

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Christian Reconstruction Corporation

By DR. S. BOLSHAKOFF

A bold experiment, without precedent in history, is now tried in Germany on a gigantic scale: "Christian Reconstruction Corporation."

This corporation was initiated in 1950 by a few Roman Catholic and Protestant leaders. Since the end of war there are in Germany over ten million German-speaking refugees and expellees from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Roumania, Yugoslavia and Eastern Germany. These people live for years in camps and slums, have difficulties in obtaining good jobs and are not very happy among the natives. The Corporation was founded to help to solve this very difficult problem of the first importance for Germany, Europe and the entire world.

The Corporation undertakes to build for these unfortunates brand new towns supplied with industries where the inhabitants can work. Each new town is designed for 10,000 people. The houses will be built according to an approved, most modern plan. The latest advances in design and technique will be used. The foremost German architects and technicians agreed to work on these new towns.

The new towns will be connected
(Continued on page 6)



The Need For Work Camps

"A Christian Is Never Alone"

By KATE WHITE

Last summer I was fortunate in participating in a Work Camp sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee. Approximately twenty of us from all over the world came together in Indianapolis, Indiana, where we worked on a Self-Help Housing Project sponsored by Flanner House, a settlement agency.

We all lived in one small condemned home, and worked in different crews, giving our time freely to the unskilled Builders in the construction of their new homes. We paid the American Friends Service Committee for our room and board if we could afford it.

These are the general facts about the specific Work Camp which I attended. But the idea of "Why a Work Camp?" what are its reason for being, what does it hope to accomplish, these are more important.

The most obvious purpose of a work camp is the physical labor which is accomplished: construction of new homes and remodeling

of old dwellings in city slums, building schools and civic centers on Indian reservation, digging wells in Mexico, rebuilding farms in Europe.

But a work camp is more than just physical work. It is an attempt to realize more fully the meaning involved in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

In our Indianapolis Work Camp we had campers from Switzerland, Hungary, Haiti, Mexico, — members from different minority groups in the States, an American Indian, co-director with her Swiss husband, a Negro student from Boston, and myself a Catholic.

We had in front of us the concrete problem of living with each other and loving each other, difficult because of extremely cramped living quarters, language barriers, and strong personality differences. An even more difficult problem was that of establishing an understanding between ourselves and the Negro neighborhood in which we lived—racial barriers and the resentment on the part of the working class for the student or scholar.

But it was one of the best experiments I have seen in realizing Peter Maurin's dream "Every scholar is a worker, so every worker can be a scholar." The camp was centered about a half hour of silent group meditation which took place every morning before we went to work. This practice arose out of a need felt by campers in the past years to take time to realize mentally and spiritually, "What am I doing

(Continued on page 7)

Pope Pius XII Marian Year Prayer

Enraptured by the splendor of your heavenly beauty, and impelled by the anxieties of the world, we cast ourselves into your arms, O Immaculate Mother of Jesus and our Mother, Mary, confident of finding in your most loving heart appeasement of our ardent desires, and a safe harbor from the tempests which beset us on every side.

Though degraded by our faults and overwhelmed by infinite misery, we admire and praise the peerless richness of sublime gifts with which God has filled you, above every other mere creature, from the first moment of your Conception until the day on which, after your Assumption into Heaven, He crowned you Queen of the Universe.

O crystal Fountain of faith, bathe our minds with the eternal truths! O fragrant Lily of all holiness, captivate our hearts with your heavenly perfume! O Conqueress of evil and death, inspire in us a deep horror of sin, which makes the soul detestable to God and a slave of hell!

O well-beloved of God, hear the ardent cry which rises up from every heart in this year dedicated to you. Bend tenderly over our aching wounds. Convert the wicked, dry the tears of the afflicted and oppressed, comfort the poor and humble, quench hatreds, sweat harshness, safeguard the flower of purity in youth, protect the holy Church, make all men feel the attraction of Christian goodness. In your name, resounding harmoniously in heaven, may they recognize that they are brothers, and that the nations are members of one family, upon which may there shine forth the sun of a universal and sincere peace.

Receive, O Most Sweet Mother, our humble supplications, and above all obtain for us that, one day, happy with you, we may repeat before your throne that hymn which today is sung on earth around your altars; You are all-beautiful, O Mary! You are the glory, you are the joy, you are the honor of our people! Amen.

On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

January 1954
Peter Maurin Farm

When we woke up this morning the mist hung like a lake in the lower fields. A flock of starlings flew into the big pear tree, black against the sky like winter leaves. The dry grass of the fields was yellow in the wet but there were still bits of green grass around the house. The ground which had been hard as stone was springy under foot and stones had sunk into it. It was forty degrees but there was no wind so it seemed warmer.

Our chapel which is heated by a big oil stove was almost too warm on such a morning so that a sweater was enough. The two Christmas trees keep well in such a cool place. They looked fresh and green against the newly painted yellow walls. The creche, donated by Theresa Connors, housed in a thatched stone shed, was lit from above by a little electric light and cast a soft glow on mother and child.

"God is not a little baby," Nickie says defiantly. Or if he is, "then I am bigger than God," and he puffs out his chest. He was four on December 19, and was named Nickolas Joseph, and when he is wilful we call him Nickolas Lenin Joseph Stalin Hennessy, but recently he is taking much interest in theology so his father calls him his little theologian. Yesterday he was telling Mary, aged two and a half, "We must like God, but we must not like the devil." I won-

(Continued on page 7)

Help Wanted

Wanted: Assistance of young, able-bodied man—to live in House of Hospitality and help present resident in work, so that the place may be more fully used for the Corporal Works of Mercy. Apply to: Dr. John Keller, St. John Fisher College, East Avenue, Rochester, New York, or Leo Cromer, St. Joseph's House, 402 South Ave., Rochester, New York.

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120

CHRISTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

Christmas and New Year's day were celebrated in the true traditional Catholic Worker fashion here at St. Joseph's house. Several hundred individuals were served a complete dinner on each of these holy days. Forty-five pounds of turkey and ninety pounds of roast beef were consumed by the members of our household and the man on the line at each of the grand feasts.

Roger O'Neil, Chin Chu, Shorty Smith, John Deery and several others bore the burden of these long days in the kitchen. A considerable amount of this work of preparing holiday meals has to be attended to late in the night and resumed early in the morning to successfully complete the task.

Volunteers

A young Irishman from Dublin and two Chinese girls who are in college came in on Christmas day and helped serve the meals to the line. Friends like these invariably add more cheer to the day by simply putting in their appearance. In the past we have had seminarians and priests come in to help wait on the tables, however, I don't ever recall seeing any nuns down here on these occasions. Perhaps we will see them someday soon.

Chin Chu

Despite his two serious operations a short time back, Chin Chu has slowly but definitely edged his way into our kitchen. We had hoped to prevent Chu from going back to work in the kitchen for at least six months after his release from Bellevue hospital. But Chu has finally worn us down. Now we

have two cooks in the same kitchen, Roger and Chu. Our kitchen is probably one of the few places in the world, where two cooks are working simultaneously, side by side. One might be easily led to assume that this is an impossible feat, however, you would have to know Roger and Chu. These two cooks smile or remain unperturbed by adversities which would cause other people to have nervous breakdowns.

Station Wagon

We are profoundly grateful to a generous friend for having donated a 1947 Ford station wagon. It has replaced our 1939 Ford which was so often in need of repairs. Thus far our new station wagon is completely reliable. However, such a dependable vehicle leaves us without an alibi whenever we are reluctant to make pickups in the far reaches of this metropolis.

Fire Escape

The face of our house overlooking Chrystie street is now adorned with a sturdy fire escape. In view of our April fire when we should have had that fire escape, I know that this is tantamount to locking the barn after the horse is stolen; however, we would feel untold remorse if such a fire occurred again and we were lacking that fire escape. Anyway on the hot summer nights this strong iron structure should prove to be a good place to sit or sleep upon.

Cards

We wish to thank all our dear friends for sending cards and presents during the Christmas tide.

(Continued on page 8)

TERCE

After shaking paws with his dog
(Whose bark would tell the world that he is always kind),
The hangman sets off briskly over the heath;
He does not know yet who will be provided
To do the high works of Justice with:
Gently closing the door of his wife's bedroom
(To-day she has one of her headaches),
With a sigh the judge descends his marble stair;
He does not know by what sentence
He will apply on earth the Law that rules the stars:
And the poet, taking a breather
Round his garden before starting his eclogue,
Does not know whose truth he will tell,
Sprites of hearth and store-room, godlings
Of professional mysteries, the Big Ones
Who can annihilate a city,
Cannot be bothered with this moment. We are left,
Each to his secret cult; now each of us
Prays to an image of his image of himself:
"Let me get through this coming day
Without a dressing-down from a superior,
Being worsted in a repartee,
Or behaving like an ass in front of the girls;
Let something exciting happen,
Let me find a lucky coin on the side-walk,
Let me hear a new funny story."
At this hour we all might be anyone:
It is only our victim who is without a wish,
Who knows already (That is what
We can never forgive. If he knows the answers,
Then why are we here? Why is there even dust?),
Knows already that, in fact, our prayers are heard,
That not one of us will slip up,
That the machinery of our world will function
Without a hitch, that to-day, for once,
There will be no squabbling on Mount Olympus,
No Chthonian mutters of unrest,
But no other miracle, knows that by sundown
We shall have had a good Friday.

W. H. Auden

McCarthyism Breeds Spiritual Paralysis

By GEORGE PATRICK MICHAEL CARLIN

It is doubtless true as Commonweal says that McCarthy is not purely a "Catholic phenomena" and that he was elected from a state, Wisconsin, that has a minority of Catholics. But the fact remains that McCarthy gets a large measure of support particularly from Irish Catholics of the "Tablet" or Irish-Minute Man type of mentality (a sub-normal mental level that cuts across economic lines and is found among upper bracket incomes as well).

If an investigating committee had been in the hands of mature and wise men it might have caused Americans to look back and examine their own heritage, and have clarified the issues of our times. This would have strengthened the country. Instead it has produced a wave of anti-intellectualism and what one Rabbi characterized, accurately we think, as "spiritual paralysis." The net result has been negation, and the introduction of certain elements into American life that have hitherto been cut down before they could gain firm roots.

There are certain criticisms of McCarthy that should be made firmly and clearly:

(1) His methods of investigation are an assault on and a denial of the dignity of the individual. Christianity teaches that men are "made in the image and likeness of God" and so loved by Him that He died on the Cross for them. Democracy is one attempt in the political sphere to safeguard and protect that basic respect for each individual having something sacred within him.

(2) Communism teaches that the State is everything, and that man is, in the phrase of Koestler's Commissar, "merely a mathematical unit of one." The Papal Encyclical on atheistic Communism emphasizes this as a basic characterization of Communism as well as of all totalitarianism.

The super-patriots of America often thus fall into the very thing they are so loudly opposing, which may, in the end, have a certain justice to it. For in making the State all, and reducing man as a mere object whose value is subservient to the State, they have actually become Communists in the large sense, totalitarians in the immediate sense.

It was perhaps with this danger in mind that the Holy Father wrote to President Truman shortly before the latter left office, and pointed out that the State was still subservient to man, and that a man's conscience in relation to God was still more important than the State.

(3) McCarthy has stirred up the ghosts of Torquemada and the Inquisitors, which Catholics have been trying to bury as a small and unpleasant incident, as it was, in the total history of the Church. But for many today the Church has once again been covered with mud.

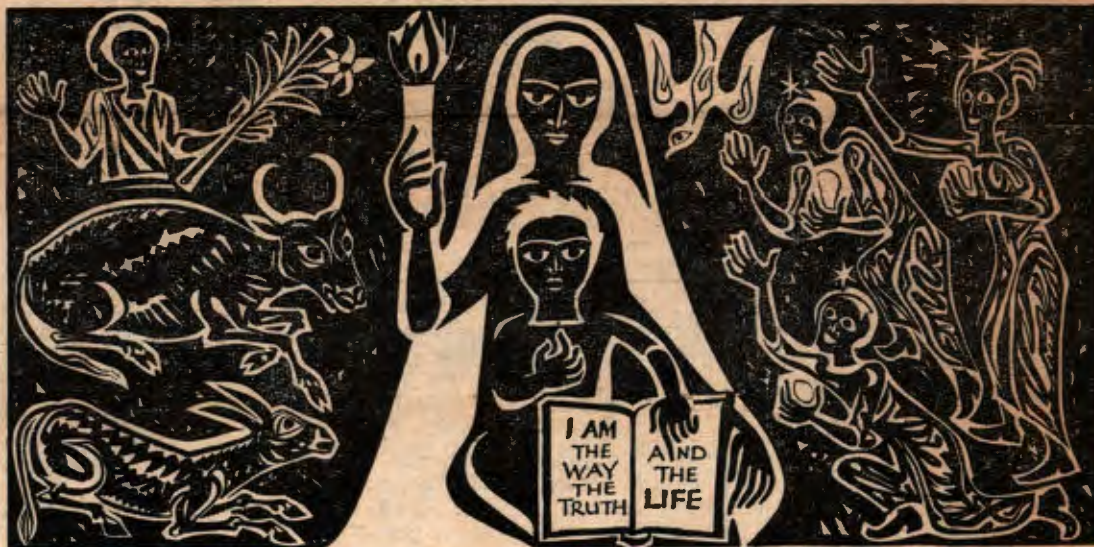
Actually, of course, the Church does not represent repression and inquisitions. It represents obedience in spiritual affairs to the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ. It obeys in the temporal sphere as long as the political society does not impinge upon the fundamental dignity of man as an individual.

The Saints, who were obedient

to God, are truly the "most free." Some were disobedient to the temporal order, as St. George who as a soldier refused to take further part in the Roman Army because of the excessive cruelty and was tortured and put to death. Some were docile in a temporal order that did not conflict with one's conscience, or sense of right and wrong, as St. Theresa of Lisieux.

(4) There is certainly a place for investigations in a government. But those who have adopted a "means justifies the end" philosophy hoping to bring forth a good from evil methods, are not in the spirit of the Church. For the Church teaches that good is stronger than evil, and that the way to oppose heresies and expose false prophets is not by "the fire and sword" but by individual Christians being faithful to their vocations. Thus St. Augustine wrote "Civitas Dei" to oppose a heresy in his time. The Jesuits were founded by St. Ignatius Loyola to bring forth works to combat another heresy. And so it has been through the history of the Church that whenever heresy appeared to win the minds of men, Saints have arisen in the Church whose acts of love and of sacrifice brought forth good fruit and won the hearts of men to the side of Christ.

In conclusion it seems that Catholics should re-examine the basic tenants of their own Faith and of the American political and democratic system. For with the distortions and over-simplifications of McCarthy we are headed for the disruption and negation of everything both these represent at their finest.



The Agricultural Crisis

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

The Republicans lost a seat in Wisconsin. Farmers all over the land demanded some kind of protection from agricultural crisis. Everyone agreed that something should be done for the farmer—everyone, especially the politicians, and among them, especially the rural politicians who, as a group, oppose social legislation for the cities.

But behind all the noise, a few facts persisted, demanding clearer thinking:

That the agitation for a farm program generally comes from the organs of the rich farmer, like the Farm Bureau;

That parity as it is now constituted, and as it is to be suggested, benefits that one-third of America's commercial farmers who produce three-fourths of the money crop;

That no one had a word for the migrant, for the sharecropper—and above all, for the family and subsistence farmer who has been in crisis of one kind or another for thirty years.

The Background

The farm crisis was not new. The agricultural sector of the economy had been one of the first to crack in the late twenties. The squeeze was almost always the

same: prices received by the farmer fell far below prices paid by the farmer.

Between August, 1952, and October, 1953, the prices which the farmer received had declined 12% and the prices which he paid, 1%. All in all, his general economic health was down 25% from October 1946.

But in addition to the cold statistics of price and cost, there was the continuance of an even more profound process. Technological development, the mechanization of agriculture, was enlarging the size of the commercial farms and destroying the family farm. In 1930, there were 5,300,000 farm units, and in 1950, 3,700,000. One result of this was a migration from the farm to the city on the part of the young men, and in many cases the creation of urban slums for rural immigrants, especially those from the South.

This technological development, and the pressure of war, had resulted, in the forties, in an increase of agricultural production by a third. Yet with the vanishing of the military needs, and now the cutting down of foreign assistance programs, the result of this process was an almost continual state of surplus and over-production. Para-

doxically these surpluses piled up in the midst of a hungry world.

But the cause which was pleaded last month was, in general, not the cause of the family farm, or of the migrant worker, or of the two thirds of the commercial farmers who produce only one-fourth of the cash crop. It was the cause of the big farmer, or of the wealthy cattleman (who did not want "government interfering with business," i.e., his business, and suggested a calculated policy of underproduction and scarcity!).

The demands which were raised were usually in the form of an insistence on high parity.

But parity, as it is now constituted, is open to serious criticism. First, it now involves a floor on prices. This means that the consumer must pay more in terms of higher prices, as well as contributing, through taxes, to a governmental buying policy which will keep the prices high. In this way, the market mechanism is unable to function, and yet is not counterbalanced by a socially-oriented program of control and the like. Moreover, because the present kind of parity concerns itself with prices, it is wound up with the policies of the Big Four of the

(Continued on page 5)

Bishops of United States Issue Annual Statement

THE DIGNITY OF MAN

Every man knows instinctively that he is, somehow, a superior being. He knows he is superior to the land he tills, the machine he operates or the animals which are at his service. Even when unable to define this superiority in terms of "honor and dignity," if a man enjoys the fruits of his nobility, he is content and accepts that status as his due; lacking honor and dignity or any cause, a man is restless, depressed, even rebellious, because something proper to him, as a man, is withheld or denied.

The Catholic Church has always taught and defended the natural dignity of every human being. She has preached the burden of individual responsibility and has insisted upon the importance of personal conscience. She has reminded mankind that there is a great division between "things" and "men." She has never forgotten that "things" were made for men and that "men" were made for God.

In thus holding up a mirror to men that they may see their own greatness and realize their personal dignity, the Catholic Church has taught that man's true honor is from God, has been enhanced spiritually by Divine grace and is preserved without degradation only when the honor and dignity of God Himself are first maintained.

Often in times past men have failed to live up to the honor of their state. They have degraded their dignity in many ways. But always until now, violence and vice, injustice and oppression or any other assaults on human dignity were recognized as abominations and were abhorred.

It has remained for our day to attempt to disregard human personality and to fortify such disregard with the force of legislation or the approbation of custom, as if a man were only a "thing." The present has been described as a rationally established inhumanity working with all the expedients of administrative and mechanical techniques.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in his 1952 Christmas allocution, gave warning of the attempted mechanization of mankind and protested the stripping of personality from men by legal or social devices. The Bishops of the United States, conscious of the growing depersonalization of man, reaffirm

man's essential dignity and reassert the rights which flow from it.

TRUE ROOTS OF HUMAN DIGNITY

Man's essential worth derives from a three-fold source from the fact of his creation from the mode of his existence, and from the nobility of his destiny.

The mere fact that any creature exists at all requires the creative and sustaining power of God. When God exercises this power to summon any possible reality into actual existence, that reality is thereby sealed with value from within. Such a dignity man shares with the animal and material world around him.

But his special type of existence confers on man a special claim to honor. Though immersed in a universe of fleeting and random sensations, he is endowed with an intellect able to pierce the flux of passing images and discover beneath them enduring patterns of truth. Though subjected to the pressures of his environment and a prey to unthinking appetites, he is endowed with a self-determining will capable of choosing wisely within the framework of law.

Intellect and will, then, are man's distinctive adornments. It is their distinctive role to allow a

finite creature to grasp truth consciously and to choose goodness freely, and thus to mirror the Infinite Creator Who is conscious Truth and absolute Goodness.

Man's natural honor, however, has been enhanced by grace, conferred at creation, lost through sin, but restored through the Incarnation and Redemption of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. When the Son of God took human flesh as an instrument of salvation, all human flesh was honored by His association with it. Through His death and resurrection Christ demonstrated the role and destiny, the honor and dignity of every man for whom He lived and suffered.

Since those days of Christ on earth, no man lives by his body alone, nor by the natural powers of his soul alone; every man is sanctified, made holy, made more worthy and more honorable by the enjoyment of the special spiritual life which flows from the Cross, or by the possibility that this life will one day be his, to raise him above the limitations of nature, to honor him in unending union with the God Who became man.

Such is the triple fountain of man's dignity. To the extent these truths cease to energize the sense

(Continued on page 6)



Have We Failed In Peter Maurin's Program?

By DOROTHY DAY

In the January, 1951, issue we had a summing up, an announcement of all we thought we had accomplished. In the last Mayday issue, together with a good drawing of Peter Maurin by Fritz Eichenberg, we had a summing up of his teaching. It seems to me, who wrote so much, that we do this very often, so often as to seem to boast unduly, and to be repetitious. But we still receive letters over and over again from readers and from those just getting acquainted with the paper, asking us to elaborate on the ideas in it, asking us, in effect, what it is all about. And from those familiar with us for a long time, who have come and stayed with us to study our ideas at closer quarters, and to give a helping hand in the work, we get the complaint that the longer they

study The Catholic Worker, the less they understand us. One dear friend and fellow worker, not of our faith, said last month that the further away she was, and the less she actually saw of the work, the more she understood it. And she goes on searching through my books, *From Union Square to Rome, House of Hospitality, On Pilgrimage, the Long Loneliness*, and the more she reads, the less she understands, she says. Since she is not a Catholic it would be easy to say with St. Anselm, as explanation, "I believed, therefore I understood." If she had the faith, if she believed in the incarnation, in the Cross, in the resurrection, then it would be easier to understand the work in which we seem to accomplish so very little.

Self Esteem

In my glowing account of our accomplishments three years ago, I begin my article by saying, "This last year, at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, we gave out, roughly speaking, and underestimating it at that, 460,000 meals. Also 18,250 nights lodging. This is what the world sees, and if we wished to impress the world we would multiply this by eighteen years, and the figures would be truly impressive." And I go on for some columns to explain how little all this is and to say that our heroism today will consist in the Little Way. It seems to me I have elaborated this enough so that people should understand.

One reason for listing achievements is to build up self esteem which is so necessary to us all. Koestler says that we are afflicted with the sense of guilt, these days, and it is certainly true. We cannot write about poverty without reflecting on the comfort of our lives. We cannot write about work without reflecting that our life is one of ease compared to that of the migrant laborer and the factory worker. On Mott-street we always had the sight of the basement laundry down the street to impress on us the kinds of hard gruelling labor there was in the world. We know that we fall in our love and self sacrifice 70 times 7 daily but that we must keep on picking ourselves up and going on, and we rejoice in the fact that if we do not strip ourselves for love of brother and of God, God himself will do it for us. Let us pray He does it gently, little by little, as He comes to us so gently

in the Blessed Sacrament each day. I am sure He will always temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but that does not minimize our realization that we are but dust, and that in following Him we are carrying a cross and are in one way or another going to die on it, that we lose hair, teeth, eyes hearing, strength—all little by little, and we pray that this purification of the outer man will be matched by an inner purification.

But enough of humility right now. Self esteem tells us that we are sons of God. A triumphant thought. One night many years ago in a lonely moment, in a little town in Arkansas, I woke up with a terrible sense of futility and helplessness. I thought, "What am I doing travelling around speaking? Who am I anyway to be so presumptuous?" And suddenly a most wonderful sense of the glory of being a child of God swept over me, so joyous a sense of my own importance that I have often reflected on it since. I would pray that our readers have it, and grow in it, this sense of their importance as temples of the Holy Ghost, sons of God, divinized by His coming. All things are possible to us, we can do all things in Him who strengthens us. We may look at the George Washington Bridge, great damns in the process of construction, air ports, men flying, smashing atoms, deeply plunging into this material world to discover the secrets of the material universe, and we may return refreshed to the Gospel which is the tiny mustard seed growing into a great tree throughout the world. We return, I say, to the work we are doing, the works of mercy, the love of the poor and destitute, the living with others, the writing ideas down on paper, and speaking them from platforms and know that this tiny work, God given in that we have a vocation to His, is of the greatest and most tremendous importance.

Usually this sense of Peter Maurin's importance and of his message which I tried to speak and write about, was enough to sustain me. I did not have to go through a night vigil and a dark night to come to that blazing sense of God's love of me and the importance of the work I had to do.

Peter's Mission

Peter Maurin talked much of men with a mission, and the need for men to have a sense of mission, that they were sent into this world

to do some particular work. One of his little essays was about men with missions and about the women who followed the men who had the mission. I rejoiced in being a follower of Peter Maurin, and thanked God that he had been sent to me to direct my thoughts and writings.

His program certainly was simple enough. Round Tables discussions for the clarification of thought, houses of hospitality for the works of mercy, agronomic universities to teach the workers to be scholars and the scholars to be workers. He called the latter "farming communes" also, and he was flexible enough to take in the single family on the land, and the growth of the community about it, and the idea of the village economy, and the southern agrarians and the decentralists, and the English distributists.

What Are We Accenting?

Not a month passes but some visitor comes to us who asks us gently if we have not given up emphasizing some one or another aspect of Peter's program. Didn't it used to be labor? one will say.

Peter thought more of agrarian labor than he did of industrial labor. He referred us to A. J. Pentty and the *Guildsmen's Interpretation of History and Means and Ends*; Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*; Velblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* and such books as David Hennessy lists in each C.W. He hated the machine unless it was the extension of the hand of man. He hated mass action and pressure groups and feared unions deteriorating into political action. He hated class war and wanted us to love the enemy, the capitalist and industrialist and munition

(Continued on page 6)

NOTICE

Ammon Hennacy will speak at Cornell University, Jan. 19 to a peace organization. He will speak and visit westward to the Coast in somewhat the following order: Pittsburgh, Portsmouth, the Grall, Dayton, Columbus, Cleveland, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, Omaha, St. Louis, Santa Fe, Pueblo, Denver, Minneapolis, Hutchinson, St. Cloud, Fargo, Spokane, Thrums, B.C., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Phoenix. Those interested write to him care of the Catholic Worker for dates.



The Whole Man Versus the Moron

THE WHOLE MAN GOES TO WORK by Henry L. Nunn, Harpers, N. Y. 1953. \$3.

THE MAKING OF A MORON by Niall Brennan, Sheed and Ward, N. Y. 1953. \$2.

By AMMON HENNACY

Perhaps the best introduction to these two books would be to tell of Mr. Nunn and the Moron. In 1938 I was walking through the Nunn Bush shoe factory in Milwaukee and I asked one of the workers if Mr. Nunn was as good as people said he was, or if he was a phony.

"See that dumb fellow over there?" the man asked me.

I looked, and he was the veritable image of the moron pictured on the cover of Brennan's book.

"Well, we fellows used to tie knots in his apron. One day he ran down to Nunn's office and walked right in, saying 'Mr. Nunn, the fellows play jokes on me; they tie knots just like this,' showing his apron. Any regular boss would have fired the dope in a minute but Nunn comes up to this dope's bench and commences to untie the knots in his apron, which took about ten minutes. Then he smiled and said, 'They won't bother you any more.' And he was right for we were ashamed of ourselves."

I have known Mr. Nunn since 1937 when he was one of the sponsors of the 50th Anniversary of the Haymarket in Milwaukee of which I was chairman. Lucy Parsons, the widow of Albert Parsons, spoke. In my work as a social worker I knew that there were no employees or ex-employees of Nunn Bush on relief, and I knew of the 52 pay days a year which he established during the midst of the depression. I had heard him tell the head of the independent union of his factory: "Why don't you fellows join the C.I.O.?" I knew him as a fellow vegetarian and for the fine vegetarian restaurant which he started in Milwaukee, near our office.

I had finished reading his book when a few days ago I met Niall Brennan at the CW office. He was on his way back to Australia from England. I had noticed his book around the office but had not looked at it, supposing that it was some smart wisecracking by the intelligentsia about the rabble. Brennan impressed me by his attitude toward work and his radical slant, so I at once read his book. Here I was pleased to find that he emphasized the same factor that Mr. Nunn had thought important enough to use as the title of his book, "The Whole Man Goes to Work."

"That's no union at Nunn Bush, that's a religion," said C.I.O. leader. Such an expression is not an accidental quip, for it is a phrase well earned to describe the outcome of the growth of a young Texas go-getter who at the age of 27 was managing a shoe factory in St. Louis. Mr. Nunn had been promoted to this job because the harsh methods used by the former well named superintendent, George B. Harsh, had cut down production. The success of Mr. Nunn can be guessed by the opening words of his book:

"This is the story of a shoemaker, but it is not about shoes. It is about people. There can be 50 new machines (in the factory), and I may never see one. But let there be one new face, and I seldom fail to spot it."

Mr. Nunn is not to be confused with the "good employer" whom he tells about who gave a huge picnic to his employees, paid good wages, and was horrified because at this picnic his employees organized a union. In fact, Nunn was the only one of 17 shoe manufacturers in Milwaukee who invited the AFL union organizer to speak to his employees, and furthermore gave him the assembly room in the factory to hold an organization meeting. He is not to be confused

with the paternalistic slave owner who treated his slaves well but wanted them "to keep their place." Nunn feels that the place of the worker is to have a say about his working conditions, his pay, and the percentage of wages he receives compared to the retail price of the shoes produced. While the norm in the shoe industry is piece work Nunn figures that the job of the foreman is to see that the slow worker gets enough work to do to make a good living, so there is no rush and no piece work. He had an argument with company lawyers who felt that they wanted no "outside" union leaders to tell them what to do, when as Mr. Nunn argued "they don't seem to object to outsiders in the form of bankers and suchlike."

Tolstoy is one of Mr. Nunn's favorite authors, so he knows about the anarchist ideal "to each according to his need and from each according to his ability," but he is still a believer in capitalism and the free enterprise system. He is not to be confused with the welfare do-gooder whom Will Herford has immortalized in his poem, and of whom Tolstoy speaks, that he "will do everything except get off the backs of the workers."

Neither is he to be confused with profit sharing employers who use this scheme as a shock absorber against discord in the factory, for Nunn says, "I came to believe that the agitator is not much different from any other worker except that he is more courageous. He spits out what he thinks. More cautious individuals keep it to themselves and that is bad." And in his explanation of his contact with me on my anti-war and anti-tax paying he speaks of my tolerance and the fact that although I didn't say it I probably thought: "Well, H. L. why are you not out on the picket line with me?"

Mr. Nunn lends his kindness and goodness to a bad system. He has done very well and he puts his greedy compatriots to shame. In his case it is the good being the enemy of the better. Where he leaves off Mr. Brennan commences, for he says of this same capitalist system:

"Our scale of values is upside down because we have accepted a system which neither works nor benefits anybody . . . Thus we have the making of morons assured by the very nature of industry itself . . . The biggest moron is the millionaire because his goal is the smallest and he has excluded from his life the things which make life real. The danger of becoming even a greater moron rises with the social status of the job."

This whole man at work of whom Mr. Nunn speaks is explained by Mr. Brennan:

"The whole man needs employment and the wholeness of man is more complicated than we think . . . The less of the whole man employed on the job, the more dangerously turbulent becomes that part of him which is not being used . . . This form of specialization is one of the fastest ways of making a moron out of a man . . . The assembly line experts are constantly seeking simpler and smaller processes so that they can use less and less of whole men . . . Since the whole of man must be on the job he must inevitably become a restless revolutionary, a moron, or a saint."

Leaving out of account the fact that the capitalist system must have great markets and the fight for these markets produces wars which make the system less workable, this system is not even efficient because the overhead and the cost of advertising and distribution amounts to much more than the cost of the product. Brennan points out that in housing better houses existed centuries ago and we did not then have the terrible slums that we have today. The styled and tiled bathroom—the

modern God of the bourgeois—and the deepfreeze, television, etc., and kitchen equipment that goes along with it: this American Way of Life of which we boast to an impoverished world, cannot be had by the very ones who have the most need of it, even in this country. Native handcraft industry can produce for the use of the community articles much better made and from a fourth to a half of the cost for this very reason of no problem of distribution and overhead, and of no interest to the banker and no rent to the landlord.

"The place where one expects to find morons both made and in the making, is unskilled physical labor. But this is not so." I appreciate Brennan's thought for I have done just this kind of work this past eleven years. His story of the kind of loafing which occurred in the paper mill where he worked is born out by my experience in vegetable fields where most workers would sit down on the ground when the boss had passed them with his tractor cultivator. As soon as he reached the end of the row and turned around facing them they were up again like jumping jacks. In the paper mill and in the field it was the lack of purpose which degraded the work toward the moronic status. The



mass production of a low grade article—pink paper to wrap chewing gum—and the cultivating of crops that chances would be plowed under because of a market glut. Cotton picking is much harder work but cotton pickers know that it really is ginned and serves some useful purpose. Brennan tells of the paper mill: "security, easy work, no harsh discipline, an impersonal management, these things almost add up to a worker's paradise. The result was laziness, irresponsibility, viciousness and obscenity." Here only a part of the man was employed. "The halfwit George was happy, his mates were not. George was fully occupied because he was a halfwit and therefore did not need much to occupy him."

"The greatest thoughts a thinker ever has are the thoughts which coast uninterruptedly, gently, and smoothly through a mind that is undistracted by the demands of a body either totally occupied or exhausted into submission." After my first year in the fields most of my work has been by myself irrigating, ditch digging, cutting weeds, chopping wood, etc. Here the body is fully occupied and the exertion brings the full Arizona air into my lungs. There is a definite purpose in my work and I do not work for big companies but for individual farmers who are harder workers than I am. I remember one such day, Thanksgiving of 1949, when I carried only a sandwich thinking I would be invited in for dinner. My job was to dig over a dozen holes in a driveway for the planting of rosebushes. The ground was packed and dry—and my boss went out for dinner and left me with my one sandwich and plenty of cold water. The more attention paid to the belly the less attention paid to the brain it seemed, so about 4:30 p.m. when my belly was empty and my brain was working on all fours the best original thought of my life came to me, seemingly out of the blue. This was my "love, courage and wisdom" analysis which has been quoted in the CW. There was purpose, beauty of the rose, and "the whole man at work," in quietness. The explanation which Brennan

gives of difficult but exciting work which had some purpose and where men might be uneducated but they were definitely not of the moronic type he met in the paper mill bears out my day labor experience.

"Nor are 'brains' necessary for the great majority of white collar jobs. The stupidest people I have ever met have all been office workers, and some of 'them have been executives. But 'brains' are necessary for craft work, or for trades." Brennan says that the worst language, morally speaking, did not come from dock workers but among senior women students of Melbourne University. He also believes that "prostitution is always bad for character and it is not restricted to ladies. The sales promotion expert . . . selling toothpaste is mutilating himself out of recognition." He divides parasitic jobs into: (1) Pirate, fake remedies, adulterated foods, useless gadgets; (2) Perverted trades such as printing, which first spread knowledge but now spreads trash, lies, and he mentions the Catholic papers for whom he has worked as being more unethical than the secular ones; (3) "a useful service to useless clients," such as accountants, insurance, bankers and the other props of our capitalist system. The classic example is that of the Catholic social worker who could not attend mass because she had

to prepare a statistical graph of church attendances.

In a class by itself are those occupations which are based upon fawning, where the slave is the assistant hotel manager and the free man is the potato peeler in the kitchen. Brennan appeals for the dignity of work, for security from God rather than a capitalist employer. While it is undoubtedly true that the anarchist plan of needs and deeds quoted previously will not work under capitalism it is equally true that centralized, specialized assembly line exploitation of capitalism and of state socialism in Russia degrades man, emphasizes false values and makes it extremely difficult for those who do not dissociate themselves from this parasitic society to be more than nominal Christians. In a selfish society it is well to have such an unselfish man as Mr. Nunn. He has done well in his uphill fight against capitalist greed. In an anarchist society he would do even better, for it is kind men and brave men who are needed in any society. Mr. Brennan is a young man who is on the right track. He has much to do in clearing his own mind and the minds of others of the myth of Patriotism and of the State. There is a CATHOLIC WORKER in Australia that co-operates with the system. Perhaps he can help it develop to oppose The whole anti-Christian set up.

Paris Priest

RUE NOTRE DAME by Daniel Pezeril. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50. By Elizabeth Bartelme.

When Georges Serrurier, at the request of his Cardinal, relinquishes his parish and retires to the status of honorary canon at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, he has no inkling that the tranquil ebb of his last years are to be violently interrupted by a young priest-worker. For thirty years, Canon Serrurier has administered Sainte-Julie with a high hand, mistreating his curates, scolding his humble parishioners, and smiling on the "better people." Now at Notre-Dame the dignity of his position satisfies his self-importance, allows the indulgence of an old man's comforts and affords the pleasure of companionable cronies to gossip with.

Then Robert, the young curate, chooses Serrurier as his spiritual director. The account of the havoc set in motion by the choice is related by the old canon in the form of a diary. He sets down the alarm he feels at new innovations, his inadequacy in the face of Robert's holiness, the petty irritations of his life and the opposition of his friends and housekeeper to his gradual awakening to a new spirit within himself and within the Church. When Robert is appointed to the Paris mission and assumes the garb of a worker, the canon assists at Mass in a slum kitchen. From that moment his egotistical rationalizations are finished. In spite of his age he sets his foot on the narrow path and echoes the cry of the Good Thief. Little by little he disciplines himself until he achieves a measure of greatness in his most difficult conquest.

Daniel Pezeril, a Parisian priest himself, tells the canon's story simply. He has caught the nuances of an old man's grumblings, his preoccupation with death, his complacent triumph in having evaded it longer than his companions. Nor does the author resort to too-easy dramatics. His canon is not struck down like Saul. The light pierces slowly through Serrurier's convention-ridden shell; only grace overcomes the alarm and anguish at the illumination of his soul. With firm sureness which reveals Pezeril's knowledge of souls, he develops the character of the canon, and of the other old priests at the Cathedral, expertly and believably.

Robert, however, does not come off quite so well. The use of the priest-worker as the novel's raison d'être forces him into a symbolic position and subdues his personal impact. The canon calls him his spiritual son, but in reality he is his conscience—a difficult role to characterize successfully. One has the feeling too that the canon's last adventure with the criminal, Jules del Monte, has a faintly unreal and romantic flavor, and that the old man has got out of character in spite of the evidence of his thawing heart. Nevertheless, these are minor flaws, and when the canon's last exhausting trial is finished, we know that Abbe Pezeril has given us a man with all man's faults and failings, and with man's inexhaustible capacity and thirst for the infinite.

Two strong influences are perceptible in "Rue Notre Dame." The first, and most obvious, is the extraordinary mission of Paris. That the soul of the Church in France has been bruised and agonized by the clerical bourgeois tradition is a sadness in the heart of her people. With the advent of the priest-workers, heroism, the answer to the stultification of the life of the Spirit, began to dot the departments of Paris like the April budding of a dark tree. It is natural that this should capture novelist Pezeril's imagination and allow him, in his intimate knowledge of the circumstances, to display rich environmental contrasts.

The second influence is that of Georges Bernanos, Abbe Pezeril's friend and probable literary master. The style of "Rue Notre Dame" is reminiscent of that of "The Diary of a Country Priest" the theme has a parallel progression (allowing that Bernanos dealt with the nature of sanctity, while Pezeril writes of conversion). Daniel Pezeril has waded into the stream of a great tradition in French writing, but he is still close to the shore and has not yet tested the deeper waters. Charming and touching though his novel is, it lacks the power and passion so striking in the work of Bernanos, Mauriac, Bloy (though stylistically it far exceeds Bloy's writing). Since the Abbe has chosen to write in this tradition comparison with these great men is necessary, and it is no reflection on this novel to say that the depth and richness of the masters has not yet shown itself in Pezeril's writing.

REVIEWS

Hand Book

FUNDAMENTAL PSYCHIATRY by Dr. John R. Cavanaugh and Dr. James B. McGoldrick, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Co., 110 Bruce Building, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin; \$5.50.

By ROBERT LUDLOW

It has been remarked that there is too much attention these days paid to the study of the abnormal but when it is recalled, as Father McGoldrick and Dr. Cavanaugh point out, that 16.5% of those examined in Selective Service in World War II were rejected because of mental disorders, that another 45% were discharged from the army for these reasons, it is apparent that, for the population at large, there has not been enough attention paid to this subject. Furthermore, the study of mental illness has relevance to the "normal"—for the "abnormal" differ from them only in degree, not in kind. Perhaps only those who have passed the borderline, hazy and undefined as it is, from "normality" to neuroses or psychoses, will experience within themselves this truth. It is the accentuation of tendencies that exist in the normal that constitutes "abnormality." The obsessive-compulsive neurotic has an affinity to the "normal" person who cannot get a particular tune out of his mind—who keeps humming it all day much to his own annoyance. In the neurotic it has gone to the point where it seriously interferes with his life. But it is a question

of degree. And for those who have gone beyond the border—whose lives are saddened by mental illness—psychiatry holds out some glimmer of hope. If there is a natural obstacle to the operation of grace, that obstacle must be removed before grace can take over. When that obstacle is mental illness, then psychiatry is indeed an instrument of God to remove impediments to grace. Just as the physician is the instrument of God when he removes a physical obstruction.

Of late there have been some Catholic treatises of value on this subject. But the particular value of this book is that it gives a systematic treatment of the neuroses and psychoses. That is the best part of the book. The apologetical parts of the book seem uninspired. Something tacked on. Far too much space is devoted to refuting Freud. Too little space (for some none at all) to presenting the viewpoints of others like Kafan Horney, Harry Stack Sullivan, Erich Fromm, Jung, etc. The attempt to utilize the terminology of scholastic psychology is dismal, resulting in awkward stilted phrases like "concupiscible and irascible appetite." The authors defeat their purpose when they retain the ideas of scholastic psychology in such drab dress.

Then there is a lot of space given to proving the untenability of the Freudian concept of the unconscious. They object to Freud's assertion that there are ideas in

the unconscious incapable of recall by ordinary psychological methods. And so they substitute the term "marginal awareness" for the unconscious. But when they come to the question of how to get at these ideas in the "marginal consciousness" they state that it may be necessary to employ free association, hypnoanalysis, narcoanalysis, and psychoanalysis. Now these are not "ordinary psychological methods"—they are extraordinary. Their employment presupposes that the ideas are so deeply buried that extraordinary means have to be employed to bring them to light. And since they advocate employing these methods for certain cases they make their "marginal awareness" synonymous with the Freudian unconscious and there has been much ado about nothing—an argument over words. Then, and they have good grounds for this, they assert that the term "subconscious" is unnecessary and misleading—but then they proceed to employ it anyway (see pp. 112, 263, 277).

Their conviction that the neuroses and psychoses are, for the most part, psychogenic has a preponderance of psychiatric opinion behind it but at times takes on the character of special pleading. In the treatment of sexual anomalies for example, where the case is none too clear, they assert dogmatically that all such cases are purely psychogenic. The book edited by Dom Peter Flood—NEW PROBLEMS OF MEDICAL ETHICS—has a more balanced presentation of this particular problem.

These criticisms are minor. The book as a whole is valuable and should get wide circulation in Catholic schools and among Catholic peoples. For there is too often a distrust of psychiatry among Catholics. An assumption that to submit to psychiatric treatment is to endanger the faith. A good psychiatrist does not set out to endanger anybody's faith. He sets out to help remove obstacles to grace. In doing so it may be indeed necessary to correct one's relation to the faith—if it is an unhealthy neurotic relationship. But there is no conflict between an intelligent faith and psychiatry.

Pierre Toussaint

Pierre Toussaint by Arthur and Elizabeth Sheehan: The Candle Press, Box 192, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York: 32 page pamphlet: 10c each. 12 for \$1.00 By Stanley Vishniewski.

Born a slave in Haiti in 1766, Toussaint was brought to the United States in 1787. Pierre was apprenticed, by his master, to a hairdresser—a trade which he quickly mastered. For twenty years, working as a hairdresser, he was the main support of the Berard family who were in financial difficulties. To show her gratitude, Madam Berard, before she died, gave Pierre Toussaint his freedom.

Freedom for Pierre was but an added incentive to works of mercy. The Home Journal carried the following account of his death: "For sixty years he attended Mass at six in the morning, as punctual as a clock, until prostrated by illness. His days and nights were given to visits, ministrations to the sick, attendance upon the bereaved and attempts to reform the erring and console the afflicted . . .

"The last time I saw Pierre, he was seated among a group of mourners, beside the coffin of a lady venerated for years in the highest social sphere of this city. She was almost the last tie that bound him to the past. He had visited her daily for thirty years, and brought his offering of flowers, and there he sat, with his white head bowed in grief and every line of his honest sable face wet with tears."

ADAPTATION

A TREATISE ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE, by Dom Innocent Le Masson, translated from the French (The Paternoster Series, No. 11, Burns Oates & Washbourne, London, 1953, 44 pp., 1/6).

By REVEREND MCGINLEY

The Prior of Parkminster makes a timely and trenchant observation in his foreword to this pamphlet. "The translation of this little seventeenth-century work might at first seem uncalled for today," Dom Wallis says, "when the need for adapting the religious life to modern requirements is being stressed so much. Yet, whenever there is a question of adaptation, it is always the more necessary to insist on those essential elements without which the whole structure of the religious life would be ruined: and it is with these essentials that our author is concerned."

As might be expected of a Carthusian author, the essentials are really the essentials. One can imagine a merely curious reader going through this pamphlet and finishing it disappointed because it tells him nothing about what time monks get up in the morning, when they sing vespers, what they have for supper, or any of the other minutiae which some people confuse with the essence of the religious life. Such a reader might exclaim, "Why, what Le Masson is writing about is only the Christian life lived more intensely!"—which would be a good

compliment to the treatise and a fairly accurate review of it.

While this treatise lacks (for this reviewer at least) some of the uncton and penetration of Le Masson's Treatise on Interior Prayer (No. 8 in the same Series), it is still rewarding reading, for religious especially of course, but also for any Christian seeking to deepen his spiritual life. Each reader will find his own treasures in it. This reviewer found one beautiful simile of real inspiration: Le Masson likens the grace of God to the freshness of sunrise and the morning air, as new today as yesterday, as vitally necessary to us tomorrow as today. One thought like that, moving to meditation, gratitude, and alertness to grace, is enough to make any book worth reading.

Congratulations are in order again to Messrs. Burns Oates & Washbourne and to St. Hugh's Charterhouse for bringing forth yet another Carthusian classic for English-readers. Note to the publishers: there are more where this came from!

The reviewer of this moving Treatise would remind the reader that two more outstanding works, in English, are available, namely: "The Treatise on Interior Prayer" and "The Interior Life." These three little booklets are gems of Carthusian Masters. No one, who aims higher in the spiritual life, will want to part with them. They are fifty cents each and available, if you write Father McGinley, Archbald, Pa.

The Agricultural Crisis

(Continued from page 2)

packing industry, a well-integrated combination of industrial plants.

The substitute plan would allow prices to find their own level on a free market, and then pay, directly to the farmer, the difference between the parity level and the price which he actually received. There are obvious advantages to such a change. Consumers would get an immediate benefit in lower prices. True, these lower prices would require increased government spending to take up the slack. But at least the distribution of the burden could be such that the ill-fed third of the American people would get more adequate supplies of food. This plan, by any other name, is the Brannan Plan, so abused in the late forties. It is currently being advocated, in modified form, by some Republican congressmen.

The Family Farmer

But even a change to a more sensible parity system would not strike at the heart of the problem: the two-thirds of American farmers who hardly benefit at all from any kind of parity program.

In this area, organized labor has shown signs of being quite conscious of the profound nature of the problem. The United Automobile Workers, the Packinghouse Workers, and other unions, have been emphasizing the plight of the family farmer. In testimony before the House Agricultural Committee, John A. Despol, of the California CIO Council, made public some revealing statistics on the stratification of farmers in the United States.

One-third of the commercial farms account for three-fourths of total sales. Three percent of the commercial farms make 27% of the sales, an average gross of \$54,853, and reap tremendous benefits from parity!

In the bottom two-thirds of the commercial farmers, the yearly average is \$2,150, but with allowances for cost, etc., the net can be as low as \$860!

Despol commented, "Is this prosperity for a farm family? Can such a family buy any of the products of our industrial workers over

and above the barest necessities? . . . CIO favors farm price supports, but it insists that this is not enough. Farm programs which can bring help to no more than one-third of all farms, and these the most prosperous farms, are not a good enough remedy for the condition of American farmers."

In Commonweal (November 27), Martin E. Schriber and Emerson Hynes put their finger on the problem of the family farmer and parity. They would reverse the present situation: "In all of these proposals, there should be checks to limit the assistance to bona fide farmers operating family size farms. It seems unnecessary to use government funds to perpetuate corporation farms, absentee landlordism, suitcase farmers and speculators."

The Basic Problem

In all this welter of proposal and counter-proposal, several main points emerge clearly:

The present farm program—and most of the new ones which have been suggested—orient toward the rich farmer and continue the poverty and misery of the family farmer and the migrant laborer; that a socially conscious farm program would clearly reverse this policy; that the current system of supported prices often deprives the poor of the city of the food necessary for life and health; that a socially conscious farm program would clearly reverse this policy, by placing the burden on those urban dwellers who can afford it.

Over and above these considerations, there is the continuing problem of the way in which agriculture is developing in the United States. The small farmer is caught in this profound process. There is certainly no simple solution, for the technical advance—whose consequence is bigness—can allow us to increase the food consumption of the poor. Yet, it can only do this if all farm programs contain an explicit social dimension, with regard to the family farmer, the migrant, and the urban consumer. As it stands, the poor pay, and the rich get richer: hardly a social direction for a farm program.

Letters to the Editor

Muddled Marriage Reprint

Blackfriars, Oxford, England.

The Editor,
The CATHOLIC WORKER

Dear Sir,

I see in your October issue a reprint of Fr. Gerald Vann's article from BLACKFRIARS on "Muddled Marriage." This appears without my consent or that of the author, and I am bound to protest in the strongest terms against this discourtesy. It may be that American copyright law (or practice) makes this possible and allows of no redress, but normal journalistic conventions would, I should have thought, demanded some consultation before you published the article. If you can convey to your readers that this article appeared without the permission or approval of author or editor you would at least be making the position clear.

Sincerely yours,
Iltud Evans, O. P., Editor.

EDITORS NOTE—We are deeply sorry for having reprinted the article "Muddled Marriage" without the permission or the approval of the author or editor. We would never have published "Muddled Marriage" without the permission of the author or editor if we were not under the impression that such a reprint would be satisfactory to all concerned. Please forgive our lack of courtesy in this matter. We will never let this happen again.

The Thomas Sugrue Memorial Library

Dear Tom:

There could be no more fitting way to perpetuate Thomas Sugrue's heritage to use all than through books. With this thought in mind a group of his friends has set about establishing the Thomas Sugrue Memorial Library at Wainwright House, in Rye, New York. Wainwright House is a place for retreats and conferences and a center for study of the nature of man and God. It is a place where many of Tom's prayers and dreams were centered.

Tom would have been overjoyed to know he was to be remembered in this way. His own books were the children of his heart and mind and spirit and are imperishable. In bringing together the writings of the great spirits of all faiths and the best literature from the field of psychical research it is our goal to assemble one of the finest libraries of its sort in America.

We will start the library with the \$1,200.00 remaining in the Thomas Sugrue Recovery Fund, which his friends began when he entered the hospital in his final bid to walk again. A plaque bearing his name and an appropriate inscription will be placed in the Wainwright House Library.

Won't you send us: 1) the gift of old and new books from your own library or your favorite bookstore? 2) a cash contribution for this library. Parcels of books may be sent bookrate to the Thomas Sugrue Memorial Library, Wainwright House, Stuyvesant Avenue, Rye, New York; contributions may be sent to the Thomas Sugrue Memorial Library, 56 East 80 Street, New York, N. Y. Checks should be made out to the "Laymen's Movement" marked for the Library. Such donations are tax exempt.

To you who loved Tom as we did, this project will, we know, commend itself. May we count on your help?

Sincerely,
Francis Sugrue

THE DIGNITY OF MAN

(Continued from page 3)

of reverence in every man, assaults upon the majesty of the human person must increase and intensify. Heedless that his nature has God for its origin and destiny, and reason and revelation as its divinely commissioned guide, man will do what no other creature can—he will deny his true nature and will destroy all that is good within himself.

MAN'S DIGNITY AND THE BODY

Such a process of degradation is viciously at work in our own country, where the deification of the flesh continues to enlist new devotees. Through its liturgy of advertisement, entertainment and literature, this cult bids fair to corrode our national sense of decency.

When reason abdicates its sovereignty over bodily energies, their purpose is destroyed; and, by a sort of instinctive vengeance, they themselves become destroyers. Like wild animals, these energies are hard to tame, and remain dangerous even when tamed. But whatever lawful use an animal may serve, it is not wisdom for man to accept as his master the lion who seeks to devour him.

The Catholic Church, however, has never failed to accord the human body an immense measure of honor. She affirms that it was originally created by God, in one instance actually assumed by Him; in every instance meant to be on earth His special temple, and destined eventually to rejoin the soul of His Beatific Presence.

Whatever is uncompromising in her teaching about the body stems from her realism on two points: the body, though good, is not the highest good; and the undisciplined body is notoriously bad.

Other sacrileges against personality flow from errors less crude perhaps, but hardly less injurious. Such are some prevailing misconceptions about society, economics, labor and education.

MAN'S DIGNITY AND SOCIETY

The practical social theory of the last century enthroned the individual but not the person. An individual can be a thing, as for instance an individual tree; but in virtue of his rational soul, a person is more than a thing. Yet the depersonalized view of man gained ascendancy, and generated a society which was a crisscross of individual egotism, and in which each man sought his own.

Against this error our century has seen a reaction which has sought to overcome the isolation of man from man by imposing upon rebellious individuals a pattern of compulsory and all-embracing state organization, with unlimited power in the hands of civil government. Hence socialism in its various guises has appeared as forcible organization imposed upon the confusion which resulted from false concepts of human freedom.

The Christian concept of man, however, is that he is both per-

sonal and social. As a person he has rights independent of the state; as a member of society he has social obligations. Parents and society contribute to the making of a man, hence man is indebted to the social order. At the same time, since his soul comes not from society but from God, a man has rights which no society may violate.

The state is a creature of man, but man is a creature of God; hence the state exists for man, not man for the state.

MAN'S DIGNITY AND LIBERTY

The Christian view, then, avoids the opposing extremes of individualism and collectivism, both of which are grounded on false concepts of liberty—either the unfettered liberty of individualism, which gives the "individual" the right to ignore society, or the unfettered liberty of dictatorship, which gives the government the right to ignore the person by absorbing him into a race or class, thus destroying his freedom of choice.

The false liberty of individualism wrecks society by defining freedom as individual license; the false liberty of dictatorship wrecks humanity by defining freedom as the right of the dictator to nullify the person—a right which he claims to derive from social necessity.

Concerning the results of such false notions of liberty, Leo XIII issued these warnings:

The true liberty of human society does not consist in every man doing what he pleases, for this would simply end in turmoil and confusion, and bring on the overthrow of the state. . . likewise, liberty does not consist in the power of those in authority to lay unreasonable and capricious demands upon their subjects, a course which would be equally criminal, and would lead to the ruin of the commonwealth.

Liberty in political life may be described as the condition in which the individual finds himself unhampered in the discharge of his duties and in the exercise of his rights.

Liberty, however, is something more than a political phenomenon as some disciples of free enterprise maintain. It is something more mature than that dream of right without responsibilities which historic liberalism envisioned; it is certainly different from that terrorism of responsibilities without rights which Communism imposes.

It is something wiser than free thought, and something freer than dictated thought. For freedom has its roots in man's spiritual nature. It does not arise out of any social organization, or any constitution, or any party, but out of the soul of man.

Hence by the whole tradition of the Western world, liberty does not come essentially from improved conditions of living, either political or economic, but is rather the

spring out of which better conditions must flow. A free spirit creates free institutions; a slave spirit permits the creation of tyrannical ones.

MAN'S DIGNITY AND ECONOMICS

Closely connected with freedom and human dignity is the right of private property.

On the question of private property the aforementioned misconceptions of liberty beget two other extremes: first the belief that a man's right to property is absolute, and that he may do with it what he pleases, without regard for the moral law or social justice; and, secondly, the reactionary error of Communism, which denies all personal rights and lodges all property in the hands of the state.

The Christian position maintains that the right to property is personal, while the use of property is also social. Unrestrained capitalism makes its mistakes by divorcing property rights from social use. Communism hits wide of the mark by considering social use apart from personal rights.

Much of our economical restlessness, however, is the festering of man's wounded dignity. Karl Marx himself was perceptive enough to see that "democracy is based on the principle of the sovereign worth of the individual, which, in turn, is based on the dream of Christianity that man has an immortal soul." (Marx-Engels Historical-Critical Edition, Karl Marx Institute, Moscow, Vol. I, No. 1, P. 590.)

Ignoring the testimony of both reason and revelation and believing the "dream" to be only a dream, modern men have tended to concentrate almost exclusively on economic security and to pursue it at times with the fervor of religious devotion.

Often the hope is voiced that man will turn to the cultivation of the spirit after all his economic needs are supplied. We are reminded of the delusion of Jean Jacques Rousseau that man, good in himself, has been corrupted only by society. Marxism, changing the formula, gives the same false primacy to external circumstances—man's goodness will depend upon the economic system under which he lives.

But the exclusive dependence on economic security and social reform to right the wrong of mankind is by no means confined to Marxism. It affects the thought of great masses of men who reject the fundamental tenets of Marxism.

While we have deep sympathy with all people in their craving for economic security and while we acknowledge the evils, individual and spiritual as well as social, which often flourish in a society when many are forced to live in conditions of degrading poverty, yet we cannot refrain from pointing out the fact that man's goodness is from within.

It depends upon man's personal convictions and upon his efforts aided by God's grace. Economic and social reforms, to be effective, must be preceded by personal reform. The perfection of a society may not be measured by the moral goodness of the individuals who compose it; but the goodness of a society cannot rise above the goodness of its members.

The position of the Church relative to the economic order is based on the principle that the rights man possesses as an individual and many of the rights of the individual depend upon the function he fulfills in society.

Capital and labor from this point of view are related and made inseparable by the common good of society. This is a prime principle of social justice. The right of the capitalist to his business and to his profits and interests, and the right of the laborer to his wages and his union, are both conditioned

(Continued on page 7)

PETER MAURIN'S PROGRAM?

(Continued from page 3)

maker, even while trying to "put business out of business."

Didn't we spend more time on pacifism than on unemployment? Didn't we over-emphasize the works of mercy and under-emphasize the land? Didn't we exalt the idea of personal responsibility and the single apostolate and ignore the family and the community which begins with the family? Didn't we over-emphasize liturgy, or later, didn't we tend to neglect to emphasize liturgy?

And many a time, no matter what we talked about we were ridiculed. Either our readers were enthusiastic and read the CW from cover to cover, or they despised what we were writing because of their disagreement with one or another aspect of the work, and threw the paper to one side. Just yesterday there was a mixed letter, addressed to Ammon Hennacy. It is pretty typical.

Friend Hennacy: The enclosed five dollars is to continue my subscription to the Catholic Worker. Several times I have been about to suggest that you stop here whenever you pass nearby on your way to Arizona or back east. I would enjoy having you. There is always an empty room here, and even more empty space on the farm. We are about a hundred miles southwest of Kansas City. I have hesitated to get in touch with you as probably we don't have much in common. As a more or less successful farmer I am familiar with hard labor but for me it is happy labor. Twenty five years ago when I tried to get an education and taught awhile, I didn't get much pleasure out of life. Now, I hope you can forgive it—I even enjoy paying taxes! However, I am an independent sort of cuss myself and admire a man with the courage of his convictions, especially when they are of the sort that can be easily misunderstood by the ordinary public. I read everything in the Catholic Worker. I just like to suffer, I guess! And I have liked your experiences very much. Also some other articles like Bill Gauthat's article on farming a couple of years ago. He really hit the nail on the head. Some of the other references to farming have seemed ludicrous from out here in Kansas. Write me if you can. You have my best wishes in your work.

H. S.

Such a letter makes us feel that we have accented so many things that we misfire on practically all. Anyway, H. S. has a philosophy of work which Peter Maurin emphasized and it is good to see someone getting joy out of their life on the land. We get too many letters of pessimistic gloom from back-to-the-landers, and one can only say that anyone who feels that way about it has missed his vocation. He wasn't cut out to be a farmer. He should find a trade, run a store, teach in a school, go in for village life rather than farm life. Caussade says that we know our vocation by our delight in it.

I feel that in our desire to stress the whole life of man, we fail to hammer in one or another point. As a paper, we take up so many issues. As individuals, we are prone to hammer away at our pet project and go single mindedly towards one aspect of the work.

Have We Failed?

I know that I will give much satisfaction to many of our fellow workers when I admit that we have failed and that on every front. We have failed to clarify thought and probably will till the end of our days. We have failed in running houses of hospitality, in that they are not indoctrination centers and places to teach "cult, culture and cultivation" as Peter wanted, and all our time is taken up with the immediate practice of the works of mercy there. We have failed in establishing farming groups, whether as agronomic universities or farming communes of families. This in

spite of the fact that we have fourteen houses and eight farms around the country associated with The Catholic Worker, with these ideas, or some of them. The houses flourish in that there are always the indigent, the destitute, the poor to flock to our doors. There is plenty of obvious work being done and far more than enough to keep every hand and heart busy. But have we even begun to build the new social order that Peter envisioned?

The Great Failure

About all the above failures, I must say that I am not much concerned. I think that such failures are inseparable to a work of this kind, and necessary for our growth in holiness. Such failure, for those of us who have dedicated our lives to this work, is our cross. As a matter of fact, our failure is so continuous that we never think of it, we just go on working, without judging ourselves, as St. Paul tells us to. We can list our accomplishments as glorious examples of God's providence, and of our faith in it. We grow in faith in it and in our very persistence, we are growing in hope and charity. God grant that we persevere.

Our great failure—the one that Peter would probably emphasize if he were here to talk of these things, is that we always plunge into action without sufficient indoctrination. It is almost that we act without due deliberation and full consent of the will. Our vision is not keen enough nor large enough for us to see the whole; our very hearts lead us to see what is directly before our physical senses. We are activists. We try to do too much. We bite off more than we can chew. And even while I admit these faults, these failures, and resolve to do better this coming year, I can also say that they were inevitable to our growth. If we didn't try over and over again to put ideas into effect at once, we would never learn, because we are products of our time, we are Americans, we live in a world of modern music, modern art, modern chaos and not only have to live now but also keep aiming and talking about how we would like to live, about how God meant we should live.

Who are we to know what God meant? It is not presumption to say that He meant most men to marry and bring up a family and our work as laymen is to try to work for that kind of social order where it is easier for men to be good, where it is easier for the family, which is man's natural community, to live. Certain it is that due to our education most of us are launched in life without skills, without an ability to make an honest living, and most important, without a philosophy of work. Practically speaking, should none get married, none have children, until we prepare, plan, save, perfect ourselves to fit ourselves for our vocation. What nonsense!

Most of the time The Catholic Worker seems to be engaged in picking up the pieces, as Ammon says, instead of building a fence at the top of the cliff to keep men from falling off. If we had a better social order we would not have so many destitute to care for. If we had better indoctrinated Catholics, we would not have so big a job to do, it would be spread out throughout the families and parishes.

Our Great Comfort

But in this happy season, and even while writing of failure, I am filled with a sense of great joy that God has entrusted to us a mission, that we have been given a work to do. In twenty years we seem to have accomplished little. The same long breadlines continue at our houses. Throughout the land many a Catholic Worker family struggles and seems to get nowhere. But meanwhile the children are born, and are fed and launched into life with a more vital sense, let us pray, of God and their place in the body of Christ.

Christian Reconstruction Corporation

(Continued from page 1)

by rail and road with the neighboring country but no railway or trunk road will cross them: a special system of traffic is arranged. There will be no vast tenement houses. Each family will live in its own house, supplied with a piece of ground. The opportunity will be given to each family to become the owner of the house. The industrial part of the town will be separated from the residential district by a mile belt of meadows and fields. The entire town will be surrounded with an agricultural belt.

The cost of this enormous undertaking will be covered by the State (one-third), by industrialists and businessmen who will build the factories (one-third) and by the bene-

ficiaries themselves who will supply the labor force. The plan was received with enthusiasm by refugees and expellees. In the predominantly Catholic districts, churches and schools in the new towns will be Catholic, in the predominantly Protestant provinces, Protestant.

Several new towns are already in construction. The new Bavarian town of Rottershausen is in the most advanced stage. It is a Catholic town. The gigantic Christian Reconstruction Corporation became possible only because of the close and loyal collaboration between the Catholics and the Protestants to promote common good. This is, no doubt, the best way to a true Christian Unity, which is Unity in Love.

Capital Punishment

A letter to President Eisenhower asking for clemency for the kidnapers in the Greenlease Case, Kansas City, Mo., was sent by some friends and associates of the Catholic Worker.

The majority of those who signed the letter also sent letters to the President about the Rosenberg case. The letter stated that we wished to make clear that in both the Rosenberg and Greenlease case we are against the principle involved in capital punishment—that of revenge.

The Dignity of Man

(Continued from page 6)

by their service to the common good.

It is only in the light of the spiritual worth of man that the dignity and importance of labor become evident.

Labor is not something detached from the rest of life. Economically, it is bound up with capital as a co-partner in production. Socially, it is bound up with leisure as an avenue to cultural enrichment. Spiritually, it is bound up with the soul's development and with salvation.

The worker is not a hand, as individualistic capitalism contends; not a stomach to be fed by commissars, as Communism thinks, but a person who through his labor establishes three relations: with God, with his neighbor and with the whole natural world.

First of all, work unites us to God not only by its ascetic character and through the discipline it imposes on man by subjugating his lower passions to order and reason, but principally because, through the intention of the worker, the material universe is brought back again to God.

Second, labor is also the bond uniting man to man, a kind of school of social service, a base of human solidarity, a testimonial to man's insufficiency without his neighbor. In working with others, man realizes his social dependence and performs an act of natural charity, because he helps create utility for others and thus promotes the happiness of his fellow men.

The Catholic view, it will be noted, here adds that labor must always be used, not to dissociate ourselves from our neighbor, but to unite us with him. The greater the material advancement of any country, therefore, the more energetic should be its spirit of neighborliness.

Finally, work unites us with nature. It does this by enabling us to share in the creative work of God and by making each of us, in the language of St. Paul, "a helper of God."

God, the supreme Artist, has

communicated artistic quality to men, so that they can now make things and likeness of their own ideas. The marriage of man's intelligence and will with the material world and the natural forces with which he is surrounded becomes a fruitful union, and from them is generated a culture.

MAN'S DIGNITY AND EDUCATION

In transmitting culture from generation to generation, it is the purpose of education to safeguard and develop the dignity of man.

At the end of the eighteenth century our first President spoke of religion and morality as indispensable supports of political prosperity.

At the end of the nineteenth century our highest court declared that "the reasons presented affirm that this is a religious nation."

What is true of our political prosperity and our nation is true as well of our Western culture in general. Yet everywhere modern education is being drained of moral content through the movement which is known as secularism. It has been well said that the education of the soul is the soul of education.

Therefore, when education tries to thrive in a religious and moral vacuum, and does not aspire to impart a set of principles and a hierarchy of values, it degenerates into a dead and deadening juxtaposition of facts.

And even worse. For though it tries to thrive in such a vacuum, education can never really be neutral in practice. It has been truly said that "men must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants."

Similarly, education must inculcate a religious and moral outlook, or it will inculcate a materialistic one. And there is no word for dignity in the vocabulary of materialism.

CONCLUSION

Every day in holy Mass, Almighty God is addressed as He who wondrously established the dignity of man and restored it more wondrously still. Only by regaining our reverence for God can we of America in the twentieth century rediscover both our own value and the solid basis on which it rests.

We must at the same time expend every effort to see that this dignity is reflected in our sense of decency, made aware of itself by education, nurtured by society, guarded by the state, stabilized by private ownership and exercised through creative activity.

The alternative is increasing chaos. The words of a contemporary historian of culture may serve to summarize the issues at stake:

"Unless we find a way to restore the contact between the life of society and the life of the spirit, our civilization will be destroyed by forces which it has had the knowledge to create but not the wisdom to control."

The statement was signed, on behalf of the Archbishops and Bishops of the country.

The Need for Work Camps

(Continued from page 1)

here?" — "What am I heading for?"

An education committee was set up which arranged for a few speakers but the real exchange of ideas grew naturally out of our working together, and being confronted with similar problems. There were real attempts made to figure out just how the pacifist philosophy could be fitted into our daily human contacts.

One of the main purposes of a Work Camp is this effect of physical and spiritual growth on the part of the camper. But there is also the hope of having some effect within the community in which you are working. In our particular case the sight of Negro and white working together in harmony was a new experience for most of the community. The Builders had us into their homes, where we had a chance to meet the whole family. Some of us spent our spare time with the children of the families living in the condemned home soon to be torn down. And here it was not just a question of overcoming the barriers between black and white but between poor and well to do.

The great beauty of the work camp is in the growth in understanding of others. The difference in background between the work campers and the group we were working with was very great. But having a common project which necessitates physical and mental cooperation, can be the starting point for understandings between different social milieus. I worked on a pick and shovel team with a postman—I picked, then he shovelled. There was a beauty to the rhythm with which we worked,—it involved being sensitive to the amount of time the other could work when they needed a rest, when to "spell them off."

The American Friends Service Committee accomplished their purpose in the Indianapolis work camp. Before we came to camp we were prepared to think of it as being mainly an experiment in human relations. We were given suggested reading lists, articles on the approach of Pacifism, etc. And throughout all this I was thinking of the tremendous wealth of material found within the Catholic faith, which could also direct students to a greater social consciousness. The words of P. R. Regamey in his book *Poverty* "A Christian is never alone, and he is always responsible for his brethren, not only is he not alone, but his relationship to others is not merely that of an individual who happens to be in contact with them; we are bound up with one another; we are social to our very core on every level of life, natural and supernatural."

I myself was part of a Catholic Action cell studying the Mystical Body of Christ. But although we grew in intellectual knowledge of this reality, we were lacking in any social action to give us a fuller awareness of its meaning in our daily living.

The Weekend Work Camp project is an ideal way to make this education more meaningful. Students can find out from settlement houses, poor parishes, or from the American Friends Service Committee in their community, the names of those who need help in establishing physical surroundings conducive to bringing up a Christian family. A day's work put in by 15 students can change at least one room of an apartment into a decent place to live.

It is not difficult to find those in need, nor the students willing to do a day's manual labor. What is needed is the Catholic student who is willing to give of himself to organize the project within his community.

The Quakers have given us a wonderful example—we have all the tools necessary to gradually build a similar organization through which our Catholic High School and College students can be of service in Christ.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

dered at that use of the word "like". Was it because we tell them to be like Jesus? Every night we pray that we may learn to give in to each other and oh the joy of seeing it work—sometimes. For instance, Nickie and Mary are fighting over some toy. It is obvious that Nickie being the stronger and with no courtesy whatever, is going to get it. So we say, gently, "Mary, do give it to your brother like a good child. Give in to him." And she gives in, and suddenly filled with magnanimity, he gives in too.

But then sometimes, it doesn't work either. I often say that if you give up your cloak too, you will be called upon to give up your shoes and pants, and even your life. After Christmas, there is the feast of St. Stephen and the Holy Innocents and we are not allowed to forget the closeness of joy and sorrow. When the children refuse to respond, what a good chance to exercise patience, fortitude, long suffering, endurance, silence and love.

After I had written as I did last month, of being ill and of having to rest this winter, I was ashamed at such a bid for attention. I certainly got attention in the way of prayers from friends all over the country, and they have had their effect. I feel great gratitude for such friends, and beg God to bless them a hundred fold. When I write as I do, of sickness and the ruminations which come with sickness, I am writing about how we all feel, our fears and pains, and our comforts too. St. Paul said that we are comforted in order to comfort others and I always feel as I write that I am addressing friends who live as we do, who have the same problems, trials, family situations, so that when I talk of family and jobs and sickness, I am talking about this life and the disciplines of this life which are helping to groom us for heaven. One of the books I have been reading this month was given me a few years ago by my friend Mae Bellucci, *The Divine Crucible of Purgatory*, by Mother Mary of St. Austen, published by Kennedy in 1940. When I read a book by an author new to me, I look to see the sources from which he quotes. Here is Newman, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. John of the Cross, St. Frances de Sales and The Cloud of the Unknowning. It is an extraordinary book, a comforting book, filled with great light and peace.

Then too I am reading history since we are living in time as well as in eternity. I have read Pares' history of Russia in the pocket book edition, and Russian Spirituality and part of Green's History of England. There is something very steady about reading history to counteract the hysteria of the radio.

Hospitality

Just before the holy days we got a telephone call one cold evening. We were sitting around the long dining room table, listening to the wind and a good symphony, sewing, knitting, and Jim making cocoa for us all down in the snug basement kitchen. The call was from a priest friend who had a

problem in hospitality. There used to be, he said, a little hotel nearby where he could put people up when they came to him in need, but the hotel was closed and he did not know where to turn. It was a family, young husband and wife and two small children, two and three years old. There was another on the way, and a ten months old one taken in by an already overcrowded relative. Did we have room for four?

Happily Linda and her baby had just gone into New York, Ysaye and little Paul were in Baltimore, and Mary offered to move in with Agnes and Molly for the night. So that left a nice big attic room, with four beds. Hans had insulated it for us and it was bright and cheerful and a big oil stove kept it warm. So the family arrived, young and cheerful in the face of truly cruel circumstances. The father had a job, but they had been evicted from their apartment for which they had been paying eighty-five a month. They needed hospitality for just a short time, they said. The babies were angelic and pretty as pictures; and the mother was a child herself. Each day they were with us, after breakfast they set out house hunting. Rents are sky high and houses for large families are all but impossible to come by. They found, finally, a few housekeeping rooms which they took in order to be near relatives over the holy season. Let us pray they find a good place soon.

For this small gesture of hospitality, our dear friend wanted to reward us by buying us a cow and when he asked Msgr. Corrigan about one, that generous soul insisted on giving us a cow himself. So Fr. Monaghan, who is the hero of this story, is planning on obtaining still another cow for us in the spring. How good God is to send us such friends.

Retreat

As we go to press, we are preparing for a little retreat of thanksgiving and rejoicing over the New Year holiday. Fr. O'Loughlin, Salesian, is giving it and it will be two days of silence and prayer. We meet together here at Peter Maurin Farm, Thursday evening at five, and after the Sunday Mass, we break silence. There is another conference Sunday morning, and Benediction will close the retreat at noon.

We shall have another short retreat at the beginning of the Lenten season, the week end after Ash Wednesday. Let us know if you can come.

A project on hand in our rich life down here is the copying of Cassian's conferences on Prayer from a volume of the anti-Nicene fathers, which belongs to an Anglican priest friend of ours. He is kindly loaning it to us long enough to do this piece of work. According to St. Benedict, Cassian's conferences should be read in every Benedictine monastery, but it is hard to find a copy of Cassian nowadays. I have tried to trace a copy for our library and Frater Charles wants a copy for the Trappists in Conyers, Georgia, but they are scarce. If anyone has

(Continued on page 8)

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(Continued from page 2)
It was a good cheerful Christmas and we loved every minute of it. It was so heartening for a change to realize that everyone in our house received a present and a card, this has not happened in the past. I know all about this horrible mess of the commercialization of Christmas, however, we all want to be remembered at Christmas by our friends. As one individual said, "If it is only by a cheap handkerchief." I have come to wince quickly when I hear someone say, "Well, this is one year that I am not going to buy presents for anyone." Although you can generally be sure that dear soul is on her way shopping.

Television

Ten days before Christmas we returned our borrowed television set to its rightful owner, not of course without learning that the owner was quite unhappy with our coup. Three days after we returned the borrowed TV set, a reader of the paper called and donated a Stromberg-Carlson television set to our library. Now we have our own set and many of us are enjoying the programs. One evening I saw and heard a barber-shop quartet singing, "Heart of My Heart." I relished it so well that I called a young lady visitor from our office into the library to see the show. She groaned at the singing foursome, "That thing reminds me of my childhood when I had to endure all those drunken parties conducted by the grownups in our family circle."

Policeman

We were having a little trouble with our TV set one night when a policeman knocked at our door. He announced that we would have to move our station wagon, since it was doubled parked and slowing up the downtown flow of traffic. One of the members of our group told him of our TV trouble and he offered to come in and try to adjust the set, said he was somewhat of a mechanic. He didn't understand the TV trouble anymore than we did but he was very kind and went away forgetting about our wagon still being doubled parked.

Three Star

On Christmas eve a little old lady sat in our library with a real happy look on her face. She was a stranger to our midst. I approached her with the intention of asking her if there was anything we could do for her. When I was halfway across the room I noticed a quart bottle sitting at the foot of her chair. I almost ran towards the bottle and picked it up to discover it was a quart of Three Star Hennessy. I looked from the bottle to the woman who was feeling no pain and asked, "Is this your property?" She smiled and replied, "No, I am simply minding it for a friend." I asked her if she wouldn't be so kind as to mind it somewhere else in lieu of our house since I knew that it would prove to be a most dangerous

temptation to some members of our household. She grinned and quietly walked out of our house with the bottle tucked under her arm.

Remembered

We received a letter at Christmas from a Canadian Trappist Abbey. In it we were told that Masses and prayers would be said for all of us in the house plus all of the men on the Bowery. The letter went on to inform us that an old friend of ours had sent in this request. We remembered that friend with great warmth. We recalled that this man had been afflicted with alcoholism for several years on the Bowery, but now he has conquered the drinking habit and has put thousands of miles between himself and skidroad.

Another Lady

A tiny wisp of a lady came to our house some two weeks ago. This woman is well into her fifties and we have had the pleasure of knowing her for several years. The last occasion on which we had met her was close to two years ago. She was on relief at that time. She is ill but was expecting any day to be committed to a state mental hospital. It was the familiar story of the welfare department of the city having arbitrarily decided that this was the simplest way of removing one more person from relief.

Dragnet

The welfare department set up their usual props. The ambulance arrived with a police escort but our little lady had been forewarned and slipped the noose. Consequently the relief department had nothing but an empty dragnet to show for their efforts. Thus for the last year and a half the poor woman hid herself and lived on the secret alms of friends.

Rent In Arrears

Three months ago the charity of her friends was exhausted and the rent for her apartment went into arrears. Thus when she made her appearance in our office she brought along an eviction notice from the landlord. She felt that she had no one to turn to but the Catholic Worker. She was frightened at the thought of reporting to the relief department for fear that they might decide again to commit her to a mental hospital. However, she was convinced that the welfare department would provide her with a sufficiency of money to cover the back rent. This she decided could be accomplished by another party's bringing her predicament to the attention of the department. I was designated as the mediator in this case.

Battle Over?

Not to make a long story a serial, I went to see a case worker who proved to be a very understanding woman. I was informed that everything would be taken care of and that there must have been some misunderstanding—"the relief department would never dream

of putting someone in a mental hospital." However, there were certain forms that our mutual acquaintance would have to fill out.

Since two weeks had elapsed and I had no word from the woman, who is poor, I rashly decided that her relief checks were resumed and the battle was over. However, today the same woman appeared in our office stating that she was unable to get the relief forms filled: the information demanded by the welfare department necessitated the placing of signatures of those who had assisted her during her period of penury. For many valid reasons her friends refused to comply with this requisite. Thus the situation stood today: pay the three months back rent or eviction within seventy-two hours.

Jungle

The poor woman's worldly possessions amounted to an insurance policy which could possibly be cashed for one hundred and ten dollars. This would take a certain amount of juggling to cash and time was running out. As far as I could see there was absolutely nothing we could do at this time but to lend the lady the three months back rent. I am convinced that this woman is a worthy case, if you have to think in such terms, but she is not wise to the ways of this world where the jungle law of survival of the fittest is totally incomprehensible to her simple approach.

No Santa

The day after Christmas a small



ten year old boy entered our house with his mother in search of clothing for their family. I must have sounded like a typical do-gooder when I stopped and asked him if he had a good Christmas. Because he looked up at me with smoldering eyes and repeated my question in his answer, "No, I did not have a good Christmas." It was my turn, "And why not, my boy?" The boy fairly bristled, "Santa Claus did not visit our home." The following words gagged me but I had got myself into this mess, "Well, Santa is quite busy and he must have lost your address. Give me your name and address and we will see to it that Santa visits you on the next time around." The child gave me the address but indicated that he was indifferent since Christmas was over with and there is no selling a child on a future Christmas.

We did a double take at lunch last week when a blue eyed, gray haired lady popped up at our elbows. She wore a pair of blue jeans with blue sneakers plus a blue shirt. Across the front of the shirt, "Peace Pilgrim" was printed in large white letters. On the back was written, "Walking Coast To Coast For Peace."

The spirit of chivalry got the better of us and we offered her our seat at the table. She declined with thanks but said she preferred to stand and speak to us. At this

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)
one they are not using, we wish they would loan it for a few years.

Reading over the title, *The Divine Crucible of Purgatory*, I can't help but think, what in the world does that title mean to a migrant worker, a longshoreman, even to a teacher. (This noon for dinner we had a visitor, a member of the ILA from Mulberry street and tonight for supper a teacher of mathematics from Phoenix, Arizona). I think, too, of that fascinating book, *Wuthering Heights*, and the fantastic titles which were part of the nightmare of the dreamer in the beginning of the book.

But what I get out of a book like that enables me to live and face the situations of our present social order, see them in perspective. Theology, philosophy, sociology, liturgy—they all go together.

FBI

Some FBI man by the name of Daly came down to query me about one of our friends who is a conscientious objector. He asked the usual questions as to how long I had known him, how he stated his position as c.o. or pacifist, whether or not he believed in defending himself. Evidently one of my answers offended him because he pulled back his jacket and displayed the holster of a gun under his arm pit which he patted bravely as he said, "I believe in defending myself!" I could not but think, "how brave a man defending himself with his gun against us unarmed women and children hereabouts." The FBI should train their men to be a little more impersonal.

Mike Gunn, our old friend, brushmaker and founder of a labor guild, writer of many columns in the old days in the Catholic Worker, has bought himself a prefabricated house, made in Finland and shipped over here, five rooms and bath, for \$2,000, which he wishes to put up on the Peter Maurin farm. Now he is faced with many complications, getting an architect, a building permit, a contractor to dig a cellar and foundation, and to raise a mortgage to do all these things with. When one sees the trouble involved in trying to work out ideas,

point I thought I noticed Bob Ludlow sliding under the table.

She said that she had just completed a five thousand mile walking trip across country from Los Angeles to New York. This means of travel was adopted because she thought that it would provide her with an opportunity to speak with her fellow man on the subject of peace. She also claimed that "it was a good form of penance, for whatever she had been guilty of towards creating the tragic situation that exists in the world of today."

I made several attempts to discover her name and she kept replying, "Peace Pilgrim." Her mission was peace and that is the name she intended to go by till the task was finished. She belongs to no church but believes very strongly in Jesus Christ and the scriptures.

"Peace Pilgrim" said that she had no home—only a forwarding address. Her only possessions amounted to the clothing that she wore. She informed us that she accepts only those salaried jobs which are below the income tax deductible category. Thus she avoids supporting the war bonds, etc. She was strongly convinced of voluntary poverty.

I know that this pilgrim of peace would cause lifted eyebrows and knowing smiles in many circles—I had a hard time keeping a straight face myself. However, no one could help but be profoundly impressed by the sacrifices this person is making for her convictions. She possessed an authentic sincerity and a bona fide charity in her speech and manners. It has been a long time since we had run across an individual who carried such a message and was completely without affectations.

one comes to favor the shiftless life. Things are made unutterably hard for the family always. Even when one tries to do things in community, the fact remains that one man, the economist has to deal with money, debts, materials, and men. It is desperately hard, but if we bring enough of the power of prayer to it, things will fall in line, work will get done, the rough ways will be made plain, mountains will be levelled. I used to think scornfully of praying over such humdrum details. Now I can see how often the activists don't do enough praying, and the ones who pray don't "make intentions" enough, firmly enough, vehemently enough. Body and soul are so close. The family needs the material of a home.

Christmas

We had a most peaceful and beautiful Christmas and we wish to thank all our friends who helped make it so. We walked home from Church, some of us and breakfasted on Betty's strudel, and soft boiled eggs. Our butcher gave us a beautiful twenty pound turkey and there were plenty to eat it. Hans cooked the dinner, in spite of the pains of his arthritis and the whole day went smoothly. Three of our friends sent picture albums, El Greco, and the other two of ikons and western religious pictures. Their bright color and warmth, contrasted with the grey of skies and woods around us. Then during the octave, Hans Furth, friend of Karl Stern came bearing gifts. One was his thesis for us to read, on the psychology of Cassian, which he is offering for a degree at the University of Ottawa, and the other, a concert, which he played for us on Tamar's piano with an audience of five. We sneaked away from Peter Maurin farm, leaving all the children there but Margaret, babe in arms, and drove to Tamar's who has the only piano in the community and that sticky with children's fingers. But the music was magnificent and we had Schubert, Mozart, Brahms and the explanations of an enthusiastic teacher. It completed, that concert, our feeling of well being and peace.

A Cow Arrives

This morning just after Mass, our greatest Christmas present arrived, a Holstein cow, from Msgr. Corrigan at Mt. Loretto. Up to this time we have been spending six dollars for fresh milk and six dollars for canned milk each week. Even if we had to buy all the feed for the cow it would be a saving. But Father Duffy has already reclaimed two big fields, one full of clover and the other of oats, and he has a goodly hay stack covered by a tarpaulin given us by an out of work neighbor with a raft of children.

Orthodox Recession

Yesterday's paper headlines on the front page news of an "orthodox" recession, which 300 economists meeting in Washington, announce to the nation. All those out of work, and it is estimated as a million and a quarter, and all those whose jobs are threatened, numbering some million more, are doubtless well aware of this already. They have felt the pinch. Better the recession than more preparedness for war, but that it is bitter comfort for the unemployed. Blessed that man who has a bit of soil, a taste for that soil from which all comes, including us. There is no unemployment on the land, Peter Maurin always said, and that slogan which he loved needed quite a bit of expansion and explanation. We know well the problem of skills, strength, mortgages, taxes and other pains associated with the pleasures of the land, and we promise during the coming year much discussion of these problems. A happy new year to all our readers and if they want to send us a New Year's gift, an Epiphany gift, let them send in a new subscription.

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