

# CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXVII No. 4

November, 1960

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## LEO TOLSTOY

Leo Tolstoy died Nov. 8, 1910 in his 83rd year. This being the 50th anniversary of his death it is fitting that he should be remembered by all pacifists and anarchists, for his novels and short stories did more than any other one thing to bring the masses of Russia to an understanding that the Czar and exploitation had to go. Most of the peasants could not read but from mouth to mouth his parables and stories were retold. The greatest of these, *Ivan the Fool*, was passed by the censor as being only a fairy story, when in fact it upset the whole idea of Russian society. Our friend, Carmen Mathews, the actress, read this story to us at our recent Friday night meeting, and we are printing three of Tolstoy's short stories in this issue.

Tolstoy tells in his *Youth, Confessions*, and early stories of life in the army, how a young aristocrat looks at life. But a time came when, despite a young wife and many children, the ownership of land, cattle and horses, and fame as a great writer, life had no meaning for him. He looked around and saw that the only ones who seemed to be happy were the religious peasants. So he attended the Orthodox Church again for some years, and later studied Greek and translated the New Testament. But he could not believe the superstition which was the greatest part of this religion of the peasants. Then he tried to do social work in the city but became entangled in the frustrations of the bureaucrats. He read William Lloyd Garrison, the first Christian Anarchist in this country, which led him to reread and study the *Sermon on the Mount* and to become a "Tolstolain": a pacifist, anarchist and vegetarian. He now wrote numerous books and stories which he refused to copyright, feeling that they were for all of the people. This refusal to write for money was a constant source of conflict with his wife. At this time Tolstoy worked in the fields with the peasants, was an indifferent shoe cobbler, and ate the porridge as the peasants did, although his wife set a fine table. Alexandra, his younger daughter, sided with him.

He refused to attend the Paris Peace Conference around 1900 saying that peace could not come through politicians, but only through the change of heart of each individual. In 1900 it was thought that he was dying, and the Orthodox Church which had previously excommunicated him sent word that he had rejoined the Church. Tolstoy got well and left instructions that no priest was ever to be allowed near him to spread lies again. In 1910 he left home and visited his elder sister who was a nun in a monastery, and went walking seeking in a way the life of a Pilgrim which is done by many older men in Russia, China and India even today. He caught cold and died in a railway station after a few weeks.

In 1919 in the Atlanta County Tower a friend brought me Tolstoy's *Kingdom of God Is Within You*. It was then that I realized that I was an anarchist. His novel *Resurrection* was written to get money for the emigration of the Doukhobors from Russia where they were being persecuted, to Canada. Tolstoy ranks with Gandhi as one of the great moral leaders of the world. A.H.



Count Leo Tolstoy

## THREE QUESTIONS

It once occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he knew who were the right people to listen to and whom to avoid; and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake.

And this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to any one who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might know what was the most important thing to do.

And learned men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

In reply to the first question, some said that to know the right time for every action one must

draw up in advance, a table of days, months, and years, and must live strictly according to it. Only thus, said they, could everything be done at the proper time. Others declared that it was impossible to decide beforehand the right time for every action; but that, not letting oneself be absorbed in idle pastimes, one should always attend to all that was going on and then do what was most needful. Others, again, said that however attentive the King might be to what was going on, it was impossible for one man to decide correctly the right time for every action, but that he should have a Council of wise men who would help him to fix the proper time for everything.

But then again others said there were some things which could not wait to be laid before a Council, but about which one had at once to decide whether to undertake them

or not. But in order to decide that, one must know beforehand what was going to happen. It is only magicians who know that; and, therefore, in order to know the right time for every action, one must consult magicians.

Equally various were the answers to the second question. Some said, the people the King most needed were his councillors; others, the priests; others, the doctors; while some said the warriors were the most necessary.

To the third question, as to what was the most important occupation; some replied that the most important thing in the world was science. Others said it was skill in warfare; and others, again, that it was religious worship.

All the answers being different, the King agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to none. (Continued on page 5)

## Evictions—Suffering

We used to say that New York was made up of a series of villages, each with their charm and culture and a certain richness of life in spite of poverty. Harry Golden's books are filled with the joy of the old East Side, as well as with the story of poverty and struggle. But the villages are being torn down now and the Roosevelt site is the latest scene of tragedy, where 169 families are still left in the neighborhood with no homes available for them.

"It was mass hysteria," Juliana Delkus told us, speaking of a meeting at St. Stanislaus church where meetings are being held in the school hall to protest the ruthlessness of this displacement. The Lower East Side Neighborhood Association is sponsoring the protests that are being made and trying to get an extension of time for the tenants who have not found a place to go.

"Many of these people have their old parents with them, and if they went into a project they would not be allowed to keep them. And if they do not get a place which is approved by the housing authority with a window in every room and heat and a private bath, they won't get the bonus paid to each family for getting out quick and finding their own place."

Juliana is one of the tenants in the neighborhood who will have to move, and she has been helping the others by going from door to

(Continued on page 8)

## Martin Luther King

A cry of protest went up over the country at the arrest and brief imprisonment of Rev. Martin Luther King last month, when he participated in a sit-in October 19 with other ministers and students in Atlanta. He had previously been arrested for driving in Georgia without a Georgia license for which he was sentenced to one year (which sentence was afterward suspended.) It will be recalled that he lived a long time in Montgomery, Alabama and led the bus boycott there which started off the wave of non-violent resistance of the Negro to segregation.

So far 2000 students have been arrested throughout the south for peacefully sitting at the counters of chain stores such as Woolworths, Kresges and Kresses. Right now there are five in jail in Sumpter, S.C. and some in New Orleans. In Tallahassee a group served 49 days in prison. Woolworth has announced (Continued on page 8)

## Civil Disobedience

Ammon Hennacy and others will picket the office of Civil Defense at 55th and Lexington from noon until 2 p.m. (barring rain) from Monday through Friday commencing October 3 until the end of 1960. We are calling upon 5000 people to refuse the compulsory air raid drill at City Hall Park in 1961 if the authorities are foolish enough to try to continue this farce. A bad law is no better than any other bad thing, so along with St. Peter we will refuse to obey man and obey God. Come and picket a few minutes at lunch time and get in step with celestial rather than martial music.

(Continued on page 5)



# CATHOLIC WORKER

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

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

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



## ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

Diary of the month. On Sunday, October 9th Fr. Foley of Brooklyn came to Peter Maurin Farm with a group of Puerto Ricans, and two sisters in a bus and they had a picnic lunch, conferences and supper with us in the diningroom-library. Stuart Sandberg and Walter Kerell and I went over the make up of the paper for October which went to press the next day. Ralph Madsen and Ed Forand are also going to study make up. From which it will be seen that there are a number of new members of our Catholic Worker family during the last six months. There is also Jean Walsh, Mary Lathrop and Jacques Baker. Our erring editor Bob Steed is wandering talking around England and we do not hear from him. After a few postals cards he gave up writing altogether. We advise him to keep a diary, even of only a few lines. He will never be a foreign correspondent at this rate. Or a writer. (The day before we went to press, we received a letter, see page 3.)

This diary of my own will be as much about the Peter Maurin Farm and the beach as about Spring street and my travels. Which this month meant three days away, two with Tamar and the children and a day of recollection at Mary Reparatrice convent on 29th street.

Another Sunday on the farm, Helen Dolan and five Puerto Ricans visited. Also Caroline Gordon and Louise Morse from Princeton and Leon Paul from Brooklyn to talk about Edith Stein the Carmelite philosopher, and martyr. It was a mild fall afternoon and we sat out under the old pear tree by the chapel. Irene Mary Naughton, one of our former editors is staying with Helen at present and is going to be in charge of a group training to go to the lay mission centers in Central and South America.

We hear from Judith and we are so impressed by her faithfulness in writing that we must put her back on the list of editors as our student editor. She is getting her Masters at the University of Virginia, where her father heads the law department.

"My work is going well," she writes. "I'm very busy at it. My class report on the Bolshevik theory of self determination went well. It is a fascinating subject. I'm about to read a biography of Rosa Luxemburg. Despite her belief in violent revolution and her strict Marxism she was apparently an extremely gentle and loving woman. One man said more like Gandhi than Lenin. Maybe I could do a short piece on her for the CW. The second week in November I shall probably go to a special conference of students on the sit-ins at Highlander. I'll try

to send up a report on the meeting and on Highlander's present place in its struggle with the state. There are about a dozen things I'd like to write on! As usual my interests are all over the place."

Yes, we would like an article on Rosa Luxemburg. We greatly admired her too. If one believed in war, revolutionary war to change the world would be acceptable: to do away with poverty, to work towards ownership and responsibility of the workers for the means of production, what the pope called the deproletarianization of the workers, building up a society where the principle of subsidiarity would be in effect (the anarchist society where all men are responsible and instead of striving for power, seek to follow Christ in washing the feet of each other.)

I have been asked by JUBILEE to write an article on Christian anarchism and I may get around to it yet. But when I tried to answer the questions of a priest who is chaplain of a mental hospital he wrote back very cruelly that he could see what state my mind was in! But journalists and agitators have a particular job. Let the students and researchers, the economists and theorists try to elaborate on these ideas.

### Translating the idea.

It is not easy, having acted upon principle, to explain it in ways acceptable and understood by others. An instance is our recent sending back the interest on the money given us for St. Joseph's House on Chrystie street.

During the course of the month we received a few letters, not very many, of criticism of our act. One letter from a generous benefactor who had given us a large sum when her father died, pointed out that if her parent had not invested his money wisely she and her mother would not have had anything left to live on; also that we probably received many donations which came from dividends, interest, etc.

I only try to answer as best I can. But sometimes one confuses others the more by trying to answer objections. When we wrote our letter to the city, and published it in the paper, we also printed some excerpts from the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas on interest and money lending. We used some of Peter Maurin's easy essays on the subject, and an article by Arthur Sheehan on credit unions, which however, ask for a small interest on their loans. How can this be reconciled with the "gesture" we made of returning to the city the large check which represented the interest for year and a half on the money paid us for our property on Chrystie street. First of all, we asked with Chesterton, whose money is this interest which the city was paying us? Where did it come from? Money does not breed money, it is sterile.

Answering our correspondent, (Continued on page 3)

## LETTERS:

From the City to Us.  
From Us to the City.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK  
OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER  
Municipal Building  
New York 7, N. Y.

Lawrence E. Gerosa, Comptroller  
November 1, 1960

The Catholic Worker  
39 Spring Street  
New York 12, New York  
Att: Charles M. Butterworth III  
Re: Damage Parcel No. 8 and 9  
Section 2 Block 427, Lot 35,  
36 (Manhattan)

Dear Sir:

This office is in receipt of your communication dated October 24, 1960, together with a copy of a letter addressed to the City Treasurer by Dorothy Day, the Editor of the Catholic Worker requesting information with respect to the disposition of the check in the sum of \$3,579.39 which she returned to the City and which represents interest on an award made to Dorothy Day in connection with the above captioned parcels.

Please be advised that the money has been deposited in an account marked "Sales of City Property formerly held by Board of Transportation," and will be utilized in the future for the purpose of acquiring property in the public interest.

Should you within the near future desire the return of the aforesaid monies, as interest, application therefor may be entertained pursuant to the provision Section 93-d of the New York City Charter.

Very truly yours,  
Jacob Goldman  
Chief, Division of Law

THE CATHOLIC WORKER  
39 SPRING STREET  
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

November 3, 1960

Mr. Jacob Goldman  
Chief, Division of Law  
The City Of New York  
Office of the Comptroller  
Municipal Building  
New York 7, New York

RE: Damage Parcel No. 8  
9 Section 2 Block 427,  
Lot 35, 36 (Manhattan)

Dear Jacob Goldman,

Thank you very much for your very kind and courteous letter addressed to Charles Butterworth, III, and since there is a notation on the top saying, "In replying refer to 'Law'", I might say in parenthesis that Mr. Butterworth is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, as well as being one of the editors of The Catholic Worker. You say in your letter that in regard to Damage Parcel No. 8 and 9 Section 2 Block 427, Lot 35, 36 (Manhattan) you advise us that the money deposited, our income check of \$3,579.39 "will be utilized in the future for the purpose of acquiring property in the public interest". We thank you very much for your generous offer to return the aforesaid monies, but the letter which Mr. Butterworth wrote to you was prompted not only by the desire to know to what use the money would be put but also to add a suggestion which I hope you will not think presumptuous. It is rather frightening to think of your acquiring any more property and disposing any more people, no matter how noble your purpose. It would make us very happy indeed if the interest money could be donated to the WNYC radio station which provides such joy to so many. We appreciate certainly all the information services and classical music and the broadcasts from the UN.

Gratefully yours in Christ,  
Dorothy Day  
Editor, The Catholic Worker

"On every occasion, progress is achieved whenever a political problem is replaced by a human problem."

ALBERT CAMUS

## In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

Extremes meet, and we find ourselves at times agreeing on some point with those with whom we are at variance on most issues. So both the Brooklyn Tablet and I oppose the Moral Rearmament movement. Cardinal Spellman says that it would not be a sin to disobey the directive of the Puerto Rican Bishops in their opposition to the president of that country. We are used to disobeying authorities who seek to keep us from obeying our conscience. The Puerto Rican Bishops tell us that right does not come from a majority vote in elections, but from God. That is the point we make all along. Only we feel that the clergy have seldom supported those who wish better economic conditions, but have been too close to the exploiters. To call this need for helping the poor "materialism" comes with poor grace from those who live in luxury among the poor. In a sermon at St. Patrick's last Sunday Father Duffy praised a theocratic government as the best. We who do not believe in the State find little to recommend from those states where our Church unites with the government in suppressing freedom of thought and action. Calvin also had Servitus executed in Geneva because of his different idea on a minor point of scripture.

### Civil Defense Is A Cruel Deception

This is one of the signs that "The Snake," Jim Ericson, made for us as we have been picketing the Civil Defense folks at 55th and Lexington daily. Jim is a Haverford graduate, an Episcopalian, who met me on 14th Street as I was selling papers. He is a charming six foot six extrovert who likes to have pet snakes around. He was arrested for handling a king snake in public in what the law considered an unorthodox manner. Jim also has a boa, but he does not wind him around his neck as he does the other snakes. He pickets with us daily, dressed like a Wall Street broker one day. (He is a commodity speculator at heart.) Today he has Fidel Castro fatigues, and another day it will be Ivy League. He has not worn his Mandarin outfit yet. Mary Lathrop, who is an efficient typist in our office, also comes along with us daily and cheerfully gives out literature and pickets. Jack Baker pickets and talks Thomas Aquinas now and then to those who ask us questions. We four are always on hand. At times Mrs. Harris from Darien, Conn., Jim Peck and Ralph DiGia of the War Resisters League, and others help us, including beautiful Pat and Mary. We hand out a War Resisters leaflet also.

It is time that I left New York City, for now I must be recognized as "the loyal opposition" by the enemy. What was our surprise when we began to picket October 3 to find in each window and the lobbies a huge placard, being a photostat copy of the letter that I wrote to the Civil Defense. Each day as we begin to picket this placard is placed in the lobbies and at times near a window. It reads:

The Catholic Worker,  
39 Spring St., NYC  
9-23-60

Publicity Director,  
Civil Defense,  
135 E. 55 St.

Dear Sir:

You are likely aware of the civil disobedience which Dorothy Day and I and others of our group have presented to your compulsory air raid drill each year. We know that it is your job to efficiently and honestly do the best you can, and we have nothing personal against you. Only we think you are in a bad business which we as pacifists, anarchists and Catholics feel disposed to counteract.

Accordingly we will picket your office from noon until 2 p.m. (barring rain) from Monday through Friday from October 3 until the

end of the year. We may be accompanied by others. We will notify the police and the FBI as usual when we conduct our subversive activities. We will give out current copies of The Catholic Worker, and perhaps some other leaflets.

Our signs will call for mass civil disobedience whenever you folks set the compulsory air raid drill next year. I will phone you some day and speak to you personally if you are so disposed; just to get acquainted.

Sincerely,  
Ammon Hennacy

I carry a sign which reads:  
Civil Disobedience

We  
call for 5,000  
to refuse to take part  
in the compulsory  
air raid drill at  
City Hall Park—1961.

A fellow comes along with an umbrella and pickets with us marked as the perfect protection against fallout. At times he pickets with the following sign put out by the British Quakers.

Grapes from Thorns?  
Figs from Thistles?  
Peace from Armaments?

The Snake also brought a sign which reads:

"If war starts,  
I doubt if civil  
defense will have  
time to turn around."

Wm. Holaday,  
Ass't. Sec'y. of Defense.  
On the first day of our picketing  
(Continued on page 8)

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of The Catholic Worker, published monthly at New York, N.Y. for October 1, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Dorothy Day, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.; Associate Editors, A. Hennacy, R. Steed, C. Butterworth, S. Vishnevski, A. Sheehan, D. Mowrer, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.; Managing Editor, Dorothy Day, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.; Business Manager, Charles Butterworth, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dorothy Day, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 65,000.

Charles M. Butterworth III  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1960.

(Seal) Joseph Virzi  
Notary Public,  
State of N. Y.  
No. 24-4103700  
(My commission  
expires March  
30, 1961)



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

of course we are involved, the same as everyone else, in living off interest. We are all caught up in this same money economy. Just as "God writes straight with crooked lines," so we too waver, struggle on our devious path—always aiming at God, even though we are conditioned by habits and ancestry, etc. We have free will, which is our greatest gift. We are free to choose and as we see more clearly, our choice is more direct and easier to make. But we all see through a glass darkly. It would be heaven to see Truth face to face.

We are publishing a paper in which ideas are discussed and clarified, and illustrated by art. So we are not just a newspaper. We are a revolution, a movement, Peter Maurin used to say. We are propagandists of the faith. We are the Church. We are members of the Mystical Body. We all must try to function healthily. We do not have the same function, but we all have a vocation, a calling. Ours is a "prophetic" one as many priests have said to us. Pope John recently, July 30, cited the courage of John the Baptist as an example for today. Prophets made great gestures, did things to call attention to what they were talking about. That was what we did, we made a gesture, when we sent back the money to the city. It was calling attention to a great unsolved problem which we are all involved in, Church, State, corporation, institution, individual.

There is no simple solution. Let the priests and the economists get to work on it. It is a moral and an ethical problem. We can work on the lowest level, the credit union in the parish, the union, on the missions, etc. Through the credit union families have been taught to resist the skilful seductions of the advertising men and by doing without many things, to attain to ownership, homes, workshops, tools, small factories and so on. These things have happened in Nova Scotia, in missions throughout the world and this is one way to combat what the bishops call the all-encroaching state. It is the beginnings of the decentralist society.

So primarily, our sending back the money was a gesture. It was the first time we had to do with so large a sum of money. We were being reimbursed by the city, and generously, as far as money went, for the house and our improvements on it. Twelve years ago we paid \$30,000 for the house, money which our many friends throughout the country sent to us. When I was sentenced as a slum landlord (I am under suspended sentence now) and forced to make all kinds of changes in an old house which had no violations on it when we bought it six years before, we again with the aid of our friends and readers, put \$24,000 into the house. (Such items as steel self-closing doors cost \$150 apiece.) With wooden floors in the halls, wooden stair railings and wooden stairs, the place remained as much of a fire trap as before, in reality. Our two fire escapes were the real necessities and one of them they forced us to take down! But one cannot argue with bureaucrats.

When two years later they took over the property by the right of eminent domain because a subway extension was going through they reimbursed us of course. The lawyers who handled the deal for all the property owners on the block were very generous with us and only took 5% for their work. When after a year and a half we were paid, it was very generously. One can argue that the value of the property went up, that the city had the 18 months use of our money, that money purchases less now and so on. The fact remains the city was doing what it could to pay off each and every tenant

in the two tenement houses from which they were being evicted, giving bonuses, trying to find other lodgings though these were usually unacceptable being in other neighborhoods or boroughs.

We agree that slums need to be eliminated but that an entire neighborhood which is like a village made up of many nationalities should be scattered, displaced,—this is wanton cruelty, and one of the causes of the juvenile delinquency of our cities. Also, it is terribly bad and ruthless management on the part of the city fathers.

Is Robert Moses responsible? He is the planner. But he deals recklessly with inanimate brick and cement at the expense of flesh and blood. He is walking ruthlessly over broken-hearted families to

not want to participate in this big deal. "Why are there wars and contentions among you? Because each one seeketh his own."

We considered this a gesture too towards peace, a spiritual weapon which is translated into action. We cannot talk about these ideas without trying to put them into practice though we do it clumsily and are often misunderstood.

We are not trying to be superior, holier than thou. Of course we are involved in paying taxes, in living on money which comes from our industrial capitalist way of life. But we can try, by voluntary poverty and labor, to earn our living, and not to be any more involved than we can help. We, all of us partake in a way in the sin of Saphira and Ananias, by holding back our time, our love, our material resources even, after making great protestations of "absolutism." May God and you, our readers, forgive us. We are in spite

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## NOVEMBER 11

This is the Feast Day of St. Martin of Tours, pacifist saint, who died A.D. 297. When a young man he refused to take a bonus from Caesar, saying: "I have been your soldier up to now. Let me now be God's. Let someone who is going to fight have your bonus. I am Christ's soldier. I am not allowed to fight." The Emperor called Martin a coward, saying that he was hiding behind the name of religion. Martin gave him this brave answer, "I will stand unarmed in front of the battle-line tomorrow and I will go unscathed through the enemy's columns in the name of the Lord Jesus, protected by the sign of the Cross instead of by my shield and helmet." Early the next morning the enemy surrendered without a battle and Martin awed everyone because of his courage and spiritual understanding. He was upheld in this action by the early teachings of the Church such as that of the Canonical Decrees of St. Hippolytus (died 235): "The Christian is not to voluntarily become a soldier. Soldiers are not to kill even if this is commanded to them . . . if he shed blood he is to abstain from participation in the mysteries."

November 11 is also the day the Haymarket anarchists were hung in 1887. Albert Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel were hanged in Chicago on a frameup because they asked for an 8 hour day in the economic struggle with the International Harvester Company. Spies said on the scaffold:

"There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

But now Armistice Day is called Veterans Day for there is no armistices in the cold war. This day belongs to Catholic pacifists and to anarchists, not to warmongers.

Ammon Hennacy

## Bob Steed Writes

Hull, England.

I'm just finishing up an exhausting round of lectures; I say exhausting because I don't like giving speeches but on the other hand I have met a large number of people, predominately young people who are very much interested in the CW approach to things.

Last night I spoke to a group of real working class people in a parish here in Hull (a large fishing and seaport center) and they understood well what I was getting at. Yesterday at noon I spoke to the Catholic society at the University of Hull. Natalie Darcy taught there last year and is highly thought of.

Before Hull I spoke in the universities of Leeds, Nottingham and Leicester, at Spode House, to the Pax group in Birmingham and to the anarchists in London; also to the Taena community. Tomorrow

We played Peter Maurin's record and all the Irish enjoyed that very much. People are more impressed by the Easy Essays than Americans.

It rains every day here but I think I could easily be persuaded to settle down in England for good. The people are so different, so quiet, gentle, well mannered, tolerant; even those who are uneducated and poor, and even the juvenile delinquents partake of this peculiar charm.

I was rather disappointed to find the younger Catholics had not even heard of Eric Gill. One the side of one of the university buildings in Leeds there is one of his sculptures showing Christ driving the money changers out of the temple. The Anglicans took me to see the Little Brothers of Jesus in Leeds.

Love to all, In Christ.

Bob Steed

## Appeal

Church of St. James, Viravanallur Tirunelvely Dt., South India

Please don't spurn down this letter as any other coming to worry you. I have been a priest already for 12 years and I never sought foreign help to keep my parish activities going.

Here in this parish I am struggling hard to keep the parish running. The major population is of the weaver class. They work in their hand looms and the emolument they get is pitifully low. Each adult gets just a rupee of income per day (about 25 cents) and in the contest of soaring prices of commodities their life is becoming very difficult. They are not able to support their churches or their pastor. The rest of the population belong to the Harijan type and they are daily workers, ill paid and exploited. They deserve more of my help. In many places I have to put up modest chapels at least for the local Catholics to pray in. Which all means money I simply don't have now. Kindly get some of your readers to help me to keep God's work going. Please insert my name in your magazine columns requesting your readers to support this parish. I ask you to help for God's cause. I wouldn't do this in a better parish. Please help. God bless your work.

Yours in Jesus.

Father T. A. Michael

## ON PILGRIMAGE

November 20, Providence, Brown University Newman club.

November 21, Boston Boston Guild.

November 22, Boston College.

January 3, Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

From Knox College, I will be driving south to St. Louis, and then after a few days there to visit the Woltjens, Heaney, Rudolphs, and Lakey families as well as The Center in St. Louis. Then South to Louisiana where I hope to visit the Caritas group, before I strike out for the west by the southern route to spend a month or so in California. I want to write about various forms of the lay apostolate throughout the country and more at length than I can in the columns of The Catholic Worker, so that young people will know what is going on "inside Catholic America." I am announcing this beforehand so that our friends and readers can get in touch with me if they wish me to visit them on the way. Most stops will just be for the day as I have to keep up with a speaking schedule along the route.

For the present I have to leave out the eastern states and the northwest.

DOROTHY DAY.

I go back to London for the annual PAX general meeting and then to Belfast and Dublin to speak to the FOR and Nuclear Disarmament Groups and back to London to speak to a Labour Party group in one of the suburbs. By that time I'll be quite ready to settle down in Paris for a while.

Father Illtud Evans O.P. who was one of the speakers at Spode House is coming to the States in the spring to give a series of lectures at St. John's Abbey. He has done a lot of work in prison reform and wants to talk to Dorothy about it. Enclosed is a photo of a large woman's prison here; he says it is not representative. (The picture is of a well furnished comfortable cell.)

I feel terribly guilty about not sending you anything for the paper yet especially since I've promised to do two articles for the Oxford and Hull Catholics Soc. magazines but please have patience with me; I really haven't had a long enough time in any one spot.

Spode House was really worth the voyage here by itself. There were three Dominican theologians who agreed that no Catholic could have anything to do with the manufacture and use of nuclear weapons. Dr. McReavy said in the last issue of the Clergy Review that Catholics who are working in nuclear production ought to find other jobs.

But the idea of non-payment of taxes disturbed them all a little. Some would like to pass off such action by saying we had a prophetic vocation, which is like the people who say so much about the "saints" down at the Catholic Worker.

Some decided to do without one meal a week and send the money to "War on Want."

Lots of interesting people there. Eric Gill's brother Cecil, Fr. Conrad Pepler, Barbara Wall who was one of the founders of the PAX and the English Catholic Worker, Catholic Nuclear Disarmament etc.



# The Three Hermits

"And in praying use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him." Matt. vi 7,8.

A Bishop was sailing from Archangel to the Solovetsk Monastery, and on the same vessel were a number of pilgrims on the way to visit the shrines at that place. The voyage was a smooth one. The wind was favorable and the weather fair. The pilgrims lay on deck, eating, or sat in groups talking to one another. The Bishop, too, came on deck, and as he was pacing up and down he noticed a group of men standing near the prow and listening to a fisherman, who was pointing to the sea and telling them something. The Bishop stopped, and looked in the direction in which the man was pointing. He could see nothing, however, but the sea glistening in the sunshine. He drew nearer to listen, but when the man saw him, he took off his cap and was silent. The rest of the people also took off their caps and bowed.

"Do not let me disturb you, friends," said the Bishop. "I came to hear what this good man was saying."

"The fisherman was telling us about the hermits," replied one, a tradesman, rather bolder than the rest.

"What hermits?" asked the Bishop, going to the side of the vessel and seating himself on a box. "Tell me about them. I should like to hear. What were you pointing at?"

"Why, that little island you can just see over there," answered the man, pointing to a spot ahead and a little to the right. "That is the island where the hermits live for the salvation of their souls."

"Where is the island?" asked the Bishop. "I see nothing."

"There, in the distance, if you will please look along my hand. Do you see that little cloud? Below it, and a bit to the left, there is just a faint streak. That is the island."

The Bishop looked carefully, but his unaccustomed eyes could make out nothing but the water shimmering in the sun.

"I cannot see it," he said, "But who are the hermits that live there?"

"They are holy men," answered the fisherman, "I had long heard tell of them, but never chanced to see them myself till the year before last."

And the fisherman related how once, when he was out fishing, he had been stranded at night upon that island, not knowing where he was. In the morning, as he wandered about the island, he came across an earth hut, and met an old man standing near it. Presently two others came out, and having fed him and dried his things, they helped him mend his boat.

"And what are they like?" asked the Bishop.

"One is a small man and his back is bent. He wears a priest's cassock and is very old; he must be more than a hundred, I should say. He is so old that the white of his beard is taking a greenish tinge, but he is always smiling, and his face is as bright as an angel's from heaven. The second is taller, but he is also very old. He wears a tattered, peasant coat. His beard is broad, and of a yellowish grey color. He is a strong man. Before I had time to help him, he turned my boat over as if it were only a pail. He too is kindly and cheerful. The third is tall, and has a beard as white as snow and reaching to his knees. He is stern, with overhanging eyebrows; and he wears nothing but a piece of matting tied around his waist."

"And did they speak to you?" asked the Bishop.

"For the most part they did everything in silence, and spoke but little even to one another. One of them would just give a glance, and the others would understand

him. I asked the tallest whether they had lived there long. He frowned, and muttered something as if he were angry; but the oldest one took his hand and smiled, and then the tall one was quiet. The oldest one only said, 'Have mercy upon us,' and smiled."

While the fisherman was talking, the ship had drawn nearer to the island.

"There, now you can see it plainly, if your Lordship will please to look," said the tradesman, pointing with his hand.

The Bishop looked, and now he really saw a dark streak—which was the island. Having looked at it a while, he left the prow of the vessel, and going to the stern, asked the helmsman:

"What island is that?"

"That one," replied the man, "has no name. There are many such in the sea."

"Is it true that there are hermits who live there for the salvation of their souls?"

"So it is said, your Lordship, but I don't know if it's true. Fishermen say they have seen them; but of course they may only be spinning yarns."

"I should like to land on the island and see these men," said the Bishop. "How could I manage it?"

"The ship cannot get close to the island," replied the helmsman, "but you might be rowed there in a boat. You had better speak to the captain."

The captain was sent for and came.

"I should like to see these hermits," said the Bishop. "Could I not be rowed ashore?"

The captain tried to dissuade him.

"Of course it could be done," said he, "but we should lose much time. And if I might venture to say so to your Lordship, the old men are not worth your pains. I have heard say that they are foolish old fellows, who understand nothing, and never speak a word, any more than the fish in the sea."

"I wish to see them," said the Bishop, "and I will pay you for your trouble and loss of time. Please let me have a boat."

There was no help for it; so the order was given. The sailors trimmed the sails, the steersman put up the helm, and the ship's course was set for the island. A chair was placed at the prow for the Bishop, and he sat there, looking ahead. The passengers all collected at the prow, and gazed at the island. Those who had the sharpest eyes could presently make out the rocks on it, and then a mud hut was seen. At last one man saw the hermits themselves. The captain brought a telescope and, after looking through it, handed it to the Bishop.

"It's right enough. There are three men standing on the shore. There, a little to the right of that big rock."

"The Bishop took the telescope, got it into position, and he saw the three men; a tall one, a shorter one, and one very small and bent, standing on the shore and holding each other by the hand.

The captain turned to the Bishop.

"The vessel can get no nearer in than this, your Lordship. If you wish to go ashore, we must ask you to go in the boat, while we anchor here."

The cable was quickly let out; the anchor cast, and the sails furled. There was a jerk, and the vessel shook. Then, a boat having been lowered, the oarsmen jumped in, and the Bishop descended the ladder and took his seat. The men pulled at their oars and the boat moved rapidly toward the island. When they came within a stone's throw, they saw three old men; a tall one with only a piece of matting tied around his waist; a shorter one in a tattered peasant coat, and a very old one bent with age and wearing an old cassock—all three standing hand in hand.

The oarsmen pulled in to the shore, and held on with the boat-

hook while the Bishop got out.

The old men bowed to him, and he gave them his blessing, at which they bowed still lower. Then the Bishop commenced to speak to them.

"I have heard," he said, "that you, live here saving your own souls and praying to our Lord Christ for your fellow men. I, an unworthy servant of Christ, am called, by God's mercy, to keep and teach His flock. I wished to see you, servants of God, and to do what I can to teach you also."

The old men looked at each other smiling, but remained silent.

"Tell me," said the Bishop, "what you are doing to save your souls, and how you serve God on this island."

The second hermit sighed, and looked at the oldest, the very ancient one. The latter smiled, and said:

"We do not know how to serve God. We only serve and support ourselves, servant of God."

"But how do you pray to God?" asked the Bishop.

"We pray in this way," replied the hermit. "Three are ye, three are we, have mercy upon us."

And when the old man said this,



all three raised their eyes to heaven, and repeated:

"Three are ye, three are we, have mercy upon us!"

The Bishop smiled.

"You have evidently heard something about the Holy Trinity," said he. "But you do not pray aright. You have won my affection, godly men. I see you wish to please the Lord, but you do not know how to serve Him. That is not the way to pray; but listen to me, and I will teach you, not a way of my own, but the way in which God in the Holy Scripture has commanded all men to pray to Him."

And the Bishop began explaining to the hermits how God had revealed Himself to men; telling them of God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

"God the Son came down to earth," said he "to save men, and this is how He taught us all to pray. Listen, and repeat after me: 'Our Father.'"

And the first old man repeated after him, "Our Father," and the second said, "Our Father," and the third said, "Our Father."

"Which art in heaven," continued the Bishop.

The first hermit repeated, "which art in heaven," but the second blundered over the words, and the tall hermit could not say them properly. His hair had grown over his mouth so that he could not speak plainly. The very

# :: THE KINGDOM :: IS WITH

old hermit, having no teeth, also mumbled indistinctly.

The Bishop repeated the words again, and the old men repeated them after him. The Bishop sat down on a stone, and the old men stood before him, watching his mouth, and repeating the words as he uttered them. And all day long the Bishop labored, saying a word twenty, thirty, a hundred times over, and the old men repeated it after him. They blundered, and he corrected them, and made them begin again.

The Bishop did not leave off till he had taught them the whole of the Lord's Prayer so that they could not only repeat it after him, but could say it by themselves. The middle one was the first to know it, and to repeat the whole of it alone. The Bishop made him say it again and again, and at last the others could say it too.

It was getting dark and the moon was appearing over the water, before the Bishop rose to return to the vessel. When he took leave of the old men they all bowed down to the ground before him. He raised them, and kissed each of them, telling them to pray as he had taught them. Then he got into the boat and returned to the ship.

And as he sat in the boat and was rowed to the ship he could hear the three voices of the hermits loudly repeating the Lord's Prayer. As the boat grew near the vessel their voices could no longer be heard, but they could still be seen in the moonlight, standing as he had left them on the shore, the shortest in the middle, the tallest on the right, the middle one on the left. As soon as the Bishop had reached the vessel and got on board, the anchor was unweighed and the sails unfurled. The wind filled them and the ship sailed away, and the Bishop took a seat in the stern and watched the island they had left. For a time he could still see the hermits, but presently they disappeared from sight, though the island was still visible. At last it too vanished, and only the sea was to be seen, rippling in the moonlight.

The pilgrims lay down to sleep, and all was quiet on deck. The Bishop did not wish to sleep, but sat alone at the stern, gazing at the sea where the island was no longer visible, and thinking of the good old men. He thought how pleased they had been to learn the Lord's Prayer; and he thanked God for having sent him to teach and help such godly men.

So the Bishop sat, thinking and gazing at the sea where the island had disappeared, now there, upon the waves. Suddenly he saw something white and shining, on the bright path which the moon cast across the sea. Was it a seagull, or the little gleaming sail of some small boat? The Bishop fixed his eyes on it, wondering.

"It must be a boat sailing after us," thought he, "but it is overtaking us very rapidly. It was far, far away a minute ago, but now it is much nearer. It cannot be a boat, for I can see no sail; but whatever it may be, it is following us and catching us up."

And he could not make out what it was. Not a boat, nor a bird, nor a fish! It was too large for a man, and besides a man could not be out there in the midst of the sea. The Bishop rose and said to the helmsman:

"Look there, what is that, my friend? What is it?" the Bishop repeated, though he could now see plainly what it was—the three hermits running upon the water, all gleaming white, their grey beards shining, and approaching the ship as quickly as though it were not moving.

The steersman looked, and let go the helm in terror.

"Oh Lord! The hermits are running after us on the water as though it were dry land!"

The passengers, hearing him, jumped up and crowded to the stern. They saw the hermits coming along hand in hand, and the two outer ones beckoning to ship to stop. All three were gliding along upon the water without moving their feet. Before the ship could be stopped, the hermits had reached it, and raising their heads, all three as with one voice, began to say:

"We have forgotten your teaching, servant of God. As long as we kept repeating it we remembered, but when we stopped saying it for a time, a word dropped out, and now it has all gone to pieces. We can remember nothing of it. Teach us again."

The Bishop crossed himself, and leaning over the ship's side, said:

"Your own prayer will reach the Lord, men of God. It is not for me to teach you. Pray for us sinners."

And the Bishop bowed low before the old men; and they turned and went back across the sea. And a light shone until daybreak on the spot where they were lost to sight. 1886.

## The Crippled Deer

By SUZANNE GROSS

He lurched from where he lay, panting in a little tree's shade, and came dragging heart-shaped hoofs in the littered dust. He stood on his side of a high mesh fence, unaccompanied in his sickness, and ungrateful.

And we regarded each other. He let me see the bulbous growth on his muzzle, and the places where his antlers cannot grow; let me see his fear and atrophy, as he hobbled from my strangeness.

And I stood yearning and still. He returned to me then, I reached through the fencing to offer my hand. He licked it, and chewed it, gave it back to me with his shyness and the slaver of his hunger. I kneeled down to look in his eyes.

A holiness shone forth of him, alleluia. I offered him food from my lips, which he fearlessly took, and ate, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.



# OM OF GOD :: IN YOU ::

## Three Questions

(Continued from page 1)

But still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never quitted, and he received none but common folk. So the King put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse, and, leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the King approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the King, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The King went up to him and said: "I have come to you wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need, and to whom should I, therefore, pay more attention than to the rest? And, what affairs are the most important, and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the King, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommended digging.

"You are tired," said the King, "let me take the spade and work for you."

"Thanks," said the hermit, and giving the spade to the King, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the King stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said:

"Now rest awhile—and let me work a bit."

But the King did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the King, at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said:

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so and I will return home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit, "let us see who it is."

The King turned around, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his stomach, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the King, he fell fainting on the ground moaning feebly. The King and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his stomach. The King washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the King again and again removed the bandage soaked with warm blood, and washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink.

The King brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the King, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the King was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep

—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the King was awake and was looking at him.

"I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for," said the King.

"You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you; because you executed his brother and seized his property. I know you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved



to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard and they recognized me and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death, had you not dressed my wounds. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!"

The King was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the King went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The King approached him and said:

"For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit still crouching on his thin legs, and

One day some children found, in a ravine, a thing shaped like a grain of corn, with a groove down the middle, but as large as a hen's egg. A traveller passing by saw the thing, bought it from the children for a penny, and taking it to town sold it to the King as a curiosity.

The King called together his wise men, and told them to find out what the thing was. The wise men pondered and pondered and could not make head or tail of it, till one day, when the thing was lying on a window-sill, a hen flew in and pecked at it till she made a hole in it, and then every one saw that it was a grain of corn. The wise men went to the King, and said:

"It is a grain of corn."

At this the King was much surprised; and he ordered the learned men to find out when and where such corn had grown. The learned men pondered again and searched in their books, but could find nothing about it. So they returned to the King and said:

"We can give you no answer. There is nothing about it in our books. You will have to ask the peasants; perhaps some of them may have heard from their fathers when and where grain grew to such a size."

So the King gave orders that some very old peasant should be brought before him; and his servants found such a man and brought him to the King. Old and bent, ashy pale and toothless, he just managed with the help of two crutches to totter into the King's presence.

The King showed him the grain, but the old man could hardly see it; he took it, however, and felt it with his hands. The King questioned him, saying:

"Can you tell us, old man, where such grain as this grew? Have you ever bought such corn, or sown such in your fields?"

The old man was so deaf that

looking up at the King, who stood before him.

"How answered; What do you mean?" asked the King.

"Do you not see," replied the hermit, "if you had not pitied my weakness yesterday and had not dug those beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business."

"Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then; there is only one time that is important—Now. It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with anyone else; and the most important affair is, to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life. 1903.

### AMMON HENNACY SPEAKING SCHEDULE

Arden, Del. Jan. 2; Baltimore 3; Wash. D.C. 4 to 8; Philadelphia 9; Pittsburgh 10; Buffalo 12; Columbus 13-14; Cleveland 15-16; Oberlin 17; Chillicothe 18; Portsmouth 19; Cincinnati, Grail Glendale 20-22; Antioch 23; Purdue 24; Indianapolis 25; Notre Dame 26-27; Detroit, Lansing, Ann Arbor 28 to 31. Feb. 1-2 Chicago; Urbana 3; Milwaukee 4-7; Madison 8-10; Minneapolis 11-13; Iowa City 14; Omaha 15-16; Kansas City 17-18; St. Louis 19-22; Denver 23-24; Cheyenne 25-26; Winnipeg 27 to March 1; Saskatoon 2-6; Doukhobors 7-12; Spokane 13; Anaconda 14-16; Salt Lake City 17.

## A Grain As Big As A Hen's Egg

he could hardly hear what the King said, and only understood with great difficulty.

"No!" he answered at last, "I never sowed nor reaped any like it in my fields, nor did I ever buy any such. When we bought corn, the grains were always as small as they are now. But you might ask my father. He may have heard where such grain grew."

So the King sent for the old man's father, and he was found and brought before the King. He came walking with one crutch. The King showed him the grain, and the old peasant, who was still able to see, took a good look at it. And the King asked him:

"Can you not tell us, old man, where corn like this used to grow? Have you ever bought any like it, or sown any in your fields?"

Though the old man was rather hard of hearing, he still heard better than his son had done.

"No!" he said, "I never sowed nor reaped any grain like this in my field. As to buying, I never bought any, for in my time money was not yet in use. Every one grew his own corn, and when there was any need we shared with one another. I do not know where corn like this grew. Ours was larger and yielded more flour than present-day grain, but I never saw any like this. I have, however, heard my father say that in his time the grain grew larger and yielded more flour than ours. You had better ask him."

So the King sent for this old man's father, and they found him too, and brought him before the King. He entered walking easily and without crutches; his eye was clear, his hearing good, and he spoke distinctly. The King showed him the grain, and the old grandfather looked at it and turned it about in his hand.

"It is long since I saw such a fine grain," said he, and he bit off a piece and tasted it.

"It's the very same kind," he added.

"Tell me, grandfather," said the King, "when and where was such corn grown? Have you ever bought any like it, or sown any in your fields?"

And the old man replied: "Corn like this used to grow everywhere in my time. I lived on corn like this in my young days, and fed others on it. It was grain like this that we used to sow and reap and thresh."

And the King asked: "Tell me, grandfather, did you buy it anywhere, or did you grow it all yourself?"

The old man smiled. "In my time," he answered, "no one ever thought of such a sin as buying or selling bread, and we knew nothing of money. Each man had corn enough of his own."

"Then tell me, grandfather," asked the King, "where was your field, where did you grow corn like this?"

And the grandfather answered: "My field was God's earth. Whenever I ploughed, there was my field. Land was free. It was a thing no man called his own. Labor was the only thing men called their own."

"Answer me two more questions," said the King. "The first is, Why did the earth bear such grain then, and has ceased to do so now? And the second is, why your grandson walks with two crutches, your son with one, and you yourself with none? Your eyes are bright, your teeth sound, and your speech clear and pleasant to the ear. How have these things come about?"

And the old man answered:

"These things are so, because men have ceased to live by their own labor and have taken to depending on the labor of others. In the old time, men lived according to God's law. They had what was their own and coveted not what others had produced."

## Feed The Poor—Starve The Tax Collectors

By KARL MEYER

In a Plea for Houses of Hospitality, Peter Maurin said:

... the Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods. Although you may be called bums and panhandlers you are in fact the Ambassadors of God. As God's Ambassadors you should be given food, clothing and shelter by those who are able to give it ... But the duty of hospitality is neither taught nor practiced in Christian countries. That is why you who are in need are not invited to spend the night in the homes of the rich. There are guest rooms today in the homes of the rich but they are not for those who need them. And they are not for those who need them, because those who need them are no longer considered as the Ambassadors of God. So people no longer consider hospitality to the poor as a personal duty. And it does not disturb them a bit to send them to the city, where they are given the hospitality of the "Muni" at the expense of the taxpayer. But the hospitality that the "Muni" gives to the down and out is no hospitality because what comes from the taxpayer's pocketbook does not come from his heart. The Catholic unemployed should not be sent to the "Muni." The Catholic unemployed should be given hospitality in Catholic Houses of Hospitality ... We need Houses of Hospitality to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor ... We need Houses of Hospitality to show what idealism looks like

(Continued on page 6)



# BOOK REVIEWS

## Liturgy-Worship

Johannes Hofinger, S.J. (Ed.), *Liturgy and the Missions*, P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York; 1960 (308 + xii).  
Reviewed by Joseph D. Ciparick, S.J., Woodstock College

The collection of papers from the Nijmegen First International Study Week on Mission and Liturgy, presents a fine summary of ideas on the liturgy and the modern liturgical movement. Anyone familiar with the movement may not find anything new in the papers, but the problems peculiar to the missionary are brought out in such a way as to make those at home sit up and think.

The papers presented by such men as His Eminence Valerian Cardinal Gracias, Most Reverend Joseph J. Blomjous, Bishop of Mwanza, Tanganyika, Most Reverend Emmanuel Larrain, Bishop of Talca, Chile, Most Reverend Lawrence S. Nogae, Bishop of Urawa, Japan, Most Reverend K. Ansgar Nelson, O.S.B., Bishop of Stockholm, show the variety of mission fields represented at the conference. Each area has its peculiar problem, and is trying to meet it in its own way. The activity of the hierarchy in this work is especially encouraging, as is in evidence when you glance down the list of authors.

### History of Problems

Priest missionaries and students of missiology are also represented in the conference. Because of the encouragement of the hierarchy, they seem to be quite outspoken in stating their needs. There is always a general tone of prudence, fear of novelty and excesses, but even in this light, the proposals struck me as being quite different and progressive.

Some of the papers are more substantial than others, and there is a certain amount of inevitable repetition in the citation of documents, and the statement of the most pressing needs. In reading the whole of the book, one will get a fine idea of the history of mission and liturgy problems, the ancient decrees and modern concessions on the use of the vernacular, and the general liturgical spirit that is so necessary for the new Christian lands.

### Preservation

The great need for adaptation is stressed over and over again, sometimes in a plan for the vernacular in parts of the liturgy, as in Africa and India, sometimes in a plea for careful preservation of ancient customs, as in Japan and Scandinavia. It is interesting to note the differences in these mission lands, how the Japanese will look for a rite that is different in every way, not a mere adaptation of their pagan rites, and how the Scandinavian converts desire a rite that links them with Rome and not with the vernacular liturgy of the established church.

There are many problems of detail that strike you as demanding great prudence and foresight. The most striking elements, however, concerned the very nature of the liturgy itself: the teaching power of the liturgy, the necessity for a self-explanatory rite, not a rite that needs elaborate preparation. The missionary seems to be able to point out the very important factor that the more educated Christian has perhaps forgotten, namely, that his religion is not primarily in the documents and formulas, but in the life of the liturgy, the very life of the Church itself. The liturgy will be the only means of instruction for the missionary, and it must be not only the occasion for imparting specific knowledge, but also the occasion for deep inspiration.

### Close To Earth

This brings out the fact that the liturgy is not something "done," but an event, something happening in which people take part. The liturgical event must have a mean-

ing that will appeal to the people, that will not be too foreign to their culture. The witnessing of the event must leave the Christian with a new life, with something truly learned through active participation.

The final reflection that was perhaps the most striking of all, is the great need for liturgical reform in the missions because of the almost natural liturgical nature of the people. It is striking because it forces the Westerner to think on his own liturgical life. How little natural liturgy there is in our life. How much richer is the simpler native for all his closeness to the earth, to the ceremonial of life and death. There are some beautiful descriptions in the paper by Most Reverend Jean van Cauwelaert, C.I.C.M., Bishop of Inongo, Belgian Congo, on the native ceremonies of initiation into the tribe, marriage and death, and how these are so basically Christian as to need very little change.

The range of topics covers the Mass, the ritual, the ordination of permanent deacons, the religious service without a priest, sacred music and seminary training. All

in all, when one reads through the proposals, and when one realizes what has already been done in the missions, in Germany and elsewhere, there is a feeling of progress with only a slight annoyance at the slowness of the authorities. I repeat, however, that the most striking feature concerns ourselves, and how the problems of the missionary bishop may be much simpler than the problems of our own prelates when it comes to liturgical reform. The African and Asian has a spontaneous attraction to ritual and contemplation. Perhaps, as Father Danielou said, the contemplative reform will come from Asia and the real liturgical reform from Africa. Education has not made us better Christians in the liturgical sense. It may make some of us more sophisticated in the use of art and music, but whether it gives us a real feel for ritual is another question. If our religious education has been extra-liturgical, then we have lost a very important notion of the liturgy which the less educated have retained. There is a big question in the mind of this reviewer on the value of our modern education, and this book has helped to point it up a bit more. A return to a liturgical catechesis and even a liturgical theology may well take its cue from the new nations coming to the Church.

## Yoga and Health Spiritual and Physical

Christian Yoga by J-M Dechanet, O.S.B., Harper & Brothers, New York, 1960, \$3.75, 196 pages.  
Reviewed by John Stanley.

Father Dechanet says, "I was led to Yoga by William of Saint-Thierry . . . I had been an invalid from childhood . . . but when I was about forty I was . . . cured, and felt a consuming urge to live. I worked with my head; I worked with my hands . . . took up sports (and gymnastics) and noticed a definite improvement at all levels of being and action." It was then that he was led to Yoga, which he has found to be a "particular way of fashioning oneself (into) a condition of coherence (so that) a state of balance (could be achieved) and life controlled and made effective (by removing) certain blockages within, that were hindering supernatural action . . . The exercises of Yoga clarify the relationship between body and soul . . . and stabilize all the forms of energy."

"In this book I have to some extent restricted myself to examining the easiest and most accessible form of Yoga, Hatha Yoga." He asserts that it helps get "rid of a few problems of general health, to increase one's capacity for work, to make one's character gentler and stronger, to free oneself of various complexes, to create in oneself an atmosphere of calm and silence . . . to change lives and temperaments . . . making them healthier, more open; to increase their degree of engagement; to render them more receptive to impulses and promptings from heaven . . . to become a man, a fully human being." "Yoga calms the senses, pacifies the soul, and frees certain intuitive or affective powers . . . and can make people into true Christians, dynamic and open, by helping them to be men . . . Everything in Yoga . . . that promotes dialogue (between the soul and God) may be boldly considered as fit for adaptation."

"Hundreds of millions of human beings cannot manage to rise beyond the mere struggle for existence; they live out their lives, little concerned with mind or even soul, and die, not ennobled in stature, but shrunken." A revolutionary statement by the author—especially if it is asked, Why? It is pathetic to view the lives of these millions: working, eating, defecating, and expiring. And it is engaging to know that the lords of

society find this situation right down their street, and do everything in their power to encourage and perpetuate it because they know that men would never submit if they got the idea that they had something and were something. (The lords of society include the men who run such enterprises as The N. Y. DAILY NEWS, the AFL-CIO, NAM, IBM, NBC, USN, MGM, GMC, FBI, BBD & O, DuPont, The Chase Manhattan Bank, the Harvard School of Business, Coca-Cola, The King Ranch, TIME-LIFE International, AEC, National Distillers, U.S. Steel, The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Metropolitan Life, the American Legion, and many others.) A heightened per-



ception by man of his own dignity contains the seeds of social revolution—although it does not necessarily lead to it; other factors must be operative at the same time. Yoga, like religion, can (sic) be used as an opiate, can be perverted to this use—but not necessarily. It can be used to evade the demands of the real social situation, but it need not be so implemented. (The same thing may be said, by the way, of psychoanalysis and art.) Again Father Dechanet:

"Hatha Yoga may be defined as a comprehensive system of human culture, physical, moral, and psychological . . . Its aim is to control the body and the various forms of vital energy, with a view to overcoming physical impediments standing in the way of other more spiritual forms of Yoga. Its object is to ensure a perfect balance between organic functions. Its ultimate goal . . . is to prepare man for the acquisition of repose of spirit . . . for experiencing the Divine."

And a Christian might here in-

voke the doctrines of the Mystical Body and the Indwelling of the Trinity in each person, and connect them—and the above last few words—with the question asked 2000 years ago: "How can you say you love God (Whom you have not seen) when you do not love your brother (whom you see)?" And, "How can you say you love your brother when seeing him in need you do not help him?" These apparently disparate notions—a concern with self-cultivation, a concern with experiencing God, and a concern with the welfare of brother—these must always be immediately juxtaposed because they exist in a necessary symbiotic unity.

In order to enter into the way of Yoga it is mandatory that one observe certain abstinences: namely these: Non-violence, chastity, truth, poverty, and respect for the welfare of others. To these are added five positive virtues, or niyama: Purity—which includes both interior purity and exterior cleanliness (quite, quite different from our own Desert Fathers!), austerity of living, self-knowledge, and becoming attached to the Divine, and yielding oneself up entirely to a personal God.

The inner attitude of the yogi has its counterpart in a series of physical postures, or asana . . . (whose) function is to bring calm to the spirit and at the same time to strengthen the body . . . to recondition the organism entirely, from the muscles and the nervous system to the mind . . . They (markedly affect) the metabolism . . . and the glands."

Add to asana, pranayama, or breath control.

And after a long while comes self-mastery and detachment.

I have merely lined out the bare bones of what the author has to say, of course. It must be emphasized that the asana and pranayama are means to ends. They will assist the mind, for example, to "fix firmly on one idea . . . without

itself to be distracted . . . or carried off on the waters of a plurality of ideas. It will cease being a monkey leaping continually from branch to branch . . . (but) will be a shepherd grazing his ewes without allowing them out of his sight . . . The practices of Yoga are neither religion nor mysticism, but a discipline in the art of uniting, of gathering together in man the elements that too often scattered or sundered . . . (and) the art of bringing the life of the spirit to open out to him . . . It is a technique that allows a man to establish himself in silence . . . in order that the Holy Spirit of God may now and then make its voice heard . . . (to the listening man)."

The author follows the above with a marvelous chapter on asceticism, and a view of the soul of man based on three words: anima, animus, and spiritus. These pages alone are worth reading even if all the rest is—for some reason—rejected. Then follow some sane remarks on the nature of the senses and the body. And some instructions on asana and pranayama. Then some things on meditation. And a chapter on that great book, *The Way of a Pilgrim*. And some extracts from the *Philokalia*. "It all goes together." (Eric Gill).

I recommend this book to novice masters (Yoga is already in use in monasteries and convents in Europe), acting teachers, (who might use it along with Michael Chekov's book on acting), psycho-therapists, remedial reading tutors, nutritionists, and that great mass of crypto-manicheans that dwells among us. We are not angels, but men—with bodies. Yes, and this body is a splendid, gifted child that must be enchanted, and cultivated with intelligence and delicacy and joy. And it must be loved. And lie on those who want to use muscle on everything. Father Dechanet emphasizes slowness and gentleness. And he writes these revolutionary things with warmth and sweetness.

## On Politics

POLITICAL THOUGHT: MEN AND IDEAS by John A. Abbo, Catholic University of America, Newman Press, Westminster, Md. 1960, Price \$5.75. With imprimatur of Bishop Keough of Baltimore.

Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy

This book strives to evaluate the different political philosophies in the light of Catholic teaching. The author tries to be fair to radical thought, giving quotes from leaders who are representative of the various ideas. Thus he quotes Socrates as saying that, "what makes a statesman is not hereditary right or the vote of a majority: it is wisdom, and wisdom comes of education."

He gives the famous quotation from St. Augustine about kingdoms being founded by brigands, and the difference between a pirate and Alexander the Great was one of size only. He states the legislative function of the State of St. Thomas Aquinas, that if a law is reasonable, for the common good, lawfully passed by a legitimate authority, then it must be obeyed, but if one of these points is missing the law is "null and void". And he quotes him as saying that, "a law of the state (or of the church) that counters a principle or violates a precept of natural law is no law at all." Also, "When the tyrant commands what is clearly outside his jurisdiction, the subject is not bound to obey". But what is natural law and what is the tyrant's jurisdiction? An anarchist does not recognize or take part in government. Abbo later quotes from the Code of Social Principles, Catholic Social Guild, 1952 that to resist authority is to resist God, but we ought to obey God rather than

man if natural or divine laws are opposed by man's law. Abbo suggests that both St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas give us "a suggestion in natural law for revolution or at least passive resistance."

It is no accident that the worship of the State reached its height in Luther and Calvin. They felt that man was so full of original sin that he had hardly any free will to do anything, and so he had to obey the state absolutely. But Catholics need not point to Protestant leaders for bowing to evil for their own Machiavelli used any means to an end. Abbo says of him "The heroes of the Gordian knot, the statesmen of the shortcuts, the politicians of the means and the strategems, are not so smart as they appear to their votaries and their victims."

The evaluation which De Tocqueville made of America in his visit in 1831 when he came with a fellow lawyer to investigate our prison system is given. He was for decentralized administration and lauded the New England town meeting. He felt that in democratic republics the body might be left free but the soul was enslaved by the tyranny of the majority.

The author quotes Pius XI as opposing Fascism in 1931 because it made the state supreme, but at the same time the teaching of the Church was that the citizen should obey the government and take part in war. The leaders of Catholic politics sided with Mussolini instead of Luigi Sturzo who was the only Catholic who openly opposed Mussolini in his political function.

The authors' treatment of Communism stresses its materialistic

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# On Politics

(Continued from page 6)

aspect. This is the idea that most educated people held at the time of Marx that evolution would bring reforms and a better world. The Church in those days had little social gospel and stood with the exploiters in nearly every country, so why should not Marx and the radicals declare that "religion is opium for the people"? Personally I believe in having as much private property as I need and as I can use without exploiting anyone, (that is in the ideal society, for now if I own anything the tax man or the Federal Court will get it). There are groups such as the Hut-terites in the Dakotas and Canada who own everything in common, as the early Christians did. So for Catholic theologians to say that natural law means that private property is right and Communism is wrong does not prove anything. There is likely more use of private property in Communist countries by the masses of the people than there is in Catholic Portugal, Spain, and Italy. In capitalist countries there is private property but the wrong folks have it. Pius XI is quoted in his encyclical in 1937, "Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever." Radicals may oppose the Church because it upholds the exploiters past and present, and that is to be expected. The Churchmen have changed their emphasis on slavery, freedom for other religions, etc., from century to century and from country to country, so absolutist predictions by Marx and Engels are not repeated by modern Communists. But the essential truth of what the Church teaches remains underneath, and the essential truth of what Marx taught remains valid.

## Marxism

I will give my explanation in non-technical terms of the Marxist principles: (1) **Economic Interpretation of History**—if a Catholic Navajo herds sheep and clips wool, and a Catholic broker on Wall Street clips coupons, they will think the same about the Virgin Mary and the future life, but their idea of what is important in economics is much different. (2) **Surplus Value**—If a man makes \$40 a day for his boss and gets \$10 in wages he can only buy back \$10 worth. The \$30 piles up as surplus value and causes depressions and wars. (3) **The Class Struggle**—this is between those who work for a living and those who own for a living. Marx predicted that revolutions would come first in industrialized countries and in this he was wrong. But with two-thirds of the world Communist and capitalism on the skids it would seem that Marx has the better of the argument. Marx said that after the Dictatorship of the Proletariat the state would wither away. And Lenin is quoted in his **State and Revolution** as saying, "While the state exists there is no freedom. When there will be freedom there will be no state... Any state is but the organ of class rule... Once the capitalist resistance is completely broken... then the state will wither away." The author feels that "in the highly industrialized countries of today a marked amelioration of social ills has been consistently if slowly effected. Capitalism as a tool of oppression and exploitation (so justly condemned by Marx) is on the wane. Capitalism has not deteriorated. It has changed for the better to a notable extent at least." The welfare state has come to keep Communism away but the mounting agricultural surplus and the expense of atomic war spell the death of capitalism. Eisenhower, after being made ridiculous in the U-2 incident, continued to visit our pet dictators over the world and create more distaste for those politicians described in "The Ugly

American" whom we insist on sending abroad.

**Anarchism**—under this heading the author treats the subject fairly. He understands that the difference between the Communist and the pacifist-anarchist is that the latter does not believe in the Dictatorship of the Proletariat and so does not believe that the state will wither away. We feel with Lord Acton, "that power corrupts and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely." Abbo says, "Etymologically, anarchy means 'without rule,' as a theory anarchy advocates a society without government, wherein men live peacefully and harmoniously together not by submitting to law or by obeying an authority but through agreements, freely concluded and kept between the various territorial groups, for the sake of providing for man's material and intellectual needs... The two famous Russian anarchists, Mikhail Bakunin (1814-1876) and Peter Kropotkin (1842-1921), were atheistic and revolutionary anarchists. The former considered belief in God the principle obstacle to freedom and made atheism and its propaganda first of his chief principles (next comes the destruction of the state); the latter wanted religion replaced by a natural, in-

stinctive morality. Both had, in theory and practice, insurrectional tendencies."

Tolstol & Ammon

"Lee Tolstol (1828-1910), although denouncing the state as 'the domination of the wicked, supported by brute force' and asserting that 'robbers are less dangerous than a well-organized government' proposed to reach universal anarchy through persuasion or the illumination of the heart of each individual and, once the light is seen, through passive resistance



to government. Tolstol's anarchy was compatible with belief in God and based on the Sermon on the Mount literally interpreted. A similar theory, although highly personalized and interpreted with a touch of Thoreau's and Gandhi's ideas and ideals, is preached by the American Ammon Hennacy, a Catholic, and some of his associates in 'The Catholic Worker' movement. Hennacy's principles and life are interestingly told in (Continued on page 8)

# Holy Mother Russia

**Saints of Russia**, by Constantin de Grunwald, translated by Roger Capel from the French, Macmillan, 1960. 180 pp. Reviewed by Helene Iswolsky.

The announcement of the forthcoming Ecumenical Council and the preparations that are made for it have stimulated interest in the Eastern Churches, in particular in the Russian-Orthodox one. At the same time there has been a great need for acquiring a basic knowledge of the various aspects of Russian religious life. Constantin de Grunwald offers us in his book one of the most interesting of these aspects:—the main characteristics of Russian sanctity, as represented in ten great figures, from St. Vladimir who baptized Russia and made her "holy," to the hermit and spiritual teacher Seraphim of Sarov who lived in the XIXth century (some fifty years before Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky had reached their literary maturity). This chronological data helps us to realize how near the later flowering of Russian holiness is to us, while its first seeds were sown almost a thousand years ago. Mr. de Grunwald is an expert in history and has published several important monographs. He is a native Russian, with a long experience of scholarly research. He has therefore chosen for his nine chapters, with their introductions and "epilogue," the best source material and the most accurate methods of dealing with it. He quotes the works of Russian orthodox writers like the late George Fedotov, of Russian Catholics like the late Fr. Ivan Kologroff, and of contributors to the official organ of the Moscow Patriarchate. Some of this material was already known to us, other parts of it are new to the reader of America. But in both cases, Mr. Grunwald has done much to classify and interpret it for the less initiated public. This does not mean that the author simplifies the story of Russian sanctity, but rather clarifies it in terms familiar to the Western reader. Each chapter offers a close-up, a carefully etched portrait. And how different they are.

The brothers, Boris and Gleb, who died in the name of non-resistance, and Theodosius, founder of the great Kiev monastery of the "Caves." Saint Sergius who cleared the wilderness and built another famous abbey. Nil Sorski, who restored strict heremetic life and holy poverty at a time when the church had become wealthy and mundane. Tikhon, bishop of Zagorsk, whose penitents were children of the age of "enlightenment," but who were in the dark as to spiritual problems.

And, last but not least, the gentle Seraphim, who opened an entirely new way of Russian spirituality, the little way, so near to the one followed by Therese of Lisieux in our time. One of the most impressive portraits in de Grunwald's gallery is Philip, Primate of Moscow, who defied the tsar Ivan the Terrible, condemned his cruelty from the steps of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and was murdered by the infuriated tsar's henchmen. As a historian, de Grunwald has placed each of his saints in his characteristic setting of time and place. This historic consciousness is most helpful in bringing the different saints into their focus. But does it suffice to explain to us the spiritual set up, the hidden sources of Russian sanctity,

Perhaps such an explanation would not be possible, for the simple reason, that each saint is a mystery. But there are common traits in these spiritual giants: the total dedication, the love of poverty and asceticism (Philip was a mortified hermit long before he was called to the primate's throne). There is humility, there is constant interior prayer, and there is also a kind of boldness, a dynamic upsurge towards the divine, that unfailing light, which the Russian mystics called the "light which knows no evening." And above all, there is love—love of the destitute, the persecuted, the hungry. In these the saints of Russia saw Christ with extraordinary clarity. This is why the people of Russia loved their saints; they were not abstract figures one merely "read about." They were men who lived among the people, who tilled the soil like them, built log cabins and thatched their roof like them, fetched water at the spring and the pool, shared their simple meal, more often than not—a crust of bread.

Saint Tikhon visited the prisons in the XVIIIth century, according to a custom observed in Russia since the XIth. One might see perhaps in all these holy men some part of Tolstoy, not so much of what he wrote and said, as of what he did, of what he so passionately wanted to become, until he was somehow drawn into their wake.

# THE WOMEN'S CLOTHES-ROOM

By ANNE TAILLEFER

Instead of the usual "thank you" when complimented upon their clothes the women around the Catholic Worker generally issue the flat statement: "It came in." —The clothes come in, sometimes in large bundles from organizations, sometimes by mail, sometimes dropped personally by friends. And there is a little flurry to open them up and see what they contain. The diversity is infinite and can range from unmatched shoes to exquisite blouses labelled "Christian Dior." A visitor may be impressed upon asking "Who sent this?" to receive the casual answer "O Divine Providence I think"; this being a quite literal statement for the Franciscan Nuns are among our best providers. Then the men's clothes will be separated from the women's and children's and carried to the respective clothes-rooms to be hung on racks or sorted on the shelves.

Regarding the men the problems may be strenuous but they remain simple: they belong to the realm of justice, common-sense and adequacy except for a few rare cases. But how much more complex for the women! However crushed, hostile, sick or old, there are few women whose eyes do not brighten at the sight of clothes, who do not approve of a texture or color, who do not care if the item is either becoming or fitting. Many a bent back straightens, many a worn face breaks into a sort of smile. And small conjuring tricks can be performed so that the woman who walks in has nothing in common with the one who walks out.

## Many Babies

The Puerto-Ricans come in two by two, warm and chattering, with exclamations of "Mira, mira" (look, look). They carry away a huge amount of clothes to suit families of eight or ten. But they choose carefully with an eye for value and size and a yen for brilliant colors. One lovely girl of fifteen is always foraging for "her babies," little brothers and sisters who come first with her, she rarely thinks of herself. She has passed from childhood to womanhood and her serious ways and careful appraisals make it obvious she is ripe for love and sacrifice rather than for rock and roll.

The Irish are always with us: Decent old bodies with the customs of the old country who like dark colors and long skirts and sleeves, peering anxiously for warm underwear and what, I believe is genteelly called, foundation garments. They have accepted their age and misery and wear it in good grace and dignity. Others live in a dream of childhood and clothe their fantasies. Slavs bring in their wild streak and passionate, tortured world. Two older women, come "shopping," they turn everything over with delight and in the end never take away anything useful. This is a break in the long, tedious day, a chance for woman's talk outside the brutal world. Negro women are generally good-natured, patient and some times fervently grateful. —The discussion about clothes and measurements breaks the ice, creates a bond. Often, with the humiliation of the body transpires that of the soul. Some pitiful stories and tragedies, supposed to have taken place in the immediate present, may be years old but hoarded up in loneliness without any lending ear. To one and all the passport of french nationality imposes unquestionable authority. Whatever can be said or understood about my paradoxical country, its reputation of taste in clothes is unimpeachable. And even if, on account of circumstances, the result is not all that could be hoped, the softened expression is a cloak that covers a multitude of vestimentary sins.

## Not To Judge

Then there are the tough ones, not many. It is difficult to be naive about the ultimate fate of the clothes given to them at the

slightest whiff of their breath and things get a bit hot sometimes. There comes a time for rapid decisions: should one try to be just, reserving the clothes for the deserving ones, who will use them or risk to see them bartered for more drink or still worse. But then how can one be smug enough to pass a definitive verdict. Who are we at best but unjust stewards forgiving to be forgiven. How many unrestrained customers will buy or extort a dress to keep up with the Jones, defeat a rival or gain a man for doubtful ends. How many puritans and pharisees will advertise their virtue by their austere dress. Who can pick up the smallest pebble and shy it? Of course, here too common sense must save us from sentimentality.

Some women, often old friends of the Worker, whose ends do not quite meet are kept home by children, illness or distance. It becomes a task of love to know their lines and curves as a good draughtsman should and to fit their tastes and needs to the best of one's ability. It creates intimacy at times revealing heroic traits in some friend who has been helping many and yet soaks a robe in a few hours with the sweat of racking illness.

The air of the clothes-room is rather rarefied, in the physical sense of the word because there is no window. It is lovingly inhabited by hordes of cockroaches who have taken refuge from the new paint distributed by energetic and artistic painters, everywhere but in our room; no appeal from the weaker sex has yet touched them. It might prove a good device to use this publication as a means of communication as did the Meynell children who placed an ad for new hats in their mother's magazine. Some ermitic cats take also refuge with us from the general pandemonium; space is restricted, boxes piled high and heavy to manage, tensions quite nerve-racking to some. Milly Seale whose fragile frame endures this three times a week bears a heavy load.

To all those who help store the clothes-room, be it with a ragged but needed garment or a with a fur coat, we say our thanks with unfrivolous gratitude. We also reveal our needs to their attention: sheets, blankets, towels, household furnishings, underwear, pocket-books and above all stockings. They may be interested to know that we also ship out clothes to the most underprivileged countries such as Haiti, South America, South West Africa, etc. Thanks to the latter The Catholic Worker help is listed in one of the official documents of the United Nations A/C/447 (p. 9) in a letter censured by the Union of South Africa Government. In it Mburumba Kerina urges the people of Ovamboland to write to the Catholic Worker for clothes. (We helped to send 500 pounds to his people, the Herreros last year).

In a world of hatred and destruction we should think of gentle things and of things of beauty. Mary Lathrop, obeying a strong feminine instinct places flowers all around the loft. In the spirit of Saint Francis de Sales urging the devout Philothea to be the best dressed woman in the congregation, since she contributed to the beauty of the world, women should renounce pleasing for selfish or distorted ends and strive to give pleasure with the same unself-consciousness of the flowers standing in the corners.

Anne Taillefer.

## Christmas Presents

**THERESE** by Dorothy Day, published by FIDES press, Notre Dame, Ind. \$3.50.

**GAY BELIEVER** by Arthur Sheehan, Hanover House, (Double-day) \$3.75.

**The Long Loneliness** by Dorothy Day, Image Books \$3.50. Order from us, autographed copies, or send direct to publishers.



## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

of all we try to do, unprofitable servants.

### To the Land

To turn to a lighter subject, long though this ON PILGRIMAGE already is. I had a delightful two-day visit with my daughter in Vermont, after speaking to representatives of twenty New England Catholic Colleges, near Worcester. David, my son-in-law is working as hotel clerk in nearby Bellows Falls and while visiting him there, I had the pleasure of meeting Karl Meyer's father who is Democratic Congressman from Vermont. Karl is head of our Chicago work. David gets home only in the middle of the week on days off which means the children have a heavy responsibility as regards the farm. It is wonderful to see Eric and Nickie up at six thirty milking the cow, putting the calves out to pasture, feeding the pig and the chickens and then with peanut butter and honey sandwiches and milk for breakfast (sometimes they can be induced to have an egg) dash off the ¾ mile down the road to the school bus. They are gone, six of the children, from seven thirty to four each day, and that leaves Martha, five and Hilalre, three, to do chores at home. They are willing workers. When we need more wood for the Franklin stove in the living room, they keep bringing it in until the floor is covered with it. The sorcerer's apprentice again. But they save Tamar many a step and are busy bees all day long. The baby, Catherine Ann, is an angel and is at that easy stage still where she does not even roll over so you can put her safely on the table or bed or floor and she just enjoys the change of view. Solemn at birth, she is now wreathed in smiles, a habit developed by responding to an adoring three year old brother with reddish curls and bright blue eyes. She herself is a brunette. Martha at five is very bossy with them both. Her older sisters say she looks like Marilyn Monroe. In other words she is a beauty.

One of our readers, Frances Mazet of Rehoboth, Massachusetts gave Tamar two rams which grew up very aggressive. They sold one and use the wool of the other and she has had an abundance of wool which she has spun and dyed with butternut and onion skin dyes. The children got into that job, you can be sure, and went around covered with brown stain. The butternut is a permanent brown dye which makes the wool shine as though it were mercerized. The onion skin is a golden yellow.

Tamar is weaving drapes in a monk's belt pattern and it is very beautiful on the loom. She has pamphlets on home made dyes from the government, and from Canada and South Carolina, but she says there is no natural red dye that she knows of. Blue is complicated and dangerous as one uses indigo and sulphuric acid but it is most beautiful. The easiest colors are yellow and brown.

On November 21 I am going to speak in Boston for the Botolph Guild on Peter Maurin's program of cult, culture and cultivation, and bring with me samples of some of the arts cultivated by people around The Catholic Worker, by both workers and scholars, and I will bring a blanket and towel of Tamar's. She uses everything else she makes, towels, table cloths, blankets, drapes, curtains, and so on.

In spite of farm chores, the boys are busy hunting and the bow and arrow season is just finished. Nickie's birthday comes in December so near to Christmas that he always gets left when it comes to serious presents. He wants a bow and arrow, he said, the kind one can shoot a deer with. He is serious too, as a hunter. He uses a rifle and has brought home squirrel this fall. Eric is best at the farm, and Nickie at hunting, but

Eric is just as enthusiastic a hunter and they both use guns since David had one and a neighbor loaned them another. One meal we had what both Martha and Hilalre called "twirl," meaning, of course, squirrel, and it was very good. The one squirrel fed four of us, and besides we had carrots, potatoes, eggs and milk all from the farm, and of course, pumpkin pie.

Hunting and fishing are serious sports in a place like Vermont where there are pockets of unemployment, as the saying is. I asked Eric once what one of the neighbors did for a living, since he had nine children just as the Hennessey's did, and was unemployed at the time. Eric said, "Hunting, fishing, and robbing bee trees!"

But certainly the young ones will know where their food comes from and how to get it, what with a good garden, apple trees, trout streams, and plenty of game in the woods. How else can one live and raise a family with the small salaries paid in country towns?



## Martin Luther King

(Continued from page 1)

nounced desegregation as its policy but leaves it up to the managers as to what to do. So far only half of them are desegregated. There are groups of students picketing at Woolworth stores in the north, to show their solidarity with the students in the south. To do this, any Catholic can join with other groups without involving any organization to which he may belong which may not wish to take direct action of boycotting and picketing. However, the Catholic Interracial groups in Chicago have advocated joining with others, organizations as well as individuals, in picketing and sit-ins. There are only seven Kresge stores which remain segregated.

Martin Luther King is now 32 years old and is serving in his own father's church, the Ebenezer Baptist of Atlanta, Ga. He is married and has two children.

## On Politics

(Continued from page 7)

his *Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist*. The following is a recent statement of Hennacy on his group's doctrine and policy:

"We are motivated by Christ and St. Francis to a life of voluntary poverty with no reliance upon bullets or ballots or formal organization to achieve our ideals... We feel that we have creatively used Gandhian dialectic in taking the thesis of the Councils of Perfection of the early Christians as contrasted to the antithesis of the acceptance of the industrial-capitalist system by most of the clergy today; and we have emerged with the synthesis of living poor, in the vanguard of civil disobedience to air-raid drills, payment of income taxes for war, and in the absolutist stand of refusal to register for the draft, creating the new society 'within the shell of the old.'"

## IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

The Daily News had a short piece featuring our motto as "Civil Defense is No Defense" stating that we called for 5,000 to refuse to take part in the air raid drill in 1961. The folks at the office are cordial to us and most of the cops are friendly. Only a few passers-by tell us to go to Russia.

### Reverend Uphaus

On a Sunday I went to Concord, N.H. to meet the Rush family, attended Quaker meeting at their home where the Booth family from Canada occupy the upstairs. Ann Rush fasted and picketed with a group of us in Washington, D.C. Easter week of 1950. I visited Dudley Laufman who wrote in the CW about building his house, and drank some of his good cider. Then an evening with Dave and Midge Wyman whom I had known in Yellow Springs, Ohio. All these folks have separate small acres bought from the Shakers. Nine of the aged Shaker women live in a huge house and sell their handicraft. About fifty of us, including Arthur Harvey, picketed the county jail where Willard Uphaus has been for nearly a year because he would not tell the N.H. bigots the names of those who attended meetings at his Fellowship Farm. We could not see him but he waved his hands to us from an upper tier as we sang Faith of Our Fathers, The Red Flag, and Joe Hill songs. Mrs. Uphaus met with us later and I spoke to some folks at Rush's.

## Evictions—Suffering

(Continued from page 1)

door and getting signatures on petitions.

"I am not even trying to find a place yet," she said. "I want to help the others. The housing authority officer offered me an apartment which he said he would pay \$200 for, and said the rent would be eighty dollars a month. I told him I could not take it. He said, 'What? You can't even pay eighty dollars a month?' What poor person can pay eighty dollars a month, I want to know."

When asked if any of the tenants evicted could move into the new project, Juliana said she had heard that it was to be a cooperative house and besides the initial cost, the upkeep would be \$28.50 a room. Ground was to be broken for the new project on Fifth street between First Avenue and Avenue A on December 8, she said. She called attention to the fact that on another street where all the families were evicted, the houses were boarded up and work was not started for five years. Anyone walking through the East Side will see hundreds of buildings boarded up which could be improved enough for temporary dwellings while slums are being eliminated and better housing provided.

In my column this month I call attention to the generosity of the city in trying to reimburse and recompense owners and tenants but here I am pointing out to amend what I said that the old adage works always, "Them as has, gets." It is so old a proverb that Our Lord used it, turning it to spiritual goods, saying that "To him that has much, much is given, and to him that has little, even that it taken away." D.D.

### FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

## Karl Meyer Writes

(Continued from page 5)

when it is practiced . . .

We read in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" that during the early ages of Christianity the hospice (or the House of Hospitality) was a shelter for the sick, the poor, the orphans, the old, the traveler and the needy of every kind . . .

Today we need Houses of Hospitality as much as they needed them then, if not more so . . .

Since September 1958 I have had a small house of hospitality, five rooms where I have lived with nine or ten people who were sick, poor, orphans, old, travelers or needy of other kinds.

Since December 1958 I have sought some way to work for the support of my responsibilities to this house and not pay federal income taxes for the support of militarism.

In March 1960 I quit my job where taxes were withheld and resolved not to pay withholding tax anymore and went to jail for 54 days in solidarity with tax refuser Eroseanna Robinson, who had just been imprisoned here in Chicago.

After my release I began a search for work without taxes. I experimented with self-employment in odd jobs and in tutoring. I tried to persuade employers to pay for my work in the form of a direct donation to St. Stephens House, without withholding tax. I received an opinion from a lawyer that Internal Revenue Service had ruled that this type of arrangement with a charitable organization was legal for hospitals, so I applied at a number of hospitals, but was turned down. I looked for part time work paid for in cash. Nothing worked, particularly me.

Being under the firm impression that only one's relatives could be claimed as dependents for the purpose of withholding exemptions, I complained bitterly to my pacifist brethren that, in fact, I had nine dependents but was unable to claim them for non-tax purposes. Not one of these experts on tax resistance set me straight.

On October 25, after five months of frustration, I checked on the Internal Revenue Service definition of dependents. This is how it reads: "To qualify as your dependent . . . a person (a) must receive more than one-half of his support from you for the year, and (b) must have less than \$600 gross income during the year . . . and (c) must not be claimed as an exemption by such persons husband or wife, and (d) must be a citizen or resident of the United States . . . and (e) must (1) have your home as his principal residence and be a member of your household for the entire year, or (2) be related to you . . ."

I counted four people in my household, in addition to myself, whom I could claim for dependency exemptions. I discovered that all along I might have been earning \$3000 per year without a cent of withholding tax. I could have kicked myself all the way down Clark St.

We need more small houses of hospitality "to shelter the homeless at a personal sacrifice" instead of delivering them to the City and the State to be supported by taxes, on the street or in the jails. We believe that housing the unemployed, feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked, caring for the sick and the aged and, last of all, visiting the prisoners are parts of a total Gospel of Peace. If we do these things, we can also starve the tax collector, by feeding the poor. We can build "a new society in the shell of the old," a City of God, and swing wide its gates to let the King, and his ambassadors, enter in triumph.

Not all of the poor who come to our door come in the embassy of God. Several nights ago one of the men came with two drop-cloths and a gallon of turpentine "from the job" and asked permission to leave them here and stay the night himself, and I, in all innocence, agreed to this. The next morning, two painters arrived, with a policeman, demanding the drop-cloths, which had been stolen from them and traced to our house. I turned over the drop-cloths, but the policeman also demanded that I turn over the thief. When I declined to do this, he said that he would take me to the station and book me for possession of stolen property. The painters agreed to sign a complaint against me, because, they said, not only had the cloths been stolen, but also some paint had been spilt and now they would have to pay for it out of their own pockets. However, perhaps if I would reimburse them for the spilt paint, they would find it in their hearts to forget about the complaint. How much paint was lost, asked the policeman? Ten dollars worth. Now, half a gallon of paint may have been spilt, but how could anyone have spilt ten dollars worth? Still I had to take their word for it, or they would surely have taken me to the station and signed the complaint, so in the end I paid and they went away satisfied with their take, all of which goes to prove the old moral: one good theft deserves another, or no use taking a fall over spilt paint. After the danger had passed, I found the thief under a bed in the farthest corner of the back room. He said he was sorry. And I said he sure as hell should be. And after a little of that he left.

I did reap an unexpected reward for my ordeal however, for that morning the most shiftless character in the house, out of an excess of sympathy and generosity, offered to press my trousers for me.

I might also say that some of the "rich" even come to our door as ambassadors of God. There is one man who comes from time to time and leaves things that we need (clothing, furnishings or household items) inside the door. He just opens the door, puts them inside and goes away. For almost two years he has been doing this. He used to come perhaps once a month, but recently he has taken to coming much more frequently. For a long time we knew nothing about him because we never saw him come, but several times recently, when the door was locked, he knocked and handed in his gifts when the door was opened and then left very quickly. I have always respected his anonymity, because I remember from my childhood the story of the shoemaker and the elves: the elves used to come at night and make shoes for the shoemaker, but one night he tried to catch them at their work and they disappeared and never returned again. (After the story I told above, let me hasten to say that there is always a ticket with the things that this man brings so that I know they are not stolen.)

During the voter registration period, one man from the neighborhood came in and asked, "Is this a registration office?" And I looked at the crucifix on the wall and the picture of Ammon Hennacy and said, "No, it isn't." The Democratic precinct worker for our building came in to see if we were registered, and she told me that I am going to vote under the name of Geoffrey Thornton, because he is registered but she can't find him anywhere in the building. She needs votes, but this is one she won't get.

Three young Catholic workers have said they may join me in the work here soon. If they do, we will be well staffed to carry out the Green Revolution program I outlined in my last letter.