

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXX No. 6

JANUARY, 1964

Subscriptions
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Fighting Harlem Slumlords

By EDGAR FORAND

Without trying to get facetious or overly pious, there is only one way to write about conditions in Harlem—and that is on one's knees. A New York Times editor would have us believe that the current rent strike, which is building up steam in some Harlem slum areas, is lawlessness and anarchy. One would like to see this editor live in one of these areas for a number of years and still feel at the end of this time that recourse should be had only to the current Building Code. Jesse Gray, who is head of the Community Council on Housing, has described inspections now going on as a "fraud on the public." Only a few of the buildings have been examined and of course, most of the violations have been missed as a result. Another thing to be considered is that even if there were sufficient inspectors, it would take months before proper action could be taken—but a rat hole as big as a football, a tub full of dirt from the apartment above or a heatless apartment are not pleasant things to take for months at a time. Besides as everyone knows, the city has for years in effect subsidized slum landlords by refusing to do something about housing in our ghettos.

As of Dec. 1, tenants have refused to pay rent in thirty-four of Harlem's rundown, rat-infested tenements, in places where chil-

(Continued on page 6)

A Long Day's Journey

By KARL MEYER

I have always been thin. In my teens, my father, who is a large man in all directions, nicknamed me "Tubercular Tom." Later when I began to minister to the destitute through a house of hospitality in the Chicago slums, he warned me that I would get tuberculosis living under such conditions. At first I was scornful of such warnings. I knew that writers before the 20th Century had used the creeping ailment, then known as consumption, to inflict a gradual death on an incredible number of tragic protagonists; but I shared a common belief of my own time and class that TB had been so brought under control that it was practically a disease of the past.

I was undisturbed in this belief until I returned to the house of hospitality in 1959 after a five month vacation in Federal Prisons. Among the household collected by my successors were three men known to have active cases of TB. And I am embarrassed to say that all three had cooked for the soup line at the house until their illness was discovered. They were cooks by trade and they were also alcoholics. TB and alcoholism are a deadly combination, despite the advances in curing TB, because you can't keep alcoholics in a sanitarium very long. As soon as the infection is brought under control and they feel better, they go out on a weekend pass and they aren't seen again, until the disease is raging within them once more. And it seems that if they are cooks



by trade, they go to work as cooks as soon as they get out. Every cook or restaurant worker is required by law to have an X-ray every six months and to show the card to his employer, but many greasy spoon employers are lax, and also it is easy enough to get a drinking buddy to get an X-ray under your name, or to get hold of someone else's card and go by his name.

When they weren't staying with us, these guys would go right out and get jobs in restaurants. We got Jack Dempsey into a sanitarium several times and managed to keep him there for a number of months, but he came out on a pass and didn't go back. I haven't seen him for well over a year, and I

wouldn't be surprised if he's dead. The other two wandered off and weren't seen for a long time. Thurman Blanchard made news about a year ago when he and his cellmate both died of tuberculosis on the same night, in the Chicago Avenue police lockup. He had just come into town a few weeks earlier and was having his veterans' disability check forwarded in my care, and he picked up his last check from me just a few days before his death. As for Jim Williamson, I haven't seen him since 1959.

Terry Sullivan, who had been taking care of the house during my absence in prison, came down with TB a few months after my return and was in a sanitarium for about

six months until he was cured.

I escaped the illness at the time, and I don't know of any exposure to active cases since, but I began to have persistent symptoms of cough and fever early in November and it has now been diagnosed as an active case of TB which will require treatment in a sanitarium.

I don't wish to leave the impression that all Catholic Worker staff workers get TB in the end. Terry and I are the only two I know of who have; and the doctor believes that my illness may be a result of an infection, dormant since my exposure in 1959 and finally breaking out because of fatigue or a rundown physical condition.

My voluntary life among the

poor, and such sacrifices and risks as it entailed, have been a source of some recrimination among relatives and friends who remain in the middle class world from which I came. I have been accused of making pointless and unnecessary sacrifices, because one could just as well work to raise up the poor, without descending to them. And these feelings may be expressed more strongly now that I am married and we have a child of our own coming in February. These arguments have some merit, but I see that while the well-to-do remain as they are, the poor remain as they are and do not get raised up. And the afflictions and

(Continued on page 6)

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, THOMAS CORNELL, EDGAR FORAND,
JUDITH GREGORY, WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE
MOWRER, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ROBERT STEED, ANNE TAILLEFER,
EDWARD TURNER, MARTIN CORBIN, HELEN C. RILEY

Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
175 Chrystie St., New York City—2
Telephone GR 3-5850

Subscription: United States, 25c copy. Canada and Foreign 30c. Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one
hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10 1938 at the Post Office
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

January 7.

Last week when I visited my daughter Tamar in Vermont, it was 15 degrees below zero. Pipes had frozen in the cellar, water had to be obtained in buckets from a reservoir, the car would not start, but the furnace worked and the kitchen stove and the fireplace burned wood and we kept warm all through the house. Visits in mid-winter are wild affairs, with Tamar's nine and a neighbor's three children in and out from dawn till dark and later, since there was a full moon. The latest craze is bowling, and a plastic set being one of the Christmas presents, the long living room constantly was the scene of a game, and the rest of the family, playing with dolls, or games at the table, or books beside the fire, had to keep to one side. There were two dogs, too. Between meals and dishes, I took refuge in a bedroom off the living room, and when Tamar would come in for a talk, first Katie, then, and one by one all the others came too, and the small room was a Bedlam. My refuge was to take to my transistor radio, a present from Tom Hughes, and use an earpiece in one ear and a pillow over the other. Also I worked at an afghan (log cabin pattern) which Tamar started me at a year ago, and bowed my head under the storm, and even got drawn into it, in the way of discussions about right and wrong conscience.

Tamar took refuge in her books on psychology and kept her nose in one paper back I had brought up, *LOVE OR CONSTRAINT* which has to do with children and the problems of authority and discipline and whether or not you should compel a child to go to church and such-like vital issues. Problems are the same everywhere, whether one is at Peter Maurin Farm, St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street, or the beach bungalows.

Looking back over the things which have happened last month, I see a note in my little diary,—"Old Henry died," which reminds me that neither last month nor this month, was mention made in the Chrystie Street column of the charity of old Henry, who lived a few doors away from us in an old tenement all by himself, and came to the CW, as to his club, to sit out in the sun on bright days, and to share the warmth of the big dining room on the cold and stormy ones. He had Parkinson's disease, and his hands shook constantly, but he did not go to a hospital or clinic as far as we knew, and refused all invitations of his relatives to share a home with them. Just before Thanksgiving he announced that he was going to buy the hams for the Thanksgiving dinner, and with the turkeys already received the ambassadors of God, several hundred of them, had a rare feast. (It was Peter who said that the poor were

the ambassadors of God and also quoted that we only take into heaven with us the riches we have given away.) So old Henry took into Heaven with him this great and generous gesture towards the poor of the Bowery.

Speaking

Besides a three-day visit to Tamar I spoke at Worcester, Newton and Boston. On the bus from Vermont to Boston, I met Edna Hower who is still living on her farm outside of Rutland, and although she has sold much of the land, and her big house, she is as active as ever. What a debt all the conscientious objectors owe her for the year she gave us when we had the e.o. camp at Stoddard, New Hampshire.

When I mention speaking trips in this column I give the impression that I am away all the time, and indeed this year I have travelled half the world over. But my short hops to Philadelphia, Boston, even to the midwest, take not more than a few days out of the month, much of which is spent on Staten Island, either at the beach or farm. I am at the farm mostly this month, since Charles Butterworth is taking a mid-winter vacation, part of which will be spent with the Trappists in Virginia.

The Story Of Leo

A few years ago when Albert Cheek was in the hospital at Princess Bay, Staten Island, which is only a few miles away from the farm, Jean Walsh, the farm nurse, on her visits to him met a middle-aged man in the next bed whose name was Leo. A month before, a local policeman had called her in the night asking her if any of our men at the farm were missing. He had found a man in the woods who had been sleeping out and who didn't know where he was or how he had come there. There was no evidence of drink on him, but he was dirty and vermin-ridden and suffering from hunger and exposure. It was not one of our men, she told the police, so they took him to the local hospital for treatment. There he had been nursed back to health, and Jean, grateful for the help the hospital had unfailingly given us as city patients, offered to take him on the farm. There he remained with us for some months and little by little began to speak to us. He was Swiss, could speak Italian, and had been a waiter. His wife had a breakdown, was in Central Islip Hospital, and he indicated a desire to live in the city, but with us, so that he could more easily visit her.

So for the last year or two he has lived at the Salvation Army, around the corner from us, and has eaten his meals with us. The manager at the Salvation Army helped him with infinite patience to fill out papers for social security, and now he gets sixty dollars a month, out of which he

(Continued on page 8)

Nuclear Morality And Eschatological Realism

By JAMES W. DOUGLASS

Reprinted from *The Catholic World*, December 1963. Subscriptions \$6 per annum. 180 Varick Street, NYC.

Underlying the threat of nuclear war is the fact that man has succeeded in perfecting eschatological powers, weapons that can draw down on him the end of his world and himself, while he has himself refused to think eschatologically. By his ingenuity in weapons technology, he has placed himself in an eschatological context. But by a critical failure in moral imagination, he has continued to think and act as if the powers at his disposal were of the same nature as those he used in past ages. He therefore employs his eschatological weapons in an immanent framework of judgement, like a clown juggling explosives as if they were oranges.

Once this fact has been recognized, we can begin to question the value of the now dominant approach to nuclear power politics known as "political realism," or for that matter, any "realistic" approach which fails to take adequate account of the eschatological factor in our crisis. While there is little question that political realism is politic, it may be seriously



doubted whether it is realistic. For it would seem that in order to be realistic a theory should at least confront fully the most challenging reality before us, the very nature and implications of eschatological weapons. In avoiding these implications, the realists can only propose policies which hopefully will postpone man's self-destruction. If we wish to come to terms with the nuclear arms race, a crisis which is essentially moral, we must therefore approach it by way of an eschatological realism which will acknowledge and respond to the most critical factor in man's history.

The purpose of this article is to sketch the guide posts of eschatological realism and to indicate its specifically moral and theological aspects. A realism of this sort will begin in the order of natural reason but in order to remain in intimate contact with reality it must rise eventually to a theological point of view. Its order of procedure is: (1) a rational, experiential analysis of the nuclear crisis; (2) the response of Christian morality; (3) the response of Christian prophecy.

A rational, experiential analysis of our crisis exposes two essential factors at the heart of it: man as he

stands at the present stage of his moral history, characterized to some extent by the atrocities of the 20th century; the power which has finally come into his hands, eschatological weapons which can envelop the earth in devastation, fire, and radioactivity until nothing remains but a scorched wasteland. We live in an eschatological age in a far more immediate sense than did the early Christians, precisely because a still largely unredeemed human race has discovered eschatological weapons. These two factors, 20th-century man in his anguish and violence, and the possession of weapons which can destroy himself and his world, constitute a perilous combination. Their continuing peaceful co-existence is complicated by two further factors.

First, these weapons are now a permanent possession of man. Should even the inconceivable occur, and it surely will not; should every nuclear device be lowered to the bottom of the sea, the eschatological power would remain—within human consciousness itself, the scientific knowledge of thermonuclear weapons, at the disposal of man to re-employ relatively easily at any point from now until the end of human history.

The second complicating factor is the much discussed problem of the "nth country," the situation created by the steadily growing number of nations having nuclear weapons. Reflection on the pace of nuclear science today and on the consequent diffusion of nuclear knowledge through mankind gives to the nth country problem a special intensity. Yet such knowledge cannot be forgotten and will continue to pass into new minds.

The test-ban treaty will only delay this process of nuclear proliferation. Given the continuing equation of security with nuclear parity or superiority, the arms race will undoubtedly continue and spread to new countries. If the arms race and nuclear proliferation are finally to cease, "the fundamental principle on which our present peace depends must be replaced by another which declares that the true and solid peace of nations consists not in equality of arms but in mutual trust alone" (*Paxem in Terris*). The political realists say flatly that a continuing spirit of mutual trust among nations is impossible. And human reason surveying the struggles of nations through history feels drawn to confirm this skeptical view of a saint's words.

The conclusion proper to a rational analysis of our crisis is: man must confront the realities of his crisis as seen by reason alone, first, the reality of himself as given by the testimony of history, especially modern history; secondly, the reality of his present and future power, eschatological, annihilative, widening, deepening. An unblinking confrontation of these realities is seldom made, even by those given to thinking on the problem. The reason is that its natural consequence would be despair of man's fate.

Termination in despair or at least in a deep-rooted sense of futility in the order of natural reason suggests the need for a higher approach to the question. That approach alone, which can respond adequately to the critical realities exposed by reason, is Christian morality.

Christian morality posits two central principles which must be kept in mind when approaching a moral problem so serious and far-reaching as nuclear war: the Christian has an obligation to follow the absolute prohibition against evil laid down by his Master; in the course of his rejecting evil and choosing the good, the

Christian will necessarily suffer with Christ at the hands of a world hostile to the absolute values of his faith. It is not correct, therefore, to approach a difficult moral problem in such a way that the Christian will in the end necessarily be spared the obligation of undergoing suffering. Situations arise in which grave evil cannot be avoided without our experiencing hardship and pain, sometimes even death. The classic example is the Christian being told to worship the Emperor under penalty of death. He must assent either to evil or to martyrdom.

Moreover, and most significantly, by his suffering the Christian gives the greatest witness to his faith and effects the most lasting changes in the community and world about him. Again the martyrs' victory over the Roman Empire is the classic example.

The relevance of these factors to nuclear war is clear. In view of the massive growth of the deterrent, now measured in terms of its "overkill" factor, our efforts to justify morally a "limited nuclear war" have become increasingly discreditable. The realities of thermonuclear missiles. The just war is by definition one of strict moral limits, whereas our present deterrent threatens in reality the imminent destruction of an entire enemy society, making a mockery of even the loosest distinction between combatant and non-combatant. The systematic destruction of a people is genocide, whether the means employed to that end are gas chambers or intercontinental missiles. We are in the presence here of an evil whose darkness can be understood best by performing a spiritual exercise for our time: by reading the accounts of Hiroshima survivors (for example, *Children of the A-Bomb*, *The Testament of the Boys and Girls of Hiroshima*) and by imagining their experiences extends across two flaming continents. In our anxiety to disassociate ourselves from the almost unimaginable effects of a threat we would rather not carry out, we should recall that good and evil reside first in the order of intention. We have made clear our intention, in the words of Defense Secretary McNamara, "to destroy an enemy society, if driven to it." Nor does the conditional nature of this threat provide a moral escape. Conditional murder is still murder. (For the particular moral and strategic elements underlying this point, see my article, "Modern War and the Just War," in the September issue of *Worldview*.) Such a thermonuclear act of genocide, which in intention is already present, would involve our own moral and physical destruction; and perhaps by its delayed effects of disease and disintegration, the death of mankind.

Given this moral crisis, in which a choice must be made between what Thomas Merton has called "a moral evil second only to the crucifixion," global self-destruction, and Christian steps which could be exploited by the Communists, there falls upon us the same absolute precept, not to do evil, which fell upon the early Christian martyrs. We are confronted not by a call to Christian heroism that we may accept or reject, but by a command to Christian duty of an heroic nature, a point which must unfortunately be emphasized in a context where our attention has so long been centered upon the limits of Christian morality. The conclusion therefore which is proper to Christian morality's response to our crisis is: man must confront the present crisis as given by the

(Continued on page 7)

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

The New Year came in on a Northeast wind, with freezing rain and sleet and snow. But snow predominated so that our New Year's Day was white as our Christmas Day had been. New Year's morning, when we were returning from Mass at St. Joseph's Church — where I prayed, as all must have done, for a better, more peaceful New Year — I thought that perhaps this whiteness spread about us was Nature's way of telling us: Here are new pages, clean pages, whereon to write a new chronicle. Let deeds of love be written here. For only great acts of love can make a climate wherein the tree of peace whose roots are still washed by martyr's blood, may grow to multi-branching fruitfulness whereof all men may eat as brothers.

The nor'easter that ushered in the New Year was one of the milder kind and so did not spoil the day for us. I suppose we had fewer guests, but some made it through in spite of the weather. Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner arrived just in time for dinner. Mike Dimansky arrived early as usual. Mary Roberts was somewhat late but compensated by spending the night.

Christmas Day, too, was a quiet pleasant day with us. Most of us went to early morning Mass at St. Joseph's, though two or three of the younger members of the community went to the midnight Mass at St. Thomas. We were glad that Dorothy Day was able to be with us, and that the laryngitis from which she had been suffering was at least a little improved. We had breakfast together, and sat around the table for a while opening presents, talking, and listening to the Gelineau Psalms. Spike and Joan, with the help of several others, had put up the tree and decorated the house the night before. Hans Tunnesen had cooked the usual Christmas feast, with turkey provided by Msgr. Dolan, our Pastor. Chick Bassinetti had baked hot rolls to go with the dinner, and Joe Dimenski had made pumpkin pies for dessert. That evening we said the rosary and compline together. It was Christmas Day, the Birthday of Our Lord; and we rejoiced.

One of the events most in keeping with Christmas spirit took place on Christmas Eve. Some of us had been much concerned at the hostile unfriendly reception which many Staten Islanders manifested at the opening of Day Top Lodge here on the Island. Day Top Lodge is a kind of halfway house for drug addicts, which is operated by the federal government for the purpose of providing a more favorable environment for those who are trying to break the habit. It was Charles Butterworth's idea that carol singing might help those living at the lodge understand that not all of Staten Island was unfriendly. So on Christmas Eve, the carollers — Charles Butterworth, Spike Zawidki, Ed McLaughlin, Chuck Bassinetti, Joe Dimenski, Norman Foret, Joan Twomey, and Sharon Hovey who had come over for the purpose — set out for Day Top Lodge. Our carollers were cordially received and invited in to a comfortable livingroom where a fire glowed cheerfully in the fireplace. There before the open fire, hosts and guests sat and talked and sang carols together. One of the hosts confessed to one of the carollers that this was not only the first time he had participated in carol singing, but also the first time he had ever sat in such a livingroom before an open fire. Surely this is the kind of experience everyone ought to have, the kind of experience that should be denied no one. Surely unless we can learn to share this kind of experience with our brothers, our neighbors, whoever they may be, unless we can share this simple act of sitting down and talking in

a friendly way before an open fire, or of singing carols together on a Christmas Eve — surely unless we can so share, we can hardly hope to attain peace on earth.

Our Christmastide was made brighter, too, by the many warm messages and greetings from friends and readers, many of whom sent special Christmas gifts and donations. We do thank them, and pray that they will be rewarded a hundredfold, and that God will bless them throughout this year and all the years to come. I have been particularly enjoying a gift sent by Joe Brexel, who used to come and help us out last summer but who is now studying theology at St. John's in Collegeville, Minnesota. Joe had the wonderful idea of making candles from pure beeswax, and sending candles to all of us at Peter Maurin Farm. The candles are not only beautiful but most fragrant. Surely they will burn brightly to the Lord. I experienced a special joy, too, in that the portable transistor tape recorder, which Caroline Gordon Tate sent me during Christmas week. It was a wonderful gift and one that will prove most useful to me. Deo gratias.

We have also been much blessed with visitors during recent weeks. One Sunday afternoon in December, a group of young men from the Focolari group in Brooklyn came out to see us and tell us about their kind of apostolate. The Focolari movement was founded in Italy during the terrible days of the Second World War, by two young Catholic women, who looked about them and saw the great need for doing the task at hand, for helping those immediately about them in any way they could. Out of this work grew communities of women dedicated to this kind of Christian living and sharing. Later came communities of young men, similarly dedicated. The movement spread rapidly over Italy and has since spread to other countries, including the United States. There

(Continued on page 8)

Peace Walkers Jailed

The Committee for Nonviolent Action Peace Walk from Quebec to Guantanamo, Cuba, has met with unusually good public acceptance all the way from Canada through South Carolina. Trouble had been expected in the South because the Team is integrated. But there was no serious trouble until Georgia. It almost seems that the Team has walked from one jail to the next all the way through the State. Walkers have been subjected to unbelievable treatment, torture worthy of Nazi Germany. Electric prod poles have been used to burn the tender parts of men and women. At one point, in Spalding County Jail, in Griffin, two policemen were seen weeping in horror as a sadistic member of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation tortured a young woman with a cattle shocker, for no conceivable purpose other than his own gratification.

Fourteen of the Walkers are now in jail in Albany, awaiting trial for choosing their own walk route rather than taking directions from Police Chief Prichett, who would have shunted them out of town missing the main section. Eleven of them have been fasting since December 23, the day of their arrest. All have refused to post bail, set at \$200. They are being tried as we go to press. We urge our readers to write to Governor Carl E. Sanders, State Capitol Building, Atlanta, and to Mayor Asa Kelley, Jr., City Hall, Albany, Ga., asking them to end police harassment of the Walkers, and pointing out the denial of their civil liberties, and the barbaric, sadistic, indecent treatment they have received from the hands of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation.

MINERS' STRIKE

By TOM CORNELL

The coal mining area of southeastern Kentucky claims our attention first of all because of the extreme poverty that prevails there. The late President Kennedy called it "the most depressed area in the country." More than half the miners are out of work, and most of those working are earning three to five dollars a day. If it were not for the distribution of government surplus food, "commodities" as they are called, the area would sink into a state of famine. Automation and the lack of planning for its effects are the real causes of the decline in the marginal coal mines that predominate in the area.

As reported in the February 1963 *Catholic Worker*, thousands of unemployed miners have participated in a wildcat strike and roving picket, attempting to close the mines still operating and to re-establish union conditions. A strike by the United Mine Workers in 1959 failed, costing the union millions of dollars in lawsuits. The union has refused to face the challenge of the decline of the mining industry in marginal areas. It has in effect, pulled out, declaring the strikers renegades. The union has given the miners no support whatever.

The Miners' Movement, as it has come to be called, was sparked in September 1962, when four thousand miners gathered outside the Hazard Memorial Hospital, having just been given notice that their medical cards had been cancelled. The cards entitles them to free care at United Mine Workers Hospitals. These hospitals were built and operated by the UMW Welfare and Retirement Fund, which was financed by a forty cent per ton royalty paid by the mine operators. The operators had been refusing to pay this royalty into the Fund, in violation of union contract. Complaints had gone from miners to the operators and to the UMW, but still the operators refused to pay, and the UMW did not collect. Some economists assert that in fact coal

mining in this area of marginal mines cannot pay this royalty and still make a profit, with the changed conditions of the market today, and the quality of the area's coal. This may be true. But there are still people making profits from mining in Hazard County. The important fact is that thousands of miners and their families are being pushed to the wall. When the miners saw that they were losing their hospital protection, they banded together. Their efforts were hampered by police harassment, the local newspaper and radio station, goon-squads, by the weather and the debilitation that severe deprivation brings with it. A long period of inaction, heavy winter snowfalls, unusually high spring flood waters, broke the thrust of the movement. Court actions brought against striking miners absorbed much of the available financial resources, adding to the misery of the miners' families. There were no convictions, but the delays and the draining of financial resources as well as psychological resources have had their effect.

The miners' leader, Berman Gibson, was arrested on June 11, 1963, and indicted by a Federal Grand Jury on a charge of conspiracy with seven others, to dynamite a railroad bridge. If convicted, he faces the possibility of twenty years in jail and a ten thousand dollar fine. Gibson's arrest was the high-point in attempts to cripple the movement by using the courts. Recently, on election day, Gibson was arrested again, with three others, as they stood in line waiting to cast their ballots for Judge Courtenay Wells, a judge whose record of impartiality in labor cases made his re-election important to the miners. Gibson had been campaigning for him. The four were charged with armed robbery and assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill. They were arrested early in the day, and yet the local radio broadcast all day that Gibson was being sought in connection with a robbery. Courtenay Wells was not re-elected. The incident, by the way, is alleged to have taken place over a year ago.

The mass media have carried reports of the misery and deprivation of southeastern Kentucky, but very few have given any mention to the suspicious prosecutions of miners involved in the picket. James Wechsler reports in an excellent article in the New York Post of October 16 that not until he met Gibson did he know of the indictment. In pacifist activities I have often wondered how a news black-out is managed. Whoever they are and however they do it, it is obvious that the Miners' Movement is having a hard time coming to the attention of the American people.

Gibson has been able to speak at colleges and meetings around the East. Some forty-five college students decided to spend their Christmas vacations in Hazard County. They collected forty tons of food and clothing. The Teamsters Union lent them two trucks. They brought the supplies to Hazard and then spent their time assisting in distributing them to the families scattered among the hills and hollows of the county. The news media noted their trip, but some of the students felt that their intention in going to Kentucky was not made sufficiently clear: their support of the Miners' Movement. The forty tons of goods must have seemed trifling to the students as they came to know the massive poverty of these people.

Gibson is recorded as having told the students that the miners knew this food and clothing was only a token, a gesture of help, but that they appreciated it. "I hope this support of these men who have protested the bad conditions down here . . . will bring national attention to the plight of the un-

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued on page 8)

Welfare Without Warmth

By DOUGLAS GIBSON

(Reprinted from THE LISTENER, BBC, London, England)

In London in 1940 the bombs had begun to fall, the shelters were filled but there was a small nucleus of men and women — tramps and dead-beats — who, though in need of shelter as everybody else was, were too vicious, aggressive, and difficult to share with the rest of the community the safety of the tube stations and the crypts. The Westminster City Council had to find a place for them, and it converted two railway arches under Charing Cross station, made them into a shelter, put up bunks, made a small canteen and an office, and asked four pacifist men and two girls to run it. I was one of the pacifist men. The council would pay cost of running the shelter and we would do the job for nothing. In fact, we did receive from a voluntary society 2s 6d. a week and our board and lodging, so really everybody had a good bargain — the tramps and dead-beats were out of the way and the pacifist were employed doing work which the council could hardly ask other people to do in a period of labor-shortage and national crisis.

We took up this work with alacrity, and began at once to make friends of our derelict customers. We felt a certain sense of belonging; they were isolated from the community because for various reasons they had been unable to cope with life and had become so individualistic that restrictions of any kind, even the

simplest, were unbearable. We accepted them as they were; we attempted no reclamation, we preached no gospel, we asked only that their clothing and their bodies, if verminous, be cleaned. Many found even this too difficult to accept, and left. We ran the disused railway arch as a shelter for derelict humanity. We asked nothing and achieved little, but what we did achieve was a certain respect one for the other that I have never quite found again. I believe this respect was possible because we did not violate each other in any way. We did not cajole or persuade. We allowed friendship to grow naturally; we accepted their derelict state and did not seek to change them.

Yet so many over the years did change; they lost their fear and anxiety, and were able in their own time to move slowly, step by step, towards a more healthy state of mind and attitude. How was this possible? These were literally outcasts; these were the men and women who had hit the bottom. It was possible, I think, because the climate and atmosphere of the railway arch was completely relaxed. In this place they found rest and time to think, without officials talking to them, advising them, and hurrying them on from step to step.

I can think of one example. An old man of seventy, who had been walking the streets and living rough for years, suddenly developed an unpleasant abscess on his stomach. One night he showed me this and asked if I could give him some ointment to dress it.

I was so alarmed at the sight of this abscess that I called a sister from Charming Cross Hospital to look at it. She immediately said he must be admitted to hospital and have the abscess surgically treated. I told him this news and he said: 'I only want a bandage and some ointment.' I replied: 'You must go into hospital and have the thing looked at properly.' At this he bundled his bits and pieces together and, mumbling to himself about no one wanting to help him, everybody wanting to interfere, he left the arch and disappeared into the night.

Weeks later he returned and showed me his stomach quite healed. 'What happened?' I asked. 'I pricked it with a pin when it got too big and it healed all right; and, as it is better, I thought you would have me back and not have to worry about me.' What a lesson this was: he stayed away until he was no longer an embarrassment; he returned only when he knew we could accept him as he was.

Naturally, there were many aggressive and angry people living in the arch who left us because they were unable to live even in this reasonably free atmosphere. Their leaving was a sad blow to us. We thought then that any overt rejection was beyond bearing. We had not, in those early days, learned the lesson that some men need to be entirely free, and that they found even our arch suffocating and oppressive.

After four long years of this odd existence my thoughts naturally moved away to new works, better

LETTERS

Riverside, California
Christmas Saturday

Dear Dorothy,

Greetings from the Southwest! I was so very happy to hear that you are doing a book on the Retreat Movement that I am sitting right down to tell you so before I get waylaid and put it off and just never get around to telling you. For years now I have hoped you would do just such a book. Of course many of the priests in the movement could do such a book, but I think it would then be soooo—intellectual and soooo—theological that it again would not reach all the people it should reach. You, as a journalist and a woman, can put warmth where needed and write things in a more down to earth manner. I have been convinced for years that the spirituality that the retreats gave us has been the most misunderstood and at the same time the least clarified part of the Catholic Worker. So I was happy that you have assumed that quite large task of not only giving us the history of the retreats and our saintly priests who gave them to us, but hope that you will restate from the many notes I remember you taking all the real "meat" of the conferences given during those six or seven quiet days. Be assured of my prayers, for I am sure it will be quite a "project," as Hans would say.

Had a somewhat quiet day, as Jack took the three older boys up to Montecito to pay a visit to John Cogley, so that left just eight children to keep the house humming. Jack had been hired to teach slow learners in high school out here, but what he actually has are seventy children who have no interest in learning and are mostly the trouble makers in the school. So imagine what a round he has each day teaching English and Social Studies, where three-fourths of the students have no interest in learning whatsoever. We should like to have him teach in a small college, but we do not have an "in" anywhere, even though he has the ability to teach on the college level. I remember Mike and Erica Strasser sent out 100 letters of inquiry the year he left Toronto and they received in answer about two replies that were of any interest.

We have the children in Catholic schools this year. Our oldest boy, Tim, has the Holy Ghost Fathers, which makes us happy, having known Fr. Francis Meenan of that Order, who gave retreats at Newburgh and had so many times given a helping hand to the CW.

We had just settled here in Riverside when we heard the good news that Ammon was to speak at the Servite Seminary, sponsored by the group at Cardijn Center. One of the boys in our parish choir, which I belong to, and who had gone in to L.A. with Jack to the Commonweal group's meeting called and said he heard Ammon was to speak in Riverside, but didn't know where, so we contacted the local colleges thinking one of them would be sponsoring such a talk and through that finally found the meeting. Fr. McGinn is the director of the Cardijn group and really enjoyed having Ammon and since then others said they would like to have a meeting with you also, Dorothy, so please let us know when your next trip to the west coast will be, so we can let the O'Hallorans arrange for such a meeting. O'Hallorans have eight small children and read the CW and enjoy good discussions. Seems no matter where one goes, the Catholic Worker has been there before, and so meeting readers makes us feel like one big happy family.

Jack has not yet settled down to city living. He loved his farm and the animals and the rural atmosphere. He still shakes his head when he realizes that the small farmer cannot make a living for a family. What a sad day

that is for America, when such a basic work as agriculture has to be run like a big factory, instead of life. Just doesn't seem possible, but that is the truth. The small farmer disappeared fast in the ten years we were in Springboro.

So saying, I better close and try to organize this group of thirteen for the Sunday, baths, head washes, clothes and prepare for Mass by Dad reading the texts for tomorrow from that much used book old Father Schritz gave us for a wedding present, explaining the liturgy for the Sundays and the seasons of the church year.

With much love to all the CW family,
In Christ,
Mary Thornton

The Desert

1109 Soissons
Barstow, California

Dear Dorothy,

I have been very busy with the Legion of Mary, teaching mainly, and I have told myself that I did not have time to write. Actually, I know that we can usually find time to do the things we ought if we really try.

Quite a bit of my work here for the Legion of Mary now is among Navajo Indians who speak no or little English. A friend who is Navajo and another young Navajo girl whom I found on census card and who is now a member of the Legion of Mary, translates and I teach. We have formed a St. Martin de Porres group made up mostly of the Navajo but we have a few Mexican Americans in it also. We chose St. Martin de

Porres for a patron because he was mixed Negro and Spanish and he worked among the Indians. Our group being Negro, Indian and Spanish, he seemed an ideal patron for us. We meet once a week, say the Rosary together and have a brief instruction from the adult convert catechism which I give. Once a month we all go to Mass together though most can not yet receive Holy Communion. One woman is, I think ready but she speaks little English and can not yet go to confession in English. However she has gone back to the reservation for a few months and she says she will make her first confession there to the priest at the mission who speaks her language. After her first confession it will not be too hard for her to go here to confession as she can answer simple questions (after a little more practice) that our priest can ask her in the confessional.

Since we started this group we have had fifteen Navajo Children baptized and those old enough were prepared and made (or are being prepared to make) their first Holy Communions. We have also had one marriage validated and one white child baptized.

There are many more adults and children we want to reach who live in this area and who are nominally Catholic but who have lost all contact with the Church because of the language barrier and the distance involved. They live about ten miles from town and most have no cars. Ten miles does not seem so long to those in the east but ten desert miles is a long way! There are no nice trees to rest under between Daggett and town, few houses, but just lots of sand and sagebrush. The St. Martin's club is trying to reach these

(Continued on page 7)

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

72 Postoffice Place,
Salt Lake City, Utah

A fine Christmas at Joe Hill House, for Mary Lathrop came for four days, sang Christmas Carols, The Banks Are Made of Marble, Gypsy songs, and even the one Carl Sandburg sings about Sam Hall. It did not hurt Bob's ironic attitude and my realistic frame of mind to meet up with Mary's exalted conception of Church history, nor did it hurt her to "put up with me."

Poulsen's execution is set for February 10th. His lawyer has appealed to the Board of Pardons, and if they deny the appeal Bob and I will immediately begin to fast and picket the Governor and the Board of Pardons up the hill at the cold and windy space by the Capitol.

I spoke to Police Commissioner Smart and he invited me to appear before the Mayor and City Commissioners. I did so, explaining my ideas and saying that we had the best box car in town and that our place was cleaner and less crowded than the city jail. The officials were cordial and said that they did not wish me to go to jail, as I had said that a bad law was no better than any other bad thing, and I had no intention of obeying silly rules which would limit to ten the number of men we could sleep here. The Mayor said they should go easy on the rules as they applied to the Joe Hill House, for we were doing a good work. The Mormon daily had a headline about it: City Seeks to Save Transient Refugee.

One of the men on the Mormon daily had me speak to the Mormon Sunday School in his ward. Here about seventy-five adults heard my emphasis on the Sermon on the Mount and on the back to the land philosophy, which we call the Green Revolution and Joseph Smith and Brigham Young called The United Order. One of my audience, a young woman married to a Mohammedan, brought plates and cookies to us at Christmas

time. She teaches in a Catholic school.

My printer was fixing his roof and fell to the ground. This will delay my book for about a month. I plan to leave the first of March by way of Pocatello, Helena, Seattle and down the coast to San Diego, across the south to Florida, and up the east coast to Boston, then west through Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, to Minneapolis. A friend will then drive me in the west-middle west, for the 99 day tour does not include side trips. Getting back to Salt Lake City about June first. Those who wish me to speak on this route will please write to me here. Bob will be glad to get away. Mary had wanted him to come to her house in San Francisco but he feels that he will have had enough of this misery. Two young students from the University have started a coffee house in our block and he is helping them get the red and black paint on the walls and ceiling, and is practicing his art of recaning chairs.

The NEW REPUBLIC mentioned the ad in the Dallas Morning News the day President Kennedy was assassinated, put out by folks of the John Birch type, which tended to promote hatred of the President. The People's World on the Coast had a facsimile of this ad, but otherwise it does not seem to be mentioned by the news agencies over the country. In a sermon at the Cathedral here it was said that Communists killed our President "and every priest is marked for death" by them.

One little Navajo whom the fellows call Pinocchio, but who really is a medicine man of his tribe, quietly stays at our place. Bob likes him especially. On Christmas day one of our worst drunks happened to be sober. He gathered up a score of bottles from the sidewalk in front and around our building. Bob and I pick them up many times a day: bay rum, lavender, wine, whisky, and even "green lizard," the name by which face lotion is called. As I said before, you can't win in this battle with booze.

MARY'S HOUSE

Jan. 2, 1964

491 Tehama St.

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Dorothy,

Things are going along very well here at the house. The Walshes are still here, and we have Revielle with us who was in the Napa State mental hospital for seventeen years. She is a lovely Catholic and she loves to keep the place clean. We have a mural on our big central wall. It is of The Holy Family, but it is a bit unconventional. Our Blessed Mother is pouring down water upon St. Joseph who is sitting in a large tub and the Holy Child is leaning his head against St. Joseph's head and holding His hands over his eyes to shield them from the falling water. Joseph is looking up. We like this mural very much. We say that at least someone around here has somewhere to take a bath! Then Jerry is still with us, and also another unemployed young man named, like Ben — the last name being Mann. I am beginning to understand now about community. Our personal burdens seem to be so much lighter because we all carry them together — rather like the trick where ten or fifteen people gather around one who is lying prostrate and with each of them placing one finger underneath him they manage to lift him up—seemingly with no effort—so in a way analogous to this, we all hold each other up with hardly any effort at all. But I have expressed this inaccurately. Community life seems to me the ideal thing to absorb the problems of those who have problems and to give expression to the goodness that is in those relatively without problems—so that it all balances out beautifully. But I don't seem to be able to put this into the words that are called for. No doubt I am all written out. I have been writing thank you notes to the generous people who have sent us gifts, and if you print this then this is my opportunity to say thank you to them again. May God bless them.

Bob Callagy says he wants to arrange some speaking dates for you out here on the coast. He is hoping to get the fare for your trip out donated and that this will be an incentive for you to come and see us—don't misunderstand! I don't mean that the money would be the incentive! Of course you know we always wish we could see you, but no doubt you already have more than you can do, so we will always understand whatever you do.

I visited Ammon in Salt Lake City over Christmas, arriving the Sunday before and leaving the Thursday after. Bob has itchy feet, but will keep his promise to baby sit until April so that Ammon can go out speaking and selling his book. Things are going well there, as usual. Ammon had a big hearing before the Mayor and others on account of the charges against the house, and the Mayor said he was doing good work and that the city would not enforce their laws in their strictness because of the tremendous value of the service Ammon is doing. The Mayor even said he would try to find a better place for the house, since the whole building is probably going to be torn down in a year or two. So that is good. Ammon is indestructible, as ever, unwavering as ever, and just as deaf to all my criticism as ever. But all is well.

I guess I told you about our first Sunday night meeting in San Francisco. We have them Sundays so that we will not conflict with Peter Maurin House meetings on Friday nights. We read Peter's Easy Essays and some from Leaves and Fishes. A few days after the meeting one of the men who had been there, named Ed, came in for dinner with a proposal that we should try to get the use of the old Hall of Justice here in San Francisco for a house of hos-

pitality! It is not in use, and there seems to be some interest in preserving the building, and so he thought there ought to be no reason why the Mayor wouldn't let us use it. The cells could all be converted into comfortable bedrooms, the morgue could be used for food storage, the courtrooms could be lecture halls, recreation rooms, self employment centers, we could have a library, kitchens and so on. At first I thought it was a wild idea, but then I thought it was really fine. But how to go about it? Where there's a will there's a way. We shall see what we shall see, as my mother says.

There is much more to say, but Revielle and I are going out to visit Josephine Gardiner who has a coat she wants Revielle to try on.

Love always to everyone.

In Christ,
Mary Lathrop

The Clothing Room

With the cold weather upon us, we are in great need of clothing. The Bowery can be the coldest place in the world, especially when you sleep on its sidewalks at night. Men freeze to death on the Bowery streets. Your clothes are very important to us. We need all types of clothing, trousers, socks, underwear, shirts, and most of all, shoes and overcoats. These will be given to anyone reasonably sober who is in need. It is very difficult to tell people there is nothing left for them.

SCANDAL

"There does not appear to have been any specifically Catholic reaction to the Profumo affair. Certain sections of Catholic opinion are, of course, always excited by public disclosures of sexual immorality and rush to account for them in terms of the falling away of society from religious practice. To be frank, those societies in which religion has a more important social role than it has in modern Britain are not conspicuously successful in solving this particular problem. It is even true that the shrillness, the feverishness of some religious denunciations of sexual faults represent an ill-balanced view of sexuality and a refusal to accept it for what it is within the order of creation.

"Most remarkable of all, there is the general disposition to get excited about fornication co-existing with a steady refusal to get excited about murder. Here I have in mind, not the relatively rare crime for which in this civilized country the penalty is that a man shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead, but the preparations for mass slaughter with nuclear weapons. Future historians, if there should be any, will marvel that in the years when the ICBMs were in a state of continual readiness to incinerate vast populations the greatest shock to the moral sensibility of the British people should have been a liaison between a politician and a prostitute."

Professor J. M. Cameron,
of Leeds University, in the
COMMONWEAL, July 26,
1963.

"Popes and bishops, dogmatic and moral theologians, seminary and university professors, the unanimous judgment of the teaching Church is that racism, with its segregations and discriminations, is morally wrong. It is a cancer in the body politic. It is a desecration of Christian civilization. It is a blasphemy in the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ. It is, with reverence and accuracy, a God-damned thing."

Rev. William J. Kenealy, S.J.
(SOCIAL ORDER, May 1963)

CHRYSTIE STREET

By AL LEARNARD

One of the most impressive things to visitors here at St. Joseph's is our soup line. Everyone seems to think that it is a nice thing to do—feeding the poor. And Christ wants us to do it, too. Is there a better way to serve Christ than by doing something like this? Through the better part of my life, I thought about this quite matter-of-factly and almost coldly. However, since I have been here at Chrystie Street, I have made an important discovery. One does not get up each morning, run out and start feeding people because he thinks it should be done—not for long anyway. Isn't a daily experience of this type rather depressing—having to be reminded daily of our failures and of the many evil things in this world? At one time in the past, I remember quitting a job before I got started because "I like to see smiling faces," and there just weren't any to be seen. I have no inclination to do this now. All at once, I see an opportunity to live life with a constant awareness of what is Christ. Each day I am forced to reflect upon at least one of his Beatitudes. This, in turn, requires a complete shake-up of my sense of values which means a daily renewal of the person which should eventually lead me, a step at a time, toward a union with the spirit of Christ. However, the spiritual implications of this work being what they are, I find it almost impossible to convey the thought of them and I will therefore attempt to acquaint our readers merely with the externals of our work.

Morning

About 9 o'clock in the morning the men begin to line up for soup, especially now that the weather has turned a bit colder. The line forms at such an early hour since we are fortunate enough to have a large, heated room in which the men are sheltered while they wait. This room is called Siloe House. At 11 o'clock the soup is ready, having been fired up at about 7 o'clock by Charlie Keefe. The men claim that Charlie makes the best soup on the Bowery. The actual serving of the soup does not begin until 11:30 when the house and the staff eat. At noon, or shortly before, the men from the neighborhood are fed a bowl of soup and as much bread and tea as they care to consume.

Sitting at two tables, twenty men are fed at one time, beginning with the crippled, the very old, and any women who have come to us. This first group of people are not asked to file into the back room and wait. The ensuing hour is spent in feeding between 150 and 200 men who eat in practically complete silence. As the line finishes, the kitchen help begins the chore of cleaning up so that the cook of the evening meal can begin his preparations.

The Worker

In describing a line such as we have, one cannot give enough thanks to the individuals who run the line. We have Joe and Russian Mike taking turns on the front door—a job many of us here at the CW tremble at the thought of—both of them apparently quite proficient at non-violent dissuasion. Nick and Bill wait on our tables as ably as any team I have ever seen—another good waiter, Jack, is in the hospital. Bill Harder is our dishwasher. Surprisingly, I've never heard Bill complain about all the pots I manage to dirty in the course of a meal. Endless thanks go to Peter Slan who has cared for Siloe House these past few months. Apparently the men have great affection for Peter. This is probably due to the order he manages to keep in the line and the personal attention which he gives to them. We are losing Peter for a few months and I'm sure they'll be long ones without

him. Lest I forget, many thanks also to the men who are always about and ready to pitch in when we are shorthanded. There are Teddy, Pete, Rocky, Freddie, and of course, Indian Pete, who has just returned from the hospital. One can always find many men from the line ready and anxious to help. Our readers can understand our gratefulness to the men when they realize that the work is done for nothing more than a pack of cigarettes and a meal.

The Day

In writing this description of our soup line I am constantly fighting within myself to be brief and general. If I were to pick a particular day, then write about the line of that day, the picture might appear altogether different from every other day. You see, almost each day something different happens to create a new experience for us. I don't ever expect to be bored when I serve soup here at St. Joseph's. If it isn't a fight that needs breaking up, it's someone taking an alcoholic fit, a group of men bursting through the door seeking refuge from the patrol wagon, or someone running the other way in hopes of retrieving a missing article of clothing. The latter must be quite fast though, since Thieves' Market is only around the corner. Things always make a radical change when checks are received by the men. Social Security, Welfare and Disability checks arrive at the beginning and the middle of the month. Fewer men will come around for soup and of those that do many are on cloud nine and often a bit rambunctious. Our windows are broken all too frequently by unruly people who have been asked to leave. Occasionally, I look up from the pot of soup to find a coatless or shoeless individual standing there. It is usually quite hard to convince him to wait until the soup line is over or that he should see the man in charge of the clothes room.

Visitors

Although the interruptions often make one's day hectic, they are not all sad or depressing incidents. Visitors are almost always making an appearance—old friends, and new friends; priests, nuns, school children, and even curious passers-by. Deliveries of food and clothes appear to arrive during the soup line more often than at any other time. One very happy day just before Christmas, a group from St. Mary's high school in Greenwich, Connecticut arrived for a visit. Besides bringing a bus and a truck full of clothes and food, the group stayed for soup and then sang Christmas Carols to the men on the line. Speaking of Christmas cheer, we had a little party of our own on Christmas eve. Larry Evers gave us all a glimpse of the Clown Pathétique and Frank Crocitto led us in song with his guitar. The highlight of the evening though was our trek over to the Women's House of Detention for our annual Christmas serenade. About fifty people participated.

Other visitors who deserve mention here are Pat Farren of St. Bonaventure's University and Tim Laborie of Siena College who chipped in to paint our main floor. Ned O'Gorman of Jubilee Magazine, Gene Augstadt of A.F.S.C., and Al Rausnitz and John Haufman, of NYU CORE enabled us to hold our Friday night discussions.

We have recently received a letter from our friend Bill Henry in Brooklyn and thought it worthwhile to pass along this information: Bill is making arrangements to set up a craft shop for tenement kids in the York-Jay Street areas of Brooklyn. Activity in the shop will include wood and metal working crafts. In addition to the shop, there will be spring and summer bicycle trips, hikes, swimming, and gardening on a New York city

EDMUND CAMPION



area farm. Bill's efforts could be greatly assisted by your contributions of old bicycles and fragments thereof, of children's swimsuits, of wood working and gardening tools, and of any other article useful to a deprived child. If you can't bring or send these things to Bill c/o the CW and if you live within 100 miles of New York City, contact Bill and possibly he can pick them up from you.

BOOK REVIEW

BEFORE THE MAYFLOW: A History of the Negro in America, 1619-1962, by Lerone Bennett, Jr. Johnson. 404 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by
HOWARD N. MEYER

From time to time, especially since 1956, we have been convulsed with laughter on reading Moscow dispatches dealing with the rewriting or literal scissoring of a page of the "Great Soviet Encyclopedia." How Orwellian, totalitarian, it is, to censor history. Naive and transparent, these Russians, creating nonpersons, and transferring people in and out of past battlefields.

It is indeed a shameful thing that an entire academic discipline should be prostituted to subserve the requirements of a dominant group. In this respect, however, we have outdone the Russians, and have in fact invented the art they practice. Save for the work of a growing, but still disproportionately small, group of white scholars, the writing and teaching of U. S. history has been in the hands of conscious and unconscious agents of white supremacy. Rationalization for and continuation of the exclusion of the Negro from American society has been a function of the distortion or suppression of the role of the Negro in America's heritage. The converse proposition, that elimination of the key factor in prejudice, the belief that the Negro is not quite human, can be achieved only by facing all the facts of all our history, is insufficiently understood.

Lerone Bennett, Jr., has written a perfectly splendid book which, without a polemical paragraph on historiography as such, proves this to the hilt. He disclaims having written "a book for scholars," yet is entitled to claim that it is as "scholarly as . . . research could make it." Unimpeded by the limitations of his initial journalistic requirements—much of the work appeared in installment form in the monthly *Ebony*—he covers the full range of the participation of the Negro in American life from its beginnings in the African past until the present day. He deals primarily with facts and he deals with them deftly, readably, and with impeccable intellectual honesty. Let the white reader who has awakened in a world in which he

is outnumbered by colored peoples draw the proper conclusions from the story of the black viceroy of Mali of the fourteenth century, who spoke to the white merchants through an interpreter, although he understood their language, "solely to indicate his disdain for them."

It does not take too much research to learn that there is no essential difference, in the area of the history or race relations, between the average U. S. historian and a slick appellate lawyer. The latter takes the voluminous record of a trial, and by a process of selection, subtle emphasis, and organization, seeks to persuade a tribunal that his client, say, didn't do it (point I) and that he was entitled to do it (point II). Louis Ruchames in a recent and striking essay in *The Nation* has shown how practically every U. S. "name" historian has been guilty of special pleading and distortion on the role of the abolitionists in U. S. history. *Before the Mayflower* makes a similar point, over a longer period, by a different technique: the lively presentation of facts, 95% of which are scissored out of the books our children are studying today.

If it had not been for the pioneer work of W. E. B. DuBois and Carter G. Woodson, abuse of history as a tool for racism might not be as vulnerable as it now is. Pending that future day when America's heritage is integrated, it is important to have and to read a book like *Before the Mayflower*. It is made especially attractive by numerous illustrations not to be found in the high priced texts used in our schools or the slick-paper popular history magazines. I appreciated especially the symbolism involved in grouping Judge Thurgood Marshall's photo on the same page as that of Dr. DuBois. Marshall's mighty contributions to the elimination of discrimination will not become meaningful until the potential of DuBois' efforts is realized by their application to the destruction of the roots of prejudice.

Howard N. Meyer is an attorney and student of history who has recently edited a re-issue of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's Civil War classic *ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT*.

Simon Community

By EDDIE S. LINDEN

Some of us who live in this affluent society think that everything is going well, why worry, "you have never had it so good".

But I want to tell you about a man who sees the dark side of our society—what Merfyn Turner calls the Forgotten Men. Men who have been in and out of prison. The inadequate homeless offender who has no roots. Being in prison has killed his self-respect. It is when he leaves prison that his problems arise.

Now I want to quote from the founder of Norman Houses.

The man on discharge fears prison, has to face the public. He is expected to go straight, to be a good citizen. He continues:

"It's a way of life of the judges and the lawyers who convict him, and of all on the other side of the wall, who support his imprisonment. They are a reason for his recurring failure—the police who won't leave him alone, the Labour Exchange who won't give him a job, the Assistance Board who won't give money for lodgings. And people generally won't give the chance to be friendly. By relating going straight with those who apprehend, judge, punish, and reject him, the offender makes his failures less painful."

What is needed is for society to accept him, to see him as a human being who has had his punishment,

and to make an effort to help his resettlement.

This brings me to a man who has been doing this kind of work.

Who is Anton Wallich-Clifford and what is the Simon Community?

First, Anton Wallich-Clifford is a "social worker." For the past 12 years he has worked as a probation officer at Bow Street in the heart of London's West End. In 1962 he left Bow Street to become warden of St Dismas House, a home for ex-prisoners. After a year there he became aware that there were more problems than just helping the ex-prisoner. There was another problem—and this was the inadequate ex-prisoner.

He is the man who cannot adjust himself to the society he lives in. He is socially crippled. This means he needs long-term care and treatment.

In order to find out how bad this problem was, Anton Wallich-Clifford and a team of social workers set out for the City of London to spend their social evening wandering around town.

The first night they visited railway stations. There they found men and women sleeping on benches, sleeping in toilets, in waiting rooms. They asked them why they did not go home. They were told they had no home to go to. Among these people were a great number of young and old alike. Each night on their "skippers" they visited all-night coffee bars, cafes, clubs and bomb sites in the East End. They found large numbers of alcoholics.

After a week, they reported back to their organization that each night over 100 men were sleeping out.

Their next venture was the visit to a model lodging house. There they established that during the winter of 1961-62 nearly 12,000 men alone were dependent on common lodging houses in London, and that at least 1,000 men and women were on "skippers".

On their tour they called at a local mental hospital only to be told by a Psychiatric Social Worker that of London's itinerant homeless, a probable 200 a week were ex-mental patients.

They now found out what the problem was. They asked each other questions. What is a social inadequate? They are men and women who are unable to cope with the demands and responsibilities and pressures of life within the normal framework of our society. Among these people are the ex-prisoners.

Homelessness seems to be the great obstacle in resettling the ex-prisoner.

One-third of all preventive detainees have no family or relatives. For all practical purposes they are homeless on discharge. The large conventional hostel offers shelter, but no sense of "belonging."

So as they got more involved, the social workers found the problem becoming more acute. The mental hospitals, the lodging houses, and the over-crowded prisons, were overflowing with inadequate people.

They came to a solution, inspired by their leader, Anton Wallich-Clifford. They decided to give up their livelihoods and live to

(Continued on page 6)

Give The Catholic Worker

THE CATHOLIC WORKER costs but 25c per year, or whatever you wish to contribute. It makes an unusual gift and offers great intellectual stimulation. We would very much like to increase our circulation, and we know that every reader must know at least one or two people who would enjoy **THE CATHOLIC WORKER**. Address all new subscriptions to: New Subscriptions, **THE CATHOLIC WORKER**, 175 Chrystie St., New York 2, N.Y.

A Long Day's Journey

(Continued from page 1)

risks which we are urged to avoid, are common and inevitable in the life of the poor. TB still rages up and down the skid row and among the people of the slums.

That is why so many modern spokesmen of the Gospel say that exposure to the world and its risks is the mark of a Christian. My friend Fr. Daniel Berrigan writes about the disciples after the Resurrection of Jesus:

Whether the sun locks on us in a remote alley/or pushed off into seas and stars: the dawn/rose to him, evening breathed him.

It was always/never again to be safe, summed up our lives./ Never to be safe from the example which he had given to us.

I don't mean to imply that we actually suffer in squalor as so many of the poor do, or that we face the great physical and spiritual dangers they face. For over a year now we have lived in our own small, vine-covered brick house on Mohawk Street, as solidly established as the pig. In that time we have worked and have paid more than half the price of the house, so that when children come we will be able to care for them without being mortgaged to the owners of the world, without losing our freedom to work largely for those who have nothing. Our life is simple and poor but it is pleasant and filled with well-being.

The six men of the house of hospitalization who live downstairs are but a remnant of my flock which began in 1958 with one man and rose to a peak of as many as sixty in the winter of 1959-60. They are the older unemployed men and the mentally or physically disabled who have been with me longest. They have all been with me at least a year, and several for three or four years (though there is also a seventh bed for transient or temporary guests). They have no families of their own, or are completely cut off from their families, but the obligations woven by time and the bonds of attachment formed by their many individual and lovable qualities have made them a part of my family as surely as if they were my own parents. I couldn't just send them on their way.

When I wrote in November, I thought that automation was going to take my job away, but TB came along and took it before automation had a chance. So now I am a man who will be sick for perhaps six months, with seven adult dependents and one child coming in February; but where is the risk? We have never been safer before, than we are in affliction. When I went to jail in 1959 others took my place, and when I got out my family was larger than ever. When I walked to Moscow in 1961 others cared for the house again. As I sat writing this afternoon, the mail brought me a check for \$100 from a Maryknoll Seminarian, out of the blue.

I have something that most of the poor don't have. I have the ability to command all the resources to meet my troubles. The more I do, the more I get. When the ordinary poor man sits down to worry about his troubles, he doesn't get any \$100 checks in the mail.

By the same token when the ordinary destitute man stops someone on the street on a cold night to ask a dime for a cup of coffee, he is thinking only of an hour in a warm restaurant over the cup of coffee, before his troubles begin again, but if one should say, "Come with me; I know where you can find a warm place to live and something to eat," then he knows that good fortune has descended even to him, and sometimes he will express it by saying, "Buddy, you saved my life."

That is what Jesus asked of us, not that we should lavish our care upon him, or upon those few others

who if they wished to set their hand to it might do anything, as prosperous politicians or captains of industry, but to lavish our care upon the least of his brothers in our own neighborhoods and all around us, because the affliction which will be for him or for us only a long day's journey into the future, is for many of them, truly, a long day's journey into night.

Forgive me for using my case histories to educate. I might have asked you for help in our troubles, but I am sure that by the time you read this I will have easily provided for our own needs. But anticipating an impulse of generosity, I thought I would take the opportunity to use my voice in calling your attention to the needs of thousands of voiceless poor, whose troubles are so much greater than ours, merely because they do not have the means to cope with them.

LATER

Christmas, 1963

Dear Dorothy,

Thanks for your card. Of course I look upon this hospitalization as an opportunity for some studying. I am prepared to regard it as providential in the greatest measure if it gives me the opportunity to make significant progress in learning Russian. Since I first became interested in a life as a peacemaker, at the age of nine or ten, and especially since my return from the Soviet Union in 1961, my most cherished aspiration has been to go and live there as a minister of reconciliation. Since 1961 and my marriage it has taken specific form in the idea of going as a correspondent for *The Catholic Worker*, and living and writing about life in the Soviet Union as I have lived and written about our life here in the alien culture of the poor.

The one obstacle now, which was also the one obstacle to my remaining there in 1961, is my ignorance of the Russian language. And the very little progress I have made in studying it before and since is evidence of how slowly this plant has grown in the tangled ground of my daily life. The discipline of regular study is one that comes hard to me, and even here the maddening distraction of continuous television threatens to limit greatly the progress I will make. But the greatest obstacle is my own resistance to sustained application to one single objective. But I see that even this has its purpose. The longer the preparation the more will I have grown to the measure of the task. If I had stuck single-mindedly to one idea, and set out on the venture six or seven years ago, I would not have been ready to accomplish anything. Of course, at that time we used to say that we had, perhaps, only ten years to win the peace, but now that the decade has passed, that style of thinking is not so much in vogue. Like the Jehovah's Witnesses, the peace movement has decided to postpone the millennium Ten years earlier, the 1962 Cuba crisis would have panicked me. Now I see that I will be able to do what I am able to do, and that not until I am ready to do it. The dream has to have roots in something real.

The growth in strength and knowledge and wisdom seems inevitable, the growth in the capacity of the tree to bear fruit. But something that is not easy to observe or to predict is what will be the quality of the fruit, the quality of faith, the quality of charity, when the tree begins to bear. Sometimes the young tree bears fruit that is small and sparse, but sweet. With maturity the capacity of the tree seems bound to increase, but the quality of the fruit is still very much in question.

There is no doubt that I know the lingo of charity, just as well as some of our politicians know the lingo of our political machine. The skin of the apple is shining and



bright, but it has not yet felt the teeth.

I alone have tasted the fruit, and I can tell you that it is often bitter to me. But how it will taste to the world or to God, I do not know. We know that there is sin in the world, ambition, vanity, pride, but we do not know how much there is in each of us, or what it is to be a saint. It is this that St. Paul says in last Sunday's epistle: "And this is what we look for in choosing a steward; we must find one who is trustworthy. Yet for myself, I make little account of your scrutiny, or of any other human audit-day; I am not even at pains to scrutinize my own conduct. My conscience does not in fact reproach me; but that is not where my justification lies; it is the Lord's scrutiny I must undergo. You do it therefore to judge prematurely before the Lord's coming; he will bring to light what is hidden in darkness, and reveal the secrets of men's hearts; then each of us will receive his due award from God."

God has given to some of us a voice which has the power to inspire men, to the Mahalia Jacksons and the Paul Robesons among us. To inspire—to breathe in, and naturally we hope that we ourselves may breathe in again some of the air that we have breathed out. "If I have the voice of men and angels, and have not charity..."

If we don't we will develop a spiritual tuberculosis, and we are never proof against that.

Simon Community

(Continued from page 5)

gether as a nucleus of a pioneer community, composed mainly of socially inadequate and unemployed people.

So the Simon Community came into existence. Simon being the Cyrenian, the "unknown citizen" who was forced to participate in the drama of Calvary and found true joy in helping Jesus carry His cross.

Anton, a Catholic and a man of vision, decided to ask others to come in on his project. No sooner had he done this than offers of help were coming from Protestants, Methodists and professional social workers, willing to do as much as they could to help start this great project.

At the moment, while the purchase of the property awaits completion—a small country estate in Sussex—members will continue to follow their professions. It is hoped that the Simon Community door will be open by January 1964.

If you feel that you want to help the Simon Community either by offering your spare time, or full time in service to the Community, or by giving a donation, then write to its founder who will give full details and particulars. His address is: Anton Wallich-Clifford, 40, Winn Road, Southampton, England.

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

Fighting Slumlords in Harlem

(Continued from page 1)

dren shiver in cold and filth. Jesse Gray has set a strike goal of one thousand buildings housing 15 thousand Harlem families by the end of January. They want the city to cut rents on all struck buildings to \$1.00 and to take over the buildings immediately under receivership laws that allow the city to make repairs. Rep. Powell has called for a march on city hall if the Wagner administration refuses to use existing legal powers to take over buildings that have major violations. So far no landlords have evicted tenants for non-payment. Gray feels that slum property owners who are on record with major violations can ill afford to come to court for dispossession action.

For the first time it is said, important political and community leaders of Harlem are publicly lending their support to this novel form of civil protest by people who may regard the overall civil rights struggle as largely irrelevant to their own lives.

As Gail Sheehy has so rightly expressed it in the *Herald Tribune*, Harlem has at least one thing to be thankful for—and that is its women. They are the force behind the rent strike. Gray says the fight belongs mainly to the young mothers, many of them deserted by their men. After talking with Mother Anderson, a missionary with twenty-two years experience in the neighborhood and with some of the women in the area, one can only conclude that many of these women, especially those with families to take care of, are leading truly heroic lives. Most of the men in her area use narcotics and this, of course, has a devastating effect on everyone and everything in the neighborhood. It is common for young teen-age girls to be assaulted and abused to such an extent that by the time they reach the ripe old age of 17 or 18 they are hiding their own drugs in those puffed-up hairdos. With the young men it is a little different. If they don't go along with the crowd, they are sometimes forcibly injected with heroin until they are hooked. Mother Anderson said that for years she has heard shouting and screaming, groans of pain and agony, threats of all descriptions in the hallways surrounding her store-front mission. And this went on very often in broad daylight with never any police protection or help. The day I was there, there were two cops patrolling the streets—but she said they had been doing that only the past two weeks—it seems only since the people have started to come alive with their rent strike.

Every building has a tenants' committee—every one led by a woman. The point is, that besides collecting grievances, they police their own people; children are banned from hallways and tenants are asked to put out covered waste cans for garbage collection. But the women on these committees can only go so far. When addicts take over the alleys, rats rampage through the walls, and the walk-in super never sees the metal waste can waiting in the halls, things can become discouraging to the women. Some have had a rent decrease based on an inspection team that Gray rounded up last year—but the women want improvements not decreases. And in those few apartments where the rent is low, the people will gladly pay more if and when the improvements are put in. And what are these tremendous improvements that these people are asking for? Only at number 5 East 117th St., that a lock be put on an open, lockless, springless door. With cold and rain pushing through naked and rain frames on every landing to the top floor—and with no lights in the hallways; we found conditions such as these in almost every building visited. Inside the apartments the temperature is the same as in the hallways, which is the same as the outside.

In another apartment, they only

ask that their tub and toilet, which have been blocked up full from the apartment overhead, be cleared after a ten day wait. In houses where there are cracks, tears, and gashes in ceiling, in the walls and ceilings, and where baseboards are ripped, people are going to be molested and children bitten by rats just as Mrs. Evans and her eight children have been on 118th St. They keep a baseball bat next to the refrigerator. They set traps which catch the rats but they don't die—so they beat them with the bat until they do—nice sport for children. It is done every night—she said that one night there were 15 killed. The rats come out into the apartment at 10 P.M. and stay until 6 the next morning and act as if they own the place.

Allan Rausnitz and John Kaufman of N.Y.U. CORE spoke at one of our Friday night meetings at which they told of the action they are taking against the landlords on Eldridge St. They have over a hundred families in seven buildings, with a majority participating in a rent strike since November. The work started nine months previously with sporadic rent reductions and with exposing health and sanitary conditions.

The Metropolitan Council on Housing in their December report take issue with those who claim that rehabilitation is not possible without rent increases. Just as middle-income housing and public housing are subsidized to hold down rents, rehabilitation should be subsidized to hold down rents. Where major rehabilitation is necessary, loans can be made directly to the landlords, without interest on the written guarantee that they will maintain the building, as well as repay the loan. Then enforce the guarantee.

HUXLEY

"We begin by lacking charity towards Nature, so that instead of trying to co-operate with Tao or the Logos on the inanimate and sub-human levels, we try to dominate and exploit, we waste the earth's mineral resources, ruin its soil, ravage its forests, pour filth into its rivers and poisonous fumes into its air. From lovelessness in relation to Nature we advance to lovelessness in relation to art—a lovelessness so extreme that we have effectively killed all the fundamental or useful arts and set up various kinds of mass-production by machines in their place. And of course this lovelessness in regard to art is at the same time a lovelessness in regard to the human beings who have to perform the fool-proof and grace-proof tasks imposed by our mechanical art-surrogates and by the interminable paper work connected with mass-production and mass-distribution. With mass-production and mass-distribution go mass-financing, and the three have conspired to expropriate ever-increasing numbers of small owners of land and productive equipment, thus reducing the sum of freedom among the majority and increasing the power of a minority to exercise a coercive control over the lives of their fellows. This coercive controlling minority is composed of private capitalists or government bureaucrats or of both classes of bosses acting in collaboration—and, of course, the coercive and therefore essentially loveless nature of the control remains the same, whether the bosses call themselves 'company directors' or 'civil servants'."

Aldous Huxley,
The Perennial Philosophy
(Harpers)

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA:

"There can be no perfect virtue, none that bears fruit, unless it be exercised by means of our neighbor."

Nuclear Morality

(Continued from page 2)

moral demands of faith and must reject the evil of nuclear war, in spite of the suffering this may bring upon himself.

A third level on which our crisis can be approached is that of Christian prophecy. The prophetic approach reaffirms and strengthens the conclusion derived from Christian morality. Moral teaching and prophetic vision provide two distinct ways of looking at history as it confronts us now. Christ's moral teaching shows us how to proceed on our journey toward the light. The prophetic vision of the New Testament, concentrated in its last book, shows the final Christian triumph, toward which our present rejection of evil and our election of good constitute a definite step. The prophetic vision is seldom a relevant factor in a moral question. It derives its relevance in the question of nuclear war, on the one hand, from the eschatological nature of nuclear weapons and, on the other, from the common fear that Christianity could not well survive a prolonged Communist persecution, the supposed consequence of relinquishing the deterrent.

The suggestion implicit in more than a few arguments for the deterrent is that, immoral or not, the Church needs it to survive. This view is both blasphemous and heretical. The prophetic vision of our Lord and the Apocalypse assures us that, despite the cataclysms that will break upon the earth, the gates of Hell will not prevail over the Church. The way of non-violent suffering, after the example of "the Lamb who was slain from the beginning of the world," is an integral part of the saints' final triumph: "If any man has an ear, let him hear. He who leads into captivity, into captivity he shall go; he who kills by the sword, by the sword must be killed. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints" (Apoc. 13, 8-10).

The Apocalypse offers a vision of final triumph but it also warns us that this triumph will come only at the end of a fierce struggle between the forces of good and evil, at the cost of great Christian suffering against titanic powers. But the Lord will deliver the Just and give them the strength to endure all that they must for victory.

The conclusion proper to the prophetic approach to our crisis is: confronting the question in the light of Christian prophecy confirms our belief that the Lord of history, and His children with Him, will prevail over the most terrible powers of evil. The victory will be won by specifically Christian weapons. The prophetic vision thus joins the present moment of choice and danger with the certitude of final victory, a victory to be gained through the patience and faith of the saints.

The various elements of our crisis thus exposed by the successive lights of natural reason, Christian morality and Christian prophecy, can be combined to reveal the ultimate moral significance of an eschatological realism. The rational, experiential analysis sets up the problem and reveals its threatening nature: man in his present moral state—revealed as secularized and brutalized by the events of modern history—and his rapidly accelerating power of eschatological weapons.

A purely natural confrontation of the problem revealed by this analysis will result in despair because our only real hope is that one of these two realities, man or his power of world destruction, will change radically—otherwise the world will explode. But on the other hand, man can never get rid of his knowledge of eschatological weapons; and he gives little evidence yet of being willing or able to destroy the thousands that

already exist. And on the other hand, man taken collectively strikes reason as being hopelessly committed to violence, folly, hatred, and the consequence of these in his present context—self-destruction.

The Christian moral vision, however, is capable of confronting this analysis in such a way that hope, and not despair, is the result. The Christian sees a deep hope in this most critical challenge ever offered man, because he recognizes a principle of fundamental change, in himself and in the world of men, which to the unbeliever is unknown: suffering with Christ.

The one hope which man can reasonably cling to in the nuclear age is the hope that he will change in the direction of holiness. Since man will always have the weapons he has now, he must undergo a profound spiritual change at the heart of his being in order to live without using those weapons. The hope, that man will change, is essentially Christocentric, for the principle governing any lasting moral change in man is the willingness of the saints to suffer with their Saviour for love and truth even to the point of death.

When this principle is applied to our own crisis, it would seem that the only way in which man's hope can conceivably be realized, on the scale demanded so that peace among nations can become rooted in "mutual trust alone," is by a publicly stated willingness of Christians around the world to suffer with Christ rather than assent to the unparalleled crime of total nuclear war. Only through the moral force generated by such a Christian witness does it seem that a change could be effected in man which would save him from the evils he has taken gradually to his heart, and which combined indefinitely with the power he has discovered, will inevitably destroy him.

Whether or not the prophetic vision foresees the kind of spiritual change in man which now seems absolutely imperative, it is difficult to say. It is enough to know that the triumph of Christ and the Church is certain. That final triumph will come through the only kind of action, non-violent charity, which could produce the very spiritual change now demanded. So perhaps the span between the right Christian action today and the ultimate fulfillment of the prophetic vision is not so great.

In the context of the eschatological approach to nuclear war, the Vatican Council takes on supreme importance. Eschatological realism, a recognition of the absolute present need for a deep spiritual change in man, suggests another need: a renewal of the Church so that Christians can rediscover within her the ultimate spiritual weapons they now need and have so long neglected. If man as a race is to undergo some profound change, he must first be moved in that direction by the Church.

Furthermore, it is through this crisis, common to all men and the greatest in man's history, that there is offered the highest possibility for the fulfillment of our Lord's prayer: "that all may be one, even as thou, Father, in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me" (John 17, 21). The eschatological nature of the nuclear threat is becoming more widely recognized on the level of rational analysis by men of all faiths and men of no faith. But if Christianity alone can meet this threat with a power which so far has remained hidden, might not a living witness to this power, in the very act of confronting the common challenge, act as a means of drawing different

(Continued on page 8)



LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

people and re-establish this lost contact and love of God and the sacraments but we don't have much to work with. You used to get so many pictures, medals and religious articles that I remember some of those working in the clothes room didn't know what to do with all of them. If you still do, I wish you would send some to us. They would be a marvelous help especially for the children and those who can't speak English, as incentives to learn.

Really, I suppose this is about the only contribution to the racial front that I am making at present except for my writing, which has been little. I think this situation must be (and is) being attacked on two fronts. (What an expression for a pacifist—but we are at war too in a different way!) There are those like the sit-ins, stand-ins and pickets etc. who oppose racism directly and point out verbally the contradiction between the Christianity most Americans preach and what we practice. Then there are those who oppose racism as I try to do in my personal life, by loving—or trying to love—those different from myself of whatever race, and trying to be a friend to all, as St. Paul says, "all things to all men." I don't succeed nearly as well as I would like to but it is a beginning. I think it is a necessary beginning and I am hoping my people will not lose sight of this way, in the struggle for civil rights. It is certainly easy to do so, as I know all too well! But the Negro too must learn to exercise charity even in this struggle and be able to say with St. Paul, "all things are lawful to me but not all things are expedient."

It is a very delicate and touchy situation all around. It is not enough simply to oppose without violence. One must also oppose with love, and with a sincere and determined effort to understand the other point of view, though it be wrong. I think there is too much talk of compulsion and too little talk of persuasion. I am not at all in favor of a law or set of laws to compel integration in every level of life. What I am in favor of is a law outlawing existing laws compelling segregation. I don't want you to have to eat with me, if you don't want to; what I want is the right for us to eat together if we both want to. It is then up to us, in the greatness of our love for each other to convince those who see us that such love is possible and desirable. I guess I am just southern enough to agree with my southern brothers of fairer skin (who won't admit our brotherhood) that you can't legislate everything. I think progress in this direction will be much slower, but I also believe it will be more permanent. This is what I have always understood Peter Maurin to mean when he says the "power of the Negro then will be the power of example," that the Negro must learn to be, himself, what he expects and demands the white man to be. Christian in the true and complete sense, not just in word. Non-violent resistance to injustice is a good beginning, maybe the only real one, but it is just a beginning; without love for our brothers, it is meaningless and sooner or later (as is happening to happen here and there) will certainly degenerate into violence. Love.

Helen C. Riley

Welfare Without Warmth

(Continued from page 3)

paid, with prospects of promotion and financial security. The war was ending, and men everywhere—soldiers and pacifists alike—were beginning the task of readjusting to normal life. You cannot go on living for ever on 2s. 6d a week, sharing a bed with one of your colleagues who was on a different shift; and though I longed to take the atmosphere of the arch away with me and transplant it in a new job, the opportunity has never occurred, and I cannot but feel some disappointment at the fact that I have never been able to establish any comparable relationships since those days.

I have worked with delinquent children in approved schools, in prisons for eleven years, and for the past two years I have been looking after discharged offenders. Surely an opportunity has been there? Surely some of the countless hundreds whom I have seen and dealt with might have responded as did the tramps of those war years? And yet, sad to relate, they have not. Many have been friendly, many more have used me for their own ends; some I have used for my own ends, but with none have I established a relationship that could be described as natural. The obvious reason is because I have been in a position of authority and have belonged to a system. Authority and systems tend to impose themselves, and once one individual imposes himself or herself on another the relationship is unreal and largely unproductive. The gulf is fixed and the bridging of the gulf is almost impossible in terms of human relationships. Once a gulf is established, trust and confidence as between equals evaporates. This does not mean that relationships on a *we-they* basis are without value; they have value but are not of the essence of friendship which I believe is the basis of the support to which we all need to cling.

Social Workers and 'Clients'

Professional social workers have rejected this intimate trusting relationship as a harmful one. They now talk of professional standards, professional relationships—one must not become involved with one's clients. This, of course, is *arrant nonsense*. How can one person have a relationship with another without being involved? It is interesting to note the terminology of the social workers who talk of 'clients'. This they think is a term which denotes a relationship which is professional—the social worker-client relationship: what does it sound like to you? It sounds all right if you are the social worker, but what if, by some mishap, you are the client? This new relationship is not only practised widely but is encouraged.

The 'mystique' of the hospital is a good example. Patients are left in ignorance of what is happening to them; to tell patients, it is said, would be harmful to their health and recovery, but to withhold information and to do things to people without any reasons being given is surely more harmful. Do we not need to see patients as individuals? I quote a case well known to me of a young girl, married with three small children under five, her husband in prison. She was evicted from her rooms and sought shelter in a hostel for homeless families under the local authority. In this dingy place she received little help and understanding. She was beside herself with anxiety, and she and her children became ill with dysentery and were taken to the local fever hospital. One member of the hostel staff told her she would not return to the hostel when she was better, she would go to a 'halfway' house. Someone else told her she would have to go back for a little while, and another one

told her the children would have to go into care—after all, would not that be best? In fact, all the staff were passing on these messages to this girl, and none of them really knew what was going to happen to her. She is one of many. What nobody seemed to realize was that this girl with three babies, quite alone, rejected and helpless, was completely at the mercy of these officials. She needed just one person to show her some love and, more important, some person to listen to her. Everybody was so busy telling her that they forgot to ask her. In fact, they had ceased to see her as a person.

One has to be alongside to become part of their lives, to be available always in need or crisis, in fact to re-live something of the spirit of those days in the arch—to ask nothing and to expect nothing, to achieve little. In fact, to wait and listen, and be around until a natural confidence and trust grows up over the days and weeks; until the social worker and the person in need can speak to each other in terms that they both understand.

It seems that the more skilful we become in techniques and the more deep in our studies of human behavior, the wider the gulf becomes. We are, in fact, too expert. We know too much about the less important things, and too little about living and surviving in the jungle from whence comes the greater part of the social workers' cases. It seems ironic in 1963 that we appear to need so badly to go back to elementary lessons, to get closer and to live and move and have our being with those we seek to help. The clinical, unemotional professional approach satisfies only those who practise it. It is a comfortable role for the emotionally crippled. We have all wanted to take on this new role; it is a clean and tidy one. We sit at our office desks, we drive our motorcars to the homes and hovels of our cases. We write up our case histories, which are usually very precise and clear in diagnosis but much less sure about treatment methods. An eminent psychologist recently commented: 'We have no shortage of diagnosticians, but what of the treatment?' And so the story goes on.

The Great Gulf

We help the neurotic and superficially ill, but those in real need, those who are really a problem, become more isolated in the community day by day. Perhaps because of their obvious inadequacies they are no longer tolerable in an affluent society, or perhaps it is because we have lost the art of listening and waiting and being with them through their difficulties. There is a big gulf fixed between them and us. Perhaps their needs are too offensive for us to stand, and we may be happy to keep the gulf as it is. There have been some attempts to come to terms with those desperately in need. Charles de Foucauld, the great French mystic, and his religious order of the Little Brothers and Sisters of Jesus, working with the Arabs in the desert, living and dressing as Arabs, working alongside the men in the fields, helping the women and the children in the homes; Father Borelli in Naples with the urchins, first living and moving as an urchin himself—these are the men who really show the way.

Perhaps we have now come full circle, and the answer to the desperately poor and needy is in our identification with them. Few will be capable of such dedication, but when the need is there and someone answers the need in this way, we can only stand aside and admit that their answer seems to be right and meaningful, and that somehow the rest of us have missed the boat.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

is much in their spirituality that reminds me of the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld.

The week immediately preceding Christmas week brought us some memorable visits. Dorothy Day had just come to the farm to recuperate from the flu but was still suffering with such severe laryngitis that she could hardly speak above a whisper. Fr. Rioridan, who was formerly of our parish and has always been such a good friend to all of us, stopped by for a visit one evening. The next afternoon Fr. McGowan and Fr. McCrane of the Maryknoll Order came out. Fr. McGowan has spent some ten years in the mission field in South America, and last fall visited Cuba to gain first hand knowledge of what is happening there. His next mission is Tanganyika, and I am sure that his remarkable integrity and vitality will make of this mission a most fruitful one. On the evening of the same day, two very distinguished members of the Mexican clergy came, not just to visit but to spend the night and say Mass in our chapel. They were the Most Reverend Manuel Pina Torres, Auxiliary Bishop of Tepic which is the capital of the State of Nayarit of Mexico; and Msgr. Lladislas Ramos, likewise of Tepic. They were returning from Rome, and Spike Zawicki, who has been helping in the mission field in Mexico for the past several years, met their boat and invited them to the farm. They accepted delightedly. It was a great privilege to participate in their Masses early the next morning. After Mass we had breakfast together, and the Bishop gave us a moving little homily on love. Then the Bishop and the Monsignor gave us their blessing. We felt that we were blessed indeed, and that it was in such meetings as these that the better relations between nations begin. To make the week a most blessed one, Msgr. Dolan, our Pastor, came on the morning of the Feast of St. Thomas, which was the anniversary of his ordination, to say Mass for us in our chapel, as a special Christmas gift.

Our holiday season was also enlivened by the visit of Joan Twoomey who, though born and brought up in Ireland, now works at M.I.T. The latter part of Joan's visit was marred by a severe and sudden attack of the flu; we trust she has recovered and will visit us again in more auspicious weather. Jacques Travers, who teaches French and Fine Arts at Merrimack College, also visited us for a few days and gave an international sound to the house when he spoke French with our French-speaking member, Marietta. Then a few days after Christmas, Judith Gregory took us by surprise. She came with two friends, Jean Rioux with whom she shares an apartment in Cambridge, and Tom Merriam who teaches in Maine. Judith, of course, is on our staff, but since she has been living in Cambridge, we have not seen her as often as we would like. Finally the day after New Year's, Arthur J. Lacey brought out Chuck Barber, the younger brother of Dick Barber, who wanted to have a look at the farm where his brother put in so much hard work. Some of our other visitors include: Ed and Johanna Turner and son, Tommy, Mr. and Mrs. Cummings who came with their friends the McCanns and brought us a fine ham to help out with our holiday fare, Alma Rizzi, Mr. Caselli and his mother, Jonas, Jimmy Jones, Darwin Pritchett, George Johnson, and Anne Marie Stokes who came bringing cheerfulness both to me and to our sick guest on the Sunday within the Octave of Christmas.

As usual winter seems to bring more sickness. On the day that Albert Check came home from the hospital, Norman Foret was admitted and was operated on the next day for hernia. Chuck Bassinetti is now in the hospital with a seri-

ous eye infection. Jimmy Gosse-lin, who came out to recuperate at the farm after his release from Bellevue where he had been treated for serious head wounds suffered in a mugging, has had to return to the hospital. Jimmy was returning from work late at night and was attacked as he emerged from a subway. Several other members of our community have had bouts of illness, but most are better and manage to keep busy. Agnes Sydney, our octogenarian, keeps busier and healthier than most of us. There is, of course, a great deal of work involved in just keeping a place like this going. Nor would it be possible to do so without the faithful, day-in, day-out help of such men as John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, Larry Doyle, Andy Spillane,

Jim Canavan, Slim, and George. But newcomers help, too. During recent weeks Ed McLaughlin who is with us again, has been particularly helpful in assisting Charles, especially during the hospitalization and convalescence of Norman Foret, who is now—we are glad to report—much better and able to resume his work.

It is early in January, nineteen hundred and sixty-four. Already a thaw has melted away the New Year's Day mask of whiteness. But the geese that walk in ritualistic procession are snowy white as ever. Sun glints on the tawny stubble. Bare black branches of trees creak in the wind. Down in the woods a crow sounds a harsh strident note of warning. Somewhere I hear a phoebe's plaintive cry. Again I wonder—What of the New Year? Then with clear triumphant crescendo, the bantam rooster crows—Let there be hope. Let there be hope. O fainthearted men, let there be hope.

Miners' Strike

(Continued from page 3)

employed miners of the eastern part of Kentucky. The miners need this help now, but it's jobs we want, not hand-outs."

Another indication of the difficulty the miners are having getting national attention is the case of Steven Ashton. Ashton is a twenty-one year old former philosophy student at Oberlin, now studying at the New School for Social Research in New York. He visited Hazard early in 1963. He returned to Oberlin and organized a collection of food and clothing. Then he spent a month with the family of one of the striking miners. Last March Ashton published a pamphlet called *Notes on a Mountain Strike*, in which he alleged that the miners' political, social and legal rights had been violated by the coal operators and police authorities in conjunction with the local newspaper. He was sentenced to six months in jail and three thousand dollars fine by a Perry County Court jury. The charge was common law criminal libel. He is out on bail of three thousand dollars. His lawyers expect to win an appeal. The editor of the local newspaper, Mrs. Nolan, who has bitterly attacked Gibson and the miners' movement consistently, Sheriff Combs, who is also a coal operator, and Hazard Police Chief Sam Luttrell, the main targets for Ashton's criticism in the pamphlet, obtained the original warrant for his arrest.

That the United Mine Workers should allow such conditions to prevail, that they should fail to respond to the physical needs of their brothers, that they should withhold financial support from Berman Gibson in his court fight, that they continue, with the rest of the labor movement, to avoid the real issues involved in automation, is an indictment of the once proud and militant union of John L. Lewis, and of the whole labor movement. The national convention of the AFL-CIO has called for and produced studies of automation and its effects, but never have they come to grips with how it is tied to the war economy, the arms industry. Automation has been spurred on terrifically by the highly complex industries involved in the production of missiles, nuclear submarines and Polaris. At the same time our economy pours its money into these products which can not be used, we wallow in public squalor. Automation techniques are taken up by more and more industries. Unemployment figures inch higher. The arms industry will not carry on indefinitely, multiplying our overkill capacity without limit. Sometime even the military will allow a decrease in the production of weapons, and the people who mistakenly think that we need the arms race to keep our economy going, will be looking for jobs

that don't exist, in a society atrophied by its unwillingness to change.

That the federal government should allow such a large area and so many people to suffer through this agony with no real help and no attempt to strike at the real roots of the problem is a national shame, and a serious danger for the future. The arrest of the miners' leaders for conspiring to blow up a bridge has a peculiarly political odor to it. The bridge, as Berman Gibson points out, is still standing.

The Committee for Miners, composed of prominent labor and liberal leaders, is organizing a fund raising drive. The committee is planning speaking tours and fund raising benefits for the defendants. Contributions and requests for information should be sent to The Committee for Miners, 96 Greenwich Avenue, New York City, 11.

Nuclear Morality

(Continued from page 7)

Christians together and of drawing unbelievers to Christ?

The point where Catholics and Protestants become least distinguishable is in their common love for the Lord Jesus. If they were to prepare to suffer as brothers in the Lord for the sake of saving man from himself, recognizing together that their only hope is in Christ, what would be impossible to the divine love sustaining such a community? And what might be the effect of this common witness to Christ upon the unbeliever, helpless as he is to respond effectively to a problem he has so often seen with such insight?

Whereas suffering with Christ is the principle of moral change in man and the only true source of his hope against self-destruction, the love of Christ is the principle of unity in man and the source of his brotherhood. In the face of the nuclear challenge common to all men, heightening the need for brotherhood, the two principles of change through suffering and of unity through love converge upon the person of the God-man and establish the absolutely Christocentric nature of the only effective response to eschatological weapons: "that they may believe that thou hast sent me."

Eschatological realism demands that man change spiritually if he is to survive, but even more important, that his change be centered in Christ if it is to be effective. There can be no peace movement worthy of the name which is not permeated with a love for the Prince of Peace. If man is to live, the coming of eschatological weapons must have the effect of drawing him to the cross that stands at the center of his history.

Oakland House

December 7.

Dear Dorothy Day,

We were much revitalized here at Peter Maurin House by our two most recent Friday night speakers. First, Ammon was briefly in the Bay area to give Mary a hand with her new house of hospitality in San Francisco, and spoke to a large crowd here. Some of the men had been thru Salt Lake and had slept and eaten at Joe Hill House and gave Ammon quite a welcome. Mary sang for us that night, too. Last night, Father Ralph Duggan from the Bishop's Committee on Migrants was in town from Chicago. He perched on the table where the coffee urn and cigarette makings are set out, and told us about starting the original Peter Maurin house here in Oakland. With Charles Geoghan and later Carroll McCool and Brother Antoninus, they had a going house in '49 and '50, feeding 1200 men a day and sleeping 40. Then he was assigned to work with the Braceros in the valley and began organizing the pickers until the big growers began to complain to the Chancery. He is a wonderful bulldog Irish priest, as enthusiastic a a seminarian. After he had talked a while and we served the coffee and "stales," the 60 or so men who sleep on the floor went to "Bed" and the rest of us went across the street to the Neighborhood House. We sat around the table in the first room, a combination free library and sitting room for the neighborhood families—under an enormous pinata full of toys and tangerines, that the Negro children had helped construct from papier mache.

Father told us in several ways of the danger of over organizing, and reminded us that things that needed doing in Catholic Worker houses seemed always to get done, especially if people who stopped in were made aware of specific tasks. He told us how the part of Oakland we are in had changed—from an upper middle class white neighborhood 50 years ago, to a Mexican and Portuguese community, and now a Negro ghetto for the thousands displaced by urban renewal. We told him some of the things we've learned after being here for two years, first closer to downtown and now close to the bay. When we started, we weren't accepted by the neighborhood, even having to fight a petition by the immediate neighbors and the small business owners on the block, who objected to the influx of mostly white transients and winos our place attracted. But feelings have changed, the line is well integrated, and we were recently able to present the City Appeal Board our petition from the people living in this area, 640 strong, who wanted us to have a permit to operate a neighborhood house for the use and help of families. So now we have two places going, one run by Hugh Madden with men from the line, and the Neighborhood House, with a Adult Literacy group, open library, milk and clothing distribution, many art and craft activities for the children, and so on. We feel we are more or less on the right track in this mission parish, and have learned our possibilities as a functioning community of Catholic Workers.

Yours in Christ,
for Peter Maurin House Group
by Bill and Dorothy Kauffman

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

pays five a week for his little room, eats with us and visits his wife weekly. The fare to this huge State hospital is \$4.80 a round trip. If we can arrange a transfer for his wife to Manhattan State, on Ward's Island, he can visit her for only sixty cents a trip.

Holidays

I spent Christmas at the farm, and we had just enough visitors to make things festive. The chapel is beautiful, we have had some snow and some bitter weather, and now it is like spring out, and the holidays being over, people are grumbling about pneumonia weather, and the fact that winter is just beginning. The January doldrums, my sister and I call these days. I insist that February 11 is the first day of spring, and always recall how I planted radishes on March fourth. So I shall overcome doldrums by getting under the covers early at night and reading Jane Austen. (When I was in England and visited Newman's shrines with Canon Drinkwater, including his library, I was charmed to handle volumes of Jane Austen in which his name acknowledged ownership.)

Let me here thank all our grateful friends who sent us generous presents this Christmas and made our lives brighter. In one of Bob Steed's letters from Salt Lake City, he grumbles sometimes, though in general he seems to be enjoying himself, that it is like the House of the Dead of Dostoevsky, or like jail because there are no women around, and so on. I always thank God that we are so diversified, young and old, men and women, sick and well; we hold each other up. And altogether we keep "an inn by the side of the road" running cheerfully and smoothly.

New Move Ahead

Later I will write at greater length about the new place we are going to have up the Hudson, to which we will move in May. We have sold the Peter Maurin

farm (though there is a law suit and various difficulties involved) but in spite of these, we have made a down payment on a new place where there are three buildings, one large enough for year-round use for our entire family of twenty six people. We will have at last a Folk School (like Highlander folk school) a place for study and discussion, (like the Putney graduate school) and a retreat house such as we have had several times in the past. The entire school will be staffed by our "community of need" who are with us now and who have been with us, as in the case of John and Hans and Joe for so many years. Bard college is only five miles away and we hope some of the students (I spoke there once) will make up a work camp and come over to help us get settled. The scholars will become workers, and the workers scholars (and tensions will grow up as always between workers and scholars and there will be conflicts and clarification of thought.)

We are already planning our peace conference for the coming summer, and one on cooperatives; and several retreats, five or six days in silence, in work and in prayer.

So the work develops, the works of mercy as the main work of our lives, the work our Lord told us to do in Matthew 25. The work of study, on all levels as Baron von Hugel suggested, to develop mind and spirit and to grow in the knowledge and love of God.

We ask our readers' prayers for this new move, and later issues of the Catholic worker will give more details of the move.

BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN:

"Large scale nuclear warfare which denies all distinction between soldiers and civilians, and which makes nurses, doctors, lepers, infants, the aged and the dying objects of direct attack, is certainly immoral."