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THE COMPANIONS OF EMMAUS

By KATE WHITE

(Kate White, who labored with us on Chrystie street two years ago, is now working and studying in France.)

Abbe Pierre has captured the hearts of the French people. Very little is known about him as far as personal details but his sincere love and righteous indignation comes through the social works he directs. He has become one of the most effective symbols of Christ in France today. Around him has grown in an organic fashion a community of about 700 men who support themselves via the ragpicking activities of about 200 of their members. The other 500 men are building homes for the poor of France.

The money which comes in via the salvaging work of the men guarantees that each man will have a bed, food and about 75 cents pocket money a week. He works a 44 hour week or longer if he desires. He works for the poor who have no homes—his boss is the community of which he is an important member as any other. No one will question him on his past. This is a saving grace for the thousands of men who have been branded by the French courts, after several convictions as people unfit to live in any of the major cities of France. Thereafter their entrance into any industrial city in France is considered a crime punishable by imprisonment. There are already too many industrial workers in France—so much unemployment—that the government can feel at ease by ordering a section of "criminal" proletariat to find work outside the city.

To pay for the building of the

new homes Abbe Pierre took to begging on the streets, on the radio. Last winter he said very simply, on the radio, "last night a four year old girl froze to death in the tent of her family on the edge of Paris. You who are warm and have an empty bed are the ones who have killed her." A few such broadcasts during the middle of the coldest winter Europe had known in a decade, brought immediate response from the warmth of the French hearts. I think that it must have been so refreshing for the French to hear a spade called a spade. Abbe Pierre did not blame the war; nor the government nor capitalism but those who had become hard of heart. And his strength lay in the fact that he called upon each individual to remedy the situation as far as they were able by their own personal action or privation. As a result Abbe Pierre has been the spark which has set off individual co-operative housing groups all over the country. His own group has succeeded in building more houses than the French government but he also shamed the government into expanding their housing program.

The community which has grown up around him is called "The Companions of Emmaus," this name alone shows Abbe Pierre's insight into the sufferings of the French worker today. Remember the pilgrims from the city of Emmaus were returning to their homes, coming from Jerusalem. They had been witness to the preaching of Christ, to the glory of His presence as their Messiah and then they were witness to the crucifixion and their God was dead; no longer part of their living world but already a man who had died. I can think

of no more perfect parallel than this to express the spiritual state of part of France. For the spiritual abyss is all the deeper because in the past they had the faith, they believed in a God who loved them and who came to them, but to most French workers God simply does not exist in their every day world. And it is no wonder; you have only to see the hovels in which they are forced to live—not temporarily but generation after generation. As a people the French have suffered deeply both materially and spiritually from the last two wars. And if as a result the rich are now bordering on poverty those who were poor are bordering on destitution. It is common today for a French worker to spend a good forty-four hour week at his job as carpenter or mason for example and come home to his family living in a tent or flimsy barrack-like

(Continued on page 8)

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Feast of St. John Chrysostom
Little Canada, St. Paul

We are in the depths of the winter now. When we got up this morning it was thirty below, by the time we set out for Mass at seven thirty, we were swathed with scarves, clothed in "double garments" but it was calm so it was not as cold as yesterday when it was exactly zero and a high wind. What beauty of snow and blue sky with the stark dead outlines of trees resting against the sky. All is so still and quiet. Yet what seems like death is the most profound life and will burst out again in a few more months. Spring is late here in Minnesota. There is something tremendously invigorating about this weather. I press on tomorrow to St. John's, Collegeville, then to North Dakota and on to Montana. The busses keep running, the windows so frosted over

that you can only see out if you are up near the driver. The light snow flows across the cleared roads like milk, blown by the northwest wind and the drifts pile high. We have had snow twice this month, but no real blizzards yet.

Guadalupe Parish

Yesterday I spoke at St. Catherine's College and two of the girls from Maryhouse were with me, Dorothy Kregle and Marie Knisley, and we met Mary Lou Hennessy and Eileen Lexau there. All of us had lunch together with Sister Mary Edward and because Mary Lou and Eileen had worked with Friendship House we began talking about the condition of minorities in Minnesota. A governor's investigating committee has put out very good reports about the situation of Negro, Mexican, Asiatic and Indian in this section

(Continued on page 4)

EASY ESSAYS

INDUSTRIALISM IT STARTED WITH ENGLAND

Lenin said:

"The world cannot be half industrial and half agricultural."

Lenin made the mistake of industrializing Russia. Lenin industrialized Russia because the Japanese industrialized Japan.

The Japanese industrialized Japan because the Americans industrialized America.

The Americans industrialized America because the Germans industrialized Germany.

The Germans industrialized Germany because the English industrialized England.

It started with England.

A FEW ENGLISHMEN

R. H. Tawney said that the Englishmen wear blinkers.

Because they wear blinkers the Englishmen lack vision.

Because they lack vision the Englishmen are very strong for supervision.

And supervision is not a substitute for vision.

A few Englishmen got rid of their blinkers. Among the Englishmen who got rid of their blinkers

one can name:

William Cobbett,
John Ruskin,
William Morris,
Arthur Penty,
Hilaire Belloc,
G. K. Chesterton,
Eric Gill.

The best of all is Eric Gill.

LEGALIZED USURY

"The sex problem, the marriage problem, the crime problem, the problem of armaments and international trade, all those problems could be solved if we would recognize the necessity of abolishing trade in money, and especially the international trade in money; that is to say, the usury, the legalized usury, practiced by the banks under the protection of their charters with the support of the so-called orthodox economists. That is the first thing to be recognized."

—Eric Gill

GOD AND MAMMON

Christ says:

"The dollar you have is the dollar you give to the poor"

(Continued on page 5)



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Associate Editors:

TOM SULLIVAN AMMON HENNACY
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
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Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

Do you have a surplus engine to donate for a 1949 Ford station wagon? Our inimitable chauffeur, Charlie McCormack, informs us that the engine in our indispensable station wagon has to be replaced. Charlie says that further repairs to our present machine are impossible. If you don't have a spare engine, maybe you have an extra horse and wagon? We had a member of our staff some years back who was convinced that we would be better off if we had a horse and wagon. He was positive that it would be much cheaper.

There seems to be some sort of a lull in the air around Chrystie street. We had a sizeable snowfall yesterday and now a spell of frightfully cold weather has set in. Our goodly number of men waiting for their bowl of soup and a couple of pieces of bread appears to have dwindled a little this noon due no doubt to the harsh weather. Today you would have to be unbelievably hungry to stand outdoors awaiting a bowl of soup.

We still have four members of our household in hospitals. Henry Sanborn was given the last rites at St. Vincent's on Wednesday. John Murphy and Frank Nagot are both in Bellevue for the past couple of weeks. John Pohl is still in Pilgrim's State Hospital. Dorothy Day as you might note from her articles is still on pilgrimage across the states. It seems as though Dorothy has been gone longer than the actual time elapsed. Due to the threat of war over Formosa Ammon Hennacy has engaged in an indefinite retreat of silence, prayer and fasting. He will tell you all about it in the next issue. There is no one drinking in our place so this old house is really quiet. I don't know if I like it this way.

Last week Lulu visited our house a few times. Lulu is a short elderly

colored woman who has lived with us from time to time during the past ten years. When she lived here she was always sweeping and mopping the floors and stairs, she just couldn't sit still. Lulu has a matter of fact voice with a continual sigh to it. At present Lulu is living in a city home but said she would rather get a job for herself but no one will hire her, they claim her old age is a barrier. The city welfare department is willing to place Lulu on relief so that she can live in a room in privacy. But Lulu said, "I would rather live with others in a city home than to go off by myself. It is terrible to live alone. When you are old no one wants you. It is a wonder that they don't throw all of us old people in the East River. Nobody wants to hire us. If there is a war we won't be any good at fighting. There are too many people coming to live in New York—everybody loves New York. When I was younger I used to visit my relatives in the south where I was born. But I wouldn't stay there on a bet. My relations used to think that the streets of New York were paved with gold. They would expect me to bring home a lot of money and presents for everyone. I had to tell them that I had to work hard and long hours for the few dollars I received as a maid on a Long Island estate."

The visit with Lulu did all of us a world of good. Lulu neither talked up to you or down to you. Lulu spoke with the minimum of effort, barely moving her lips. However, she wouldn't stop as long as she had an audience. Lulu was particularly concerned about people's looks. She often remarked how "ugly" the people appeared in that last city home she was in. I suppose she tells others the same thing about us.

A few days ago the city's department of housing sent us a brief notice clarifying their letter of a month ago. This communique was somewhat clearer than the first received which specified the numbers of sections of the multiple dwelling laws that we were violating. Their most recent notice states that we are overcrowded. The dispatch notes that this information was conveyed to them by the health department officials who visited us some weeks ago. The message warned that unless this violation was corrected then we would be subject up to \$500 fine or six months in jail. The threat of jail didn't bother us since Ammon Hennacy smiles at the prospect of a jail sentence but the fine was something else. We phoned the gentleman from the health department and asked about this reference he had made to the housing department. He claimed that he did not discover that our house was overcrowded. So we asked him why he sent the letter of complaint to the housing department. He replied that he had merely turned over to them the letter which he received from our reader friend: the dear soul who made the original complaint. He added that the city housing department would have to make a visit to our

(Continued on page 8)

Profits in the Armaments Race

By EILEEN FANTINO

In case you own shares in the Hawker Siddeley Group—(Pioneer... and world leader in aviation), of London, England, you'll be interested in a report delivered by the Chairman of the firm, Sir Thomas Sopwith on January 5, 1955 at the annual general meeting. His remarks on that occasion were printed in a full page ad in the Wall Street Journal with fourteen illustrations of modern aviation's latest contribution to the world, including the latest model bombers, fighters and guided missiles.

Sir Sopwith was not content to mention the enormous profits of the previous year, 6,961,041 pounds, as compared with last year's piddling 5,033,744 pounds (after deducting of special expenditures and reserve for increased replacements cost of fixed assets). In citing these profit figures he says, "I am sure you will agree that this is satisfactory." Along with his report on the state of the firm, Sir Sopwith felt a duty to express his views on the world situation, and the part Hawker Siddeley Group must play.

The Wall Street Journal ad has a headline which is an excerpt from his speech and reads, "IN H-BOMB AGE OUR SOLE HOPE OF SURVIVAL LIES IN SO BUILDING OUR STRENGTH AND OUR AIR POWER NO ONE WILL DARE ATTACK US." The report deals at first with the profit figures and the announcement of a 7½c dividend and then goes on to tell of the expansion of the company and how they gradually caught up with and overleaped the demands of a frightened world for modern war planes. He described the "sense of urgency" which prevailed while the world was defenseless against the weapons of modern war. We see around the page picture of the latest planes including a triangular shaped four jet bomber, and an-

other masterpiece, the Hawker "Hunter's Ace." Export orders for the "Ace" including U. S. off-shore purchases for NATO exceed 120 million pounds. It is, in the words of the ad, "Britain's largest dollar earner." Contracts for the plane have been placed by Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium not to mention the British government. The Chairman points with pride to the Air Service Training program which continues to operate successful technical training

schools in India and Pakistan and also pre-apprentice and pre-cadet schools for the Pakistan Air Force which are run on English public school lines.

Sir Sopwith said to the shareholders, "Let me tell you that your company is in a sounder and healthier state than ever before... Canadian interests have been reorganized into a parent company... during the year we extended out interests by acquiring

(Continued on page 7)

In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

It is a privilege to be selling the most militant anti-war paper every day of the week in some part of this greatest city of the greatest country in the world in these days of preparation for war, and for the imposition of Universal Military Training upon a nation supposedly founded as a refuge for those who hated militarism in the old world.

"Why don't you go back to Yugoslavia?" shouted a passerby, as I was selling CW's at 43 and Lexington.

"Never thought of it," I replied. I was standing by the corner where I had been twice arrested. Here the wind blows terrifically, but it is a good corner to sell papers as the people go down toward St. Agnes where the flag is visible in front like a government building; or as travelers go to Grand Central in and out of this big city, or pass by in their routine business. Here the sidewalk is narrow and anyone desiring a paper can buy one without much trouble, while at the wide thoroughfare at 42nd and Lexington it is difficult to penetrate the crowd.

Across the street on this day was Howard, a young Congregational minister from New Jersey, trying his first day at our Street Apostolate. He had bought a CW and my Autobiography from me there a few weeks before and decided that he wanted to do his bit to spread the CW gospel. Across on the other corner was Francisco Fernandez Jimenez from Cadiz, Spain. He is 28, and with us every day except when helping Lee Peery bake bread at Peter Maurin farm. And across at Grand Central was Patricia Rusk at her regular place. That day Bertha Tisius, who works as a nurse nights, was unable to come down to help us as she usually does.

Here each Friday from 11 to 3 Catholics who have known the CW for years send through us greetings to Dorothy, Tom, and others of the CW whom they have met. Non-

Catholics who read in the N. Y. Times or N. Y. Post, or the editorial in the Dec. 28th Christian Century about my arrest for selling CW's on this corner, greet us and often buy extra papers to give to friends.

Francisco

In September Francisco had visited our office, bought my book, and visited with Patricia. He had heard about us through the Quakers and was on the way to the up-state Bruderhof at Rifton, preparatory to going to the Bruderhof in Paraguay. He was nine years of age when the Franco rebellion sought to overturn the government of Spain. Not a conscious anarchist with a capital "A," but anarchistic as Spaniards tend to be, he was however a pacifist inasmuch as he wanted nothing to do with war. So rather than do time in the Spanish Navy he jumped ship and entered this country illegally. He attended William and Mary College, went back to Paris on a scholarship to school, and stowed away again and came here to Northwestern University. He had notified the Immigration authorities that he was entering illegally. Later he was put on parole and at the end of this parole which was due in a few weeks he was granted voluntary departure from the U.S.A. instead of going back to Franco Spain and imprisonment or worse for his refusal to be a part of the Franco terror.

Now with his contact with the CW absolutist position (see CW Positions, Sept. 1954) and selling the CW's daily with us he felt the need to take a definite stand about parole from a government when he did not believe in governments. Accordingly he went to Peter Maurin Farm and fasted, prayed, and was silent for three days and came back with letters to the Spanish Consulate and the Immigration authorities renouncing his citizenship in Spain and saying that he was willing to take the consequences, in Spain or any other country, of his obligation to

(Continued on page 7)



NCCW BEGS SHOES FOR THE POOR

WASHINGTON — (NC) — The new president of the National Council of Catholic Women has asked that children share in the council's annual appeal for shoes for the storerooms of the Holy Father.

People having good rubber-soled sneakers, or good shoes for children elsewhere, she said, should send them to the warehouse of War Relief Services — National Catholic Welfare Conference in New York.

Funds for shoes for Korea — as well as elsewhere, which according to Mrs. Desch can be bought for \$2.50 a pair — should be sent to NCCW headquarters, 1312 Massachusetts ave., N. W. Washington, 5, D. C. The address for sending actual shoes is War Relief Services Warehouse, Parkway Industrial Center, Bronx-Whitestone Terminal, East Chester Road and Haswell st., Bronx 61, New York.

MARYFARM: A LONG RETREAT

By DEANE M. T. MOWRER

In wintertime, here at Maryfarm, the approach of dawn is announced, long before the rising cowbell, by the clank and clang and plunk attendant on Joe Roach's morning ministry to the monstrous old furnace, that squats like something out of the age of dinosaurs at the laundry-end of the long low cement-floored basement-level kitchen. The fiery maw gapes open, and Joe shoves in the hefty hunks of wood that have been chopped and cut in Maryfarm's own woods by the principal hewers of wood—John Filliger, Michael Fitzgerald, and Jim Canavan. And warmth begins to creep through the huge old pipes into the arctic regions of the upper floors where the women's dormitories and the chapel are situated. There is a stirring about, the sound of coming and going in the kitchen below, and just before seven a second bell warns that Fr. Faley has come in to vest for Mass.

So it is a winter day begins at Maryfarm, with firemaking to warm the body and Mass to warm the soul. And there is each day enough, and sometimes more than enough, of work to do, what with cooking—our family, including "ambassadors" and guests, ranges from eighteen to twenty-five; washing—particularly with no functioning washing machine, as Marian Judge and Rose McDonnell, who came all the way from Minnesota to keep us clean and well-ordered, can testify; cleaning; bread baking—for we bake our daily bread; dishwashing—perhaps the most onerous job of all, requiring a special kind of dedication, as Bill Keene knows well; and all the odd jobs and chores that must be done on every farm, as John Filliger and Joe Cotter and the men who help them know. But there is always time for prayer—prayer at the liturgical times of Mass, of Rosary and Compline, prayer at

the holy hours which many of us keep with Our Lord in chapel, prayer of the hands at work.

Yet winter is a meditative season, too, when the mind broods contemplatively over the events and thoughts and persons of the preceding days and weeks and months, gleaning their essence, questing their place and meaning in God's plan for Maryfarm. There are memories that warm one like a benediction: the sursam corda lift that came to us during the October Friendship House convention at nearby Blessed Martin farm when we were privileged to hear the FH foundress speak from that fervid well of holy fire which is the soul of the Baroness' great apostolate; the visit during that same month of Dorothy Day, our own CW foundress, who came and was with us like a fountain of God's peace and love; the retreat which Fr. Wendell of the Domini-

(Continued on page 7)

CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE AND PENAL REFORM

By ANTHONY ARATARI

The prison riots which have erupted across the country in recent years are without doubt in the nature of SOS signals, cries for help from a pitifully neglected, maltreated section of our people: the men we have penalized for their crimes against society. The attempt nine days ago by four prisoners in the Massachusetts State Prison (the oldest prison in the nation) to bargain with the authorities by holding eleven men at gun-point in a cell-block and threatening to kill them is but the latest disturbance to make such nasty headlines as this one in the New York Mirror: "CONS GIVE UP!" They gave up after exacting from a citizens committee of seven men, which the Warden selected after the rebel prisoners requested an impartial body of outsiders, a promise "to get something so that these convicts will have some hope for the future." Long prison terms which cut off hope of liberation in this life was one of the complaints. The Editor of the Christian Science Monitor, Edwin Can-

ham, a member of the committee, described the first conference as "a most amazing scene." "There were eleven chairs, a table, a pad and a pencil. The prisoners served us cold water and coffee. Then they stated their tragic plea for hope. They admitted they had a debt to society." The authorities, however, made a point of saying that they had made "no concessions."

The discussion on what to do to improve conditions for prisoners really got under way last year. Books were published by reporters on the prison riots, several movies were made in Hollywood, articles were written in newspapers. Governor Meyner of New Jersey made an admirable speech to the New Jersey Judicial Conference on June 9, 1954, expressing strong distaste for prisons, about which, he said, there was "a growing belief that prisons have nothing to do with reformation, but rather than that they breed new crime." He pledged himself to the reform of the existing penal system in his state and affirmed that he was "not so much concerned with

punishment for crime" as "in its prevention."

The discussion is still going on. Over a week ago, the Ford Foundation granted \$200,000 dollars to the American Bar Association, which has created a special committee, to make a comprehensive survey of penal justice in this country with the objective of making "justice more certain." It will not investigate the causes of crime but will deal with the methods of treating it and the survey is expected to take several years. The Committee hopes to improve the existing system, the guiding principle being the traditional concern for the rights of all, society and the individual. And last week Governor Harriman of New York sent a message to the State Legislature recommending a program of action to combat the growing problem of juvenile delinquency and this in terms both of the causes of such crime and its effective punishment. His main desire is to prevent ruined lives so early in life and for probably insufficient, preventable reasons.

There is no doubt much more activity going on in this area than is described here and some of it is undoubtedly quite in advance of general notions, already well in progress and concretely effective, too. Yet most of the action proposed so far, it would seem, is primarily of a sociological nature. For the Christian who would obey

the immemorial injunction "to visit the imprisoned," say, as the Saints did in former times; whose generous impulses would send him out personally to do corporal and spiritual works of mercy, the religious element is conspicuously relegated to a place among a list of possible things which could be used. Indeed, it is sometimes pointedly minimized as a helpful factor in the rehabilitation of criminals. Here are some remarks made by the former head of the psychiatric clinic at Sing Sing, Ralph Banay, in an article entitled "Should Prisons Be Abolished?" in last Sunday's New York Times Magazine (January 30, 1955): "Although every prison offers opportunities for religious worship and many prisoners attend church services regularly, prison is barren ground for the flowering of religious impulses. Most prisoners lack the necessary emotional depth and moral values. It is usually under the whiplash of fear or panic (in the death cell, for example) that a prisoner clutches at the hope that religion offers him."

This judgment on the value of religion in reforming criminals betrays a serious lack of knowledge of the psychology of sin; for all crime is sin, as we Christians know it from the reading of Sacred Scripture, especially the Book of Genesis. Though his field is psychology, the man would seem to know little about the human psyche expressing itself in shame and feelings of guilt, in desires to somehow undo what has been done or to atone. In the end, the stories of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel tell us that man is profoundly put together. The Fall occurs in the human soul itself. Given the fact of sin, which is a falling, shame and guilt feelings are the necessary, structural result in the mechanism of the human soul as fashioned by a providential, all-seeing Creator. Such feelings are not only a testimony to a fall but also testify to that something, even though the mind can not define it, from which it has fallen. The essential thing is that it remembers that it fell from something and the memory of that something is, so to speak, the seed for which shame and guilt are the soil. These feelings are not elements that can be looked for or not looked for: they may be buried, they may have died as potential moral fault and hardened into corroding con-

(Continued on page 4)



Peter Maurin Farm

By H. YAMAMOTO

Feast of the Purification

Swirling, swirling snow this morning, and how chaste and pure and white Peter Maurin. Farm looks—the ragged edges are all covered over. The branches of the splendid fir in front are wearing snow, its trunk is banked with snow. Down by the chickens and rabbits, there are drifts already over a foot deep. The goats will have to stay inside the barn again, but there is plenty of food for them, the corn, oats and hay which were originally intended for the

cow. Shoeprints—to and from the mailbox, the chapel, the barn—are quickly blurred by blown and falling snow. Yesterday's wash, still half-frozen on the line, is coated with snow. The winter pond, below the pump, where the children of the neighborhood have been gathering with their skates and sleds for the past several weeks, is now one with the immaculate fields. This is, I think, the fifth substantial snowfall of the winter, and the heaviest so far. It looks as though it will keep up throughout the day.

We began the day with Prime in the house. Fr. Duffy said Mass at eight o'clock, and the Epistle, from Malachias, was particularly lyrical: "... Behold he cometh, saith the Lord of Hosts; and who shall be able to think of the day of His coming? and who shall stand to see Him? for He is like a refining fire, and like the fuller's herb; and He shall sit refining and cleansing the silver, and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and shall refine them as gold, and as silver..."

Francisco, who comes out from Chrystie Street each week to help Lee make bread, was up at six o'clock to get the bakery going. He has with him, as always, his favorite book, the Bhagavad-Gita,

(Continued on page 4)

Clothing the Poor

By ANNABELL LUND

The women's Clothes-Room here at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, also "The Catholic Worker", is still operating thank God and thanks to your charity and sacrifices. Familiar people together with new people who come seeking clothes, allow for few idle moments. Here as in so many other places, one sees the truth of Christ's words, "The poor you have always with you." It is just impossible to get any idea of the great number of needy right here in the city of New York. They are everywhere and one seemingly more needy than the other.

The response you made to our appeal for women's clothes was very generous. I would like to apologize for taking so long to tell you. The large size dresses and other garments were many and were received with delight by women who before that had usually met with a disappointment. The many under-clothes you sent were like a blessing. There was many a grateful heart and I am confident you have been remembered in many prayers. When women tell me how much they appreciate what they receive, I try to impress on them the fact that if good people did not provide the clothes, we would not have them to give. You have proved your love for the poor, may God bless and reward you has been my poor but sincere prayer.

In this work one experiences and sees so much. Dealing with the children is a pleasant experience except when one or two of the little ones try to ransack the room. Then, I must admit, my patience is really put to the test. Two items of clothing that attract the children are gloves and pajamas. The little girls will often ask if I have gloves. During the process of showing a mother the clothes, the children's faces will beam with delight when they spy pajamas. I wonder why.

One day a woman with two small children came for clothes. I showed her the clothes on hand and she took what she thought suitable. One of the children, a girl of about three years, looked at me with a hurt expression on her little face and spoke in Spanish to her mother. When I inquired what was wrong the mother told me she felt bad because her sister had received a dress and she had not. Since there were no clothes to fit her, there was little I could do to remedy the hurt. Happenings like this are sad.

One unpleasant part of the work is not being able to help those in need. When this happens there is often a sense of helplessness and failure which overpowers one. At a time like that it is consoling and encouraging to remember that it is the intention which counts to God even when one is a failure.

Now the cold weather is here and with it has come much need for warm clothing, which we did not have much of, not that you did not try to provide. Last Summer we received much heavy clothing. However, because of the fire we had two years ago, we are afraid to store too much in the basement. So a great amount of the said clothing was given to a priest for the needs of other countries. Now we appeal to your generosity once again. Very often lately, women seeking warm clothes had to be turned away, because there was nothing to give them. Just this morning a woman came who has been wearing the same dress for two weeks. There has been nothing here to fit her. Over-shoes are also badly needed.

ONE ON THE SIDE OF GOD IS A MAJORITY

By AMMON HENNACY

War is not a "political error." It is "moral guilt" on the part of a ruler! This thought from the Pope's Christmas Message was one of the 30 posters which we of the CW, along with Peacemakers, War Resister's League, and Philadelphia Fellowship of Reconciliation carried as we picketed the Whitehouse Jan. 29th, in protest against President Eisenhower's blank check for all out war.

Praise to Congressman Siler and to Senator Langer, Morse and Lehman for not following the yes attitude common to those despotic countries where no one dares oppose the ruler. Praise also to General MacArthur who asks in his speech to the American Legion in Los Angeles, remembering perhaps that World War I did not "end war," nor World War II, make the world safe for democracy," said:

"Must we fight again before we learn? . . . If you lose, you are annihilated. If you win, you stand only to lose."

Whether this is the old army game of creating a scare of foreign war to build up Universal Military Training at home cannot be proven. MacArthur who has been a leader for a score of years should know when he says,

"The leaders are the laggards. The disease of power seems to confuse and befuddle them . . . but never in the chancelleries of the world or the halls of the United Nations is the real problem raised. Never do they dare to state the bald truth, that the next great advance in the evolution of civilization cannot take place until war is abolished . . . They increase preparedness by alliances, by distributing resources throughout the world, by feverish activity in developing new and deadlier weapons, by applying conscription in time of peace — all of which is instantly matched by the prospective opponent . . . Actually the truth is that the relative strengths of the two change little with the years."

Spoken like a true pacifist and anarchist!

The General continues:

"Must we live for generations under the killing punishment of accelerating preparedness without an announced final purpose, or, as an alternative, 'suicide war; and trifle in the meanwhile with corollary and indeterminate theses — such as limitation of armament, restriction on the use of nuclear power, adoption of new legal standards as propounded at Nuremberg — all of which are but palliatives and all of which in varying form have been tried in the past with negligible results?"

The President and the members of Congress all have consciences but they believe in what Pope Pius XII calls,

"The current political practice, while dreading war as the greatest of all catastrophes, at the same time puts all its trust in war, as if it were the only expedient for subsistence and the only means of regulating international relations."

They believe in achieving good by evil means. And it seems that the great bulk of the people share that hallucination.

What then can be done? The message was given to us 2000 years ago! "Thou shalt not kill." "Love your enemy." "Return good for evil." St. Francis of Assisi visited the Sultan, and started his Third Order, members of which could not be soldiers. Gandhi gained the freedom of India by this same pacifist method. Individuals who accept violence as a necessary method of overcoming evil will have to act according to that method. Nations which accept war, diplomacy and intrigue will have to fall by that same method. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Before a nation can practice Christianity the individuals who compose that nation must be Christians.

Therefore our message to the President and Congress and to the American people is one of warning that the continued production of atomic bombs can only lead to our destruction. That the continued reliance upon war and the deceit which goes with war will bring the spiritual and material destruction of our country.

We do not call upon all others to be as absolutist as we are, but we do say that inasmuch as each one can do so he should disassociate himself from the war system. We would advocate for those who can do so to refuse to register for the draft or conscription or military training and cheerfully take the alternative punishment. To refuse to pay income taxes for war; to refuse to make munitions for war, and to refuse to buy war bonds. Then, as the Holy Father has advised, we should pray for peace, knowing that one on the side of God is a majority.

Speakers at St. Joseph's House
223 Chrystie St. (8:15 PM)

Feb. 4. Frank Sheed, "Teaching Christianity on the street corners"

Feb. 11. Francis Porret & Louis Ballande, "Little Brothers of the Poor in France"

Feb. 18. Maise Ward, "Approach to the Gospels"

Feb. 25. Reverend Male of "Practical Christianity in the Near East"

Mar. 4. Reverend James McCoy, S.J., "Freedom in Christian Thought"

Mar. 11. Janet Calvin, "The Graft Movement"

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

(there is a very large Indian population) and Fr. Gilligan of St. Thomas' college heads the committee and introduces the reports. Sister Mary Edward gave me her copies to read.

After lunch we set out to visit the church of our Lady of Guadalupe in the Mexican section in South St. Paul, in a section where the river is apt to overflow its banks. I noticed as I drove past several synagogues that it was also a Jewish quarter too. The homes were very poor though there was an attempt to keep up many of them, and Mary Lou pointed out one house where the Mexicans had to pay as much as \$65 rent for two rooms. How the poor are exploited, and with what patience and tenacity they hang on, working in the canneries and the fields, sticking it out in this so cold climate compared to Texas and Mexico, in order to have the greater education and job opportunities of the north.

There is a poor little church down in that section, a frame building and painted a bright swampy green. It was light and warm inside and had the feeling of a much loved place. There was a shrine to our Lady of Guadalupe and no matter how garish the decorations, this presentation of our Lady is always of unutterable beauty. She is the patroness of the Americas and I love to visit her shrines, and make special requests there. They are usually in the neighborhoods of the poor.

What was my joy to find that this was a place where a miracle had taken place back in 1944 when a woman on her way to Rochester clinic had been instantly healed of kidney stones and dropsy by her prayers. Mrs. Mayme Nels Sjöstrom of Stephen, Minn., was the name of the woman and her letter was nailed up in back of the church. On her way to Rochester to have an emergency operation she said to those who were driving her, "I would like to drive through a part of the town where poor people live." In passing the church she got out and went in for a visit and on praying at the shrine was immediately healed. "Now I want to lead a model life," she wrote, "and I go every day to Holy Communion and my husband goes with me."

Maryhouse

This is my last day at Maryhouse where I have been writing for the past month, going out from here to speak to groups around the twin cities. What to say about this little oasis of peace. I notice Tom Sullivan calls Chrystie street an oasis of chaos in his last column, but I am sure our fellow workers both men and women in St. Joseph's house do not feel that way. He says it to tease Veronica and me and the rest of us women who do indeed think of these centers, houses of hospitality and farms, as oases of peace.

Maryhouse, Minnesota, is not directly associated with the Catholic Worker but is a companion work, another one of those small groups scattered around the country and doing the work of the apostolate. Two of the members are at present carrying the burden for us at Maryfarm, Newburgh, taking charge of the retreat house there, which means that they cook, wash, mend, serve others in every way they can. Two are in training, taking a practical nurses' course at Red Wing, Minn., one works in a parish, and several are here, one of them teaching school, the other in an office. A few take paid work, to keep the home fires burning and the others give their services. What a need there are for such centers all through the country.

I was thinking while I visited the Mexican section yesterday how good it would be for an apostolic family to be living out there in the midst whose house would be open to the children of the neighborhood, and where there would be family prayer and reading and observation of Sundays and of seasons and feasts and where each could learn from the other, and

that mutual aid which is the most personal and direct charity in the true sense of the word *caritas*. I thought of the Paul Moore family in Jersey City, where this Anglican priest and his wife and children live in a colored section and have their doors open always to all the young folk of the neighborhood. Where love is, there God is. These are those immediate and personal works that Pope Pius XII calls for in his 1952 Christmas message. If we are children of the church, how we should pore over these, study them, read them over and over, as letters from a dear father.

But I started to describe Maryhouse. When the girls began in 1944, they started with a retreat at St. Anthony's, Oakmount, which was where we met them. When they returned home, they pooled their resources and their savings, bought a little house in a poor section and began to work among the Negroes of Minneapolis, helping Fr. Hirmann and performing the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. It is interesting to note that Dorothy McMahon who taught the colored children catechism used the same Mother Bolton Method in teaching some neighbors of ours at Newburgh, and also Sally Appleton, a Vassar graduate who was working with us that winter. Sally was Baptized by Fr. Lynch who in turn sent her out to teach one of his converts, a mother with young children.

Fr. Durand is pastor at Little Canada and he has a Parish with a fine school with a bowling alley and skating rink in the basement.



He has a credit Union which has out at present eleven real estate loans and 119 personal loans. There are 323 shareholders. Loans are cancelled in case of death or disabling illness of the borrower, thanks to insurance coverage. There is one paid secretary, interest is 5 percent (which is too much), but loans are made on character not collateral. There are many of these small credit unions in Parishes, 821 now, banks are beginning to get worried and want them taxed. Non-Catholic credit unions number 49,880 in the western Hemisphere, according to the register, with 9,000,000 members. This is the way to get out of the clutch of the loan sharks with their usurious charges, and this is one of the little ways to rebuild society within the shell of the old. Fr. Leo Ward at Notre Dame has written many books about credit unions and cooperatives.

Orin Doty

At one of the meetings this month I met Orin Doty, one of four brothers from Bruno, Minn., who served two years at Ashland, Kentucky, and Springfield, Md., Federal prisons for not registering for the draft. After they were released in June, 1952, they were automatically registered by the prison authorities, without their consent and receiving their draft calls which they disregarded, they were once again arrested, tried, and sentenced to two years. This was appealed, but the sentence stands, and within the month they may have to go back to prison. Orin is 26 and his brothers are 24, 25 and 27. What courage and what devotion to principle! When Orin was in Ashland, Ky., he shared a dormitory with 100 other prisoners, mostly moonshiners, though there were a few other political prison-

ers. Dashiell Hammett and Fred Vanderbilt Field were there on contempt charges because as members of the America Civil Rights Congress they would not give the names of fellow members.

In prison Orin said he read the Catholic Worker and so got acquainted with us. The father of the Doty brothers served time himself during the first World War.

I had lunch with Grace Carlson, who has also served a jail sentence at the woman's Federal Prison in West Virginia, as a result of the Smith Act during the war. Her activities were in the trade union field and in the Trotskyite faction of the Communist party. Now that she has returned to her faith, she is one of the rare exceptions, like Douglas Hyde in England, who is not acting the part of a stool pigeon, putting the finger on former associates. She believes with us that the positive work of aiding the worker, and helping the poor is the way to combat communism. I got to know her better on this trip and admire her immensely. She told me some of her jail experiences and I am hoping we can run some of her story later in the paper. She is a strong, happy person with a keen mind and brave heart.

My month in St. Paul has been a very busy one visiting the sick. Fr. Judge and Fr. Egan, both of whom were seriously ill, took up some of the days, then there were meetings at St. Mary's Hospital with the nuns and with the nurses. It was good to meet Sister Eugene Marie who is one of fifteen children raised on a ninety acre Minnesota Farm. There are many valiant women in this order of St. Joseph. Another one is Sister Anne Marie who has a home for exceptional children although she is crippled and has to work from a wheel chair.

Other meetings were at Allen Tate's, the Visitation nuns, Univ. of Minn. Philosophy Department, at Bob Christiansen's, Univ. of Minn. Ag. Newman Club.

Rural Parishes

For the last week it has been my great joy to visit several rural parishes in Minnesota, North Dakota and now Montana. I was driven by two Buffalo, N.Y. priests, students at St. John's, together with a sculptor, Joe O'Connor who teaches at St. John's and his wife and baby, to Fr. Fehrenbacher's parish which is in a tiny town in central Minnesota. There we had a meeting in the evening and cake and coffee later and just as the meeting was breaking up Frank Kismarcik, former head of the art department at St. John's and Bob Rambush of New York drove up to spend the night. What with three unexpected guests, Fr. Fehrenbacher had to put on one of them on the floor. It was good to wake up in the morning to look out at a far reaching expanse of snow, the few little houses around the rectory by no means shutting off the horizon. A few dogs scampered in the snow and the snow was crunching under foot. It never melts out here, once the winter sets in.

Bob had just flown from New York and brought me news from Chrystie street. He had just made a move to an old house on Fourth Street and the Bowery, and Tom Sullivan threatened to make it an annex to our house of hospitality. But he does not frighten Bob who has always been quite at home with us, serving the line as he has in the past, since his marriage, making his home also an open house.

I took the bus at Sauk Center which was Sinclair Lewis' Main Street. It was ten miles from Brooton, Fr. Fehrenbacher's town. His parish covers other missions around. The bus was one of those new double decker affairs and very comfortable riding, though overheated. It was so crowded with men in uniform that only the rear seat was empty, and one sprawling young man took up two thirds of that. A stout woman from Valley City, Montana shared the rest of it with me and after a nine to four thirty drive to Jamestown, North Dakota it was good to get out and stretch. Fr. Hovda met me there;

(Continued on page 6)

Penal Reform

(Continued from page 3)

tempt, but some attempt has to be made to reach them.

Scripture, though, does more than teach us psychology: it obliges us concerning sinners, criminals. In the Old Testament, we read of how God was angry with Kings and punished them with physical evil for having forgotten to care for the widow and orphan and to let the prisoner go free. The failure of Christians to translate their knowledge of the human soul in concrete terms, sociological terms as regards criminals and the making of them has made us strangers in a work where we morally rightfully belong before anyone else, including the state. We Christians have by no means exhausted Scripture regarding God and crime, Christ and the criminal: we should be leading now in the debate that is taking place on penal reform.

Lest, however, we Christians be accused of a romantic recourse to dramatic, biblical stories of repentant sinners or of appealing to an authority which arbitrarily claims to have all the answers or some such thing, it would be to the point to consider for a few moments the celebrated case of John Francis Roche; he confessed last year to murdering four persons, one of them a fourteen-year old girl whom he had raped.



The New York Journal-American, whose pages day after day are choked with sordid accounts of vice and murder and hatred for national enemies, in an editorial called him "vile" and wanted no "pampering justice that makes a mockery of both the word and the function." The New York Post, itself an interesting case of schizophrenia with its front pages shrieking with sex crimes and its editorials self-righteously demanding honesty in government, described him from different angles in several articles as if it could not make up its mind: "A Portrait Etched in Horror: the Two Faces of John Roche," "In the Wake of the Killer . . . and 'Why Did He Kill?'" One of the articles quoted Doctor Bernard Glueck, prison psychiatrist at Sing Sing: "What makes him so unusual is his total distortion of reality. His wide choice of objects is so rare—a fourteen-year old girl and an eighty-five year old woman. I suspect he's a schizophrenic." Yet psychiatrists "found that he had spent nearly ten of his twenty-seven years behind bars in six different penal institutions!"

No one in his right mind would argue that Roche was not degenerate, that he should not have been caught and placed under guard, but when that has been done, what then? This neurotic, psychotic, compulsive, hit-and-run killer looks too much like the product of our contemporary disordered, distorted, diseased imagination, fed as it has been for some thirty years with every kind of violence in movies, books and the daily press; thrown at us by persons who abuse freedom also but go unchecked. It is a proverb in a certain school of criminology that "Societies get the criminals

they deserve." The findings of psychology and sociology prove that up to a point this truth is undeniable, and it is cowardly and hypocritical for society to refuse in the name of justice to assess any blame it could have in the terrible pressures that might have pushed the criminal and torn him apart and then inflict punishment. Our common exposure because of Original Sin to particular sin and error demands in charity that we explore every possibility where mercy might enter—is not God's mercy an indivisible part of the knowledge He has of everything?

When Roche was brought to trial, the public mind was already made up. Capital Punishment was asked for and obtained and carried out. Yet one read in the newspapers that Roche during the trial did not appear interested in defending himself, that he acted as if he wanted to die. The lawyers went about their business with little help from him. The desire to die, certainly, indicates that he had some kind of remorse. Publicly, that remorse was not appealed to nor did society's officers seem interested in utilizing any moral feelings he might have—crudely put, they were out to get him. But the dumbly remorseful criminal could so easily have become the grieving, penitent soul.

This writer feels that his death in the chair only added another body to the list of four. To say, as some Christians would say, that God demands that penalty for murder is to forget what He did to the first murderer, Cain, and how he treated David who had the husband of Bathsheba murdered because he coveted her beauty for himself. To impose the death penalty today seems more than ever an arrogant attempt on the part of society to inflict a final punishment, which is the prerogative of God alone. As Vladimir Solovyev, the Russian philosopher, said: what increases in history is not the number of good persons—that may or may not occur—what increases is what is morally binding. Our pity has grown and has to grow because our knowledge of the finiteness of the human psyche is spelled out in increased knowledge of its parts and its vulnerability. What is awesome is the fact that God has already anticipated such knowledge, beginning in the Book of Genesis, not to speak of the riches of Christ, whose main purpose, in coming, as He said, was to seek out the lost sheep which had gone astray.

God would seem to have also provided us with a Pope, Pius XII, whose intelligence and sympathies are equal to the range and complexity of problems that have arisen in our times, for Pius XII has anticipated, at least, as far as Catholics are concerned, this whole discussion on penal reform. In two addresses on the subject of Penal Law, he has with his customary minute sensibility laid down norms and opened up possibilities. The first address was given in October of 1953, and the second, due to his illness, which prevented him from delivering it, was released in December of last year in an incomplete state. The second address is the more exhaustive of the two and is a two-part discussion of guilt and punishment. A third part "on the liberation from the state of guilt and punishment" is expected in the future, God willing.

It is this writer's hope that our Bishops will take the lead in the discussion now going on regarding penal reform. They have the moral prestige and the position of leadership which could effectively knock on prison doors, which are closed to any of us who would like to help. Deprived of the effective power to translate our desires to help the prisoner, the only means we have left is prayer. By prayer, the first Christians obtained the release of Saint Peter from prison in a miraculous manner.

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

for my sake."
The banker says:
"The dollar you have
is the dollar
you lend me
for your sake."
Christ says:
"You cannot
serve two masters,
God and Mammon."
"You cannot,
and all our education
is to try to find out
how we can
serve two masters,
God and Mammon,"
says Robert Louis Stevenson.

CATHOLIC ACTION OUR BUSINESS

Catholic bourgeois
used to tell the clergy
"Mind your own business
and don't butt in
on our business."
Catholic bourgeois
by keeping up
with non-Catholic bourgeois
have made a mess
of their own business.
And now the Holy Father
tells Catholic bourgeois
"The Bishop's business
is your business."

THE BISHOP'S VOICE

The Bishop's business
is to teach
the Christian Doctrine.
The Holy Father
appoints a Bishop
to a seat (a cathedral)
so people may hear the
truth
that will set them free.
Clergy, teachers, journalists
are the amplifiers
of the Bishop's voice.
Fathers and mothers
must also be
the Bishop's voice.
Bishop O'Hara
is fostering the teaching
of Christian Doctrine
by fathers and mothers.
Everything connected
with the teaching
of Christian Doctrine
can be called
Catholic Action No. 1.

WORKS OF MERCY

But the Bishop,
although he is a Bishop,
cannot teach
an empty stomach.
Some people
are Bishop-shy
because they are hungry,
shivering or sleepy.
So the Bishop
asks the faithful
to feed the hungry,
clothe the naked,
shelter the homeless
at a sacrifice.
Feeding the hungry,
clothing the naked,
sheltering the homeless
at a sacrifice
was the daily practice
of the first Christians.
The daily practices
of the Works of Mercy
is what we can call
Catholic Action No. 2.

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION

We are asked
by the Holy Father
to reconstruct
the social order.
Reconstructing the social order
means the creation
of a Catholic society
within the shell
of a non-Catholic society
with the philosophy
of a Catholic society.
Catholic bourgeois
made the mistake
of trying to keep up
with non-Catholic bourgeois.
Catholic reconstructors
must create
a Catholic technique
in harmony
with Catholic thought
Social reconstruction
by Catholic laymen and women
is what we can call
Catholic Action No. 3.

THREE KINDS

Catholic Action No. 1,
or the teaching
of Christian Doctrine,
must be carried out
with the Bishop's supervision.
Catholic Action No. 2,
or the daily practice
of the Works of Mercy,
can be carried out
with or without
the Bishop's supervision.
Catholic Action No. 3,
or the reconstruction
of the social order,
through the foundation
of new Catholic institutions,
must be left
to the initiative
of Catholic men and women.
The function of the Bishops
is to be
not directors
but moderators.
Political action
is not to be considered
as Catholic Action.

THE ROAD TO COMMUNISM

PARAGUAY REDUCTIONS

In a book entitled
"The Magic Mountain"
Thomas Mann has a character
who has become a Jesuit
after having been a Marxist.
As a Jesuit
he could understand Communism
much better
than he could understand it
as a Marxist.
In Paraguay
the Jesuits established
a Communist society.
Part of the land
was held individually.
The other part,
known as God's land,
was cultivated in common.
The produce was used
for the maintenance
of the aged,
the infirm
and the young.

PROUDHON AND MARX

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

By PETER MAURIN
(Reprint)

Crime and Punishment

Punishment properly so-
called cannot therefore have
any other meaning and pur-
pose than that just men-
tioned, to bring back again
into the order of duty the viola-
tor of the law, who had with-
drawn from it. This order of
duty is necessarily an expression
of the order of being, of the
order of the true and the good,
which alone has the right of
existence, in opposition to error
and evil, which represent that
which should not exist. . . . The
simplification of the norms of
law, the prominence given not
only to strict formal law but
also to equity and spontaneous
good judgment, the better adap-
tation of penal law to popular
sentiment—are not, we say,
vulnerable to objection. The
difficulty would arise not so
much on the theoretical side as
from the form of its realization,
which on the one hand should
preserve the guarantees of the
existing order and, on the
other hand, take into account
the new needs and reasonable
desires of reform.

PIUS XII

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

the New Testament, and the Gos-
pel of Ramakrishna, in one volume,
which he had bound together in
Chicago when he decided that
these books were the ones which
held the most meaning for him.
It is said that St. Therese of Lis-
ieux confined herself to the Scrip-
tures and The Imitation of Christ.
But most of us here are not so in-
tent on a single track. We do a
great deal of reading here, espe-
cially these days when we are re-
stricted to inside activity, and our
tastes are catholic, including every-
thing from the Daily News to Life
of Spirit. Our books are just as
varied. Sometimes, when Fr.
Duffy is away for the week, Stan-
ley B. walks (through wind and
rain and snow, even when he is on
a long fast from food or sleep) the
five or six miles to and from Mass
at Our Lady Star of the Sea in
Huguenot, and he brings back old
copies of Life which people have
thrown out for the trash collector.
These we pounce on.

There is a vast amount of con-
versation, too. We have discussed,
ruefully, John Stanley's "Obituary
for Distributism" which appeared
in The Commonweal; we talk
about ourselves, we talk about each
other. For the rest, we play
bridge and checkers. Leonard has
made a new kind of mousetrap out
of a frozen orange juice tin, which
has caught several mice.

Our share of illness stays with
us. Agnes seems a bit better but
Howard is abed with a leg ailment
and Willard's cold persists. Paul
is always missing school because
of one cold or another, driving Si
wild. Tamar, who is expecting her
seventh child in March, has been
in bed with a severe cold, so both
Peggy and Beth have gone over to
help. Beth and Fred have also
gone over to help the Chad Smith
family, who are now out of Brook-
lyn and at home in West New
Brighton here on the island. Fred
is a newcomer to the family, a sea-
man and a friend of Tony's.

A tall, tall girl, name of
Maureen, has also come to be with
us for awhile. And we have had
an assortment of visitors, includ-
ing Kay Wall, who has given us
another car which actually seems
to run; her sister, Ann Wall; Betty
Lou Geenty and Eleanor Corrigan,
who brought with them another
Betty Lou, fresh from foreign
service in Iran; a bemused gentle-
man, describing himself as a "secu-
rity agent," who admired the work
and who offered his aid if we
should ever get in trouble with
other agents; Hans Tunnesen and
Ernest Lindgren from St. Joseph's
Farm in Cape May, N.J.; Helen
Caldwell Day, who was in town for
her brother's wedding, with son
Butchie and mother, Mrs. Garrett;
Bill Ekgren, an artist from Sweden;
Pat Rusk and Francisco, who
brought out six Puerto Rican chil-
dren for a day in the country; also,
Mrs. Anne-Marie Stokes, Bill Mc-
Andrew, Mrs. Callanan and friend,
Mrs. Sylvester, Jo-Ellen, and al-
most nightly, Mr. Healey. We
missed Bill McDonough, of Boston,
who did not pay his monthly call.

Well, that about sums up the
month, except that we could use
some lumberjacks. The remains
of the woodpile are a distressing
sight. It was such a huge, reas-
suring bulk when Tony first piled
it neatly together. Mike, who had
done most of the sawing and
chopping, thought it would last
several winters. But already Ann,
Lee and Stanley B. have had to go
down to the woods to drag back
more logs, and spring will be some
time in coming. We also depend
on coal and kerosene for heat, as
well as bottled gas for part of the
cooking, all of which must be paid
for with money. But somehow, St.
Joseph provides, as he has done for
the past six years, and somehow,
thanks to you, we do endure. We
beg your continued prayers.

+ BOOK REVIEW +

HELEN C. DAY

"NOT WITHOUT TEARS" by
Helen Caldwell Day; (Sheed &
Ward.) \$3.50.

"For I was hungry, and you
gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and
you gave me to drink; I was a
stranger, and you took me in;
naked, and you covered me; sick,
and you visited me; I was in prison,
and you came to me."

What does it mean to give Christ
to eat; to give Him to drink; to
take Him in, a stranger; to clothe
Him; to minister unto Him in sick-
ness or in prison? Much has been
written on what it means to see
Christ in others, to have compas-
sion on the suffering members of
His Mystical Body, who are truly
bone of His bone, life of His life
in a real, if mysterious, sense of
the words. Less has been written
on what it means in one's own soul
to feed the mystical Christ, to
alleviate His various other suffer-
ings; and it is from this point of
view that Helen Caldwell Day's
book has the most value for this
reviewer. It is a beautiful and in-
spiring thing to see the growth of
Divine Love in a soul, and to see
the outpouring of that Love
through the works of mercy. For
NOT WITHOUT TEARS is a book
concerning the works of mercy
among the Negro poor in a south-
ern city. An account of the estab-
lishment of a house of hospitality,
which was primarily a day nursery
and which later grew into a shelter
for expectant mothers, it includes
all the heartaches and joys that go
into the planning and realization
of such a work. Many details are
given; and for those who are won-
dering how to go about beginning
"something in Catholic action,"
there is much practical help in
seeing how the interracial study
group in Memphis began, first with
meetings and discussions, and
then later developed into the foun-
dation of the Blessed Martin House
of Hospitality.

Those who are struggling to
throw off their own racial preju-
dice will find most enlightening

and helpful the discussions that
bring to the surface the points of
view of both white and colored;
for there is prejudice on both
sides, and Helen Day sees very
clearly that there has to be mutual
growth in love and forbearance,
which will gradually break down
the wall that now separates the two
races. Helen Day relates with equal
simplicity, as well as her own per-
sonal problems and her struggles
to rise above them. With true
humility she exposes her pride and
rebellion, but, as He has often done
before, God uses imperfections to
bring about His own designs. In
the case of Helen Day, those de-
signs include a house of hospitality
through whose ministrations to the
suffering Mystical Christ, His own
sweet charity is gradually pushing
out the pride and rebellion, but
"not without tears."

Read this little book, not from
a consideration of its literary
merits or even from the standpoint
of what is being done today in one
corner of the lay apostolate, im-
portant though this latter certainly
is; but read it with great joy in
meeting a soul who had fallen in
love with the Christ whom she sees
in her brethren, disguised though
He may be in rage, in filth, even in
vice. It is given to very few to
understand the reality of the doc-
trine of the Mystical Body; to even
fewer to act upon that understand-
ing. It is comforting to know that
one whose eyes are on the spiritual
heights can keep them there dur-
ing her interior battle that exposes
to herself all the misery of a son of
Adam. Helen Day does not lower
her ideals when the going gets
rough, or talk in terms of a mod-
ified spirituality more "suited" to
work in the world. Her courage is
admirable, her example inspiring.
May she continue to be fed by the
Hungry, given to drink by the
Thirsty, sheltered by the Home-
less, clothed by the Naked, cured
by the Sick, and, finally, liberated
by Him whom she visits in the
prison of her soul.

By A.K.C.

ABBE PIERRE

Abbe Pierre and the Ragpickers of
Emmaus, by Boris Simon. Trans-
lated by Lucie Noel. P. J. Ken-
nedy, \$3.75. Reviewed by Beth
Rogers.

In recent years France has pro-
duced some of the most interesting
and promising social developments
—witness the worker priests, the
Little Brothers of Jesus, the Com-
munities of Work. One of the most
remarkable was little known until
a year ago—the community of
men, most of them derelicts,
known as the Companions of Em-
maus. They are led by the Abbe
Pierre (Henri Groues), a Capuchin
priest, who can certainly be rank-
ed with Canon Cardijn, Father
Jimmy Tompkins, and all the val-
iant priests who are close to the
people and their distress, and who
have the genius to find solutions.

A year ago the Abbe made a
radio broadcast in which he called
on the people of Paris to come to
the aid of the homeless; in the
coldest winter in many years, men
and women were freezing to death
in the streets. The response was
overwhelming, from the city and
from individuals. More than ten
thousand people were given shel-
ter, clothing and blankets came in
by the ton.

The broadcast made Abbe Pierre
famous. But for seven years he and
his group had been living in priva-
tion to help these same homeless.

Emmaus came about almost by
chance. Abbe Pierre himself says,
"The whole thing started because
the house was too big." His inten-
tion had been to establish a rest
and recreation center for youth

groups and workers' meetings.
But soon the homeless men began
to come; an ex-convict, a tramp, a
former prize fighter. They began
to live and work together, and they
have grown into a true community.

The real work began when the
families came for help; families
evicted, families that could no
longer bear living nine, ten, twelve
to a room. The Abbe bought a
large plot of ground not far from
Emmaus and sheltered them in
tents and abandoned buses while
the Companions began building
houses for them.

Time after time, Emmaus nearly
disbanded for lack of funds. One
agonizing night the Abbe went
begging on the streets and in cafes.
Another time, he was persuaded to
go on a radio quiz program, and
came away with both money and
fame. And then, just as the lowest
point, financially, was reached, one
of the Companions, a former rag-
picker, told the Abbe of the money
to be had from rubbish heaps. So
the group became ragpickers, and
later graduated into the junk busi-
ness. Now their pickup truck goes
all over Paris collecting the odd-
ments people find in their attics
and cellars, and the community is
on a solid financial basis at last.

The book is the story not only
of the Abbe and of the work, but
of each of the Companions. M.
Simon tells it primarily in sketches
of the men who make up Emmaus
and of the families who have come
to live at the Emergency City.
Once destitute themselves, they
have rescued other destitute, and
in the process have been restored
to human dignity. The Abbe says,

(Continued on page 8)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 4)

and with Fr. Benson, also from the Fargo Diocese, we went to dinner at the home of a Presbyterian minister who teaches at a local college. His wife is from Connecticut and both are friends of the paper. Their four children are both un-repressed and most well behaved, and although they were not of school age yet, they waited most courteously until all the family had been served before they passed their little plates. It was a good evening of music and conversation and our host talked of legislation and of the Indian in North Dakota. There are 75,000 of them and in most destitute condition. Here again are the poor, and all too little done for them and few interested in them.

The report of the Governor's interracial commission of Minnesota on the Indian is an 80-page report which could be read without profit as dealing with all Indians as a people in this central northwest. Ministers, Priests and Rabbi as well as interested lay people are on this commission, and the students of St. Catherine's helped gather some of the data for other of the booklets, of which there are half a dozen. The one on the Indian was written in 1947, and in the chapter of Indian culture and white civilization, there is this beautiful paragraph entitled **MINE AND THINE**:

"Two other customs, common to many Indian tribes, which were in conflict with the prevailing practice of the white man's culture and which have been influential in the process of acculturation were the Indian's concept of property and the practice of 'give away.' Property was not individualized. Property, whether in the form of land, homes or produce, was not bought or sold. Land was plentiful, homes were easily built or replaced, and food was gathered in abundance. The few more personal belongings of an individual were not reserved or held within a family group, but at the time of death might be buried with the deceased or given away. Throughout the life span of an individual, merit did not accrue to the individual through the acquisition or accumulation of goods; rather, merit was determined through the distribution of wealth."

The pamphlet goes on to tell of the Indians' "traditional concept of cooperative enterprise, his unfamiliarity with a concept of working for wages or individual gain or of receiving money without effort through the disposal of resources. His concept of property, its uses

and values, and his practice of 'giveaway' made his acceptance of and adjustment to the prevailing economic system difficult if not immediately impossible."

Ammon Hennacy has written at length on the Hopi Indians and how they have clung to their traditional way of living, and there are probably other Indian groups throughout the country whose culture is still being preserved. Who knows when atomic warfare may so destroy our civilization (and David Lawrence says in his column from Washington that future conflict which seems so imminent off the China coast will be "unrestricted in weapons") that we may be forced back into communal and cooperative patterns of living.

Berlin, North Dakota

After our dinner, Fr. Hovda drove me out of Jamestown, 10,000 population, south on gravelled roads over rolling country, to his parish which takes in the town of Dickey and Berlin, both of them around 150 population. In either parish he has about thirty families of German-Russian descent. This means that originally German, they were invited by Catherine the Great into Russia, around the Ukraine, to introduce their farming methods among the peasants. Later, due to their desire to escape conscription and constant government taxation, they emigrated to this country. I spoke to these



parishes after the seven-thirty and ten-thirty dialogue masses Sunday morning, and the churches were both full, and all of the parishioners went to communion at the first Mass, not so many at the second. Both parishes took up collections for the Catholic Worker. I spoke in both places for three quarters of an hour, giving a resume of Peter's three points, the paper and clarification of thought; houses of hospitality; and farming communes. One woman came up to me later and pointed out that her people had lived in family community in Russia, even before the Russian revolution, so it was a pattern of life familiar to them. "But if we did it now we would have to learn to get along together," she added. And such a family commune would indeed be a school of sanctity as well as a school for God's service.

There was more time to talk when we had dinner with a farmer and his wife later and we spoke of the depression, dust storms, grasshoppers and cactus, taxes, mortgages, war, peace and the state. We spoke of how the farmer sold his wool for 25 cents a pound and then bought his blankets and clothing at the store for much cash. How he sold his wheat at four dollars and fifty cents for two bushel and then bought it back in bread and cereal, and of inferior grade too, with little nourishment left in it. How he brought his wheat and corn and oats to the big feed dealers and bought it back in feed for his cattle.

The voices of modern business, the cry of the advertisers, in press and radio and now television are

systematically robbing the people of their hard earnings, and big business has become the big lie, so gigantic a lie that it is believed. That is what was said of Hitler—if the lie were shouted brazenly enough, if the great lie stunned with its affrontery, it was believed. Big business and the government, the all-encroaching state is dictating the small farmer, the individual owner out of business, and one sees collective farming, like that of Russia, only here it is for the benefit of the company, the corporation.

"Can one really not listen to the government?" one woman asked me simply.

And her son answered, "If one is willing to forego the 'benefits' and is willing to do without those luxuries which people have come to think are essentials." "He who is a pensioner of the state is a slave of the state" Samuel Johnson once said.

Slaves of the state, slaves of the big corporations. One sees plenty of it on such a trip. The priests are close to the people, one sees the life of worship growing but when it comes to the material needs of the people, whether it be work, community, a cultural life, recreational life, there is much study needed. We are creatures of body as well as soul and the poverty of the city and of the land must be remedied. In the cities one sees destitution and such poverty as that of the Mexicans, huddled in hundreds of shacks around the big sugar refining plant in Billings which I was to see later. Thousands of these Mexicans harvest the sugar beet crop, and many stay and settle in the north and the poverty of their lives here is some indication of the complete destitution they suffered in the past.

Liturgy and sociology go together, and one cannot read an epistle or Gospel telling of the love of brother which is the fulfilling of the law and our first obligation ("owe no man anything save to love one another, for love is the fulfilling of the law") and of the feeding of our enemy as a way to peace, without condemning the economy under which we live, a war economy.

The people respond to truth, and thank God there are such responses to the liturgical movement through the country. The evening masses in such a section as this in North Dakota means that Fr. Hovda's people can have mass on the Feast of Candlemas and St. Blaise and first Friday. There is a certain amount of vernacular in the ritual so that people can "pray with the understanding."

But the Holy Father in his Christmas message has said,

"The possession of truth, if it were to remain closed within themselves, almost as if it were an object of their contemplation for deriving therefrom spiritual pleasure, would not be of service to the cause of peace; the truth must be lived, communicated and applied to all phases of life. Also truth and particularly Christian truth, is a talent that God placed in the hands of his servants in order that, with all that they undertake, it may bear fruit in works for the common good... How many, perhaps even priests and lay Catholics, ought to feel remorse for having instead buried in their own hearts this and other spiritual riches because of their own indolence and insensibility to human misery... nor would those priests and laity fulfill their obligations, were they voluntarily to close their eyes and keep silence concerning the social injustices of which they are witnesses..." In another part of his message the Pope says that whereas in both camps Capitalist and Communist there are those "in whom the imprint of Christ is preserved in more or less active degree," in the one truth is suppressed by the Government and in the other by "excessive timidity" and lack of confidence in themselves, the people and their representatives, should give proof to others of a more firm courage in foiling the maneuvers of the obscure forces which are still trying to

establish power hegemonies, and they should also show more active wisdom in preserving and swelling the ranks of men of good will, especially of believers in God, who everywhere adhere in great numbers to the cause of peace." His several references to those outside the ranks of believers, with whom we are to work, are especially worthy of study and application. It is again then need to study the doctrine of the common good.

My well marked up and underlined copy of the Holy Father's Christmas message has been brought out again and again at meetings, only to find that people, our own Catholic people, have not read it.

Another thing to note: Even in these smallest communities, in places of only a few hundred inhabitants, in a countryside where thirty families make up a parish, the venom of the enemy is spread. And I am not speaking of communism, but of racial hatreds. One large farmer going to Los Angeles for the winter, brings back the poison with him of "hundred percent American" groups who whip up hatred for Jews and for Communism, for any scapegoat that will free them from a sense of their own personal responsibility and guilt.

One of the biggest problems in poverty in North Dakota is the Indian problem and most of the Indians are Catholic according to the pastor of St. James Church in Jamestown. And once again people are seeking for the Federal government to solve their prob-



lems instead of taking the immediate and Christian way of personal responsibility. There is need of an orphanage for Indian Children, is there—need of support from the government? If each family took in orphans there would be no need of the government entering in.

Montana

If I don't cut this short, Tom Sullivan will cut it for me. But a travelogue without these applications would be a mere Baedeker. Here I am now in the Muscleshell Valley in Ryegate, Montana, stopping at the rectory of Fr. James Kittelson, formerly of Denver, and now of the Helena Diocese. He owes his transfer to the fact that he taught catechism as a seminarian and worked among the sugar beet workers in Montana and his bishop kindly turned him over, at his request, to this northern diocese, where he is as happy as a fish in high water, to use an eastern seaboard simile.

Before we came up to Ryegate, Fr. Kittelson drove me through the aforesaid Mexican quarter and showed me the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe where he had been pastor for a year up to last August. In that time, with the help of funds from Extension in Chicago, and his friend William Joseph, sculptor and painter of Denver, Colorado, he turned a former skating rink into one of the loveliest little churches I have ever seen. A painting of St. Joseph on one side of the church matches in color the traditional Virgin of Guadalupe on the other side. The stations of the cross are extraordinarily effective, carved wooden figures, painted, standing starkly against the white wall of the church. The wide, shallow church was bright with sun and cheerful with the noise of two carpenters who were mending and varnishing pews. On Sunday morning there is a mass sung by the congregation, and in the after-

noon at four thirty there is a dialogue mass.

Ryegate

We drove the sixty miles up from Billings to Ryegate, through a long valley where strip farming of wheat made the land a vast checkerboard in spots and like roman stripes in others. For miles around on either side of the road are these fields of wheat, and in some places one could see the winter wheat coming through the brown soil. The long untilled strips of stubble were yellow. On the horizon the rim rock was topped with pines. The ground was rolling and although there was a good highway to Ryegate, we took the back gravel roads to see more of Fr. Kittelson's parish which is much larger than the state of Rhode Island and yet has a population of only 70 families. His people are also German Russians, and many of them have as much as four sections of land, 680 acres to a section. The small farmers who had only quarter of a section of land were crowded out by drought and depression and the others who could stick it out increased their fields. In addition to wheat they raise cattle and sheep. As we drove we saw a herd of deer feeding on the winter wheat. There are antelope too, and the wild beasts who prey on the stock are the wild cats and the coyotes. There are prairie dogs and gophers in this part of the country, and coming up by bus, watching the road from the front seat at night three times I saw kangaroo rats scurrying across the highway.

Father Kittelson has no house-keeper so he is fortunate right now to be having a visit from his French mother and Norwegian father from Denver (both born in this country.) The rectory is humble enough to be indistinguishable from other houses around, and big enough for visitors, with four bedrooms, and living room, dining room, kitchen and office, and Fr. is going to have some of the Mexican boys up from Billings during the hunting season. Next door to the rectory there is a public school, grade and high school. Out through the countryside he pointed out schools to me where were only three and five pupils and yet were kept open because next year perhaps ten more would be entering.

I am fortunate to be ending the Christmas season of the church which I began in Monsignor Hellriegel's parish, here on the feast of the purification with Fr. Kittelson. His church is small but simple and the maroon drapes behind the altar, and all the candles lit on altar and in the body of the church and the snowy vestments looked very beautiful this morning. The church was half full, though this was Wednesday, and everyone received communion, men, women and children. The two altar boys, one of Dutch descent, one Russian German, had breakfast with us afterward and spoke of how they loved to go hunting with bow and arrow for rabbits and squirrels. (Don Humphries of St. Cloud was hunting for deer with bow and arrow this fall.) They had quite a job this morning, those altar boys, what with the blessing of the candles, the procession, and the lighting of the congregation's candles again before the Gospel and Preface. We were prepared for the feast last night during the regular Tuesday devotions by reading of an article from Worship.

Tomorrow in spite of a heavy fall of snow around Billings, I will set out for Cody, Wyoming where I am to speak tomorrow night. Later I will visit Georgia Kernan and then come back here to set out for other visits around Montana. That will be a March On Pilgrimage.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST

By AMMON HENNACY

Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

In the Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

God rather than to man. My emphasis has been on refusal to register for war or to pay income taxes for war. This is my native country and I love it and its traditions emphasizing liberty and I feel no desire to renounce membership in it, although I have long ago seceded from participation with the government. Francisco and I discussed all this and we each drew the line differently but with respect for each other.

The Spanish consul read the letter in which Francisco said, "If men would love one another, there would be absolutely no need for governments. What we need is not governments but Love, and certainly we do not find love in the organized government of men. . . . Not with pride but with humility I have pledged to disobey the government of men in order to obey the government of God."

The Spanish Consul said that according to International Law a person could not renounce the citizenship of one country without taking that of another country. He did not know or understand that Lee Durling, conscientious objector who did time in jail in World War II and whom I have met at pacifist conferences, did appear before the U. S. Consul in Paris in 1954 and renounce his American citizenship according to Section 349 (a) (6) of the Immigration and Nationality Act, and that this is perfectly in accordance with international law. Durling had, like Francisco, come to this extreme position by degrees, having resigned as editor of a trade paper in N. Y. City before going to Paris. The Spanish Consul told Francisco that we all believed in God but that we should give to Caesar what was Caesar's. Francisco replied, "Here is my passport; you have it; it is Caesar's. Keep it."

The Immigration office, as reported in the NEW YORK TIMES said that they had done all that they could do in meeting Francisco's renunciation of citizenship and that they had allowed him to be free until they would call him for deportation to Spain. They had asked him to sign parole papers but he refused to do so as he had compromised enough before in signing such papers. So they marked the parole sheet, "refused to sign" and he is free for the time being. Sympathetic legal minded friends have sought to prevent the deportation of Francisco according to Section 243 (L) which states that no one should be sent to a country where he would suffer because of his political or religious belief.

Francisco feels that inasmuch as he does not recognize governments he will not appeal to them for special favors. And as the U. S. is on friendly terms with dictators Tito, Chiang, and Franco there is no reason why anarchists should be protected by the government. There is this straight out issue which Francisco has drawn and which he must in all conscience now live up to. He did run away from military service and if deported he will take whatever punishment is given to him. There are too few Spaniards opposing Franco in Spain today. We will be sorry to lose our faithful comrade and I will picket the Immigration office if and when Francisco is deported, calling attention to my solidarity with him rather than with the two governments who unite in imprisoning one who seeks to follow God rather than man.

Union Square

Here where the first issue of the CW was distributed on May Day 1933 we three sell CW's from 14th, and Broadway east a block. At times others help us there Thursday nights. The other Saturday we went up there for 2 hours in the afternoon as we had missed the Thursday as we were all mailing CW's at the office that night. "Take this dollar and shut up," said an inebriated man who had heard me for some minutes as he leaned against the candy store win-

dow fifteen feet away. It was 4:28 and I had decided to go home at 4:30 but I gave back the dollar and told the man that I wouldn't shut up. I offered him a CW and he replied that he "wouldn't read the damn paper," and stumbled away muttering to himself.

Here the sidewalk is extra wide and throngs of people hurry by. I have to shout to let them know I am there. I do well if I sell 60 papers in two hours. Several Catholics want to be sure that it is not a Communist paper. One such man said that any paper that had the name "Worker" had to be a Communist paper. I told him not to be foolish but to look in the library and he would find many union and other papers with the word "Worker" as part of their title. I advised him to ask his priest about the CW. Another man scrutinized the paper and myself carefully and said he would read the CW and talk to his priest and if we were Communists he would be back and make a lot of trouble.

A policeman good naturedly wanted to know if we had the imprimatur. I told him that only diocese or Order papers and magazines had the imprimatur. That we were a lay group supported by lay people and also individually by many priests and nuns. He wanted to know if we were like INTEGRITY. I told him that we were a lot worse or a lot better, which ever direction from center he tended to be. When I explained that I had been in jail recently for selling the CW and gave him the basic pacifist anarchist philosophy of the CW he smiled and said that I must have a bad opinion of him as a cop. I said that I didn't need a cop to make me behave and if other people thought they did I wasn't going to quarrel with them about it; that there were good cops and bad cops just as among the rest of us. He wondered how I could accept the authority of the Church and not the authority of the state. I have just had an article on that subject printed in a local atheistic anarchist paper and will give it to the cop if I see him again.

Intellectuals

Peter Maurin wrote so much about the scholar being a worker and the worker being a scholar. There is a discussion the year around between those who stress academic and theological learning and those who shy away from books. I have read books and written them but I do not consider myself an intellectual. I have been a white collar worker, a migrant worker, a social worker, and now I am more active than at any time of my life in the varied office work, speaking, and outdoor apostolate.

"You say this to me now and you will tell it to God when you die," said one of the few young non-intellectuals around here who is also one of the best workers, to the seminarian who had argued with us here in the office after a Friday night meeting for hours to the effect that he could kill a man in war and love him at the same time. This intuition penetrated the fog of intellectualism that many try to use as a cover up for a lack of responsibility to face the reality of a world armed for war.

Wall Street

Each Tuesday from noon for several hours when we sell CW's at Pine and Nassau we see a mature man walking briskly with a blue sign held on his breast reading "GO TO DAILY COMMUNION." He is always friendly to us. I remember him from soapboxing on Wall Street last fall.

One of our CW friends dissuaded a man who thought we were a Communist front from buying all of our papers and tearing them up. One lady from out of town did buy 50 to take to her priest, and often office workers buy 5 or 10 to give away in their offices.

Today several people stopped

and cheerfully bought a CW, saying that they were glad to hear the name "Catholic" shouted approvingly on the streets, for right down there on Wall Street were two ex-Catholics damning the Church. I told them I would be there in all good time in good weather to answer them in the spring. Meanwhile we were reaching 300 people every week with the CW message proving that the Church was alive and meeting the problems of the day. Soon the ex-Catholic speaker came up and interrogated each one of us about the deficiencies of the Catholic Church and the merits of being "saved by faith." He was not vituperative, and I suppose had a certain respect for us as fellow evangelists.

When I came to sell CW's at my corner I noticed after a bit that everyone kicked a stray newspaper to and fro as they walked by. I was busy selling CW's but I finally stopped long enough to pick it up and put it in the wastebasket by my side. As in Arizona when I picked up the nails, dead cats, etc. along the road that Democrats and Republicans refused to pick up, so here in New York City it seems it takes an anarchist who is responsible enough to act.

The Sun

Going east on Third street after 7 o'clock mass these mornings the sun appears like a great massive orange filling up the view for those few minutes at the end of the street. I walk this way to buy the TIMES. Here in the caverns of New York City the same sun that my Hopi friends in Arizona witness from the top of the mesa; the same sun that the Zuni sing their sunrise song to; the same sun that the Taos Indians in New Mexico welcome, starts the day for me. In the parable of The Sun and the Wind it is the blustering, vengeful Wind which seeks by force to remove the coat from the traveler. It is the warm rays of the Sun which persuades the traveler that the coat should be removed. Now as of old it is Love and not Violence that is the way.

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 2)

cans conducted here in November for the Friendship House volunteer workers; the Day of Recollection which Fr. Tavad came down from New York to give us in December; the singing apostolate of Joe Monroe who brought us so much of joy and good will during the Christmas season; the visit of Fr. Casey and Fr. Judge early in January, who stopped over long enough to leave us something of their holy gladness before going on to Nanuet, where Fr. Judge—who is the brother of Marian Judge now in charge at Maryfarm and of Jane Judge in charge last year—is undergoing treatment for cancer of the brain.

There are, however, other memories which we are not so happy to recall. There have been times when picayune anxieties have choked the gladness of God's day; when sour suspicion, like sour yeast, infects the very leaven of that love which is His gift to us; when charity, grown niggard, gives so grudgingly, it is no gift at all; when the Stranger turns sorrowfully from our door; when the sharp words, final. These are not happy memories, but it is good and salutary for us to remember them. For this is Our Lady's house, Our Lady's land, which is another way of saying it is most particularly dedicated to the service of Our Lord. Now in our winter stock taking, we must ask: Do we so serve, with all we have, with all we are? Is His will ours? Or do we follow our own perverse caprice into the barren fields of disputation and selfish striving? Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

Pray for us, O holy Mother of God. For this is Maryfarm; and it is yours, intended for a holy purpose: as a Retreat House, a House of Hospitality, and as a consecrated laboratory for an ex-

periment in a new kind of community living, an experiment which God Himself seems to be shaping out of the amorphous needs, the chaotic void of our times. A three-fold purpose which, I think, is not accidental. But whatever else it may be, Maryfarm is first a Retreat House, with its own chapel where Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is always housed. Readers of the Catholic Worker will be familiar with the annual retreats here; many will have made them; some, in consequence, will have found out that sweet and difficult Way of Perfection, the still and secret Way He walked Who bore the Cross for us. And for those of us who participate in the work here—whether for a few weeks, a few months, a year or more—should we not look upon the period of our living-service as a kind of long retreat, a workshop in the exercise of charity, a training school in the practice of His love?

A long retreat. A retreat compounded out of daily prayer and daily tasks, of living centered round the Blessed Sacrament, of bearing with each other's quirks and foibles, of accepting with as much of grace as we can muster the cantankerous recalcitrance of things that will not run, as our aging wheezing electric pump refused to do for one full week and left us stranded, desertwise, unwashed and waterless—except for precious bucketsful hand-drawn from an old untested well—until ministrations of a kindly neighbor, Charlie Petrillo, restored us, temporarily at least, to our accustomed water level. For God Himself, it seems, sends all the penances and mortifications we can handle. But He also sends the joy. The joy that comes from loving Him and serving Him with love. The joy that comes from seeing those who

Canadian Steel Improvement Ltd. . . . our United Kingdom interests have been expanded by the acquisition of Kelvin Construction, Ltd. with factories in Glasgow and Greenford. He begs you Shareholders and readers of the Wall Street Journal to permit him to give his thoughts on the current status of "our country's air power and that of our allies."

The opening remark on this subject is, "At last the West is beginning to get the wings it so desperately wants. There was a time not so long ago, when our defenses were so stripped and meager an easy prey for any aggressor. That danger is passing. At last the picture is beginning to change." (He describes how the trickle became a flow, and the new breed of aircraft began to pour from the assembly lines faster than the services could assimilate them. This is supposed to give everyone feelings of security.)

He goes on to discuss a matter which is of great concern to him. "Already, even before the Royal Air Force is fully equipped with modern weapons there are voices raised seeking to reduce armaments. This must not be allowed to happen. It should be very plain to everyone that we are now in the age of the hydrogen bomb, a weapon of destruction so vast and so horrifying that it staggers the imagination. We hold this weapon and so do our potential enemies. There are those who say, 'If this be true let us abandon all hope of defense, and these prophets of despair clamor for appeasement.'"

Continuing he says, "Make no mistake about it. The one sure way to invite disaster is for this country to pursue a policy of weakness. Our potential enemies only understand strength and our sole hope of survival lies in so building our strength and our air power that no one will dare attack us. And strength in airpower is not only atomic strength but the ability

Armament Race

(Continued from page 2)

to deal anywhere with local wars, with local tensions whether they be in Korea, Indo-China, Malaya, the Near East, the Arctic or Western Europe. We hear so much talk about push-button warfare, but that is still in the test tube stage. For years to come there will be a dual pattern to any aggressors' movements and hence we must be prepared for both kinds, all-out atomic warfare and local penetrations. Hence our need for the latest fighters and bombers and similarly our urgent need to press on with atomic carriers, rockets and guided missiles."

The report was adopted by the nineteenth Annual General Meeting of the Hawker Siddeley Group at the Dorchester Hotel in London. (Including the proposed 7½% dividend.) As was said there, "Your company is in a sounder and healthier state than ever before." Those of us who find Sir Sopwith's mixture of profits and politics not our cup of tea may number ourselves among the "prophets of despair who clamor for appeasement" but he finds no incongruity between his PROFITS from despair and mankind's urge for peace. He equates peace with appeasement, while his company stretches its hands all over the world beating drums for armament races.

Our scientists have made it clear that a peppering of atom or hydrogen bombs exploding over the earth would kill off most of the human race and sterilize and deform those that are left. They have pointed out that test explosions have affected genes and resulted in malformed infants being born. Continued bomb tests alone may permanently injure masses of people. There is no logic in depending on any kind of defenses against atomic or hydrogen bomb warfare. All we can do in case of an all-out war is die well. One of the illustrations in the Hawker Siddeley ad is a building. The Caption reads, "Part of this Australian hospital was a factory built in England and quickly and economically erected on the site." What Sir Sopwith forgets is that they couldn't erect enough hospitals quickly enough with all the king's horses and all the king's men to put anybody together again if there is ever another war on this earth. If the philosophy of armaments racing pushed by companies whose being depends on war and the fear of war is the philosophy with which we continue to "solve" world problems we have nothing to look forward to except extermination. Even the slightest "minor war" is an occasion of total destruction.

The war industries continue to expand although we hope for disarmament, for the outlawing of A and H bombs, and the elimination of war as an activity unworthy of rational human beings. The monopolistic industrial machines continue to try to convince us that the way to peace is increased arms. They work hard to manufacture a need for their wares like any other business would in its advertising. The callousness is obvious. In this case they are dealing with the lives of people whose hearts quake at the thought of another war. If it is time for humanity to grow up and realize that an economy based on profits, bolstered by war production, is its own suicide weapon.

can sustain pain with the quip and jest, the cap-and-bells kind of antics with which Philip, who makes our rosaries, lightens his hours and ours; the humorous anecdote with which Joë Davin—after many months still bedfast in the little room where Peter Maurin died—cheers so many visitors who come to cheer him. Meditating so, in the raw and snowpatched days of latter January, we reflect that perhaps He sends us these—Philip, Joe, and others, too—as the humble magi of a new Epiphany to manifest His joy and show us how in gladness we should make our long retreat.

Companions of Emmaus

(Continued from page 1)

structure on the edge of Paris. There is no easy way to allude to this problem by saying that there are always going to be those people who do not have enough and it is their own fault because they do not work hard enough or because they drink their savings. Would any of us dare to say this of a whole social class? The problem of housing in France is a mass problem affecting well over the majority of the working class. They are not all living in tents, some are lucky enough to have a room or two to house the whole family. It is no wonder to these people that Christ is dead, the power of His love is meaningless. For who has become a reflection to them of His Divine love. There are those trying to do so now in contemporary France — the most widely known one is Abbe Pierre.

Abbe Pierre's understanding goes to the very roots of human psychology and the community which grew around him is based on the realization that men need primarily two things to orient themselves—they need to be needed and they require the realization that they have a gift with which they can answer this call from others.

The material cry for homes in France is fantastic—here are a few figures which one could run over very quickly if the realization that each figure did not represent a family. A minimum of 250,000 homes a year are needed each year for the next five years to take care of the people who are living in temporary shelters or in overcrowded conditions and those who will start new families within this period. The French government has succeeded in sponsoring a temporary housing program for 10,000 families this year.

A friend of mine explained one of the causes to me in this fashion—the French government about 20 years ago tried to curb the inflation which was overtaking the worker by stabilizing his rent prices so they could not be raised. But building prices have of course gone up so it has been unprofitable for private enterprise to build new homes for the workers. The French government restricts the private investors, but it did nothing in the way of a government subsidized housing program to help meet the needs of the workers. And so the workers have been caught in the agony of changing slowly from one economic system to another — much as they were caught in the change from Feudalism to Capitalism—the craftsman in the Middle Ages owned his own tools and was freer in his ability to regulate his work, but when he

first went into a factory where he owned nothing he had no rights at all until now when he has achieved at least a token of respect in the recognition of unions.

The book "The Rag Pickers of Emmaus" by Boris Simon, which is soon to appear translated in English, tells the story of how the Campagnons of Emmaus began and developed by telling the story of one of the men who came to the community at the beginning.

Abbe Pierre a few years ago was a Depute in the Chambre Nationale de France equivalent to a national congressman in the U. S.

(During the war Abbe Pierre was active in the resistance movement and personally responsible for the smuggling of many Jews into Switzerland.) While a Depute he was able to get a hold of a rather large tumbled down house on the outskirts of Paris which he used as a weekend meeting place for International Conferences of Youth Groups. His own home was in this house and he managed to repair it himself using the money from his salary as a Depute. And then one day a man appeared at the door with no home, no job, no money and Abbe Pierre welcomed him with no questions asked. The stranger began to work around the house, cook meals, etc. when one day a family who had been living in a tent in the forest near by came to see the priest. They moved in also and so it grew until there was no more room for conferences and eventually when Abbe Pierre was not re-elected to the legislature, there was no more money on which to live. They already had about five men at this point who had on their own initiative taken on the job of building a house for the family in the back yard.

When the priest told the group at dinner one night that there was no more money one of the men who had wandered in from the road suggested they could become self-supporting for he could return to his job as a ragpicker and even teach some of the others—and so the community began with —Abbe Pierre, his secretary, an efficient elderly woman; the family and the men who had come to love very dearly this priest who had loved them as brothers and had taken them in his home while others called them "ex-convicts, bums, drunkards."

But the fertilizer that made this community grow to 700 was the suffering of the French people in their seemingly hopeless search for a home. They began to flock to Abbe Pierre, knowing that he would somehow find temporary shelter for them and also try to



find them their own permanent home. The stories in "The Rag-pickers of Emmaus" are not pretty: young mothers attempting suicide after years of trying to keep house in a tent in the cold and rain—a family fallen prey to incest for mother, father, son and daughter have only one mattress which they put on the floor at night in their one room—a physical wretchedness which has brought moral disintegration.

In his Christmas talk to his community, printed in Faim & Soif (translated "Hunger and Thirst"—official organ of movement 32, rue des Bourdonnais, Paris 1er) Abbe Pierre speaks to his friends: "We were the miserable, hopeless rejected people for whom society had only contempt—the ones she no longer cared to look upon; and it is so wonderfully marvellous to see that we have become truly the ones who have saved others. It is thanks to us that little children can laugh, be happy and enjoy themselves; come home, to warmth, find a good bed, no longer be afraid of the cold; no longer be afraid of always seeing Mother and Dad arguing because they are at the end of their rope—for they are suffering too much from not having any lodging despite the courage of their work . . . There are today at least a thousand families who have been saved by us specifically and throughout all of France there are thousands of others that we do not know who have been saved by the initiative of others who were awakened and brought to action by our example."

"To you all; the ragpickers; who pick up things from the streets, and garbage cans, to those of you who empty basements and attics, who select the materials that can be resold, and those of you who dig for junk at the city dump—the dump is really the cradle of our life, for that is where we first began, and that is where actually our basic spirit is continually protected, renewed and maintained in its depth, and purity to the first ideal of Emmaus—to you all my comrades . . . I say "Courage";

. . . "And this is our ideal completely. We are not beggars, this is not a "home," we are workers who are working. We are men standing on our own two feet who can look anybody in the face and keep our hat on our head—anybody even the most illustrious and important of personages, for we have earned the bread we eat. We are not a social work institution with devoted persons and then those who are helped. We are a community that is to say; a place where we all work for one another according to a fundamental rule—the one about which I am the more severe, the only one for which you sometimes see me become angry—is the rule which forbids that any-

Personal to John Geis

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Geis, who has been missing from his home in New York, should please contact his loved friends . . . Mr. & Mrs. Dorn, 3963 47th street, Sunnyside, L. I., New York.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

premises and decide whether or not we are overcrowded. He said they can't simply take action on that letter from your reader. Now we await a visit from city housing department.

Three days after the dire notice mentioned above arrived, another inspector from the Health Department made a visit. We were inking stencils on the addressograph machine and we were in no mood to answer the same questions that we had answered before to their first investigator. This man was so impressed with our lack of welcome and cooperation that he threatened to bring in a policeman to safely see him through the inspection. We accepted the challenge and said to go right ahead and bring him in. We regained our good manners in a few minutes and the tour of inspection was completed in a short time. This man too was understanding about every little thing. He said he saw what we were trying to do and appeared sincerely interested in our work. When he departed he left us with a couple of minor violations that we have corrected. In no time at all we should be ranking with the best hotels in the city. We might soon be running ads like this: "When you come to New York be sure and spend a delightful vacation at the Catholic Worker."

* * *

Recently I have been the recipient of several letters that I am at a loss to answer. One man writes a six-page letter which defeated me completely. I read the first paragraph three times but was unable to understand a word of it. I am not so dumb either. Another party sends me a package of medicine with a letter stating that this product will cure anything including, common colds, headaches, backaches, bad eyesight, bedbugs, fits or depression and anything you can name. A deserted wife writes and wants to know if I could help her locate her husband for her. She is sure that he doesn't have any desire to return to her but thinks that there might be a chance. There are these frequent letters from prisoners who are sure that they can be paroled to us if we said the word. We always reply that we will accept them but the prison authorities refuse to acknowledge us as a reputable organization for such a purpose—some nerve. So if you are in prison, friend, don't waste your stamps and stationery on us.

* * *

Of a Tuesday noon, a bright cheerful little missionary priest came into our midst. He had spent some thirty years in China where he was recently expelled by the present rulers. Just before he left he had the ordeal of spending one year in jail, forty days of it in solitary confinement. He said that they claimed unjustly that he was an American spy. When he de-

body should mention the past suffering or mistakes of anybody that lives among us, for the rule states: We will never accept that any one who lives among us should be judged by other than his quality as a man at the present moment."

. . . "And then; there is a third rule. Not only are we not an asylum because we earn our bread; we are not a social work institution because we live in community; but more than that we are not just a business enterprise."

. . . "Of course we work exactly. We want to obtain results. We want to do beautiful things in better conditions; with as much ambition as any business enterprise—but we are a special kind of a business because for us the day we take stock and inventory our assets will be measured in the number of down and out comrades we have been able to welcome by the number of hopeless families we have been able to save. These are our assets and our pride."

nied it they questioned him as to why was he in China if not for that purpose. He retorted that, "he was there to preach Jesus Christ." This answer infuriated his captors to the extent of their striking the priest. They told him that he was not to mention the name of Jesus Christ since they had done away with Him. While he was in jail this priest said he had tried to keep up his own morale along with that of the other prisoners by singing and tap dancing at numerous opportunities. He said he was able to get some of the prisoners to join with him in singing Stephen Foster's songs which are universally known. One prisoner had a bar of iron with which he was attempting to commit suicide but finally gave up the plan after a series of talks with the priest. The missionary spoke of his prison experience with very little bitterness. "In fact," he said, "in a way that year was good for me, spiritually at least. I prayed often and accepted penance that I might not have had otherwise. While I was in jail I decided that I must make sure that I would spend the rest of my life working and living among the poor." Someone in our group asked our visitor whether he thought the people of China prefer the current Communist government to that of the former government of Chiang Kai-shek. The priest said that he was under the impression that the people would rather have that of Chiang Kai-shek, although he was sure in the final analysis, the Chinese did not want any rulers but wanted to be left alone."

* * *

Last Sunday morning at seven Rivington street an oil stove caused a fire which took the lives of six people. We are a short block and a half from the scene of the disaster. We did not hear of this tragedy until late Sunday afternoon. By the time that we got to seven Rivington—the street was dark and the entire building where the fire occurred was blacked out. The shops along Rivington were closed and the street was deserted; there was not a person to question on the holocaust. As we made our way back to our house we realized that here again was one of the terrible prices that the poor pay for their unholy poverty. If all of these tenements were centrally heated than many of these tragedies could be avoided. It must be realized at this late date in our civilization that heat is a necessity.

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 5)

"One saves oneself in saving others."

The book makes one wonder what will be the outcome of the Abbe's work. Certainly he succeeded as few men would have in arousing a whole nation to the great scandal of the homeless. It is perhaps doubtful whether the effect of his appeal will be lasting enough to cause any large-scale action to better the housing situation. The Companions may be alone in this work for a long time to come. But the book is nevertheless a heartening record of Christianity in the marketplace, and can well serve to make many Christians examine their conscience to see if they are doing as much as they might to bring Christ to those in distress.

NO BALANCING THE BUDGET

Had I been rich, I could never have seen a poor person hungry without giving him to eat. This is my way also in the spiritual life. There are many souls on the brink of hell, and as soon as I earn anything, it is scattered among sinners. The time has never come when I could say: "Now I am going to work for myself." St. Therese

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