

EASY
ESSAYBy PETER MAURIN
Reprinted from an earlier issue.

For God's Sake

I. Honest to God

1. One of the slogans of the Middle Ages was "Honest to God."
2. We have ceased to be "Honest to God."
3. We think more about ourselves than we do about God.
4. We have ceased to be God-centered and have become self-centered.

II. American Founders

1. The founders of America came to America to serve God the way they thought God wants to be served.
2. How God wants to be served is no longer taught in American schools.
3. How to be successful is still taught in American schools.
4. Thinking of time in terms of money is at the base of the thinking of our business men.
5. We put in our coins "In God we trust" but persist in thinking that everybody else ought to pay cash.

III. Cardinal Gasquet

1. Cardinal Gasquet was an English Benedictine.
2. He was a student of that period of English history that preceded the Reformation.

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Christ

the King

MOTT ST.

These cool grey October days are gradually but forcefully sweeping us to the chilling realization that winter is swiftly moving in on us. And when winter hits the stove heated flats of Mott street there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth. At this moment a small group of men have assembled in the courtyard an hour early for their bowl of soup. Dave, Shorty, Herman and Joe are shuffling around the kitchen and dining-room, preparing the soup and setting up the table. While all this preparation is going on the radio in the kitchen blares out the dull Boston-Cleveland world series game which to all appearance is a very happy diversion for the kitchen help and the men in the line.

Labor Day found us running around the neighborhood in a mad frenzy seeking a doctor for Joe Davin who had suddenly taken seriously ill. Joe is in his seventies and has been performing fine work in our dining room waiting on table. But no doctor available during the holiday and we administered aspirins and fruit juices in hopes of bringing down the fever but with no success. We hastily scanned one of those quarter paper

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THE TRIAL

There was no one else from The Catholic Worker with Bob Ludlow when he was arrested last month in front of the Washington Irving High School. He was picketing with thirteen others of the Peacemakers' group at noon on a Saturday, and since they had picketed many times before during the course of the month, they did not expect any trouble. The first day we picketed we expected the worst and nothing happened; then it had become a routine affair, two hours of slow steady walking up and down and around with a picket sign around your neck or on a stick, to tell what it was all about, and some of them with leaflets to give out.

Within twenty minutes from the time they started a patrol wagon had driven up and the fourteen, including three women, were arrested and driven away to the Police Station on 22nd street, brought before the sergeant and then put in cells for the rest of the afternoon and evening. Because it was Saturday afternoon and no trouble had been expected it was hard to get a lawyer. So Bob, with the rest, spent the day with nothing to eat.

The charge was disturbing the (Continued on page 7)

ON
PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

When we went to press last month we had only the day before finished the Labor Day family retreat at Maryfarm, Newburgh, and it was too late to write about it. Now it is hard to write without boasting about it. We are the only Catholic retreat house in the United States where Mother and Father and all the children can come and camp out with us for a few days to partake of refreshment for body and soul.

Over the Labor Day retreat there were twenty-two children and eleven sets of parents. Some families had left a child or two at home or with relatives. Some brought two or three or five. There were three babies around five months old. They were easy to care for, since they stayed in their cribs and were quite content to be left alone. The hardest to care for were the two-year-old ones, who could not understand why at arbitrary times their mothers answered a bell and rushed away, regardless of their very important needs which they felt could be satisfied by none but the mother.

Of course, Julia Purcelli made a very good substitute for mother for all of them, but the two-years-olds did not appreciate that. They were not to be reasoned with. At the risk of being untheological, I'd say that the four-year-olds had achieved the use of reason. They were very well behaved, indeed.

I am tempted to write only of the children: how they slept in the long barn which housed all the children and the mothers of the young babies, except a few older youngsters who went to a neighboring farm for the long week-end. How they ate outside at a long table; how they built a little shrine to Our Lady under a wild cherry tree. How they drew pictures, some of them very strange, indeed, and not only had an outdoor exhibit, but brought them in procession to the chapel to give them to God, in exchange for a blessing.

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The State and the Christian

By ROBERT LUDLOW

The State, as we know it in history, as we have it with us today, is a type of organized society. It is centralized, nationalist, bureaucratic. To be opposed to the State does not mean, of necessity, that one is opposed to organized society. Organization and Statehood are not synonymous terms. Christian anarchists are not opposed to organized society nor are many other types of anarchists. A country which does not have a centralized governing body but has regional or local organization cannot properly be spoken of as a State. Indeed Stateless societies have existed in the past (Kropotkin mentions the city governments of the early middle ages as examples) and it is but lack of acquaintance with this fact which leads people to assume that there has always been a State and that to advocate its abolition is both unthinkable and un-Christian. The concept of the State has become so much of an accepted thing that to talk of government or organized society seems to most

people to be of necessity to be talking about the State. And then they will submit willingly (or grudgingly) to the State as the embodiment of Caesar to whom they are called on to render those things that belong to him. What is overlooked in this is that it is within the province of the people to make or to unmake Caesar. Because Caesar does not obtain his authority directly from God. It is the people who have authority directly from God and they may delegate that authority to representatives and in that way give rise to some form of government or to the State. But if any form of government works against the interest of the people it is their right, as the direct recipients of this authority from God, to abolish such government, to retain power in their own hands without delegation or to delegate it in some other form. Therefore it is quite within the province of the people to abolish the State if they are convinced that it exists to their harm.

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War

"If the war system is to continue, then let us renounce our religion, call it the religion of force and let someone else take the sacred name of Christ and develop a religion which will be consistent with the principles He enunciated in the New Testament. Organized Christianity must either stop participating in wars or else take the Sermon on the Mount out of the Bible. It is a parody to preach the Gospel of Christ in the pulpit upon a Sunday and bless war from the same pulpit the next week." Marshall Foch, Commander of Allied Forces World War I.

Secularism vs. Communism

For all who have eyes to see, the issue is clearer than ever before. This coming war is to be fought not between Christianity and Communism, not between Christ and Anti-Christ, but simply between Secularism and Communism. It had finally to come to this. There is no lasting honor among thieves. The devil has at last caught up with the devil. Satan is casting out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils. His kingdom is of this world, and how clearly it is a kingdom divided against itself. Now which side shall we Catholics choose? The lesser devil?

Secularism is actually the greater evil. In its official statement last November, the U. S. hierarchy warned us that it is secularism not Communism that is "at the root of the world's travail today." In fact, they told us, secularism is "the fertile soil in which such social monstrosities as Fascism, Nazism, and Communism could germinate and grow." "It is doing more than anything else to

blight our heritage of Christian culture." They would have us know that its diabolical influence has penetrated every phase of our life: the individual, family, education, labor, politics, international relations. Nothing remains untouched. It was good to see the Catholic Students Mission Crusade Convention at Notre Dame in August damn Secularism rather than Communism as "Public Enemy No. 1." The axe must be laid to the evil root. It is not enough to pluck the evil fruit.

Let us not delude ourselves further. Our army is "Secularism Enthroned" even more than our society. Note, God is not denied in the forces. The Bishops said "For the most part they (the secularists) do not deny God. On formal occasions they may even mention His name." But army discipline demands that everything and everybody be in his proper place—including religion and God. Yes, there are well-paid chaplains and they are comparatively free on

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Our Fall Appeal

October 3, 1948.
Feast of the
Little Flower.

Dear Fellow Workers:

We have twins in our house of Hospitality! Joseph and Mary, and they are three weeks old. There is an old Joseph in the house, seventy-three, and he is lying in bed, just out of the hospital, recovering from pneumonia. He is one of our best workers, and he has served us all at meals these last few years with a courtesy and grace that brings to mind the fact that we are all sons of God together (living in somewhat of a squalor it is true) but destined to great things! We may not look it, but our Father is many times a millionaire and a great King so we have confidence that this, our usual fall appeal, will reach you, our brothers, and for His sake you will help keep this household going. Five hundred a day coming in for the morning and evening meal, and fifty in the immediate family who look to us for all their needs. And two more tiny mouths to feed. Yes, we need milk for them, and ice. Layettes have been supplied by the St. Gerard Guild (diapers are \$2.50 a dozen).

Up at the farm we have had retreats all summer and enough have been able to pay to help those who could not. And food has been raised to help not only the farm but Mott Street. The tractor has had to do the ploughing and John Filliger's beloved horses have been suffering from bad feet all spring and summer. "Let's give them a bag of oats and tell them to go," Tom says. "He that does not work, neither let him eat." He is putting the thing as the employer of men does, and it sounds like a joke but is not. No one has scruples about turning off a man. But everyone hates to get rid of a horse that has outlived his usefulness.

Last winter we had a skeleton crew at the farm but it looks as though we were going to have to take in a number of invalids this winter, so many appeals are made to us. Letters have come in from Pittsburgh and South America this last week, asking us to take care of people who are in desperate circumstances. Also two women now in mental hospitals, with no one wanting them when they are released next month, want to come to us. On our pilgrimage we cannot turn from our fellow wayfarers who are falling under the strain. Oh, for more people to turn their homes into houses of hospitality, to give shelter, to feed, to comfort loneliness. In a begging letter like this we must ask too, for more to do this work. It needs no permissions, no approvals. One just starts, with what one has and God sends the means. We have kept going for fifteen years now, and there are ten other houses running in other cities.

There is only one way to find heaven, to find God, to find love, and that is to show our love for those around us. "Let us not expect to find love without suffering," the Little Flower said, "Let us suffer if needs be, with bitterness and without courage. Jesus truly suffered with sadness. Without sadness would the soul suffer? And we would suffer generously, grandly; what illusion!"

It is to those who cannot because of family circumstances do this work personally themselves that this appeal is addressed. We beg your help and may the Holy Family and the Little Flower give you peace.

Gratefully in Christ,

THE EDITORS.

"Who among the faithful is silent concerning Christ? Think you that we, standing here, alone announce Christ, and you do not announce him? How is it that people come to us, people whom we have never seen, wanting to be Christians? We have never known them, we have never preached to them. Can they possibly have believed without any announcing to

them? How are they to believe in the Lord until they listen to Him? And how can they listen without a preacher to listen to? (x 14 Rom.) Therefore the whole Church preaches Christ, and the heavens announce His righteousness, because all the faithful are the heavens, all who care to win for God such as have not yet believed, and do this out of charity." St. Augustine.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

They brought pretty stones, too, and fruits, and leaves and bunches of flowers. One baby ate half its bouquet before reaching the altar. Of the picnic which we all shared with the children on the last day and to which neighbors came from a nearby farm and from the town of Newburgh.

Julia says next year the girls who helped her must come a few days early to learn a few fundamentals about the care of babies, such as pinning diapers and cutting up food, not to speak of singing songs, telling stories, arranging dances and little plays. A mother has to be all these things: singer, artist, sculptor, story-teller, dancer, impresario, toy maker, inventor, cook, laundress, and nurse. What a full life! What talents to develop! It would be hard, indeed, even to get a smattering in a few days.

As for the adults, I'm sure they did not have such a good time as the children. Next time we will arrange it so that the mothers of the very young ones—those who lie in the cribs and do not try to climb out—will have their infants in a dormitory with them. The mothers of the older ones will be separated entirely from the rest of their brood. Then there can be silence, indeed.

Fr. Schott, with whom I talked in Harrisburg this month, who arranges Cana conferences for the diocese, said that on their days of recollection they have what they call a Cana silence, where the husbands and wives talk only to each other, but to no other families. Then they find they have not been really talking to each other for a long time, but to their children or about their children.

There are many things we will do differently next year, and we hope the parents will send us suggestions as to what to do. Mr. Rudzick, who came not once but twice during the summer with his five children, wife and mother-in-law, is by now a charter member of our retreat house, and I am sure can help us a lot with his ideas. He has made three retreats with us, and, while he would have found it more enjoyable I am sure to go away alone by himself, he wanted to share things with his family. His wife could not get away and he would not go without her.

Staff

What a wonderful staff we have, growing food, building, repairing, canning, outside the big house and cooking, dish washing, and generally running the place and the retreats. Jane O'Donnell is in charge. Thank God for them all. But of course we did not make ends meet, and since many who came could not pay anything for their visit, and just managed to get there themselves, we have a bill for staples, another for more lumber, and what with invalids to care for

this winter, we need to do things to the inside of the house in the way of putting up wall board and buying coal. Our family only amounts to a dozen or fifteen people now, but we never know who is going to walk up the road, and pay a call which lasts anywhere from a week to six months. (Some stay for ever.) We have sent out our appeal from New York and we are hoping enough comes in to take care of our farm bills, too.

Making Ends Meet

Everyone always asks whether the farm is self-sustaining. It is one of those questions which always come up when you talk about farming. How hard it is to explain that though we raise three hundred bushel of potatoes, we use a bushel a day in New York, and we try to ship in as much as we can whenever a car is going down to the city. (None has offered a truck yet.) Although we put up a few thousand cans of apple sauce and tomatoes, still that is a drop in the bucket when you count the bread line. Just this morning as I came from 7 o'clock Mass in the city I counted the men from Canal Street up to the house, and there were at that time one hundred-and-five on the street waiting and fifty inside the coffee room having their breakfast. Slim has been "on the line" serving the men year in and year out, and although he calls me "Fuhrer-ess," he is the big boss of the line. He is beginning to talk of a vacation, "and not on the farm either, to help bring the crops in."

He is thinking of a long sleep in the morning and a leisurely breakfast, unrushed by the demands of two hundred or so guests.

Maybe the farm would meet expenses if we would limit our family, and think of it in terms of a family-sized farm. There was never such a family as ours. Once when the board of health was objecting to our line, we talked to their representatives about the household as being a family. "We are quite ready to regard the people living in the house (only about sixty or so) as a family, but the breadline is the public."

Quite a few of the public creep in.

Marriage

This month Tony de Falco, our corner grocer, who is also a college graduate and a M. A. and to whom we owe two thousand dollars, got married. In his new state we are sure that an early payment of his bill would be welcome. So we are asking St. Joseph, the head of our family to take care of it. Through you, of course.

As for other vital statistics, there are the twins, the youngest members of our household, a month old now, and gaining rapidly. Big appetites both of them. So how in the world can we make ends meet?

Mott Street

(Continued from page 1)

covered books entitled, "What to do until the Doctor comes," found no help in that either. Antoinette, one of our neighbors, gave us a thermometer and we discovered to our dismay that Joe had a temperature of 104. We did all we could for Joe including a visit to Precious Blood church where we said a few hasty distracted prayers. The following morning found Joe with the same high fever and no doctor in sight by 10:30. Consequently we phoned an ambulance which arrived quickly. They took Joe to a semi-private Catholic hospital where he was tossed into a bed and forgotten for twenty-four hours when they decided to ship Joe over to Bellevue hospital.

Bellevue Hospital

As soon as we were permitted to visit we grabbed a Third Avenue bus and rode up to the city hospital. We purchased a half pint of ice-cream across from the hospital and then raced over to join a line of people who were also sweating out a pass to visit the patients.

That line reminded us of so many previous lines that we had stood in during our army days. The individuals issuing the passes were fairly incompetent and the visitors awaiting a pass were thoroughly impatient. All of which resulted in several fights among the visitors and also with the clerks at the desks. When we arrived at the desk it took the clerk fully five minutes to locate the ward Joe was supposed to have been in, as would happen we were given a pass to the wrong ward. We finally returned to the pass desk and were handed a card to the ward in which Joe was placed. We found Joe smiling and claiming to be feeling a lot better. After we surveyed the situation we found it difficult to understand how he could recover in that atmosphere. His bed was in a corridor amidst seven other beds. The corridor was noisy due to the continual stream of visitors and every few minutes an attendant would push through a moaning patient in a wheelchair. The man in

the next bed to Joe had an infection in the prostate gland and kept up a steady howl of pain. A senile patient across from Joe was carrying on a furious fight with a playful attendant, he was spitting, cursing and throwing things at the attendant. A female nurse attempted to pacify the old man by offering him a piece of candy but he greeted this offer by grabbing the nurse by the hand and trying to yank her into bed with him. After one hour in that hospital we found the subway supper hour rush to appear quite tame compared to the hospital ward.

Henry Wallace

Into each life a little rain must fall and this morning it came down in buckets in the guise of a very serious letter from a dear reader, who asked my opinion regarding a choice of a candidate for the next president of this country. I am not so naive as to be under the illusion that the election of another president will prove the panacea that this country is in need of since we are in desperate need of a general overhauling and the mere replacing of one man will have very little effect. Consequently I am not

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, of Catholic Worker, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1948, State of New York, N. Y., County of New York, N. Y., ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas Sullivan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Catholic Worker, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Dorothy Day, 115 Mott Street, New York City 13, N. Y. Assistant Editors, Jack English, Irene Naughton, Robert Ludlow, Thomas Sullivan, 115 Mott St., New York City 13, N. Y.

Managing Editor, Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., New York City 13, N. Y. Business manager, Thomas Sullivan, 115 Mott Street, New York City 13, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Dorothy Day, 115 Mott Street, New York City 13, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is.... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1948.
(Seal) Americus C. Stabile.
My commission expires March 30, 1949.

Mott Street

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going to devote too much space in haggling over a choice of the four men competing for office. To me Truman, Dewey and Thurmond symbolize mediocrity and their respective political parties' aspirations. Henry Wallace is the only one that I consider to have any recognizable amount of integrity. Mr. Wallace will also be extremely concerned over the welfare of other countries as well as the welfare of our country whenever international problems are faced.

Visitors

Yesterday a constant reader of ours, Carl Sandburg, the writer, paid us a visit. We had a nice chat with Mr. Sandburg and we are hoping he will drop in some Friday night and give us a talk. Since the Friday night lectures are well under way, Miss Day having given the first talk last Friday night, October 9th. Other visitors to this city were Mr. and Mrs. John Cogley and family as they passed through on their way to Switzerland. John is to complete a course of studies at the University of Fribourg. John and Theodora Cogley are former members of the Chicago Catholic Worker group and for the past two years John along with James O'Gara have edited the Catholic Student publication, TODAY (638 Deming Place, Chicago, Ill.). James O'Gara is still editing that publication and I recommend that paper to all our readers.

Readings

During the past month, I have been poking my nose into several books which fascinated me no end. Among them was Thomas Merton's autobiography, "The Seven Store Mountain" a book which I found difficult to lay down. I approved heartily of a comment that a young writer friend of ours made concerning that book. "After reading Merton's autobiography I feel foolish at the thought of continuing to write." Another book that I found extremely interesting was that of "Saint Margaret of Cortona" by Francois Mauriac. This is a very disturbing biography of a 13th century sinner who flung herself from a life of sin in a headlong plunge into a life of mortifications that terrifies one simply to read about. This is one of the few books that will aid you in understanding just what the saints were driving at. If you are interested in simple spiritual diet of milk and not strong meat don't bother to read about St. Margaret because you will only end up by claiming that she belonged in a lunatic asylum.

Spiritual Problem

A neatly dressed man of fifty or so walked into the office last month and asked to be put up for awhile. After a couple of days in the house he told me his story. It wasn't a very unusual story around these parts, periodic drunks and final eviction by wife and family. At the conclusion of his story he finally explained that the entire problem rested on a spiritual basis. I was startled by such a rare twist from someone who had just come off skidroad. Then he asked if a job could be obtained for him away from the Bowery. I immediately thought of a saintly priest out in the country who has hired men

from us before. The necessary phone call was put through and our man was on the job the next day. Two weeks later our friend arrived in town to pay us a visit and repay the money he had borrowed from us. After expressing his thanks and his supreme contentment with his new job he really opened our ears by informing us that he is now taking instructions to become a Catholic.

Rosary Rings

A fast talking salesman rushed into the house one late afternoon, ripped open a jewelry box and displayed several rings. Immediately launching into his spiel, "these are rosary rings, something absolutely new on the market. Now I want to give you people the first opportunity to break this story to the world. Up to a short time ago I devoted my life to designing ornamental jewelry until I met a man during a plane flight across country. He gave me to understand that I was simply wasting my life by designing ornamental jewelry and suggested that I would be contributing more to the world of Catholicism if I designed and manufactured rosary rings. Just think of the angle you could play up in your story, fifteen thousand feet above sea level this wonderful idea was conceived. Now don't you think this is a gigantic idea? These rings are not only ornamental but useful too and at the same time you can prove to the world you are a Catholic!" After twenty minutes we got our word in and informed the man that we wouldn't be interested in advertising his rings. There was an instant change in the man and from a smiling smooth talking salesman he became quite indignant and took on a persecuted tone. He placed his rings back in their case and stormed that this was the same atrocious cooperation that he had been receiving from other publications that should be interested in furthering his items.

P.S.

We have just received a card to the effect that John and Elizabeth (formerly Cuda) Van Ellis have moved from the Milwaukee Catholic Worker group to a farm up in McKean, Pa. Our very best wishes and prayers go to this fine young couple and we hope to soon have a letter from them in the next issue of the paper relating their life on the land.

—T. SULLIVAN

APPEALS

Hans Oppermann
20 a Sohde Han Nr. 178
Krs. Hildensheim-Marienburg
(British Zone)

Familie Wilhelm Engemann
Gehrberg 19
Essen 1 Brikr, Rheinland
British Zone, Germany

Frau Maria Hau
Wendelstr. 15
Wadgassen, Saar
Germany (French Zone)

Frau Kathe Golitz
Hausam Muhlberg
Bohlen, Thuringer Wald
Germany (British Zone)

War and Peace

St. Procopius Abbey
Lisle, Ill.

August 24, 1948

My Dear Friends,

Many thanks for the two copies of the *Catholic Worker*. I was so delighted to read its Reasons Why We Should Not Register and Father Casey's, the Pacifist Priest's letter. My soul rejoices over your truly Christian courage and fortitude and sings the Magnificat out of the abundance of the spiritual joy arising in it on reading your truly Christian paper, the only one of its kind in these horrible times of "civilized" savagery and "civilized" and scientific mutual extermination by means of modern warfare. No civilized nor Christian voice is raised in a strong protest against this hellish affair save the voice of the *Catholic Worker*. Lord, what a joy it is for a Christian heart longing for peace to hear this noble, sweet, courageous, fearless and truly Christian voice, as though the voice of our dear Lord Himself.

Hatred, war, mutual extermination is the most hellish affair here on earth. Factories are running, business is flourishing, farmers are urged to produce the maximum, men are conscripted, chemical laboratories are overcrowded with scientific workers, scientists are highly paid for their inventions... and all this for the purpose of exterminating another nation! As soon as there is no momentary prospect of war, there at once depression sets in—farmers are paid for destroying the products of their land, their pigs, their live-stock, though people are



starving in ever so many parts of the world. What a civilization this is! But some people must be delighting in this kind of civilization, else it would not be thriving. Those people are not the masses of the people—are not the Russian people nor are they the American people, nor the Chinese people, nor the Greek people, nor any other people in the world. Those people (if people and not the savage beasts they can be called) are the followers of Mammon, the money barons, the adorers of the god of riches. At the altar of this god of theirs they sacrifice everything—humanity itself. Rulers, presidents, dictators are only so many human schemes. Alas, there are ever so many Christians, lay and clerical, who are also pliant instruments in their hands for the realization of the same hellish and fiendish schemes!

The great Eric Gills said: "Today the causes of war are almost entirely business causes—that is to say, money causes. The whole world is scrambling and grabbing for money—for markets and oil-fields, and coal-fields, and 'spheres of influence,' and 'concessions.' But the spirit of money-making begins at home—in England as much as in Germany or France or Italy or Russia. And it begins in small business as much as in big ones. For the little shopkeeper wants to be a big shopkeeper and the little business envies big business. However much it may appear that racial hatreds are the cause of war, they are not the real cause. For we must remember that modern wars are not fought with sticks

and stones—but with the most stupendously costly apparatus the world has ever known. The Japanese hate the Russians, we are told. The Americans hate the Japanese. The French hate the Germans, the Germans, to complete the circle, hate the Russians. Personally, I don't believe half of these things. But whatever else is true, it is true that none of these nations can fight one another today without the most enormous expense for guns and airplanes and poisons. How can these things be paid for unless bankers and financiers put up the money? And in a world ruled by money it is self-evident that such expense would not be incurred unless someone was finding it profitable."

And again the great Eric Gill writes: "It seems to me true to say that we Christians are more to blame than anyone else in the world—both individually and collectively—for present state of affairs: peace is the tranquillity of order. Is it not the special mission of Christians to promote peace and the charity between men upon which alone peace can be built? And yet it might be said that Christians and, in a special way, Christian ministers (of all denominations) have been the foremost recruiting sergeants. They have been the first to be deceived by the plausible propaganda of politicians and the masters of politicians, then men of business and financiers. Who has not heard the sermons of army chaplains? Who does not remember the ways of vicars' wives during the war of 1914-1918? And since the war: Has it yet become notorious that Christian ministers are in the front rank of those who work for peace? But it not only the Christian ministers who appear to promote and praise war—though they are more conspicuous by reason of their public position. The laity, the Christian laity, and especially the Christian press, the newspapers, are notorious warmongers. Like the young man in the gospel, they turn away sorrowful from all talk of peace—because they have great possessions. They are men of business first and Christian after. They are imperialists, they believe in empire, and foreign possessions, and foreign trade and investments, in exactly the same way as their non-Christian fellows. We accuse the Russians of denying God... but who have been more conspicuously ungodly than the Christians? And who have been more bloodthirsty? How can this monstrous situation be explained? I think there is only one charitable explanation. It is due to ignorance, an ignorance fostered by our traditions—traditions which keep us entirely out of touch with the realities of the modern world. We still fondly believe that wars are patriotic affairs made in defense of king and country, the homes of the people, and the religion of our fathers." We are still blandly ignorant of the real nature of the development of modern industrialism. We are everywhere dependent, or imagine ourselves to be, upon the goodwill and the bounty of the rich and powerful—and we scarcely dare call in question the methods of modern money-making. We dare not open our eyes to the tyranny of finance—a tyranny which, in the words of Pope Leo XII, places upon 'the broken down and suffering multitudes a yoke little better than slavery itself,' so that, in the words of Pope Pious XI, those who control credit (i.e. the financiers), control the very lifeblood of the people and no one dares breathe against their goodwill."

As far as one can see and judge, the *Catholic Worker* alone "dares breather against their goodwill" in this world controlled by politicians, lay and clerical, and "the masters of politicians, the

men of business and financiers." May the Lord be with the *Catholic Worker* and bless its efforts, and give it strength and courage to go ahead undismayed and to penetrate to all the ends of the world with its spirit, teachings, philosophy. May it love our dear Lord ever more and go with Him even to the Mount Calvary! By dying thus, the *Catholic Worker* will live forever!

Very sincerely yours,

Fr. Chrysostom Tasasevitch, OSB

Land

Dear Friends:

Very frequently, as I drive past the many abandoned, empty farms around here, I can't help but wish that some persons interested in the Rural Movement would buy them and begin to farm them.

Recently, instead of being visitors, we have been the "visited." Some of my married sisters and their husbands came to spend a few weeks with us. At the time, my father and I were concerned with trying to get the haying done, and taking care of our crops. This month has been an extremely busy one. Living on a farm seems to leave no time for the usual entertainments, such as movies, dances, etc. I have to be up at 5:00 a.m., in order to start the fire in the kitchen stove (we burn wood), and from that moment until 10 or 11 at night I keep discovering more work to do, instead of less. Our garden stuff is at the point where it needs continual care. Practically all the things we planted are doing well. Our friend (?) the woodchuck has been munching on the beans at night, and so they look somewhat frayed. Besides that, many of our potatoes rotted in the wet weather. On the other hand, the corn has been growing madly, the pea vines are heavy with hanging pods, the tomato plants are already loaded with healthy green fruit, and the onions give promise of much onion soup next winter. We uncovered our hive of bees the other day to look for the queen cells, and noticed that the bees filled and capped several of the combs already.

After we finished the haying—the hay was only fair this year—my father returned to cutting stone in the quarry. I'm staying here to do the cultivating, weeding, etc. I'm also getting ready to start the construction of a poultry house.

Our plans for the future are not fully worked out yet, but, as we envision it, about two more years will be required to make preparations for our withdrawal from the city completely. We must still do some repair work on the house, fix up the barn, acquire some livestock, etc. We hope to accomplish some of these tasks during vacations. And it is possible that, during the next few years, we may find another family or two of like mind, and perhaps begin a Commune. Perhaps, too, by that time our kerosene lamps will be replaced with electric lights, and we may have a gas stove and inside plumbing. That would be Progress with a capital "P," wouldn't it?

A recent card tells us that Paul and Veronica Dubner, of Brooklyn, now have a second child—a girl, named Mary Rose.

I was just interrupted by the sound of a bell outside, and discovered that the neighbor's cows are straying up the road in the darkness. It is raining softly, and I ran out without a coat to head them off down the road again. There is nothing but the darkness outside—and the rain. A world of contrast between this valley of farms and the glaring city of steel and concrete to which this letter is going.

Sincerely, in Christ,

James Kenney
R. F. D. 1
Great Bend, Pa.

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The Road to Jericho

A Short Story By LAWRENCE KELLY

No, that's not the right story! That's the wrong story, like almost all the others. The thing only happens about three years ago and today you hear everything but the truth. Sure, Zengler and I had a fight. That part's right enough. And he was a Communist. That's the truth too.

That's one thing I have to hand him. He's honest about it anyhow. Whatever else I got against him I have to admit that. He was a Commy, a Party member. Card and all. And anybody wasn't sure could ask him and they'd soon find out.

But him being a Communist wasn't really what the fight was about. He's a good electrician, Zengler is, and he's done plenty for the union, as Red as he is and I never refused to admit it. And though I don't have no use for Commies still it wasn't exactly that. What I mean is it wasn't all because of that.

It was something happened one day down on Canal Street that was the start of it. I really can't say just what come between us, even now. Every time I look back I can remember plain as day just what happened but I can't lay my finger on it exactly. I know it had to do with what happened that day. With the bum and Christy and me and this crowd standing around. But I'm starting in the middle and that won't do. Here's the whole thing from the beginning.

Two of the boys had some wage trouble the day before on a wiring job in some warehouse down on Bleeker Street. So, as usual, Zengler's the guy that goes to handle it. Well, at that time it's not like now. The war's just over and everybody's chummy with everybody else and none of the papers are blasting the Commies like you see today.

But I'm plenty wise to them because this paper the wife brings home from Mass every Sunday gives the whole scoop. And I often used to wonder why the rest of the papers don't come out and say what's what like this one does. About how the Reds are undermining the country: filtering into key jobs; waiting till the time's ripe for their big revolution. Stuff like that.

Anyhow, what I want to get across is that nobody's kidding me about the Reds. I'm plenty wise to them and this Zengler's no different from the rest, the way I figure it. So Christy Meehan and myself decide there's no time like the present to show this guy who's running the show. He's the union rep. of course but that don't stop us from being on hand to watch out for the interests of the rest of the local.

We're kind of surprised when he don't make any noise about us tagging along. But I remember on the way to the El, thinking how it's probably a show of friendship on his part to throw us off. Clever these Commies. So I make up my mind to be just as smart as him and I dummy up all the way down on the train.

But Christy thinks different, I guess, because he keeps yapping about how he hopes Zengler isn't insulted that we want to tag along. It's not we don't trust you, he tells him, but we think the boys would be more widely represented—those are his very words—more widely represented if the three of us went. It sounded almost like he was apologizing.

But Zengler's a smart one. He just listens and nods his head and smiles all the while Christy is yapping away. I keep trying to think of something to say which wouldn't make it seem so much like we were all such good pals. To hear Christy talk you think Zengler was doing us a favor just to let us come along.

By this time we pull into Canal Street, and Zengler is telling Christy—he sort of ignores me because I don't say boo one way

or another since we got on—he's telling him about how he used to work in a haberdashery shop in Vienna. Then Christy says:

"Just like Truman, eh?"

Now, I ask you, isn't that some hell of a thing to say? I'm trying all the while to catch Christy's eye to shut him up, but he keeps talking all the way from the station until we're standing on the street.

Then Zengler asks Christy to excuse him a minute and he reaches into his pocket and fiddles around till he pulls out a piece of yellow paper with the address of this place we're going to. I can see Zengler's not too familiar with this part of town because there we are on the corner of Canal and the Bowery and he don't know for sure which way Bleeker Street is. Well, now, I know where Bleeker Street is all right, and I could have just started walking toward it, leading the parade, you might say. But I let Zengler figure it out.

"It's down this way," he says, and we start west along Canal, and that's when we see the bum.



Now right away you want to know what's so strange about seeing a bum along the Bowery. Nothing, of course. That's why we almost pass him by. He's just another bum, all hunched up in a jewelry store doorway with one of his shoes off and his head buried in his folded arms. But just as we pass by he looks up and we can see a dirty gash above his right eye.

It's still bleeding a bit and he keeps lifting his arm and brushing against it with the sleeve of his filthy shirt to keep the blood from trickling into his eyes. He's still plenty stewed, which is a good thing in a way, because he probably doesn't feel much pain at all.

Well, Zengler stops right away. We both keep walking for another few steps before we miss him. We look around and he's standing back there waiting for us to come back. Christy looks at his watch, and tells him it's 9:45 and we're fifteen minutes late already.

I suppose if I had to name the time it started I'd say right then and there. Zengler looks at Christy for almost ten seconds in the funniest damn way. Poor Christy. For once he don't know what to say. It almost makes me laugh to see how nervous he gets with Zengler staring at him. Zengler's going to say something to him but he changes his mind and turns around toward the doorway.

I can see he wants to give the bum a hand and I side with Christy, seeing how we're late as it is, and I tell Zengler how if he went around feeling sorry for every Bowery souse who fell down a flight of stairs, he'd be hitting the bottle soon himself. It's the first thing I said to him since we left headquarters. I got the same crazy look Christy got, only this time it don't seem so funny. Then he says to me:

"You bastard!"

Just like that. Like he was saying "good morning" or something.

Well, you can imagine how I feel. I'm just standing there wondering whether to start something right out on the street. But before I can do anything he turns

around again and goes over to the bum.

He bends over and shakes him. The bum looks at Zengler and tries to say something but only dribbles all over himself. He starts to raise that dirty sleeve again but Zengler pulls his arm away.

All this time Christy is looking at me, wanting to know what I'm going to do, I guess. Then we hear Zengler's voice. He don't even turn around. Just says:

"Give me a hand. We'll see if he can walk."

I can feel Christy still watching me. I know he won't go over alone. I wait for just a little bit, and then we both go over. I know I really don't want a fight here or anywhere else, so I start to give him a hand. I figure we both are a little excited and nobody really means nothing by it. Just a little while keeping busy, and I'll cool off and forget it.

The bum is looking at the three of us and trying to talk some more. But, like before, his head just rolls from side to side, and he just keeps spitting all over his chin. When we first try to give him a hand he acts like he thinks we're trying to roll him, because he gets off a few growls and moves his arm out of the way when I go to grab hold of it.

Zengler tells us to move back, that he thinks it would be better if one of us carried him. I'm going to ask him just where he figures on carrying the guy, but I decided to shut up. The less we say to each other the sooner that other thing will be O. K.

It doesn't look like much of a job at all to lift the bum. He isn't very tall and his arms are as thin as a little kid's. I put my handkerchief on the gash and hold it there as Zengler slides his arms under him to lift him up. That's when we find out about his leg.

He throws his head back and makes a sound like he's gargling, and then he breaks loose and starts squirming around, trying to roll over. Right away we figure there's something else wrong with him besides that cut on his head.

Zengler eases his arms out and starts running his fingers gently as he can over the bum's body, trying to locate the sore spot. And it must really be a sore spot, because the same liquor which can deaden the pain in that gash doesn't seem to help this any. I bend close to him and ask him to point where it hurts. He just gives me that dumb, watery-eyed look.

I'm close enough for a good strong whiff of his breath—stale tobacco, rotting teeth and two-bit whiskey, and on top of that the smell of vomit. He must have heaved up all over himself when he was lying there during the night. What a hell of a mess. I'm all for going after a doctor. Besides, there's a crowd beginning to gather.

But just then he gurgles and grabs hold of my arm tight. Zengler has a finger on the bum's right shin. He rolls up the pants leg and we see the bruise, about four inches long and a mean-looking mixture of black and blue and dark red. Zengler figures it's broken.

He tells me to look in the bum's pocket for a bottle, because he figures a few more shots might kill the pain a bit. I run my hands through his coat, which is heaped up in the other corner of the doorway. Sure enough, in the inside pocket I come across a half pint of some poison called "Palmetto"—70 proof and the color of spittoon water. There's just a bit of it left and I don't have much trouble pouring it down his throat.

"We can't move him," Zengler says. "That's certain. You two better wait here with him. I'll get a doctor." And with that he walks back up the street in the direction of the El.

Christy stands up, leans against the window and lights a butt. The crowd begins breaking up as if

CULT :: CULTIV

Zengler were the big attraction, and him leaving put an end to the show. I mention to Christy about how late we are now. I ask him whether we're working for the union or the Red Cross. He don't say a thing. Just keeps watching the smoke curl up from his butt.

I almost feel like heaving with the smell of the bum so strong there in the doorway. I step onto the sidewalk and look down toward Bleeker Street, half expecting the guy we were supposed to meet to come up the block looking for us. Then Christy speaks:

"It's a strange thing, Al, I mean Zengler stopping like that for this guy."

"What's so strange about it," I say, "Maybe he knows the guy."

I really don't believe that, about Zengler knowing this bum. Neither does Christy. I can tell the way he answers.

"Maybe. Anyway that's not what I mean. I mean him—a Commy and all like he is—I mean it seems like we might've had him wrong. I wonder why he stopped like he did, Al. Why he got so sore because we didn't want to stop."

"Who didn't want to stop," I cut in, "What the hell's the idea of that crack. We wanted to stop just as much as him but we came here to do one thing and I figure let's get it done first and then—"

"O.K., Al, O.K.," he says, "don't get sore. I'm just saying it sure seems queer him going to all this trouble just for some old bum. That's all I'm saying."

Christy and his stupid remarks. I try to explain it to him that it's something political maybe. Maybe if the people in the crowd see a Commy helping this guy out then they'll get more votes come election time, like kissing babies or passing out cigars.

"But how would the crowd know he's a Communist," he says.

"Aw, shut up!" I tell him. His dumb remarks are beginning to wear me out and these nosey people passing by, staring like we're a circus act or something. I begin to wish I was anywhere else but here.

The bum starts to groan again. What a stinking wreck. I wonder why I ever open my mouth about coming down here. And I wonder about the bum too, every time I look at him. I take guesses about whether he's got a family and how long he been like this and if he ever had a job. Things like that. I even guess at his name a few times. But it's hard just to think things like that about someone like him, lying there, curled up on the ground like some wounded mutt. I feel sorry for the guy but what the hell. It's not my fault is it? I didn't ask him to—aw what the hell! He's there in the doorway, stinking drunk and his head opened up. I'm here cold sober, good clothes and a job. That's that. I'm no guy for figuring out the reasons why.

I begin to wish Zengler would come back soon so we can get to that warehouse or back uptown—or any place away from here. It's funny how I keep thinking of the bum though. I can even sort of feel him in back of me, like I'd know it the minute he wasn't there no more, even though I'm facing the other way. Damned funny feeling.

Then I see Zengler coming down the street with the Doc. He isn't talking. Just seems to be steadily looking down here as if he's afraid the bum might run away before the Doc and him get there.

That damn Zengler. I swear, a

guy wouldn't go to more trouble for his own brother. But I'm wise to him. I remember what it says in that paper the wife gets, about Commies being willing to do or say anything if it means they can get something out of it. But what is there to get out of this bum. I drop the whole thing. Like I said before I'm no guy for figuring out the reasons. Still and all—

Well, I look up and there's Zengler slipping the Doc some money. Then he speaks to Christy:

"The Doc will take care of it. We'll come down again tomorrow for that other business. It's too late now."

Going up toward the El I find myself trying to figure it out again. Zengler, a Communist, who cares about nothing or nobody except his crazy revolution, he stops because he sees this bum is hurt. Just a bum like you see hundreds of every day down this part of town. I'm as sorry for these guys as he is. Why shouldn't I be? But hell, if you stopped and bothered every-time you saw one you'd be at it all year.

I almost begin to wonder why he didn't call the bum "Comrade" like he calls all of us when he gets up at the meetings to shoot his mouth off. "My comrades" he says like we were all members of the party, like he loved us all like brothers. Damn hypocrite. Who's he trying to kid? "Comrades!" That's just a lousy Commy trick. Just like stopping for this bum is a lousy Commy trick.

Climbing the steps on the Uptown side I see Zengler pull out a handful of change. Big shot. He's going to pay the carfare. Like hell he is. And I drop the money in just ahead of him.

It's while we were riding uptown, I guess, that I figure out how I'll let him have it when we get back to headquarters. Why not? He called me a bastard, didn't he? He had no right calling me that!

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(Martin de Porres Farm is a new farming community begun during the last month. John and Betty (Cuda) Van Ellis, both Catholic Workers are the directors of this new work and any orders for cards will help this infant endeavor in its start.)

CULTURE VATION ::

NO MORE SLAVES

By PAUL PIRNAY

(Paul Pirnay is a young reader of the CATHOLIC WORKER in Belgium, and a worker in heavy industry there. His lack of opportunity for education accounts for the simplicity of style when expressing himself in English.)

Have you ever been in a rolling-mill?

The blazing plates and irons give us an idea of Hell

In the heat kids of 14 or 15 are working heavily, eight hours a day. Some 40 or 45-year-old workers are killed by the heat and the hardness of the job.

In the coal or iron mine the worker feels he is an ANIMAL by going into little holes, thousands of feet under the world's surface.

THESE MEN ARE SLAVES.

Of course we need them. We need coal and iron. We need the baker who works while we are sleeping. We need the postman to run on Sunday and bring us the mail. We need the bus driver to bring us from the movies at night. We need every kind of worker. They need us also because WE are workers.

We are workers, we are slaves.

SLAVES WHY?

Because

We must work hard and much. We must spend our blood, and our blood makes the human pleasure of some profiteers.

Because

After we have filled the pockets of these men (I am ashamed of calling them with this word) when there is a crisis we are hungry, our children are hungry, and they go on to live and eat and have pleasure with our blood as money.

THEY ARE SLAVES

the little boy of 15 who works as hard as a 25-year old man, the little girl of 16 who is in the factory under the will and lust of her boss (often seen in Belgium and France for instance)

the old man of 60 who is hungry when he cannot go on working.

The widow who must put her kids at work, and go herself.

WHO MAKES THEM SLAVES?

The men who spend in certain houses in a single night the weekly wages of a worker. The men who take little boys to work in place of men because they are paid cheaper.

THESE MEN ARE NOT SLAVES.

A Man came. He was a worker, a Son of workers. He worked twenty years, with His own hands.

He said to the workers: "You are the blessed of my Father. God's kingdom is for you only."

WHO WAS HE?

He was a Man, a worker
He was poor, humble
He was God
He was Christ the Worker.

WHAT DID HE?

He came on the world to tell the workers "YOU are MY sons."

And He told the rich "You will go to Hell, for you kill your brothers and God punishes for that."

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?

He was killed by the Capitalists.

HE CHOSE DISCIPLES

They also were workers, fishers, employees.

HE TOLD THEM

"Go and tell the nations my word"
They did.
They still do.

BUT during the years some people thought, "We can profit of this."

THEY SAID

We also are disciples of this Man and they stole from their friends, were untrue to their families killed workers put babies at work (boys and girls only 7 years were the victims of the new Herods).

The non-disciples of the man saw this and thought:

These men say, "Love each other," and do not "Be just," and are not. Why should we be just and love one another? These bad disciples had betrayed CHRIST.

We are Christian workers, We try to come again in God's Will, in Christ's doctrine, we try to be men as He was a Man. Lord Christ, help us, poor workers.

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The Pope to the Farmers

[This address by H. H. Pius XII was given on 15th November, 1948 to the Italian League of Working Farmers (such is probably the nearest English equivalent to *Cultivatori diretti*, a phrase made clear in the first paragraph and implying a contrast with owners who farm by proxy). It was obvious, notwithstanding the partial and garbled versions which appeared in the Catholic weekly press, that this address of Holy Father's was of great importance. By the good offices of the Rev. H. E. G. Rope, M. A., we were able to obtain from Rome the full text, which Mr. Walter Shewring has been good enough to translate. Our best thanks are due to both gentlemen. As stated, the text so obtained has been checked against *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* now to hand. Supporters of the Catholic Land Movement will not fail to see in this pronouncement the authoritative confirmation, once again repeated, of all they have thought and worked for.—Harold Robbins.]

It is always a special pleasure to us to welcome the representatives of the different callings whose varying activities go to make up a nation's social and economic life; but we feel an added satisfaction now as we greet in you, dear sons, the delegates of a nation-wide league embracing a great body of farmers who with their families actually till the soil, whether in fields they own themselves or in those they hold in trust under contract with the owners. These are "dear fields," the *dulcia arva* beloved by the gentle Virgin, the Italian fields extolled by Pliny for their life-giving perennial healthfulness, their fertile ploughlands, sunny hills, shady woods, the fruitfulness of their vines and olives, the fatness of their flocks and herds. O fortunatos nimium, cried the great poet of the countryside, Oh more than happy, did they know their bliss, Those tillers of the soil! We should be loth to let this occasion pass without offering you a message of cheer and encouragement, the more so since. We are well aware how much the whole nation's moral recovery depends on a farming class with an assured social status and firm religious foundations.

More than other men, you live in continual contact with nature; material contact, inasmuch as your life is passed in regions, still far removed from the excess of an artificial civilization, and is all directed towards bringing forth from the depths of the soil, under the sun of the Heavenly Father, the abundant wealth his hand has stored there; contact too in a profoundly social sense, inasmuch as your families form communities not merely for the consumption of goods but also, and more especially, for the production of them. Your life is rooted in the family—deeply, widely, completely so, in a way that clings close to nature; from this comes your economic strength and your power of endurance through times of crisis, your proven importance for the proper development of law and order (public and private) throughout the nation; and lastly the indispensable function you are called on to exercise as a source and bulwark of uncorrupted living, moral and religious—as fostering the growth of men sound in mind and body for every walk in life, for Church and for State.

All the more needful is it that the essential elements of an authentic rural culture should be preserved for the nation: a simple, straightforward, hard-working way of life; respect for authority, above all for parental authority; love of country and loyalty to the traditions that in the course of centuries have proved fruitful for good; readiness to help one another, not only within the family but between families, between households; lastly, the one thing failing which, these other values would lack foundation, lose their worth and sink into unchecked greed for

gain—a truly religious spirit. Let the fear of God, trust in God, a living faith daily expressed in family prayers—let these be ruling and guiding influences in the lives of workers upon the land. Let the church be still the heart of the village, the hallowed spot where your Fathers' sacred tradition lives and where Sunday by Sunday the people meet together to lift their spirits above material things to the praise and service of God and win by prayer the strength to think and live in Christian fashion during the coming week.

A farming concern (*azienda*) ing," "Fighter Squadron," "South has a distinctively family character: hence its great importance for the social and economic prosperity of the nation as a whole; hence too the farmer's especial title to draw from his work the means to maintain himself becomingly. Doubtless if one considered only the biggest and quickest profits for the national exchequer or the cheapest possible provisioning of the nation with the produce of the soil, one might be tempted from this point of view to sacrifice farm-

and devastating wars, the soil has become in some regions desert-like, barren, diseased; at the present moment it covers murderous weapons that lurk in wait for their victims; in such conditions it will not yield men its treasures freely. Among wounded victims the land comes first. Bending over her, not like a serf over the sod but like a doctor over his patient, the farmer gives her his lavish and loving care. But love, though needful, is not enough. To understand the nature and temperament of one's own piece of ground—often so different from even the one nearest it—to discover the germs that harm it, the burrowing rodents, crop-devouring insects, harvest-infesting weeds, to find the elements lacking to it, to choose a sequence of crops that will enrich it while it rests—for all this and much else one needs wide and varied knowledge.

Beside this, the land in many districts—quite apart from repairing the ravages of war—has need of careful and thoughtful preliminary treatment before any reform can be carried out in the conditions of ownership and the mutual relations of parties to a contract. Failing this, as experience and history show, an improvised reform would be no more than a demagogue's expedient, and hence not helpful but useless and harmful—above all today when mankind has to fear for its daily bread. Many times in history the irresponsible clamourings of agitators have made rural populations slaves of a tyranny which at heart they shunned and unconscious objects of exploitation.

Injustice

The injustice here appears all the greater inasmuch as the countryman's way of life is founded upon the family and is therefore close to nature. This injustice finds its open expression in the clash between towns and country which is, alas, especially characteristic of our time. What is its underlying reason?

Modern Town

Modern towns with their constant growth in size and their agglomeration of inhabitants are the typical product of the tyranny exercised by the interests of big capital over economic life and, what is more, over man himself. As was clearly shown by our glorious predecessor Pius XI in his *Quadragesimo Anno*, it happens only too often that human needs, with their natural and objective importance, no longer control economic life and the employment of capital; on the contrary, capital with its acquisitiveness determines what needs are to be satisfied, and in what degree; hence human labor—whose aim is the common good has ceased to attract capital and to use it for its own purposes; instead, capital moves labor and men hither and thither like so many pawns.

If even the townsman suffers by this unnatural state of things, still more does it run counter to the inmost nature of the life of the countryman. For in spite of all difficulties the worker upon the land still stands for the natural order willed by God, which is that man with his work is to master things, not material things to master man.

(Continued in next issue.)

APPEALS

Frau M. Knappe (21a)
Gruner Grund 37
Munster, Westfalen
Germany (British Zone)

Hedwig Thiel
2 Rathenow, Germany
Mittelstr. 8
(Soviet Zone)

Herr Walter Rohse 15a
Am Koppisrain 7
Ave, Schmalkalden, Thüringer
Germany, British Zone

Familie Paul Stein
Am Rosengarten 7g
Koln-Brickendorf, Rheinland
Germany (British Zone)



ing concerns to a greater or less extent. Of this there are examples enough—and by no means encouraging ones—in the last century and in our own. It is for you, accordingly, to show that such concern, precisely because of its family character, does not exclude the real advantages of other forms of concern and does avoid the disadvantages. Show yourselves adaptable, alert and active guardians of your native soil, using it always, never exploiting it. Show yourselves thoughtful and frugal men, men open to progress, who confidently employ their own and others' capital in so far as this is good for their work and does not endanger the future of the family. Show yourselves equitable sellers (not greedy speculators at the people's expense) and ready buyers in the home market.

Standards

We are well aware that often enough such standards are lacking. However upright the intentions, however honourable the actions on which many a farmer may pride himself, it is none the less true that nowadays a man needs great firmness of principle and vigour of will to hold out against the diabolical temptation of easy profits—the way of ignoble speculation on one's living by the sweat of one's brow.

Often this lack of standards is due in part to the fault of parents who put their children to work too early and neglect their spiritual training and instruction; it may likewise be due to want of needful schooling, and especially of the needful vocational knowledge. There is no more misleading prejudice than the belief that the worker on the land does not need a serious and adequate education in order to perform in the course of the year his indefinitely varied seasonal tasks.

Sin

Sin, it is true, has made work on the land laborious, but sin did not bring it into the world. Before ever sin came, God had given man the earth to till, as the noblest and most honorable of pursuits in the natural order. Continuing the work of Adam's sin, the actual sins of the whole of mankind have made the curse on the earth weigh more and more heavily. Stricken in turn by all manner of plagues, floods, upheavals, pestilential miasmas

Harrisburg Story

By DOROTHY DAY

There is a Kaethe Kollwitz mentioned often in the art world who died recently who spent her life drawing pictures of the poor. She felt it was her job to arouse the consciences of those who looked at her pictures, and since she was the wife of a doctor and saw a great deal of human suffering, she had many a model for her work. I have only seen reproductions of a few of her things, but I was reminded so much of her this month when I visited Mary Frecon in Harrisburg, at her Martin de Porres House of Hospitality at 1017 N. Seventh street.

It has been about ten years now, maybe more, that Mary has worked there in Harrisburg combating the indifference of the whites to the tragedy of the blacks.

No use talking, aside from a tiny few more privileged ones, the majority of the colored are the poor of this country.

Sunday Nite

I arrived in Harrisburg one Sunday evening last month before the weather had turned cold, and it was a good time to be there, because the night was alive with dark faces and bodies, sitting on the steps of the ramshackle houses, nursing their babies, watching their children, listening to the music, the rhythm of tambourines, the clapping of hands, the singing from the tabernacles, churches of the Lord, Pentecostal and Zion, on every corner.

Sing and Sway

Around the corner was a tent with the flap open in the front, and on a platform was a beautiful young light brown girl, slim and graceful, swaying to the music, all dressed like a bride or an angel in white satin—three men, well dressed, preaching at intervals and saying nothing, punctuating every phrase, every sentence, with Amen, Amen. And the music kept beginning again, and more and more of the congregation got up and swayed and sang, and people were waiting, waiting, for something to happen.

You felt that in the air, that waiting, that tenseness, that excitement. The rhythm of the singing, the clapping, went on and on, staccato, sharp, till the breath quickened, and the heart beat faster, and the excitement rose again and again, and again and again fell exhausted.

Someday something will happen, someday there will be the climax, the glory, the fullness of life, release, joy and freedom. You felt it in the air.

Misery

Meanwhile, across the street from 1017 the open windows of another Church of God gave us a view of a young sturdy Negro with seemingly inexhaustible voice, who shouted, who groaned, who cried out, who kept saying over and over, "God has taken my children. He has killed them all. The Lord gave, the Lord took away. God help us all. We got misery. Every-one got misery. God killed my children. He burned my house. Oh God, God. Oh my God. But I say Amen. Amen. All right then, God killed my children. God burns my house. Amen, God. Amen."

It went on and on, and it was only when he stopped for breath, and a woman on a bench near him took up the reading of the book of Job, that we realized that he was acting out his concept of the suffering Job. He groaned, he tore his hair, his knees buckled under him, he roared in anguish. And then after a long, long time, when the nerves were taut and could not stand any more, suddenly he stopped and the singing began again, a single tune which was barbaric, horrible, monotonous, always the same tune, here and around the corner, down the street, the rhythm the same, the beat the same, until the pulse quickened again and the breath came short.

All through the warm night there was the smell of rats. The smell of dead things, the smell of

rotting garbage. If you have ever been in a town where there are stock yards, fertilizer factories, paper mills, you know the peculiar odors of our industrial system. They are not sweet.

Chicago to Mobile

I have smelled them in Bayonne, in Chicago, in Mobile, and they are the smell of death. I have also lived in a tenement where a rat died in the walls, and it was winter, and to breathe you had to leave your windows open. You could not get the rat out, you could not locate it without tearing down the house. It was a torture. And all that evening as we walked through that slum district of Harrisburg there was the odor of dead rats, coming from windows and doors, from alleys and the holes in the sidewalk.

The night was soft and alive. There was a velvety feeling in the air. The children were playing and dancing. Mothers nursed their young. There was a hunger for beauty there, and it expressed itself in song and music and the movements of the bodies of the young.

Playground

For three days after that I stayed and the neighborhood was something else again. When we got up to go to Mass at the Cathedral which is the nearest Church and that ten blocks away, men were going from the houses with paper bags of lunch, young men, family men, women going out to housework. Later on children were on their way to school. The street had the week day aspect. None sat out, none was idle save a few little ones too young for school who played in the playground that Mary built with her own hands across the street, playing on the swings, the slide, the sandbox.

The night before the street had been for the humans. Now trucks and buses and cars roared and raced by all day. It is a dangerous street and full of the dirt of traffic. Directly in back are the Pennsylvania railroad tracks; down the street are gigantic junk yards, fencing in with ten foot fences all other vacant spaces where the children were used to play. Down the street on the other side is Swift's.

What do these people eat? Beans cooked up in bacon rind. Beans and oxtail broth. Swift sells them all the trimming at top prices. Swift smells.

Compassion

An ordinary journalistic device is to paint a picture with contrasts. It is an emotional way of making a point. But our aim also is to move the heart, stir the will to action; to arouse pity, compassion, to awaken the conscience. We want to do such work as Kaethe Kollwitz, and so does Mary Frecon. Compassion, it is a word meaning "to suffer with." If we all carry a little of the burden, it will be lightened. If we share in the suffering of the world, then some will not have to endure so heavy an affliction. It evens out. What you do here in New York, in Harrisburg, helps those in China, India, South Africa, Europe, Russia, as well as in the oasis where you are. You may think you are alone. But we are members one of another. We are children of God together.

Contrast Ana Pauker, whose picture appeared on Time a few weeks ago, and Mary Frecon. It was a fearful picture. The story described her as "the most powerful woman alive and millions depended on her for life, bread, and spiritual guidance. . . . Ana Pauker, communist and key figure in the struggle for the world. . . . Leading Communist in Russian satellite states from the Baltic to the Adriatic." (We notice that Finland is never listed as a satellite state. Small as she is, powerless as she seems to be, she keeps her integrity.) Ana is described as fat and ugly, cold as the frozen Danube, bold as a boy on his own rich land, and pitiless as a scythe in the Moldavian grain." A poetic

description indeed. The magazine went on to describe a series of women, once idealistic, warm, full of pity, ideals, and now they are Amazons, fiends, ruthless, etc. etc. I cannot begin to match the invective of the capitalist press. It is better even than the Communist.

We have many a woman in politics and in the trade union field in this country who is just as hard, bold, brazen and ruthless.

Suffering

On the other hand, you have such women as Mary Frecon, making crab apple jelly in the little kitchen of her house on Seventh street from the fruit sent to her by one of her sons, both of whom have fruit farms. (She does not need to live on Seventh street.) Mary, nursing a diabetic, swollen, heavy with water, holding her up at night so she could breathe, bringing the priest to her, looking after her body and soul, materially and spiritually. Susie, burned by a jealous rival, oozing pus from her infected shoulders, cut by glass from broken windows when she tried to escape, nursed back to health of body and soul. Katie dying of cancer, tuberculosis and syphilis, her body dung, now, indeed, but once a thing of beauty, strung taut with life and pleasure and now overwhelmed with torments of pain.

Lucille Pearl, dying in an alley, flies and worms feasting on the open sores of her flesh, these women dying and yet alive today in



heaven, literally dragged into the wedding feast, dying happy and sure, and already, before death, given a foretaste of the life to come.

Violence

And those Communist women, Panker, Vermeersch, Bloor, Knusinen—have they so changed? We are given a horrible picture of brute strength, all softness and tenderness gone. We know there is evil, cruelty, disease, vice, it is all around us in these slums in which we live. Graham Greene, in all his books, is haunted by the violence, the sin, of the world. It is a fearful picture he draws, too.

Love

How to draw a picture of the strength of love. It seems at times that we need a blind faith to believe in it at all. There is so much failure all about us. It is so hard to reconcile oneself to such suffering, such long-enduring suffering of body and soul that the only thing one can do is to stand by and save the dying ones who have given up hope of reaching out for beauty, joy, ease and pleasure in this life. For all their reaching, they got little of it. To see these things in the light of faith, God's mercy! God's justice! His devouring love! I read one story of the death of the Little Flower, and her death was just as harrowing in its suffering as that of Mary's Katie. Her flesh was a mass of sores, her bones protruded through her skin, she was a living skeleton, a victim of love. We have not such compassion, nor ever will have. What we do is so little.

The stink of the world's injustice and the world's indifference is all around us. The smell of the dead rat, the smell of acrid oil from the engines of the Pennsylvania railroad, the smell of boiled bones from Swift's. The smell of dying human beings.

Souls! But we are living in the

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The State and the Christian

(Continued from page 1)

Those of us who do believe this to be true and who would oppose the State call our position Christian Anarchist. And there is nothing in that position that is incompatible with the Faith. I know of no doctrine (I may be wrong in this) of the Church which states the people must delegate their authority to the State—that a pure democracy is immoral. Certainly there is no defined dogma to this effect. Therefore it is quite within the sphere of a Catholic, writing on social questions, to point out why he considers the State an evil and to advocate its abolition by peaceful means. To recall to the people their forgotten right of sovereignty.

Civil Disobedience

From the Christian point of view the question resolves itself to this—whether or not the centralized, nationalist and bureaucratic State has and is an instrument for promoting the Christian ideal of the brotherhood of all men or whether it has in fact proved to be destructive of that ideal. For it is legitimate and good that the Christian should seek to inform the temporal order with the spirit of the Gospels and to oppose whatever there is in the world that militates against such a realization. We are concerned here with the practical problem and it is aside from all theoretical justifications that may be made to bolster State authority. I am cognizant of the arguments from natural ethics and the general run of Catholic writers. But I am not convinced that these arguments settle anything as far as the Christian is concerned. For it seems to me evident that in this matter as in any other matter we have to ask ourselves whether such a thing is of service or is a hindrance to the realization of Christ in our lives and in society. It does not require an extensive reading in history to convince anyone that national States have contributed to ill feeling among men, that they have maintained themselves by violence, that they have made for innumerable wars, that they have been little else than fronts for the ruling classes and have served the peoples very badly indeed. Therefore national States are un-Christian, are indeed anti-Christian as is any institution that thrives on discord and hate and war—which sets itself up to say that the Christian ideal of universal brotherhood will not be realized. Those who are therefore convinced of the iniquitous character of the nation-State are justified in advocating civil disobedience in an effort to bring to the attention of peoples the immoral character of the set-up and also to avoid cooperation with the State in the mortal sin of modern war and in the systematic exploitation of labor that characterizes such regimes. Today civil disobedience is obedience to GOD.

Submission

As for the obligation of submission to the State, an obligation stressed by those theologians who hold that the individual can safely trust his conscience to the State in this matter of war because the politicians are in a better position to know the facts, there is this to say: That such a position assumes the existence of a State which is run along Christian principles, which feels a responsibility before God and acts accordingly. We have yet to know of the existence of such a State—we know of none such today. What we do know is that the State is motivated by no ethical considerations that are not strictly utilitarian. That the State uses religion up to the point where there is conflict between what religion demands and what the politicians want. And it is what the politicians want that decides the course of the State. And we have further experience in knowing that what the politicians want has no reference whatever to the norms of Christian morality. So, in the concrete situation, in the world as it is, we can say with moral certainty that presumptive justice lies, not with the State but with the

informed conscience of the individual. The latter is more likely to be right, more apt to conform to the moral law. When conflict arises between the individual conscience and the State we must assume that the burden of proof lies with the State. And since we have shown that the national State of its very nature is in opposition to the Christian concept of the brotherhood of man it hasn't much of a leg to stand on.

Church and State

Nor has the Church any stake in this matter. Her life is independent of the State, she can exist without it; it confers nothing on her for her authority comes directly from God. Her children owe obedience to Caesar in the things that are Caesars but then her children, together with all members of the community, make Caesar and can unmake him, they can recall the sovereignty that comes directly to them from God, they need not delegate it. Whenever the Church has been wooed by the State and has succumbed it has ended in an adulterous union. In the end she has always sued for divorce. The price of allegiance has been too great. The compromises she has been called upon to make have been too damaging to her divine mission. In vain has she sought a "Christian" government to which she could in conscience unite herself. Always she has been disappointed—nothing has come of it. She has pursued her mission best precisely where she has had no union with the State. Today she is being flattered and wooed by the United States (who find her a useful bulwark against Communism) and in proportion as she succumbs so do her members assume the prevalent bourgeois characteristics of the American scene. We start out to Christianize a pagan community, we end by paganizing ourselves. That is what comes of this subservience to the State, it has always happened, with moral certainty we can say that it will happen again. Union of Church and State in the world as we know it is a snare of the devil. A delusion, a blasphemy. There should be no such union for our program should look to the liquidation of the State and the substitution for it of decentralized and local people's organizations.

The Masses

The masses may not always be right but I am far from convinced that the masses are anymore asses than those who constitute the ruling classes, or than the intellectuals, or the white collar workers. I don't think the masses succumb any more to propaganda, to fads, to advertising, than do these others. And so in this matter of government I think local democratic units preferable. Mistakes do not come because the people are incapable of governing themselves. They come for the same reason that they come with capitalist or monarchist or republican rule. Because there is no acceptance of an objective moral code to which any organization of society can refer to determine the morality of any governmental action. There would be no danger to minority groups, no doctrine that counting heads determines the right or wrong of anything, if all men would accept voluntarily the Sermon on the Mount as the pattern of life, as the norm to which they could refer problems and as something which transcends their individual desires and restrains what aggressive behaviour there may be of man to man. Only when we have such a point of reference as this, only as we accept it as the basis of our society, will we have justice. It becomes then a matter of endeavor towards the formation of such a mentality in order that a peoples government might be based on it and that we come as close as possible to a Christian solution of social problems.

But it is an error to oppose real democracy with the excuse that

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The Trial

(Continued from page 1)

peace and outraging public decency.

The trial was postponed for ten days, the charge being an unfamiliar one, and on September 27 Bob and the thirteen others appeared in court at ten o'clock in the morning. It was a small court room, on 2nd avenue and 2nd street, with only three rows of benches, and from the first bench you could see directly into the jail corridor with the cells barred as though for maniacs or for wild beasts. The courtroom was bare of adornment save for an American flag just behind the judge's seat.

Our own lawyer was late and the judge was on time, so all the other cases were brought in first.

Young Woman

First there was a very good looking young woman, tall, slim, well dressed and defiant. She had little makeup, her clothes were in good taste and she held her head up with an amused defiance. The policeman's story was that she had caused a disturbance at three o'clock in the morning in front of her husband's rooming house on the upper west side and had been arrested at the behest of the landlord when she refused to go away. When the judge, who was a young man began questioning her there was that look of conscious admiration on his face, a look almost of recognition passing between the two, not that I think they knew each other, but that they recognized the attractiveness of each other. There was an element of sex in their looking at each other almost in the sense as the term "they knew each other" in the Bible. She was very attractive. She was not living with her husband, she said; she had two children. She pleaded guilty. Yes, she had had something to drink, she nodded amusedly. No, she was not drunk, the officer testified.

No Questions

There was no husband there to help her, though she looked around the small room when she first came in. She was at the mercy of the delicacy of the court. And there were no questions. The judge merely advised her in dismissing the case that if she were having trouble with her husband and needed support for her children she should go to the municipal court of domestic relations and take up her troubles there, not in the street at four in the morning.

Homeless

The door to the cells opened again and the next group to emerge were four women, middle-aged and aging, stooped and erect, indignant and resigned, shabby and well dressed. They had all been arrested in the Pennsylvania waiting room, and the plain clothesman who arrested them said they had been sleeping there for the past month and had been repeatedly warned not to. How well acquainted we have been these past fifteen years with such women. They cannot get on relief because they are not domiciled; and they cannot get homes because they have no money to pay rent, if there were any places available. Single furnished rooms are exorbitantly high. One woman, well dressed in a green suit, neat hair, clean, combed and refined looking, had a bundle of papers and talked of a merchandising job she had and that she spent her nights in the station so she could be near the post office and the railway express. She seemed stunned at being a "prisoner" and when the judge said that their cases were to be held over until an investigation could be made and places found for them, she said pathetically, "You mean I am still a prisoner? I am not free?"

Guilty

Next on the program were a dozen men picked up on the Bowery that very morning and all pleaded guilty to "drinking out of bottles" and sleeping on the sidewalk. At intervals between other cases all morning new groups of men staggered in, old and young,

swaggering and shambling, some with their hair well cut, and others with it hanging down on their necks. All were homeless.

Gardenias

There were men arrested for peddling on the streets to earn a living as well as those who were arrested for doing nothing but drink on the streets. Of half a dozen who were escorted in with boxes and suit cases all were released but two who had no licenses. Would not this be considered "false arrest"? I remember Charlie Rich, a Jewish convert, who spent years reading and studying in the public library and who earned a meager living selling gardenias. "The smell of them will always remind me of policemen," he said sadly.

Our own case finally came up and when it did I was feeling as tense as the defendants. They had a lawyer, Allan Early and he questioned the policeman who had arrested the defendants, after the State's lawyer had finished his questioning, which questioning was trying to bring out the intent of the picketing, and the provocative and inflammatory nature of their signs. Our own lawyer seemed to be trying to prove that the pickets were quiet and orderly, did not interfere with the "public peace," did not obstruct traffic, in other words that no one paid any attention to them.

It reminded me, such questioning, of our own Catherine Smith's tart remark to a bystander who wanted to know what we were picketing for when we walked up and down in front of the German consulate before the war. "None of your business," she snapped and went on firmly picketing. She was one that always insisted on being in on things whether or not she knew what they were about.

St. Thomas More

It also reminded me, that questioning, of the story of the martyrdom of St. Thomas More, by Chambers which I read last summer and which led me to be not quite so intransigent in my position. He and Bishop Fischer consented to have the lawyers use every technical device to get them out of prison and to save them from martyrdom. They were such humble men, "they were not like the Carthusians who were accounted worthy to suffer for Christ." Thomas More was afraid he would deny Christ if put to the torture, so did everything in his human power to help himself. When he could no longer help himself, then God came to his aid, and he did indeed become a martyr.

So our fourteen were using all human means to get out of going to jail and they escaped this time with the help of their good lawyer and a clever judge, who in summing up said that though he disagreed with their position he would fight as Voltaire said he would, for the right for them to state it. He continued that he thought that they were misled, that they did not realize the gravity of our position, etc., etc., and that no one was paying any attention to them anyway, and so—case dismissed.

As we left, the court, glad indeed that Robert Ludlow was not sentenced and could continue his fight for the Christian revolution, we reflected sadly that it did seem to be true that the impress we made on the turn of events was but little, and that we were not as yet deemed worthy to be martyrs for Christ.

—D. D.

APPEALS

Vicar Konrad Schaefer
Katholische Kirche
Bochum-Harpen, Westfalen
Germany (British Zone)
(Fathers Schaefer needs candles to be able to celebrate Holy Mass Properly.)

Joseph Kuhn
22c Kohn, Germany
Gabelsbergerstr. 15
(British Zone)

Fr. McSorley Needs Religious Articles

Father Francis J. McSorley, O.M.I., whose appeal for a statue of St. Anthony was published in our June issue, informs us that he has received two statues in response to that request. He is also in need of large numbers of religious articles for his Philippine mission work. Rosaries, medals, statuettes, Sacred Heart badges, scapulars, etc., will be gratefully received by Father McSorley and his brother missionaries. The articles may be addressed to Richard T. McSorley, 4116 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., and we hope the response will be as generous as it was to his former appeal.

NOTES

The Catholic Arts Quarterly is being edited now by Ade Bethune and two of the numbers this last year have dealt with heraldry in a beautifully reproduced manuscript with illustrations. Whenever I see this script of Ade's or Fr. Catich's, or Graham Carey's, I am filled with gratitude for the beauty of their writing, their presentation of their thoughts. None of them hesitate to use the typewriter, which is "an extension of the hand of man," as Peter used to say, but when they write they do it beautifully, so that it is a joy to receive a word from them. Indeed we have a duty, an obligation to write well, to learn how to form letters, whether it is only for taking notes, making up lists, writing postals. One does not need to be a "writer" or "artist" to write well. "Whatever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." If we do all to please Him, then our writing will change indeed.

The Quarterly has many an interesting article, for instance, "On the beauty of ordinary things," (which will restore and enliven the sacramental sense of things) on the four joys of work, by Graham Carey which we hope to reprint, on journalism, on tapestries, on sculpture, architecture, dramatics and so on. Those who are interested in work should subscribe. Those who love to think of Peter Maurin's synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation should see it here worked out most beautifully in this quarterly.

It is issued from Newport, 29 Thames St., where Ade has her shop, and all communications about subscriptions should be sent to Secretary, Catholic Art Association, 1601 Dixie Highway, Covington, Ky.

Advertisements

We are also carrying some separate advertisements in these next issues of the CW, of Catholic Worker artists, that of Wm. Gauchat who runs the Blessed Martin House of Hospitality and Our Lady of the Wayside Farm in Cleveland and Avon; and an ad of my own books. HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY is out of print, but I believe you can still obtain copies of FROM UNION SQUARE TO ROME from Preservation Press, Silver Springs, Md., and do send in your orders for ON PILGRIMAGE, a new book made up of the columns in the paper and much else besides, to be printed next month by THE CATHOLIC WORKER, for \$1.50, the same price as FROM UNION SQUARE TO ROME.

We also call attention to the BOOKS sold by David Hennessey at Stotler's Crossroads, West Virginia, of interest to Distributists and all Catholic Worker readers. Send a book for Christmas, and buy them from him!

D.D.

Secularism vs. Communism

(Continued from page 1)

Sunday morning. But let them learn to keep their own sphere. Let them never question the morality of any particular piece of military strategy, nor discuss the sinfulness of various weapons, nor preach too boldly the practical love of one's enemies, nor be too interested in the morality of army policy. Religion has its place; let it keep to it. The boys are even encouraged to take up some religion. It makes them more obedient soldiers, more content, more docile, and with less mind of their own. It acts much like opium. Indeed it is Secularism not Communism that has made religion the opiate of the people, something for those who can't take the pains of life, a prop to sustain you in times of danger. There are no atheists in fox-holes. Some belief is quite important for army purposes. But let it keep to its own allotted time and department.

Secularism has departmentalized life. Many a secularist receives Holy Communion frequently, perhaps even daily. But this is only for his spiritual well-being. His morning Mass-going has nothing to do with his day of working, eating, recreation or sleeping. St. Paul's words, "Whether you eat or drink or whatever else you do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus" are meaningless to him. Mass and the Sacraments are supposed to more or less automatically insure a certain peace of mind here and an eternity of happiness hereafter. Whether, after the Holy Sacrifice, he drops bombs on helpless women and children, or just keeps the planes in order so others can do it, makes little difference. As long as he thus professes his own love of God and his fellow Americans, there is "no greater love." Secularism is not a respecter of persons.

Press

How can our press, even our Catholic press, so fulminate against Communism, and pay so little attention to the poisonous root from which it sprang? Communism is straight atheism, complete materialism. But Secularism is much more subtle. "It is a view of life that limits itself not to the material to the exclusion of the spiritual, but to the human here and now to the exclusion of man's relation to God here and hereafter" (the Bishops). Communism is the "devil that goes about like a roaring lion" while Secularism is the mute devil whom the Lord cast out "and the same was dumb." This latter is much more subversive and difficult to recognize, and we are in imminent danger of unconditionally surrendering to him so he can win a total victory in World War No. III. Then indeed we shall have made the world safe for Secularism.

I wonder if we Americans fear and hate Communism so much because it denies God or because a Red victory would mean an awful lot of suffering for us and a much lower standard of living. Our motives can well be examined for we don't have the same fear of victorious secularism which has already brought us so much luxury and soft living and promises even more if only we continue our path of spiritual lukewarmness. And the nice thing about Secularism is that we can have all these things and heaven too—at least we shall never be forced to deny God. Its purely voluntary whether you do or not.

Secularism is the final supreme effort to serve both God and Mammon without denying either. The secularist strikes the happy mean between enjoying the friendship of Christ (but not too intimately) and also amusing oneself with Satan (again not too intimately). Secularism would fill the world with nice people and empty it of saints. It wouldn't hesitate to shed the blood of millions of helpless Russian women and children, and soak the same foreign soil with the blood of thousands of American youth. But how it frowns on

any individual pacifist who is ready to shed his own blood for his conscience sake, for straight religion's sake, with no mixture of nationalism. Murder, especially mass murder, is sanctioned, but martyrdom in the strict sense is out. It is significant to note that the vast majority of the martyrs of both Old and New Testaments were killed by their own people: Jews by Jews, Romans by Romans, etc. They were conscientious objectors to the ideas held by the majority of their fellow citizens. They knew God's ideas were different. Being of the same race and nation there was no confusion resulting from international conflict. The issue was purely religious. Hence they are martyrs and their names will live on in the church of God. "A man's enemies shall be they of his own household" not foreigners. When Americans are killed by Americans for their conscience sake, the age of martyrs will again be with us, and Secularism's throne will have tottered.

Love

The powers of evil can never know unity, nor can we be united with any of them. Devils can never live in peace, nor we with them. Secularism and Communism will never make bedfellows, nor we with either of them. Yet this is just what we have tried to do. In World War II, we joined with Communism, the lesser devil. Result? Neither peace nor unity. Now we are about to be taken in by the greater, our own Secularism. The results cannot but be more tragic still. What choice has the Catholic? has any believer in God? It is quite possible that the only choice may be martyrdom for conscience sake. There is no redemption without the shedding of blood. But it is only innocent blood that redeems. May God increase the number of those pacifists who while being called "traitor," "Unpatriotic," "un-American," are ready to die with great love in their hearts for their fellow American Secularists and Russian Communists. "If armies in camp shall stand together against me, my heart shall not fear" (Psalm XXVII).

— by a PRIEST.

EASY ESSAY

(Continued from page 1)

3. In a book entitled: "The Eve of the Reformation" he points out that externalism—another word for materialism—prevailed in that period of English history.
4. The externalism of English bishops made them follow the King instead of the Pope when the King ceased to mind the Pope.

IV. St. Augustine

1. St. Augustine said "Love God and do what you please."
2. We do what we please but we don't love God.
3. We don't love God because we don't know God.
4. We don't know God because we don't try to know God.
5. And man was created in the image of God and every creature speaks to us about God and the Son of God came to earth to tell us about God.

The State and the Christian

(Continued from page 6)

the people will make too many mistakes, that they need to be led, that a government must be set up over them. In a people's democracy we would make mistakes until such time as we do, in practice, accept the Christian norm as a reference point in our personal and social conduct. But it has yet to be demonstrated that these mistakes would be any more numerous or horrible than those made by other forms of organized government. The perfect guarantee to minorities lies in the acceptance of non-violence as taught by Christ. If we accept that and if we proceed in love then there can be no persecutions, no persuasion other than moral and psychological and these will have no physical sanctions. For as we transcend ourselves from natural morality, as we place Christ before us as our guide rather than Aristotle—so shall we realize that man comes to God freely or not at all—and that to force him to God is to deny the Faith. Catholics who have such a mentality would not find it necessary to employ other than love towards those who have not accepted the Faith. And so there would be no basis for suspicion and fear and inquisitions. The Church, who has always in theory recognized this as the more perfect way and has made it of obligation to those vowed to perfection by forbidding them to bear arms, has but to extend this principle to the generality of the faithful, as recognizing that all are bound to observe the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, for a great revolution to occur in the mental attitudes of the faithful and a great increase in love towards all men. It will be a happy day indeed when Catholics will have bid goodbye to the State and the instruments of the State — will have forsaken these for a better way, a way in conformity with the spirit of Christ, a way that will externalize itself in society by cooperative living in self-governing communities. What authority may be necessary under such an arrangement will be one freely accepted and subject to recall, for the people will not surrender their sovereignty — there have been too many sorry experiences in the past and today of what happens when they do so.

Spain

As an example of the evil worked by alliance with the State it is good to keep harping on the problem of Spain, to keep pointing out the mischief that has been done to the Church there. There, on a miniature scale, you have the whole modern problem. How many souls have been turned away from the Faith because ecclesiastics (some of whom had forbidden the reading of Quadragesimo Anno in their dioceses) decided to hand over the interests of the Church to Franco, because they decided to defend the

Bride of Christ by murder, because they placed political allegiance and ecclesiastical real estate before allegiance to the Spirit of Jesus Christ who forbade men to defend His Body, leave alone material wealth? The Franco regime came to power by murder. You cannot shed the means you use to gain power, they cling to you, they are part of you, there is no washing of hands. And so it is no wonder that this very "Catholic" regime maintains itself in power by the means it used to gain it. It is not to be wondered at that Franco functionaries from Langreo took 22 prisoners (arrested because they were "believed" to be Socialists) to Rena Mayor and threw them into a well, poured gasoline on them and ignited it with sticks of dynamite. The world is getting used to this sort of thing. It has become all but impossible to shock. Such sacrifices are called for, we are told, as lesser evils, to maintain order and discipline, to maintain the State. And it was Jesus of Nazareth they threw into a well and poured gasoline on and ignited with dynamite. It is Jesus of Nazareth who is crucified by the modern State. And it is no reply to point out similar atrocities by the other side. They have been committed. So do men commit adultery, lie, hate. It is precisely Christians who are asked by God, and for the love of God, to avoid all these things. It is precisely Christians who are asked to use no other weapons than those of the spirit. It is precisely Christians who have failed to do so. And we are all in sin.

But there in Spain we have an example of what the Christian Revolution should not be. It is a horrible and tragic example of what reliance on the State has led to. It is the enthronement of ecclesiastical materialism, of religion by edict—it is the bastardization of the faith. There will be no Christian Revolution unless it proceeds by Christian means. Sanctity will not be achieved through the devil, the faith will not be realized in society by using the instruments of the devil. Nor will there be a Christian Revolution if it is by or through the States that we look for its realization. For the Revolutions of modern times have all failed for they have all sought to achieve their ends by the State and they have proceeded in and maintained themselves by violence. Christians who would imitate this same method of revolution are doomed to the same failure. With all the screaming against Marxists, political minded Catholics come from the same psychological pattern. There is the same acceptance of the State as the instrument of reform, there is the same acceptance of industrial efficiency, there is the same criterion of material success, the same indifference to the means used, the same lack of emphasis on voluntary poverty, the

same intolerances. Political Catholicism and Political Marxism are psychological bedfellows.

Withdrawal

When the Israelites were exploited and oppressed by the Egyptians they were commanded by God to withdraw, they were not asked to be obedient to an unjust government. And today it is by withdrawal from the Capitalistic State here in America that we will get anywhere. It means withdrawal from the military system by refusal to register, refusal to grant the right of the State to require registration for the immoral end of war. It means withdrawal of labor from production. A nation wide (preferably a world wide) general strike. Which simply means that labor refuses to work any longer in the interests of capitalism and nationalism. Labor has every right to refuse this cooperation, has every right to insist on an economy wherein the means of production and distribution are controlled by those who do the work. And to insist on the liquidation of the capitalist class, not in violence, not by death, but by invitation to join the ranks of the workers, to become useful members of society. So that the good and Communist and Christian ideal of a society wherein acquisitive classes have ceased to exist will be a reality.

But there is a great job to do before we would be ready for this. Before labor will have shed its desire to join the bourgeoisie. To become capitalist. And essentially it means that the temporal order must become informed by Christian principles. And till that is accomplished no revolution would succeed for it would not be based on transcendental values, it would not be pacifist nor decentralist nor communist. For if it is not these things then it is not yet emancipated from the mind-set of the capitalist and Marxist revolutions.

Those who identify God with the State and either accept both or reject both are equally incapable of penetrating the depths of Christ. Both have been fascinated by Manicheanism and react in opposite directions. The fascist accepts matter as the totality; in practice his conception of God is pantheistic. The orthodox anarchist rejects matter (for all his protests to the contrary) and adopts a purism that denies the facts of human nature and would isolate them from the common participation in the sins of man as well as his virtues. It is this purist tendency that makes it so difficult for the anarchist to conceive how one could hold many economic beliefs in common with him and yet accept Catholicism. The difficulty also stems from an oversimplification on the part of orthodox anarchists of the concept of authority and an excessive dependence on Aristotelian logical processes (as is shown in Faure's attempt to prove the inexistence of God). This is indeed most unfortunate as it places an obstacle in the path of those who would wish cooperation with anarchists in the fight against the modern national State and who realize that only in the acceptance of a point of reference which transcends the temporal order can there be any real basis for a revolution which avoids the errors of the revolutions of the past which have demonstrated their bankruptcy.

Annihilation

In view of the character of modern war, the moral certainty of universal annihilation by atomic and bacteriological weapons, the foremost and urgent problem is the vindication of the individual conscience and the refusal to cooperate in any way with the war effort. Man must first solve this, and though we may talk of other social reforms, though we may speak of a back to the land movement and decentralization, yet it is apparent that, as things are developing, this will not go beyond the academic unless we first solve the problem of war. This is a large and seemingly impossible order. But it must be faced. There is a clear cut decision—universal pacifism or universal destruction.

On Distributism—3

By REV. JOHN J. McDONOUGH

(Continued from last issue.)

Now the Distributists do not necessarily object to the State's performing these functions of protecting the good man against the bad, in the absence of other agencies capable of performing them. They suggest, however, that the initiative, which only the State can take in such matters, should be exercised for the purpose of creating these intermediary self governing guilds, or vocational groups, as permanently part of a right social order, rather than for the inauguration of State enterprises that must of their nature, be regarded as mere expedients. There is danger, too, of the State degenerating into an intolerable tyranny, when, highly centralized, it progressively ramifies into nearly all the departments of life. Especially is this true when it is in the control of those who tend to identify the State with "the good" which man must pursue of his very nature, but which lies in the realm of the spiritual. The State, in this essential matter, must, of course, be recognized as but a means to an end.

Distributists, then, advocate the establishment of regulative guilds as natural agencies for the control of such instruments as credit, money, and machinery. These guilds would be superimposed on each industry, much the same as professional societies, (physicians and lawyers, for example) enforce discipline and high moral practice in their respective fields. In addition they would be concerned to promote a certain measure of economic equality among the members.

Moreover, such guilds would insist that all who are engaged in any industry, in whatever capacity, whether as owners, masters, wage-earners, or co-operators, should conform to the regulations of the guild, which would concern itself with such things as the maintenance of just prices, the regulation of machinery, the volume of production, apprenticeship, size of unit of production, the up-holding

of a standard of quality in workmanship, the prevention of adulteration of products, mutual aid, and other matters appertaining to the conduct of industry and the personal welfare of its members. The essence of the guild idea, it will be seen, is nothing more than the practical enforcement of moral standards for the common good. It proposes, chiefly, to restore and maintain The Just Price throughout the social order.

Since decentralization is a mark of Distributism, the reason for advocating the establishment of regulative guilds is evident. The enforcement of the just price, standards, moral conduct, and quality in workmanship would operate to take the control of industry out of the hands of the financier and place it in those of the craftsman and the technician, where it belongs.

A final word: Distributists do not believe there is any solution of the economic question as a separate and detached proposition. Though they recognize that many things in economics have a technical cause, they, nevertheless, in the larger sense, see the economic problems as the more obtrusive symptom of an internal spiritual disease, as a consequence of the separation of men from the wholesome influences of religion, art, and nature; and they think that it is only when the economic problem is studied in the light of the spiritual, that it is finally capable of being understood.

The modern world, Arthur J. Penty reminds us, has been living on the spiritual capital of the Middle Ages. That capital is becoming exhausted. Hence our plight today. With the decline of the spiritual, man loses control of the material. What happens in the realm of the spirit has repercussions lower down in his nature. Therefore, man in western society, which is now in crisis, will return to an appreciation of spiritual values, or his civilization conceived in freedom will disappear.

Harrisburg Story

(Continued from page 6)

flesh, we are very much in our bodies, and we want to know whether it is too late to do anything but save SOULS. No use in talking about how many SOULS there are in the neighborhood of West Seventh street. God has made us creatures of bodies and souls and what we know of Him we learn through our senses, exterior and interior. It is good to be able to tell that Mary saves bodies, too. She feels she does so little, the years are long, and everything seems the same. But there is the story of the twins which we could tell, who were locked for a year and a half in a room and starved and beaten, and whom Mary rescued and put away in a school. And Susie is still alive, and at present in a state of grace.

Melancholy Man

But here is the story of one she did not save. Did I say in the beginning of this story that there was that feeling of waiting? That sense of violence? It came to a climax in the murder of a young woman around the corner. It happened when Mary was away, and she was out of earshot of the place, anyway, so she might not have known it was going on, if she had been there. A few blocks away a man of thirty beat his 26-year-old wife to death with a broken chair. He had been blinded some years before when a beer bottle flung from a tavern hit him as he passed by, and he was a melancholy man who drank sometimes, himself, and did not talk to his neighbors. He worked every day, and he and his wife were considered respectable people. They never came to Mary for help in the way of clothes as others in the neighborhood did. There had been one scene of violence between them, and they had

separated for a few days, but then they were seen walking down the street hand in hand.

And then this other fight had come about, and with the neighborhood standing outside, waiting for the police, and listening to the violence within, he had beat his wife to unconsciousness behind his locked door so that she died three hours after she was taken to the hospital.

And Mary faces all this misery pretty much alone. Dr. Clark helps her with the sick. The Johnsons, next door, are her able assistants in many a work of mercy. Young people from the Catholic High School come every week and help with the children.

Out in the back yard there is a little garden with sunflowers, marigold, petunias and ice plant. Out in front there is one tree.

How little it all is, as obscure as the life of the Blessed Mother, and as "little" as the life and sufferings of the Little Flower!

Some day something will be done. There will be decent places to live. Instead of a tent tabernacle with the rhythm of the jungle there will be a Church with the Mass, with Christ Himself in the Blessed Sacrament.

Yes, the nearest Catholic Church is ten blocks away, but just the same Christ is there, most surely there, in the least of his children. He has said it Himself.

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