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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Now I am home again in peace and joy, after travelling from New York to Vancouver, down the coast to San Diego, across the South through Phoenix and New Orleans, down to Tampa and West Palm Beach and up through Atlanta to New York. And I did quite a bit of zigzagging through the middle west, too. The entire trip took four months and it was a sketchy trip at that. I could have travelled four years and not exhausted Catholic Worker contacts. New England was left out altogether, and the east. But I visited many Catholic Worker houses, farms, groups in the city and families and groups of families in the country side.

* * *

The articles that I wrote these past three months were about Helen Caldwell's work in Memphis, about the idea of family communities on the land, about working among the migrants, about Carroll McCool and St. Colletta's house of Hospitality in Oakland (in this issue). I'm afraid liturgists will object to the last article on the grounds of too much emphasis on private devotion and too little on corporate devotion, the Mass and the Office. I haven't read over the article since I wrote it before Christmas, but I am convinced that daily Mass and communion, and recitation of whatever part of the office the busy layman can achieve, will result in a desire to live as closely united to God as possible, in "the practice of the presence of God," to use Brother Lawrence's phrase, and the practice of "praying without ceasing." The very word practice brings with it the idea of learning. We practice scales in learning the piano. And any

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A Communist?

By DR. JOHANNES UDE
Grundsee, Austria

All who know me and my over 50-year-old public activity on behalf of a reform of life and of peace will certainly be surprised that because by word and writing I work—from the standpoint of the natural law and Christianity—against war and for peace. I am being branded as "communist," and even "Soviet spy." This happened on the occasion of my lecture tour in Rhineland, where I sharply took a position against the rearmament of Germany, refused the German general agreement and urged disarmed neutrality and peace negotiations for the German nation. On the occasion of my talk on the theme "Way of Life and Christianity" in Koblenz, I said among others:

"Is the sentence 'If you want peace, prepare for war—be armed,'

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The Sin of Anti-Semitism

"Spiritually We Are All Semites"—Pope Pius XI

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

It is of critical importance that pacifists take an unequivocal position on the recent evidence of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union and the satellite countries. Critical of both war camps, the fact that we live in the United States means that we often devote the majority of our efforts to analyzing American foreign policy. But we are against both war camps and we cannot ignore the horrors of one of them because we happen to live in the other.

The Evidence

The evidence that the Soviet Union is engaging in calculated anti-Semitism is unmistakable.

It is no secret that the governments of satellite countries, like Czechoslovakia, follow the policy decisions of Moscow. And in the case of such a major shift in the line, the responsibility for the Prague trials can be imputed, at least in part, to Moscow. Are these trials anti-Semitic?

The January, 1953, issue of Commentary Magazine, published by the American Jewish Committee, carries a partial transcript of the trial, taken from the official Prague radio broadcast and the Communist paper, Rude Pravo. The indictment, in the case of Jews, reads: "... Rudolf Slansky, of Jewish origin ... Note that this is a reference to 'racial origin,' not to supposed political sympathy with Zionism.

The most directly racist testimony in the trial occurs in the case of the defendant, Bedrich Geminder. "Prosecutor: 'You never learned to speak decent Czech?' Geminder: 'That's right.' Prosecutor: 'Which language do you speak usually?' Geminder: 'German.' Prosecutor: 'Can you really speak a decent German?' Geminder: 'I didn't speak German for a long time, but I know the German lan-

guage.' Prosecutor: 'As well as you know Czech?' Geminder: 'Yes.' Prosecutor: 'That means that you speak no language decently. A

typical cosmopolitan!' Geminder: 'Yes.'

Now this is a vicious attack on

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Five Years on the Land

By JACK and MARY THORNTON

We read Dorothy's article in the December issue about the land movement and its hardships, and it inspired us to give a short report on our activities on the land. It is now over five years since we have been married and have been gone from the CW, and, except for a brief stay in New York, and one year in Toronto, we have been on the land ever since. This is quite a while to spend at any activity, and one would suspect that we had learned quite a bit. We haven't learned very much. Having been born and reared in the city we did not know, how to

work, and this proved to be the cause of most of our troubles. Having had little capital, we never quite had enough tools and equipment. Spending quite a bit of time around the CW did not prepare us for the ways of the world of business, and we have been trusting where we should have been cautious, naive where we should have been wise. In short, we have been fools in the ways of the world, and, we hope, for Christ's sake. But in spite of all our trials and tribulations we are still on the land, though we haven't made

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Life of Prayer and Poverty

By DOROTHY DAY

When I left New York, October first, I put in the hands of the statue of St. Francis, in the courtyard of the church at 32nd St., a bright red rose, and begged that he teach me ever more about poverty.

And now I am here on the west coast, having reached the furthest point of my travels, and I have indeed learned more about poverty, from Carol McCool who runs the St. Colette house in Oakland, California. St. Colette house used to be Maurin House started three years ago by Charles Geohagan, who got the work under way and then had to leave. Bill Everson, whose poems appear in the Catholic Worker, and who is now Brother Antoninus, came to take over, and Carroll, just out of the Trappists at Utah, came for a visit. He was just staying for Lent, he said, and he is there yet, and he knows that it is his vocation. They changed the name of Maurin House to St. Colette's house because people took to calling it Moron house and it hurt Carroll both for the sake of Peter and for the poor, who were being despised.

Three years ago I visited this house and now when I am visiting it again, in the same cold rainy weather, the house is just the same. At Fifth street, across the street from a park, around the corner from markets, St. Vincent de Paul stores, and the Welfare bureau, there is this little store, part of a building which is soon to come down because of a highway (the same old story in every part of the country.) In this little store, where there is a sink and a stove, and plenty of pots and pans, and two long tables which make an angle, six hundred men are fed every afternoon. There is no line because the men come and go from twelve until five. The work can all be done in that time. Vegetables by the sack, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, onions, all are donated, and there is meat and bones for stock. There is plenty of bread, at one cent a pound and there is always plenty of soup.

On the next block is another house, at 486 Fourth street, which is called simply the annex, and there is no name over the door. There are seventeen beds in one room, halfdozen in another, a few here and there, and at night about 35 men can be taken care of. There is a clothes room, and a small room for Carroll and a kitchen with a wood burner stove which heats the kitchen and takes the damp out of the house. Out in the back there is a long yard stacked with cliffs of wood against the fence—all that is necessary to keep warm, and given by the markets. There is also a garden with carnations in bloom and tomato plants growing against the wall, and beds full of salad and herbs, grown by the two Italian men who lived upstairs. I have a sprig of sweet smelling thyme in my pocket now and it is smelling up my rosary beads.

Here in this house, or rather in an old damp shed in back of this house of the poor, Bill Everson set up his big hand press and turned

out a masterpiece of printing art, on handmade paper, bound in vellum, and illustrated by Mary Fabilli—poems of exquisite beauty. Out of disorder and destitution, perfect beauty has sprung.

And in the little room off the dormitory Carroll leads a life of prayer.

"I learned to pray with him," Bill said to me when I visited him at St. Albert's later. "We prayed together and we prayed alone. Literally, Carroll is a man who prays without ceasing. No matter what happened, he was never perturbed. He just went on with his beads. He had them in his hands day and night. He wore them down by half while I was there. One day he had to go away for a week, and he handed me a rosary and two dollars (and thirty-five men around and a bread line of a thousand then.) I was terrified, but I kept to the beads and when he came back I handed him fifty dollars change. We prayed walking along Merritt Lake, and we prayed walking the streets. We prayed in his little room, kneeling, sitting. I came across The Way of the Pilgrim, in a Book of Russian Spirituality, and I read it aloud to him, and while I read, he prayed. Our life was prayer, literally. I would have died, living down there without it. I could never have stayed here, if I had not had it."

"Here" was St. Albert's Dominican house where I was first greeted by Francis Bates, who is now Frater Urban and who will be ordained next month. Francis was with the Catholic Worker house in Milwaukee and in one of our conscientious objector camps during the second war.

"Here" was where Brother Antoninus had set up his press again and where he is engaged, still at prayer, in setting up and printing the new Latin translation of the psalms, in an edition of fifty copies, one of which is to be sent to Pope Pius XII. He is the caretaker, too, of the incunabula (editions in the first fifty years of printing) and other rare volumes, one of which is the polyglot Bible, a rare item. There is one set at the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

"Here" was also where we attended compline at five, kneeling in the balcony above the monks ranged in rows, on either side of the church, clad in white with their black capes and hoods, chanting the psalms and singing antiphons and hymns, and closing with the procession and the incomparable Salve Regina.

"To think that this goes on in this day and age," said a non-Catholic friend who was with us. I said apologetically that our friends deplored the luxury of the surroundings, and he commented, "Do you call that luxury?" which comforted me but did not convince me.

Later when we surveyed the dormitory of St. Colette's House together, and again I felt like apologizing that this was all one could do—he commented that it

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FLIGHT TO ROME

By TOM SULLIVAN

On a Saturday morning, Jan. 3, I received an unexpected phone call from a life long friend. Would I like to fly to Rome with him for two weeks—all expenses paid? This stupendous gift and opportunity were seized within five minutes.

After a week of dashing madly around town for a passport and vaccination I was on a plane chartered for Rome on the 12th of January. The flight to Rome was terrifying but beautiful. Flying over the snowcapped Swiss Alps is an experience I will never forget. I also discovered that I was a backseat pilot as I sweated out the landings and takeoffs of the plane besides keeping a steady eye on the motion of the engine props.

We landed in Rome of a late Tuesday afternoon. As soon as we checked into a hotel we walked around Rome. Night was upon us but we walked past the Coliseum and lesser monuments. Childhood history book lessons flashed through my mind. I could vaguely recall the inadequate sketches

drawn on those pages and now the bridge with reality was made.

Later that same evening we boarded a bus for the Vatican where we wandered in Saint Peter's Square by the light of the moon. Saint Peter's was closed for the night since it was past 11 o'clock. However, it was sufficient for one evening to have finally laid eyes on St. Peter's Church with all the statues and the beautiful nearby colonades plus the water spraying fountain in the center of the square.

The next eight days were spent in and around Rome.

One morning we stood on benches for two hours to see the public consistory of the newly made cardinals. Our vantage points were no more than twenty feet away from the Princes of the Church as they received the red hats from the Holy Father. The splendor of this ceremony was electrifying. The highpoint of this morning was the sight of the Pope being carried in his chair with

thirty thousand people shouting "Viva il Papa." The Holy Father turned from one side to another blessing all of us in the church. If the Holy Father hadn't been carried aloft around the church only a handful would be able to see him and this would be a real privation.

I was very fortunate one Tuesday morning to participate in a special audience with the Pope. Some seventy other people shared the audience. His Holiness offered his hand to every person in the room and spoke a few words to each. He asked your name, home and occupation. I gave him my name and said I was with the Catholic Worker in New York. He smiled and said, "That is fine" as he moved on to the next person in line. The Holy Father gave each one of us a medal before we left.

At the invitation of a friend I tagged along for a meeting with the newly made cardinal from Bombay, India, Cardinal Gracias. It proved to be a most refreshing session to meet this man who epitomized the very best qualities that you would desire in an official representative of the Church.

Friday noon I visited the Sistine Chapel and the Museum of Art in the Vatican buildings. Wisely or not, I tried to cover everything I had ever wanted to see in Rome during the period of a week. The Chapel and the art work in the museum confirmed all the superlatives that I had always heard of them.

I threw all sensible advice to the winds and rushed around Rome from the catacombs of St. Callisto to St. Paul's within the walls then over to St. John's Lateran and finally to St. Mary Major. In true superficial tourist style I hit all the high spots that I could think of including the Pantheon and at least twenty different churches whose names I can't remember. I cringed and fled each time I ran across other tourists carefully studying guide books before mountains of tradition and art.

I spent thirty hours in Florence after a six hour train ride from Rome. It seemed that all the other

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The Death of a Good Friend

Thomas Sugrue died on the feast of Epiphany. His death was due to insurmountable complications which set in as a result of an operation which occurred seven weeks previously. For the past fifteen years of his life Tom had been in the vice-like grip of arthritis which precluded any movement on the part of his limbs. Yet he put up a most incredible battle for survival during those last seven weeks of intense suffering in the Joint Disease hospital.

It is not trite to state that Tom's death is a severe loss to all those that knew him. We have seldom seen so many people weep at the death of one man. Despite one's agreement or disagreement with Tom's viewpoints on religion and kindred subjects it was a real inspiration to know him and to marvel at the manner in which he survived his impossible physical handicaps.

During a lecture at Community Hall about a year ago, he was being grilled on his belief in the existence of God. The individual who pushed the question said he could not believe in a God who would permit such pain and suffering in this world. Tom replied that he would never have been able to understand pain (which he seemed to have more than his share of) if he did not believe in God—there was no other way to explain it.

A true sign of greatness in any man is his ability to retain a firm friendship with individuals who have disagreed with him on one or more occasions. Tom had that greatness. We know because we had disagreed with Tom but had been fortunate enough to retain a warm close friendship with him.

It was most fitting that Tom had the most beautiful burial Mass for the dead that we have ever witnessed. The Mass was sung at Corpus Christi Church in Manhattan where Father George B. Ford is pastor.

By Tom Sullivan

Migrant Cotton Pickers

ELOI—ELOY
By AMMON HENNACY

"Pick clean there men, or else weigh in and go home," said the foreman to a hundred of us who were scratching our hands and faces and tearing our clothing searching out the scarce cotton that the \$8,000 mechanical cotton picker had not "picked clean." This machine had bent the tall brittle cotton stalks sideways so it was impossible not to be torn by them. It had also scattered loose cotton on the ground which we were supposed to, entangle from twigs and pack in our long twelve foot sack which dragged behind us from the hitch over our shoulder like a giant worm.

Experienced cotton pickers sought out those rows which had the most cotton. The foreman being wise to this had told a few of us to finish some short rows first. When he had gone back to the truck to rest his big body some of the more decrepit winos had started rows but deserted them and had taken their bottles under a tree. We who had begun our rows to the left of them now found ourselves in the midst of unpicked cotton on both sides. Hence, in part, the rage of the foreman who raced after the winos.

Phoenix prices for picking cotton had been \$3.50 a hundred pounds; 50c more than before. A good picker in good cotton might make \$14 in a day, but "following

up the damn machine," as the fellows said, at \$2.50 a hundred was the devil's own work—and a better way to deflate one's ego than with liquor, I would say. Sure don't feel high and mighty at the end of the day. Regular farm wages had increased from 60c an hour to 75c an hour in the last five years here, but cotton picking, despite the subsidies to the growers from the government remained the same in the cotton center of the state: Eloy.

I had sawed weed and cleaned ditches for the Old Pioneer, picked up fallen maize in the field for the former owner of the mules I have told of before in the CW, since I came back from my eastern and northern trip Dec. 16, and had a week's visit with Dorothy when she spoke here. Irrigating would not commence for a few days so I came to Eloy to try my hand again at picking cotton. Tradition says that this growing settlement received its name years ago from the Jewish merchant who stopped off the train and whose first words were the Hebrew, "Eloi," meaning "my God," which was ejaculated, not in praise, but in dismay at such a desert waste. This was later Anglicized into "Eloy." If he had viewed this area in the spring or to the immediate north and east had seen the giant suahare cactus and the beautiful desert flowers he

would likely have said "eloi" in praise.

The Cot-House

Getting in after dark I paid 75c to occupy cot number 17 among the 30 in one of the unventilated cot-houses in the center of town. I did not see any sign limiting inmates to the Jim Crow category as I had noticed in most restaurants, but all whom I saw here were whites. After renting my cot I went to a restaurant and had a small order of fried beans with some kind of Mexican noodles on top, a nice warm tortilla, and pie and coffee. Most of the men were already in bed at 8 p.m., perhaps not sleeping, but resting. A few were around telling stories. The red-faced elderly man at my left was asleep. The one to the right tried to sleep but coughed violently and spat on the floor all night. (I don't believe much in germs so didn't worry). Across from me was a wino who also wheezed and coughed all night. He was not yet in bed but was spreading his disgust with himself and the world to the man next to him who was in bed and to a man sitting nearby.

"I used to drink a quart a day for four years but I quit it. I'm not so damn hot now, for I mess around a little, but I found out one thing in life: that is not to worry about anything; it'll get you

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Maryfarm

By MILDRED SHADEG

"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will." These words are still echoing and re-echoing in hundreds of thousands of Masses each day throughout the year. It was New Year's Eve at Maryfarm. Everyone serenely and quietly performed his or her respective task with enthusiasm for the approaching feast. Mollie and Mary were busy in the dining room re-decorating the tables and re-arranging the beautiful flowers that the Palatine Florist had given us. They placed new candles in the lovely birch log which Joe Cotter had made for the holiday centerpiece. Barney, Joe and John were busy in the kitchen preparing the New Year's dinner which was furnished through the generosity of Maryfarm friends. John was beautifying the chapel and watering the gorgeous poinsettias which had been given to us on Christmas Eve by the Malone Bannon Florist. We practised the sacred carols which were to be sung on New Year's Day. While others were busy cleaning and bringing in the fuel, Phil, the artist, came along with a beautiful statue of Our Blessed Mother that he had just finished painting for the dining room. With hearts full of gratitude for those who by their generosity had helped bring happiness to everyone at Maryfarm, we congregated in the chapel for night prayers.

New Year's Celebration

On New Year's Day as at Christmas, we thanked God for all His wonderful blessings. The ground was covered with a beautiful white blanket of snow. Candles were gleaming in the chapel and elsewhere. The attendance at Holy Mass was very good. Everyone participated wholeheartedly in singing the High Mass. Father Faley delivered an eloquent sermon on the Feast of the Day — the Circumcision of Our Lord. At 12:30 p.m. the chapel was again filled for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Following this, all assembled in the dining room for dinner. We rejoiced to see such a large group of men from the road enjoying the delicious hot meal with all the trimmings, and also to share with them the message of Christmas and the New Year. The party in the evening was also enjoyed by

all. Games were played, carols were sung, stories were told. Barney told an interesting incident of a family who made a heroic resolution to live as Christians and who persevered throughout the year. In conclusion, Father Faley summed up the year's how to make and New Year's resolutions.

Winter in its Rigor

On January 9, winter set in with all its rigor. The gasoline chain-saw which for days had been heard buzzing from morning till night grew silent. Maryfarm cannot afford to buy coal for the greedy furnace in the main building, and John and his crew had worked hard to supply enough wood for the severe weather ahead. In this connection we are grateful to the City of Newburgh for sending us several truck loads of wood at crucial times.

A Little Diversion

On days when weather conditions did not permit work outdoors, the men concentrated on other types of work. Phil has been doing a fine job of lettering, regilding and varnishing the framework of the outdoor Stations of the Cross. Barney made beautiful rosaries. Charles Murillo, who is about to join the navy has been touching up some of our antique furniture. John has made several beautiful crosses of red cedar from the Maryfarm woods for our main building and huts. He also made some smaller ones for some of us. Several men hitch-hiked into town to solicit food for Maryfarm and to visit James at the city hospital. James had come to us one evening with frozen feet. He had slept outdoors in the cold, and had been given a ride to Maryfarm by two strangers. Gangrene had already set in, so on the following day, he was taken to the hospital. If Maryfarm had a car, more of us could visit James, our brother in Christ, and others like him who have no one to visit them. With a car more food could be brought home to feed these hungry mouths, and more soliciting could be done. Since 1948, Maryfarm has fed and sheltered hundreds of indigent people. It is Christ Who is cold. It is Christ Who is hungry. It is Christ Who is ill and unable to work. It is Christ Who has

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The Authority of the Church In Relation to Pacifism

By ROBERT LUDLOW

The magisterium (teaching power) of the Church is generally reckoned as operating in three ways. Through the ordinary teaching power, through general councils, through the Holy See. Abstracting for the moment from the first method it is to be noted that the rulings on faith and morals defined in a General Council of the Church and ratified by the Holy See are infallible. Also that in-



fallibility is the prerogative of the Sovereign Pontiff when in the exercise of his office and as successor to St. Peter and Vicar of Christ on earth, he defines a doctrine of faith or morals, so specifying, and proclaims it to be binding on all the faithful. Since pacifism has not been defined or rejected by either of these methods the problem develops with those who state that pacifism has been rejected by the first method i.e. by the ordinary tradition of the Church.

This matter of the Church being infallible in her ordinary teachings is something which has not been ironed out by theologians with anything like the clarity of their position on the other two methods. It gives rise to many difficulties. It could only apply to a teaching of the Church which is unanimously held, for if the Church allows more than one opinion on a matter it is quite evident that she is not conscious of one of those

opinions being taught as infallibly true. Now it is apparent that there are now divisions of opinion on the question of pacifism and conscientious objection, that the Church is aware of these differences, and that since she allows the differences to exist it is quite rash for either side to the dispute to call the other side heretical.

St. Vincent

St. Vincent de Lerins attempted a formula by which to determine when a teaching could be regarded as part of Catholic tradition and therefore infallible. This he expressed as "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est." That is, when a teaching has always been held, and held everywhere, and by all, it is then to be regarded as an integral part of Catholic teaching to deny which would be heretical.

Father Bulgakov points out the inadequacy of this formula: "Nevertheless, this principle, systematically applied, cannot have the universal importance which is sometimes attributed to it. First, this maxim excluded all possibility of the historic origin of new dogmatic formulae, for they do not agree with the semper of the maxim. So, to demand that tradition should be oecumenical quantitatively — ob omnibus et ubique — does not seem to correspond to the essentials of things, for then local traditions would become impossible (and nevertheless these traditions can, in the course of time, become universal). Besides, it can happen that the truth of the Church is professed not by a majority but by a minority of members (for example, at the time of Arianism). In general the above maxim makes impossible all movement in Church tradition, which is nevertheless movement itself; the life of the Church would be condemned to immobility, and its history would become superfluous and even impertinent. This is

why the maxim of Vincent of Lerins, understood formally, does not correspond at all with the whole of the life of the Church. Thus it can be accepted only in a limited and relative sense, in the sense that true dogmas, already proclaimed by the Church as such, are obligatory for all."

It seems to me rather obvious that the question of pacifism is not going to be settled by an appeal to the general teaching of the Church. That, if it is settled at all, it will be by a General Council or by an ex cathedra decision of the Holy Father. To such a decision the Catholic pacifist must submit or cease to be Catholic. Non-Catholics who do not see this, simply have no understanding of Catholicism. If they assert that such a position is immoral because it evidences a willingness to violate one's conscience at the behest of ecclesiastical authority. What is not understood is that the Catholic would violate his own conscience if he placed it above the Church. A person cannot really believe in the infallibility of the Church if he makes the reservation "provided the Church teaches my opinions, decides in my favor." Nor, for the Catholic, can there ever be an appeal from the Church to Christ. For the Church is the Body of Christ and "he who hears you hears Me."

For the pacifist then, the Catholic pacifist, it is like this. That he has moral certainty of the truth of pacifism. But he has absolute certainty that the Church, in the ways mentioned above, is infallible — because Christ, who established the Church and promised the gates of Hell would not prevail against her, is God, and God is infallible. So, should it come to a conflict between our personal opinions (no matter how strongly held) and the official teaching of the Church, we

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Open Letter

R. 3, Box 227, Phoenix, Arizona.
Jan. 13, 1953.
Office of Internal Revenue,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sir:

As a Christian Anarchist I am refusing to pay my income tax for the tenth consecutive year. Each time I have emphasized various reasons for this action. As you are a new tax man I will briefly sum up my argument against "rendering unto Caesar." As Dorothy Day of the CATHOLIC WORKER says of my action: "He does not take from Caesar and he does not have to give to Caesar." As an anarchist I do not vote, accept police protection, or any pension, subsidy or social security. As a Christian I depend upon God rather than the government.

As a Conscientious Objector in both wars I am in the habit of refusing to support war. Most of the income tax goes for war and for more terrible A Bomb, H Bomb and napalm warfare. I am not helping out in this plain murder.

The moral argument of the Christian Anarchist is as plain and simple as the Sermon on the Mount. When Jesus was asked if the woman caught in sin should be stoned He said: "He that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her... Love your enemy... Turn the other cheek... Return good for evil." This does not mean throwing atom bombs. Today few Christians have been told by their lead-

ers that they cannot serve God and Mammon—they do not get the implications of this teaching of Jesus. Have you thought that when you vote for a judge who says ten years, or life, or death; or when you vote for a legislator who determines the penalty; or when you vote for a Governor or a President who appoints the hangman and the warden who hands out this ten years, or life, or death, you are making these men your arm to throw a stone and are thus denying Christ?

The economic argument of the Christian Anarchist is also very short and to the point. Increased efficiency of machinery has produced more goods than the worker can buy back with his wages. The Marshall Plan foreign aid and our war and arming the non-Communist world uses up this surplus and thus keeps away the depression that would otherwise occur. Television, new models of cars, radios, etc. perform a double service: they keep people going in debt so they dare not act as free men; and they keep them so busy and befuddled that they cannot think. Thus they are victims of the loyalty oath, "defense" plans, "my country right or wrong" psychology.

We subsidize French and Dutch armies and keep the colonies of these imperialist countries in subjection in Africa, Indo-China and the Far East. We fall into the Communist trap by always helping the

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Smashed Windows Among the Puerto Ricans

By EILEEN FANTINO

The Third Avenue El rumbles over a small dusty store which is filled with flashing things. An old man with a look of sanctified resignation, as much a part of him as his battered hat, earns his living there selling window glass and mirrors. He has to move soon because the building his store is in has been condemned by the city. We met him one slushy afternoon when the rain didn't have to try hard to prove that it could melt snow. After locating his headquarters and not finding him in, we had planted ourselves in the doorway to wait, being that the swallows always return to Capistrano. It was one of those days when any situation is comfortable that keeps us away from the Center, the banging of the piano, exploding cap pistols, inhuman screams, and rowdy songs of our happy little group.

For weeks we had all shivered scandalously because of the frozen air sweeping in through our numerous broken windows. We patched some with cardboard but it didn't help much. Each pane had a history of its own and a story to tell. How many nerve-splitting incidents ended in a snowball, rock, or other lethal weapon depositing itself on our floor, and with it the sad remains of a window pane. Rising above our inertia, fellow-conspirator McCoy and I decided we would get the windows fixed, so there we were, orphans of the storm, watching the rain disturb the gray puddles, waiting for our hero.

Our courage was soon rewarded as our friend greeted us, casually dragging some pieces of long wood

behind him. We explained our problem and he assured us in the manner of a country doctor that he would take care of everything.

We left for the Casita and because we looked socially conscious or had ears he began to tell us the plights of the small businessman, never allowing the mounds of slush on the ground to interfere with his carefully chosen words or the steady up and down rhythm of his gray mustache. We discussed the miserable rotting tenements around us, the congestion, the fact that the city was condemning buildings all over the area and the lack of substitute housing. He said the city was moving too slowly in replacing the demolished buildings. "If private companies would handle it you'd see how fast they would go up," he said. We pointed out that private companies are not interested in low-cost housing for the poor because of their greed for profit. Our mood grew darker as he told us of his difficulty in getting a new location for his business and his home. "These days if you're on relief maybe you can get rooms because the money comes in, or if you're rich and don't have to worry, but if you've got a little business to keep you going, they want to know where you were born, how much you've got in the bank, if you've got insurance, so many questions."

We arrived, and he began measuring the windows, working swiftly with the precision of a diamond cutter. He said ordinarily the job was \$12, but for us \$9. We decided he must like children because there were a lot of broken

windows and the bathroom window had to be fixed from the outside on a ladder. The children were giddy about the new windows and we thought it was probably significant in some deep theological sense that on the day our windows were fixed and St. Francis in crayon hanging on our wall was smiling more brightly, it failed again. One of the children, an orphan too, was thrown out for insisting on singing and screaming in the middle of an amateur hour we were presenting. Two of the girls were singing "You Belong To Me," and in lessening degrees of politeness we asked him to keep quiet please, the girls were performing. He wouldn't keep quiet please, at all, so we asked him to leave until the show was over please, and he was ushered out. He promptly kicked the front door (glass) which cracked just like thin ice on a lake cracks when you step on it. He's back now. We use the side door. It's less of a strain on the store front window which is cracked too.

Patience is something we need to learn, this dissolving of self into the will of God in the midst of unreasonable and upsetting circumstances. This became very clear as we sat hour after hour at the Welfare Department with one of the mothers. She is a widow who came to us to help her to go on "relief." Her two daughters had been coming to the Center since the summer and had gotten most of their clothing from our supply. Their extreme poverty was as obvious as a discarded Christmas tree flaring up and throwing off sparks in a dark empty lot. One of the girls

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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practice is awkward and difficult. But it is necessary to attain any kind of proficiency in the spiritual life.

One thing is sure, that it is only prayer that helps one stand the rigors of such a round-the-country trip by bus, staying up often on the bus, meeting people constantly, speaking sometimes several times a day. I had several attacks of flu, a migraine headache, a slight case of scabies, various rheumatic pains and stiffness of the joints, infected eyes and other assorted ills during the four months, but recovered and continued, and I mention these ailments too for the benefit of our readers who are also suffering in similar ways so that we can remember these are the ills the flesh is heir to, and we all have to keep going somehow or other.

During the trip I filled four notebooks, ten cent store variety, and in a few days I will sit down and digest them before tossing them into a waste basket. I visited St. Meinrad's, Indiana; Plus the Tenth Monastery, Missouri; Subiaco Abbey, Ark.; St. John's, Minnesota; Mt. Angel, Oregon; St. Leo's, Florida; Our Lady of the Holy Ghost, Georgia and wherever I visited a monastery or convent, I felt a rejoicing in my heart, and wondered why more people did not enter. In the missal it says that before the French revolution there were 35,000 Benedictine monasteries in France. I suppose there were times in history when half the population decided to spend their lives in praising God. Such peace, order and joy in the opus Dei!

There was a great deal of building going on all over the country, building of Churches and schools for the poor, as in the Los Angeles diocese, and a building up these same monasteries. When I am visiting there, I feel how much the faithful should be helping with their contributions to uphold these arms of prayer all over the country, and I feel that I want to appeal to our friends to send contributions. But I also feel, and have so expressed it in the paper again and again, that the building is all on too grand a scale. Granted that they are building for generations to come and are trying to take care of increased vocations, housing them, schooling them and so on. The fact remains that while the poor are homeless, while there are slums such as I saw all over the country from one end to another, such building should be modest indeed. In the Scandinavian countries churches and monasteries have endured through the ages even of wooden construction. Here in this country, there is such a fear of fire, that before a score of years is past, those in authority think they must replace such temporary buildings with brick and mortar and steel girders and enormous structures go up all over the land, and the poor continue to live in shacks and shanties, and the religious are housed in the equivalent of palaces.

I feel I must repeat these things over and over again, crying out for buildings for the poor, for homes for families, and if I kept silent the very stones of the street would cry out.

Yesterday Fr. Deacy from our cathedral parish came in and talked of the long lines of people that came to the rectory every day. No one is turned away, all can see a priest, and all have the luxury of a little private office to tell their woes in. "I see over and over again the need for houses of hospitality," he said. "I thought of what you had written of buildings and the kind of humble barrack-like buildings the Missionary Servants of the

Blessed Trinity have all over the country."

I was glad he spoke of this, because this month an anniversary issue came into the office of The Preservation of the Faith, the monthly picture journal the Order puts out from Silver Spring, Maryland, where their seminary is located. It contains pictures of their work in Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Oklahoma, North Carolina and many other places. I have visited many of these places, and have seen these buildings like barracks, at their seminary at Holy Trinity, Alabama. St. Peter Claver's is a mission in Alabama where the program includes the building of new cement block houses to replace the old frame cabins the Negroes are living in. I remember a visit I paid to an old Negro woman there, lying in her spotlessly clean bed in the center of a tiny cabin where the roof leaked all around, a place so rickety that one would think a puff of wind would level it to the ground. It is the seminarians themselves that do the work, learning to build to live in poverty and hard work, in steady patient prayer. This work was begun by Fr. Judge, a Vincentian from Brooklyn, in a tiny cabin in the South in 1919 with only two helpers, and there are now 168 priests and brothers. Fr. Judge started an order for sisters too who are also working among the abandoned, and they number even more than the priests.

The last stop I made at one of our places, was in West Palm Beach where Madeleine Crider is building up a little rest house on 25 acres of pine grove, (also called Maryfarm) and I was thrilled to hear that she used to go to confession many years ago as a young girl to Fr. Judge when he was stationed in Brooklyn.

I hope our readers will bear with me for this constant criticism of great building programs. But the poor cry out by day and by night. Blessed is he who is mindful of the needy and the poor. I know some colored sisters who lived for years in an old farmhouse and picked up wood through the scrubs and beach around them, who recently put up a fine little novitiate, simple enough, but exorbitantly expensive. "Can you use thirty or so mirrors and bed lamps," they asked us. "The contractor furnishes you know and we have no way of getting money back on them."

Contractors! Is it with their tongue in their cheek that they say, "Nothing is too good for the poor Sisters!" and then supply them with the most expensive of plumbing and electric fixtures, not to speak of bedlamps and mirrors. And who ever heard of sisters using either. Contractors get wealthy on the work they do for the church, and the more wealthy they get, the more they are respected and the less they are questioned. It is all in the line of business. To conduct a drive to raise funds a man versed in business practices is paid fifteen thousand dollars. The architect gets at least another \$25,000 for his plans and they are considered a great bargain. One such architect included enclosed swimming pools for the Sisters, so I heard on this trip. Bed lamps and mirrors faded into insignificance beside this.

Yes, I am convinced that the clergy are taken for a ride by the contractors who are the more honored the more wealth they accumulate, and then when persecution comes the clergy are the ones who are crucified to their church doors, hung from telegraph poles, stuffed into holes of prisons and left to rot.

We in America are like Dives sitting at the banquet table, and the rest of the world, Asia, India, Africa, are like Lazarus sitting at the gate. God help us. One half the world pledged to fight the Church, and we go on piling field

on field, building on building.

I look at my note book to continue talking of my trip and it falls open at this notation. "Lunch with a social worker. She tells me of a family of starving migrants. Father is not certified as disabled so there is no aid for dependant children, of which there are seven. Mother goes out picking beans and leaves her three months old baby all day, from early morning till late at night. Father no where around half the time. Two little girls raped by tramps. Children found eating watermelon rind and wild berries."

"Mexican family living in a basement—eight children. One room, dirt floor. Fire built on floor and tin plate over bricks cooking. When I spoke to about this case, she, a daily communicant said, 'Why aren't they continent? They didn't have to have eight children.'"

Another note: "Someone says that Romy Hammes, a car dealer of Kankakee, Ill., invests his money in housing for workers and families."

Another note on migrants: "No legislation applies to them. No social security, no child labor laws,



no medical care, no minimum wage laws, no housing standards, no sanitary regulations. They cannot vote, they are sixty percent illiterate. The labor contractor cheats them, and yet they make a vast contribution to our economic welfare. They are cheated by gamblers, prostitutes, drink and dope. There has been some missionary effort to win migrants by good deeds, and to win help from the grower and processor by making him realize that it will help his labor situation. But the employers are afraid if they make things too good, the worker will hang around with his family after the crops are picked."

Another note: "Individual case workers park their cars across the street from the Bishop Blanchet house of hospitality in Portland to see how many men on relief are getting an extra meal on the line. Fifty young married couples, the Blanchet Club of Portland University, started this shelter, and John Little is in charge of it, an energetic young man in his early twenties. Fr. Kennard is chaplain and he is young too. He said Fr. Reinhold of Sunnyside, Washington, had been a great influence in the lives of many young priests in the North West. (And all over the country too, through his writing.)"

Pressure was brought to bear on Archbishop Howard to stop the breadline, by merchants who said that it contributed to the delinquency of men to feed them; that most of them could get work if

they wanted it. In commenting on state aid, the archbishop said that "he did not believe in state ownership of the indigent."

In writing as I do about buildings and the poor, I do not wish to seem critical of persons. To meet sisters like Sister Charitina, out in Spokane, at the Franciscan school there, who had just come back from a prison in China makes one feel how much more necessary it is to speak out. Sister sat there in a poor convent in Spokane where the school is on the first floors, and the dormitory for the sisters in the attic where the snow comes in during the winter and the consuming heat, in summer, and told of the conditions in the jails in China. They spent a good deal of time singing to lift their hearts, she said, even popular songs. One priest said he occupied his mind by solving problems in calculus.

Interruptions

Writing this column means interruptions every fifteen minutes or so to answer the telephone or to see some visitors. The office in St. Joseph's house is always a scene of comings and goings. So one must seem incoherent in such a report as this. The easiest way to cover my trip is to work backwards as I travelled and I have already spoken of Madeleine Kridler's place at West Palm Beach, Florida. Anyone wishing to write to her about it, address Lake Park, Fla. Anyone going to Florida, be sure to visit her.

Before I reached Maryfarm, Florida, I spoke at St. Leo's which is forty miles from Tampa, and I slept in the room usually reserved for Bishops, since the other guest room was occupied. It was an old building put up by the lay brothers themselves, stone by stone. The bath was a screened in affair in a corner of the room, and it reminded me of a tenement apartment I once had where the tub had been put into a bedroom and covered over to look like a chest. Other tenement tubs are often beside the kitchen sink. It rejoiced me to see these humble quarters. Of course the room was huge. Fr. Bernard and Fr. Ernest were old friends there since both had been stationed at Farmingdale, Long Island when Tamar went to the agricultural school there. Fr. Ernest is the farmer, and is a genius at building and horticulture. Abbot Francis was gentle and gracious. I talked to the boys (there is a high school there) and they were disappointed I was not Doris Day.

New Orleans

On my way from New Orleans, I stopped at Mobile for four hours to visit Alma Taylor, one of the Maryfarm group from St. Paul. She is working at the Blessed Martin Hospital for Negroes and it is a beautiful Y-shaped, one-floor hospital, spacious and comfortable. Bishop Sheen's great generosity makes this work possible in Mobile. The extent of my appreciation of this is measured by a letter just received from Helen Caldwell Day from her little Blessed Martin House of Hospitality in Memphis, Tenn.

"Butch has to have another operation on his leg and foot in June, unless they improve remarkably. I'm trying with exercise to throw the balance in his favor but that deformity is coming back and I doubt if exercise can help much now. Please pray for him, I told you about the hospital situation here for the colored. The only one that will take him (unless this new one they've just completed will) is horribly filthy and the staff woefully inadequate. (Speaking as a nurse and not just as a mother.)"

Caritas House

Dr. Bertha Mugrauer and Mary Linda Hronek are living in a little four-room half of a frame house in a colored parish here. I slept in the living room and while the girls got up at five and got off to their hour and early Mass, I slept blissfully late and made the eight o'clock Mass. Visited homes on the levee, shacks on stilts, that extend for more than a mile. Aside from cold and lack of plumbing facilities, the natural beauty of the situation charmed me of course. Coming back from visiting our friends we found a man prostrate

across the railroad tracks and with difficulty persuaded him, drunk as he was, to permit our friends to take him home. He wanted to end it all, he said. He also lived on the levee.

We had a meeting in the evening and almost sixty friends and neighbors came, colored and white. I visited Loyola and Francis Xavier Colleges also that day, and it was good to talk to Fr. Fichter S. J. who wrote A Southern Parish, the last two volumes of which have been held up. Fr. Twomey, S. J. is in charge of the Institute of Industrial Relations. Much work is being done by young priests all through Louisiana, helping organize both farmers and workers and forming cooperatives. It is heartening to hear of colored and white farmers sitting down and talking over their common problems together. The Agricultural Workers Union of the A.F. of L. is organizing among the sugar cane workers and strawberry workers, and the young priests are going to the meetings and helping.

Across Texas

It took me three days to cross Texas by bus, stopping at El Paso, Big Spring, and Houston before I reached New Orleans. I had no engagements in Texas, though of course we have many friends and I wished that I were beginning my trip rather than ending it. I had gotten on the bus at Tucson, taking leave of Ammon Hennacy and Bea and Mathew Trudelle who had been my hosts in Phoenix where I stayed a week.

My visit in Phoenix included two speaking engagements, one at St. Mary's and one at St. Francis Xavier, the former Franciscan and the latter Jesuit. I can scarcely list all the people Ammon introduced me to, all the friends he has made through his constant protest against war and taxes for war, and his distribution of the Catholic Worker. But I can give a little glimpse of Ammon's living quarters, in his little three room bungalow on Lin Orme's place some five miles out of town.

Ammon likes to call our Lord the Celestial Bulldozer to indicate that one's way is smoothed for one, the rough ways made plain and the crooked straight. He arrived in Phoenix broke, he said as he came further south out of the dairy region to the farming section of the country where he could work by the day and not by the month and so avoid the withholding tax. He slept all night on an anarchist's floor (one of the readers of the CW) and got up at daylight to go to the slave market, as the corner is named in every town in every state. Calif. Texas, Florida, New Mexico and Arizona, where immigrant workers are employed. Some times there are as many as 200 trucks, sometimes only 25. They go as far as seventy miles away for the day's work. Mexican trucks take only Mexicans. He got on the second truck, owned by the Arena brothers, a corporation which owns land in California, Colorado, and Arizona, and specializes in lettuce, melons, cabbage, celery. This was October 7, 1947, the year the withholding tax began. At the end of his day's work he asked if there was a shack on the place where he could sleep, and a fellow worker told him of one down the road and he took his sleeping bag and camped out there for the night. He stayed there for some months and as it was on land rented by Mr. Orme to the company, he became acquainted with that old gentleman who later invited him to occupy the vacant shack on his own land. There is one room and two porches, rather than three rooms, really, and before Ammon lived there, twelve Mexicans had camped out there. I sat on the porch one afternoon with Ammon and drank strong black coffee, brewed on a little kitchen stove, stuffed with mesquite which burned fragrantly while we talked. Outside there were china berry trees, eucalyptus trees and pomegranate bushes. Birds were singing in every tree and bush as the sun set. "Before the spraying of cotton there used to be ten to every one there is now," said the old

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Five Years On the Land

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much progress in farming it, and we still believe as Peter did, in Cult, Culture and Cultivation.

We have been on this farm since last May; and plan on staying here for some time to come. However, our record for sticking in one spot is not enviable, for we seem to be only a little more stable than migratory workers. What this particular farm can use to great advantage is an experienced farmer and capital, neither of which we have. It needs an experienced farmer because the farm has been laying idle for fifteen years and there is not a decent blade of grass on it. It needs money because every building on the place is in need of repair, including the house. Only a few weeks ago we had to fell the ceiling in the living room as it was hanging precariously and we were afraid it would fall on someone. We have the new ceiling ready to put up and are waiting for someone to come along to help with it. Frank Coyle arrived the last time we had a ceiling problem.

The farm consists of 80 acres, a house, and several dilapidated out-buildings. There are no modern improvements in the house, such as running water, bath, or toilet. We do have electricity though, and also propane gas. The water can be had by just stepping out the back door. Recently we purchased a tractor, on the installment plan, and expect to get something accomplished next spring. So far we have managed to plow up enough ground to put in an acre and a half of wheat. The whole process took well over a month. First we had to get the money for the seed and fertilizer, then we tried in vain to borrow a grain drill. People in this area do not like to lend their equipment. Finally we got a man to promise to come and plant it for us, but it rained before he could get around to it. It rained for about ten days and it was another two weeks before the ground was dry enough for planting. Finally, we hired a man to put it in and he came with a mammoth rig and did the job in about ten minutes. As one neighbor put it, it cost us more to put that wheat in than it would to go down to the feed mill and buy the same amount we might realize from the harvest. Next year it will be different though, at least with the wheat.

After we got the tractor we went to a sale to see if we could get a little equipment and some stock. We purchased a pair of small pigs, a side-delivery rake, a buzz saw and an old phonograph. The next day was Sunday, and after Mass and a leisurely breakfast, Mary shouted from the yard that the pigs were loose and headed for the highway. I bolted out the front door just in time to see them rounding the house and onto the highway. I gave chase but they slowly widened the gap and never stopped running until they were clean out of sight. I chased them all over the country side to no avail. We finally captured them after three or four hours, by hiding in the brush and diving on them as they came by. Things like that always happen on Sunday, when you are in your good clothes. Several days later we decided to hook up the buzz saw and saw some wood. The wood was cutting fine, but the ashes were hitting me in the face, which seemed odd, and several times the log I was sawing cut loose and flew away. Finally one of the logs hit me on the wrist and I knew something was wrong. The trouble was that a John Deere tractor pulley runs backwards and you have to put a hitch in the belt to get the saw to run right. These are some of the obstacles that you run into when you are trying to learn to farm by yourself.

We are partial to horses and would like to have gotten a team, but since we have no hay and no

fencing they were out of the question. Besides, if you work off the farm, as we always have, it is difficult to get anything accomplished with horses. On the other hand, the fertilizer the horses provide is invaluable to the good life of the farm, and if there is one thing this farm needs above all others it's manure. I am employed as a janitor for the local grade and high school. It is a job that certainly is important to the community, there is a good deal of responsibility attached to it, and plenty of hard work. It is an ideal job in these respects. But like all jobs of this nature, it is low paying. In point of fact, only an old man who has raised his family, or a single person could get by on the wages it pays, and most generally, those are the kind of people who are left with the responsibility of these jobs.

Are we discouraged? Well, somewhat. Who wouldn't be if we didn't seem to be able to do anything right? It is not encouraging to work the better part of a day on something without success, only to have someone come along and solve the problem in a matter of minutes. But we had little or no experience in any of these things and the mistakes are perfectly natural. However, this is the kind of a situation that eventually breeds discouragement, and finally abandonment. It is all too true of the land movement in this country and in England, that many people were interested in it and liked to talk about it, but few took positive steps to prepare themselves for it. We are some of those many people. We would like others to avoid the same pitfalls. However, we still think that if you want to get settled on the land, the thing to do is to get on it and wrestle with it. But if you are young and not married it would be wise to learn something about farming.

Several years ago there were a series of articles or letters in "Commonweal" on the land movement. I recall that one gentleman remarked that it was a shame and a waste of talent that many young couples went on to the land, underwent almost unbelievable hardships, and returned to the city, sadly disillusioned and almost misanthropic, when otherwise they may have made a valuable contribution to society. This is always the risk that is run by people with idealistic tendencies. They seize upon an idea and without stopping to consider the whys and wherefores jump into a situation, only to find that it is a spot where even angels fear to tread, without preparation. But we think that the greater shame lies with those many who felt the call to the land, and for one reason or another put it off and are now engaged in other activities. There were many who saw the vision of the green revolution and liked what they saw. Many who dreamed a dream once, but never quite got around to doing anything about it. If all those who felt the call to the land had done something about it, their contribution to society would be great indeed. Some have said that few people carry radicalism and idealism past thirty-five, intimating that by that time they learn something. This seems to be the awful truth. Sure it is tough on the land. The hardships and humiliating defeats are sometimes almost impossible to bear. But life is a struggle, and who wants to be afraid of life? Do not all spiritual writers tell us about the invaluable of suffering? Yet most of us bend our every effort trying to avoid suffering, poverty, discomfort. It is always a temptation to avoid suffering, but once you get on the land it quite naturally becomes a part of your life, you can hardly avoid it. It is not easy to rise in the pitch black darkness on a cold winter morning, praying that there is a little bit of fire left in the stoves, and hoping you remembered to bring the kindling wood in the night be-

fore—to drive off to work long before most people are up. But it is a chance to suffer, a chance to put yourself in harmony with people all over the world who have few comforts, little to eat, no leisure. But we really have so much more than over two thirds of the peoples on earth. We are indeed rich in earthly goods. While burning brush the other day, because it was in our way, we thought of the people in France, in the Middle East, and the boys on Christie St., waiting for the morning line to start. How much warmth they could have gotten from all that brush, and how they would like to have had it. Besides, what other alternative has one who wants to raise a large family, who wants to encourage them to accept responsibility, who wants to make an honest living, who is interested in catering to the whole man, who believes in poverty?

But to get back to our particular situation, our farm is like all other CW farms in that it has to be nurtured from without. We do not have the business acumen required to get the better end in a trade or even to break even; to recognize a bargain when we see one; so save for a rainy day; to give service for profit, etc. It seems to take all these things and more to be a successful farmer. Instead, we believe in mutual aid; in helping our



neighbor, even if he is better off than we are. It is unlike other CW farms in that we see few people, we get little opportunity to attend meetings, engage in discussions, make retreats, or a host of other things peculiar to CW farms. We do not mind receiving alms; in fact were it not for the help we have gotten up till now we would be poor indeed. Our children are all outfitted in cast off clothes as we are too, the furniture and household effects we have were given to us. In fact we seem to be getting without being able to give in return. We would much rather be engaged in a program of mutual aid, wherein we get according to our needs and give according to our means. It's true as Dorothy points out, that the worst position people think they can get in is to be beholden to someone. This seems to be the cardinal sin of this decade. People have got to get even.

We would like to say that the future looks promising for us. Our two pigs are becoming fat, our goat is with kid and will freshen in the spring, our 12 chickens have quit laying but they are keeping the pot filled, and a reader of the CW from Texas is coming up to look for a farm in this neighborhood. And, though we are broke, and it is cold out now and the snow is flying, it will not be long till spring when everything in nature will take a new lease on life, including us.

We would like to invite anyone who is interested in settling on the land to come visit with us, or work a little while with us, to become acclimated to some small extent, to some of the problems of rural life. It would be an attempt at mutual aid. We would give a little and receive a little. If anyone is interested in purchasing a farm, we would like to say that farms are fairly reasonable in this part of the country, and we would be glad to

Flight to Rome

(Continued from page 2)

passengers on the train were Italians who spoke French and Italian but no English. A young Italian soldier sat next to me along with two middle-aged Italian men. Thus we were trapped for the six hour ride—they spoke no English nor I Italian or French. However, we rapidly became acquainted through sign language, pidgin English and worse pidgin Italian on my part. At the conclusion of the trip I had learned of their homes, their families and their reactions and interests in Trieste, Tito, Stalin, Eisenhower, Senator J. McCarthy and the Rosenbergs. (The Communists have plastered pictures of the Rosenbergs and their version of the case all over the buildings of Rome and outlying cities. Alongside of the Communist posters the Christian Democrats have posted signs itemizing the number of priests, nuns and laymen of the Catholic Church who have been imprisoned or killed by the Communist in Communist dominated countries).

The young soldier on the train offered to buy me a cup of coffee which I declined with all my heart. Their brand of coffee which is hardly more than chickory is hard to get used to. Despite my protest he set the cup of coffee in front of me saying that there was no caffeine in it and it would not prevent my night's sleep. This soldier was also a collector of postage stamps, a hobby which I shudder at. But in a weak foolish moment I agreed to send this young man whatever stamps I came across. Now I am hoping that I have lost his address.

Since I had but one day in Florence I decided to join a group of tourist in a bus with guide et al. In our school of thought this is not in good taste. Before the day was over I learned why. The tourist guide was quite pompous and most of the fellow tourists failed to have any real appreciation of the wonderful Italian people and reacted as though Italy was no more than a huge art gallery.

At one point of the tour we came upon the Piazza Michaelangelo from which you are able to get a sweeping view of the beautiful city of Florence. As we were taking in this sight I pointed at a river running through the city and asked the guide its name. In utter disgust, he snapped at me, "It's the Arno."

In Florence it is good for your soul to see the Cathedral, St. John's Baptistry across the street, the statues in the square where Savonarola was executed and the Santa Croce church which contains the tombs of Michaelangelo, Dante and others. Also the Uffizi and Peti galleries with their superb works of art. We covered those two galleries in three hours and it should take three months.

Another day we traveled to Naples where we had the choice of either visiting the Isle of Capri or Pompeii. We decided to see what was left of Pompeii. The only way we knew of getting from Naples to Pompeii was by bus which carried a tourist guide, however he was excellent.

What little that was left of Pompeii was very impressive. It was evident that those ancients were quite advanced in many fields of thought besides sex. Off in the distance you can watch distrustfully

be of some assistance in locating places. We would like very much to give land to some families, who would like to live in the country but not necessarily farm, as Lou Murphy did at the Detroit CW farm. However we will not have title to the land for at least five years, and not a clear title for five more years.

We enjoyed a nice visit from Ammon Hennessey not long ago and are looking forward to seeing other familiar faces or even new ones.

(Monica Farm—Springboro, Pa.)

the majestic Mount Vesuvius which keeps perking right along.

In the ruins of Pompeii there is one street called the Street of Fortune where there is a dwelling named the House of the Dancing Fawn. A medal statue of the Fawn is in the center of the room. It's left leg is caught in an outward thrust while he is balancing himself on ball of the right foot. The fingers of both hands are snapping as though to music. The guide gave us a rundown on the House of the Fawn and struck a similar pose as the fawn, saying, "See, he is saying take it easy—life is short."

As we departed from the streets of Pompeii we were directed to a small nearby cafe. Here you delight in a glass of light wine which is named Lacrima Christi (Tears of Christ). As we sat in the cafe we were entertained by three musicians. One sang and the other two accompanied him on violin and guitar. As we listened to these men rendering "Come Back to Sorrento" our guide indicated that it was time to move on. But we hung back claiming that we wanted to hear the song completed, the guide smiled and joined in on the song in a fairly good voice.

While in Naples we visited the famous Galleries which was an outstanding hangout for G.I.s during the war and we went to Mass in the Cathedral which contains the vial of blood of St. Januarius. After twenty-four hours in Naples we boarded a bus for Rome which traveled the new Appian Way. On the return trip we saw innumerable small towns and farms. Little or no machinery was in evidence on these farms and the workers appeared to be having a hard time of it during that cold weather.

The time spent in Italy was all too short, although I am grateful for every minute of it. Much has been written about Italy and it would be foolhardy for me to have arrived at a real knowledge of Italy and her people after a few days visit. But short as it was I received a vivid impact and an awakening during my short stay.

In all seriousness, Italy is a home away from home especially for a Catholic. And even for others such as the English writers as Keats, Shelley and Elizabeth Browning who spent their last days in Italy.

Italy has a culture which is a Catholic culture and smacks you right between the eyes. They have an understanding of life which is complete and integrates the life of the body with that of the soul—neither excluding the other which tragedy happens in so many other cultures.

The churches I was in were always peopled with individuals at prayer—sometimes there were but a few persons and at other times there were many. There was a fairly good proportion of men in each congregation.

For myself I found a true peace and tranquility in that country. The tempo of life is considerably slower than here. In Italy you come face to face with many places that you have heard about all your life. Besides there are the churches and the streets that were frequented by many of the saints of our faith. It is true that most of the great saints were in Italy at sometime or other from St. Peter and Paul on down. The cities, streets and squares generally carry saints names or have some religious connotation so you have welcomed reminders around you at all times.

On the return from Italy to New York I stopped off in Paris for three days. Paris struck me as being as lovely and beautiful as I have always heard. We were only able to visit a few places such as the Notre Dame Cathedral, Sacre Coeur, Pigalle district, Arc of Triumph, the Modern Museum of Art and a few other places. What little I saw of Paris I liked and I feel that a much longer visit is in order.

A Communist?

(Continued from page 1)

true, because a Stalin, a Truman, a Churchill, an Eisenhower, an Adenauer and all power-politicians as well as our Christian moral theologians, defend it and act accordingly? Christ says otherwise. According to Christian teaching, the law "Thou Shall Not Kill" is valid generally, without exception, for which reason I must continue as a Christian to be a conscientious objector. German power politics is (these are my exact words), "In my opinion, the gravedigger of the German nation."

The known Swedish life-reformer Waerland, called out at this point: "This is politics and does not belong here," whereupon he and his wife left the gathering, while I continued my talk amid the greatest enthusiasm and concurrence of thousands of listeners from all parts of Germany and from abroad.

The demands I voiced: "Relinquishing of the German general agreement, disarmed neutrality for the German nation and immediate peace negotiations" are demands which the German nation as far as I could determine in the course of my fifteen lectures in the Rhineland, raises in the name of Christianity.

But the above incident was used and whipped up by the "Rhein-Zeitung" into a "scandal," for which I was held responsible. The paper reported that I had insulted the Bundes-chancellor, misused my privileges as guest and that I am querulous.

On the basis of this fact which I have briefly stated here, every unprejudiced person will be able to judge who the actual scandal-maker was, and if what I have said really was an insult to the Bundes-chancellor.

After my return home from the Rhineland, I gave a talk at a big peace conference which I called in Linz on the Donau, which all participants received enthusiastically. I spoke against the rearmament of Austria, urged for our poor Austria also a disarmed neutrality and condemned outright the arming of the East block, just as of the West block, as a crime against humanity.

That also this speech challenged the defenders and exploiters of rearmament that is the power-politicians (force politicians), who thought they could dismiss me with the word "communist," does not surprise me. But that also from Christian sides I was reproached with furthering Moscow's peace movement by my peace propaganda, and that during my speech at Linz communists asked to comment, endorsed peace and made the effort to be present at my speech, this is very regretful. My reply to all this is:

I ask first of all: Is it forbidden that I, as an ethically thinking person, and especially as a Catholic priest, hold every war as a crime against humanity and that I work for peace as well as for the understanding among nations? Or may only the power-politicians, who represent rearmament, make decisions about war and peace and determine what is to be done, while all others who are of the opposite opinion must be silent? I hope that also the power-politicians know that freedom of speech belongs to the fundamental rights of every citizen of a democracy.

But if I were to remain silent, as a Catholic priest, I would seriously injure the duty of my profession, for Christ had sent his Apostles and disciples to the whole world, to all nations that they might announce Christ's teaching, which is the joyful message (evangelium) of peace, and to show the way people should live so that there be peace on earth.

I will therefore allow the power-politicians least of all to forbid me to spread the peace message of Christ wherever I am wanted, and I am able to respond to the wish. Did not also Christ disagree with the Pharisees and scholars of Scripture? Did He not also go to

the tax-collectors and sinners and preach his teachings to them? Did not Christ preach publicly, unconcerned about the consequences? He was laughed to scorn and repudiated; He was even physically attacked, until finally He was hammered to the Cross. All this Christ did, and allowed to happen, even though He knew that His teachings will often be misused?

Who, however, is to blame that the pure teaching of Christ is used for unclean purposes? Certainly not Christ, and certainly also not those who strive to spread the pure teaching of Christ as He commanded. But it is those people, especially those Christians who call themselves Christians but do not live according to the way Christianity prescribed. Christianity as such has never let down, and never will.

As all my activity in public life proves, whether at home or abroad, in word or writing, in the pulpit or lecture hall, the one and only thing I based my arguments on were the great commandments of love, when I pointed out—without regard to whom I addressed myself, but always directly and openly—that the split between East and West and the totalitarian strivings of countries are the deepest injury of the great commandments of justice and love. Capitalism and Communism can never coexist peacefully. I stress over and over again that no man, but only God, is the master over life and death. All crude power politics, all the armament and wars, shame the image of God in us and can never bring and assure peace. Peace will come only when we remove all the causes which always lead to war, i.e., that we solve the social question by renewing all things in Christ, and lead a life which corresponds to nature to which according to my deepest conviction—belongs the vegetarian, or better said, the natural way of life.

Of course, for a humanity that is steeped in materialism, that craves after nicotine and alcohol, that shows its complete lack of respect for life merely in the fact that day by day it sheds in a horrible way the blood of millions and millions of innocent animals, merely for the pleasure of feeding on animal cadavers; for a humanity that constantly thinks only of its own "I," who in laboratories tortures numberless innocent animals by vivisection "in the interest of science" and "in the interest of suffering humanity" and martyrs them to death, and also in other ways has no compassion and no understanding for the poor animals, for such a humanity there can hardly be help; such a humanity, stripped of every compassion, which plunders the whole of nature, must bear the consequences of its un-Christian change of life. The great hour of reckoning, God's judgment in the form of the third world war which people have brought upon themselves, stands before the door. For it is not God who leads wars, but men who do not care for God's commandments. Pope Pius IX said: "Modern war is the speculation on a large scale upon the blood of nations, and the fruit of the cold calculations of politicians and financiers without conscience."

If I were given the opportunity to spread this teaching in Moscow, for example, I would speak there exactly according to what I briefly put down here.

With what right, then, do they suspect my work for freedom of furthering communism and brand me as a communist? I never attack men as such, but I wish to help people, all without any difference, also the capitalist and communist. However, I condemn everywhere error and sin and put up the sharpest fight therefore against capitalism as well as bolshevistic communism; capitalism first of all because it prepares the way for communism.

For this reason do I organize the bloodless Christian revolution; I

stand for the natural economic order of Silvio Gesell and must point out as a disgrace that one has to remind Christians that it is a Christian duty to look to it that our personal, our social, economical, political, national and international life be renewed in the spirit of the Ten Commandments and of the Gospel of Christ, the core of which is the Sermon on the Mount; that each individual person strive for a life that in every way corresponds to nature in the spirit of the teaching of Christ, so that thus peace may come. In my big book "Thou Shalt Not Kill" (published by Hugo Mayer, Dornbirn, Vorarlberg, Austria), I have stated my position regarding all these problems.

Open Letter

(Continued from page 3)

rich oppressor and giving hypocritical broadcasts on brotherhood to the poor. The new President with his General Motors Cabinet cannot help but continue spoiling any contemplated good works by the evil support of the despots Tito, Chiang and Franco.

How could a few Christian Anarchists be right and all the rest of the good people be wrong? This is a deep question which requires more than a sentence for an answer, but to those sincere folks who are not afraid to think and to go a step further I make these suggestions. In judging the actions of others (and as you folks judge mine) I do not necessarily judge their motives. They may have good intentions but have insufficient knowledge or wisdom. There are very few really "bad" people in the world, but these days affairs are so complicated that the average person is at best an indifferent expert on one thing and at the mercy of politicians and exploiters on most other things. This natural goodness in men is used by unscrupulous leaders to keep a gang of parasites in power. As Tolstoy says, they will do anything in the world except get off the backs of the poor. All kinds of get rich quick schemes, welfare, good wars, etc. In fact in one way "good" people are worse than "bad" people for they find good reasons for doing a bad thing that an evil person could not figure out. We are on the lookout for an evil person but the glad-hander do-gooder fools us. On most great issues such as witchcraft and slavery the great mass of the people were wrong and only a few dared tell the truth. Today it is the same way with war. The difference between the Christian Anarchist and the other good people is that they are fooled into accepting what they are told is the lesser of two evils instead of choosing the ultimate good as advised by Jesus. On many questions these good people may be right but on the main question of the day they are confused. Does this mean that we Christian Anarchists set ourselves up to be "better" than other people? As Thoreau said, we hear and are keeping step to a different Drummer—thus we seem to be out of step.

Part of this out of step business on my part consists in my picketing of the income tax office here in Phoenix on Friday, March 13. And also picketing and fasting at the same place from Aug. 6 through the 13th in penance and protest against the throwing of the A Bomb on Aug. 6, 1945, at Hiroshima. At these times I will give out leaflets and copies of this tax statement to be printed in the CATHOLIC WORKER, 223 Chrystie st., New York City, which upholds my activity against war and the state. Sincerely,

Ammon A. Hennacy

The Life of Prayer and Poverty

(Continued from page 2)

was just like the bunk houses he had seen for students working in the forestry department in summer, and like those for the sailors in the Navy on Treasure Island in the bay before they were shipped out to the Orient. So we weren't doing so bad, our little flock, to whom had been given such great promises.

Later on, I talked to Carroll for a few hours and I learned a great deal from this usually silent and solitary person.

"If I left poverty, I'd lose my soul," he said. "And how can a man lead a life of prayer without leading a life of poverty too," he wondered. And when I asked him to tell me about himself, he did so quite simply, answering my questions. He had been a factory worker, then in the army for four years, then with the Trappists for a year. "I don't know why I left," he said. "Father Abbot said that he thought I had an extraordinary vocation. I guess this is it. I have been here three years now and I don't intend to quit."

As a little boy he had wanted to pray. He had a brother and a sister but it had not taken them as it did him. "God shows us in our youth very often. I had a very happy childhood. One of the dreams I had over and over again was that I was wandering around looking for a church to pray in. I never found it, but I dreamed I kept on praying. One July fourth I went into the church and prayed ten rosaries. The Sister at school said that people didn't think of God on secular holidays. Our Lord always told the apostles to pray—pray—pray. You never see any good in it perhaps but it's being used. It's our Lord's plan for us. We have to do it. Activity without it is worthless. It takes patience to pray. You've got to discipline your life. Poverty and prayer, those are the things. I try to be as inactive as possible!"

This in the midst of housing and feeding thousands of men over the years!

"I used to go on spiritual binges," he said rather shame-facedly. "Down in Cincinnati, I used to work for some months and save enough to live on and then spend all my time in church. I was hungry for prayer. I used to read Fr. Willy Doyle. Do you remember how he prayed? He used to work so hard at it that sometimes he hated to wake up to continue a life of prayer. God is a hard task master. He takes you at your word. It could not be too easy for Benedict Joseph Labre. Or the Little Flower either. They say she used to drag herself up to bed at night, hardly able to take one step after the other. And then to be cold. But it is not a monotonous life. Things happen to you. You get a taste for it, you wake up at night to pray. It is warmth and comfort to the heart too, and it just goes on and on, inside you, you pray even while you talk, while you listen to others talk."

"Think of the other monotonies in life. Up in the dime store, Bing Crosby recordings singing Adeste Fidelis all day, over and over. And all the gadgets going round and round, most of them no good to anyone."

"I love Bernadette—all the little saints. She was poor, and she saw our Lady on a dump heap, a place outside the town which was a waste land. She was poor mentally too. Just a slow witted child. But what do any of us know about God? No matter what they say of

God. He isn't that.

"Werfel, Simone Weil—too bad they didn't become Catholics, but I suppose it was God's plan. Anyway, it's wonderful."

There is loneliness at times of course. "But one time when I felt that way I picked up something by St. Thomas and he talked about the loneliness of the agony in the garden and the loneliness of the damned in hell. We are going to have one or the other."

I thought, as he spoke, of the story of Dives and Lazarus, the former sitting feasting at the table and the latter crouched at the gate in his rags. And one went to Abraham's bosom and the other went to hell, Jesus Christ put it very simply too—that gulf between the rich and the poor and their last ends.

It was a bare little room where we sat and the pad on the bed was woefully thin. There were skimpy blankets and one sheet. There were two straight back chairs. There was room for nothing else. On the wall with other holy pictures there was a card containing a quotation from St. Augustine:

O poor man, hear me: if you have God, what have you not?
O rich man, hear me: if you have not God, what have you?

And I rejoiced as I sat there with Carroll McCool talking about prayer, that here was poverty, dingy, unpainted, crowded, ugly poverty, in the midst of the richest, most luxurious—plush life in the world, portrayed for all the world in the movies which go out to all the world from the southern part of the state. We saw a little of that poverty portrayed in a movie, Monsieur Vincent. We read about it in the lives of the saints. But here it is, in actuality. No paint, no linoleum, no bright curtains at the windows; no desperate effort to keep up appearances, no admirable but futile and agonizingly fatiguing effort to put a better face on things, crowding out time for prayer. Here is poverty, but here also is shelter for thirty-four men and food for 600 daily. There is a roof above and a bed to sleep in and warm covers to shut out the sad world. There is the companionship of others, those who come to get help and stay to help others. This is not destitution and though people may shudder at the drab and cramped surroundings, it is holy poverty, a gift of God, and into which Christ chose to be born.

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 3)

said, "What you have done for these the least of my brethren, you have done unto Me."

Visitors

During the holidays several friends visited Maryfarm. Joe Chapman from St. Basil's College in Canada spent a week end with us. David and Jackie, seven and eight year old boys enjoyed a few days out in the country. Jim Stack stopped on his way to Waverly. Captain and Mrs. Guedes from Brazil visited with their two children.

January Thaw

Drip, drip, drip! What? An overflow of the Hudson? No, just a January thaw. Buckets and buckets of water were filled as the water dripped in through the top of a chapel window. Our enthusiastic carpenter described this as merely, "A drop in the bucket."

Here we are. It's the 18th. Days already longer and weather already milder. Cars stalling in mud and slush of our driveway until our neighbor, Charlie, kindly cleared the driveway with his snowplow. The men are grateful for these sunny days which can again be spent in the woods to the sound of the saw and the axe.

That the Divine Christ fill the hearts of all our readers with joy, peace and love to overflowing throughout the year is the wish of everyone at Maryfarm.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

223 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N. Y.

The Long Loneliness by Dorothy Day
Published by Harper & Bros. \$3.50

On Pilgrimage by Dorothy Day
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00

Migrant Cotton Pickers

(Continued from page 2)

down," said the elderly man in bed next to the wheezing wino.

"Oh, I don't know. That might be true and then again it mightn't; that's just one excuse for not accepting responsibility," said a man up the row, not to he who had spoken, but to the room in general. This wisdom was not taken up, being lost in the void. Meanwhile a man brought the wino a loaf of bread and cheese.

"Ought to have some salt on this cheese; some salt and pepper," mumbled the wino. After he had said this a couple of times the man next to him in bed said he would get him some and got up, and put on his shoes (we all slept with our clothes on in this sheetless and ragged comfort, discomfort. I learned long ago though to always take off socks, for toes must stretch out and rest and kind of breathe). The man walked the length of the room to the office and came back with salt for the wino.

"What, no pepper!" the wino exclaimed.

"Ain't got none," was the answer.

A beefy wino up the way dropped his bottle. After bemoaning his loss for a few minutes he had sense enough to get the broom and sweep up the glass.

Justice in Indio

"Yes, that Indio is a tough place," a fellow up the line was telling his buddy. "I was shaved, had on clean levis, shoes shined and money in my pocket when I hopped off a freight and started across the tracks to get some breakfast when two bulls pulled their guns and told me not to cross the tracks but to keep on the freight out of town. I told them I had money in my pocket and took it out and showed it to them, and they said Indio didn't want me nor my damn money. And they kept on poking their guns at me so I didn't cross the tracks."

The Dispossessed

The lights were out at 9:30 and somehow I slept through the night. The manager woke us at 6 a.m. as the trucks would be leaving around seven. I got up and went to the nearby restaurant which was crowded with every kind of cotton picker. There was one empty place at the counter which I soon occupied and ordered hot cakes and coffee. To my right was sitting a saintly-looking middle aged man who greeted me with a Southern drawl. His kind voice was in keeping with his countenance. Old, decrepit and unshaven men; stocky kids; white and colored women and a few Indians occupied the L shaped counter. I am not especially hardboiled and there have been very few times since I left Atlanta prison that I have shed tears. I know there is suffering and misery, and as Dorothy says, I know that the poor do not have many of the common virtues which the rich applaud. Yet this morning I could hardly eat as the tears came because of this spectacle of those faces around me.

"See that woman who just left," said my friend to the right. "She sure has picked up; last year she was a regular cotton-whore, laying around the trucks all day drunk. Haven't seen her drunk this winter."

I am reminded of the story, think I read it in the wob paper once, of a man who was leaning unkempt against a store building with a bottle sticking out of his pocket and tobacco juice running out of his mouth. Up comes a well dressed lady and says:

"My good man; why don't you cut out your dirty habits and amount to something. Why, you could work and save your money instead of spending it on liquor and tobacco and someday you might even own this building."

"Madam, the man said, "Do you own this building?"

"No," she replied.

"Well, I do," was the answer.

Personally, I use neither liquor or tobacco as a discipline, but I dislike to see the Horatio Alger of

small virtues handed out to the poor by prissy ones of the upper class whose one vice is that they live off of these dispossessed.

In the Cotton Field

I went outside by the fire along the curb and when the first cotton bus pulled out I was one among the thirty in it: Negroes, Indians, young and old whites, and one white woman.

"In-law trouble. I didn't marry the whole damn family," said the young man sitting next to me in the course of conversation. He was from Arkansas and had lived in Louisville for eleven years when he couldn't take it any longer" and had left. Had three children and sent his wife money. Came in on a freight and tried to sleep in a box car last night.

We went about twenty-seven miles east and beyond Red Rock until we came to the huge cotton field. I weighed in 30 pounds from my short rows, commencing at 8 a.m. Around 1:30 I got hungry and thirsty and took my 46 pounds to the truck. Inquiring if they had beans for lunch I was told they had cow-peas.

"Just what I want; haven't had any since I left Oklahoma," said the man next to me. I took the same and ate happily, along with some crackers, rather than the corrupt white bread. At the bottom of the bowl a piece of not-quite hairless hag-skin greeted this vegetarian, but it was too late to worry about it.

"Made \$9 the other day, last week, first picking, but there's always one greedy fellow to spoil it for us. This guy picks bells and all and when the boss finds it out he brings the price for all of us down to \$2," said a white man picking next to me. Later I worked next to a young Negro from California who was going back there soon to work in the peas. An Indian from Tucson who knew my Hopi silver-smith friend Ralph, worked along by me for a time. He was a slow picker like myself. One Indian woman, a Navajo, was working and they kidded her about putting her baby in the cotton sack and weighing it with the cotton. This didn't happen but she sure earned extra pay by carrying the baby on her back. My last picking was 25 pounds, making a total of 101 pounds, netting me \$2.52. This being Saturday we quit at 4:30. I had worked 8 1/4 hours. At my best I had not learned to pick with both hands efficiently the way I write with two hands—and two fingers—on the typewriter. While we were waiting for the bus to load a dozen men were shaking dice. "A scared man can't gamble and a jealous-hearted man can't work" said one man to a nervous fellow who had lost. Upon the request of several passengers the driver stopped at Red Rock where some men got out and bought a pint of wine. "Marked 45c but they charged us cotton pickers 50c" they said as they entered the bus. Getting off the bus I was so cramped and sore from the dragging among the cotton sticks that I limped along like the others.

Father Rook

The first priest I had known in Arizona was Father Rook in Tempe. He had been transferred to the new church in Eloy a few months ago. He invited me to have supper with him at the home of a fine Spanish young couple under thirty with five boys. The mother is a beautiful woman and the father a husky cement mason. They greeted me kindly. Seeing no bread on the table I mentioned making tortillas in Albuquerque and about small Lipa there who gave me a burned one she had made. Our hostess blushed, not thinking that an Anglo would like tortillas, and brought out especially large thin ones. The older boy was altar boy for Father Rook.

I went to confession and in the morning to mass and communion. And in the afternoon drove back to Phoenix with Father Rook. Dorothy had visited the Yaqui Indian church where Father Rook was missionary priest three years ago.

He had always been a CW fan and is glad to have the paper in his parish.

I'll be planting Irish (potatoes) in a few weeks. (I write this Jan. 18). I will clean off the dead Johnson grass and weeds from the garden tomorrow. I write on my biography until midnight each night so will be kept busy to make up for the loafing I have done for the four months away from the Valley of the Sun.

Church Authority

(Continued from page 3)

must ever admit our liability to error and give external and internal assent to what the Church decides. If we do not do this then we lose the Faith, but then if we are consciously prepared not to accept a decision of the Church, we do not lose the Faith, we simply do not have the Faith to lose. We are not Catholic.

Ex Cathedra

When the Sovereign Pontiff makes an ex cathedra decision—and the conditions under which he does so are laid down by the Vatican Council—it is a decision of the Church. For though an infallible decision of the Pope is of itself irreformable and not dependent on the consent of the faithful, nevertheless he does not exercise this apart from the Church, but rather as the mouthpiece of the Church. Those who deny a visible head to the Church do so either because they do not understand the psychosomatic character of Christianity or, if they do understand this and accept it in other areas of the Faith (the Sacraments, icons, etc.) inconsistently balk at its application to the need for a visible, as well as an invisible, head to the Church.

Does all this look bad for the pacifist? I do not think so. I think many of us are too prone to think that, if the Church speaks, it will be against pacifism. I think there is a great difference in the attitude of the Pope to this question and the attitude of certain nationalistic bishops. And then these sentiments, pacifist sentiments, constantly infiltrate and find expression even when one is not looking for them. Recently, just in my "at random" reading I ran across such. Father Gerald G. Walsh, S.J., for example, says (in the chapter on Catholicism in Jurji's *The Great Religions of the Modern World*) "The Catholic remembers that Jesus said there would be 'weeds among the wheat'. He knows that many in high places in his Church have been moved by greed to betray Jesus as Judas did. And some, in folly, have drawn the sword as Peter did—as though the kingdom could be defended or extended by the use of force." And then, in an essay on St. Francis by Father Dominic Devas O.F.M., I found this in writing on St. Francis' lack of enthusiasm for the violent Crusades: "This incident is so picturesque in itself (i.e. St. Francis visit to the Sultan) and has inspired so many artists that its deeper significance is apt to be overlooked. It was the death-blow to the Crusades, those efforts to force the issue by armed power; and the dawn of that new wisdom which knows—however slow men are to apply that knowledge—that evil can only really be cured, not by counter-violence, but by good." Then, in a remarkable little book on Orthodox Spirituality written by a monk of the Eastern Church, it is stated "Let us also remember that the Christian East has, more than the West, honoured evangelical non-resistance to violence. This is an aspect of communion with the Lamb." He is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth" (Isa. 53.7). Russia commemorates with special affection, as martyrs, the young princes Boris and Gleb who were, in the beginnings of Russian history, the willing victims of murder. Origen proclaimed: "We do not serve as soldiers, even though the Emperor require it." The Eastern canons, known as the Egyptian Church Order, ruled: "If a catechumen or a believer wishes to become a soldier let him be rejected for he has despised God." As late

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 4)

Pioneer. There are many trees around his house, tamarack, olive, orange and grape fruit. Fields upon fields stretch out on every side until they reach the far away mountains. On all sides of us there were miles of cabbages that had never been harvested because of a drop in the price, and the Arenia brothers had rented out the fields to some sheep owner who had quartered some thousand sheep there to crop them. The shepherd had set up his little tent and outside of it he sat in the fading light by a fire, wrapped in his blanket because the evening hours are cold. We went to see him and offered him a Catholic Worker, though of course he did not know English, showing him Fritz Eichenberg front page pictures. We could not tell whether he was Mexican or Basque, but he lived always with his sheep, and though he was a hireling, he could go about among them and they were not disturbed. "They can always be led," Ammon said, "but not driven." "How like us," I thought. I offered the shepherd my rosary, trying to establish some contact with him, and he got up quickly and went to his tent and brought out his own rosary to show me which hung there where he slept.

Hospitality

Phoenix is not so big a town, and perhaps that is why the "Charity kitchen," as it is called, is so homelike and happy a place. Mr. Bedway, a member of the St. Vincent de Paul society, is cook and he has six helpers. Since November 20, 16,959 meals have been served.

The place is an old restaurant with a counter all around and anyone can go in, sit down and be served, no questions asked. The serving goes on for several hours in the middle of the day and for several hours in the evening, and there is no rush, no line, just people coming and going all the time, like any restaurant. Ammon and I sat down and had some good coffee, and noticed then that the only sign in the place, aside from the Grace, lettered on the wall, was one over the coffee urn, "two cups per person." Fr. Victor, Franciscan is the spiritual director and 435 W. Washington street, the location. And Mr. Bedway helps to find jobs, places to live, etc. The work was started by the fourteen conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul society of the county, and since labor and much of the food is donated, there is only the rent and gas and electric to worry about. There should be one in every town. From 400 to 600 a day are served.

St. Anthony's Kitchen

There is of course that great one in St. Boniface parish in San Francisco, to jump ahead a bit, where a thousand a day eat, and where the hungry come from eleven on to pass cafeteria style along the steam tables and are given all they can eat and drink. They too are served by groups of volunteer men and women, and one priest who has charge of the place is always on hand to say

as the fourth century, when the West had gradually accepted the idea of a 'just' war and the legitimacy of military service, St. Basil the Great taught that they who had shed blood in war should abstain from communion for three years. The present attitude of Church officials, Eastern and Western alike, who condone war, cannot alter the fact that the most ancient tradition of the Church tends in the opposite direction."

So there is no cause for despair. The Catholic pacifist should have confidence that, should the Church in her wisdom inaugurate a thorough study of this question, the decision, guided by the Holy Spirit will be to uphold the pacifism of Christ. But the decision, if it ever comes and whatever it be, will be the decision of Christ and, as such will be received in humility and gratitude by all Catholics.

grace before the line starts. He is the one who is responsible for the work, and the day I saw him he was shuffling about with a broken toe which did not keep him from going on with his work.

Such charity is so contagious that one feels the spirit of it in all the works in this parish. There is a credit union, an employment agency, a maternity guild, a library and reading room, a school and a Church and I went there as soon as I arrived for noon day Mass. It delighted my heart to see a huge pile of Catholic Workers with other papers on the stand inside the door, and I was kneeling where I could see people taking them as they left the Church. When I went into the rectory next door later to look up Fr. Brendan I waited on a bench beside an old man and started talking to him about the breadline. "What time does it begin," I asked him.

"You are too late now," he said sympathetically. "The women are always served first. I'm on old age assistance now myself and I go to help out, to pour coffee. You can have all you want. Let me help you. Can't do much—" and he put his hand in his pocket to get me the price of a meal. I was infinitely touched, at such kindness.

Northwest

I have spoken of the shelter in Portland. There is none in Seattle now connected with our group, but a St. Vincent de Paul man, Peter Empt still maintains a house and breadline there. Out in Spokane, Bishop White, spoke of the need for a shelter for men on the road and a place where they could eat. He too was concerned about the State moving in on our children, taking possession of them.

Midwest

To go back still further, I must call attention to the work of Fr. Judge's housekeeper at Willmar, Minn. who has a clothes room in her basement and feeds sometimes a dozen men a day a good meal. Another young priest who confessed that the housekeeper did not allow the priests in the kitchen and would not serve the poor herself told me that as he gave a sandwich to a man who came to the door, the ambassador of Christ remarked to him that he had been served a full meal at the parish church in Willmar.

Home Again

I want to write another entire article for next month on the families I met along the way, since this is already too long. I shall leave it to the discretion of Tom Sullivan, who makes up the paper, to cut it.

Now I am home again to a brisk New York winter, to a crowded house on Chrystie street, to bare trees in the park across the way, to a bay with gulls wheeling over head and the ferry rides and the fogs, the Peter Maurin Farm with its good smell of fresh baking bread, and the broad fields around that Fr. Duffy has had ploughed during the fall. All is order and peace there right now, though they have had a hectic winter with many disturbed people with them.

And now too I see my grand children, one of them in the hospital again this winter with pneumonia but the rest comparatively well. I have not as yet visited Maryfarm but will go there soon as the paper comes out on Monday. The trip has been long and hard but it has also been a vacation. And now I must learn all over again to live at peace in three households when I'd like to settle down in one or another of them and not stir out a foot for months to come. How good it would be to be hemmed in by a blizzard! When will I be able to finish my Teresa book?

After all, it still will take a life time to learn that my particular vocation, at least, is not to settle down, take roots, enjoy a home; but in the words of the hymn of John Wesley, "to be a pilgrim."

The Sin of Anti-Semitism

(Continued from page 1)

Jews. It has nothing to do with Zionism. It is an attempt to perpetuate a terrible caricature of the "rootless Jew." Moreover, throughout the transcript, the word "Jew" or "Jewish" is used as well as "Zionist."

There can be no question of the anti-Semitism here. Nor can there be any doubt of a pacifist position: to protest the racist nature of the trials and the terrible executions of the "convicted" with all our might.

Moscow

The "conspiracy" of the Moscow doctors is not quite so blatantly anti-Semitic. Yet the bare facts of the indictment are so incredibly cloak-and-dagger as to almost defy belief from the very start. But the official Moscow explanation, printed in the New York Times and in the Daily Worker here, leave no doubt as to what is happening. In the Daily Worker story, there were references to "Jewish capitalists," and the listing of them sounded like a page from an American fascist hate-sheet.

There was little or no attempt to show any actual link between the Zionist movement and the people involved. Names were thrown around with abandon—including those of people who were publicly sympathetic to the Soviet Union at the time they were "plotting." By implication, it was only necessary to show that the people involved were bourgeois Jews, and therefore, cosmopolitans, traitors and the like.

Zionism

So far, there has been little attempt on the part of Western Communists to produce a "line" on the trials. They seem, rather, stunned. But what attempt there has been has charged that the trials are merely anti-Zionist and not anti-Semitic.

There are, indeed, legitimate grounds in criticizing the philosophy of Zionism, even while supporting the state of Israel. In the Zionist concept of the "ingathering of the exiles" there is an implication that all Jews, all over the world, are recognizable, supernatural, and actually owe their allegiance to Zion. However well intentioned, there are elements in this which coincide with the assumptions of the anti-Semite and might aid him. But the Moscow and Prague cases have not been concerned with such a criticism, in the main. The defendants in Prague are men who have violently dissociated themselves from Zionism for years. And the attacks, such as the one on Gensinger, quoted above, are, to a great extent, against Jewishness, not Zionism.

Mass Anti-Semitism

Several other considerations are important.

First, mass anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. There has been a long and terrible history of anti-Semitism in Russia. Theoretically, it has been the policy of the Stalinists to eradicate this. But Joshua Kunitz, a scholar on Russian-Jewish relationship and a man who has been quite sympathetic to the Soviet Union, pointed out that there has been evidence of mass anti-

Semitism among Soviet peoples since 1942.

In a public meeting held last month in New York, Kunitz told of Yiddish books, printed in the Soviet Union during the War, which related anti-Semitic incidents among the people. Moreover, in 1948, the Yiddish press, theatre and cultural life, all Communist, were suppressed in Russia.

Given this explosive state of affairs among the people why would the government even start an anti-Zionist campaign, and much more so, why did they start an anti-Jewish campaign?

Second, the incorporation of masses of Jews into the Soviet Union. The acquisition of satellites by the Soviet Union has increased its Jewish population. There are 250,000 Jews in Rumania, 155,000 in Hungary, 45,000 in Poland and 2,500,000 in Russia.

All of these countries have traditions of pogrom. In all of them, even anti-Zionism would be dangerous. But anti-Semitism... Why?

When the Prague trials began, it was widely held that the motive behind them was that of alliance with neo-Nazi elements, a gesture toward the Arab League, and the need of scapegoats for the failure of the Czech economy. But the extent to which the disease has spread makes the explanation weak.

Perhaps it is a case of a power struggle within the Soviet bureaucracy. Perhaps a conflict between the "Zhdanov-men" of the Cominform and satellite countries (many of whom are Jews) and the anti-Zhdanov faction in Moscow. Perhaps an attempt to embarrass Beria.

But whatever the case, there is no conceivable reason which could possibly excuse what has already been done. To argue that it is "only" a power struggle is to argue that Hitler was "only" interested in a scapegoat and did not really hate the Jews. For the Jews of Eastern Europe, such distinctions are, to say the least, academic.

The American Press

A word is necessary about the American press and its handling of these cases.

Part of our press has played them up in a sensational, irresponsible way. What has happened is ugly and vicious enough when simply stated. It is not necessary to shout "pogrom" when a pogrom has not yet started. It certainly should be pointed out that the Soviet Union is either risking, or encouraging, pogrom. It is not necessary to extend this fact to make a sensational story.

Moreover, there is an element of the American press which is using this story as an aid to the American war-effort. The Prague and Moscow cases should not be protested because it will aid America in furthering its armaments policy—they should be protested in themselves, for their intrinsic evil.

It would also be better if this concern were shown for all subject peoples who are victims of persecution: Spaniards and Tunisians and Indo-Chinese and the rest. To criticize the brutal expres-

sion of the Soviet war camp is not to excuse the expressions of the American.

Anti-Semitism

But let us restate some principles.

Anti-semitism believes that the Jew is "recognizable"; that he is not American, or German, or Russian, but Jewish.

Anti-semitism believes that this Jewishness of birth postulates some predictable pattern of conduct for the adult; that because Slansky is "of Jewish origin," therefore...

Historic anti-semitism believes most passionately in the "international plot" of these Jews, e.g., the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

The Prague trials contained every one of these elements, the Moscow accusation, to a lesser extent.

Non-Jews the world over, especially Christians whose own record is none too guiltless should rise up in protest over what is being done to our brothers.

Puerto Ricans

(Continued from page 3)

has oddly shaped toes from wearing other people's old shoes. Neither of them talked very much at first.

* * *

We went to the Welfare Dep't. on Christmas Eve afternoon. There was a party. We were asked to come back another day. We did. The many rows of seats were filled when we arrived and we were asked to come back early the next



morning. The third time, after waiting about three hours, she got to see the interviewer. Because we weren't members of her family we were not permitted to be at the interview. When she came out she looked unhappy so we quickly went in to see the woman she had been talking to. We discovered what the trouble was. She had been denied assistance previously because she had been unable to get signed letters to prove debt, previous maintenance, employment, and so on. We filled out the new application, got all the necessary letters, and went back. Another agonizing wait was followed by an hour long interview. The room was always crowded with people, bewildered, trying to make a start toward a tolerable life.

* * *

We had to go with her each time because she could speak only Spanish and couldn't read numbers, it was impossible for her to travel alone, and no one else would take her. The first day we went to the office was bitter and windy. She had no stockings at all so we bought her a pair and asked permission for her to put them on in the store, which she did.

* * *

Three weeks from the day she first applied for help the caseworker came for the field visit which would determine whether or not she would get help. The woman was at the clinic with one of her daughters. The child has an infectious skin disease that torments her. A note was left by the caseworker asking her to call for another appointment, which we did, but the pain of having waited for days with no result, and having missed the visit was too much. She wiped her eyes and, finally, when she stopped crying, assumed once more the role of patience, clinging to the raw hope that all would be well, returning to the heatless dark hell which is an East Harlem winter.

.. Book Reviews ..

BE NOT SOLICITOUS. Edited by Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00 Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

In the course of her introduction to this unusual collection of stories, Maisie Ward remarks that "This book would be called in France *Temoignages*. For the French specialize in books in which the gathered experiences of many are brought together in rich illumination of some single theme." She goes on to indicate, as the subtitle of the book does also, that "the theme is God's Providence in relation to Catholic families who put their trust in Him."

If ever there was a more remarkable demonstration of the Father's tender care for his children, aside from the lives of the saints, it has not yet reached print. The entire collection is filled with the spirit of loving dependence rewarded both supernaturally and materially, of the joy and the gaiety and holiness of those who have been sheltered under His wings. This is Christian marriage and you can take the glamour stories out and drop them in the nearest ashcan. They are truly the shadow and this is the substance.

A good solid substance it is. Take Bill and Avis Walsh giving away their last cent to help another family, desolate to the point of blasphemy because of their poverty, and finding in the midst of their desolation the deepest meaning of "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Or read D. H.'s story of a European home broken by war, and of the family's "Flight into Egypt" nourished and sustained by that first Flight.

If you think a happy Christian marriage is impossible in a childless home read Paul Zen's story and Mrs. Sheed's addenda if the thought of a mentally defective child is too much for you, you may change your mind when you discover the spiritual growth it occasioned in one family. Nancy Dubois's account of her successful interracial marriage sweeps out the old taboos, and "Mrs. J." makes you understand how poverty can be a joy rather than a burden.

Ed Willock's discussion of the problems which confront the large family living in a cramped urban society is probably the most vital in the collection, and his suggested solutions ought to be encouraging to growing families jammed into small apartments. Mary Reed Newland is another whose fresh touch and light-hearted handling of spirituality in marriage does not conceal bedrock strength beneath

the surface. And there is the English family who are raising their children in a House of Hospitality; the "average" young couple who resolved the conflict between the secular and the spiritual; the Gauchat's "little miracle"; J. E. P. Butler's growth in abandonment to the Will of God; the Rogan's community house-hunting. Something for everyone, you'll say—and you will be right.

This, however, is no grab bag. Though each story has a validity of its own, the whole is strongly focused on unconditional trust in God. Poverty plays a leading part in the stories of most of these families and certainly increases the dramatic impact of some of them. Even those, however, who do not bear the burden of material poverty show an understanding of the poverty of spirit which relies on God to take care of what comes, and an acceptance of all that He sends.

Mrs. Sheed calls attention to the fact that as one of her retreat masters once said, "Christianity does not take away from us the burden of life but it gives us a spirit to bear that burden." That spirit pervades this book and is one of the most striking things about it. If the apostolate of the Christian family is going to have the impact on society which the editor believes is absolutely necessary, that spirit has got to spread and grow, and there seems no better way to encourage its diffusion than through books of this kind.

These practical examples of working apostolic marriages are prefaced by Mrs. Sheed's observations and suggestions. Her own deep feeling of the importance of the family as the basic apostolic unit in this age is clearly revealed. To help these struggling families is a responsibility laid on all of us, financially if necessary and possible, as well as by encouragement and tangible assistance. She is hard on those who would preach heroic virtue without attempting any basic understanding of the problems of the urban family, and she pleads for charity and for such radical departures as the reorganization of the parish along family lines.

When a book so brilliantly illumines such a fundamental side of Christian life as Maisie Ward's does, there is really only one thing to say—read it. And when you have finished, lend it to your friends, pass it around the neighborhood and rejoice that there are such people in the world as those who have written this book.

Procession

Canopied You move
Trapped in gold
A Prisoner enclosed in glass
And small white.
Seven strong winds
Blown calm by the silence of Your power
Rise like incense before Your helplessness.
While men fear the low bend of adoration,
The excess of love,
Love Himself
Bends into this house of gold,
His blessing falls like the quiet pleading of rain.

Eileen Fantino

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