



MOTT ST.

Yesterday afternoon several of us sat around our luncheon of delicious split pea soup trying to decide who would volunteer to venture out in the steady drizzle of rain to participate in a picketing that was being staged in front of the Hungarian Embassy. It was a protest picket against the arrest of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary. At the conclusion of the meal four decided to go down on the picket line, and several others returned to our office to continue with the cutting of addresses and the answering of mail. I started up to Fourteenth street on an errand and then walked over to visit Joe Davin at Columbus Hospital.

The Sick

When I arrived at the hospital I discovered that Joe already had a visitor in the person of John Fox. John has been coming down to the house helping out on the paper and getting in on some fast discussions. The three of us were at a standstill in attempting a conversation since the patient in the bed next to Joe's was having visitors, six of them and all talking in Spanish. Finally the Spaniards left and Joe showed us a "hand painted tie," that he received as a Christmas gift. He claimed that he can't wait until he will be able to wear that tie. Just then a pretty blonde nurse came in and handed Joe a vitamin pill. Joe smiled and remarked that they were substituting the pills for

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Philadelphia Housing

Walking home from the feast day Mass of our Lady the deep rhythm of her Litany made music in my ear and the thought came to me how wisely the Holy Mother Church enlarges our hearts with the beauty of images; especially today came those symbolizing the body as the dwelling place of the spirit: House of Gold; Tower of Ivory; Arc of the Covenant; Tower of David; Vessel of Honor; City of God from the Mass. We must then rejoice with Her on her birthday. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord and my soul shall be joyful in my God." No matter how our subjective moods may try to pull us away from the reality of joy with her as we gain a glimpse of the future that radiates from the Mass of today. "A man is born in her and the Highest Himself hath founded her."

As we all sat talking round the breakfast table after Mass the talk turned to the Housing Problem. House of God, pray for us all who in Philadelphia go unhoused; unwanted. So far in the third wealthiest and largest city in the United States there are only two (2) Housing Projects for the low-income bracket; that is, under \$35 weekly salary group. And about twenty for higher income and veteran groups. This in a city where some of the wealthiest families in the country live in palaces and hold landed estates of 300 acres. And most of the House Projects are poorly built. One of the women went on to tell us of her experience. She has just been fired for telling her boss "off" about the graft and lies of misrepresentation of property to the poor in his real estate company. He is one of the largest agents here and lives in a \$20,000 home. The woman went on to point out that

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A Program for Immediate Needs

By Peter Maurin

1. School of Social Studies
1. "When a social system fails to feed the poor, it is time to look out for one that does," said Archbishop Keating.
2. And because Archbishop Keating realized that our social system fails to feed the poor, he founded at Oxford a Catholic Labor College.
3. Cardinal Bouffie declared once that we are badly in need of Catholic social research.
4. If there had been more Catholic social research, Catholics would not now pass the buck to the politicians.
3. Catholic social research ought to be carried out in a School of Social Studies.
2. Social Missionaries
1. A School of Social Studies would be the training ground for Social Missionaries, priests, laymen and women.
2. As Al Smith said: "The social problem is not a problem for politicians, business men and lawyers."
3. The social problem is a problem for Social Missionaries.
4. The task of Social Missionaries is not to help people to adjust themselves to the existing environment.
5. The task of Social Missionaries is to teach people the difficult art of creating order out of chaos.
6. To be a Social Missionary requires social-mindedness, historical-mindedness and practical idealism.

3. Study Clubs
1. Social Missionaries would be official leaders of Study Clubs.
2. The conduct of a Study Club does not require a fluent speaker.
3. As Bishop O'Hara says: "The purpose of Study Clubs is to make people articulate; and lectures do not help to make people articulate."
4. Social Missionaries would be able to impart their knowledge through easy conversations.
5. Easy conversations about things that matter would keep people from going to the movies, from talking politics, from cheap wisecracking.
6. Easy conversation about things that matter would enable Catholics to understand Catholicism, to give an account of their Faith, and to make non-Catholics curious about Catholicism.
4. Works of Mercy
1. The best kind of apologetics



LORD-HELP-US-TO-BE-CHRIST-BEARERS

- is the kind of apologetics people do not have to apologize for.
2. In the first centuries of Christianity pagans said about Christians: "See how they love each other."
 3. The love for God and neighbor was the characteristic of the first Christians.
 4. This love was expressed through the daily practice of the Works of Mercy.
 5. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, to instruct the ignorant at a personal sacrifice was considered by the first Christian as the right thing to do.
 6. Superfluous goods were considered to be superfluous, and therefore to be used to help the needy members of the Mystical Body.
 5. Houses of Hospitality
 1. We read in the Catholic Encyclopedia that during the early days of Christianity, the Hospice or House of Hospitality

- was a shelter for the sick, the poor, the orphans, the old, the traveler and the needy of every kind.
2. Originally the Hospices or Houses of Hospitality were under the supervision of the bishops who designated priests to administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of these charitable institutions.
 3. The fourteenth statute of the so-called Council of Carthage held about 436 enjoins upon the bishops to have Hospices or Houses of Hospitality in connection with their churches.
 6. Self-Employing Centers
 1. The remedy for unemployment is employment, and there is no better employment than self-employment.
 2. Self-Employment Centers are small shops where repairs can be made and workers can be found to do work, outside.
 3. With the Self-Employing Centers could be connected Houses of Hospitality where the self-employing workers could find shelter.
 4. This complicated world is too complicated to be dealt with in an efficient manner by specialized technicians.
 5. Specialized technicians knowing more and more about less and less do not know how to simplify a complicated world.
 6. We need less specialists and more encyclopedists, less masters of one trade and more jacks-of-all trades.
 7. Farming Communes
 1. The unemployed need free rent; they can have that on a Farming Commune.
 2. The unemployed need free food; they can raise that on a Farming Commune.
 3. The unemployed need free fuel; they can cut that on a Farming Commune.
 4. The unemployed need to acquire skill; they can do that on a Farming Commune.
 5. The unemployed need to improve their minds; they can do that on a Farming Commune.
 6. The unemployed need spiritual guidance; they can have that on a Farming Commune.

ON PILGRIMAGE

There is a new picture uptown called *Monsieur Vincent*. I want to see it soon. There was a quotation from it that moved me so much I must write it down for meditation for the new year.

St. Vincent is supposed to have said to a new sister going out on her first assignment:

"You will find out that charity is a heavy burden to carry, heavier than the bowl of soup and the full basket. But you will keep your gentleness and your smile. It is not enough to give soup and bread. This the rich can do. You are the servant of the poor, always smiling and always good humored. They are your masters, terribly sensitive and exacting masters, you will see. Then the uglier and dirtier they will be, the more unjust and insulting, the more love you must give them. It is only for your love alone, that the poor will forgive you the bread you give to them."

Two Sisters

On a recent visit to a midwestern city, I stayed a bit with some sisters who were working in a Negro neighborhood. They had given their lives to God, and to the poor. They lived in the midst of ugliness, and sordid vice surrounded them on every side. They had made their own poor little house a place of beauty as sisters always will. Of course it was perfectly repaired, heated, painted and

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Answer To Objection

I wish to give something of an answer to a letter received at the office here objecting to my article in the October issue. To quote from the letter:

"I wish to refer to Mr. Ludlow's article 'The State and the Christian' in the October number of 'The Catholic Worker.' To make my position clear I need only quote at page 1 column 2 which says 'Because Caesar does not obtain his authority directly from God. It is the people who have authority directly from God and they may delegate their authority.' This notion was condemned by Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical 'On Civil Government.' May I quote 'Indeed, very many men of more recent times, walking in the footsteps of those who in former ages assumed to themselves the name of philosophers, say that all power comes from the people; so that those who exercise it in the State do so not as their own but as delegated to them by the people; and that by this rule it can be revoked by the will of the very people by whom it was delegated. But from these Catholics dissent, who affirm that the right to rule is from God, as from a natural and necessary principle. It is of importance to note, however, that those who may be placed over the State may in certain cases be chosen by the will and decision of the multitude, without opposition to or impugning Catholic doctrine . . ."

"I feel that this article of Mr. Ludlow's so flagrantly violates the teachings of the Church, that in conscience, I must write to you about it because I feel that it goes out under your name as editor, that

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PORTRAIT OF THE INSECURE

Most people are adept at keeping up face, before the world and their friends, more or less before their families, more desperately still before themselves. All men are heroes to their sons, and a father dreads the day when his son must apologize for him, a failure. So against hope, the proletariat hopes, and around us, home life goes on; there is joy in children, Christmas stockings are filled, Baptisms, Weddings, Burials, first days at school and laughter make up the

life of the people, but underneath it all there is a terrible and corroding fear and anxiety and torment of soul, and their attendant ruin.

Migrants

What is the soul of the insecure life? He is perpetually alone, as a single man, or alone as a family even more helpless in its dependence; he is perpetually afraid and covering up, feeling inferior and ashamed, nearly always creepingly embittered through the years, often taking to drink because the tension

and the loneliness are too great, more or less a pauper, more or less a tinker, more or less a gypsy, more or less a migrant, if not from harvest to harvest, from parish to parish, from apartment to apartment, from job to job,—far better known to his insurance man than he is to his priest. He has been known to sleep on couches too short for him, like St. Peter of Alcantara, who built himself a hut where he could never stretch out.

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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
Associate Editors:
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Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
115 Mott St., New York City—13
Telephone: CAnal 6-8498

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

(Continued from page 1)

well equipped. Gifts will do that for a place, the most barren. It might be better to give away all gifts as the Cure of Ars did, so that people would stop giving you that particular form of charity and give to you only for the poor.

There were the two of them, and one settled down comfortably in the place, and surrounded herself with beauty in her spare moments by making altar linens and vestments. There was a clinic and catechism classes, and the sisters visited the homes of the poor. In other words they do what they can. One sister was a comfortable soul, older than the other. She was always happy, in spite of sickness, failure and so on. She did not expect much, not enough, many critics would say. But she left things to God. On the other hand, the other little sister was impatient, sometimes sad, and almost despairing. She wanted so much. She wanted people to reform, to become orderly, to change their lives. She wanted them to get to Heaven and to be good now. She wanted her reward, in other words. Both sisters did what they could to help physically and best of all when there were retreats in an outlying district they gathered up the lame, the halt and the blind, the old, and young and sick and well, and got them out to the retreat house where they were waited on at table, where all they had to do was sit and rest and listen, and drink in the good news.

But the younger sister was impatient. Nothing seemed to happen. On one occasion she said, she was helping a young Negro girl who was going to have a baby. She had gotten her a layette, a beautiful little layette, and I can see the little sister holding it to her cheek as she pondered it and loved it and thought of the new baby to come. There is that saying in the psalms, "He has made the barren woman a joyful mother of children." Commentators apply these happy words to nuns, but she knew that it was not the same. "To have a baby of your own! I can imagine the little sigh, the longing glance at the layette. She gave it to the young girl, and a few weeks after when she visited the shack where the girl lived, she found her in the kitchen, sitting on the lap of a great big Negro man. "She just sat there," the Sister said in despair. "She didn't even act ashamed. She didn't move. She sat there and threw her arms around his neck and laughed at me. I was so mad at her, I felt like telling her to go right upstairs and get me that layette!"

And I thought to myself, not having yet heard the words of M. Vincent, "All you have to give is love. That layette wasn't yours, nothing that you give is really yours. All you have to give is your smile, your encouragement, your love. You must not lose it." I had experienced this impatience so often myself!

To get it back, to renew oneself, to fill up the empty cistern, that is what days of recollection are for. And the life of a sister is so well ordered, with time of rising and

time of going to bed, and the rule, and time in the chapel, all these customs to rest the soul.

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In the Rain

Going in to supper last night in the dining room which had been filled all afternoon by one table after another full of wet, sodden, dirty men, down at heel, many without socks or overcoats, wet to the bone, what with waiting outside because of lack of room inside, there was the heavy odor of human misery. You could cut it with a knife. There had been three hundred at least to eat our soup and bread.

If every church served the poor in the basements of their Churches and rectories, if the good ones of the parish would serve tables as the deacons did, if there were communion breakfasts for the wayfarers, then there would be true agapes. God would pay the bills. And perhaps the Church would get poorer and poorer, and have less and less, and then perhaps She would have too, less of the enmity of the workers of the world, and what she had they would not try to take from her. "When you give a banquet, do not call in the friends and relatives, but the poor," is what our Lord said. (Luke 14/13)

Oh, for more hospices, for more tables, for more servants, for more love!

In the Acts, it says, the apostles rejoiced to be accounted worthy to suffer for Christ. St. Stephen was the first martyr, the first after celebrating the birth of Christ, which the Church celebrates, who was accounted worthy to suffer. And he was a server at tables, and fed the poor and did a lot of indoctrinating beside. You have to talk of what your heart is full of.

Fr. Oesterreicher has a most interesting pamphlet on the Jews, "Salvation is from the Jews," as St. John writes, and Fr. Oesterreicher quotes Msgr. Charles Journet saying of the infant church: "Never again on earth will the Church be so fervent, so loving, so pure, as when she was wholly Jewish. Never again in the course of the ages will she find sanctity like that of the apostles." St. Augustine wrote in the apostles "It has not been recorded that any Church of pagan nations did this, (sell all that they had and distribute to all) because those who had as their gods idols made by hands were not found so near the truth."

"So inspired was St. Augustine by the first Church at Jerusalem and its spirit of sacrifice that he spoke again and again of them who 'mortifying the desires of the old man, burned with the newness of spiritual life, as the Lord had enjoined in the Gospels.' Under the tutorship of the Law, they had learned to worship the One Eternal God, and were very close to spiritual things. For this reason they

"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God..." Ps. 67.

Ethiopia has stretched forth her hands to Thee;
According to the promise,
As it was written in the past...
Black hands, calloused, hardened with toil
Reaching, reaching out to Thee
Supplicating, begging, praying Thy mercy...
Husky voices raised in song
While duty bodies sway in rhythm
To a drumbeat like the tom-tom
Pagan, and primitive,
Yet, neither pagan nor primitive...
Dark eyes raised, sad and sorrowful
As if to see the Christ
And meet His eyes, so sad and sorrowful—
"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."
We, too, are men of sorrows acquainted with grief.
How long, Oh Lord, how long
Must these dark bodies move
Bent close to earth beneath the weight
Of crosses wrought by minds and hands hate-filled
And tread the road to Calvary every day?
Regard, we pray, our hands stretched forth to Thee
And hear the prayers born in hearts engorged
And bursting with a pain too deep for tears.
So shall we know that as we look to Thee
Our faith doth leap the chasm which was laid.
A thousand eons ago 'tween God and man.
So shall we know that our reaching hands
Encounter and are grasped within your own.

Helen Caldwell.

were so receptive to the power of the Holy Ghost that they sold all they had... and dedicated themselves entirely to God as a new temple of which the old Temple they had honored, was an earthly figure."

It is a great ideal for the coming year to give oneself more fully, more completely and generously.

I was thinking while I was in the hospital how hard the doctors worked, looking after the bodies of all the patients who came in. Dr. Pressley, a young doctor who operated on me, was on hand at seven every morning to do dressings; he operated afternoons, and visited wards again in the evening. Often he was still around at ten at night. The nurses were just as zealous. There are not enough priests to visit the sick. They are called, of course, for the dying, to anoint, to bring viaticum, often when people are unconscious. Fr. Wendell came in to see me, and gave me his blessing, and the sight was so extraordinary and unusual that everyone was remarking on it. Ours is more or less a well patients ward. What a tremendous amount priests can do at these serious times in our lives. Just to be there, to bless, to remind the patients of God. His very presence lifts their hearts to God so that because of him so many prayers rise to heaven. The Little Flower said that her mission was to make God more loved. In a ward of twelve there were two of us who had a missal or prayer book with them. Several other women had rosaries. A Christian Scientist prayed aloud and with tears. An old colored woman read a Fr. Frey's Psalm book. And there were four of us praying, out of twelve, and I have no doubt the others did too.

Fr. Oesterreicher's most interesting booklet emphasized the zeal of the Jews in praying and praising God, in putting first things first. (You can get it thru American Press, 70 East 45th St., New York 17, or Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th St., N. Y. 16. Fifty cents or \$1.00. Get two.)

The other night I listened to Defense Secretary Forrestal's report. Every hour on the hour, that evening, I listened to the news. There were some very good concerts on the air, and I had been ill during the day, so I was luxuriating in the present of the radio which Natalie D'Arcy gave me for Christmas. Every hour that night that report was repeated, and yet only on one hour was the recommendation repeated, for building a "satellite platform, nine-tenths of the distance to the moon!"

I was so stunned by such a recommendation, coming in the midst of what was a most serious report, that I could scarcely think. It was as though I were living in the midst of a fantastic dream. It was not repeated during the course of the evening, and the next day I

kept thinking I had dreamed this fantastic utterance. I told it to the others, and it was only Joe Hughes who brought forth a newspaper, containing the AP report that finally convinced me that I was not dreaming but had really heard what I heard. When I first heard it I thought first of all, "who will man such an outpost? What poor conscripts will be sentenced to such unheard of existence? God help us in such a world where men dream such dreams."

Here is a bit of the news story, dated Dec. 29 by the AP.

Washington, DC. The United States, leading in the world weapon race, is now studying the possibility of creating a military outpost hanging like a tiny "moon" far up in the skies.

Disclosures of a fantastic "earth satellite vehicle program" was tucked away cryptically tonight in an annual report by realistic Secretary of Defense Forrestal.

One theory, completely unofficial, is that a man-made satellite platform might be established about nine-tenths of the distance to the moon, beyond the earth's gravity pull. The moon is about 240,000 miles away.

Aside from the name of the project, there was no further clue, thus leaving speculation that the program may be related to studies made by the German rocket experts during the war.

Those studies were directed at the idea of directing a missile or aircraft which, upon reaching the outer edge of the world's gravitational pull, would become a man-created satellite. For military purposes the satellite would be a platform from which to launch or guide rocket attack on any part of the world.

A man-made satellite hanging near the moon would need not be manned at first, but merely equipped with automatic instruments...

From an altitude of 200,000 miles, the satellite would have the whole earth in its bomb site.

I should like to get the whole text of the encyclicals of Pope Benedict XV, *Pacem Dei* and *Atque Beatissimi*. He condemned the proposition that the Sermon on the Mount applied only to individuals and not to nations.

In *Ad Pacem*, he writes:

"There is nothing that Christ recommended more frequently and more insistently to his disciples than the precept of mutual charity, and that because it embraces all others; Christ called it the new precept, His commandment, and He wished to make it a characteristic mark of Christians, by which they would be distinguished from the rest of mankind... The Gospel does not contain one law of charity for individuals and another law different from the first, for cities and peoples." *Pacem*, May 23, 1920.

Mott Street

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the meals. The nurse smiled in agreement, and it seems as though the poor meals is quite a standing joke around there. Joe discussed the letters that he has been receiving and he wanted to know what are these people talking about when they write that he should know that Our Lord must love him very much to give him such heavy crosses. I made a half-hearted try at stumbling through the nomenclature of the advanced spiritual life strictly from an academic background of course, but Joe simply lay in the bed looking very puzzled. Joe is very grateful for all of the excellent notes, presents and visits that our friends have bestowed upon him. As I was leaving Joe's ward I ran into a patient wandering around the corridor with crutches who was continually groaning and another elderly man who on being helped out of bed to the washroom was screaming out terrible curses at the man aiding him.

A Favor

It was about four thirty the same afternoon, just as the soup line had ended and the neon signs were lighting up down in the part of Mott street that is known as Chinatown, that I was standing in front of the dining room surveying the dismal picture in the continuous rain. An extremely drunken individual lurched past me holding an unlit cigarette butt in his mouth, he appeared to be quite oblivious to the rain, the place and the time. I watched him for a second until another middle-fortyish individual walked up to me and asked for someone he once knew around the house years ago. The second individual was quite soaked with the rain and alcohol, too, although he appeared quite sober in his manner and speech. Then he asked for a cigarette which I gave him. And as he lit it up the other individual glided over towards the light, but he was too late as the match was out when he got his cigarette in position. A very polite apology was tendered by the man with the matches and he proceeded to light up the other fellow's butt with his own lit cigarette. They bowed to each other and the lurching drunk disappeared in the direction of Hester street. The man with the matches turned and asked if I thought the rain would ever stop and I replied that it always had. He then asked if I would do him a very special favor, and I asked what it was. He replied, "say a little prayer for me." With that he walked off.

Christmas

Fortunately we had the same dinner on Christmas that we were able to have on Thanksgiving with the same person donating two turkeys and the farm sending down a sufficient amount of roast pork. Our regular cook, Gene Bishop, had a heart attack Christmas Eve and had to be taken to a hospital. However, Jack English, Dave, Herman, Shorty and several others pitched in and provided us with a superb meal. Thanks to our numerous friends many personal gifts were sent in and everyone in the house was the recipient of some kind of a gift. And over at our Church of the Most Precious Blood our pastor, Father Cyprian, OFM, thanked all those around the Catholic Worker who participated in the Christmas Eve carolling in the parish streets. Father Cyprian leaves for Rome this month and we wish him Godspeed and a hurry-back. After the Christmas Eve carols most of the group here in the house and outsiders went to midnight Mass and came back here for breakfast. And on New Year's Eve the same was repeated, however instead of the Christmas carols a huge group went down to St. Andrew's for a Holy Hour which was followed by another Midnight Mass.

St. Francis

Christmas Eve found this person on the way up to the Franciscan Church, St. Francis on 31st street, (Continued on page 3)

Portrait of the Insecure Mott Street

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He is subtly tormented; that is a symbol of his whole life, in a room where he cannot stand up, and on a couch where he cannot stretch out. Spiritually he is worse constricted.

If he is a single man, you see him fearing the loss of his job, and then losing it, and desperately looking for another. Over and over wearily in employment offices he lists the jobs he has had, growing more hopeless through the weeks until at last he loses his room. What shame and tears and curses that lonely room has witnessed! Next we see him asked to move on from bus stations, or sleeping in the subway, or huddling at roof doors in cold halls. Coffee and doughnuts will keep a man going a long time before he will ask for help, and many never will.

But I am not speaking so much of these who have fallen through into destitution. Psychologically for most men, something really dies when they slip through into beggary. But somehow we breathe a sigh of relief as when the death agony is over, those terrible years, those months, those weeks of waiting, when at last the darkness closes in, and the last match blows out. Perhaps by then the fuse of the mind has blown, but certainly the fuse of the nerves has. I am speaking rather here of all those proletarian families who perpetually totter on the brink, and just enough go over to make them always afraid. They go from the cradle to the grave afraid.

The Fear of Want

"When, after working hard for twenty years, a man finds himself on the point of wanting for bread again and then suddenly discovers, in a misunderstanding or in a faulty reckoning, the cause of the evil he and so many millions like him have been suffering, it is very difficult for him not to cry out in pain, and in fear," P. J. Proudhon is quoted as having written in Fr. de Lubac's recent book.

I have visited friends, really the workingman and the poor that the Holy Father spoke of when he told the clergy, "go to the workingman, especially when he is poor," and I have felt such a pity and love on leaving them, such a sense of their smallness and weakness against a hostile or at best indifferent world, as though they were a little group at a little fire in the midst of a vast, dark forest. Their gaiety and courage has always inspired me, but I know that they harbor often, and really as their inseparable companion, a gnawing fear.

There is so little between them and pauperism, five, twenty, fifty dollars, and they must pray that they keep their health. Perhaps you may say "for five years now, they have never gone hungry," but most of them, from day to day of that five years, have been afraid that they might go hungry, or that they might have to confess failure and ask for help from the state. To go on relief. How much they dread that! What anxiety! For many malnutrition and incipient tuberculosis have set in before they take the heartbroken step. And for a man it is heartbreak. He is humiliated in his manhood by the thought and the public manifestation of his inadequacy to provide for his family. For their sake, at last, shamefacedly, or truculently, or bitterly, probably all of these, cap in hands, he presents himself at the relief offices, or waits for hours on a chair or bench, under which he has carefully set his hat in order to take up as little room as possible.

He is afraid that he will not have the rent by the first, he is afraid that there will be no work today when he "shapes up" at the hall, because he has only carfare for one more week, and for three weeks now he has been shaping up at the hall, and there has been no work, he is afraid that his wife is going to have another baby, and that they will be evicted from the housing project, he is afraid that his boss is looking at him irritably,

wanting a younger man for his job. His very love for his family makes him a coward, for it is through them and for them he suffers; as Tolstoi said so well, always as we begin to love, with the joy there is the realization of "an extension of the area in which there is liability to pain."

For a religious it is an honor, and a fulfillment of his vocation to beg. For a head of a family, it is to him defeat and failure of his vocation. It is involuntary. He feels for himself the contempt for the shiftless or stupid that the whole world plainly shows or thinly disguises in their regard toward him.

If he is lucky enough to be of today's nucleus of socially-conscious apostolic families, his suffering is tempered by the knowledge that failure in the industrial world is rarely his fault, but the ordinary workingman has not this emotional comfort. He feels a failure, and people err grievously, it seems to me, who would attribute his sense of failure to pride. It is rather the inarticulate sense of his own dignity as a son of God, and the inarticulate awareness of a mission and work vocation missed. There is something for him to do, and he has not done it. Alas, the Christian people and their clergy, too, look at him furtive-eyed. For they do not believe in him either. He is not given the seat of honor at Communion Breakfasts; he cannot usually spare the dollar or two to go to them. Perhaps his wife also falls him, and, at best, mixes pity with her love.

Psychologically the worker is ruined by the contempt in which he is held, a chattel, a piece of merchandise bought cheap by his boss and sold dear, the law of supply and demand establishing his value, in his own eyes, too. Increasingly as a class he finds illusion of his own dignity in drunkenness.

Let us speak here of his creativeness. Too often when it is said that the worker must be given back his right to be creative, most people think only of the crafts, and reject immediately an absurd vision of medieval shoes. The precise thing about creativeness is that we have no idea at all what the worker will make once he is given the freedom to create. Creativeness is the ability to make or rather add something that was not there before, a terrible human ability to imitate the Creator. Creativeness does not mean a return to medieval methods of manufacture. It means giving the worker intellectual and spiritual control of his work.

Practically speaking, it means that the worker should strike for control of production, or that the employer should invite his workers to share in management and returns, as a few have done; however, we certainly should not wait for the employer; as a class he is ultra-conservative; he has a lot of "gravy" to conserve. As the manifestation of the Holy Spirit is a progressively unfolding one throughout the ages, God only, speaking literally, knows what wonders might be released on the world, when the workers regain control of production, and billions of unique spontaneities begin to control the social order.

Just as we so often forget the "mysterium" of the Church, we also forget the real "mysterium" of the person, and of the people, the "Mystical Body of Christ." In "Growth or Decline," by Cardinal Suhard of Paris, which treats of the Church in the world today, he says, "Civilizations in succeeding one another, no more exhaust the Church than individuals by increasing in number exhaust the species." And again, "It is one of the consequences of the 'Mystery of the Church' that external manifestations of her vitality are never equal to the fullness of her interior life and to the potential of unlim-

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to have his confession heard. After confession a ceremony started that I had never witnessed before: three priests came out of the sacristy onto the main altar, knelt at the foot of the altar and prayed aloud. Then one of the priests walked over towards the altar railing where the Infant was lying in a crib and chanted a long prayer in Latin. At the termination of the chant he picked up the Infant, placed him on a pillow and then proceeded down the main aisle flanked by the other priests along with the altar boys singing Christmas carols, around the rear of the Church and up the side aisle and back to the crib where the Child was placed. In one of the rear pews of the Church, just a couple of pews ahead of me, a fifty-year-old woman sat sleeping. One could easily see that she had tried desperately to preserve what little youth she could salvage with the heavy makeup of mascara, rouge and lipstick plus the hair in a net, all of which was very inartistically applied. The runaway heels, the well-worn hat and coat completed the picture. And, as she snored without rhythm, various individuals in nearby pews fastened withering stares on the poor woman, thank God she was oblivious of all those knife-like looks. The way some of those individuals strained in issuing disapproving glances one would judge that virtue could be gaged by the intensity with which you could deliver a withering stare at an alleged outcast of society. The man kneeling directly in front of the woman turned around, woke up the woman and handed her a couple of coins, all of which she gratefully accepted, placed them in her purse, and promptly went back to sleep.

A Bowl of Soup

The other night we were talking to a waiter over in a cafeteria on Canal street and he was telling us how he came very close to losing his job. He said that he had been in the habit of giving a bowl of soup to whatever stray Ambassador of Christ that showed up in need, and since he works but a couple of blocks from the Bowery he generally issued a couple of bowls a night. "After all," he exploded, "when a ragged beggar stands shivering before you pleading for a bowl of soup what can you do but give it to him. Besides we throw out a couple of gallons of surplus soup each night that we can't sell. I was reported to the manager for this act of giving a bowl of soup without charge and I was fired on the spot, however, through the aid of the union I was reinstated the same day."

Visitors

We have had swarms of visitors over the holidays, priests, brothers, seminarians, nuns and laypeople. There were numerous discussions on all points of the work and sundry topics. One woman, a public school teacher caught me working on the files and we went at it fast and furious over Wallace and the Communists and numerous other subjects; both of us had great difficulty in getting a word in edgewise with each other. In the course of our conversation I learned that she had accomplished a great deal of work in her union, both on the subject of anti-semitism and inter-racial justice. I also gathered that she had with her family moved from a white neighborhood into Harlem to bear out her belief in racial equality and to be of whatever help she could to the colored, a valiant woman indeed. . . . A young college student from Stroudsburg, Pa., stopped with us several days and offered to help with the work, only not office work. So he fixed a stove in the rear house, hauled coal, repaired a cellar door, cleared snow, shovelled garbage, cleaned the yard and did numerous other tasks that were very much in need of being taken care of.

T. Sullivan

Philadelphia Housing

(Continued from page 1)

in Philadelphia one of the wealthiest contractors, a Catholic and a close friend of the hierarchy, had secured the Federal contract for many of the Veteran Projects here. The houses are made of cheap stucco; one story bungalow affairs and sell at \$14,000; their actual value is \$9,000. Just a year old; yet there is already blue mold under the carpets and the concrete walls are crumbling and cracking.

The homes are built on the landed estate of one of Philadelphia's great banking names. Re-distribution of wealth of a sort, but not according to Peter's plea for Christian communism; the city bought it. Reading Isaiah for Advent as the Church indicates for us we read: of the judgment of God on those who "oppress the poor in judgment and do violence to the cause of the humble of my people; that widows might be their prey and that they might rob the fatherless." Four blocks away are the socialite families with the houses of twenty and often thirty rooms with two or three people living in them. Yet the poor in South Philadelphia sleep in parks and slums. One woman here has just refused to consider a building house project in Chestnut Hill here because the "undesirable" meaning "poor" might move in. She lives on one side of the street with a huge acreage; and the opposite side of the street is vacant land. Watching her face and those of men and women who walk out of their vast homes one begins to catch a glimmer of what Isaiah

means "As he that is hungry dreameth and eateth but when he is awakened his soul is empty; and he that is thirsty dreameth and drinketh and after he is awake yet faint with thirst." Who will awaken the rich?

Have you ever lived in a slum tenement? Look; I have for two years and most of the Catholic Workers much longer periods so when we criticize we speak from the heart. In the summer you live on the fifth floor and walk down four to the toilet, as I lived in South Philadelphia; the bathroom leaks or won't flush; you wash in a public sink in the hallway used by all your neighbors (not at once) with a rat winking at you; In some tenements in South Philadelphia the outhouse is in the center of the court. The dirt and soot of the industrial area blacken your clothes and wall; garbage piles up if the city forgets the submerged lower depth. Flies infest all rooms and babies are favorite victims. Cellars are usually flooded with rain water. And always the atmosphere of hatred and violence pinning us all down to the earth. Can we in conscience preach from the pulpits "Be Children of the Light" if we do nothing to blow away the mists of darkness in our city streets.

I lived with a family of eight girls and one boy; I was reading "Brothers Karamazov" at the time so I called them "The Sisters Gotowski"; How they hated their father. He incessantly beat his

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Answer to Objection

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you are responsible." (the letter was addressed to Miss Day).

So much for the letter of protest. The citation from the papal encyclical is but another example of quoting out of context and without understanding the circumstances of the utterance or who it was aimed at. But since I realize that nothing I could say would convince one who has already decided I am in heresy I will quote from Cardinal Louis Billot's article (p. 900 Leibell's Readings in Ethics) — "The statement that political authority is immediately from the people, can be understood in two ways: Either from the people, as it were, abdicating and transferring by a donation or contract that authority to those who preside over the commonwealth; or from the people, creating organic law in virtue of which authority is embodied in such or such a governmental form, and given to such or such a possessor. In any case, forms of government and titles to exercise power, and power itself, as existing in its determinate possessors, are not immediately from God, but only through the medium of human consent, that is, the consent of the community. An objection to the foregoing statement has been brought forward from the words of the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. . . . We reply that these words merely set forth the pure and simple doctrine of faith against the pernicious innovation with which very many were infatuated in the sixteenth century, and which in the eighteenth century led to the monstrous error of the Social Contract. . . . What the Pope denies is that the popular choice ever confers the rights of sovereignty in the sense of those who oppose Catholic doctrine. . . .

"Political sovereignty, in so far as it is from God, exists immediately in a concrete subject or possessor, namely in the community itself, by which it is afterwards retained, or is transferred to one monarch, or to a select group. . . . if at any time the public good requires a new form of government and a new designation of rulers, no pre-existing right of any person or any family can validly prohibit this change. The right to create the new legitimate government inheres in the community habitually or po-

tentially. However, it ought not to be used rashly and whimsically, but only when its use is demanded by the common good and social tranquility." So much for Cardinal Billot.

As for the doctrine of St. Thomas, Cajetan sums it up this way (p. 917 Leibell) "Primarily and principally law relates to order for the common good. But to order anything for the common good is the function either of the whole people or of someone taking the place of the whole people. Therefore lawmaking pertains either to the whole people or to the public person who has charge of the whole people. For, as in everything else, to order for an end is the function of the being whose end it is."

Also, to quote St. Thomas directly (De reg. principum i.6) "If any people has the right of providing a ruler for itself, then, after his appointment, the ruler can be justly deposed by the same people or his power may be checked, if he tyrannically abuses his power."

But so much for all this. A reading of my article should show that I do not believe power to exist in the people in any condemned sense. The people can be wrong and that is why the rights of minorities should always be respected. What I do maintain is that there is nothing incompatible with absolute democracy and Catholicism. That, in matter of fact, the centralized type of State as we have it has proven detrimental to the common good and that it is within the province of the people to reject it and to substitute decentralized forms of governance in which authority (so far as is practical) would be exercised directly by the people. I specifically stated that errors would be made but that they couldn't be worse than those already made by our power States and I further stated that the reason so many errors are made is because people and rulers have rejected objective moral principles. This is far from being Rousseauistic. In fact Catholics who affirm that one should obey the conscription law because it has been passed by majority will have in practice fallen into the errors of Rousseau in identifying truth with majority decisions.

ROBERT LUDLOW

+ FROM THE MAIL BAG +

St. Procopius Abbey
Lisle, Ill.
Dec. 23, 1948.

My dear Friends:

I want to communicate something to you which will probably surprise you, as it really did surprise me.

On December 20th, 1948, Brother Porter came up to my room, telling me that two young men wanted to see me downstairs. Thinking that they were my own students from the class of religion, or that of philosophy, desiring some light on the matter pertaining to their studies, I at once went down to render them this service. Instead, I beheld before me two young men whom I never met in my life. But they hastened to make themselves known to me—they produced their credentials as the FBI agents.

There I stood amazed, wondering what it was all about, I knew at once they were on a mission of investigating the course of un-American activities. But then I thought: In what must consist my un-American activity. Is it in the fact that I celebrate daily the holy sacrifice of the Mass in the Russian-Byzantine rite? Or perhaps in the fact that I teach Russian once a week in Sheil School? Or perhaps in the fact I speak to people about the Russian people, their great culture, their zeal for things divine, for things beautiful and noble, righteous and sacred in the domain of literature, music, art. But, then, why all this should be considered as an un-American activity? Truly, only a madman would consider it in that light—a person bereft of all reason and judgment!

As both were Catholics, an Irishman and a Pole, they started out:

"Father, hearing that you know quite many different people in Chicago, we came to solicit your help for our work—could you tell us what people or organizations are engaged in an un-American activities there?"

No, I don't know any such people, I replied.

Meanwhile they were very anxious to know something about my own life and activity—where I was born, where my folks are living, etc.

To be sure, I was born in Russia, or rather in White Russia (now Byelorussia) and that is where my own folks are living now. However, I worked in shoe-factories and cotton-mills of New England States for three, four, five,

six dollars per week, putting twelve hours of hard work every day, before these young men were born. Probably the shoes and the shirts I produced were worn by their parents (one of these young men is a Bostonian) . . . And when I became a priest and a student of St. Thomas my ambition was still greater to be like unto Christ in everything and to teach nothing but the truth. I spent already years and years in educating American youth, especially for the Priesthood . . . And now the UN-HOLY TRINITY sends out agents to see whether everything was O.K. with me,

While people are rotting in the slums of our cities, amidst poverty, and destitution, rotting in poverty and destitution, disease, and vice, while families are daily evicted from their homes, while race prejudices and hatreds are running riot throughout the country, while crimes of all kinds are more and more alarming every day, while our courts are overcrowded with divorce cases and American families are broken and ruined, the government, instead of trying to solve all these manifold and most grave social and racial, economic, moral and national problems, sends out everywhere young agents to hunt after the people engaged in the so-called un-American activities, very often the honest people who have contributed so much to the well-being of this country and who have at heart the solution of the grave problems just mentioned. The youthful agents, well-paid by the government and with no work to do, are trying to justify their position in the eyes of their paymaster. Hence, to use the scriptural phrase, they go about like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour! And how many innocent victims of their vigilance must there be since a denunciation, lodged at the FBI bureau by an offended and angry neighbor would suffice, as it seems, to bring the agents to the scene for a thorough investigation and cause the victim untold embarrassment and excruciating moral sufferings. We are in the midst of conditions inviting Communism. And unless all these social, racial, housing, labor and countless other problems are adequately solved, no FBI agents, no manner of adverse propaganda, no manner of preaching and writing in the spirit of anti-Communists, and no atomic bombs will save the world from Communism—they will only hasten its advent!

Very sincerely yours in Christ,
Fr. Chrysostom Tarasevitch, OSB.

Philadelphia Housing

(Continued from page 3)

wife. All through that hot summer her wails pierced the night air going up to her Heavenly Father. In that house dwelt always the smell of evil; and the blistering brown linoleum rugs; the dark stairways; the cracking walls; the stink of garbage scows on the Delaware River; the melancholy notes of tug boat horns were the stage setting for those drab obscure lives.

Yet beauty was there too; the still black river reflecting the clear gold of a summer moon; the musical lapping water on a wharf's edge; the gliding ferry boats; the silhouette of the green tree in our backyard gave us "refreshment, light and peace," we the living dead. God, I believe, specially sent the night for solace to the poor, the child and the lover. The child says his prayers; the poor find the saloon and the lovers their embrace; yet for the Christian the night should be not a forgetting but an anticipation of dawn; of the glory of a New City that fills the soul with constant delight.

P.S.: Dear Dorothy:

Since the last was written a note of hope lights the future of the mess. Philadelphia veterans, realtors and city officials have

planned a meeting forum for January 18th to remedy the situation. The city has passed a "License Law" requiring landlords to sign a certificate of occupancy regarding the sanitation, size, etc., of the apartment owned. The city has a boiling temperature after paying \$50,000 to fix up tenements while "straw men" owners got off free of any responsibility. An editorial in Sunday's Inquirer demands to know the "names of the absentee landlords whose personal fortunes are piling up at the expense of the city." Then it goes on to admit the principal victim is the tenant condemned to live under conditions no American should tolerate. As my friend here says all are hollering because they all have a guilty conscience but this time let us pray it means some action will result. So far there is nothing like the New York group for equality in housing. Catholics here are active in labor schools, but not in housing. Let us hope they will begin to realize their responsibilities and study "The Restoration of Property" and "The Servile State" as you suggested. These can be obtained in the Philadelphia Free Library at Logan Circle.

In Christ,
HELEN ADLER.

Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Friends:

I have been reading the *Catholic Worker* since last spring, when Ammon Hennacy brought my attention to it.

I believe that the only worldly success worth living for is the Christian soul force, that can bring peace and good-will to all mankind with Jesus the Ruler and the Sermon on the Mount the only Law.

I went before the Federal judge last Monday, pleaded guilty to a charge of refusing to register for the draft. Next Monday I will be sentenced for my Christian stand for the truth. (Our friend has since been sentenced to 1½ years in Federal prison.) I feel most happy and rejoice that I have taken the cross and follow Jesus.

I was sent to the county jail under \$10,000 bail. I enjoyed every minute of the time I spent in jail, as I was able to tell the men there about Jesus and what would happen to the world if they would take the cross and follow Him. They asked me how come I was in jail, and why didn't Jesus come down and save me. I told them



that I was already saved, that Jesus died on the Cross, and that I was ready to follow Him, but so far I had only reached the county jail. After a few days I became friends with all the men in jail, and they made me cell boss. After five weeks in the county jail the judge lowered the bail to \$500, and my mother paid it and I was released on bond. The men in jail were sorry to see me go and I was sorry that I had to leave so soon, but my mother asked me to leave for Christmas. The draft man came to me while I was in jail and said that I would be set free if I would only register. I told him that I was already free. That I was happy and sorry that I could not obey the law of men, as it interfered with the Law of God. I did not mind living in jail for Jesus and for God, that by so doing I was doing my duty for humanity.

During the last draft I registered in 1941, and was placed in 2c as a conscientious objector farm deferment for one year, than I was placed in 1A-O, which is objector to killing but not to helping kill in the army. I went to the draft board and told them that I objected to any kind of work in the Army as my papers explained in my CO form. Then I left and said no more. I took the physical examination and was placed in 4F, due to heart trouble, and heard no more from the draft board. I made up my mind then, while I was taking the army exam that I would never again go against my conscience and bow down to draft boards or to the army or to any draft laws.

I went to the FBI this time instead of to the draft boards. After I pleaded guilty of refusing to register, I talked to the probation officer and told him my beliefs. He asked me, "what to tell the Judge?" I told him to tell the Judge to do his duty. That I had done my duty to the human race and God, and the Judge must do his duty to law of men. I hoped that draft boards would put pacifists in their proper classifications. Now I no longer believe in draft laws and will never obey them.

Sincerely
Joseph Cragmyle

Portrait of the Insecure

(Continued from page 3)

ited renewals of which she is the depository."

Each of these renewals of the Church, these mysterious manifestations of her deeply full and inexhaustible vitality, are expressed in the temporal order through man, as a person and in his social groupings, through the use of his free creativeness. So that every loss of freedom for man means also a handcuffing of the external manifestation of the Church's "mysterium" which wishes always to become incarnate, as the Son of God did.

Freedom

How one realizes here the significance of the early American ideal of freedom! I say early, because it is breathing its last, unless economic and political control is returned to the worker through the immediate step of his taking a share in management. And at this point if anyone should mention "free enterprise!" Here I cannot help but remember the sacrilegious character in "Charles O'Malley," who said, "And me with a picture of the Holy Family for a back to me wescoat," a prototype of many we know in worldly property, and then I think of Doris Duke, and wonder how people have been deluded so long in thinking that America is free except for the rich. Man here, as nearly all over the world, is strangled and frustrated by frozen and handcuffing economic, social and political forms.

Many of us here were sorry to see Walter Marx's remark in a recent number of the *Commonweal*, on the inability of some of the people to rise to ownership. The trouble is that we do not really believe in man. We still perceive him as the sum total of rationally-perceived characteristics.

There is a mysterium in man, an irrational element.

Among other consequences, the frustration of this irrational element, this mysterium of the person, leads to the most serious disorders in the realm of sex love. It is through sex love, whether or not it is fulfilled in the oneness of flesh of marriage, that man reaches the height of his creativeness, not only in the physical creation of children, but in the creation of love. "The world is a sign of love," first of all God's love for us, and secondly, a sign of the love of human beings for God, and for each other.

For a great number of moderns, the repression of all expression of intelligence and personality in work, has freed the creativeness of man in one direction, sex. It becomes for him not only the only means of self-expression, but also an escape, since it is the most intense of man's pleasures. When an escape, sex becomes a perversion and an abuse. True work, which is among other things a protector of chastity, is denied modern man.

Alexis Karrel, in "Man the Unknown," said that creative work

requires more mortified use of the marriage act than non-creative work, which also shows the interrelation between creative work and chastity. Of Proudhon it is said "To everybody he recommended work. 'Work induces chastity,' he jotted down in his Notebook in 1845."

He also wrote of the worker. "He must learn that his work has as its purpose, even before it provides him with a means of subsistence, to make known his own nobility to him, for it is an 'emission of the spirit,' and it is by it primarily that man rises above the animal world. There is no reason to be dazzled by 'this din of Banks, of Stock Exchanges, of millions and of milliards.' To those saddened by their poverty Proudhon recalled that 'this magnificence . . . is a deduction in advance from the workers' production, before wages have been fixed' . . .

"A deduction in advance before wages have been fixed." There you have it in a nutshell. All the excess profits taxes that go to the government and are condescendingly handed back to the worker in housing projects, and other "charities" that try to take the place of justice, are deductions in advance from the workers' salaries. He is oppressed and patronized at once.

Many will say that unions are the answer, and they can be if rightly used. But what of that vast army of the insecure, the immense army of the perpetually or partially unemployed? I know of countless plants that are unionized, but who employ thousands of workers, who have been waiting for years to get their union books, and cannot get them. Sometimes in slack seasons, their wives go out and get jobs, to tide the family over, and they mind the children. Why does not John Cort and ACTU in the *Commonweal* controversy speak of these, and how his idea of a Christian mass production would take care of them?

Do you wonder that the worker is developing "a vested interest in war," since that alone under capitalism employs him? Sixty-six cents of every tax dollar pays for this war or preparing for the next.

Do we wonder also at the reaction of this vast army of the insecure when a working class movement such as Communism believes in him, reminds him that his work alone has produced the wealth of the world, and asks him to unite with other workers to throw off the chains of the working class? He "suddenly discovers, in a misunderstanding or in a faulty reckoning the cause of the evil he and so many millions like him have been suffering."

All the lifetime of the insecure is passed as a man sheltering a lighted match in the wind, "until his longed-for day shall come as that of the hireling."

Irene Mary Naughton.

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