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Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN

OUT OF THE TEMPLE

Christ drove the money changers out of the Temple. But today nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple.

And nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple because the money lenders have taken a mortgage on the Temple

When church builders build churches with money borrowed from money lenders they increase the prestige of the money lenders.

But increasing the prestige of the money lenders does not increase the prestige of the Church.

Which makes Archbishop McNicholas say: "We have been guilty of encouraging tyranny in the financial world until it has become a veritable octopus strangling the life of our people."

ETHICS AND ECONOMICS

Lincoln Steffens says: "The social problem is not a political problem; it is an economic problem.

Kropotkin says: "The economic problem is not an economic problem; it is an ethical problem."

Thorstein Veblen says: "There are no ethics in modern society."

R. H. Tawney says: "There were high ethics in society when the Canon Law was the law of the land."

The high ethics of the Canon Law are embodied in the encyclicals of Pius XI and Leo XIII on the social problem.

To apply the ethics of the encyclical to the problems of today, such is the purpose of Catholic Action.

THE MONEY-LENDERS' DOLE

Uncle Sam does not believe in the unemployed dole, but Uncle Sam does believe in the money-lenders' dole.

Uncle Sam doles out every year more than a billion dollars to the money lenders.

And it is the money-lenders' dole that put Uncle Sam into a hole.

The money lenders are first citizens on Uncle Sam's payroll.

There were no money lenders on the payroll in Palestine and Ireland.

There were no money lenders on the payroll in Palestine and Ireland because the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church forbid lending money at interest.

But Uncle Sam does not listen to the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

CREATING PROBLEMS

Business men say that because everybody is selfish, business must therefore be based on selfishness. everybody is busy becoming more selfish

And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish, we have classes and clashes.

Business cannot set its house in order because business men are moved by selfish motives.

Business men create problems, they do not solve them

WHEN CIVILIZATION DECAYS

When the bank account is the standard of values the class on the top sets the standard.

When the class on the top cares only for money it does not care

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EDUCATION AND WORK

By DOROTHY DAY

A very interesting article in The Life of the Spirit (Blackfriars, 34 Bloomsbury Rd., W.C. 1 London) on Work. "Intelligent parents of today, rather than leave their children a certain sum of money, prefer to spend their substance in giving them an education which will make them capable workers, whether the work be intellectual or manual. They are right; for persons of today, their real insurance consists in their capacity for work. The time will come for nuns also—and in a certain sense it has already come—when the most secure dowry for a young girl wishing to enter a convent will be her capacity for work." "Nuns' hands are always occupied. However, for the most part, their work has been almost entirely directed to maintaining the possessions of the community in good order. Poverty has been practiced particularly by means of

motherly way, being anxious not only to secure their material subsistence, but also to help their spiritual life in the best way possible. Therefore, before giving expression to her requirements, as set forth in Article eight, (of the apostolic constitution, *Spensa Christi*) Holy Church, in the explanatory part of the constitution, has represented to nuns in the happiest way how it is possible to combine this more intense application to work with that search for union with God which is characteristic of their contemplative life. These teachings are so rich, and may be foreseen as so fruitful, that they could serve as a basis for a 'mysticism of labor.' These teachings contain an appreciation of work both moral and spiritual." This commentary shows not only how the Holy Father in his new directions to religious orders is meeting the needs of the time,

that help is given, the world alms and pauper carry a stigma. The new movements in the Church towards poverty and manual labor, a sharing with the poor and the destitute their hard lot in life, and side by side with this the persecution of the Church and its clergy and religious, and the despoiling of the Church of its property bringing about an involuntary precarity, go hand in hand with the pronouncements of Pope Pius XII who consoles his children and at the same time urges them to a new life. This new life would mean an intensification of the interior life, accent on community among the secular clergy, and accent on work, productive work to earn a living, among religious, according to the Holy Father's recent directions. * * * And all this renewal of life will overflow in benefits to the laity,



economy, it has been sought to make things last; darns and patches have therefore been multiplied, time being taken up in excess of what a more rational economic organization would allow. Those who desire to produce must take account of the time factor." St. Teresa of Avila understood this when she said that she wanted her nuns to earn their living by their hands, in addition to living on the alms sent them. "To return to an economic organization" of convents "based on labor is only to return to St. Teresa's primitive plan which was always her favorite." "While asking of nuns this effort for the organization of productive work, Holy Church has acted in a most

and the criticisms of the time, but also how they are being received. There is meekness and humility both on the part of the vicar of Christ, and of those who comment on his pronouncements. * * * We have often spoken of the collective wealth of orders, and the individual poverty of religious, who often have not enough to buy stationery. We have spoken in *The Catholic Worker* on how orders in the Church have been so plentifully supplied with property and the means of improving that property of the alms of the faithful, and how little has been done to help families, each one of which is a "little church," a "little community," and how when

perhaps in the very teaching that reaches the children in all our parochial schools. The teaching sisters are surely doing a tremendous job and earn their food by the sweat of their brow. But perhaps even here, and Peter Maurin talked of this so many times, there is needed a great change in attitude. Children, too, need to be taught a mysticism of labor. Peter Maurin used to call it a philosophy of work. Fr. Jimmy Tompkins used to say that all work should be considered in the light of the works of mercy. Is our work that we are preparing to do in life helping to feed, clothe, shelter people? Are children being taught a reverence for (Continued on page 6)

The Transcendence of Catholicism

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Catholicism remains as always essentially transcendental, essentially above cultures, politics, economics. Catholicism is not identical with monarchy or democracy or Socialism or decentralization. It is not identical with laissez-faire economics or anarchism, the wage contract or worker ownership. Catholicism is essentially above all these things. But since we (who are members of the Church) must operate in the temporal order it becomes necessary that we pick and choose, that we try this system or that. But in doing so we should always be most careful not to confuse our personal choices with the Church as such. Our temporal systems stand or fall insofar as they promote justice and charity, the Church can accommodate herself to any of these systems as long as they do not interfere with her divinely appointed mission.

Development

And so it is that while the Pope may write of economic questions, as they exist here and now, he does not preclude the possibility of supplanting such systems with others which men may come to regard as superior. The Church did not condemn, as such, the economic arrangement of slavery. But it was eventually realized that the Catholic conception of the worth of the person made slavery very difficult to practise and so it was supplanted by feudalism. But then

it was gradually realized that this system also failed to respect the integrity of the person, and it moved on to capitalism with its wage contract. And, I hope, the time will come when it will be realized that capitalism does not meet the requirements of the human person and we will move on to something else, which in turn may fail us (yes, even decentralization and anarcho-syndicalism) and so we will reject that and move on again. During each of these stages there has never been wanting those who feared that, if the status quo be disturbed, if a particular economic or political order be changed, the Church would end with it. But we know the Church has survived these, as she will survive capitalism or (God help us!) "Latin" and "Celtic" culture.

I have been criticized (by John Cort in COMMONWEAL) for having written kind words of the I.W.W. preamble which condemns the wage contract whereas the Pope had stated it was not necessarily evil. This has been maneuvered into the implication that the Catholic Church is solidly behind the wage contract. Which means, logically, that the Catholic Church is solidly behind capitalism. To attack the one, you attack the other. A familiar sentiment. It reminds me of the delegation of feudal lords who tried to get the Pope to condemn the Franciscan movement because, so they contended, St. Francis was undermining the feudal system.

When the I.W.W. preamble was written the wage contracts they were familiar with were the old laissez-faire type. And they were clearly unjust. For a contract assumes a certain equality which did not exist then. And so, I am sure, we can forgive the writers of the I.W.W. preamble, if they condemned the concrete reality confronting them and did not observe all the philosophical niceties. And, I feel sure, the inequities surrounding the wage contracts of those days (and many today) violate the principles laid down by the Pope. (Continued on page 6)

The Accused Is Helpless

Justice Douglas said: "The use of statements by informers who need not confront the person under investigation or accusation has such an infamous history that it should be rooted out from our procedure. A hearing at which these faceless people are allowed to present their whispered rumors and yet escape the test and torture of cross-examination is not a hearing in the Anglo-American sense. . . . Without the identity of the informer the person investigated or accused stands helpless. The prejudices, the credibility, the passions, the perjury of the informer are never known. If they were exposed, the whole charge might wither under the cross-examination."

Reprinted from NEWS NOTES
Metropolitan Board for Conscientious Objectors

Labor Day Mass

The tenth annual Labor Day Mass, sponsored by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, will be held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City September 7th at 12 o'clock noon. The celebrant will be Monsignor Richard J. Pigott. Father Joseph P. Fitzpatrick S.J. will preach on "God's Law in Economic Life."

LIFE AT HARD LABOR

By AMMON HENNACY

"Those 15 year old boys can't read or write; been working in the fields all of the time. Poor people can't afford baby-sitters, so the babies have to come to the carrot field," said my Mexican co-worker, pointing to a group of Mexicans tying carrots since before sunrise in the field next to where I had been irrigating all night. Such child labor is against the law but the law is not enforced. There is plenty of money in the state treasury for soft jobs for immigration posts as tourists enter or leave the state. On the bus I saw the inspector peep in and say "anyone here got fruit?" If they all said "no," as was the case that time, he takes their word for it and calls it "inspection." That is an easy job but to go out in the fields and argue with big bosses is troublesome work.

"I made 10c a row turning vines," said a bright 9 year old neighbor boy, and added, "wish I could work with you cleaning this ditch." "That's too heavy a work for you," I replied. Later in the day he and his brothers and sisters came by on their way to the cause-way of the big company irrigation pumps down the lateral where everybody who has time around here stops to take a bath in the warm and slightly salty water as it comes out in a gushing stream. I have stopped on a Sunday afternoon on my way home from selling CW's, taken a bath and was dried in the warm air in a few minutes.

About one child a month is drowned in these irrigation ditches. The cry goes up that they should be covered and some of them are. The latest drowning occurred when at the entrance to one of these tunnels where the ditch had been covered a boy was sucked in. Two other boys went in after him and came out through the tunnel but they could not find their companion. If a screen was put at the entrance to these tunnels it would keep out children but rubbish would pile up and flood everyone nearby.

The Old Pioneer told of a young Mexican woman crying at midnight and knocking at his door saying that she could not find her baby. They lived in a shack on his land on the ditchbank. She and her husband had come home somewhat intoxicated and she had laid the baby on a bench in the yard while she opened the door. The Old Pioneer got a lantern and looked down the ditch and below the second bride tunnel he saw the baby grasping bushes along the side of the ditch. The water was about only 2 feet deep and the baby could easily have drowned.

I put in 80 hours a week for several weeks irrigating and found it difficult to get enough sleep in the 104 to 112 degrees of heat in the day time. I will have some more irrigating of alfalfa now in July before I start my picketing and fasting August 6th. Alfalfa is

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The Death of a Hearn's Striker

Joseph Monk Is Killed on Picket Line

By EILEEN FANTINO

At noon, Friday the fourteenth, of August, Joseph Monk was struck by a car and crushed against the building of the Bronx branch of Hearn's department store. He received the last rites of the Catholic Church and died. Thousands of people share with his wife and daughter their grief and loss.

Joseph Monk was a stock man and elevator operator for Hearn's and a member of DPO-CIO union for two years. His friends say he was not an outstanding worker or union member, but a quiet unassuming man and one who knew and understood the dignity of humanity. When he was killed he was at his post on the Hearn's picket line where he had walked during the past, three months waiting for a fair settlement of the strike. He had taken the attacks hurled at the strikers by the Press, from the store window displays, and passers-by, because he knew what justice and truth mean. He was ready to suffer and be insulted for what he believed in, and to make personal sacrifices together with the rest of the 800 strikers. The picket line proved to be his place of sacrifice, his Calvary.

Mrs. Monk, his widow, said that on the morning of his death he wasn't feeling well but when he saw that it was raining his first thought was to relieve the women who would be walking in the rain, most of whom were elderly, and all of whom were physically and mentally exhausted from three

months of picketing and living on reduced incomes. His thoughts were for his friends on the line. There is one who has never missed a day picketing despite the fact that her husband is in the hospital facing a possible leg amputation. Even though he felt ill he went to Hearn's, got on the line one hour before he was scheduled to take his turn. A car got out of the driver's control, swept across the sidewalk into the line, missed a few other people but struck and killed him. It was in the spirit of self sacrifice that Joseph Monk was on the picket line, doing more than his share, sparing others suf-



ST. ISAAC JOGUES

fering. The Joseph Monks are the people who are ignored, the average, unspectacular men who bear wrongs, work to end them, and who will be the source of strength in the struggle for justice.

The night before his funeral his fellow union members gathered for a Rosary service. Hundreds came to pay their last respects to "Brother Monk" and also to reaffirm their belief in the brotherhood of man and their devotion to an organization in which being addressed as "brother" has no hollow ring, where it means something. We stood on the steps of the Armory where the services were held. It was dark but a faint trace of the sunset lay over the river before us. His widow arrived, and made her way up the long flight of stairs. She began to cry and hesitated a moment before continuing, probably longing for the crowd to melt, for the whole scene to vanish, to be in her home again with her husband alive and well. Someone recalled her words just after she heard the news of his death over the radio and from a union officer who rushed over to tell her but who unfortunately arrived after the radio bulletin. She said, "Why was he the one to be there? Why did it have to be him?" It may well have been a question asked by Mary at another noontime on another Friday. Joseph Monk was there and it was he who was killed. It might have been anyone but it was Joseph Monk. It was his

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

As we go to press with this September issue we feel that a mild sort of celebration is in order. The repairs to our fire damaged house have been completed after four long months. Our day by day struggle with the building contractors has terminated much to our relief.

The two floors of four rooms each, which were vacated as a result of the fire, are once more occupied with approximately twelve men. Besides this additional room we still find ourselves housing three or four men on mattresses on our library floor. Once the two floors upstairs were restored we had intended to clear the library of sleepers and return the library to its original purpose of a recreation room for all in the house to sit, talk, read and listen to the radio. However we are defeated time and again in this resolution by homeless individuals who come in asking for a place to sleep, anywhere they beg, if it is only on the floor. As we hesitantly inform them that they may occupy the library floor we are aware that their usual retirement at ten p.m. will curtail the hours of recreation for the other members of our family. So we continue to rob Peter to pay Paul all over again.

During the past few weeks we have had scores of welcomed visitors among which there were quite a few priests. One afternoon a Trappist Abbot stopped by. It was his first visit to our place and he said he was quite pleased with everything he saw in this house. He repeated several times that he was especially gratified at seeing our afternoon bread and soup line. After our twenty gallons of soup and numerous slices of bread had been served to the men, Father Abbot kindly accepted our invitation to set down at the table and have a cup of coffee. Over his cup of coffee he mentioned the soup line and said that to him that was about the most important thing we were doing. "If you didn't do anything else but that the entire work would be justified." Since we are the last ones to detract from such high complements towards ourselves we simply sat and nodded our heads.

Two other priest visitors remained three hours talking with us. They made it clear from the outset that they disagreed with a couple of things which are emphasized in our paper but said that they go along with most of what we say and do.

Among other items, as a point of discussion, they compared our house with another house of hospitality in a distant city. The staff in the aforementioned house are sharply inclined towards the rehabilitation of men off skid road and the two priests wanted to know the amount of emphasis we placed on a program of remodeling these men. I replied that I thought the term rehabilitation was tossed around too loosely these days. In our books the term rehabilitation goes a lot deeper than the mere acquisition of a good salaried position, a decent wardrobe of clothes and a comfortable room far from the Bowery.

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The Immoral Politics of Christians

By REV. FRANZISKUS STRATMANN, O.P.

How to improve the situation? Let us begin with the optimistic assertion that it can be improved. The fact that we have in our Church a world-wide natural organization and a world-wide supernatural organism, a potential for peace which cannot be surpassed from a qualitative viewpoint, if it can be quantitatively, this fact remains. It is true that its value is objective. Its translation into subjective activity leaves much to be desired. A potential for peace, like a potential for war, can be inert, rust, grow obsolete, if it is not utilized and applied judiciously. It is this omission that we have to deplore. It is not so much good will that is lacking as a consciousness of the forces that are at our disposal. That consciousness has hardly been aroused. I, myself, during the time of my secondary studies, from the first form to the sixth, did not hear a word about these questions, anymore in religion class than from the pulpit. These questions are ordered to politics, not religion. Or, at any rate, in relation to the heart of Christianity, one does not attribute to it all more than a peripheral importance, never a central one. But what was more central to the Gospel of Christ than charity and unity? No one, it is true, denies to them the first rank.

Only the duties flowing from charity and unity are too often relegated exclusively to the ecclesiastical sphere.

The Precept is Applicable to All
But Christ wished to see the precept of charity applied in particular to men of the outside world, to those who are not of our country.

His own charity made as little distinction between national enemies (Romans and Samaritans) and compatriots as between the just and sinners. Should it be otherwise today? Are there political boundaries in the Mystical Body of Christ? Is a German more my neighbor than a Frenchman or a Russian, who is united to Christ, the head, or called to that union? And ought not my overflowing charity be the bond of which God wills to avail Himself in order to fulfill that calling? It is not doing wrong to the German, if I love the foreigner as much as him, because all people are my neighbors. But, on the contrary, I am doing wrong to him if I hate or distrust or set myself above the foreigner because that sin has for its consequence the judgment of God (collective if the sin is collective) and because that judgment touches him also. Is the preaching of this truth less important than that of dominical duty under a precise form? According to all the moralists, it is more important, for the commandments of God are more important than those of the Church and that of charity if the first and greatest of all.

The Maximalism of the Sermon on the Mount.

Let us be sure that such thoughts will touch the hearts of believers (and unbelievers) infinitely more than sermons dedicated to other themes, minimizing Christian duties, or even making questionable concessions to certain all-too-human weaknesses, such as the nationalistic instincts. What the sick and paralyzed Christians of our day need is the pure and living air of the Sermon on the Mount. In the mass of regulations, under the debris of tra-

ditional ideas, which in no way represent the authentic beliefs handed down by tradition, we must seek out and introduce today the precious stones of the doctrine of Christ which shine like diamonds, but are sharp also like diamonds. His precepts on fraternal charity are severe and the political ground, which plays so great a role in the daily life of everyone, cannot in any case, be excluded from it. When Jesus was promulgating His commandments, a high degree of political tension reigned in the country of the Jews and there was a very bitter hatred of the Romans. So he certainly had in mind political enemies when He said: "You have heard that it was said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor and shalt hate thy enemy.' But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who persecute and calumniate you." That is what Christ demands (who will dare to say that it is only a matter of counsel?) of His own from the point of view of their interior dispositions, their thoughts and their sentiments.

So-called Patriotic Education

What does He demand from the viewpoint of words? "I say to you that everyone who is angry with his brother shall be delivered to the tribunal. He who treats his brother as a fool shall be judged by the Sanhedrin. But he who treats his brother with im-

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The Seraph of Assisi

O flower-enamoured bees and mating birds!
Can you explain what magic love employs?
That wizardry of palpitating words
Men call a poem, can it sing my joys?

Since Adam yielded to the serpent bland,
Our Father, so to say, held in his hand
The world like a bewildered throbbing bird;
And waited for a potent, pleading Word
Alleluia!

The waxing whisper out of Bethlehem
Became as thunder in Jerusalem.
God heard the Word and lo! the world leapt free.
Rejoice, my feathered friends: you must rejoice with me.
Alleluia!
C. R. C.

St. John of the Cross

He went far beyond modern philosophy and found the ultimate Essence.

No more I weep for what I might have been . . .
Perhaps the master poet of my age . . .
Perhaps a prelate on a purple throne.
Now liberated from the bonds of sin,
The essence and existence of my lyric rage
Is nothing less than Love, and Love alone.
My spirit is a spot upon the sun.
The Master and myself are almost One.
He brings me Life abundant ere my day is done.
C. R. C.

APPEALS

QUEEN OF ANGELS CHURCH
Nashua, Montana

The Catholic Worker
New York, New York
Dear Friends,

I have been ordered to build a small rectory in a poor little mission school the past few years and located near the Fort Peck Indian Reservation.

If the rectory is not built the Bishop will remove the pastor and this means that many children will be lost to the Church as well as adults. Once they are lapsed into indifference it is very difficult to bring them back.

His Lordship the Bishop decided to build a rectory for about five or eight thousand (5,000-8,000) dollars after studying the urgent need a second time.

This year the harvest is practically a failure in this district because of no rains. Still the congregation pledged about four thousand (4,000.00) dollars. Building material is very expensive in Montana, and winters are long and cold.

With the help of the Sisters of Charity we have conducted summer school the past few years and brought many children back to Church whose parents have become careless and indifferent. This is not enough, we must also bring back the parents. Nothing can be accomplished without a resident pastor, hence the necessity of a small rectory, a place in which to instruct converts, have study clubs, etc. Mission life at best is no life of ease.

To these people in Nashua or any mission parish the Pastor is the entire Church. Here in America people do not come into a poor sacristy that serves as a bedroom, kitchen, office and what not to seek information about the Church or about validating the marriage.

The little rectory as planned by our zealous Bishop will serve as a center of catholic action. In plain words the little powerhouse of this mission parish.

Sincerely,

Rev. A. J. Schuh

ADDRESSES

Rev. Fr. John, O. F. M.
Sacred Heart Church
Keamari, Karachi
Pakistan, India

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2 Armenian Street
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Rev. Fr. M. A. Antony
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Madura Dt. S. India

Sister Bernardine of Jesus
Christ the King Convent
Lakshimpuram
Mysore, S. India

Rev. Fr. Joseph Meneses
Catholic Mission
Arni, N. A. Dt., So. India

Rev. Sr. Sophie
St. Teresa's Convent
Ernakulum, South India

Et. Rev. Msgr. Anselmo Lazo, V.F.
San Fernando
La Union, Philippines

NEEDS

Catholic magazines and literature.

Catholic magazines and literature.

Catholic magazines and literature.

Food and clothing

Old vestments, candlesticks, cruets, used surplices and altar cloths, etc. for Ernakulum in South India.

Clothing, children's shoes, food, etc.

Papers, magazines, etc.

Donations to complete construction of convent.

Old Rosaries, Christmas cards, cancelled stamps, old magazines, CARE Food Parcels, Mass offerings.

Clothes, Food parcels.

New or Used books. (Science, Fiction, Law, Languages, Text Books, Religion).

Gentlemen,

A few months ago I read for the first time Your splendid monthly. I have been searching for all the available numbers, and read them with great interest. From time to

time I pray for the editors and the readers of "the Catholic Worker."

May I make through "the Catholic Worker" an appeal to the friends of the poor Missions?

Although young and somewhat

ROSENBERGS

Sorel, Que., Canada, August 17th, 1953

Miss Dorothy Day,
"The Catholic Worker"

Dear Madame:—

I am circulating among my friends your article "Meditation on the Death of the Rosenbergs" which appeared in your July-August issue.

I can assure you, Madame, of my prayers specially at the daily mass where I know our requests have more chances to be accepted, on account of Jesus who pleads for us.

I wish you and your associate editors the faithfulness to the vocation in which God asked you to follow.

Believe me, dear Madame,

Yours sincerely,

Bernadette Fillion

inexperienced in the Mission work I have been appointed to start a new Mission in one of the remotest places of the Mountain Province. Besides a native house, a bamboo-chapel and a small outfit of Mass vestments, I don't have anything. Can somebody send me an altar-cross or procession-cross? Candlesticks, an incensory, a missal (small size), a big and a small ciborium etc. would be very welcome.

Smaller things are equally welcome, as f.i. rosaries, pictures, medicines. Small things have magnetic force on the hearts of poor people.

As long as they can be of use to a poor mission, and worth to be carried a day's distance, old things are welcome. In fact, everything I have is old, with the exception of the Christians who are very new. But I assure you that they know how to pray. In return for the publication of this small appeal, I will let them pray for You and the readers of Your nice magazine. No doubt, the good Lord will hear their prayers.

With kind regards

Yours gratefully,

Fr. Juan Hanssens
Allagua, Pinukpuk

Kindly address to neighboring Mission:

Rev. Fr. Juan Hanssens
Catholic Mission
SALEGSEG; BALBALAN
Mt. Prov., Philippines

Dear Friends:

If I am not wrong you are a benefactor of mine. I remember to have received \$5 from you and I sent you a Thanksgiving card on November 14, 1950. I am still indebted to you. I suppose you will be kind to me even now in my new hill station working among 415 families of colonizations. We are in the initial state; our small church is incomplete in roof and walls.

As we have no school of ours, our over 250 children are forced to attend non-Christian school under Mohammeden. Please pray for us.

Can you please get me "The Vatican" and "West of the Hills." Fine books from Sign Office or Family Club.

May God bless you and yours,

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS KALAM, S.J.
R. C. Mission, Kallody,
Manathavady, P. O.
Malabar, S. India.

Maris Ciomborowa
Glink Maryjanpole
Pawlat Garlice
Poland:

Any readers having hymnals, prayer books, or devotional books printed in Polish can send them to the above address, where they will be gratefully received for distribution among Polish Catholics unable to procure them through the usual channels because of political pressure etc.

DECENTRALISTS

Dear Editors:

Apropos of the piece entitled "Two Years on the Land," it seems to us that you would do well to establish contact with the "decentralist" movement, whose best representative is now Mrs. Mildred Jensen Loomis, Lane's End Homestead, Brookville, Ohio. There is an extensive literature already existing on the technique of homestead establishment and country living, and it seems a shame that anyone should go through the hardships and confusions that this couple did because of lack for some preliminary study.

With warmest greetings,

Peter and Florence van Dresher
634 East Garcia
Sante Fe, New Mexico

From The

Personal and Collective Ownership

By ERIC GILL

(Letter to "Blackfriars," November, 1937)

Sir: Fr. Ceolfrid Heron's very valuable and appreciative article in the August "Blackfriars" on my book "Work and Property," invites a short comment. Misunderstanding seems to arise from my advocacy of "collective ownership" by the "workers." It is thought that such advocacy is out of line with adverse criticism of industrialism and the "leisure state." People ask: how can you be in favor of collectivism and of a return to responsible workmanship at the same time? How can you believe in distributed property and also acquiesce in industrialism? The answer is easy. I believe in workers' ownership of the means of production and distribution. I believe in the village blacksmith (still one or two left) owning his own workshop and tools. I believe in the farmer owning his own farm and implements.

But what about the Great Western Railway? That also is an affair of workmen. Is it a bad thing? Is it immoral? Does the Pope refuse to go by train? And what about all the other industrial enterprises? I may not like the kind of world they imply. I may be able to show that it is all wrong and leading to war and disaster—cheap amusements and conveniences, vulgarity on every hand, not to mention the corruption of family life, the destruction of human culture and an increasing madness of international rivalry. But what of it? Does any theologian of importance condemn railway trains or telephones or tinned food? Does any theologian condemn the factory system, as such, or say anything against the wage system? As far as my information goes, theologians ask for no more than good trade unionists do—higher wages, shorter hours, better canteens, insurance against ill-health and unemployment and possibly a share of the profits large enough to enable employees to buy a bit of property (if there's any for sale).

Very well then, I take it that no one wants the G. W. R. to be abolished. The question is: who shall own it? At present it is the legal possession of the shareholders. We all know what they're like. You read the finance pages of the daily papers. I say I believe in workers' ownership. Why should such a belief only apply to blacksmiths shops, artists' studios and solicitors' offices? If it is good for me to own my workshop, why isn't it good for railway men to own a railway? And if I say these things, why should I be accused of going back on my vocation to teach in and out of season that the ownership and control of any enterprise is rightly that of those who have the responsibility of doing the work and making a good job of it? A porter cannot own a platform, a guard cannot own a railway carriage, a driver cannot own a locomotive—that's obvious. But they can collectively own the railway—that's obvious too. And as in our existing society the ownership of railways and such things is that of those whose only title is that they lent money and whose only concern is the profit on what they've lent, it seems somewhat clearer than daylight that it is time we made a bit of a change. Who wants to make a change—a change in the direction of workers' ownership? The workers do—and very rightly and properly. And their demand is entirely in line with what I've always said—that the man who does the work ought to be responsible for it and that there can be no responsibility where there is no ownership. And as I pointed out in "Work and Property," enlarging on the theme of Prof. Maritain in his "Freedom in the Modern World," "the formal reason of individual appropriation is the exercise of art or work" and "the notion of person must be included in any complete theory of property." In our society we already have collective ownership—that of the shareholders. This is an impersonal ownership. The shareholder in relation to his holding is not a person; he is a receiver of dividends, if any. But porters and guards and engine drivers and foremen and clerks and managers are persons and they are personally responsible for the jobs they do. It is obvious that they ought to be the owners and controllers and that it is the shareholders who should be subordinate and powerless. If a man lends me money, I treat him as such, thank him politely and keep out of his way. I don't give him control of my job. I trust, Sir, that all this is clear and that it will not again be thrown up against me that I have done anything but carry my "teaching" to its logical conclusion.

One thing more: May I say that I am sorry if, as one reviewer put it, I seem "to have been particularly unfortunate in the clergy of (my) acquaintance." The reverse is the truth. But I must admit that I share the opinion common among the masses who are "lost to the church" that the clergy show some reluctance to condemn Capitalism—production for profit, production for the sake of dividends.

It should be added, to avoid unnecessary correspondence, that when I say that the farmer, the craftsman, should own his own land, workshop, etc., I do not refer to that quasi absolute ownership which goes today by the name of "freehold." Ownership means control, personal control, but, definitely, control for good not evil, not for private aggrandisement but in the interests of society and the common good—in the interest of the individual also, but as the individual as a member of society; "A man should not regard his material possessions as his own but as common to all . . ." Absolute ownership, implying a right to destroy or misuse or leave unused what is necessary to the good of others, is an evil myth. Therefore the ownership I mean is a tenancy, hereditary if desired, granted by responsible authority, enjoying the support and defense of public opinion and law, but implying specified duties and obligations as much as rights and carrying with it no opportunity for the exploitation of other people.

Home for Working Mothers

Dear Editor,

Could you give us any suggestions, or perhaps publish this letter? Some friends of mine and I are planning to open a non-profit boarding home for mothers and give day care to their children while they work.

Our purpose is to provide a Catholic home atmosphere for the children, and to help the mothers also, by such an atmosphere and thus prevent attempted "marriages" of divorcees.

We believe some women are nearly forced by circumstances into sinful unions in order to obtain the bare necessities of life for their children, or by their own loneliness.

We wish to have a good Catholic library and perhaps later organize a weekly discussion club under the direction of some priest.

We have a nice site, 2½ acres, but need to build a home for the women and workers.

Perhaps some of your readers have some suggestions. The property adjoining ours, also on two and a half acres, is for sale for about a thousand or two thousand down.

Mail Bag

JOB HUNT

New York, N. Y.
Dear Editors:
In last October's issue of the C. W. Dorothy Day wrote in her column about a job that a lad named Rocco had received through an agency located on Fourth Street in New York City. I am the person who had that experience and this is my account of it.

Until last August I was working in my home state of New Jersey as a truck driver for a laundry company. After having worked there for four and a half months I was replaced due to my inefficiency as a salesman.

For two weeks, I looked for work but to no avail. Everywhere I went they said they had just hired someone, or that I did not have the experience necessary for the job. So I began to wander from one place to another.

During my wandering I learned about an agency on Fourth Street in New York City which supplied jobs to all men regardless of their experience. How happy I felt as I approached the place.

The main room of the agency had a little desk in one corner. The rest of it was filled with benches. I was somewhat surprised when I entered to find all the benches filled. Every man there was, like myself, a refugee from the Bowery.

I was told to sit down. About an hour later the man behind the desk beckoned to me. I went up to the desk and was asked to show my social security card. As the man was writing down my name and social security number, he told me that he had a dishwashing job for me. I was then told to sit again, this time for a couple of hours.

Finally, 7 men and myself were told to get into a limousine which had pulled up near the door. We were then driven to our jobs, mine being at a summer camp in a small town about 35 miles from N. Y. C. Upon arriving at the camp I learned: 1) All jobs by this agency were out of N. Y. C. 2) All jobs consisted of a 10 hour day, some places six and others, seven days a week, for \$100 per month plus room and board. The rooms were filthy, and the food was awful. 3) All men must be driven to their jobs in the limousines, and out of their first weeks wages must pay the agency \$4 or more, depending on the mileage between the agency and the job, for the transportation to the job. 4) If a man lasts on his job for a month he must pay the agency \$14 or more for the job. If a man works less than a month then he must pay the agency 10% of his total wages. This price is fixed by the agency according to the job a man obtains.

Then I was informed that my job was a three-day job for Labor Day weekend. I was taken first to my room so that I would know where

to sleep, and then to the kitchen where I had supper and then started to work. I worked 5 hours that Friday evening, and all day Saturday, Sunday and Monday, which was Labor Day.

On Tuesday morning I was handed a check for \$5.38. My total wages were \$11.10. 22 cents for F.O.A.B., and 40 cents was withheld. \$1.10 was my 10% payment to the agency and \$4.00 for limousine carfare. Then it cost me about \$2.50 to get to N. Y. C.

Back in N. Y. C. the remaining \$2.88 took me to dinner and a movie. I ate mostly hot dogs.

The next morning I found myself with empty pockets. I went to the C.W. breadline and had breakfast. Then I went back to the agency. This time, as I entered, I told the man behind the desk that I wanted a steady job. He said he would take care of it.

After following the same procedure as the first time, I soon found myself riding in a limousine once again. This time my job was as a laborer at a large hotel about 3 miles outside of Monticello. I was given a bed and then examined to see if I was ruptured.

This hotel had built a new 18 hole golf course on which they used the cheapest topsoil that they could obtain. Then I, and others like me, were hired to dig out all the stones in it. I arrived there on a Wednesday. I worked Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I received my first week's pay of \$5.82. Five dollars was held for limousine fare, and I was given the \$.82 which went in no time at all on tobacco. I had Sunday off and the following week, I worked from Monday through Friday.

I had on that Monday a terrific toothache so I was advanced \$5.00 for the dentist. The tooth was pulled. That Friday evening I was notified that the job was over. I was handed a check for \$23.33. The advanced \$5.00 was taken along with \$3.70 for withholding tax, \$2.33 for the agency, \$.8 for disability benefit, \$.47 for Social Security. I was left with \$11.67. It cost me \$3.51 to get back to N. Y. C. The balance of \$7.97 went on movies, meals, and carfare around New York City.

On the first job I earned a total of \$11.10. I received but \$5.38. At the second job I earned a total of \$40.04 for the complete time there. I received altogether \$12.49. The rest of my money went to the agency, to the government, and for my room and board.

These are the types of jobs which are open for any man or woman who goes to any one of the three agencies located on Fourth St. between Avenue A and First Avenue in New York City. There are many other places like them and they are the ones who brag about putting a man back on his feet. What can we do about them?
Rocco Ballata

Maryknoll Nuns

July 7, 1953
994 Willow Drive
Perryville, Pgh. 37, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Would you be so kind as to publish in your paper a very urgent request from the Maryknoll missionary nuns serving in the Philippine Islands? The sisters need tools, new or used, for all the Arts, Crafts and manual labor works. You see, the government now requires that these courses be taught in the school. However, the import control has so limited the supply of tools in the country that the few that are there are so high-priced that the sisters cannot afford to buy them.

Therefore, their only hope of obtaining the much needed tools is from some good-hearted people in the United States. Those donors who come to the aid of the nuns will share in all the prayers and works of the mission field.

The tools may be sent in small packages up to twenty-two pounds directly to:

Sister Marie Antonette
Maryknoll Academy
Lucena, Quezon, P. I.

Hoping you will see fit to help the good sisters by publishing this appeal, I humbly thank you.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Eugene J. Hauck

CHILDREN IN NEED

960 Broadway
Boulder, Colorado

Dear Catholic Worker Staff:

A few months ago someone gave me a copy of your paper, in which there was a letter from Pearl Buck, concerning the many Eurasian children in Japan. Naturally, we read the rest of the paper too, and found it very interesting. We are not Catholics, but affiliated with the Quakers and also pacifists. The existence of Catholic pacifists is very encouraging and perhaps through such groups the gap (and often hostility) between Catholics and Protestants could be diminished. It was with sadness that we read of the devastating fire in your New York offices (we get the Sunday New York Times) and I am enclosing a dollar to help. It's very little, I know, but a college professor with three small children is limited financially.

Incidentally, the problem of illegitimate Eurasian children is not limited to Japan. There are quite



a few in institutions in this country, I believe chiefly on the West Coast and in this area. Many are classed as "unadoptable" and usually spend all their childhood in the orphanage. After battling the status quo for two years, we finally managed to adopt our youngest child, a half Japanese, half Caucasian baby, but there are many others, a large number who are half Oriental (or half Caucasian) and half Mexican, who need homes. Most of these are Catholic children, who would only be placed in Catholic homes. Due to prejudice in this part of the country toward Mexican people, their chances for adoption are not good. I wonder if any C.W. people would be interested.

If it's possible, we'd like to receive your paper and we'll pass it around to other pacifists and Quakers.

Good luck and best wishes,
Sincerely,
Maurice and Agnes Smith

ASSISTS TO THE LAND

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you would like to use the enclosed letter, for the CW. It might help others with some of the problems to be faced. But I am not out to discourage anyone from going to farm, on the contrary, I am only anxious to help equip them for the change. I have had several letters of inquiry, and I think if those interested would get together and organize themselves, they can easily ask for outside assistance and directives. There are two organizations in New York City, besides yourself, who might help: The School of Living, Mr. Sande Jaffray, 14 Monroe Street, New York 2, and the Jewish Agricultural Society who have helped me a great deal and I am sure will extend their services to anyone asking them, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16. They have regular lectures and meetings for prospective homesteaders. Perhaps you can publish the addresses of these groups so that those interested can turn to them rather than to me, although I shall be glad to help where I can.

H. E. Lobstein
R. D. 1
Bloomingburg, N. Y.

The Good Fight

Brooklyn, N. Y. August 7, 1953.

Dear Editors:

I am a Hearn's worker with many years service. I want to express my appreciation for your story of our strike. It was most understanding and sympathetic. If other newspapers had the courage to print the truth our strike would have long since been won.

However I think you would like to know that we do not intend to give up and are prepared to go on with the fight.

Sincerely yours,
Minnie Levine

Sandstone Prison

Editors, the Catholic Worker,

Many friends of the Catholic Worker would perhaps be interested in what has happened to Sandstone Prison in Minnesota. Perhaps this one prison has graduated more holy and humane men than any other such institution in the Western Hemisphere. Many will remember the lightgray, three storied structure with its bleak surroundings more as a hallow, vague moment in their lives than as a building circumscribed by an electric fence. Some will even remember the rather elegant homes built for the warden and other prison officials. Others may even remember the prison when it was first built with the near by sloughs and bogs.

But now, Sandstone Prison, though still owned by the Federal government, has been dedicated to a more humane purpose: a mental hospital. The building is rented by the federal government to the State of Minnesota for this purpose. The bars are still imbedded in the windows, the corridors are still low, narrow and oppressive. But

some attempt has been made to conceal its former purpose by new paint and furniture.

The building now houses some 400 male inmates, mostly skzoids, all males. They are mostly hopeless cases which are sent here because they can not be treated at other hospitals. Dr. Douglas, the new superintendent, claims they are most interesting cases. (Psychiatrists find most cases only interesting or uninteresting, not good or bad.) While I was visiting the Hospital, I noticed that they were removing the electric fences around the building and packing them into trucks to be hauled away, probably to economize on such material, so vital to the modern State.

I thought that many would like to know what has happened to the Prison. Perhaps it is fitting that now it has become something of value to the community after its partial sanctification by conscientious objectors. Perhaps it is only irony, but the fact remains: Sandstone is now a mental hospital.

Yours in Christ,
Jerry Downes
Willmar, Minnesota

Book Review

She Took the Veil

SHEPHERD'S TARTAN by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

When a college girl gives up her favorite clan plaids (skirts and socks?) and trades them for the black and white Dominican "tartan," it might just have the makings of a good story. At least this must have been the feeling Sister Mary Jean Dorcy experienced when she decided to put it all down and share it with the world.

After eighteen years Sister Mary Jean's memory of her novitiate years is remarkably keen, and probably as she indicates, it is helped along by the fact that novices, their fervor and their blunders don't change much. Girls undoubtedly still cringe at the horror of buying black cotton stockings, tremble with delight at their investiture, and wreak havoc in convent kitchens. They wouldn't be normal if they didn't, a point which the author makes very cleverly and enlarges upon more seriously as she discusses the qualifications and duties of young girls entering the convent.

Sister Mary Jean's adventures did not seem to diminish after her reception. She has lighthearted tales to tell of classroom mishaps and summer missionary journeys in the northwest. Like her novitiate stories, these are salted with down to earth commentaries on the religious life, and she misses no opportunity to unveil the meaning of a nun's vocation. She is particularly good on the contemplative versus the active role when, abandoning technicalities, she explains carefully and simply the in-

terpenetration of the two and the necessity of stress on one role or the other in various communities, or in different branches of the same order.

For the most part the book is gently amusing; now and then, however, it breaks into hilarity, not unexpectedly through the children who flow through the classrooms. One of the funniest sub-teen age invention is the four act playlet composed by a fourth grader on the Flight into Egypt. This is high comedy and the epitome of restraint. Sister Mary Jean displays her own inventiveness when she reveals that she and a companion plan to start a new order called "The Seven Holy Sleepers" or the Slumberines, perhaps to be supplemented by "The Seven Holy Thieves." But her amusement stops dead when she describes the niggardly Christmas treats doled out to the mission children by "charitable" organizations, and the general neglect of these poor offspring who have little or no spiritual instruction, and are the "duty" of the season for those more fortunate than themselves.

A good many readers are going to find "Shepherd's Tartan" lively entertainment. It's principal merit, however, is that it stands as a veritable handbook for young girls interested at all in the religious life. Here is all the information they might find—the "inside" kind which probably doesn't appear in manuals of the orders, and there is nothing here that might frighten or repel the delicacy of a vocation in formation. If it is barely possible that it was Sister Mary Jean's innocent intention to bait the hook, she has done it well. Her bait is fresh and irresistible—and so is she.

Education and Work

(Continued from page 2)

the soil, out of which all things come, since we are but dust? The table we work at, the food we eat, the bed we lie on, the covers on it, all come from the soil. To dig, to sow and reap, to build and construct,—all children love to do these things at first. But in school literacy takes first place and reading is no longer taught, beginning with the Little Office, Our Lady's Primer.

I remember one of my young nieces coming home from school with a project book she was making. Her task was to furnish a home, to cut out all the things one would need in that home, and she pored over magazines, and cut out linoleum, furniture, kitchen sets, parlor sets, gadgets, and had a lovely time doing it. And all the while standards were being set up in her mind desires were being stimulated to buy what the advertisers present and to get the job, to get the money, to buy what the advertisers present.

I remember an Italian on Mott street just about to get married. His wife-to-be insisted on throwing out all the furniture that he had from his mother and buying a new set. Another neighbor was always discarding.

Indeed, our friends the Whelans, when they married, were able to furnish their home with the cast-offs of those who lived in tenements. Now they have acreage, and a house built with their own hands,—they have the necessities of life, and not the luxuries.

* * *

Are our children being taught not only to work for what they need, not what they want, and also to work for others, so that they will always have a surplus to give away? Are they taught to tithe themselves to give even one-tenth of what they are going to earn, to the poor?

* * *

I think these things as I see my grandchildren going back to school. At home, Becky occasionally says, when she is made to run too many errands, "I am the chief slave around here." She is seven and the eldest of six. Her mother says, "No, I am the chief slave, and you are first assistant." Becky, Susie, Eric, Nicky and even Mary Elizabeth, at the age of two try to help. Mary will pick things up off the floor and bring them to you (she has not far to bend). Nicky loves to set the table, and bring out baskets of food when we are having a picnic under the mulberry trees. Everybody helps with the preparation of food. How they all love to go to the garden to pick squash, tomatoes, onions, cucumbers, green peppers and carrots. And they love to bring out the remainders to the 28 rabbits, 23 chickens and geese. It is the cleaning up, the washing of dishes, the putting away of things that are hard. The other night Bob Reynolds, editor of Jubilee, came to pay a call on David to get some Belloc pictures. Tamar and I had forgotten about it, and David, when he returned home from his work at Wolfe Pond Park at four-thirty, reminded us that Bob was expected any minute.

"We haven't a thing in the house,"—the usual womanly reaction.

* * *

But half an hour's scurrying meant a feast. The children caught a chicken, David killed it. Tamar had the kettle on and scalded it so the feathers came off in a minute. The children loved to do this. It was cleaned, cut up, dipped in whole wheat flour and in the frying pan minutes after. Becky got busy at the cucumbers Eric brought in, and peeled and sliced them rather thick. There was sweet corn, and French fried potatoes take only a minute. There was whole wheat bread which Betty Lou had made at Peter Maurin Farm.

The children and I had our feast

out under the trees, and Dave and Tamar and Bob ate in the cool and quiet house. We are never as orderly as we should be what with the accumulations of clothes in the bedrooms. If we'd thought of company, we would have picked up, instead of washing blankets. The woodwork and walls need paint. The furniture is broken down. But we all had fun, the children included.

Yesterday, Eric, who is five, built a very creditable table, and Becky fed through for the chickens. "The table is very weak," Eric said, with frank self-criticism. "But I think it is strong enough to eat ice cream on!"

How to work, to build up the habit of work, the love of work, these are the things children need to be taught. And we need the kind of schools where it is being taught.

* * *

If we had this good foundation of productive work, culture would



grow from it. Folk songs, folk art, folk dancing, are expression of the exuberance and joy and thankfulness for life. Cultivation and culture are based on Cult, which is our Holy Faith.

We have had two and three Masses a day at Peter Maurin farm for the past month. There is the Rosary, prime, compline, vespers at Maryfarm. There is culture, which is the drawing which little Mac Smith does, and all the children love to do, and the reading and the listening to music, and the making of it. At Maryfarm Hector Black gave us a wonderful concert this summer on our old piano which he tuned. At Peter Maurin farm, we all joined in singing. Michael with Russian songs, Fr. Wencelous with Polish, Stanley with Lithuanian, Fr. Pinet and the three seminarians who were visiting with French songs, and the Smith children with calypso! Cultivation completes the synthesis of cult, culture, and cultivation which Peter Maurin talked of so much.

* * *

The farm at Newburgh, Maryfarm, is something to boast of, but the soil at Peter Maurin farm is very poor. Fr. Duffy's main job is to restore its fertility. Meanwhile, the fields begin to take on a checkerboard look, the garden is yielding us all our vegetables. The Hopi Indians raise their food from more obstinate land and they induce it with love to yield their necessities.

* * *

To live in this way, with the sacraments of the Church and with a sacramental attitude towards the material things of life, this is indeed the good life, even though life and death are never far apart. "They hast made my lines to fall in goodly places, O my God."

Takes Two Hearts

"Every movement of the heart is toward love. The human heart is incomplete alone. Whether in the order of nature or in the realm of mystic contemplation, it cannot attain to peace except in mingling with another being and life."

Dante

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 2)

for culture, nobody cares for culture.

And when nobody cares for culture civilization decays.

When class distinction is not based on the sense of noblesse oblige,

it becomes clothes distinction. When class distinction has become clothes distinction everybody tries to put up a front.

CHURCH AND STATE

Modern society believes in separation of Church and State.

But the Jews did not believe in it, the Greeks did not believe in it, the Medievalists did not believe in it,

the Puritans did not believe in it.

Modern society has separated the Church from the State, but it has not separated the State from business.

Modern society does not believe in a Church's State; it believes in a business men's State.

"And it is the first time in the history of the world that the State is controlled by business men," says James Truslow Adams.

SELF-ORGANIZATION

People go to Washington, asking the Federal Government to solve their economic problems, while the Federal Government was never intended to solve men's economic problems.

Thomas Jefferson says that the less government there is, the better it is.

If the less government there is, the better it is, then the best kind of government is self-government.

If the best kind of government is self-government, then the best kind of organization is self-organization.

When the organizers try to organize the unorganized, then the organizers don't organize themselves.

And when the organizers don't organize themselves, nobody organizes himself, And when nobody organizes himself, nothing is organized.

(Reprint)

The Transcendence of Catholicism

(Continued from page 2)

If a person wants to work for a wage, if he is in a position whereby (how many are?) he can bargain freely with an employer, if he is not treated as a commodity to be bought and sold, if therefore he is guaranteed a living wage and, if married, a family wage, and finally if he is not discarded as a piece of used up machinery when no longer able to work—then, if these conditions be met, such a wage contract would not be unjust. But though it would not be unjust it would still fall short of a system in which the worker owned his own means of production (alone or in combination with others) and therefore controlled his hours of labor and the conditions under which he labors. Such a system would grant greater scope and more respect to the human personality. Many workers today would not care for such a system because they are conditioned to desire irresponsibility. But should they grow up to desire ownership and the responsibility it entails, should society mature to the point where such a system could operate, then there is no reason why we should stick to the old arrangements anymore than feudalism should have remained fixed as a permanent economic system. It is all a question of development and there is nothing sacrosanct in the wage system that would make of it an eternal verity. Its justification is empirical and if we find another arrangement answers our needs better, then it is ridiculous to place ideological or practical difficulties in the way to such an arrangement. The wage contract presupposes that there are at least two classes in society. The employer class own-

ing the means of production, or controlling it, and those who are employed by them. The Church has never stated, nor will she ever do so, that such a division has to be. If people freely decide to do away with this arrangement, to abolish the distinction between employer and employee, the Church could accommodate herself to such an arrangement with as much, or greater ease, as she did to all previous systems. For the Church is not and cannot be wedded to the wage contract anymore than she could be wedded to any economic system, including one that would supplant the wage system.

Quadragesimo Anno was written, as was Rerum Novarum, to deal with the problems confronting us here and now. It is not the province of the Church to plan a new arrangement, it is the province of the Church to pronounce on the moral issues involved in what already exists. The influence of the Church on economic and political systems, as evidenced in the case of slavery, is indirect. She does not lead revolutions, it is not her function to do so. So you will not find the Church advocating the abolition of the wage system but, should the wage system be abolished, as is the case when a co-op is really a co-op and not simply a farcical imitation of a capitalist enterprise, then the Church will concern herself with the system that confronts her then—and then we may have an encyclical on the moral questions involved in such a system. But even then the Church will not identify herself with this system—she could not without sacrificing her essentially super-temporal mission.

The Death of a Hearn's Striker

(Continued from page 3)

maimed bleeding body that was anointed with the Holy Oils of Extreme Unction, and who is with God.

* * *

The picketing continues even at the scene of his death. The smashed Hearn's window was a silent witness and a reproach to those who prolonged the strike, kept the truth from the public, who blocked proper settlement of the problems which brought it about. The situation which provoked 800 Joseph Monks to walk out on their jobs, to take hold of their courage and stand up to the Albert M. Greenfield empire and say NO. Mrs. Monk said Joseph loved his union. The rank and file members feel that way; they love the spirit of equality, brotherhood, solidarity in a just cause, all the small and big things that the union of workers had built to make them more dependent upon themselves and less dependent upon their exploiters who were and are interested in stripping them of their independence and initiative.

* * *

The strike picture is beginning to improve slightly, indignation is spreading, the N. Y. State CIO is going to throw its whole strength into the Hearn's strike, the scab RCIA union's petition hearing for representation of the scab workers in Hearn's has been postponed,

which will delay the possibility of a union-busting election which could throw the real Hearn's Workers and their union out. This is encouraging but obviously not enough.

* * *

Joseph Monk's death was an accident but it was no accident that he was on a picket line trying with all his strength to help his fellow human beings and himself to get their share of the good things of the earth, to protect them against being used as means to profit to be dismissed as thoughtlessly as a piece of outdated machinery, working without security at minimum wages with no attention being paid to the fact that the time would come when it would be impossible to work and when an income would still be necessary. He was on that picket line because he wanted his employer to negotiate with his union for a union contract which would give him this protection and through which he would at least have a chance to improve his lot. In his memory and in the memory of all those who have hungered and thirsted after justice and have died in their hunger and their thirst, let us rededicate ourselves to the task of bringing the laws of justice into the market place so that we may be filled with the bread we labor to make and the Bread of Heaven which it becomes.

WHERE IS THE REAL NON-RESISTANT?

(Matthew 5:38-48)

Who can surrender to Christ, dividing his best with the stranger, Giving to each what he asks, braving the uttermost danger All for the enemy, MAN? Who can surrender till death His words and his works, his house and his lands, His eyes and his heart and his breath?

Who can surrender to Christ? Many have yearned toward it daily, Yet they surrender to passion, wildly or grimly or gaily; Yet they surrender to pride, counting her precious and queenly; Yet they surrender to knowledge, preening their feathers serenely.

Who can surrender to Christ? Where is the man so transcendent, So heated with love of his kind, so filled with the spirit resplendent That all of the hours of his day his song is thrilling and tender, And all of his thoughts to our white cause of peace Surrender, surrender, surrender?

Vachel Lindsay.

Life at Hard Labor

(Continued from page 3)

not irrigated in August and early September for this is the season for water grass which is wily and tough and not good for the cows. It will not grow if there is no water, while the deep roots of the alfalfa can do without water for that length of time.

At quitting time in the morning I heard an anxious "baa-ing" and found that a half grown lamb had fallen in the irrigation ditch. I stooped over and grabbed it by the ears to help lift it out and it jumped aside pulling me waist deep in the water. I lifted it up and it scampered away shaking the water out of its wool at it went toward its mother. This was the first time that I had fallen in a ditch but it was summer time and daylight and I could take it. When Art came to take me home Roger the black spaniel sheep dog was in the back seat of the car. "He has to work today," said Art, and Roger knew he was being talked about and wagged his tail. If any sheep stray off bounds Roger is better than a man or a horse in retrieving them. That day an ewe died and the sheep wagon came to get it. Roger would not allow any outsider to touch even a dead sheep. One night I forgot to speak as I walked near the house and Roger sprang at me from the bushes. Now I always call his name as I approach. Even then if I enter the house he accompanies me to the door with his nose guarding my knee as much as to say, "You may be alright but I am taking no chances."

A brisk wind cools me on this hot July night with the bright stars over head and now for a couple of hours I can rest after seeing that there are no leaks along the ditch; that the ports and helpers are open to their maximum efficiency and that water does not leak over from one land to another. There is this peace and quietness and the rest that comes after an hour of hard digging in the mud. This makes up for some of the more strenuous nights of plowed ground irrigating. Now it is 10:30 p.m. and the wind subsides and the thousand mosquitoes allotted to my immediate vicinity make life miserable until the sun rises and they disappear.

The old "free enterprise" of which the conservatives boast thus forms one of their major problems. I see pictures in the paper of wet-backs being brought to the federal court from towns near the border and sentenced to prison and then deported, but I have not met one this year. Cotton speculators who leased land and made a killing in these years of the Korean War are now kicking because their acreage will have to be reduced in 1954. With only two small rains so far this year the new wells of the cotton speculators will hasten the lowering of the water level and make it worse for the legitimate farmer who owns his land and has a dairy or who raises crops in which there is not so much profit or so much uncertainty. Thus many farmers who get caught with onions which they couldn't sell this year are now putting in maize which always brings some money.

From time immemorial certain

birds and animals have denoted by their various names certain qualities, such as lion-hearted as a synonym for bravery; horse-sense as common sense; chicken-hearted as cowardly; so has the goose been a synonym for foolishness; the goose-step of the soldier being obedience gone mad. Riding with Rik and family toward Tucson on a Sunday afternoon we came near where I had picked cotton at Eloy and saw young geese in the cotton field eating the grass. They will not touch the cotton for they are in such a hurry to eat the grass which has a brighter green than the cotton. By another year they know that the cotton is also a green that they can eat, so a new crop of goslings must be imported for the cotton field. Even the silly geese can learn what is good for them in one season but the National Educational Association in its recent convention resembled just so many sheep in their chicken-hearted ac-

PRAY and WORK



quiescence to McCarthy's inquisition. Upton Sinclair's book of decades ago called the Goose-step which pictured our teachers with the actions and brains of geese is thus proven true today. They hug McCarthy's slavery and call it freedom. As Einstein has just said: they deserve the slavery being prepared for them.

"Workers should be scholars and scholars should be workers," said Peter Maurin. Guess I am practicing that today for about the first time. It is now 8:30 in the morning of July 13 and I am wringing wet with sweat after a few hours of scything the Johnson grass and tall weeds south of the driveway. I would not have dared to allow them to get so high if the Old Pioneer had been alive. Neither would I be, sitting by the window typing an article about Work. I used my brains to get the most difficult work done today be-

fore it was so hot. Now I am writing for an hour. I'll go out and work a few more hours and come in and write again. To practice this combination a person must have discipline. I might have gotten up an hour earlier this morning and made my blisters in cooler weather but I was up until midnight going over the fourth and final revision of my August picketing leaflet with Rik and Ginny. And that was really more important than anything else.

I have been with workers who said they would quit at noon and go swimming and then come back and work all the harder. The fact was they didn't come back. Peter has said that 4 hours a day is enough work but there are very few jobs where you can work 4 hours and then take off. It takes longer than that to finish up a project at hand. And he who cannot discipline himself at work will be a wool-gatherer when his brains are supposed to be cogitating. Reading LIFE magazine, mystery stories, the funnies, and listening to ball games and jazz has nothing to do with scholarship or the mind. Then I have known workers and even Catholic Workers who spent more time in bed than they did working or thinking, let alone praying.

I was brought up to work long hours on the farm with no sestas. If the Old Pioneer had a crew picking cotton he went along with them and there was no fooling around. If I started to work five minutes after the hour he would grump and look at the clock and say "what the-hell?" Perhaps ten minutes twice a day to eat watermelon in season, and 8 hours was enough to work in a day. If I worked longer I made too much money, he said.

To irrigate the yard here before the tall weeds were cut would only make them that much more difficult to cut next time. I am mowing the yard today also although it is not needed, for I may not have an opportunity to mow it for a week if James calls on me to irrigate every night.

When I first came to Phoenix six years ago this July I worked for three weeks, ten hours a day at 60c an hour cleaning a long sunny irrigation ditch for a jack-Mormon who still owes me money. I thought I was doing fine for I only made about 30c an hour previous to that time in Albuquerque. I do put in 12 hours irrigating but that is generally at night and such a shift is customary.

When Peter spoke of workers and intellectuals he meant that they would not be working for others as I am doing, but would be living and working together in an agricultural community where each worked according to his ability and received according to his need. In such a community there would be seasons where it would be necessary for all who were able to work to put in much over 8 hours, as any successful farmer does now for himself. I have worked until I was ready to drop, as one morning after an extra strenuous night James asked me if I was not awfully tired. I replied "Oh, not especially; why I could easily work another ten minutes." But when I once sat down I felt as if I never wanted to get up again. In a community if a certain person is boss and others do not see the sense in following his orders (and at times he may be very wrong) then all work will appear as drudgery and when time, for rest comes there will not be an invigorating and creative thought but only griping. Discussion of plans of work and responsibility of each for certain tasks ought to make for work without drudgery. Personally I would enjoy teaching history to youngsters but I would not feel that because I was a teacher that I was too good to dig a ditch. Neither would I want to see any intellectuals lazing around. And this goes for holy men and women whose vocation is prayer. A little or a great deal of hard work will do them good.

Many old country people started out with little and wore out their (Continued on page 8)

The Immoral Politics of Christians

(Continued from page 3)

piety shall fall into the fires of Hell." What are such words for the majority of Christians? Wind! Not the wind, the air of the mountains which they breathe avidly to refresh, fortify and elevate their spirits, but the wind which they do not even notice. They take them into account neither in their relations with men who live in the same community, in the same house as themselves, nor in those which relate to people who live outside their own boundaries or whom political events have brought into their country. The political adversary constitutes fair game. To abuse him is the order of the day. What a handful of men do, ten, a hundred or even a thousand among the occupation troops for example, is attributed to an entire nation. The worst of it is not that such crimes are committed—man is weak and God merciful—but that they should be committed, with-

permit itself to soften, it is because the fire (of our love) is not ardent enough." And again: "At the conclusion of the fight, let the English extend their hands to us as to good friends whom one thanks for the aid given in the triumph of one's better self."

A Realistic Politics

Faced with such a moral policy, we can feel only sentiments of admiration and shame. There was a man who took the Gospel seriously, in the midst of a struggle for political power. There was a man, who, without being Christian himself, but admiring and loving Christ, furnished the proof that one can create a realistic politics while relying on the Sermon on the Mount. A priori, this must be so. For God did not conceive of His Kingdom as something separated from human and earthly existence, but as a heaven which should penetrate our whole life and therefore our civil life also. A divine idea cannot be absolutely unrealizable. "Godliness is profitable in all respects, since it has the promise of the present life as well as of that which is to come" (I Tim. 4:8).

The Materialism of Christians

If we do not believe in the universal and dominating power of the spirit of Jesus and of His love extended to all men, but instead of that in the struggle for existence, if we believe in the means of the pure will-to-live, in violence, in deceit, egoism, armaments and gold, it is, at bottom, because of religious unbelief, the conclusion from a materialistic concept of history. What we believe then is that nothing can be done with our faith in the world. The non-Christian Gandhi believed the contrary. Said he: "We should respond to impiety with piety, to infidelity with fidelity, to trickery and cunning with candor and simplicity." Above all, he believed that with the non-violence of moral resistance, extremely active from the spiritual point of view, one obtains a better result than with material and armed resistance and attack, which become always more immoral and, certainly, more ineffectual. There is an English book entitled: "The Challenge of Gandhi to Christianity." This is not a personal challenge for which he was far too modest. He was not even conscious of it, for Gandhi concerned himself only with his own cause. But, in reality, his political morality is a challenge to ours, not to Christian morality, which he followed also, but to the political morality in fact practiced by Christians, which is precisely not Christian.

(Ed. note: The above article by Father Stratmann, author of "The Church and War" and "Peace and the Clergy," appeared in the February-March issue of "Routes de la Paix," organ of the "Mouvement Chretien de la Paix," which is published at 101, avenue de Broqueville, Bruxelles. Translated from the French by Martin J. Corbin.)

Delight of Soul

"O my God how happy is the soul of which Thou are the delight since it can abandon itself to loving Thee not only without scruple, but also with merit. How firm and durable is its happiness since its expectation will never be frustrated, because Thou will never be destroyed and neither life nor death will ever separate it from the object of its desire."

Pascal



out Christians, who have received a so-called patriotic education, taking any cognizance of the sinful character of these ways of speaking and acting. No one has given them a Christian training which would have purged their civic education of its poison, of its paganism, of its demonism.

The Example of Gandhi

Is an effort of this kind even possible on the political terrain? It is possible and real. At present, it is true, there is only a non-Christian of great stature whom I can cite as an example: The Hindu Mahatma Gandhi. Every one knows in what spirit, with what methods, he waged the national struggle for the liberation of India against the British Empire and what success he had. Externally, the weapon employed was continued non-violent resistance, which, in its weakness, rendered vain all recourse to violence, precisely because it did not respond to a measure with an equal measure but with a better measure, stronger and more exalted. Internally, it is the purer and more noble love, nourished incessantly by prayer and fasting which made possible such a struggle and such a victory. From what a moral elevation proceeds the word of Gandhi, pronounced in the height of the struggle: "The hardest metal must melt in the flame of love. If the British character does not

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Chrystie Street

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We have seen men go through these stages and then throw everything overboard and return to a miserable existence of the Bowery.

We have frequently observed the man addicted to drink as one who is literally between the devil and the deep blue sea. He sees the absolute necessity of severing himself from his present life of misery and untold hardships which drink brings in its wake. But he also perceives the alternative to consist of a monotonous job plus a life with little more than the necessities. To achieve this he must be prepared to spend long days and lonely nights in a life of sobriety.

The never, never land of another drink presents very little objective for the alcoholic. I think that this is the crux of the problem—no objective in life. The bridges connecting him with his family have generally been thoroughly burnt and he sees no return to that life which he wants most. Former jobs that he held at various times in his life likewise provide scanty objective. Consequently, after this process of elimination, there is very little you can succeed in offering the man who has hit rock bottom in the way of an objective. If you suggest to him the spiritual means as a way out he will generally register annoyance. If you quote St. Teresa, "For some souls sanctity is an absolute necessity," he will say, "Are you nuts?"

Chin Chu, our former cook, returned to the house after two weeks at Bellevue hospital where he underwent two operations for a double hernia. He came home alone on a Second Avenue bus. Any of the rest of us would have been phoning down here to have Charlie McCormick pick him up in the station wagon—but not Chu. Chu walked into our dining room, after the ride down, expecting no welcome and acting as though he had never been away.

Chu wasn't back in the house forty-eight hours when he was silently attempting to edge his way back into the kitchen work. We blocked him on this move. He finally reconciled himself during the day to playing in the back yard with our five kittens while he kept one eye on the kitchen.

Last Monday we suggested to Chu that a couple of weeks in the country would do him good. He neither agreed nor disagreed. So since we had decided that the country air would be good for Chu we arranged for him to ride up with Charlie McCormick that afternoon to Newburgh. As the station wagon left Chrystie street for Maryfarm, the afterthought oc-

urred that maybe Chu didn't want to go. Perhaps I should curb this tendency of doing what I consider best for someone else.

Charlie McCormick returned from Maryfarm the next day with a station wagon load of tomatoes, heads of cabbage and eight chickens. This was the first treat of the summer from Maryfarm. We dove at the fresh tomatoes as though we were starved.

An elderly priest, who is a good friend of ours, was recently requested to accept a homeless boy of eighteen into his rectory. He in turn phoned us and begged us to accept this young man. This priest's voice is ingrained with kindness as he himself is and you can't refuse him. He is constantly concerned with the poor and unfortunate. However in response to his request we had to say that the house was filled. I replied that it might be a good idea if he took the boy into his rectory, although I said it with tongue in cheek since I know that this is not the practice in the average rectory. The priest laughed and said, "What are you trying to do, turn my rectory into a house of hospitality?" I said, "Yes, why not?" It was finally agreed that we would take the youth and find some place for him to sleep.

The new member of our family arrived shortly after the phone call and promptly made us feel like an antique. This youngster was brash and happier than anyone has a right to be. He was no sooner in the door when he made himself right to home. He found our kitchen in a hurry and fixed himself a meal. Between mouthfuls of food he sang snatches from a couple of popular songs, whistled a few bars and informed us that he was an entertainer who was on the way up. That night he settled himself down to a desk in our office and wrote seven letters to various television and radio stations requesting an opportunity to be auditioned for a job as an entertainer. The second day he was with us he found a job washing dishes in a restaurant. At supper that evening, he leaned across the table and grinned, "I don't like washing dishes."

Shorty Smith, our indefatigable kitchen aid for the past seventeen years, is back in Bellevue hospital. This will be Shorty's third stay in the hospital where he has already been operated twice for a leg tumor. Since the station wagon was in Newburgh Shorty had to ride up to Bellevue on a First

avenue bus with Smoky Joe as his companion. Shorty was worried at the certain prospects of a third operation and asked Smoky if he thought they might amputate his leg. Shorty avoided mentioning his fears to anyone else that day as he was preparing to leave for the hospital. I am not sure but I have a feeling that the long hours that Shorty Smith spent on his feet in our kitchen were contributing factors to this recurrence of the tumor. However we will see to it that it will be a long, long time before he is permitted to work in the dining room again—if ever.

The voice over the phone was familiar. It was the heavy Irish brogue of an elderly woman. The last time she called she insisted that I travel at once over to Brooklyn to listen to her problem. The remarks she made then were rather wild and tonight she presented another set of ideas. As soon as I recognized the lady's voice I slumped into a big chair, her monologue would last for some twenty minutes.

"I recently talked to a Protestant minister and he suggested that I bring my problem to you or a priest uptown. I phoned the priest and he hung up on me, just like you did when I called you the last time. Are ye going to listen to me this time?"

"What else can I do?," I mumbled.

"Well, I have a problem that needs attention," she went on. She refused to mention the problem but screeched on to numerous topics.

"I visited the Communists and they said that they were not responsible for my predicament. Besides they said they are not in power and can be of no help."

"What I know about conditions would put Senator McCarthy in the ash can." I commented that I didn't know if that would be good or bad. Besides there are limits to what an ash can will hold.

"Then there is that Elizabeth Bentley woman. Well, I wouldn't stool on the devil himself."

"And ye people say you are fighting Communism. I think ye are a bunch of fakes. You are just trying to keep that coffee and bread line going."

"I read that flattering article about all ye phonies in the New Yorker. I wish they would have questioned me about ye and I would have given them a first class picture of ye."

Life at Hard Labor

(Continued from page 7)

children until the last place they ever wanted to be as they grew up was on a farm. Many of these old folks were what is called "land poor," that is they put all their surplus into land and still worked like slaves. One of the Molokons here told me of the old Russian saying that you should not pile up money for your son for if he is any good he will make money for himself, if he is not much good, someone will soon take it from him.

Ernest Thompson Seton had an incurable miser for a father. When Ernest was 21 his father presented him with a bill for the doctor helping him to get born, and an itemized account of all food and clothing he had consumed in his first 21 years, with interest at 6%. When Gov. Altgeld of Illinois was a boy he was worked and beaten until he ran away from the home of a relative near Mansfield, Ohio, and sought his fortune in the west.

To make a god of work as old time Mennonites do today, with anything of humor supposed to be sinful, and the awful pall of super orthodoxy surrounding a person is not the kind of atmosphere Peter talked about. City folks coming to the farm need to get rid of the idea that to have a variety of out of season expensive foods is necessary. Gandhi ate out of one bowl and did not have much variety. The simple life means the simple life.

Church and Communism in the World

By JEAN DANIELOU, S.J.

In his last encyclical on the missions, the Holy Father devoted a section to the importance of the social question and communism in relation to evangelization:

"The Church has condemned the many systems of Marxist socialism, and condemns them once more today, in accordance with her right and duty to warn men of the currents and influences which endanger their eternal salvation. But the Church does not ignore, or overlook, the fact that the worker, in his effort to better his living conditions, is blocked by a system which is so far from conforming to nature that it is in opposition to the order of God and the end assigned by God to material goods. Would it not be false, condemnable and dangerous to follow those voices, to proclaim those voices, which would have the Christian remain unmoved before the cry from the depths which seeks justice and fraternity from the just God in this world?"

If the Church condemns, and has always condemned, Marxist systems, she cannot forget the plight of the worker; she condemns a doctrine but she does not wish to blot out the cry of misery from the masses. We are in the presence of two impossibilities: we can neither accept the status quo nor the solution which communism proposes for it.

The Social Problem

To begin with, there are several factual premises:

1) In the first place, misery exists throughout the world demanding a real redistribution of the wealth. If even in France, in spite of social legislation, we see scandalous conditions (for example, worker's housing), think of how much greater the problem is in the great nations of the Far East: a terrible poverty in India, in China, where disastrous famine strikes, to say nothing of the other areas where the acuteness of the situation is less spectacular, such as Egypt and the other countries.

And part of the social problem is the racial problem. The proletariat of classes is often a proletariat of race. In France, take as an example the problem of the North Africans which becomes graver each day. In many sections of society, the North African is considered as an inferior being fit for inferior jobs. From the human point of view, the manner in which they are treated in the rest of the world is no more justifiable. The same problem exists with the Negroes in the United States. The proletariat quarter is the Negro section. And this intensifies racial prejudice.

The success of marxist propaganda is explained by the way in which we have reacted. "Communism is the expression of the Christian's failure" as Berdyaev

said. We cannot accept the existence of zones of misery in the midst of zones of plenty.

2) Along with the problem of poverty there is another: that of a certain emancipation of mankind, a consciousness, a rise of the working class to a new height, to the knowledge of their human dignity. First the medieval aristocracy, then the bourgeoisie, and now the worker, comes of age. There is a proletarian elite, and a proletarian humanism. And this is one of the characteristics of our time.

Many Christians see the problem in its material aspects. But how many of them take account of the great evil that results from a paternalistic attitude? The worker needs other things. It is not our function to create a "Worker's civilization." The proletariat is one part of society and the dictatorship of any class, whichever one it be, is detestable.

The progress in human conscience, this legitimate rise to dignity, is one of the factors in the political emancipation of the East and of Africa. It is a reality which we must term magnificent, even if it disturbs us. One explanation for the success of communism is that it has understood this truth, and identified itself with colonial aspirations, although it has no real respect for the idea of nationality.

3) This brings us to the last point—the unity of mankind. The power of communism is partially derived from its unitary appeal, for it has seen that one of the fundamental problems of the world today is that of unity. Speedy communication has increased the contact among nations, men can no longer be ignored, people live in an actual solidarity, and they must either accept this, or be destroyed. Marxist Atheism

Let us look at the attitude which communism actually maintains with regard to Christianity, in Russia, in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Far East which returns its expelled priests every day.

First, there is a limitation of all which would favor the development and expansion of Christianity, in particular, work among the youth.

Then there is an open hostility toward the Roman Church. Communism attempts to create schisms, national churches (destruction of the Uniates, the tentative schisms in China and Czechoslovakia), under the pretext that the Church is a temporal power with political ambitions.

With regard to Marxist toleration of religion, as in Poland, we find nothing more than a tactical compromise. Did not Lenin declare that religious belief is incompatible with Marxism? Communism is, in substance, an atheistic humanism, denying all transcendence, and it is impossible for us to cooperate with it, even in the defense of the worker.

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