackbirds. The ducks quack officiously; the geese reply in a portentous gabble. Somewhere a bantam rooster crows scornfully. O late blooming forsythia, do you know it is November? Be now in this month of dead leaves, our thanksgiving offering to Him from Whom all beauty, all blessings flow.

## John Ruskin on Advertising

"You must remember always that your business, as manufacturers, is to form the market, as much as to supply it. If, in shortsighted and reckless eagerness for wealth, you catch at every humor of the populace as it shapes itself into momentary demand . . . no good design will ever be possible for you, or perceived by you.

"You may, by accident, snatch the market; or, by energy, command it; you may obtain the confidence of the public, and cause the ruin of opponent houses; or you may, with equal justice of fortune, be ruined by them.

"But whatever happens to you, this, at least, is certain, that the whole of your life will have been based on the purchaser's vanity; every demand you have created by novelty has fostered in the consumer a habit of discontent.

"And when you retire into inactive life you may, as a subject for consolation for your declining years, reflect that precisely according to the extent of your past operations, your life has been successful in retarding the arts, tarnishing the virtues, and confusing the manners of your country."

—The Two Paths (1858)

## How to Read an Encyclical

David Lawrence read it Right Lippmann saw a liberal light Courtney Murray wasn't certain

We haven't heard from Thomas Merton

NATION-readers learned to hope that J.F.K. would heed his Pope

Welch saw Red, red, redder than titian

As Rome fell under Birch suspicion

TIME caressed each Lucid text

While PLAYBOY found it undersexed

PRAVDA praised the portions peacenik

(No comment on the UN policenik)

The Dept. of State was terribly kind

The Pope, it said, had US in mind

By now we know the simple trick

Of how to read Pope John's encyc

To play the game, you choose your snippet

OF PEACE ON EARTH and boldly clip it.

—John Cogley, AMERICA, May 18, 1963.

De La Salle Press  
School of Printing for  
Handicapped Boys  
Mutwal, Colombo  
Ceylon  
July 25, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

At last, after several years a copy of *The Catholic Worker* has reached me again. It is still being addressed to St. Anthony's College, Wattala, and is very rarely sent on. The government stopped me teaching six years ago in keeping with the Ceylonization policy, and so I started the Press. We have twenty-five workmen and about the same number of blind boys and deaf boys. The change has thrown wide open the horizons. Mutwal is a vast slum and the problems are multiple. We have an excellent group of Socialists working with us—adults and professional men—their schemes for rehabilitation, rehousing etc. are functioning well under Our Lady's guidance.

Will you please send the CW to me here. I really do find it useful and decidedly uplifting and encouraging. The men too will make good use of them.

Please pray for us. The work to be done is overwhelming, and we are so few.

Brother Lionel, F.S.C.

# Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

72 Post Office Pl.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

The U.S. Supreme Court denied Poulsen's appeal, and the judge in Provo will soon pronounce the death sentence for the third time to take place in not less than 30 or more than 60 days. Bob Steed came here a few weeks ago and he will be on hand to fast and picket when the time comes. He says he will stay about 6 months and thus give me a chance to take that \$99 trip by bus for 99 days when my book is off the press the first of the year. I have indexed 296 pages of it already. Steve Allen will write the introduction, as I wanted someone from the West who is a non-Catholic to introduce me out here.

I am leaving November 12 for the Coast with a friend who is driving that way, and will visit my daughters in Los Angeles and speak a few places and visit Mary in San Francisco. Bob will have the opportunity to empty liquor bottles on his own, and keep whatever kind of order is possible here.

In the recent city election all candidates praised by John Birchers were defeated. "Apostle" Benson has been sent to Europe, folks say to get him out of the way with his John Birch ideas. I heard 2nd Councilor Tanner dedicate a new Mormon chapel and give a liberal talk. His father-in-law, Hugh Brown, who is First Councilor, came out with a statement for civil rights during the recent semi-annual conference here.

Mel and Mary Harvey, Mark Morris, Betty Beach, and Marion Murdock, from CNVA WEST were here November 10, and with Bob and me distributed their leaflet denouncing the war in Viet-Nam. The Catholic and Episcopal churches wanted us to move on, but the Mormon, Methodist and Congregational churches took our leaflets good naturedly. We gave out hundreds of leaflets at Dugway Base, where poison is made for use in destroying the villages in Viet-Nam. This was on Veteran's Day, and nearly all cars stopped to take leaflets. Marion with her CNVA symbol at the end of a stick resembling Neptune with his trident was especially effective in stopping big trucks and even buses. It was a fine day. One sign with a skull and crossbones said that the only product of Dugway was Death. They left the signs and perhaps Bob and I can picket later. We had notified the Commander and their Personnel man was on hand

to take our picture for their records, recognizing me from the time when Carol and I had picketed them. He said he was in the Army and was not at Dugway by choice, but by orders.

One Navajo complained that there was not enough mutton in our stew. At times we have gifts of venison. About the silliest activity known to man is that of town folks going out to hunt deer with bow and arrow. They sneak upon the unsuspecting wild animals and the deer run away to bleed to death. This senseless effort occurs before the regular hunting season, when hunters take their liquor and shoot each other and the deer. But the state gets a fee from these hunters and it is justified.

I spoke to a class at the University and to the Unitarian Channing Club there. I also met with a group of young Mormon students at the Union. The law is not bothering me anymore. "You and Aimee Semple McPherson surely have a racket, making a living off of feeding bums. I'm on to you," said a smiling, weepy sort of man who met me on the street. "You got me wrong, Buddy. Come down and see how we do it at Joe Hill House," I replied. "Well, good luck, you bum," he answered.

## Abbe Davezies

In January 1962, a Paris military court levied a fine on a young Catholic priest who had already spent nearly a year in prison awaiting trial, and sentenced him to three years imprisonment. The priest was the Abbe Davezies, who had been ordained in 1951 and two years later had come to Paris to join the worker-priest movement. Shocked by reports of torture inflicted in Algeria, Davezies found Algeria's cause just. His crime?—he sheltered agents of the FLN and helped them to escape in April and May, 1958.

At the trial, the former secretary general of the Algiers police, Paul Teitgen, told how, before he finally resigned in protest, he knew of 3,014 Algerians who had "disappeared" after arrest. The presiding judge, irritated by this admission, asked: "Is not torture employed by the other side equally reprehensible?" Teitgen replied: "One crime does not justify another and a Frenchman is answerable only for those crimes committed in his name."

The senior Catholic cardinal of France, Cardinal Lienart, spoke out in defense of the young abbe. Pastor Beaumont, head of a Protestant relief organization working in Algeria, stated: "This trial is about the risks of Christian faith, and the risks taken by Father Davezies seem to me less serious than the risks of passivity and silence." Bertrand Russell wrote: "Father Davezies honors every human being, past and present, for enabling us to respect ourselves. Father Davezies . . . has acted according to his conscience and has saved France and humanity a little of the shame of a terrible war."

The court found him guilty, but he was released later in 1962 when the war finally ended. He remains a symbol of the integrity of a part of France at a time when France, as a whole, had become directly or through silent complicity, a nation prepared to add torture to warfare in a desperate effort to retain its hold on another people.

In his final statement to the court, Father Davezies said:

"I opposed the Algerian war . . . because I was conscious of its effect on the young men (National Servicemen) who came back from Algeria. But the sufferings of the Algerian people influence me even more. I heard the screams of Djamilia Boupacha under torture and I could not let a girl of 20 cry out alone."—From the War Resisters League calendar for 1963.

## Fritz Eichenberg's CATHOLIC WORKER Drawings

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Once More Available

Two portfolios—each containing eight large prints, 12½ by 17 inches—of the much-sought-after drawings which Fritz Eichenberg contributed to *The Catholic Worker*.

A New Edition of these drawings, originally published in 1954 and 1955, has just been issued by The Thistle Press. Superbly printed, on handsome mould-made paper, they are most suitable for framing. The engravings were made under the supervision of the artist.

### Portfolio One

1. The Casting of the Lots
2. St. Francis and his Little Brothers
3. The Labor Cross
4. St. Luke
5. Rest on the Flight
6. St. John of the Cross
7. The Visitation
8. St. Peter and St. Mark

### Portfolio Two

1. The Adoration of the Shepherds
2. The Annunciation
3. The Christ of the Breadlines
4. The Babe of the Battlefields
5. The Lord's Supper
6. The Guardian Angel
7. The Canticle of the Sun
8. The Migrant Labor Cross

The proceeds above costs are being donated by the artist to The Catholic Worker and The American Friends Service Committee. The price remains the same as the first edition:

\$4.50, the portfolio

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The Thistle Press, 55 West 13th St., New York 13, N. Y.



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

house with no, God forbid, central heating. The kitchen is a large room facing south and all the cooking is done there, so the place is warm. But the washing up is down a short flight into a half basement, and the lavatory up one flight, and the bath up another. We all eat together at table, and the older children, Benjamin, Rebecca and Robert, are very keen. We have animated discussions about interracial problems, and Guy Fawkes day which is November 5. They have prepared a man-sized effigy with a clown-like face, all stuffed with straw, dressed in a man's suit, a most startling figure to come upon, lolling in an easy chair in the living room. Rebecca sits on his lap and Rachel wags his head, but he will not be treated so kindly next week when he will be burnt on a huge pyre already prepared for him in a meadow below the house. It occurs to me to be shocked at this, and I suggest that the children have a trial and pardon the dynamiter but they will have none of it. He must be burnt and all over England on what has become a children's holiday, the fires will be burning. For the last weeks in London the children in the slums have been parading their Guy and soliciting pennies for Guy but after he has afforded them all these treats he must crown their enjoyment by going up in flames. Fireworks of all kinds complete the picture.

All is green and beautiful still here in England. Flowers in profusion, nicotiana, calendula, snap dragon, blue gentian, stock, and many others, and it has been raining these last few days and the colors are the more brilliant. Many of the trees will stay green, but those with leaves turning, are in rich browns, and yellows, but not the flaming colors we are used to in our New England states. It is not cold yet, though the nights are sharp. But we are glad of the heaters, paraffin (kerosene) and electric. The foundations of the house I am in are very old, sixteenth century, and the house has been built on. The rest is seventeenth and eighteenth. Full of drafts of course, with high ceilings. I had wanted to get up to Yorkshire to see where Charlotte Bronte lived, but could not make it. But it seems to me that this house, though larger than the one described as the Bronte's, must be rather like it. There is another tiny old cottage, where silversmith Phillip Lowery lives with his wife Angela who was brought up in the community at Ditchling. I have dined also with George Ineson and his wife Connie twice and with Barbara McNulty, a public health nurse once. We had a gathering one evening and four or five former members of the Bruderhof were there and also some Quakers. Most of the talk was about community and the need for such oases in a world where such problems as large scale farming, migrant labor, automation, unemployment, juvenile delinquency and old age exist. Peter Maurin used to say, "There is no unemployment on the land," which made everyone angry, so that they pointed out to him the dire situation of the migrants who wandered from state to state looking for work. These terse statements of his always started things off. Given the land, rented or owned, there is always work.

For thirty years people have criticized us for "standing for the family farm" pointing out that it did not work. Of course it does not, given no capital, a large family and no help. But Peter has always talked of the farming commune and the agronomic university, and that is still what we are most interested in. It is good to visit such a community as Taena. Of course there are family differences, controversies, differences in temperament as there are in every community, and of course there are those that deny that there is

a community, and insist that they are a group of separate families, each on its own. When I think of Upton, Massachusetts, South Lyons, Michigan and Marycrest, New York, where families have raised their children, and kept going with a great deal of mutual aid over the years, I am overcome with admiration at the hard work, the endurance, the continuing vision of these families.

When I visited Donald Attwater at Penzance the other day, he gave me a copy of *Saints of the East* to read, published in England by Havril Press, London, in 1962 and I have been dipping into it on my trip.

Theodosius of the Caves (Pechersky) was the father of Russian Monasticism and the monastery at Kiev is open again today, though it was closed for a while during the first years of the Soviets. Perhaps that is the monastery that Mayor La Pira of Florence, Italy, visited on pilgrimage.

Theodosius emphasized the importance of community life. I read today, and one of his monks declared that a "Lord have mercy on us" prayed from the heart collectively by the community is of greater religious value than the whole psalter said alone in one's cell. His monastery had a hospital for the sick and the disabled, they had a hospice for travelers and every Saturday a cartload of food was sent down to the city jail.

All communities overflow in good works, even in England where the State is trying to take care of all. Audrey Henson gave me a book of R. H. Tawney's to read which deals with England today and I must certainly study the socialization which Pope John so recommended. Michael Harrington, whom I ran into in London at the American Express, used to talk to us about the modification of socialism in England. (He was leaving for Paris next day, and was going to Poland. He was without collar and looked as though he were wearing the same suit he had when he lived with us on Chrystie street, and he looked young and happy.)

## Spode House

This has been the last week of our trip. Eileen Egan and I, to explain belatedly, came to England to attend the annual meeting at Spode House, a Dominican retreat house north of Birmingham where, with Dom Bede Griffiths, we had been invited to speak. It was a large and most interesting meeting, and Father Conrad Pappal and Father Simon Blake were most friendly hosts. Those were the two priests we saw the most of. Dom Bede was the priest who received the group which began the community which became Taena, into the Church, so they were happy to have had a visit from him before the conference began.

I cannot give all the details of my trip. I spoke at another meeting of the Pax group in London, to gatherings at Bob and Molly Walsh's at Oxford, to the anarchist group at the Dryden room of the Lamb and Staff pub in London, had lunch at the House of Lords with Lord Longford, a socialist peer, had tea with Lady Cripps whose daughter married an African whose husband is now in prison in Ghana, and whose grandchildren, two of them, are doing most adventurous things in Thailand and Kenya; visited Denis Knight and his beautiful family in Tunbridge Wells, stayed overnight at Sennon Cove near Land's End, saw Penzance and Donald Attwater's wife Dorothy, and their two daughters, lunched on fish and chips, had tea with Eric Gill's brother Cecil Gill in Cardiff. For eight years, before his conversion Cecil had been a medical missionary in New Guinea.

There was a gathering, and then a gathering of all kinds of people engaged in good works at the home of Victor Gollanz and his wife. There was a boat trip up the

Thames to Greenwich, starting from Westminster Bridge in front of Scotland Yard, and in Greenwich we saw the Cutty Sark, a great sailing vessel made of teakwood, and so great a boat it dominated the streets around. Tea in Greenwich and then by bus to Hempstead where we had a meeting with the secular fraternity of Charles de Foucauld.

And now I write at Taena, tomorrow going on to Stanbrook Abbey to see Emily Coleman whom we knew as Emily Scorbrough when she wrote the Peter Maurin Farm column for the CW eight years ago. Then to London, and Cambridge for a day, and then to Southampton and the boat for home. I will think of many other things that I should have told, such as my afternoon with Hugh Brock, editor of *Peace News* who drove us out to see Muriel Lester, former head of Kingsley Hall who had the privilege of putting up Gandhi on his visit to England in 1931. We saw Epping Forest, Hemstead Heath and visited the graves of Karl and Jenny Marx in Highgate Cemetery.



## Father Gerald Vann, O. P. [1906-1963]

We wish to extend our sympathies to the English Dominicans on the death, several months ago, of one of the most beloved spiritual writers of our time. Father Gerald Vann's devotional works, *THE DIVINE CITY* and *THE HEART OF MAN* in particular, were a source of immense comfort for hundreds of thousands of the perplexed, the compulsive and the otherwise bedeviled. And Christians who love peace are in his debt for his book on *MORALITY AND WAR* and his pamphlet on "The Psychology of Warmongering." No valedictory could be more appropriate than some words he once wrote:

"Live in the present, live in the eternity of God, even as you walk the roads of England; and the fleeting moment, which mocks as it flashes beyond your grasp, will be of infinite importance in itself though its passing will be unimportant, for you will know it as part of the ever-present; and then you will gather up all the shame and the splendour of humanity's past into the arms of your responsibility, and all the promise and all the disappointment of the future into your cupped hands held out in offering and worship. And when death has come to you, itself a fleeting moment, so unimportant, so infinitely important, the earth will still belong to you and still will look to your love and power for its making, and the Church will bless you for the life you have added to it, and there will be men to heed you better than they did when you were here."

# Archbishop Roberts

(Continued from page 3)

of them were saintly. But only one or two of them was Pope.

The point is capital. In the church's structure, the right man, when there is question of radical change, is not simply the man equipped with insight, holiness and competence. To these qualities authority must almost certainly be added. The authority may be symbolic or real; it may be evangelical or a mere historic embellishment. We have seen all these, and today we are perhaps in a position to see them clearly for what they are. But it remains true that to hold authority in the Church is to exercise an altogether unique power over Catholics; it is to speak in a way that will excite the hopes and energies, or suffocate the hopes and energies of believing men, as almost nothing else could. Men who awaken hope, the bishops and theologians of middle and western Europe come immediately to mind. So does Pope John. In one case, an intellectual freedom of the first order; in the other, the single eye of the gospel, a sense of the church drawn directly from a sense of life—these had met. And the meeting was genetic. In spite of all counter pressures of legalism, fear, secrecy and autopsic theology, these men had sensed that the church was ready for a new departure. Pope John and his front line Cardinals—the Archbishops of Utrecht, Brussels, Lille, and Frankfurt, among others, share the glory of having known what the church could be and become, and of having released the energies of many others in the same direction. Those others were perhaps less well informed or less courageous. But they were not blind men. They could see that fear, inaction, parochialism, and Romanism had induced nothing better than a sacred stalemate, in the midst of a world vortex.

Plain speech, intellectual honesty, largeness of spirit, decisions which incarnate the hopes of men everywhere; in such a way, a great current has gathered strength. It is still nowhere near spending itself, as the second session of the council, and all future sessions will beyond doubt show.

It remains true that not all those bishops who deserve well of the church, are equally famous. A few are still working at long term, controversial projects, necessarily out of the public eye and winning support only with agonizing slowness. Among such men, Archbishop Roberts, S.J., former Archbishop of Bombay, is preeminent. Among the English speaking bishops of the world, he has stood out for many years as one who had joined the episcopal dignity to world responsibility. It was on his retirement from the see of Bombay that his auxiliary, the then Bishop Gracias, was elevated to the see, and finally to the Cardinalate, the first Indian to be so honored.

But Archbishop Roberts' return to England was not a signal for him to retire into a reliquary. The world of the East had been a real world to him. For many years he had been in touch with Africans and Asians, whose accumulated fears and distrust of the white West he had experienced and understood. He had written *Black Popes*, a highly courageous discussion on obedience as a virtue which commends the church not only to its members, to the world as well. It was entirely predictable that such a man would see new responsibilities opening before him as he bowed out of the Indian scene.

The church was shortly to see his mettle in action in a new way. The Archbishop came to Seattle in 1959 to meet with other religious leaders on the question of war and conscience. It was there that he received word of the coming Council. He immediately drafted to Rome his proposal that a preconciliar commission be set up, made up of men of the high-

est competence in the fields of science, economics, military strategy, and international law. The commission would include Christians and non-Christians, and would bring to bear many traditions and disciplines on the pressing question of war and conscience.

The proposal followed the lines of the Archbishop's earlier Accra Proposal, embodying almost the same structure planned as an intellectual advisory commission of the U.N. For the time being, the Archbishop now proposed, the Commission could dedicate its efforts toward preparing the conciliar fathers to deal with the massive international questions of peace, social justice, race and disarmament.

The proposal was sent to Rome; a long silence reigned. After two years, on a visit to Rome, the Archbishop was summarily informed of the reason for official silence. He had been delated to the Holy Office on two counts; 1) revealing secrets of the council, and 2) impugning the good name of a hierarchy. At the same time, *Black Popes* was removed from circulation, some ten years after publication, and after translation into many languages. And the Archbishop was officially forbidden to reveal the course of events at Rome.

The Archbishop is a man of extraordinary tenacity and courage. It goes without saying that he loves the Church well, and that he is not likely to be intellectually enslaved by present curial procedures—denigration of outstanding men of the Church, unsupported and secret charges, all carried out under the cloak of secrecy and purporting to express the will of the Pope. A minimal knowledge of church history, and a human instinct for fair play, assure one that such tactics have little to do, either with common law notions of justice, or with the gospel spirit. They represent rather, a curious and frightening example of the persistence of an anachronistic group, in perpetuating its own power and privilege.

Indeed, in Archbishop Roberts' case, the real question at issue was not the orthodoxy of *Black Popes* at all. In question was the freedom of a believer to explore a controversial international issue, in face of the tremendous pressures brought to bear on Rome to ignore the question—and the consequent risks lying in wait for Catholics who enter the lists, and urge the Church to declare itself.

Since 1960, things have indeed changed. Cardinal Bea had declared publicly that the council will take up the question of war and conscience, as "a most important step toward Christian unity." Still, it remains scandalously true that an obsession with secrecy was able to delay for four years, the possibility of a thorough preparation, by the conciliar fathers, of the great and pressing issues of this century.

In the Archbishop's thinking, as he declared in a recent London interview, the question of peace implies the interdependence of new technical facts and the moral position of the Church. "Time and time again," he said, "during the first session of the council, the Fathers expressed their frustration at the amount of time being consumed by trivial questions. Meantime, facing us all were the terrible problems of salvation and survival. Suppose, though, that we bishops had been asked in the first session, to discover and proclaim our Creator's will about the use of weapons involving mass extermination of God's children—would we have been ready for the task? It proved indeed, difficult enough for some 2,500 of us to reach decisions on much less complicated issues. But if such a commission as I had proposed, had been set up four years earlier, with the prestige of the Holy See behind it, if the commission had

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# Jack Horner and the Black Pontiacs

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leaned far back in his chair, fingering his heavy watch chain. And then and there he broke the sad news to us gently, on soft couches, beneath pictures of Harry Truman and Jimmy Hoffa and a large swordfish.

In the negotiations the Union had steadfastly demanded a greatly improved rate of wages and benefits, until the McClurg negotiators knocked the ground out by revealing that they had been planning all along to either sell or close the Book Supply Co., because it was losing money, and by Friday there would be no Company to negotiate with and no employees to represent. From the wreckage the astute Union men salvaged the \$25 Christmas bonus (notice of which had been removed from the Book Supply bulletin board shortly after the troubles began) and a promise that Book Supply workers would be transferred to the main warehouse with seniority according to length of service; but those with less than six months might be subject to layoff at McClurgs.

Working conditions at Book Supply were so attractive and turnover so rapid that six of the bad ten had less than six months. Those six were laid off Friday without prior notice. Seventeen days after we raised the banner of the most powerful union in America, six of the ten were out, with no prospects for anything but a free flop at St. Stephen's House. The Union moves fast.

I wanted to walk out with them, but going back to the main warehouse with a pocket full of Union cards seemed like a more effective form of protest.

That was Friday, December 14. In the week that followed, the four of us remaining were kept busy winding up business at Book Supply. On the Friday before Christmas we took the final inventory. The windup was supervised by a high officer of McClurgs. On the day after Christmas, when we came back to work, he called me into a private office. He presented a photostatic copy of my article from the December Catholic Worker, and said, "I suppose you knew this would come to our attention." I hadn't thought it would, but he said, "We have 750 employees and among them they read almost everything." On the one hand, he said I had always given a good day's work. On the other hand, he said the article slandered the Company and contained numerous errors of fact.

I expressed regret for any distortions of truth which had appeared and offered to correct them in the next issue of the CW.

After a cordial discussion of many sides of the issue, he pulled my final checks out of his pocket and bade me farewell.

I felt then, and in retrospect feel more convinced, that the errors in the article were not as significant as he implied and did not impair the basic argument I made (although I was unfair, as I am unfair to the Union men in this article, because I am selecting a particular pattern of unfavorable actions from the lives of men who in a total sense are probably quite decent.) But as far as errors of fact and their effects, the question of how many Negroes were employed at the Company is the clue to my feelings. I wrote that there were three. The man who fired me implied that this was a slander and said there were at least a dozen. From ten months of subsequent observation, I have concluded that there were five or six, rather than three, at that time, that there had been discrimination against Negroes for decades, and that it still existed at that time and for about eight months thereafter. What I could not see was that the new management had perhaps at that time already formed the inward intention to do away with

discrimination as decisively as they have now done. I looked at a past that was not good, and forgot to foresee a future which could be better.

In any event, on the day after I was fired, I joined Union representatives at the offices of the NLRB, where I filed a complaint seeking reinstatement at the Company. The next day the Union informed me that the Company had agreed to take me back. The next day I was married. Three days later I reported for work at McClurgs, where I was told a written apology would be required for errors in my article. That afternoon I wrote a statement (similar to what later appeared in the January Catholic Worker) and submitted it to the Union attorney for approval.

There now followed almost a month of maneuvering, during which he said he was revising it and seeking a settlement with the Company attorney. But apparently the Union was also negotiating with the Company the broader questions of Union recognition and an initial contract.

On January 17, the Union called a meeting to present a McClurg proposal to recognize the Union and grant an initial three year contract. Unfortunately, it was a meager proposal including an immediate increase of 10c an hour and 5c in the second and third years of the contract, plus improved health benefits. It wasn't much because the Company usually gave 5c a year anyway and was already paying for Blue Cross and Blue Shield (I don't mean 5c a year, but a 5c hourly increase each year, although 5c a year is more than they gave this year).

Besides, only about 30 workers showed up at the meeting, so we agreed with the organizers that we could not accept so poor an offer on behalf of our fellow workers, though in fact it was that or nothing, since only a minority had signed up with the Union.

At the same meeting an organizer threatened to set up a picket line if I was not rehired the next day or Monday, but I think that was just talk to make the Union look tough in defeat, because he knew that the Company had agreed in general to a settlement of my case.

And the next week I was sent back with the letter of apology, slightly revised, and was rehired immediately.

From this month of maneuvering I concluded that the Union, lacking significant support from most of the workers, was stalling the settlement of my case in order to hold the unsettled complaint as a wedge in keeping the door to negotiations open, just as they had used the Book Supply shop as a wedge in the beginning. Until it was settled, the threat of picketing hung over the Company.

When I was rehired, I was put to work as a receiving room checker in the far northwestern corner of the warehouse basement, with my face literally turned to the wall, where no one passed. It may have been a coincidence, but I think in the beginning they feared I was a crackerjack organizer who might soon sign up half the plant (like a certain worried official at the Lewisburg Penitentiary in 1959 who professed to believe that if he sent me to the Allenwood Prison Camp, I might organize fifty prisoners to walk out the gate and disappear). Nothing could be further from the truth. I am pretty much a one man revolution, and I don't think I could have organized workers or prisoners to walk their way out of a paper bag.

**The Death of Book Supply**  
In April when the old Book Supply lease expired, I was called to participate in a strange rite, the physical destruction of Book Sup-

ply. I was sent with four others to clear out the old warehouse. For a week we flailed away with crowbars and hammers knocking down the shelves and bins, tables and desks. Amid flying boards and clouds of dust, we accomplished an appropriate consummation of the work I had begun a few months before when I brought the first Union card to Book Supply. When we were through the last remains lay in a chaotic mountain of splintered wood down the center of the warehouse floor.

In the months that followed, the Union drive didn't die; it just faded away.

"The future will be different, because we made the present different."

So far I have been very critical of both Union and Company. And yet, it was I who turned to the Union, and would back it still, to do with its power and resources the things I could not do myself. By the same token, I am also in practical alliance with the Company to earn a living, which I could not earn on my own. So we are always in alliance with those whose methods and values are contrary to our own, and it is

I DO BELIEVE, LORD  
= HELP MY  
UNBELIEF



perhaps ungrateful, as well as unwise, to bite the hand that cooperates with us.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating a Christmas pie. He stuck in his thumbs and pulled out the plums, and said, "What a good boy am I."

Still, during the months of standing in the corner opening boxes, I have done a lot of speculating about the future of McClurgs, the Union and the public interest. What has happened to the public interest, the common good, in the clash of Company and Union?

Early in the year rumors began to circulate, and were later confirmed, that the Company was building a new, modernized plant in an outlying and less developed area of Chicago. It is rumored that it will be ready for occupancy early next year.

We can speculate that the Company saw the power of the Teamsters Warehouse Local with its 21,000 members, backed by the tremendous power of the International, and sought to come to terms with it.

We can speculate that in offering a bare minimum contract in January, the Company was seeking a three year period of grace, in which to reorganize its resources in order to meet the higher level of wages which would eventually come with Union recognition.

Further, we can speculate that Union pressure was a major factor in the Company's decision to build a modern plant, or at least in the speed with which that decision was put into action, just as

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# Archbishop Roberts

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included men chosen on the sole grounds of competence and objectivity, if such a commission had worked as openly as possible with discretion, seeking help in any quarter that could offer it—then the Fathers would have been ready for the council in a way that would have won the admiration of the world."

It is instructive to recall in this regard that at least one hierarchy, the French, had been preparing for the council along these lines for many years. It is one of the great benefits of the council, as the Archbishop pointed out, to have made the world aware of the French contribution. As early as 1950, the hierarchy of France, taking as its point of departure a statement of Pius XII issued in 1948, wrote perhaps the clearest statement by Catholic churchmen in modern times, on the question of the 'just war'. The bishops wrote:

As the Pope said two years ago, no one with a 'true sense of humanity' can approve the use of modern weapons which strike indiscriminately at soldiers and civilians, and which blindly spread death over areas which daily grow wider and wider with man's increasing scientific knowledge. . . . For our part, we condemn them with all our strength as we had no hesitation condemning the mass bombing during the last war which, in attacks on military objectives, killed old men, women and children at the same time. We are convinced that mankind will be disgracing the intelligence which God gave it, if it perverts to evil ends scientific knowledge which could be so fruitfully used for good.

Naturally enough, with the advent of de Gaulle and the clanking of atomic weapons that has followed, the French statement has largely remained in mid-air. It is being said that others are to be allowed to carry the torch at the council, on the peace issue; the French will support them behind the scenes. However, the statement is on the record, and will undoubtedly be useful when the question comes up in public. Another force at the second session, a force very difficult to assess, at present, is of course, the influence of the Protestant observers. It is a matter of common knowledge in Rome that many of them have responded to Cardinal Bea's suggestion and have submitted opinions on the peace issue. Given the long and courageous history of peace work in many Protestant bodies, the tone of the peace discussion, and its outcome, may become one of the great benefits of the Protestant conscience at the council.

Archbishop Roberts insists though, that the peace question is so delicate, that workers for peace in the church must hope for no easy or quick solution; they must not be afraid—either of work, or of getting hurt. . . . In practice, in certain countries, the Catholic has been actively discouraged from any real consideration of this matter—and much more, from any expression of frank views about it. It would therefore be very helpful and practical if the council would lay down this principle—that any individual who thinks that the use or the threat of nuclear weapons—or indeed of any weapons, bacteriological or otherwise, which are indiscriminate in their very nature—that anyone who does so object, should be free to do so and should have the Church's backing. . . . In the United States, for instance, such a declaration would make a very big difference; since there is in your country, as far as I can see, very little evidence that Catholic authority has lent any weight of conscience in this matter. . . . Objectors for conscience, who are already suffering a great deal all over the world, must be prepared to go on suffering. There will

never be a time when Christians will not have to follow our Lord in living very dangerously."

The question the Archbishop is trying to bring to the fore within the council, is the here and now question of a stand on behalf of individual conscience. This was the tactic he followed in the first session. He did so, convinced that this was the line of least resistance among the Fathers. It was as well, an issue which could most easily be handled by men who were unprepared for the enormously complicated questions of atomic and hydrogen armaments, international law, defense and deterrence. In face of this massive scientific barrage, the Church must insist on the importance of a question which she is immensely skilled in dealing with—the defense and protection of individuals.

By beginning in this way, the Church could release an enormous source of energy and hope, in the direction of the almost untouched questions of universal poverty of the development of nations—in fact, of the whole front of social justice outlined in the two recent encyclicals.

## Pacem In Terris

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nouncements of the Church in this field had to go through diplomatic channels as personal exhortations to princes and statesmen. Those who lament the lack of papal encyclicals in earlier times also fail to recognize that encyclicals represent a form of mass communication before the age of mass media.

Finally, those who reproach the Church with having failed in its duty—at least when the reproaches are directed against the Church as such and not against the all too common human failings of its representatives, who are also men, with limited subjective consciences, in spite of the Gospel that they preach—fail to take into consideration the really basic method whereby the Church has been striving to perfect the consciences of people, a method more fundamental than the mere proclamation of relevant social teachings. This method is the Church's bringing the souls to a personal friendship with the Prince of Peace in the Gospels and in the liturgy.

The existence today of a large public, receptive to pacifist social teachings is to a large extent due to this patient and millenarian activity. A broad moral progress of mankind is an extremely slow process. God grant that the moral basis is by now broad and solid enough to prevent the threatening disaster.

## Book Reviews

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years the same virility which his younger students proudly display. The stern economy of "Sonnet" for William Carlos Williams—written several months before this poet's death—is another manifestation of Roseliep's ability to employ the ambiguities of language in a significant way. A device which I call multiple enjambment illustrates this:

and your son  
flower  
body will burn  
you  
merciless  
and numb

These are not tricks that mask a poverty of expression. They are tricks designed and utilized with the intention of making language a more tractable medium. Words that can be made to dance on the head of a pin are servants rather than masters. Roseliep's long proved ability to use well the various forms, both open and set, is a firm indication that he permits his verbal medium only the mildest tyranny.



# Jack Horner

(Continued from page 7)

the Union pressure accelerated the sale of Book Supply in December.

We can speculate that if the company moves from an immensely inefficient, ancient, six story warehouse with an operation depending heavily on labor, and invests capital in a brand new warehouse, in anticipation of higher labor costs per man, it is going to cut down on total labor costs by mechanizing in an efficient, highly mechanized, partially automated, warehousing operation, employing fewer men.

The Company has already sent around a memo reassuring us that anyone in our department who wishes to retain his job will have an opportunity to move to the new warehouse; but in a business where the wages are presently low and the labor turnover exceedingly high, we can speculate that many workers will not choose to go along to a new plant, which is rumored to be practically inaccessible by public transportation, but will choose to drop out of McClurg into the crowded market for other jobs in the city. And we can speculate that they might not be replaced at McClurg. So as a result, the McClurg labor force might be greatly reduced.

Now, if these speculations hit near to the truth, to whom will the benefits of Union pressure and company reorganization accrue?

We can speculate that they will accrue to that reduced body of workers who will remain and who may look forward eventually to the benefits of Union organization.

But, more significantly, they will accrue to those investors, those people with surplus wealth, to whom the Company will turn to finance its capital improvements.

That is to say that the benefits will accrue to the upper and middle income groups at the expense of ordinary workers and the unemployed.

In short, if these results are multiplied in many similar cases of business and union relations, the well off will become better off, and the poor will become poorer, and that seems to be the trend of our economy today.

As long as the managers have clear control of decision making, they will not allow increased workers' benefits to be taken from their share of the profits. And the organized workers in the unions do not pursue policies which would share their benefits with the unorganized and the unemployed.

In the accommodation between the powers of Business and Union, the price of higher wages is too often charged to the consumers, the unorganized and the unemployed.

Whether this is completely accurate as a description of the policies of A. C. McClurg and Local 743 is not of crucial importance to the argument of this article. As I worked in the corner for the past ten months, left in ignorance of the plans of the powers above me, I speculated on these things, often jotting down notes on a scrap of paper. I have used them for illustrative purposes because it was through speculating about the various factors in this real situation in my life, that I learned something about contemporary trends in our economy, about the role and relationships of Big Labor and Big Business.

Where do these speculations leave your correspondent? They leave him where they found him

## FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is invited.

last January, on the horns, between the power of labor and the power of the managers, facing unemployment, unable to see clearly any way of acting effectively for the interests of the unemployed and unorganized workers.

Perhaps the only solution for them is Peter Maurin's:

**Fire the bosses;  
Work without wages;  
Organize ourselves  
in sufficient (but not self-sufficient)  
communities of work and mutual aid.**

Then the future may be truly different.

How to get from where we are to where we want to be?

In the meantime, the Union men are back. Shortly after I began this article, they appeared at the Company gates to try again. I guess I will be with them in the early morning, as I was before (if they will still have me), because I don't know how to keep the world from changing, or how to change it to suit myself.

As I was finishing this article, old Adolph Ferchland came in for a visit. This incurable optimist is very ill with emphysema, a disease of the lungs caused by his many years as a baker. I showed him the article while I went about other things. When he had read it he began to talk. When he talks he doesn't stop. His topic was progress and civilization. Forty years ago bakers worked 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, and earned \$6 a week. Today, with a powerful union, they work 7 hours a day, 5 days a week, and earn \$150 a week. That's progress. Back in those days there was a baker who never saw his little daughter. She was in bed when he went to work in the morning, and in bed when he came home at night. There was no such thing as a day off for bakers in those days. A six day week was unheard of. After six months he left that job and was walking in the yard the next day. His daughter ran in to her mother and said, "Mommy, there's a strange man in the yard."

Adolph heard the other day that it takes 15,000 people to make a toothpick, from start to finish: "That's a civilized product. Some people use 'em—those that have teeth, that is; I don't have any use for 'em."

Well, he said a lot more to convince me there has been a lot of progress over the centuries, and maybe he is right. He agreed to stop talking for awhile 'til I put down these notes, but he watched the pencil point like a hawk, and whenever it stopped, he took up again his catalogue of progress and civilization.

Footnote: I hope no one will say, "Teamsters; well, what do you expect?" because I don't want to be joined with the Kennedy brothers, and so many others, in scapegoating the Teamsters for the wrongs of unionism in America. It was the Teamsters because they were the one union that was even bothering itself about us. Maybe the others would do worse, if they did anything at all.

## WHAT IS CERTAIN?

"If anyone should ask: What is certain in life and death—so certain that everything else may be anchored in it? The answer is: The love of Christ . . . Only Christ's love is certain. We cannot even say God's love: for that God loves us we also know, ultimately, only through Christ. And even if we did know without Christ that God loved us—love can also be inexorable, and the more noble it is, the more demanding. Only through Christ do we know that God's love is forgiving. Certain is only that which manifested itself on the Cross. What has been said so often and so inadequately is true: The heart of Jesus Christ is the beginning and end of all things."

Romano Guardini.

The Lord (Henry Regnery, 1954)

## SHOUTING WITH ROTARIANS

According to Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin,

"Schools reflect the environment, they do not create it."

According to Professor Meiklejohn,

of the same university, students go to school not to be educated, but to be business men. Shortly after their graduation school graduates can be heard shouting with Rotarians:

"Service for profits,  
Time is money,  
Cash and carry,  
Keep smiling,  
Business is business,  
Watch your step,  
How is the rush?  
How are you making out?  
How is the world treating you?  
The law of supply and demand,  
Competition is the life of trade,  
Your dollar is your best friend."

they can offer their services as a gift.

**SELF EMPLOYING CENTERS.** The remedy for unemployment is employment, and there is no better employment than self-employment.

Self-employing Centers are small shops where repairs can be made and workers can be found to do work outside. With the Self-employing Centers could be connected Houses of Hospitality where the self-employing workers could find shelter. This complicated world is too complicated to be dealt with in an efficient manner by specialized technicians. Specialized technicians knowing more and more about less and less do not know how to simplify a complicated world.

## A RADICAL CHANGE

The order of the day is to talk about the social order. Conservatives would like to keep it from changing but they don't know how. Liberals try to patch it and call it a New Deal. Socialists want a change, but a gradual change. Communists want a change, an immediate change, but a Socialist change. Communists in Russia do not build Communism, they build Socialism. Communists want to pass from capitalism to Socialism and from Socialism to Communism.

I want a change, and a radical change. I want a change from an acquisitive society to a functional society, from a society of go-getters to a society of go-givers.

## POOR CONSERVATIVES

After another meeting I was told by a sociologist "I still think that you are a radical." And I told the sociologist "We have to pity those poor conservatives who don't know what to conserve; who find themselves living in a changing world while they do not know how to keep it from changing or how to change it to suit themselves."

## RADICALLY WRONG

Monsignor Fulton Sheen says: "Modern society is based on greed."

Father McGowan says: "Modern society is based on systematic selfishness."

Professor John Dewey says: "Modern society is based on rugged individualism." When conservatives try to conserve a society based on greed, systematic selfishness and rugged individualism they try to conserve something that is radically wrong, for it is built on a wrong basis. And when conservatives try to conserve what is radically wrong they are also radically wrong.

## A NEW SOCIETY

To be radically right is to go to the roots by fostering a society based on creed, systematic unselfishness and gentle personalism. To foster a society based on creed instead of greed, on systematic unselfishness instead of systematic selfishness, on gentle personalism instead of rugged individualism, is to create a new society within the shell of the old.

## De Chardin

"A Christian is at the same time the most detached and the most attached of human beings. More convinced than any 'worldly' man that earthly success has a deep hidden relevance and value, he none the less is confident that success is of no importance whatsoever when it is looked upon as an individual (or universal) gain independent of God. It is God and only God whom he seeks in the image of creatures. For him the interest really lies in the things in so far as God is really present in them . . . A religion, however miraculous, is a dead religion if it falls below the standard of human ideals. Therefore it is supremely important that every Christian should understand and give living expression to his active submission to the will of God."



## BUSINESS IS SELFISHNESS

Because everybody is naturally selfish business men say that business must be based on selfishness. But when business is based on selfishness everybody is busy becoming more selfish. And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish we have classes and clashes.

## ORGANIZATIONS

Most organizations exist, not for the benefit of the organized, but for the benefit of the organizers.

When organizers try to organize the unorganized they do not organize themselves. If everybody organized himself, everybody would be organized. There is no better way to be than to be what we want the other fellow to be.

## THREE WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING

Mirabeau says "There are three ways to make a living: Stealing, begging and working." Stealing is against the law of God and against the law of men. Begging is against the law of men but not against the law of God. Working is neither against the law of God nor against the law of men. But they say that there is no work to do. There is plenty of work to do, but no wages. But people do not need to work for wages,

We need fewer specialists and more encyclopedists, fewer masters of one trade and more jacks-of-all-trades.

1933—THE CATHOLIC WORKER The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create order out of chaos.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to help the unemployed to employ themselves. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to make an impression on the depression by expression.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

## NOT A LIBERAL

They say that I am a radical. If I am a radical then I am not a liberal. The future will be different if we make the present different. But to make the present different one must give up old tricks and start to play new tricks. But to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks one must be a fanatic. Liberals are so liberal about everything that they refuse to be fanatical about anything. And not being able to be fanatical about anything, liberals can not be liberators. They can only be liberals. Liberals refuse to be religious, philosophical or economic fanatics and consent to be the worst kind of fanatics, liberal fanatics.