

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXI No. 6

JANUARY, 1955

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c



EPIPHANY

Let love be without pretense. Hate what is evil, hold to what is good. Love one another with honor. Be not slothful in zeal, be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, rejoicing in hope. Be patient in tribulation, persevering in prayer. Share the needs of the saints, practicing hospitality. Bless those who persecute you; bless and do not curse. Rejoice with those who rejoice; weep with those who weep. Be of one mind towards one another. Do not set your mind on high things but condescend to the lowly. Ch. 12, 9-6.

(From the Breviary for the Feast of the Epiphany)

A RIVER OF PEACE

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE OF THE HOLY FATHER

"Behold I will bring upon her, as it were, a river of peace" (Isaias 66, 12). This promise, announced in the messianic prophecy of Isaias, was fulfilled, with mystic significance, by the Incarnate Word of God in the New Jerusalem, the Church: and We desire, beloved sons and daughters of the Catholic world, that this same promise should resound again over the entire human family as the wish of Our heart this Christmas eve.

A river of peace upon the world: this is the desire which We have most constantly cherished in Our heart, for which We have most fervently prayed and worked, ever since the day when God in His goodness was pleased to entrust to Our humble person the exalted and awe-inspiring office of common father of all peoples which is proper to the vicar of Him to Whom all races are given for His inheritance (Psalms 2, 8).

Casting a glance backwards over the years of Our pontificate with regard to that part of Our mandate which derives from the universal fatherhood conferred upon Us, We feel that it was the intention of Divine Providence to assign to Us the particular mission of helping, by means of patient and almost exhausting toil, to lead mankind back to the paths of peace.

At the approach of the feast of Christmas each year, We would have ardently wished to be able to go to the cradle of the Prince of Peace and offer Him, as the gift He would cherish most, a mankind at peace and all united together as in one family. On the contrary We had to experience—during the first six years—the indescribable bitterness of seeing nothing all around Us but peoples in arms, carried away by the mad fury of mutual destruction.

We had hoped—and many others had hoped with Us—that once the rage of hatred and revenge had finally ceased, there would very soon have dawned a period of secure peace. Instead, there continued that agonizing state of uneasiness and danger, which public opinion described with the name "cold war" because in reality it had little or

(Continued on page 7)

WAGE-HOUR VIOLATION

During 1954 more than one-half of the firms investigated by the U. S. Department of Labor's Wage and Hour and Public Contracts in New York and New Jersey were found to be in violation of the minimum wage, overtime or child labor requirements of the Federal Wage and Hour Law.

The annual report of Frank J. Muench, New York-New Jersey Acting Regional Director of the Wage and Hour Division, shows that his staff investigated 6,600 firms in the two states from January 1 to December 31, 1954. Of these, 3,400 were found to have paid some of their employees in violation of the Federal Wage and Hour Law.

There were 385 firms not complying with the Child Labor requirements of the Law. Most of these involved the employment of children under 16 during school hours. One hundred and ninety-five of the child labor cases were in New York, and 190 were in New Jersey.

Four hundred and fifty of the Wage-Hour violations were for failure to pay the minimum of 75

cents an hour required of firms in interstate commerce or producing goods for commerce. Other violations involved failure to pay overtime after 40 hours, or the falsification of, or failure to keep wage records.

Back wages in the amount of \$1,200,000 were found due 16,000 employees.

John A. Hughes, Regional Attorney, Office of the Solicitor, U.S. Department of Labor, was given 151 cases for civil action and 42 for criminal action for Wage-Hour violations by Muench's office during the year.

Mr. Muench explained that the high percentage of violations uncovered in this region of comparatively good wages was the result of careful selection of the industries and areas inspected.

Nearly 1,100 investigations were made after complaints were filed at the Wage and Hour offices. Trade associations and employers concerned about unfair competition initiated about as many complaints as were received from underpaid workers, Mr. Muench said.

Released by U.S. Dept. of Labor, 341 Ninth Ave., N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Where Are The Poor?

By DOROTHY DAY

Where are the poor? This is one of the startling questions that I find being asked on this, as well as other of my trips across this so prosperous country. A Commonweal editorial in a current issue talks of the great prosperity of this country, the warmth, the food, the clothing, the absence of drudgery, and concludes that lest we become complacent at having by our energies and abilities overcome want at home, we must remember the destitution

abroad and the Communist menace that promises to alleviate it. In Chicago one of our old friends who used to work among the destitute in one of our houses says that now that we are so prosperous a country it is time for us to devote all our energies to the peoples of the East. Priests in two other cities made the startling statements that the poor are generally undeserving, and that if a man

cannot support his family, he should not have one.

Lay folks in general, comfortable in the homes provided by their hard work, and conscious of the suffering which comes to all, rich and poor, are not as "understanding concerning the needy and the poor," as our Lord would have us. And I can understand how it comes about easy enough. If you

are busy about your own vocation, whether it is writing, or teaching, or studying medicine, nursing, or holding down a job dealing with various commodities necessary for life, like food, clothing, shelter and so on, you have your time taken up pretty thoroughly what with job and home and family, including relatives needy and otherwise.

(Continued on page 6)

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors: TOM SULLIVAN AMMON HENNACY
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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

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



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

I haven't the memory of an Ammon so I'll probably leave out innumerable incidents, and visits with people on this long trip which I am making around the coasts of the United States. One way of doing is to start with the present and work back.

Christmas is over and gone but it sure looks like Christmas here in Davenport where I am writing in the offices of the Catholic Messenger where I am visiting Donald McDonald of the diocesan paper The Catholic Messenger. This paper has become of national interest for the way news and books and papal statements are handled. The Christmas issue is an example, with its excerpts from all the papal peace messages as a special feature. All who are interested in peace and papal pronouncements should subscribe to this paper (three dollars a year) and just writing to 410 Brady Street, Davenport, Iowa will bring you the best diocesan weekly in the country. (Come to think of it, The Free Press of Worcester, Mass., Bishop Wright's paper, is another!)

Last night I was a guest at the McDonald house, and after the Christmas rush with five little children and relatives, that was true hospitality, taking in the stranger. Virginia radiates peace and the children reflect it. Donald and I visited Msgr. Hauber and Fr. Catich, both of whom are on the faculty of St. Ambrose's College where both Peter and I had spoken in the past. Fr. Catich gave me twelve sheets of instruction in calligraphy (issued by the Catfish press) some of which I have had before, pointing out that it is in writing that every man can be most truly an artist, since we all write and we might as well do it well. He also gave me two booklets, one on the making of chalices and the other on The Stations of the Cross. His talk was like a retreat. It was good just before going to bed, to relax and listen to some beautiful recordings, while ten-months old Teresa sat in the middle of the living room beaming at us and quietly scattering the evening paper.

I am on my way now to Sinsinawa, Appleton, de Pere and then again to St. Paul where I can be reached during the month at Maryhouse, Little Canada, St. Paul 6, Minn.

Holiday

Still working back, I had a delightful visit in St. Louis, staying in Monsignor Hellriegel's parish for the Christmas novena and services. I have never had so good and thorough a Christmas, what with the services every evening, the high Masses in the mornings, and then the midnight Mass, and three others in the late morning, and a children's service at the crib in the afternoon and vespers in the evening. It was all solemn, holy and beautiful, a gentle and happy holiday as it should be, with no anti-climax of surfeit. What saint was it who said that heavenly feastings just brought you an increasing hunger, an appetite one can delight in, and material feastings

brought fatigue and distaste for earthly food.

Monsignor Hellriegel is untiring in his service of God, a great teacher, devoted to the children in his school. One act of pure love of God is more potent than all the active works one is engaged in. St. John of the Cross says and if growing in the knowledge of God increases our love of God, how great and sublime a work this great priest is doing.

I had a fine visit with David Dunne and Mignon McMenamy of the Pio Decimo Press at Baden, St. Louis 15. (Send for their catalogue of books and cards, medals, crucifixes, etc.) One day I visited Rhineland where Ruth Ann Heaney and her five children, and Marty and Gertrude Paul and their four children are living these last seven years. The drought has been bad these past two years, and crops and gardens have been a failure, so the families are hard put to it to feed their stock. Marty had been sending eggs into St. Louis but you can buy three dozen for a dollar now and he could not afford the feed to keep the chickens laying, at that price. Thanks to Frank Lakey who is working as an engineer in St. Louis some extra machinery and a farm truck have been acquired so Marty helps neighbors with bailing and other jobs. They tried to sell Christmas trees but there is no market for cedars which is all the crop they have. I saw Jack Woltjen and Fran and Judy and spent a good evening after a meeting at The Center which is the meeting place for all the old friends of the Catholic Worker. Meetings are held, as well as classes several nights in the week and Evelyn Gilson is helping run the place.

I had dinner with Luke Lanvenmeyer and family and it was interesting to see the second generation growing up and demanding the right to venture forth into Catholic activities. The argument at the moment in Luke's family was as to whether Valerie junior could go down to work among the rural slums of southern Missouri with the two women who have a settlement under the name of the Rural Workers of Christ the King. There is great unemployment among the miners in that section. Here among little towns with such names as Bottom Diggins, and Fertile these women have worked for the past five years, with the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Their address, for any one in the St. Louis area who wishes to learn about them, is Cadet, Missouri.

I visited also with Boland Carter and his family and their lovely semi rural home in East St. Louis is a dispenser of hospitality to the people from Holy Family Farm at Rhineland, Missouri, as well as to visitors from the Chicago Peter Maurin House.

While in St. Louis I went to a Christmas concert of the St. Louis symphony orchestra, and Luke Lanvenmeyer pointed out to me a beautiful girl who reminded me of Gerta Blumenthal from the distance, just the way she held her head, and sat there expectantly. This girl, Dorothy Ziegler, went

By AMMON HENNACY
Surplus Value
The Merchant calls it Profit and winks the other eye;
The Banker calls it Interest and heaves a cheerful sigh;
The Landlord calls it Rent as he tucks it in his bag;
But the good old honest burglar simply calls it Swag.
Wall Street

Along with the idea that "time belongs to God and not to the bankers; not even 1%," I quote the above verse from the APPEAL TO REASON of my first radical days 40 years ago, to my audience at Wall and Broad Tuesday's at noon as I soapbox. For here is the cen-

ter of exploitation of the world. Actually Wall Street begins at Trinity Church and ends at the American Sugar Refining Company at 120 Wall and Front streets. As Eric Gill would say metaphysically and commercially Wall Street extends to Times Square, St. Patrick's, Fordham, Columbia, and to all the places where the Sermon on the Mount is ignored or watered down, and where the devil is worshipped.

"I was a Catholic for 41 years and I left the Church and now I see the light", said a man to me when the questions came at the end of my first speech on Wall Street.

"That's fine," I answered, "I wasn't a Catholic for 51 years and I joined the Church. Now we are both happy."

"He's a renegade; he's no good," shouted several inebriated Irishmen from the audience." I held up my hand, saying:

"Of course there is something lacking in this man, although he is not as bad as you say. And there is something lacking in you: you are not anarchists. Come around and I will give you a free treatment every Tuesday noon!" Now this man is my good friend although he disagrees with me mightily. Besides when I have collected a crowd and have talked long enough he can take it over and have his say.

My sign of waterproof masonite shellacked over has Eichenberg's picture of St. Francis with the words CATHOLIC WORKER done in white by Rita Corbin; and my name as speaker and the address of the CW below. And the CW Positions from the September 1954 issue underscored and attached. Beneath this is the current copy of the CW. I stood on a 2½ foot high aluminum stepladder with this sign as high as my head attached to the stepladder and I held an American flag in my hand. (The law says you do not need a permit to speak but you must have a flag.) Not being used to holding the flag I had it upside down once and another time an inch of it touched the ground to the consternation of a patriotic woman.

The Catholic Evidence Guild held meetings on Wednesdays and the speaker knew me from reading the CW he told me. They discontinued their talks about the time as I started mine. We kept the flag, sign, and "soapbox" at the I.W.W. hall at the foot of Broad Street and so did not have to carry them to and from the CW. Bob Willock there has the CW for the seamen who drop in from the ships.

For the first few months there was a dally tussle between myself and McCarthyite Catholics who

called the CW Communist. And several men got quite cholerical when they heard the word anarchist. Bertha, who works as a nurse nights, told the man to watch his blood pressure. Of course I know that you cannot tell anyone anything that they don't already know. All you can do is to capitalize and put in graphic emphasis something that they already believe but in which they have not been articulate.

Hecklers

Speaking twenty feet to my left on the wide sidewalk next to the Bankers Trust Company was a follower of "The priest who found Christ" dealing in technicalities of the Bible, and I suppose knocking the Catholic Church, for I didn't have time to listen to him or he to me. We were both, as the saying is, "working the same side of the street." Across the street back of me is the Old Treasury Building reaching back to Nassau Street. And across Wall Street on one corner is the Chase National Bank and on the other corner Kidder, Peabody Company. I have only spoken here a few months and the walls have not begun to crumble. My opponent generally started first and had a big crowd. I spoke sometimes for ten minutes with only a few people stopping but finally had a good crowd. As the audience changed when people came to and fro from lunch I had to repeat myself. Some Catholics were quite worried for fear I might give the impression that I spoke for the Catholic Church when I only spoke for the CW. I told them that as only a convert of two years I certainly was not a theologian but that the priest who had baptized me knew and agreed with my radical emphasis. I said that you could be as radical or as conservative in economics or politics as you liked in the Catholic Church: there was this freedom. I had stopped in to the nearby Our Lady of Victory Church and had given a copy of my Autobiography and CW's to the priest. He favored McCarthy, but said as I left, "God bless you and your work." I told this to a questioner in the audience and he wanted to know the name of the priest. I replied that I had not asked the priest his name.

"You mean you talk to a man and you don't know his name?" was the query.

"Yes," I replied, "I am talking to you and I don't know your name."

A priest from Our Lady of Rosary Church at South Ferry had requested some of our Prayer to St. Raphael cards and they took a bundle of CW's which they placed in their paper rack. As I was be-

(Continued on page 6)



added dance therapy to the work there. Luke himself has chosen as his special work of mercy, the showing of films to the shut-ins and invalids, through the Volunteer Film Association. And one of the places they visit is a psychiatric home for mentally disturbed children. In another nursing home out in the country caring for feeble-minded, mongolian idiots and so on, they came across the sad case of a young girl, dying of a

(Continued on page 7)

ONLY PRISONS HAVE BARS

(The Michael Scott Story)

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

We have often spoke in the columns of the Catholic Worker of a small, yet persistent publication, called THE THIRD HOUR. In its successive editorials, now running over a period of nine years, THE THIRD HOUR has stressed again and again that the surest way to attain UNITY in a divided world, is not to discuss differences of dogma, tradition, nationality and so forth, but to look out, on the contrary, for all that mankind has in common. A striking example of this spirit of brotherhood, breaking all bars and barriers is to be found in a man whose charity has become almost legendary in our uncharitable time. This man came to the THIRD HOUR bringing us neither a sermon, nor an admonition, nor an exhortation "to do better." He brought us just himself and a poem. This man is the Rev. Michael Scott, apostle and champion of the Africans. His poem was entitled "The Spirit of the Lord" and it started with these lines:

"The spirit of the Lord is nowhere to be seen,
Is lost in the night among the stars in their courses,
Is sightless and soundless, but is seen by the hearts desirous of the light,

Those who had a glimpse of Rev. Michael Scott (mostly fleeting) during his stay here in New York, as observer at the United Nations, may say that like the Spirit of the Lord, he was actually nowhere to be seen, except where he had to exercise, action, show devotion, accept sacrifice. In this sense, the man from Africa was sightless and soundless,—a frail, gentle, almost ghostly figure, yet how infinitely persuasive, how convincing and strong.

Even before he was among his "Third Hour" friends, his coming was heralded by Anne Fremantle. In "Out of Africa", Anne Fremantle wrote: "In the magistrate's court at Durban on July 1st, 1946, a young English Protestant clergyman, Michael Scott, was sentenced to three month's imprisonment for joining the Passive Resisters who were opposing the new

Asiatic Land Tenure Act. On that occasion he said: "with regard to the personal references to myself from the bench, and to the surprise that was expressed at my association with people of another class, namely my fellow prisoners, I must first declaim any such superiority of class or intelligence as that suggested, and state further, that my religion knows no color bar."

Every word uttered by Michael Scott is impressive. In court, where he was persecuted, and in the United Nations, where he was listened to with respect, and almost awe (by all right-minded people) he said in so many carefully weighed and dynamic sentences, things that should be obvious to every Christian, and which have as yet remained "soundless" for too many.

Let us briefly recall the Michael Scott story: born 47 years ago, the son of an English country parson; educated in England at Kings College, prevented by ill health to go to Cambridge. He enlisted in the South African Faury (Cape)

(Continued on page 8)

Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN

TEACHERS, TRADERS AND TRICKSTERS NO RECOURSE

Politicians used to say:
"We make prosperity
through our wise policies."
Business men used to say:
"We make prosperity
through our private
enterprise."
The workers did not seem
to have anything to do
about the matter.
They were either
put to work
or thrown out
of employment.
And when unemployment
came
the workers had no recourse
against the professed
makers of prosperity—
politicians
and business men.

POLITICS IS POLITICS

A politician is an artist
in the art
of following the wind
of public opinion.
He who follows the wind
of public opinion
does not follow
his own judgment
And he who does not
follow
his own judgment
cannot lead people
out of the beaten path.
He is like
the tail end of the dog
trying to lead the head.
When people stand back
of politicians
and politicians
stand back of the people,
people and politicians
go around the circle
and get nowhere.

MAKER OF DEALS

A business man
is a maker of deals.
He wants to close
a profitable deal
in the shortest possible time.
To close a profitable deal
in the shortest possible time
he tells you
what a good bargain
you are getting.

And while he tells you
what a good bargain
you are getting
he is always thinking
what a good bargain
he is getting.
He appeals
to the selfishness in you
to satisfy
the selfishness in him.

BUSINESS IS SELFISHNESS

Because everybody
is naturally selfish
business men say
that business
must be based
on selfishness.
But when business
is based
on selfishness
everybody is busy
becoming more selfish.
And when everybody is busy
we have classes and clashes.

TEACHING SUBJECTS

Our business managers
don't know how to manage
the things they try to manage
because they don't understand
the things they try to manage.
So they turn to college
professors
in the hope of understanding
the things they try to manage.
But college professors
do not profess anything:
they only teach subjects.
As teachers of subjects
college professors
may enable people
to master subjects.
But mastering subjects
has never enabled anyone
to master situations.

SPECIALIZATION

A few years ago
I asked a college professor
to give me
the formulation
of those universal concepts
embodied
in the universal message
of universal universities
that will enable
the common man
to create
a universal economy.
And I was told
by the college professors:

(Continued on page 5)

PETER MAURIN FARM

By H. YAMAMOTO

A lot has happened since I last
wrote, as they say. For some reason,
Advent—liturgically a season
of joyous waiting—turned out to
be rather grim at Peter Maurin
Farm, with the communal nerves
on edge and dissension prevailing.
Perhaps it was the chill of winter;
perhaps it was some of those wicked
spirits, who wander through the
world for the ruin of souls; per-
haps it was just one of those
things. Whatever, we all felt it,
individually and collectively, al-
though Kenneth managed to make
St. Nicholas Day special with
packets of fudge and Rise-of-the-
Dutch-Republic cookies for Master
Paul and all the little Scarpullas
and Hennessys, although Norma
kept renewing the greens on the
Advent wreath, and although the
plum pudding was soaking in
sherry for the Great Day.

Anyway, the house looked fes-
tive, with the front room newly
painted a cheerful yellow by the
latest Quaker work camp group,
with red-and-white paper bells,
icicles and greens gracing the win-
dows and the mantel and dangling
from the chandelier, and with
creches both in the front room and
the chapel. And well it might, for
there were spectacular doings in
the parish, what with both St.
Louis Academy and Fr. McGrath
celebrating their fiftieth jubilees.
St. Louis Academy held open
house for parents. And Fr. Mc-
Grath, fifty years a priest, was
honored at a reception at George
Washington Hall to the rear of St.
Joseph's. He has been thirty-one
years in this New York City parish.

In acknowledging the tribute
that evening, Fr. McGrath spoke
briefly of the two highlights of his

life, his encounters with two peo-
ple who have since been canonized,
St. Frances Xavier Cabrini and St.
Pius X. Then he came down from
the platform to shake hands with
his parishioners, while the free
beer flowed and washed down the
cakes, cookies and sandwiches pre-
pared by the ladies of the parish.
Our Peggy had baked him a cake
with red maraschino cherries pro-
claiming "50" on the white frost-
ing.

A group of us, meaning Stanley
V., Tom, Lee, Ed, Paul and Si were
also privileged to share in the pre-
Christmas happiness of the
Thomas Callanan family in their
house overlooking the beach.
There was good food, wine and
Christmas carols, and the rosary
led by little Kevin Callanan.

Fr. Duffy said Midnight Mass at
St. Thomas', and the next day, it
was a small family here enjoying
the turkey which was a gift from
Bernie the butcher and which was
roasted by Howard, who gets up
at an ungodly hour each weekday
morning to get to his job in the
city (he is a specialist in
antiques) and who spends his
days-off cooking for us, spelling
Beth, Tom and Peggy. Stanley
V. and Tony spent the holi-
days in Baltimore; Stanley B.
broke an eight-day fast with his
family in Brooklyn; Paul and Si
visited with relatives in Spring-
field, Mass.; and Lee was off play-
ing Santa Claus to all the chil-
dren who came here this summer
with Helen Russell and Mary Ann
McCoy.

The visitors continued, seeming
to come in huge bunches or not
at all. Among them were two som-

(Continued on page 7)

Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

Since this is a new year it might
not be a bad idea to review the
bidding as they say in the card
game of bridge. It has to do with
the business concerning this col-
umn. First do not take anything
you read in it too seriously, like



FATHER DAMIAN

JAPANESE

"The Japanese people are in a
state of demoralization as the re-
sult of the passage of laws in Japan
legalizing abortions," Dr. Taiet Mi-
ura, a psychiatrist and president of
the Tokyo Catholic Doctors Asso-
ciation told this correspondent in
New York City recently.

Dr. Miura, who is chairman of
the department of neuropsychiatry
at Kelo University in Tokyo and
who did research here, said that
possibly 1,000,000 babies have been
slain by abortion operations each
year since the passage of the Jap-
anese Eugenics Protection Law on
July 13, 1948. In addition to the
infanticide, the effects of the op-
erations on the health of mothers
have been "very bad," he said.

"Complete mental breakdowns
have followed the operations in
many cases," Dr. Miura said. "This
effect on mental health unfortu-
nately bore out the warnings of the
Japanese Catholic Psychiatrists at
the time the laws were passed.
Some impoverished mothers have
had as many as three or four abor-
tions with bad effects on the body
which will take longer to fully
evaluate."

The psychiatrist said that an
amendment to the law provided
that the operations could be per-
formed for "economic reasons"—
simply because the mother was
poor. This opened the gates for
widespread operations, he said.

Dr. Miura said that as he was
not an economist he could not
speak with authority on Japan's
varied economic problems which
led to the passage of the law. He
pointed out, however, that Japan
has 87,000,000 people in four tiny
islands and that Japan can not
grow enough food to feed its peo-
ple.

"The answer for Japan lies in an
application of the Papal Encycli-
cals which call for a new order in
the world based on fraternal char-
ity and justice," he added.

—G. P. C.

the dear soul who wrote to the
Health Department. She had con-
cluded from this column that con-
ditions in our house must be un-
sanitary since we are so crowded
that we have to permit men to
sleep on our library floor.

Once again let us say that this
column has no special dynamic
message, nor is it intended to be
merely a gripe sheet. This article
is simply meant to be a monthly
report of the goings on in and
about this house. There is no in-
tent to hurt anyone by the inci-
dents related herein. It would not
be difficult to present a picture of
sweetness and light which would
be a distorted piece of hokum.
That would not be a sincere por-
trait of our oasis of chaos. Despite
our attempts to call the ball as it
bounces we still have contacts with
individuals who have a grand illu-
sion of our lives. One seminarian
spent the Christmas week with us
and voiced his many disappoint-
ments. We had to spell it out to
him that we are not a neat, tidy,
efficient group carrying on a flaw-
less work. Instead we are the lame,
the halt and the blind leading the
blind. Please keep these things in
mind when you read this column
or visit our houses.

We had a perfectly beautiful
Christmas and New Year here on
Chrystie street. Wallace, Tony and
several others decorated our li-
brary, dining-room, office, corri-
dors and doors as they have never
been decorated before in the his-
tory of the Catholic Worker. Wal-
lace and his helpers spent at least
three days preparing our house
for Christmas and it was well
worth it. The cost to the house
purse was zero since Wallace begged
the Christmas trees and the
branches for the wreaths from the
gum selling trees on the corner.
This little man, Wallace, he is five
foot high, instilled a wonderful
spirit into the house this Christ-
mas. He had several older people,
who generally sit around our li-
brary staring into space or talking
to themselves, cutting silver stars
out of tobacco wrappers.

On Friday night preceeding
Christmas Eve we had the plea-
sure of having as our speaker,
Helen Iswolsky, who spoke to us of
Christmas in her native land of
Russia. Helen spoke at great length
of the customs and the traditions
of the Russians at Christmas time.
According to Helen the last few
weeks prior to Christmas was a
period of strict penance and
much prayer. Likewise a time
when you were to beware of the
Devil who is considered especially
active at this feast day. This is a
strange contrast to our country
where the Christmas office parties
have become a topic of Sunday ser-
mons and where we think we can
drink until we are drunk without
breaking the fast and abstinence
of Christmas evening. But then we
all know that that was a Russia of
yesterday!

On this particular Christmas, for
a change, practically everyone in
our house received a Christmas
card and gift. A noble, hard work-
ing secretary, and a school teacher
plus a not affluent mother of six
children dug down and provided
each woman in our family with a
beautiful gift. Some four hundred
people enjoyed their holiday din-

ner with us. Several good friends
came in and helped serve the
meals.

The Christmas spirit over-
whelmed all of us. One member of
our family stuck five dollars of his
own in a Christmas envelope and
dropped it in the principal collec-
tion at our parish Church. This
person explained that this money
was his private property. And that
he as well as the rest of us gave
nothing in the collections all dur-
ing the year except a nickel or
dime to save face. I declared that
this was the craziest thing I ever
heard. Next time, I explained, re-
member we have a Christmas col-
lection going the year round. After
all I went on they don't expect us
to put anything in their collection
boxes. We said all these things but
at the same time aware of the fact
that we have the best parish priests
in the city at our Church.

Tony Aratari, a member of our
group for some six years, decided
that we should have a Christmas
party. Everyone was in full accord
with this plan. The party occurred
on the Thursday night following
Christmas in the form of the play
"Everyman" followed by five or
six specialty acts consisting of
singing, dancing and the playing
of a guitar. Refreshments were
served after the night of the thea-
tre. Tony acted in and directed the
play "Everyman" which presented
(Continued on page 7)

De Rougement

Ah, for all the gold in the
world I should not wish to be
born in another time! Every-
thing has meaning about us,
everything becomes amplified
to the dimensions of the vastest
poetry. Everything that has hap-
pened to me these days is in
the image of world history.

Ours must be the effort,
God's the issue and the judg-
ment. If we lose all our bat-
tles, the destiny of Satan is
none the less sealed. All that
is asked of us is to coincide
with the spirit of this final vic-
tory. Therein lies the secret
of the greatest freedom of ac-
tion and imagination. We are
thus delivered of the monstrous
concern with the final ends of
our destiny, of the very con-
cern of our pride which uncon-
sciously overwhelms us. What-
ever happens, the great Order
subsists, the game is already
won—the blue of heaven is not
tarnished by the clouds of our
anguish.

Joseph de Maistre wrote un-
der Napoleon, "When a too pre-
ponderant power terrifies the
universe, one is irritated to
find no means to stop it; one
abounds in bitter reproaches
against the egotism and im-
morality of governments, which
prevent them from being united
to confront the common danger.
But at bottom these complaints
are ill founded. A coalition
among sovereigns formed on
the principles of a pure and
disinterested morality would be
a miracle. God, who owes
none any miracle, and who
makes no useless ones, employs
two simple means to reestablish
the equilibrium. Sometimes
the giant cuts his own throat,
sometimes a greatly inferior
power throws in his path an im-
perceptible obstacle which,
none knows how, subsequently
grows and becomes insurmount-
able, like a feeble reed, caught
in the current of a river, which
in the end produces an accumu-
lation of silt which changes its
course!"

I say that we can participate
in this really total victory by
becoming, each one for himself,
that 'imperceptible obstacle' to
evil and that 'feeble reed' which
changes the course of the sur-
rent. I say that the condition
of this victory is that we be-
come, each one for himself, a
man, a responsible person.

Father John Kelly

The fight against capital punishment at the meeting of the Canadian
Bar Association was led by a Catholic priest.

Father John Kelly, Professor of Philosophy at St. Michael's College
told 1,000 lawyers that "The moral responsibility of any individual (in
a crime) can be determined by an omnipotent and omniscient God. But
for human beings, it's not so easy. Many criminologists agree that
capital punishment works against the course of justice."

The resolution, which was eventually referred to the next meeting
of the Association, was introduced by a Catholic lawyer, Arthur Ma-
loney. Maloney held that "The death penalty makes it impossible to
rectify errors of human judgment which may occur in two fields—in
law and in fact."

FROM THE MAIL BAG

APPEALING

Sacred Heart Church, Keamari, Karachi 7, Pakistan.

Dear Sir:

I have been receiving 9 issues of your esteemed monthly regularly now for some time. I have also received some literature for seamen, etc., through your appeal inserted in your paper, from some other friends. I thank you very much for your kindness in sending on these packets of your monthly and for your appeal on my behalf. I am here in this port of Karachi as Port Chaplain, Parish Priest, and Manager of an English Primary School for little boys and girls. Your paper is very welcome to the poor seamen, who have a dull time on the ships. They also appreciate much the papers from other friends. May God bless you for your help towards the seamen, many of whom hail from U.S.A. Could you not put in another appeal for me for literature, books, pamphlets, and pictures, etc., for seamen? Many thanks in anticipation. With my best wishes to you,

Fr. Antonius Almeida, O.F.M.

Great sorrow befell our village of Eravipuram, with a population of nearly 2,000 families, when the Parish Church bell, by some unaccountable cause, was struck mute one morning having been split by a crack which ran through and through.

The village is lost without a bell for their lives had always been regulated by it. Villagers arose in the morning to its Angelus. Shops and stores were opened and closed by the chimes of the bell. School sessions and Church services were announced by its notes. You'll understand the misery of a Parish without a bell. If our poor fisher folk could afford to purchase one we would not trouble you.

Dear Editor, won't you announce this great tragedy in your valuable paper and help me collect the money needed to replace the bell. Help us sing out our song of gratitude and prayer for each donor, and above all, help us to call together our people to sing God's praises. Our grateful, heartfelt prayers will always go with you and your great work.

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS, Parish Priest, St. John's Church, Eravipuram, U.S.T.C., S. India.

(Reprinted from the C.W. May issue due to lack of response.)

Ursuline Convent, Samtoli, P.O. Simdega Dt. Ranchi-Bihar, India.

My dear Editor:

Last week we've been buying our stock of rice to feed our 200 poor children (boarders) during 1955. I had to borrow Rs. 3,000/- (about \$800) and the merchant gives me 3 months for paying him. If really we were not in dire need I would not appeal to your kind heart!

I have written several letters here and there but all in vain. I came to the conclusion that a short note in a review is the best means of getting an answer! If only I knew some addresses of generous people I would at once write to them.

I have sometimes been weeping when seeing so many poor and being unable to help them! Still last week a poor old beggar came to me for help showing me some rice and saying, "Mother, all this I have received from the Christians. If they are so kind to me, how good their God must be!" And the poor Hindu woman added, "How I long to know Him and to love Him too!" You see what wonders a small alms may do! And she is going to come to be instructed.

Herewith I'm adding snaps. Josephine, one of our orphans, was born armless. She has learnt to eat, drink and even write with the help of her feet.

The other day one of our little orphan boys, Peter, aged 7, gave

us a fright. He had fallen into a well! Little Carmella, aged 3, came to tell us in her baby language and we rushed to the spot. Fortunately there was very much water in the well and the child was floating on the top, struggling with arms and legs. A man was able to fish him out without too much difficulty.

Your very grateful missionary,
Mother M. Laurentine

On the Land

Edinboro, Pa.

Dear Dorothy:

May God shower His choicest blessings upon you during the Holy Season of Christmas.

We read with interest Ed Willock's article about CW in Commonwealth collection—he certainly has an historical sense. We were wondering if you could manage to stop here during your trip. Fr. Peterson (he runs a house of hospitality in his office) would arrange for a meeting at Cannon College, and I could inquire at Alleghany College (small, liberal arts). I'm sure there are many in the area who would like to hear you. And we certainly could use a spiritual shot in the arm, as Fr. Roy would say.

Life on the land continues to be tough, but satisfying. If only there were less isolation. If only farmers were more cooperative and friendly. People do not remain indifferent to CW ideas, in many cases you do not even have to express them. Materialism is so firmly rooted that you have to fight hard to keep from falling under its spell—it seems most don't even attempt to wrestle with it. There seems to be a deep seated awareness among some that it is all wrong but there is a general apathy, a feeling of uselessness in the face of it—even among priests.

It certainly would be wonderful if you could get over and spend some little time with us—we so enjoyed Ammon's visit last winter. If possible, let us know the dates so that we can arrange meetings.

Mary is waiting to go to the hospital for new baby No. 5.

In Christ the worker,
Jack and Mary Thornton

SHEETS

U. S. A.,
Feast of St. Cecilia.

Dear Mr. Sullivan:

Your plea for sheets has borne fruit, I see. Wonderful! Sheets can be used for many things, which is more than I can say of neckties. From the first I have been planning to write to you about this item. Do you not know, Tom, that the poor do not have sheets, at least not two and sometimes none at all? Our little household did not. My father used a thin cotton blanket to cover the mattress in the winter, it kept us warmer. In the summer it was thin enough not to make any difference. We never even thought about a sheet to cover us. Until my father's only daughter began to grow up a little and get a little vain this was all we had. When this daughter did begin to think of sheets it was only a "bottom sheet" and she bought an inexpensive material to make this. Not even during her college days did a "sheet" separate the fuzzy wool from her. Her brothers did not worry about such luxuries either. They knew that they should be grateful for the good food and warm clothing dad worked so hard to give us. But there was no money for extras and we did not spend much time even wishing for them. The girl seemed to be the only frivolous one, for every once in a while she would want such things as curtains or a rocking chair.

Do not think I am questioning your desire for sheets. I am just chiding you a little. Besides,

sheets may mean one or two. Either way I am by far the wealthier now. In the convent I get two clean sheets and two pillow cases every other week. I don't even have to launder them. Now my poverty consists in suppressing the desire for clean ones every week or several times a week. If I had to scrub them on a washboard as I once did, I might lose such fussiness.

Perhaps you wish you had just omitted "sheets" from the Catholic Worker article. Do not such items make it a joy to read? Just look what it accomplished too—it induced me to write. The Catholic Workers and I have been friends for many years. You do not hear from me often because I fear that you would be ashamed of me. My life is too comfortable.

May Mary prepare your heart for the coming of Jesus.

In J. C. V. A. A.

Sister M. A.

Distributist

Vigil of St. Andrew

Dear Miss Day:

At the risk of there being three disagreeing distributists instead of only two, I throw my carcass in to be chewed.

Below, I've typed a copy of the Distributist Manifesto. My sixty-four dollar question comes early: How will the Manifesto's aims be accomplished through the Industrial Council idea? If it potentially would accomplish all the Manifesto's ends, would Mr. Marciniak spell it out a little for me? If it won't, does that suggest that the idea of Distributism covers the whole social order, while the Industrial Council idea is more limited in its possibilities?

Perhaps coal miners are a good take-off point. If Dave Hennessy's distributism would never help any coal miner, would Ed Marciniak's distributism help men to get their heads above ground? To do more human work?

Distributist Manifesto

1. The Distributist League works for the Restoration of Liberty by the Distribution of Property. It offers the only alternative to the twin evils of Capitalism and Communism. It opposes both, since they both involve the concentration of property and power in a few hands to the enslavement of the majority.

2. The Distributist League stands for the natural liberty of the Family and the Individual against unwarranted interference from Mrs. Grundies, big business interests or the State. Economic liberty can be restored by a better distribution of property; i.e. a wide-spread small ownership of land, homes, workshops, tools and other means of production.

3. The Distributist League therefore demands that the Law shall favor Ownership, penalizing monopoly and all tendencies towards undue aggrandizement. It advocates the bringing together of idle men and acres in an effort to restore in England a free peasantry—the necessary basis of a sound commonwealth.

4. It advocates the fostering of craftsmanship and small workshops, thereby lessening the risk of disaster should the present industrial system collapse under internal or external strain. It demands the restriction of the use of machinery whenever it reduces the worker to "a sub-human condition of intellectual irresponsibility."

5. The Distributist League seeks to put an end to the dominance of high finance and the excessive power of the banks, and to rid our system of government of its present corruption and inefficiencies.

In Christ,
Frank A. Petta

Disturbers

Dear Tom Sullivan:

I have heard of the Worker for several years and have been reading the CW for less than that time. I agree with you that the world today is far from the Christian ideal of love and charity. So much must be done to bring the Christian ideal into being. You, and those like you, work along your ideas of how to bring this about. In the years of the Worker's existence you have found the way difficult and at times, I suppose, very unfruitful in visible accomplishments. But you realize that often the accomplishments that Grace can achieve are not to be seen externally, but are done internally, in the Spirit. And to this sight, the short-sighted world is blind. Christ's Kingdom is not of this world and it is where perfect bliss is to be found. But this does not mean that the injustices of this world are to be ignored. For where injustices exist, many human beings are not able to resist temptation and salvation is made that more difficult to achieve.

When first hearing of your work, my first impression was that you people were nothing but eccentrics. But as my knowledge of the faith increased (even now it is too meagre) I came to see that there might be something to your work. I still think that on many points you people are wrong, and I often disagree. But, none can question your sincerity. This, I am certain, you people have been told time and time again. With many others, I admire your willingness to work in the face of great opposition.

Today, as yesterday and probably tomorrow, we are too comfortable in our world. We do not like to have current concepts questioned and objected to. Where this happens, men may have to think and this is something not too many people want to do for it may disturb them. The world has need of disturbers: those who, among us, will cause us to think. The eccentric, the radical, the neurotic, or whatever one wishes to call him has always been included and very often found in history. Too often, though, they are ignored. It is an unpopular role, a thankless one, and one almost guaranteed to bring abuse. Regardless of the abuse you have met, and will meet, I pray that God gives all of you the grace to continue your acts of mercy and to disturb us.

God be with you,

Umberto La Poggia
Phila. 48, Penna.

Colorado

Denver 5, Colorado

Dear Friends,

Enclosed is a long overdue check in appreciation of the spirit and deeds at the Catholic Worker. We find your paper most meaningful in helping us keep touch with people, values and situations which often get lost in the press of busy family living.

Sincerely,
Henry and Jeanne

Canada

Dear Bro. Sullivan:

Enclosed find \$1.00 to keep my subscription to the World's Best Paper coming for another year.

God bless all of you. Also, if Bro. Hennacy or anyone connected with the movement ever has cause to visit London, Canada, the door of our place is wide open to any such Brother or Sister of the Non-Violent Distributist Movement to stay with us. We have been backers and supporters since 1933 — the "Dark Days."

May the great light that "The Truth Is One" keep shining on in the wonderful candle you keep

ever aflame by your great sacrifice and devotion.

Sincerely,

Joseph Patrick O'Brien
816 Queens Ave.
London, Ont., Canada

Michigan

Nov. 14, 1954

Dear Friends of the
Catholic Worker:

I am enclosing as donation \$3.00 to be used as you see fit in your charitable work. I am still receiving the paper regular, and usually find time to read most of it. The articles are interesting and contain a lot of food for thought. I admire your courage and generosity in feeding and caring for the poor in the big cities.

We are now ten years on a small farm, 80 acres, and although we are fairly well established now it is still quite a struggle to make a living on a small farm. It seems the trend is toward larger farms and more machinery and us small farmers can't compete with them.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. Galligan

R. 1
Williamsburgh, Mich.

South America

Brazil, 1954.

Dear Dorothy:

Today we again visited the Trmaginkas — little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld, and it rekindled my desire to write to you — not only about them but about so many other encounters here in this part of Brazil. I want to thank you or whoever is responsible, for the Catholic Worker which comes faithfully every month. It is never so much a "gentle wind" — but the powerful breath of the Holy Spirit wrapped up in those pages. How grateful I have had occasion to be over and over again for that contact with Christ which is there — ever since 1934 when we first began to subscribe at home. Is it possible that it is twenty years? We keep giving copies to friends here. Happily, the Trmaginkas are practically our neighbors here in Ipiranga. One day I had to find a doctor who would visit a poor mother in her home as she was too ill to walk and decided to try the dispensary of the "Centro Cristo Operario" (Center of Christ the Worker). I'd often seen the little church and notice of the dispensary on the side of the highway and decided it was time to become acquainted. I encountered a Dominican priest, Frei Joao Batista, and explained what was needed. He said he'd tell the doctor who was at that time at a hospital and if I'd come back in the evening, I could show him where to go (most necessary here in these little streets where numbers are nonexistent or all mixed up).

Then I asked him what was the Centro Cristo Operario? He was glad to tell me and even began speaking English, noting right away that I wasn't Brazilian! Frei Joao Batista is a Brazilian Dominican who spent nine years in France and two in England, then returned (Continued on page 5)

GRAIL

RESIDENT ADULT EDUCATION at the Grail Center, Philadelphia. February 18 to May 19, 1955. A three-month program of deepening in Catholic life, thought and action for young women, under the auspices of The Grail. Students and working girls will make the Grail Center their home during the course continuing with job or studies during the day. For further information, please contact Miss Anne Mulkeen, 4520 Chester Avenue, Philadelphia, 43, Pa.

EASY ESSAYS

(Continued from page 3)

"That is not my subject." Colleges and universities give to the students plenty of facts but very little understanding. They turn out specialists knowing more and more about less and less.

ANOTHER EXPERIMENT

General Johnson says that the NRA was like a horse trying to pull in different directions. And when the Supreme Court examined the "whole thing" it came to the conclusion that the "whole thing" did not make sense. The Prohibition Law was called by Hoover "A noble experiment." The National Recovery Act was considered by all "A noble experiment." To live by experiment is known in philosophy under the name of pragmatism.

The doctrine of pragmatism was exploded by Van Wyck Brooks. If the doctrine of pragmatism is wrong philosophically it must also be wrong economically.

CHRISTIANITY UNTRIED

Chesterton says: "The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and left untried." Christianity has not been tried because people thought it was impractical. And men have tried everything except Christianity. And everything that men have tried has failed. And to fall in everything that one tries is not to be practical. Men will be practical when they try to practice the Christianity they profess to believe in.

THE WISDOM OF GIVING

General Johnson used to say: "The problem of the depression is to increase the buying power and decrease the producing power." When people invest money they increase the producing power. When people spend money or give it to the poor they increase the buying power. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless at a sacrifice is what God wants us to do. "When a man dies, he carries in his clutched hands only that which he has given away," says Jean Jacques Rousseau.

IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

The criticism of bourgeois capitalism by the Communist Party is the criticism of Victor Considerant used by Marx and Engels in the Communist Manifesto is the definition of Proudhon borrowed by Marx and Engels. The technique of class struggle is the technique advocated by Marx and Engels. The technique of proletarian dictatorship is the technique advocated by Lenin.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

The Catholic Worker criticism of bourgeois society is the criticism of St. Thomas More. The Catholic Worker aims are the aims of St. Thomas Aquinas in his doctrine of the Common Good. The Catholic Worker means are the daily practice of the Works of Mercy and the fostering of Farming Communes where scholars and workers become scholars.

1200—GUILD SYSTEM

In 1200 A. D. there was no capitalist system, there was the guild system. The doctrine of the guilds was the doctrine of the Common Good. People used to say, "What can I do for you?" but they meant what they said. Now they say one thing and they mean another. They did not look for markets, they let the markets look for them.

1400—MIDDLE MEN

Around 1400 A. D. appears the middle man. He offers to buy the goods and to find a market. The guildsman thinks about money offered for his goods and forgets the common good. And the middle man is not interested in selling useful goods but in making money on any kind of goods. And the consumer never meets the producer and the producer ceases to think in terms of service and begin to think in terms of profits.

1600—BANKER

Before John Calvin people were not allowed to lend money at interest. John Calvin decided to legalize money lending at interest in spite of the teachings of the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church. Protestant countries tried to keep up with John Calvin and money-lending at interest became the general practice. And money ceased to be a means of exchange and began to be a means to make money. So people lent money on time and started to think of time in terms of money and said to each other "Time is money."

1700—MANUFACTURER

With the discovery of steam the factory system made its appearance. To take drudgery out of the home was supposed to be the aim of the manufacturer. So the guildsman left his shop and went to the factory. But the profit-making manufacturer found it more profitable to employ women than to employ men. So the women left the home and went to the factory. Soon the children followed the women in the factory. So the men have to stay at home while the women and children work in the factory.

1800—ECONOMIST

Since Adam Smith who published his book in 1776, we have been told



that competition is the life of trade and that it is a case of the survival of the fittest. So since 1776 looking for markets has engaged men's activities. And since trade follows the flag, industrial nations have also become imperialist nations. The fight for markets between two industrial nations, England and Germany, was the main cause of the World War.

1914—WORLD WAR

As President Wilson said, the World War was a commercial war. But a commercial war had to be idealized, so it was called a War for Democracy. But the War for Democracy did not bring Democracy it brought Bolshevism in Russia, Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany.

1929—WORLD DEPRESSION

After the World War people tried to believe that a New Era had dawned upon the world. People thought that they had found a solution to the problem of mass distribution. People thought that the time had come of a two-car garage, a chicken in every pot and a sign "TO LET" in front of every poorhouse. And everybody wanted to cash in on the future prosperity. So the stock promoters got busy and stocked people with stocks till they got stuck. We were told in 1929 that business would go on as usual. We were told in 1930 that the economic system was fundamentally sound. We were told in 1931 that prosperity was around the corner. We were told in 1932 that the depression was fought on one hundred fronts. We were told in 1933 that five million men would be employed by Labor Day. And in 1934 people went crazy for the NRA. And in 1935 the NRA is scrapped and economic recovery is a long way off.

1933—THE CATHOLIC WORKER

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create order out of chaos. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to help the unemployed to employ themselves. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to make an impression on the depression through expression. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

South America

(Continued from page 4)

to Brazil and began his "community" patterned in part after the French communities of work. The Centro Cristo Operario is located in a heavily populated part of Ipiranga which is the "factory" suburb of Sao Paulo. There are the chapel, dispensary, small theatre, school, residence and a small factory. All of it fit beautifully into the side of the hill, white stucco buildings, the modern simple architecture so refreshingly common in and around Sao Paulo. Entering the small chapel, one sees immediately behind the altar, the painting of Christ with factory and home behind Him—on the left wall is the family of Nazareth and on the right, Saint Anthony and his fishes. (Once the chapel was named Santo Antonio). The altar is a solid wooden table—altar candle holders have the grape and wheat motif, as do the ceramic light protectors—all done by a Protestant of Sao Paulo—also the artistry of the baptistry. The statues of St. John Baptist and of Our Lady, Mother of all men, are of rough stone carving and the sculptor is an orthodox Christian. Assisting Mass, one doesn't bother about pews, there aren't any—just four small benches for the aged and infirm.

We went one evening to a program of two plays in Gheon style—the actors were the workers of the neighborhood, and the costuming and scenery all done by those living near by. The Negro family behind us told us it was their daughter who had helped design and sew the costumes, and then explained to us Frei Joao Batista's ideas. "You can't accomplish anything without collaborating, working together!" We were delighted with the plays and it was obvious the actors were enjoying immensely their performance. The scenery and costuming were about the best I've ever seen—skillfully done, bright, simple; the whole thing was alive with good taste and originality. Believe me, Brazilians have talent!

The factory is just beginning to operate; the workers are chosen by Frei Joao Batista and already have some skill in metallurgy. He said, "It isn't a cooperative, it's a community." The workers own the tools and machines—it is all electric—and share in the returns. Now a Sao Paulo citizen, impressed by the idea and vision, has offered a tract of land where a similar factory can be built with space for families to live and carry out more completely a community life.

But back to the Trmazinkas. It is Frei Joao Batista who is responsible for their being here in Brazil and in Sao Paulo. He gave us their address and we've gone to visit them. They are near the chapel but one day will have their own. The little house is in the back of another house off one of the little streets. There's room for only two so far—later the four of the "Fraternalidade" will live there. We talked with the young

French leader who works as a practical nurse in the Hospital Sao Paulo and with first one and then another of the Brazilian postulants—one a Sao Paulo girl who has already gone to the novitiate in Minas Gerais, and the other is from the north of Minas near the state of Bahia. She'd read Pere Voillaume and wrote to Rio that she was interested. The little house is exactly as all of the others that the poor live in—only difference is a stand with books. As so often happens when visiting the poor, one is offered a box to sit upon—(Many times the mother quickly spreads a clean rag on the seat, a true gesture of hospitality!)

We talked the other evening with the pastor of another Worker's parish—a French Canadian Father of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He is eight years in Brazil and has successfully worked out his apostolate on a family basis—dividing his parish of now 1000 families (when he first came there was hardly anyone!) into ten sectors. Each sector has its responsible family where prayers are said in the home on the feast days and in honor of Our Lady and of Saint Joseph every month—and where meetings of the members of the cooperatives can take place. He encourages family communion and described First Communion Day when the child received communion with his parents on either side of him. Of course this was preceded by some solid instruction and advising of the parents of their new responsibilities.

One greatly appreciates coming in contact with these evidences of solid Christianity—especially when one knows of the all too unfriendly zeal of Protestant missionaries in this part of the country. I've never met so many twice baptized Christians and such bitter rancor against the Church as one too often encounters in speaking with the "converted" Catholics. The arguments used are extraordinarily primitive—"cockle" being sown among the wheat!

Dorothy, it is good to read your descriptions of Peter Maurin Farm and Maryfarm and Chrystie Street. I can almost smell summer and winter and spring when you write about it! Will you please give my love to any of your "family" whom I might know? Of course to Tamara whose courage I so much admire. How is the book on Therese of Lisieux—don't give it up! You know how we need it. In September I was in Rio a few days and we went to see Zilah Maciel of the Agencia Sao Paulo. First thing I saw entering her quarters was a picture of Peter and of you on the wall! I laughed—she is a confirmed admirer—gave us House of Hospitality and now we have even more of a bond with this Brazilian lay apostle.

We count on your prayers and you are in ours. Do you know we've chosen the name for our Grail Center—"A Semente"—the Seed—now we wait to plant it. There's "good ground" here in Brazil!

Lovingly in Christ
Mary Alice

Fritz Eichenberg's

CATHOLIC WORKER Drawings

A Portfolio of Eight Large Prints Suitable for Framing

Thousands of readers have written to Fritz Eichenberg for copies of the magnificent drawings he contributes each month to "The Catholic Worker." The Thistle Press has now prepared a portfolio of eight of these drawings, superbly printed on handsome imported mould-made paper, size 12 1/2 x 17 inches. For this special edition of 500 copies now engravings were made under the supervision of the artist.

The price is \$4.50, postpaid. Send check or money order to

THE THISTLE PRESS, 35 WEST 21st STREET, New York 10, N. Y.

Where Are the Poor?

(Continued from page 1)

Take the whole problem of the migrant, for example. When I am travelling, I come up against it only if I go out looking for it, if I encounter priests who are dealing with it who can take me to those districts where the poor and the destitute live. Or those of our readers who are up against it themselves. Otherwise the towns and villages of the midwest and southwest and west coast, are just like those of the east, only more so,—more mechanized, more prosperous. And the schools I visit are academies and colleges for the children of the comfortably off.

Even when I am at home visiting Maryfarm, which is located seventy miles up the Hudson, at the beginning of the great fruit country which extends up the Hudson valley and across the state through Rochester and south and west along the shores of the lakes—apple country, peach, pear, grapes, berries, I see little of this problem, though it is there. It suddenly occurred to me on one visit to Maryfarm—where are the people who harvest these crops, this tremendous amount of fruit which has to be picked and packed by hand to a great extent, and by skilled and careful workers? Where is this great population? Who has seen them? Where do they live, under what conditions, and where do their children go to school, and how do they take their recreation, where do they go to Church? We come across the waifs and strays, the lame and the halt who end up on the wayside and come in to us for a few days or weeks until they recover and go on with their wandering existence. I remember one old Negro whom we picked up by the roadside who came and went for some years. The farm laborers, working in those factories in the fields, chicken farms, dairy farms, also come to us. Without a philosophy of work, a philosophy of poverty, as Peter Maurin called those two essentials to the Christian life, there is not much chance to save or grow into a good life through these barren and hard occupations. There is no community of work, no chance at responsibility of ownership.

We have not explored this field of the needy and the poor as we should. We only come across it when some strike is called, some attempt at organization is made, such as those in the southern New Jersey region of farms which supply the Campbell soup plants. Hisaye Yamamoto wrote us one article about this situation after visiting friends and relatives in the Vineland, New Jersey, region. I will come across it more on this trip, out through the northwest and along the west coast, and down through the south.

The small farmer and life on the land is being done away with, aside from the sad existence of these migrant workers. Last month in Washington, the President's advisory commission on agricultural matters came to the startling conclusion that to solve the problems of agriculture, approximately two million marginal, low income farm families should be persuaded to leave their farms for employment in the cities. For the last thirty years families have been moved from the land either to the towns or into the ranks of the migrant workers. I wrote articles about it in the Catholic Worker back in 1935, and for America, during a bitter winter when hundreds of farm families in Arkansas were being dispossessed forcibly from their homes and living in old school houses and railroad stations and tent colonies.

And Now Two Million More!

We have all seen the picture, *Grapes of Wrath*, made from Steinbeck's great novel of the same name and the situation depicted there is now worse than in the time of Pres. Roosevelt who

did all he could to alleviate the misery of the moment by establishing camps on the west coast, yet did nothing at all about striking at the roots of the trouble, our industrial capitalistic system which is a cancer on the political body, as *Osservatore Romano* phrased it, and which we of the Catholic Worker have pledged ourselves to oppose.

Here is an instance of the desperate situation of the migrant population, the needy and the poor. On Christmas day in the St. Louis papers appeared the tragic story of the death by fire of ten children and their mother, and the injury of five others in a flash fire, in a little tenant house on the Cook plantation, ten miles out of Parkin, Arkansas. The blast was apparently touched off by kerosene while the seventeen were gathered around a cook stove making hot tamales for a holiday celebration.

The same day Ossie Bondy, who used to head our Windsor House of Hospitality, and is now living with his family of six in Ontario, sent me a column from a Vancouver, British Columbia paper, telling of the unemployment there, the homeless walking the streets, sleeping in doorways, under bridges, in box cars. In the News letter gotten out by the St. Benedict Joseph Labre House in Montreal at 418 LaGauchetierre st., there is the story of an unemployed seaman given a home in a city shelter, and locked out of that from early morning until night. In the Chicago Sun Times, as I left that area there were stories of shack towns on the edge of the prairie where large families are living in dilapidated kennels without plumbing and paying from fifteen to fifty-five dollars a month rent. "A dog kennel with the original runways intact was found converted into three two-room apartments and one family with three small children were paying fifty-five dollars a month for their apartment there."

The city began inspecting these places after a fire swept a garage where a family of fifteen were living with no water, no electricity and only oil stoves for heat. All the homes visited, the coroner says, were fire traps filled with dangerous fumes from oil heaters. One can understand why, at Trumbull Park, some forty families are fighting so desperately to live in a housing project where for the past year a police guard of two hundred or so have to be kept to protect the Negro children as they come from school, and the parents as they come from work. The pastor of the Catholic church which is in the midst of this project has not been exhorting his people, I understand, to a better frame of mind toward their brothers in Christ. Thank God for the Bishops of the country who have spoken out in strong language, who have cried out with a loud voice and tears, to remedy this situation of injustice. One of the reasons for racial tensions of course is the fear of unemployment and the resentment of the white worker toward the Negro who is the low paid worker and coming up in large numbers from the south to swell the labor pool, making large reserves on which the employer can call. What loving kindness and understanding and gentleness and firmness are needed on the part of a pastor to change the hearts of an unruly flock!

What can we do, what is to be done? First of all, we can admit that our so-called American way of life has meant great inequalities, and that there does indeed exist a great mass of poor and unemployed people who are in need of help in this country as well as abroad. We need to study ways to change the social order, or at least admit to others whose work it is, and who have the time and vocation to do it, that we need a balanced social order, where man will be closer to the land, where there is a possibility of ownership and responsibility, and work for young

and old, and that security which ownership in industry would bring. We need to study the idea of credit unions and cooperatives, and small groups to work out the idea of family communities, and village communities, and decentralized living. We need to study as far as we are able, the entire distributist program. But together with this intellectual approach, we need to approach the problem directly, and as Christians.

Charles Malik, Ambassador from Lebanon, in a commencement address at Georgetown last year, made the startling statement:

"Supposing you were told—and I believe it to be true—that you must count on parting with at least half of your possessions and you must expect besides plenty of suffering and hardship before you can really master the crisis, would you accept to pay that price? I fear there may be many who would much rather bury their heads in the sand."

"Whatever may be, the material need of other parts of the world, certainly one of the greatest needs of the west is for the virtue of poverty to be once again preached and practiced. . . . Again and again the poor have been called blessed, and we may be sure that God can only appear in our midst as one of the poor. It is difficult to compress a total problematic in one nutshell, but I am nearly persuaded that if only the west practiced voluntary poverty, all would be well with the world."

If we were convinced of the need, if our consciences were aroused, how much could we not do, even those of most modest income, in the way of helping the poor. We must reprint, and read again and again the words of Pope Pius XII, who cried out two years ago in a most noble encyclical, Christmas 1952.

"While our thoughts dwell on these scenes of poverty and utter destitution," he writes, "Our heart fills with anxiety and is overwhelmed, we can say, by a sadness unto death. We are thinking of the consequences of poverty, still more of the consequences of utter destitution. For some families there is a dying daily, a dying hourly; a dying multiplied, especially for parents, by the number of dear ones they behold suffering and wasting away. Meanwhile sickness becomes more serious, because not properly treated; it strikes little ones in particular, because preventive measures are lacking. Then there is the weakening and consequent physical deterioration of whole generations. . . . We cannot conclude without mentioning that the very best charitable organization would not suffice of itself alone to assist those in need. Personal action must intervene, full of solicitude, anxious to overcome the distance between helper and helped, drawing near to the poor because he is Christ's brother and our own."

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

"Undoubtedly the poor man will receive your help that way but often he counts also on yourselves, at least on your words of kindness and comfort. Your charity ought to resemble God's, Who came in person to bring His help. . . ."

"These considerations encourage us to call on your personal collaboration. The poor, those whom life has rudely reduced to straightened circumstances, the unfortunate of every kind, await it. In so far as it depends on you, strive that none shall say any more, as once did the man in the Gospel who had been infirm for 38 years: 'Lord, I have no one.'"



In the Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

ing heckled by Catholics who claimed that a person could not be a pacifist or an anarchist and at the same time be a Catholic, and that the CW was really Communist and not Catholic at all, a youth raised his hand and said:

"I was just over to the Church and asked the priest about the CW. He said that there were things about it that he liked and some that he didn't agree with, but that we were legitimate Catholics."

At this minute the conversation had been as to why we opposed McCarthy, and a mature man told the crowd:

"When I was a kid in school they sold the CW at our Church in Brooklyn. I am for McCarthy and I don't agree with the speaker, but I know what the CW is and I will stick up for his right to be whatever he wants in politics."

"I am going to turn you in to the F.B.I.," said a serious faced man in the audience. I replied that the F.B.I. in Milwaukee, Denver, Albuquerque, Phoenix, Washington, D. C., and New York City knew all about the fact that I was very subversive, and as I told them each year when I picketed the income tax office, that I had always been that way. This opponent also asked the cop on the beat to stop me but the cop replied that I had a right to speak. He asked me if I had permission from the Bankers Trust Company to speak. I told him that I didn't need it for the sidewalk was public property. I suppose that the only thing that kept him from calling the Chancery office was the fact that he was not a Catholic. I met him again as I was selling CW's at Pine and Nassau. He wouldn't touch a copy of the CW and felt that we were being used by the Communists. Unwittingly the basis of his spleen was discovered when he said that any paper that printed pictures by a man by the name of Eichenberg was a bad paper: that was enough for him. The Fascist mind is not very intricate.

There were aged men and boys who are messengers at 75c an hour; stenographers, well dressed business men, and here or there a student. I saw a few of the same at each meeting. Bertha mingled with the audience selling a CW now and then but at times they were so intent upon my message that she had little success. Sometimes a Protestant asked me for lunch after the meeting and bought my book, asking questions for hours. Coming back from the I.W.W. hall and a visit to the Church an hour after we had left, Patricia and I heard voices among the same crowd: "The Catholic Church . . . sure, he doesn't pay taxes . . . My idea is different . . . Now an anarchist . . ." So I had stirred up some thought.

Selling CW's.

Now in deep winter it is too cold to soapbox but Patricia, Francisco from Cadiz, Spain, and I sell CWs from noon on Tuesday's at nearby Pine and Nassau at the other end of the Old Treasury Building. We stay until we have sold 300 copies, and while a small percentage of the people buy we do have inter-

esting conversations with people of all faiths and none, who do not exactly agree with my enthusiastic shout: "The CATHOLIC WORKER: best paper in the world, one cent." When they buy it, I tell them, "It's the cheapest, anyway," and they generally depart smiling. Patricia sold a young Catholic a CW and a copy of my book and now he comes over Thursday nights and helps us sell CWs at 14th Street.

Our Schedule

Monday—9:30 to 10:30 p.m. Cooper Union crowd from lectures.
Tuesday—Noon until 4 at Pine and Nassau.
Wednesday—2 to 4 at uptown Fordham gates.
Thursday—7:30 to 9:30 p.m. 14th St. off Union Square.
Friday—11 to 4:30 43rd and Lexington, finishing at St. Francis, near Penn Station.
Saturday—day off (union contract) Sell my book to bookstores in the afternoon.
Sunday—8 a.m. to 2 or 5 p.m. at St. Patrick's, finishing at St. Francis.

Mornings are spent answering mail and Patricia also works in the file room. Lee Peery and Stanley Borowski come over Friday's at times and sell at 43rd Street. Also at odd times one of us will go to some meeting where we think the audience ought to have the CW, as Patricia did once when I spoke at the C.W. on a Friday night since she could hear me anytime.

Since my five days on Rikers Island when I receive Communion each morning my prayer is for the inmates there and for all the prisoners in all the jails all over the world. When I see the Department of Correction green truck whizz by it means something different to me now than it did before. I have looked at the faces of the men in the coffee line on Tuesday mornings when I pour coffee but I have not noticed any of my friends from Rikers or the Tombs. I did meet one Irishman on the street who had stood in the line at Rikers with me but he was again intoxicated and hardly knew me. It was Gene Debs who said, "while there is a soul in jail I am not free." He died before the CW was ever thought of. How he, with his Catholic parentage, would appreciate our setup which makes us one with all distressed, homeless, and exploited people.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST

By AMMON HENNACY
INTRODUCTION BY DOROTHY DAY

A penetrating presentation of what happened to the body and within the soul of a man who refused to register for two wars, has been a tax-refuser for ten years, and tries to carry the same uncompromising loyalty to the Sermon on the Mount into every area of his daily life.

Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

the stellar cast of Joe Monroe, Dick Charpentier, Annabell Lund, Agnes Bird, Clare Duffy, Wallace, Angela and Patricia Rusk. The play and the acting were excellent. Given a little more time and training these people would be ready for a Broadway run. This particular evening of entertainment would have delighted the heart of Peter Maurin who was always stressing the need for culture-cultivation. Tony Aratari and Wallace should be heavily credited for providing all here at Chrystie street with a memorable Christmas.

The year of 1955 has not started out too brightly for us. That is if we have any criterion to go on by what has happened in the last nine days.

This morning at five o'clock a passenger car smashed into our station wagon which was parked outside our door. The sound of the crash was frightening and woke most of the house. The driver was a nineteen year old boy who was on his way to work as an orderly in a hospital. He is on a small salary and like us has no insurance on his car. No one was hurt and the damage to our station wagon was not considerable. Our station wagon is beginning to resemble everything else around here with its two dented fenders and a smashed tail-light.

Last Friday morning the mail brought an ugly letter from the City Building Department which claimed that according to Sections so and so of the Multiple Dwelling Law we were in violations. We read the letter over twice but failed to learn just what we are supposed to be violating. We made instant contact with a friend living in the world and discovered what the sections enumerated indicated. It seems that we have to obtain the services of an architect to draw a blue print of this house and deliver it to the city, then they will inform us what changes we might have to make to our building. We wanted to know why this was not done when the house was built. Our informant said that the law did not come into effect until 1948.

At ten o'clock this morning two gentlemen from the Health Department paid us a long visit. The speaker for the two representatives was about as suave a person as you could possibly meet anywhere. Several days ago he had me on the phone arranging such a visit as this. I was uncooperative towards the proposed visit and made it clear to him over the phone. I said that we resented any public official poking their noses around our house and that we did not see where our house was any of their business. I am sure that I sounded boorish and unreasonable. He beat me into submission with a velvet voice saying that he was merely trying to help us run a better house by protecting everyone from illnesses and so on.

Fortunately for us, Peter Carey, our good friend, was on hand when these men from the Health Department paid their visit. Peter offered to escort them about the house. I could not be objective about such a tour and I knew I would be arguing with the man at every step. It is a humiliating experience to have an utter stranger walk through your house pointing out dirt and uncleanness; no matter how much they say that this is for your own good. Besides it does seem unfair for the city to send such a man that came today; he was so thoroughly reasonable that you couldn't dissent one iota from what he said.

In view of the fact that we had not prepared the house for this general inspection we came off with a pretty fair report. They found a few places around the house which could and should be somewhat cleaner but we did expect a much worse accounting from them with their hypersensitivity for dirt. One thing I am going to have to do before they get

back is to clean my own room. Somehow or other they missed this room, thank God.

Shortly after we went to press with the December issue I had a phone call from one of our readers. She has visited us and written to us before. She is the lady who is on relief for several years and she claims that the relief department has tried to commit her to a mental hospital. She said that the relief department has tried this on her a number of times but has failed. She requested that I tell our readers, those of you who are on relief and are threatened with sojourn in a mental hospital by the welfare department, that all you have to do is to refuse a mental examination by the psychiatrist assigned by the city. She said that they can't lock you up unless a doctor is able to examine you. I thanked this lady very much for such information and said that some day I might have recourse to such valuable information for my own personal freedom.

We just had word from our group at our place at Maryfarm, Newburgh, New York, they say that they are very much in need of a washing machine. Their old machine has collapsed beyond repair. So please be kind.

Farm

(Continued from page 3)

ber-visaged FBI men whose mission it was (this is for reels) to ask Leonard to remove the sergeant's stripes from a donated Army shirt which someone had seen him wearing. There has also been Chuck, a young seminarian; Mr. Burrows, a Pittsburgh school-teacher, with two fourteen-year-old boy pupils in tow; Fr. Foley from Maryfarm who said Mass for us; Dorothy Day's sister Della and niece Susie Spier, with Mike Miyake, who brought Peggy an enormous calico cat named Abigail; Dick Charpentier and Mike Dombrowski from Chrystie Street; Betty Lou Geenty and Eleanor Corrigan; Rita and Marty Corbin; and, of course, Ammon Hennacy making his weekly inspection visitation and bringing Pat Rusk.

We have also had another virus to lay us low, this time with vomiting, diarrhea and gelatinous joints, so that some of us began to be dubious about the 400 lbs. of pork which Fr. Duffy has had salted away in the barn since the sudden death, Mr. Hauber officiating, of our sow and our barrow. But we have had roast pork and ham since without ill effects and with considerable appreciation. We are still concerned about Agnes, who has not been her energetic self of late—her cold lingers.

So we have survived again, and now Beth Rogers, formerly of Chrystie Street and Maryfarm, has come to be with us, and we are planning to begin the day with prime and lauds in chapel and to conclude the evening with compline. Larry D. of Maryfarm; Marilyn, who fought with the terrorists in Israel; and Manfred, who came to this country two-and-a-half years ago from Germany, have joined the family. And we have had such graces in just these few days past that it truly seems like a new year. Especially have we been refreshed and heartened by the Quaker marriage of two lovely young people in our midst, Ann Perry and Lee Peery, who first met here during the summer when they came to help with the children's camp.

WHEEL CALENDAR, 1955

The Mass for Every Day
of the Year
By Ade Bethune
\$1.00 a Copy
ST. LEO SHOP
Newport, R. I.



On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

fatal disease, bed ridden, too weak to hold a pencil even, and yet mentally alert, and hopeful, she said. "I was sick and ye visited me," this is what Luke and his wife are thinking of, as they added this duty to the many they have as parents. It is so good to see these original Catholic Workers around the country still strong on hospitality and works of mercy.

Before I got to St. Louis, I visited The Grail and saw our friends there at Gabriel House in Cincinnati, at Loveland and at Foster. It was a beautiful and refreshing visit. I spoke also at the Anglican school, Margaret Hall, run by the nuns of the order of St. Helena's, and before that I was at Louisville, laid low with a cold at the home of my friend Alice Kathryn. We visited Gethsemane, however, and stayed overnight, and Fr. Prior offered Mass for us at five thirty the next morning.

Part Two

Now I am at Maryhouse, in Little Canada, St. Paul, and moored to the typewriter for a while to do some writing on my book. I had a good visit with Sister Thomas Aquinas at Sinsinawa on my way up from Davenport, and got caught in the snow too. At Appleton, I spent the day with Mary Durnin and her children, and she expecting another one very soon. Her husband was working until afternoon, but after he came home, guests came in and we had a most pleasant evening until nine. We had known Mary and Emmett in New York for many years.

In de Pere where I arrived New Year's eve, Francis Coyle met me and drove me out to the farm, ten miles away where he has been working for the past two years. He lives there with his wife, Marguerite (formerly of the Grail and Monica House) and their little ten-months-old baby, Eve Marie, and downstairs there are the Hohl-millers and their children. On New Year's afternoon we had a buffet supper with a number of the families who came in with their children. There were three new-born ones, up to a few months old, and much rejoicing among all the parents. We started to discuss community and got on to Ammon's adventures in freedom on the streets of New York, which fascinated them all. The discussion of freedom in the modern world which is the title of one of Mar-tain's masterpieces, led us to realize our great responsibility in holding fast to this great gift of God in this day, when people, not meeting issues as they come up, fall little by little into an acceptance of the loss of it. Ammon, as Fritz said once, is a simple soul, and meets each issue head on. Wherever I go, they want him to come by too on his next pilgrimage around the country. It is like a relay race, these journeyings of ours, as we carry the message of freedom and responsibility about the country.

A River of Peace

(Continued from page 1)

nothing in common with the true peace and had much of the character of a truce that trembled at the slightest touch. Our annual return to the cradle of the Redeemer continued to be a sad oblation of sorrows and anxieties, with an intense desire to draw therefrom the courage that was necessary in order to persist in exhorting men to peace and pointing out to them the right road to attain it.

Can We, at least now in this sixteenth year of Our pontificate, fulfill that wish? According to many reports, the cold war has slowly been replaced by a period of decreased tension between the opposing parties, as if they were giving each other a longer breathing space: and not without some irony, this decreased tension has been given the name of "cold peace." While We willingly recognize that this does represent some progress in the laborious ripening of peace properly so called, nevertheless, it is not yet a gift worthy of the mystery of Bethlehem, where there appeared "the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour" towards men (Tit. 3, 4). For it is in too vivid a contrast with the spirit of cordiality, of sincerity and of brightness that hovers around the cradle of the Redeemer.

In fact, in the political world, what is meant by "cold peace" if not the mere co-existence of various peoples based on fear of each other and on mutual disillusionment? Now it is clear that simple co-existence does not deserve the name of peace, to which Christian tradition, formed in the school of the lofty intellects of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, has come to apply the definition "the tranquillity of order." Cold peace is only a provisional calm, whose duration is conditional upon the changeable sensation of fear and upon the varying calculation of present strength: while it has about it nothing of true "order," which presupposes a series of relationships converging towards a common purpose that is right and just.

Besides, by excluding all bonds of a spiritual nature between peoples so fragmentarily co-existing, cold peace falls far short of that which was preached and desired by the Divine Master: for His peace is founded on a union of souls in the same truth and in charity. It is defined by St. Paul as the "peace of God" which binds in the first place men's minds and hearts (Cfr. Phil. 4, 7), and it is put into practice by acts of harmonious collaboration in every field of life, not excluding the political, social and economic fields.

Such is the reason why we do not dare to offer cold peace to the Divine Infant. It is not the simple and solemn "pax" (peace) which the angels sang to the shepherds on that holy night. Much less is it the "pax dei" (peace of God) which surpasses all understanding and is a source of interior and complete joy (Cfr. Ibid.). It is not even that peace which mankind today dreams of and longs for after so much affliction. However, we wish to examine in detail its shortcomings, in order that from its hollow void and its uncertain duration there may be born in the rulers of nations and in those who can exercise any influence in this field, the imperative desire to transform it as soon as possible into true peace, which is, in reality, Christ Himself.

For, since peace is order and order is unity, Christ alone is able and willing to unite men's minds in truth and love. It is in this sense that the Church points Him out to all peoples in the words of the prophet, as being Himself peace: "Et erit iste pax..." (and this man shall be our peace) (Micheas 5, 5; cfr. Liturgical Office for Feast of Christ the King, Passim).

It is a common impression, derived from the simple observation of facts, that the principal foundation on which the present state of relative calm rests, is fear. Each of the groups, into which the human family is divided, tolerates the existence of the other, because it does not wish itself to perish. By thus avoiding a fatal risk, the two groups do not live together, they co-exist. It is not a state of war, but neither is it peace: it is a cold calm. Each of the two groups smarts under the fear of the other's military and economic power. In both of them there is a grave apprehension of the catastrophic effect of the latest weapons.

Each follows with anxious attention the technical development of the other's armaments and the productive capacity of its economy, while it entrusts to its own propaganda the task of turning the other's fear to its advantage by strengthening and extending its meaning. It seems that in the field of concrete politics reliance is no longer placed on other rational or moral principles, for these, after so many delusions, have been swept away by an extreme collapse into skepticism.

The most obvious absurdity of the situation resultant from such a

(Continued on page 8)

BOOKS ON DISTRIBUTISM, THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO THE TWIN EVILS OF CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM

Financial Justice by J. F. L. Bray	.40
Money Is Sterile by G. Jansen, O. P.	.75
The Economics of Charity by A. Doboszynski	1.00
Menace of the Money Power by G. K. Chesterton	.25
Catholic Sociology by J. A. Riley	.40
Christianity and the Land by Pope Pius XII	.35
Marx Against the Peasant by Prof. Mitran	4.50
The Importance of Rural Life According to St. Thomas Aquinas by Rev. George H. Speltz	2.25
Land Without People by the Bishops of Australia	.25
Holy Work by Rev. R. Sorg, OSB	1.65
The Catholic Church and Capitalism by Count de la Torre	.40
On Atheistic Communism by Pope Pius XI	.20
Who Baptised Capitalism (Blackfriars, July, 1950)	.40
Distributism by S. Sagar	.25
Pope Pius XII Speaks on Rural Life	.15
The Restoration of Property by Hilaire Belloc	1.00
From the Ground Up by Jorian Jenks	1.50
Catholic Documents: Pronouncements of Pius XII (Quarterly)	(Copy) .50
Food or Famine by the Bishops of Australia	.20
The Sun of Justice by Harold Robbins	1.50
The Problem of the Worker by the Bishops of Canada	.40
The Church and Farming by Rev. Denis Fahey	2.75
Property and Poverty by Rev. A. M. Crofts, O.P.	2.25
Socialization by the Bishops of Australia	.20
Social Justice and the Stations of the Cross by Eric Gill	.25
Six Social Documents of Pope Pius XII	.50
The Defendant, a monthly paper on Distributism	(Copy) .25
An Essay on Typography by Eric Gill	2.00
Dear Housewives by Doris Grant	1.75
Marriage and Birth (reprint from Integrity)	.55
Cooking and Wholegrains by Ellen Orton	1.75
The Faith of a Fieldsman by H. J. Massingham	3.00

DAVID HENNESSY DISTRIBUTIST BOOKSHOP,
201 Winant Avenue, Staten Island 9, N. Y.

A River of Peace

(Continued from page 7)

wretched state of affairs is this: current political practice, while dreading war as the greatest of catastrophes, at the same time puts all its trust in war, as if it were the only expedient for subsistence and the only means of regulating international relations. This is, in a certain sense, placing trust in that which is loathed above all other things.

On the other hand, the above-mentioned political practice has led many, even of those responsible for government, to revise the entire problem of peace and war, and has induced them to ask themselves sincerely if deliverance from war and the ensuring of peace ought not to be sought on higher and more humane levels than on that dominated exclusively by terror. Thus it is that there has been an increase in the numbers of those who rebel against the idea of having to be satisfied with mere co-existence, of renouncing relationships of a more vital nature with the other group, and against being forced to live all the days of their lives in an atmosphere of enervating fear. Hence they have come back to consider the problem of peace and war as a fact involving a higher and Christian responsibility before God and the moral law.

Undoubtedly in this changed manner of approach to the problem there is an element of "fear" as a restraint against war and a stimulus to peace; but here the fear is that salutary fear of God—Guarantor and Vindicator of the moral law—and, therefore, as the Psalmist teaches (Ps. 110, 10), it is the beginning of wisdom.

Once the problem is elevated to this higher plane, which alone is worthy of rational creatures, there again clearly appears the absurdity of that doctrine which held sway in the political schools of the last few decades: namely, that war is one of many admissible forms of political action, the necessary, and as it were the natural, outcome of irreconcilable disputes between two countries; and that war, therefore, is a fact bearing no relation to any kind of moral responsibility. It is likewise apparent how absurd and inadmissible is the principle—also so long accepted—according to which a ruler, who declares war, would only be guilty of having made a political error, should the war be lost. But he could in no case be accused of moral guilt and of crime for not having, when he was able to, preserved peace.

It was precisely this absurd and immoral concept of war which rendered vain, in the fatal weeks of 1939, our efforts to uphold in both parties the will to continue negotiations. War was then thought of as a die, to be cast with greater or less caution and skill, and not as a moral fact involving obligation in conscience and higher responsibilities. It required tombs and ruins without number to reveal the true nature of war: namely, that it was not a luckier or less lucky gamble between conflicting interests but a tragedy, spiritual more than material, for millions of men; that it was not a risking of some possessions, but a loss of all: a fact of enormous gravity.

How is it possible—many at that time asked with the simplicity and truth of common sense—that, while every individual feels within himself an urgent sense of moral responsibility for his own most ordinary acts, the dreadful fact of war, which is also the fruit of the free act of somebody's will, can evade the dominion of conscience, and that there be no judge to whom its innocent victims may have recourse? In the atmosphere of that time, when people were beginning to return to common sense, widespread approval was given our cry "war against war," with which in 1944, we declared our opposition to the pure formalism of political action and to doctrines of war which take no account of God or of His commandments.

That salutary return to common sense, instead of being weakened, became more profound and more widespread in the years of the cold war, perhaps because prolonged experience made more clearly evident the absurdity of a life lived under the incubus of fear. Thus the cold peace, with all its incoherences and uneasiness, shows signs of taking the first steps towards an authentic moral order and towards a recognition of the elevated doctrine of the Church regarding just and unjust war, and the licitness and illicitness of recourse to arms.

(Excerpts from the full text. Complete text can be obtained from the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C.)

Only Prisons Have Bars

(Continued from page 2)

Branch of the Mission to Lepers. Then went back to study, mainly Theological, and was ordained in 1932 in England by the Bishop of Chichester. In 1935, Michael Scott went to India as chaplain to the Bishop of Bombay, then later as senior chaplain, Calcutta. During World War II, Michael Scott joined the RAF as Air Crew, but was invalided before finishing his training. In 1943, Rev. Scott returned to South Africa, where he served as assistant priest to St. Alban's Colored Mission in Johannesburg and Chaplain to an Orphanage for Colored Children in Sophiatown.

He was later sent to the United Nations to be an observer in the Fourth Committee on the International League for the Rights of Men, where he was still on his last trip to the United States in 1954.

To these "straight facts," Anne Fremantle adds as follows: while chaplain of the Orphanage of Colored Children in Sophiatown, "he (Scott), lived in a rondavel in the grounds of the Orphanage. He was appalled at the conditions around him . . . he then formed a non-political party with a practical program . . . Soon after this oc-

curred the incident when Scott joined the passive resisters, being horrified by the mobs of hysterical white men and girls who were beating them up. Whilst in gaol Scott wrote a 40,000 word memorandum on conditions in the prison."

Such is the grim fact behind the Scott story. He was imprisoned, he suffered persecution not only within his gaol, but everywhere, where men refused the rights of colored men. In his book about Africa today, Robert Saint John tells us that almost all African leaders consider Rev. Michael Scott as one of the only three white Africans they can trust. On the other hand, Robert Saint John tells us, Prime Minister Malan called Scott "a well known hostile and fanatical foreigner and agitator." Others, Mr. St. John says "speak of him (Scott) as a present-day saint."

No doubt, the manifestations of saintliness are meekness and suffering. Michael Scott is close indeed to the precepts put down in the Beatitudes: He is meek, and persecuted in the name of truth. When he was in gaol, who visited him? When he shared the African's sufferings, who stood by him? However, Michael Scott has never been forsaken by the Lord, and by the Lord's spirit. He has been endowed with an extraordinary gift: the gift of writing and speaking in a prophetic tongue. In his sermon, preached at Saint John the Divine, New York, Nov. 14, 1954, Michael Scott said among other things:

The danger that confronts the Church in Africa and the world,



which we so wrongly describe as the "Western World," very often is not merely a threat to missionary and educational work in the narrow sense but something much more fundamental. We are faced with a false doctrine and practice called apartheid which has grown up into a whole system of legislation based on a theory and on an assumption of racial supremacy. For many years this system has been growing up until it now threatens not only the people of Africa, but is alienating the peoples of Asia . . . There is no "Eastern civilization," there is a civilization to which all mankind aspires. . . . This civilization, with equal rights for every man, must be obtained, says Michael Scott, not through violence and deadly struggles, but through peaceful means, through non-resistance, first advocated by the young Gandhi in NATAL. How significant, Michael Scott stresses, that peaceful means should be proclaimed in an African city, bearing the name of Christ's birth. Let us then conclude, only evil thinkers want to put up BARS; there are no BARS between people of good will.

1 Third Hour issue VI, 1954, \$2; Third Hour Foundation, P.O. 6, Lenox Hill Station, New York 21, N.Y.

2 Third Hour, Issue V, 1951.

3 1 bid.

4 Robert St. John: "Through Malan's Africa"; Doubleday, 1954.

5 From sermon preached by Rev. Michael Scott; in New York Cathedral St. John the Divine, Nov. 14; News from The Episcopal Church, Diocese of New York, Release Nov. 11, 1954.

KARL STERN

The Third Revolution, by Karl Stern. Harcourt Brace, \$4. By Michael Harrington.

Toward the end of *The Third Revolution*, Karl Stern quotes Pascal on the two kinds of ignorance. The one is the absence of knowledge, the other "the knowing ignorance" which emerges from the experience of complexity, "an ignorance which looks through itself." The same thought applies to simplicity; there is the simplicity of simple-mindedness and the simplicity of profundity. In a way, this idea is descriptive of Karl Stern's new book. For *The Third Revolution* is deceptively "easy." It speaks of psychoanalysis in terms which the average layman can understand, yet it does not sacrifice substance in the process. Stern has achieved the second, the profound, level of simplicity.

The "third revolution" of the title refers to the rise of scientific positivism. Specifically, Stern identifies it with the philosophy of Comte in which man is seen as developing through three stages, the first primitive and superstitious, the second, more sophisticated and metaphysical, and the third, scientific and positivist. In the concept of this revolution—which replaces religion by science—Stern sees a great danger to spiritual values. His task in this book is to define the relation of psychoanalysis to the revolution, both historically and philosophically.

In his analysis, Stern's basic thesis rests on a separation of the nature of the psychoanalytic method from the circumstances of its development. Freud, for example, made specific criticisms of religion—in *The Future of an Illusion* and in that triumph of bad historiography, *Moses and Monotheism*. But this fact is in no way indicative of any essential hostility in his method toward spiritual values. Actually, Stern argues that the reverse is true; that analysis is essentially sympathetic to the spirit. Thus he writes of analysis as a phenomenon whose "basic institutions come from a world which is quite opposed to that of scientific positivism."

This statement is based upon an analysis which sees analysis and modern psychiatry as sharply differentiated from the mechanistic tradition. For the mechanist, mental illness and neurosis are simply material in origin, i.e. those who claim that morality is dependent upon the pre-frontal lobes. This notion is rejected by analysis. It delves into the intangibles of the spirit and personality, it attempts an integration of body and soul and a study of their interaction. In this sense, the basic methodology of the Freudian revolution is opposed to the scientific and positivist.

Yet Stern is ready to admit that his point is somewhat abstract. "There is no use fooling ourselves," he writes. The historical context in which the psychoanalytic movement came to the fore is one of positivism, of precisely the mechanistic. In this sense, there is substance to the criticisms of those who have seen a hostility between the actual development of analytic disciplines and religion. But given this admission, Stern is insistent upon the point that the hostility is circumstantial, even paradoxical; it does not follow from the nature of the discipline.

One example of this is the reductive fallacy. This is the attitude which describes some phenomenon as "nothing but" another phenomenon. Thus, belief in God is seen as "nothing but" the projection of the father figure. Yet, as Stern points out, it is theoretically legitimate to reverse the process, and to see in attitudes toward the father the influence and derivation of the experience of God.

Freud is a case in point here.

In order to explain certain phenomena, he posited an "original murder" in the dim past of man, more or less as a substitute for the Christian notion of Original Sin. Yet it is not a question of the nature of method, but of an extra-methodological bias, which makes him see the supernatural as "nothing but" the natural. Moreover, the fact that certain religious phenomena have naturalistic aspects, which can be naturalistically explained, does not prove that they are "simply" natural. It can just as well prove that the supernatural works through the natural, which is, of course, one of the main points of religious analysis through the ages.

And if the scientific sometimes forgets—or denies—the supernatural, I think it is true that the supernaturalist sometimes ignores the natural. If, for example, it can be shown that the symbolism of water existed long before baptism, and that there are many pre-Christian instances of such ceremonies, there is no need for the religious person to deny the fact. And alas, this is too often done. In such a reaction, there is an almost manichean tendency to deny the natural workings of the spirit in matter.

And here I would return to Stern's main point. He sees analysis as a discipline which can recognize this inter-action. He differentiates it from the purely mechanist, the reductive, which would "explain" the spiritual by the natural. And at the same time, he sets it apart from the parochial religious point of view which would make a sharp separation of spirit and nature. Rather, in the notion of integration, of personality, which analysis proposes, Stern finds a basic sympathy, a common ground.

This point was made some time ago in a book review in the *Times*. It is an extremely important one, especially for those who are concerned with the values of the spirit. There is a certain narrow, "religious" point of view which seeks to define man as a totally autonomous, absolutely free, creature. This attitude regards any naturalistic determinism as essentially hostile to the spirit. It conceives of the personality as an airy being which exists independent of its own birth and environment.

Yet the defense of freedom is in exactly the other direction. At the very center of freedom, there is, in a sense, compulsion: the compulsion of being. Freedom does not exist in a void, but in a world, and it is constantly compelled by truth, it is limited, defined—it is most free—in relation to what actually is. One is free in recognizing that two and two are four—not in asserting that they are five. The claim of truth, the compulsion of reality, is necessary to freedom.

Modern disciplines such as analysis are part of such a process. By allowing man to understand himself, by more clearly defining the areas of reality, they make freedom more possible. And they also relieve man of the intolerable sense of guilt which proceeds from conceiving of himself as an autonomous and unrelated being. As such, they cannot be hostile to the spirit. Yet, as Stern realizes, the context of many modern developments has been that of positivism, of scientism, a context which is indeed alien to religion. A clear understanding of this duality is necessary. And once it is understood, it is possible for the religious person to make tremendous use of the intellectual achievement of the modern world—as Karl Stern has done.

I would wholeheartedly recommend this book. In particular, I would call it to the attention of those whose attitude toward psychiatry and analysis is that of the mystified layman. The simplicity, the directness, the substance of *The Third Revolution* should be extremely illuminating for them.

THE COMMONWEAL

A Catholic weekly magazine which deals directly with the issues of the day and attempts positive, concrete suggestions. Competent evaluations of current books, plays and movies.

15 Issues for \$2

For New Subscribers

THE COMMONWEAL 30th ANNIVERSARY YEAR
386 Fourth Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

For the enclosed \$2 send me the next 15 issues of

THE COMMONWEAL

Name
Street
City