

CATHOLIC WORKER

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WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE UNDER CHRIST, LIGHT OF THE WORLD

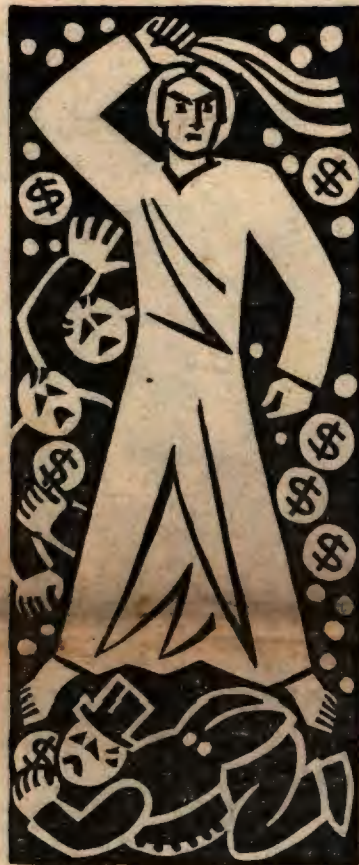
By Dorothy Day

Here is another May Day, our 25th anniversary and I have only today to get my copy ready for the paper which Bob Steed will have to make up alone, with Beth Rogers as general proof reader and editorial advisor. On make up day I must be speaking in Holyoke, the last engagement of a week of speaking at Fordham, Swarthmore, Boston, and returning for a communion breakfast here in New York, and a talk at Iona college in New Rochelle. If today is a day like yesterday there will be people sick in the house to visit, letters, phone calls, the Puerto Rican and Negro neighbors for clothes, a priest from the Fiji Islands and another from Santa Fe, college students and others, and always the letters that don't get answered and the articles that don't get written.

Oh well, if the Lord wanted them done, I comfort myself, He would provide the time and the ability. But there is always the sneaking thought, I am not efficient, I don't organize my time right. I should hide away and get things done. But every one in St. Joseph's House of Hospitality is my family, and those on Peter Maurin farm too. I am "the barren woman that the Lord makes joyful with many children." I am always thanking God that "my lines have fallen in goodly places,"—and then falling from this happiness of gratitude into the suffering that is inseparable from love. If we pray to grow in love, burdens are bound to grow heavier on every side, our own burdens and those of all the people in the CW around the country. It is a terrible thing to see some of the suffering of our friends. Oh for the strength of the apostles who came

rejoicing from prisons and from beatings, "rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer for Christ."

Our main burden right now of course is that the subway down the street is approaching ever closer and closer. Indeed it is, a temptation not to leave everything on a bright sunny day like this with the trees bursting into green in the park, and lean against the fence that surrounds the big open pit at the corner, and watch the work as the huge shovels eat inexorably towards us. We are about to be devoured and we are fascinated by this progress. What is the sense of it all? Across the way there is an inadequate school for the slum children around us. There is a playground understaffed. There are derelicts sick and maimed on every park bench. There are so many ways to spend money on people instead of on a little connecting link of subway, extending for five or six blocks and which is costing countless millions of dollars. And here is this Puerto Rican father, minus two fingers on one hand recently lost in an accident at his machine in the factory, and an underfed little boy with him, rooting around in a huge box of contributed shoes. No compensation yet, he says, and the little boy and the little girl with him look as though they had not had a decent meal in their lives. But unemployment brings one blessing with it. The father, or mother, can be at home with their children! Among teen agers throughout the five boroughs, the mad and senseless violence continues. It is a guerrilla war against society and against each other.



Deane Mowrer said that the other night the gangs of children on her block which is between Avenue C and Avenue D, went rioting down the street knocking over every ash can and garbage can and destroying property as they could.

But it is May Day. We cannot sorrow as though we have no hope. How can one help but live in hope and the joy that faith and hope bring on such a spring morning as this. A few weeks ago a deluge of rain and cold and snow made us despair and the trees and shrubs in the park were dead. But we had faith and hope as far as nature was concerned. To all appearances they were dead, and now they are blooming. There is no one without such natural faith and hope in such weather. So let us rejoice, as Fr. Roy was always telling us. Let us rejoice in tribulations. Has there ever been a time when we were without them? We started out twenty five years ago thinking we were just going to get out a newspaper, small though it might be, which would allow us to exercise our journalistic talents. We were going to discuss the present problems, which began with depression and unemployment (and we have them again) and we would go on with all the problems which came with poverty, injustice, and the ever recurring wars, whether race wars, class wars, civil wars or international wars. We were always pacifists, many opinions to the contrary.

Peter Maurin exalted freedom as God's greatest gift to man, and he pointed to the gospels and Christ's teachings. We were to lead by ex-

ample, by serving. We were not to seek leadership indeed, but to strive to be the least—to wash one another's feet in other words. "I have left you an example," Jesus said, when He washed the feet of His disciples. "As I have done, so do ye." "My little children, love one another," the beloved disciple kept repeating in his last days. "A new commandment I have given you, that you love one another as I have loved you." Jesus said. "The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep."

Everything we knew in the Gospel was against the use of force. We were taught in the Gospel to work from the bottom up, not from the top down. Everything was personalist, we were our brothers' keepers, and we were not to pass by our neighbor who has fallen by the wayside and let the State, the all encroaching State, take over, but were to do all we could ourselves. These were the anarchist and pacifist teachings Peter Maurin, our founder, taught us. And he bolstered them up not only from all the religious sources we were familiar with, but from the writings of Kropotkin, Don Sturzo, Chesterton, Belloc, Eric Gill, Fr. Vincent McNabb, Fr. Tompkins, Fr. Coady.

When Fr. Dowling called Peter an anarchist, he admitted it, but he also said he would run for office on a proportional representation ticket in order to try to put his ideas across. He firmly believed in "the withering away of the state" which the Communists spoke of, but he did not believe it would happen under a dictatorship even of the Proletariat, and he always said that the only true communism

was the voluntary communism of the Church.

He wanted farming communes, communities of families, though many people went to the land when they married, and there have been attempts at farming communes, we cannot point to any successful one. Peter was a personalist and a communitarian and he said that there could be a Christian capitalism and a Christian communism. We keep quoting from Peter, and keep repeating his writings because he was, to use his own words, "the theoretician of the green revolution" we were to promote.

Yes, we thought we were embarking on a career in journalism, the few of us who worked that first year getting out the paper, but like true revolutionary movements, we attracted all the cranks, the reformers, the theorists, the fools for Christ, who wander like wandering monks of St. Benedict's day, or like the pilgrims of Russia, or like the "lumpen proletariat," or the migrants of our own country.

Some who came to us were holy, some had not even begun to learn to "keep the commandments." In fact, to this very day, common sense in religion is rare and we are too often trying to be heroic instead of just ordinarily good and kind. Newman wrote how tragic if we come to the end of our lives and find that we have never even begun to do what God wanted of us. But I honestly do not think that can be said of us. I do sincerely think that we keep trying, that we keep beginning "again, over and over, each day. And the fact that we were so soon involved, and are now so completely involved in the

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Christians and The Algerian War

By Father Bernard Boudouresques

Once again, the people of France find themselves dragged into a war. Confronted with the Algerian conflict, the Christian is obliged to ask himself some questions: his conscience is uneasy; he cannot be faithful to Christ and remain inactive. It was at one time possible to believe that the horrors and destruction of World War II had caused war to be banned forever. One hoped that before engaging in conflict, men would do everything they could to resolve their differences peaceably. Unfortunately, in present-day Algeria, such terms as "pacification," "the forces of law and order" and "struggle against cut-throats" are being used in an attempt to conceal the fact that a full-scale war is being prosecuted, even though all the possibilities for negotiation have not been exhausted.

In this brief article, my intention is simply to demonstrate why any Christian who wants to remain faithful to the Gospel, who wants to symbolize that love that God

bears for all men, who wants to accomplish the Mission with which he was invested on the day of his baptism, ought to oppose such a war, ought to do everything in his power to bring it to a halt, ought to be in the concrete a man of peace, rejecting all slaughter and armed struggle.

The inhuman character of the war that France is waging at the present time has perhaps not yet been sufficiently recognized. I am well aware that it is not possible to "normalize" a military campaign. You cannot expect a soldier to be a saint. Man's brute nature and his hatred will always get the better of him; no matter how much basic decency military men may have, they are constantly in an environment that can impel them to commit acts of atrocity. In Algeria it is even worse, because the fighting is chiefly against guerrilla bands, and practically the entire population is hostile to the French troops. To obtain informa-

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LETTER FROM CHICAGO

By Edward Morin

Holy Week demonstrations in England, New York, and Chicago have caused the intended reactions. Paul Johnson in the March 29th issue of *The Nation* gives the impression that all England is arguing disarmament. J. B. Priestly, Bertrand Russell, et. al. have had unexpected good luck with their public opinion campaign. Rallies are being staged everywhere. If we are to believe Johnson's optimism, results in England are a stark contrast to progress in Chicago. But aside from a difference in scale, I suspect a deal of similarity on fundamental grounds—which I shall get to presently.

On Holy Saturday approximately 150 conscientious objectors and sympathizers met at The American Friends Service office at 59 E. Madison St. Our poster walk through the loop began at noon. A third of the group stood on the busiest street corners distributing literature; the remainder walked in file with 15 posters. Representative slogans were "Stop dirty wars, don't make clean bombs," "Dis-

armament is the only race everyone wins," "No contamination without representation."

Policemen were outwardly cooperative. As the signs joggled through the crowd of shoppers on State Street, I heard a woman say, "Why do they pick the day before Easter to get in everybody's way?" Evidently she didn't understand demonstration psychology: "public education" enjoys having a large enrollment. The unoffending candor of all participants was especially in tune with the product they were selling.

"Monitor" gave AFSC leaders Bradford Lyttle and Jack Ross a short time on the air; in the evening they appeared again, this time on television. One city newspaper carried pictures; otherwise the press was cautiously silent.

Many reacted to us as one does with fanatics, tossing the leaflets off as soon as one is handed one. Still others went out of their way to read what it had to tell them: "Must this (sketch of atom mushroom) be?"

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OUR FIRST EDITORIAL May, 1933

For those who are sitting on benches in the warm spring sunlight.

For those who are huddling in shelters trying to escape the rain.

For those who are walking the streets in the all but futile search for work.

For those who think that there is no hope for the future, no recognition of their plight, THE CATHOLIC WORKER is being edited. It is printed to call their attention to the fact that the Catholic Church has a social program.

It's time there was a Catholic paper printed for the unemployed. The fundamental aim of most radical sheets is the conversion of its readers to radicalism and atheism.

Is it not possible to be radical without being atheistic?

Is it not possible to protest, to expose, to complain, to point out abuses and demand reforms without desiring the overthrow of religion?

In an attempt to popularize and make known the encyclicals of the popes and the program offered by the Church for the constructing of a social order, this news sheet was started.

This first number of THE CATHOLIC WORKER was planned, written and edited in the kitchen of a tenement of Fifteenth Street, on subway platforms, on the "L," on ferry boats. There is at present no editorial office, no overhead in the way of telephone or electricity; no salaries paid.

The money for the printing of the first issue was raised by begging small contributions from friends. A priest in Newark sent us a dollar. Another generous friend sent in twenty-five dollars. The rest of the money needed the editors squeezed out of their own earnings, and at that they were using money necessary to pay milk bills, gas bills, rent and electric bills.

By accepting delay the utilities did not know that they were furthering the cause of social justice. They were, for the time being, unwitting co-operators.

We are asking our friends and sympathizers to help out towards the next issue by sending contributions and subscriptions and orders for bundles. The price of the paper is one cent a copy, in order to place it within the reach of all. And for the unemployed it is distributed free to those who wish to read it. Next month someone may donate us an office, who knows? It is cheering to remember that Jesus Christ wandered this earth with no place to lay His head. The foxes have holes and the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man has no place to lay his head. And when we consider our fly-by-night existence, our uncertainty, we remember (with pride at sharing the honor) that the disciples supped by the seashore and wandered through cornfields picking the ears from the stalks to make their frugal meals.

Dorothy Day

Civil Defense Drill

As we go to press we learn that New York State's compulsory Civil Defense Air Raid Drill will take place on Tuesday, May 6, at 10:30 am. Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy are both out of town at the moment fulfilling speaking engagements but they will be back at the end of the week and will again openly refuse to take shelter during the drill.

We do not question the sincerity of Civil Defense leaders, who perhaps actually believe they are engaged in saving lives in enforcing these drills. What we do maintain, however, is that there is no defense possible against nuclear weapons. The drills are part of war games and are used to inspire fear so that people will not protest against the arms race, which has by now moved beyond even hydrogen bombs and into the realm of the guided missile, an even more irresponsible method of making war. Theology says that a law to be binding must be rational, and we are well into the realm of irrationality when we expect taking shelter in subways to defend us against nuclear weapons.

The only other person whom we know of at this time who will
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Mott Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

Reprinted from May, 1948

The Catholic Worker has now completed fifteen years of existence in this country. And how to evaluate it, I wouldn't know where to begin. However, I do realize that it has changed the entire course of my life as it has changed the course of many other people who have come in contact with it. Some of the twists and turns caused by the contact might have made life a little rougher, however, that has been compensated by making life a lot more interesting even though that is not the only compensation. We have met friends and ideas that we wouldn't have met otherwise and without those there would have been a great void in our lives. And today May 1st, 1948, I find myself in charge of the house here at 115 Mott street along with holding the purse strings. With these two jobs I have been likened to Judas and worse. But fortunately or unfortunately for myself and others I have become quite callous to all sorts of comments and keep recalling a question from Father Daniel Considine, S. J. "It is much better to do good, and be guilty of faults, than not to do good and be guilty of fewer faults." It might



sound prosaic to sophisticates; however, it serves me in good stead. And thus we go on never certain that we are doing the Will of God but hoping and praying that we are, also not expecting a Vision in which God will appear to us stating his wishes in so many words.

Chicago

Back around 1936, John Cogley and I came across the Catholic Worker movement in a small store on Chicago's westside. The group had just opened that center when we arrived on the scene. Their activity extended to Sunday afternoon lectures and discussions. Some of us realized the need for a house of hospitality and finally opened one in 1938 alongside of Chicago's Skidrow. We were depending a great deal on the Divine Providence of God since we had but sixteen dollars among our little group. In a couple of weeks we were feeding about six hundred men a day and housing three hundred. Five months later we began publishing a monthly paper which reached a circulation of over five thousand. Then came the War, the draft, marriages, and the house and paper finally expired in 1942. This of course is a very, very small picture of the Chicago Catholic Worker but it would take a book to give a complete picture of the Catholic Worker movement in that city. But I hope that someday soon someone will write that book, as well as a book about each of the other CW groups.

Delayed Vocation

About three weeks ago a middle aged couple came to us in search of help. They had been evicted
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Picketing Missiles In Florida

By AMMON HENNACY

"Take the word Catholic off that sign, and leaflet. You don't have permission from the Bishop or from me to use it. You give Catholics a bad name," said Father LeMay at St. Mary's Church in Rockledge, a suburb of Cocoa, Florida, where we were picketing the Missile tests.

"We are laymen and we do not need permission from the Bishop or from you to oppose missiles for murder," I answered. "The Church has had a bad name long enough in supporting wars. I like the name Catholic and I am trying to make it mean something like the early Christians meant it to be when Christians couldn't go to court or kill in war. I venture that in the years to come the Church will be proud that we Catholic Workers opposed missiles and war and that we gave the Church a good name."

I had phoned the priest the day before but he was not in. I had come to the 9:30 Mass here, which was the only Catholic Church for miles around. Several ushers had taken my sign which read, "We protest missiles for murder, Catholic Worker, N.Y. City Peacemakers," and on the other side, "missiles attack; they don't defend." The priest said he had heard of the CW and we could picket any place we liked but not to use the name Catholic. We discussed the whole matter of pacifism for about ten minutes. The priest was not angry but we could not agree that I couldn't use the name Catholic in pacifist literature. As I was talking to Father LeMay the ushers had torn up my sign and broken the stick in pieces. (Before we left Marge Swann took a snapshot of me standing by the Church with this broken sign in the shape of a cross.)

As it was an hour until the next Mass I took a walk around town looking for a store to buy a paper. I saw a Presbyterian Church and gave the minister some copies of our leaflet. Just then I saw my four Catholic usher friends talking to the Chief of Police, Hubert Alsop. He took me by the arm and escorted me into his office, locked the door, and motioned for the ushers to go away. Pointing to our leaflet he said:

"You know about everybody makes a living on these missiles around here. These fellows outside are Georgia Crackers and I brought you in here to warn you that they are going to lynch you, or tar and feather you, or throw you in the river."

I explained that I had the KKK after me in 1924 in Alabama and I was not afraid of them. The Chief did not believe that I was a Catholic and called me a Communist. I said that I was an anarchist. He wanted to know if that meant "no cops." "Yes, and no government and war," I replied. He said that he wouldn't protect me from these vigilantes and he would tell them that he had advised me to get out of town and not go back to the 11 and noon Masses to distribute leaflets.

As I walked the two blocks away from the Police Station I toyed with the idea of whether it was worthwhile to get beaten up by these ignorant men, but found my feet walking naturally toward the Church. As I reached St. Mary's the Police Chief passed by in his car and told me I was headed for trouble if I gave out another leaflet. "Go to the Presbyterians," he advised me. I listened to the sermon and could see the four men across the street waiting for me. I had about ten pounds of literature in my pockets and this would help me sink in the water if they threw me in. I thought drowning was a quick death. And hanging was also a quick death. Folks didn't die of tar and feathers and I didn't see any pot of tar handy. If they took me ten miles away from town and took my clothes off and beat me up I suppose I could find the other picketers in time. I said a prayer for protection and walked to the sidewalk and commenced to give out leaflets.

About five people had received them when the reddest-faced Irish looking usher grabbed me and rushed me over to the other side of the street. Then ensued the old name calling of "Communist"; that I had, no right to hand out leaflets with the name Catholic; and if the Bishop knew of it he would have prevented me. I asked the name of the Bishop but they didn't know. Finally one of them thought it was Bishop Hurley in St. Augustine. I told them that we had picketed Cardinal Spellman at the time of the graveyard strike in N.Y. City in 1949; that we were not picketing the Church, as I had just leaned the sign against the fence at the side as a means of letting folks know what it was all about. We picketed the missile base. They told me that Father LeMay and Chief Alsop had told them to "take me over the hill" and prevent me from handing out leaflets. I said I didn't believe them. By this time all had left the Church from the 11 o'clock Mass.

As the four ushers were calling me insulting names one man said, "I wouldn't beat up that old man. You should have respect for age; that will make him a martyr and that is just what the Commies want." He was the only one who took a CW to read. They said that not paying income taxes was a violation of the Constitution; and that not going to war proved that we were for Russia. I explained that they were the ones that were breaking the law; that this was a free country and I had the right to give out leaflets here or any place. They replied that the Church and the Police couldn't stop me but they could and would. I am always calm in the midst of such trouble, so when the red-faced man said, "We'll take you over the hill just as soon as you make a step to the curb to hand out another leaflet" I told him I would sit down by the tree and rest a bit until the people came out from the noon Mass and then I would give out at least one leaflet.

"You'll go over the hill. We don't fool around here with such a you," was their reply.

Just then Chief Alsop and another cop drove up and motioned for me to get into their car. They were taking me to the Mayor's house and I waited while they conferred with him for a time. When they returned they said they could get me for loitering and for disturbing religious services. I replied that I did not disturb any religious services; that I only disturbed the already disturbed Catholic Vigilantes and they could arrest me for whatever charge their law said; that I wouldn't sue them for false arrest for I didn't believe in courts.

"We got to be careful; that's just what you Commies would do," the Chief replied.

By this time we had come to the town of Cocoa and to the Police Station. As I was ushered in a khaki-clad officer in charge said "If I didn't have my uniform on I'd beat the hell out of you; you Communist." He repeated this twice again while I was there. They conferred in another room for about ten minutes and I could hear them arguing about false arrest, etc. Finally they told me to take the leaflets out of my pocket and they piled about 100 of them on the desk saying they would distribute them for me. I had some in another pocket. Then they told me to go. By this time the noon Mass was over so there was no one to give leaflets to. Chief Alsop told me as I left that he wouldn't protect
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Easy Essays by Peter Maurin

Peter Maurin is more than a product of the depression: his is the popular voice of Catholic common sense through the ages, raised against the economic and social abuses of our own day. His writing burns with the same fierce passion for social justice that sears the reader of Langland; he also shares the bitter humour of Piers Plowman, and in his own particular way has developed a form of expression as distinctive and compelling. This French working-man has been one of the chief inspirers of the Catholic Worker group in America since its beginning, working with them in applying the Papal Encyclicals to modern life, both by precept and—what is more rare—by example.

To those, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, who do not yet know him, these "Easy Essays" will come with the shock of novelty that accompanies common sense phrased with the most uncommon clarity and penetration.

—From the "jacket blurb" of *Easy Essays*, published by Sheed and Ward in 1938 (now out of print).

BLOWING THE DYNAMITE

Writing about the Catholic Church, a radical writer says:

"Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message."

To blow the dynamite of a message is the only way to make the message dynamic.

If the Catholic Church is not today the dominant social, dynamic force, it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the Church.

Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the Church, have wrapped it up in nice phraseology, placed it in an hermetic container, and sat on the lid.

It is about time to blow the lid off so the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social dynamic force.

A RADICAL CHANGE

The order of the day is to talk about the social order.

Conservatives would like to keep it from changing but they don't know how.

Liberals try to patch it up and call it a New Deal.

Socialists want a change but a gradual change.

Communists want a change an immediate change but a socialist change.

Communists in Russia do not build communism they build socialism.

Communists want to pass from capitalism to socialism and from socialism to communism.

I want a change and a radical change.

I want a change from an acquisitive society to a functional society, from a society of go-getters to a society of go-givers.

ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSIONS

We need Round-Table Discussions to keep trained minds from being academic.

We need Round-Table Discussions to keep untrained minds from being superficial.

We need Round-Table Discussions to learn from scholars what is wrong with things as they are.

We need Round-Table Discussions to learn from scholars how things would be,

if they were as they should be.

We need Round-Table Discussions to learn from scholars how a path can be made from things as they are to things as they should be.

HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

We need Houses of Hospitality to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor.

We need Houses of Hospitality to bring the Bishops to the people and the people to the Bishops.

We need Houses of Hospitality to bring back to institutions the technique of institutions.

We need Houses of Hospitality to show what idealism looks like when it is practiced.

We need Houses of Hospitality to bring Social Justice through Catholic Action exercised in Catholic Institutions.

THE DUTY OF HOSPITALITY

People who are in need and are not afraid to beg give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake.

Modern society calls the beggar bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush.

But the Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods.

Although you may be called bums and panhandlers you are in fact the Ambassadors of God.

AS GOD'S AMBASSADORS

As God's Ambassadors you should be given food, clothing and shelter by those who are able to give it. Mahometan teachers tell us that God commands hospitality. And hospitality is still practiced in Mahometan countries. But the duty of hospitality is neither taught nor practiced in Christian countries.

THE MUNICIPAL LODGINGS

That is why you who are in need are not invited to spend the night in the homes of the rich.

There are guest rooms today in the homes of the rich but they are not for those who need them.

And they are not for those who need them because those who need them are no longer considered as the Ambassadors of God.

So people no longer consider hospitality to the poor as a personal duty.

And it does not disturb them a bit to send them to the city where they are given the hospitality of the "Muni" at the expense of the taxpayer.

But the hospitality that the "Muni" gives to the down and out is no hospitality because what comes from the taxpayer's pocketbook does not come from his heart.

BACK TO HOSPITALITY

The Catholic unemployed should not be sent to the "Muni"

The Catholic unemployed should be given hospitality in Catholic houses of hospitality. Catholic houses of hospitality are known in Europe

under the name of Hospices. There have been Hospices in Europe since the time of Constantine.

Hospices are free guest houses; hotels are paying guest houses. And paying guest houses or hotels are as plentiful as free guest houses or hospices are scarce.

So hospitality like everything else has been commercialized.

So hospitality like everything else must now be idealized.

HOSPICES

We read in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* that during the early ages of Christianity

the hospice (or house of hospitality) was a shelter for the sick, the poor, the orphans, the old, the traveler and the needy of every kind.

Originally the hospices (or houses of hospitality) were under the supervision of the bishops who designated priests

Parish Houses for recreational purposes

but no Parish Houses for Hospitality.

Bossuet says that the poor are the first children of the Church

so the poor should come first. People with homes should have a room of hospitality

so as to give shelter to the needy members of the parish.

The remaining needy members of the parish should be given shelter in a



to administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of these charitable institutions.

The fourteenth statute of the so-called Council of Carthage held about 436

enjoins upon the bishops

to have hospices (or houses of hospitality)

in connection with their churches.

PARISH HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

Today we need houses of hospitality as much as they needed it then

if not more so.

We have Parish Houses for the priests

Parish Houses for educational purposes

USURERS ARE NOT GENTLEMEN

The Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church forbade lending money at interest.

Lending money at interest was called usury by the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

Usurers were not considered to be gentlemen when people used to listen to the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church. When people used to listen to the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church, they could not see anything gentle in trying to live on the sweat of somebody else's brow by lending money at interest.

WEALTH-PRODUCING MANIACS

When John Calvin legalized money-lending at interest, he made the bank account the standard of values.

When the bank account became the standard of values people ceased to produce for use and began to produce for profits.

When people began to produce for profits they became wealth-producing maniacs.

When people became wealth-producing maniacs they produced too much wealth.

When people found out that they had produced too much wealth they went on an orgy of wealth-destruction and destroyed ten million lives besides.

MORTGAGED

Because John Calvin legalized money-lending at interest, the State has legalized money-lending at interest.

Because the State has legalized money-lending at interest, home owners have mortgaged their farms; institutions have mortgaged their buildings; congregations have mortgaged their churches; cities, counties, States and Federal Government have mortgaged their budgets.

So people find themselves in all kinds of financial difficulties because the State has legalized money-lending at interest in spite of the teachings of the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

THE FALLACY OF SAVING

When people save money that means money is invested.

Money invested increases production.

Increased production brings a surplus in production.

A surplus in production brings unemployment.

Unemployment brings a slump in business.

A slump in business brings more unemployment.

More unemployment brings a depression.

Crafts

The church wants some limits set to the dwarfing of man himself in these days through the emergence and dominance of the machine and the continued expansion of large-scale industry. Among small craftsmen, personal work, till now at least, has kept its full value. The craftsman transforms his raw material and carries through the whole of a work; to that work he is closely linked, and in it there is an ample field for his technical skill, his artistic capabilities, his good taste, his deftness and delicacy of touch in making things that from this point of view are greatly superior to impersonal and standardized mass-produced things. And therefore small craftsmen as a class are, one may say, a picked militia defending the dignity and personality of the workman.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII Discourse of October 21st, 1947

Parish Home.

Furniture, clothing and food should be sent to the needy members of the parish at the Parish House of Hospitality.

We need Parish Homes as well as Parish Domes.

GOD AND MAMMON

Christ says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you give."

The Banker says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you keep."

Christ says: "You cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon."

"You cannot." And all our education consists in trying to find out we can," says Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Modern society has made the bank account the standard of values," says Charles Peguy.



"The story of the Catholic Worker," wrote Dorothy Day, "begins with Peter." If Peter Maurin had written a story rather than a theory of the Catholic Worker, he would have said that it began with Dorothy. The fact is that the Catholic Worker, paper and movement, was born from the union of Peter's vision with Dorothy's generosity.

Long before it existed in fact, its complete theory existed in the mind of Peter Maurin and on the scraps of paper which expressed his ideas in his own special Easy Essay style. Before he came to America from France, Peter had been a student of new and radical ideas and of ideas "so old that they seemed like new." Always he was an agitator, indoctrinating, as he called it, anyone who gave him the slightest opening for doing so. But as he studied and talked, whether it was history or philosophy, economics or mysticism, his purpose was to digest, summarize, synthesize and clarify what he learned. The result was a whole philosophy of Christian society, expressed in a series of Easy Essays, phrased to catch the eye and the mind with an unadorned, unqualified statement of truth.

While Peter's synthesis was complete, it naturally emphasized those aspects of Christian social order which were most conspicuous by their absence from the American scene in the late twenties and early thirties. It was perfectly clear to Peter that a movement, with a paper, with discussion groups, with centers of action, was needed to give those aspects actual existence in the scene. In 1932 he was looking for someone to begin it.

The movement also existed, a long time before its real existence, in the heart of Dorothy Day. In 1932 she was a convert of five years' standing; but long before her conversion, when she was a journalist of the worker, a writer for socialist papers, her sympathy had always been with the oppressed, the underdog. Conversion had given that sympathy a supernatural basis, so that when Peter saw her articles in Catholic magazines he knew that she must be the one to found his movement. Covering the Hunger March of the Unemployed Councils in Washington in 1932, she had been led to say a special prayer that a way would be opened up for her to work for the poor and the oppressed. When she returned to New York, Peter was waiting to see her, with his ideas for a Catholic labor paper, for Houses of Hospitality, for workers' schools, for farming communes. All these were to be the fruit of personal responsibility and voluntary poverty. There was no other way.

The paper came first. It gave its first lusty cry on May Day of 1933, when twenty-five hundred copies were sold during the Communist parade. The statement of purpose went as follows:

It is printed to call their (the workers') attention to the fact that the Church has a social program—to let them know that there are men of God working not only for their spiritual, but for their material welfare. In an attempt to popularize and make known the encyclicals of the Popes in regard to social justice and the program put forth by the Church for the "reconstruction of the social order," this news

sheet the Catholic Worker is started.

We who are now the beneficiaries of the Catholic Worker's and others' efforts to popularize the Church's position on labor, can hardly realize to what extent ignorance of that position made the economic situation of 1932 a means of gain to the Communists and a source of loss to the Church. The Catholic Worker was the first Catholic paper in America to go directly to the workers where the workers were, to write directly for the workers what the workers could understand.

If it is difficult for us to realize how necessary that was in 1932, we may also have forgotten some other aspects of the year 1932 in the city of New York which will explain how the Catholic Worker could not remain a paper only, even for a short while, but had to become a movement, plunged into the whole program outlined by Peter.

The spiritual foundation of Peter's program, what he considered his special contribution to Catholic social thought, was the doctrine of personal responsibility for the welfare of others. The labor paper and the discussion for the clarification of thought were to be outpourings of that consciousness of personal responsibility for the workers and the poor. But in Peter's scheme, the most powerful manifestation of personal responsibility was to be the immediate practice of the corporal works of mercy: feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, harboring the harborless—in a word, practicing Christian hospitality.

During the first six months, circulation rose from twenty-five hundred to twenty thousand, a large correspondence developed, distinguished clerical and lay visitors began to make a point of dropping in during visits to New York—and New York was in the depths of the depression and especially in the midst of an epidemic of evictions. The Catholic Worker staff did not have to search for opportunities to practice Christian hospitality. It had greatness thrust upon it. From that time to this, the headquarters of the paper has also been the archetype of Houses of Hospitality, the pattern for about forty such houses which have existed (though not all still exist) in other cities throughout the country and in Canada, England and Australia. Every editorial office, whether of the Australian, English, Chicago or Baltimore Catholic Worker, was also a House of Hospitality and a center of round-table discussion for the clarification of thought.

When the immediate needs of the poor were urgent it was inevitable that Peter's long-range program of farming communes should be temporarily set aside. It was not part of Peter's social scheme that men should be dependent on a huge, interdependent economic machine which periodically broke down and gave Christians an opportunity to practice hospitality. His aim was the foundation of new Christian communities which combined economic self-sufficiency with a new kind of community social life, communities which would be not only willing but able to take care of their own. This aim has never been forgotten in the movement. The back page of the paper has always been devoted to the question of the land, the necessity of communities on the land for the development of Christian family life and parish life. Attempts to carry out this part of the program have contributed more to clarification of thought on the matter than to immediate reconstruction of the social order. But clarification of thought in a matter so misunderstood, yet so important, is of immense value.

So much for the story of how the

movement had obeyed Plus XI's injunction: "Go to the working-man, especially when he is poor; and, in general, go to the poor." The point that must be made above all, in that story, is this: when the Catholic Workers (as they have come to be known) went to the workers and to the poor, they did not go as social workers; they did not go as economic theorists; they did not go as representatives of the State or even as official representatives of the Church. They went to the workers and the poor as Christians accepting personal responsibility for the full welfare of the workers and the poor. Personal responsibility in this sense is not only the responsibility of a person, but responsibility for a person, for a whole person.

In the modern world, men and women take responsibility for a job. At some point, another human person may walk into the area circumscribed by that job and be duly serviced. When he steps out of that circle, responsibility for him automatically ceases. In modern thinking, marriage itself, the archetype of responsibility for another person, has become one of several jobs which a man or woman carries out. In the face of this



psychology of limited liability, the Catholic Worker has based its entire program on the idea of personal responsibility. In so doing, it has laid the foundations for a new Christian synthesis, and deserves to be credited with an original contribution to the flowering of American Catholicism.

To see life in terms of another person's development, rather than in terms of a job, is to begin to see life as a whole. For the Catholic Worker, as for English distributists and French Jockists, "it all goes together." There is no separation of matter from spirit, of body from soul, of economics from morality, of religion from life. All are united in that whole we call a person. In this country, which worships specialization, it was the Catholic Worker which went to the people with the vision of a new world integrated with the realities of the supernatural order, a world made for man fallen and redeemed and called to share the life of God. The Catholic Worker has been the herald of a new synthesis, inspired by the doctrine of personal responsibility, guided by revelation and human experience, implemented by voluntary poverty, using every supernatural and good natural means.

The Catholic Worker, as newspaper and movement, is the expression of a complete philosophy of life, whose completeness is no accident, but the inevitable consequence of accepting responsibility for persons. It was outlined by Peter Maurin and filled in by Dorothy Day, but it is more than a personal synthesis. The pages of the Catholic Worker have been filled with the grateful recognition of all

the providential developments in American Catholicism: the growth of responsible unionism, of labor schools and associations, the development of cooperatives and credit unions, the birth of a liturgical movement, of a family movement, a Christian community movement, a peace movement. The pages of the Catholic Worker became the texts of what Peter Maurin insisted a university should provide: "The formulation of those universal concepts embodied in the universal message of universal universities that would enable the common man to create a universal economy."

Unless we understand that the Catholic Worker movement is a synthesis, we cannot understand it at all. There have been innumerable critics of the movement who asked: "Why doesn't the Catholic Worker stick to running breadlines and Houses of Hospitality? Why does it make enemies by being so naively pro-labor, by refusing to join the Franco bandwagon, by forever talking of going back to the land, by being openly pacifist?" It must be admitted that the one issue of pacifism alone cut the circulation of the paper practically in half, from a circulation of over one hundred thousand. Unless we realize that the Catholic Worker is aiming at a new synthesis of material and spiritual, we cannot understand such foolhardiness.

Because the Catholic Worker (by which I mean a worker in the movement) has penetrated at first hand into those mysterious depths of free will where matter and spirit act now as allies and now as enemies, he has a special appreciation for the role of matter in the salvation of the human spirit. For the Catholic Worker has seen destitution—not poverty, a holy thing, but real destitution—a killing, withering, shrivelling blast upon a soul little prepared for what spiritual masters call "the dark night." The Catholic Worker, then, is poignantly aware of the way in which matter can wound the spirit, of the way in which ugliness and filth can send a slow poison through the whole human system, body and soul. It is this overwhelming sense of the evil wrought in human souls by misery and squalor and by that final irreverence to the human body which we call war that has driven the movement, or at least part of it, to the extreme of pacifism. And if such pacifists can, with more or less justice, be accused of blindness toward the spiritual evil wrought by tyranny and totalitarianism, it needs mentioning, too, that their intellectual opponents have often been blind to the possibilities of spiritual havoc in war's aftermath, possibilities which twice in a generation have become realities in Europe because of the blindness suffered by the victors.

Along with the recognition of the part matter plays in degrading man's spirit has gone a recognition by the Catholic Worker of the way in which physical nature helps to exalt man's spirit. The ruralism of the Catholic Worker is no romantic worship of Nature. Rather, agrarianism is a conclusion forced upon it by the hard realities of human experience. It is in the rural environment that nature most readily serves the supernatural development of man. A society based on land and crafts is the normal pattern of a Christian society, of a synthesis of nature and supernatural.

Even where this ideal seems remote from realization in the House of Hospitality itself, there is still an effort to practice, despite tremendous difficulties, those human touches whereby the home gives witness to reverence for man. For the Catholic Worker, holy poverty is not a fusion of bare animal requirements with lofty, completely spiritualized sentiments. Rather, poverty stands for a synthesis of



matter and spirit, freeing man to use matter in the service of spirit. And voluntary poverty is the implement which makes powerful all man's efforts to recreate a new society "within the shell of the old," as Peter Maurin put it.

The task which the Catholic Worker set itself has been first and foremost a task of education. Primarily it has been a task of educating Catholics in the possibilities of integral Christian culture. More than any other periodical, the Catholic Worker has tried to see life whole. Peter Maurin throws the principles into bold relief with his Easy Essay style. Dorothy Day, in her personal columns, reveals intimately the gropings of her own heart and mind after complete understanding. Quotations or direct articles or summaries or letters from Jacques Maritain, Eric Gill, Don Sturzo share honors with excerpts from Augustine and Chrysostom, with articles by young men and women in the movement, with comments on any event and any book that has relevance to living the Christian life. The Catholic Worker, as a paper, has been and is a powerful correspondence course in the theory and practice of Christian living. The power of the movement's theory has come from the evident heroism of its practice. Catholic Workers first acted; The Catholic Worker wrote about it; and people read about it because they said to themselves: "These people are actually doing what they write about."

We must never forget, however, that the works of mercy, as a Catholic Worker House of Hospitality practices them—feeding and sheltering hundreds every day, providing clothes and opportunity for medical care, all on the basis of complete trust in God's Providence—need no further justification than Our Lord's description of the Last Judgment, when He will recognize as done to Himself whatever has been done to His least brethren.

It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even good, that people should be impressed by such works. The fact is, the immediate beneficiaries of the works of mercy often seem of all people the least impressed. One could have guessed beforehand that the poor who have so often seen bread used as an instrument of conversion, would view a House of Hospitality with customary suspicion. Results have borne this out. While the Catholic Worker synthesis aims at the welfare of the whole man, and while it does not and cannot limit itself merely to his physical needs, the fact is that Houses of Hospitality have not been great centers of conversion.

Actually, what the House of Hospitality has achieved spiritually among its guests has been achieved mainly by the way in which the House recalls the atmosphere of a Catholic home. Such an atmosphere may perhaps leave the non-Catholic guest cold, but it has a remarkable effect on the fallen-away Catholic. For him, it's like coming home. Where Houses of Hospitality have been blessed with a chaplain who would come to hear confessions and, better yet, to offer Mass in the House, the rewards have not been lacking. In such houses is a beginning of Peter Maurin's dream to bring the bishop and people together through the practice of the works of mercy. Again, the whole idea is one of synthesis, of uniting the spiritual

(Continued on page 8)

SOME BOSTON SOCIAL NOTES

By ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

The Boston Catholic Worker group grew out of a dinner party of some eighteen or twenty persons who met Dorothy Day in March, 1935. It was at the home of a Miss Guidrey. A loft was rented at 143a Harrison Avenue and speakers like Father Paul Furley, Norman McKenna, Elizabeth Walsh and others addressed the group. Spreading the newspaper was the chief activity—the first step in the Worker program of clarification of thought.

A move was soon made to 863 Washington Street where thirty meals a day were served and accommodations given to ten persons—the second step, a house of hospitality.

Jane Marra, secretary of her local in the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, worked courageously to coordinate efforts, collect funds and keep the work afloat. John Magee, an employee of the S.S. Pierce Company, did a valiant job in developing newspaper sales. Each Sunday, volunteers went to various churches, selling at all the Masses.

The second move to 328 Tremont Street, a large house with eleven rooms and a meeting hall, was made in the late Winter of 1937. It was then I met the group. The following notes are gleanings from a big file.

5:30 A.M. Two of us are slicing thick brown pumpernickel loaves. We are the day's kitchen detail, preparing for the long gray breadline. The air is chilly. A whiskey crate is tossed into the wide-mouthed iron furnace, separating kitchen from dining room. The crate is one of many scavenged from the nearby Coconut Grove, Boston's gay, gangster-owned nightclub.

The slicing is finished, the table piled high with the bread—40 loaves—and the coffee—5 pounds—in the big metal container is brewed to the perfection point. In the chill morning air that coffee brewed with care always has a wonderful taste.

At 8 A.M., the door opens and the line—150 men—moves silently into the room. The overflow must wait outside in the yard behind the building. The house of hospitality is in a business district and the men are scarcely noticed as they pass quickly from the street to the rear. It will be hours before the neighborhood awakens to its usual activities of cheap restaurants, pool halls, shoe shine stores, shoe repair outfits. All are unpainted in these drab depression days. Everything is gray, bedraggled, like the clothing of the men in the line.

"Feed the hungry for Christ's sake." That phrase so often repeated in *The Catholic Worker* has a poignancy in these early hours. I had read it so often these last four years in the paper but now it leaps into mind. This is it, the actual fulfilling of the command.

The men are well-behaved. If one moved a little by his spirit becomes noisy, the others shush him. He quiets down, awed by the disciplined silence. I recall soft shuffling feet in an early morning chapel. It makes me think too of the early morning hours when the Trappists enter to say Matins and Lauds.

You wonder what these men will do after they have had their coffee and bread. Later you learn their ways of passing the endless, jobless days. Some are fortunate. They have home relief, four dollars a week. The morning snack helps them through. At night they will be back for the good warm soup.

That was the Boston house in March, 1937. I had come to the Worker, intrigued by Peter Maurin's thought so close to that of G. K. Chesterton whom I admired. The Catholic Worker seemed to me to be the American voice of G. K.'s

Weekly which I read each week. It advocated land and crafts and a return to the intelligent economy that can be built around those two things.

The Boston group was having an extremely difficult time financially. They could just manage to scrape together enough for each day. Sometimes it was hardly that. I have seen a woman employee from the garment district bring in a quarter just in time for the noon meal. It bought a twelve cent loaf of bread and thirteen cents worth of sliced cheese. That could feed seven or eight persons with the left over coffee from breakfast. That experience wasn't something seen once. It happened often.

The rent was \$30.00. The grocery bill when they dared run one became a constant sword over the head. Church sales could be good and occasionally were bad. If the priest spoke on its behalf from the altar, they multiplied wonderfully.

Gradually I got to know the men. One, a steamfitter, explained many things. He told me how some men from the *Community Forum*, gravitated to the house. In the *Forum*, unemployed men had pooled their nickels and dimes and rented a hall. They set up a kitchen, procured a stove, put in tables, dishes and cutlery. Food was bought or begged according to the state of the funds. They had a treasurer whose main job was to see the rent got paid and the light bill looked after. Sometimes, they were near eating in darkness. They invited speakers from Harvard to lecture them on erudite subjects. Afterwards, the latter were asked to help towards the rent.

A few of these men had joined the Worker group on Harrison Avenue and proceeded with it to Tremont Street. When I arrived, they were scraping dirty wallpaper from the walls, preparing to paint the place. I immediately found myself with a razor-blade contraption, a pail of water and a sponge.

The men pointed out interesting details. A place in the wall where the former owner had passed out liquor to her customers in speak-easy days. Her son, now one of Boston's leading gangsters, had an office opposite the Worker. He was recruiting goons for Harry Bennett's company police at the Somerville Ford plant. Before the year ended he would be shot and left lying in a hotel lobby across the street. A Boston tabloid printed a map of the area with a caption: *Death never takes a holiday here.*

Jane Marra came in each afternoon from her job, answered the correspondence, met visitors and managed to find the few necessary dollars to get the house through till the next day. It was heroic work for she had her own home problems, sickness and the like. John Magee had his firm donate the leftover rolls and pastry and cake in their Brimstone Corner bakeshop. Carrying seventy five pounds across Tremont Street by hand was a hefty task. Shades of Marie Antoinette! The following week, came the disappointment. A group of nuns had a prior right to the bonanza.

John Kelley called upon a cousin running a high class restaurant. She graciously donated the soup left at the end of the business day. It was delicious. The men took turns to carry the immense tureens through Boston's dark streets and alleyways in the still small hours.

Watching this house of hospitality evolve, I soon put out of my mind the job I was after in New York. It was social work with boys. The house seemed for real, a challenge. Dorothy Day came and sparked enthusiasm. Peter Maurin came again and again and we listened to his amazing logic and *Easy Essays*. I discovered you had to be good to speak to a Boston audience, especially when the people before you had read nearly

everything—at least three or four thousand books on everything. Peter and Dorothy stood up under the fierce scrutiny. Even frosty Harvard listened, electric with excitement one night.

I was impressed for everything was quickly falling into place—the many hours reading books on economics, the three year journey into dogmatic, moral and mystical theology. Here at last I was finding the answers I had sought, badgering learned professors. I suddenly knew why the early Church had the answers and we had gone so far astray. The house of hospitality had an organic view of Christianity—the clear comprehension of the works of mercy. They were doing what the deacons did in the days when the Church was young and fresh and vibrant with grace. Somewhere along the line the place of the dedicated laymen had been lost and never again found. I had been a member of the St. Vincent de Paul society, had zealously helped to bury many poor Spanish-Americans, had known so vividly how the St. Vincent de Paul men are looked upon by the average Catholic as the "oddballs" who somehow have "got religion."

I sat down and wrote a long letter to a Bishop friend in Canada.



I explained enthusiastically what I had seen. He too was impressed. He immediately cleared out a place in an old unused school building, put in stoves, tables, kitchenware, then lost courage. Some business men counselled prudence. He told me this apologetically but as a token of his friendship and still flickering belief he gave me the money for years to make trips through his area to speak on *The Catholic Worker*. I spoke in every parish of his city. And in so many others in eastern Canada.

When Peter came to Boston, the men in the house would test him. How about this ambassador of Christ business, what about begging. Peter said "beg for others." They did and went to the markets and fish piers to get food for the house of hospitality table. It gave them a new sense of importance, so much needed for the days were dismal.

They cleaned out cellars, sold old newspapers, collected discarded clothing. "We are the Christian junkmen," one man said sardonically. "Let's gather up the crumbs lest they be lost" was my answer.

The outside group met the inside group. Friendships were made, some problems were solved. Little treats made life pleasant, a meal in a restaurant, an occasional movie, a tailor-made cigarette.

The house needed a light touch. One man asked a piano company for an old model. One came the very next day and Healy played it from seven A.M. until late at night. He had been a textile worker in Lowell. Before that a Conservatory of Music student. He described life in the textile mills. More and more machines for each man to watch. The head spun. Soon with his redeveloped piano touch, he was playing at "Little

Back in the Old Days

By JOHN C. CORT

I first bought a copy of *The Catholic Worker* outside of a Boston church back in the winter of 1935-36. Dorothy Day came to Boston for a talk several months later in the place they had then on Washington St. in the South End.

I remember I was late and she was already talking when I arrived. About fifteen minutes later, before she was through, a little light flashed on in my head and I decided to go to New York and join the C.W.

The reason for this is that Dorothy Day is one of the best salesmen in the world. What she was doing, as she stood up there before that little crowd in that dingy little hall, was selling the way of life that she had herself adopted.

And the reason she was able to sell it so well was that she seemed to be enjoying it so much. She was herself such a good sample of her own wares. I shrink at the word, but she actually made it seem like fun.

I went down to Mott Street in July of 1936. It was hot—good bedbug weather. I remember the first night, up on the top floor of the rear building. Peter Maurin was in the bed next to mine. The place was full of beds, and men in them.

I can remember lying awake that night, the bedbugs biting and the room hot and close with the acrid smell of sweat, but myself filled with a sense of excitement and exaltation. It was romantic, that's what it was. I was a frustrated playwright and my weakness for dramatizing came in handy. Otherwise I suppose I would have jumped out of that bed and run like hell.

The next day, fortunately, we went out to the farm at Easton, Pa. I slept in the pig pen. It was one of the nicest places I ever slept in my life. It was built like a tin tent open at both ends and the floor was covered with fresh straw. When the sun came up in the morning it shone on the straw and made it look like gold. And there was gold there.

This was a farming commune, where the workers were supposed to become scholars and the scholars workers. Not being either a worker or a scholar I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do, but I know that the first day there was no problem.

That day everybody sat around the big dining table in the farmhouse and listened to Peter. All day long I kept trying to break in, without success. Peter was one of the most generous men I ever knew. He would give you his bed, the clothes off his back, anything in the world but the floor at one of his "round-table discussions."

The table may have been round, but there was only one man at the head of it and that was Peter. The rest of us were there to learn and the sooner we realized it the better. It was his only weakness. And the trouble with me was that I didn't have the humility to sit and listen. That was my weakness.

I had disagreements with Peter and the C.W., then and now, disagreements about pacifism, agrarianism, anarchism, etc. No need to dwell on them. I would like to dwell instead on some of the things that made the Catholic Worker great and its founding one of the milestones in the history of Catholic social action in America.

Until the C.W. came along, there had been nothing done in this field that captured the imagination of Catholic laymen, nothing that could move them out of their laziness and lethargy, up off their backsides and into action.

Dorothy Day and her friends did it because they did the obvious Christian thing, which also happened to be a pretty dramatic thing. And Dorothy was no mean dramatist herself.

That thing was to go down to the poorest of the poor and live with them, and help them, at a time when everybody could see that they needed help.

There may have been a thousand theories as to what was causing the breadlines, but everyone had to agree that where there were men and breadlines there had to be people who would give them bread, and shelter, and if possible, a kind word. That was the power of the Catholic Worker.

Moved by this power as to a magnet there came flocking to the C.W., at Houses of Hospitality all over the country, young men and women, laymen, seminarians, priests who knew only that they wanted to do something to help.

Scratch almost any of the older Catholic social actionists today and you'll find somebody who got his first push into the movement from the C.W.

Another thing: despite the fact that the idea of a union was basically abhorrent to Peter (since it represented a compromise with the industrial system) the C.W., back in the 30's, was almost the only Catholic forum that gave a sympathetic play to the great struggles of the labor movement.

This was Dorothy's doing. Despite her agrarian theories she could not resist lending the pages of her paper and her eloquent pen to the great battle of the CIO to organize the unorganized and to build a new, more progressive and more militant union movement.

Nobody wrote any more moving accounts than she did of the sit-down strikes or the great seamen's strike of 1935-36 or the massacre at Republic Steel in '37. It was therefore natural that the C.W. should lend a home, or at least a place to be born, to the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, which in turn inspired many similar ventures in the labor field.

As a matter of fact, no matter what you were interested in—liturgy, interracial movement, cooperatives, whole wheat bread—there was somebody at the C.W. in those days who would agree with you that this was the answer to all the world's problems. And somebody else to disagree. It was very stimulating.

Stimulating, that's the word. And for that stimulation, without which we might all still be scrambling in the great American scramble for cash and comfort, I say, "Thank God! And thank you, Dorothy."

Pal's" a nearby restaurant featuring fifteen cent meals with India Rubber dessert. Occasionally, dreamlike, he would drift off into a hymn. The clientele soon had him back on the road to Tipperary or Trallee where the Irish Eyes are Smiling.

Some textile workers in Lowell went on strike. They didn't belong to the C.I.O., then trying to get

started in New England. The union had no money for a strike fund to feed them and appealed to the Boston Worker. Several of us went to Lowell and aided by Cy Echele of the St. Louis group ran a kitchen for three weeks, feeding hundreds daily.

Friends in Lowell and the group in Boston brought food from the (Continued on page 10)

The Burial of the Dead

I will make a statement of philosophy:
The world is cold by nature. It thinks
of death but not of catafalques and
the heavy, wreather, wagon. The soul
of a poor man like Jonah in a sea of whale,
dodging consummation, flashes
among the waters and calls out decretals
of brown-bread, rosannas of milk,
and liturgies of beef. The poor man
carried desolation uncommanded by desire;
he had no wish for locusts and the penitential
honey, but spellbound by survival he crossed
the lintel into the famous world.

I think of a dying and the poor man
who passed the multitudinous day
in a desperate wandering. I think
of this poor man and his imperial dream,
who imagined heaven as an order of clocks
and dreamed of the sun, flashing unhooded
in his eyes.

(I think of a dying
and the imperial dream of that great Arab
who imagined heaven a bevy of wench
and daises of chocolate)

Fire is wild in a dry field.
The cornflower burning at mid-summer
turns the fisherman from the stream.
The river sizzles on the red-hot slate.
In a poor man consummation builds
its holocaust and from the earth comes
a laying-on-of-hands and the instantaneous encounter.

Ned O'Gorman.

Art is Always Right Reason in Making

Adelaide de Bethune

Why is there such a respect for art—rather, I should say, such a fear of art? What makes people use such a solemn manner to say, "He is an artist!"? They would never use the same tone of voice to say: "She is a nurse," or "He is a teacher," or "She is a bookkeeper." That would just be natural. But when it comes to "artist" and "art" then, suddenly, some uncanny phantom appears which makes people feel they cannot understand it and yet it should somehow be respected or they will lose face.

People are baffled by art. They treat it as an obscure, irrational human power and approach it in an irrational manner.

Then, too, people feel they have to defend their ignorance of art by proclaiming loudly, "I do not know anything about art, but I know what I like." If any approach is irrational, that certainly is! We have all probably made this statement, if not once, many times. Yet what a ridiculous statement, if only we analyze it! Would you go to the hospital and tell the doctor there, "I do not know anything about medicine, but I know what I like?" How can you know what you like when you do not know what a thing is?

Besides, there is no obligation to like or dislike anything. Do not let any one frighten you. Do not let empty conventions scare you with the fear that you should "appreciate" things you do not. Really, you are not compelled to like anything. It is only your own business, anyway, whether or not you like something. No one needs to shame you if you like one thing or another. There are many reasons for our likes and dislikes. Some of them may be interesting to a psychologist, but actually none of them is terribly important. If Henry's appendix has been properly removed, that is important; but whether you like it or not, or whether Henry likes it or not, does not matter so much.

You see, I should like to show you only this one point: that art is simple; that art is common sense. You need not be irrational about art. Actually, you know more about art than you think. Art is really

simple. There is, of course, a mystery about it as there is about all human action. But there does not need to be any hullabaloo.

First of all, you know a great deal more about art than you think, because you are an artist. Your own art is perhaps teaching, or it may be gardening, or it may be that one of you is an artist as a cook, or another as an administrator. The art of government is a noble art. So is that of agriculture. Medicine is an art important to human life; and so is weaving. There are many arts, and if we possess one it gives us an insight into the others. Art is nothing difficult nor frightening.

Art is simply the knowledge of the right way to make things. If you know the right way to make a pie—well, you are an artist pie-maker. If you know the right way to clean a room, then you are an artist at cleaning. And if you know the right way to bring up children, then you are an artist as an educator. Art, after all, is just common sense, as it applies to our work. And we all work every day, don't we?

Our knowledge, as we know, comes to us through our senses. We see, hear, taste, smell and touch things. And, through these exterior senses, the impressions from the outside come into our ken. There they are sifted by a *sensus communis*—a common sense. And this common sense enables us to make use of the information we have acquired. So then, if we have any particular work to do, such as educating a child, or knitting a sock, it is our experience or our common sense—it is our art—which will tell us how to do it rightly.

You see, it is simple. You are an artist because you know the right way to do your work. That is common sense. That is also the way St. Thomas explains it. Does that mean you know the right way to make a picture? Not necessarily. Maybe you are not that kind of artist. Maybe you are just another kind of artist, that is all.

But you will notice that those who know the right way of making a sock often have an intelligent

Labor is Life

THE MASS FOR LABOR DAY. A study of the New Mass of St. Joseph the Workman against the Background of American Labor, by Rev. Rembert Sorg, O.S.B., 84 pages, paper back. Price \$1.00. Published by Pio Decimo Press, St. Louis 15, Missouri.

Father Rembert Sorg's new book is all about Christian poverty and work in the light of the new Mass of St. Joseph, the Workman, which in this country may be celebrated on May first or on Labor Day. The book first published by Pio Decimo Press, St. Louis, Mo., is a study of the lessons derived from the texts of the new Mass.

The first section of the book gives the background and history of the American Labor Movement. Recent scandals in labor, Father Rembert asserts, are like a cancer, that could kill organized labor "at a time when it is starved for Christ." Father Rembert, furthermore, charges that while the practices of labor often conform to Christian principles, nevertheless, the true Christian spirit does not inform labor but it is "dry bones still awaiting the ensoulment of Christ's spirit."

The second section of the book is a detailed study of the scriptural and theological concepts of each of the texts of the new St. Joseph Mass. The author points out that when God became man, he did not enter the upper classes but chose to be a laborer and a manual worker. All the texts of the Mass point toward the virtues of simplicity, poverty and humility. "The goal of labor," says Father Rembert, "is not leisure to enjoy life. Labor is life itself and is walking in the footsteps of Christ Himself." The author of THE MASS FOR LABOR DAY is the Prior of King of Martyrs Monastery in Fiffeld, Wisconsin, and has written HOLY WORK and a series of books on the psalms, entitled GOD'S LOVE SONGS.

respect for one who knows the right way to fix a radio. Or again, the knowledge of the right way to educate a child makes a person more respectful of another who knows the right way of laying sewers. If you are really capable in your own art, you are usually delighted to find some one who is capable in his art, and so you hire him without interfering with the way he carries out his own work. That is intelligent respect. That is intelligent appreciation. And that is what I would call simple common sense. The very same thing applies to painting, as to any of the other arts.

And when it comes to the thorny problem or "art appreciation" (of which so many of us are afraid), it is also very simple. To appreciate a work of art is no more difficult than to appreciate nature. God is the supreme artist. He made the world; and everything he made is beautiful. Few people indeed feel that they can not appreciate nature.

If you can apprehend the form or the quality of a tree, or a rock, or a blade of grass, or a feather, or a piece of wood, or pebbles, then all you are doing in reality is simply appreciating the works which come from the artistic hand of God.

What's more, this appreciation gives you an insight into the works of men. All of the works of men are made from some raw material which is ultimately a work of God's art—whether that material be sound waves carrying the speaker's voice; boulders and logs, as in building and carpentry; or the human body, as in medicine or nursing.

If, then, we appreciate nature as a work of God, by the same token we can appreciate art by analogy.

Adapted from an Address given at the Catholic University of America, and used by permission of the Catholic University of America Press, Washington, D. C.

CULT :: CULTIV

About Father Roy, S.S.J.

By TED LE BERTHON

Recently, I was favored by a visit all the way from Louisiana by my old friend, Father John A. McShane, a most heroic Josephite. When he was here, I showed him an old snapshot another priest had taken near his Negro mission church of him, Father Francis Cassidy, Father Pacifique Roy, and me. He wanted to keep it in memory of the late Father Roy.

The snapshot was taken in the spring of 1946, a few days before Fathers McShane and Roy and I drove some 270 miles to LeBeau, Louisiana, where Father Roy had been pastor of a Negro mission church from 1912 to 1927. Later I learned from Father McShane that Father Roy, in those 15 years, in the face of constant white hostility, had brought many of his Negro parishioners from servitude as field hands or at best sharecroppers, to the ownership of small farms. He had taught them to be mechanics. He had instructed them in the most up-to-date agricultural methods, had established a consumer co-op and a credit union.

We had not been in LeBeau (at the rectory) for more than an hour, when the news spread that Father Roy had returned. From a radius of some 50 miles his old parishioners, hundreds of them, began arriving in old jalopies and horse-drawn carts. The rectory could not, of course, hold them. But I saw each one kneel for his blessing, and heard them tell him of those who had died, of marriages, births, sorrows and comic happenings. One old Negro told of how Father Roy, single handed, stood on the porch of that same rectory and refused to talk to the members of an angry white mob which had come there to protest against his "making 'niggers' uppety" and "ruining the economy." What spiritual power he must have had! But that late afternoon in 1946, he didn't even take time out for dinner. It must have been about 11 p.m. before he finished listening to the stories of those old parishioners, meeting children born since he had left LeBeau, and blessing everyone. You would have thought, the way they gazed at him, that one of the early Apostles had returned to the earth. I knew—and still know—that all I shall ever do to my dying day would be as nothing compared to what Father Roy had done for these of Christ's little ones.

You know, of course, that in 1946 (and for how long before I don't know) Father Roy was trying to get priests to break with drinking and smoking. To some he did seem an extremist. But I heard him one night, in a Josephite rectory, maintain that priests above all others should make atonement and reparation for the indignities visited upon Negroes by the white race. He held all whites mystically guilty. By most standards he did seem drastic in his urging for greater mortifications. But who would question his love? I have always imagined he was much like Father Damien on Molekai, stern and uncompromising. But he certainly had won the undying love of the Negroes of LeBeau. We were there several days, and I remember talking with two fine-looking Negro farmers, brothers, who with their families lived in neat, clean farmhouses. They credited Father Roy with all their know-how, and told of how many Negro families during his time had emerged from sagging shacks, windowless and malodorous, into clean farmhouses.

BOOK REVIEWS

LET'S EAT RIGHT TO KEEP FIT by Adelle Davis, Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3; 323 pages. Reviewed by John Stanley.

If you read this book at the wrong time in your life you are in danger of becoming a fanatic, a zealot; you'll find yourself constantly broke buying copies of it to give to others; friends will start fleeing when they see you for fear of being proselytized into consuming great emulsions of wheat germ and soy bean oil and brewers yeast and black strap molasses and chopped beef liver and yogurt and fertilized eggs and Tigers Milk. This is a book about nutrition and health and food. It is written by a woman with a cause who also has a sense of humor and intelligence and scientific training—and compassion for those who suffer.

Many times when you attempt to teach you find yourself moaning that you haven't an angelic mind so that you can state many things that belong together simultaneously; their very separate elucidations seem to drain from them some of their truth, because a truth is most whole when, it is seen in connection with components which make it into a more perfect truth. If you are talking about social problems, for example, first you talk about, say, housing; then you give a few lectures on crime; then you say something about poverty and work

and recreation and symbiotic unity in the urban structure, and so on; each one is inspected separately; it has to be that way; but they all go together—at once.

In the same way, the analyst looks at the human being, and human problems, from his point of view; the priest from his; the housing expert from his, and so on. Each one feels, believes, that if his thing were implemented all would be well; this is understandable. It is also, in some ways, an unjust oversimplification, but there are, after all, slogans like, "A family that prays together, stays together." And in some ways, Miss Davis is saying, "A person—community, nation—that eats properly achieves beatitude." We know that this is not so, and she knows that this is not so, and would deny it if questioned directly, but she states her case so well, her facts and reasoning are so compelling that it is difficult not to come away with something of this impression.

None of these questions can ever be answered, but they are worth asking, anyway: How many crimes could have been prevented if the "criminal" had been fed properly all his life? (No mention of being housed, clothed, and educated properly is being brought in here). How many children have been neurotic through having been robbed of the necessary beatitude

(Continued on page 9)

CULTURE ATION ::

Trip South

By BETH ROGERS

I spent five days early in March at the Koinonia community in Georgia, where the plans for spring planting were already under way. John Gabor, who visited Peter Maurin Farm last year, and Lee Peery, who used to bake the bread here for the Chrystie Street line, were putting the plows and tractors and other machines in order.

The number in the community has dwindled. There are now less than thirty, about half of them children, whereas there used to be sixty or more.

The violence from which Koinonia has suffered so much in the past two years had somewhat abated. The most recent was shown against one of the two Negro workmen who continued to come to work for the community; his grandmother's porch was dynamited, and his mother lost her job. About the same time, almost three hundred peach trees on the part of the property fronting the U.S. highway were cut down in an incredible act of vandalism; the trees were on the part of the property furthest from the house, so that the destruction was not detected immediately.

The local boycott is still in force, and Connie, who does most of the driving, ranges all around the countryside in order to buy fertilizer and other necessities. It often takes a full day to do one errand. Since he was beaten up a few months ago, he is always accompanied by someone else, so this means a double loss of time. In a community as short of manpower as they now are, the loss of two persons' work for a day is a serious matter. If any readers of the *Catholic Worker*, whether single people or couples, feel moved to help the community by living there for a few months or longer, they would be most welcome. They should write Rev. Clarence Jordan, Koinonia, Rt. 1, Americus, Ga. They would not need to know farming. Someone to share the driving, or to give a hand at the hard labor under direction, would be very helpful. They would be richly rewarded; the spirit of the community is a very fine one.

It was good to see Ann and Lee Peery again, and their two little boys for the first time. Timmy, who weighed five pounds at birth, at five months weighed fifteen and is big, blond, and beautiful. Will is two years old, and, his parents say, already showing the interest and manual skills possessed by his father.

After a visit with my parents in Atlanta, I stopped in Walterboro, S.C., to visit Father John Baptist McCarthy and the Trinitarian Fathers' mission there, St. Joseph's.

Chicagoans Attention

Edward Morin and Karl Meyer, two students at the University of Chicago are interested in forming a Catholic pacifist group in Chicago. Those interested in this venture may contact Mr. Morin at 5401 S. Greenwood Ave. His telephone number is HY 3-1845.

Father John is an old friend of the Worker, having been at one time stationed at Sterling, N.J. The Negro community in Walterboro, which he serves, has less than a dozen Catholics (though there are others now ready for baptism), and the chapel in the Sisters' convent serves as the church. Twelve miles outside Walterboro is Catholic Hill, an old Catholic settlement dating back to the early 19th century. For many years the people were without a priest entirely; later, a priest would come from Charleston once a month to offer Mass, hear confessions, baptize, marry, and teach catechism. Now the Trinitarians minister to them also.

At Catholic Hill, there is a two-room schoolhouse in which all the grades from the first through the eighth are taught. In Walterboro proper, Father has rented three small houses to serve as schoolrooms; the proportion of non-Catholic pupils can be gathered from the fact that there are almost 200 attending the Catholic school. Both the Walterboro and Catholic Hill schools are staffed by three Sisters of Mercy and five lay teachers. Just before my visit, Father John had acquired title to a tract of land and will begin building a more adequate school.

In this desperately poor community, much of the priests' and sisters' time is taken up by the works of mercy. A day there is much like a day at the Worker; people being taken to the hospital, the sick being visited, people stopping by for food and clothing and other help.

In Washington, I visited my sister and was able to attend the confirmation of the two middle of her four sons, nine and ten years old. Both of them took St. Joseph as their patron.

I saw again the work of the Little Houses, which we have mentioned before in the Worker. A number of women in the Washington area have clothing rooms in their houses, which supply clothes and some other needs to families in their parishes and neighborhoods. One or two of the women have organized small groups of volunteer workers who come to help sort clothes, which is always a big job. This is the kind of work that many families and individuals can do. If it was needed during the past few years of increasing prosperity, it is certainly even more needed in this time of recession and unemployment. I am sure that the group, who had several years' experience with this work, would be glad to help with ideas and advise others who feel a call to do the works of mercy in this way.

For the first time on this trip I met the Little Sisters of Jesus, who have a house near Catholic University. Sister Emanuel whom I spent part of a Saturday afternoon with, said that this will be the novitiate for the Little Sisters in this country; all their novitiates are located near a shrine of Our Lady, and in Washington the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception is nearby.

I can only report impressionistically on the progress (or the reverse) of integration in the South. In states like Georgia and South Carolina, one certainly has the feeling of a fairly tight status

quo. A friend, for instance, who works for the Community Chest in one city says that their contributions have fallen off because part of the money goes to Negro YMCA's and to the Urban League—neither of which can be accurately called radical organizations. The most alarming aspect of things is that, according to many reports one reads, communication lines between the white and Negro communities, which have been built up over the years, have in some ways broken down. On the other hand, there are some heartening things. The work of the Southern Regional Council one of the very best of the southern race relations organizations, is continuing. The program of the Council has always been several-fold. Besides being a center for information, research and publication on race relations in the South, the Council has organized local people to work on local problems, whether it is brutal treatment of Negroes by the police, or a needed improvement in education, or unbiased reporting in the local papers. Not to be too optimistic about it, one can at least say that for all the trouble spots that exist, there are some areas of improvement, and many people are willing to see conditions change.

room) be your new symbol of the Resurrection?"

In the afternoon, members of the downtown group were joined by other North Side people for another walk through a large shopping area. All told there were 160 to 180 participating Saturday. Policemen on the North Side were heralds on motorcycle, roaring past the line as it progressed, and halting traffic. "Do you guys want to get us all blown up?" a boy asked. A pacifist said, "No, do you?" The boy was puzzled enough, not to say more.

Taken along with the deluge of othersided propaganda, this effort may have had some small effect on public thinking. Some marchers had the chance for quietly reasoned conversations over the standard arguments for our position. The arguments themselves are an index to our dubious success.

Speaking of "Uprootedness and Nationhood," Simone Weil shows well how the modern State, with its impersonal and totalitarian traits, is incapable of commanding the loyalty once given without question by Christian subjects to their rulers. This is not an argument but a fact, witnessed by the lackadaisical response of all citizens to most national programs. The old notion which Shakespeare argued for in *Henry V* (IV, 1) doesn't wax anymore; soldier and citizen held the king responsible for "all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle." Today's soldier may realize a severe modification in the old cry, "If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us." Personal responsibility has been offered in sacrifice ever since the birth of the god nationalism. Now we are asked to shift responsibility not to a ruler but to a five sided building. Moral issues are relegated to oblivion when the State is in danger.

The moral question is a divining rod which separates those Christians who follow their consciences and object to war from those who for one reason or another cannot, who choose to live the inconsistency of present day militarism. Moreover, it detects the pacifist with religious motives from one whose mere "strategic" pacifism excludes the possibility of his being a true pacifist. The true pacifist is also a patriot of the highest sense of justice.

There is a good deal of talk about patriotism, about pacifism, but in all circles not enough about justice. Justice, patriotism and/or

Sequence for Peter Maurin

By DEANE MOWRER

The breadline moves down Chrystie Street
Toward St. Joseph's door. The men lean
Like ruined flowers on broken stems
Plucked from an ashcan by an angry hand.
Their faces are whorled and calyxed
In the lonely blossoming of pain.

Do they remember Peter Maurin
Who was as poor as they, yet wore
Poverty like love's Joseph-coat
To warm cold stumblers through dark city streets,
That warmed, they might remember Christ
Whose love is light and life and home?

At Peter Maurin Farm, the Stations
Of the Cross follow a briared way
Toward peace. Peace flowers in morning bell
For Mass, when Christ comes, chapeled in a barn
As at God-starred Bethlehem, to feed
His poor kneeling for daily bread.

Pray for us, Peter Maurin, that
This Bread may be our peace, that we
May know God's love is greater than
All suns and all man's usurped power hate-fueled
For war, and every brother's need
Is Christ seeking the sons of God.

Letter From Chicago

(Continued from page 1)

pacifism must go together if the patria, or any peace program, is worthy of loyal support. Without convictions such as the French Resistance Movement had in believing it fought not for the soil alone but for the right, loyalty to a territory, to an ideology for that matter, will not motivate generosity in any sense.

Generosity has prompted men to die for their country and, in this respect only, nationalism can teach us a lesson. Historically, Christian patriotism based on the chivalric code has excelled that of most other cultures simply because of this unselfish zeal for the right: frequently misguided, it has led patriots to most difficult sacrifices. A fragment of this spirit still exists. The soldier patriot finds himself, though with less frequency today, defending what he thinks is the common good, justice, "the beautiful things which don't exist." In a derogatory tone he accuses the pacifist of the same kind of romanticism.

But the realist, the strategist, can preach either militarism or pacifism as a way to self-preservation, depending on which he thinks is more expedient. Rhetoric of this kind exercises on most people as a persuasive force stronger than any appeal to conscience. Speaking at the University of Chicago prior to the Saturday march, Bradford Lyttle admitted that the religious motives for his own pacifism have little audience appeal. This is lamentable because the "strategic argument"—saving one's hide—has almost as little to do with justice as the strategic argument for militarism has. Under pressure of fear, this "corporate self-interest" tends to lose its conscience.

From the militarist's point of view, we have Senator Douglas's "moral" decision that he would annihilate the whole Russian population, humanity if necessary, before he would live in a conquered country. But there are also pacifists who deserve censure for their moral groundlessness. Let Simone Weil's observation stand as warning:

Pacifism is only capable of causing harm when a confusion arises between two sorts of aversion; the aversion to kill, and the aversion to be killed. The former is honorable, but very weak; the latter, almost impossible to acknowledge, but very strong. When mixed together, they supply a motive force of extraordinary power, which is not restrained by any feeling of shame, and where the latter sort

of aversion is alone operative. French pacifists of recent years had an aversion to being killed, but none to killing; otherwise they would not have rushed so hastily, in July 1940, to collaborate with Germany. The very few who were among them out of a real aversion to killing were sadly deceived. (*The Need For Roots*, p. 161) Expedient pacifism, known by its fruits, is allegiance to a vacuum.

I could be a pessimist, like Bergson, and say that the masses will always be motivated by self-interest, that only an infinitesimal minority will have the moral insights to act solely for the sake of the Good. I would guess that self-preservation is the primary, perhaps the only, motive behind the mass movement in England. The leaders at least seem to have justice clearly in mind. If the mass instinct works for pacifism as it does with several student pacifists I've talked with, it can have very bad results.

There are a number of reasons why pacifism will not be popular in America. If it does we are faced with a dilemma. As our numbers grow there is greater possibility that pacifism will be an expedient for self-preservation, to be discarded as the vaulter drops his pole halfway through his vault. But being too selective, we risk being ineffectual. There was something substantially worthwhile in the old patriotism insofar as God and justice were at the center of it. A secularistic State relying on militarism, or a secularistic pacifism, are equally bad because they discard primary values. The Movement needs continuous spiritual development, and we should be aware of mass movements.

ATTENTION! ST. LOUIS READERS

On Wednesday, May 21st at 8:15 p.m., Cyril Echele and Martin Paul, who have worked on Catholic Worker farming communes and in houses of hospitality, both in New York and in the St. Louis area will hold a public meeting to commemorate the silver jubilee of the founding of the Catholic Worker. This program will be an analysis of the movement and a tribute to the co-founders, Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. The meeting will be held at THE CENTER, 3559 Lindell Blvd. in St. Louis.

The Algerian War

(Continued from page 1)

tion about the country and its inhabitants is a prime concern, and in order to get this information, the military employs methods that one would have thought condemned forever after our experience of police methods during the last war: torture (electric shocks, the holding of prisoners' heads under water)—for which there is a great deal of evidence, massacre of fugitives (often the orders specifically direct this), plunder, incendiarism, looting... The civilian population — old people, women, children — is not spared. The war of "pacification" in Algeria has acquired dimensions that make it unacceptable to the conscience. (It goes without saying that I do not excuse the acts of atrocity committed by the Algerians.)

How can a Christian say that he loves others if he takes part in such actions?

Can an officer who orders such actions call himself a Christian?

How can a Christian living in France receive the God of Love if, being aware of all these acts of torture, he does not admit his responsibility for them and do everything he can to prevent their recurrence?

To the military leaders who argue that these methods get results, the Christian must answer: No! The responsibility towards all men, combatants or not, is at stake. "When you did it the least of my brethren here; you did it to me." (Matt. 25:40) No order from a superior can obligate a man to torture other men, to fire at fugitives. Will the Christian conscience for long permit the installation of permanent torture laboratories and concentration camps at our very doorstep?

Furthermore, war increases mutual hatred and distrust between two groups of men. Racism is intensified; instead of loving each other and uniting, men hate each other and are divided. Communities that have to live together detest each other more and more. Yet it is well known that hatred serves no purpose. "A man cannot hate his brother without being a murderer." (I John 3:15) "If a man boasts of loving God while he hates his own brother, he is a liar. He has seen his brother, and has no love for him; what love can he have for the God he has never seen?" (I John 4:20).

If we put ourselves in the place of the soldiers—drafted, reservists and young recruits—who have been sent to "pacify" Algeria in recent years, we shall realize that they are being called upon to perform a task that, by and large, they do not believe in. They have been compelled to fight and to kill. In the name of obedience, they have been called upon to do things that their consciences condemn. Let us firmly recall that in certain cases "we must obey God rather than men." The consciences of countless young men have been completely perverted and degraded. New barriers have been set up in their souls. How can the Christian, who is supposed to be a witness to love, permit racism to spread and hatred to become installed in the hearts of men?

Finally, there is one indisputable fact, inconvenient as it may be for us to admit it: the Algerian people aspire to a certain measure of liberty and independence. Every-

where in the world, entire populations under foreign tutelage are awakening. Christianity has always desired that men be truly free. Among the Algerians, the longing for liberty, for a share in the political life of the country, is unmistakably present. Are we going to stand in their way? On what pretext? Cardinal Manning said: "The Church has always been, and always will be, the source of human liberty and the mother of every free nation."

Are we going to help these people gain their freedom? In justice, we are obliged to. "Do to other men all that you would have them do to you." (Matt. 7:12) We must respect the aspirations of a people to a type of civilization that is appropriate to them. The Church is not bound to any one civilization; she believes in all the values that exist in humanity, and tries to encourage their development. And it is a duty of justice to facilitate the revolution of a people to the point at which they can exercise political power directly.

Rejection of atrocities.

Rejection of the hatred engendered by war.

Respect for the just aspirations of a people.

These are the three main principles that lead me to resist with all my power the adventure on which we have embarked. May the Christian conscience become aroused; may it begin to base its life on the Gospels; may it begin to learn that war solves nothing; may it proceed to do everything it can to stop the present war and to assist those who, in the name of their faith, are, in one fashion or another, resisting it. "Let us show our love by the true test of action, not by taking phrases on our lips." (I John 3:18)

Translated by Martin J. Corbin

Comment: Last September, a conscientious objector appearing before a Paris tribunal asserted that "the Algerian war is madness and cannot possibly succeed." When the president of the tribunal protested, the objector said, "Those are not my words. They were spoken by the Prime Minister, Guy Mollet, in an electoral speech. 'You have been deceived, you and I,' he said." The objector was recommended for psychiatric examination; M. Mollet is no longer in office, although no one has suggested that his disillusionment with the Algerian war casts doubt upon his sanity.

Father Boudouresque's article was written during the early stages of the Algerian war; by now, the process of "pacification" has been going on for over forty months, and no peaceful solution is in sight. Until February of this year, when French pilots bombed and strafed women and school children at market-time in the Tunisian border village of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, the overriding threat of nuclear war had tended to shoulder events in Algeria out of the headlines; this is spite of the fact that the war raging there is, as an editorial writer in *Peace News* has reminded us, "as deadly a business as the world has known apart from the wholesale destruction of 'obliteration bombing' and the holocausts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki."

In France there has been sporadic popular resistance to the war, and Robert Barrat reports that even the most naive are no longer impressed by the arguments of the propagandists of the Right, who are "obliged to prove that France would be ruined without Algeria, but at the same time, that Algeria needs France, and that we spend millions to feed the Algerian people; that Algeria is not economically viable, but that its subsoil contains fabulous petroleum resources." If the war continues, the French, unless they can successfully carry out a policy of genocide,

will ultimately be faced with the necessity for a humiliating withdrawal. Yet successive French governments, some of them Socialist, have consistently formulated North African policy in response to pressures from the neo-Fascist Jew-baiting groups at home and from the colons of Algeria, whose views on race relations make those of our own unreconstructed Southerners seem like expressions of general liberalism.

Father Boudouresque is attempting to arouse the moral imagination of his compatriots. Since he is not addressing Americans, he does not point out that the French colonial adventure in Algeria could not continue for a day without American aid. (Seventeen of the thirty-five planes used in the Sakiet raid were manufactured in America; less than a week before the raid, the United States lent France six hundred and fifty million dollars, with the understanding on both sides that it was to be used to defray the costs of the Algerian war, which has been bleeding the French treasury dry.) Nor is he addressing Algerians; so he does not point out that the random violence practised by the National Liberation Front terrorists exhibits a degree of barbarism fully equal to that displayed by the French parachutists and military police in their interrogation of prisoners. One conclusion can be drawn from the whole dismal affair; it is a negative one, and has been concisely expressed by Hein van Wijk, a Dutch observer who spent three years in a Nazi concentration camp for harboring Jews: "To any conscious human being Algeria provides day after day material to strengthen the conviction that violence is the worst possible method to keep an empire and also the worst possible method to rid oneself of foreign domination."

In view of all this, it is not surprising that the political and military bosses who rule France have decided to counter opposition to the war by employing totalitarian methods — suppressing casualty lists, imprisoning journalists, harassing opposition newspapers and strongarming protest meetings. A government that is committed to irrational and morally revolting policies abroad cannot afford the luxury of free speech and assembly at home. What is surprising—and heartening—is the response of so many of France's leading literary men, journalists and savants, who apparently realize that their vocation involves a commitment to truth and justice and that such a commitment is trivial and irrelevant if it can be suspended "for the duration" or "in the national interest." In time of war, the "national interest" requires that the intellectual choose between: (a) participating in the work of providing rationalizations for collective brutality and stupidity, or (b) keeping his mouth shut. Because these men have rejected both alternatives, they are deserving of our deepest respect and admiration. Some of them—like M. Mauriac—are Christians; others—like M. Sartre—are not; all of them are performing admirably what Graham Greene once defined as the writer's genuine duty to society: "to be a piece of grit in the State machinery."

In France today public opposition to the Algerian war is an act requiring courage in the most literal, physical sense. (On March 8, a priest in Firminy who had signed an appeal for peace in Algeria was kidnapped, tarred and feathered, and hospitalized.) What we in America can do to affect the cause of events will of necessity be limited and indirect; however, we should like those of our subscribers who read French to look up the following three publications:

Cahiers de Reconciliation (from which "Christians and the Algerian War" is reprinted) is published by the French counterpart of the

Civil Defense Drill

(Continued from page 2)

accompany them is Deane Mowrer, who was arrested in two of the previous drills. There will no doubt be others. None of the other members of the staff here at the Catholic Worker will be able to take part in this demonstration because of the responsibilities of running a house of hospitality and a farm and of getting out a newspaper but we want it to be known that we support them and will do everything in our power to "aid and abet" them by publicizing their imprisonment, by visiting them and by picketing the jails of this city every day that they spend inside them.

Robert Steed
Beth Rogers
Kieran Dugan

Personal Responsibility

(Continued from page 4)

and corporal works of mercy under the same roof and in the same persons.

The Catholic Worker has done a great deal more, however, than unite in its pages all that was good in the old and the new Catholic social thought. It united in spirit, it strengthened in spirit, a quite undeterminable number of Christians practicing the most diverse vocations, who nevertheless were inspired and encouraged by it to strive for a completely Christian way of life. There is no way of knowing, this side of heaven, how many young Catholics have found themselves and their vocations through the influence of the Catholic Worker. The number of workers in the House of Hospitality, who have surely a special sort of vocation, is no index of the far greater number who have been inspired to apply Catholic Worker ideals of personal responsibility and voluntary poverty to their own vocations in life. The means which keep a Catholic Worker going in his difficult calling—praying with the Church in the liturgy, fortifying his mind with retreats and spiritual reading, disciplining himself in conscious asceticism—have proved equally useful to Christians in every walk of life. There must be many thousands whom the Catholic Worker has led to use such means.

Even some of the things which the Catholic Worker movement has done badly seem still to have been a source of inspiration and encouragement. It is amazing that the farming commune idea, an almost continual failure in Catholic Worker practice, has nevertheless struck deep into the consciousness of young Catholic families the conviction that they must rebuild normal community life in America, if only for the sake of their families. A whole new philosophy of community has arisen in widely scattered areas, with the Catholic Worker serving as bond of unity and encouragement among them.

The Catholic Worker, then, has done more than bring to its readers' attention all the various manifestations of American Catholicism's coming of age. It has done more than develop a genuine kinship

American Fellowship of Reconciliation and edited by Andre Trocme, who addressed a Friday night meeting at Chrystie St. not long ago. Its address is: 8, rue de General Pershing, Versailles (Seine-et-Oise), France.

Coexistence (39, rue de Lorient, Boitsfort-Bruxelles, Belgium) formerly *Routes de Paix*, is published bi-monthly. Among its editorial contributors are Robert Barrat, John M. Todd, Kaspar Mayr and Jean van Lierde.

Liberte (16 rue Montyon, Paris 9, France), the new pacifist weekly, was described on the front page of the *March Catholic Worker*.

Subscription rates and other information may be obtained directly from the addresses indicated.

M. J. C.

with these new developments. What it has done and what is almost unique to it, is that it has created a synthesis of these elements as both they and it developed, fitting them into that pattern of responsibility for persons which had brought Catholic Workers up against every problem that the new movements sought to solve—all aspects of one problem: the progressive dehumanization and de-spiritualization of man.

The synthesis as achieved is indeed peculiar to the Catholic Worker, even if it has its blind spots, its areas of over- or under-emphasis. But the spirit which created it is a universal spirit, a spirit which must animate any synthesis that is to be truly Christian. It is the spirit of Christian truth and love which sets itself no limits, which shrinks from nothing, which rejoices in the painful and the difficult as an opportunity to prove itself to the Beloved.

A major contribution of the Catholic Worker to every American Catholic movement, present and future, is this: the Catholic Worker made it seem respectable, indeed made it seem essential, for laymen to aspire to heroic love of God. Actually, it may take much less heroism to run a House of Hospitality, even on blind faith in Providence, than it takes to put Catholic principles into state and labor politics, to establish a Catholic home and community on the land, to revive lay participation in the liturgy, to maintain credit unions and cooperatives, to reform education and entertainment and all the other things that need reforming. The need for heroic love is everywhere, in every Catholic movement worth the name. Many before the Catholic Worker have written of that need, none in fact better than Maritain in every one of his works on social philosophy. What the House of Hospitality did was to dramatize that need, write it in letters so bold that he who runs may read.

The spearhead of Christian restoration in any country must be just such a movement. Other movements can fill in with the cardinal virtues of prudence, temperance, fortitude and justice. But the precursor, the "voice crying in the wilderness," must live by faith, hope, and charity. The Catholic Worker calls them voluntary poverty, trust in providence, and personal responsibility. The meaning is the same. These are the heart of the movement. They are the heart of any Christian movement, if the movement is willing to admit it. The great merit of the Catholic Worker, its contribution to present and future Catholic life in America, is that it has recognized the sources of its strength. In so doing, it has discovered them not just for itself, but for all the diversified efforts toward Catholic restoration. Its faith can go far to make them whole.

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Prayers Asked

We ask our readers to pray for two friends of the Catholic Worker: the brother of our good friend Peter Carey, who has just died, and Father Donald Hessler, M.M., who was recently injured in an airplane accident on his way back to Mexico. He is in the hospital with broken ribs and pelvis.

The Ends of Labor

By ROBERT LUDLOW

(Reprinted from the Jan., 1952, issue of the C.W.)

In reading Sagas of Struggle* it was brought out to me the difference in results in the Danbury Hatters Case (which proceeded by political action) and the great Lawrence Strike (a case of direct action). The Danbury workers, in their case against Loewe engaged in legal battles, took their case up to the Supreme Court, carried on this business for 12 years only to end defeated, forced to pay a fine of \$164,509 and, in all, their expenses running into \$421,477. For which they had nothing to show when it was over. In the great Lawrence strike, led by the I.W.W., in which the workers walked off the job for 9½ weeks they gained substantially all they went out for and the I.W.W. gained a new membership of 14,000 by the close of the strike.

Now this may not prove the case of direct action as against political action. Cases may be pointed out where political activity and legal action have resulted in apparent gains for labor. But I think when you examine why labor gained it can be shown that, in every case, it was direct action or the threat of direct action which brought it about. That neither the politicians or capitalists have ever voluntarily surrendered to the demands of labor. That the so-called gains of labor under the New Deal were illusory and resulted primarily in hitching labor to the Welfare State, in gearing organized labor to the war effort of the capitalist State, of destroying yet more rank and file control of the unions.

The capitalist unions (the A.F. of L., C.I.O. and their like) as they exist today are a burden and hindrance to the workers. They foster the capitalist mentality among the workers and bleed them of their money and inculcate "patriotism" so that they will think if a virtue to murder their fellow workers in other countries.

Where are the poor to find the \$125 initiation fee charged by the locals of David Dubinski's union? And there are other unions with higher fees. And where does the greater part of this go if not to maintain a bureaucracy that will ensure that the rank and file will never control the unions? Does it matter that Phillip Murray has copies of Rerum Novarum and Quadragesimo Anno on his desk when he receives the salary of a leader in industry? When the whole over-all picture of the C.I.O. in no way differs from that of the effete A.F. of L., the same lack of rank and file control, the same bureaucratic expensiveness. The all out cooperation with the Welfare State in its wars, its petty oppressions, its opportunistic red-baiting.

The international solidarity of labor is not preached by these unions, or if it is it amounts to little because of the actions of these unions. Did they say that the workers in the United States and the workers in China and in Korea have more in common than either have with the oppressing classes? Or did they not lend themselves to the unChristian and anti-labor campaigns of this government which set the workers of the United States against the workers of Korea? This is the price paid for bread and butter unionism, this is the price paid when it is forgotten that man lives not by bread alone—when it is forgotten that the long range view is as necessary as the more immediate concerns of labor. This is what happens when men forget the revolution. The personalist, decentralized, I.W.W., anarcho-syndicalist revolution. When we forget this we get Statism, sell-outs, wars, depressions, corruption.

What should the unions have said? They should have said this:

We have no concern with the wars of the politicians and capitalists, we are concerned with those who make an honest living, with those who contribute worthwhile services to mankind. We are concerned with the workers of all countries. Therefore we call upon all workers to cease producing the instruments of war, to refuse to fight their brothers in other countries. We call upon all workers to join in a well planned and non-violent general strike against the war, against the capitalist system, against the State. We call on all workers to respect their own dignity as men, to refuse to sell their labor as a commodity, to take over the means of production and distribution and to surrender them to no state, to no clique. For as the workers run industry now they can continue to run it without paying tribute to an idle parasitic ruling class.

If the unions had said this, if this were their message to the workers, what great joy would fill our hearts. Once again would we not thrill to the vision of the new society, to the international solidarity of labor. And would not those who are now lethargic be given reason for hope once again—for believing in revolution once again.

A New Revolution

But it would be a new revolution because it would take into account the lessons of the past. It would view the other revolutions and see why they failed. Failed because they did not proceed according to Freud, failed because they proceeded according to Adler. Freud who taught love as the basis of renewal was closer to Christ than Adler who based all on the will to dominate, on the unsocial ego. St. Thomas ran into conflict with the "orthodox" of his day because he utilized the findings of the pagan Aristotle. The story hasn't changed and today conflict sometimes comes from utilizing philosophies or sciences other than the strictly Thomistic. But anyway there is this lesson for revolutionists. That we must utilize the best in man's nature, we must proceed on the basis of love in conformity with reason. Our conduct must be reasonable, if it is not reasonable it will end as all violent revolutions end, in a new oppression.

If I am put into a situation of dominance, if I realize a revolution by violence it will have definite psychological effects on me. I will no longer be what once I thought I was. I will be used to power and as an average man, I will not easily give it up. That is me. But it is you also, it is most men. It is how we operate, how we are made. It is placing ourselves in a situation where the will to dominate (which indeed does exist in us all) is bound to take shape. We easily persuade ourselves that to attain the revolution it may be necessary to institute a bit of a dictatorship so that we can be sure that those we regard as the enemy of the people (whom we naturally represent, who else?) will be silenced and liquidated. But there never seems to be an end to those who need silencing and there are always those who must be liquidated. For this type of revolution we are justifiably suspicious. For this way of political action, of taking over the State in the name of the "People" is a snare, a delusion, a psychological absurdity.

Rather we must work to return the revolution to the rank and file of labor and work for the day when the rank and file of labor will want to have the revolution returned to them. And when they want it they will no longer want the A. F. of L. or the C.I.O.—they will want the I.W.W.

Now what about the pressure groups in the unions? To answer this is to ask what should be the basis for union among the workers of the world. Religion? Should

religion play a part in social affairs? Of course it should, since it is a social fact. But should it divide the workers? No, for there is no reason for this. Men are united as workers because they have a common aim and they are united in this whether they be Catholic or Protestant or Jew or atheist. There is no "Catholic" way to run a buzz saw as opposed to an "atheist" way. Catholics in unions should be good Catholics and not obstructionists. They should support men who are for the rank and file, or rather they should support the rank and file against whoever may try to wrestle from them the destinies of their own lives. There is no call to organize Catholics into separate groups for the purpose of political pressure, of (as Peter Maurin phrased it) getting those "bad" men out so as to put our "good" men in. The professional representatives of the workers, as a rule, end up as representatives of themselves. Catholic unionists show no more concern for the long range view than do the ordinary non-Catholic unionists. They excuse this because of the pressure of immediate needs. They point out how they are in there fighting for the day-to-day needs of the workers (as a matter of fact they are usually sitting at a desk as we are). But it is apparent that the day is not coming when they will not be only concerned with the day to day needs of the workers. And the day will apparently never come when they will cease to ape the capitalist mentality of the bosses and unionists. The day will never come when they will know that no type of salvation, economic or otherwise, will flow from a labor aristocracy wedded to the State, wedded to the capitalist system, wedded to perpetuate the wage system.

What should unite labor? The common destiny of all men. The right of all men to the means of existence. The right of all men to the integrity of their persons, so that labor should not be a commodity to be bought and sold. The right of all men not to be exploited, of not supporting State and capitalist parasites. The right of not having an oppressor class. Those are things that labor should possess in common—they are things that may be believed in by all men, of all faiths or of no faith.

Are these impossible dreams, impractical propositions? Let us not argue over that. For, if they are, they are still the only things in this aperticular field worth striving for.

*SAGAS OF STRUGGLE edited by Samuel Colton—\$2.25—Claridge Publishing Co., 622 Greenwich St., New York 14, N.Y.

PEACE WALK

Peace groups in the United States have issued a second call for a Walk for Peace from May 24 to June 1. This will be similar to the one climaxed on Easter Sunday with vigil at the United Nations in New York.

Three groups will meet in Washington, coming from the North (probably via Wilmington, Del.); from the West (from Carlisle, Pa., via Gettysburg); and from the South, starting in Virginia. We hope to be joined by as many sympathizers as possible, for the last two days' walk to the White House on Friday and Saturday. We will be in Washington on Sunday and will meet in front of the White House and in various other localities for open air meetings.

Groups sponsoring the Walk are the Catholic Worker, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the American Friends Service Committee, the War Resisters League, the Peacemakers, and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

For information, write Walk for Peace Committee, 5 Beekman St., New York 38, N. Y.

Mott Street

(Continued from page 2)

from their home in the neighborhood, the building was condemned and to be torn down. Both of them had spent what money they had saved on doctor bills and keeping themselves alive, he with his ulcerated legs and she with her swollen ankles. We were able to put the wife up in the women's quarters and the husband in the men's house. Despite their poor physical condition they insisted on helping with the mailing of the last issue of the paper. And when that was finished the woman found sewing and baking to be done in the house and the man insisted on helping with the painting of the office and the dining room, besides making minor repairs around the house. We were able to obtain a two room apartment down the street last week when a young friend of ours decided to move out and give them his place. Theirs is a late vocation to marriage since they married in their late forties and are now approaching sixty, but we can't remember ever seeing two people at their age so much in love with each other. Of course they both have soft continental accents and that touch frequently puts love where it isn't but we are sure that their love would be the same with or without the accent.

John Van Ells and Betty Cuda were married in Milwaukee two weeks ago. They came east for their honeymoon and spent part of it here in the city and the rest of it with the Paulsons and Frank O'Donnell at the Upton, Mass., farm. John and Betty were very active with the Milwaukee Catholic Worker group over several years. Both of them look good and are extremely happy over the marriage and so are we. Our best wishes and prayers go with that fine couple.

Back to the Land

During the past month Jack and Mary Thornton left for their farm in Herman, Pa. None of us has seen the farm so we don't know too much about it but we do understand that they have about fifty acres and a good house which is near the Christ the King Center at Herman. And we hope that their farm fulfills their fondest dreams.

Countryside

Yesterday morning I borrowed a friend's car and drove to our retreat house in Newburgh, N. Y. Besides some tools, coffee and letters I brought up an elderly woman to make the woman's weekend retreat. This woman is in her early seventies and is very thin and small. All the way up to the farm she did the talking. She reminded a great deal about her youth in Ireland. She comes from around County Cork, and is the youngest of fourteen children in the family. She said, "you know I am a convent-bred girl but it didn't take." In her teens she was sent off to France as a nursemaid

where her brother later joined her. Her brother took ill after his arrival in France, and the pair of them paid a visit to the grave of the Little Flower where he was cured. Since that time she remarked that she has had a great devotion to that saint. She confided, "I frequently go into a church and talk to the Little Flower the same as I am talking to you. I guess it isn't what some might call praying but I get an awful lot of consolation from it." During the ride she discovered that she had left her rosaries here on Mott St., and instructed me very anxiously that I have them sent up, "If you die with your rosaries on you, you have a very good chance of going to heaven."

Farm

When we drove up to the retreat home we found Hans scrubbing down the house readying things for the retreat. And John and two visitors were out planting potatoes in the fields. Louis Owens had gone to town to purchase supplies and Charlie Luddy was in the kitchen preparing the supper. We went over to Peter Maurin's room, and had a visit with him for a few minutes. After that we dashed over to the barn and petted the young bull that was born a few weeks ago, it is a beautiful Holstein creature. I found it difficult to tear myself away from that young animal until he began to chew on my hand.

May Day

Several girls came down today to pick up copies of the paper to distribute up and around Union Square. Bill, Dave, Bob and Duane are also out distributing the paper in Union Square and uptown. Murphy is doing the cooking, and John Pohl is caring for the office along with Jack English. Jack just came upstairs to learn whether or not we could take in a destitute couple that some priest from Brooklyn sent over. Jack went down to tell them that we could put them up, however, they said no thanks "they couldn't possibly live in such a place."

Relief!

A seventy-two year old man who has been staying with us for some time has been trying to get an old age assistance for the past two years. Each time he journeys down to the City Welfare Bureau he has been rejected. But he does not give up hope very easily so he made the attempt again last week. The social worker in charge called me up, and told me that it was futile for our friend to persist since he has a place to stop with us. It was impossible to convince the woman that our friend would like his own room and the privacy that he couldn't have here. This is the type of action that literally smothers and chokes whatever charity these people are supposed to be issuing.

Book Review

(Continued from page 6)

of loving them because their parents maltreated them because they (the parents) were ill tempered and in other ways incapable of conduct proper to a parent because of malaise due to a radically faulty diet? (Again, no consideration will be given here to such questions as parents going bad, or simply not developing as parents, because of impossible housing situations, or overwork in soul killing jobs, and so forth.) How many billions of "units" of suffering in childbirth, cancer, bad teeth, bad eyesight, and so forth, and plain physical unattractiveness have been caused simply by food robbed of its vitality through greed-born techniques of processing and farming? How much anguish has been caused to students who cannot study properly because they are mal-nourished? What part does nutrition

play in alcoholism? In melancholia? It is difficult to answer these questions "scientifically"; nor, to repeat, is it being implied that good food—or liturgy or the proliferation of classics in paperback—is the whole answer; but it is being submitted that it is important and cannot be ignored.

It is unfortunate—for "the cause"—that there are food faddists; and many times they get mixed up with other faddists: handicraft faddists—which is not to imply that there is the least thing wrong with working with your hands; liturgical purists who refuse to concede the beauty or usefulness of any liturgical form later than the second century; there are the hi-fi people; the sports car people; the progressive jazz people; balletomanes; and they all

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Boston Social Notes

(Continued from page 5)

markets and sold papers at the church doors. It caused a newspaper stir and the reporters went immediately to the Boston Chancery Office. They were told this was an unofficial Catholic group. Nevertheless we got help from many priests. A letter to Cardinal O'Connell asking him to visit the house in Boston didn't evoke a visit but many strange things happened. Checks came from priests who wandered in and wouldn't give their names.

The Boston group had plenty of differences in views. Miss Marra believed strongly in unions. John Cort came from the New York office and spoke on the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists he was helping to found. He was remembered with affection in Boston for in his Harvard days, he had used his old car to bring *The Catholic Worker* to the groups selling at church doors.

Mary McSweeney, another leader of the group, believed in cooperatives as I did. She also believed in the land idea and rented a farm in the Summer of 1937 at Westboro. John Kelley, Hazen Ordway and I went there and lived for three months. The Boston group came, about fifteen strong, and set in rows of potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, onions with much singing and quoting of poetry. We had prepared the land for them with haphazard plowing. Boy, was that land tired. The potatoes were like marbles. The chemical fertilizer encouraged the potato bugs. It took me years to learn a few tricks about composting, holding down the bugs.

There were plenty of grapes and we made jam and jelly and had plenty of juice to drink. An undernourished dog, named Napoleon, from Boston was so tired, Kelley used to say, it had to lean against the barn to bark.

We collected *lycopodium*, green trailing stuff for florists and had a small cash income, also made little pine cone decorations. It was easy to gather the material in the woods nearby.

This taste for farming led to the purchase of 92 acres in Upton, the next town, in April, 1938. The group entered into possession on the first day of May the month dedicated to Mary, a nice omen. The cost of the farm was \$1,500. Fifty dollars was paid down as a binder and then an exchange student from Belgium offered a loan of his next year's tuition to Harvard. He was repaid, all but sixty dollars. The loan was for four hundred dollars. He returned to Belgium, leaving no address.

John Magee had quit his S.S. Pierce job to manage the *Worker*. He had run a bookmobile for a while, bringing books to groups, learning the tragic truth that Catholics don't read too much from books they purchase. He had a hard time raising the second farm installment of four hundred dollars besides getting equipment, seed, food to feed the fifteen persons starting the farm. One day he came back to Upton discouraged. He had managed to raise one hundred and fifty dollars towards the four hundred. I remembered that Ade de Bethune had sent him a letter which was unopened in my back pocket. I handed it to him and he opened it. Ade, staff artist for the *Worker* who ran her studio in Newport, had collected two hundred and sixty five dollars in checks. This left fifteen dollars for the week's groceries.

Another time, we were down to a dollar or two and received a check for twenty-five dollars in the mail. It was a Boston bank check but the name of the bank had been scratched out and Grace Bank written in by hand. I got it and it looked queer. I thought some of the boys in the house, knowing our constant need for funds were ribbing us. I didn't cash it for days. Then John Magee came back to the

farm and he said, "Oh yes, it's good. It's from Mike Grace. I know him."

A Worcester House of Hospitality started about this same time, under Doctor McMenamy's direction. It was called the Matt Talbot House. The outside group, mostly teachers, nurses and women, with a few men helpers, came each afternoon to the place on Austin Street and made meals for the hundred persons who came for help. Everything was done with care and taste. This group cooperated closely with the Upton farm, called St. Benedict's. Every Sunday, cars were all over the farm. The visitors brought furniture, curtains, some food and finances.

Meetings were held two or three times a year at the farming commune. As many as one hundred and fifty persons showed up. Everything was cooked by Bill Sheehan, our first-class chef. Mostly home made pies and cakes and farm produce. Speakers like Graham Carey, Ade de Bethune and Father Joseph Wood, O.S.B. spoke on land and crafts.

Father Wood was from the Benedictine Priory at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. He became our unofficial chaplain. The Priory graciously opened its doors to the increasing New England groups. Retreats were held there and a spirit of Benedictine unity developed.

Peter Maurin was always saying, back to St. Benedict, we need a new approach to the present dark age. He wanted us to follow the ancient monks, who started houses of hospitality where people could find the light and agricultural centers where they could find the way. We were timidly following this thought through.

One day not so long ago in my house, a former Benedictine mentally went from state to state in this country, tracing out the priories and monasteries started since 1937. It was thought provoking especially when you added the developing Trappist plan. They are Benedictines too.

It would be impossible to relate the thousands of things that happened in all the New England groups. This is but a short sketch. Houses were built, marriages made. Carl Paulson and his wife came and Bill Roche and his wife settled at Upton. Today it is a stained glass center. I think of that with awe when I remember what was started twenty years ago. For it was stained glass the English Puritans under Cromwell last destroyed at Lincoln Cathedral in the last days of the last Catholic Bishop of England. It was from Lincolnshire that the Puritans came to New England. The Earl of Lincoln financed them. The Catholic *Worker* was trying to bring back that old spirit which existed when you couldn't go a mile in England in any direction without finding a hospice where the poor could be fed and housed without charge. The usual question is: where did the money come from? A natural one but the answer to me appeared supernatural—from faith. The group that once approached a fifty dollar grocery bill with fear had taken on mountains of troubles and were handling them joyfully. At times, I said to myself, don't take this help for granted. The good Lord wants to bless this work.

From 1940 until 1945, I handled the affairs of the Catholic conscientious objectors. Over a hundred camps were started for all of them, forestry camps, hospital units, many different works of national importance. At our New England camp, gardens were set in and the men got a glimpse of what the Catholic *Worker* was trying to do through its communes. The lesson wasn't lost for in many of the camps, there were Mennonites, Quakers and Brethren, who had strong rural ideas and they felt a unity with the *Worker* groups. Monsignor Ligutti, who had visited

our Upton farm, had strangely found more unanimity of thought among the Protestant peace groups than he did among Catholics. They tried to set up a rural life movement such as he envisaged. At many luncheons with dozens of Protestant leaders. I could see this sympathy.

One man told me of his own efforts. He had already held three rural life conferences in different sections of the country, bringing ministers and farming experts together to further a back to the land and crafts movement.

What bothered me was the slowness of Catholics to see these good ideas. Somehow, it seemed to me there must be a problem of grace. In the C.O. work, I was constantly hearing the figure of forty per cent of the army being Catholic. Later one Catholic editor told me he kept figures at a training station. Every group invariably was forty per cent Catholic. Now forty per cent of 150,000,000 persons is 60,000,000. The Catholic directory said there were thirty million Catholics in the country. What had happened to the other thirty million? Was it true what Monsignor Ligutti had told a Philadelphia audience in the presence of Cardinal Daugherty that every hundred city persons in twenty-five years produce only twenty-five persons while a similar number in the country increases fourfold in the same time. Was the Catholic tendency to cling to city life the real cause for the tremendous leakage?

The Protestant leader who had followed Monsignor Ligutti's rural life ideas had told me of his many trips with Monsignor. He would joke about the latter's remark as they passed a Protestant Church in a city. "I am so glad to see you building city churches. I know it means that many less Protestants." The Protestant leader was determined to turn his people land and craftward. It is difficult to believe that you can have any sound supernatural order if the natural order is so perverted as it is in city living.

Book Review

(Continued from page 9)

contribute a certain richness to the current scene.

But there is one important group that must not be left out: The ill-health, or Anti-food faddists. They gather to themselves a quite catholic representation: There was one Trappist novice master who made ill-health one of the foundation stones of his spirituality; he felt that eating was just a little vulgar, and that it showed the debased state of man's nature. There are delegations from amongst radical and liberal intellectual groups: they flee from all bodily nourishment but dry martinis, black coffee, tuna-on-white, an occasional dish of pasta, and many, many packs of cigarettes; they also flee from all sunlight and fresh air; they give the impression of despising matter and their own bodies.

There are proletarian types, real or pseudo, who subsist on hero sandwiches, pie'n coffee, beer and a "ball", and cigarettes. They sometimes give the impression of trying to see how much abuse they can give their bodies. There's a lot of illness amongst these people. Interesting. Is it possible that these people might like the idea of being sick? But we must beware of amateur psychoanalysis.

What can more properly concern the readers of this paper is the social implication of the way in which food is grown and processed and consumed. What are the socio-economic implications of what is done to the soil and therefore the food grown on it when chemicals are used? There is no need to go into the whole organic farming argument here; and it is not possible to go into the question of the food processing thing here. But evidence can be shown that we are ruining the health of the

Picketing Missiles

(Continued from page 2)

me-and lose the friendship of his friends (meaning my Vigilantes). But what he had done was to save their face by not having to back down when I would give out my last leaflets at noon Mass. Or for the Police to have the publicity of my being manhandled. As it was I didn't run and they didn't beat me up, and I was not arrested; just detained.

The next day the local paper, the *Tribune* gave a good summary of our ideas, saying also, "The pacifists met with a chilly reception in this area. At St. Mary's Catholic Church in Rockledge, police were summoned to prevent at least one of the group from disturbing services. He was escorted into Cocoa by Police Chief Hubert Alsop and warned to leave town . . . Three of the group visited the *Tribune*, but left after Mrs. Marie Holderman, the paper's publisher, refused to accept or discuss news releases proffered by them."

Sunday night I spoke at a Negro Baptist Church and Marge Swann spoke in several churches. Bob Lutweiler spoke to the Episcopalians and Methodists and on the whole we had a fine reception instead of the "chilly" one referred to above. We had made our posters at the home of C. D. Preston, head of the Association of Christian Science Pacifists. And we were surprised to be greeted kindly at their reading room in Cocoa and at their Church Sunday Morning as we passed out leaflets. All the more as their Church is the only one that will not allow members to be conscientious objectors. About 75 did disobey the Church though in World War II and went to jail or C.P.S. Camp, among them Curtis and Franklin Zahn in California whom I know.

The next day Marge and Bob had a conference with the Police Chief of Cocoa, who it seems did not know about my trouble, for he pointed to that pile of leaflets on the table as being taken from us at Cape Canaveral Base that morning. He said he had read the leaflet twice and there was one on each desk in the office. We had asked about having a street meeting and he sent them to see the Mayor, picking up a leaflet for them to give to him. The Mayor offered us the City Hall for Tuesday night but by that morning when the Personnel at the Air Base said they were not allowed to defend Missiles in public, and when we could not get a Chairman, the offer of the City Hall was taken back. And we left for Koinonia soon after noon.

Art Harvey had written our leaflet, "A Declaration for atomic and missile workers and all taxpayers," in which he had stressed the wickedness of such warfare and of the refusal of many of us to pay income taxes for war. One sentence that awoke the cops was, "People in Communities do not need government support, nor do they rely on courts or police to persuade them and their children to act responsibly toward their neighbors." Art is a happy vegetarian whom we accuse of never sitting down to a meal but to forever be eating out of sacks. Marge Swann is an old time pacifist who is very articulate in presenting her views which she did along with Dick Fichter on the radio, and earlier when we were picketing the Air Base her conversation was relayed from the phone booth to station listeners. Dick Fichter (without his beard and with a-beret) is a charming wild man whose activities were this way and that. I labored with him for an hour until he changed his sign which called on Missile workers to resign to one which asked them if they were happy making Missiles. Bob Lutweiler is an old timer in protests and makes a good front when appealing to ultra respectable people. Harry Scheirer, a Quaker from Philadelphia, dragged his slight body manfully with us. Patricia Parkman, with Fellowship House (Marjorie Penney's group) in Washington, D.C. lent her charm to the scene and unwittingly stepped over the newly made yellow line at the Canaveral Base as she agilely handed leaflets to motorists. Dorothy from Orlando helped give out leaflets at the churches in the morning.

The Orlando papers printed articles about us with objective accounts. Ed Lahey of the Knight papers in Washington, D.C. had told me of their Miami Herald man at Cocoa Beach and as a result he featured my radical history with an extra picture of me taking the sand out of my shoes, mentioning that I planned to fast and picket for 40 days in Washington, D.C. around the end of May unless the government ceased their atomic tests. With three such unilateral radicals as Art, Dick and myself it is a wonder that our picketing was a success. Of my visit to Koinonia and speaking at schools in Va., N.C., Ga. and Conn. before my return to N.Y. City to speak at Bronx Science High School May First I will have to tell in the June issue.

people of the nation by the way in which we grow and process food. There are at least a few who consider that this has a certain importance. And there is evidence that we are ruining our land, too. And this should concern men of every ideological persuasion. The health of our young manhood has even elicited some stirrings of response from The President, a man who thinks positively, affirmatively, if not always too clearly. The very fact that we have to take vitamin pills and inject synthetic vitamins into food is in itself a proclamation that we are growing and processing our food improperly? Why? For the sake of bigger quarterly dividend checks, of course. To grow and process our food properly would in all likelihood cause a social and economic revolution of impressive proportions. Fancy having to endure the embarrassment of writing down the following sentence in these latter days: Our land, our resources, our efforts, physical and spiritual, are for the benefit, the well being of all our people; they are not meant to be used by the few to pile up storehouses of power out of fear and the lust for domination and for surfeiting themselves with pleasures. See the Fifth Chapter of Saint James.

But, even the most a-political person can benefit from Miss Davis'

book. It is possible for a person to improve his health. (Although the vast bulk of the poor could not find the money to follow the dietary suggestions made in the book). (And some find in physical pain surcease from psychic pain; at least one man has suggested that one of the chief attractions of drunkenness for him were the hours of hangover in the morning; this covered his interior suffering, this is, of course, tragic). But without meaning to make light anyone's suffering, this might be said: It's fun to play Camille, or Mimi; but other roles are fun, too. A good actor should want to acquire stretch; he should want to play Odets and Williams and The Greeks and Shakespeare and O'Neil and Restoration Comedy.

Possibly, if we survive, one of the useful things that will come out of this time of woe will be an attitude of at least some skepticism with regard to letting your life be run, directed too, closely by experts. The pro's in all fields political, theological, psychological, scientific, intellectual and medical do not, it turns out, reside on Olympus or Parnassus or any other mountain. They are fallible (sic). We'll have to play it a little more by ear. Common sense and discernment and the release of the intuitive faculties are actual graces fervently to be prayed for.

Workers—Unite Under Christ!

(Continued from page 1)

daily practice of the works of mercy and can't get out of them, nor ever can for all the rest of our lives, is some proof that we are continuing Peter Maurin's mission.

"It is good for us to be here." John Cort, in his article in this issue speaks of how I made the Catholic Worker sound like a "good time," like fun when he heard me speak in Boston. And it is true that there is a good deal of humor involved in The Catholic Worker movement. It is not only that we are fools for Christ. When we try to take literally the words of Christ He is always making us "put up, or shut up," as the vulgar saying is.

We wrote about houses of hospitality, and the poor came to the doors of the CW office and forced us to open one. "Why write about it otherwise," the first articulate homeless woman told us. "Peter Maurin wrote that we should not say, 'The Church' or the State, doesn't do this or that." "We is a community; they is a crowd." "Be what you want the other fellow to be." Why don't you have a house of hospitality?"

Maybe Peter Maurin was surprised at being taken at his word too. Anyway it was that woman who came in with a paper shopping bag, who had been sleeping on subways, who forced us to open the first house of hospitality. And there have been thirty or forty since—I cannot count them all, since each one is autonomous, and I am always finding new ones here and there around the country. Just this week we got a donation from D. Farnsworth, from Martin Joseph House, and I recognize the name and know that she was running a house in Stockton, California for some years. The Blanchet House of Hospitality in Portland, Oregon, is feeding almost two thousand men a day now, according to a priest who just visited us from there.

Once I asked Peter what he thought of our Baltimore House (which was finally closed not only because of overcrowding but also because we housed both Negro and white) and he looked rather doubtful, thinking of what he really wanted in a house, craftrooms, seminars, reading rooms, as well as a place to eat and sleep. "It at least arouses the conscience," he said. He always firmly held that the works of mercy were the means to show our love for God and our love for our brother.

It was the men in the house themselves that started our breadlines, by taking in one after another to share our meals. It seems we never do anything good by ourselves, we just get pushed into it. We are surely unprofitable servants. One time at Maryfarm I saw a man with a suitcase walking down the road towards our farmhouse, and since we were already filled to the door, and with problems, too, I sighed deeply and remarked, "I suppose he is coming here." And a man sitting next to me said sternly, "Then you don't mean what you write in the paper?" Yes, we believe it. "If 'your brother is hungry feed him, if he is naked, cover him, if he is without shelter, visit him, if he is sick comfort him, if he is in prison visit him, if he is dead bury him.'" The Lord Himself said it. And he was talking to each one of us, not to Holy Mother the State.

Of course there are some ideas which we change over the years. Personally I don't believe women should work out of the home if they can possibly help it. Personally I believe more in child labor than I used to. If the little boys who are running riot could be put to work and the mothers stay home, how much happier it would be. But we do not have a philosophy

of work, as Peter Maurin said, and certainly the jobs open to most people in this mechanized age, are anything but attractive. I do believe however in the four hour day. And I do believe in manual labor for every one, everyone bearing their share of the hard work of the world.

Steve Hergenhan, God rest his soul, used to call me a pencil pusher when I did my writing and he dearly loved to see me in the kitchen working. There is always a war between worker and scholar and too often the scholar has it coming to him.

I'm afraid I believe in private property too, though St. Gertrude says that "property, the more common it is, the more holy it is." But when I speak of private property it is mostly personal property I am thinking of. A typewriter, for instance—a fountain pen, one's books, one's own bed. Of course if one is deprived of these things, one should thank the one who deprives, since they are lightening one's load on the journey to heaven. Once a policeman called up and said he had picked up a man who was bringing one of our typewriters to a Bowery hock shop. The man explained that all property was held in common around the Catholic Worker, so it was his as well as any one else's. The policeman restored our "property." We didn't press charges of course, and we thanked the policeman. Ammon would have refused the services of the police perhaps and gone to pick up the typewriter himself. He hangs on to his own pencil, book, clothes, so carefully indeed that we sometimes call him "private-property-Hennacy." But it is really just Yankee thrift.

Once a passerby dropped into our store at Mott street when Slim was being night watchman, and someone had brought us a turkey that night since it was the eve of Thanksgiving. Slim wanted to take a little walk, so he left the stranger in charge and went out. When he came back stranger and turkey were gone. There was great furore around the house, but we took the opportunity to explain that in the upside-down world of Christianity, Slim should have run after the thief and brought him the cranberries and celery and other fixings, so that he could have a really good meal. "If anyone takes your coat, give him your cloak too." Most of the family didn't see it that way. I have told this story before, but I did not tell the sequel. Only a year or so ago, but ten years after the incident, a man came in and handed us five dollars. "I was the one who stole your turkey," he said.

Sometimes perhaps we arouse a little fear in the hearts of our friends. For instance there had been a demonstration in England just after the war, when the needy moved into some of the uninhabited homes of the rich, and just took over. We expressed ourselves in the CW as pleased with this expropriation, and went on to say, that the Benedictine oblates amongst us would like to go to some of the Benedictine monasteries and become squatters on their vast tracts, and so induce them to start again the guest houses which are part of the rule of the order. They don't need all the land they have, and we have plenty of landless folk. Not long after that, (but we had forgotten our comments, thinking of them as casual illustrations of our point rather than plans for action) we went to visit a Benedictine monastery, Peter, Dwight Larrowe and I. (Dwight is now Brother Peter in the Trappist Monastery of our Lady of the Snows in Colorado.) We were fed a very good dinner rather hastily, and then the good monks pulled out bus schedules and rather hastily found a way of

getting us off their premises. I thought the visit very short, there had been no time for any conversation, nor any dear-to-the-heart round table discussions for Peter, but it was only on the way home that it occurred to me that our dear friends the monks, had read the paper and had been afraid that in the parlance of the gangster, we were "casing the joint." In other words, that we were sizing up the place with the end in view of moving in some of our unemployed families.

Well, if they suffered from this misconception, we were made to suffer too. That month we had had a letter from one of our friends who was married and had two children and was dissatisfied with the farm his father had given for his use. He wanted to join one of our farm communities. We wrote and told him that he already had a home and that we were forced to say no. But he disregarded us and very soon after car-



and trailer arrived and little family with another baby imminent, to move into our barn. We did not want them, but there they were; it was though God were teaching us a lesson, was having a little joke on us, making us eat our words.

Peter Maurin rejoiced in these situations. They made us think, he always said. There was nothing like a crisis for on-the-spot discussions. For clarification of thought. Everyone was an asset in a way. No need ever to eliminate anyone. They would eliminate themselves. It took a robust soul to live in community. It was in fact a martyrdom.

There are so many stories that could be told about our communities, our houses of hospitality, and some of them grim and some of them so funny and so good, that one could laugh for joy.

Tribulation Ammon.

And speaking of tribulation, one of them is Ammon. I used to say the same of Peter, of course, thinking of my quiet writing life before I met him in 1932 and became embroiled in what became a movement. But Ammon is such a fighting Irishman, such a belligerent pacifist! Take this last article of his on page two of the CW. Here he is carrying on a battle with the ushers of a church and a policeman rather than with the personnel of the guided missile base. He was all but tarred and feathered of course, and I am sure he inspired them with respect for his courage. But they needed more time to get acquainted. These guerrilla warfare tactics—descend-

ing on a town with pickets and leaflets and poster walks and radio talks and so on, may cause surprise and some thought but I liked the way things worked out in Phoenix, Arizona, where little by little Ammon got acquainted with all the priests and sisters in the town, and won their friendship and won, too, a very wide circulation for the ideas of the Catholic Worker. And now here he is threatening to fast for forty days. I wonder if this is truly a Gandhian technique—to fast at the government, if one can put it that way, Stop atomic tests, or else! What it practically amounts to is a fast to the death. Because I am sure the government out of plain stubbornness, even if they intended to stop would not give in to such pressure. It somehow does not seem the way. It is Ammon's recognition of course, that we are living in fearsome times and that only the most drastic, heroic remedies, much suffering, and self-inflicted sufferings, are going to serve as penance for our sins as a country. We do indeed need to fast and pray. And Ammon goes into these struggles with a joyful spirit, with a great courage, with the generosity of one who wishes to give all, even life itself, for Peace.

They used to say of Peter that he held up to us such lofty aims that we could only reach half way. And that if his aims were lower, we would still only be reaching half way, human nature being inclined to sloth. Certainly the State, love of country, demands and exacts and inspires and arouses the willingness, even the desire to die, to give up one's life for the ideal. Ammon is one of those people who have kept his ideal, and it is just as strong in him now as it was in his early youth. It has grown indeed with his daily communions since his baptism five years ago. He has been "putting on Christ" as St. Paul calls it, though for some people it is as hard to see Christ in Ammon Hennacy as it is to see Him in the derelict. Certainly he is not articulate about his faith, and philosophy and theology are not his forte. His actions are always better than his words when it comes to living his faith, putting in hours serving others, getting mail, answering it, giving up his bed, listening to the sick, the poor and afflicted. Yes, we will stand by him, he is what God sent us as an apostle, an editor, and he is certainly an agitator par excellence.

Picketing.

And how he delights to call attention to the fact that we once picketed the Cardinal during the cemetery strike. It has gotten so now that some of the people at the CW deny that we ever did. The facts are that Michael Kovalak, Irene Mary Naughton and Helen Adler took signs and when all others were fearful of criticism, proceeded to the chancery office and after announcing their intention to one of the priests at the cathedral, who told them they of course had to follow their conscience, thereupon picketed for an hour, and then went into the cathedral and prayed, to make their picketing more effective.

It was so effective that Ammon Hennacy, not yet a Catholic, in far away Arizona, went into the Catholic Church for the first time and prayed joyfully for us all, and thanked God for companions of courage. Some time later, on another visit to the Church he said he began to be conscious that those praying, kneeling Catholics, no matter what their political opinions, "had something." And not to be outdone, now he has it too.

They are somewhat alike, Ammon and Peter, both close to the soil, both close to the people, both

inspiring others to awake. On my last trip when I passed out some Catholic Worker papers in the bus which came from Mexico City to El Paso (fare eleven dollars) the insurance saleswoman who was reading the paper began to read Peter's essays out loud to her companion, a Canadian, and to laugh with startled amazement at his ideas. When people know Ammon they laugh at him and with him, and because of him, and some of this laughter is that joyful laughter that the Christian ideal is so flaming, so alive, so burning still. "I have come to cast fire on the earth," Jesus said. And His fire is quite a different fire from that of the nuclear weapon, which is of hell.

The Role of Woman

I speak and write this way, of Peter and Ammon, (and how often did I not have to speak so of Bob Ludlow!) because I feel that though they themselves do not feel they need to be interpreted, translated, explained, or justified—I am doing it to declare my own position. Sometimes some of our readers like to hold that I, Dorothy Day, editor of the Catholic Worker, do not go along with these ideas,—that others have seized control of the paper, that these ideas are somehow not in line with the works of mercy. They are all part and parcel of it. It all goes together! It is all for clarification of thought. Peter used to say that it was men who had the mission and that it was woman's place to follow the men who follow their mission. I believe that this is true. In the main, the Catholic Worker movement has been one of men throughout the country. There have been many great and generous men who have worked with it, Joe Zarrella, Gerry Griffin, Tom Sullivan, Bob Ludlow, Dwight Larrowe and Jack English, (the last two now with the Trappists); Roger O'Neill and Charles McCormack, and now the present staff. And there are others still with us, too numerous to mention, Hank and John and Keith, and Larry and Roy and Joe and Red and John and Jim, and Pop and Tom and Mike, and then the men on the farm!

God be thanked for the work He has given us to do. And may we continue it another twentyfive years!

BULLETIN.

Latest news is that the finances of the city are so embarrassed that they will not be able to purchase so large a block of property for the transit authorities who are building the subway, and consequently there will be a delay in the wrecking of our St. Joseph's House of Hospitality. We do not know how long this delay is, but our lawyer says that we are probably safe for the summer and fall. Deo gratias!

GREETINGS FROM ENGLAND

PAX
c/o 37, Northiam,
London, N. 12., England
Saint George's Day

Dear Comrades,

We of PAX send your our warmest greetings and congratulations on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the "Catholic Worker." We thank God for your bold and unceasing proclamation of the Gospel of Peace and Justice, and we remain forever indebted to you all for the inspiration you afford those of us who wish to be accounted fellow "labourers in the Vineyard."

Fraternally yours in
St. Joseph the Worker,
John O'Connor
Charles Thompson
Ian Henderson

THE LAND

I. Revolutionary Movement

1. The Catholic Worker is a revolutionary movement.
2. It intends the destruction of the present industrial society.
3. One of the instruments of this revolution is the Farming Commune.
4. By the establishment of Houses of Hospitality we hope to exemplify the idea of personal responsibility for the poor so that all Christians will resume their duty in this regard.
5. By the establishment of Farming Communes we wish to demonstrate a way of life in which men once more assume personal responsibility for their own economic salvation instead of depending upon the urban collective.

II. Integral Part

1. Thus the Farming Commune is an integral part of the Catholic Worker program.
2. It is a permanent part.
3. The bread line and the House of Hospitality which are so characteristic of the Catholic Worker technique may possibly be eliminated in the society we hope to achieve because breadlines will be unnecessary.
4. Every home will then be a House of Hospitality for the occasional ambassador of God but the farming commune will be the distinguishing feature of that community.

III. Long-Time Activity

1. Often we are so preoccupied with the immediate needs that we neglect to consider this essential long-time activity.
2. Often the idea is completely rejected, without sufficient reflection.
3. Opposition generally arises from certain misapprehensions about what we mean when we speak of establishing an agrarian society.
4. It is not contemplated that everyone will live on a farming commune.
5. It is sufficient that enough people be on the land to give an agrarian tone to the commonwealth.

IV. Out-to-the Land Movement

1. There will still be fairly large towns for the performance of certain functions but these will not have the influence they now have.
2. The out-to-the-land movement is not a plan to settle families on a hundred acres of land, homestead fashion, and let them starve to death or make a fortune in rugged isolation.
3. The theory and practice of the Catholic Worker farming communes means the acquisition by a group of like-minded individuals and families of a hundred or fewer acres.

V. An Acre or Two

1. The property belongs to the group, but individuals or families may be deeded an acre or two for a home and garden and some live stock.
2. This individual holding may be used by the owner in any way that is not anti-social, but the group reserves the right to control its disposal if the individual decides to give it up.
3. In this way private property is respected and protected.
4. Since the individuals cannot sell their holdings at will there is no danger that one member of the group or some outsider by taking advantage of a temporary need may become owner of a disproportionate share of the whole.

VI. Communal Land

1. Besides the small plots of land, family or individual homes and gardens and live stock there will be animals, tool, pasturage, grain and feed fields held in common a community house, for those who do not wish, to live alone, a place to be used for meetings, recreation and other common activity.
3. As early as possible in the development of the commune there will be a church which will be the center of the community life.

By Catherine Reser

Rearranged by Peter Maurin from an article appearing in the *Chicago Catholic Worker* in 1939.

VII. Craftsmen

1. Everyone in the commune will not be a farmer.
2. The blacksmith, the carpenter, the barber, the cobbler, the teacher and other craftsmen have obvious functions to perform.
3. Each member of the community will make his own contribution to the common good.

VIII. Modern Farms

1. A common objection to the farming commune especially by those who have had experience on farms is that there is too much work to do.

LET IT STAND THIS YEAR TOO
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT.
PERHAPS IT
MAY BEAR
FRUIT



ST. LUKE
13: 6-9

2. On the ordinary large one family farm there is too much work to do a great deal of the time.
3. This is caused by the farmer's ambition to live not on the land but off the land, to raise cash crops or to fatten stock for the market.
4. He has more work than he can do because he is trying to get more than he needs.

IX. Poverty not Destitution

1. The community will be characterized by devotion to voluntary poverty and the Works of Mercy.
2. It must be remembered that poverty is not destitution.
3. It is true that in the cities those who undertake the apostolate of the dispossessed must share the sapping insecurity of the dispossessed but the voluntary poverty

of the farming commune is the poverty of the House of Nazareth.

4. It is the ideal for which we strive in setting up a new society the "frugal comfort" spoken of in the encyclicals.

X. In the Beginning

1. In the beginning of any commune there will necessarily be dependency of the whole group on the charity of those who are interested in the movement but cannot actively participate.
2. Those who are starting the project will be the guests of Houses of Hospitality, disillusioned urbanites, earnest young families with more enthusiasm than cash.
3. Nevertheless it is possible to attain some measure of self-sufficiency and even the ability to be of assistance to others quite soon in the commune's history.

XI. Mutual Charity

1. For example, although the farm at Easton, Pennsylvania, is still in large part dependent on St. Joseph's House, Mott Street, it has been able to send vegetables eggs and meat to Mott Street, an exercise in mutual charity.
2. It also serves as a summer camp for many poor children who otherwise would know only the little breeze and sunlight that sifts through clotheslines crisscrossing the backyards in the backyards they live.

XII. Apparently Handicapped

1. The practice of the Works of Mercy means that even in its difficult beginnings the farm will be apparently handicapped by the presence of certain members who have no obvious contributions to make and will seem to be only a drain on the community's material and spiritual resources.
2. It must be remembered that on the farm as in the House of Hospitality we are concerned not with making money but with making men not least of all, ourselves.

XIII. A Way of Life

1. It is even more true that bustling action is not the only kind of activity that is necessary to make a work successful.
2. Prayer and suffering are also essential elements in the life of the community.

3. We must keep constantly in mind that the farming commune is a way of life. a way of life in which all the variety, the responsibility, the integrity of action which are removed from the usual existence of the wage earner are restored to him so that he can once more function as a human being rather than as a machine minder.

XIV. Lack of Family Influence

1. It is a way of life that is especially important for the restoration of family life.
2. We all know how little the father of the average city family contributes to the formation of his children's character.
3. Even the mother's influence is diminishing as the organized educational and recreational agencies of the city claim more and more of the child.
4. Training in home crafts is not acquired at school or not at all.
5. The members of the family even in primary grades have separated interests.

XV. Crafts and Character

1. There is no spirit of family unity.
2. On the farm all the members of the family are concerned with the common tasks and work together, children and parents.
3. The father and mother train the children not alone in crafts but in character.
4. The family is integrated and functions as an organ of the Mystical Body.
5. The family is the primary unit of society.
6. If we remake the family, we remake the world.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

PRAYER AND ALL THAT

Sister M. Laurence, O.P.

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