

# CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XVII No. 6

December, 1950

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## The Center of Poverty

I  
The Meaning of Poverty  
By KERRAN DUGAN, C.S.C.

Poverty is a word so much misinterpreted, so much misunderstood—a quality in man, a state of soul, a way of living so much misinterpreted because so often not understood as a quality, a state of soul, a way of living. In the city of Mammon it is never and can never be seen as it is, for the simple reason that the servants of Mammon can never see it at all. What they see are things, and poverty is not in things, but in an attitude toward things. Poverty

is seen as a rot gnawing at the fringes of civilization which must be stopped before it eats too far and leaves naked the civilization's inner wretchedness: Mammon rushes to put out of the way this child she has spawned, not because she pities it, but because she is embarrassed by it.

Poverty is called dirty, whereas it is stark and clean and shining.

It is called disheveled, whereas it is the very breath of order, the very heart of peace. (Do not think these are simply nice-sounding words; without poverty there can be no order, and without order there can be no peace.)

It is mistaken for slums and dirt and clogged sanitation; for unwiped soot on the window sill, for the dead fire and the empty fuel bin, for the half-meal and the empty cupboard. It is mistaken for something which can be handed over to the department of sanitation.

Poverty is not something to be fought against, but something to be fought for. It is the glory of man on earth, and not his shame, his health and not his sickness. It is very significant that the only thing which the lovers of Mammon can see to campaign against is precisely something which a well organized sanitation department can take care of. It is also significant that the name which they give to this unclean enemy of their prestige is poverty—and that they fight against this thing to which they have attached the name of a beatitude. For the very reason that they cannot imagine a poverty that is not mere physical squalor, they must be forever at war against that poverty which is spiritual splendor, and much more fiercely at war against it than against the other, because this is indeed a strange beast from a land that they know not. (They will never win the first fight until they stop the second. Christ will allow the sweat to be wiped from his brow, and the tears from his eyes, only when his scourging is finished.)

This misinterpretation of poverty is the grossest and most obvious.  
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## On the New Encyclical

By ROBERT LUDLOW

These are some of my reactions to the Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XII—*Humani Generis*—and they are the reactions of a layman and one of no theological learning and of one not commissioned to teach. They therefore carry no weight but rest on the strength of the reasoning behind them. One could not write, in such manner of the Assumption—it is defined dogma and needs no other justification than that it has been proclaimed by the successor to St. Peter to whom Christ entrusted supreme teaching authority in the Church. But, if we are to accept the definition of the Vatican Council on Papal Infallibility—and as Catholics we are bound to do so—there is a time when the Pope speaks infallibly and a time when he does not. If there was no time in which the Pope does not speak infallibly there would have been no point in defining when he does it. It is necessary to point this out because certain interpreters of the last encyclical leave the impression that, for all practical purposes, one owes the same assent to all matters treated of in an encyclical as one owes to an ex cathedra pronouncement. While it is true that one should ordinarily give assent to all papal pronouncements yet there may be cases when it is impossible to do so. When indeed the maxim "He that heareth you heareth me" could not apply to all papal positions without involving truth in a

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## THE MESSAGE OF LOVE

By DOROTHY DAY

We do not stand in high places like Joseph in Egypt, like Mordecai and Daniel, the advisers of Kings. We do not know the Stalins, the Churchills and the Trumans of this world and no one is waiting for our words on the great and weighty questions of the day as they wait on the words of these others to hear their fate. We would rather be like the Joseph who found a birthplace for Jesus in a stable, who fled into Egypt (at the bidding of an angel) and lived in a foreign land and was a d.p.—and worked with his hands for his bread.

Jesus Christ, Son of God, Maker of Heaven and Earth, lived for 33 years in an occupied country, Archbishop Byrnes said once. He didn't lead any Underground movement. Of course, he said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," we have heard that often enough. But St. Hilary interprets that to mean that if we have little of Caesar we don't have to render very much to him.

Plato wrote of the two cities, the city of the poor and the city of the rich and that was the way he divided the world.

St. Augustine wrote of the city of God.

To which city do we belong?

There are two billion people in the world and if we believed all we read in the paper everyone must line up on the side of Communism or Americanism, Catholicism, Capitalism, which the most Catholic newspapers would have us believe are synonymous. Of course there are bad Americans, bad Catholics and bad capitalists, but still, they say, you can't print such holy pictures as you have in this Christmas issue in Russia, and you can't oppose war and the draft and taxes, as you do, without being thrown into concentration camps, if you are in Russia or a satellite country.

It is not avoiding the question, and it is being eminently realistic and practical to repeat, to affirm, that we are on the side of the poor. And who would not want to be?

"Blessed are the poor! . . . Fear not, little flock. Do not be afraid

of those who kill the body . . . Not a sparrow is forgotten in God's sight . . . nation will rise against nation.

Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who calumniate you. And to him who strikes thee on one cheek, offer the other also; and from him who takes away thy cloak, do not withhold thy tunic also. Give to everyone that asks of thee and from him who takes away thy goods, ask no return. And even as you wish men to do to you, so also do you to them. And if you love those who love you, what merit have you? For even sinners love those who

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## Food for Thought—and Toughness

By LIAM BROPHY

There was one key question in the mind of every Church and State dignitary gathered recently at Luxeuil, in France, for the honoring of St. Columbanus. Obvious parallels between his own time and ours were drawn. Europe in the sixth century was overrun by barbarians from the East. It was a time of chaos and collapse.

The political and social network of Roman administration disintegrated after the fall of Rome in 410 A. D., and the infant Church was not yet able to establish that order we associate with Christian civilization amid the terror and unending tumult. St. Columbanus, and the legions of monks which followed him from the monastic training centers in Ireland, tamed, and gradually transformed the barbarians into builders of the emerging Christian civilization. Wherever they went the Irish monks erected monasteries, and over one hundred are attributed to Columbanus and his followers. These monasteries became centers of learning and the cores of future cities. The key question of the moment is this: if history should repeat itself and European civilization collapse once more under

barbarian assault, could Ireland assume her ancient role of "the Light of the West" and shape another Christian civilization above the debris of universal ruin?

Let us glimpse what manner of men these ancient missionaries were who crowded from the Isle of Destiny to the doomed Continent. It is a commonplace of history that no nation took more willingly and with less resistance to Christianity as the Irish. That was due in great measure to the tact and tenacity of St. Patrick, who had lived among the Irish as a slave, and learnt what existing customs and beliefs might be rededicated to Christian ends, and how potential for Christian asceticism was a race which lived by Stoical heroism with none of the Stoics' life-denying harshness.  
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## Portrait of an Active Bronx Parish

By BETTY BARTELME

Our Lady of Mercy church in the Bronx lies directly east of the Grand Concourse, on Marion Avenue, in the kind of block familiar to New Yorkers. Apartment houses, a few two-family dwellings, the church, rectory and parish buildings comprise the whole of it, but in contrast to the surface

impression often given by Manhattan parochial structures which blend almost too completely into their surroundings, the small group of buildings of Our Lady of Mercy parish seems almost a focal point of the neighborhood. And quite literally it is. For here parochial activities have gone beyond the usual organizations, societies and clubs to form a dynamic parish life through the establishment of a credit union and employment bureau.

Coming in off the street out of the cold rain and wind of a dismal November evening, it was good indeed to shake out a wet coat and enjoy the warmth of the rectory which hummed with the activity preceding the weekly meeting of the credit union which I had come to attend. After a few minutes Father Patrick A. O'Leary, the pastor of Our Lady

of Mercy, appeared, a small, alert-looking gray-haired priest with a firm handshake and a slight brogue, who immediately began to tell me about the organization of the credit union.

In 1941, after some study of the credit unions here and in Canada, the idea was presented to a cross-section of his parishioners (many of them heads of other parish organizations) by Father O'Leary and after careful consideration of the plan, it was decided to attempt to form a parish bank. Credit union experts were called in to assist in setting up the organization and to advise them on successful operation. When the plans were completed, the parishioners were notified that the credit union was opening and were encouraged to make use of the facilities and  
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# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
(Member of Catholic Press Association)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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223 Chrystie St., New York City-2

Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



## Message of Love

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love them. And if you do good to those who do good to you what merit have you? For even sinners do that. But love your enemies and do good and lend, not hoping for any return and your reward shall be great, and you shall be children of the Most High. For He is kind to the ungrateful and evil. Be merciful even as your Father is merciful. Do not judge and ye shall not be judged. Do not condemn and you shall not be condemned. Forgive and you shall be forgiven, give and it shall be given to you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they pour into your lap. For what measure you measure, it shall be measured to you."

It is all such a strange doctrine, so upside down, so contrary to the world we live in, so impossible to practice, so they say. Who are the poor? They are our soldiers in Korea fighting in zero weather, thousands of them suffering and tortured and dying. How many casualties are there since June 25?

They are the Koreans themselves, north and south, who have been bombed out, burnt out in the rain of fire from heaven.

"You do not know of what spirit you are," our Lord said when his apostles urged that fire from heaven would come down on the hostile country. Forty thousand bombs were dropped on a city of 45,000. Who made up that city? Men, women and children, the old and the sick and the crippled. The innocent, the noncombatant in other words. A thousand guerrilla soldiers were "fried" the World Telegram quoted a soldier, when jellied gasoline was dropped on them, to "mop them up." God have mercy on them all and those who killed them as well as those who died!

And these men are our brothers, made to the image and likeness of God, temples of the Holy Ghost.

Not only is the Gospel message a strange one, but the words of the Mass, of the Office of the day. We who are Catholics are supposed to be saying each morning, "I will go into the altar of God, unto God who gives joy to my youth!"

The office of the Dead begins Matins with, "Come let us rejoice unto the Lord, let us shout with joy to God the Rock of our salvation."

And today, on the feast of St. Andrew, we read how he shouted with joy. "Hail, O Cross, thou art hallowed by the body of Christ; his members adorn thee as with pearls. O good Cross, made glorious and beautiful by the body of my Lord; welcome me from among men and join me again to my master."

One of the saddest and sorriest things about poverty is the envy, hatred, venom and despair suffered by the poor. It is part of their suffering.

There are two billion people in the world today, and 150 million of these are Americans who boast of the highest standard of living, forgetting their migrants, tenants, wage slaves. The war is supposed to have cost us two trillion dollars

in money spent and property damage. We continue to spend as from a bottomless reservoir.

Last night Dean Acheson spoke of the strategy we needed to develop in this crisis and he stressed again point four of President Truman's program, the economic rehabilitation of the world, the help to the diseased and poverty stricken of every area, South America, South Africa, India, Iran, Iraq, etc. Such help when suggestions were brought before Congress has already been whittled down to appropriations of 30 million dollars, a nothing in the face of the problem and the billions spoken of for defense. Walter Reuther, labor leader, and Senator McMahon have suggested sums more in keeping with the generosity of America. Reuther's estimate, I believe, was ten billion a year for twenty years. These are brave words and brave thoughts. Yesterday the British made similar proposals.

Personal responsibility was also stressed last night in Dean Acheson's talk.

On this we can indeed be united, in a desire, backed up by work, to strip ourselves, to give and give and give, to every appeal made, to the Bishops, to Monsignor Swanson's for the War Relief Services, all the appeals that come to us through our churches, and daily in our hour by hour contact with others. It is the only way we can try to approach poverty which is so blessedly our Lord.

In our eulogies of poverty which we have printed again and again in *The Catholic Worker*, one of which is running in this issue of the paper, we write with the recognition that we stand as Americans, representing in the eyes of the world the richest nation on earth. What does it matter that we live with the poor, with those of the skid rows, and that those in our other houses throughout the country are living with poverty which is so great a scandal in a land of plenty. We know that we can never attain to the poverty of the destitute around us. We awake with it in our ears in the morning, listening to the bread line forming under our window, and we see it lined up even on such a day as the gale of last Saturday when glass and tin and bricks were flying down the street.

The only way we can make up for it is by giving, of our time, our strength, our cheerfulness, our loving kindness, our gentleness to all. We have to overcome our Leon Bloy tendencies to bitterness and recrimination.

Let us pray that we do not hear our Lord call out to us "Woe unto you rich!" "Woe unto you who judge!"

What are we to do? Young men in the draft age feel caught and torn in their humility and in their desire to share the sufferings of others, and in their very real desire to fight the gigantic evils of this world under what ever name they are called. Some of them are having the grace to resist, to oppose the draft, to oppose participation in fruitless slaughter. But if

they do it with pride, with condemnation of others, with bitterness, then their stand is questionable also. It is true they will suffer with bitterness, and even the little Flower herself said that bitterness was a part of suffering that made it harder. If they are jailed there are plenty of opportunities for the works of mercy in jail among the poor there. They will be even more on the side of the poor.

If they obey the call as we have seen quite a number go, against their convictions, let us pray that they have opportunity to minister to the suffering. There is no due deliberation and full consent of the will in wartime, but a blind instinct for self preservation. We can make no judgments on the armies involved, but on war itself, the means used of atomic warfare, obliteration bombing, the ever increasing use of destruction to wipe out men which does not accomplish its aim, to wipe out ideas, philosophies. We can quote Ezekial who wrote "Woe to the



ST-CONRAD

Shepherds who do not feed their sheep the gospel of peace."

It grows ever harder to talk of love in the face of a scolding world. We have not begun to learn the meaning of love, the strength of it, the joy of it. And I am afraid we are not going to learn it from reading the daily papers or considering the struggles that are taking place on the other side of the world and in the United Nations halls here at home.

We are the little ones, and we can only pray to the saints of our days, the little saints, to disclose to us this hidden world of the Gospel, this Hidden God, this pearl of great price, this kingdom of heaven within us. It is only then can we learn about love and rejoicing, and it is the meaning of life and its reward.

We talk of one world, and our common humanity, and the brotherhood of man, of principles of justice and freedom which befits the dignity of man, but from whence does he derive this dignity but that he is the son of God?

The one lesson which is reiterated over and over again is that we are one, we pray to be one, we want to love and suffer for each other, so let us pray and do penance in each little way that is offered us through the days, and God will then give us a heart of flesh to take away our heart of stone and with our prayers we can save all those dying each day, knowing that God will wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Lest these words which I write on my knees be scorned, know they are St. John's words, the apostle of love, who lived to see "charity grow cold" and who never ceased to cry out, "my little children, love one another."

It is the only word for Christmas when love came down to the mire, to teach us that love.

## On the New Encyclical

(Continued from page 1)

hopeless relativism and relating a contradiction to Christ Himself—so that far from being good Catholics in giving such assent we would be guilty of blasphemy. I mean, for example, in a case like this: Pope John XXII held, to the very end of his pontificate, and taught that the souls of the righteous had to wait until the general resurrection before they attained the Beatific Vision. His successor, Pope Benedict XII, not only held the opposite point of view but specifically censured the proposition of his predecessor. Obviously, so far as the objective truth of the proposition goes, both could not be correct. So that, while Pope John XXII might forbid theologians to publicly differ with him, it would seem tyrannous to uphold the proposition that he could demand of them interior assent. As a matter of fact he did not and theologians did openly disagree with him and were vindicated by his successor. And if we look at things from the historical viewpoint and in proper perspective it is not at all unlikely that some future Pope may take a different view of the eirenic movement than does Pius XII.

### Positive

When I say a different view I do not mean one which would endanger the traditional faith but one rather which would be more positive in approach and more daring in the attempt to form a new synthesis, one more appreciative of the efforts of those today who, not being content with a mere defense against new knowledge and movements, have studied wherein there are concordances and possibility of understanding between Catholics and those outside the Church. The Faith surely is for all ages and does not have to be confined to the philosophical speculations of a particular century. St. Thomas would be the last one to hold that it should be. His difference with St. Bonaventure was precisely on this point. For he maintained that philosophy and theology could be distinct—that a philosophy could be developed depending on reason and making no use of theology. Now, if this is true (and the Pope, himself, defends Thomism) then it is obviously not the function of the Church to impose a philosophy, her function in this regard is negative and extends to checking the excesses of a philosophy which might go beyond its bounds and enter into regions wherein religious authority is the only valid criterion. Obviously, however, as St. Bonaventure points out, for the Christian to have a complete and rounded view of things such compartmentalization will not take place and Christian truth will enter into the total view of man. Yet it is well to keep St. Thomas' distinction in mind else we develop a rigidity in matter not essentially bound up with faith and multiply unnecessarily difficulties to accepting the Faith. And we should be concerned about this. We should not take a smug and intolerant attitude towards those outside and refuse to give fair hearing to new tendencies and movements. St. Thomas was regarded as a liberal in his day, his spirit was much closer to the eirenics of this day than to those who refuse to consider the possibilities of concordance.

### Magisterium

There are further many questions on which it is not sufficient to say—there is the ordinary magisterium of the Church that, too, is an infallible guide. Granted that it is in well attested doctrines held everywhere and at all times by Catholics. But on some questions it has not been so evident. St. Thomas was expressing the ordinary magisterium of his day (at least in his own estimation) when he wrote (Chap. 224 Compendium theologiae) "If Mary had been conceived without original sin, she would not have been redeemed by Christ, and so Christ would not have been the universal redeemer

of men, which detracts from His dignity. Accordingly, then we must hold that she was conceived with original sin, but was cleansed from it in some special way." And so today let us not be too eager to pounce on Father de Lubac because he taught that man has a natural desire for the Beatific Vision (a proposition condemned in Humani Generis). For here again the mistake was quite understandable in view of certain passages in St. Thomas, himself. Here are some of them. In Summa Contra Gentiles (Chap. XXV) he states, "Everything desires most of all its last end. Now the human intellect desires, loves and enjoys the knowledge of divine things... therefore man's last end is to understand God in some way... moreover man has a natural desire to know the causes of whatever he sees... therefore man naturally desires, as his last end, to know the first cause. But God is the first cause of all things. Therefore man's last end is to know God... Now the last end of man and of any intelligent substance is called happiness or beatitude... therefore the last beatitude or happiness of any intellectual substance is to know God." Naturally the Popes' decision on this particular matter is to be accepted but we must realize also that weighty authorities have held otherwise and it is no particular disgrace for the students of de Lubac to have held this opinion.

### Minimize

It is true, as the Encyclical points out, that some, in an endeavor to reach non-Catholics have tended to minimize Catholic doctrine. Such an approach is really lacking in charity because it holds out false hopes for union. It should be obvious that the Catholic Church cannot compromise on any essential dogma or doctrine of the Faith without undermining the very foundation upon which she is built. Any religion which is essentially supernatural and is derived from revelation must, of necessity, depend on authority because it deals with things which go beyond reason. It is reasonable to believe that there are things that go beyond reason. Therefore it is reasonable to believe in the authority of Christ and His Church. Such authority was not given by Christ to His Church to establish truths that could be arrived at through reason (other than in the sense of confirming them) but rather to be the repository of that teaching which He came to impart and which essentially is of the supernatural order. To be rigid, to be unbending, to set one's face of purpose against new movements, is to remain orthodox at the expense of charity. There is a sense in which one could say that some are more interested in orthodoxy than in truth. It is a false position, of course, because orthodoxy should be synonymous with truth—but I speak of a psychological matter, an attitude, rather than of any real discrepancy between the two.

On the whole my reactions have been that the Encyclical serves a good purpose in discouraging eirenics from going off the beam, as it were, on such abstruse matters as evolution and symbolism. But that it is regrettably negative in approach and unappreciative of the excellent work that has been done by these groups.

### FRIDAY NIGHT TALKS

8:00 P.M.

At 223 Chrystie St.

December 8—

By Conrad Lynn.

December 15—

Symposium on Community Living. (Dorothy Day, Thomas Sugrue, Clair Bishop).

December 22—

No speaker scheduled.

December 29—

No speaker scheduled.



## Storm and Aftermath

By DAVID MASON

This sturdy old house at Peter Maurin's Farm sheltered nine of us when winter rode in on the wild gale that lashed Staten Island for a long twenty-four hours last Friday night and Saturday. Of the nine, five were adults — Father John Cordes, Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, Marjorie Hughes and myself — and four were Marjorie's children — 8-year-old Johannah, Tommy, 6, Mary, 3½, and James Matthew, 15 months. There were also Dusty, our Scotty-Airedale, etc., dog, and Patsy, the black cat.

Marjorie had brought the children to the farm for a quiet Thanksgiving week-end. Thursday was a beautiful day, with a light flurry of snow in the morning to make it seem perfectly Thanksgivingish, and Friday was overcast and colder. The weather forecast promised a cold and windy night, but gave no warning of the furious onslaught of the elements that was to play havoc with our plans for a quiet week-end. The northeast wind began to push against the back of the house early in the evening, and we soon found it hard to close the back door against it.

### Forebodings

By 11 o'clock, when everyone else was in bed and I was ready to go to my own room, the wind was so strong that I was afraid it would break some of the windows, which have a few cracked panes, or do other damage, so I decided to sleep on the big red davenport in the kitchen to be ready for emergencies. Besides, I wanted to make sure the fire would be kept burning in the kitchen range, as it was the only source of heat in the house at the moment; the furnace was out because Joe Cotter and I had been working on the steam pipes, and the children would need a warm room to come to in the morning. It was providential that we had converted the range back to coal only a few days before, because the two kerosene burners which were in it when we moved here in August had turned out to be thoroughly unsatisfactory and would have been worse than useless during the storm.

The wind howling about the house and rattling the windows permitted very little sleep that night. I found myself wishing for some good, old-fashioned shutters for the windows. Nothing takes their place, and I can't understand why any house should be without them. They would have saved the cracked kitchen window which yielded to Boreas at 6 o'clock Saturday morning.

### A Useful Relic

By 7 o'clock, when Joe Cotter left his snug little room next to the garage, the wind's force was so great that he could not walk against it. Hans came downstairs and we searched for something sturdier than the newspapers and cardboard which I had fastened over the broken window. We found an old framed picture in the attic, a group of men in cycling costume out of the nineties, which fitted perfectly; it is still serving the purpose, because such a large pane of glass is expensive.

By the time the children were up the wind was driving torrents of rain against the back of the house, and water flowed under the door, bubbled and seeped through window frames. We had to pile many rags to hold it back.

The children did not show much concern over the storm, aside from irritation because it kept them indoors. They got fed up with confinement in the city and want to be outside every minute they are here. It was good to have them with us, for their unconcern helped to balance our adult tendency to take things too seriously. I will always remember little Mary sitting on a big leather hassock in the drafty hallway, calmly and painstakingly copying the alphabet on a blackboard while the wind fought mightily to tear the back door from its hinges. She seems, in her speech and manner, to be a pint-size lady rather than a child;

a very lovely miniature lady, with soft brown hair that falls to her shoulders like a gently rolling wave in a calm sea.

### Thunder Over the Chapel

We became aware of an ominous noise which sounded like nearby thunder, but it seemed to be inside the house. I found that it was caused by the bellying of the tin roof on the room we had fixed up as a chapel, where Father John Schritz said the first mass for us on the Friday before the Feast of Christ the King. It is a one-story addition on the south end of the house, with two windows and two doors, the brightest, most cheerful room in the house. But now the tin roof was being pulled up and down by the wind, making the noise that sounded like thunderclaps, and later like horses galloping on a wooden bridge.

Hans went upstairs to look at it from a second-story window and reported that the whole roof was in danger of blowing off. I said I thought I could get out and nail wooden strips on it, but I said it with great inward trepidation. We collected strips, hammers, nails and a ladder, which I thought would be good to lay on the roof to help hold it down. We pushed it through the window and I followed, only to find that even the weight of the ladder and my 240 pounds had no effect on the motion of the roof, which billowed like a sail under my feet. Hans told me to nail the ladder down, and handed me spikes and hammer. It was impossible to stand against the roaring wind and rain; I could only crouch and crawl around, and must have looked like a drunken sailor staggering about. My glasses blew off and away while I was nailing the ladder down. Hans came out on the roof and together we nailed the strips as best we could. Our efforts to save the roof came to naught when ladder, strips and tin finally tore away and blew off hours later, but our work was not all in vain, for we did succeed in holding the tin on for some hours and gave that much protection to the boards and the plaster ceiling beneath, which was saved despite some soaking.

### Another Roof Goes

Hans was anxiously watching the barn, where he had worked so hard and so effectively to build our permanent chapel. Some time during the afternoon he saw strips of roofing paper waving over the ridge pole, and went out to investigate. He found rain pouring through holes in the roof and heavy floor planks pushed up by the wind that came through the lower part of the barn, and was disconsolate because so much hard work seemed about to be undone. Joe told him, some time later, that it looked as though God wanted Hans to build a new chapel, by the way He permitted the roofs of both chapels to be torn off.

Marjorie had her hands full all day taking care of the children and preparing meals. James Matthew was an angelic bright spot through it all; he did not know that the storm was raging and literally rocking the house, and will probably be very much surprised if he happens to read this story years from now when he has grown to be the brawny man that we can already see in him (at 15 months he shows definite promise of outgrowing his brother and sisters).

### My Protector

The nine of us passed most of the day in the two rooms that were kept warm by the coal range (thank God for it!), but there was plenty to do and time did not hang heavily on our hands. Johannah read "The Wizard of Oz" to Tommy and Mary during the afternoon. Tommy hung on every word, but the story did not hold Mary's interest and she went back to her blackboard, which Father Cordes had moved out of the drafty hall into the dining room. Late in the

## Banned

The radical pacifist monthly *Alternative* has had its September-October issue banned from the mails, according to an announcement by Albert Goldman, New York Postmaster, received in a letter to the editors. The issue, which contained a discussion of disarmament and a plea for resistance to the draft, was banned under a postal regulation dealing with "advocating or urging treason, insurrection or forcible resistance to any law of the United States," Mr. Goldman's letter said.

The policy of the magazine has been to advocate conscientious objection to the draft. The editors are pacifists who believe in non-violence and attempt to promote the methods of peaceful change as developed especially by Gandhi in India even if it means defying the laws of the country when they conflict with principle. *Alternative* has appeared since April, 1948. Its address is Box 827, Church Street Station, New York City 8.

This is the first instance of the banning of a publication for political or anti-war reasons since World War II.

afternoon, when the wind had been raging for nearly twenty-four hours, she came and sat beside me on the kitchen davenport. Marjorie and I had been talking about the advisability of letting the children sleep in the dining room that night, for warmth and safety, as much colder weather was predicted and I was afraid pieces of the destroyed tin roof might be blown through their bedroom window. It seemed as though Mary, the most serious minded of the children, was beginning to realize how threatening the storm was, for when she sat beside me she said, "We will sit here all night with all our clothes on, and I will take care of you."

The wind died suddenly after 5 o'clock, and the rain stopped with it. We had a very late supper, prepared and eaten by candlelight (the electricity had failed during the afternoon) and went to bed hoping that the storm would not return. It did not, and Sunday dawned bright and clear, with not a trace of cloud in the sky at sunrise.

The storm had hit us hard, but we were indeed fortunate compared to our neighbors on the east shore of the island. Many of them lost their homes when the tide swept in a mile beyond the beach. Thousands were evacuated from their homes by the Navy and the Coast Guard, there were many injuries and near-drownings, but fortunately and by the grace of God no deaths.

### Aftermath

We went down to the beach, two miles away, Sunday afternoon, and I never saw such an appalling scene of wreckage. The sea had strewn thousands of tons of debris along the shore, small boats and all sorts of timber structures torn away from other places. The beach at that point is the property of Mount Loretto, a shrine to the Immaculate Conception and a home for hundreds of children. The home had big bath houses on the beach, constructed of concrete blocks, and they had been totally wrecked by the battering of tide and timbers. Large areas of the Mount Loretto grounds are strewn with debris that will require months of labor for removal. Joe Cotter, Hans, Charlie McCormick, Bill Haussman and I managed to get five station-wagon loads of good lumber out of it, and we could get much more if the weather would permit it. So the storm which caused great tribulation and damaged our buildings also brought us compensation in the form of much-needed lumber which we could not have afforded to purchase.

Surely the rest of the winter will seem mild and gentle by contrast with that storm.

## Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

The commercialism of the holiday season is on again and most of us are steeped in the process of buying and receiving gifts. What once was a beautiful custom of imitating the example of the Three Kings in their offerings to the Christ Child has now soured into a face saving device. Today we are genuinely embarrassed when someone to whom we haven't given anything, presents us with a handsome Christmas package. Instead of duplicating the spirit of the Magi in their love for Christ and thinking of other people as other Christs, we think mostly in terms of exact amounts of money that another will spend on our gift and hope to equal it—to go over or under that amount will be equally upsetting to both parties.

Here at the Catholic Worker we are spared the above agonizing process of those of you in the world as some good religious are wont to refer to your place of existence. Since there are no salaries attached to this work we can and sometimes do act quite brazen and virtuous in accepting little presents from our friends and relatives. Such an attitude as this reminds me of a writeup in one of the Catholic papers which was a source of great merriment to Charlie O'Rourke, it commented on how a certain bishop "graciously deigned to receive a gift of three thousand dollars." However all this does not mean that we refrain from giving little things to each other around the house. Since we are forever-lasting passing on gimmicks that we have received from someone else but seldom something we really want ourself.

As is everyone's practice of inventory we can't help but go over the events of the past year. The moving from Mott street is uppermost in our minds. It was such an uprooting and caused innumerable complexes that it would take a dozen full time psychiatrists to put us together for this new adjustment. New beginnings in strange places are generally so grim that you are exhausted at the mere contemplation of all the work and worry involved that you are exhausted before you start. And then there are all the guests and workers that have come and gone during the year. We still have kind memories of those individuals such as Marie Roach who is now attending Rosary College around Chicago, Everett Trebtske who is working as a consular at Boys Town, Nebraska; Don Klein who is attending Marquette U. in Milwaukee, Lorrie Urbach who is working on Chicago's publication Today, Joseph Cuellar who has started a hermitage out in New Mexico, Helen Butterfield who is en route for California, John McKeown and Stanley Vischer who are editors of the Santa Fe Register in New Mexico. And even though we know why they left you sort of wonder how it worked out that way until we recall a quote someone made about us remaining, "the gold is removed and the dross remains in all refining processes." Like I was saying, God seems to delight in seeing just how fragile and weak the instruments can be in carrying on this work.

There is nothing like digging into the past to get yourself all up in a whirl. But during the past year there has been one particular thing that keeps running through my thoughts. It is the first editorial of the first issue of the Catholic Worker back in 1933. It started out by stating that the paper was being written for all those who were unemployed, destitute and world weary and who were suffering under the misapprehension that the Catholic Church lacked a program for a reconstruction of the social order. It went on to say that the Church had one and this paper intended to present this dynamic teaching as best as it could. Needless to state that the scene has changed slightly since the year of 1933. However the social implications of Catholicism has made very little impact upon

our present society. We still have a goodly number of unemployed sitting on park benches, many of whom are unemployable because they cracked up in our highly geared up system. Alcohol has helped to ease the pain in many instances but hasn't solved their problems. World War II accomplished its share in filling those benches even though our participation in it spared the lives of many Jews and others.

Now we are caught in the horrible nightmare of World War III and all the world is embroiled in this terror that no one seems to have the answers that are agreeable to all interested parties. We of the twentieth century have outdone our wildest expectations in the field of scientific discoveries but have failed miserably in the field of human relations. Thus at this writing it seems to me that the need for our paper is greater now than it was at first printing. And while we may not be able to present a clear cut blue print as to how each of the modern problems is to be met and solved, still we hope that we will continue to be able to offer a sufficient touching on numerous sore spots in order that our readers will be able to make their own synthesis. So again we say to you who are unable to cope with life and are rapidly disintegrating through your attempts at escapes by way of the local tavern, movie houses, cheap novels, dance halls, bingo games, the Church still offers a program which can and must reconstruct the social chaos if we only have the fortitude to place it into practice. We here at the Catholic Worker will continue to bring before the eyes of our readers the application of these teachings to the social order.

I have been recently immersed in the reading of a Sheed & Ward book, "Neurosis and Sacraments," by Father Alan Keenan, O.F.M.: It is an exceptionally fine work which clearly states how the sacraments can be profitably utilized in coping with neurosis. If you are a neurotic, and who isn't these days, when we have such a rich source of instruments to produce neurosis, you should be immensely aided in reading Father Keenan's book. Even if you are not a neurotic you can derive a great deal of knowledge and compassion for those in that state. There are numerous passages that I would like to quote but our copy has been lent out already. One thing Fr. Keenan suggests is that neurotics who have the usual tortured mind would do well if they would attempt to offer its pain up with the mind of Christ which experienced untold excruciations. Of course, he does not exclude a good psychiatrist if one can be of any aid.

About a week ago I had occasion to visit Washington, D. C., to speak at the Theological College adjacent to Catholic University. On the bus ride to Washington, I had the mingled pleasure of sitting alongside a man who turned out to be a low church Episcopalian. He had a jaundiced eye towards all mankind especially Catholics. He hadn't a good word to say for anyone except professional entertainers and Monsignor Fulton Sheen. My bus companion was brought up in England and had a decided spleen towards the Irish and consequently we disagreed completely throughout the seven hour trip. However, he was a jolly sort of fellow and accompanied all his diatribes with a merry cackling laugh which took much of the sting out of his remarks. He used up all my matches on his evil-smelling pipe but in return pointed out all interesting sights in and around Baltimore and the Capital. At the end of the trip he purchased a cup of coffee for me and snickered deviously at me for not joining him in a shot of whiskey and a bottle of beer. As we parted in the restaurant he sneered good naturedly at the absurdity of my giving a lecture to the students of Theological College, although he remarked that in the Catholic Church it was a good

(Continued on page 4)



# Academic Freedom and the Catholic

By VICTOR FERKISS

The publication of *The Year of the Oath* by George Stewart, together with events themselves, has recalled public attention to the "loyalty oath" controversy at the University of California. The situation itself is an almost impossibly confusing one, which Stewart's inept and disingenuous book fails to clarify. There is one aspect of the controversy which it might be well to call to Catholic attention, however, and that is the new definition of Academic Freedom developed by the faculty under pressure from the Regents.

Stewart's book purports to be about a fight for "academic freedom." The author defines this concept as "the freedom, within an educational institution, to teach the truth." It "keeps [the teacher] from losing his job if he teaches an unpopular truth." Now this is a definition which the Catholic especially might find agreeable, but it is non-functional except in an intellectual climate in which attainment of objective truth in a wide variety of fields is held to be possible. This is not the "academic freedom" involved in some facets of the loyalty oath controversy because it is absolutely unrelated to the definition of academic freedom traditional at the University of California. What this traditional definition implies is easily ascertained by reading University Regulation Five which is as follows:

"The function of the University is to seek and to transmit knowledge and to train students in the processes whereby truth is to be made known. To convert, or to make converts, is alien and hostile to this dispassionate duty. Where it becomes necessary, in social, or sectarian movements, they are dissected and examined—not taught, and the conclusion left, with no tipping of the scales, to the logic of the facts.

The University is founded upon faith in intelligence and knowledge and it must defend their free operation. It must rely upon truth to combat error. Its obligation is to see that the conditions under which questions are examined are those which give play to intellect rather than to passion. Essentially the freedom of a university is the freedom of competent persons in the classroom. In order to protect this freedom, the University assumes the right to prevent exploitation of its prestige by unqualified persons or by those who would use it as a platform for propaganda. It therefore takes great care in the appointment of its teachers; it must take corresponding care with respect to others who wish to speak in its name.

The University respects personal belief as the private concern of the individual. It equally respects the constitutional rights of the citizen. It insists only that its members, as individuals and as citizens, shall likewise always respect—and not exploit, their University connection."

(Adopted August 27, 1934; revised June 15, 1944.)

Obviously, this regulation is concerned primarily not with the dissemination of truth but of knowledge. It defines the University not as a cooperative endeavor to seek and transmit truth and value but as a free forum. Though this conception might well result in a university akin to the University of London as characterized in a felicitous phrase of D. B. Wyndham Lewis, "a babbling shop of strange sophistries," yet, in our present enforced conformity to secular materialism it contains echoes of nobility. Like the American doctrine of freedom of religion it makes the University, owned and supported by all the citizens of the state, a free forum in which the only tests of the right to speak are certain standards of competence and respect for the opinions of others. It leaves aside questions of personal

belief and measures a teacher only by his conduct in the classroom and his obedience to the ordinary laws of civil society. For a nation and a state where no cultural unity exists save for the vulgarity of Hollywood and the advertising agencies, it is the best anyone could expect. Those of us who were connected with the University in any way were rather proud of this principle while it lasted. It sheltered all minorities equally. But as a result of a chain of events, too complex to relate in detail the faculty, through the Academic Senate, surrendered academic freedom thus defined.

At first the faculty, or at least those who took an active part in the controversy, balked at swearing that: "I do not believe in and am not a member of nor do I support any party or organization that believes in, advocates or teaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence." This oath was, of course, aimed at members of the Communist Party, although its loose wording, like that of the Smith Act, might well give members of the Institute of Natural Law qualms as to whether they could still advocate the right revolt in certain hypothetical cases.

Then the Regents rubbed salt into "liberals'" wounds by voting to require explicit abjuration of Communism. The faculty ended by balloting overwhelmingly in favor of two propositions as follows:

Proposition No. 1. All members of the Senate will subscribe to the constitutional oath of loyalty sworn by officers of public trust in the State of California . . .

All future letters of acceptance of salary and position will contain a statement that the person concerned accepts such position subject to the University policies embodied in the Regents' resolutions . . . excluding members of the Communist Party from employment in the University, and in University Regulation 5 endorsed in the Regents' statement of February 24, 1950.

Proposition No. 2. No person whose commitments or obligations to any organization, Communist or other, prejudice impartial scholarship and the free pursuit of truth will be employed by the University. Proved members of the Communist Party, by reason of such commitments to that party, are not acceptable as members of the faculty.

Thus by their vote the faculty voluntarily relinquished academic freedom. The tempest now became solely concerned with whether the nonsigners could substitute an oral political test, administered by a committee of their colleagues, for the written one demanded by the Regents.

It might be well to pause here in order to consider briefly the action of the faculty in endorsing Proposition 2. This was something which caused a good deal of dismay among some of those Catholics who would eventually have to sign the new contracts. Those of the faculty who gave any thought to the problem of reconciling the oath and academic freedom largely adopted the rationale of a series of magazine articles written by Sidney Hook of New York University, who is himself an ex-Marxist. The underlying theme of this series was that a Communist, simply because he was such, necessarily held a system of coherent beliefs and was subject to intellectual authority; hence, the Communist is himself incapable of exercising academic freedom. There is no need to prove that he has abused his position as a teacher, as he is already guilty by definition. Thus no one but a "liberal" (defined as a person who is able to approach every question without any desire to receive a particular answer) is really fit to teach. One may leave aside the question of whether such persons exist outside of asylums; it is obvious which

groups fall under Hook's ban. As stated, this principle, unlike U. C. Regulation 5, makes it unnecessary to convict a teacher of exploiting his classroom in order to fire him; rather it brands him guilty of a violation of academic freedom simply because he endorses a coherent structure of beliefs.

Mr. Hook's discussion was occasioned by a series of dismissals at the University of Washington and Oregon State College. At the former institution several proven members of the Communist Party were fired for being such, with no evidence supplied that they had misused their classrooms or position in order to propagate their doctrines. (Hook's argument.) Hook's argument rationalized this action. Mr. Stewart entitles one chapter of his book "You too can have a loyalty oath." This chapter consists of a "selected" group of firings of faculty members which he considers violated academic freedom and/or tenure rights. Interestingly enough, those he includes have several ancient, obscure, and trivial events at bush-league colleges, it completely omits mention of the Washington or Oregon State cases. Apparently Mr. Stewart feels that mentioning them would raise the issues of academic freedom to a level of discussion in which he and his sponsors were not prepared to participate. Also, this omission helps to stack the cards against

benefit of any doubts would be a hypocrite.

Hook, who has been challenged as to whether he would also ban Catholics from teaching has evaded the issue by switching the discussion from intellectual authority the existence of "cells" and other apparatus. Sufficient unto the day the suppressions thereof. But the plain semantic meaning of the language of Hook's article and that used in the U. C. contracts is clear. Some like Professor Robert S. Lynd have long proclaimed their belief that neither Communists nor Catholics should be allowed to teach any of the social sciences. One may expect to find many modern American liberals salving their consciences for the betrayal of their principles involved in leaping aboard the great "anything goes if it hurts or pretends to hurt Communism" bandwagon, by renewing their hoary feud with Rome. The New Leader's recent endorsement of Blanchard's charges is a good example of this type of psychological necessity in action.

Those Catholics who at various junctures refused to endorse this new definition of academic freedom for the reasons indicated were few and minor among Catholic teaching employees, however, and our motives were mixed with personal loyalties and despair over the continued intellectual vigor of the University, from which some of us had yet to receive our final degrees. The future was to confirm our worst fears as to the condition of the University, thus resolution of our conscientious scruples about signing the new contract was rendered unnecessary.

Those faculty members who had not signed the oath were given special Star Chamber hearings by the Committee on Privileges and Tenure at which they were, in almost all cases, begged to say something nasty about Stalin so that they could be cleared. Many who did not comply were tricked into making statements which had political meaning, thus putting them in the same compromised position as their examiners, who had already passed the ideological test. Six senior faculty members and an undefined group of Teaching Assistants (in a police state atmosphere secrecy is an added torture) were not "cleared." In order to prevent any repercussions all records of the hearings were burned by the Committee, an item Mr. Stewart does not mention although this action preceded the writing of his postscript.

After the hearings were completed the Regents, dominated by John F. Neylan, a wealthy San Francisco attorney, reversed a previous decision and fired all thirty or so non-signers, including those "cleared" by the faculty Committee on Privileges and Tenure. This meeting of the Regents was featured by a masterful speech by Neylan denouncing the vacillation of the faculty and paying a much-appreciated tribute to the stand on principle taken by those few who refused to testify in any way about their beliefs. Thus the faculty discovered that their scapegoats (the afore-mentioned "uncooperative" few) were not fat enough, and they had to start appeasing the Regents all over again.

The fight goes on. Regents and non-signers are involved in a bitter court struggle, professional associations boycott, students meet, etc., etc. The administration has even developed a new contract which requires all administrative employees to state:

. . . I have no commitments in conflict with the Regents' policy of excluding Communists from employment in the University. I understand that the foregoing statement is a condition of my employment, and a consideration of payment of my salary. This contract could be used as

a ground for dismissal of all members of certain of the academic professional association, the American Civil Liberties Union, or any of the many other groups which have denounced the Regents' policy.

Some junior faculty members have already been sent this same contract, but these were precipitously recalled. Probably their turn doesn't come until next year, while that of the Academic Senate members won't receive their super-oaths till the next year again.

This action is a good index to the Regents' feelings about civil liberties, especially when considered in conjunction with their failure to take exception to Regent Giannini's declaration at a Regents' meeting: "I want to organize twentieth century Vigilantes who will unearth Communists and Communism . . . And I will if necessary."

The outcome of all this turmoil is still uncertain. That the University will be irreparably damaged is certain. What should not be forgotten amid all the confusion as "ignorant armies clash by night" is the fact that here for the first time, the faculty of a major university have accepted the principle that only those who refuse to believe in any fixed system of truths shall be allowed to teach.

The political wind need shift only a little and we may yet hear more of this principle than we should prefer.

## Chrystic Street

(Continued from page 3)

sign that we permitted each other to speak our piece.

At the seminary I was warmly received by the seminarians and the priest in charge. The talk was well received, but during the discussion that followed we were completely at loggerheads. Although I was happy in a way over the selection of the point for discussion still it was unfortunate in a certain sense since there were several other issues I would have also liked to spend a little time on. Bone of contention or no bone, I did enjoy my overnight stay even though I felt like the man in the parable who arrived at the marriage without a wedding gown, everyone had on a cassock but myself.

During my few hours free before I decamped for New York, I managed to take in a few sights in the nation's capital. I was quite impressed by the splendor and dignified atmosphere of the Supreme Court building. The individuals whose statues managed to make the Capital building were quite intriguing. There was one of the Franciscan Missionary to California, Junipero Serra, another of Pere Marquette, the Jesuit, who discovered the Mississippi, plus others of Huey Long, Will Rogers and a statue of a woman, Francis Willard, of Illinois. In the Congressional Library I read a part of an original diary regarding Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, in which she stated that George Washington did not write the Farewell Address but that her husband, Alexander, wrote it for him. After glimpsing the White House and the Blair House which was surrounded with the police I made my way around to the various spots of Catholic activity in the city. As I didn't have much time left I had to make my visits brief. In most of those places such as Blessed Martin de Porres' House of Hospitality, Friendship House and Fides House. However, it was good to observe so much real lay apostolic work being carried on by the groups in charge of those centers. Besides all these sights I took in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception where I was awed by the beautiful mosaic of the Blessed Virgin.



the pro-oath U. C. Regents, whose concern about the possible presence of Stalinists at the University, Stewart deprecates. Needless to say, in a school with thousands of teachers there were a few such in the lower ranks, all of whom with a single exception signed the oath immediately.

At this point one should note carefully the wording of the propositions voted on March 2 quoted above and the new contracts promulgated on April 21. The latter read in part:

. . . I am not a member of the Communist Party or any other organization which advocates the overthrow of the Government by force or violence, and . . . I have no commitments in conflict with my responsibilities with respect to impartial scholarship and free pursuit of truth. I understand that the foregoing statement is a condition of my employment and a consideration of payment of my salary.

And so a compromise was arrived at whereby the Regents and faculty agreed upon a new definition of academic freedom. The Regents got rid of the "reds" and the faculty maintained their "liberal" principles. What this new definition implies about the right to teach of intellectually coherent minorities such as Catholics, who have or who might be considered to have . . . obligations [which] prejudice impartial scholarship . . . and the free pursuit of truth" is left to the inference of the reader. Any Catholic historian who pretended that he approached the question of Conciliar movement, for instance, impartially and without trusting that his researches would enable him to continue believing in the Divine continuity of the Papacy and without giving that continuity the



## Letters to the Editor

Blessed Martin de Porres Hospice,  
38 Eye Street, Northwest,  
November 21, 1950,  
Washington 2, D. C.

Dear Friends:

Have not sent you a letter for sometime, however the Blessed Martin de Porres Hospice is still in action. The colder weather is making us very active. More people come to eat or sleep. With the shortage of food and inadequate bed linen for winter causes many more problems to arise.

Perhaps due to the sudden change in hastening winter, one of our former residents came in to obtain heavier clothing so as to combat with the climatic conditions at present since he was clad in only summer wearables. Accompanying him was a woman who was introduced as "my old lady." Poor creatures, they both were very much inebriated as well as hungry. Aiding the couple by contributing food and an overcoat for the man along with a little unasked for advice.

They were an interesting pair, especially the lady who made every effort to maintain her social respectability as she fingered her food with awkward gracefulness, prodding the old man to sit up and be a gentleman in my presence since he would almost lay in his plate to eat. The hat of the lady too was quite amusing as it sat at a precarious angle on her head which at times took a different direction from the rest of her body.

Having so little money and continued expenses during the summer has caused us to still be without heat in as much as our furnace is still out of order. To add to this disastrous situation a kitchen sink and the bathroom stool is in need of repairs. The latter is being flushed by pouring water into it.

The Washington weather has truly caught us without sufficient blankets. We have been asking for some sheets for quite some time but as yet our Lord has not sent us any.

He will be very grateful for anything sent to us and we would love to have a few more visitors. For some reason many people shy away from us.

Nevertheless, our Lord sends us enough for the day and for that we thank Him and pray each day for His will to be done unto us.

Sincerely yours,

LEWELLYN J. SCOTT

Dear Mama Dorothea:

You always find me though I am the most insignificant church-mouse and being a religious, can only give if somebody gives me something. Now you are in a new locality and naturally you want something for house warming. Here are two dollars—pray for a worker who always loses his patience and runs the risks to lose his job. Your periodical is getting more and more scientific and some of Ludlow or whatever his name is, are getting somewhat obtuse but of course he does not know how dumb I am. You have only misery around you so other things do not touch. Mercy alive what waste is done in America. Just now was a fashionable wedding in our church. Outside the church they threw some 10 pounds of rice. And millions of kids starve elsewhere. I bury each day 3-5 and the coffin costs 500-600 dollars for a cadaver and 500 for flowers. I was 20 years in India and accustomed to the modesty of Indian women; here the sodality girls go about in boys pants and go to Communion with it and with such thick lipsticks smeared on that I stain my fingers and the Host. The Hierarchy is not interested in these things. To talk about our political blunders causes almost nausea. The Korean people are as innocent as the peasant Germans were under Hitler's swine tyranny yet American bombings smash their whole land because Roosevelt sold them to the Russians. America is always victorious and always blunders the peace. May you long live in the new house; do not reply.

Benedicite  
Fr. M. M.

Dear friends at the C. W.:

I am enclosing 60c. Would you please use it to send two copies of each issue of the C. W. for one year to a friend. This man is helping people escape the East German "people's democracy." I met him this summer while in Berlin with ADA. He is most interested in the Worker, which almost alone seems to offer a way of living to people other than with the A-bomb. Not a pacifist myself, I nevertheless realized that these Germans, like the early Christians, might have hundreds of years of dictatorship facing themselves and their ancestors. The Worker's message deserves a hearing. If there is any trouble on the mailing to Germany, please let me know.

Sincerely,  
WALTER BERDOY

Wellington, S. I., New Zealand  
Dear Mr. Ludlow,

Please excuse my long silence. I have been receiving copies of the "Catholic Worker" regularly since last year. It is a pity that only a few Catholics get it in our country.

I have kept in close contact with John Magurk, who has done much good work for the cause of peace. It is strange that I met John through a Christian Pacifist (or was it so strange?). During the last few days the military have been defending the bombing of Casino Abbey in the recent war, since the General responsible is our present Governor-General. I understand this subject has again come up in the USA. The generals don't want to be told that they killed refugees.

The subject of modern warfare has been brought up at meetings of a local Catholic organization with various effects.

Your eviction from Mott St. was given prominence in the New Zealand Catholic "Tablet." I am pleased to see that you have got new quarters.

Thanking you for your paper and praying that God will bless your work, I am,

Yours sincerely,

P. M. O'ROURKE,

St. Augustine Mission,  
Peace River, Alberta,  
Canada

Dear Friend:

I am more and more pleased with the Catholic Worker. It is by far my desert reading of the month. I wish to mention my praise for the last issue of W. Gauchat on Poverty, Irene Naughton on farm life and Ammon Hennacy picketing. The last seems on the verge of turning a Catholic, I pray for him; he deserves it for his spirit of justice and for his zeal for the Catholic Worker.

Allow me to say that Chrystie Street is getting my first attention upon receiving the paper, together with On Pilgrimage. That such good writers put their talents and toil for the cause of God, make the writings more sincere and lovable.

My best congratulation for your new accommodation on Chrystie Street a fine name.

I am an old priest without work and revenue, but I must send my mite and my promise of prayers

Yours truly in Christ and Mary,  
REVEREND F. ROBERT

By AMMON HENNACY

Having nearly fathomed the mysteries of the harness which equipped the blind and deaf mules borrowed from a neighbor (I milked his cow while he caught the wild animals) I hitched them to a disc and prepared the garden previously irrigated two weeks before. A clump of Johnson grass here and there defiantly showed remnants of green after the rest of the garden was a pleasant brown. A harrow leveled off the ground nicely. One row of egg plant and peppers remained from the summer garden. The hot August weather had nearly burned them up but now near the end of September they were blooming again and would produce until heavy frost.

The Old Pioneer brought twine and we measured out straight rows. We hitched the blind mule to the plow and the Old Pioneer led as I made—not the straightest row in Missouri or Arizona—but one good enough for our purpose. We came back over the furrow to make the ground even on both sides of it. By one p.m. I had returned the mules and had started to plant the winter garden.

The rows are 81 feet long. I have never worked in such fine mellow ground; not a hard lump of dirt to be found. It had rained a few days before when I had made a hurried trip to Hopland and this had melted any clods that had remained from the plowing around the first of August when I had driven the mules and Jack Yaker had tried his first stint with the plow. The furrows were about a foot and a half in depth. I leveled off the ground between them with a rake, then took a hoe and chopped half way down the edge of the furrow to make sure that the ground was fine and crumbly as a bed for the seeds. Then I made an inch furrow along this edge where I judged the line of irrigation water would about reach. Here in this Valley of the Sun you do not want to have the ground wet above the seeds or the sun will bake it so hard that the seeds can hardly push through; and the air will get to the roots through the cracks in the earth and kill the plants.

First I planted a row of radishes. Then taking a chance that we would have a late frost I planted 46 hills of Irish potatoes in the next row. Last year I had planted them in August and it was so hot that they dried up in the hill instead of growing. The trick with potatoes is to have the ground loose and high enough above the furrow so that the top is always dry: the water on either side subbing up and making sufficient moisture. Next I planted two rows of chard, the green leaves of which would mix well with the carrots, to be pulled each day for a salad from the next two rows. A row of onion seed and onion sets provided a different shade of green in the garden, followed by three rows of beets. We had made four rows for the planting of peas in November; two beds for the tomatoes in the spring and two wide beds for watermelon in the spring. It was after dark before I stopped to eat supper, but all had been planted except two rows of beets. The bundle of CATHOLIC WORKER'S having strayed in the mails I had none to sell this Sunday morning so got up early and irrigated the garden. Now two weeks later as I write the radishes have long been up and the other seeds are up here and there.

One Bowl

Long before I had known that Gandhi ate from one bowl—the aluminum one which he brought from prison—I had told the women folks that they cluttered themselves up with too many dishes. Sometimes my sister-in-law at whose home I lived for a year, called me "one-bowl-Hennacy" and minimized the quantity of utensils around my place at the table. To

## Life at Hard Labor

my mind the simple life means that one should eat that which is at hand and buy from the store only when absolutely necessary. As long as I have Irish potatoes in the garden they form the bulk of my main meal. When they are gone I do not buy potatoes but eat egg plant, onions and peppers which are delicious fried. When I worked in a dairy I made my own cottage cheese, but now that is one thing that I buy at the store. -Except for the months of August, September and October I have chard or spinach and carrots which make a fine salad, so then I really have two bowls instead of one. When I worked at a chicken ranch in Albuquerque I ate cracked eggs by the dozen. Since then I seldom buy eggs. When I worked in the large apple orchard there and wrote of my visits to the nearby Isleta Indian pueblo I had apples every day of the year, and fine cider part of the time, except in the months of April, May and June. Here I also had asparagus seven months in the year. It grew wild in the orchard and all that was needed was to cut the shoots every few days and not allow them to go to seed. When cold weather came I never bought this very expensive product of the canning factory having had my share during the remainder of the year.

Apples do not grow in this valley and I seldom buy them. Orange and grapefruit trees are nearby and in season figs and pomegranates. The Old Pioneer will plant some grape vines this month. We had watermelon each day from June first to August 12th. And of course we had free access to the hundreds of acres of commercial cantaloupes all around us. Our one failure has been tomatoes. While we have had some to eat there has not been enough in proportion to the effort expended. Our rows were too narrow and we gave them too much water and they got too much sun. This spring we will plant them in rows five feet apart and with irrigation only on the outer side. Then the plants can produce leaves and shade as protection from the sun. We have used no commercial fertilizer. I have had a small compost pit and now having subscribed to Organic Gardening perhaps I can improve my methods.

The second Monday after I had planted my garden the Old Pioneer called his brother-in-law, Joe, and he and I hitched ourselves to each end of a broomstick which had a rope in the center attached to a cultivator. The Old Pioneer was the driver as we roughed up the ground between the rows, "damn burros," grumbled Joe. (I also mention two other Joe's at times; Joe Craigmyle, the C. O. who did time in La Tuna, and Joe Mueller who painted signs for me two years ago and who was a C. O. in Sandstone). As I am writing this article I have just spend the morning hoeing the bermuda from around the egg plant and peppers.

Broken Arrow

This week I was pleasantly surprised to hear the voice of my Hopi friend Thomas Bancyeya on the phone. Catherine Howell, a Quaker woman who had been living for several months in Hopi villages and who had now learned the distinction between the real Hopi and the government stooges who accept favors from the whites and thus betray their people, had driven to Phoenix to visit Rik's wife Ginny who was old time friend, Thomas came along as he needed to look up work as a stone mason where no tax would be taken from his pay for war, and to get some data in preparation for a letter which the Hopi are sending to President Truman protesting the drafting of the Hopi for war. He brought a yellow watermelon and some piki. He had never visited my place. I pointed out the middle room which would be his when he came later.

I have refused to attend the movies since 1942 as I do not want

to pay a war tax. I had hinted to my friends that I was willing to be an accessory-to-the-fact and attend a movie to see the true story of Cochise, the great Apache leader for whom the county in which Tucson is located is named. I had read the book Blood Brother by Eliot Arnold and understood that this account of a white man who made friends with Cochise and secured peace between the Apaches and the whites was correct Arizona history.

So the night before Thomas left we all went to a drive-in theatre as guests of Rik, and saw Broken Arrow. Thomas felt that the Indian customs presented were fairly accurate. The Apache speak somewhat like the Navajo; quickly and sharply, while the Hopi are entirely different in expression. The only criticism of the play that I had was the fact that the most stirring and incriminating part of the play was merely referred to, not acted out. This was when the army commander offered a flag of truce and coldly ordered Cochise, his brother and four others murdered in the tent. The others died right there but Cochise had a knife in his loin cloth and cut a hole in the tent and escaped and began the famous ten-year war against the treacherous whites. When peace had been made by Tom Jeffers the army general made the promise that no soldiers would be stationed on the Apache reservation. Those who have seen this movie and do not know Indian history should be told that Tom Jeffers had to quit as Indian Agent because the government broke its word and sent troops. They should also learn that during the administration of Governor Safford—one of the many carpet-bag-neer-do-wells sent from Washington when Arizona was a territory—a special trip was made by the Governor to Washington where he had the boundaries of the Apache Reservation changed in order that the white man would have the newly found copper near the town which now bears the name of Safford. This is the source of the wealth of the mine owners who ran the I. W. W.'s out of Bisbee in 1916.

Those interested in Indian history should read Apache by Will Levington Comfort, the Quaker writer. It is a small book written many years ago and tells of the childhood of Magnus Colorado, the cousin of Cochise, and of his final death when murdered as a prisoner of war. Now with the whites bribing Indian leaders for oil and uranium leases the further robbing of the Indians continues. When we were in Washington, D. C., the Indian Commissioner urged Chief Dan and Thomas to file claims for the land stolen by the whites. Their reply was that they came not to get money but to warn the white man of his impending doom when the land would be purified by fire in World War III; and only those with pure hearts would be left. Most of the Indians have become demoralized by the commercialism of the whites. The message which the radical Hopi bring, along with the similar Christian anarchist message of the CATHOLIC WORKER, may yet build toward a society of peace and freedom.

### NOTICE

For the past two years verious branches of the Lay Apostolate have come together for a NEW YEAR'S EVE HOLY HOUR which was started by the LEGION OF MARY. It will start at 11:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. at St. Andrew's Church, Duane Street and Cardinal Place, in lower Manhattan. MASS follows at 12:45 a.m. ALL ARE WELCOME, come and bring your friends. Join us in prayer for reparation and in thanksgiving for all the Graces we have received and will receive in 1951.



## THE CENTER OF POVERTY

(Continued from page 1)

All other interpretations, as long as they see poverty as a healthy quality in man, are Christian, or at least human. Actually, of course, there is only one Christian poverty. Differences appear in its interpretation only because there are degrees to it, and because it is lived by different men in their own special circumstances. It is, obviously, the possession of poverty, and not the interpretation of it, that matters. The depths of poverty cannot be plumbed, nor its heights scaled, by a definition. The poor man, and not the scholar, knows what poverty is. But it should not for that reason be left entirely out of speculation.

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One of the vows taken by a religious is called the vow of poverty. By the simple vow, the religious deprives himself of the right to act as an owner, to use material things as his prudence directs. (If he takes a solemn vow, he deprives himself even of the right to be an owner.) This does not mean that his poverty consists in the external ritual of obtaining permission from his superiors to use things. When Christ said, "Sell all you have, give to the poor," he also added, "and come follow me." He obviously did not mean that this counsel (given to a man who wanted to do more than was required of him), or a person's response to it, does away with the prerequisite for attaining the Kingdom of heaven—poorness of spirit—given on the Mount. That one can literally say that one has nothing which he may use as his own, is of counsel—above what is required—and is especially blessed by Christ through his Church. But the end of this renunciation is essentially that same poverty which is required of all Christians. It makes its acquisition easier and gives it a more favorable ground for completeness—but it certainly does not make it unnecessary.

One reason for misunderstanding concerning poverty might be found in books written especially for religious or about the religious life which quite justifiably, because of their particular purpose, take much for granted, and leave some readers with the vague notion that religious are somehow a group apart from Christians; that they are a group of people to whom has been given the strange prerogative of salvation through preoccupation with accidentals. I do not mean those necessary technical books on the vows of religion, but some which explicitly try to get at the spirit of the vows. One such book, published not many years ago and quite popular among religious, will serve as a good point of focus and departure—a good point especially because the author does know, apparently, what true poverty is. In examining his chapter called "The Higher Poverty," I find that the closest he comes to any definition, formal or informal, of poverty, is the following paragraph.

It should mean a way of seeing her (the nun's) life, her interior disposition. One word describes her. She is poor. It means "detachment," not in the sense that she must deny herself every human satisfaction, nor does it mean a dull indifference to life. But it does mean an independence, a lack of need of very much that ordinary people regard as essential to contentment and happiness. It means a paring down of desires and taking the ache out of them. It means that she feels a kind of joy and pride in being poor for Christ's sake, that she sees everything in her life in terms of poverty of spirit.

This, as I said, is the closest the author comes to telling what the essence of poverty is. To say that

a person with poverty is "poor" may possibly remind an actually poor person of what the experience of poverty means to himself. But as even an informal definition—or explanation, for that matter—it is a giddy, or at least superficial, statement.

What the author speaks of is a wonderful thing, a thing beyond the ken of those who love Mammon. Those who are truly poor—so much beyond those who can simply analyze and synthesize poverty theoretically—know by experience what he means. But for those—whether they be truly poor or not—who want to be told analytically and synthetically what poverty is, who want to know the center from which its heights rise and its depths fall (they cannot know the heights and depths themselves unless they are truly poor)—for them his view is incomplete and his statement insufficient. Nowhere does he treat of anything but the accidents of poverty.

Poverty is not so much a way of "seeing her life" as of seeing life itself. But even this is a little beside the specific point of poverty. It is rather a way of seeing things—the proper and best way of seeing things. We mean here material things. Poverty has to do with matter. There is the possibility and necessity of poverty because there is man—a being of spirit of well as of matter—in the midst of matter.

Poverty is not simply "a lack of need of very much that ordinary people regard as essential to contentment and happiness," nor is it "a paring down of desires and taking the ache out of them"—which could as much be the accident of a visionless, meaningless stoicism as of any Christian attitude. To say that poverty means further to feel "a kind of joy and pride in being poor for Christ's sake" certainly brings the discussion up to the level of Christianity, but it just as certainly stops short of the essence of poverty. If anything is non-essential to Christian virtue and a Christian point of view it is the feeling which may be the consequence or accompaniment of it. The many (let us hope) persons who are poor for the sake of Christ know practically that poverty is not to be confused with a loss of needs and desires or feelings of joy and pride. Those who take upon themselves the examination of this poverty must beware confusing the means with the ends, the essentials with the accidentals.

(There is, of course, a joy which is the fruit given by the Holy Ghost to the plant of virtue. Even if we take for granted that the author quoted means this kind of joy, it remains nonetheless lower than the virtue to which it gives delight. Where there is no eventual delight at all, we know there is no virtue, but delight is not of the essence of virtue.)

Poverty is a vision of the mind that sets all things in their proper place in the scale, the hierarchy of being. It is a vision that inclines the will of man to use material things (while he is in their midst with his unglorified body—in his glorified body he will have no need of poverty) according to the value they have, the place they have in that hierarchy. Non-Christians may have this attitude toward things, just as those who have never even heard of Christ may somehow have His grace. But Christ, by His coming, gave a new vitality to the things immersed in matter, and, by His teaching, threw a new light upon their hierarchy, their value in themselves and in relation to everything else in matter, and especially in relation to the world beyond matter. Without reference to this world beyond matter, we would have no means of centralizing and unifying our view of material things. All men, knowingly or unknowingly, orientate matter by reference to this world beyond matter, even if for some it means only the spirit of man; for the spirit of man, however

strongly united to the body, is nevertheless delicately united to it, and is as much a part of the spiritual world as Lucifer or Gabriel. Even when a man is an egoist, arranging all things around his own personal spirit, he is arranging them, in this case distortedly, according to a spiritual criterion. The humanist sees more clearly than the egoist, since his vision extends beyond the spirit of one man, himself, to the spirit of all men, of man.

Yet even the humanist fails. Because his vision into spirit is incomplete, his view of matter is distorted. Man is an efficient criterion for evaluation of the things below him only insofar as there is an efficient criterion above man for the evaluation of man himself. The good of things in relationship to man can be seen, of course, only when the good of man is seen. And this is seen only in relationship to the Being who is beyond man and beyond



whom there are no others. We discover why God made things for man when we discover why God made man. Upon the good that man is to God depends the good of man himself. The good of God, the good that man can render to Him, is glory—not the dumb, involuntary praise rendered by material creation, but praise with knowledge, praise given willingly to God which recognizes his place above all other beings, praise given because man knows He is supreme in the hierarchy of being, and given in accordance with that knowledge. When united with God, man knows Him. The closer the union, the greater the knowledge is, and the greater the glory of God and the incumbent good of man who renders it.

But complete union, and the complete knowledge which comes with it, does not take place for individual men until they have left the environment of matter. Only in Heaven, where men know fully the praise which God is worthy of, can they praise Him in accordance with His worth, and receive their own highest good, which is identical with their perfect praise and knowledge of God.

On earth, while yet in the environment of matter, the work of man is the same—the glory of God. But the means and the circumstances are quite different. Man, although capable of union with God by grace, must work with imperfect knowledge of God—and thus of all being—while necessarily in immediate, temporal—local, physical contact with material things. The proper situation of man in Heaven is bliss. On earth it is poverty.

(Continued in the January issue)

## Modern War

From ROMANO GUARDINI'S ... "A LA Recherche de la Paix" ... the realism of modern war itself has an underlying metaphysics: a titanic will which frees itself from God and pretends to the absolute domination of the world.

All that we call technique comes into play in this war: namely, the domination, scientifically founded, both of nature and of man. The individual ceases to be a combatant in the former sense of the term; he becomes a functionary in the service of the machine. More and more, war seems like a process brought about by given oppositions and which, once unleashed, is not able to stop before total exhaustion. This does not mean that this conception corresponds to reality. Recent events have taught us that the words: "Things have turned out as they had to turn out," is a lie and cowardice. In truth, the war began because it was wanted. In spite of that, events have so much the character of a natural evolution that one is tempted to hide his responsibilities by giving them the appearance of necessity.

From this, a new characteristic appears. In former wars, there always existed the possibility of saying: "There is the one who declared it; it was so and so who executed the operation." This affirmation might be difficult to determine in certain cases; but the structure of events was such that they had to be imputed to persons. In modern war, the contrary is true. Without doubt, there are always some men who make the decisions and we know something about them; but the structure of events is such that it seems that it must be attributed not to persons, but to necessity.

The man of politics in former times knew himself to be in the sight of God, towards whom he was responsible. In modern times, the state, more and more, takes on the character of an apparatus of which the individual is the functionary. Now, responsibility should only be personal; it is thus that, more and more, it is lost and the feeling is born that an abstract and insatiable being, the State, is the author of events.

One could note a third characteristic: moral judgments are disappearing. War has always killed and destroyed and the evil in man had free play. The general attitude, however, had an evident moral character, for, in the last analysis, it was the thought of divine governance which caused it and, consequently, the necessity to fight to carry out the divine will ... modern war tends only to realize its own ends; that is why it considers human values and the relation of man to God as impediments. All its ethic reduces itself to the attaining of its own end and to that end sacrifices all human considerations. It is thus that war takes on the aspect of annihilation. That which, in other times, was only the effect of the combatants' rage is now decided a priori and realized by every means.

These consequences do not show themselves immediately in all their reality. Modern politics is based for better or worse either on absolute despotism or on the nation; but these principles contain traditional elements: the prince is sovereign by the grace of God but also tied by responsibility. The people is shaped through custom and obligated by tradition. These diverse elements give politics a transitional character. The phenomena do not appear in all their clarity until the moment where the people transform themselves into an amorphous mass and where the state is no longer but an apparatus, through which this mass enters into action. Out of this is born the war of today, which in the first world war already showed a part of its nature and which has revealed it in the second: it is "absolute war."

At the outset, the expression seems to have the same meaning

as the word "total war," which supposes that a people enters into the struggle not only with its army as military organ, but also with the totality of its forces and whole being. However, "absolute war" means more than that.

In this congress, they have spoken of the fear which modern men discovers in the face of the consequences of his own knowledge and his own works. The Nineteenth Century was ignorant of this fear. As modern times in general, it saw in all growth of knowledge and power, a force and in all growth of force, a progress. In the first world war, the doubt was born; in the second, it was clear as day.

In the course of these last twenty years, a dike was broken. One has the impression that there are no longer limits for discoveries and inventions. At the turn of the century, it was heard again that the routes towards the summits of life were wide open; we men of today, think otherwise. We feel that something which touches man most intimately, enters into its critical stage: I mean, the power of man.

Genesis says that man was made in the image of God, and it defines that resemblance by his capacity to dominate the world. The power, therefore, is given to man, but as a creature submissive to the obedience of God. By Original Sin, he broke this relation and it is from that that the power has taken on this frightening character which is fully revealed today.

Modern man draws conclusions from that initial act and declares himself independent of God; in the same measure, his personal forces in their turn acquire their autonomy and turn against their master. The sciences progress like a mechanic process dominated by the impetus of the problems proposed. The same goes for technique and politics. Without doubt, it is always man who knows, creates and dominates; but it seems, in these acts, that it is knowledge itself that knows, the domination that dominates, the construction that constructs and that he who, nevertheless, is the essential factor, man as a living person, becomes weaker and weaker.

This perversion of human capability manifests itself in "absolute war." Seen from the outside, it appears like a struggle of one people against another, of one group of peoples against another. At bottom, these adversaries play only different roles in a drama in which the director holds himself in the background. This director is the capability of man as it turns against the life of man. And his true adversary is not a human group that one can designate historically and distinguish from another: it is the human person himself and his responsibility facing existence. But it seems that he becomes more and more enfeebled and it is thus that his power becomes destructive ...

## NEGROES ATTENDING SOUTHERN COLLEGES

Aubrey Williams, President of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., recently estimated that approximately 200 Negroes were enrolled this Fall in 21 formerly all-white Southern colleges and universities. Although exact figures on Negro registration in all of these schools could not be obtained, Mr. Williams said that 60 Negroes were registered in the University of Oklahoma, 21 in the University of Texas, 12 in the University of Arkansas, 15 in the University of Kentucky, 9 in the University of Missouri and 3 in the University of Virginia.

"Perhaps the most surprising aspect of this liberal development in higher education in the South, especially to those not familiar with the South, is that it has been effected without a single untoward incident having been reported," Williams stated.



## The Sun Herald, a Free Newspaper

Everybody knows that the daily newspapers are subsidized by advertising, that is by the Capitalist system, and that therefore the slant with which the news is presented is the slant of Industrial-Capitalism and the growing Nationalism of America. The military and business men speak through the daily papers, and Diogenes looking with his lantern for an honest man had better keep away from the press. This is no less than a tragedy, considering that the backbone of freedom is a free press. It is even more of a tragedy when you consider the talent that is attracted to the field of journalism, and lost in it.

So it is with new hope that we fix our attention on "the Sun Herald," the new Catholic daily. The paper has been appearing now for several weeks and is very interesting and well-written. The editors and staff are not out to make a living, they are out to make a revolution. They know that you have to be poor to be honest, and they are poor and intend to remain poor. "From each according to his ability to each according to his needs" is the way their hard-working staff functions, and the family men in the group are paid more than the single men and women.

The Sun Herald "is organized as a non-profit corporation. It will be made financially possible by circulation revenue, a minimum of expense and charity. Advertising will not take up more than twenty per cent of its space. Ads in this paper will be truthful, written soberly and with an eye to your real needs."

We urge our readers to support this venture, one of whose stated principles is that "each man can be a spiritual force in restoring all things to Christ, can become a Christ-like person building a Christ-centered world."

The address is: The Sun Herald, 702 East Twelfth, Kansas City 6, Missouri.

I. M. N.

## Open Letter

Hopi Indian Sovereign Nation,  
Orambi, Arizona.  
October 8, 1950.

Harry S. Truman,  
President of the United States,  
Washington, D. C.

Mr. President:

"I also wish to assure the members of both the Hopi and Navajo Tribes that their religion and social customs will be fully respected in accordance with this nation's long-established laws and tradition."—Harry S. Truman.

Today our ancient Hopi religion, culture and traditional way of life are seriously threatened by your nation's war efforts, Navajo-Hopi bill, Indian Land Claims Commission and by the Wheeler-Howard bill, the so-called Indian self-government bill. These death-dealing policies have been imposed upon us by trickery, fraud, coercion and bribery on the part of the Indian Bureau under the Government of the United States, and all these years the Hopi Sovereign Nation has never been consulted. Instead, we have been subjected to countless number of humiliations and inhuman treatments by the Indian Bureau and the Government of the United States. We have been dipped in sheep-dipping vats like a herd of sheep. Our young girls and women folks were shamefully disrobed before the people, and then were either pushed or thrown into these vats filled with sulphur water. Our religious headmen were beaten, kicked, clubbed with rifle butts, their hair cut and after being dragged were left bleeding on the grounds in their villages.

These immoral acts were done to us by the Government of the United States, all because we want to be peaceful, to live as we please, to worship and make our own livelihood the way our Great Spirit Massau'u has taught us.

Hopi Sovereign Nation has been in existence long before any white men set foot upon our soil, and it is still standing. It will continue to hold all land in this western hemisphere in accordance with our Sacred Stone Tablets for all his people who are with him here.

But now you have decided without consulting us; you have turned away from us by leading your people down the new road to war. It is a fearful step that you have taken. Now we must part. We, the Hopi leaders, will not go with you. You must go alone. The Hopi must remain within his own homeland. We have no right to be fighting other people in other lands who have caused us no harm. We will continue to keep peace with all men while patiently waiting for our "true brother" whose duty it is to purify this land and to punish all men of evil hearts. Because we have never fought your govern-

ment, never relinquished our rights and authority to any foreign nation and made no treaty with your government whereby our young Hopi men be subject to conscription laws of the United States. Therefore we demand that you, as President of the United States, now and for all times, stop the drafting of our young Hopi men and women, and release immediately all those who are now in the armed forces of the United States. And we also demand that a full and complete investigation of the Navajo-Hopi bill, so-called Hopi Tribal Council and the Indian Bureau be made by the President of the United States, Congress and the good people of the United States. This is your moral obligation to the Red Man, upon whose land you have been living. Time is short, and it is our sacred duties as leaders of our people to bring these truths and facts before them. We must set our house in order before it is too late. If the government of the United States does not begin now to correct many of these wrongs and injustices done to the Red Man, the Hopi Sovereign Nation shall be forced to go before the United Nations with these truths and facts.

We are, Sincerely yours,  
Dan Katchongva,  
Advisor (Sun Clan),  
Hotevilla, Arizona.  
Andrew Hermequawewa,  
Advisor (Blue Bird Clan),  
Shungopovy, Arizona.

Note: The above letter was sent out by our brothers and friends and carried by the Associated Press and newspapers all over the country. The Phoenix papers commented that the signers of the letter represented fifty percent of the Hopi and were respected leaders. Readers of the Catholic Worker will be familiar with the Hopi from Ammon Hennacy's articles.

## SEGREGATION

Following spirited debate, the American Prison Association voted against holding its conventions after 1951 in cities where hotels practice racial segregation. The action grew out of the refusal of the Hotel Statler to accommodate four Negroes who came to St. Louis to attend the meeting.

G. Howland Shaw of Washington who presented the resolution argued that "incidents like this one will be picked up thousands of miles away and used to discredit the United States."

Although the group's resolutions committee, to which Shaw's resolution had been referred, at first brought in a mild substitute, a majority of the attending delegates voted 48 to 36 to support the original Shaw resolution.

(Continued from page 1)  
advantages of becoming a member of the union.

As in other credit unions (which are all under Federal supervision) members are required to buy shares, each share costing \$5, which allow them to participate in the activities of the union. There is an initial charge of 25c to join the union and a member may deposit as little or as much as he likes. However, he is not eligible to borrow money unless he owns a \$5 share. Loans are made to shareholders in amounts not exceeding \$5,000, and cumulative savings may not exceed \$500, in order that large amounts of dividends will not be drained from the reserve. The credit union is not established for a profit motive. A borrower signs a note when he obtains a loan from the union and must have security or collateral to borrow the money, or a co-maker for the note. The loan is repaid in small amounts over a specified period of time, for example, a loan of a hundred dollars must be paid back at \$2 a week over a period of 50 weeks or at \$5 a month for 20 months. Interest of one-half of 1% is charged on a loan. The profits are paid out in yearly dividends to the shareholders at the rate of 2% interest and 20% of the accumulated interest is retained by the union to cover bad loans. The union is governed by three committees, a supervisory committee of three people, a credit committee of five people who handle the loans, and a collection committee. The unanimous consent of all members of the credit committee is required before a loan can be granted. No account may be established in trust for another person, but joint accounts are allowed.

Father O'Leary explained that the union started on a very modest scale. The first loans granted were not in excess of \$100, but gradually as the bank built up its reserve, the amount was increased until the present maximum of \$5,000 was reached. To date, \$68,000 has been loaned and 1428 pass books have been issued, with between 850 and 900 active shareholders participating. The union meets every Monday evening from 7:30 to 9:30, at which time deposits and withdrawals are made and loans are considered and granted. The school children of the parish are also encouraged to participate and the bank has received \$13,000 from the savings of the children, who often build up an account large enough to pay for their high school education. It has been said by authorities of the O.L.M. credit union, that it is one of the most successful in the United States.

In connection with the credit union, the parish also maintains an employment bureau which is open every day from 11 till 2 and has been able to obtain domestic, clerical and professional positions for parishioners. The two organizations dovetail their activities. Often someone who comes in for a loan may be in need of a job. In such a case the members of the union will refer him to the employment bureau which may have something on its books that he will be able to fill, or which will allow him to register for a future job. The St. Vincent de Paul Society too has correlated its work with that of the union. Often a person in need, who may come to the society for help, will be persuaded to obtain a loan through the credit union which may put him back on his feet. If he has no collateral, the society will underwrite his note and be responsible for it until it is paid off. In such a way they enable a man to find a way out of his financial difficulties and still maintain his self-respect.

All of the work of these social

units is done by volunteers—there are no salaried workers connected with the parish activities with the exception of Mrs. Edna Daly, who receives a small token salary since she gives part of each day as well as several evenings a week to the work.

I talked to Mr. Robert Burns, president of the credit union, and to Mrs. Edna Daly, the head of the employment bureau, who both insisted that Father O'Leary be given full credit for the idea. Father O'Leary himself, when questioned, mentioned vaguely that the study clubs had been working on it and "we" just decided to get one started. Mrs. Daly, however, laughed and said, "This is Father's brain-child. Don't let him tell you anything different. He had a lot of friends in Canada and was interested in the operation of the credit unions there, and decided we needed one here. Father is full of ideas and we couldn't do a thing without him. There isn't a thing in the world he wouldn't do to help anyone who needed it."

Mrs. Daly went on to tell me that in Our Lady of Mercy parish alone, there were seventeen loan companies, and many families in the neighborhood had become so involved in debt to these usurers, that they were literally in a state of despair. One of the loans the credit union handled concerned a man who had been borrowing desperately from first one finance company, then another, until he had become so hopelessly immersed in debt he was on the verge of doing away with himself. The loan companies were threatening to garnish his wages and remove his personal possessions from his home. His wife persuaded him to see Father O'Leary and the members of the credit committee who advised him to get his brothers and sisters to underwrite a loan. They agreed to do this, the loan was granted, and the man paid off his debts. Then Mrs. Daly, in order to help him return the loan without depriving his family of the necessities which his salary at a public utilities company barely covered, found him a part-time job. This was the beginning of the employment bureau. It was more than that, however, as the man had been away from the Sacraments for seven years and was persuaded to go to Confession at this time and return to the practice of his faith.

Another case, which Mrs. Daly described, was one of the first presented to the credit union. A dock builder, who had been working on WPA at \$62 every two weeks, was offered a job at \$16 a day, provided he had a union card. He needed \$150 for the union card but had no collateral for a loan. Father O'Leary, himself, undertook to act as co-maker and signed the note, and today the joint account contains almost \$1,000.

A room registry is also in operation in the parish and Mrs. Daly is in charge of this. They have managed to find rooms for Fordham students; nurses and other parishioners in need of a place to live. A woman, with two small children, who operated a machine in a dressmaking establishment had been temporarily laid off. She was given notice to vacate the furnished room in which she was living (and for which she was paying \$18 a week) because of the children. She had no place to go, no money, not even enough for food, so she came to Our Lady of Mercy. Mrs. Daly was able to find her a better and cheaper room with a community kitchen, and negotiate a loan from the credit union for \$100 to pay the woman's union dues and her lapsed insurance policy, as well as give her a little backlog for food and rent. Shortly afterward she was called back to work and is now putting money aside through the credit union.

Recently a woman came into the rectory who had a nine months old baby and was working to support it. There were no nurseries in the neighborhood, she was paying

\$60 a month to have the child cared for, and her salary was inadequate to meet this demand. A call went out to parishioners who might be able to care for children during the day, and there are now five people on register who are willing to take children into their homes and care for them at \$1 a day.

Under the direction of Father Duffy, one of the curates at Our Lady of Mercy, a kind of combination parish newspaper-magazine has been launched which not only includes parish announcements, and reports but also editorials, short stories, letters from readers, a sports page, reprints from other Catholic periodicals such as *Integrity*, *Extension*, etc., and book reviews. The books reviewed are from the parish library, another project of Father Duffy's, which is housed in a church goods store—a store established through the credit union, again an example of the parochial activities' interdependence. I asked Mrs. Daly if there was a fund for purchasing books, but she said, "No, Father Duffy supplies them all—he begs them and gives them to the library."

Father O'Leary feels deeply that a certain amount of material security is necessary in order to further spiritual development, and it is this belief that is at the heart of the idea of the credit union. Many marriages have been held together through the easing of a financial crisis, the idea of the importance and dignity of the family has been restored through the interest and concern shown by the parochial units and the practical aid given to families in distress, a large number of drifting Catholics have returned to the Sacraments, and a real feeling of Christian community has been established in the parish.

But these people do not sit back and point with pride to their accomplishments. On the contrary, Father O'Leary is busily working out the details of a plan for co-operative medical, dental and optical aid for the families under his guidance. A cooperative store which would supply the parishioners with children's clothes, blankets, linens and other necessities at wholesale prices is also in the formative stage. Mrs. Daly remarked with a sigh, "There's so much to do, we have so many ideas. Once you begin, there is never an end. People don't want charity, they want help. And you can't help them unless you take a personal responsibility for assistance and a real interest in their problems. Catholic Charities have a place but they wouldn't be necessary if everyone realized his own responsibility for his neighbor, and acted accordingly. Here we work through the parish and people know they can come in and get help without losing their self-respect. Charity through agencies has a demoralizing effect."

Looking around the committee room where we were sitting, with its statue of Our Lady at one end, framed woodcuts on the walls and a few members sitting around a small table discussing credit union business with Father O'Leary, I thought of what a really practical expression of Catholic Action was going on here, how effectively these people lived in Christ, and how spontaneous was their reaction to their fellow-men's needs. Truly, "See how these Christians love one another." As I got up to go, Father O'Leary came over to shake hands with me and I told him how very fine I thought his activities were. He gave me a wry little smile, and said, "Well, anyhow it's better than preaching sermons against Communism."

The bread you hoard belongs to the hungry; the cloak in your wardrobe belongs to the naked; the shoes you let rot belong to the barefoot; the money in your vaults belongs to the destitute.  
Saint Basil, June 14.



## Food for Thought—and Toughness

(Continued from page 1)

The rapid conversion of the Gael was also due to their amazing receptivity to Christianity. Their pagan cults had taken a sacramental view of the world, depicting it, in various crude and ill-defined ways, as an outward sign of invisible powers. They were predisposed to accept the Primacy of the Spiritual, and to mortify the flesh which barred their way to Communion with the unseen.

The monasteries which sprang up all over Ireland from the sixth century onwards became the recruiting centers from which hundreds of monks issued forth as Christ's commandos to storm the coasts of Europe, bearing through the darkness as they went the light of faith and learning. But these monasteries of ancient Ireland had no resemblance to the vast Benedictine Abbeys of the Middle Ages. Those who are curious about their structure and discipline will find detailed accounts in that classic work on the subject, *Irish Monasticism*, by Fr. John Ryan, S.J. (Talbot Press, Dublin), and in *Sources for the Early History of Ireland*, Vol. I, Kenney, New York, 1929.

St. Patrick had a genius for adapting existing forms of political, social and cultural institutions as frameworks for Christianity. Regionalism rather than urban centralization characterized the land which he came to convert. Hence the early Irish monasteries resembled the primitive pioneer settlements of the Egyptian laura, consisting of groups of huts, each containing one or more of the community, and oratories. The structures themselves were of wattle and thatch, poles and rods being first woven together in a wicker-work and then coated with clay. Wherever stone was plentiful it was used to erect oval cells, dome-shaped like a bee-hive. The abbot lived apart in a hut placed on an eminence. The Church and oratories were equally primitive in structure, as were also the kitchen, refectory and guest-house, each controlled by a specially chosen monk. The monasteries in each territory were subject to its particular Bishop, but the community elected its own abbot and to him only vowed absolute obedience.

The Irish Christians were not afraid of paganism, as were the Christians of ancient Rome. With the latter, perhaps, there was no possibility of adapting pagan forms to Christian purposes since they had become too closely identified with obscene perversities. The Irish character, even in pagan

times, had always tended to severe chastity. Our enemies glibly say we have always been afraid of sex. They might have added that we have feared nothing else, save the wrath of God. It was comparatively easy, therefore, for the Irish monasteries to establish themselves round old pagan strongholds, and when Columbanus pushed across Europe he erected Altars to the true God above the sites of pagan shrines as a gesture of victory and fulfillment.

The asceticism of the Irish monks rivalled that of the monks of the desert in austerity. Besides manual labor and the almost continuous recitation of the psalter, night and day, they practiced such penitence as plunging in ice-cold rivers, by prostrations and genuflections, sometimes three hundred by day and three hundred by night, and other feats of endurance which are folly to modern seeming.

The diet of these monks was such as to make our dainty palates shudder. St. Columbanus, the apostle of Irish asceticism, the man of noble line who had been known before his conversion as "the Prince of Druids," a great poet and writer of exquisite Gaelic and Latin prose, might be pardoned for being fastidious. Yet he was so rigorous in fastings that his biographer recorded of him that he was easily mistaken for a specter, being so thin. When he was prospecting for the sight of the present Luxeuil monastery, he and his companions lived on bark and herbs, and when he retired to solitude to pray he himself subsisted on blackberries and water. It is from the Rule which this remarkable Saint drew up for his monks that we have the most comprehensive account of the diet of the early Irish monks. Food, according to this Rule, should be poor in quality and taken at evening; not, however to satiety, but just to keep the body strong without weakening the spirit. Vegetables were deemed the best food for this purpose, as well as those of the shell family like peas and beans as greens. "Foods other than these are calculated to burden the stomach and suffocate the soul." But the monks were to guard against excessive macerations of the flesh, which might even render spiritual progress impossible or difficult. "We eat every day because we must advance every day, work every day, study every day."

The ninth hour, about 3 p.m., was the usual mealtime. It was an offense to eat before that time, and a serious breach of discipline

to break either of the two weekly fasts on Wednesday and Friday. The Rule was moderated to permit more fare for the sick and delicate, for those on heavy manual work and those on long journeys. The monks ate no meat and little fish. The chief article of food was the small monastic loaf, the paxamaton, the classic fare of the East. Milk and milk foods were later allowed, in accordance with existing customs in Benedictine monasteries. Beer was permitted in the monasteries founded by Columbanus, and there are stories of Saints converting the water proffered them by over-zealous abbots into amber beer. There is an amusing duel between two eighth century abbots recorded in an ancient manuscript and cited by Father Ryan. Maelruain of Tallagh was asked by his friend Duibhlir to allow the Tallagh monks beer on the three chief feasts; but Maelruain refused saying: "As long as my injunctions are obeyed in this place, the liquor that causes forgetfulness of God shall not be drunk in this place." "Well," replied Duibhlir, "my monks shall drink it and they shall be in Heaven along with yours." "My monks," said Maelruain, "who shall keep my rule shall not need to be cleansed in the fire of Doom, for they shall be clean already. Your monks perchance may have something for the fire of Doom to cleanse." The incident serves to show that the Irish monks, then as now, could indulge in a little caustic humor as the occasion demanded. The amounts of honey which Irish monks and warriors consumed is also said to have given them that almost unbelievable power of endurance for which they have become famous, and the modern advocates of Glucose are in a tradition longer than they know.

Such was the meagre fare which sustained the ancient Irish while they conquered Europe for Christ. But the main source of their vitality, their valor and heroic virility was their intense love of God. That source of spiritual energy remains as any visitor to Mount Mellary can testify.

In that vast Cistercian Monastery, which was built in a barren wilderness between bleak mountains, and which has now become the vital center of a wide area of tilled land, they will sense that air of conviction which carried the forefathers of its silent monks as far afield as Russia. They will sense too that implicit connection which the ancient monks made between the cultivation of the soil and the cultivation of mind and spirit. In Ireland there is still a living and fruitful nexus between soil and soul. In the person of the Abbot of Mount Mellary, Dom Celsus O'Connell, direct descendant of the great Liberator, they will make contact with one who upholds the austere tradition of St. Columbanus with saintly courtesy and with that grace which gives always those direct intimations of immense inner strength. Dom Celsus has founded four Cistercian Monasteries since his election—one in Eire, one in Scotland and two in the U. S. The thriving condition of these monasteries, which Thomas Merton's convincing books have made known to a baffled and bewildered generation, give the positive answer to the anxious questionings of those who wonder if the stamina of the race which caused the Green Isle to be known as the *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, is equal to the tremendous task of winning a softened and secularized world back to the Crucified.

"There is only one scale of value, namely, personal and moral character. There is no such thing as character of a people, far less superiority of a people. The Church knows no discrimination of race, citizenship, nationality, birth or wealth." Cardinal Seredi (in an address to St. Stephen's Academy, Budapest, 1943).

## BOOK REVIEW

### Many Colored Fleece

By SISTER MARIELLA GABLE, O.S.B.

Sheed and Ward, New York. \$3.50

Anthologies of short stories have become a literary institution. Yearly we are greeted with the familiar "bests" of the year, the stories an enterprising editor has most enjoyed, ghost stories, humorous stories, collections from a particular periodical, "readers" of all descriptions. Each of these collections demonstrates to a degree the editor's own taste and perhaps specific literary interest, but even more clearly it seems to indicate his passionate devotion to a thing well-loved; his intense desire to present in a permanent form for wider appreciation or, at the very least for consideration of merit, the development or fulfillment in artistic terms of representative examples of this literary milieu.

Many of these anthologies realize the editorial concept. Others do not. "Many-Colored Fleece," Sister Mariella Gable's third collection of Catholic fiction, is decidedly successful. As an editor, Sister Mariella is gifted not only with discriminating taste, but also with a perception which has enabled her to present through the two dozen short stories gathered in this volume a picture of the richness of life lived in the Christian sense, or contrastingly the barrenness of life without a spiritual principle. Once again we are given an opportunity to appraise the contribution to literature of writers with a Catholic point of view. Not all of these stories are written by Catholics but each concerns itself with basic verities, the struggles of men seeking truth, justice and perfection.

Perhaps the two most profound stories in the book are Paul Horgan's "The Devil in the Desert" and Graham Greene's "The Hint of an Explanation." In these both writers explore the naked clash of the forces of good and evil and develop their themes to logical and inevitable conclusions. Though the Greene story is a slighter one than Mr. Horgan's memorable tale of the southwest, they both seem significant in their examination of man's relationship to his Creator in terms of perfectibility.

Racial prejudice in its shameful and horror is probed deeply in Langston Hughes' powerful story of a lynching, "Home," and in a more muted key by Richard Sullivan in "Saturday Nocturne." John Steinbeck writes simply and beautifully of the miracle at Guadalupe, and Katherine Anne Porter, in flawless, sensitive prose, examines death and forgiveness.

Nor has Sister Mariella disregarded the highly gifted Irish writers. Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor, Bryan McMahon, Mary Lavin and Michael McLaverty are all represented in the collection, and display unanimously a craftsmanship and humor of high order, as well as delicate feeling for the poetry of words which seem to be a distinction (if not a monopoly) of the Irish school.

The editorial searchlight has been turned on every problem which confronts man faced with living a spiritual life in a materialistic world. Birth-control, marriage, divorce, the dictates of conscience, even the difficulties of rearing an apostolic family are not neglected. Sister Mariella has accomplished through her careful gleaning a remarkably complete synthesis of life.

Perhaps the only negative criticism of the book which might be made is one which may be purely personal. It concerns the editorial comment and interpretation preceding each selection. Though Sister Mariella suggests that those who resent this preliminary criticism, bypass it, it seems difficult to do so, and the criticisms, while good, seem unnecessary and at times detrimental to the enjoyment of the story. Biographical material is one thing, but a "taste" of what's coming ought to be confined to book jackets. Undoubtedly it is Sister Mariella's enthusi-

asm for the selections and her desire to stimulate the reader's interest which prompts her to append these brief critiques, but since she discusses most of the stories pretty thoroughly in her introduction the comments seem doubly unnecessary.

In the introduction to the collection, Sister Mariella has a number of interesting remarks to make concerning the direction of Catholic literature. She establishes first the fact that this book is to be regarded "as a beachhead, not a continent," and viewed in this light as a development rather than a full flowering, the volume is satisfying and full of promise. Though not all of the stories are distinguished examples of art, the book maintains a general tenor of high literary quality. In establishing her beachhead, Sister Mariella has made an admirable landing. She speaks of the three-dimensional story as being the ideal of Catholic writing, fusing form and substance, and combining the sociological with the eschatological aspect. For the most part this is yet to come, though I should say that the "Devil in the Desert" comes very close to fulfilling all the conditions of the three-dimensional.

Another important point which Sister Mariella brings up is the preponderance of stories about the clergy rather than those drawn from the experiences of the laity themselves. This, she believes, indicates a lag brought about by the long-standing conviction that a spiritual life could be led only by priests and other religious. With the steady growth of the lay apostolate, this conviction is gradually receiving a death-blow and a life of union with God is no longer considered an impossibility by the laity, but a necessity. From the deep wells of the liturgy, the lay apostolate has drawn its strength, and talents which have been lying dormant under a heavy blanket of spiritual irresponsibility are now refreshing themselves at these springs. Possibly some of the most gifted are still in a state of spiritual formation necessary for the complete diffusion of their intellectual gifts, but in the not too distant future we may be startled and deeply satisfied by the brilliance and profundity of the work which ought to come from these God-centered writers. In the meantime, the development continues and the importance of Sister Mariella's work in encouraging and interpreting the movement cannot be underestimated.

BETTY BARTELME.

## Maryfarm Retreats

New Year's Week-end, Dec. 29-Jan. 1

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass"

★ ★ ★

Quinquagesima Week-end, Feb. 2-4

"The Spirit of Lent"

★ ★ ★

Thanksgiving is past, and with it the retreat preached us by Father Chrysostom Tarasevitch, O.S.B. We would wish all our readers a participation in the fruit of this retreat, a fruit that cannot but be colored by the deep reverence Father revealed for the Peace of the order and tranquility found in the bosom of the Most Holy Trinity. And the measure of this fruit? The way we practice and give witness to the Sermon preached by the Incarnate Word on the Mount when He revealed just how man in his estate participates in this Peace and comes as Isaias says, "to a deep heart," fulfilling his days through strong surrender to the Spirit of God.

As we approach the New Year week-end, we look toward the Altar, to meditate there and ponder the source of our strength to practice Christ's standard. Father John Faley of Maryfarm will conduct the retreat on the Holy Sacrifice. This is a longed for opportunity, to present to those desiring it, a full week-end devoted to a deeper understanding, a deeper appreciation of the core of our Faith, the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Quinquagesima week-end has as its purpose to search the Church's mind for our criterion of action during Lent, enabling us to celebrate the Mysteries of our Redemption during Passion-tide more fruitfully than we have done in the past.

All the retreats begin with an opening conference and Compline on the evening of the opening date, and close in the early afternoon of the closing date.

Those interested should write to Jane O'Donnell, Maryfarm, R. 3., Newburgh, N. Y.

## BOOKS

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