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CATHOLIC WORKER



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Charles O'Rourke The Death of a Beloved Apostle

By DOROTHY DAY

This last week Charles O'Rourke died and was buried. He had been in and out of the hospital several times recently and was resting at Mott street before going for a breathing spell to Maryfarm. Tom Sullivan also had been ill, and in the hospital for a week, and the two of them set out together last Thursday to catch the Hudson River Day Line to Newburgh. We had a gala breakfast, what with two members of the staff invalids, and Jack English shopped for English muffins and frozen strawberries (much to Charles' amusement) while I poached some eggs and poured out the coffee. Of course there were no strawberries, but the English muffins were fancy enough. In our newly donated station wagon we drove the invalids to the boat. It was a grey day, rather heavy and warm, but the river is always beautiful. Agnes Bird was meeting them at the boat. They had a good day, I learned afterward, and Charles visited around the farm and went to bed at ten-thirty. He and Tom were sharing Peter Maurin's room. Charles woke up at three with another heart attack and after a struggle for an hour to breathe, he died. Fr. Faley was with him

when he died and had just heard his confession. Tom was telephoning the doctor at the moment. Charles' family, his nephews and nieces took over then, the body was brought to Arlington, New Jersey, where many of his relatives lived, and he was buried from St. Stephen's Church. The Mass was sung by Fr. Boyton, S.J., his boyhood friend. We went to the cemetery with him and saw him laid to rest in his father's plot. As one grows older, one wants to hear the details of the last days of old friends. I put a death notice in the Herald Tribune and the Times, and when I was telephoning it, saying how Charles had devoted the last 15 years of his life to the poor, and that though he was a lover of all beauty, he chose to spend his last years in ugly slums, the girl who took the

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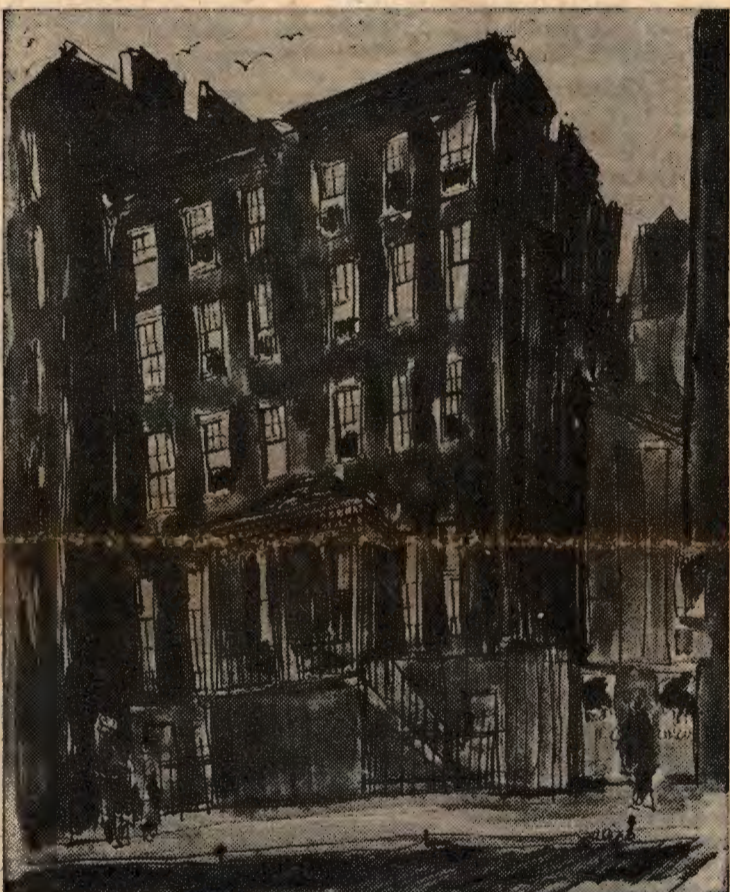
Cardinals Condemn Atom War What Christians Must Do as Workers for Peace

Forthright condemnation of all modern atomic and biological weapons of war came last month in a pastoral letter from the Cardinals and Archbishops of France. "We condemn them with all our strength," they say, "as we had no hesitation in condemning the mass bombings of the recent war." The letter calls on statesmen to

do all in their power to reach a common agreement for the absolute banning of such weapons and, in addition, it puts forward a three-point positive Christian lead for peace. Here is the full text of this important document: Last autumn the Cardinals and Archbishops of France urged the Catholics of our country to be efficacious work-

ers for peace among their fellow-citizens. Since then, alas! the Cold War has not ceased to cause anguish to the hearts of men who know the frightful disasters a new world war would bring. Modern science has put into the hands of belligerents means of destruction like atomic weapons, rockets, radioactive gases, and biological weapons which are a terrible threat hanging over the heads of all peoples. In such a nightmare atmosphere, it is understandable that the Stockholm Appeal against the use of atomic weapons should have seduced many generous minds. The question is persistently put to you, to your priests, and to your Bishops, asking whether we condone the use of these atomic weapons. But such a question, addressed to the disciples of Christ, scandalises and revolts them. As the Pope said two years ago, no one with "a true sense of humanity" can approve the

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Our New Home on Chrystie Street

On Pilgrimage

The last issue of the Catholic Worker came out a long time ago—June 1. Since then the story of the new headquarters of the Catholic Worker pales into insignificance, in view of the world situation. It is heartbreaking once again to see casualty lists in the New York Times and feel the lack of peace in all hearts as fear grows of more widespread conflict. Once again we must reiterate our absolute pacifist position. We believe that not only atomic weapons must be outlawed, but all war, and that the social order must be restored in Christ, so that we may have true peace, "tranquillity in order." Robert Ludlow is writing of our position in this same issue, so I

will write no further on the subject, but fulfill my delightful obligation to report on the new house for our 63,000 readers. Still at 115 First of all, we are still at 115 Mott street, and all mail, calls, visitors should come here and not to the new house at 221-223 Chrystie street. There are only 200 Koreans in New York City, and, strangely enough, we bought our house from a Korean family who were living with their married children and grandchildren. They are still living there, and it is oppressive enough that we are forcing them to move, and we do not wish them to be bothered with our visitors. The contract to sell the house was signed and money paid over only a few days before the war broke out in Korea and changed the plans of the head of the family, who had intended to return. Now they are hunting for a new home, and, having finished praying for a new home for ourselves and making our thanksgiving, we now must start praying for them. We ask our readers, too, to pray in this particular instance for a new home or homes for these three families whom we are displacing. Of course, they are well-off people and cannot be considered in the light of dispossessed people, but still the trials and anguish they are going

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Personal Revolt

By ROBERT LUDLOW

"Now, our Lord and Saviour did not forbid us the exercise of that instinct of self-defense which is born with us. He did not forbid us to defend ourselves, but He forbade certain modes of defense. All sinful means, of course, He forbade, as is plain without mentioning. But, besides these, He forbade us what is not sinful, but allowable by nature, though not in that more excellent and perfect way which He taught—He forbade us to defend ourselves by force, to return blow for blow. 'Ye have heard,' He says, 'that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil...' Thus the servants of Christ are forbidden to defend themselves by violence..." Cardinal Newman (Wisdom and Innocence). Again we are faced with the reality of war and the draft and again it seems necessary to write on these things and on the immediate need of individual resistance to the war and all that it implies. A seminarian rebuked me for the negative aspect of my writing—it is all right, he said, to write of resistance but it is better to write of how to develop a society other than what we have. I agreed to this but then the Korean situation developed and now it seems the immediate question is again resistance, that we have to deal with this before we can turn to other things—that it is indeed the most important thing now. For there is the very real danger that, if a major war develops, using the A-bomb and the H-bomb, we will achieve an equalitarian society but it will be the equality of pulverization, of universal death and so there will be no new society to advocate or no plans to develop. There will be the judgement and what lies beyond. It is a false judgement that

would declare it to be a matter of indifference how death comes about for the people of the world. That it might as well come by an atom war as by natural causes. It is a false judgement because it is a mechanistic judgement, it reduces everything to an automatic finalism that leaves no room for freedom or individual responsibility. It eliminates secondary causation. It is an attempt to shift our responsibility onto God just as we attempt to escape individual responsibility for participation in war by invoking a fictitious entity (the State) which is assumed to be

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Life at Hard Labor

By AMMON HENNACY

The water gurgles in the ditch past my cabin all during the night. I hear the soft whistle and song of the Mexican National as he skillfully guides the water evenly by the quarter-mile long rows of cantaloupes. Now it is morning, and the shift changes. The Big Company has the straightest, cleanest rows, and their ground is well worked. (I cannot work for them any more, for my wage would be garnished for payment of the income tax for war, which I refuse to pay, for there is a distraint action in force.) I do not know much about irrigation, but in the eight years that I have been working in this Southwest I have learned the hard way how not to do certain things. Unless one understands the problem of water in this country, all other information amounts to very little. As I write these pages I am waiting for a farmer to get me to irrigate his alfalfa tonight. (He had wanted me to come last night, but I attended a meeting in Phoenix

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NOTICE

Maryfarm retreats and conferences scheduled for August: Monday, August 7th — Stanley Vishneski will speak on Catholic Action. Tuesday, August 8th—Father Obergan, a Nicaraguan mission priest will give three conferences on "The Lay Apostolate," its meaning and need in the modern world. August 19th and 20th — Father Gregory, O. Carm. of St. Albert's Junior Seminary will speak on "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass"

Maryfarm

The time of the month of July has flowed through Maryfarm sweeping us all nearer to eternity. But we are not living in a false peace. Here, in our Christian anarchist community we feel the repercussions of the world at war. Friends coming to stay with us discuss it and the strident voice of the radio brings it to our door. Some of the young men are talking of joining the army despite all our talking about pacifism. With the retreats, four this summer, and the presence of the Blessed Sacrament in our chapel we try to build an atmosphere of peace for all of those coming into our community. In our daily rhythm of work and prayer here, from the rising bell at 6:15 and the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, until the recitation of the rosary and compline in the evening, we try to offer our work and suffering to God for all the human family. Our efforts are strengthened by the presence of a family of seven children reared in the Christian discipline. They are waiting for a vacancy in one of the two housing projects in New York which provide 6-room family apartments. The prayers, the play, the dancing and theatrical shows of the children keep us on a level of joyful childhood. We are blessed to have them with us. Joe Davin now has a couch under the apple tree which enchanted us with its white blossoms this spring. John Murphy and John Murray do the dishes. John Murray, with his shining white hair and the air of a rebel tells fascinating accounts of his struggles as a leader of the I.W.W. John was an organizer. He was framed and had to serve a term in jail. Now, after giving his energy and brains to the cause of the workers, he is spending his last days with us. Stanley Vishneski is here, alternating with lecture engagements at Friendship House summer

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Charles O'Rourke

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message exclaimed, "you sound as though you loved him," and I could tell her that indeed we all loved him dearly.

In the notices I listed him as circulation manager of *The Catholic Worker*. I was trying to speak in terms that people would understand. Peter Maurin's indoctrination has affected more people in more ways than they realize so that those who come to give themselves to the *Catholic Worker* try to ask nothing for themselves. Beginning with doing without a salary they do without a title also. He "just came in" some 16 years ago, and began giving up his spare time when we began our work on Fifteenth street. He came in to help.

He took such dry-as-dust jobs as taking care of the changes of address, cancellations, new subscriptions, stencils, carding of contributions, and so on. He worked faithfully, putting in long working days at this desperately dull work. Then when he had caught up on all the loose ends, he'd go back to his own work as construction engineer for a time and we'd hear from him from Ohio, or further west. It was usually just a quiet note and a large contribution from his salary. Just as we began to get swamped again, he'd arrive on the scene and take up the work. He never had his name listed on the mast head, he never put himself forward in any way. He just gave what he had to give, and that was hard service, and delicate companionship and consideration to those who needed it around the office.

He loved poetry and opera and people and walking trips. He had been all over the world, and there was no place you could mention but that Charlie had been there. Only last week when we returned from our pilgrimage to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church on 115th street, and were boasting of our exploit of walking the entire distance from Canal street and then waiting from 1:30 to 4 a.m. for Mass, fasting, Charles mentioned that he had made pilgrimages to every church in New York except one or two recent ones. He had been in Europe, he had been in Asia.

He used to show up at odd times, too, when there was some crisis, and we needed extra help desperately. During the seamen's strike in 1936-7 he served every day, helping the coffee line there, in the headquarters we set up on the west side, serving cheese and peanut butter sandwiches and keeping the coffee on the stove from eight a.m. till midnight. One Saturday afternoon when Charles and I were listening to the Valkyrie and one of the strikers kept pushing the radio dial to the pop music of the day, Charlie invited me to the opera so we could hear Flagstad without interruptions for the news or pop. From then on we took in an opera every winter, standing on the main floor since even then he could not take the stairs on account of his heart. He was a bit

younger than Peter, but no one could ever tell his age; he never seemed more than a hefty fifty. Some said he had the glamor of a Ronald Coleman and one of my Spanish relatives who came around called him the Colonial.

He was always immaculately dressed and even these last years when he stayed at Mott street most of the time he never indicated he minded the absence of bath or hot water, but tubbed as the rest of us did in the sink, and continued to look immaculate.

We used to tease him in the early days of the work, saying he was probably a government agent spying around for traitors. Our pacifism and anarchism made us persecution-conscious. "You always show up to help at the crucial moment," we told him, but since all times seem to have been crucial times with the *Catholic Worker*, that didn't mean much. After all there was always a war going on. We were opposing class war, race war, the Ethiopian war, the Spanish war, the Chinese-Japanese war, the World War, and now, as he lay ill, the Korean war. Charlie never called himself a pacifist or an anarchist. "One of these days they'll round us all up and put us in a concentration camp," I used to tell Charlie, "and if they ask you to finally commit yourself, to take your stand, you'll say, 'I just dropped in to help—some seventeen years ago.'"

When we made a duplicate mailing list and decided to hide it, we gave it to Charles to leave it with his family in Jersey and it's tucked away there now somewhere, rather out of date, I'm afraid.

There was something godlike about Charlie, this large interest he showed in everyone, this genial charity. He was kindly and friendly to all, pacifist and militarist and to those who "just went," drafted in the forces. He was never one to be dogmatic, to press his point on others. He was silent, gentle, and one would be tempted to call him a rather amused spectator of all the goings on of the *Catholic Worker*, if he had not worked so hard at the mailing list, to whom after all, our pacifist literature was going out.

There was many a young fellow he befriended around the place and kept in touch with for years after they left the Worker. I am thinking of one in particular, a turbulent lad who had hitch-hiked all over the country and was in a rather beaten state. He came to us from the south, travelling in box cars, and Charlie read his poetry, encouraged him to write, was a sympathetic friend when he fell in love. I can remember going with Charles and Paul (my daughter was along, too) on a hot summer night to sit on the steps of St. Vincent's hospital while we waited for Paul's first child to be born. Charlie and Paul sat there and smoked, and every now and then one or the other would go across the street to a candy store to telephone for news. I can remember Tamar hopping around impatient for her walk. She was a child herself then. When Charlie

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a moral person over and above the members who compose it and who thus relieves the members of the necessity for making judgements and of forming consciences.

Yet freedom and individual responsibility is an integral part of the Christian dispensation. The Blessed Virgin became our Co-Redemtrix, not from the fact of physical maternity, but because she freely heard the word of God and kept it. Because she made possible the Redemption by consenting to the Incarnation in her womb. And the application of Redemption to the individual depends also upon a free acceptance. Man's evolutionary progress is itself no longer a matter of physical evolution (as du Nouey states) but a moral and psychological matter in which man perfects himself as he develops consciousness and

died he had a letter from Paul in his pocket.

Much as Charlie loved people and was torn by that love to partisan positions on occasion, he never let his feelings interfere with the work he did for the movement. People came and went. There were occasional explosions over ideas and positions and personalities, and people left in a huff (always to make up afterward) but Charlie, though he took sides where his affections lay, kept on working, grimly at times. Thank God there were no tempests going on these last years, and that he left the place in a generally peaceful state.

I don't think any of us underestimates the work that Charles O'Rourke did with us, all these years. But he, himself, kept his good humor about it, and his fine perspective. We had been reading *The Gallery* that last week of his life and commenting on the General in the censorship division. "The whole war rested on the shoulders of that general in the censor's office," someone said. "Like the *Catholic Worker* revolves around the stencils," Charlie added, picking up a pile of them and running through them.

He looked over the work in the office just as he left, noting the neat way Frank had arranged the desk, the little pile of defective stencils to replace. He was in harness yet and he was not relinquishing the work because of age or illness.

He took no dogmatic stands, but he loved the *Catholic Worker* and he loved us as we did him and we are proud to have had such a gentleman associated the last seventeen years of his life with us. As far as we are concerned he has not really left us. For him, "life is changed, not taken away." He has just gone on another journey.

Vesper Antiphons

Feast of the Assumption

Mary has been taken up into heaven; the angels rejoice and bless God with songs of praise.

The Virgin Mary has been taken into the bridal-chamber of heaven, where the King of kings sitteth on a throne amid the stars.

We run on the scent of Thine ointments. The young maidens love thee exceedingly.

O daughter, blessed art thou of the Lord, for through thee we have partaken of the fruit of life.

Fair and beautiful art thou, O daughter of Jerusalem, terrible as an army in battle array.

In all things I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. Then the Creator of all things commanded, and spoke unto me and He that made me rested in my tabernacle.

Personal Revolt and the War

consequently freedom. The emptying of man's unconscious content is a therapeutic that increases the area of freedom and makes possible a higher orientation. Natural morality and so natural law itself is not a static affair. For the application of fundamental principles is capable of development as man's nature is capable of development. And it is possible to develop an ethic of non-violence based upon nature and which recognizes that a truly civilized people do not settle arguments by violence and that no one has the right to take another life save He who is the author of life. And in the ordinary economy of Divine Providence there is no such direct command to individuals or States that would sanction the taking of life.

An Old Problem

The problem that essentially confronts us is in no way new. We are committed to the proposition that there are values which cannot be surrendered to the State. It is as old as the Stoic philosophers and the prophets of Israel, it is a pre-supposition of Christianity. But it is being increasingly denied, not only by the fascist and Stalinist regimes but by the United States and other "democratic" totalitarian powers. It is denied by any power which proceeds on the principle that the common good demands the surrender of transcendental values—that makes the supernatural and specific Christian virtues subordinate to the will of the State. This happens any time it is held that the obligations of the common good (as defined by the State) are a sufficient reason for relegating supernatural morality to an academic and private existence. Any time we are told that there is an individual ethic and a State ethic and that what is regarded as reprehensible when done by the individual is praiseworthy if done in the name of the State. And this fundamental fallacy is reason, among others, why there is no hope in political action or of appealing to the United Nations. For the United Nations is composed of national States none of whom surrender their individual sovereignty. Like the old League of Nations it is but the camouflage for preservation of the status quo or to further the interests of the dominant capitalist powers.

Economics

And it is this question of the economic origin of war that again needs to be brought to our attention. Because it is usually looked upon as a dated argument. A thesis that was acceptable in the 20's. But here we run into the danger of becoming complete relativists, of making truth a matter of fashion. And while there are psychological and spiritual factors involved in the question of war we must remember that the Marxist analysis of war has validity as far as it goes. For I think Lenin's prophecy of the course of capitalism has been borne out in history. In this country, for example, we have arrived at the final stage. From our original laissez-faire "democratic" capitalism we passed into the stage of monopoly capitalism and now we are well on the way to imperialistic capitalism. And imperialistic capitalism is one of the prime causes of war for it is the insatiable and constant search for new markets and new areas of exploitation that accounts in large part for the present trouble in Korea. And it is a pursuit that is at variance with Christian ideals for it is the pursuit of narrowly economic values and depends for the realization of profits on the exploitation of labor.

It is then not a worthy pursuit, for it is opposed to the evolutionary process, and as man advances individually as he frees himself from the tyranny of the flesh (this is not Jansenism; it is normal Christian asceticism), as man perfects his nature to the extent that he develops those qualities that are peculiar to him as man and not those qualities he holds in common

with other animals, so does man advance socially to the extent that non-violence and transcendental values take precedence and color society, and so war becomes a process of devolution, a refusal of freedom and an abnegation before the tyranny of the unconscious. War is the social expression of man's enslavement, as is captivity to the flesh indicative of individual enslavement. And as one, to attain individual freedom, subjects the desires of the flesh to reason and (by the psychoanalytical process) achieves a larger area of consciousness, so, to achieve peace, society must reflect this development. It becomes then a question of appeal to individuals rather than to political groups or to those whose positions in society has wedded them to the ideology of the anti-social State. It calls for an end to the fiction of some entity existing over and above and superior to the individual and governed by separate laws and having an independent morality from that of individuals. It is a call, in this present situation, for individual refusal to register and pay taxes. It is a call for the workers to withdraw their labor from a system which, of its very nature, promotes war and continues the enslavement of man. It is a call for spiritual renovation.

Moral Problem

Besides which there is the moral problem involved. How, after these many years, Christians have allowed politicians and casuists to so confuse issues that it has become an intricate matter to determine (what should be quite simple) what constitutes murder. It should be evident, for example, that the vast majority of people pulverized in an atomic war are innocent—but we write them off as dying from "accidental" cause. It should be evident that a child under the age of reason is certainly innocent—but we have a new concept of total war that justifies their murder. It should be evident that we can only correct an abuse (if we do so by war) in one part of the world by murdering the people who stand in the way, irrespective of their personal culpability. I say all these things should be evident and so forbid war even under natural law, leave alone that ethics of Christ which does not rest content with natural morality. It should further be evident to the Christian that by acquiescing in the contention that specific Christian virtues give way to the "common good" we are guaranteeing that Christianity will have no social value or meaning. If the Sermon on the Mount is a private affair and an unusable basis for social living, then we condemn society to anti-social behavior. For as grace builds on nature and as Christ asks only what we are capable of performing, so the Sermon on the Mount presupposes an evaluation of man as having, at least in potency, that which could release its precepts. The crime of the age is in stating that any attempt to conform to these precepts is a matter of supererogation. Something the individual may do if he wants to be extra pious, but a matter of so little consequence that any time the State demands another type of conduct we must surrender to it.

I hope no one is stupid enough to think I am calling individual soldiers murderers. I say war is murder, and those who knowingly participate in it are guilty of murder. But I presume that the rank and file soldier does not realize this—he has too many politicians and casuists to assure him otherwise. Perhaps there is a subconscious realization of guilt in the matter that explains the defensive attitude and the touchiness of former soldiers who indignantly accuse one of accusing them of murder. So that one would be driven to abandoning any kind of standards for fear of hurting someone's feelings. But things are too far gone these days to worry much over this, and there is a compulsion binding us to refuse to submit—to stress the worth and duty of personal opposition to the war efforts of the government.

On Pilgrimage

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through must touch our hearts and make us anxious to put up with the inconveniences we are also suffering at not having immediate occupancy such as we had agreed on. It seems wars are always touching us very closely. We had Japanese and Chinese in the house in the last war, Russian and German, Irish and English. Always there are the seeds of conflict right with us, and we are forced over and over again to consider immediate people, immediate issues, our own passions and contentions, suspicions, anger and lack of brotherly love.

Christianity is never easy. The problem of love is to believe in love, to believe in the possibility of loving others in spite of the sin and disease which are so present all around us that it is hard to find Christ in others.

Again Trees

Years ago I wrote a short story, entitled "She could sit under a tree," the story of a tenement mother and what it meant to her to sit with her baby carriage under a tree in a city park. Right across the street from us on Chrystie street is the beginning of Sara Delano Roosevelt Park, which stretches from Houston street to Manhattan Bridge. There are long groves of plane trees, and under them are benches where we can sit and watch the children in the playground on the swings. The plane tree has been compared to the Blessed Mother in Scripture, and Irene and I have delighted on a number of evenings this month in sitting on one of these benches and saying our rosary while we contemplated our home-to-be. It was no distraction from our prayers to sit there and look at it ecstatically. It was a help to thanksgiving.

We are going to have things "nice," we decided. A sitting room for the women and the two dormitory rooms not too crowded, so that there would be peace and quiet. (And how one woman alone can shatter the peace and how we can begin to torment ourselves with the problem of charity and the common good, of forgiving seventy times seven, and contributing to delinquency!) Nothing is easy in the Christian life, and it doesn't get any easier with this wound of Christianity inflicted on one, as Kirkegaard calls it. "Pierce, I beseech thee, O Lord Jesus, the inmost marrow of my soul with the tender and life-giving wound of thy love." We ask for it in these terms, little knowing what we ask!

We both groan, Irene and I, but still we are exulting in our new home, with its space and light and sun, the laundry in the sub-basement, the big back yard, four times as big as the one we have now, where we can put out the wash and where we can have meetings in the evening, where all the high and glorious and lofty things of this life and the next can be discussed, regardless of ash cans and cats and the blare of juke boxes and the shoutings of neighbors.

We have had good meetings this summer, with Alan Crite, the Negro artist; Ed Willock and Carol Jackson, editors of Integrity; Bill Martin, of the Sun-Herald; Gary Davis, the world citizen, and others. Now we have stopped the meetings, due to the moving that is going on, and will continue to go on all summer.

We paid \$30,000 for the house, and that money came in small donations for the most part from our readers all over the country and from the most unlikely sources. Four thousand dollars was loaned to us by readers, without interest. A soldier in Tokyo, who may be in Korea now, sent a donation and thanked God for the work for peace we were doing. A merchant marine dropped into the office between trips and left \$40. A hundred dollars came from a sick woman in a hospital. Another reader gave a station wagon, a 1939 Ford, which has been doing valiant work making numberless trips back

and forth with loads to the new house.

Joe Cuellar, our Mexican fellow worker who gave us the last six months of good hard work, finished packing all the back issues in the cellar and cleaning it out before he took off for a retreat at Gethsemane. On his way to the Trappists of Kentucky he and his companion went to sleep in a parked car and were arrested and given ten days for disturbing the peace, —what a charge!—and so missed out on their retreat.

A heroic job has been done by Roger O'Neil of Boston who has managed the work of evacuating the entire rear house and packing in the men in two apartments in the front house. We women are also tucked tightly into the top floor with scarcely space to turn or breathe. The kitchen goes on functioning, serving some six hundred meals a day, and though they may be only bowls of soup and cups of coffee and bread, those gallons of soup for hundreds heat the kitchen and tempers to the boiling point. Nevertheless Fred and Wynn set out good meals for the family, even adding fringes with their whole wheat biscuits and bread for the breakfast. Roger, though he is the youngest member of the group, has shown an ability which has amazed everyone. He has collected sandwiches from summer schools in Brooklyn, sometimes late, much to the distress of the good Sisters, and he has kept at the evacuation day and night. He painted Marjorie Hughes' new apartment; moved her and Cecilia Curran. Tonight he is going up to the farm with a load of furniture for a woman whose husband is hospitalized with t.b. and who has a family of children and little furniture. We have some dressers and tables to spare. The driving has been done by Charles McCormick and Tony Aratari and Joe Monroe have assisted the moving, and they all keep going in the heat in upfailing good humor and readiness. Thank God for this steady help. Hans Suter arrived for a visit from Pendle Hill before his return to Switzerland and is painting the dining room and kitchen at Chrystie street. Peter Carey is doing electrical work. Jane Pate from Louisville has been staying a month with us doing everything that came up, an invaluable assistant.

Such help has come, in money and in labor that we have a renewed sense of the need to work hard as good servants of the poor, with no grumblings and complainings about heat and crowding, loss of sleep and lack of time for what we consider necessary in the way of study and writing. People are more important than anything else. We can only show our love of God by our love of our fellows. Besides in this life, in this time of war and fear, we might as well get used to the idea of doing our thinking and praying, our study and writing on park benches and in snatches. Not that I think Harper Brothers are going to be satisfied with the book I am finishing up for them and since they have already invested a thousand dollars in it, I have an obligation to get the job done to the best of my ability. What I would like, of course, would be to go off to the seashore someplace and with the smell of seaweed and salt air, enjoy the writing that I still have to do. But that's heaven I'm thinking about, not this life. It is wanting too much. Harper and Brothers will just have to be content with the journalistic and epistolary style, which is the only one I am capable of.

Pilgrimage

Jane Pate, in between washing windows and dusting on this hot Saturday afternoon, asks me not to forget to tell of our pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Mt. Carmel which took place on a Saturday night two weeks ago. We set out at eleven thirty and walked from our place, which is ten blocks below First street, to One Hundred

and Sixteenth street and First Avenue. Many Italians in this neighborhood have made that pilgrimage every year for fifteen years in their bare feet. There were eight of us walking and the night was not too hot, and we prayed the rosary as we walked and did some singing. Joe Monroe had the best voice among us. There was Hans, Bob Considine, Tony, Joe, Roger, Cyril and Jane and I and when we saw the festa lights at one-thirty we were exulting prematurely. We still had to wait until four a.m. to get in to Mass. The police have a long night of it, roping off the thousands who come on the pilgrimage, a line which extends all around the block, ten deep. The wait was complicated by the fact that showers began to come down, soaking all the devout who held their ground and continued the wait under newspapers and cardboard and hastily contrived rain capes. The rain was intermittent, and we kept moving ahead, so that one time we found shelter in doorways, another under the leaking awnings of vendors of candles and holy images. We met others from our own neighborhood, from Mulberry and Baxter streets who had also walked. Thousands received communion. It was a pilgrimage of the poor, and it was garish and



tawdry, perhaps, to the unseeing eye, a mortification of the exterior and interior senses in many ways. Next year, we decided, we would gather together a choir such as we have on Christmas eve when we go carolling around Mott street and with the help of some strong voices we will sing to pass the time and to engage in praise while we wait. It would be far easier waiting while we lighten this heavy flesh with song. There is always a natural and a supernatural reason for doing everything, it seems.

To all of us who live here in the slums, such a pilgrimage is a joy indeed. There were no solemn or dour faces there, in this exercise of doing honor to God and our Lady. People were gay and chatty and there was no putting off natural joy to put on a fake piety.

Our God is indeed a personal God to whom it is fit and proper that we bring our praise and petitions. He has first called us and He has first loved us, and we have a duty and a joy to repay love with love. We have asked bread of Him these last months in the way of a place to live and He has given us our hearts desire and our body's need. We are grateful indeed.

"He feedeth his brother and he is fed of God, he stretcheth out his hands and limbs to help his brother, and his heart delighteth in God. And when he seeth a sick man he thinketh that he seeth Christ sick." (James of Milani)

Cardinals on A-Bomb

(Continued from page 1)

use of modern weapons which strike indiscriminately at soldiers and civilians, and which blindly spread death over areas which daily grow wider and wider with man's increasing scientific knowledge.

For our part we condemn them with all our strength, as we had no hesitation in condemning the mass bombings during the last war which, in attacks on military objectives, killed old men, women and children at the same time.

We are convinced that mankind will be disgracing the intelligence God gave it, if it perverts to evil ends scientific knowledge which could be so fruitfully used for good.

We therefore ask statesmen, who at the present time carry a crushing weight of responsibility, not to give way to the horrible temptation of employing the means of destruction, and to do everything in their power to reach a common agreement for an absolute ban on their use.

However, the Christian, in his horror for all the destruction and misery caused even by the most just war, must rise still higher than that. He wants

right to be indifferent to the efforts being made today to give Europe, in the teeth of so many real secular rivalries, a unity strong enough to guarantee its liberty, security, and welfare.

Refuse to regard this undertaking, which is as difficult as it is indispensable, as mockery or skeptics. Be, rather, men of goodwill, who believe in a United Europe because they wish to build it.

THIRD: Do not forget for a single instant that you are the sons of Almighty God, without Whose help—in the words of the Psalmist—"men labour in vain to build the city."

Pray and do penance! Purify your hearts! Pardon your enemies! Become the artisans of that social justice without which there can be no peace among the citizens of the same country! Practice all those virtues which ensure God's guidance for the Christian!

Is there a more beautiful and more urgent program for the Holy Year? And rest assured that, according as each one of us strives to carry it out, he will be an efficacious worker for peace among men.

VILLAGE ECONOMY

By Jerome de Souza, S.J.

India is opposed to communism not only because the communist creed is unacceptable to it, but because it has, in social and economic matters, a positive ideal, quite opposed to communism, which under the influence of Mahatma Gandhi the nation is pledged to realize. This ideal is in harmony with her spiritual outlook as well as with the physical and economic conditions in which the Indian people live.

India is intent on preserving the predominantly rural character of its life and economy.

It is a vast agricultural country and its immense population lives mainly in its 700,000 villages. Mahatma Gandhi realized, as many Christian sociologists realize, that the great urban agglomerations which modern industrialism creates are destructive of the physical and moral health of a nation. He dreamt of an India of reorganized village communities with their local self-governing units—the village Panchayats—and physical and sanitary conditions attractive enough to retain the population in the village. Concurrently, a vast scheme of cottage industries—spinning, handloom weaving, wood and metal work, with even the application of electric power to simple machines—was also envisaged and energetically carried out. Moreover, the co-operative movement, which has had great diffusion and exceptional success in India, is utilized to prevent the growth of big capitalism and to aid the development of a decentralized industry. The prestige of Mahatma Gandhi's name and the example of the evils of capitalism elsewhere have inspired the new Provincial Governments of India to pass, within the last two years, many important measures to carry out these far-reaching schemes.

It is unnecessary to recall to Catholic readers that this solution of the social and economic problem which India, under the inspiration of Mahatma Gandhi, wishes to adopt is profoundly in harmony with Christian ideas and the teachings of the Popes in the great social encyclicals. While the world in general will watch this experiment with interest, Catholics cannot but extend to it the strongest sympathy. We may therefore conclude that not only is India not likely to go communist, but that in the process of defeating the forces of communism she may develop a way of life fraught with far-reaching consequences to the rest of the world.

—From America.

Precious in the Sight of the Lord...

During the summer of 1936 I paid a brief visit to the New York Catholic Worker from our Chicago center. The first person I saw here at Mott street was Charlie O'Rourke who was diligently typing addresses for the next issue of the Catholic Worker. It was a typical scene of Charlie sitting at the typewriter pounding out

very necessary work in his considerably efficient hunt and peck system of typing. As with all visitors, Charlie stopped his work for a while and we exchanged a few words. After that brief meeting I didn't see Charlie again for the next nine years, although I did hear many good things said about him during the interim from those about him on Mott street.

Now that I look back it seems somewhat significant that Charlie should again be the first person of my acquaintance whom I spied again during my first morning in New York, September, 1945. It was at a weekday Mass at St. John of God's Church near Penn Station. I failed to look Charlie up after Mass because I was in such a horrible state of nerves that I feared talking or meeting with anyone that I had ever known. At that time I had been recently released from the Army after three years in the Pacific Islands and was rapidly becoming a candidate for a mental institution due to the number of phobias that I was acquiring. Life in these United States was much too much for me and I was paralyzed with terror at the teeming masses of people and their multiple activities.

A couple of mornings later I caught up with Charlie at the same Mass and tagged along with him down here to Mott street. I soon resumed old friendships and pitched into a lot of paper work and painting rooms in the house. A few days later I began to collect myself and my nerves due to the participation in the work and the kind and soothing influence of the calm Charlie O'Rourke. I progressed so far that I was able to go out alone on the streets and visit my relatives and dear friends around the town without feeling the need of a straitjacket to do so. I witnessed Charlie having the same effect on several other distraught GI's, in the following months.

The morning after Charlie's death the Herald Tribune phoned us for a factual story to feature on their obituary page. We couldn't help but smile over that request since we remembered at once how Charlie loved to quote the lines from the Mikado to the effect that an embellished story, frequently made an incident much more lively than an otherwise pale and uninteresting factual tale. However, the facts about Charlie are quite interesting and I will try and list a few.

Anyone who had seen Charlie agreed that he was a handsome man. He would boil if he saw this statement since he didn't think he was at all pleasant to the eye. He stood five feet seven inches and was well built. His head was finely shaped and thinly covered with a mat of straight hair that wasn't completely grey. An unperturbed pair of blue eyes dappled with brown smiled out besides a square shaped nose. A full but tightly cropped mustach covered a generous mouth which was upheld by a round but firm chin. When Charlie was feeling well he had a rich warm color to his face.

Newark

Charlie was born and raised in Newark, New Jersey. He was the youngest of a family of four boys and two girls. His mother died eleven months after Charlie's birth. The Christian Brothers in Newark taught Charlie his grammar school lessons. He spent his high school days at the non-sectarian Newark Academy where he led his class in all subjects and was finally chosen as class president. During his high school days he kept a diary in French using Greek characters to insure privacy.

He also had a good command of German and Latin, none of which he ever forgot. That man never forgot a thing he ever learned. A few days before his death I heard him reciting nursery rhymes which he must have learned seventy years ago.

After Newark Academy Charlie wanted to enter Princeton College, but for some unexplained reason his father decided against it and took him into his own business which was largely devoted to church architecture. According to Charlie his father was a good and holy man but lacked a rapport with his youngest son, who possessed a tremendous zest for knowledge and life. Charlie survived the humdrum of his father's office for several months until some friends of the family came along with a tempting offer to take a trip up the Hudson River on an amusement boat that featured the chute chutes. The invitation was too tantalizing and Charlie quit his father's office and spent the next few months on the river boat.

Soon after the river joy ride was over Charlie took up work as a civil engineer. As a civil engineer he worked on the Penn station and various railroad stations throughout the country plus numerous bridges and even constructed homes for a short interval. Charlie formed a partnership with another construction man and started a little business of building homes. The concern collapsed in a short time since Charlie's partners spent all of their capital on everything but material for constructing homes. When Charlie mentioned that debacle he smiled and said, "after all it was only money." The one night of Charlie's wake we met a fellow engineer friend of his who related to us what a capable engineer Charlie had been. "But there was one thing about Charlie and that is he would not be rushed," our friend informed us. How well we knew that Charlie would never sacrifice perfected work for speed. And this engineer also went on to point out that there were no flaws in any of our late departed friend's work, which was all true of each of his tasks at the Catholic Worker.

World Traveller

There wasn't any place on the face of the earth that Charlie wasn't thoroughly acquainted with, he had either been there or had read all about the spot. Besides travelling by all sorts of conveyances he was enthusiastic about long walking tours. On one occasion Charlie and his dog, Kelping, along with a friend, walked from the border of British Columbia along the west coast down through California clear through to Los Angeles. Finally Charlie decided to return to the east coast but he found that he would have to deposit his dog in the baggage car if he wanted to travel by train. Leaving his dog unattended in a box in the baggage car seemed cold and impersonal to Charlie and he decided to look around for another means of travel. One day a circus came along and offered him a job which he snatched when he learned that he would be able to have his dog by his side all during the trip back home even though he knew the jaunt across country would entail nine weeks on the road. His love and devotion to animals was unbelievable. Every dog and cat that he ran across he would stop and talk to despite the fact that the weather might be zero or that he was already late for some appointment.

While Charlie was restricted to a hospital cot in Bellevue during his recent illnesses he was quite unhappy by this enforced rest

since he felt useless having as he thought no work to do all day. He also groaned over his inability to attend daily Mass and communion as was his practice. However, he did have many visitors whom he generally cheered up more than they expected from anyone in a hospital. A priest friend of ours who had recently returned from missionary work in China made his way up to visit Charlie one afternoon. After the visit the priest reported to us how he and Charlie discussed China. The priest was quite amazed to hear Charlie describe the minute details of the harbor bay around Shanghai, most of which the priest had forgotten although he had spent three years in that area five years ago, whereas Charlie had seen it once some twenty-two years ago for only a few days.

T. B.

During his spells in Bellevue hospital after his several heart attacks, Charlie gained wide popularity among all the patients and staff of the wards. I was a frequent visitor of Charlie's while he was hospitalized and I became well acquainted with several of the patients surrounding his bed. One of them a young victim of T. B. would unleash blood chilling screams whenever a nurse or doctor began to administer any medication. I wanted to flee the ward when that young man started howling and I told Charlie that I thought the fellow protested too much. Charlie grinned and replied that he had a great deal of sympathy for the young man be-



cause he knew the poor patient had suffered much. Another patient in the bed next to Charlie was dying and he frequently moaned aloud, and besides which there was an awful sickening odor about him. It was so bad that I frequently made my way to the nearest window for air; however, I never mentioned it to Charlie who had a more acute sense of smell than I nor did he ever reveal in any way that he too found the situation unbearable. One day the nurse arrived at the bedside and told Charlie that she was moving his bed because she did not know how he could stand the proximity of the dying man. He agreed but with no comments, whereas I nearly broke my neck to help the nurse make the move. I think there is nothing in life that is so fleeting as friendships made in hospitals but not so with Charlie. One patient visited him after he was out of the hospital, another wrote to him, and nurses, doctors, patients and attendants inquired about him weeks after he had come home to us.

Back in 1945 we were quite understaffed and overloaded with the backwash work of the war years. Charlie O'Rourke was overburdened more than any one else, and it was suggested that I give him a little help. I was glad to work with him, but somehow timid, since I knew what a perfectionist he was

and how susceptible I was to errors in the dreadful art of filing. Shortly after I was genuinely edified by Charlie's patience with my frequent errors and the generous manner in which he so freely and cheerfully dispensed information regarding the work or anything else one might ask him. Sometimes I had to ask the same question more than once because of my poor memory, but this never perturbed Charlie. He was equally kind and gentle during the last year of his illness, when he had to break in others to take away the last remnants of his work, typing stencils. This task of teaching others was especially painful for him, since he disliked relinquishing this work, and it was an open declaration that he was physically unable to continue.

Charity

During these years of associating with Charlie, I received more examples of Christian Charity than I thought possible from one man. He just couldn't say no to any request. Whenever any of our acquaintances came in for a chat they could be sure to go to Charlie's office. And when anyone was under the weather with too much drink they, too, would go immediately to him. Charlie never rebuked them with a word or a look, and he listened to them and talked to them as though they were perfectly sober. Mental cases and highly nervous disordered people found peace and a gentle listener in Charlie. I have stood and watched Charlie laugh and be joyful with individuals whose breath would stagger one, and others whose mad conversation would give one a deep feeling of terror. Some of the people who came to us found it difficult to establish a common ground of interest with us and we with them, but not with Charlie. Because he would reach out and find some interest that they had from an interest in various rocks to astronomy. I remember riding up the Hudson to Newburgh one day, and Charlie pointed out every different kind of rock on the shores, plus every point of interest, to a young friend of ours whose primary interest was rocks.

It finally dawned on me that Charlie had perfected the tremendous act of charity of giving himself completely to others on any and all occasions. He was that way with all he had, down to the little money he had in his pockets. Practically every child that he had ever known received some kind of a present from him on various occasions. Two-year-old children and up were in visiting him while he was convalescing here at the house. We never seemed to know what he and they talked about, but their conversations were quite long. The head of one of Chinatown's restaurants used to visit him, even though the man was unable to understand Charlie, nor was Charlie able to understand him. He had known our patient simply from seeing him drink an occasional cup of coffee in his restaurant. One night Charlie picked up a poor old crippled man who had to be assisted in walking, and guided the man six blocks up to our house. He had learned that the man was quite destitute and had no place to go.

A man who had made a retreat forty-one years ago with Charlie phoned us when he saw the death notice in the papers. He hadn't seen Charlie in all these years, but had never forgotten him, and told us that he had never met a more charming man. He also wanted to have a Mass offered up for him.

A successful newspaper woman whom we know was quite shocked when she learned some time ago how Charlie was devoting himself to this work. She exclaimed, "To think of him down there working among the poor when he could have been a very wealthy man with his capabilities and his family background."

Strange as it may have seemed,

he was not the one who would attempt to advise people, even people who came to him for that specific favor. He was asked about this one time and replied that he had seen so much misery caused in the world simply by those who had tried to control other individuals' lives that he wanted no part of such a dangerous mission. However, in desperate situations he would accommodate those who persistently sought him out. I know of one case where he did pass on part of a psalm to an outstanding doctor in one of the largest hospitals in the country. The quotation was "Trust not in the Princes of this world." The young man never forgot it and has used it to make many decisions in his life.

Compliments were generally shunted aside by Charlie because he claimed that people didn't know whereof they spoke when they paid him one. He was always sure that we all exaggerated his virtues when someone said something nice to him. He would say, "I hope all these people never really find me out." His slight opinion of himself carried right up to his funeral arrangements. He instructed his relatives that he was only to have a one night wake. He did this in order to avoid people making a fuss over him. He reacted the same way to friends proposing a birthday party for him when January 19th arrived.

Friend and Worker

Nothing seemed to please him more in the line of books than a new copy of the Catholic Directory or a Postal Guide. He would bury his head in those as others ate up a novel. He was always on the outlook for a change in postal regulations or a new post office division. And he was even more interested in new members of the church hierarchy, churches or dioceses. He knew the first and last name of practically every bishop in the country including the auxiliaries. He kept a list of our priest subscribers who had moved leaving no forwarding addresses, thinking he would put them back on the list when the new directory appeared. However, he was against our spending the money each year for a new book since he said that he could go to the library for the information. But he beamed from head to foot as soon as the new directory came into the house. We told him that he must have been an ex-seminarian who was trying to keep up with former seminarians who were ordained. He would laugh and refute the accusation, but he claimed at one time in his life he did think of becoming a priest.

Charlie was well versed in Holy Scriptures as well as the classics. And he certainly had a photogenic mind. One evening he was talking of Dante's Inferno which he loved immensely. We got the impression that he had just read it recently, he was so familiar with the work. So we asked when he had read that particular book and he replied that he had read it when he was ten years of age. He said there was a copy in his home. It seems that there wasn't a poem or poet that he hadn't read.

As I ramble on about our dearly beloved friend and co-worker, I realize that I can't begin to do him justice even if I had the ability to write, or in such a short article. We are still reeling from the shock of his death and from its sorrow, even though he has been buried one week ago today. I have never seen the death of any one man bring tears to so many eyes as I have at the death of Charlie O'Rourke. Personally I never knew a better man or have I ever had a better friend. Please remember him in your prayers, especially in your Masses. And if you knew him as well as we did, you would pray to him and for him.

TOM SULLIVAN.

Lines to a Divorced Friend

BY JOSEPH DEVER

When all the world with bombs and nerves was Sundered,
You, she were order in the blithe, celestial city;
Your books, your wit, your parlor daybed
Were hospice from eternal sergeant-faces leering
In the slate-gray dawn of Brillo and olive-drab despair.
Deep in the slough of mops and socks and apple-cores
I had quaffed the draughts you sent me
From the champagne fountains of your fame,
Deep in damp woolen wastes of GI nights
I saw the far, sheer city
That was to wedge your union with the scarlet whore stacatto of
renown.

Yours was a love of which the beauty-wincing long have sung,
Your tall, gold-twoness casts a valiant shadow
That lingers into evening, falls across the tarmac
Fleeing to Clubs 26, 27, 28, and so on.
Where the harlot breathes her knees beneath the rose chiffon,
Chimes the tulip goblet of her flattery,
With another writer, dancer, singer,
Popping in and out of Winchell,
In and out of air-flow mattresses, the mattresses of flesh, of money and
of mind.

Here, then, my love-for you and epithet to Madame Fame;
Dear Madame, now I spit upon you, call you she-wolf out of Sachs,
Excoriate forever the ordure of your deeds.
For you, my friend, and she from whom the strumpet split you,
I stretch the shadow of your dual gold
Long to the north and south, brief to the east and west,
Now you will fit upon it, you and she together,
You will be more famous than the famed,
More loved and loving than all lovers,
If you will hang there long and meek and bleeding
Till the sun cracks, the graves disgorge, the penthouses slide into
sewers
And the Son of Man comes sweeter than Miss America, swifter than
citation, stronger than United Steel.

Book Review

The Encounter, by Crawford Powers; Duell, Sloane and Pierce, New York City.

By JACK ENGLISH

When Father Cawdor knelt to examine his conscience that evening he had much on his mind. He had just fired his housekeeper, refused the offer of a wealthy widow to provide cushioned kneelers for his church, and had a run-in with his assistant about social action in the parish. He was aware, subconsciously, too, that he was about to engage on a great adventure. His examination was a cursory one, he admitted the usual faults, and then easily passed over what was the source of his difficulties, pride. Pride deceives itself, and while each of the day's decisions arrived at might be justified on one level, they were really determined by his own pride. For Father Cawdor's pride was an elusive thing, it was concealed from his associates and from himself. He was thought to be a saint by nearly all who knew him, his exterior mortifications were visible for all to view but the will which ruled his body with an iron inflexibility was his own. And this is the theme of Mr. Crawford's amazing first novel, how this will was finally broken and the turning in the direction of real sanctity achieved.

There is of course another plot. The meeting with Diamond, a carnival high diver, and his mistress, the tracking down of the souls of these two, the girl's death and finally the death of Diamond himself. But all the plot is only a vehicle for revealing the development in the priest's soul of love of neighbor which is our only expression of love of God. Knowing this the shadowy characterizations of everyone except the priest serves its purpose of keeping our eyes on the priest's soul, and while he the author deliberately moves his characters in a half light we are constantly being filled in through indirection on the priest's state of soul.

"After you have known the love of God, all other loves are tasteless," said a friend of ours the other day. And a necessary part in the development of this love is mortification, but it must come from a willingness to surrender to God's love. If it proceeds from any other motive it is a repellant, ugly thing. Others may admire us in much the same way that professional athletes are admired, but there will be no incentive to im-

tation. With the warmth of God's love there will be a flexibility in our will which will enable us to see that God does not move in precisely the same way in all human beings. The little ones will be used to confound the wise and weak, and to correct the strong. And this was the immediate weakness of Father Cawdor, the note of human kindness was absent in him, and it took a transfer to a parish out of his diocese, contact with the seamiest side of life and a murder and death to awaken in him the necessity of love in our daily actions. One revealing scene takes place between Father Cawdor and his curate, Father Moran. The curate is a young priest, consumed with the desire for working in the area of social reform, he feels that it is not enough to merely administer to the spiritual needs of the parish, and he suggests that a clinic for the poor should be started. His pastor rebukes him by reminding him that Saint Camillus embraced the sick, kissing their wounds, he asks the young priest if he is willing to proceed with the works of mercy in this manner. He further remarks that the works of mercy must be performed at a personal cost to ourselves. And these remarks are all right as far as they go, but the point that the pastor missed was that Camillus did start a hospital, that he realized that if the sick were to be nursed that one person acting by himself was not enough. That in any human activity, even that of loving God, we remain social creatures and must work with others. The "I can do it on my own attitude" has no place in the plan of the Christ life.

But Father Cawdor's story is really the story of each one of us. All sin can be ultimately reduced to one, pride. The sin of our first parents was this almost completely, and the degree to which we participate deliberately in this first sin, to that very degree we are guilty of pride. And all of us sinners that we are can appreciate the nature of Father Cawdor's problem, and in this appreciation rests the strength of Mr. Power's novel. The appeal of any novel must rest on its engaging the emotions of the reader, the more universal the appeal, the greater a work of art the writer has achieved, and that this new writer has achieved this so notably is an exciting discovery.

Many protests will be voiced that the portrait of Father Cawdor is unkind, that priests of his ilk just don't exist, but I fear that they

By WILLIAM GAUCHAT

A house according to the dictionary is "a building for residence; a place of abode. 2. a building for some particular purpose, often used in compounds, such as almshouse, poorhouse; 3. a shelter for an animal, such as doghouse, etc."

A House of Hospitality is not mentioned!

In its essence a House of Hospitality is simply a Christian home. (And home is a fixed, congenial, dwelling place for a man and his family). But since so many Christians are forgetful of their obligation to practice personally the works of mercy, a House of Hospitality often loses the appearance of a simple home because of the numbers of the needy who flock there for food, clothing, shelter, and word of love, and a smile. But the spirit of a simple Christian home is ever there.

For thirteen years we had a fixed abode for Blessed Martin de Porres House of Hospitality at 2305 Franklin Avenue. But on the morning of June 12th, I was in Municipal Court facing an eviction judgment. The property had changed ownership three times in the past year, and the latest buyer, wanting to make many small rental apartments in order to capitalize on the housing shortage among the colored, ordered us to vacate, in spite of the fact that we had signed a three-year lease with the former landlord.

Being reluctant to move, not only because it is next to impossible to find living quarters of any kind, or that we dread the labor and expense of moving if we could find a place, but mostly because we love our particular neighborhood and the neighborhood had grown to like us: the hundred and some persons who come twice a day for meals, the three score children who come for craft lessons, sewing and woodworking, and games and candy suckers, and their mothers who receive clothing for their large and growing families.

We love even the topography of our neighborhood. On Franklin Hill everything is on a slant; houses, cars, morals, even the cats. People go into their houses by either climbing or descending rickety steps. The Martins, for example, pass three hovels before they reach their own. Last winter Mr. Martin broke his leg on those very same treacherous steps. The wonder is that more legs, and necks also, are not broken. Steep, narrow, uneven, with only a thin, untrustworthy handrail, the steps go up and down from Franklin. We really are cliff-dwellers. We must mount a hundred steps to get to Church; a hundred steps that make you feel like a panting octogenarian when you reach the top. Houses that look like one-story frame buildings on Franklin are really

will be the opinions of persons who have never discovered that in this life people are never totally good or bad but rather they are a mixture of light and darkness, the light of God's grace and the shadows of the powers of darkness.

The whole tone of the book is one of economy, there isn't an excess sentence in it, it is a cold style, and hard and crystal clear. I have a feeling that only a modern American could have written this book in precisely this way. To compare him with Greene is an error in judgment for his equipment is different, the plot and pace are not the thing, but rather the struggle in the souls of one man are what has held Mr. Power's attention. His is by far the best insight into the problems of Christian life I have seen in many years of contemporary fiction, Catholic or otherwise. So here is a book to read, and then re-read and here is a new talent to watch and thank God for. It may well be that *The Encounter* will prove to be a milestone in American Catholic writing. In any case the talent and integrity exhibited in this book are cause for rejoicing.

Story of the Cleveland House

four-story tenements, from 22nd Street, which is below us. And below that is the narrow, saaky Cuyahoga that seems to flow oil instead of water, and whose night mists have a sulphuric taste.

The houses on the hill all bear a certain resemblance; all are sadly in need of paint, all are in dire disrepair, everyone a fire-trap, and all have their inevitable out-house. Some housewives, still young enough in heart to defy their environment, have flowers (brave as themselves) growing from window-sills; petunias, geraniums and verbena, and anaemic-looking morning glories held up by string. Sumacs, God bless them, and an occasional poplar spring up wherever there is a yard of earth, and today at Long's I saw roses growing in a neglected corner of the yard and was almost shocked.

It is a cosmopolitan neighborhood. But there are three groups of people who predominate and give character to the street: the Irish who were left behind when their neighbors and kinsmen migrated to the newer sections of the city; the Negroes who moved in as the Irish were moving out, and lastly, the Gypsies who occupy a dozen houses at the bottom of the hill, all of them musicians. There are a few Italian families, some Magyars, and Poles. All good people, friendly, and very poor.

Ours is a noisy neighborhood. There is the everlasting traffic, cars blaring a raucous note on the horn to warn the kids playing on the street (they play there from noon to midnight); the switch engines puff mightily through the day and night below us sending up great clouds of black smoke to obscure the stars at night and the sun by day; the great freighters creeping up the oily Cuyahoga shake the valley with terrific whistle-blasts to make the bridgetenders aware of their coming; all through the night a piledriver rises and falls to an accompaniment of escaping steam; the gypsies returning from the cafes argue excitedly down the hill, violins and cellos under their arms; amorous felines wall like ailing infants; and the dogs push over the garbage cans and bark at intruders. During the late or early hours a loitering intoxicate expresses himself in song or curse; and from the bootleggers the radio incessantly emits emetic jive; cars roar by as they always do at homicidal speed with the inevitable shriek of brakes at the curve, and the neighbors look down to see if anyone was hit: child, dog or cat (the mortality among the last is very high). About 12:30 or one a.m. the children drift home to bed, and some peace descends upon the hill, but the older boys and girls are good (or bad) for another hour or so. And an occasional tractor and trailer rolls down the hill, motor backfiring all the way.

Our neighborhood goes to market four days a week. The market is a pleasant, quaint place. Aisle after aisle of shallots, cucumbers, radishes, crisp lettuce, cabbage, potatoes, oranges, peaches, bananas, apples, quince and a wide variety of squash of all shapes and color. And behind every counter a shrill, or hoarse, or musical voice quotes prices and sings the virtues of fruit and herb enticing the buyer. But we have our eye on the gutter to see how much celery and other discarded vegetables we can salvage. And inside there is a bouquet of cheese, fresh ground coffee, salted fish and baked goods. There can be had here meats not available at ordinary shops: tripe, milk-bag, sowbelly, brains and sweetbreads. We are interested only in bones. The odors, and likewise the bones, are free. After the market closes the neighborhood with little wagons gathers up vegetables, spotted oranges, potatoes and piles empty boxes and crates on the wagons to take home for kindling wood. A little boy or old woman draws the wagon, and the man of the house walks behind and steadies the load.

It was with memories of the neighborhood that I walked to court June 12th.

I was nervous that morning. I had very little breakfast, a half cup of coffee and two bites of bread. I sat on the last bench of the courtroom and ejaculated to our Black Saint to help us. "Blessed Martin rally 'round. It is your house; what about all the men who come to your house on Franklin Hill, twice a day, for something to eat? What about the kids?"

This was the EVICTION MILL. This was the court that puts people out on the curb and their household gear and furniture as well.

I noticed the difference before the court was in session between clients and the attorneys. The attorneys kept their cigarettes in their mouths as they entered the courtroom and did not remove their hats. The laymen dropped their smokes and were hatless. The counsellors-at-law were assured, well-dressed, knew their way around. How I wished I had one of them, especially the one with the broad, handpainted tie, to represent us.

It was so dismal a day, and such a gloomy courtroom, in need of paint and patching plaster, that I lost whatever confidence I had in myself and as the cases went on and the judge gave his decrees, and the defendants slunk out the doorway I had wound myself into a cocoon of worry, tongue-tied; remorseful, hopeless and could-only mentally implore Martin de Porres. Such is my faith!

It was case 11706, Forcible Eviction. The clerk mispronounced my name miserably. Mr. Turner, who is a Negro, and his attorney, and I approached the bar. We raised our right hands and swore to tell the whole truth. . . . I explained to the judge that my name was misspelled. He corrected it with his fountain pen. Then he asked about the Catholic Worker which also appeared on the sheet of legal paper before him.

I tried to explain. It was very difficult. Like Peter I tried to make a point. Like Peter I had clippings I pulled from my pocket, and in my anxiety I trespassed the area between the railings and the bench. The attorney for the plaintiff protested. The judge explained, almost apologetically, that his curiosity was to blame. He had never heard of such a house. He addressed me: "Is the Bishop behind this?" I assured him that no bishop would be responsible for such a poor, miserable, ill-run house as ours. But that His Excellency had never disapproved, to the best of my knowledge. We were, I explained, simple lay people who felt a personal responsibility for the sad state of things and were doing our best to reform the world at that point at which we were closest to it; namely, our individual self, and the environment that self moved in.

The most disconcerting element in the whole unhappy incident was that Mr. Robbins, who gave us the lease, was a Jew, and his attorney also, and Mr. Turner, the new owner, was a Negro. There was an attempt to interject a suspicion of anti-Semitism, a smear of racial prejudice into the case. But, as I pointed out, Blessed Martin was our patron saint, and he was a Negro. (But to be accused, no matter how innocent one is, leaves one with the feeling of being in some way fouled! Perhaps it is the realization of being part of the "communism of sinners"! Of being guilty by omission, by silence, in not vociferously objecting enough to the crimes of racial injustice, national injustice, and the universal injustice of denying glory to God!)

The spectators in the courtroom were all ears and eyes. Half were suffering landlords and half were to be homeless before the day was over.

Then I remembered the lease I had signed in good faith. But

(Continued on page 8)

Life at Hard Labor

(Continued from page 1)

on World Government, where I presented the Christian Anarchist view and gave out Catholic Workers.) This type of irrigating is fairly easy. The lands are 30 to 40 feet wide, and the ports do not have to be dug open and filled in again with the shovel, but are of cement with a tip which is inserted in a groove. We generally run three lands at once. The water comes in supply ditches, called laterals down the valley north and south on each crossroad, and each road is numbered. I live on lateral 20. As the water comes across the head of the field, the up-to-date farmer has a concrete dam with a huge tin to open and close it; about four to a quarter mile. Otherwise a canvas tarpolin (called tarp) is slanted on poles which rest on a beam across the ditch, and this makes the dam. Two skillful irrigators can insert a tarp in running water five feet deep and form a perfect dam.

Two of the farmers for whom I irrigate had a man who slept all night and did not change the lands of water. As the ports are opened and the water rushes into the lands, it goes at a different rate of flow, depending upon the distance from the immediate dam near by, obstruction of sticks or weeds, or lay of the land. The thing to remember in this Southwest is that the lay of the land is southwest. Walking south to the bus along the lateral, which to the eye would seem to be nearly level, one notices four or more drops or cascades during the mile. The waste water from the irrigated fields flows into these ditches and is used again and again further down the line.

Brother Gopher

The chief worry of an irrigator is that rodent vegetarian who fills canal and ditch banks with holes, so that when you figure on so much water in one place, a great portion of it is apt to be following the serpentine burrowings of Brother Gopher, whose pouches outside his cheeks must literally carry tons of dirt during his lifetime. At least he is "riding high" in this Western country, as did Noah's Ark built of gopher weed.

Irrigating alfalfa is easy work compared to running the water over bare land, for unless you are used to the field you cannot know just where to put the checks so that all of the land will get wet. I remember irrigating such land once for a jack-Mormon (backsliding Mormon) and right even with the flow of water a thousand red-winged blackbirds would be hopping from dry clod to dry clod, gobbling up the insects which were driven from their sequestered domiciles by the oncoming water.

Walking down the lateral early one Sunday morning to the bus on my way to town to sell Catholic Workers in front of churches, I saw a great flock of these same birds roosting and gaily chirping on the backs of the sheep which were grazing on lettuce culls. How they kept from entangling their feet in the wool I do not know, but I never saw one that seemed to have any interference on that account.

The Old Pioneer

In the old days before dams and water districts the Indians had irrigation canals. Some of these are modernized and used today by the whites. Land was cheap then but much of it was gobbled up by bankers and companies who had "affidavit men" swear falsely as to the validity of their homesteads; or they had each 160 acres in the name of some minor employee. The users of water had banded themselves in a sort of semi-cooperative Water Users Association. Soon these bogus "farmers" and absentee and corporate retainers of wealth had control and the ordinary rancher was at the mercy of non-working theorists with expensive and impractical plans who knew little of the procedure of farming and

whose chore was to make a living by parasitical endeavor only. At that time the Old Pioneer was in his prime and went from schoolhouse to schoolhouse evenings making a fight against these corporate interests. The press jeered at his "one-man revolution." He was not deterred from his course by good or secure jobs but kept on until he was for fourteen years head of this Association and was able to run it efficiently for the common rancher.

During the depression most ranchers could not pay their water bills; many of them borrowing money from the banks at excessive interest. The Old Pioneer had the mutual dislike of any man of the soil for the useless function of the banker. Accordingly he obtained a revolving fund from the government and loaned eight million dollars with no losses through default other than \$4,000, and with only a nominal rate of interest to be paid. Dams were built and today the Association furnishes water and electricity, outside of Phoenix proper, over a length of fifty nine miles and a width of from four to sixteen miles in this valley.

The Sanjero

In the old days all water gates were locked and the "san-kerra," as the pronunciation goes here, who was the ditch rider, had to carry an enormous load of keys. The Old Pioneer suggested that gates be left unlocked, for only a few would steal water and when they were caught their gates could be locked. The plan worked. Strange tales are told of supposedly pious men who were water thieves. In those days too a sanjero would often let it be known that the best way to be sure of

so that in the last two years 160,000 acres out of the 720,000 acres under cultivation in this valley has gone back to desert. New land is being opened up constantly of course. Land has A, B, or C. water rights and the greenhorn had better be sure that his land has schedule A or his dreams of making the desert bloom like the rose will not materialize.

The freehanded Westerner of Arizona was no match for the city slickers and Los Angeles Unlimited years ago when the Water Compact was made. Arizona is on the high side of the Colorado River and can only gasp for water while California cheerfully and brazenly siphons millions of acre feet of water away. The Central Arizona Project now up in Congress would give to Arizona what is legally allowed under the Water Compact, but which previously was prohibited because of the cost of pumping or channelling it. It will finally cost near a billion dollars and would have to be paid for by the federal government and would only supplement the water already needed by existing water users. With the trend of corporate farming as it is and the certainty that real estate men would sell more land at inflated prices to suckers the present day evils would only be increased. The rancher whose land is under a lien to a profligate government will soon be a peon as were the helots of Egypt.

Corporate Farming

This brings to mind the whole question of commercial farming. As I have stated before in these pages it is a vicious circle: people come here for their health and find little work to do. (The chief industry is the Reynolds Aluminum Plant employing 1,500 men. Rey-



water when you wanted it was to give him a calf, sheep, or a bag of wheat, etc. The Old Pioneer finally weeded these dishonest fellows out.

Feather-bedding was not born with the diesel for in the old days here when a crew of Yaqui Indians went out to clean the laterals of weeds and Johnson grass the custom was to have a foreman, a time-keeper, a truck driver, and a water boy. The Old Pioneer changed all this. One man could drive the truck, keep the time, and be foreman. Ice was furnished and each Yaqui had a rest during the day when he was water boy for his fellows.

Now the Old Pioneer is nearing eighty and has had to retire and the corporate interests are again fast gaining control.

Los Angeles Unlimited

With the increasing population here due to the fine climate and the wiles of the real estate men and Chambers of Commerce there is such a demand for water that the water level is constantly dropping. Last year many in this vicinity had to spend from \$1,500 to \$2,500 for drilling new wells for water for house use. If a farmer cannot afford to drill a new well this is only one more farm to be leased to the Big Company whose giant wells have already in part caused this water shortage. Over half of the water here used in irrigation does not come from natural rainfall and snows but from scattered wells owned by the Association. This water has a salty content, and its use for irrigation, along with commercial fertilizers, causes the land to become alkali,

nolds with his cigarette millions was too poor to build a plant so "went on relief" and got a war plant from the government at a fifth of its cost.) Other migrants come from the South and even a few from California. There are the native Spanish and Mexicans who have more recently come over. There is not enough for all at any time except a very few rushed months in cotton and cantaloupes. The well paid jobs are in the packing sheds and the Union books are generally closed. The fields are not organized. Trucks come to the Slave Market at 2nd and Jefferson Streets around dawn to get workers. At times they pick only those whom they have known previously. Some trucks are run by Big Companies; others by private contractors. Some take only Mexicans, others only Negroes, others take mixed groups. Trucks load up at Tolleson, Glendale and other small towns also.

When work is done by contract, that is so much a row for thinning lettuce, chopping cotton, etc., the tendency is for the worker to do a poor job and earn as much as possible. In a big field no boss can see everything. If the pay is sixty or seventy cents an hour or more the tendency is to loaf and kill time. Many Big Companies have solved this by importing Mexican Nationals and having them live, like slaves of old, on the ranch. Indians are also brought from the reservation and paid unbelievably low wages and cheated in the company stores. The Nationals have generally not learned to soldier on the job like the na-

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 1)

school, five miles from here. He keeps us all in good spirits with his stories and sense of humor. John Fillinger this summer is giving invaluable assistance to a neighboring farmer, who has planted 15,000 tomato plants and acres of corn on our land. Hans Tunnesen is having a change of scenery leaving behind the pots and pans and kitchen stove for awhile. He is repairing broken staircases and painting and renewing the buildings of the community. Joe Cotter gives us a pleasant feeling of having a good fairy around the place by invisibly replacing all broken electrical equipment and creating shrines and candle sticks that suddenly pop up all over the place.

But to get back to a new experiment. Since we thought we were selling the farm last year and moving to Staten Island, the animals were dispensed with. Suddenly, towards the middle of June we found legal titles and papers so involved that we are tied, for the present, to this land. As many of our friends repeat that a saint has died here (Peter Maurin) and now with Charlie O'Rourke's death in the same cottage where Peter

died the hand of God is heavy upon us, I feel.

Human Family

Suddenly the ferment of a new beginning, a new experiment, is upon us. We all miss Jane O'Donnell's guiding hand and loving heart but the organic growth of the community continues; its rhythm and cycles flow in spite of the leader and beyond the touch of the clear visionary. Our Christian anarchist commune, motivated by love rather than competition, endures as a unit of the human family, the same crucifixions and resurrections as the persons composing the human family, the mystical body of Christ. After a trying spring, we feel now the resurrection of the commune; a vital current is flowing that reaches into all the hearts of all the members and a vibrant spirit of cooperation animates us.

We decided there should be a more equal sharing in responsibilities and a more definite attempt to become more of an independent unit in the whole movement. We are trying to take care of more of our brothers than usual this summer and more keep piling in. Some days I think this must be like living in a refugee camp; giving us a chance to give up our lives to serve those in greater need. Some days I look out on the grass strewn with tubs of washing, or gaze at the thirteen children running in and out of the cow barn, or count the thirty or forty mattresses airing in the sun and pinch myself. It is reality, and I think what a privilege it is to learn a little how the others in Europe, and now in Korea, have to live in camps. We know honestly that we are not all here freely; we have not all adopted Christian anarchism as a way of living. Yet intuitively I feel most people want and do respond to that way of living.

Two of the women have developed the art of bread baking and now we offer it to the townspeople at 21 cents a loaf. The whole wheat bread for mothers and children is an apostolate in itself. The income from the bread helps pay the meat bill. Since the arrival of three traveling apostles, Albert, John Ryan, and Rocky the exchange of services advocated by Peter Maurin has increased. John worked one day and brought home three chickens and 100 lbs. of feed; Rocky worked another day and tonight brought home more chickens. Soon we shall have our own fresh eggs rather than the 67c a dozen ones from Frank Graber.

On Sunday Tom Sullivan from Mott St. drove John Fillinger, John Ryan and myself to neighboring goat farms. Tonight John brought back two snow white goats. We are getting swiss chard and lettuce from the garden now and the tomatoes are ripening. We all hope that the many travellers who come to us will absorb a bit of the peace that the world cannot give in their stay with us.

HELEN ADLER

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Down South

Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Friends:

The South (this part) is growing and changing in some ways for the good, but you wonder how deep the change is. The educational facilities for Negro and white are growing more equalized, the recreational facilities are improving. Transportation seems the same but I seem to find more courtesy for the Negro and consideration for him on the city busses, though he must still sit behind the nearest white.

My father saved me quite a bit of material on the Negro in the South and I went down to Holly Springs, Miss., last week to visit him at the college. I don't know what to say about Holly Springs. It is a very small town but has grown considerably since I was there last. In all fields, Negroes seem to have progressed—on the surface anyway, perhaps in truth. There is even a Negro school (Catholic, I mean) for us now, and they are building one for whites soon. There is also a Catholic chapel in the school for colored, and there is where the question comes, and the hurt.

When I left there was one Catholic church and a handful of Catholics, 20 or 30 whites, three or four Negroes. But they went to church together and there was no difficulty. Now there seems to be many more of both races and a large (for the size of the town) convert class of Negroes. The church has grown, the faith has spread. Yet with its growth discrimination and segregation have entered, so there are two churches (the chapel and the church) and Negroes cannot go to Mass with the whites at the church. That meant for me that I couldn't attend Mass at all while I was there, even on Sunday, because the chaplain for the school was away and the priest from the white church had already said two Masses, one for the whites and one at some mission 20 or 30 miles out of town. However, we were able to receive and he had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the Rosary for us as well as the giving of a short sermon and the reading of the Epistle and Gospel of the day.

And what can you say? Father was very nice, as were the Sisters at the school. He even drove out to my home (quite a distance) to get me. After having given Holy Communion and telling me as gently and matter-of-factly as possible that I could not go to Mass, and driving me to a place where I could eat which wasn't too far a walk to my home and where I could wait until he had said Mass and taken the Sisters back, he then took me to the chapel where the services for Negroes were to be held. On our way down he explained to me that the Protestants, especially a certain Baptist minister, were already laughing at them because of the school and that prejudice was so general and deep-seated that he wanted to do nothing to scandalize the white people, since he wanted to make converts among them also. That was the reason we were excluded from Mass. Human prudence. Can one say to a priest, forget prudence, when prudence is the Church's policy in the South? I couldn't, anyway; not yet. So I went to Benediction. Soon there will be Masses for the colored, though, when the other priest comes back. And that should satisfy—or should it? I don't think I ever said the Our Father as that Sunday, or thought it quite so. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us..." How

else could we go on sometimes? Love those who hate you... bless those who curse you." What is a better way to learn humility and charity; still, learning is painful. Here in Memphis there is still the mixture of races in the churches. A few weeks ago the choir in one of the colored churches sang in one of the white churches, and yesterday (Sunday) Mother went to one of the white churches because it is much closer to us and was accepted and made welcome.

Write to me and pray for me. If I should stay here it would certainly take more strength than I have now. Yet I have to admit there is much work to be done and someone has to start it. I'm a coward because I wish it wasn't me. Love.

HELEN CALDWELL.

Pro and Con

Dear Friends:

Excuse my hasty postcard, as I am crushed by voluntary work. I much appreciate your approval and sympathy. Though I have moved from the Roman Catholic theological stand to a far distant religious conception—more like Unitarians and Friends—I can quite understand you and sympathize with your religion of the "Sermon On the Mount," which, as I wrote to my former fellow-student, the present Pope, is good for all branches of Christianity and Religion. I shall feel honored by the reproduction of my pamphlet. I'm sending you under separate cover my former pamphlet. Both were printed and posted at my expense. Now I am a Wate pensioner, with one dollar allowance per day—which sounds poverty. If you can send a contribution for the cost of the pamphlet, it will be received in a brotherly spirit of thanks; if you are as poor as us, or even more, don't mind; you will make up by your prayers. I can add that in a long conversation with one of the highest prelates of the Vatican—one who sees Pope, I think, every week—he declared quite positively that opposition to conscription and C. O. are quite free to be discussed "pro" and "con" for Catholics, whatever Civiltà Cattolica writes. Our first two C. O.'s are Roman Catholic Elevoine Sauti, who is now a prisoner in the Reclusorio Militare, Gaeta. He is a Roman Catholic. Rep. 2 his fellow prisoner, Piero Ferrera, though an anarchist, is as Christian in spirit as he. They would like to receive postcards from abroad. I'm sending them today a food parcel.

Yours very sincerely,
G. PIOLI,
Via Rugabella, 2,
Milano, Italy.

Marxist Friends

Dear Bob:

Again congratulations on your penetrating evaluation of that "abortion," the Welfare State. I have several Marxist friends who agree with your diagnoses of the fatal disease of capitalism; but from William Z. Foster down, they all seem to be afflicted with a type of religious optimism; they fail to see that capitalism as it becomes more diseased leans upon and incorporates its poisoned being into the machinery of the State. I agree with the Marxists that this is a prelude to death; but, as an ex-medical student, I am painfully conscious that the processes of death are often protracted and all destroying. What would it avail even the Communists if the col-

lapse of the repressive State leaves the workers afflicted with the pathology of capitalistic shortsightedness and a bureaucratic mentality? I guess my early associations have pre-disposed me to a Marxian viewpoint; but my recent experiences with the "sell outs" of certain labor leaders has convinced me that the capture of the State by labor is most unlikely, and perhaps not even desirable.

Our local public servants union has abandoned politics and has concentrated upon economic and educational weapons. We pay no official salaries, and meet informally. You would be surprised how well we are getting along. We have beaten off a raid by the C.I.O. (they are furious because we won't go along with local P.A.C.). My fellow Catholics are investigating me for "Communism" (the irony of it all) I fully expect to be investigated by the F.B.I. shortly, although I never belonged to the "C.P." Unless they produce perjured witnesses, my record is as white as snow. I never expressed my thoughts as freely as Father Duffy or you.

One criticism; what do you and your colleagues mean by God's poor? With my background of Irish poverty (that is a superlative brand) that word brings visions of bestial hardships, hunger, and degradation; I find my trigger finger itching; and I look for a place at the barricades at the very thought. In my book there is nothing God-like about poverty. If you mean poor-in-spirit; then I am with you all the way. I am enclosing a few coins which I hope will help you along. This is but a grain of sand to fill an economic gulf—I know; but without afflicting you with the morbid details of one gentleman of the "third estate"; know ye, it means the sacrifice of one of my few simple pleasures, namely my weekly ration of beer, and my Sunday cigar. I also support a family of five; a dog; two dozen pet "hamsters"; pay union dues, and Church assessments—on \$40 per week. Only "Le Bon Dieu" knows how.

J. J. O'Neill,
Vice-pres.,
Bay City Independent,
Employees Assoc.,
1107½ Bangor St.,
Bay City, Michigan.

Peter Maurin

Dear Tom:

For over a month I've been wanting to send the enclosed to you. We are all trusting the housing problem is solved without too many gray hairs accruing to you who do the labor and planning. In the midst of all the troubles it's good to remember that God brings good out of evil and that all things work toward the good of those who love the Lord.

Apropos of Bob's last article, will you tell him that in private conversation Peter called himself a Christian Anarchist? We were at Easton the first summer we were married, and Peter spent a great deal of time at the farm. Larry always felt it was a very important phase in his intellectual development. Peter chose not to use the term publicly, because it was a "label" that people were not ready for. He sought to teach his concepts without alienating anyone of good will. The technique of an agitator which he developed was one of the things which made him great.

Have you seen the little booklet Dave Dunne compiled re Peter? I think it's fine, but any such thing is incomplete without Ade's contribution. She sees things so clearly and understood Peter so well.

In the love of the Holy Spirit,
RUTH ANN HEANEY.

Catholic Daily

Dear Dorothy Day,

We are hoping that you will be able to let your readers know something about our plan to start a Christian daily newspaper—"The Sun Herald"—and something about our need for help in the work.

It is hard to describe the whole idea in a brief letter, but I can indicate a few of the main elements. First of all, we think that the way daily papers handle the news (what they stress, what they leave out, what they take for granted) has a big influence on the reader. It influences his values especially: what he regards as important or acceptable. This influence is inescapable, because newspapers have to select and emphasize; they can't print all the news, and they can't put every story on Page One. The trouble is that so far no paper exists here that uses a Christian standard in judging the news.

The worst result of this is that the papers either preach a cheap and empty idea of God, or else ignore Him altogether. Those that pay any attention to religion place it at the service of the status quo or patriotism or U. S.-style democracy.

The next worst thing is that most dailies are pretty thoroughly committed to the worship of Mammon (conservative) or the State ("liberal"). They oppose the dynamic paganism of Marxism with the crushing secularism of free enterprise or the Welfare State. And all of them serve their advertisers well by helping to create the climate of infinite desire. And so on. The point we stress most often is that these papers can't be neutral ("you are either for Me or against Me"), and since they don't set out to be Christian, they end up anti-Christian in one way or another.

Of course there are many other things wrong with existing dailies (pornography, sensationalism, political bias, stupidity) but we think these are the root evils. For the past year we have been planning a paper that will attack (not merely avoid) these evils. We hope to be both forthright and charitable about it, and I hope many people will pray that we achieve the combination.

The Sun Herald will provide all the services that make other dailies useful (not including Walter Winchell, canasta columns, stock market reports), but the biggest service it is intended to supply is the reporting of news in its full context. The full context means an acceptance of God and the supernatural as real and meaningful facts.

We start the work with no commitments, except to the truth. We

haven't any big-money backers, and we aren't connected with any party or other group. The Bishop of Kansas City says that since we're not planning a religious paper or a Catholic-party-line paper we don't need his permission to start. Legally we are organized as a non-profit corporation, but we describe the group as a "community of work." Members commit themselves to voluntary poverty as a necessary and desirable condition of this vocation.

We trust in God to provide the means to bring the paper into being (incidentally, the first issue is scheduled for October 10). But humanly speaking we are up against trouble from the start. The paper will carry a limited amount of advertising if we can get any that conforms with our principles, but we think it is both proper and necessary to depend chiefly on circulation revenue to support the work. At the start, however, our subscription rates will pay only the actual production expenses, which leaves nothing to feed, clothe and house the staff. So we're begging.

Most of the pillars of society whom we've approached so far have reacted rather oddly to our idea of what a newspaper should be like. We are therefore driven to appeal where we should have in the first place, to the people who can't afford to help us but will anyway. If we can get a few hundred people to contribute a dollar or so a month for six months toward the support of the staff we think we will be out of the woods.

We need subscriptions, too, of course, and we're asking people not only to buy them but to help sell them to others. Readers wanting more information and/or a supply of our circulation folders should write to The Sun Herald, 702 East 12th St., Kansas City 6, Mo. I should have mentioned some place that we will issue two editions, a national and a local, five days weekly.

Please ask prayers for us, that the Holy Spirit may give us reverence for truth and love of poverty.

Yours in Christ,
Robert Hoyt.

Appeal

Dear Editor:

We would be very glad if you would ask readers of the Catholic Worker to remail their used magazines, leaflets (and even books) to the address given below.

Gratefully yours in Christ,
(Brother)
JOVITA FRANCISCO DE SOUSA,
Catholic Literature Bureau,
St. Peter's Seminary,
Bangalore 3, India.

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The Decay of Technology

By MORRIS HORTON

The June issue of the Catholic Worker was especially interesting, on account of the article "Mountaineers Are Always Free." I got out my road maps and looked up Stotler's Crossroads, West Virginia. If there are good farms, where a man can live somehow, then the place is interesting, at least to me. I haven't started for Stotler's Crossroads yet, but I am going to go somewhere. I am going to get me a farm. Already I have been prowling in Eastern Texas and Arkansas. Sometimes I go out with a beekeeper and take lessons in beekeeping. I already know how to grow strawberries, sweet-potatoes, peppers, because I did that when I was growing up.

I am a radio engineer. I am also a writer of sorts. At least, I've published articles and stories in the slick and pulp magazines, in the technical journals, and in some of the Catholic mags. But just now I'm suffering from a bad case of occupational disgust. I am also suffering from what might be called in Spanish *Mal de Ciudad*, or sickness of the city. In short, I feel the same urge which prompted Eric Gill to live in remote farmhouses.

The occupational malaise of the modern technician grows constantly more intense. Real personal satisfaction is becoming unattainable. It is not only that "Technocracy" has become vast, complex and impersonal. At bottom the real trouble is decadence. A decadent art or science is always a disgusting thing. On the surface it often appears brilliant and successful. In fact, this is quite typical of decadent arts and sciences. It breeds an unhealthy and superficial egotism, underneath which we find uneasiness, disgust and demoralization. Inspiration is strangled, and the cold blight of mediocrity descends like a frost. In the arts, this generally produces a brilliant but short-lived period of rococo.

In Technology it produces the same thing. Machine products grow more complex, more unsound, more fragile, more expensive, more exasperating. And human relations in technological establishments are rapidly being soured. It is not only the assembly-line worker who suffers. The high-level intellectual worker is also "submerged" and standardized. There is no more sterile and hopeless creature on the face of the earth than the present-day American "Technocrat." He is not an inventor. He is not creative. He is not even a good mechanic. He is increasingly cynical, primitive and anti-intellectual.

The Twentieth Century has not been a century of great invention. The basis of modern applied science was laid completely in the Nineteenth Century, or at least before 1914. The Twentieth Century has been a period of technological decadence. It is a brilliant decadence, to be sure. But the brilliance is not soundly based in the intellectual and creative sense. It is not soundly motivated. Our century is a century of scientific rot, not scientific progress.

The "Picasso Influence" is easily seen in all manner of mechanical designs. Look at these ghastly postwar cars. The postwar car is a design monstrosity if there ever was one. It reflects the misery and disgust of the commercial design engineer. It is a primitive design for a primitive age.

Radio design-practice fares no better. On the surface it seems to have reached its peak of perfection, which it probably has. We now have radar and television. But do the engineers have valid motives to keep on working in these trades? The modern technician is not much interested in technology. He wants a good salary. He wants a fine suburban home with a two-car garage and a big mortgage. He wants a "job." But this is not at all the same thing as being interested in technology, in the sense that Gottlieb Daimler and Rudolf Diesel

were interested in it. Marconi was interested in wireless. The modern "hack" technician is not.

The modern hack technician is motivated merely by the desire for a salary. He thinks that he has to live with the "bourgeois varnish." He shall owe installments on his Cadillac forever, and shall dwell in a mortgaged and flimsy rock-veneer house all the days of his life, or at least until he can get enough credit to buy another one in a slightly snootier suburb.

I have no objection to good living—even fine living. I might like to live in marble halls, if I were a king. A king needs a palace. But do I need this flimsy rock-veneer affair? Do I really enjoy the bourgeois varnish? I do not. The American suburban "home" has become a contemptible affair. There is no comfort in it. It is simply a "market" for an increasingly flimsy and increasingly expensive and useless variety of gimmicks.

The rock-veneer house might be endured, but the job cannot. The modern "Technocratic" worker is like a slave plotting his escape. He schemes according to his person-

ter. It is suffering a commercial debacle as well as an artistic debacle, for its end-product no longer appeals to the cash customers.

Then, too, there is that final triumph of scientific decadence, the atomic bomb. Shall I labor among unpleasant, nihilistic bourgeois folk who try my soul, merely to heap up a few paltry treasures which may be blown over the moon with atomic bombs?

I shall do no such thing. I shall betake myself to East Texas and grow strawberries for a living. Or perhaps I shall investigate Stotler's Crossroads, W. Va. I shall want my farm to be in a remote place, on a back road. I shall want an old house, minus any bourgeois varnish or modern machinery. There will be no radio. A modern radio grieves me. It may suit the average buyer very well. But I can look inside and see where the designers have been careless, incompetent, or simply mendacious. I look inside and I say, "This condenser will blow within six months. Probably cost the poor sap who owns it twenty bucks to get it fixed. Why don't they make any-



ality. Some slaves scheme desperately, viciously, ruthlessly. Others, those of weaker character, dream up futile little schemes and then forget them with a sigh; their schemes are never more than dreams, and they never escape. A few are able to make their escape with comparative ease and good order, because of fortunate circumstances. The whole human race today is scheming to escape this monster of "knowledge as power" somehow.

I once schemed to escape by becoming a writer. But after I had sold articles and stories to *Coronet*, *Pageant*, *Ford Times*, and the detective story magazines I realized that this was no good. It was the same thing all over again. What we have today is "literary technocracy." The writer has no more control over the content of his work than a Ford assembly line worker has over the shape of the headlights of the car. He is treated universally with contempt by the executive element, just as the assembly-line worker is. This is true of books as well as magazines. It is true even of "highbrow" books which are supposed to have "literary merit," whatever that is. Writing is the most contemptible occupation in America. It is the last refuge of the lapdog and the scoundrel. The "literary world" is sunk deeply into a disastrous stupor. It has lost consciousness and is falling freely toward complete disas-

thing any good any more?" On my farm there will be no radio, and certainly no television set. There won't even be any electric lights. What would I want them for? There's no literature worth reading anyway.

I shall never visit the cities. Not even Dallas, which I used to enjoy, before the War. In 1940 Dallas was an overgrown country town. In ten years it has doubled its population and has become a city. It has become a T. S. Eliot "Waste Land," to be exact, with architectural madness sprouting like weeds. It is as Pagan as Tokyo. Texas is rapidly becoming the ideal industrial "Waste Land." It may some day become the most perfect abomination of its kind in the whole world. But the abandoned rural areas offer abundant farm land, for those who know how to farm in Texas. The big, expensive "industrial" farm exists in some areas, but not in East Texas, which is widely regarded as "backward." That is what I am looking for, a "backward" area.

What I want is to get away from this rich, ripe stench of decadence which hangs over modern technology. It is sad, but I don't know anything that I can do about it except abandon it. And it may be that that's the only thing the human race as a whole will be able to do with it. Most of them are not ready to do that yet, but I am.

Unless the Grain of Wheat Fall Into the Ground and Die—

"I have talk a great deal of myself but I even forget to name Sacco. Sacco too is a worker, from his boyhood a skilled worker, lover of work, with a good job and pay, a bank account, a good and lovely wife, two beautiful children and a neat little home, at the verge of a wood near a brook. Sacco is a heart a faith, a lover of nature and man. A man who gave all, who sacrificed all for mankind his own wife his children, himself and his own life. Sacco has never dreamed to steal, never to assassinate. He and I have never brought a morsel of bread to our mouths, from our childhood to today which has not been gained by the sweat of our brows. Never.

O yes, I may be more witty, as some have put it; I am a better blabber than he is, but many many times in hearing his heartfelt voice ringing a faith sublime, in considering his supreme sacrifice, remembering his heroism, I felt small at the presence of his greatness and found myself compelled to fight back from my eyes the tears, and quench my heart, trobling to my throat to not weep before him,—this man called thief and assassin and doomed... If it had not been for these things I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work, for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident. Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoe maker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph."

VANZETTI.

Cleveland House

(Continued from page 5)

which the federal rent-control office had infallibly told me was illegal, no-good, utterly-un-uncle-sam-like! Because no bureaucrat from their office had officiated at the signing with bell and candle, or, rather, forms and red tape.

With the hesitant touch of a counterfeiter about to pass a bill I handed the lease to the judge.

After paging through it, he coughed slightly and pushed his spectacles up to his hairline. Addressing the attorney for the plaintiff, he said gently: "Did you know of this lease? The lease is no good. It was never signed."

The judge handed the document to the counsellor-at-law. The phone rang, and the clerk handed the phone to the judge. The attorney glanced through the lease, and began to speak to me. I put my finger to my lips and pointed to the judge.

The lease was signed before witnesses.

"But," said the attorney, "a three-year lease must be notarized and recorded. This lease was not." "Therefore," said His Honor, "it is good for only two years and eleven months!"

Blessed Martin de Porres never studied the laws of the State of Ohio. But he did well enough for us!

JUSTICE

Examen of a Polite Social Conscience

INJUSTICE IS

The worker laid off
The guy who's out of work
The union organizer is scab country
It's what happens to his
The way he sees his wife

INJUSTICE IS

The job-ceiling
The sanctity of white men's jobs
Chicago—a Negro house stoned
Alabama—the lynched body of a "rapist"
St. Louis—faces in the summer mob

INJUSTICE IS

The rooming-house
Aloneness
The un-broken wall
The futile pattern
The Schizoid rate

INJUSTICE IS

A small sign:
"No Children"

INJUSTICE IS

Young couples living in one room
"Just for the first few months"
Their child's world still one room

INJUSTICE IS

The family ware
The kind that figures wives work anyhow
The power-shot union
Viceless members
Porkchops and feather-beds

INJUSTICE IS

A ward in County Hospital
Two doctors, one nurse, a hundred patients
The private hospital
The soft efficient tread of adequacy

INJUSTICE IS

The student lounge
The Convertible crowd playing bridge
A student hoisting mail sacks all night
Room and board for the next quarter
A girl slinging hash five nites a week
Tuition and books
A boy who stayed to dinner
His first in two days.

INJUSTICE IS

The cribbing student, the reason he cribs
The casual guy who carefully doesn't give a damn
Never plans to
His counter-part
A concentrate of collegiate date-bait and bitchery

INJUSTICE IS

The University back-wash
The guidance clinic left-overs
Desperate binges or a quiet suicide
Students past the Point of Return

INJUSTICE IS

A red-headed Irish kid screaming "Dirty Kike"
The well-bred children told not to play with the other children

INJUSTICE IS

All the ten-year-olds in the back streets of Europe

INJUSTICE NOT JUSTICE IS BLIND...

for Justice, like God, transcends us
Only by knowing what He is not to do we glimpse what He is
To describe either is presumption
The result is an abstraction...
Not a progressive discovery
Not a living commitment.

PAT GROOM '50