

CATHOLIC WORKER



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EASY ESSAY

On Being Crazy

People went crazy
for Democracy,
majority rule,
mob rule.

Then they went crazy
for the War,
for Democracy,
trying to bring peace
through War.

Then they went crazy
for Normalcy.

Then they went crazy
for Technocracy.

Then they went crazy
for the N.R.A.

And they say
that I am crazy.

They say that I am crazy
because I refuse to be crazy
the way everybody else
is crazy.

For if I tried to be crazy
the way everybody else
is crazy

I know that I would be crazy.

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ET ERAT
SUBDITUS



NON VIOLENCE AND THE NEW YEAR

The following is an editorial from the last issue of **LIBERATION**. It deals with incidents of non-violence which we need to call attention to in this time of fear and trembling. We need constantly to call attention to the strength of the spirit that is in man who is temple of the Holy Spirit and made to the image and likeness of God. We need to be reminded that we are not alone, that among the inarticulate ones of the earth, a power is stirring. Let us lift up our hearts in hope.—D. D.

Not since the death of Gandhi has there been so much discussion of non-violence as there is today. Suddenly Thoreau and Martin Luther King, Jr. along with Gandhi, are names for popular columnists to conjure with. In the case of the United States this is the result of the year-long demonstration of the practical effectiveness and the distinctive spiritual quality of mass non-violence by the Negroes of Montgomery. As Roy Wilkins of the NAACP observed in our December issue, here was a "historic development" showing on American soil that "50,000 persons can work together as a unit without military discipline and without degenerating into a mob."

The possibilities of non-violent resistance have also been dramatized in the struggle of the Hungarian people against Soviet tyranny, especially in the later phases of that conflict. The very first stage of that movement was also essentially non-violent. When workers, professional people, students, women, children took to the streets, tore down the symbols of foreign control, and demanded democratization of the regime and withdrawal of foreign troops, they engaged in no violence against persons. Soldiers, both Hungarian and Russian, behaved peacefully and in not a few cases joined the joyous demonstrators. An officer on a tank said to one group of them: "But you haven't any weapons." A middle-aged man who seemed to be looked to as a sort of leader of the

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WAR

"Those who will not kill ought to speak and they ought to say only one thing, but say it ceaselessly, as a witness, as a thousand witnesses who will rest only when murder is finally wiped off the face of the earth."

Albert Camus

"Those who march out against plunderers, if they be laymen, are shut out of communion, but if they be clergymen they are deposed from orders. 'For all,' says He, 'that take the sword shall perish with the sword.'"

St. Basil the Great,
Letter 217, Canon 55

"The institution of compulsory military service, a totalitarian idea if there ever was one, marked an enormous step backward for civilization."

Georges Bernanos

LET IT STAND THIS YEAR TOO:
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT:
PERHAPS IT
MAY BEAR
FRUIT



ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

When I think of the long sentences served by so many others in so many miscarriages of justice, when I think of the accumulation of prisons, outmoded and futile that dot the land of the free, I am not particularly interested in writing about my few days in jail last month. I am just glad that I served them, and am ready to serve again if there is another compulsory air raid drill next summer. It is a gesture perhaps, but a necessary one. Silence means consent, and we cannot consent to the militarization of our country without protest. Since we believe that the air raid drills are part of a calculated plan to inspire fear of the enemy instead of the love which Jesus Christ told us we should feel toward him we must protest these drills. It is an opportunity to show we mean what we write when we repeat over and over, that man is here on this earth, to love God and His brother. We love our country and have no wish to give up citizenship as Stanley Borowsky announced he wished to do. Peter Maurin felt himself to be not a Frenchman or an American, but first of all a Catholic, but just the same he loved both the country of his birth and his adopted country where he had worked for forty years.

It was good to have the opportunity to "visit the prisoner," which is one of the works of mercy, even for so brief a visit, by being a prisoner one's self. One of the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld has had herself committed to a prison in France in order that she might live with her less fortunate sisters, and in her confinement live a life of work and prayer.

We have no complaint to make of the prison or of the attendants there. Our physical needs were supplied, blankets, sheets, towels, clothing. What if the clothing were a bit coarse, unbleached muslin and not cut to fit? What if the dress were a purple sack coming just below the knees! I would not say we were clothed with modesty, nor in Christian fashion, but we were clothed. Our food was coarse but adequate, a little too much rice and spaghetti of course. The cells were tiny and crowded but they were both warm and airy. One could open the window as wide as one liked, one or all of the five little panes. One pane of glass even was clear so that we could look out on Greenwich street, on the swirling snow, the slushy streets, the people rushing to and fro, the brightly lit stores, the flower shop, food stores, all in the heart of Greenwich Village.

We were given thorough physical examinations, even to x-rays and Wasserman tests. There was a recreation room on the roof, a beauty parlor, a craftshop and in the few days we were there we were taught by a gentle teacher to make some brass enameled ashtrays. If there had been more time we could have worked in clay, leather, bound a book, dressed dolls.

The "ladies" as they called us, worked in the laundry, kitchen, sewing rooms, cleaning and so on. We were given mop and pail to clean the corridors. But there was never enough work for the 500 or so prisoners so there were many idle. I saw one girl display with pride a dress she has made for

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A Sunday In Bagnolet

Paris, January 17, 1957.

It was about ten in the morning when I joined the other three students in our "project." It was a small wooden cottage consisting of three small rooms the largest of which, the living room, was hardly ten feet square. Joined to the living room by a doorway without a door was the bedroom, scarcely bigger. It was an old cottage with a tiny garden in front, so old that the wooden window sills were rotted away and the ceiling buckling after years of supporting the one-story roof. Inside lived an aged couple. This was their last home, and since the interior still wore the paint and wallpaper of the 1920's, we came there with the intention of making the place a little brighter.

In the neighborhood, this Sunday, were about twenty-five other young people, mostly students, who were broken into teams. Each team was assigned a project for the day. We were all working in ancient wooden cottages, more like small wooden barracks, in which lived the aged of the community; the pensionaires, old couples, and helpless. This was in Bagnolet, a suburb of Paris, 30 minutes from the cathedral of Notre Dame and in a quarter reserved for the "veillards." Each weekend under the auspices of an international organization called the Service Civil International, groups of young people consecrate their time to the improvement of the community. This mostly takes the form of housing improvement; painting, repairing, and even, sometimes, building. This is because the most critical problem in Paris now is housing now aggravated by the sudden influx of Hungarian refugees. (During the Christmas vacation a barracks for these refugees was put in order and painted). During the week time is devoted to teaching reading and writing to the numerous Algerian, Tunisian and Moroccan laborers who have left their homeland to find hoped-for security in France.

In my team of four there were two other boys, both studying law, and one girl studying psychology. They had arrived before I did and were already ripping the faded wallpaper from the old walls and

washing the layers of dirt from the ceiling in preparation for the painting. This took us all morning. At 12:30 we quit work to go and eat with the other volunteers at a nearby community library which was being used as common eating hall. Everybody was covered with paint, plaster, and wallpaper glue eagerly talking and comparing methods of making wallpaper stick and painting ceilings. Since this was only a week after the Feast of the Epiphany, we followed the French custom of choosing a king and queen by eating a special kind of cake in which there was a bean. The one who found the bean was king or queen and crowned with a paper crown bought for the occasion.

When people work or suffer and to a lesser extent play together the barriers of individualism are lowered and a rapport establishes itself between the individuals of a community. Just knowing that others were working for a common good and giving themselves to creating a community was enough to create a communal atmosphere among the volunteers assembled around a mid-meal table; to create a oneness from pieces, a group from a crowd. This oneness was just a germ, to be sure, small, yet the seed on which to build.

We returned to work at two o'clock and began with the painting and wallpapering. Bright paint and cheerful wallpaper gave another feeling to the home; and when, at seven in the evening, our work finished, were leaving for our homes the old French couple offered us a glass of wine and we toasted to the new house.

As we walked back to the library to get our belongings we talked about the contented looks and words of the two old people. I'm sure that we were all agreed that with our eight hands we had made the world just a little better off.

Jim Berry.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

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

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On Pilgrimage

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herself so there is a chance to learn a few useful things.

But the sadness of it all is that aside from talking day in and day out about freedom, and "how much time you got" and "when do you get out?" there are some there who are truly happy. Quite a few of the women who have lived with us at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality have spent short terms there for disorderly conduct and drinking, and I remember one Jean especially. She was staying with us on Staten Island and as we all sat around the table one night sewing and talking, (she was playing solitaire) she suddenly said, "I never was so happy as when I was in the clink." Born and bred on the Bowery, of a drunken father and mother, all her family scattered, she looked upon the jail as a place of comfort and security, a place where she could not get into much trouble, where there was warmth and companionship and movies on Saturday night and television every night until nine, and nobody expecting much of her, just taking her as she was. It is sad too that there is nothing much to come out to, not enough hospices, just the prospect of going back to the same old taverns to find your friends, to the same old work with its tensions and dirt and insecurity, and far more expected of you than you are able to give.

"I don't like to work," one little Puerto Rican said to me. She spent most of her time lying on her cot, singing melancholy songs. "What kind of work were you doing?" "Laundry work and I'm here for being a pickpocket," and she covered her face with her hands in mock shame, and laughed at me. Why are the jails so full, and why are the searches so rigid? And why are they all so young, these girls that fill the four corridors on the six or seven floors of the House of Detention which are used as cell blocks. It is mostly drugs, and the girls themselves say the problem is hopeless. "We will get out, and then we will be here again."

I remembered an article I had read in the magazine section of the New York Times, on drug addiction, and the way it is handled in England and the way it is handled here. "Of course it is not a crime," one of the officers said to me. "But it is treated as a crime, and it certainly leads to more crime." The Times has also called the Women's Detention Prison a "black hole," because it is overcrowded, because girls are held there long before trial as well as after conviction. But physically speaking, it is not a black hole. The sad fact remains that it is more comfortable physically than many a slum tenement with its overcrowding, its vermin, its cold and dark and lack of hot water.

Our physical needs are cared for, but certainly not the spiritual. If you go in on Monday, you do not see a priest until the following Saturday, and if you ask for rosary or prayer book, or Bible, you do not get it. And you wonder if there is any visitation, any preaching, any telling the stories

of the lives of the saints, any glimpse for these prisoners of any other kind of life than the one they know of the flesh. Or is it only a half-hour Mass, one half-hour out of the one hundred and sixty eight hours of the week, thirty minutes out of the 10,080 minutes of the week?

We beg our readers to pray for prisoners, since we cannot perform the work of mercy of visiting them.

Paulina Sturm is dead and we all feel grief-stricken here at the Catholic Worker. She was only 31 years old, she was a widow, a convert, the mother of a ten year old daughter, Joanna. When you are writing the obituary of an older person, who has lived his life, who has run his course, you can write with some joy in the faith that we have of everlasting life, that "life is changed, not taken away." But it is hard to feel that God wills so early a death. It is by His permissive will of course that all things happen, but doctors and scientists work hard to save that precious gift of life, so that it may run its usual three score and ten years. But there always remains the mystery of suffering and death.

We first heard from Paulina on the feast of St. Anthony a few years ago. It is an involved story, and I shall tell it and run the risk of being accused of seeing signs and wonders. I was in possession of a first class relic of St. Anthony of Padua, (without the papers authenticating it) which had been given to Caroline Gordon by Stark Young (two famous people in the literary world) and by her to me. I wore it around my neck in a reliquary of silver made by one of Ammon Hennacy's Hopi Indian friends. On that feast day I felt very discouraged with my writing and stopped to say a prayer to St. Anthony. I reminded him of the relic I wore, and begged his help to make up my mind about the piece of writing I was doing. When I returned from Mass there was a letter from Paulina Sturm in her beautiful script, much like Peter Maurin's in its careful lettering, and in addition to a large gift, she told me how much she liked my last book and urged me to go on writing.

Ammon sent her his book also, and when she came to visit us that summer, he met her at the station, and with his usual overflowing friendliness, took her everywhere with him, introducing her to the street corners where he sold papers, to his radical Catholic and non-Catholic friends. Her little daughter had gone to a summer camp, so Paulina stayed with us for six weeks, and when we were arrested the first time, for our civil disobedience, and our bail was fixed at a thousand dollars each by Judge Kaplan, she paid my bail and also told Eileen Fantino to use the money she had given her for the summer camp for the children that year, to get bail bonds for the three in her group.

She was with us that day we were arrested, helping us first to

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The Friendly Cancer

By KERRAN DUGAN

A recent study by Farm Research, Inc., reminds us that grocery chains are too much with us. The slap given by the federal government to the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company a few years ago for knavery below and beyond the call of free enterprise was but a gentle one. A&P lingers on, heavy with its 4,650 stores, its 27 manufacturing and processing plants. The other eleven big chains lumber apace, making trails of giant footprints from Wall Street brokerage firms to Ashtabula, Moose Jaw and wherever else people eat out of cellophane.

One of the minor but more irritating of the vices of the great chains is their pretention to friendliness with all of us millions of consumers.

Many years ago, when the American Auto Workers' Union was trying to organize the Negro employees of Mr. Ford, the Negroes resisted, saying that Mr. Ford was their friend and they couldn't do something their friend wouldn't



like. The Union finally brought in the plain-speaking Negro sociologist, Franklin Frazier, to see what he could do. Frazier spoke to the reluctant employees, analyzing the nature of their relationship to Mr. Ford, and getting across to them the fact that their employer couldn't possibly be a "friend" to the thousands of them.

The cancer of free enterprise which has put one hundred thousand small grocers out of business since 1939 is advertised locally as "your friendly A&P," "your friendly Safeway dealer," "your friendly Kroger man," etc. The more impersonal retailing becomes, it seems, the more energetically do the powers behind it strive to make us think of them as simple, semi-literate, smiling people who live somewhere in our block. The man in the grey flannel suit, at a word from the man in the chesterfield coat, wracks and wracks his brains, and comes up with a food slogan like "Good 'n' Tasty" or "Spankin' Fresh," which finds its way to your local store and which baffles you with its uncanny elisions or other eccentricities until you realize that what the man with the cigar in his mouth is trying to do is sound like Good Old Grandma or Aunt Jemima. What do Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane take us for anyway?

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By AMMON HENNACY

"Where's Dorothy?" said an officer with an Irish brogue, to Dan O'Hagen, as we stood waiting for our physical examination at Hart's Island prison.

"She's at the Greenwich prison," he answered.

"Where's Hennacy?" asked the officer.

"I'm Hennacy," I replied. He looked at me closely, whether expecting horns or halo I didn't know, and said, "so you're Hennacy. Well, well, I've read every thing you have written for years in the CW." Dan and I and Stanley Borowski and Michael Graine were beginning our five days sentence for refusing to participate in the air raid drill last summer.

Judge Comerford

In court on the 15th we were anxious as to who the judge would be, for Judge Kaplan who the year before had called us "murderers" and who said he believed in the letter of the law, and whom we felt would give us at least six months, had the day before been promoted to the Court of Special Sessions at an increase of \$3,500 a year. Whether he would insist on hearing our case or who would get it we did not know. So when smiling Judge Comerford, who last July had heard us plead guilty and who treated us with courtesy, appeared to hear us now we were pleased. We noticed in a score of other cases that he gave suspended sentences to the men arrested for panhandling and other small offenses. He would not allow the prosecutor to override the rights of a client who was confused, and another who was deaf and dumb. After he had asked each one of us if we wanted a lawyer and if we really desired to plead guilty and found that we were ready for sentence he gave us five days in jail or \$25 fine. I then asked him if I could make a statement and was told to go ahead. I told him that I had written the statement for Judge Kaplan the day before. Here is my statement:

As a Catholic I twice refused to take part in air raid drills in accordance with the practice of St. Peter who was arrested twice for speaking on the street, and he and all the Apostles said to the State that they should obey God rather than man. As an anarchist I follow the practice of William Lloyd Garrison, the first American Christian anarchist, who openly opposed and broke the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, and of Henry David Thoreau who refused to pay taxes for slavery and war. I also follow the example of my Quaker ancestors who hid the slaves in southern Ohio, and of my Irish rebel forebears from County Cork.

I have openly refused to play at atomic war games and I shall refuse to do so in the future on the principle that a bad law is no better than any other bad thing. The way to protect the people is to cease making bombs and war. I do not desire probation or parole and will not pay any fine and do not want anyone to pay a fine for me. I am willing to accept any punishment this court wishes to give me and shall take it as a penance for my sins and the sins of my country in loosing the atomic bomb upon the world.

When I had finished, the prosecutor, John McGuire, asked that my case be sent back to the D. A.'s office and that I should be charged with conspiracy because of my continued defiance of the law. I answered him that I spoke only for myself. The judge said nothing. Then Stanley Borowski spoke up and said that he wished to renounce his U. S. citizenship. Dan O'Hagen, our Quaker friend from Pendle Hill, Pa., said that he had enlisted right after high school in 1942 and by 1945 had found that we had not only lost the peace we were told we were fighting for but had permanent conscription now in time of peace upon us. He felt

that if we did unto others what we wanted others to do unto us we would want the Russians to refuse to play atomic war games, so he had to act that way here in this country against both American and Russian war play. Michael Graine, young non-church anarchist actor, gave a very long speech with charm and emphasis on the various arguments we all believe about capitalism, war, ideals. He said that the Nuremberg trials "proved that the people are responsible for their actions." He felt that there was no defense against the atom bomb except to cease making them or using them. Deane Mowrer simply said that her life so far had not meant so much and she "wanted to make at least one gesture on behalf of God and for peace among men. And I will refuse to take part in any future air raid drills." Dorothy said that having written in the CW about peace and love of brother for twenty-four years that she wanted to offer her freedom to prove that we meant what we said and that she also would refuse to take part in any air raid drills. The judge then repeated that our sentence would be five days in jail or a \$25 fine.

After a few days those who pled not guilty had a trial before the same judge and were given the same sentence. Patricia Daw, Tom Rick, Hollis Wyman and Marcus Cohen paid their fines. Mrs. Elizabeth Quigley, Quaker of Agawam, Mass., George Willoughby, Quaker of Philadelphia, Dale Brothington, Quaker of N.Y. City, and Bob Gilmore, head of the Quaker Service Committee here appealed the five days sentence and are out on bail. Elbert Uhrig of Ossining, N. Y., and Jim Peck and Ralph De Gia of the War Resisters League here also appealed the five day conviction. The two latter had been in jail in 1955 when Stanley and Dorothy and I had also opposed the first air raid drill.

In The Bronx County Jail

I had taken an array of books to read, thinking I would get six months: my *Missal*, *Life of O'Donovan Rossa*—Irish rebel of a century ago, Shelley's *Poems*, Tolstoy's *Short Stories*, *The Possessed* by Dostoevsky, *Jesus' Sayings* annotated, *St. Ignatius' Exercises*, and *Sight Without Glasses*; also a copy of my *Autobiography* for others to read. (I read thirty pages and had to cry, and now only look at it for some special incident). Mike had half a dozen "double-depth" psychology books. One of the guards looking at us laughed and said, "studying law." I answered, "We don't believe in law; we are anarchists." Of course we believe in the higher law of God but not the law in the law books. The guard who was checking me was Irish and wondered how a Catholic could be a pacifist and an anarchist. Seeing my *Rossa* book he said that Wolfe Tone believed in violence. I quoted Gandhi that it was better to fight a tyrant than it was to knuckle and obey; and that I liked the Irish rebel Tone even if he wasn't a pacifist.

One of our fellow prisoners was vaggued for sleeping down by the river. He had an overcoat but no shirt. Another was panhandling but had \$43 on him when arrested. He said he did not "ever want to be broke." One guard argued with Mike after looking through his books that "that's where Surrealism gets you: jail." Each of us had a separate clean cell with a mattress, but the radio blasted until 9:30 p.m.

Tea, Tigers, etc.

I had always known that there was no more sense in my drinking tea than there was coffee, and I didn't especially like it either. Only weak-mindedness in not quitting. So I said if I got any time in jail I would quit tea for good. The first night they had cocoa, so I had something hot for supper, but the

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TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH

By ROBERT STEED

You pass through a number of large cities between New York and Memphis and most of them can't be enjoyed at all because you would like to stop and spend a day in each one just to see what they are like. Columbus is disappointing because you think it will be bigger than it is and Cincinnati is surprisingly large. Louisville you know from past experience can only be described as painfully dull but Pittsburgh is perfect and you would like to stay six months and just look at it. The bus pulled in just at dawn and the city was shrouded in great black clouds and there was a slight fog. It rather reminds you of El Greco's "Toledo," dark and forbidding, only tough and not at all mystical.

I was glad to get to Louisville that night even if it is a dull place because I knew I was going to be sleeping in a bed and not in a bus. Dorothy had arranged for me to stay at the home of Alice Caspar. She is one of the group that got interested in the "Catholic Worker" through Father Hugo's retreat movement which it sponsored. She drove to the bus station to pick me up and then out to her home where she lives with her aunt and father who is a retired surgeon. After I had had something to eat we retired early because we had to be up early to be able to drive the fifty miles or so out to the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemani in time for the conventual (communitary) Mass at eight o'clock.

We left about five a.m., received Communion at one of the parishes at five-thirty, where the young assistant curate is a former Trappist, and set out in a heavy fog for the monastery, eating bread and butter and drinking coffee from a thermos bottle on the way and arrived in plenty of time.

It used to be like walking into the twelfth century when you rang the bell at the gate-house and the little window in the door opened to reveal the bearded face of Brother Alexander. Now instead of that you enter a glass-paned door to the left of the gate and find yourself in the bookstore-delicatessen where slick, cellophane-covered packages shout out to visitors: Trappist Bacon, Trappist Ham, Trappist Cheese, Trappist Bread and familiar volumes on the spiritual life extend a more sedate welcome. It pleased me very much that Brother remembered my name after three and a half years; he hurried me off to the guest house with my suitcase to let the guest master, Father Hilary, know that I was staying the night before the Mass began. Miss Caspar went to the church through the visitor's entrance.

After an over-heated house at Chrystie Street, a stifling bus and a hot monastic guest house the church was delightfully cold, the kneelers as hard as ever, and the chant, while sounding rather tired, still exercised an effect which as ever, remains unexplainable. Unlike almost all other religious and secular music it loses something when heard out of context, on phonograph records or over the radio. Father John sang the Mass extremely slowly and the choir responded with serious tones. Father Merton came late with one of his novices. We were in the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.

I decided to stay the night as Miss Caspar made the trip back to Louisville alone.

The best time to make a retreat at Gethsemani is near Christmas-time because there are so few people there then. Brother Jose, a native of the Philippines whom I had known in the novitiate, took a group of us around on a guided "tour" of the monastery in the afternoon. We went through the new sacristy which consists of two levels, one with about ten new altars that are necessary because of the diocesan priest retreats which are held there twice a year and another above it where the vesting takes place and where the vest-

ments are kept. After this came the church itself which holds so many memories and the little chapel behind the main altar, dedicated to St. Robert of Molesme, founder of the Order, where I used to make so many confessions during those scrupulous days of 1952. Then through the cloisters outside of whose windows in the winter grow those anemic little pale pink flowers and in which stands St. Joseph in an orange dress trimmed with gold, holding Jesus and a lily. Next is the cemetery where the "Man Who Got Even With God" lies and the former French opera star turned monk and Frater Jose. We were on retreat together that first winter, he in preparation for simple vows, I for the taking of the habit. The next winter he was dead. Other freshly covered graves: Brother Albert, who must have been ninety and who could be seen at a very advanced age in the blazing July sun hoeing and weeding his garden, working just as long hours as men sixty years younger. Father John Berchmans who was never known as a very hard worker but who was

ciscan who asked him if he lived in New York and on receiving an affirmative reply announced that he was "quasi-sophisticated," had at one time associated with "theatre people" and "drank beer" at a certain well-known tavern.

I encountered a loud-voiced, Kentucky-colonel type who told racist jokes to an unwilling but polite Bro. Jose. The priests on retreat didn't seem sophisticated at all but had a rather shocking preoccupation with their meals. One of them gave me a lift to Louisville. It was his first visit with the Trappists and he was on his way back to Ohio. He thought that they overdid things and that as long as you have a choice between a hard life and an easy one why not take the easy one; it's no sin. In theory he may be right but there are so many people who have no choice. They have a hard life whether they choose it or not. Certainly the primary motive in choosing a life of poverty should not be merely a desire for personal sanctification which can stem from pride but a desire to relieve the sufferings of the poor

plantation store. The people waiting in lines were there to get free food surpluses made available by the State of Mississippi for those in low income brackets; most of them are Negroes. The whites in the income brackets just above these Negroes are, of course, very resentful: "Anytime anything is being given away the 'niggers' are right there with their hands out." There is a small factory in Clarksdale which manufactures cotton picking machines (they do the work of many human pickers) and tractors. This increasing industrialization of farming is sending more and more Negroes into the town and cities like Clarksdale where they find that there is not enough work to go around and from there they go to northern industrial centres where without skills they can't find work either. And many leave for other reasons: "And self-respect drives Negroes from the one-crop and race-hating delta to northern cities helter-skelter" and so many of them end up on our headlines!

The reason I went to Clarksdale was to visit St. Francis Center where the works of mercy are car-

ried on among the colored by three white women, all southern born and all (I think) converts. Dorothy wrote about the first group of these women in the December issue of the CW and their work in Greenwood. The Clarksdale Center is one year old this month and at the moment there are three women on the staff: Betsy Cole, who is the youngest and in charge and Josephine Kammer and Alice Stafford. All three are Franciscan tertiaries.

When I went to the Center the first time I found it closed and then I tried the home address given in the telephone book. It was in a very poor Negro section and I was told that they no longer lived there. Next I tried the rectory of the white parish. The pastor on hearing that I had been looking for them in the Negro section hastened to inform me that the bishop had forbidden the ladies to live there since such things "weren't at all proper in this part of the country." I finally found them at their midday prayers in the colored parish church. We drove back to the Center, had coffee, and they told me about their work.

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Concerning Aging In Industry

By KERRAN DUGAN

Old age used not to be much of a problem at all; most people never reached it. Now that most of us reach it we have an "old age problem." The problem is there not because we reach old age but because, reaching it, we do not know what to do with it. The authors of *Aging In Industry* (Philosophical Library, \$7.50) have piled statistics table on table to suggest an answer to the problem as it affects industrial workers: keep them working.

In Fred Allen's latter years he said that if he had his life to live over again, he would have been a writer, because at the age when comedians are dead on their feet, the Shaws and Faulkners and Mauriacs and Hemingways are still hitting their stride. Clark and Dunne say something similar in *Aging In Industry*: the retirement of the aging worker can be postponed and he can continue as an efficient employee of industry beyond the time now allotted him—if care is taken to see that he is fitted into a job where the premium is on his particular assets, precision and experience.

It is regrettable that so many of us spend our lives in such drudgery that when the *lagnappe* of leisure comes to us we do not have the habit of creativeness which would allow us to accept it and use it joyfully. It is regrettable that it should be considered a burden rather than a boon, an emptiness rather than an opportunity to create in freedom. It is regrettable, but as long as it is true, researchers and others like Clark and Dunne who concern themselves with the aged are doing a good and merciful work: if the golden years lack gold, the next best thing is to fill them with what we can; if the industrial worker leaves his drudgery only to find that he is empty without it, then the merciful thing is to give him back the drudgery. "Son, support the old age of thy father . . . for the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten," Ecclesiasticus tells us, or, as the French magazine *Exchanges* puts it in a recent issue devoted entirely to the problem of old age: what we do for our elders today is what will await us tomorrow. If we are thinking of our own old age, however, it would be better to forget about the improvising and patchwork and prepare for old age by learning how to use leisure now. The golden years are golden only for him who brings the gold with him.

*W. H. Auden, "New Year Letter," *Collected Poetry, Random House*.



as simple as a child and persevered in the order nearly fifty years and whom I am sure never uttered an unkind word in his life. Father William, another childlike soul who was bookbinder. He looked like the movie actor, Joseph Meeks, and used to serve Mass for Father Amadeus who was very feeble and said Mass sitting down in the infirmarium chapel; now they lie near each other in the shadow of the new bell tower. Fr. Lawrence who was hearing confessions in the guest house the first time I went to Gethsemani. He was usually appointed to preach the sermon to the community on Christmas and they approached in simplicity and beauty of thought, if not in style, the Christmas Sermon in T. S. Eliot's "Murder in a Cathedral."

Later on in the day at Vespers it was good to hear my old confessor, Fr. Edward, intoning the first psalm. Back in the guest house I talked with Fr. Hilary and Fr. Urban, both of whom had visited Mott St. years ago and met Peter Maurin and heard him "chant his little verses." I gave Fr. Hilary some back issues of the CW that I had with me; he hadn't seen the paper in some time. Trappists don't ordinarily read newspapers or magazines but only books. He liked the drawings by Fritz Eichenberg and Ade Bethune, and Brother Benet wanted a copy of Ade's "Our Lady of the Chickens" since he takes care of them when he is not working in the guest house.

The next morning after Mass in the freezing sub-sacristy we made our way to the refectory and ate our cereal and eggs to the accompaniment of the Overture to Handel's "Messiah" and Bishop Sheen's dramatic tones. The menu was less lavish than it had been seven years ago when I had last eaten there on my first retreat. It had been so rich and plentiful then that you got up from the table feeling rather ill. Asceticism has its reward even on the natural level.

A Jewish friend of mine visited Gethsemani a year ago and came back telling me about a layman he had seen in the guest house library reading an anti-Semitic tract published in Ireland and of a Fran-

are always with us. It's a matter of simple justice.

Clarksdale, Miss.

I arrived in Memphis late that night where I spent Christmas with my family and saw old friends including Helen Caldwell Riley but I will say more about her later. From Memphis I made two trips down into Mississippi; the first was to Clarksdale.

The Delta begins at Memphis and ends at Vicksburg and its center is Clarksdale which is only a few miles from the spot where Emmett Till was murdered. It is the type of country where you might expect a murder to take place; flat, dreary, with unpainted share-cropper's shacks appearing now and then in the cotton fields. It is country where men die every day in the spirit, where men murder Christ in the souls of their brothers in His own name. Clarksdale is a bright little town; almost every building seems to be painted white, but, like many of these bright little Delta towns its physical appearance belies the emotional atmosphere of the place. Fear walks the streets and the laughter you hear is nervous and self-conscious.

The population is about 15,000 and about forty per cent Negro. The backbone of the economy is, of course, cotton. The county in which Clarksdale is located produces a hundred thousand bales a year and it is stored in three large government compresses which mark the boundaries of the town. Birds roost on the television aerials that dominate almost every house, even the poorest, and make nests in the chimneys of the abandoned share-cropper's huts. As I drove around town I saw many Negroes standing in great numbers along the streets in their part of town and long lines of people, mostly Negroes, waiting for something; I couldn't figure out what. Later I found out that this was "settling" time, i.e., the time after the end of the cotton picking season when these Negroes collect their pay, settle their accounts with the plantation owner and come into town to see friends and relations and buy the things they can't get at the

How Do You Like Our Jail?

With the stiff bearing of authority, starchily efficient, you sit behind your desk which is at the very center of things, there in the main hall of the seventh floor, right next to the bulletin board and the elevators, between the dining room and the recreation room, looking toward either end of the hallway where the long corridors lead off like the arms of a cross down the rows of cells squatly frowning behind their ponderous barred gates. The morning hubub has subsided. Most of the girls and women—they are preponderantly young, it seems—have taken the elevators to work assignments in laundry, kitchen, clinic, or prison offices. You can relax now; at least a little. And so it is I find you sitting, with your slightly sardonic eye and gleaming badge, as I pass somewhat awkwardly by with mop and pail toward my own particular cleanup operation in corridor A. This is my second day, the second of a five-day sentence. Yesterday you had said: "I remember you gals from last summer. You're not American. You're just impossibles." A woman prisoner at work nearby had caught up the derisive "impossibles" and sent the unflattering label tumbling down the corridors. To refuse to take shelter in an air-raid drill—no self-respecting criminal would be guilty of such. But then there had been that priest to see Dorothy—and Fr. McCoy he was, too—and all those telephone calls full of concern for her. You say no more about "impossibles." But as you see me coming, you can't resist hurling the question in your strident official voice: "How do you like our jail, Deane?" Again volatile guffaws of a prisoner proclaim this an official witticism, and the ensuing parrotlike cacophany covers my confusion as I falter a would-be noncommittal—"It's interesting."

Now with the free unhurried view of retrospection, I recall your question and try to phrase a more specific reply.

How do I like "our jail?" You were right to say our; for ultimately each of us participates, I think, in the guilt of our time, is jailer as well as jailed. But to answer your question—suppose I said I liked it. Would you conclude that I am homesick for that nar-

row cell with the two uncomfortable cots, the cold toilet seat by the window, the slow-draining lavatory, the hard concrete floor, the dirty tiled walls, the cramped space where we could only sidle circumspectly? Yet there was a window cleverly contrived to open, pane by narrow pane; the good fresh air came in; and on a sunny day a large splash of sunlight fell across the little metal table where we could take turns sitting—toilet seat for chair—and write letters with a borrowed stub of pencil. And we could pray; even say our rosary, though our beads had been confiscated. Counting the aves on our fingers served with us as it has with many others; but then a fellow prisoner lent Dorothy a rosary which we shared to pass the time, to redeem the time—our time, your time, God's time—with the blessed beads of Mary.

How do I like our jail? Suppose I said I thought that it was holy. Would you think that I am referring to the chapel which we were not permitted to visit? Or to the religious literature and spiritual guidance which were so markedly not in evidence? Nor do I mean the touching little shrines which some of the longer-term prisoners had been permitted to construct in their cells. Nor the many acts of kindness which we experienced and witnessed. Yet I found holiness there—great holiness. I saw Christ templated in suffering, in those imprisoned ones whom He commended to us so particularly: "I was in prison, and you came to me . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." I heard His voice over the wailing love-hungry dissonance of Negro blues, the flamelike abandon of Spanish song, the defiant shriek of obscenity. I heard Him cry again: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And I knew that He was speaking not only of them but also of me, of you, of all of us who are imprisoned in this world, who wear the shackles of selfishness, who have participated actively or passively in man's inhumanity to man, who have forgotten or remember so seldom that we can love God only through loving our neighbor.

Deane Mowrer

Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc.

Room 421
80 East 11th Street
New York City 3, N. Y.
AN OPEN LETTER

I am writing this letter to whomsoever it may concern, i.e. you. The Spanish Civil War ended eighteen years ago. There are still between 150 and 200 thousand exiles who will not go back. Franco has solemnly promised amnesty to all those who would come back. Why amnesty them when they had committed no crime? Those who have come back—a handful—have sometimes found that Franco's promises are not to be trusted. Lieutenant Colonel Beneyto, for instance, who was shot on November 19th, 1956.

Most of the exiles have made good. They have acquired an independent position sometimes in difficult circumstances; and in some cases—in Mexico, for instance—they have powerfully contributed to the culture and prosperity of their adoptive abode.

But the handicapped ones—by language, trade, age, illness, or other circumstances—have been and are living a hard life.

The Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc. (80 East 11th Street, N.Y.C. 3), founded four years ago, is taking care of them. The Committee needs your help. This concerns you for you are a free citizen of a free country. Help.

Salvador de Madariaga

Response to Clothes Appeal

Our recent appeal for children's clothes was answered with great generosity. Besides numerous used clothes, I received new clothes, offers to help individual families and money. The money has purchased such items of clothes as children's gloves, socks, sweaters, and underwear. All has been a great blessing and I would like to thank each one of you, in behalf of those you have helped. May I excuse myself to anyone whose package I may have failed to acknowledge.

It was heartwarming to witness the voluntary help given by so many of our readers, and to such a great extent. Help of this kind is so much more satisfactory than when compulsory, and brings more happiness to both the giver and the receiver.

One woman could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw the clothes one of our readers had bought for her little girls. I could name others.

Your sacrifices have brought joy to many and I am sure your Christmas was a full one. (Optional). For in clothing the poor, you have truly tried to clothe the Christ-Child.



CORNERSTONE
OF OUR LIFE

Two Men East

James Broderick, S. J., St. Francis Xavier, Image Books, 95 cents.

Vincent Cronin, *The Wise Man From the West*, Image Books, 85 cents.

Reviewed by Kerran Dugan

These two paperback editions complement each other, for Father Ricci, "the Wise Man From the West," followed fast in the tracks of St. Francis Xavier and filled two gaps the saint had left behind him.

One gap was China. Xavier, one of the original companions of St. Ignatius Loyola, on his thirty-fifth birthday, April 7, 1541, sailed down the Tagos to begin his journey over half the globe in search of converts to Christ. He was to win converts by the thousands in India, Japan, and other Asian Islands. But China, which he above all yearned to win to Christ, he was never to reach.

Twenty-five years after the saint died on an island off the China coast, Father Ricci, also a Jesuit, arrived on the mainland.

The other gap was in mercy toward those outside the Catholic faith. St. Francis was driven by the zeal for the ultimate mercy—the saving of the soul. But he was somehow able to disassociate this from immediate mercy, and he was able to countenance and even sometimes condone some quite repugnant uses of physical force. Father Broderick's book is not one of those lives of saints dulled by dead stereotypes, and he lets us see this side of the saint as it was. On slavery: "It would have been pleasant to be able to record that St. Francis Xavier had shot three centuries ahead of his time and condemned the whole abominable practice." On the Inquisition: "It is really distressing to find a man as tender-hearted and pitiful as St. Francis involved in such merciless doings . . ." In regard to heretics and infidels in general: "In his dealings with sinners within the fold . . . he could be and was the very soul of pity and understanding . . . But a change came over him when his interlocutor happened to a Moslem or a Brahman. He stiffened and . . . an overwhelming prejudice bred in his Spanish bones dictated his hard answer . . ."

Father Ricci's reaction to Iberian cruelty toward heretics and infidels was different. "From such

CULT :: CULTIV

Theologians Astray

Fr. J. F. T. Prince

I

As long ago as February, 1932, (on the occasion of the Disarmament Conference, then opening), Cardinal Faulhaber remarked:

"We live in a period of transition; and just as in other questions, so, too, in the question of War and Peace, a change of heart will be effected. Even the teaching of moral theology regarding war will speak a new language. It will remain true to its old principles, but in regard to the question of the permissibility of war, it will take account of the new facts."

This is no place to generalize upon the limits of moral theology nor dispute the warnings of a famous moralist that his text (much used in the seminaries) "would tell you where to stop, though it might be at the very gates of Hell." For nobody has ever suggested that the science should be regarded primarily as a goad to heroic sanctity.

What, however, is very certain is that a phrase borrowed from moral theology can be used to aid a quibble, and used "so vexatiously as to be an abuse and a real scandal, a stumbling block in the path of holiness and truth." Such an abuse, too often, is the quotation (invoked right, left and centre in the defence of atrocities) of the phrase *directa intentione*. Too frequently it is fatuous to stake a claim to righteousness on the ground that there was no direct intention. Suppose that in the laudable (and even necessary) act of fly-swatting, I brain a baby. Once out of the classroom there will be small sympathy with my plea that manslaughter was not my intention, but that once the fly had come to rest on the baby's head there was nothing I could do about it. Thus in the grim reality of modern warfare, it is a hideous farce to justify the massacre of tens of thousands on the ground that it is a necessary, if secondary, part of a military operation. Indeed, the appeal to *absence of direct intention* was finally abandoned in the late war when the atrocity of Hiroshima was admittedly the fully intended murder of a civilization "in order to shorten the war." (Forgetting the subsequent official assurance that the war was already virtually over, and supposing the war to have been shortened by the massacre, what, *en passant*, did our belligerent divines have to say about the end not justifying the means?).

[Inquisition] scenes, Ricci would return to the Summa, where St. Thomas urged a far different course: "*Inducendus est infidelis ad fidem non coactione sed persuasione.*" The voice of Christian reason jarred with history. Were not the Crusades the traditional means of dealing with infidel peoples? For centuries Portugal had fought a death struggle with the Moors, and in Goa considered her present tactics a continuation of that other holy war.

"Ricci did not indulge in profitless indignation, for he discovered within his own order, largely independent of civil and ecclesiastical authority at Goa, another kind of apostolate embodying his ideals. In 1575, Valignano, on his way through India, had directed that conversion must follow upon charity rather than force . . ."

II

One of the most whimsical and (to me) surprising of judgments in the matter of nuclear warfare comes from spiritual leaders to whom I have the profoundest personal respect and affection. It is couched usually in terms of a rhetorical question: "Would it not be preferable to risk an atomic war rather than yield to the dominion of atheistic communism?" Or, in other words, will it not be altogether better to be partners in reducing the world to radio-active rubble rather than see it dominated by Russia? This approach to the question is seen, thus, to be wholly selfish (and, of course, wholly amoral). For the question is not, "What will be, in the long run, more comfortable for Christians—to be slaves to communism, or dead and well out of it?" but rather: "Are we permitted by God's law to participate in the mass destruction of His creatures? This question, which is all that should matter to the theologian, is precisely one he will not answer. So that we must pursue him with further enquiry: Who are you to dispense with God's commandment, or to elect at your ease whether to kill or not to kill?"

In vain has it been urged that the teaching of Basil and Clement and Tertullian (enjoining pacifism upon the Christian) was doomed to abandonment; that it was inevitable that so few of the later Bishops would endorse St. Ambrose in refusing bloodshed even in self-defence; that such teaching was a Hebraic ideal, to be replaced by missionary zeal as the Church became steadily non-Judaic. Placing an obvious construction on the teaching of Our Lord, His biographer remarks:

" . . . selfishness is simply self-defence; to renounce it is to evacuate one's entrenched position, to surrender at discretion to the enemy. If society is to disarm, it should do so by common consent. Christ, however, though He confidently expected ultimately to gather all mankind into His society, did not expect to do so soon. Accordingly, He commands His followers not to wait for this consummation, but in spite of the hazardous nature of the step, to disarm at once."*

Are we to believe that the salt "must inevitably" lose its savour? We know otherwise: for Our Lord has promised us the perennial presence of His Spirit. Let peril follow peril, but we of His Church must accept His abiding Word that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

* Sir John Selsey, quoted on p. 60 of Perris' *History of War and Peace*. (Cf. Pere Renand's *Vie du Christ*, p. 391).

(Reprinted from "Pax Bulletin," Nov. 1956, London, England.)

Hennacy's Speaking Trip

Those who are interested in hearing Ammon Hennacy in the New England and eastern Canada area, and as far west as Sudbury, Ontario and Ann Arbor, Mich., should write to him at once and make definite dates for the months of February and March. This would include Ohio, Pa., and Washington, D. C., and Baltimore on the way back.

CULTURE VATION ::

The Southern Story

By BETH ROGERS

Going through newspaper files on the story of desegregation in the South, as I have done recently, one has a sense of an almost unbroken period of violence. But then, there is the occasional story of desegregation which has occurred quietly, with very little stir, and you begin to wonder if the pattern of violence is really as universal as it seems; if it seems so largely because of the tendency of the newspapers to play up stories of unrest and play down stories of more positive achievements. One of the things that the story of Clinton, Tennessee, shows is that very often violence has to be stirred up deliberately. Certainly prejudices, strains, and emotions are under the surface waiting to erupt. But people do not usually turn easily to violence of this kind; in the Clinton situation, it is certainly clear that it was stirred up by interested parties. The stories of the riots and mass demonstrations become therefore sadder, but one feels more hopeful about the eventual outcome.

One thing that many people do not know is that, over the years, there has been gradual desegregation in the South in a number of areas. The Southern Regional Council, a southwide race relations organization which gathers information on current situations and helps local people in practical situations, has kept tabs on these developments for fifteen years or so. Many professional groups (medical and legal societies, library associations, teachers' groups, etc.) which have been traditionally segregated, have integrated. The color bar has been dropped in many public libraries. There has been widespread improvement in handling news about Negroes in the papers.

All of this has been in rather circumscribed areas. The two controversies now going on touch the average man much more closely—the public schools and public transportation.

When six Negro ministers were arrested in Atlanta for violating the segregated seating laws on city buses, the leader of the group, Dr. William H. Borders, remarked (referring to the fact that elevators in Atlanta buildings are unsegregated), "We can ride unsegregated vertical, but we can't ride unsegregated horizontal." This was both a common-sense remark, and a comment on the crazy-quilt pattern that has come about as customs in the South have gradually changed over the years.

Events in the bus controversy have developed as follows:

Montgomery, Alabama.—This is where the attack on segregated seating began, and where, since the boycott of buses by Negroes ended, there has been the greatest amount of violence. After almost a year of boycott, the Supreme Court ordered buses in the city desegregated. Service has been suspended and restored several times since, following incidents in which buses were fired upon and homes and churches of white and Negro anti-segregation ministers bombed. At present, buses are running during the day, the last runs beginning at five o'clock and accompanied by police cars. Interestingly, a pattern of voluntary segregation has developed. Reports are that some buses carry Negroes only, some carry whites only, and some carry both, with Negroes seating them-

selves in the rear and whites in the front. What has changed is the right of the Negro to take any seat available in any part of a bus rather than to be forced to stand.

Tallahassee, Florida.—Following a long boycott of city buses, Negroes began a "ride integrated" campaign. On New Year's day Governor LeRoy Collins suspended bus service after the homes of Negro leaders were stoned and fired upon. When bus service was resumed the next day, there was mostly a pattern of voluntary segregation. Then the bus company began a plan of having drivers issue tickets assigning seats on the basis of "health and safety." On January 19, three white and three Negro university students were arrested for refusing to occupy the seats assigned them. The student paper at the all-white Florida State University has editorially urged students to attend meetings of the Negro Inter-Civic Council and help in the campaign to end segregation, and there has been some response.

In Miami, a Federal judge has ruled Florida state segregation laws unconstitutional because of the Supreme Court decision in the Montgomery case. Governor Collins himself has publicly declared that he believes that the people of his state are ready for integrated seating in public transportation.

Atlanta, Georgia.—Six Negro ministers violated the bus segregation laws, asking the Negro people generally not to participate. The bus driver, following tactics laid down by the bus company, declared the bus out of order and headed it for the garage. The next day the ministers repeated their action, and Mayor Hartsfield broke the deadlock by asking the police to arrest the ministers for breaking state segregation laws. The case has now gone to the courts, and it has been announced that no further attempt will be made to ride unsegregated until the case has been tried. There was no violence in Atlanta on the issue. Since that time, however, the Governor of Georgia has asked for almost frighteningly sweeping powers to deal with any declared emergency or threat to public peace.

The statements of public officials would lead one to believe that all the South is drawn up in solid array against any change in the present pattern of segregation on local transportation. But politicians are always politicians, and their version of the truth is not always the whole truth. The Southern Regional Council, early in January, released a statement listing 21 cities in five southern and border states where laws against mixed seating were dropped without court action. These were: Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Fort Smith, and Hot Springs Ark., Charlotte, Greensboro, Durham, and Winston-Salem, N. C., Richmond, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, Petersburg, Charlottesville, Fredericksburg, Lynchburg, and Roanoke, Va.; San Antonio, Corpus Christi, and Dallas, Tex., and Knoxville, Tenn.

The school situation is too complicated to go into deeply here. But a few things should be said. The state governments throughout the South have devised many plans to delay or frustrate desegregation ranging from having local boards

(Continued on page 6)



FROM SICILY

Dear Workers:

I have read your brotherly letter to Danilo Dolci who does not know English. He thanks you for your good words, for your kindness and your courage. This time he has taken up fasting with sixteen friends some of which are students from the continent mixed with some manual workers of the place. On the seventh day about two hundred men of the street stood and fasted with him and even they kept silent for a quarter of an hour, which is a great achievement for a Sicilian crowd.

Of course the action had no definite aim except to call the attention of people on the disgraceful state of affairs of this country, a misery which is not to be seen anywhere except in India. It was also a silent prayer for help from Above as human good will can do little in front of such a tragedy.

I also came to join Danilo in fasting, with my wife and four of our companions, we came from France where I am running a Gandhian Ashram, the only one in Europe I think. I am a reader of the CATHOLIC WORKER and I wished to write to you since I heard of your fasting on Hiroshima Day. I have lived in India with Gandhi and returned there two years ago to follow his successor Vinoba. I also went on foot to Jerusalem and ran about Asia without a penny. I have written twelve books in French—though I be Sicilian by birth—my Indian adventure *Le Pelerinage aux Sources* had more than two hundred thousand readers. My last one *From Gandhi to Vinoba* has just been translated into English and I shall send it over to you as soon as I go home.

Our community is founded on hand work and spiritual training. We are like you war resisters and Catholics—yet opened to all God loving persons and doctrines. I shall give you more details on our life and work if you care to have them.

Anyhow I wish you peace, strength and joy in *Domino*.

Lanza del Vasto,
Bollene, Vaucluse, France.

Getting New Contract— The Democratic Way!

By J. MICHAEL McCLOSKEY

Stories of undemocratic practices in labor unions are rife. One suspects that many of these stories are planted by labor's detractors to discredit unions. But that some of these stories are true—shockingly true—cannot be doubted when one sees such a story unfold before his eyes.

In previous years when I had taken a summer job at a large vegetable cannery in the Pacific Northwest, the contract for that year between the company and the union (a Cannery Warehousemen, Food Processors, Drivers, and Helpers local of Dave Beck's Teamsters union) had always been signed already. However, this past summer for some reason, we were working without a contract. Negotiations were still in progress—and had been for three months past the expiration date of the old contract. For the first time, it appeared that I would get a chance to vote on a contract!

But when the time came, I almost missed the meeting at which the contract was voted on, and most of the members of the union did miss it. They missed it for the simple reason that they were not told that there was a meeting. A friend who was in union headquarters happened to hear about the meeting and tell me, but otherwise I and all of the rest of the members had no way of knowing of the meeting. Notices were not posted on the union bulletin board in the plant, and no one I know was mailed a notification card. The frenetic shop steward went out of his way three times to ask me to join the union when I procrastinated a week in signing up again. But apparently he could not find enough time to see me or anyone else even once to tell us about the contract meeting. To make matters worse, the meetings (one for the day shift and one for the night shift) were scheduled so early that those on the day shift did not have enough time to get home to eat and change clothes, and those on the night shift had to rise a number of hours earlier than usual to attend their meeting.

Out of nearly 2,700 union members, less than 100 appeared at the meetings. And there is some doubt about how many of these 100 were actually enrolled members of the union. Union cards were not checked at the door, and the first person I spoke to when I sat down blithely remarked to me that he thought he might join the union when the meeting was over. Needless to say, he voted throughout the meeting.

The provisions of the proposed new contract were not announced in advance. People came to the meeting knowing nothing of the provisions and left knowing little more. The contract was not published nor was it read. Union members did not have an opportunity to study it, understand it, or evaluate it. All of the questions asked from the floor, with the exception of my own, were inquiries about what phrases, such as "package increase," meant. Few seemed to be able to follow the business agent's confused, rapid-fire recital of the terms of the contract.

The agent claimed that he was presenting us with the highest package pay increase on the Pacific coast. That may have been true, but the claim was misleading. For as I brought out in questions, though the package was large, the base increase was small. The base increase for the average worker was as low as any on the coast. The package was "packed" with fringe benefits for the very few year-round employees and very little for the mass of seasonal employees. The great package that the agent was congratulating himself for being able to present to us was probably costing the company less as a whole than most of

the rest of the smaller packages on the coast.

In California, cannery workers were getting twice the base increase that we were being offered. When pressed on this point, the agent explained that the California canneries could afford this since they had a monopoly on most of the crops that they canned—on crops such as figs, dates, and raisins. California may have practically a monopoly on figs, dates, and raisins, but these crops do not constitute the majority of its canned products. We have as much of a monopoly and price advantage on canned string beans as they have on figs, dates, and raisins. But the rank and file passively accepted his explanation.

They also accepted his assurances that discrimination against new employees in computing base pay would be ended in the new contract. Three weeks after the new contract had gone into effect, new workers were still getting paid even less than base pay. The explanation—the management negotiating committee did not have the power to commit the company, and in accepting the final contract, this was one of the provisions that the company dropped.

When asked why the new contract was not being made retroactive to the expiration date of the old contract since we had been working without a contract for three months and why there were no provisions for improving working conditions and shortening hours (a 60 to 70 hour week is common), the agent replied that the company was not willing to negotiate on those matters. With the brashness and audacity peculiar to youth, I suggested that we might consider threatening to apply economic force to move the company to negotiate on these points. The agent seemed stunned. After a pause, he gathered himself together and gravely warned that when you speak of applying economic force you mean going out on the picket lines—striking! Nothing seemed to terrify him more. But, I pointed out, at the height of the canning season, the company could not afford to strike, even for a few days. Besides, being a Teamsters union, we could keep anything from moving in or out of the cannery on union trucks. (Once long ago in the brave past, the union threatened to strike, and management capitulated in 30 minutes.) "Well," the agent blurted out, "all I can say is that you are a mighty brutal young man." "We believe in cooperating with management," a perspicacious lady who sits on the arbitration board primly declared (apparently the difference between cooperation and submission not occurring to her). I had been put in my place.

After the meeting the agent patiently explained to me why we should not want to have hours reduced or conditions improved. Long hours meant added over-time pay; though he admitted when questioned, that special loop-holes in the Federal wage and hour laws do allow seasonal food processors to delay paying over-time far beyond the normal time. The hot steam pouring from the boilers did create conditions resembling a sweatshop, he agreed, but the company had never been able to please the women in trying to regulate the temperature. The fickle ladies were either too hot or too cold (no mention of why the men were also left without air conditioning). We were better off without anyone "monkeying with the temperature." By this time, I had nearly forgotten that I was talking to the union agent and not the manager and began to fear that he might fire me for my impertinence.

But the agent had no reason to be disagreeable. His contract was

(Continued on page 7)

GOD SEES THE TRUTH BUT WAITS

Tokyo Rose

By HISAYE YAMOMOTO DE SOTO

The general public has by now pretty well forgotten the case of the woman called Tokyo Rose. But it is still remembered by the U.S. Government, which, as far as is known, has not backed down from its announced intention to deprive this woman of her American citizenship and to deport her to a country in which she was neither born nor raised. And she is remembered by a San Francisco newspaperman named William Reuben, who for some reason has gone to a lot of time, trouble and expense in a one-man effort not only to stop the deportation proceedings but to kill the Tokyo Rose legend entirely.

Legend, as the saying goes, dies hard. And popular history has Tokyo Rose down as an American-born Japanese girl who, turning traitor during World War II, broadcast Japanese propaganda to American GIs in the South Pacific, interspersing her honey-voiced appeals to treason with choice selections of stateside music.

The actual story, as collected piece by piece by Mr. Reuben, is like something out of Kafka, with the presumed villainess emerging as the bewildered, protesting victim of a great miscarriage of justice:

Ikuko Toguri was born in Los Angeles, California, on the Fourth of July, 1916. She probably adopted the name Iva at a later date, as someone born Haruko might become Helen, and Mikio, Mike. Her parents operated a small grocery store, and she was raised in Southern California, including Imperial Valley, and eventually, in 1940, received her bachelor of arts degree from UCLA, where she also did graduate work in zoology. She was reportedly not an exceptional student and she showed no particular interest in politics, except for voting in the 1940 presidential election. In the summer of 1941, she left this country for the first time, ostensibly to visit an ailing aunt in Japan, and found herself stranded there when war broke out. Red tape prevented her attempt to book passage on the Tatsuta Maru, which sailed for the U.S. on December 2. She was visited by the Japanese police and asked to take out Japanese citizenship, but refused. Instead, Mr. Reuben reports, she applied on several occasions to be interned as an enemy alien, but was each time turned down.

She failed in her attempt to return to the U.S. several months later on the first evacuation ship, as well as on the second, when her application at the Swiss Legation in Tokyo was not processed because she could not guarantee the \$425 fare. "What the Legation's records do not disclose," says Mr. Reuben, "is the reason for Iva Toguri's inability (she herself was penniless by then) to guarantee payment for her passage: she had no means of communicating with a single member of her own family, all of whom had a few months earlier—like some 120,000 other Americans of Japanese descent—been placed in the barbed-wire encampment at Gila River, Arizona, that was euphemistically named a relocation center."

As a reluctant wartime resident of Japan, Iva Toguri was checked two or three times weekly by the ever-present military police, and her aunt and uncle asked her to leave their home in June, 1942. With only a sketchy knowledge of Japanese, she job-hunted for four months before finding part-time work at Domei news agency as a monitor of English-language broadcasts. In August, 1943, she won a contest which got her a typist job at Radio Tokyo, where she worked until war's end. Unless there is some discrepancy in Mr. Reuben's dates, she also worked from January 1944 to the Spring of 1945 as private secretary to the Minister of the Danish Legation. During all these years her attitude remained pro-American, and she steadfastly refused to accept Japanese citizenship, as some other stranded Nisei had understandably done.

Her work at Radio Tokyo including announcing on

"Zero Hours," at the urging (it is recorded that she first protested) of the three allied prisoners of war who, under pain of death, were put in charge of writing and directing the Japanese Army's short-wave program. However, it has been proven that there never was any Japanese radio program called "Tokyo Rose," never any Japanese announcer identifying herself as "Tokyo Rose." Also, there were 18 English-speaking women announcers at Radio Tokyo during the war, and Iva Toguri herself has testified that her only radio identification had been "Ann" or "Orphan Ann," as the script directed. Associated Press reported in August, 1945, "There is no 'Tokyo Rose'; the name is strictly a GI invention . . ."

But two Hearst correspondents were determined to unearth a Rose, anyway, and the "financial rewards" they offered may have been responsible for their finally putting the finger on Iva Toguri, the lone American citizen among the Radio Tokyo women announcers, as "Tokyo Rose." Arrested by the U.S. Army, she was released after the authorities checked her statement. A month later, in October, 1945, she was rearrested, this time on orders from Washington, on suspicion of treason. She was held absolutely incommunicado for ten weeks at Sugamo prison, Tokyo, and for the next ten months was allowed only one 20-minute visit a month with her husband, Felipe D'Aquino, a Portuguese national whom she had married in April, 1945. On May 1, 1946, after six months' investigation, the Army gave her "full and unconditional" clearance, but the Justice Department had meanwhile begun its own inquiry into the case, and she stayed in prison another year, until October 25, 1946, when she was finally cleared by the FBI.

Iva Toguri D'Aquino immediately filed for a passport for return to the U.S. and it remained pending for two years, until August, 1948, when U.S. Attorney General Tom Clark suddenly announced, "The only American-born girl to whom American troops in the Pacific are believed to have applied the name 'Tokyo Rose' will be brought to this country to face a treason charge." Mr. Reuben does not believe it mere coincidence that this decision came "in the midst of the furore created by the testimony of Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley and Louis Budenz before the Republican-dominated House Committee on Un-American Activities, and just as the Republicans were beginning their election-year attack on the Democratic party, charging softness to 'spies' and 'traitors' on the basis of no post-war cases of treason or espionage . . ."

Mrs. D'Aquino was brought to San Francisco for her trial, which lasted from July to September, 1949. Her three lawyers included Wayne M. Collins, of the American Civil Liberties Union. Prosecuting were two special assistants to the Attorney General and the U.S. Attorney for Northern California. The specific charge was that she had aided and comforted the Imperial Government of Japan by broadcasting with the express purpose of destroying the confidence and undermining the morale of American troops. Eight overt acts between November 1, 1943 and August 13, 1945 were listed.

All these Mrs. D'Aquino denied, adding that "throughout the time she was at Radio Tokyo she had, at severe personal risk, smuggled food, cigarettes, medicine, blankets and delivered favorable war news to the allied prisoners of war at Camp Bunka." Her testimony that every word she had spoken on the Japanese radio was read from scripts prepared by the three allied officers—an Australian, an American, and a Filipino—in charge of the program, was fully corroborated by these three men, testifying for the defense. The defense also proved that the Hearst reporter responsible for reopening the case in 1949 had bribed two witnesses to give false testimony to the grand jury which returned the indictment. The prosecution did not call the reporter to testify, strangely enough, and the defense was moved to declare in truly extraordinary language, both in its summation and its appeal briefs, that the prosecution of Iva Toguri D'Aquino was "unfair, unjust and downright crooked."

Mr. Reuben brings out two "highly peculiar" facts about the trial, one being the complete absence of any documen-

tary or recorded evidence corroborating any of the prosecution's charges. "Every one of the 340 broadcasts made by the defendant had been recorded by a U.S. Government monitoring station in Hawaii, and she herself had turned over to the Army in September, 1945, every script of the program which was then in existence." When the defense tried to subpoena this material for the trial, the prosecution claimed most of it had been either lost or destroyed as a matter of routine. The other "peculiar" fact was the prosecution's summing-up to the jury about a case which had been played up in the newspapers as the "Tokyo Rose" case: "I don't think the element of 'Tokyo Rose' or who is 'Tokyo Rose' is of any importance in this case. Nobody broadcast from Radio Tokyo under the name of 'Tokyo Rose'. Apparently it was simply a name given facetiously by the GIs to some woman announcer of Radio Tokyo."

The jury, all-white, took four days to acquit the defendant of seven of the eight counts. The lone count on which it found her guilty and for which she received a ten-year sentence was based on the unsupported testimony of two Nisei who had renounced their American citizenship during the war, even though the jury had rejected their similar testimony on the seven other counts. Thus, for allegedly having broadcast, sometime in October, 1944 after the Battle of Leyte Gulf, these twenty-five words: "Now you fellows have lost all your ships. You really are orphans of the Pacific. Now, how do you think you will ever get home?", Mrs. D'Aquino served over six years at the women's federal prison, Alderson, West Virginia. She was described as a model prisoner and there were reports that she was writing her autobiography. She was paroled on January 28, 1956.

On the same day the New York Times announced that the government had declared its intention to "try to deport Tokyo Rose when she finishes a prison term for treason." The story added, "Immigration officials said they knew of no precedent for an attempt to denaturalize and deport a native-born American citizen."

After her release Mrs. D'Aquino joined her family in Chicago, where they had relocated during the war. Her deportation hearing was scheduled to be held in San Francisco last summer, but there has been no word about it. Mrs. D'Aquino, who will be 41 this year, is believed to be in San Francisco at the present time, still dangling, awaiting the hearing which has evidently been postponed.

Possibly the government is waiting for Mr. Reuben to grow tired of protesting, in order to keep Mrs. D'Aquino's deportation as quiet as possible. Possibly it is only the usual bureaucratic red tape. But Mr. Reuben has pointed out, "In view of all the strange circumstances surrounding the 'Tokyo Rose' legend, and in view of the many peculiarities of the original prosecution, this first deportation action against a native-born American citizen will, if successful, establish truly dangerous precedents—particularly since the action is based entirely, according to the jury's verdict, on nothing whatsoever except twenty-five spoken words."

Last month the magazine *Manas*, published in Los Angeles, reviewed Mr. Reuben's summary of the case under the title, "Anatomy of a Myth," and concluded:

"On the face of the record . . . this is an incredible affair. Who could possibly profit by the persecution of one lone woman who was unfortunately stranded away from home, and who acted with more courage than most women—or men—would have done? . . . Perhaps there are 'extenuating circumstances' which explain somewhat, if they do not excuse, the Government's action. Perhaps—but we cannot imagine what they are. The fact seems to be that a victim had to be found, that some obscure species of symbolism in our natural life had to be ratified by the courts. The myth of Tokyo Rose had to have a 'logical' ending, sin must always be punished in a land of righteousness and justice. And if there is no available sinner, the myth demands that we invent one, or improvise a bit. That is the only sense—if it is sense—that we can make out of the case of Tokyo Rose."

Morton Sobell

This is Morton Sobell's fifth year in a windowless, iron-barred cell at Alcatraz, the U.S. Department of Correction's most unpleasant penitentiary, the one it reserves for hardened incorrigibles. He has twenty-five more years to go, unless justice intervenes.

Sobell's sentence followed a trial which was not really focussed on his case at all. The Rosenbergs were on trial for disclosure of atomic information, which had nothing to do with the "conspiracy" charge against Sobell. The federal judiciary must have been suffering "bargain day" hysteria to have thrown in Sobell for good measure as it did. There is very little about him in the trial record. As Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize winning scientist said after reading the record: "You cannot tell what he is even supposed to have done."

The evidence on which he was convicted was this and this alone: a man not particularly trustworthy

and not without something to gain by it personally said that he had "heard four conversations." This evidence was uncorroborated.

Early this month, the U.S. Court of Appeals listened to the appeal for Morton Sobell—that he be freed, that he be granted a new trial, or that there be a hearing into the new evidence.

At the very least, Sobell should be transferred from Alcatraz. He is no hardened incorrigible, and thinking people, hard put for any other adequate explanation of his incarceration there, must inevitably see it as a "third degree" tactic.—K.D.



A SMALL SONG

With Music Also

By John Stanley

Sing to the sun,
and to the stars,
and to the moon.

Sing to the blue air
as laving as dew.

Sing to the sea,
our mother most pure;

sing to the sea,
as strong as the truth.

Sing to the flowers
ranging bravely at night.

Sing to the lakes
that nurse the young trees.

Sing to the road
that leads outward to free.

Sing hope to your brother,
each man-child God wrought;

give him your bread,
and a kiss,
and a flower.

SOUTHERN STORY

(Continued from page 5)

assign pupils individually to schools on some such basis as health and safety, to the extreme one of cutting off funds to any de-segregated public school or abolishing compulsory education. So far, those plans which have been contested in the courts have been found illegal, as attempts to frustrate the Supreme Court decision.

Experts on the Southern situation have long known that there are "hard" and "soft" areas; the border and upper Southern states will be places where desegregation can take place first and most easily. The Deep South will be more difficult, will take longer, and will be the place where there is likely to be the most violence. Already in Kentucky, Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma, there has been a degree of desegregation of the schools. But even in the areas where desegregation in elementary and high schools is going to be more difficult, there are many places where Negroes are attending colleges and universities. In many cases, this is merely a token.

one or two, or a handful, in a large student body. A report in *Life* magazine last September stated that out of 208 publicly supported colleges in the South that were formerly all-white, 104 have Negroes attending. There have been, of course, repercussions in some areas when integration of schools was attempted. The famous Clinton, Tennessee, incident has been studied pretty carefully, and a report was published in a January issue of *The Reporter* magazine. It has become clear that there would have been little or no trouble with the integration of the high school but for the advent of John Kasper of Washington; and also that many of those who converged on Clinton to take part in the demonstrations were from outside the State.

NEW EASTER CARDS

By Ade Bethune

Box EL (large size) 10 for \$1.00
Box ES (small size) 25 for \$2.00

All with white vellum envelopes

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Newport, R. I.

a non-profit corporation for the liturgical apostolate

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

other times they had tea or coffee. This will get me ready to "be a good Mormon," which some folks kid me about when they hear of my plans to go and work on the land around Salt Lake City for a few years as soon as I finish with going to jail in New York. Good Mormons do not use tea, coffee, liquor or tobacco. Next summer we will break the air raid drill again if they are foolish enough to try to enforce it, so I may have to do some more time.

One Negro guard good naturedly asked us what we were in for and when we told him he said that he had his own religion but he was interested in new ideas and had been reading Confucius and how he had ruled a province where there was no poverty and no wealth, but a rival prince knew how to overcome him even if Confucius didn't believe in having an army, so he made him a present of a stable of race horses and a harem of girls. It was not long until he was demoralized in luxury and his province had poverty and wealth and despair like the other provinces. I asked the officer if he had ever heard the story of the woman who was asked by Confucius why she did not move away from the jungle to the city so the tiger would not eat her children. Her reply was that "the tiger takes only one boy now and then but the government would take all my boys to kill in war." The title of the story was: Government worse than Tigers. He told us that we ought to get acquainted with a high up prison officer (naming a notorious Irish name) "who was also an anarchist like us." Whether this official was an anarchist or the right who knocked all radicals or one of the left like we were I was not able to find out for no guard seemed to know the one we asked for.

The Rest Cure

Mike and Stanley went to No. 4 and Dan and I went to No. 16 Dormitory. Mike had a good time preaching his ideals while Stanley who is not so talkative could meditate. About 80 prisoners in a Dormitory, two-thirds of them Negroes, and very few grey headed men. There were double decked beds with no mattresses. We were given five blankets and two sheets. It was not until the last night that I learned it was better to put three blankets underneath and two on top rather than otherwise, for the springs were rough on my hips and back. There was no noisy radio and the other inmates were not overly noisy. And strangest of all I never heard one person snore. Looking over the supply of books, for I was not allowed to bring even my Missal inside and there were no religious books there, I picked out my friend Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*, which I had never read, and enjoyed it, especially his exploits in North Africa, for I had read other books of the same time and place. Then I read August Derleth's *Shield of the Valiant*, a story somewhat in the vein of *Spoon River Anthology*, except that it was of living people in a little town near Madison, Wisconsin. Derleth had reviewed my book in a Madison daily but I had missed him when I spoke there last time. The evil of gossip in a small town and the way some of the characters solved their problems I contrasted with the "long view" of Sheean's book.

The lights went out at 9:30 and we were up around 5:30 when the lights were on and a whistle blew. For the first time in two years I had a complete rest. We walked a quarter of a mile for breakfast, having made our beds, and a crew having swept and mopped the room. Mostly we had to wait in the cold until our section went inside. Here we saw the dishes being well washed and handed clean to us. Breakfast was a bowl of milk with

a package of cornflakes, corn mush or cracked wheat cereal, coffee, and at times prunes. We were not hurried as they are at Riker's Island. Then we had to wait outside until the guard, or hack, as they call him here, appeared and counted us and we went back to our dormitory. Now we read until noon when we had perhaps meat, tea, peas, potatoes, cabbage salad and pudding. We could read until nearly dark and for supper would have, like yesterday, beets, splendid rice with salmon on top, and jello and tea. The guards were good humored except one who would knock your cap off without a word if you forgot and had it on in the building, or if you talked during his count. Stories were told of a mean old guard who had once killed a boy but got by with it. He was off on sick leave. There was a story also of a prisoner who swam across the river and was washed down a couple of miles by the current. He was caught and the judge said he deserved to be free. I was put on the mop squad for half an hour for two days but otherwise I read and slept. In summer this island must be beautiful. The amount of starch in the diet here would make it necessary to fast one day a week or else do a lot of work. We were out on Saturday and back to the Bronx Court House



by noon. Maybe I'm getting used to jail for this 5 days was not unpleasant.

My Radical Saints

When we remodeled the CW house for the sprinkler system I took down the array of pictures by my desk and now the wall is painted I have selected my "saints" and placed them up again. The better to give me strength and to advertise my propaganda of the deed, a picture of my recent tax picketing is in the center. At the top is a Spanish picture of Christ on the Cross in pain that Francisco sent me from Cadiz, Spain. Beneath is a plaster plaque by my anarchist friend Scarcereaux' who lives in Los Angeles, of Albert Parsons who was hung at the Haymarket, Nov. 11, 1887; down to the left a plaque of Thoreau, and beneath, one of Joe Hill who was shot by the corrupt Utah government in 1916; and up to the right a plaque of Malatesta, the Italian pacifist anarchist. Over the wall in various positions are pictures of Debs, Jefferson, Gandhi, Tolstoy, John the Baptist, St. Francis of Assisi, Kropotkin, a Hopi katchina, a picture of Atlanta prison, one of some western Indians, and one of picketing the White House some years ago. A friend will get me a picture of Joan d'Arc, who, while not a pacifist and anarchist, died for conscience' sake. A small cut of two hands breaking a gun, the emblem of the War Resisters League, is also there in red. If I had a picture of Sacco and Vanzetti, Abdul Baha, and St. Martin of Tours, I would place them on the wall with the others.

EDMUND CAMPION



Getting a New Contract

(Continued from page 5)

approved almost unanimously at the meeting—I and two others being the only wrong-thinkers in the crowd. Of course, I had a few doubts about whether my union brothers and sisters who were present and voting knew what they were voting on, but they passed every motion put before them in the best printing press style. First of all, they were asked to vote on whether they wanted a one-year or three-year contract. Naturally, whether a one-year or three-year contract was preferable depended on the terms of the contract in question. If it were a poor contract, a one-year contract was preferable, since it left open the possibility of negotiating a better contract the following year. But the agent thought it would expedite matters if we first voted on the length of the contract and then on its terms. So, the assembled members duly voted for a three-year contract as the agent advised (it will save him the trouble of having to negotiate contracts the next two years). Then, the agent had another enlightened suggestion for expediting the balloting. Instead of voting separately on the various provisions of the contract, he suggested that we vote first on the entire contract, and then, if that is defeated, we could discuss which provisions we wanted changed. Without further discussion, the chairman ordered the vote taken (hardly anyone understanding what we were voting on and the chairman not helping any by twice misstating it himself). With a clarifying (and over-simplifying) word from the agent, the ballots were marked and counted (not without some difficulty on the part of the counter who had trouble remembering her arithmetic), and the union had itself a new contract.

The next day at the plant when I told my co-workers what had happened at the meeting, they were fighting mad. "That's no way to run a meeting," one who had been a Teamsters organizer in the South proclaimed. "If we had known, we could have gotten enough men together to go down there and defeat that contract. Just wait until next time!"

But next time is three years away, and by then most of them will have left, and those who remain will have forgotten—forgotten how 3% of the employees saddled 100% of them for three years with one of the worst contracts on the coast. In the meantime, a union which thrives on the indifference and helplessness of transient workers, high school students, and old women will continue in its complacent ways—dictating to the membership and "cooperating" with management.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

give out leaflets, and then when the air raid signals began at two o'clock, she took shelter nearby as the law required. She had a ten year old child to think of. And then too, the fact that she was Theodore Roosevelt's granddaughter, and the daughter of Alice Longworth, would make her very conspicuous if she were arrested.

There was always something child-like and shy about Paulina, but she was valiant too, and though she could not speak up and shout Catholic Worker with Ammon when she went out with him, she willingly stood with him in the market place and held the papers up before her, while he did the shouting.

One time an ardent socialist at Union Square tried to engage her in debate, and she kept saying, "Go talk to Ammon." But he liked her broad, sweet face, with its widely spaced blue eyes, set in dark lashes, and kept trying to talk to her until Ammon came to the rescue.

She made a retreat with us that summer, at Maryfarm, the last one we had there, given by Fr. Casey of St. Anastasia's Church, Hutchinson, Minnesota. She slept in her station wagon out under the old apple tree by the side of the house, right under the dormitory window; I could look down on her from my attic window. She spent most of her

time reading, and the retreat was in silence of course.

She stayed with us on Chrystie street for some weeks, before she went to share an apartment with Carol Perry on a dingy East Side street near Tompkins Square. She loved to go into the room filled with knickknacks that Hatty and Veronica have here at St. Joseph's house and where they serve coffee to all and sundry. Veronica takes care of all the linens and blankets and it is hard to keep her from doing the mending and pressing besides. Her side of the room is filled with potted plants around a little shrine. Hatty has an old curiosity shop and I'm always threatening to walk off with the tiny vases and animals which cover the dresser and the what-not. She does the curtains for every room in the house. So they are always there, and for a shy person like Paulina, it was nice to go up and sit with them and have coffee.

Veronica knew all about her, and was very thrilled to tell her about her (Paulina's) fourth birthday, celebrated in the House, in Washington, D. C., when Paulina's father was Speaker of the House. "I remember reading the story, about how the governess brought you to the visitors' gallery and when on hearing it was your birthday, the entire House rose to its feet and clapped for you, you jumped up too and clapped as hard as you could."

"Did I do that?" Paulina wondered. The papers had said so, Veronica assured her. The papers were not so kind at the time of her death last Monday. There being a dearth of other news, the Mirror made a headline story and called it a mystery death and said an autopsy had been ordered. She had been found unconscious on the couch in her living room, on Sunday afternoon, by her little ten year old daughter, who had called the neighbors, who called an ambulance. She died not long after reaching the hospital, whether from a blood clot or a failure of the heart, who knows? We had seen her a few weeks ago when she came to New York to attend the little play written by Kerran Dugan about "Aaron Heresy" and spent the evening with us. She had worked in the Georgetown Hospital every morning as a volunteer. She visited the Home for Incurables twice a week, and had been there a few days before her death. There was one unhappy old patient whom she had telephoned each day.

When I was returning from my trip to the South in October, I stopped in Washington to spend the night with her, and the next day we had gone to Llewellyn Scott's for lunch and spent the afternoon talking to him, and going over his three houses of hospitality which he runs under the blessing of Martin de Porres, the Negro lay brother of the Dominican Order. Paulina brought men's clothes to Llewellyn and gave me a duffel bag full of children's clothes to bring back on the bus.

We all loved her, and are deeply

grieved at her death. Pete Asaro saw a good deal of her and Carol that summer and the three of them helped us move, using her station wagon, and an old one of ours. When ours broke down during the next winter, she gave Charlie McCormack hers and we will always think of her when we use it in the future. He went down to Washington to pick it up last year and visited her little Georgetown home where she and Joanna lived so happily. Ammon saw her again when he picketed the White House December first appealing for an amnesty for conscientious objectors who were in prison. And it was only three weeks ago she was here to visit us.

We were all there at the Requiem Mass, Peter, Charlie, Ammon and I, in the little Epiphany Church in Georgetown which could scarcely hold all the people who came. The altar rails were banked with white blossoms, cala lilies and chrysanthemums, and the coffin was draped with a blanket of fine ferns. I had to hang on to my missal and the Little Office of the Dead, keeping my mind on the beautiful words to keep from crying.

This winter Larry O'Donnell had died, and Dick Dwyer, benefactors too in their way, with their painting and carpentering at our house of hospitality, and they were poor men who possessed nothing. But the glorious requiem was the same for them all. "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them, May they rest in peace."

Koinonia

(Continued from page 1)

Methodist Church there, gave notice to Koinonia that he would sell them no more building materials because of "pressure from level-headed business men" and that his own feelings made him receptive to the pressure. He had previously sold Koinonia materials for fourteen buildings.

How We Can Help

Readers of the CW can order pecans and peanuts from Koinonia Farms, Americus, Ga. and thus defeat those who are trying to frighten these modern pioneers who have made a success not only of communal living on the land but of living as brothers with Negroes.



ST-CONRAD

Non Violence and the New Year

(Continued from page 1)

spontaneous demonstration replied: "We have ourselves and our flag; this is enough."

Weeks later, after a terrible blood-letting, the women of Budapest moved silently through the streets and placed flowers on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in memory of the fighters for freedom who had been slain. Observers reported that the Russian soldiers were obviously jittery. One of the women said: "We have no rifles. We have only flowers. But look, they are even afraid of us. They say we are Fascists. We are the wives and mothers of the workers who were killed." The panic of the heavily armed troops in the presence of the moral force embodied in the mingled anguish, fortitude and persistence of these women is understandable.

Between the opening days and that memorial parade came another revealing incident of a Russian officer in a provincial town quietly withdrawing his troops to an encampment deep in the woods when the townspeople peacefully demonstrated against their presence. The townspeople brought gifts of milk and food to the foreign soldiers who had been immobilized by the protest of simple people and by their own sense of shame.

These are touching human events, worth enshrining in our memories as mankind stumbles from one year into the next. But they are important chiefly because in the context in which they occurred they are symbols pointing to the only possible answer to the profound dilemma which confronts the world.

The dilemma is this. As Walter Mills points out in his book about American military history, *Arms and Men*, it is at least arguable that historically war has had a "social function." It was "essential

to the ordered conduct of the relations of mankind" as the ultimate resort for settling differences where men felt decisive interests or values were at stake. But in the H-bomb era we face "the appalling dangers of a situation in which one's principal diplomatic arm is the threat of a weapon one dares not employ." Even a much smaller social conflict within a nation than we witness in Hungary may set up a chain reaction which swiftly increases the possibility of nuclear war.

Even radicals, who hate Russia and Stalinism bitterly, and whose emotions make them want to see "the revolution run its course," hope in their secret hearts that "things will not get completely out of hand" with the result that somebody, in confusion and terror, makes the move that sends haters and hated, killers and victims, rulers and ruled, over all or most of the earth, into a common grave.

The situation is intolerable. Men cannot maintain their sanity if they are accomplices in mass suicide. But neither can they maintain their self respect or the desire to live if they stand by impotent while evil is done. The cry "better no world than a Communist (or capitalist), better die than live as slaves" is bound to be raised and war to ensue, if only to relieve the moral tension.

There is only one way to meet the dilemma. That is for men and peoples to learn and practice non-violent resistance, which is a matter both of technique and of a spirit free from hate. It is in this world context that the Montgomery struggle is so profoundly significant.

In a somewhat less pure form, but to a notable degree, the later phases of the Hungarian revolt have shown the possibilities of non-violence. For weeks after military resistance had become impos-

sible the Hungarian people continued to resist and to make it impossible for the Kadar puppet regime to function. They did it partly by simply walking out on the regime in tens of thousands and more drastically by maintaining a general strike. The fact that frightful suffering was imposed upon them does not invalidate the case for non-violence. War is not free from casualties, and the heaviest casualties in this case occurred in the period of armed struggle. But it is the spectacle of virtually a whole working class striking for weeks, preferring suffering and privation to the moral tribute of acquiescence, that is decisive. The Russian power state may survive this experience, but the mystique, the religious power, of Communism has been shattered. Without the consciousness of what was taking place, the Hungarian people by taking suffering upon themselves have given an illustration of the Gandhi principle that this is, paradoxically, the way in which freedom is eventually won. They could not have accomplished this basic political and spiritual defeat of the totalitarian principle by doing more killing than the Russian soldiers. Reports carried back into Russia might well have aroused resentment and developed sympathy for the Regime. The story of what did happen, including the revulsion of many Russian soldiers against the foul task they were ordered to discharge, will be carried to the farthest reaches of the Soviet land and will haunt Khrushchev, Bulganin and the rest until they radically alter their course or are cast out by their people.

Rainer Hildebrandt of West Berlin, one of the heroes of the resistance against the Nazis, and one of the founders of Fighters Against Inhumanity, which exposed Communist repression in East Germany, draws upon his intimate knowledge of the June 1953 uprising in Berlin to emphasize the possibilities of non-violent resistance in a recent article in the *New Leader*. He asserts categorically that if that Berlin uprising had taken "the form not of an explosion but of a general strike lasting several days, the strike would have spread to the major plants of the satellites and the forced labor camps of the Soviet Union."

He reports that on October 27, when news of the Hungarian revolution broke, Ernst Scharnowski, chairman of the West Berlin trade unions, wanted to appeal "for a peaceful general strike, free of all violence, in solidarity" with the Hungarian rebels, but was not permitted to do so. Hildebrandt adds: "I personally believe that if at the end of October there had been sit down strikes in Germany, the Soviets would not have been able to launch their blood bath in Hungary." He points out that it has been demonstrated on a number of occasions that Communist rulers cannot use arms against justified demands even if presented in the form of sit down strikes. They cannot even arrest the strikers for then "they must fear that the sit down strikes will spread even further . . . Only a political innocent can believe that today the only choice is between abandoning the Hungarian people or supporting them with Western weapons."

The workers of Hungary are isolated and deprived of effective help because there is no effective democratic socialist movement to come to their aid. The tragedy of that condition is highlighted by the fact that it is the Socialist Party of France which, instead of being in a position to aid the Hungarian workers, lends countenance to the attack on them because it is itself engaged in warfare against the independence movement in Algeria.

No one can bestow freedom as a gift or impose it from without on the people of the satellite countries or of the Soviet Union itself. They must win it for themselves, and, in the kind of world we live in, this means exploration of and training in the ways of non-violence.

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 1)

So I persist in being crazy in my own crazy way, and I am trying to make other people crazy my way.

Proudhon and Marx

"Communism is a society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs." Such a definition does not come from Marx; it comes from Proudhon. Proudhon wrote two volumes on "The Philosophy of Poverty" which Karl Marx read in two days. Karl Marx wrote a volume on "The Poverty of Philosophy." Karl Marx was too much of a materialist to understand the philosophical and therefore social value of voluntary poverty.

Missionaries Not Imperialists

The world is cursed with imperialists. What the world needs is missionaries, not imperialists. When the Irish were scholars they were missionaries; they were not imperialists. When the Irish were missionaries they went all over Europe, starting with England. They had not swords or guns, but knowledge and zeal. Through words and deeds they taught people to rule themselves.

Why Not Be A Beggar

People who are in need and are not afraid to beg, give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake. Modern society calls the beggar, bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush. The Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods. We read in the Gospel: "As long as you did it to one of the least of My brothers, you did it to me."

The Catholic Worker Isms

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Typical Capitalist Attitude

Charlottesville, Va.
January 15, 1957.

Dear Dorothy,

Your paper always interests me and often boils my blood or amuses me when I find such obviously untenable stands taken by your writers. But that is life.

What could be more absurd than a professed anarchist asking for support of "legislation" to curb the success of capitalism or private enterprise (whichever you prefer)? There is no place for legislation of any kind in an anarchist utopia. Also, to beg for laws to enforce integration, to be supported by bayonets and jails—that too seems slightly incongruous behavior for a sincere peace-loving anarchist. But, again I say, "That's life"—"compulsory integration" and "compulsory conformity" for all workers seem to be merely the order of the day. Let's forcibly make every guy and lassie fraternize by law—and if they refuse to stop discriminating (their selfish habit of racial preference), we'll just jail them even if it takes the President's palace guard to whip the reactionaries in line.

Now we're told to Boycott Kohler! If the boycott you propose succeeded, the company would be wrecked, causing idle plant, idle workers, hungry small stockholders and hungry families of unemployed workers who value their jobs obviously more than the loafing bums who quit the best paying industrial employer in Sheboygan County. So, instead of boycott, we have just specified everything Kohler of Kohler in our new eight room, three-bath house now being built. We get others to do the same.

Ask Ammon Hennacy to do a piece on Oskar Hansen's Peace Proposals offered to Congress today. Hansen has just recently offered to make and give the world a gem-studded Peace Chalice which he claims will be more than just a gesture. He's an unusual figure—a great artist. You should get him to do an editorial or two for the *Catholic Worker* since he is a lot of a philosopher for this age and a guy that dares to buck Congress and the White House. Best wishes,

William Stevens.

stands for leadership against dictatorship. The Catholic Worker stands for agrarianism against industrialism. The Catholic Worker stands for decentralism against totalitarianism

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(The editors of Liberation, March, 1956)

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