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Holy Father's Christmas Message

Our wish and greeting is addressed before all others to the poor, to the oppressed, to those who for whatever reason sigh in affliction, and whose life depends, as it were, on the breath of hope which can be infused into them and the measure of help which can be procured for them.

They are so very very many, these beloved children! The sorrowful chorus of prayers and pleas for help, far from decreasing as the lapse of many years since the world conflict gave good reason to hope for, continues, and becomes at times more intense on account of many and pressing wants; it rises toward us, it may be said, from every part of the world and rends our soul for all the distress and tears that it reveals.

Salvation cannot come from production and organization alone.

One would say that humanity today, which has been able to build the marvelous and complex machine of the modern world, subjugating to its service the tremendous forces of nature, now appears incapable of controlling these forces, as though the rudder has slipped from its hands, and so it is in peril of being overthrown and crushed by them.

Such inability to control should of itself suggest to men who are its victims not to expect salvation solely from technicians of production and organization. The work of these can help, and notably, to solve the grave and extensive problems which afflict the world only if it is bound up with and directed

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The Race of Heroes and Saints

By DOROTHY DAY

Peguy said that the race of heroes and the race of saints stand in contradiction, the contradiction of the eternal and the temporal. He was writing of Joan of Arc and he said that the two races meet in her, that meet nowhere else. We would say they met also in Ghandi.

With the Bishops of the United States pointing out that the greatest danger of our age is secularism, it would seem that it is a time when we must beg God to raise up for our time men in whom saint and hero meet to solve the problems of the day. And not by war!

One realizes that here on the west coast where you see the problem of the rich and the poor so clearly. It is a region which is almost monstrous in its exuberance. I thought of that word when I saw the giant trees north of San Francisco. I thought of it again when I saw the coarse gigantic seaweed on the beach. Mountains and sea—all are different from the east. And I never realized so clearly the problem of the soil here until I reached the delta section between the San Joaquin & Sacramento rivers, between the mountains and the city of Stockton. This is the first time I ever saw this section, although

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The Conversion of Ammon Hennacy

By DOROTHY DAY

What to say about such a conversion as Ammon's, and how happy it made us! We have known him 16 years, since the early days of the Milwaukee House of Hospitality. He sold the Catholic Worker and distributed it all these years, and loved it because Peter was a "one-man revolutionist" like himself and because our "personalist and communitarian revolution" was his, also. Many among us will call themselves personalists, libertarian, pluralist, regionalist, but he will always call himself "anarchist." He is a pacifist and conscientious objector to all war and to all coercion. His picketing is to testify to his consciousness of the dignity and responsibility of man. He says, "I may not change the world, but I will not let the world change me." He has written for us for the last twelve years, roughly speaking, articles on poverty and hard labor showing a way which is open to all men, to resist the evil in the world today.

What kind of a man is he?

He spent three months with us this summer, making a retreat, writing and meeting with and talking to people in the East. One night he and another woman and I went to a free opera over on Bleecker street. He had never been to an opera though his two daughters and all his family are musicians. He shed no tears over the pathos of La Bohème but when he came out and we looked at the Monday morning papers telling of the shooting of a group of young gangsters who were trapped in their hideout in Harlem, he groaned at what was happening to our youth today. He weeps over reality, not fiction. He told me that when he saw "I was a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang" in the movies, he went home and cried all night. He himself had been three years in Atlanta, and nine months in solitary confinement in the first world war for being a socialist and pacifist. "All men are brothers, and brothers do not kill one another."

It was there his conversion began in reading the Bible and he found himself a Christian.

His grandfather had been a Catholic, but his father and his father's seven brothers and sisters had been adopted (after his grandmother's death) by kind neighbors, all of whom were Protestants, so he was brought up in a Baptist atmosphere.

Tolstoy and Ghandi were the two great influences in his life. And The Catholic Worker. He came east last summer after a seven day fast, to make a six day retreat under Fr Marion Casey, and it was this priest who baptized him, in Hutchinson, Minnesota, on November 17, on the feast of St. Gregory the Wondermaker.

While he visited with us, he won the hearts of all at The Catholic Worker. When he spoke in our back courtyard, the slum neighbors hung out of their windows to listen. He was silent for long periods when he worked on his book, "The Story of a Catholic Anarchist" and he talked for long hours when people wanted him to talk.

Tom Sullivan said that Ammon reminded him of Peter Maurin.

Now he is back in Phoenix, Arizona, where he hopes some day to start a House of Hospitality to be named in honor of the Italian



anarchist, Vanzetti. He is a friend in that city of the southwest of bus driver and banker, of Mormon and Molokan and Indian. The pacifist and anarchist Hopi Indians count him as their friend and he has learned much from them too.

When we spoke of the Hopi Snake dance once, he said, "You can pet a snake, you know, but you must wet your finger first so it does not feel harsh. Maybe it purrs, I don't know." So he has reminded me of St. Francis too. One of the girls at the house said that to her, he was like Daniel Boone.

In him is no class war, no hatred of any kind. He tosses the word "pipsqueak," a Shakespearean word, around rather freely, which is jarring to many, and he himself says of himself that he is a braggard. But he must speak of what he knows, and what he himself has done and can do. Now he has been made a child of God and heir to the kingdom, and he is going to daily communion to increase the grace that is in him, he will indeed exult like a giant to run the race. May he work more wonders than Gregory the Wonderworker.

The Way of St. Francis of Assisi

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Those who placed their hopes in political means during the recent elections and were disappointed, as they would have been eventually disillusioned if their candidate had won, might do well to pause in this busy world of ours and think somewhat on St. Francis and the method of St. Francis. "St. Francis" states Father Meyers (1) "effected his revolution on an entirely different field. To effect the change, he did not kill a single human being, he sequestered not a single man's property, closed up not one man's business, inaugurated no new banking policy, initiated not a single repressive measure, wrote not a single law into the codes of the day, indicted no political instrument." But, it will be objected, that is all very well and good. It is an area of life that was open to the technique of St. Francis, but we are concerned with the political, with economic systems, with day to day living, and what else is there but that we should go about those things in the only way we know how. We must elect our man and then you will see our ideas realized. Yet that is precisely the point—St. Francis, who eschewed violence and politics, was more instrumental in effecting the downfall of an undesirable social system than were any politicians of his day, or any committees, or any organized groups of dissidents. Says Father Myers: "Francis struck at the iniquity of it—especially with two provisions of the rule of the Third Order. One was the provision that Tertiaries must not bear arms, the other was that Tertiaries must bind themselves with no oath, except where duly constituted authority rightfully required it." And it must be remembered that literally thousands of lay people joined the Third Order, so much so that the feudal lords were beside themselves with wrath and appealed to Rome to stop this madness. This madness which deprived them of serfs because the Third Order members refused to bear arms or to take oaths of fealty to the lords.

And it must be remembered that St. Francis regarded the rule of the Third Order to be a rule that was applicable to the ordinary Christian. It was no specific rule for the clergy it was meant for all of the laity. And how popular is this pacifism of St. Francis today, how popular with the Franciscans? How popular with the members of the Third Order? How many of them know the 16th rule of the Third Order, "They are not to take up lethal weapons, or bear them about, against anybody" (2) Can we imagine the revolution it would cause should this rule be enforced among members of the Third Order so that they would all, as a matter of course, become conscientious objectors? But the same fate has befallen this idea of St. Francis as has happened with much else that he taught. Not only has this been true of St. Francis but of pretty much all of the pacifism in the Church. It has been made harmless by relegating it to the purely individual actions of clerics. St. John Chrysostom once wrote "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, who act so differently when as wolves we rush upon our adversaries." (Breviary June 11th). And now, in the Liturgy which bears the name of St. John Chrysostom (and which, of course, was not actually written by him) we are called on to pray "For the honorable government of our country and its military forces . . . to aid it in battle and vanquish every enemy and adversary." So are the saints dishonored when we canonize them to make them harmless! So may the day come when we harken to their message and eliminate the vestiges of militarism and nationalism that have found their way into our very Liturgy.

Of St. Francis Father Meyers

states: "Coercion, therefore, of another person against the latter's convictions was as repugnant to him as sin. Violence had no appeal



to him, not even against Saracen or bandit. Similarly whatever amounted to compulsion, such as reducing his neighbor to a plight where self preservation demanded his surrender to terms, was odious to him . . ." He was similarly op-

posed to repressive measures "because when you use violent repressive measures, you challenge secret resentment; what the victims cannot do publicly, they do in secret. Hence the tide of rebellious and satiric writings, mostly anonymous, characteristic of that day . . ." The attitude of St. Francis toward violence (he ignored the Crusades and went his own way unarmed to visit the Sultan), towards repression, is so much in advance of his time that many today look on him simply as a humanitarian born ahead of time. And, while there is a sense in which this is true, it must yet be remembered that, for St. Francis, it was merely a reiteration of what was contained in the message of Christ, it was no new teaching, and it was a teaching having supernatural sanction. It represented a development in natural law inasmuch as it applied to the social field the conclusions of revelation. It was superior to the logic of the philosophers who thought only in terms of a mechanical equality of justice, it went beyond that mischievous conception of ethics which, admitting the superiority of the Christian conception, yet felt called upon to accept an inferior brand suited to the condition of fallen man. Hence, for all purposes, constructing a relativistic system in the name of Christianity. St. Francis did not so much oppose this as he ignored it and went about demonstrating the

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Clemency Appeal for Tomio Kawakita and the Rosenbergs

Topanga, California,
December 29, 1952

Dear Dorothy Day:

I'm sure that by this time all the cogent arguments have been put more forcefully and more cogently than I can put them. Next month, in California, one Tomio Kawakita, will be given poison gas until his heart stops; in New York, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg will be burned to death. The two cases, the three executions have something in common: the three condemned persons have been adjudged enemies of the United States; they are to be put to death because the United States—the most powerful country in the world, the most powerful country in history—cannot suffer its enemies to live.

Kawakita's crime was treason. An American born Japanese, he visited Japan and was caught there by the war. He took a job as guard in a prison camp (after renouncing his American citizenship—a procedure recognized by the United States when natives of a foreign country do so in order to become Americans) admittedly showing thereby no particular nobility, and he acted sequentially exactly as one would expect a prison guard to act—brutally and savagely. It is not charged that he murdered anyone or that he was a war criminal; if he had not stupidly returned to the country of his birth and been caught, he would probably not have been charged at all.

Never in the history of the United States has a traitor been convicted by a civil court and executed in time of peace. Indeed, it is most doubtful if Kawakita had been tried in any state but California (with its long history of Jap-baiting and persecution) that he would have drawn a longer sentence than, say, Best or Pound or any of the other "white" traitors who actually caused American deaths.

The case of the Rosenbergs is in some ways different. These people were not convicted of treason, but of espionage. They passed official secrets to what was then a friendly power. Again, no one in the history of the United States has been executed for spying in peacetime.

That the Rosenbergs were stupid in becoming Stalinist dupes is true, that they did grave damage and possibly endangered the state is also true. That what they did merited the savagery of the sentence imposed upon them is arguable.

The Stalinists have, as might be expected, welcomed the Rosenberg case with unalloyed joy. Some people will be seduced into their party through the emotion now engendered; much money, destined for the Rosenberg defense, will wind up paying printers' bills for the "Daily Worker." Many people of good will have washed their hands of the Rosenberg case rather than seem to aid and abet the Stalinists. It would, of course, be very nice if only the purest people espoused the good causes, but we cannot refuse to do right because bad people occasionally forget their code and do right also.

The argument against killing people is an absolute and final argument: the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. The murderer or executioner is neither merely, he is blasphemous and idolator as well. But beyond and beside this absolute argument in the cases of Kawakita and the Rosenbergs, there is a smaller and more immediate one: Is the savagery of their sentence commensurate with their crimes? Is the might of the United States threatened by their continued existence? Is national pride so deeply hurt that the affront can only be wiped out by their deaths.

But these are wranglings. The young protest, demand, defy—quite properly. We who are middleaged (though certainly not necessarily wiser) are no longer quite so deeply concerned with abstractions. It is not beyond our pride to beg for mercy. Let us first beg God that he somehow preserve these people alive. Then let us beg the President (who has asked us to pray for our enemies) to commute these sentences in a spirit of mercy.

Ward Moore

The Massacre of the Holy Innocents

It was well in the season of the midwinter rains but they had withheld; And in consequence the land lay naked under a frost: Day-sky filled with a frozen light weakly out of the south, And the night-sky quick with stars; So that we rode, that morning, in the sharp hours before sun-up, well-buttoned,

And the raw air, rare with frost, bit hard at our faces. We took the way through the vineyards, And in the first of the light saw that the vines were mostly unpruned, Matted under the summer canes, each huddling its stake; But some of the vineyards were half-pruned, The one part rough with the thick disorder of natural growth, The other part neat and tidy with human care; And somehow this was a consolation. All the valley lay stretched and whitened about us under the tenseness of frost,

And the shaggy-backed farmdogs bayed our passage along the road. At sun-up we came to the miserable place we knew for our destination, And there deployed, variously, in squads, Some to go here, some there, among the mean dwellings of the place; And among the dwellings that bordered the place; And from these dwellings removed that which we came to secure; And in the little plaza, before the eyes of the inhabitants, We did what we were sent there to do, So they might thenceforth remember that kingships Are not sprouted like mushrooms, overnight, from the backyards of villages.

For that was the day we were sent out to kill a King.

We thought it a joke.

Among those hovels, those inhabitants, it seemed a joke.

But when it was done it seemed no longer a joke.

Something there was, under the swordblades, unspeakable;

Some surging qualification, that stung out of the spilt blood,

And swept through the welter of circumstances, where we stooped and butchered.

How many centuries of forgiveness burst out of the hems of the spilt tunics?

How many decades of prayers were to go up to God for the murderous hand that was not ever held?

Wherever we walked thereafter History marked us.

No matter where we drowsed, scratching our sleeves in the tawny light of September;

Nor what water we drank of, watching the leaf offshore in the plucking eddy;

No matter what dreams of grandeur enabled our sleep on the straw ticks of our barracks,

History stood by our side and said: These are the ones.

We died, for the most, years later, scattered, in other legions, under other swordblades;

And in the aftermath of death we found our clarification;

Which is a terrible thing: to know how wrong you have been,

And remains the strictest part of the torture.

We rode back, that day, with the sun moved into the south,

And everywhere the vine-dressers were well at work,

To gather the prunings up of the vines, to be burnt.

The tall columns of smoke ascended about us

Into the subdued magnificence of the winter sky.

Brother Antoninus, O.P.

Maryfarm

By MARIE KNISLEY

We had a retreat here over Thanksgiving, starting Wednesday evening and ending early Sunday afternoon. Fr. Brown came from Kentucky to give the retreat. We are deeply grateful to him, especially since it was such a small group. We are sorry that more of our readers couldn't come. Fr. Fiorentino brought him up from New York and stayed and made the retreat. We had a little difficulty in arranging sleeping quarters for the men, even though the group was a small one. But finally all were arranged satisfactorily and the retreat was under way. It was good to sit there quietly and listen to Father talk about the love of God, the Samples, the Supreme Dominion, the Folly of the Cross, and St. John of the Cross.

Eleanor Drouin stayed on after the retreat for a week and sewed continuously, mending and making over sheets. A box of used ones had just come in that needed fixing. We are so grateful to her—there is so little time for sewing here and so much that always needs to be done.

We have been celebrating birthdays, Mr. Davin's and Mollie's, with cakes and candles. We even have artistic ability here in the family and the cakes were beautifully decorated. Mollie received a beautiful bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums so we all shared in her gift. It was so nice to sing "Happy Birthday" to the honorees as the cake with the lighted candles on it was brought in.

Leslie has spent hours oiling and waxing the Chapel, Conference Room and dining room floors. One night he stayed up until 1:30 to finish as he wanted to do it after

all had gone to bed. You see there is too much traffic in the daytime, and it would just be wasted effort to do it and have everyone walk on it before it was dry.

Fr. Hogan's father passed from this life just before Thanksgiving. We ask for your prayers. Fr. Hogan has been a good friend to Maryfarm.

The men have been making sauerkraut—Charlie gave us the cabbage. Of course, we had trouble with the cutter, but the kraut is made and is aging. The men say that homemade kraut much surpasses the commercially-canned variety, so we are looking forward to a big treat.

Fr. Faley has received a beautiful new cassock. The gift came through the efforts of a Sister who has instilled a great love for the missions in her fifth-graders and they saved their pennies and bought the cassock.

Sickness came to Maryfarm—

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SAINT JOSEPH'S HOUSE

Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

Of a Sunday night we were the grateful recipients of several substantial bags of soft rolls from an Episcopalian Church in Brooklyn. The rolls were no sooner in the house when two of the members of our family were sampling the rolls with approval and washing them down with a cup of hot coffee. One of the fellows spoke up with a beam, "You know they say that those Episcopalians have plenty of money as a rule." I replied, "Yeh, so do quite a few Catholics and we would like to relieve all of them of a good bit of it."

No Questions Asked

We are always anxious to receive assistance in any form whatsoever and we are generally unconcerned as to the source. You can't very well tell the poor that come for aid that you are sorry but that you are unable to help them since you turned down a donation because you disapproved of the individual who made the offer. Although I am sure there are individuals or groups whose assistance we would refuse, however in the midst of our present bills I prefer not to think about such a chilling experience.

Beyond the Pale

Sometime ago we did have occasion to come into contact with a man that gave us pause. He had separated himself from the Catholic Church and set up his own church with the aid of a religious goods store. He had heard about us and came for a visit. He offered to handle our paper, claiming that he could surely sell a goodly number. Conscious of his impossible status, we hemmed and hawed about circulation not being one of our major problems. He countered with, "Oh come now you people are beyond the pale as I am and I am sure we could work together to our mutual satisfaction."

Generous Offer

We had heard of this individual before his visit and had surmised that he wasn't fully responsible for his break with the Church and his present schism. Consequently, we had to go slow in responding to his generous offer. We didn't wish to offend in charity and yet we felt that we had to make our orthodoxy clear to him. So we had to spell it out to him. "Please friend don't mention that 'beyond the pale' too loud. Because we are in the Church, we really are. We sincerely believe in all the teachings of our Holy Mother the Church. You got to believe that pal. We might put a different emphasis on certain social connotations than other Catholics but we are in there. Yes, sir. We do aspire to your continued friendship and will be happy to have you drop in anytime for a visit and a cup of coffee. If you insist on handling our paper why I guess we can put you down for ten copies per month." While I was telling him all this I was hoping he would have enough sense to keep our paper under the counter or some place out of the public's eye. We had enough strange interludes to answer for without adding him.

Paint

About a month ago a priest friend stopped into our office and was quite appalled at the conditions of the paint that was literally hanging off the walls. He ques-

tioned us, "Why don't you paint this office?" We replied, "Paint costs money. Besides we can't seem to get the work done that is unavoidable." After a brief visit our friend departed leaving us with eight dollars, suggesting that we at least paint the one wall that was so offensive.

A couple of nights later one of our family decided that the office should be painted, Christmas coming on and all that sort of thing. We reluctantly parted with the eight dollar gift of the visiting priest. The volunteer painter not only painted the one offensive wall but painted the other three as well. Then the ceiling was the eye-sore. The more aesthetic members of our household ruefully complained, "Wouldn't you know that only at the Catholic Worker you would find the walls painted and not the ceiling." Our painter who was sensitive to such criticism then insisted on additional money to complete the job. If I could only remember that priest's name and address.

Christmas Decorations

It was the night before Christmas and we thought that our Christmas crib set looked fine—all set up on a table in the middle of our recreation and library room. However, this satisfaction with ourselves was brief as an elderly Irish gentleman guest of ours pointed out that a stable was not a stable without straw, especially where the Infant Jesus was born. (This man leads us

in the rosary each day and takes some of his meals with us since he is financially unable to maintain his room in a Bowery hotel along with purchasing all of his meals.) We agreed that the stable needed straw and promptly forgot about it.

A couple of hours later our friend arrived back in the house with a huge paper bag of real straw. He had gone up to a stable in the Bronx and requisitioned the straw. It had to be the genuine article for this man.

Another guest in our domain surveyed the stable with crib and decided that there should be a semblance of trees around it. He went up to the corner and begged a few branches from the man selling Christmas trees. He returned to the house and promptly set them around the Nativity scene.

There is always a division of opinion around the house about the advisability of having Christmas trees setup. A minority group are against or indifferent towards having the trees but the majority are for the idea. Consequently one or two of the majority group take the initiative and scour the streets until they find a couple of trees that have been discarded by dealers. Thus, we have two trees setup in the house again this year.

Personal Sacrifice

Chin Chu, our chief cook, assisted by Smokey Joe and several others stayed up and worked hard on Christmas Eve till 3 A.M., preparing some three hundred meals for all of those who had their Christmas dinner at St. Joseph's house on Chrystie street. The meals were excellent. This mention in the paper could in no way begin to pay

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Journey Through the West

By AMMON HENNAÇY

"Scabbing on the system," said my friend Peter van Dresser as he pointed to the stone battlements built to hold his wind-power generator. We had driven up from Santa Fe the sixty miles north to this beautiful fifty acres, stretching at the base of orange cliffs, through which ran a small mountain stream. Half of this acreage had been cultivated for many years. A road wound up from the village three miles away and on toward the nearest neighbor twelve miles distant. Peter and Florence had sought for months for just such a place and in despair had driven west toward California. On the way they had come across this Shangri La and had bought it from Mexicans living there. The adobe house was falling apart and now this new one was being built. Peter is one of the expert decentralists of this country; a house builder, and one of the few people I have met whose radicalism extends over into definite action. In this Land of the Sun the house will be heated by solar heat. Peter is a designer and builder of machines also and the workshop which will come next will be able to prove that no one has to live in town and be a slave to a boss but can be self sufficient along with the food grown in this sheltered mountain retreat. Sun, shade, water, earth, mighty cliffs, and not far away the magnificent Sangre

de Cristo (Blood of Christ) Mountains. Eleven year old Steve had helped his parents make a relief map of the immediate country and recently before the first deep snow had come he hiked one afternoon by himself over a rough snaky mountain with pack, lunch and compass.

On the way from Santa Fe we had stopped for a few hours for a visit with Father Cassidy at Espanola. He is one of the few priests in this state who appreciates the CW. Peter and Florence are not members of any church and were enthused to find a man of the cloth who had been raised in this vicinity, knew its problems, and understood Eric Gill and the decentralist problem.

The Gates of Hell

It was after dark as we came back through Espanola and thus we were able to see the cold and formal lines of the lights at the atom bomb plant at Los Alamos to the right. This was a great contrast to the varied sprinkle of lights here and there in the valley coming from the homes of humble people. The story goes around here that an old man had a school where he sought to develop the mind and spirit of his students, and that when the government confiscated it and built the greatest force of destruction known to man on his beloved mesa, he died within a few

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+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Basics for the Faith

The Physical Phenomena of Mysticism by Father Herbert Thurston S.J. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, Illinois. Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

"Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe"
John 4:48

"Many run to sundry places to visit the relics of saints, and are astonished to hear their wonderful works; they behold the noble church buildings and kiss their sacred bones, wrap up in silk and gold . . . Oftentimes in seeing these things men are moved with curiosity and the novelty of the sight, and but little fruit of amendment is reaped thereby; especially when persons lightly run hither and thither, without true contrition for their sins." Imitation of Christ, Book IV, Chap. 1.

It was interesting, some months ago, to observe the reactions among Catholics to the well balanced work of Hilda Graef on Therese Neuman. Those who are disposed to look and expect signs and wonders and who place great importance on these things were inclined to be scandalized, to regard Dr. Graef's book as something of an attack on the Faith. Those who realized that the Faith was in no way dependent on those signs and wonders welcomed the treatise. And they will also welcome Father Thurston's book which is written in the same spirit, the spirit which places first things first and whose faith is not shattered when it is found that there are natural explanations for many of the physical manifestations connected with saints and mystics that similar phenomena occur among non-Christians and non-religious people. Indeed, if one is looking for the marvellous, one has only to read some such work as Paramahansa Yogananda's *Autobiography of a Yogi* to discover, on the word of a man of great integrity, exactly parallel instances of phenomena connected with Christian saints and mystics. There, among Hindus, we have levitations, bi-location, multiplication of food, living without eating, incorruption, luminosity—all the phenomena which the pious Catholic is tempted to regard as peculiar to Catholic saints and is tempted also to place great store by as proof of the truth of Catholicism.

Now, the grace of God knows no bounds and, if these manifestations are of supernatural origin there is no reason why He would not work through Hindu saints and mystics as well as Christian. But the point to be made is that, to determine the truth of a particular religion, one must do so independently of those manifestations which are not the exclusive property of any one religion and, in many cases, both among us and non-Catholics may not be of supernatural origin at all.

Far from doing a service to the Church, the pious who are predisposed to look for and accept the marvellous uncritically, often do much harm. One can imagine the distress, if not actual apostasy, that would result to someone who embraced Catholicism because of the so-called wonders of Lipa or Necetah only to be rudely shocked when the Church finally ruled against them. For this reason alone the work of Father Thurston is most valuable and a great service to the Church. For he emphasizes that it is not on the basis of private revelations and dubious mystical phenomena that one should adhere to the Faith but rather on the basis of the public revelation of Christ and the solid Christian teachings as expounded by the Church throughout the ages.

It is not a case of Father Thurston rejecting physical manifesta-

tions in toto—it is a case of him examining the evidence and of having a criterion of examination. And if he is inclined to reject the manifestations of Therese Neuman on the evidence (which makes them explainable in terms of hysteria) he accepts the stigmata of St. Francis and others as of supernatural origin. Or perhaps I should say that he regards St. Francis as a genuine saint apart from what the explanation of the stigmata might be. For to state that a person has a history of neurotic behaviour and that this has, on occasion, manifested itself physically, is not to automatically deny them sanctity. In the case of Therese Neuman both Father Thurston and Dr. Graef are inclined to believe that she does not measure up to those criteria the Church applies in determining these things.

Resistance Low

The Devil Rides Outside. By John H. Griffin. Smiths Inc. 596 pages. \$4.00. Reviewed By Tom Sullivan.

This is a first novel in diary form of a young man who tells of his six months spent in and around a Benedictine monastery in France. The usage of the word monastery is the author's. Individuals who are precise in their terminology would have referred to the scene of the novel as an abbey. However if you are of the exacting school type mentality, you had better suspend it for the time being, at least until after you have finished this book.

A big name individual in the world of books would have you believe that this saga is an omelet of Flaubert, Dostoyevsky, and Pascal. Unfortunately for the author and the readers this landslide endorsement is not merited.

This long drawn out piece of writing is not the portrait of a soul in deep search of God who finally strikes a rich vein of spirituality. It is rather a case of mistaken identity whereby a diarist confuses the conquest of continence with the achievement of profound sanctity. Since, this is the agonized minute bookkeeping of a young male who is endowed with a normal allotment of sexual cravings but is wearisomely dismayed that he, as Oscar Wilde put it, "could resist anything but temptation."

It is painfully obvious that the writer failed to derive any vivid spiritual sustenance from his sojourn with the monks in the abbey. The Benedictine abbey and its community appear to serve as nothing more than a virtual prison for this young hero who really doesn't see it as much more than a reservation where one is deprived of frequent opportunities to be making passes at resilient women. This diarist erroneously subscribes to a wishful school of thinking where women are concerned—out of sight out of mind.

Many complimentary things should be said of this writing when the author switches the locale of the story beyond the abbey walls where the devil is supposed to be riding bareback and no hands. However you are forced to labor through well over two hundred pages in order to arrive at this point in the chase. At this juncture our sex haunted hero draws the poison and fire of one Madame Rene who finally brings this wooden novel to life. She is the *raison d'être* for this mountain of verbiage. Madame is the one and only one strong peg on which our author finally succeeds in hanging his novel. Conversations and relationships with this shrew of a woman are brisk and lifelike.

These passages are devoid of the clammy salutations and hollow sermons of the monk-friend of the young man, who is constantly addressing the hero as, "my son," or "my child."

The most relieved and salient feature of this diary is the constant stress placed on the excellence of Gregorian Chant in the field of music. In fact the author creates such a fine appeal for the chant that you will regret the times when you might have dozed through the singing of the divine office. Griffin leaves no room for doubt in the reader's mind that this book was written by a man who is thoroughly familiar with the most superb compositions in the world of music.

Great stress is placed on the fact that the diary keeper is a visiting student of music—that is the purpose of his visit to this particular religious institution. However you are quickly mystified as to his actual status in the abbey when this man is sometimes treated as a visitor and at other times as a member of the community. At one instance the musicologist is sentenced to drawing pails of water from the well as a punishment issued by the Father Abbot for failing to arise for Mass and the reciting of office. What a way to treat a visitor? Saint Benedict would hardly approve.

The most glaring error occurs in this book when a monk breaks the seal of confession by casually revealing the sins of a penitent to the visiting student. The priest and



the visitor act as though this is usual procedure following the administering of the Sacrament of Penance.

Upon finishing this novel you might be justly tempted to hide it well up on your library shelves, even concealed behind other books. You would do this mainly because of the stark Jansenistic handling of the subject of sex as an ugly and revolting act which bears no resemblance to the sublimity which God intended it to play in our lives. And yet John Griffin must be regarded as a writer of considerable talent as he undeniably proves in his first work. Once author Griffin surmounts his studied phraseology and deals with only the things he knows intimately, he will be well on his way to the front ranks of successful writers. Of course he needs, what very good writer has, a competent editor.

Downside Review

The first issue of the *Downside Review* under the direction of its new editor, Dom Sebastian Moore, has appeared. It contains excellent articles, particularly two on the *Christian Life and Sexual Problems*. It is a very worth-while, readable magazine with scholarly articles of wide interest. The address is *Downside Abbey, Stratton on the Fosse, Bath, England*.

Missionary Saint to the Far East

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER by James Broderick, S. J. The Wicklow Press, New York. \$5.00. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

In the sixteenth century hordes of adventurers set their sails for the Indies and, if they were healthy and lucky enough, returned to their native countries with tales of easy gold which stimulated the universal imagination of Europe. Francis Xavier, a conquistadore of a different kind, was, however, as surely one of these adventurers as the earlier Francis had in his time been a troubadour. The difference, of course, lay in the objective of both saints. As St. Francis of Assisi sang the glory of God and His creation rather than the praises of fair women, so Xavier, boarding far from seaworthy ships, was enraptured not by the vision of riches, but by the souls to be conquered for Christ.

There is a certain easy tolerance reserved especially for visionaries. Shut them away in their towers, or their laboratories, or whatever their particular sanctuary may be, and the more earthbound among us will take care of the onerous practicalities of daily living. We may smile at Francis' credulity, at his eagerness to believe in the wonderful harvest just across the horizon, at his gay belling the children to prayer in the streets of Malacca. It is not so easy to brush off lightly his pin-point knowledge of the affairs of his province, his insistence on prompt payment of any debts contracted by the Society in India, his constant care for the welfare of the little flock entrusted to him. Francis Xavier was no impractical dreamer, but his reality was God; a reality not discolored by the distortions of the world and therefore, in many ways, incomprehensible to it.

Like all the saints, he was that remarkable being, a whole man—and a visionary in the truest sense. This particular visionary, however, looked long and hard before he leaped into the flood tide which never released him. Five years passed from the time of his initial meeting with Ignatius Loyola at the University of Paris till the September of 1534 when he finally consented to make the *Spiritual Exercises*. He was twenty-eight years old, and to Ignatius "the lumpiest dough he had ever kneaded." The kneading was thorough. Francis never again looked back nor sighed for the unimportant worldly ambitions he had by-passed. He was as single-minded in his devotion as any man who has ever lived—but he was no plaster statue. Father Broderick maintains that "He became a mighty saint, but he remained to the end a man, a passionate, obstinate man, capable at times of fierce resentments and highly autocratic actions, which, however, did not prevent him from being one of the most generous, large-hearted, lovable human beings this sad world has ever known."

Certainly Father Broderick succeeds most admirably in getting across Xavier's lovable which overshadowed, or perhaps blotted out any noticeable defects in his character. The great wave of love which followed Francis wherever he pitched his camp for a day, a month, a year, rises out of the pages of the book like a fragrance. It has obviously conquered the writer; the reader should be equally susceptible. Father Broderick's artistry is partly responsible for this remarkable evocation of the saint's personality; his discriminating use of Francis' letters does the rest. Everything is in those letters, his love for the fishermen, his loneliness, the incredible hardships he endured, his disappointments and above all his incurable optimism and trust in his Beloved. Only one thing is missing. Nowhere does Francis let escape him a single detail of description of the

exotic lands which were home territory to him for ten years. Father Broderick suggests ruefully that the saint might well have meditated on the "Benedicite" and occasionally turned troubadour for his brothers in Rome, whom he loved so well that, together with his solemn vow, he carried their names, torn from a letter signed by each of them, around his neck.

As a missionary, Francis has been compared time and again with St. Paul. They resemble each other in their tireless zeal and the steady flow of correspondence which poured from both of them. Francis' "preaching, teaching and exhortation" to his simple converts and to the priests and catechists under his direction strengthens the resemblance. The fruit of their gardens was as firm and sweet as winter apples, but the cultivation was a stupendous task. Francis, eager to minister to the spiritual needs of the Portuguese in Goa, turned in disgust from their covetousness and licentiousness. Off he went to the pearl fisheries, to a strange people and an unknown language. From that time Francis was truly the apostle of his Asian "gentiles." He never neglected the Portuguese—indeed he converted many of them to a more Christian life—but his true love was the uncultivated pagan, the natives of Goa, Malacca and Japan. He had no use for the more learned members of the eastern religions and gave them short shrift. The biographer reflects wryly on the ignorance of customs, rites, and the possibilities of truth found amid error which proved such an insurmountable barrier between Francis and these potential converts.

A barrier which the saint did overcome by determined struggle was the problem of the languages it was necessary for him to learn. Father Broderick gently puts aside the popular legend of Francis' gift of tongues, and documents his linguistic battles with deep sympathy. Francis' difficulties with the baffling Japanese characters were particularly enormous and he never entirely conquered them, but once again his love for the people of the Japanese islands, who utterly captured his heart, came to the rescue of his missionary work, and pushed him toward his final dream and greatest failure, the conquest of China.

Though Francis experienced many setbacks, discouragements and failures in his evangelical work, though he was at times bitterly disappointed in men he had trusted, there is nothing in his history more pathetic than his inability to reach China. For weeks he waited on the island shore within sight of the fabled coast. He bribed merchants to smuggle him in—they took his pepper and departed. He never stopped hoping, but there he died, still waiting for the ship which had promised to return for him, his very soul fixed on that land which had promised such riches.

There is no need to recount his final triumph. The marvelous preservation of his body is a well-known historical fact, and its recent final enshrinement at Goa on the 400th anniversary of the saint's death is visible proof of the conquest of death by love. The author remarks on these facts in the final chapter of his book, a fitting epilogue to a great life. Father Broderick, in preparing this biography, has done a job that is absolutely first rate. The scholarship is sound and the book immensely readable, the style controlled, witty and personal without losing its objectivity. The hurried reader will have hard time, for even, the voluminous footnotes are too interesting to by-pass. And there is no doubt that it will in the future be an almost impossible task to surpass Father Broderick as the Xaverian biographer.

+ + FROM THE MAIL BAG + +

Canadian House

418 Lagauchetiere West
Montreal 2, Quebec •
University 6-7110

Dear Dorothy,

A few of us have joined in taking an apartment at this address in which we are trying in our own way to put your House of Hospitality ideals into practice. We also intend to put out an unambitious mimeographed publication which may help spread the Lay Apostolate in Canada. A principal function of the publication will be making better known the many endeavours towards Christian Living which are being carried on so successfully in so many places today.

At first we had thought of asking your permission to call ourselves Catholic Worker, but several differences of theory and practice made the use of the name inadvisable. Perhaps the best way to explain this is to tell you how we started.

There were five of us concerned in the actual opening of the house: Anthony Walsh, Patricia Connors, Steve Hagarty, Dr. Magnus Seng and myself. Our preliminary talks had been rather inconclusive attempts to define exactly what we wanted to do. Basically we were convinced that the Lay Apostolate was for everyone; that there was a great lack of awareness among Catholics of the obligation of Christian Living; that among those Catholics who had become aware of it, often through the Catholic Worker, Friendship House, the Grail or some other militant Catholic group, there was a tendency to say, "All right. I'm convinced. Now what do I do. What do I, here and now with my obligations and in my circumstances, do?"; that there seemed to be confusion between the special lay vocation of a Catholic Worker or a Friendship House staffer and the general vocation of all Catholics to Christian Living; that we did not want to "start something else," but rather to encourage people in Christian living according to their own milieu.

The five of us offered a fair cross-section of people in different circumstances which controlled the extent to which they could participate in lay apostolate activities. Tony Walsh is the only one of us who has given himself entirely to living with the poor and working for them. He was doing that alone in a room in one of the poorer sections of Montreal at the time of our discussions. Pat Connors was one of the pioneer staffers of Madonna House in Combermere until ill-health forced her to come home. She, incidentally, is the only one of us who subscribes wholly to the Catholic Worker program including doctrinaire Pacifism. Steve Hagarty is a young advertising man and short story writer. Not long out of college, Steve is asking himself if he got his Catholic education to write two lines under the picture of a bottle of whiskey. At the same time he does not know what his future is and is going along in the normal preparation for a career. Dr. Seng is one of Montreal's leading physicians, the father of a large family and with his wife an active leader for many years in the apostolate of the Christian Family. While we were still looking for an apartment, Dr. Seng opened a free medical clinic for the poor which has now been functioning for about three months. I edit a little magazine in a town about a hundred miles from here where I have a home shared by my mother. The printing of the magazine brings me here regularly and I can do much of my work in Montreal.

The backbone of our house, then, could only be Tony. I live there part time. The others participate in the activities and help with their support. We shall all collaborate in the publication.

The difficulty of getting a suitable place held us up until the necessity of Anthony and a good friend, Henry McKinley, finding a room made some action necessary. We heard that Betty McCabe who had for two years been doing the sort of thing we are talking about was about to give up one of the two apartments in which she had been carrying on her personal apostolate. Betty teaches at a college, lives in a poor district, shares her home with girls who have need of a temporary place of shelter, gathers the neighborhood children for creative activities and helps their families with clothing and other necessities. We took one of her apartments, moved in with two friends to begin with and have been carrying along for the past three months. The number in the house has varied from four to seven. We have been able in addition to offer passing help in the way of food, clothing, carfare, etc. to men trying to get on their feet, and we already know the reward, and some of the difficulties, of sharing what we have with others.

Donations from several friends have enabled us to meet expenses which have been more than we first thought.

With the new year, we shall begin having talks and discussions every Monday night, and occasional study days on Saturdays.

We hope that the house will increasingly become a meeting place for the exchange of ideas providing mutual refreshment of soul for those engaged in the lonely work of the Lay Apostolate and allowing Catholics and non-Catholics to meet in an atmosphere of brotherhood.

We are still determined that we shall not "start something else" but rather encourage others in their own activities. That has kept us so far from giving a name either to the house or to the publication. Pat and Steve thought of "Reality" or "In Reality." Dr. Seng and I inclined towards "The Open Door." But the one sounds too smugly transcendental and other is a bit banal. But that's a problem that will solve itself when the thing we stand for attaches itself to whatever name we hit upon.

Please pray for us and consider our house your own when you come to Montreal . . . an invitation which holds good for all the Catholic Worker family.

Yours sincerely,

Jim Shaw

APPEALS

Following are some Trappistine addresses in Japan, who are very much in need and to whom anything will be welcome:

The Mother Abbess
Trappistine Convent
Yunokawa, Hokkaido, Japan

For packages too large to go by
parcel post add Via Port of
Hakodate.

The Mother Abbess, Trappistines
Convent of Our Lady of
Loudres

Sieboen Trappistine Shuin
Nishinomiya-Jurenji Machi
Hyogoken, Japan

For packages too large to go by
parcel post add via Port of
Yokohama

Parcel post rates to Japan are 14 cents a pound; 22 lb. weight limit.

Japanese Children

R. D. 3

Perkasie, Pennsylvania

Dear Mrs. Lehmann:

Thank you so much for your kind letter. I am always glad to find families concerned with the children in Japan whose fathers are American and mothers are Japanese. I, too, have the same deep concern.

It is difficult to get real statistics, since during the occupation the policy was strictly to ignore these children. When leading Japanese were distressed at the sufferings of the children, the policy still was that they must be "pushed back" into the Japanese population and that they were not "our" business. The dreadful facts are that the Japanese people are not accepting them as a whole, although there, as elsewhere, are good individuals.

Mrs. Miki Sawada is one of these, a formerly wealthy woman of high position. She belonged to one of the old "zaibutsu" families and of course, lost everything when the Occupation came in. She was able to buy back one of her family's castles and here she is housing about a hundred and twenty of the children as best she can. She came to visit me last week to tell me just what the situation is, and it is very dark, particularly for the children of Negroes, who are about one third of the total. What depresses the Japanese most is that they see no end to the children's being born, since it has now been made clear that USA will occupy their country indefinitely in a military sense. We are building air bases there, etc. and this means more children. An astonishing number of our men, married as well as single, high officers as well as privates, set up establishments with Japanese girls. The Japanese accept their full share of responsibility and very soon will probably be setting up severe legislation against such liaisons. The result simply be to shift the level lower for women, since it is doubtful that conditions will actually change, so far as the men are concerned.

Estimates of the numbers of these children at present run from a minimum of 100,000, in round numbers, to 300,000. Let us choose the lower one. Even so the burden on a small country, already very low economically, is terrible. Prejudice against the children is rife, because they are, besides being mixed, also a constant reminder of what the Japanese considered their "national disgrace," that they were vanquished. There is little hope for these children unless USA stands behind the responsibility, to at least half the extent. At present nothing is assumed of such responsibility, and during the occupation even the word "responsibility" was not permitted.

Can they get over here? Some can, if we can get paternity acknowledged, the child can enter the USA without a special Act of Congress. But relatively few men will acknowledge paternity. At present there is no hope of getting this attitude on the part of USA changed. James Michener, who is exerting himself on behalf of these children, says that it is hopeless, and he is just back from Japan. We are going to try to get some of the children over who are free to enter. I am glad to know of your community and of possible families there who might take some of the children. What we need is public opinion on the subject, but this is hard to rouse because those of us who want to make it known are subtly prevented from doing so. For example, I have an article on the subject which is pending publication but which may never be published, because I suggest that we ought to take half the responsibility. This is not acceptable. I

wish the Quakers could take the lead.

When I have more information, I will write you again. There was a carefully written—i.e. guarded—article in Colliers recently. The facts as given there are true, but much was not told.

Yours cordially,
Pearl S. Buck (signed)

Albuquerque

Dear Tom:

Since we have not seen the paper for the last two months I do not know if John McKeon or Stanley has written anything for you about New Mexico and the needs of the people here. Even if they have the subject will certainly bear some repeating. (Frances is helping me type). We don't know anything about the Indians and little about the Mexicans but we have seen something of the Catholic Charities here in Albuquerque. Since he isn't working anyway Al offered to help deliver Christmas things for them. The first job was to pick up a bed (some bedding was included) on the fashionable East Heights and take it to a family in the valley where four little girls were sleeping on the floor of a two room shack. The place was filled with the fumes of an ancient soft coal heater and the kerosene stove which is used for cooking. There is no electricity. This sort of thing is not too bad in the country where the smoke drifts away in the clear air, but here are rows of such houses. This particular family was on the way from the East to California when their car broke down. The husband has a job and they will get going again.

But they are only one family. There is inadequate shelter for



single men here but the resources for helping resident or stranded families are pitiful. The Catholic Charities just has no money. The Director and the one worker endeavor to get food, clothing and whatever they can from wherever they can.

Miss Close has given her life to the service of unhappy children and has deliberately chosen to work here because the need is so great. Adults are finding it hard to maintain standards in this changing town where "Angloes" from every part of the United States have moved in upon the Mexicans with entirely new ways of living. The children of the old families and the children of the immigrants are both disturbed. For some of the old and some of the new families the change is cushioned by some measure of material success but it is difficult to deal with the emotional problems of a child who lives on an unlighted, unpaved street and who has not enough to eat or no decent clothes to wear.

At this season of Christmas those who do have something are contributing milk and food and toys and money but the Salvation Army and the Christmas Seal Drive and all the other agencies as well as the Catholic Charities agree that there just isn't enough to meet even the immediate needs. Some help must come from outside. If any of your readers are interested they can send money or clothing to the Catholic Charities at 814 Tijeras Drive, Albuquerque.

How did Alice Meynell edit a magazine with seven children under her feet? Why did no one ever say that Ammon Hennacy is charming?

Catherine Reser

Fathers Metzger And Hoffman

Dear Dorothy Day:

I wonder whether you have seen a little book, "Max Josef Metzger" by Lillian Stevenson and printed in London this year by S.P.C.K.? I became an admirer of Dr. Metzger when I first met him in Europe in 1921 and although it is now a good many years since I have seen him, he remains in my mind as an authentic Saint, a person through whom the Word of God had free course and who was full of the faith which Christians ought to have generally, but don't. This book is now being sold by MacMillan in N.Y. and it occurs to me that if you have not already reviewed it in your paper you might wish to give it a favorable review, so that more people over here would know about it and the impact of Dr. Metzger's spirit would spread. If you would like to have a review copy, I will see that you get one.

While I am writing, you may be interested to know that last summer I had some good talks with Prof. Hermann Hoffmann who is now in Leipzig. He is 74 years old and still full of humor and vitality. You may remember that I wrote you about him several years ago when he was still in Breslau where he had been for many years attached to a Sisters' Convent, and also a professor in the University as long as Hitler allowed it. He is now living in an old peoples' home: Peterssteinweg, 17 10 b, Leipzig, C. 1.

I am sure that the old men there would appreciate a few Christmas gift parcels from America. Although people in East Germany are better nourished than they were right after the War, the food is very monotonous and conditions not nearly so good as in West Germany.

Professor Hoffmann would be extremely grateful for some Catholic magazines, pamphlets, books, etc., which would get through the Iron Curtain. I spoke especially of the "Catholic Worker" which he said could be sent to his Leipzig address. He said to send books and parcels to:

Caritas, Berlin-Charlottenbourg
Bayernallee

(mark on outside of package:

FOR PROF. HERMAN HOFFMANN)

Professor Hermann Hoffmann last year celebrated the 50th anniversary of his service as a Priest. All through the war he stuck by his post in Breslau refusing to bow the knee to Hitler, and giving heroic service to all sorts of people in extreme need.

I hope that things are going well with you, and regret that we hardly ever see each other any more. Please remember me to your sister Della.

Yours cordially,

John Nevin Sayre

Taken from jacket cover of the book: MAX JOSEF METZGER by Lillian Stevenson.

"Max Josef Metzger, Roman Catholic priest in Germany, founder of the Community of Christ the King and of the Una Sancta Movement, was beheaded as a traitor by the Nazis in 1944. In this book a biographical sketch precedes a short account of the two movements of which he was founder. Then follows a selection of his letters and poems from prison. These breathe that atmosphere of living hope in the condemned cell that is so strange, yet so familiar in Christians, and informs many of the New Testament Epistles. Here in vivid contrast are seen the simplicity and the depth of a martyr."

"One does not enter Paradise tomorrow, or the next day, or in ten years time, but today, if one is poor and crucified." —Leon Bloy.

Journey Through the West

(Continued from page 3)

months. Mammon is not satisfied with sending the murderous product of Los Alamos abroad but in order to make the slaves employed in this devil's work contented the manure from countless small farms has been bought up to make the grass grow an unnatural green on this murderous mesa.

Carmen

I had come to Santa Fe to visit my older daughter, Carmen. She teaches music here at the home of that cult to which she and her sister belong. She, along with Peter and Florence, met me at the bus and I had supper with her and the family of the cult where she rooms. She is of a more demure type than her individualistic sister, but despite the years of separation she was kind and sweet to me, and she lives the same dedicated life as does Sharon and is gracious and beautiful. She had been named Carmen at Waukesha twenty five years ago and was now in the town where she had graduated from high school in 1945 with many Spanish girls of that name. A boy in this home had refused to do any work for his employer on a job at Los Alamos so had lost his job. Carmen looked through by missal and knew the Kyrie, Gloria, etc. from her musical studies.

Coming home from our trip to the north that night I spoke to the Quakers, FOR members, and Catholics in the home of the grey uniformed nuns next door to the house where Carmen rooms. This Order has hospitals in India and here in Santa Fe and Augusta, Ga. They perform maternity services on call, as these two areas have the greatest infant mortality in the country. Dorothy had spoken here six years ago and I was welcomed by the intelligent nuns who did not let their interest in their immediate problem keep them from seeking to understand the wider Christian anarchist view of the CW which I presented.

Campus Bookstore

Instead of the meeting at Macalester College in St. Paul I spoke at McCosh's Book Store near the U. of Minnesota campus in Minneapolis. Two of the Marquardt boys greeted me happily and the elder one stayed until 1:30 a.m. when the discussion was finally terminated. Here in this radical and rather non-religious book store I was pleased to find CW's on display with a tin can to put the pennies in as they were purchased. Every variety of radical was present and there must have been some one with a knowledge of Catholic history, for the daily paper had a picture of Pope Pius XII and a quotation about peace, and a picture of myself (to the left) with my love, wisdom and courage statement, followed by my name as Roman Catholic "anarchist."

Madison

Here I had the best meeting of my trip at St. John's church. Father Kuchera had prepared the way at mass that morning by announcing the meeting and saying that Catholics were directed from the Pope on faith and morals, and charity above all, but otherwise they could be as radical or conservative as they chose. Fourteen years before I had spent the night with Father Kuchera and we had discussed Tolstoy until early morning. I had been advertised then to debate with the head of the ROTC at the Student Union but at the last minute the military authorities had forbidden an officer to debate with a pacifist so I had the meeting to myself. I had many questions from the floor this night and many of us adjourned to Father Kuchera's study until midnight. My old time Quaker friend Francis Hole was out of town so I

enjoyed the hospitality of John McGrath, circulation manager of the PROGRESSIVE, and a long time admirer of the CW. The following night some Quakers and pacifists and Father Kuchera met with me at John's. I also spoke to a group of students at the University Baptist center where my old friend Shorty Collins held forth. I had him speak in Waukesha in 1929 on Stop the Next War Now. I was glad to meet Ivan Bean, who with Bill Ryan and myself were the three non-registrants in Wisconsin in 1942.

Mineral Point

My old time friend Francis Gorgen now lived in his home town of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and he came to get me to spend Thanksgiving with him and his wife Gladys and the children. He had known Peter in the old days and had been to Easton retreats. This is an old mining region occupied by many Welsh. Wages had been lowered in the mines and the resulting strike was lost a few months ago. We had planned to visit Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin North a few miles distant but the group had moved to Taliesin West near Phoenix the week before. Here was the first deep snow and cold of the season and I left with a hunter's cap and overshoes and mittens donated by my good friends. As usual the children enjoyed the Indian records.

Walter Gormly

Real tax refusers are difficult to find so I couldn't miss Walter Gormly whose car had been taken by the tax man a year ago. He met me at Cedar Rapids in a car not

children. Two of them resembled Larry. Marty Paul had met me at the train. We went over rough roads until we reached the farm. Here I felt at home among the oil lamps and wood stoves and cold bed room upstairs. Marty had worked hard with very little result until now he begins to see some result. Their four children danced around, bashful and happy. Jack and Frances Woltson came over the next morning and after a pleasant visit by Ruth Ann's fireplace they drove me to the bus. We all talked theories but we also knew something of hard work—and the loneliness that goes with detachment on the land.

Denver

It was nearly a twenty-four hour ride on the bus to Denver. I sat next to a boy who was going to work at the atom bomb plant in Washington. He had graduated from high school and looked hopelessly upon a possible army life. He offered no patriotic comments as I gave my conscientious objector history, read a CW that I gave him, but was bound to follow the line of least resistance. This vegetarian has a terrible time getting anything to eat while traveling, but my good friends make up for it when I arrive. I was glad to stay at a home where the lady put CW's in the book rack in her church: Mrs. Kennebeck is a CW fan, the mother-in-law of my old friend Elliot Wager who says that my debunking of everything in the world except the CW at an anti-war meeting of Wheeler in Milwaukee in 1941 gave him the push which ended up in his joining the Church. I had not met him since then. Two Jesuit priests and other young Catholics came one evening to the most enthusiastic of small meetings of my trip. I had spent four days



E. ZUTRAU

registered in his name and we had a pleasant evening along with a professor at nearby Cornell College who was interested in my anarchist ideas especially. I promised to speak to his class next year. Walter is a technician and expert on efficiency for small business men. He did time in Sandstone after quitting a good job because of the war work in the plant where he was then employed.

St. Louis

Dave Dunn and Mignon McMenamy met me at the bus and I spent several days in and around their Pio Decimo Press. I especially enjoyed the dialog mass at Msgr. Helriegel's Holy Cross Church and his robust faith and energy. We drove out to see Cy Echele and family and met with Quakers and young Catholics interested in the more radical CW program. Father Joseph Becker at St. Louis University introduced me to his class which was studying unemployment. I stressed the fact that there was no unemployment on the land. He read some of Peter's Essays and we all discussed the anarchistic implications of the Green Revolution. Before I had joined the church I had often used the word "Jesuit" in the Protestant connotation which meant double-talk, but now Father Becker and my memories of Father George Dunne in Phoenix gave the word "Jesuit" a most pleasant meaning.

Holy Family Farm

Larry Heaney had been my especial good friend in the Milwaukee CW so I was pleased to meet Ruth Ann Heaney and her

in jail in Denver in 1942 for selling the CW on the streets but despite the super patriotic atmosphere of secular and ecclesiastical Denver I feel that there is a real basis for a CW house here. Helen Ford and Mildred Mowe of the FOR left welcomed me: I had never met Paul Kermit who had done time as a CO and was happy to meet him here at their evening meeting.

Albuquerque

Here my friend Msgr. Garcia welcomed me although he disagrees entirely with my ideas and with the CW radicalism. He had befriended Claude McKay in 1946 when he came here on a stretcher, nearly dead with heart trouble, and we met several times a week then. An evening with Al Reiser and Bob and Betty Reagan was the extent of the CW interest in this community. My good friend Rev. Soker of St. Paul's Lutheran Church was called out of town the night before I arrived. I was pleased to see a sign "open for prayer" on his church door. I visited employers with whom I had worked during my five years here, and walking six miles out in the country after mass early one morning I did not at first recognize Lipa and Ernesto about whom I had written in the CW in 1945. Pickets walked in front of the chain stores as they did in Denver. I had only a few CW's left but encouraged the pickets and gave them CW's. I spoke to Brother Mathias at his clean and orderly House of Hospitality where the atmosphere is more that of social work and not

Chrystie Street

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the debt of gratitude owed to the men who sacrificed their time and labor so generously and with such self effacement. These little known people are the backbone of the Catholic Worker houses throughout the country. They are the ones who ask for nothing for themselves and serve others at a personal sacrifice.

Gift

After dinner we set up in our recreation room and library. Two or three groups were engaged in conversations but most of us slumped there sorting out our thoughts. From the radio came the nasal voice of a four year old child singing, "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." The child was abetted by what was supposed to have been an angelic choir. A few people in the house received presents from outside friends. But most of the family in the house received no presents or Christmas cards. The Christ-Child was literally the only gift for them as in truth it was for the rest of us. However it does seem as though a lifetime is not a sufficient period to evaluate this particular gift.

Tears

The week before Christmas an aged Italian moved into our midst. He spoke to me a couple of times and he always verged on topics which brought tears to his eyes. This I found unnerving. One afternoon he told me that he was putting my name on his insurance policy; he doesn't think he is long for this world. I hurriedly urged him to put the policy in the name of some member of his family. "You must have some relative," I insisted. He replied that he had none since his wife died years ago

radical like the CW. Father Schall was not home when I went to Isleta Pueblo. I visited old friends among the Indians there. They liked my report of the Hopi. I spoke with a leader of the Jemez Indians who came to see Msgr. Garcia. He was Catholic and appreciated the CW which I gave him.

The Hopi

In Flagstaff my good friend Platt Cline met me at the bus. He had just returned from Hotevilla where he had learned of the death of Fred, one of the Hopi conscientious objectors who spent four years in prison. Fred had been injured when a bus overturned. Platt has a tape recorder and I was pleased to listen to the words of Andrew as interpreted by Thomas Bancycya telling of the Hopi traditions. Platt caught me unaware and recorded my picketing experiences as I was talking. He was interested as to my reasons for becoming a Catholic and just why I joined the Church, so this was also recorded. The papers recently carried a story about the Civil Air Patrol seeking to build up an excuse for their existence by planning to drop Christmas presents to the Navajo and Hopi Indians. The Hopi announced that they did not want presents through this anti-social channel. The Hopi work hard and they are poor but they want little to do with the white man and his Coca-Cola culture. A recent meeting of the Governors of twelve western states in Phoenix called for the abolition of the Indian Bureau and the parcelling out of the Indians to their respective states. Bad and inefficient as the Indian Bureau is, to put the Indians at the mercy of the local politicians would be the last terrible action of the white conqueror in the demoralization of the Indians. The white man will not give back the good land stolen rather than harassed by the phony from the Indians but at least they could allow them to die in peace standards of the conqueror. A visit to the American Friends Service Committee local office with their hazy goodwill activities: the other extreme from the airplane Santa Claus-completed my visit in Flagstaff and I am now on my way to Phoenix after four months and four days abroad.

and his only son was killed in the war. "If I don't put your name down on the policy the insurance company will pocket the money." As he said this the tears began to roll down his cheeks. Desperately, I said to him, "OK you can put my name down but please let us forget all about this subject."

Santa On Crutches

As the shopping days til Christmas dwindled we were asked for a volunteer Santa Claus for the Casita Jose center. Eileen Fantino and Mary Anne McCoy said that they would like a man to dress and act the part of Santa for their Christmas party for the Puerto Rican children. One of our guests in the house volunteered for the job. This was Andre Torres, native of Puerto Rico, who came to us from Bellevue Hospital some months ago. Someone in the house helped Andre to put on the Santa Claus suit and Charlie McCormick drove him up to the center in the station wagon. Due to an injured leg which is still being treated at the hospital clinic, Andre moves about with the aid of a pair of crutches. As Andre swung down the stairs on his crutches in his bright red suit one of our group watched sadly from the office windows. This onlooker remarked very plaintively, "In all my fifty-two years I have never seen a Santa Claus with crutches. All those kids up there will be disappointed." We learned later that this prediction proved false and Andre and the Christmas party was a huge success.

Father Virgil Michaels

Holidays or no, our Friday night talks continue. Last Friday we were inspired by a talk given by Father Paul Marx, a Benedictine of Collegeville, Minn. Father spoke to us about Father Virgil Michaels. Father Virgil had been one of the earliest supporters of the Catholic Worker back in the thirties. Father Virgil Michaels, the founder of Orates Frates now Worship, died in 1938. His death proved to be a severe loss to the field of vital Catholic Social Thought.

Recommended Reading

At the present moment I am three-quarters way through a book entitled "The Tremendous Lover" by a Trappist priest in Ireland, Father Eugene Boylan. I can't remember being more impressed by any other book on spiritual life. This author reveals incredible knowledge of the layman's mind. Father Boylan offers extraordinary hope to all who think they have practically wrecked their chances for salvation, and there is also plenty of basic material for those who consider themselves well on the road to spiritual perfection. This book is solid without buttering up the spiritual life to make it appear easy and yet he doesn't put over the impression that it is impossible. "The Tremendous Lover" was written in 1946 and published by The Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland, in 1947 at \$3.00 per copy.

Shorty

Shorty Smith, our mainstay in the kitchen through the past fifteen years, is back in Bellevue Hospital for a second operation on a leg tumor. The operation has been completed and we are hoping Shorty will be back within a few days. The house and the kitchen are empty without Shorty.

Marriage

Our friends and former co-workers, Tom Campbell of Philadelphia and Jeannie Pleron of Forest Hills, Long Island, were married during the latter part of November at Farhaven, Vermont. Tom and Jeannie are attempting a life on the land at the present and we do wish them all the success possible.

Tom Sugrue

Thomas Sugrue, our very good friend, is dangerously ill in a local hospital. Tom's illness is causing him a great deal of intense suffering and we beg the prayers of all our readers for this exceptionally fine person.

The Race of Heroes and Saints

(Continued from page 1)

I've been up and down the valley many times before, and made a study of the migrant problem on one trip in '38 when I drove down the valley visiting all the Federal migrant camps which had been established by Roosevelt for the protection of these most neglected workers.

Those camps are owned by corporations now. And the situation of the migrant is worse than ever before. For those who work, especially the "nationals," the braceros, Mexicans who are brought in under contract, wages and hours and conditions have bettered. The pay is good and the worker can save. Hundreds of them live in camps away out in the fields miles from the towns, and the meals served at the camp are uniformly good. The workers save, and when they go back to Mexico they want to return. If they come back, or if they stay illegally, they are the "wetbacks," and they are helpless and have to take any wage they can get. Much has been written about this problem, in the press, in Cary McWilliams' *Factories in the Fields*, in Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* and *Of Mice and Men* (to speak of popular books) and there have been many government reports, the latest just issued and available from the government printing bureau. We have known of it in the past as the problem of the fruit tramps, of the dust bowls, of the "Arkies" and the Okies," people who in their hunger for a better life, and also because they have been pushed off the land, have come from Arkansas and Oklahoma to California over the last two decades.

What I saw when I visited Stockton in December was the problem of the land. How much land does a man need? Surely not the tens of thousands of acres owned by the California Packing Company, the Southern Pacific, the Pacific Gas and Electric, the Bank of America, in addition to some individuals whose families administer their holdings like medieval barons, ruling over vast territories and treating their laborers like serfs. These corporations and individuals make up the Associated Farmers.

It was spring in the valley as I left Berkeley on my way to Stockton, and there was green on the hills all around. It was the time of lambing and of pruning and heaps of branches were burning in the orchards. Flowers were in bloom everywhere, Christmas season though it was; one walked through gardens of violets, roses, cala lilies, stock, babies' breath, geraniums, heliotrope and every variety of flower, but nothing was fragrant because the air was chill and the sun not strong enough to bring out the smell of the gardens. The sun comes out in the morning, and then the fog rolls in from the bay and shrouds the hills, and the valleys are grey and the sky hangs low. Some days it is bitter cold and the frail frame houses are heated with gas, a damp heat familiar to tenement house dwellers in the east.

It was on just such a cold misty day that I set out with Fr. Thomas McCullough to visit the "islands," enormous tracts of land extending as far as the eye could reach. The land lay below the sloughs, and the roads were rough and built up high along the side of the river and the sloughs.

The San Joaquin river drops very very gradually from Mendota to Antioch. Therefore the bay tides affect it very much. Seven to ten feet tide drops are not rare in the upper reaches of the river. Ocean going vessels can go up to Stockton. And the entire area is a garden of pleasure for fishermen. One thinks of Venice, or rather of Zochimilco in Mexico. The sloughs are called by picturesque names,—

Potato Slough, Whiskey Slough, Disappointment Slough, Sand Mound Slough. Some of the islands are called tracts and there is a McDonald tract which started my mind singing "old McDonald had a farm," but these black acres stretched out into the thousands. There is a Coney Island and a Staten Island which made me homesick and there are Venice and Bouldon and King and Andrus Islands. Our course brought us through Roberts Island to Holt, past Bacon Island, along the McDonald Tract, up along Connection Slough to Hayes Point on Mandeville Island, where we came upon a hive of industry in the way of a packing plant and a camp. It was dusk when we reached there, because we were many miles out of Stockton, after a long drive over rough road. It was five o'clock and we stopped in a sea of mud to see some of the workers coming out of a huge plant where men and women were grading potatoes for seed. It was still not too dark to see a bit of the camp where there were a few apartments in houses for families and a long river boat tied up in the slough for dormitories for the



seventy-five or so Mexicans under contract. There were both Japanese and Mexicans in this work group.

We stopped to talk to some of the young women and an older woman who was their mother. The father had worked nine years before he could bring them up from Mexico. One girl had just died.

Everywhere the priest was greeted with love. When was he coming out again for Mass and the rosary? Did he realize that he had not been there for three months? Mass often had to be in midweek and then at four in the morning.

But Father has eighty camps that he must visit and it takes a long time to get around to them all.

We were invited to dinner in the shed where long tables already held about eighty men. They had hurriedly washed in the common laundry off to one side, and now they sat down to what was a typically American meal. Big jars of jelly and peanut butter in the middle of each table, and mounds of white bread still wrapped in waxed paper. And for the meal, stew. There was a big bowl of sugar on a side table, and pots of tea. There were some Japanese among the workers, but mostly Mexican. Father told me the workers had also been imported from the Fiji Islands, from Guam, and there were many Mohammedans from India. In spite of the tremendous labor pool, new workers were always be-

ing imported, and the slums of valley cities grow.

I was glad to sit down and eat with these men in this great barracks twenty-five miles out in this swamp of black land, reclaimed by the labor of thousands, made to bloom by building ditches and dikes for hundreds of miles. Shacks had been built for these crews, and then used for other imported, contracted crews of single men. They have come in their strength, already close to the earth in their habits, and loving the earth which they tend. But they know that it is a cruel earth. "It is an earth that bites," they say. It is like peat, full of organic matter, going down twenty feet. It burns, and when a fire starts in it, they have to dig down twenty feet and flood it and dig around it, and sometimes it takes a week to put out the fire. This soil grows everything, the largest crops of asparagus, of celery, of lettuce in the world. Fortunes are made from the obedient earth, and any change in the system is bitterly fought. Whenever there has been a strike there has been a reign of terror from these feudal barons and their hired men who manage these estates. Because of course the owners do not live on them.

The men that I saw were still men and strong. They live close to the seasons and react to them. When it is dull and foggy and cold, they eat, work and sleep and are dull and half alive. When the sun comes out and warms the earth they light up and smile and their movements are quickened and they live. (There is this reaction when they see Fr. McCullough). When they come up to the States they are men who live simply and need little in the way of stimulus. And as they go on living in the United States they begin to take to American clothes, garish outfits, the gaudy and superficial pleasures the skid rows of the towns have to offer them, dance halls, drink, cheap amusements, gambling, movies, houses of prostitution. Because the real joys of life have been denied them. They have been separated from their homes and families for long periods; they have been deprived of land. All that is real and beautiful in life, all that makes them responsible and free, is denied them.

"Their conditions are not bad," one hears everywhere. Yes, they have food, clothing and shelter. Sufficient wage to save, but on the other hand the same system that hires them, also robs them. They are robbed by every merchant (our Christmas season is a sample of the enticement and lure of the meretricious) and they are conditioned to reject the life they have left, the life of the village, the austere life of a country without dime stores and skid rows, and also without the abundant opportunity for their children in our schools. So they get back up as quickly as they can and settle in the cities. The miles and upon miles of tiny houses in the slums around Stockton (and other California cities) show this change. Sometimes their condition is bettered. Fr. McCullough told me of one family who came up from Texas who had saved six hundred dollars. They put it into two acres. Then they borrowed money and paying for material by stages they put up a house of concrete blocks, five bedrooms, living room, kitchen. There are no partitions in it yet, just studding, no ceiling, no windows, except one in the kitchen, and one door. The others are boarded up until they can afford the materials. It will take another five hundred dollars to finish it and they have already spent \$1,200, which was loaned by the bank as the work was being done. They borrowed money for seed to plant two acres or thereabouts, of onions. Then tragedy struck the family and the man lost a hand in a machine. He got \$98 a month disability and fifty went to repay the loan and forty-eight to live on for himself, wife and six children. He

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The Way of St. Francis of Assisi

(Continued from page 2)

better way. He did not stop to argue theories about just and unjust wars, he simply stated that, should anyone (cleric or lay) wish to follow the path he laid down they simply did not bear arms, there was no argument about it, one accepted the position or one did not.

Strength

Wherein lied the strength of St. Francis? He traveled first the road of purgation. In Felix Timmerman's book "The Perfect Joy of St. Francis" we read of the days of sadness which burdened the soul of Francis as he wandered from place to place thinking of the flesh and feeling the pull of the flesh so that peace was stranger to his mind and we, who have not outlived this stage, feel kinship with him in his loneliness. But he emerged from the compulsive tyranny of the flesh as do those emerge who experience sex as liberation and joy. But for Francis, since he had chosen another path and was vowed to celibacy, his liberation came in a higher adjustment, in an awakening of consciousness, in the development of

All Redeemed

St. Francis felt the redemption not only in himself, not only in all mankind, but in the earth itself and the birds and the beasts and the fishes of the waters. For St. Francis emerged from his purgation, not as a cold and austere ascetic, but loving and warm and tender. "Little brother rabbit," he cried, "come here to me. Why did you let yourself be trapped that way?" "Sister lark has a cowl like religious have, and a humble bird she is. She is happy going along the road to find a few cornels for herself. Even if she must find them among dung she picks them out and eats them." "Notice that sheep there walking along so meek among those goats and their does: I tell you it was like that that our Lord Jesus Christ went about meek and lowly among the Pharisees and chief priests. I beg you therefore, son, to have pity on this poor little sheep with me for love of Him." "Be praised, my Lord, through Sister Water, for greatly useful, lowly, precious, chaste, is she." For Francis all things partook in some sense of divinity. And so we bear an affinity to all things, in and through all things the light of God shines, the divine syllable echoes, the earth closes in and we become all, so that to harm another is to harm oneself, to kill another is to commit suicide. This is no meaningless pantheism, this is the recognition of divine origin that vibrates through all creation redeemed in Christ.

If the revolutions of the Right and of the Left are shallow, if they are too narrow to satisfy, if they exercise each their own tyranny over man, if political means have demonstrated their uselessness, is it not perhaps that we have left unexplored whole areas of thought and being? If we have debased God to the point where what we call God is a chimera unworthy of the worship of free men, and if, because we know not what to worship, we worship the State or the race or our own compulsions and if, in all these things we have found no happiness, and if we then realize that Francis was divinely happy, may we not turn aside some day to learn of him and in doing so learn so much of ourselves that we could never turn back to the old ways or foster the old illusions or trust the old hopes but, in the eternal Francis, find the love and tenderness of God.

(1) *Social Ideals of St. Francis* by Rev. James Meyers O.S.F.

(2) *The Words of St. Francis* by the same author—these and other books on St. Francis and Franciscanism may be obtained thru the Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 W. 51st St., Chicago 9, Illinois.



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the super-conscious. "In the man whose thoughts dwell on the ranges of sense" we are taught in the Bhagavadgita "arises attachment to them; from attachment is born love; from love springs wrath." And as St. Francis surmounted this he realized that other saying of the Bhagavadgita "He whose mind is undismayed in pain, who is freed from longings for pleasure, from whom passion, fear, and wrath have fled, is called a man of abiding prudence, a saintly man." "My God and my all"—again and ever did Francis utter this phrase for it was by participation in divinity that he became a free man, as light entered his whole being, as super-

DAVID HENNESSY

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Holy Father's Christmas Message

(Continued from page 1)

toward bettering and strengthening true human values; but in no case—oh, how we wish that all, both on this continent and beyond the sea, would realize it—will it avail to fashion a world without misery.

Modern industry has unquestionably had beneficial results, but the problem which arises today is this: Will a world in which the only economic form to find acceptance is a vast productive system be equally fitted to exert a happy influence upon society in general and upon the three fundamental institutions of society in particular? We must answer that the impersonal character of such a world is contrary to the fundamentally personal nature of those institutions which the Creator has given to human society.

In fact, marriage and the family, the state and private property tend of their very nature to form man as a person. The creative wisdom of God is therefore alien to that system of impersonal unity which strikes at the human person, who is the origin and the end of society and in the depths of his being the image of his God.

This sad reality is already with us: Wherever the demon of organization invades and tyrannizes the human spirit, there are at once revealed the signs of a false and abnormal orientation of society. In some countries the modern state is becoming a gigantic administrative machine. It extends its influence over almost every phase of life; it would bring under its administration the entire gamut of political, economic, social, and intellectual life from birth to death.

No wonder then if in this impersonal atmosphere, which tends to penetrate and pervade all human life, respect for the common good becomes dormant in the conscience of individuals and the state loses more and more its primary character of a community of morally responsible citizens.

Here may be recognized the origin and source of that phenomenon which is submerging modern man under its tide of anguish: His "depersonalization." In large measure his identity and name have been taken from him.

One must no longer consider the standard of living and the employment of labor as purely quantitative factors, but rather as human values in the full sense of the world.

Whoever therefore would furnish assistance to the needs of individuals and people cannot rely upon the security of an impersonal system of men and matter, no matter how vigorously developed in its technical aspects.

Every plan or program must be inspired by the principle that man, as subject, guardian and promoter of human values, is more important than mere things.

It is upon the basis of this solidarity and not upon worthless and unstable systems that we call upon men to build the social fabric. Solidarity demands that outrageous and provoking inequalities in living standards among different groups in a nation be eliminated. To achieve this urgent end the

efficacious voice of conscience is preferable to external compulsion. Conscience will know how to set limits to expenditures for luxuries, and likewise persuade those of more modest means to provide before all else for what is necessary and useful and then to save whatever is left over.

The solidarity of men with each other demands, not only in the name of brotherly love but even of mutual advantage, that everything possible be done to maintain and increase employment. Therefore let those who are able to invest capital consider in the light of the common good, and with due regard to their economic condition, to the risks involved and the opportunity offered, whether they can reconcile with their conscience their neglect and failure to make investment because of unreasonable caution.

Also to nations as such we extend our invitation to render operative this sense and obligation of solidarity: That every nation develop its own potentialities in regard to living standards and employment, and contribute to a corresponding progress of nations less favored.

Such a result however will not be effected by a mechanical ordering of society. Human society is not a machine, and it must not be made such, not even in the economic field. Rather one must always work with the native endowment of the human person and the individuating characteristics of nations as the natural and basic point of departure in striving to attain the end of the economic order, which is to insure a stable sufficiency of goods and material services, directed in their turn at improving moral, cultural, and religious conditions.

Indeed, modern society, which wishes to plan and organize all things, comes into conflict, since it is conceived as a machine, with that which is living, and which therefore cannot be subjected to quantitative calculations. More precisely, it comes into conflict with those rights which man by nature exercises on his own and sole personal responsibility, that is, as the author of new life, of which he is ever the principal custodian.

Consciences are today afflicted by other burdens. For example, against the will and convictions of parents, teachers are prescribed for children. Again access to employment or places of labor is made to depend on registration in certain parties or in organizations which deal with the distribution of employment. Such discrimination is indicative of an inexact concept of the proper function of labor unions and their proper purpose, which is the protection of the interests of the salaried worker within modern society, which is becoming more and more anonymous and collectivist. In fact is not the essential purpose of unions the practical affirmation that man is the subject and not the object of social relations? Is it not to protect the individual against collective irresponsibility of anonymous proprietors? Is it not to represent the person of the worker against those who are inclined to consider

him merely a productive agent with a certain price value?

How, therefore, can it be considered normal that the protection of the personal rights of the workers be more and more in the hands of an anonymous group working through the agency of immense organizations which are of their very nature monopolies? Whoever would find our solicitude for true liberty to be without foundation when we speak as we do to that part of the world which is generally known as the "free world" should consider that even there, first the real war and then the "cold war," forcibly drove social relations toward an inevitable curtailment of liberty itself, while this tendency has reached the ultimate consequences of its development.

In vast regions where souls and bodies are made to bend beneath the weight of absolute power, the church is the first to suffer most keenly. Her children are the victims of a continual persecution, whether it be direct or indirect. By a conspiracy of silence and the distortion of facts, the bitter struggle which Bishops, priests and laity must endure for the defense of the Catholic faith is withheld from public knowledge.

The great temptation in an age that calls itself social—when besides the church, the state, the municipality and other public bodies devote themselves so much to social problems—is that when the poor man knocks on the door, people, even believers, will just send him away to the agency or social center, to the organization, thinking that their personal obligation has been sufficiently fulfilled by their contributions in taxes or voluntary gifts to those institutions.

With the wish that genuine Christian love, nourished by a deep and living Catholic faith, may mitigate material and spiritual sufferings and conquer enmities of heart, we impart with affection to you all, beloved sons and daughters, who are listening to us, and to those who are near to you in the faith in one true and personal God, and to whoever and whatever is dear to you, our apostolic benediction.

Editor's Note

(The above is only a part of the Holy Father's 8,000 word Christmas message delivered from the Vatican on Christmas Eve. However we are happy to reprint for our readers as much of the message which has been published in this country to date—Dec. 26, 1952).

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 3)

Mollie was in bed for over a week, with an attack of high-blood pressure. We surely missed her around the kitchen and dining room, as Mollie is an indefatigable worker. Then Dorothy McMahon came down with laryngitis and the flu.

Not many guests during the winter months, but a few drop in so that we don't feel as though we are completely isolated from the world. Fr. Fiorentino's brother came bringing some copies of "Applied Christianity" that Father sent. Bill Cobb, from Marycrest, drops in frequently and we have some big discussions on the spiritual life, compost farming, and the merits pro and con of power machinery. Mary Sullivan has been here for several days, and Charlie McCormick came and spent one night. John Stanley's parents came to visit him for a few hours. Fr. Sheehan brought his sister Mary from Brooklyn over one Sunday afternoon. Muriel and Audrey from Friendship House popped in for about an hour one afternoon.

Maryfarm has been receiving Christmas cards from many friends—we express our gratitude to you. We also want to express a prayerful hope that the Christ-Child may enrich your souls with new graces on the anniversary of His birth, through Mary His Mother.

The Race of Heroes and Saints

(Continued from page 7)

will get some permanent disability money, from which this allowance will be deducted, so he is not yet defeated. If that accident had occurred on the land and not in the factory he would not have been so well off. There is no unemployment insurance, no benefits for the man on the land.

Heroes in suffering and hard work are these men and heroes in their own way are Fr. McCullough and other young priests like him who are living close to their people. Fr. McCullough lives with eight nationals in a little farm house outside of Stockton. He tried to get a shelter going for the unemployed, but the rent was \$250 a month, and being a priest and not a layman, the State sort of moved in on him with regulations. Fr. Duggan has a small parish in Decoto and he takes many a destitute one into his parish house. Other young priests try to keep up with the camps of contract workers, with the migrants, with the unemployed in the towns.

Sister Xavier of Maryknoll, who heads the Catholic Charities in Stockton, and Frances Wilson and Margaret Noonan are social workers such as our system has not seen before. The two girls, inspired by Sister Xavier, have moved into



the slums, and living in a little four room house (one bedroom has two double deckers and the other, one.) have taken in people who have been in grave need for short and long periods. Their house stands on a low lot with a drainage ditch around it, and on the same lot a tiny community has come about. There are three Mexican families, and a trailer in which a single Mexican cotton picker lives, and a common laundry house with washing machine and tubs showers and toilets, and an extra guest house meant for some Mexican Missionary sisters who have not yet arrived. Fr. McCullough and seminarians built the cement block house, making three thousand blocks at four cents a piece which commonly cost eight and a half. Every time they had an extra five dollars they bought a load of cement and sand.

The Alonzo's who live in one house have four girls alive out of nine children and he is away picking cotton in Fresno. The Torres were living in a basement room with a dirt floor with open fire with a sheet of tin over it to cook on. There were seven children.

He works in a packing house in Tracy.

This tract with its four houses was bought for \$2,000. The girls' house had to be added to and finished and it is still a frail bit of a building which they have painted and attractively furnished. There is a cess pool in the center of the yard which serves the five houses and they have electricity, city water and are heated by gas heaters. The trailer brings in five dollars a month and the other houses ten monthly. There was an attempt to build up private ownership and community by asking payments of fifteen a month, but the girls are lucky if they can get ten dollars a month rent now, to keep up the payments, the taxes and the repairs. The families were just too far sunk to make good community material and the little group of houses remains as they are in this time of the year in a sea of mud, no shrubs, trees or grass. One family has planted geraniums along one side of the house and a chicken coop on the other. Other families in the neighborhood, according to their strength and substance, paint, plant and make a home.

The problem of the worker under this capitalist industrial system is the problem of the land. The family needs property. Property is proper to man. Property means freedom and responsibility.

The evil is so deep seated and power is so entrenched that the State of California is powerless. Which means that men are looking to the Federal government to work out the problem through such existing legislation as the Federal Reclamation Act which has been on the books since the last century and which tries to restrict holdings to 160 acres. The corporations, the Associated Farmers, want the benefits of the government projects such as the Central Valley program and the Shasta Dam, but they don't want supervision or the terms of the reclamation act enforced. There is a war on between the Federal Government and the corporations and big farmers. The poor look hopefully toward Holy Mother the State, who protected them in the past by Federal Migrant camps and to whom they look for relief in the future. They have known slavery under the contract system and their freedom when they finished their contract and aspired to citizenship did not mean freedom from destitution.

We have yet to hear from press or pulpit any condemnation of this system of brutal inequality. There are no prophets crying out from the housetops to make straight the way of the Lord for the poor. But God, who created this earth to serve men, not to enslave them, is not mocked. Woe to the rich. It is in the name of the people, in the name of the poor, that revolution is rising all over the world, by the permissive will of God.

Where are the heroes and the saints, who keep a clear vision of man's greatest gift, his freedom, to oppose not only the dictatorship of the proletariat, but also the dictatorship of the benevolent state, which takes possession of the family, and of the indigent, and claims our young for war. In China, in France, we hear rumors of those who uphold a Third Force as we of the Catholic Workers do, and these may have the ideology of the green revolution for which we pray.

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