

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Reasons Why We Should Not Register

- 1—Registration is a recognition of the government's right to conscript for war or slave labor in C. O. camps.
- 2—Registration is wrong because conscription is wrong because war and slave labor are wrong.
- 3—War is wrong because it violates the Christian commandment of love expressed in the Sermon on the Mount.
- 4—It is better to go to jail than to violate Christian teaching.
- 5—Conscription is equalitarian only in that all are made slaves of the government. It is undemocratic because slavery and democracy are incompatible.
- 6—Conscription is a device to ensure the continuance of a military caste and faster militarism upon the country. It guarantees that there will be another war, for the surest way to have another war is to prepare for it.
- 7—As people realize that discrimination against Negroes in the army is officially sanctioned and as they realize that this is to be expected in such a military set-up, self-respecting Negroes and whites will begin to question the whole problem of war itself and refuse to register, not only because of this discrimination, but for the reasons given above. We should establish the habit of civil disobedience in a day when the national state is a great danger.

## Articles on Distributism — 2

By DOROTHY DAY

We have a farm at Newburgh of ninety six acres. We are raising hay, corn, vegetables, pigs, chickens, a cow. Every few days the dog, King, has brought in woodchucks and some of them weigh eight pounds. He must have caught fifty this year. Down at the docks the Negroes fish without a license for eels. It is woodchuck season and you can eat the woodchucks now. You skin them as you do rabbits, and roasted with sage dressing they make a good meal, and they are cleaner than chicken or hog. Right now Carmela and Florence are sitting out under the crabapple tree stringing beans. There are peas and broccoli and swiss chard besides lettuce for salads. It is getting easier to feed the forty or so retreatants who come every few weeks to the farm, and the twenty who are here all summer.

I tell these things to make the mouth water. In the fall we are going to put in a field of wheat, and next summer, God willing, we will have our own flour for the good whole wheat loaves that come out of the oven every day. For the average worker it is more and more difficult to get food. Butter, oleo and fat are sky high. Meat costs a fortune. Food prices have gone up 133% and milk 85%. We saw these figures in a magazine recently to advertise milk as a food. How to live, how to feed a family! Most of all, how to find shelter!

Every month I shall have to explain the title to this series. We are not expecting utopia here on this earth. But God meant things to be much easier than we have made them. A man has a natural right to food, clothing and shelter. A certain amount of goods is necessary to lead a good life. A family needs work as well as bread. Property is proper to man. We must keep repeating these things. Eternal life begins now. "All the way to heaven is heaven, because He said, 'I am the Way.'" The Cross is there of course, but "in

the cross is joy of spirit." And love makes all things easy. If we are putting off the old man and putting on Christ, then we are walking in love, and love is what we all want. But it is hard to love, from the human standpoint and from the divine standpoint, in a two room apartment. We are eminently practical, realistic.

Irene has charge of the clothes at Mott street (besides having charge of the women's house and writing for the paper, and seeing visitors) and the other day a mother of eleven children, nine of them living, came in to get clothes. They are all living at the Municipal lodging house on Third street. The other afternoon when the rain had stopped Irene and I walked down Mott street to Bleeker where Mott street ends, then over to the Bowery and up one block to Third, and there, just to the east of the Bowery, is the big building that used to be the Bowery Y.M.C.A. and which is now a municipal shelter.

I was familiar with the place because it used to have a "clean up system" before the blessed days of D.D.T. which you can use like a talcum powder, and there once in a while I used to bring my old friend Mr. Breen. He was a very dignified old man, with a beautiful beard and he walked with a cane. He looked like Chief Justice Hughes. He had worked as Sunday editor of the Washington Post, and he had worked for the N. Y. World, written reviews for the Commonweal, poetry for us, and had assisted us, during his last years, in answering our large correspondence. His wife and children had died, he had fallen into bad times and during the depression we became his family. For a time he had slept in the world's largest bedroom, on a dock down at South Ferry, where the Municipality put up about 1,200 men every night. He used to tell us a story of one old man who evidently thought he was in a cathedral, so

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## Housing Scandal

In the light of the housing scandal, the worst in our history, many of the fundamental issues of our times are pointed up. According to the N. Y. State Joint Legislative Committee, there are in N. Y. C. 265,000 families living doubled-up. The N. Y. State Housing Authority gives the more conservative figure of 150,000. The mothers and children of 51 families are quartered under inhuman conditions at the 25th St. City Lodging House, while the fathers stay at the 3rd St. Bowery Y, taken over by the city for homeless men. The City employees at both these places seem to be doing their best to cope with heartbreaking circumstances, but there is no doubt that the quartering of these families here on N. Y.'s dirty and noisy and congested lower East Side is a disgrace, and that while the whole housing scandal must be thoroughly investigated, especially the private building interests, these families must be aided at once.

Take the O'Daniel family. They have had twelve children, ten living. Up until a year ago, they occupied a four-room apartment in Washington Heights. By means of two folding cots, holding four children, they managed. Time and again, during the unfolding of ten small lives, Mrs. O'Daniel has dropped a dishcloth or a broom and rushed to the window at the screech of brakes, (if she was fortunate enough to live in the front), to



see if the baseball nine had become, by death, a baseball eight. The rest of the time, the back of her mind was wondering if Jimmy was down by the N. Y. Central railroad tracks again, or if someone would be drowned swimming in the Hudson today, and it might be her Tom. Would that there were a Steinbeck to write a *Grapes of Wrath* for city mothers.

For mothers and fathers both. I remember very well when that neighbor in my old parish came home from work to hear that his five-year old son had been crushed to death beneath the wheels of a truck, and when he heard it, he was so crazed with grief, that, among other things he put his first through the window. That's some news to hear when you come home from work, and it's not the least of the fears that press down the bowed lives of the proletariat, better than the slow drip of water on his head ever tortured some unfortunate prisoner.

Well, that was the O'Daniel family life, but even that little has been taken away from them. Their apartment went with their superintendent's job. The house was bought by a new owner, who brought his own superintendent, one that had been with him for years. In addition, he renovated

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## Salvation Is Of The Jews

By LEON BLOY

### I. Poor People

1. In writing a book about the Poor how could not I have spoken of the Jews?
2. What people is so poor as the Jewish people?
3. Oh, I know well enough there are the bankers and the speculators!
4. Legend and tradition would have it that all the Jews are usurers.
5. People refuse to believe anything else.
6. And this legend is a lie.
7. It concerns only the dregs of the Jewish world.

### II. Their Very Abjection

1. Those who know this people and look at it without prejudice know that it has other aspects and that bearing the miseries of all centuries it suffers infinitely.
2. The thought of the Church in every age has been that holiness is inherent in this exceptional, unique and imperishable people which is protected by God, preserved as the apple of His eye in the midst of the destruction of so many peoples for the accomplishment of His ulterior designs.
3. The very abjection of this race is a divine sign, the very manifest sign of the permanence of the Holy Spirit

over men so despised who are to appear in the glory of the Consoler at the end of time.

### III. We Forget

1. Imagine that people about you spoke continually of your father and your mother with the greatest contempt and treated them only with insults and with outrageous sarcasm
2. What would be your feelings?
3. Well, that is exactly what is happening to Our Lord Jesus Christ.
4. We forget, or rather we do not wish to know that Our Lord made man was a Jew, the Jew par excellence, the Lion of Judah; that His Mother was a Jewess, the flower of the Jewish race; that His ancestors were Jews along with all the prophets; finally that our whole sacred liturgy is drawn from Jewish books.

### IV. Anti-Semitism

1. How then can we express the enormity of the outrage and the blasphemy involved in vilifying the Jewish race?
2. Formerly, the Jews were detested, they were gladly massacred but they were not scorned as a race.
3. On the contrary they were respected and feared, and the Church prayed for them remembering that Saint Paul, (Continued on page 6)

## Mott Street

A young man stopped into the office last Friday afternoon as we were running off the addresses for the paper on the addressograph machine. This ex-sailor slipped in the door and sat down on the bench alongside of Bob. He began to talk at once and required no prods to make with the conversation. We found it difficult to realize that this young fellow was a mere twenty since he had done more knocking around at the age of twenty than most people have accomplished at the age of forty. His wide variety of interests was amazing, from killing rattle snakes and riding Arabian horses to fencing. Also confessed to being a socialist and an atheist. He claimed that he became an atheist thru his unfortunate contacts with non-sectarian mission houses along the skidroads of the cities.

### See the World

Now he is obviously confused with life along with so many other veterans whose lives have been so completely uprooted by the war. Little did we realize back in 1941 the full significance of a statement made to us by a student of the University of Chicago when he revealed his reaction towards his immediate entry into the armed forces, "patriotism is one thing but

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## ON Pilgrimage

June and July I have spent on the farm at Newburgh where the retreats have been going on apace. There was the study week in June, with Fr. Victor White and Fr. Pierre Conway, Dominicans, and then retreats with Fr. Taggart, Vincentian; Fr. Florentino, Msgr. Betowski, and Fr. Veale, Josephite. One of the retreats was a family retreat, though we had not expected it to be, but the long weekend of the fourth of July was irrealist-able and there were four families, one with five, two with two and one with one child.

Hans had just finished laying the floor of the barn in time, and putting up the stairs and screening it in. Michael Kovalak helped, as he always does, in a crisis, and Bob Campbell showed up in time to make the screens for the windows and the doors. The great difficulty of the weekend lay in the fact that a nest of swallows were shut in by the screen door, and it had to be left open so that the mother could fly in and out with food. By the end of the weekend, both mother and father bird were flying around teaching their young ones to fly. So now the screen door can be closed again.

Although the only family re- (Continued on page 6)



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## Articles on Distributism

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vast was the long dim dock at night, and in his night shirt, with his long sticks of legs making him look like a strange bird, he used to "make the stations" down the inner aisle between the double-decker beds, pausing at every seventh bed to pray.

Mr. Breen had many such stories of the poor. We had to take him, as I said before, to the Bowery Y, for a clean-up every now and then. One could bathe at leisure, have one's clothes cleaned and pressed, and have a shave and a hair cut all for seventy-five cents. We used to go in state in a taxi cab. It was very hard to get Mr. Breen to go, and he would only go with me. As we went up to the desk and the very courteous young man behind it, Mr. Breen would look at him haughtily and say in lordly fashion, "I have come to be deloused." Then he would turn to me with a sweeping bow, thank me for my escort, and I would leave him there for the night.

Now this building is part of the municipal lodging house. On either side of the entrance hall there are beautiful rural scenes painted on the walls, a road through the woods, a country field, and around the tiled halls, children play, from one-year old and up, slipping in and out between the hordes of young and old, black and white, drunk and sober men who are also served, who also are "clients" getting their lodging for the night and several meals a day. The men were registering at the desk as we came in. They all could write their names on the ledger, they were all literate. After they registered they were all taken upstairs to the dormitories to bed. It was five-thirty. No one was taken in after nine.

Downstairs meals were still being served. They had soup or stew, as we could see from the windows outside, two slices of bread and huge mugs of cocoa.

I don't know how many thousands of men are served every day, are lodged every day. What was occupying our minds was the fact that forty-five families were lodged there too, with six, eight, nine children. The mothers sat around, the fathers came in to report the result of their day's search for rooms, (and who wants families of four children even, let alone nine?) The children restlessly ran from end to end of the hall, and we tried to talk.

"Isn't there a play room?" Yes, but the colored, the Puerto Rican, the Italian and the "American" children fought. It was nerve-racking. There were separate bed rooms for different members of the family, it was not overcrowded, there is a doctor for the women and children. The city was doing what it could. Up at 26th street, another branch of the Municipal lodging house, there were other families and more men. What they were trying to do was bring all the men down here to Third street, and get the women and children away from the

Bowery and up to 26th where there was a playground, a dead end street, the river, and more light and air.

\* \* \*

Yesterday two Irish Christian brothers came to call and told us of Harlem where their order had a school in what was the largest parish in the world. There were thirty thousand people in it, it was estimated. Families fleeing the hunger of Porto Rico were living three families to an apartment. It was the most congested, most neglected section of the city. With all these thousands, the church on Sunday was only half full. It is not a leakage from the Church, it is a landslide.

We have been working on these problems at the Catholic Worker for the past fifteen years, and we can say with all sincerity, that things have never been so bad as they are now, even in the worst of depression. Now men may have work, but they lack homes. There may be odd jobs, poorly-paid jobs, something coming in the way of work, but the housing situation gets worse and worse. Everywhere it is the same. In every city and town the story is the same. There are no apartments, there are no houses.

Mr. O'Daniel, father of the eleven we were visiting, had had a job as janitor. In order to make their profits and avoid the penalties of rent gouging, the owners of the building he was in had transformed a twelve-apartment house into a twenty-four-apartment house of two and a half rooms each. The board of health got after the owner for having a large family of children in the basement, and he had let them go. No one wants to employ families, none want to rent to families.

And of course we can understand the home owners' point of view. Once we saw a cartoon in the Saturday Evening Post of a mother rebuking her child. "Don't deface the wall, William, we own this house." In other words, what you own is taken care of. Property means responsibility. Property is proper to man.

This is a long preamble. But what a need there is to arouse the conscience! To call attention to the poor! "Are there any more poor?" This fatuous question has been asked me so often by well meaning listeners at meetings that one must answer it. "What about the bricklayer and his huge wages? Never have wages been so high." And what do high wages mean when there is no just price? Anyway, with all the talk of high wages, most of the people around here that I know are working for thirty and thirty five dollars a week. Also the great white collar class of young men and young women are getting along by living at home, profiting by the industry and thrift and better housing opportunity of their parents.

People sooner or later will have to admit that things are rapidly getting worse, not better. People said during the war that Hitler had the theory that the bigger the lie, the easier it was to get people to

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## The Pope's Ten Commandments For Peace

1. Peace is always in God; God is Peace.
2. Only men who bow their heads before God are capable of giving the world a true, just and lasting peace.
3. Unite, all honest people, to bring closer the victory of human brotherhood and with it the recovery of the world.
4. Banish lies and rancor and in their stead let truth and charity reign supreme.
5. Affirm human dignity and the orderliness of liberty in living.
6. Give generously of aid and relief—State to State, people to people, above and beyond all national boundaries.
7. Assure the right of life and independence to all nations, large and small, powerful and weak.
8. Work together toward a profound reintegration of that supreme justice which reposes in the dominion of God and is preserved from every caprice.
9. The Church established by God as the rock of human brotherhood and peace can never come to terms with the idol-worshippers of brutal violence.
10. Be prepared to make sacrifices to achieve peace.



## To Claude McKay

Rest, weary pilgrim, now your journey's through,  
Your last surrender made to love and death.  
How peace and justice must have welcomed you,  
Who fought injustice to your dying breath.

Long had you sought with burning tongue and pen,  
Filled with a fervent, fevered, anguished thirst  
For justice still denied your fellowmen  
Outraged, oppressed, degraded with the worst.

Nobility of purpose guided you  
To search for truth in every grade of life  
Your loneliness was known but to a few  
Who sensed the secret of your inner strike.

Well done, good servant, faithful, gentle, true  
May Christ, the Sun of Justice, be with you.

—James Rogan.

## Mott Street

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to be completely uprooted is quite another." And now the country is crawling with veterans who are completely unstable and even marriage which has always been considered to be the greatest stabilizing factor in life has failed to achieve any considerable amount of stability in many veterans' way of life. Our sailor friend began to inquire as to the possibility of work in and around New York city, first he wanted to know about job opportunities aboard ships and then the openings in the railroads. He said, "you see I wanted to continue travelling." Why do people feel called upon to say the most obvious? We invited him to visit our farm and maybe make a retreat. A retreat of one week in silence, no thanks. The world has so much to offer and there really isn't enough time to cover everything without stopping by the wayside for a week.

Survey

Then we invited him to remain on Mott street with us for awhile. Another no thanks, he had a room uptown for the night stating that he intended to survey the city. The only way to do that is to take a hotel room uptown and begin a reconnoitering from that vantage point.

Portugal

Again we had a priest visitor from Portugal and he too had sad tales to tell of the death of everything good in that poor country. He started out by informing us that the average class of workers in that country are receiving but fifty cents per day. Those workers along with the masses are wearing rags for clothing and being slowly starved. Since this poor priest had taken an interest in the cause of the poor he was quickly ushered out of the country, and he claimed that the same treatment is given to any other priest who might be interested in the alleviation of the misery of the people. As for Portugal being the model corporate state, our friend concluded that is one of the greatest hoaxes that has been palmed off in modern times. We pray that Portugal comes to its senses before it's too late. "God," says St. Chrysostom, "drowned the world, caused Sodom to be burned by fire, and the sea to swallow up the army of the Egyptians for it is He who has stricken the guilty with all the blows which have fallen upon them, and will do still more. Does the rich man who despised Lazarus receive no punishment?"

Precious Is the Death . . .

The morning after the suicide of one of Hollywood's stars, we were glancing through a daily newspaper which carried a complete coverage of the affair with pictures and articles galore, we finally arrived at one of the back pages where we found four lines given to the news of the death of George Bernanos, one of the greatest writers of our times. Bernanos, a French Catholic writer who produced the incomparable, "Diary of a Country Priest," which some claim is superior to Graham Greene's "Labyrinthine Ways." Bernanos also wrote "Diary of Our Times," "Sanctity Will Out," and a "Plea for Liberty," which all reveal the touch of a master writer. The death of Bernanos is a serious loss especially at such a time as this when there are so really few great Catholic writers. May God rest his soul and we pray that we will soon be granted more writers whose talent compares favorably with that of George Bernanos.

Jacques Maritain

Another item of interest that received very little press notice was that of the reentry into the country of Jacques Maritain, the great French Catholic philosopher, who recently completed a tour of duty as an ambassador of France to the Vatican. Mr. Maritain is scheduled to give a series of lectures at Princeton this fall. A curate in our local parish church used a comment by Maritain for a springboard in a recent Sunday morning sermon, this priest began his talk by identifying Jacques Maritain as

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# Housing Scandal Mott Street

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the house, in order to get around the OPA ceiling on prices, and converted the four-room apartments into two-and-a-half room apartments.

Unable to find a place to live, and desperate, the O'Daniels were forced to seek harbor in the free Municipal Lodging House, and have been there ever since. A few weeks ago, Dorothy Day and I visited them at the old Bowery Y, which has been taken over by the city, and was then housing 45 families, and hundreds of homeless men. As Dorothy and I waited at the desk for the manager, there were a group of several hundreds of men standing in a room off the main entrance, as you may have seen a flock of cattle waiting at a gate at milking time, which is also feeding time. This sea of faces was turned towards us expectantly because we were at the desk where they received their meal tickets, cocoa, and soup and bread that night. Outside, we peered in a barred window at the basement cafeteria. At my elbow, a slightly sodden Irishman seemed intent on conveying to me an important message, that only the government could make stew without meat, that it was meatless Tuesday, but there wasn't any more meatless Tuesday.

Such an atmosphere, made up of the despairing sick, and of the drink-sodden, lice-ridden, flea-ridden, despair-ridden, heart-broken destitute, is not indeed an atmosphere for children, filled with innocence and hope, and shortly after that, the City tried to remedy things by moving the women and children uptown to the 25th St. main buildings.

A few days later I went there to visit. It was a hot day, and it was as though the air had been sucked out of the sky. The tar bubbled between the cobblestones and pulled at one's shoes. One looked around rather desperately for a refuge from the unbearable cooking heat, from the intolerable noise of the heavy trucks on First Ave., the unceasing flow of passenger traffic on the East River Drive, the Stop-decrescendo and Go-crescendo, and it seemed to me that the only escape was to be able to ascend clear up into the sky.

Across the street from the Muni is Bellevue, and for a small space, above a high wall, some aillanthus trees droop out. I noted two of these enclosed small grass plots, and figured to myself that they were for the patients or the doctors, or to bring a little quiet. No one would begrudge them these minute green spots, there should indeed be more of them but why is it there are so few for city children? Why is it that every necessity is perceived but the necessity of the children? The judgment of history on a civilization that permits its children to play on crowded areas of stone and concrete, skirting the wheels of traffic, will be as harsh as it has been on children working in the mines.

In the old barracks-like building, amid the clatter of the cafeteria, the wailing and shouts of children, with the social workers interviewing new cases behind small screens, we found Mrs. O'Daniel, three little towheads clinging to her skirts, and heavy with the child that has since been born. Mr. O'Daniel was there, his eyes dark-shadowed, and his clothes mussed. It turned out that he had been sleeping in the park the last few nights. Since his wife and children have been transferred up to 25th St., leaving him down at 3rd St., the cumulative effect of the separation, of having to tramp up that distance, of disgust with the routine procedure of having his clothes rolled up in a ball every night and deloused—well he got fed-up and took to the park.

The women and children sleep in dormitory. At least at the 3rd

St. place, there had been private rooms for mother and children, with beds for two or three persons.

About this time, I read in the newspapers that Mr. Gromyko, the Russian ambassador, had been given seventeen rooms by the U. S.—seventeen rooms to run through, if Mr. Gromyko is disposed to running, while the little O'Daniel youngsters must sit on chairs, or walk primly on sidewalks, as stately as Russian ambassadors. It struck me as rather a curious fact, that Mr. Gromyko—whose country, in the popular mind, stands for collectivist housing—should have seventeen rooms—while the O'Daniels—whose country in the popular mind, stands for private property—should live in a collectivist house, minus their father. It shows that we live in a time when labels are curiously nondescript.

The plight of this family, and of the other fifty-one families at the City shelter, not to count the 265,000 families doubling up, led me to study more about the whole housing situation.

Anyone in New York City who cannot afford to pay \$18 per room a month, that is, \$64 for a four-room apartment, has become unprofitable to private enterprise, which has already ceased building for him. (1946, Edmond Butler, N. Y. City Housing Authority). Since then, private enterprise has also ceased building for anyone unable to pay at least \$80 a month. The majority of people cannot pay \$80 a month.

The government has undertaken a program, City, State and Federal, to do away with the city slums, and to provide housing for the lowest income group, that cannot afford to pay more than \$25 a month. This was 1946; since then, for reasons not too clear, the housing projects have been opened to people with income going as high as \$332 a month. This is particularly difficult to understand in view of the 51 families of much lower income at the City Lodging House.

Between the group eligible for the city projects, and the group able to pay the very high rents charged by new private enterprise apartments, there is a very large group, who are increasing and multiplying, but absolutely no housing is being built for them.

"Altogether, the entire population of the city of Albany could be housed in the low-rent projects either in operation or being developed by the N. Y. City Housing Authority. Summed-up, this program, excluding temporary units, consists of 30 projects containing 38,000 apartments for 140,000 persons at a cost of \$341,817,000.

Following are the questions which those of us who do not relish the Socialist state, must answer:

Why must private enterprise charge rents which the majority of people employed by private enterprise cannot pay?

Is it because capital insists on too high profits?

Is it because labor is paid too high wages?

Is it because the line between producers of raw materials and consumers is so long, that there are an awful lot of parasites hanging on that line? Others have solved the middlemen parasite question through cooperatives; in this case, the public may be driven to form builders' cooperatives, or builder-producer co-ops.

Whatever the answer to these questions—and we intend to follow up in further articles—one thing is certain, that Industrial Capitalism in New York City, not to mention anywhere else, does not pay a living wage, because a living wage would keep a man's family housed.

In other words, the present economic system has failed so lamentably that the state has been forced to step in, and we become more

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one of the greatest living philosophers today and the best exponent of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Father Don Hessler

Visitors have been pouring through here these past summery days, priests, nuns, brothers and seminarians. Our long standing friend Father Don Hessler was among them. Father Hessler appeared extremely well and related the news that he is to return to the Orient missions. Father mentioned his past two-and-a-half years work in this country, that is the establishing of Catholic Action Cells in New Mexico. And from other sources we learned that Father had accomplished great things down in that part of the country. However, we are also well acquainted with Father Hessler's stupendous work in the China missions from 1939 to 1946, and consequently puzzle at times to decide just where Father is needed more. Yesterday there were thirty young J. E. Cs from France down for the day. Some of them are staying on for a year and so we will have more news on this soon to pass on the next time.

Study Week

We spent a marvelous week of study at our retreat house in Newburgh under the direction of Father Victor White, O.P., Blackfriars, England and Father Pierre Conway O.P., of Providence College, Rhode Island. Father White gave several conferences treating with the life and ideas of Eric Gill, who had been a close friend of his. Starting Wednesday morning of that week we were treated to lectures by Father Conway, who covered Cardinal Suhard's pastoral letter, "Growth or Decline" along with the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas on related points. Thus the week was devoted to daily Mass, prime, compline, rosary, benediction, conferences, discussions and work in the fields. From six o'clock in the morning till late at night the conversations went on and on. What a fast, furious and beneficial week that turned out to be and everyone present is grateful to those two priests for giving so freely of their time and knowledge.

Retreat

This week we just completed six days of a retreat in silence under our retreat master Father Veale, Josephite father from Baltimore. The solid conferences, four a day, the silence, the numerous periods spent in the chapel and the weeding in the fields served us all in good stead. The first couple of days of silence seemed to weigh one down but after that we were well oriented and realized more and more the value of a retreat in silence. The life of Mother Cabrini by Maynard was read during the meals, an exhausting but certainly a valiant woman indeed. Father Veale's conferences were concise and to the point on many good subjects and all during the retreat we were hoping and praying that we would be able to carry them over to our everyday life after contact with the harsh realities we would soon be facing.

St. Margaret of Hungary

During our retreat we ran across the life of a recently canonized saint, St. Margaret of Hungary, a Dominican nun of the thirteenth century. Like so many other saints, hers was a life of rigorous mortification from the age of seven till her death at the age of twenty-eight. Of course the preface gave the usual warning that there was much in her life what we are not to imitate, the mortifications you know. The same old stuff, "Saints are to be admired and not imitated." All advice which is generally superfluous since there is little danger of any of us attempting such harsh practices as hair shirts, chain girdles or fasting. Isn't it sufficient to simply read about these goings on? What impressed me mostly about the life of St. Margaret was the fact that she did not ignore the common moral

# Open Letter to The Catholic Worker

Dear Friends,

We have been struck in the past year by the call to a non-violent revolution which comes from the Pax column of the C.W. and from articles of Robert Ludlow. When he tells us "the way of uncompromising pacifism" makes us "strangers and pilgrims in a society which accepts nothing of the extremism of Christ" we remember that Origen described the Christian life in the same way in the third century. When Robert Ludlow calls us to "work and pray for the new society" as Our Father does, when he sees that "the call to perfection . . . is of obligation to all those redeemed by Christ," then we feel that his "radical pacifism" is just Christianity as the early Christians saw it and lived.

This is the radical message which among the first Christians had most radical effects. Up to the time of Hermas, who wrote in Rome about the year 100, rich men could join the Church only by laying aside their income for their poor brothers (Shep. Her. VI). "Turn not away from those in need," the teaching of the twelve apostles told those seeking baptism, "but have all things in common with your brothers and consider nothing your own; for if you have communion in spiritual things how much more in temporal things." Hermas concluded "Let it be clear to you who dwell in a foreign land. Be content with the barest necessities, you may not have more in hand than is necessary to live."

As we share this "fool's vision" as you call it we want to say we feel it is vital you fulfill the first vision of the Movement—a vision of farm communes which are based not on the right to own but on the call to "sell what thou hast." A green revolution, going back to the land is not enough unless it is a planting of the green wood of which Christ is the first tree. You yourselves are not satisfied with single families pioneering in heart-breaking isolation. That way offers no practical alternative for the women you tell to leave war industry and who may have neither the money to buy a farm nor the skill to start a village craft. But still we want to encourage you that the grace can be given to find the way through to a true society on earth.

Dorothy Day once wrote she wished she had a crowd of three thousand workers to show forth the dignity of work, such a crowd as was converted at Pentecost. But the important thing is that there is even a little circle of people who stand together, longing for the good Spirit to come into the circle and ready to follow His voice above when it is heard in unity from all hearts.

Men can fulfil their first vocation, which is to be brothers, only when they long for the fulfillment of the mighty phrases of the Our Father, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth. The earth is to be won for His kingdom. When faith that Christ will come to change all things is so present, the character of His kingdom expresses itself in the present in social life and human relationship. Service of one's brother takes the place of claiming one's own rights. A

virtues in her daily life despite her numerous penances and mortifications, she had great love and much tenderness in relation to her sister nuns and was also tremendously loved in return by those same nuns.

Summer Workers

During the summer we have had considerable help show up here at Mott St. and also at the farm in Newburgh. Several seminarians come down each Saturday to help with work that is very badly in need of being accomplished, such as washing the hall walls in the men's house and the walls in the women's quarters. Three girls came down from Minnesota for the summer.

(Continued on page 6)

fellowship of work and of the table takes the place of private economy. In these last days there is time only for the works of love.

A group which is called to go a radical way needs to be sure of the dedication of each member, and conscious that they need to be educated by the spirit in the continuous search for unity. The more their way of life takes them apart from the way of other men the more must the character of the 'city set on a hill' come to living expression among them. They need the assurance of being at one in the principles of faith and life with all those who have belonged to that city. It is a call to fight within each one and in the whole circle against all evil, against all that destroys community. Love leads them to speak one with another, so that all mistrust, backbiting, all mere theoretical arguments are put behind them; so that the leader, or rather the servant, brings to expression and to decision only what is felt by all. They speak with one another so that each is at peace with the other before eating together, before the day is ended and above all before they come before God in prayer together.

Those who give themselves to such an organism are free to take up the struggle for their fellowmen; like the men Dorothy Day was looking for in September 1946 who "so have compassion on their brothers that they will lead them out of bondage, literally." Then the single man or woman is able to work for all. Families also can serve the common good that others may have the same possibilities of life as they. They refuse military service. They fight the wage system by having the means of production in common. They fight unemployment with the open door of working communities.

Homelessness amidst exclusive private property is overcome by humble settlement on land which remains dedicated to God and the cause of brotherhood. They replace the exploitation of soulless labor with responsible work on the land and in the cooperation and joy of other elemental crafts. English and German sit on the same bench, along with the native South American. They love mental work as well as handicrafts, and especially they value research into the spiritual movements of today and of other ages. Education is given a high claim on the energy and devotion of the group. There are nurseries, kindergarten and schools for the many children of the families and for other children taken into the care of the group.

This is the life I have experienced in the communities of the Society of Brothers at the Wheathill Brotherhood, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, England and at Primavera, Alto Paraguay, South America. Here at Primavera there are three communal villages on the one estate where 75 families and some single people live together as one organism, making in all 514 men, women and children of a dozen different nationalities. Such groups may arise anywhere. Wherever they spring up it is like a ray of light that streams into a dark dungeon; a ray of light from the future kingdom into these days. Such groups overthrow the lying, impurity and murder of the world's life. They call men to God's ultimate will: "Change yourself in all things from your very foundation, for the reign of God is at hand."

We want to get into touch with men and women who are ready for this message, whether they are in America or in the occupied zones of Europe and Asia. Write to us or best come and live with us in joy and poverty, and work to win the earth for a new kingdom, a new joy, a new peace and unity.

On behalf of the brotherhood,  
Dick Whitty  
Sociedad Fraternal Huttevia,  
Primavert,  
Alto Paraguay  
South America



# Poems For The War Dead

I

Faces unseen, hand untouched,  
My brothers;  
Perceived as sun-warmth upon my face,  
These my brothers,  
Are Dead.

Dead leaves sweep across my mind  
Stringing the mellow strain of hallowed time.

They have killed my brothers  
In the fog of time and being,  
They are lost,  
But no one has told me why,  
And now my brothers rot in man's forgetfulness.

Leaves rush into winter oblivion.

This is bitter to my soul,  
(The bitterness of youth is deep and swells a mighty cry)  
This is a song of love,  
And bitterness.

II

The chalice is returned,  
Empty.  
The sacrifice, of life, has been made.  
What has been gained?  
Has hate been banished with this warm blood?  
Is Poland free?

One, two, three, four,  
Dull lifeless cadence  
Blaspheming the soul of man.  
Oh you hypocrites!  
Why do you train your men to drill  
Before they have learned to love.  
The war dead have not begun to rot  
And we train more men to fill new graves.

See the generals strut  
Polished brass can not hide death and sin.  
I have no respect for generals,  
They talk of war  
And duty,  
In duty's name Christ's side was pierced.  
We have listened too long to these practical men,  
Armies would reject St. Thomas for oversize.

The chalice is empty,  
My brothers know eternity.  
Will eternity remember this nation?  
What matter if nations fall,  
Can we not build another?  
Honor they speak of,  
What is the honor of a nation compared to the dignity of a soul?

What man can be tyrant to my soul besides me,  
What nation can conquer a man?  
We prepare ourselves for Hell.  
Nations destroy themselves.

Foolish men  
Listen to the wind and oak,  
They are concerned with being  
With what is the drill sergeant concerned?  
Throw away these trappings of pride,  
And fill yourself with God,  
Sing to the Prince of Peace  
In humility,  
And we shall build a better nation yet.

III

Rake the leaves of autumn,  
Carry home the dead.  
The patient earth is richer where they lie,  
We are poorer.  
Yet in this poverty of wisdom  
We will raise monuments,  
(To be scrapped for guns in another day)  
Better we plant an oak above each body,  
The embracing roots will hold our brother's bones  
More faithfully  
Than we,  
Proud nation,  
Ever could.

—Vincent Williams.

## Toehold On The Land

Second Summer! God has favored us with good weather up in the Stackenburg hills that overlook the Missouri River Valley. The Valley is for the most part flooded, but the farms in the hills are doing well this year so far.

Recent rains have improved our meadows and hay is of great importance to a hill farmer. The hill man lives the real pastoral life, grass farming. Our ruminating beasts are sixteen steers, a team of horses, three cows and two heifers. No sheep or goats at this writing. We are anxious to get a sheep herd started so as to get spinning, carding and weaving underway; the domestic wool industry. Our mortgage of \$2,800 handicaps us in our work of building up a community. We would like to spend some money on building fixtures and equipment that the farm can't supply, but we are pressed to pay that bank loan. Also we have a library started and we would like to purchase outstanding



Catholic books, but the obligations of the mortgage and that nasty interest that goes with it cramps our style.

Just over the hill a quarter of a mile from the house is St. Martin Church. Our propinquity to church is our great blessing. Daily Mass is the first step in the direction of personal and social peace or order. We feed our bodies daily, our souls are hungry daily. "I am the Bread of Life."

Our pastor calls us "Catholic communists" and speaks favorably of us to visiting priests and his lay friends. Communitarian is Peter Maurin's word to describe the member of a farming commune. The accent certainly is on common ownership, although we do believe in private property, too, the family homestead, a house, sheds, and a couple of acres of land. Large pastures, grain fields, and woodland are communally held. There is something strange about it, but there is nothing unnatural in such communitarianism. The doctrine of the Mystical Body practically dictates such a type of socio-economic set up. All men are one in Christ, then they must work together, live in a community, and share this world's goods. It is that simple. Common prayer, common work, and common ownership.

The communal ideal is lost today and must be recovered above all social ideals. We should embrace the doctrine of the common good in reality—not the vague notion of general welfare that the politician mutters from time to time, but the good of our nearest neighbors immediately and all men within our reach.

... Larry Heany.

# CULT :: CULTIVATION

## Collects for Peace From the Missal

Besides the collect from the votive Mass to Beg Peace, and the collects from the Feast of Christ the King and the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, there are six collects from the feasts of the saints, and three more for different masses of St. Stephen the Protomartyr. The collect from the votive Mass to Beg Peace is as follows:

O God, from Whom proceed holy desires, right counsels, and just works: grant to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that with our hearts surrendered to Thy commands, and with the fear of enemies removed, our times may be tranquil under Thy protection, Through Our Lord.

This prayer plainly refers to a peace beyond this world, but at the same time prays for temporal peace in the words: "that our times may be tranquil." The collect from the Feast of Christ the King implies a prayer for peace in the prayer for the union of the gentiles under the "most loving dominion" of Christ:

Almighty, eternal God, Who hast wished to reestablish all things in Thy beloved Son, the King of all creatures: graciously grant; that all the families of the gentiles, who have been scattered by the wound of sin, may be subjected to His most sweet dominion: Who livest

It is clear that a peace which is not to be merely superficial must have its roots in sincere union with Christ.

The collect from the mass for the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary prays principally and explicitly for "increase of peace," though the word "peace" as used here cannot be confined to the temporal order:

Impart unto Thy domestics, we pray, O Lord, the reward of heavenly grace: that to those for whom the child-bearing of the Blessed Virgin was the origin of salvation the votive solemnity of her birth may give increase of peace, Through Our Lord:

This is the only Feast of the Blessed Virgin in which the collect makes mention of peace.

There is a prayer for peace in the collect of each of the three masses of the following saints: St. Damasus, Dec. 11; Sts. Merius and Companions, Jan. 19, and St. Pius V., May 5. The collect for the feast of St. John of St. Facundus is especially interesting, as it contains a reference to the life of the saint:

O God, Author of peace and Lover of charity, Who didst decorate blessed John Thy confessor with the wonderful grace of

reconciling disputants: grant by his merits and intercession; that strengthened in Thy charity, we may not be separated from Thee by any temptations. Through Our Lord:

The collect for the feast of St. Irenaeus (whose name is derived from the Greek word meaning "peace") contains a reference to his successful efforts to prevent schism by persuading the pope not to enforce uniformity in the celebration of Easter:

O God, who didst grant to blessed Irenaeus, Thy martyr and bishop, that he fight successfully against heresies by the truth of his teaching and happily confirmed the peace of the Church: grant to Thy people, we pray, constancy in holy religion: and give us peace in our times. Through Our Lord . . . St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, is also very specially invoked for peace, as we see in the following collect:

Most kind God, Who hast decorated blessed Queen Elizabeth, among other outstanding gifts, with the prerogative of calming the furor of war: grant to us by her intercession; after peace in this mortal life which we humbly request, the admission into eternal joys. Through Our Lord . . .

St. Stephen is distinguished in several ways. For one thing, his principal feast and octave come in the proper of the season with the constellation of saints grouped between Christmas and the Epiphany. Then, he has three masses, one for his feast, Dec. 26, another on the octave, Jan. 2, and a third for the finding of his body, Aug. 3. Moreover, the collects of all three masses (the mass of the feast and of the finding of his body having almost identical collects) strongly emphasize the great honor due to St. Stephen because he "knew how to pray even for his persecutors," and implore from God that we may imitate St. Stephen and "learn to love even our enemies." Surely St. Stephen deserves a most honorable place among the Saints whom the Church especially invokes for peace.

Since the Church throughout the world is now praying for a just and lasting peace, it seems appropriate that we should gain inspiration and heavenly assistance in our efforts for this end by meditating on the lives of these Holy Peacemakers and on the words which Holy Mother Church addresses to them in Her official prayers.

Alan C. Bates.

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# CULTURE VATION ::

## Primitive Christian Pacifism

But what is so grandly original in Christianity is, that on its broad field of conflict its preachers were to be simply unarmed, and to suffer, but to prevail. If we were not so familiar with our Lord's words, I think they would astonish us. "Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves." This was to be their normal state, and so it was; and all the promises and directions given to them imply it. "Blessed are they that suffer persecution"; "blessed are ye when they revile you"; the meek shall inherit the earth; "resist not evil"; "you shall be hated of all men for My Name's sake," a man's enemies shall be they of his own household; "he that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved." What sort of encouragement was this for men who were to go about an immense work? Do men in this way send out their soldiers to battle, or their sons to India or Australia? The King of Israel hated Micalah, because he always prophesied of him evil. "So persecuted they the Prophets that were before you," says the Lord. Yes, and the Prophets failed; they were persecuted, and they lost the battle. "Take, my brethren," says St. James, "for an example of suffering evil, of labor and patience, the Prophets, who spake in the Name of the Lord." They were "racked, mocked, stoned, cut asunder, they wondered about of whom the world was not worthy," says St. Paul. What an argument to encourage them to aim at success by suffering, to put before them the precedent of those who suffered and who failed.

Yet the first preachers, our Lord's immediate disciples, saw no difficulty in a prospect to human eyes so appalling, so hopeless. How connatural this strange, unreasoning, reckless courage was with their regenerate state is shown most signally in St. Paul, as having been a convert of later vocation. He was no personal associate of our Lord's yet how faithfully he echoes back our Lord's language. His instrument of conversion is "the foolishness of preaching"; "the weak things of the earth confound the strong"; "we hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no home"; "we are reviled and bless, we are persecuted, and blasphemed, and are made the refuse of this world, and the offscouring of all things." Such is the intimate comprehension, on the part of one who had never seen our Lord on earth, and knew little from His original disciples of the genius of His teaching—and considering that the prophecies, upon which he had lived from his birth, for the most part bear on their surface a contrary doctrine, and that the Jews of that day did commonly understand them in that contrary sense, we cannot deny that Christianity, in tracing out the method by which it was to prevail in the future, took its own, independent line, and, in assigning from the first a rule and a history to its propagation, a rule and a history which have been carried out to this day, rescues itself from the charge of but partially fulfilling those Jewish prophecies, by the assumption of a prophetic character of its own.

According to our Lord's announcements before the event, Christianity was to be prevail and to become a great empire, and to fill the earth; but it was, to accomplish this destiny, not as other

victorious powers had done, and as the Jews expected, by force of arms or by other means of this world, but by the novel expedient of sanctity and suffering. If some aspiring party of this day, the great Orleans family, or a branch of the Hohenzollern, wishing to found a kingdom, were to profess, as their only weapon, the practice of virtue, they would not startle us more than it startled a Jew eighteen hundred years ago, to be told that his glorious Messiah was not to fight, like Joshua or David, but simply to preach. It is indeed a thought so strange, both in its prediction and in its fulfillment, as urgently to suggest to us that some Divine Power went with Him who conceived and proclaimed it.

And Tertullian, at the very close of it (the second century), could, in his "Apologia," even proceed to threaten the Roman Governments: "We are a people of yester-



day," he says, "and yet we have filled every place belonging to you, cities, islands, castles, towns, assemblies, your very camp, your tribes, companies, palaces, senate, forum. We leave you your temples only. We can count your armies, and our numbers in a single province will be greater. In what war with you should we not be sufficient and ready, even though unequal in numbers, who so willingly are put to death, if it were not in this Religion of ours more lawful to be slain than to slay?"

(From a Grammar of Assent by John Henry Cardinal Newman.)

### Appeals

Franz Steber  
Munich 42  
Camerloherstr. 54/1:  
Germany  
Trier/Mosel  
Tallienstr. 8b  
French Zone  
Germany

Father W. Storch, C. M. M.  
Actio Mariana  
P.O. Ixopo Natal South Africa

## Some Modern Evils

By JESUS M. RIVAS SACCONI

(A translation by Alan Bates  
from an original article  
in TESTIMONIO)

In one of the religious conferences delivered in the church of (Our Lady of) the Snows in Bogota, in the retreat for men last Holy Week, the preacher hit the nail on the head when he pointed out that one of the most important causes of the evils which the world is suffering at the present day is the prevailing conception of law, entirely opposed as it is to the Christian conception of law.

He said that we must seek the cause of the revolutions, wars, and disorders of all kinds which we experience in these times precisely in the idea of law as the result of an agreement of majorities, an idea due principally to Rousseau and opposed to that of Saint Thomas of Aquin and the other Catholic philosophers, for whom the legal norm is the product of reason and not of caprice.

And not many words are necessary to prove the truth of these assertions. It will suffice to recall, even if briefly the principles of Catholic philosophy and of the philosophy of Rousseau about such an important matter.

For the Angelic Doctor law is something which pertains to reason. He affirms this explicitly in the Prima Secundae, p. 90 of his immortal Summa Theologiae.

In that place, the Saint reasons more or less as follows: law is "a certain rule and measure of actions which induces a man to act or to abstain from action"; on the other hand, reason is "the rule and measure of human actions, because it is 'the first principle of those actions,' and from all this it follows that law is or must be something belonging to reason.

Besides, according to the same Saint, the legal norm must have as its object or end the attainment of the good of the entire community for which it is given, so much so that "no precept directed to a particular good can strictly be considered as a law except in so far as it is directed to the common welfare."

For the holy Doctor it is equally impossible to call in question the fact that all human law must somehow be derived from the natural law, either as a conclusion, or as a determination, and besides that human laws cannot contain precepts contrary to those of the natural law.

And another Dominican of well merited fame, whose work has not been appreciated at its true value for a long time, Fr. Francis de

Vittoria, likewise states in his *Relectiones Theologicae*, that the basis of the obligation of human law, that is, the reason why this norm obliges even in the forum of conscience, is the fact that this law can be in a manner considered as divine, in as much as it is or ought to be a work accomplished by God, indirectly, through secondary causes, the human legislators.

The same author states that this law can be considered as obligatory only under certain conditions, among others that it be useful and moderate and that it may oblige, the mere will of the author is insufficient.

We find an identical thesis in the works of other Catholic philosophers, among others, in the Capuchin Father Alfonso de Castro and the Jesuit Father Francis Suarez. They all lay down as an essential condition for a law to be considered obligatory that it be just, that is, not contrary to the natural law and moreover given for the common welfare.

Rousseau, on the contrary, as is well understood, considers the law as nothing more than an agreement of the general will, and this is the very idea of law found in our civil code.

Moreover for this philosopher no law can be considered unjust, because no one can be unjust to himself.

Clearly there is a profound difference between the Catholic conception of law and that of Rousseau harbored by our positive legislation.

While for Catholics law is a divine work, product of natural reason, and subject to the immutable norms traced by God in the natural law, for Rousseau the legal norm is nothing but the result of an agreement of wills; of a collection of votes; of the decision taken by a majority, sometimes a majority of only one or two votes.

And besides, it recognizes no restraint superior to itself, since all that the law commands is just and obligatory; in fact even the notion of justice becomes confused with the manifold and fickle will of the legislators.

And now it will be no less easy to expound the practical consequences of these two ways of conceiving the principal foundation and basis of positive law.

For if the law is the fruit of right reason; if it must be laid down to bring about the common welfare; if the legislator recognizes limits to his power in the immutable norms of a law superior to his own, it is so far more clear that the rights of the citizens of a determined political community will always be duly guaranteed,

and that they will suffer no threat nor diminution from the fact that one or the other party assumes the reins of government, since those rights are guaranteed in such a way that the State cannot refuse to give them legal recognition.

On the contrary, if the law is but the result of a majority; if the legislator exercises universal powers over the rights of his subjects, they cannot remain equally tranquil in their confidence that those same rights will not be ignored or wounded in their most sacred determinations.

Then, as a logical and necessary consequence, comes the struggle for conquest, the maintenance or regaining of power. And since to hold the government of the State becomes a matter of such transcendent importance, it follows that in this struggle no restraint of any kind is recognized and that everything will be attempted which can gain the victory, cost what it may.

Doubtless this explains the massacres and riots of all kinds which we must sadly witness every day in our country, as well as the interminable and devastating wars between states and nations, with the object of obtaining the hegemony in the international field, since in this order things proceed no better than in the interior of each nation, as long as these relations are regulated by norms contained in those feeble scraps of paper, a graphic phrase once written by a European statesman of international treaties, especially in modern times.

As a conclusion of all this, we can find the only remedy in this, as in all matters, the triumph and domination of Catholic ideals, the triumph of the Catholic conception of law, since only in Catholicism, as we have shown to satiety, do we find the capacity to give troubled humanity the proper solution of all its problems, since, as St. Paul the Apostle very well says, under the influence of divine inspiration, Christ alone has the words of eternal life, and if we abandon Him, if humanity departs from His sublime teachings, to whom shall we go then? (1)

(1) We were finishing this short essay in the morning hours of the last ninth of April, and in the afternoon and in the following days the tragic events, known to all, occurred to reinforce still more what we have said about the grave evils which are occasioned by the anti-Christian conception of the law, about the consequent necessity of gaining power at any price, and of fighting for the triumph not of one or another party, but of Catholic ideals, of the doctrines of Christ to obtain a permanent and true peace as an efficacious remedy for such grave evils and urgent problems.

Testimonio Una-Voz de Simple Catolico Publicacion Menasul.

Carrera 8, Numero 5-54 Bogota Colombia.

## Calls For Help

Little Flowers Convent  
Pallihoridra, N. India  
May 5, 1948

Dear Sir:

Having heard of your generosity and kindness toward the poor and the needy, we poor Sisters of Little Flowers Convent, Pallihoridra, we beg to introduce ourselves to your charitable heart, asking a little for our poor abandoned children. It is a very poor orphanage, with eighty ones in this poor corner of the world. When you can (?) dispose for a donation—every small contribution will be most welcome.

Be sure, dear sir, that the prayers of this poor children benefited by you, will draw upon you and your dear ones abundance of blessing.

With grateful thanks  
I remain in Our Lord  
Yours sincerely  
Sister Magdalen of (?)  
Superior

Koblenz, Germany  
June 11, 1948

Dear Friends:  
Please do not mind me writing to

I would be thankful if I could get any help from you.

I close now, thanking you very much in advance.

I remain yours truly,  
Mrs. Paula Jung,  
Koblenz, Rhein,  
Germany  
Sachenstr. 16  
(Frans-Zone)

### Appeals

Daughters of the Divine Redeemer  
Saint Joseph's Convent  
R. F. D. No. 1  
Elizabeth, Pennsylvania

"There is a fight against Communism that produces no results. What really matters is to achieve, in the face of Communism, the Christian ideal of community.

"The characteristic of Materialism is violence; that of Christianity is Love.

"Why is it that Communism flourishes in countries that have Christians? Is it not the consequence of a great disappointment? This disappointment, however, comes not from Christianity, but from Christians."

Cardinal Saliege of Toulouse



## Articles on Distributism

(Continued from page 2)

believe it. It seems to me we have quite a number of these big lies.

There is the lie of high wages. There is the lie of widespread ownership.

There is the plentiful production lie.

There is the everyone consuming more lie.

In the little pamphlet *DISTRIBUTISM* by S. Sagar, a reprint of six articles from the *Weekly Review of London*, says that the great danger of today is not a revolt of the proletariat but the lethargy of the proletariat. He also says that the "preliminary to any step taken towards Distributism was the creation of the will to take them."

Here is one quotation from Pope Pius XII which ought to be considered a mandate along these lines.

"We confirm what only recently we had occasion to expound. For Catholics, the only path to be followed in solving the social problem is clearly outlined in the doctrine of the Church. The blessing of God will descend on your work if you do not swerve in the slightest degree from this path. You have no need to think up specious solutions or to work with facile and empty formulas for results that prove only a delusion. What you can and ought to strive for is a more just distribution of wealth. This is and this remains a central point in Catholic social doctrine."

Joseph T. Nolan writes in *Orate Fratres*: Too long has idle talk made out of Distributism as something medieval and myopic, as if four modern popes were somehow talking nonsense when they said: the law should favor widespread ownership (Leo XIII); land is the most natural form of property (Leo XIII and Pius XII); wages should enable a man to purchase land (Leo XIII and Pius XII); the family is most perfect when rooted in its own holding (Pius XII); agriculture is the first and most important of all the arts (Pius VII); and the tiller of the soil still represents the natural order of things willed by God (Pius XII).

"But in general there is so little facing of the problem of the land, or of machinery, which the Franciscan Belliot called 'one of the gravest and most disquieting elements in the social problem.' How many Catholics, especially liturgists, share the anxiety of the present pope at 'the agglomeration of huge populations in the cities, and the diminution of modern man by the domination of the machine'? Neither the nihilists nor the optimists who still dream of abundant production can fill our present need; a lot closer are the realists who are willing to rebuild an organic Christian society from the ground up, from the soil, who might escape the very real prospects of unemployment, hunger and despair."

There are numerous steps that can be taken, outlined in *THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY* by Hilaire Belloc. But how to create in men a desire to take them, a hope that they will be able to take them?

Things have gotten so desperate, Mr. Sagar says, goods have gotten so scarce, the effort to find housing has become so heart breaking, that now at last today, after these many years, **DISTRIBUTISM IS GOING TO BE DISCUSSED.**

The alternatives are not capitalism or socialism. Nor are they the corporatism that Fr. Massey seems to be indicating in *AMERICA*. We must take into consideration the nature of man and his needs, not just cash—commodities, food and clothing, but a home, a bit of land, and the tools with which to work, part ownership in workshops and stores and factories.

*Distributism does not mean that everyone must be a farmer.* The Distributist thinks in terms of the village economy, and as for the size of the CITY (the city of God)

which Cardinal Suhard talks of our building, that is a matter of situation. It may be five hundred, it may be five thousand, it may be fifty thousand. The main thing to do is to distribute the cities before the atom bomb does it. We are not suggesting that it be done by force but by education. If that seems too slow a method, probably depression, war, hunger and homelessness will play their part. We only know it is not human to live in a city of ten million. It is not only not human, it is not possible. "Cities are the occasion of sin," Fr. Vincent McNabb said, and of course any theologian will say that we should flee the occasions of sin. Pope Pius XII pointed out that it was difficult for modern youth to live in the cities without heroic virtue. (And it was never intended that the good life should demand heroic virtue.)

*Distributism does not mean that we throw out the machine.* The machine, Peter Maurin used to say, should be the extension of the hand of man. If we could do away with the assembly line, the slavery of the machine, and the useless and harmful and destructive machines, we would be doing well.

In the psalms it says, "Lord, make me desire to walk in the way of thy commandments." Daniel was called a man of desires, and because he was a man of desires, the Lord heard him.

But how, are we going to get people to desire, and to hope, when men like Fr. Becker writing in *America*; Fr. Higgins, of the N.C.W.C. and Fr. FitzSimmons of Notre Dame, accept the status quo, endorse social security instead of pointing to the enormous dangers that go with it and in effect combat the desire of the people for land and for bread, and feed them on husks that the acceptance of the city and the factory result in.

Cardinal Suhard of Paris and Fr. De Lubac, S.J., both cry out against the refusal of some traditionalists to be co-creators with God and use the tools which science has put in man's hands. But Fr. de Lubac also writes (in the *Dublin Review*) "Does not the discovery of new values involve the depreciation of other, perhaps more fundamental ones? And does it not breed, even while the discovery is still modest and tentative, a kind of intoxication, so that the passionate interest it arouses tends to make men oblivious of everything else, even of essentials? And so ambiguous situations pile up, leading inevitably to crises whose outcome no one can safely prophecy."

We are sure that these priests aforementioned have the interests of the worker at heart, and that in their social ideas and studies they are trying to remedy situations which have become well nigh intolerable. But the essentials are food, clothing and shelter. The essential is ownership which brings with it responsibility, and what is more essential than the earth on which we all spring, and from which comes our food, our clothes, our furniture, our homes.

It is as a woman, a mother, speaking for the family and the home, that I protest the work of "priest-sociologists," who in their desire to help the worker, are going along with him in his errors, and are accepting the easy way of capitalist industrialism which leads to collectivism and the totalitarian state.

To conclude this particular installment of our series of articles on Distributism, the warning is there, Isaiah 26, 5—

"He shall bring down them that dwell on high; the high city he shall lay low. He shall bring it down even unto the ground; he shall pull it down even to the dust. The foot shall tread it down; the feet of the poor, the steps of the needy."

So, "strengthen ye the feeble hands, and confirm the weak knees. Say to the faint hearted, take courage and fear not. Behold, your God will bring the bread of recompense. God Himself will come and save you."

## SALVATION IS OF THE JEWS

(Continued from page 1)

speaking in the name of the Holy Spirit, promised them all things and that they should one day become the lights of the world.

4. Anti-Semitism, an altogether modern thing is the most horrible blow which Our Lord has received in His Passion that continues forever; it is the most bloody and the most unpardonable because He receives it upon the face of His Mother and from the hands of Christians.

### V. The Only People

1. The history of the Jews dams the history of the human race as a dike dams a river—in order to raise its level.
2. The Jews were the only people from which came forth all the recording secretaries of the commandments of God.
3. The interpretation of the sacred writings was formerly considered the most glorious effort of the human spirit, since according to the testimony of the infallible Solomon "It is the glory of God to conceal the word"—Proverbs XXV, 2—
4. It was then the day of the masters and the tranquil reign of lofty speculations.

### VI. It Is Therefore

1. Now it is the hour of servants and the decisive victory of earthly curiosities.
2. It is therefore at best superfluous to hope for a little attention and I would carefully avoid asking for it, if I did not know that people are dying of hunger in the stables of the Shepherd and that a great number of voices are already clamoring for the key of the age to come for which the needy suppose that Providence has reserved the refreshment of all spirits.

### VII. But It Is True

1. It is my sorrow not to be able to offer my ambitious contemporaries an authentic revealer.
2. It is not my business to be the doorman of the Mysteries, and the Future things that have not been placed at my disposal.
3. Present-day prophets are besides so completely devoid of miracles that it seems impossible to discern who they are.
4. But it is true that they are in demand as a natural consequence of the point of faith which holds that they must one day come. I would like to know why they are never sought among the only people from which came forth all the recording secretaries of the commandments of God.

(The above quotations from Leon Bloy, phrased by Peter Maurin, are from the book of Raissa Maritain, "We Were Friends Together," published by Longmans Green.)

## ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

treat was planned for Labor day weekend, and we are receiving reservations for that all the time, still another family of six has asked to come for the mid August retreat, and now there is a mixup as to whether we can have it on August 15th or whether it must be changed to the 22nd. There will be a p.s. on this story giving the final last minute date.

This has been a month of much housekeeping, extra responsibilities sent to us for care, extra people arriving we did not expect, including two extra retreats not scheduled. Among the guests were Clara Faviano, Edith Pietranello, Anne Ricupero and Frances Palmiotti with their own children and some others besides, making fourteen in all. They were Celia Ricupero, Chickie Sclafani, Jimmy Deodato, Anthony Deodato, Cosmo Ricupero, Anthony and Mary Ann Pietranello, Nicholas and Morris Palmiotti and Frank Faviano, all from Mott street, and they liked the Newburgh farm so much that they thought it would be wonderful if some of the neighbors would chip together and buy an old inn which is for the sale down the road. We wish they would. We could practice mutual hospitality, each taking the others' overflow, not to speak of enjoying the wonderful Italian cooking. The girls made spaghetti while they were on their Friday to Monday visit, and I was an appreciative guest since in addition to taking over the new barn dormitory, they used the canning kitchen and cooked their own meals. They arrived the same weekend as Msgr. Betowski and his retreat group, but Msgr. Betowski is well used to the Catholic Worker and its friends, and joined them one evening after conference, for coffee and conversation.

Another event I must not forget to mention this month is the arrival of a baby girl, Amelia Ann in the family of George and Rose Giordano, who live upstairs from us. Jack and Mary Thornton also have a baby girl, Mary Anne, born in the month of the feast of St. Anne, July 18. They are on their own farm at Herman, Pa., and near enough to the Center for Christ the King so that Mary can help by breadbaking, so Father Hessler says.

"Your column will not be a pilgrimage this month," one of the men on the farm says, "since you have not been off the place for two months almost." I had begun to feel not only that life was like a "night spent in an uncomfortable inn," as St. Teresa has it (and the weather has been so very hot, that the group of us who sleep up under the roof have felt that our inn is indeed not what it should be in the way of comfort) but I had also had begun to feel like an inn keeper. And then suddenly, on a moment's notice, I went to West Virginia for a five day visit to my daughter and her family.

Walter Vischer and I drove down in the Chevrolet, '32, and we started off at dawn on a rainy humid morning. Going through Montgomery and Port Jervis and over through the mining section, running south of towns such as Tamaqua and Pottsville, we hit the superhighway and travelled along it at a smooth clip of thirty-five miles an hour (the car would not make more) until we reached Fort Littleton where we emerged, thirty miles or so from Tamar and Dave's. We had no lights on the car, and went through four tunnels with fear and trembling. The first two seemed barely lit and we stayed in back of another car. We were off the highway by three o'clock and in another hour or so, travelling due south, we reached the Rock Gap district south of Berkeley Springs where Tamar and Dave have their seventy acre farm. Our only troubles had been two flat tires. Tamar was out berrying and during the few days I was there, we picked black berries and dew berries and ate berry short cake, and did up

berries. The orchard had some early apples and the babies, Rebecca and Susannah, brought in balls of them which we made into apple jelly which with goat's milk cheese goes most delightfully on whole wheat bread. When we were not doing up jams and jellies, we were down in the brook which is deep enough to swim in, and shallow enough, with a good sand bank for the children to play on, so it was a vacation indeed. I do not know of a happier way to spend an afternoon than sitting in a shallow brook with babies paddling happily around. There were little crawfish on the bottom, little minnows darting between your fingers as you try to catch them, boat flies on the surface and beautiful blue dragonflies flying just above the water. There were neither mosquitos nor flies nor gnats. The sun warmed waters of the brook made up for all the "pail baths" we had been taking through the heat. We washed the children's clothes before we went back to the house, and we picked Indian pipes and pennyroyal as we went back through the field.

Within a radius of a mile, there are four or five farms for rent either for five or ten dollars a month. The houses are livable in, and if one owned them (the price range is from two to three thousand) repairs could be done little by little. The ground is good bottom land. There are streams for fishing, and there is hunting. There are pines and black walnut and locust on the gentle hills and there is pulp wood to be cut for selling and plenty of wood for the fires in winter. Taxes are low, and there are no gas or electric bills. But, and here is the rub, the nearest town, of 1,500 inhabitants is twelve miles away with its Church and schools and hospital. The larger towns of Hagerstown, Martinsburgh and Winchester, are each about thirty miles away. But its surprising how much company one has, how neighborly people are. And the joy for the children in such surroundings! But there is a price to pay for all this beauty, and that price a willingness to accept the poverty of the people on the land. Old houses, oil lamps, wood heat, water to be carried in pails, the tattle tale grey of clothes so washed, and the quiet, the solitude of life with neither radio, newspaper or telephone, and where the daily mail becomes the event of the day.

People are more afraid of such a life than they are of the atom bomb! And so Peter talked of agronomic universities, farming communes, so that people could go in groups, and in groups hold each other up. Man is not made to live alone, he is a social being, so where there is a crowd they flock together. Peter used to say, "they are not communarians, they are gregarious."

Let us hope that Maryfarm at Newburgh will give a taste for the simplicity of life on the land, and the courage to face it, and that other Maryfarms throughout the country will be performing the same function. A place to make retreats, to learn to meditate, to think in the heart, "to be quiet and see that I am God," a place to learn to work and a place to go from, as Apostles, and make a life for the family.

P.S.: Okay for August 15th.

## Mott Street

(Continued from page 3)

mer and have been working between here and the retreat house. They are Mary Hennessey, Ione Hendricks and Eileen O'Hara. A young fellow from Brooklyn comes over nearly every afternoon and puts a couple hours' work here in the office before he leaves for his own night job. Joe Sweeney, Denis Malley and Cyril Carney have been spending the past few weeks helping out with the work around the Newburgh farm. Last three mentioned are all New Yorkers.

Tom Sullivan



## ...PAX COLUMN...

With the new registration act we now have it written into the law of the land that the State is at liberty to violate conscience. This occurs in the provisions regarding conscientious objectors which states "Nothing contained in this act shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combat service (which for the purpose hereof includes training for combat duties) in the armed forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form. Religious training and belief in this connection means an individual's belief in a relation to a Supreme Being involving duties superior to those arising from any human relation, but does not include essentially sociological or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code."

As Henry VIII arrogated to himself the role of Vicar of Christ and made theological decisions by State authority, so today we are handing over to the State not only such authority but the very right to define what religion is. It does not matter whether the state's definition of religion is correct or not—the point is that we have conceded the right of the State to make such decisions and to deny validity of conscience to those who may not agree with it. In the present draft law the State denies the right of a personal moral code. Conscience is thus made the sole prerogative of those who happen to belong to an organized pacifist Church or who base their opinion on consciously accepted religious grounds. It is, in effect, a denial of the existence of conscience in man as such, it makes of conscience a purely sociological phenomenon. Is a sociological relativism. It subjects conscience to the State just as firmly as does any professedly atheist State. National States have been and are for all practical purposes atheistic. For they use religion for the utility of the State. Those States calling themselves democratic will make concessions in a limited degree to conscience only up to the point where no actual danger results to the continuance of the State or of a particular regime. Should the number of conscientious objectors increase to the point where the military would be seriously impaired then the State will use all means in its power to clamp down on what small allowance to conscience remains. So that State concern for conscience is purely utilitarian. We owe no gratitude to the politicians on this score.

### Political Means

And this is why it is so futile to expect anything from political means. For once power is attained the temptation to defend and increase it by any means available has proven too strong for most political leaders. The bankruptcy of the left comes from this reliance on political means and the consequent use of force to maintain regimes which should, if Marxist theories were valid, look forward to their own cessations from power. And that is why there is such a strong case for Christian anarchism. Why there is so great need today to place the emphasis on freedom, on the liberty of the sons of God. There should be no insurmountable difficulty in the use of this terminology—in the advocacy of Christian anarchism. Since it is Christian it is obviously not atheistic. For the Catholic there would be no denial of original sin or the consequences that flow from it and which means that, taking man as he is, there will in all probability be need for some government. But the Christian anarchist contention is that the State as we know it, the State of history, the State which is nationalist and centralized has in the past and does today work against the Christian concept of the brotherhood of all men, that it leads to hatreds and wars and such manifold injustices that we should work against the State, that we should advocate instead a decentralized and democratic workers

economy. And that precisely as we become more Christian so do we approach as nearly as possible in this life towards a governmentless society. For as we become bound by love rather than by law so do we realize in concrete society that liberty of which St. Paul is so eloquent. That liberty which becomes possible as man utilizes the possibilities of deification, of living personally and socially above the plane of the natural.

A successful revolution will be one that has a transcendental basis, the radical today (as always) is he whose values come from the Absolute, whose conscience is responsive to concepts which depend for their validity not on cultural patterns but on faith in the supernatural. But it will be a faith freely accepted, freely propagated. It will not proceed with eyes closed to the world as we know it and consequently it will reject theocratic government because it will be realized that such a regime could only be realized within the confines of temporal history at the expense of freedom. Clerical administration of temporal affairs, even by proxy, has not tended towards that freedom which is the necessary requisite for meritorious faith.

### The Church

The Catholic who advocates a Christian anarchist position in nowise separates himself from the common acceptance of the governance of the Church, the hierarchical character of it. For he realizes that Christ spoke with authority, that we accept supernatural truth on the basis of authority, that it could not be otherwise. And that it is as foolish to attempt settlement of theological questions by reason alone as it would be to settle philosophical questions by authority. The revolution we speak of will be one that informs the temporal order with the supernatural, transcendental values will motivate those who work for its fulfillment. But it will not transpose the hierarchical set-up of the Church into the temporal order, it will keep always in mind that Christ's Kingdom is not of this world, that the ultimate realization of our end transcends the temporal order and finds its terminal point in God. Christian values will find visible expression more in a workers' democracy than in any form of authoritarianism known in history, for there will be realized to a greater degree than we have known the realization of that greatest of all commandments, the commandment of love, which if it be not fulfilled makes all else of no account.

### Refuse to Register

Our definite problem now becomes one of disobedience to the State. For the State as we know it is the visible representation of those values which proceed from the spirit of the world and the flesh and the devil. We see how it has invaded the realm of conscience, we see how it has destroyed human brotherhood, we know there can be no collaboration. So we must refuse to register under this draft act, and we must be prepared for whatever consequences come of this refusal. Registration is an acknowledgment of the government's right to conscript. To conscript means to conscript for war. And war is not possible for those who would follow the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. And the Sermon on the Mount was addressed to ALL.

What will happen then if we are all pacifist? We will be in danger of invasion. We are in danger of such invasion anyway and it is far better that we perish in defense of Christian pacifism than that we perish in defending those values which have led to war and materialism and atheism. We are really opposed to a Communism that spreads by violence when we refuse to imitate that violence. We are hypocrites if we complain of Communist use of violence when we settle all of our disputes by the same method.

There is a movement on to urge

Negroes not to register because discrimination is enforced in the army. And it is good that Negroes and whites should refuse to register for this reason. It is another protest against the State. But it should not rest there. A democratic army is an impossibility from the very nature of a military set-up. And if you eliminate racial discrimination there will still remain the concrete evil of the army, the sin that is its existence. Perhaps those who object to the army on the score of this discrimination will go further and realize that it is impossible to have any democracy at all as long as there exists a military. That we must press for absolute disarmament, that it will have to start as a unilateral affair, and that what happens tomorrow is not at all as important as what we do today. For if today we proceed in any other spirit than that of Christ our tomorrow will already be assured, it will remain the same grim world, and there will remain all the rivalries, all the distrust and hatred, all the injustices that have made for a world in which we live as though in armed fortresses.

ROBERT LUDLOW



## To Raise The World

"Give me a fulcrum," cried the Greek Mathematician, "and I will raise the world." It is the Divine Heart of our Redeemer, and by using the long lever of interior devotion and piety, you cannot fail to raise the world to God. It has been proven true time and time again that the more earnestly a man lives the interior life, the greater and more lasting will be the results of his exterior works.

Are you in contact even now back home with some impenetrable soul, some prospective convert who seems to elude your pursuit, upon whose ears your reasoning and pleading have thus far fallen in vain? Try daily Holy Communion and a few minutes of mental prayer every day. Remind the Divine Sower of Seed that He once promised that whatsoever you might ask the Father in His Name you would receive, and then place your petition, in the Name of Christ, in the hands of Almighty God.

I have heard it said that if a single Catholic, aided by God's grace, were to make but one convert; and if this convert in turn were to bring one other to the Faith, and so on, the United States of America would be completely Catholic in less than thirty years. We ask ourselves: why isn't this being done? The answer is simple: It is, for the most part, because somewhere in this promising chain of conversions there is a weak link, and that link is the Catholic who fails to live the interior life and hence can make no missionary impression on others.

James A. Griffin  
Bishop, Springfield, Ill.

(Excerpts from a talk given to the Catholic Evidence Guild, Indianapolis, Indiana, June 27, 1948.)

## Housing Scandal

(Continued from page 3)

and more a people living on "government soup."

One remembers the words in Ignazio Silone's "Bread and Wine," "Down with government soup." This is a difficult choice to make when the alternative is no soup. The people are put in a position where they have little choice, and we become progressively a Socialist state, like England, like Russia, like Germany, with an economy planned from above.

But to return to the O'Daniels, for whom the housing situation is not theory, but harsh reality.

Since they are getting shelter from the city, they cannot be put on relief. When Mrs. O'Daniel had to go to the hospital, for childbirth all the children were scattered around in various children's shelters. Mr. & Mrs. O'D are trying hard to get a furnished room. When they have a residence, Mr. O'D can get a job or get on relief, and they will be put on the list of the Vacancy Listing and Registration Bureau. If they live in a furnished room they will be unable to have their children with them.

The other day, they came in with the new baby. He was 10 days old, a boy of six-and-a-half pounds. He is the smallest of all her babies Mrs. O'Daniel said. The mother looked tired and apathetic. She said that after breakfast, she must get out with the other occupants of the lodging house, baby and all. We put her to rest in one of our beds, and made the little one comfortable in the lower bureau drawer.

A superintendent whom Mr. O'D knows has been letting him sleep on a cot at his uptown place. The fathers of the families staying at 3rd St. must come up to 25th St. to breakfast with their families. At noon, however, they must return to 3rd St. for lunch. At suppertime, up to 25th St. again for supper with their families. Afterwards, back to 3rd St. for bed.

The day before this visit, the O'D's had applied for a superintendent's job. "Too many children," they were told. He would consider it, the man said. "You know what that means," Mr. O'Daniel said.

Mrs. O'Daniel keeps the baby with her at night in her double-decker bed, because she is afraid that the other children in the nursery may poke their fingers in the baby's eyes, as children have a way of innocently doing. There is no room for a bassinette between the beds at the Muni.

I went up to the N. Y. City Housing Authority, and asked them if they had any facilities for a family of twelve. A very nice young woman and man told me all I wanted to know, but when I mentioned ten children, for some reason, they laughed. No, they said, they had not. The Fort Greene houses had sixteen apartments for families of seven children. Once, the young woman told me, they gave apartments to a family of eleven, and the children wrecked the place. It is too bad that all other large families should be discredited, because of this. (We should remember that one of the advantages of people being owners is that they learn to be responsible.) She asked me to send her Mr. O'Daniel's first name. I have only known them as Mr. & Mrs. O'Daniel as we at the Catholic Worker keep no records, except our mailing list for the paper. She seemed to think that something might be done for them, or at any rate that they might be put on the list of the Vacancy Listing and Registration Bureau. They couldn't get on the list before, because they have no income, and do not receive relief. They cannot receive relief because they are sheltered by the City at the Lodging House. They have depended on finding an apartment through a vain tramp-

ing of the streets. One doesn't have to be very worldly-wise to know that they won't get an apartment, even if, by some miracle, they should find one, without a shakedown for the super.

At the Housing Authority, they stressed the fact that private enterprise refuses to build for anyone who cannot pay at least \$80 a month, and that the average veteran's salary in 1946 was \$40 a week. Salaries have gone up, but not that much. They said that private enterprise claims that the high price of building materials makes these rents necessary. The high price of building materials is due to the fact that the construction business is taking advantage of a scarcity market, and because a great quantity of building materials is being used for the construction of factories.

The whole housing mess smells to high heaven. There is no doubt, as Vincent McNabb put it, that we live in an age where there is imminent danger of first aid becoming itself a disease, but something in the nature of first aid must be done immediately for those fifty-one families in the Lodging Home, some of them there for more than a year. The city has demonstrated that it can, in the face of the emergency, rehabilitate boarded-up buildings. The one next door to 115 Mott St. has been boarded-up for years. The city rehabilitated some of these buildings in three months, with all the equipment they have on hand from condemned sites.

It is enlightening to see how fast the government moves when the war effort demands it. Several of the projects originally designed for low-income groups were taken over for war housing, notably the Fort Greene Houses, where, at the start of the war, "several buildings were set aside to house Navy Nurses, WAVES, Navy and Army men."

For fourteen, fifteen years, the O'Daniels managed to keep their family together, but now, at last, they have gone under. It's too bad, because there won't be any more children. This morning they came in eagerly to tell us that they had found a superintendent's job with a three-room apartment on W. 13th St. They will keep the baby, and necessarily leave the others in the homes. From there they will continue scouting, said Mr. O'D, with a hopeful look in his eyes. How the poor are consumed from hope to hope.

The love of that father and mother for that baby, and for all their children, is something to see. One really knows what the Gospel means, "for joy that a man is born into the world."

We do not consider housing projects any more than a first-aid answer, and consider it a flagrant indictment of private enterprise, of the building industry in particular, that the State, in mercy, has had to step in to keep a roof over peoples' heads at all. We are committed to the belief, the passion, I might say, that one family to a house, and fields and brooks for children, are not luxuries but necessities, and the very basis of all freedoms. And, furthermore, we are committed to the belief that employees should receive a wage with which they can buy a house and fields, and raise themselves out of their proletarian condition, and not accept in charity from the government what is their right in justice.

It has occurred to us that some of our readers might give to them in charity what the falling system of free enterprise has denied to them in Justice. Mr. O'Daniel was raised on a farm. He can milk. He can handle horses. They would like very much to settle in the country, or a small town, in New York State or New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, or some place about that distance.

IRENE MARY NAUGHTON.



# + From The Mail Bag +

## Mandarin Capitalism

Dear Friends:

In all China these days there is terrific social turmoil. It must be attributed to unscrupulous industrialists and capitalists. I quite agree with the *Catholic Worker* view that this turmoil could ultimately drive China into the arms of Communism. A great part of our working people are at present not only thinking, but, unfortunately, are actually drifting towards Communism. Moreover, not only the working people, but the intellectuals as well are leaning over and turning Communist. It is but natural that empty stomachs weaken not only the body but the reason as well, thus making good allies to Communism. I quite agree with you, too, in condemning Industrialism and Capitalism, but so far, I think you have not heard of a new kind of monster-Mandarin-capitalism or Mandarin-industrialism.

We read in the large daily newspapers that millions upon millions of U. S. dollars have been and are still being spent by America for relief service in our poor China, but, incredibly enough, not a single cent has found its way to our almost famine stricken district. Probably we are unfortunately out of the "Sphere of Influence." We have to be satisfied with "Filling the empty stomach with painted food" (as the Chinese adage has it) from the United States of America.

Here is an example of the exploitation which must go on if the orphans, our charges here, are to be provided with the necessities of life. They are slightly better now than during the "Root and Leaves eating" period, and a step further better than our most unfortunate brethren in the North who had to buy tree leaves for food with Chinese currency, at \$200,000 per pound (equal to two or three cents in U. S. money) at the present juncture. How long can we maintain our own present "famine-margining position" it is not easy to predict. To earn our living, we have to mobilize all available working hands of our poor children, even deaf mutes, the blind and the crippled, in making match boxes and other paper boxes at an unthinkable low remuneration. This is due to the awfully cruel and unscrupulous exploitation of female and child labor by these soulless industrialists and capitalists. The pay ranges from 50 to 60 cents, local currency (about 11 cents in U. S. currency) per thousand boxes, finished, and including all sorts of handling. The most agile and skilled child is able to finish at the rate of four or five hundred boxes each 10 or 11 hour day. So you see, each trained child could yield the maximum of five, or six cents a day (U. S. currency) for their minimum requirement of a daily maintenance of 30 to 35 cents.

We have so far to lay hands on every possible plank offered us in order to be able to keep ourselves afloat for the time being. But how long we can maintain ourselves in this famine-margining position is hard to say. Let us, therefore, sound a very earnest warning note to the American tax payers who have so generously and lavishly contributed their billions of mighty dollars for the purpose of relief work in China. They should, for fairness' sake, institute a very, very, very strict supervision over the proper and legitimate use of their altruistic billions (excuse the seemingly excessive use of the word "very" for obvious reasons) lest their meritorious billions vanish or evaporate into the fangs of these racketeering capitalists and industrialists of the Mandarin class. If the good hearted and generous taxpayers of America could or would not supervise strictly use

of their billions, I would beg most fervently and earnestly that they refrain from contributing even a cent for the sake of avoiding the sinful cooperation, or offering sinful temptation to these soulless gangsters or sharks of the Mandarin class.

I am quite aware that I am just clamoring in the wilderness, but, anyhow, I am obeying the dictate of my conscience to shout as loud as possible, though my voice proves to be so feeble that it is absolutely inaudible compared with the strong voice of big daily papers of neighboring large cities that have voiced the same warning. However, I may have the satisfaction, at least, of having fulfilled my obligation. Why was not even the powerful voice of these big dailies duly heard? Because the powerful ring of these gangsters, who have their paid professional propagandists well versed in deceiving tactics, have neither difficulty nor scrupulousness in concealing and falsifying the most obvious fact or truth so as to be able to achieve their nefarious aim. Do you believe that only some four or five percent of the late U.N.R.A. goods reached those who expect and should receive what was destined to them? You can, therefore, imagine how incredibly limited was the number of the recipients of these relief goods. People here on the spot could hardly believe, except only after personal and careful investigation of the chief receiving and distributing centers, that that painful, unbelievable and shameful truth was revealed.

The Mandarin-capitalists and industrialists monopolize and exploit the most hideous dark dealings in almost all fields. They are simply soulless creatures. They have power but they abuse it to such an extent that their evil wills are the governing law, so you can clearly see that the fruits of such activity will be expected-hate, violence and war. Adding to the above calamities now comes the terrible flood, the worst in 50 years. This situation, I venture to say, would soon render our present position, already precarious, untenable. However unenviable may be our present position, we have to forget or put aside our own miserable plight and concentrate our somewhat distracted attention on finding means and ways of rendering whatever service possible to our more unfortunate brethren of the adjacent provinces.

Father Lawrence Mahn

## Pacifist Priest

Dear Friends:

One looks, with thankfulness to the courageous pioneering work of the *CATHOLIC WORKER* as it becomes apparent that more and more space in our current Catholic press is being given to the question of the morality of war and, correlatively, the matter of Christian pacifism. We can only hope that such invitations as that offered in an editorial note appended to a letter (written by a teacher of ethics, strongly opposing the doctrine of pacifism) published recently in one of our national weeklies will be multiplied and will evoke a really enlightened and plain-spoken response in both published and unpublished discussion from exponents and opponents of a practical Christian pacifist policy.

We have had here and there a few brave prophets of a doctrine of pure and thorough-going evangelical pacifism, and we pray that even when their voices are all but lost in the static of jingoism, the atrocity story, the sonorous slogans of excessive nationalism, and all the other unresolved discords that make up the crazy sound-track of our chaotic times, they will go on lifting up their voices above the whirlwind. Far from being wearied by the perverseness or the indifference of the "foolish and slow of heart to believe in all the things

which the prophets have spoken." we must go on stating the principles of the gospel of peace seventy times seven times, and in the simplest possible terms.

All of us need to find our way back to principles now, rebuild upon them and so be more ready in the days ahead to do a little of our own thinking, and that with a clear mind. But most of us concerned—who is not concerned?—like the correspondent referred to above, will need more than a reiteration of the Thomistic norms of a just war.

We need to know the ethics of war well, but as the starting—not the finishing-point of our inquiry, as the sure footing from which we can take a close and steady look, not at the ideal war, but at de facto war, World War I, II—or III. We must not be so absorbed in the theory that we forget to look for the applications.

Perhaps even a moderately bright high school boy can recite the principles, can tell us the right and wrong of both aggression and defensive sides in the text-book war, but what he sorely needs beyond that (his teacher too, and the author of the text-book, and just about everybody else) is a little unbiased and uncensored discussion of such more elusive but pertinent questions as whether there remains in war as we know it even the most blurred line of demarcation between aggression and defense; or, granted (not conceded) the possibility of applying the medieval distinction, whether, in view of the methods and means employed today in the prosecution of the conflict and the incalculably heavy loss to both sides in terms of death, misery, and ruin that are inseparable from modern war—in view of these, is even defensive war morally defensible?

So much for "observing." Then, in our "judging," let us have as much as possible of that simplicity and sureness and honesty of verdict which marked the conscientious objection (not concerning war, but another moral issue) of St. John the Baptist when he cried out (at what a heavy cost!): "It is not permitted."

Or that of St. Thomas More who died "loyal to God and King, but first of all to God."

Or that of St. Jean-Marie Vianney hiding in a hay-shed at Los Noes while the drums of Bonaparte went rattling by to Spain.

Or of Saint-elect Jacinta of Fatima, lamenting the millions who would die in the war "and most of them go to hell."

Or—to leave the echoes and go straight to the Source—"There is no need to fear those who kill the body but have no means of killing the soul; fear him more who has the power to ruin the body and soul in hell."

The task, however, is not finished yet. If, by some inconceivable feat of argumentation, your moralist has succeeded in making a tenable defense of concrete modern war, a deeper, superhuman instinct tells us that the essential problem has not been solved at all. Human nature has been en-



nobled, elevated above itself, by divine adoption, and human conscience illumined by a supernatural ideal. No mere psychoanalyst therefore, nor the most adroit ethics (if he is no more than that) can probe deeply enough to find and soothe the hurt that lies at the center of the Christian soul confronted with the awful antinomy of "just war."

Thanks to the Incarnation of the Son of God, the human heart is restless with a hunger and thirst for justice that no mere Aristotelian rectitude will be able to appease. The indispensable minimum of human virtue demanded by the moral code can never be anything more than that—the minimum. The ideal, the goal, the "novum mandatum" must henceforth be the height of evangelical perfection to which it is every man's duty and opportunity to aspire, and, consciously or not, the mediocre Christian is always running up against the question: Do not even the heathen this? What more will you do?

The answer to this question is the answer to our whole problem of war and pacifism, and of course to all the other moral dilemmas of our time. Practically, it means simply this, that more of us will have to pray, suffer, and work harder to rise above the order of mere reason, to accept the paradox of the Cross, to study and assimilate the maxims and counsels of Our Lord, and put them back to work in our personal and social life by the observance of their spirit and, as generously as we may and dare, their letter.

Having nothing, yet possessing all things in voluntary poverty was the supra-ethical ideal that peculiarly fitted the 13th Century and helped to make it the era of a glorious Christian resurgence that it was. May not the 20th Century—cruel, cynical, acquisitive, blood-drunk—look for its salvation from a popular practice of the folly of non-resistance or, to give it its positive name, heroic meekness, which yields the cloak along with the coat, walks the second mile, overcomes evil with good, turns the other cheek, saves its life (or liberty) by freely (not by the abuse-

ment of conscription) losing it.

Admitting that some of what goes by the name of pacifism may be an ignoble and insincere evasion of the worse of two evils, yet is it not a disturbing symptom of our "post-Christian" malaise that a teacher of ethics in a Catholic university finds so difficult of acceptance the practice of conscientious opposition to modern war (or any war) that he will brand with the harsh name of "deserter" all without distinction who repudiate the colossal man-made calamity that war is? Does a preoccupation with the science of ethics have something to do with the formation of that kind of un-democratic, let alone un-Christian, mentality?

Further, what has happened to the elementary rules of logic when this teacher of ethics first lauds as lenient and "tolerant" the oppressive action of our government against U. S. citizens duly classified as conscientious objectors to war, then in almost the same breath denounces such aggressive and dangerous foes as totalitarian Germany and Russia, whose techniques of regimentation, despotic treatment of dissenters, and arbitrary suppression of liberty of conscience are well known and properly abhorred?

A final word: Many people are saying that World War III is inevitable, perhaps imminent. Others, trying to raise our depressed spirits, tell us with hearty optimism that all will be well, war is not inevitable. It is a mark of the befuddlement of our time that both sides are right, and, more strange still, right by an interpretation of their respective opinions that neither party intends.

Yes, war in our world is inevitable. Total, imperialistic, suicidal war is the final desperate "remedy"—blood transfusion—periodically applied, but with diminishing effectiveness, to keep our moribund world with its materialistic competitive economy alive and gasping for a few more hours.

But the other school is right too. War is "evitable," but only, it seems, by the simple—disarmingly simple—but invincible personalist coup of embracing, each for himself under a wise and holy counselor, as many as possible, as soon as possible, the Christian ideal of heroic meekness and mercy, pacifism "rooted and founded in charity."

A hard saying? Yes, else how should it be heroic and Christian, yet, because voluntary, it is vastly easier than the unheroic compulsory service exacted by modern war; and incomparably more sanctifying because it is selfless, compassionate, sacrificial, leading the spirit of man up and up through the illimitable vistas of God-like and God-ward liberty and charity. That is the only goal ultimately worthy of Christian effort and sacrifice, the abandonment of which is the only real "desertion."

Yours in Christ,  
Rev. Marion Casey,  
Regal, Minn.

## Miracle

Rabbi Christ, Jew to the fingertips,  
If today I met you roving an east side street,  
Black garbed, beard tinged yellow round the mouth,  
Saying such as, "Eat my body. Drink my blood,"  
Had I not heard before in faith  
The wind's wash through a grove of pine,  
Or the discourse that a flexing muscle makes,  
Each saying things as wondrous,  
I would with the wild crowd,  
Snatch a clinker from a garbage can,  
And as it dug your neck  
Be fiercely glad.

William F. McManus