

CATHOLIC WORKER



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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Right after going to press last month, I set out to fill a few engagements. I spoke at a law seminar at Yale, and later the same day at the John Dewey club. Then to Worcester where I was met at the bus by George and Mary Gulick of the Eric Gill Community of Brookfield, who are at present earning their living by baking bread and making stained glass medallions. During the summer they have worked in factories, and in the fall picked apples. This newest of little communities has involved so far Frances and Richard Kemp, Bob Rudolph and Patricia Murphy, who were married in August, and single folk such as Ralph Madsen, Tom O'Donnell, still there, and two of the Roche girls from the group of families at the Upton community, who were visiting for part of the summer. This latter group were formerly St. Benedict's farming commune, a hundred acre farm bought during the depression for a little over a thousand dollars, and used continually since then by families. Since they are not truly a farming commune they consider themselves a community in the sense that a neighborhood is considered a community. Lee and Vickie Pagano lived there for some months last winter and spring, and are now at Provincetown.

The only factory in the town of Brookfield is a paper mill, which

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By ROBERT STEED

"The blood of the poor is money" is perhaps the most famous utterance of that great old fanatic Leon Bloy. Most people don't take his statements too seriously but you can't live on the Bowery very long before finding out that this one is literally true. Only this week two men came into St. Joseph's House looking for a place to sleep; this was their last hope since they had just been to the blood bank to sell a pint for five dollars and had been refused because not enough time had lapsed since their last sale. That morning they had stood for hours on the corner of Second Avenue and Houston Street with many others waiting to be picked up by truckers who come every morning looking for non-union labor to do loading jobs. They had been turned down, because they were not strong enough to do the work. First preference usually goes to big husky Negroes newly arrived from the South who come up lured by T.V. prosperity propaganda, thinking that the streets are paved with gold who are soon beaten down by the climate, lack of skills, seasonal lags and unemployment, ending up on the Bowery, or going back home the first chance they get as have many Hungarians and Puerto Ricans who came expecting a higher standard of living and ended up on Welfare doles.

St. Joseph's House houses about forty-five guests in beds and ten men

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder
Associate Editors:

AMMON HENNACY ROBERT STEED ELIZABETH ROGERS
STANLEY VISHNEWSKI
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City—2
Telephone GRamercy 5-9180

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The Mystery of the Nativity

Our Saviour, dearly beloved, was born this day. Let us rejoice. Sadness is not becoming upon the Birthday of Life itself which, now that the fear of death is ended, fills us with gladness, because of our own promised immortality. No one is excluded from sharing in this cheerfulness for the reason of our joy is common to all men. Our Lord the Conqueror of sin and death, since there was no one free from servitude, came that He might bring deliverance to all.

Let him who is sanctified rejoice, for he draws nigh to the palm. Let the sinner rejoice, since he is invited to grace. Let the Gentiles exult, for they are called to life. For the Son of God, in the fullness of time, has taken upon Himself the nature of our humanity, as the unsearchable depths of the divine counsel hath decreed, in order that the inventor of death, the devil, by that very nature which he defeated, would be himself overcome.

And in this contest that was undertaken for us, the battle was waged in accordance with a great and wondrous law of Justice. For the Omnipotent God engaged in combat with His most bitter enemy, not in the strength of His own Majesty, but in our human infirmity; confronting him with our very form and nature, and sharing likewise in our mortality; but free of all stain.

Let us therefore give thanks to God the Father, through the Son, in the Holy Spirit; Who because of the exceeding great love wherein He hath loved us, hath had compassion on us. And even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together in Christ (Eph. ii. 5) that in Him we might be a new creature, and a new clay. Let us strip ourselves of the old man with his deeds; for being made partakers of the birth of Christ let us renounce the deeds of the flesh. (Col. iii.9)

Acknowledge, O Christian, the dignity that is yours! Being made a partaker of the divine nature do not by an unworthy manner of living fall back into your former abjectness of life. Be mindful of Whose Head and Whose Body you are a member. Remember that wrested from the powers of darkness you are now translated into the Light and the kingdom of God. By the sacrament of baptism you have become the temple of the Holy Spirit. Do not by evil deeds drive out from you such a One dwelling with you and submit yourself again to the bondage of the devil. Because your price was the Blood of Christ; because in strictness He will judge you Who in mercy has redeemed you, Who with the Father and the Holy Spirit lives and reigns, world without end. Amen.

St. Leo the Great
Pope and Doctor

CHRYSTIE STREET

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on the library floor and every day a couple of dozen are turned away to sleep on park benches for which they can be arrested and on the sidewalks. About two years ago we had a visit from The Commonwealth's Rome correspondent, Gunar Kumlein who asked us to show him The Bowery and before we had gone very far we came upon a priest bending over the body of an old man who had frozen to death. And it is not only foreign visitors who are unaware that such things happen but even local people like the Passionist priest who dropped in yesterday. The newspapers don't think this sort of tragedy is of much news value. How many times last winter did Dorothy or Ammon or some one else here take a coat or blanket out and spread it over some half frozen figure lying up against the wall of a nearby building! It costs only \$5.25 to pay for a week's lodging at one of the hotels along the Bowery and un-

doubtedly there are thousands of New Yorkers who could afford to assist one of these men to that extent. The city could spend a mere fraction of the amount it does on other much less important projects on very simple hostel whereas there is only one over crowded Municipal Lodging House that is so badly run that many men are afraid to sleep there and wander the streets instead.

In a recent issue of the "Village Voice" (a newspaper published in New York's famous Greenwich Village) there was an article describing the "boom on Bleecker Street," the street made famous by Menotti's opera and Angelo's novel. The street is blossoming with theatres, coffee houses, and attractive shops but the business men of the area many of whom belong to the Washington Square South Association are upset because their customers are often annoyed by panhandlers and derelicts in the area who hang around

Against Class War

By PETER MAURIN

(Written in the 1930's)

Hilaire Belloc says the modern proletarian works less hours and does far less than his father. He is not even primarily in revolt against insecurity. The trouble has been that the masses of our towns lived under unbearable conditions. The contracts they were asked to fulfill were not contracts that were suitable to the dignity of man. There was no personal relation between the man who was exploited and the man who exploited him. Wealth had lost its sense of responsibility.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

George Sorel thought that violence is the midwife of existing societies. When the employers believe in violence the workers also believe in it. Class-Consciousness among employers brings class-consciousness among the workers. To do away with class struggle we must first of all do away with class-consciousness among employers. The workers are what the employers make them. When employers are moved by greed the workers are inclined to carry a grudge.

PAUL CHANSON SAYS:

Whether we like it or not the economic system is necessarily related to the regime of appropriation of the tools of production. If Bourgeois capitalism appropriates the ownership the worker becomes a serf. If Bolshevik Socialism monopolizes the ownership the worker's condition is not better. He is reduced to a state of slavery. Only a Guildist and Communitarian economy will bring about the worker's emancipation. Paul Chanson, who says those things is not a labor leader. He is the President of the Employers Association of the Port of Calais in France.

the Greenwich Hotel which is just about as terrifying a place as the Municipal Lodging House.

Recently the association circulated 600 posters in the neighborhood requesting people not to give money to the panhandlers and most of the storekeepers cooperated; some refused. It is sad that in an area which includes so many Catholics and quite a number of people who hold socialist and humanitarian views there could not have been found a more humane and imaginative solution.

In recent months the "Village Voice" spearheaded a campaign to oppose Traffic Commissioner Robert Moses' plan to put a highway through Washington Square Park with all of its attendant disruption of the neighborhood and Mr. Moses backed down. Maybe the same happy solution to Bleecker Street's problem could be found if the "Village Voice" backed a campaign

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In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"Guns are to kill," said Jean McGrath to her children, "and you don't touch them." Her husband is John McGrath, a CO in World War II, and Associate editor of The Progressive, in Madison Wisconsin. This is one of the few families whom I have visited that have the nerve to buck the television-gang - buster - ideology. "But the children will get them from the neighbors," many give as an alibi. Jean replies: "But they are not going to have their parents o.k. guns."

The difference between a real pacifist and a sentimental one is just this: that the real pacifist will have nothing to do with the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts for they glorify war under the guise of "good deeds and skills." The Boy Scouts are errand boys for the military, currently passing out Civil Defense propaganda. If any of our readers doubt this let them ask the leaders of the Girl Scouts or the Boy Scouts to invite a pacifist to speak to their groups and see what response they get. It is not difficult to speak about militarism in South Africa or Russia but to oppose it in your own block is something else.

When my daughters Carmen and Sharon were three and five years of age the War Resisters League asked those who had been in prison in the first World War what their children thought about it. My daughters answered: "We are very proud of our Daddy because he didn't go to war and kill people, but we get tired of hearing him brag about it. And we are not going to join the Brownies because they are for war." And they didn't.

Several vegetarian readers have complained about Tommy Hughes' article where he tells of killing chickens and the prospects of other animals soon to die. I heard similar agony when the dog went up in the Sputnik. What these sentimental vegetarians forget is that every day many poor horses are slaughtered to provide food for their pet cats and dogs. Also that the worst militaristic influence is that of the "box-top" corn flake companies in their murderous programs. It was vegetarians who started this corn flake business, not militarists. There have been a few vegetarians who were CO's but very few. While I think it is illogical for a pacifist to refuse to kill in war but to kill animals I have little patience with these super-vegetarians. There is much more to life.

Chicago

In Chicago I was glad to see Nina Polcyn at St. Benet's bookstore and to have a crowded meeting at the new CW house at 164 W. Oak St. Karl Meyer, who along with Ed Morin founded this place, went to jail with us twice. His father was recently elected to Congress from Vermont as a Democrat and on a platform of recognition of Red China and an end to atomic tests. Byron Johnson of Colorado who was a CO in the last war was also elected as a Democrat. Gene McCarthy, the new Senator from Minnesota, voted along with 49 others when he was a Congressman, against the military policy of Eisenhower. As an anarchist I do not vote, but I am glad to see these three men in office, and hope they will tend always to the left.

At the Chicago meeting I met Ken Calkins and his pretty wife, and Erica. They had sat down in front of the trucks in Cheyenne. They are wide awake young folks and can't be blamed for weakening in this, their first bout with the law. They are learning and will likely cease to listen to chicken-hearted advice. The spirit here at the CW is fine.

Word comes that Ted Olson will be released from Cheyenne jail just

before Christmas and will go by plane to his family.

Notre Dame

At Notre Dame I met Terry McKiernan and his wife Ruth and their two little girls. Terry and Ruth are about the only anarchist couple I have met. He earns his living in an acceptable manner by baking whole wheat bread. I visited Willis Nutting who was ill that day. Speaking in the lounge at Notre Dame I was introduced by Father Leo Ward. Beautiful Virginia Smith brought her eldest boy to hear me. I had known her in the Milwaukee CW years before. Julian Pleasants had never heard the whole anarchist philosophy explained at once and appreciated it, he said.

In Cleveland my Buddhist friend Virginia Glenn planned a meeting for me at the Unitarian Church. (Three of my sisters are Unitarians.) Somehow they had me speaking a day ahead of time so when I did not arrive several took turns trying to answer objections as they thought I might do. When I did have a meeting it was the same night as the Democratic candidate for governor spoke in the same church. Several Democratic leaders came in before and after the meeting wanting to know what this "anarchist not voting" meant. I had a fine visit with my mother who at 87 is spry and in good spirits. Back in New York City I was glad to sleep in the same bed for once.

Pope John XXIII

My friend Murray Kempton of the New York Post is now in Rome and writes in his column that the new Pope says gambling in itself is immoral. I wonder how long it will take for this to reach our bingo parishes. He also is the one Cardinal in Italy who favored the Worker Priests and the one who welcomed the Cardinal from

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What Festivities!

ALEXIS SOYER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER IN HAM YARD TO 22,000 OF THE POOR, 1852

9,000 lbs. of roast and baked meats
178 beef pies (10 to 30 lbs. each)
50 hare pies
60 rabbit pies
50 pork and mutton pies
1 monster pie of 60 lbs.
20 roast geese
5,000 pints of porter
3,300 lbs. of potatoes
5,000 lbs. of plum pudding
50 cakes
6,000 half-quartern loaves
1 cask of biscuits
18 bushels of Spanish nuts
18 bushels of chestnuts
6 boxes of oranges
3,000 packages of tea
3,000 packages of coffee
5,000 half-pounds of sugar
One whole ox roasted by gas

—From

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
DECEMBER, 1958

Laws Not Absolute

"Laws in themselves are not absolute. They must yield to the just and well-trained conscience, and one recognizes the true man of the law . . . by his skill in interpreting legal texts with a view toward the higher welfare of the community."

Whoever "pursues his claims to the extreme limits of legality has already crossed the borders of justice."

—Pope Pius XII in audience of International Congress of Public Notaries the Sunday of his stroke.
Quoted in Time Mag., 10-27-58.

The Way of Peace

By REV. J. F. T. PRINCE

Bishop Fulton Sheen has predicted that Russian Communism will disintegrate within 50 or 100 years and that the Soviet people will one day become a leader among the world's great spiritual and moral nations.

He bases his prophecy on the fact that the Communists have done one good thing in Russia—restored a sense of discipline and dedication, and he drew a comparison between the Communist East and the "Christian West" today—to the latter's disparagement.

He said: "From a truly Christian point of view, what has happened in Christianity in the modern world is that Christ and His cross have been separated, and the Western world has taken Christ without His cross, and made Him a Kiwanis booster."

Who is closer to the ultimate reconciliation of the two? (Christ and the Cross). The Bishop replies:—

"Not the Western world, with its tawdry, cheap sentimental Christ. Russia is closer, with its cross. And Russia will eventually be one of the greatest spiritual and moral forces in the world, within 50 or 100 years."

In his book *Communism and the Conscience of the West* the Bishop expands very ably the doctrine of Berdiaev that just as Marx derived most of his theory from the godless economy of contemporary European Society, so the worst that is to be found in Soviet Russia is an infection caught from the West. And he honors the present writer by quoting from his book *Creative Revolution* (U.S.A. 1938). "We are most of us too phlegmatic to recognize the jest of the modern situation in its full implications. For it is the truth that Communism and Liberalistic Capitalism, so much vilified the one by the other, are similar beasts, provided with similar offensive apparatus, seeking to devour the same prey."

The Soviet has not failed in the political arena: It has not failed in the material order: but it is, for all that, a failure. It has failed precisely where we have failed. It has failed because it has rejected the spiritual: It has regarded Man as an animal, whereas he cannot be turned into an animal because of his inherent perception of the spiritual. It is this reaction to the spiritual (that we call religion) that the Soviet has been unable to take from the Russian people; and the thing that has struck me most forcibly about the younger Russian Communists that I have known, is the way they attach themselves for sheer want of the real thing to artificial values.

Communism is a judgment. So is war. And the latter, we are told too frequently, we must accept. Not so, Communism which we are bidden to fight in all the armour of sanctimonious self-righteousness. Yet Communism is of all things an indictment of our own sin. "Communism," said Berdiaev, "is at once the product of a Godless west and a protest against it."

The Christian answer to Communism's challenge is built chiefly around two themes: the inner contradictions and essential weakness of Communistic messianism, and the constructive, regenerative revolution proposed in the Gospel. It is evident that we can have no part in the Mission of Our Lord nor can we hope to qualify as His messengers, carriers of His Good News, until one thing has happened, and one condition has been fulfilled. That condition is that we own up to our fault: more plainly, confess our sin.

Our Lord's message is the forgiveness of sin and all that that implies. We need not fool ourselves that the modern heresy of seeking our good estate here below is peculiar to Socialism and the Soviet. It is all about us; we are infected by it ourselves; we need have little patience with the identification of anti-Christ solely with Communism. We need not be ashamed of our irritation when we see the zeal of honest men wholly diverted by the Red Herring.

I recollect talking to a young teacher at a Soviet "Tech." He was, as far as I could gather, neither an active member of the Party nor an adherent of the Church, but he was too discreet to criticize the former and too (typically Russian) kind to say anything that might hurt about the latter. We got on famously, however, in the matter of Anglo-Russian relations. I drew him out by quoting Edward Garnet who wrote in 1895: "Europe has always had, and most assuredly England has been over-rich in those alarm-monger watch-dogs for ever baying at Slav cupidity, treachery, intrigue. It is useful to have these well-meaning animals on the political premises . . ." And going back to the time of the Crimean campaign: ("We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do we've got the guns, we've got the men, we've got the Money, too," another familiar tale) back in the 'fifties and earlier, one has only to read the newspaper leaders of the day to realize that then as now it was the Russian bogey that disturbed our sleep o' nights.

"Yes, it is trying," the young schoolmaster agreed, "always to be labelled Dangerous or treated like a naughty boy caught with a catapult. Yet we, on the other hand, want to know the West and welcome any who will teach us." The welcome given to foreign guests I confess, is more civil than that usually accorded to Soviet visitors in this country. I need hardly quote the appalling discourtesy shown to the two Russian leaders in April 1956, when headlines in respectable newspapers spoke of Bulge & Crush, and (anxious to show British wit at its most brilliant) students sang "Poor old Joe," and guttersnipes were inspired to chant "We want Joe" to the accompaniment of cat-calls and whizzbangs in the High. The young teacher was emphatic: "We do want to be friends and nobody in Russia can understand why you fear us. Surely the political convention you should be most suspicious of is the U.S.A. since you, as America's chief satellite are, apart from political vassallage, already occupied and a conquered nation in the matter of culture (films, T.V., strip cartoons) and your repeated cracks at us have no good effect. Catholic reading, especially one English-speaking periodical, devotes on an average a third of its pages to atrocity stories, doubtful statistics and funny stories about us which aren't very funny."

He was sincere to the point of naivete. I was compelled to make statements far, I felt, from complete ingenuousness. "It is not Sovietism as an economic conception that Catholics hate: it is your anti-God," and I quoted Leo XIII, "The right of sovereignty in itself is not necessarily united with any particular form of government." Inwardly I asked myself, "Is it really anti-God that the Christian West hates, or rather the Communists onslaught on pocket-consciousness?"

Meanwhile the political situation is hardening till inevitably, it will

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Good-bye

By JOHN STANLEY

Tennessee Williams has a short play called "The Long Good-bye." In it the climax is reached when a young and poor writer and his friend hold a dialogue about the dissolution of the former's home structure. Joe's mother has recently died and the rest of his family has run away in one way or another, and all the furniture is being carted away and he is leaving the room he was born in. His friend, Silva, says to him, "The world goes on. And you got to keep going with it." And Joe says, "But not so fast you can't even say good-bye." And Silva says that "good-bye" is not in his vocabulary, and that "hello" is the word today. Then Joe comes back: "You're kidding yourself. You're saying good-bye all the time, every minute you live. Because that's what life is, just a long, long good-bye! To one thing after another. Till you get to the last one, Silva, and that's good-bye to yourself!"

This seems to me a profound statement of the nature and reason for Christian asceticism. And that most extraordinary of all saints must have known this knowledge in its every nuance. Benedict Joseph Labre dramatized the life of the long good-bye. Good-bye to his land. His family were prosperous small-holders, French peasants. Good-bye to his position in his family and in his community as the eldest and most gifted and fa-



vorite son. Good-bye to his vocation as a priest. It just seemed to end. It was connected with another good-bye: good-bye to his mind. It was a good mind and he was advancing in his studies which he loved; but suddenly he could no longer learn. He thought he had a vocation as a Cistercian, and good-bye to that. The next one was to his country, and for a Frenchman this is quite a good-bye. And, of course, all along the way he was saying good-bye to one pleasure and comfort and satisfaction and sense of delight after another. And this went on and on during all the years of pilgrimage. He ate less and less, and slept less and less. He never bathed or changed his clothes in winter or summer; he looked wretched and smelled worse, and so had to say good-bye to the solace of human companionship—one of the really hard good-byes. His last good-bye was in Rome, and was probably one of the easiest.

Each one is constrained to good-bye after good-bye. Some take advantage of them and some don't. Some keep trying to dredge up the empty space that held a desire that is no longer there. It is one of the great graces to know that a desire that was good and beautiful and useful has finally departed because it is no longer needed. There is a richness in the fulfillment of desires, and sparks; and there is another richness in their accepted departure. And which one will be next?

It is hard to give up that which has never been had—especially if it's been promised. It's hard to tell the poor that they really don't

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Second Anniversary

By EDWARD MORIN

I
Reading the many words of praise for the late pope and those forecasts of a successful new pontificate, I am prompted to discuss one pronouncement of Pope Pius XII which, if it is not paramount to an understanding of his reign as supreme pontiff, at least suggests continuity we should look for in modern Church thinking on problems of State sovereignty, totalitarianism, and war. One particular interpretation of that pronouncement by a member of the American hierarchy gives rise to problems which have bothered many of us for a long time.

The Christmas Message of 1956 "solved" once for all, for most Catholics in this country, any controversy about the right of Catholics to be conscientious objectors.

In the Winter of 1956, when the Hungarians had been suppressed, the supreme pontiff qualified the rights of conscientious objectors; clearly, he was referring to the Hungarians and the justice of their cause. He said a freely elected government may use "legitimate instruments of internal and external policy on defensive precautions," and when it does "a Catholic citizen cannot invoke his own conscience in order to refuse to serve and fulfill those duties the law imposes."

Catholic pacifists took this as a definite change of attitude, of pol-

concerned by a fairly large number of Catholic conscientious objectors here, wrote Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle of Washington, hopefully asking him whether the pope's most recent statement might supply grounds for not allowing Catholics in this country to claim objector status.

Archbishop O'Boyle forwarded the letter to Cardinal Stritch in Chicago and theologians there drafted a reply. Archbishop O'Boyle's reply, sent in May of 1957, insisted upon the individual's right to apply the principles of Catholic war ethics to the present political situation. The Archbishop's letter explained that when anyone follows his conscience, though it mean being a pacifist, he acts "subjectively in good faith." Further, he said, that if all the conditions demanded in the pope's message were fulfilled—if a country was wholly justified in going to war—a Catholic could still object to military service; he may withhold his services if he thinks immoral methods of war will be used. The Archbishop was recognizing a right that has consistently been allowed to Catholic pacifists; according to the force of the Christmas Message, it could be interpreted no other way.

This statement, presumably made in behalf of the American hierarchy, has not previously been made known to the laity. I was informed of it by accident after it was read and discussed at a meeting of clergymen in Chicago. It took me more than two months of reading and correspondence to get an accurate

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New Southern Publication

"The South . . . Its Peoples and Their Way of Life," is the theme of the November issue of the NOTRE DAMEAN, the new Catholic Quarterly of the South. Numerous articles study the various peoples who compose the South, their culture, folklore and contributions to American life.

Distinguished writers like Dr. Harry Oster of L.S.U., Paul Alden Rost, Andrew Taormina, and Paul B. Smith have contributed to make this issue a memorable one.

The entire issue is dedicated to our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII and features distinctive local art of recognized merit. Several important books on the South are reviewed and there is an editorial evaluation of the South from a Catholic viewpoint.

The central pages of this issue are devoted to a picture story on Modern Church Architecture in the South. Striking pictures portray how Southern Catholics are adapting contemporary techniques to local traditions.

Music occupies an important place in Southern life. In "Religious Folksongs of the South," Dr. Oster shows how the dominant Anglo-Saxon mentality has influenced religious music in the South. Paul B. Smith, in turn probes some of the factors that produced the American spiritual in "The Negro Contribution."

"Sicilians in the South" by Andrew Taormina portrays the history and cultural life of the South's Italian minority and highlights their enduring religious contributions, while Paul Alden Rost explains the amazing vitality of the little known Acadian-French culture of Louisiana.

The NOTRE DAMEAN is published with the approbation of Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel by the students of Notre Dame Seminary, 2901 So. Carrollton, New Orleans 18, Louisiana. It sells for 30¢ a copy.

Early in 1957 the American Selective Service System, deeply

POVERTY

Among us English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are or do and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly,—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardship; when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank-account and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion . . . I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.

William James in 1902

BOOK REVIEWS

The Story of an American Communist by John Gates. Thomas Nelson Sons, N.Y. \$3.95. 1958. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

In his introduction to this book my old time friend Earl Browder says of my new time friend John Gates: "Gates does not apologize for his life; he explains it while changing it."

Gates has written a very interesting book with little venom towards those who castigate him. This is shown in the conclusion which he arrives at about his present day activity:

"I continue to believe in Socialism, but I do not propose to go from one sectarianism to another. The answer to the present splintering of the left is not to form still another splinter, later to divide again like an amoeba. Nor would unification of all existing socialist groups, desirable as that might be, provide the solution." Here he is showing some wisdom.

From his high school days as a radical, his organizing young Communists near my home town in eastern Ohio, his fighting against Franco in Spain, and later in World War II, we find him admitting his mistakes. John has great courage and honesty. Before he had quit the *Daily Worker* he spoke in Boston and he told me that when an anarchist asked his opinion of that philosophy he answered that if he had paid more attention to the anarchist criticism given by Lord Acton, the Catholic philosopher, that "power corrupts and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely," he and the Communist Party would have saved themselves much trouble. It was Vincent Sheean who first quoted this truth to him. When he was a Commissar in Spain he admits that he used his power in a despotic manner. Steve Nelson was the one Communist of whom I have not heard criticism in that respect.

Earl Browder was leader of the Communist Party in the happy days, and later he dissolved the Party and formed the Communist Political Association when in an opportunist mood, Gates defended him against Duclos of France, but when the Party turned Browder out Gates went along with the rest. Browder, Gil Green, and the Negro Doxey Wilkerson, were the only ones to oppose the Moscow directed "Negro Republic" in the South, the most unreal and silly contribution on the Negro question ever advanced in this country. When I was a member of the Party in Georgia in 1923 I wrote to Ruthenberg opposing this policy also, but I quit the Party in 1925 and bothered no more about Communist policies. Gates was also opposed to this idea but admits he did not have courage enough to say so openly.

Gates is not a pacifist; and

neither is Browder, but at the present time they take as an unreal and illogical position as the Communists took in their trials, for they argued the Marxian-Leninist idea that it would take a Dictatorship of the Proletariat to dislodge the capitalist system. But they would not call this "violence"; they use the tricky dialectic that the clergy use for support of "just" wars. For they only "defend" the workers against the capitalists; and this is not "violence." The California Communists refused to follow Foster's demand to use this strategy and they were more successful in arguing for free speech under the U.S. Constitution.

However the Communist Party may denounce Gates today I think history will show that he did the Party in this country a service by seeing to it that the *Daily Worker* was the only Communist paper in the world that published Krushchev's criticism of Stalin, and also opposed the use of Soviet troops in Hungary. Speaking of the Hungarian events Gates says: "Thousands of members had left us in the preceding six months, and those who remained were not only few in number but were the least capable of change." Dorothy Day was an observer at the February 1957 Convention where Foster lost out and the vote was for an American Communist Party. Gates says of this: "But the reality was that the members had left us, and our resolutions were to remain words." In January 1957 when Gates resigned from the Party he says that of the 17,000 members a year before all but 7,000 of them had quit the Party. He did not lead them out, they led him.

As Gates is neither a pacifist nor an anarchist, and has learned through bitter experience that there is no political group with which he can honestly work he is due for a life of frustration. I think he is wrong in believing that capitalism will give up without violence, and that the American people can be educated into wanting or getting peaceful socialism. If he did become a pacifist he would be no better off than the Quakers who fool around with the UN. While the Communist Party is discredited with nearly all radicals as well as those who hope to get something out of the status quo, because they have not learned a thing and continue to excuse every mistake Russia makes, and have alienated themselves from the youth by their groggy terminology, that does not mean that Gates had given any answer. (I still admire the die-hard Communist Party folks more than I do the non-Communist radicals who hate the Communists so much that they forget that there is a capitalism to fight.) Gates is still groping. He is young enough and I believe honest enough to come much nearer to a realistic radical program

when he gets bounced around another decade.

Any group of radicals cannot promise with much hope of fulfillment a Welfare State better than that of Rockefeller or Stevenson. The example of Socialists in Europe and Canada and some American cities should show him that power also corrupts socialists as well as communists. If there ever was a chance for a Labor Party it was in 1924 when Bob La Follette ran for President. The unions believe in capitalism and war and John nor no one else has shown any way in which organized labor will do more than follow the traditional policy of electing so-called friends and punishing enemies. If John does not believe that the state will wither away he should study Proudhon, Kropotkin and Tolstoy and see what anarchists have to offer.

THE WORLD TO COME, by R. W. Gleason, S. J. Sheed & Ward, 1958. \$3.00. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

A very fine short work on heaven, hell, purgatory, sin, death. Father Gleason uses the insights of modern philosophy and psychology to illuminate certain areas of living and dying that were treated perhaps less than satisfactorily in some of the earlier Catholic



speculations; or to draw out certain implications that are present but not fully developed in earlier thought. Example: In common with certain modern theologians, Father Gleason maintains that earlier considerations of death tend to treat it as an experience which the individual undergoes passively, rather than as a dynamic experience in which the soul truly acts. Death as a passive experience is unthinkable in the case of Christ; in the Christian "it appears possible that the personal freedom of the . . . person could be engaged to an extent hitherto unrealized. Disengaging itself from the body, the soul freely assumes a consistent attitude to the world of values which was not realizable to this extent in its temporal life. This is good meditation material for November, or for any time.

GIFTS OF THE TRUE LOVE, by Elizabeth Yates. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 35c.

This is a 32-page pamphlet of meditations based on the old carol, "The Twelve Days of Christmas." "There are times when the best gifts, the most needed, must be self-given. (The Carol) telling of the True Love's gifts, tells of intangibles that depend not on money, skill or prior knowledge but that can be achieved by anyone from time and imagination." This little booklet is the working out of the inner, spiritual meaning of the gifts of the True Love. The illustrations are splendid. This is to be recommended as a Christmas gift.

This is one of the series of pamphlets issued regularly by Pendle Hill; a subscription to the yearly series of six pamphlets is only \$2.00. They are uniformly excellent.

CULT :: CULTIV

Bibliography of Catholic Pacifism

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY TODAY. Francis M. Stratmann, O.P. Translated by John Doebele. (Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland, 1956, 134 pages.)

Father Stratmann has written two previous books on the subject of peace, *The Church and War* and *Peace and the Clergy*. Between the wars he was a leader in the German peace movement and underwent persecution by the Nazis. This recent book shows why war has now become essentially immoral as judged by the old but still valid principles of the Church. There is also thorough treatment of the kind of responsibility the Church has for international peace, of the question of conscientious objection, and of our own personal duty in the problem of peace. This book needs to be studied as a whole; its parts seen in proper order, or misunderstanding may result.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE. Father John J. Hugo. Imprimatur, Francis J. Spellman, D.D. 1944. (Privately printed. Obtainable at the *Catholic Worker*. 134 pages.)

This book deals with the fundamentals of true world peace. The basis of social peace is shown to be a universal love of men. Father Hugo makes it clear why this desired social peace and love depend upon a personal peace and love between ourselves and God, the key message of the Gospels. He describes the way to personal

peace and then to social peace. Actual modern war is seen as not justified by the just war theory, but as contrary to the commandment of love of God and neighbor, with good reasons given. The peace that exists within the Trinity is coming to earth. The place and functions of Christ and Mary in the coming of this true peace are clarified.

THE IDEAL OF NON-VIOLENCE. Dom Bede Griffiths O.S.B. Article in *Commonweal*. Dec. 27, 1957.

Father Griffiths is the author of *The Golden String* and is now working in India. In this article he clarifies the meaning of non-violence, a way of opposing evil through enduring, suffering, the sacrifice of one's own life, instead of through attack, coercion, and the shedding of the blood of others. Non-violence is shown to be the early ideal of the Church by which it overcame the Roman Empire. Then the ideal faded, but has been preserved and recovered for us through the Quakers and Gandhi. It is seen to be not weakness in the face of violence, but rather as the manner of operation of the only force capable of overcoming violence. Its great power was revealed in the death of Christ. There a love bore every insult including death without resistance in order to raise up a new power of life capable of transforming the world.

(To be continued.)
Compiled by
Charles Butterworth

Books Recommended

Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers

Good lives of saints always make excellent Christmas gifts. Two that appeared in recent months are particularly good:

Bernadette, by Marcelle Auclair, translated by Kathryn Sullivan, R.S.C.J. Desclee, 1958. \$3.50. Available from Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, Purchase, N. Y. This is the officially approved centenary book, and one can certainly see why. It has great verve, is simply written, and conveys, as nothing else I have read on St. Bernadette does, her two great qualities of simplicity and forthrightness. The book has beautiful photographs, is a joy to look at and handle, and would make an excellent gift, both for those who already know and love Bernadette, and for those who are not yet devoted to her.

St. Catherine Laboure of the Miraculous Medal, by Joseph I. Dirvin, C.M. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1958. \$3.50. Father Dirvin is a member of the Congregation of the Missions, the brother order to the Sisters of Charity, to which St. Catherine belonged. His book is first rate, the result of ten years of work, including on-the-spot research, and he was the first biographer permitted access to some of the documents and letters concerning St. Catherine. A visionary all her life, Catherine was an eminently practical woman also, and spent her life in religion caring for old men in a home operated by the Sisters of Charity. Father Dirvin comments regarding her sanctity: "She was

holy because she was faithful to the mission given her to do. God's plan for her life and sanctification was: that she should cultivate a deep devotion to the Mother of God; that she should receive, at first hand, important instructions from this great Lady; that she should carry out these instructions to the letter; and, while doing all this, she should remain hidden, living an ordinary religious life in doing ordinary religious works . . . Catherine corresponded to every grace; she did what was expected of her and did it well. This is why she was a saint." Even when the knowledge of the visions spread among the members of her congregation, the secret of the visionary's identity was kept, and this for over forty years; the sisters living in the same house with her did not know until her death that it was she who had had the visions of Our Lady.

A book on the Church which has been newly reissued is very welcome. It is Michael Williams' standard *The Catholic Church in Action*, written with Julia Kernan. It has now been revised and brought up to date by Zsoldi Aradi. (New York: P. J. Kenedy, 1958. \$5.75.) Since its first publication in 1934, this has been a most useful book on the organization of the Church. Of special interest in the new edition are Mr. Aradi's material on Pius XI and Pius XII, the parish and the workers, including the Priest-Worker movement, and the rewritten chapters on the liturgy and on Catholic lay action.

CULTURE ATION ::

International Volunteer Service

Our Friday night meetings are always interesting but one last month was something most special. Thanksgiving morning, a group of work campers, from the group called the International Volunteer Service arrived by car from Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. Six of them had driven for sixteen hours, to join others here in New York to help us in the loft on Spring Street where we will have our new offices. Art Harvey and Larry Evers had already painted the place, and given the windows a preliminary washing. This group washed up the floors, waxed them, washed windows, put up plastic storm windows, helped with some of the preliminary moving and then on Friday evening, two or three of them spoke, to our usual meeting, and led in some folk songs afterward.

Robert Stowell, of Cabot, Vermont, to whom you should write if you wish more information, told of his trip to Italy in 1953 with his wife Anne to work in the toe of the boot which is southern Italy with an international group of twenty one people which included youths of nineteen and older people up to 70. The job was to build a school but the work also included relief for destitution, elementary first aid, flood relief and so on.

The physical work can be most impressive, Bob Stowell pointed out, when 21 people are working seriously eight hours a day, but even better was the understanding the group came to have of each other and of the problems about them. He told of one boy, a refugee, who worked hard, yet went into the village and got drunk and

caused trouble, and the conflict between the different nationalities. People from all over Europe volunteered for from two weeks to six months, to work in the camp. There was a Swiss gardener of seventy, two German women, a Swiss nurse, and it was good they had her since the village had no chimneys in their houses and the children suffered from eye trouble. There were two South Americans, one Japanese and three Italian anarchists. The Swiss Red Cross had furnished money and plans for the school, but none knew how to read plans or do the work. Fortunately some of the Italians in the village were good stone masons and could direct them, so that when they had the funds, they paid for two workers from the neighborhood.

Barry Davis, who led the mid-west group told of work in a Negro housing project in Indianapolis. Indiana has a combination New England and southern flavor, and around Indianapolis the south predominates. There are still laws on the books forbidding interracial marriages. Barry and his wife Arlene who led the singing felt that they were going to make these work camps their life work, and anyone who lives in that section of the country who wants to work with this group or learn more about it can get in touch with them through General Delivery, Richmond, Ind.

Paula Holzman, of Antioch College, who at present is working in New York, and Mary Cooper and Jene Mechener of Earlham were also members of the group. On Thanksgiving Day, Eric and Jimmie Freedman came to help also.

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

Poland. In a recent column headed The Peasant's Son he says: "A few days ago, Pope John announced in quasi-public fashion, 'I will not make my brothers either counts or marquises . . . The Vatican Court experienced a special shudder just before the coronation when the relatives of Angelo Roncalli descended upon them from the fields around Bergamo and the streets of Milan, all carrying fibreboard valises and dressed in the black of funerals. They were a symbol of the process which is finally complete in the Church of Rome: almost all the Papal candidates at the last conclave were humbly born—Roncalli the son of farm laborers; Siri the son of small holders; Lercaro the son of a portiere, and Ottaviani son of a baker. Pope John told the Osservatore Romano that henceforth the customary appellation of 'most excellent relatives of His Holiness' would give way to the simple 'John the XXIII relatives.' They would not, it seemed certain, often attract the attention of the Osservatore Romano. Pope John's niece, a nun, came to Rome for a day and returned to her convent; his nephew, a priest, left the coronation to return to his country church; and his nephew, a Communist, went back to laying concrete in the streets of Milan. A great gentleman who happens to be a son of peasants was giving

aristocratic Rome a lesson in manners."

Rockefeller

I spoke to some young folks from the Riverside Baptist Church when they came down to the CW. Admitting that the Catholic Church accepts money from the "malefactors of great wealth," and that the CW refuses this money I did mention the source of the Rockefeller wealth, and that their church was built from the exploitation of workers, and I told their death in the Ludlow massacre in Colorado. As Gurley Flynn says in a recent issue of the Worker, "A rose is a rose is a rose. And a Rockefeller is a Rockefeller is a Rockefeller."

My CW Selling Schedule

Monday Evening—9:45 to 10:15, Cooper Union.
Tuesday Noon until 2 p.m.—Pine and Nassau streets.
Tuesday night 9:45 to 10:30—New School.
Wednesday noon until 4 p.m.—uptown Fordham.
Thursday—6 to 8 p.m.—14th and Broadway.
Friday noon until 2 p.m.—43rd and Lexington.
Saturday noon until 2 p.m.—14th and Broadway.
Sunday—8:45 to 10 a.m. at St. Patrick's. 10:30 to 1:30 p.m. St. Francis, near Penn Station. (If I am traveling I will, of course, not be selling CW's.)

\$4 Spinning Wheel From India

Dear friends,

We recently acquired a useful little machine that may be of interest to those who prepare their own wool. It is a very small, compact spinning wheel from India. The whole thing folds up into a little wooden, book-shaped case the size of a Bible, (2x7x9) the workmanship is excellent and the design attractive. Though it was made to spin cotton (a sample of which comes with the machine; also three rolls of carded cotton ready to spin), we have found it will turn out sport weight yarn and, with larger spindles, probably worsted. Tucked in with the spinning apparatus is a device that fits into the wheel and will reel the yarn. There is an instruction booklet; most of the explanation is in Hindi, the pictures are quite clear.

The most amazing thing about it is the low cost (in American dollars, low)—for the charka, postage to New York City, and two extra spindles, it amounts to less than four dollars; The bill comes in rupees; the bank quotes the exchange rate as 1 rupee equal to a little more than 21c. The firm from which we got it is:

Saramjam Karyalaya, Gopuri
p.o. Nalwadi
District Wardha
Bombay State,
India.

Since shipping is by boat, the transaction including delivery takes 3 or 4 months.

This spinning wheel has at least one distinct advantage (besides its diminutive size) over the traditional American type—it can be turned very slowly, allowing the beginner much better control over the fiber. But it is geared so that it can easily go quite fast. The expert spinner can turn the wheel with one hand and draw the fibers with the other; we have found it easier to turn it with one foot and use both hands on the yarn—but that is because we are not yet good spinners. The bobbin is actually the traditional primitive spindle—a slender rod with a fly-wheel near the bottom. To spin, the yarn is held parallel to the spindle; to wind, it is held perpendicular to the spindle—the same general technique as when the spindle is used without the machine.

Mr. & Mrs. Eric Freedman

"Mental liberty consists in a complete liberation from our personal prejudices and in our complete submission to reality. . . . Either we shall be free from things, and slaves to our minds, or free from our minds because submitted to things. Realism always was and still remains the source of our personal liberty. Let us add that, for the same reason, it remains the only guarantee of our social liberty. . . . Our only hope is therefore in a widely spread revival of the Greek and medieval principle, that truth, morality, social justice, and beauty are necessary and universal in their own right. Should philosophers, scientists, artists, make up their minds to teach that principle and if necessary to preach it in time and out of time, it would become known again that there is a spiritual order of realities whose absolute right it is to judge even the State, and eventually to free us from its oppression. . . . In the conviction that there is nothing in the world above universal truth lies the very root of intellectual and social liberty."

ETIENNE GILSON, Independence, Convergence and Borrowing in Institutions, Thought and Art, (Harvard University Press)

WAR

From the start of the Ethiopian and Spanish wars, there have been few things that a uniformed Roman Catholic citizen has not been entitled to consider perfectly permissible. In everything that concerns war, the Church has shown a growing tendency to put down to the community—profit and loss account—any circumstance that it can neither approve nor condemn. May I be allowed, in passing, to draw your attention to the fact that such prudent and delicate distinctions, which are intended to make the work of the Nuncios easier, end by increasing the prestige of Totalitarian ideas? If it is recognized that the Community, the Leader, the State, the Party are fitted to assume the responsibility for the most atrocious actions, to the point that your moderate Roman Catholic who committed them has, his job done, a perfect right to serve Mass and to receive Holy Communion (provided always that, on his way from the air-field to the church, he has not stared too insistently at the legs of the lady in the motor-bus!) then how can you expect your good Christian not to see the Omnipotent State exactly as a disciple of Hitler's would see it? If everything can be authorized or absolved in the name of a Nation, why not in the name of a Party, or of the man who represents the Party and who, in a sacrilegious caricature of the Redemption, takes upon himself the sins of his people? How is it people cannot see that, through the breach opened by the Church's casuists and diplomats, all the elements of man's dignity can slip away, never to return?

Georges Bernanos, "Tradition of Freedom," Roy.

DRAMA

The Man Who Never Died, a play about Joe Hill, by Barrie Stavis, Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. (Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8:30 p.m. and Sunday at 3 and 7 p.m. Friday at 8:30 p.m. and Sat. eve. at 6:30 and 10 p.m. 4 tickets for \$5 through Dec. 14. Phone LExington 5-6310. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

To live again in the days when thousands of "Wobblies," as the members of the I.W.W. were called in 1912 when I belonged to it in Ohio, gathered in free speech fights for the right of the unskilled workers to organize and filled the jails in San Diego, Spokane and Seattle and sang their parodies of Salvation Army hymns, is to live again in that world where Eugene V. Debs, threatened by a mob in Cripple Creek, Colorado, was advised by his friends to flee, and said, "This is either the beginning of a union in Cripple Creek or the end of me."

Brooks Atkinson in the New York Times reviews this play and considered it out dated because by inference capitalists do not now sit on bloody thrones but engineer the welfare state, and union leaders are not heroes and martyrs, but are of the unsavory type of Beck and Hoffa. If a writer portrays Lincoln or Jefferson it does not mean that his book or play is out dated and to be ignored because of the Hardings and Nixon, the Tammany Hall and Dixiecrats of today.

Barrie Stavis has written a magnificent play that has action in every minute of it, moving along to the frameup and death of Joe Hill because his songs "fanned the flames of discontent." Of all the facets of Joe Hill's life it takes a master to choose those incidents

which bring out his uncompromising spirit and to do so in a natural sequence, without any cooked-up circumstances. Joe Hill's songs are sung today by many who do not know of his history. Truly his spirit will never die and Barrie Stavis has done his great part in keeping it alive.

In presenting those days when the Class Struggle was recognized and not glossed over by donations of scholarships, thus syphoning off intelligent students from the radical movement, and when union leaders worked and were not such notorious pie-cards, the cast of The Man Who Never Died carries the audience along breathlessly. Mark Gordon, of The Ice Man Cometh, plays Joe Hill with conviction, but those of us who knew Joe or who saw his picture in the old days would have liked a more virile and a bigger man physically in the part. Stephen Gray, who has played in Anna Karenina, showed us Ed Rowan with the energy and bravery that it took in those days to be a "wob." And while his part of a stoolie requires duplicity Dan Keyes, of Mister Roberts, played it in a convincing manner. James Alpe who formerly played in An Enemy of the People, was an effective District Attorney Weatherbee. As in some other labor cases an inefficient lawyer messed up Joe Hill's case and the efforts of Alexander Marshall to win on appeal proved futile. Kermit Murdock who had played in two previous plays of Barrie Stavis lent dignity to his part. John Graham of The Moon is Blue, played the part of Attorney General Stone who masterminded affairs for the copper company that framed Joe Hill. Ben Winton as played by Richard Ward, of Green Pastures, had a starry light in his eyes as he spoke of Christ the Rebel and of Joe Hill whose songs were for Negro people as well as for all workers.

HOW TO PRAY

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Second Anniversary

(Continued from page 3)

account of what the letter contained.

The Jesuit in my diocese who was delegated to conduct research for Archbishop O'Boyle's reply to the Selective Service System told me I could see the letter under no circumstances, though he did give me a general description of its contents. He said the Pope's message left Catholics little basis for being pacifists and that the Archbishop's letter would bring little consolation to conscientious objectors.

Replying to a letter I wrote him, Archbishop O'Boyle advised me to see the Administrator of my diocese. I did and he was most cooperative; after letting me read the letter, he expressed the belief—as Archbishop O'Boyle also had—that the letter was not intended to be made public. Only for the most serious reasons have I divulged what I know of the letter.

For two years priests throughout the country have used the 1956 Christmas Message as authoritative proof to discourage Catholic young men from appealing to their own consciences. A year and a half ago the Selective Service System knew a Catholic archbishop's position on conscientious objection to war. Priests in at least one diocese outside Washington discussed his ruling. Yet laymen could not be informed of it. Is there some defect of justice here? To whom is the hierarchy primarily responsible? Citizens did have some doubt about trusting the government, but it may be that the flock will begin losing confidence in its spiritual shepherds. However, the hierarchy, conscious of responsibility, may only have wished to prevent this information from disrupting the public order. If the majority of clergy and laity understand that pacifism is untenable, why haven't we heard some official judgment on the often heard claim that pacifists are "subjectively in good faith but objectively wrong"?

II

By its silence the American hierarchy has encouraged the public belief that war might be a means of solving problems of international justice. The pope's Christmas Message of 1944 said war is not the right means, and few Catholic leaders would contradict him. While the 1944 Message encourages individual judgment and action, the Message of 1956 does not discourage it, but the American hierarchy does not have the courage to let the public know that.

The two Messages, far from being contradictory, merely indicate the two sides of the argument. Shall we have individual effort for peace by honest discussion and some pacifist resistance to nationalism? Or shall religion approve armed deterrence and recognize the plausibility of fighting brushfire wars within the limits of justice?

The two opinions must engage in open debate. Those who depend on authority for guidance should be informed of the moral alternatives in this truly open question; being uninformed of the full terms of this issue, the Catholic majority believes the conscientious objector's side of the argument has been reduced to the absurd. He will certainly not get a hearing among Catholics, and yet most other forces working in American (and world) society push forward the war machine which the hierarchy itself hardly approves of. The hierarchy may some day thank pacifists for their dissent.

We scarcely remember Benedict XV's plea for an end to compulsory military service; limiting induction to a voluntary basis would, he said, reduce the scale—perhaps the possibility—of world war. His way of avoiding the result (war) by reducing the means (arms) is an old rule which is being questioned in the highest theological

circles. Few in this country are reactionary enough to argue for an end to conscription.

Again, the Christmas Message of 1944 seemed to be apologizing for the lack of hierarchical support to a rather vigorous pacifist movement in pre-War Germany. Hitler had showed us the best Machiavellian methods of "using" the Church's obedience to legitimate authority. Once in power he was the de facto and, for all practical purposes, the de jure government. His war of aggression, allegedly fought to defend the *heimat*, the *volk* und *vaterland*, was the act of a "legitimate government" and ON THAT BASIS presumed just by bishops and the conscientious faithful. Clearly, all the acts of a "legitimate government" are not legitimate.

This illustration is extreme, but not so much that it does not show the cardinal difficulty in realizing principles of war justice in dictatorships as well as in representative governments ruled by a plurality of opinions and standards, and in those governments manipulated by myriad veto groups or lobbies. A secular, pluralistic nation is not obligated legally to regulate its conduct according to the principles of a religious minority. When that minority, regarded politically as a veto group, places its own moral responsibility in the hands of the government, there is nothing to stop this unqualified respect for authority from being perverted into gradual, sometimes imperceptible, compromises of Christian morality.

The pattern has frequently been (a) silence or reluctance to dissent on the part of religious leaders, followed by (b) instructions to fight, once war breaks out, because issues are not clear and "we must obey authority."

Perhaps we should not object to military service now, perhaps deterrence is morally right, but please tell us which theology book will justify our going to war when the cause of either side is one of mixed justice and injustice, involving us in combat that kills civilians wholesale as a matter of course. Experience shows that civilians can much more effectively withhold their services than soldiers. Before the draft, which Leo XIII and Benedict XV regarded as one of the worst of modern social evils, any Christian was completely free to use his moral judgment in deciding whether or not to enlist. Now only a portion of religious men feel they have that freedom; the others are drilled in unswerving obedience to all authority.

This article does not instigate rebellion against religious authority. I do not believe the hierarchy will ever withdraw my right as a conscientious objector to "subjectively in good faith but objectively wrong." Nor do I sneer at those who honestly believe they have a moral duty to be soldiers. But since the majority of Catholics feel they have so little freedom in their obedient consent to the draft, I have a modest proposal for their instruction.

Granted that a good case can be made for deterrence, the government and the public should be clearly informed that theologians have not yet deduced principles which will reconcile Catholic ethics with Christian participation in modern total war. The Selective Service System should be told that, in the event of a total war, all Catholics will be instructed not to participate. Those Catholics who feel that the present military program is inimical to Christianity and merely brings a world-wide conflict closer should not be discouraged in any way from claiming conscientious objector status. This kind of relationship between re-

ligion and politics is as old as Christianity itself and today goes by the unsavory name of Christian Anarchism. This is an unfortunate label for "voluntary submission to authority with the right of secession"; many have turned away from it before they understood what it involves.

The other alternative, for the present, would seem to be a peaceful silence. Some time ago an author said, "In the present age . . . people feel sure, not so much that their opinions are true, as that they should not know what to do without them—the claims of an opinion to be protected from public attack are rested not so much on its truth, as on its importance to society." The same author said other things so pertinent to the present discussion that I cannot resist quoting him at length. His name has been omitted so that no one will raise *ad hominem* arguments.

"To what an extent doctrines intrinsically fitted to make the deepest impression upon the mind may remain in it as dead beliefs, without being ever realized in the imagination, the feelings, or the understanding, is exemplified by



O TEMPLE
IN WHICH
GOD WAS
MADE A PRIEST

the manner in which the majority of believers hold the doctrines of Christianity. . . . These are considered sacred, and accepted as laws, by all professing Christians. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that not one Christian in a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct by reference to those laws. The standard to which he does refer it, is the custom of his nation, his class, or his religious profession. He has thus, on the one hand, a collection of ethical maxims, which he believes to have been vouchsafed to him by infallible wisdom as rules for his government; and on the other, a set of everyday judgments and practices, which go a certain length with some of those maxims, not so great a length with others, stand in direct opposition to some, and are, on the whole, a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life. To the first of these standards he gives his homage; to the other his real allegiance. All Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that they should judge not, lest they be judged; that they should take no thought for the morrow; that if they would be perfect, they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they have always heard lauded and never discussed. But in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe these doctrines just up to the point to which it is usual to act upon them. The doctrines

The Way of Peace

(Continued from page 3)

crack. Every stumbling block is placed by Western politicians, in the way of an understanding with the Soviet. Every aspersion that our not very nimble-witted statesmen can think up is cast upon Soviet sincerity. Nevertheless, a people may see, though their leaders are blind, and think though statesmen be blockheads. Diplomacy and newspaper mudslinging are not fortunately the only means by which one nation may communicate with another. And our communications with the Russians will do well to be tempered with humility. "But" (you may ask), "what sort of a response do you get? In fact is there any hope of getting anywhere?" I for one declare that the response of the "ordinary Russian" is frank and sincere and his sympathy enormous. He has been brought up, it is true, in the past 40 years with limited opportunity for exploring: at least no greater than under Alexander III and Nicholas. But to a large extent that is changed. As for his reading, the Russian Index Expurgatus is neither as comprehensive or effective as that, *de facto* operant in Spain. It is, incidentally, surely a hopeful sign that there is an increasing tolerance, I almost said encouragement of Christian culture. The Bible is printed and easily obtainable in the U.S.S.R. Kramskoi (whose Christ in the Wilderness was shown all last year) the most intensely religious painter of the 19th century Russia, has been re-instated amongst the immortals, so has the certainly "Animist" Dostoevsky been reprinted for "set-books" in the schools: while Hesba Stretton's quaint Victorian novel about the Stundists (an evangelical sect much persecuted under the Czars last century) has been translated with the Russian title of *The Path of the Cross*.

I am not competent (who is?) to pronounce upon the motive behind these and similar improvements. The point is that they have taken place: and we shall do well to emulate the Christlike tactics of St. Francis de Sales and "enter where the Door opens and cry PEACE."

Godlessness, wherever and in whatever shape, it is in the ascendant, is a chilling spectacle. But is Russia to be singled out as especially hopeless? I believe not. I recall some verse (of which this is the translation) written by a young Soviet poet last year:

"Passion of pain, and lo! this gentle birth:
Darkness of night, and so the gaudy dawn:
Without the wilderness no path on earth!
After Despair, the holier Hope is born."

and though I lay no claim to be an exponent of the poet's thought, I have little doubt as to what he was thinking of when he wrote that last, lovely line.

Good-bye

(Continued from page 3)

want the things they see the rich enjoying in the movies and in LIFE and in the "Society" pages of the JOURNAL-AMERICAN. How to talk Holy Poverty and The Revolution at the same time. Hard. There is nothing Establishment would like better than for the poor to be told that they must be satisfied with little; the wages Horn & Hardart pay would no longer be a scandal—and could even be reduced. The rich and powerful are totally cynical and predatory and will use any means to increase their wealth and power: Christianity, Buddhism, sex, liquor, anything. One can just picture a Southern planter on the steps of the "big house" talking to his "people." It is 1854 and the magnolias are in full production. He has a Bible in his hand. He speaks. "Let me read to you from Saint Paul. Listen. 'Slaves obey your master!' Hear that? That's what the good book says." Amen.

There are no answers. There is only the confrontation of paradoxes. And something will give. There will be a good-bye to something. If not you will be immobilized by peristaltic knots and—horror of horrors—you will never die.

in their integrity are serviceable to pelt adversaries with; and it is understood that they are to be put forward (when possible) as the reasons for whatever people do that they think laudable. But any one who reminded them that the maxims require an infinity of things which they never even think of doing, would gain nothing but to be classed among those very unpopular characters who affect to be better than other people. The doctrines have no hold on ordinary believers—are not a power in their minds. They have an habitual respect for the sound of them, but no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified, and forces the mind to take them in, and make them conform to the formula. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr. A and B to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ."

CW Friend Directs Academy Guild Press

The Academy Guild Press, Fresno, California, is expanding publishing operations with the acquisition of Coley Taylor, Inc. Donald Demarest, an old friend of the Catholic Worker, has joined the press as managing director. He was formerly associate editor of the New American Library and executive editor of Pellegrini and Cudahy, and for the past seven years has been living in Mexico City, where he has done freelance writing and translation and been an assistant director of the Centro Mexicano de Escritores.

Among the books published by the Academy Guild Press are *She Who Weeps*, by Leon Bloy; *Anna Catherine Emmerick's The Life of Christ*; *The Hidden Treasure*, by St. Leonard of Port Maurice. Donald Demarest and Coley Taylor are co-authors of *The Dark Virgin: The Book of Our Lady of Guadalupe*, published by Coley Taylor, Inc., which will now be issued by the Academy Guild Press.

The Academy Guild Press is affiliated with the Academy Library Guild, and a new School and Library Division has just been added. The address of the Guild is P.O. Box 549, Fresno, California.

For Your Christmas Preparations

Crib Sets—17 wood figures in box-stable with real straw—\$12.50 (also available in small units).

Christmas cards — \$1.00 and \$2.00 assortments.

Wheel Calendar by Ade Bethune is now ready for 1959—\$1.00

ST. LEO SHOP, INC.

118 Washington Street
Newport, R.I.

A non-profit corporation for the liturgical apostolate

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

has laid off half its men. The factory used to be operated under a patriarchal system, the owner "a just stern man," but it was taken over by the Ludlow Paper company. I met one of the men who worked there, about to be laid off after 21 years of service. He was getting \$55 a week.

The next day I spoke at Assumption College in Worcester, and the next day at Brandeis in Waltham, which is part of Boston area. While in Boston I stayed at the home of Burt and Joanna Housman for one night and for the next at the John Betts at Newton Center. There was a pleasant meeting with friends at the St. Thomas More book shop which is run by Agnes Bourneuf, a delightful place as bookshops in a college neighborhood are when there are comfortable chairs and a feeling of hospitality. Alan Crite has some beautiful Christmas cards on display there. I love his beautiful Madonnas brooding over the slums. You can order from the St. Thomas More Book shop, 33 A Church St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

Brandeis

At Brandeis I met Sam Shapiro, Sholem Comay and others, and was introduced by Dr. Frank Manuel, a man of great vitality. He had known Fr. Rice of Pittsburgh, so we had a mutual friend. These meetings are arranged by the students of the senior class, I believe, and the meeting the next week following the speaker, there is an appraisal of the speaker by the students and three faculty members, including a psychologist, and the findings are summed up in a mimeographed bulletin which announces also the next speaker. I would like to see the appraisal of my talk, after seeing the one of Victor Reuther's. The judgements of youth are sometimes harsh but I have a great faith in such a group going ever.

Perkinsville

Cecilia Betts drove me to Francis Xavier chapel for the eight-thirty Mass and then to the bus which left at 10:15 for Springfield, Vermont, where Tamar and the children met me at 3:30. Tamar has been spending the day making sausage, head cheese and scrapple and the house smelled good when we arrived. The older children had slicked up the house and David with red headed Hilaire under one arm and a pail of water for the animals in the other hand greeted us at the door. Hilaire is fifteen months old and has been walking since his 12th month and gets into everything. But with seven other children and all their guardian angels to help watch over him, all is well.

Hunting had begun and Eric and Nickie were full of the news of fox and bob cats, rabbits as well as deer, shot by their neighbors. I listened to discussion of guns and bows and arrows, and the prowess of fellow students. School seems to be fun in Vermont. There are only 11 in Becky's class and 14 in Sue's. Becky will be in high school next year. Five of the children are in school now and Maggie will go next year, and tiny Martha will be the oldest at home.

Great changes are taking place in the Hennessey section of the country too, what with a dam being built and many farms and old houses razed, and good roads done away with and neighbors moving away and factories shut down.

While I read Dr. Zhivago and the section about the family going far from Moscow to their old estate and trying to make their living off the land, storing potatoes, carrots, cabbages, making sauerkraut, it seemed to me that a revolution was going on here too, with the state taking over entirely, with little consideration for human rights, or the family but

without the violence. In this State, Moses goes ruthlessly ahead with his road building program, cutting through communities, cities, homes. Everything for cars. Nothing for human beings. At least not for the great mass of people who are displaced and can find no comparable cheap housing.

Latest news is that our beach houses face demolition because of a beach highway, totally unnecessary considering the nearness of Hyland Boulevard, which will effectively block the beach from the people. Perhaps we will have some years yet on the beach, but surely we have here no lasting city.

Making Lard

Monday afternoon Tamar and I went to an auctioneer's to buy some big kettles to try out the lard and on the way home we stopped in the pine woods for mushrooms. It was a still mild day, one of those blue days of November with a smell of snow in the air. But it did not fall while I was there, and Tuesday afternoon I had to leave. Mary Perkins Ryan called for me to drive me to Manchester, to speak at St. Anselm's that night. I had dinner with the Ryan's and after my talk I drove with Joe McDonald twelve miles south of Manchester to spend the night in his beautiful old remodelled farmhouse. He teaches philosophy at St. Anselm's and the students are enthusiastic about him. Early the next morning two students drove me to Boston to catch a bus for Albany. One a young Italian named Rafael told me more about Boston than I had learned from our own group in twenty years. He could have supplied the culture to the cult and cultivation group of former Catholic Workers, and thus make the synthesis Peter Maurin was always talking about.

The ride to Albany was a beautiful one, and I was charmed by an old Shaker community we passed through between Pittsfield and Albany, the great old wooden buildings and round barns still standing after a hundred years. Under New York state law you cannot remodel or build additions on a wooden building such as our farm on Staten Island.

Community

In The New England Homestead there has been a fascinating story "The Queen of the Shakers" running serially and this week's installment tells of the 5,000 Believers working together from New England to the Mississippi with the exchange of goods, which the Mormons keep up to this day. Maple syrup came from New England, silk from silk worms in Kentucky. In addition to farming, there was elaborate merchandising of herbs of all kinds, garden seed, milk, butter, eggs, cheese and poultry. They built up the straw broom industry, made harnessware, grist mills, cotton and woolen mills. They made stoves, ploughs, weaving, spinning, cloth dyeing, book binding, furniture making, tailoring, manufacturing of burlap bags. President Lincoln recognized the community as made up of conscientious objectors to war, and Presidents treated them with respect and visited their communities.

There is an article about community in Harpers' for December, about the Hutterites of South Dakota and the legislation against their buying any more property. During the month Dr. Karl Stern visited us on his way back to Montreal from Israel where he had been visiting his brother in one of the communal settlements there near the Syrian border and he described the place as a paradise, a land flowing with milk and honey compared with the barren ground of Syria.

Also during the month there were articles by Adlai Stevenson who had been travelling in Si-

beria, telling of the communal settlements there.

He told of a collective farm in Kazakhstan of 100,000 acres where 1,680 families lived and where everything was raised from grapes, grain, milk and honey, livestock of all kinds including silver foxes, 40,000 sheep and 180 camels.

"Incidentally," he added, "35 people were assigned to look after 1,500 pigs, which illustrates the labor waste all over the Soviet Union."

In the next day's issue of The Times the headlines of a story read, Half-billion Paid to State Jobless. There were 354,900 unemployed workers. Another story on the same page called for a Federal code to protect the migrant workers who numbered 35,000 in New York, 20,000 in New Jersey and 10,000 in Pennsylvania. Governor Harriman said that cattle were protected, unloaded for feed and water at stops along the way when they were transported by train. "But there is no such standard for migratory labor," he added.

Adlai Stevenson's article continued after his paragraph about "labor waste" in the Soviet Union.



Who shall separate us now from the love of CHRIST?

"On each collective farm each family has an acre or so around its house for itself—the amount varies—and can sell any surplus produce in the free market in town. The farmers' earnings are computed in workday units and paid in cash and produce." There were clubs and recreation halls, kindergartens and nurseries to take care of the babies while the women worked on the farm.

Former Ambassador Bedell Smith wrote in the same strain of the collective, communal and co-operative farms, and so did the Iowa farmers who visited on an exchange program some years ago. There is always talk of the labor waste, the numbers living in these settlements.

Midwest

In Purdue where I spoke the next week, one of the professors told me that farms out in that rich country of Indiana were worth \$60,000 for two hundred acres and that many of them were run by managers, sometimes one manager taking care of half a dozen farms!

Our huge farms have displaced the family, have done away with private property and personal property and created huge slum areas in the cities where the unemployed depend on the dole from the city and state.

It was of these things that I spoke as I went from one school to another, talking of love of God and love of brother, which should mean that we work for justice for the poor, rather than be silent about the causes of his poverty when we perform the works of mercy.

So often our friends say, in

CONSCRIPTION

And even the others will be grafted in, if they do not adhere to their unbelief, God can graft them in again. For if you have been cut from an olive which is naturally wild, and grafted, contrary to nature, upon a garden olive, how much more will the natural branches be grafted into their proper olive?

ROMANS 11:33-24 (MOFFATT)

The boys are grafted
Into their proper olive
Whether they grow, domestic, in a garden
Or, wild, in wood.

They have been drafted
And they shall, as they fall, live
A moment, as their hearts begin to harden
From fatal blood
Of brotherhood.

NO MAN'S LAND

And Jesus said . . . "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; —but the Son of man has nowhere to lay his head."

LUKE 9:58 (REVISED STANDARD VERSION)

Drafted, the son of man has found
A place to lay his head and rest
His body — it is dug-out ground
Of foxhole and machine-gun-nest.

TONY STONEBURNER

praising us and upholding us against critics, "Disregard all this talk about man—and the state, war and peace (pacifism and anarchism) and just consider their sacrifices for the poor! But if we did not speak the very stones would cry out.

It is our friends and readers visiting us who ask us also what we are doing to "rehabilitate" those who come to us hungry and homeless and sick, and yet do not recognize that all the "propaganda" in the Catholic Worker is with that end in view—"to make a kind of society where it is easier for men to be good." And that society will be a personalist and communitarian one, where each man will work according to his ability and receive according to his need, and where the abundance of one will supply the want of another, to quote Karl Marx and St. Paul respectively.

No Utopias

We certainly recognize the fact that we have here no lasting city, that the poor we will always have with us, that there will always be a need for the works of mercy. We know that true community will not be accomplished by force and we do not uphold it as the only way. But we cannot help but contrast the accounts of Adlai Stevenson with the news accounts of our jobless and our migrants. We cannot help but compare the luxury of West Berlin with the poverty and purpose of East Berlin.

Rochester

Between my engagements in New England and Indiana, I stopped off at Rochester to visit St. Joseph's House of Hospitality. Fr. Benedict Ehmann of Glens Falls New York, who has given us retreats in the past, gave us a day of recollection in the beautiful chapel which Joe Ciernecke built for the house some years ago. It was good to spend the long rainy day in silence and prayer, and to listen to the conferences Father gave on the Mass, the Mystical Body and Prayer. A good many of the group were present, the Farnes, the Lanzers, the Vidinghoffs and the Scabhills and many others. Tommy Scabhill used to run the house, and it has never been so homelike since. They are about to have their eleventh child.

Indianapolis

The Episcopal cathedral had been having a series of talks on the Church and Freedom and I spoke in the parish hall on Sunday night and the next day at Marian College.

After two weeks of travelling and speaking, I returned to New York to hear the good news that there is a house in the offing which would suit our purpose very well, and which the city would permit us to convert into what they have

insisted on classifying as our free hotel or roominghouse.

The news is not yet too good however, when we consider the enormous expenditures that will have to be made to make the front and rear house we contemplate comply with the law.

A bath for every four people! Sprinkler system. Steel self-closing doors.

Central heating. Hot water. Each room with a separate entrance.

There was even talk of an incinerator to be installed at the cost of \$4,000 or \$5,000 to consume our waste! We served roast pork and apple sauce, potatoes and string beans and coffee to five hundred on Thanksgiving day and there was not one small can of waste to be scraped off the plates! Our architect reconsidered however, and decided we could tear down the top story which would do away with the incinerator required for five story buildings.

However, even with all the rules and regulations met with, our family would have to be cut down to about 25 people instead of the sixty we now care for. Altogether the cost of renovating the buildings and paying the price asked would bring the cost up to \$60,000. This seems to us a gigantic sum to put out even if what we get from the city will cover it. But the building seems to be in a neighborhood not slated for demolition, and the cost of keeping people in flop-houses and paying rent for stores, lofts, apartments would eat up that much money in six years.

We are waiting to get the assent of the owner to sell, to find out whether the one tenant will vacate, whether we can raise the money to pay the contractors (we do not know how long the city will take to pay us) and what it all amounts to now is that we go from day to day, hoping and praying things will straighten out.

Last Notice

Since last writing there has been a court order permitting us to remain until January 15, over the protest of the engineers who are busily working away all around us. We have agreed to pay the rent which will amount to \$135 a month, the amount of our taxes, so they call it a nominal rent. When you receive this paper, we will have one month more in Chrystie street. After that our new office will be in the loft on Spring street for some months until we see what the next move is going to be.

Are there any of our readers who will lodge and board some of our family while we wait to get a new house?

Please note: our address is 223 Chrystie Street and when we move mail will be forwarded.

Peter Maurin Farm

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

It is good to think about silence and retreats in this holy season of Advent. Even here at Peter Maurin farm which is an oasis of peace and silence when compared with the hectic strife and turmoil of the life at the city House of Hospitality it is good to get away for a few days rest; to make a retreat and to prepare for the Advent of our Lord.

One does not have to go to a Trappist monastery to make a retreat, even though this is the ideal way to make a retreat of silence. There are many of us who can not spare the time or the money for the bus fare; that is if we live far away from the monastery. But if we live in a big city we can usually join a small group making a private closed retreat at some nearby Religious House. The Catholic Almanac lists the addresses of many retreat houses where lay people are welcome for a day of rest and prayer.

But even if it is not possible to get away for a day one can still make a retreat of silence. We in New York are indeed fortunate that there are so many Catholic churches open all day—and at St. Francis of Assisi church on West 31st Street one can go to confession at any time. There are always priests on attendance. A good confession is an excellent way to begin one's private retreat.

We at Peter Maurin farm are indeed fortunate in that we have a Chapel (named in honor of St. Therese) where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved and where we have the privilege of Daily Mass. It is a consoling thought to know that Our Lord is with us, and that we can go to Him at any time with our troubles and that He will receive us.

Most people are not clear about the benefits of silence; those who think about silence only in terms of cessation of noise fail to understand its positive health giving qualities. Silence is not negative. Silence is not a mere absence of noise. Silence is a positive reality and one that modern man in his industrial civilization rarely has the opportunity of experiencing. There seems to be a conspiracy to keep man away from silence; for in silence man comes face to face with reality and begins to think—and a man who thinks will not for long countenance the evils of our modern day industrialism. A man who thinks will not sell his soul working at a job he hates, to get

money in order to buy things which the advertisers tell him is necessary for this earth's salvation.

We have periods of quiet in the city, but quiet is not to be identified with silence. There may be an absence of sound, but beneath the surface of things there is agitation and turmoil. But silence, true silence brings peace of soul.

Silence—holy silence is positive and beneficial; it is the man of silence who is the creator and who spreads peace and joy of soul. One of the loveliest Introits in the Missal is taken from the Sunday within the octave of Christmas:

"While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy almighty Word, O Lord, came down from heaven from Thy royal throne."

My favorite place to make a retreat of silence is at the seashore. There is something about the rhythm of the tides and the gentle washing of the waves that induce a state of contemplation in one's soul.

This afternoon at the beach I felt myself enveloped in a blanket of silence. All sounds had disappeared and one could barely hear the gentle washing of the waves. The sea gulls whirling in graceful swoops were strangely silent and far off in the distance one could see a plane, but oddly enough there was no noise. For a moment I thought I was deaf and snapped my finger—and at that moment the sounds of the city came back.

One of the most unusual sights is to see grass growing on the streets of New York City. Only a short walk away from our farm one can come upon the strange spectacle of seeing concrete streets falling to pieces and covered over with grass. It is a wonderful place to meditate on the vanity of man's work and to conjecture that even New York City will some day revert back to nature unless there is a change in the hearts of men.

One has the eerie impression of being lost in an ancient ruin as one walks over the concrete sidewalks that lose themselves in the tangled underbrush. One wonders at the madness of a civilization that lays out streets and then abandons them to the ever encroaching brush. One wonders at what mysterious force of economics (was it the depression) that caused the builders to lay down their tools and flee the site.

A careful investigation of the diggings soon discloses the reason

I UNDERSTAND that it is difficult to practice community. But most seem to think that we can be Christian and hold property from and against others. That is an error. Christ said: "You cannot serve God and mammon." Without violence and murder, property cannot be maintained. If we hold property without committing violence ourselves, it is only because such property is guaranteed by the violence of paid functionaries whose job is to maintain property. To admit property is to admit violence, tribunals, and murder, and it is worthless to refuse police and military service, to then admit property. Christ's teaching cannot be fractioned, it forms an indivisible whole.

Leo Tolstoy (d. 1910)

for the abandonment of the project. Homes were to be built here and the trend in our society seems to be away from Homes and the building of monuments to the Beast from Detroit. It is a sad commentary on our politicians that more and more homes are being demolished in order to make way for more bridges and roads. It would be much better if the money that was wasted in highway construction was used to build better homes for people.

We have caught up with the answering of the appeal mail; that is, except for the few who have neglected to give us their address. However, we are searching through our files and as soon as we can find the address a personal acknowledgment will be sent. We are indeed grateful for the many letters that we have received. We want all our readers to know that we are thankful and humbled by their expressions of generosity and their promises of prayer. We who live at The Catholic Worker consider ourselves the servants of the farm and the House of Hospitality which in reality is owned by the readers of our paper. We hope that our readers will understand that it was almost impossible to write each one a long letter giving them news of the activities of the work, but we want them to understand that with each card and letter went our prayers.

The other indoor activity is the hand printing of prayer cards. We have a small hand press that we use mainly to print cards and pictures for our correspondence. If any of our readers would care to receive a small packet of prayer cards just write to me care of Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island 9, NYC.

Thomas Hughes' Report

It has been getting steadily colder here on the Farm. The pond has already frozen over several times. I watched to see the reaction of the geese. I was sure they would be startled when they tried to take their swim. But I was disappointed. Geese live a long time and they have probably lived longer than I have and so this wasn't their first ice. They just ignored it.

If it stays this cold John will be able to get on with the butchering. We have already butchered the goat and the meat was delicious. It tasted like roast beef. Some of it was taken into Chrystie Street. The hide of the goat was saved and Charles Butterworth got a book on how to cure hides and that's what we're trying to do. Our sheep is also dead. It poisoned itself, we

think, by eating something that was bad for it. Charles Russell buried it out in the garden. He will be a professional grave digger soon. This is the third grave he's dug since he's been here.

Both cows, Daisy Mae and Josephine are going to have calves in the spring, Daisy in June, Jo in July. The pen which was formerly occupied by the sheep and goat is being turned into a maternity ward. It has all been cleaned out and fresh hay has been placed on the floor. We are going to knock down all the webs and whitewash the pen. Right now we are storing squash in there, but the squash will be moved to the bull's pen when he is dead. It will be good to have two nice calves around instead of the nasty tempered bull.

Ed Willock and his son Michael are staying for a visit. Mike will go home Saturday to attend school but Ed plans to stay here a little while longer. We had a delicious turkey for Thanksgiving and Jonas made some sassafras tea which, in my opinion, tastes very much like root beer when it has been sweetened with sugar.

The human population has now reached twenty-two. It is a lucky thing we will have all the meat from the bull and the two pigs. With such a huge population, that meat will really be necessary. John has cut all the cabbages and is making a huge barrel of sauerkraut, so we'll have that too. The Peter Maurin Farm wishes a very merry Christmas to everyone.

Postscript by Beth Rogers

Johannah Hughes made the Advent wreath this year, and it was blessed by our good friend Father Matt Foley from Sacred Heart Parish in Brooklyn, who came the first Sunday of Advent with some of the couples from the Christian Family Movement in his parish. They had conferences, ending with Rosary, Vespers, and Benediction, and then had supper. The group came last time in Lent, and it is always a pleasure to have them.

On September 28, Father Bryan Karvelis, from Transfiguration Church, Brooklyn, came with a Legion of Mary group. These were people of Puerto Rican background, many of them born on the Island, and we had the, to us, new experience of hearing Benediction hymns in Spanish, in addition to the more familiar Latin ones. There was also Compline in Spanish.

Mike Dumanski, from St. Francis' Acres, our good friends in Glen Gardner, N. J., has been visiting for the past month. We have had visits also from three Benedictine priests, Father Sebastian Schramel, from St. John's, Collegeville; Father Henry Kucera, from St. Procopius', Lisle, Ill.; and Father Robert Case, from St. Anselm's, Manchester, N. H.; and from Father Brice of the Passionist Monastery, Jamaica, L.I. Other recent new acquaintances are Dennis Shunney, from Central Falls, R. I., who visited with his sister, Julia Shunney, who lives in New York, and Mrs. W. H. Walter, from Canada, who has been visiting New York.

We have just acquired the Welch Chorale's recording of the Gelinau Psalms in English. The psalms are translated from the French Jerusalem Bible, which is based on the Hebrew, and they have been set to a new psalmody by the French Jesuit priest, Joseph Gelinau. I heard some of the psalms for the first time at the Grail last summer, and found them simple and easy to remember. The English record, which is 33-1/4 rpm, is issued by the Gregorian Institute of America, 2132 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, Ohio, and the English text is available from St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. There is also a beautiful recording in French by the Little Singers of Provence, which is available from the International Music Store, Ltd., 1334 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

to open a free hotel and coffee house for the "derelicts."

Larry Evers and Arthur Harvey spent a couple of weeks painting our new quarters on Spring Street and on Thanksgiving and the two days that followed a work camp organized by Bob Stowell came in from Conn. and Indiana and in three days did a tremendous amount of work. They covered with heavy, transparent plastic the large front window which let in so much cold wind. We have started moving little by little (the work camp was responsible for most of the moving done so far), most of the equipment in the basement has been transferred to the loft and the office equipment that is not needed at the moment.

The Transit Authority's construction gang has begun wrecking the house next door so that if any one of us was able to pretend that our days at Chrystie Street are not numbered we can't any longer. We served three hundred meals here Thanksgiving Day and we will do the same again Christmas if the house doesn't collapse on our heads before then. The court set the deadline for our vacating the premises at January 15th. We have prospects of an apartment for the women near the loft and our friend Isadore Fazio has offered to take in four of our men into his large cold-water flat on Essex Street and the rest of us will put up in hotels. We had prospects of a front and rear house on Spring but one of the two tenants still living there refuses to move and we won't dispossess anyone. It was quite a disappointment but before we had time to feel sorry for ourselves God sent us two other families in situations as precarious as our own. The first is a Puerto Rican family we helped move this week from a terribly cramped furnished apartment on Broome Street to one of the low cost housing projects overlooking the East River. They have no beds and their social worker, because of some red tape, told the mother that she and her husband and three children would have to continue sleeping on the floor rolled up in blankets for a time because he could not give them emergency funds to make a down payment on beds. The heat is turned off in the apartments at ten in the evening and the floor is so cold that the children don't sleep well and can't go to school the next morning. We found one large double mattress for the children to use but had no beds to spare.

For some months now we have been paying sixteen dollars a week for an apartment for a middle aged woman and her imbecile son whom we have written about before in the Catholic Worker. The woman herself is rather difficult to get along with and her son, a deaf mute, when irritated or frightened howls like a tortured animal and for these reasons they are not tolerated in any but the poorest sections. The tenement where they occupy a small basement apartment is one of those without heat and after 1959 no building will be allowed to stand unless it has central heating in New York. Their landlord, who has decided not to comply with the law knows that his building will be torn down so he has quit doing any repair work. This basement apartment we spoke of at present has no water, no heat, and no window panes and the landlord's nephew had to be bribed to repair the only light fixture. And the rent remains sixteen dollars a week. Charlie Butterworth went over to talk to the landlord tonight and I don't know what the outcome is yet. Christmas is only three weeks away but evictors, and rent collectors and landlords don't declare any truce. Exploitation goes on in season and out of season and Christ is murdered every day in the poor.

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