



A Letter From Holy Mother The City

Miss Dorothy Day
c/o Catholic Worker, Inc.
223 Chrystie Street
New York 2, N. Y.

Dear Miss Day:

As occupant of 223 Chrystie Street, Borough of Manhattan, City and State of New York, you are hereby notified that The City of New York has taken title, effective August 27, 1958, to said property in condemnation proceedings, and requires the use thereof for rapid transit purposes. The building thereon is to be demolished.

The effect of such taking of title by The City of New York is to wipe out, cancel and annul all private ownership and all previously existing rights and/or interests in this parcel of real estate, including tenancies and all rights of occupancy.

The New York City Transit Authority, acting for The City of New York, requires immediate possession of the premises in order that it may proceed, without delay, in the construction of a portion of a Municipal Rapid Transit Railroad connecting both the BMT Line on Manhattan Bridge and the BMT Line on the Williamsburg Bridge to the IND Line in Houston Street, New York City Transit System, known as Route 112, Section 3.

You are accordingly notified to vacate the premises you occupy and remove all your goods, chattels, and personal belongings from the property as soon as possible and in no event later than September 30, 1958.

You will be held liable for any damage or damages that may accrue to the New York City Transit Authority, and/or The City of New York, by your failure to vacate the premises as above demanded. The urgency of the public work, for which the rights in the above property has been acquired, is such that serious consequences may result unless possession is surrendered as hereinabove demanded.

This is a final notice.

Dated this 28th day of August, 1958.

NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY
By Joseph M. Duffy
Director of Real Estate

SIC TRANSIT AUTHORITY MUNDI

(Notes for a Moving Play)

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

The \$64,000 Question: Who owns St. Joseph's House of Hospitality? The City of New York? The Transit Authority? The Rent Collectors? The Catholic Worker?

The Place: Not Russia! Not Germany under Hitler! Not Italy under Mussolini! Not the Moon in the year 1980! But the City of New York in the year 1958.

The Problem: The Transit Authority in the City of New York claims to be losing money in its administration of the subway system, therefore, to further lose money it has decided to build a spur connecting two subway systems. Most New Yorkers would prefer more men employed on the present 10 car two men trains, cleaner cars and adequate seating space. But the Transit Authority knows best and is spending money fast on a new subway spur. Perhaps the Transit Authority is a bit jealous of the Moscow Subway?

The Obstacle: St. Joseph's House of Hospitality sits right in the way of the advancing subway. Hourly we watch the Behemoth slowly coming towards us and we know that eventually we will be swallowed up by its gigantic maw. This we understand and we are ready to move. We realize that we are "Pilgrims upon this earth" and that here we have "no lasting city." And though there are some of us who will refuse to move yet we know that the moment the blasting begins and the house starts rocking on its foundation that all of us will flee into the street.

But there would be no obstacle if the Transit Authority would only treat us as human beings and not as "Subway riders."

The Plot Thickens: An ultimatum (in Russia it was called a ukase) is issued by the Transit Authority commanding us to vacate our premises. We are in-

formed that we are no longer owners of our private property. (See the letter on the front page).

The amusing part about the letter is that coming from the wealthiest city in the world it follows the Marxian line inasmuch as it strikes at the foundations of private property and expropriates our House without giving us a chance to defend our rights. However, to be fair, there is this important difference: The Soviets refused compensation when they took over the land and the buildings. The City of New York does offer compensation for our building. But will they pay us the \$28,000 we spent to fireproof the House—this at their insistence. Will they compensate us so that we can buy another house equal in value? And why does the City delay in paying us? It is customary to pay for what one takes... this is simple ethics. But then they want us to pay rent!

Background Material:

The Sixth World Congress of the Communist International, Sept. 1, 1928 adopted as one of its planks the following: "The confiscation and proletarian nationalization of all large landed estates in town and country (private, church, monastery and other lands)..." (P. 200, The Communist Conspiracy; Committee on Un-American Activities: House Report No. 2242).

Read the Decree on Land Adopted at the Congress of Soviets on November 9, 1917 and signed by Lenin. This is on page 15 of The Communist Conspiracy: House Report No. 2241).

Scene One: We no longer own the property which up to date has been known as St. Joseph's House of Hospitality located at 223 Chrystie Street. The Transit Authority tells us that we must move within



Seattle Bishop Scores Migrants' Living Conditions

Bishop Bernard J. Topel of Spokane, Wash., has added his voice to those of others who have demanded improvements in the living conditions of Mexican farm laborers and their families. The bishop's remarks came after a visit to the labor camps of seasonal Mexican workers near Walla Walla.

In his column in the *Inland Register*, the diocesan paper, Bishop Topel said he had seen families of twelve living in one room. Many women were cooking on wood stoves, with the temperature outside near 100 degrees. He called attention to the lack of running water and toilet and bath facilities in the families' living units.

"As I walked around the camp," he wrote, "these two thoughts came to mind: first, how is it possible that in such a prosperous community as Walla Walla, people brought in to work are treated so badly; secondly, when I saw how bad these conditions are, I realized anew the necessity of unions."

Bishop Topel offered Mass for the Mexican families in the chapel of St. Mary's hospital, Walla Walla, and confirmed 18 Mexicans.

30 days or suffer the consequences. The outstretched fist!

Scene Two: We are willing to move — American citizens exist only for the benefit of the City. But the Transit Authority conveniently overlooks the fundamental fact that it has neglected to pay us for the building. After all we are the owners—or are we?

But the City comes to the rescue: Here there can be some fanfare and a flourish of drums: The City tells us that we can borrow on our own money and pay them 6 percent interest for the privilege...

The Plot Thickens: (an element of mystery): Two men representing what they call a relocation league enter the office and bland-

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The letter from the AUTHORITIES about our impending move is followed by the advice of lawyers that we probably will have several months more to look for a place to live. The relocation people cannot find apartments for the 56 families next door so easily. We shall try to keep track of how this is done, what kind of apartments they are asked to take, and keep our readers informed as to how these dislocations work out.

For 23 years The Catholic Worker has been printed by Rogowski Press which is located at Pearl street near Brooklyn Bridge. They too have to move, and have had the same kind of letter from the city as we, and they too have had to pay rent since May of \$1250 a month on a building which they have owned for many years. From these owners we learn the startling fact that the higher the rent, the more money one gets eventually from the city. So far we are offered nothing, but our claims are to be submitted by the lawyers representing the property. But the sad fact is that The Catholic Worker is so broke now that we have no more money to pay rent. So we face the chance of eviction, true eviction, for non-payment of rent on property which we thought we owned. If we borrow money from the city to pay the city the rent it asks, we still have to pay the city 6 per cent. Another business man says that the city pays us two or three per cent on the money it owes us!

There is no need for us to take business courses at the Bernard Baruch school of business. We learn by experiencing.

Other injustices come to light from day to day as we study our situation. We are classified under the Multiple dwelling law Class B, which I understand is for transients. But we are 95 per cent permanent residents, some of our family having lived with us, such as Slim, and California George, and many others, for fifteen years. Anna, one of our latest arrivals has been sleeping on our hall floor for two years or so. "I haven't slept in a bed for thirty years," she says proudly. But that doesn't mean she doesn't want a roof over her head and a family around her.

During my recent visit to Minneapolis, I learned how James Powers, the famous writer, had been evicted twice, once from Collegeville, and once from St. Cloud, from property his family owned, for a highway first and then for a parking lot. He is now living in Ireland. It does not comfort us any to learn that these evictions are taking place all over the country.

We are a little better off than the other slum dwellers who are always having to pay under the table for apartments, or buy worthless furniture in order to get the rooms they need.

How long, O Lord, how long, will they grind the faces of the poor? Inasmuch as they have done it unto the Puerto Ricans and the Negroes and the Mexicans, they have done it unto thy Son. Look upon the face of Thy Christ!

* * *

We went to press August 4th and this issue goes to press September 9. It makes us happy to get letters from our readers who are distraught with our delays and tell us that The Catholic Worker is like a drink of cold water in a desert land.

August 5

Today a visit from Ruth Flor-

sheim of Germany and Jerusalem, a craftsman, a scholar, a writer and photographer. She will give us a talk on Martin Buber, the great Jewish philosopher from whose work, *Paths in Utopia* I have gained the most encouragement in our work towards community. Peter Maurin would have adopted that work as a text for study for the "personalist and communitarian revolution" as Emmanuel Mounier called it.

Today I saw an ad in the Times about a house on Prince and Mott streets which seemed exactly what we wanted for our new home. There were three stores and a seventeen room one family house above, with a penthouse on a roof which was all railed in and would substitute for our present spacious yard where we hold our Friday night meetings and our festivities. There was oil heat and it was partially fire-proof. The price was within reason, if the city paid us what we had paid out for our house on Chrystie street. Beth Rogers, Robert Steed and I rushed over to see it and fell in love with it at once. The neighborhood was just right for one thing, three blocks from the Bowery instead of the one block we are now, and as so often happens in New York, a completely changed neighborhood, a little Italian village in the midst of chaos. Across the street a bakery, a cheese factory, a wood working shop, evidence of the small crafts and business still fighting for survival in New York. On Prince street too there is a neighborhood clinic which treats everything including eyes and teeth, and half a block down a children's playground with a fountain in the middle, and instead of the sad rows of derelicts crowding the benches as in our park across the street, there were mothers with baby carriages and children playing. We need some little contrast to the refugee type existence we have been living for the past eight years, crowded to bursting with the destitute single men and women, far more than we can ever take care of. All we can do is just be there practicing that presence which the French Catholics are calling attention to as so necessary today. We realize our own powerlessness and yet say, "In Him we can do all things." Practice hospitality and the works of mercy and leave God to do the rest.

The neighborhood was right, the house was right with big rooms large and many windowed, stretching the length of three stores along Mott street. Also, it was in old St. Patrick's parish, a parish we dearly love.

August 6

Dorothy Tully, our lawyer, called to tell us that the house we are so much interested in cannot be changed to a Multiple Dwelling, type B house which is our classification. There is a law passed which is preventing the changing of houses, such as single family houses into multiple dwellings such as ours. It is to protect the Puerto Ricans, she said, because many houses have been renting rooms to entire families at exorbitant rents. How well we know that, what with paying rent for Catherine and John and other emergency cases at the rate of sixteen a week!

Dorothy has consulted everyone and there is no chance of our getting that house. (Next day it was sold to a sculptor.) We must look further. Also she says our gen-

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Fund for the Republic

By AMMON HENNACY

An expensive brochure explains how Ford millions are being spent to tell us why the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights are not functioning as they should or as they might today.

We have no quarrel with those who accept the basis of exploitation upon which the wealth of Ford and other industrial leaders is based. Neither do we feel that they can do much else than to excuse the ineffectual attempts made by liberals to erase the defects of this scramble for money and power without which all these Foundations would be bankrupt.

We only wish to take issue with two items of this report on "Basic Issues" in which they state that it is impossible for people to be self-employed, and that we must always live in cities. Jefferson based his agrarian principles on this premise which the Ford experts think is untenable.

Expanding industrial capitalism must of course produce much more than the workers on assembly lines can buy back from their wages, otherwise we would not have a profit system. It is no more necessary to have a new model car every year than it would be to have a sewing machine or washing machine every year. One can be made to last 40 years and serve the purpose of use but not the purpose of profit. Automation and the consolidation of companies to liquidate small business, small farmers, and independent newspapers with the result of displaced workers crowding in the cities to be taken care of by the welfare bureaucracy is a dismal picture compared to the pioneer of Jefferson's time who was practically self-sufficient.

It is possible but not probable that workers could get a small piece of land or together with their fellow workers share in a large farm. To any wide awake, sober, and efficient worker there are countless opportunities even in this system, where he does not need to be a slave to the advertising schemes, financing frauds, or dreary round of the assembly line.

In a region where the chief product is lettuce, citrus, fruits, wheat, corn, peanuts, etc. do not make the mistake of trying to compete with the big companies for they will by one means or another be able to ship their produce when the price is high, while you will not have any means of marketing your crop until the price is so low that it will not pay to move it. Take any crop such as onions, garlic, scarce trees or shrubbery, honey, goat's milk, or organic grown vegetables and you will have a little competition. And of course keep away from government subsidies. You could set up services or trade in furniture, garage work, shoe repair, barber shop, photo work, and scores of other activities provided that you offer only the best and are honest and reliable and not tricky as most schemers in business are.

Many large department stores have found it more profitable to curtail their business in the heart of the city and to develop branches in suburbs. The Supermarket can be miles out of town at some crossroads and people come to it. The slum areas in cities produce so much sickness and crime that the most city-minded bureaucrat gets a headache in trying to make sense of slum clearance projects that relegate big families to worse slums.

If the gentlemen of the Fund for the Republic are interested in the democracy of Jefferson let them study the New England Town Meeting in the small towns where everyone knows every one else and where a person is not chosen to administrate affairs because of party affiliation, banjo playing, or baby kissing. Let them study the works of Eric Gill, Frank Lloyd Wright, Lewis Mumford, and Ralph Borsodi and perhaps see that they cannot build a decent world upon that capitalism which breeds corruption, dependence and war.

Open Letter To The Draft Board

Board No. 55
400 Wyoming
Cincinnati 15, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

On the occasion of my eighteenth birthday I find myself compelled to disobey a law. On my eighteenth birthday, according to the law of the land, I am supposed to register for the draft, to sign my name agreeing to learn how to kill other men—and their wives, and their children. This I cannot and will not do. The following is a statement of my position:

The primary basis for my stand is the relationship between the commandment of love and the virtue of peace. Peace is a virtue which according to Thomas Aquinas (and today Pope Pius XII) depends on love. Jesus Christ said that the whole law is summed up in the law of perfect love: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy whole soul

and thy whole mind . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A perfect love of God and neighbor is demanded. This is nearly unachievable, but it is the call to Christians to approach this ideal as nearly as is humanly possible. Christians, obeying the law, must do all in their power to seek the ideal love of God and men.

Since true peace depends on Christian love, we must also seek peace with God and men. St. Augustine defines peace as "tranquillity of order." We are at peace with God when our souls are quieted, when our wills conform to God's, when we have rooted sin out of lives, and when we are growing in love of God. We are at peace with men when our desires do not

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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Reprinted from his early writings.

In the first centuries of Christianity

the hungry were fed at a personal sacrifice, the naked were clothed at a personal sacrifice, the homeless were sheltered at a personal sacrifice.

And because the poor were fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice, the pagans used to say about the Christians

"See how they love each other".

In our own day the poor are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice but at the expense of the taxpayers.

And because the poor are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice the pagans say about the Christians

"See how they pass the buck."

IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The capitalist system is a racketeering system.

It is a racketeering system because it is a profiteering system.

It is a profiteering system because it is a profit system.

And nobody has found the way to keep the profit system from becoming a profiteering system.

Harold Laski says: "In the Middle Ages the idea of acquiring wealth was limited by a body of moral rules imposed under the sanction of religious authority." But modern business men tell the clergy: "Mind your own business and don't butt into ours."

MONEY MAKING

Business men are not in business for their health. They are in business to make money. Because business men are in business to make money they replace men with machinery. But as Mussolini says: "Machines do not eat." Because machines do not eat they decrease the consuming power and increase the producing power. Our economic system is out of joint because people with money do not buy and people without money cannot buy what they wish to buy.

STATE SUPERVISION

Some one said: "There is no vision in Washington."

I say: "There is a lot of supervision in Washington."

Glenn Frank says: "Where there is too much supervision people perish."

State supervision leads to State bureaucracy. State bureaucracy leads to the Totalitarian State. In the Totalitarian State the individual exists for the State and not the State for the individual.

Confucius, Gandhi, and the Honey Bee

By ROBERT GRANT

When Chung Yu told the gatekeeper at Shih-men that he had come from visiting Confucius, the gatekeeper said to him, "There's a man who's undertaking something even though he knows it can't be done."

A wide-awake gatekeeper they employed there at Shih-men. Yet could he have gone on to explain why? It is not recorded that he did.

Well why? Why did Confucius, the most reasonable of men, set out to do what he knew in advance couldn't be done? Why did he spend his life's force trying to reform himself, men, and institutions, if he knew it was impossible? Did he, so reasonable in the details, become ridiculous in the whole? No, Confucius was reasonable all the way through, reasonable with respect to his reason, his purpose. But his reason wasn't the common reason of common businessmen, statesmen, schoolmen and clergymen . . . getting the job "done." REE-SULTS! He knew nothing of John Dewey, of the scientific method, of Progress and the need for guided missiles, he saw no artificial moons sailing over the Province of Lu. How would he have acted if he's lived in a more enlightened time like ours? Exactly the same. Because Confucius undertook what he undertook for inner not outer reasons, as a servant whom he loves, because he was vividly aware that this was what he was on earth to do, because this brought his soul joy.

Besides it was the gatekeeper who judged Confucius' undertaking impossible, not Confucius. Confucius himself would more likely have said, "I really couldn't tell you. Maybe it's impossible and maybe it's possible. I never think about this. It's not very important."

The reason Confucius taught Good and lived it was not very different from the reason a bee gathers honey. What does a bee understand about the pollination of plants?

Leaving Confucius back in what is called time and place and the honey bee back in what is called ignorance, let's come back to now and here. We here-and-nows look about us and see on all sides this world we're obliged to live our lives in wallowing in what seems to be an unprecedentedly perilous foolishness and depravity. We watch it blowing bubbly platitudes out of Truth, and then, when it feels hungry, feeding on lies. There it is, all around us, rubbing itself on all our senses, a scientific age, researching to save its children's bodies as it busily corrupts their souls, conquering disease and natural enemies and then taking over their function with its own synthetic pollutions and murderings. A scientific age that has tossed aside the Word in favor of the Number.

On all sides of us life seems to have become one howling blasphemy of the way of Truth and Love. The Lie sits enthroned. Television, radio electrify it, presses print it, movies cinema-scope and technicolor it. The statesman lies, the politician lies, the preacher lies, the father lies to the child and the child lies to the father. And worst, there is a terrible tendency in one's solitude to lie to oneself. The Lie reigns inviolate like Hitler in 1943, and it is a small and macabre consolation that it floats on a sea of molten desperation whose pressure is steadily rising.

And we, privileged and responsible to know this is an evil way to live, who believe in Truth or at

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Hiroshima Day Fast and Picketing

By AMMON HENNACY

Coming back to New York City the 10th day of July I was hungry each morning for a heavy breakfast, for usually I eat a peach or an apple for breakfast. I now weighed 146 pounds instead of the 158 at the beginning of my 40 day fast. My vegetarian friends might be scandalized at my craving for fried eggs, hashed brown potatoes with onions, whole wheat toast, doughnut and coffee, but I guess I earned the right to eat what I wanted. I kept this up until the first of August when I ate fruit again. With these three fairly big meals a day I found when I began my fast at 5 p.m., August 5th, that I weighed less than I did the three weeks before: 143 pounds. I didn't eat any solid food for the two days before starting this thirteen day tax picketing fast. I lost eight pounds the first day. I picketed from 9 to 5 that day except that I walked with several hundred others from 42 Street and Sixth Avenue to First Avenue carrying flowers which we gave to a Hiroshima Maiden who then greeted us and sent some of the flowers to Hiroshima with our message that we were sorry our country had bombed Hiroshima thirteen years ago and that we deplored the continued testing of atomic weapons and preparation for war.

For the rest of my thirteen days I lost a pound now and then and some days I lost nothing. Finally on the 18th had lost a total of 14 pounds, making my weight 129, about what it had been in Washington when I finished my 40 day fast. But here I walked 20 miles a day picketing and only rested a few minutes and never felt very tired. I suppose I was getting used to fasting and of course I did not have that 40 days to look ahead to. I met several tax men of former years who greeted me kindly. Some Irish police insisted that I was a Communist and could not be radical and be a Catholic so I told them to ask any priests in the vicinity and they would know about us. In fact the morn-

ing I started my fast the priest said Mass for the success of my penance.

Zita Fearon of St. Cloud, Minnesota, who has been at Peter Maurin Farm for some time came over and helped me picket. This small blonde was especially good in giving the truck drivers who waited to get their load into customs which is part of the block containing the tax office at Varick and West Houston, copies of the CW. Deane Mowrer, Anne Marie Stokes, Virginia Glenn, and Bob Burke helped me at times and on the 16th a score of Peacemakers came from Woolmandale Pacifist Conference where I had been scheduled to speak and helped me all day. Ralph Templin, who had known Gandhi in India, Bob Lutweller with whom I had picketed at Cocoa Beach recently, and Ernie Bromley of Cincinnati were the ones I knew from old time. They spoke well of young Mike Willis, the Catholic who just recently refused to register for the draft. Then my old friend Charles Masterson of N. C. whom I had met when I first picketed the Freedom Train in Phoenix in 1948 came along and helped me for a few days.

The folks down in this part of town are workers rather than rowdies and while some Catholics were puzzled as to how the CW could be so radical no one was rough or bolsterous, and many stopped to ask serious questions, especially students. This picketing is entirely in the shade. The only difficulty being the extra fumes from trucks as they parked all day. I never felt very tired and went to bed at midnight and got up at 6:30 each day. I broke my fast with buttermilk and V8 juice heated as soup. And later that night cottage cheese and avocado. In both these fasts I did not have any cramps in legs or feet as formerly.

I read three books written by three of my friends during my fast. *Living High* by June Burn, *Well-*

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THE CHALLENGE OF OUR TIME

Excerpts from the address delivered by the Bishop of Angers, the Most Reverend Msgr. Chappault, in the Church of Saint Remi of Reims, Sunday, October 5th, 1952.

Reverend Bishops,
my dear brethren,

Peoples as well as men have their reputations and that of the French, it is said, might be unfamiliarity with the history of our national past, thus depriving ourselves of the precious teachings we could deduct from it. A few figures nevertheless, a few events retain the privilege of escaping oblivion; they appear then to our memory as pictures etched in dazzling or picturesque colors, haloed with a moving or cruel legend following the characters or facts. The figure of Saint Remi is among those. Everybody knows this bishop of Reims who poured the waters of baptism upon the barbaric Clovis, husband of Clotilde, and victor of the Allamans at Tolbiac. Popular spirit in retaining the memory of this ceremony, whose symbolism is so easy to understand, has not been mistaken. Clovis' baptism is the capital event in Saint Remi's life, marking at the same time a great date in French history, political as well as religious. Finally, for us Christians of the 20th century, what was accomplished at the Remi's baptism in 496 at Christmas-time constitutes a great and fruitful lesson whose teaching we must not cease to investigate.

When in the midst of the 5th century, the confidence of the clergy and the Christian people made Remi bishop of Reims, the Catholic Church was threatened by a terrible danger: the invasion of the barbaric tribes coming from Eastern Europe. Vandals, Huns, Sueves, Visigoths, Burgundians, Franks; all of these savage hordes trampled the Gallic soil underfoot, seized upon cities and submerged gallo-roman civilization. Under this cataclysm the religion of Christ, the true one that taught, with the bishop of Rome, that Jesus was truly the Son of God, consubstantial with the Father, as we sing in the Creed, Remi's religion, risked total ruin. All the barbarians, now masters of the country, were either Arian heretics or pagans adoring the gods of the forests and rivers of the Rhineland.

The civilized world shuddered with shame, pain and fear. When Remi became bishop of Reims the evil was already consummated. Though bishops were no more imprisoned and certain tribes showed signs of quieting down, repulsion, hatred and fear were predominant. The Christians could not resign themselves to accept the fierce and filthy heretic and barbaric invaders.

Two choices offered themselves; either war with its horrors and little chance of success or prayer and penance in awaiting the end of these evils.

Remi refused—and this is the principle of his greatness at the beginnings of our national history—to accept war or resignation. For Remi the barbarians who occupied the soil of Belgian Gaul, the Franks with their long fair hair, these pagans used to living on battles or looting were sons of God, having the same title to that appellation as the people of his own country. On the Cross of Calvary, Christ, "Who died for all men" had shed his blood for them; as all men they were entitled to salvation. Cruel and versatile as they were, Remi yet knew that the Franks possessed a certain fundamental honesty and generosity while many vices hid under the elegant and polished appearance of gallo-roman society. And thus, the bishop who had faith in the infinite goodness of his master, Jesus Christ and His infinite power, knew that the Church founded by Him has been made to attract to it all races and nations, for She was the common Mother who must progressively harvest in

her bosom the whole of humanity. Knowing that the help of God was with it through the most critical tribulations of this world—the bishop of Reims turned himself resolutely toward the Barbarians. He decided to go to them to try to win them to Christ. If I dared translate my thought in the language of the present day, I would say at the risk of provoking some smiles: the religion of Remi was a religion of incarnation and not one of evasion.

And Remi wrote to Clovis who had just been proclaimed king, boldly outlining for the young pagan a double program of life, justice and government. Then patiently he went on taming him, abetted by Clotilde, the young Catholic princess, sent from the court of Burgundy to be Clovis' wife, whose prayers and virtues were of great help. One day, in a battle against the Allamans, the Frank king feeling victory escaping him, invoked the God of Clotilde. At Tours, he is witness of the miracles accomplished on Saint Martin's tomb. An interior battle rages in the warrior's soul and the issue, you know it, my brethren, it is Clovis' baptism, on Christmas night of 496. An act of incalculable bearing for the destiny of France and the Catholic Church has been accomplished and it was due to all the sympathy and confidence that the Catholic bishop had known how to inspire in the rude pagans that he would neither hate nor despise, but tried at every moment to understand. Above all it needed all the faith of Remi who more than any other man on earth foresaw the future. The victory that triumphs over the world, our faith! (1 John, 5)

I said at the beginning that St. Remi's life constituted for us Catholics of today, fifteen centuries removed, a very actual lesson. And now there may be among my listeners a few thinking that my intention was to suggest this to you: "We must go toward the masters of tomorrow, the Communists, as the bishop of Reims went to the Barbarians. The outstretched hand that the Marxists extend us from time to time in our country we must not refuse to take. Let us be progressive if we want to be like Remi."

I am sorry; such was not my purpose. And who asserts that the Communists will be tomorrow's masters? And who are we to determine beforehand the mysterious and unfathomable ways of Providence? My purpose, if I may say so, is much more serious and profound, because it tends to consider Communism itself and more so the success it wins among the masses only as the sign of the huge upheaval operating since more than a century in men's society. Scientific discoveries, creation of great industries, machine's ever growing power from day to day, the pervading sovereignty of technique, the worker's problems, finally the existence of the proletariat entail such a transformation in our way of living and thinking that it is not forbidden to discern here the premonitory symptoms of what can well be called a new civilization. Some have already labelled it "the civilization of labor." They oppose it to capitalism, "civilization of money, on the verge of disappearing. "We have come," wrote in 1933, a thinker most attentive to the deep changes of our unstable times, "to a moment where history seesaws. A civilization bows itself out, another rises to take its place. We are in one of these epochs, crucifying to those who live it, but truly divine, where the letter must be threshed from the spirit, each eternal value to be reassessed in all its purity, to assure without precipitation its entrance in a new flesh."

If this perspective is exact, if a certain economic regime pertaining to a whole form of civilization collapses under our eyes, our duty inasmuch as we are sons of the Church is not to tremble before these transformations that are changing progressively the face of

the world, not to give in either to fear or anger but to try to fathom and above all try to love. We do not have the right to cling to what is decrepit and to bind the eternal truth of the Gospel to moving and passing forms of social structures of an accidental character, because it is all human. Nothing would be more pernicious for the future of our faith than a Christian society striking out in an attitude of strife against the worker's movement or the conquests of technique, when the mission of Christianity is to try to spiritualize them, to give them the tinge of nobility by bringing them to subordinate themselves to the supreme cause that is God, our Creator and Father.

There truly lies the drama of our times: it rests in this consciousness of a new and alien civilization, hostile even to our Christian vision of the world, that tends to destroy another civilization that we had, I would not dare to say baptized, but where all the same the Church had acquired its place, made its influence accepted, while in its midst we still cherish dear and beloved customs.

This is the reason in whose name I assert that Remi's lesson



remains of such actuality for the Catholics of the 20th century. Let us keep our eyes open to the teaching of the gallo-roman bishop, who with a farseeing eye measured the irresistible ascent of the barbarians and who attempted by dint of intelligence and love to put the seal of Christianity on the rudeness of the Franks. He well knew, nevertheless, that their triumph implied the death of the society to which he owed his social rank, his culture and the wealth of his personality.

If I dared follow my conception to its very end in this rapprochement between our times and those of St. Remi, I would evoke here the figure of one of his last successors on the See of Reims, Cardinal Suhard. God allowed that I should have lived in his intimacy pending the most sorrowful hours of his life, when he left you to become archbishop of Paris. Today it is commonly said that he was great, a great archbishop. Why? Because he suffered much and carried his suffering nobly when he was unjustly attacked at the hour of France's liberation, because he was a man of exceptional culture and intelligence.

The original and authentic great-

ness of Cardinal Suhard is bound to a behaviour ordered much more by the instinct of his pastoral heart than by the light of his experience and the deductions of his mind. The Cardinal felt that a new world was gestating in the factories of the Paris suburbs, that the working masses of his diocese being contemptuous or hostile to the ideas he embodied, his duty was to seek at any price to find a contact with them who press each day with heavier weight upon the destinies of our French society.

The Cardinal, already aged and weary, absorbed by so many problems, honored and followed by many men neither lacking in personal worth or social rank could have averted his gaze from this too painful vision, and sought a peaceful refuge in the midst of conservatism. But no: he willed that the specter of a new world quite foreign to that of his childhood and youth in our traditional country-side of the West, a hostile, overwhelming world should haunt his days and nights, should become at the same time his joy and his torment. Up to his last breath he never rested in his quest for a means of capturing this working class.

That is why, however harassed he might be from his own day, the Cardinal would go and share the meal of a family of workers, in the suburbs. There, as they all sat around the table, the Cardinal, as a patient and circumspect peasant, would listen, trying to comprehend the suffering and the anger, the aspirations and hopes of his hosts. It is also with the aim of penetrating the soul of the working people that the Cardinal held the doors of his palace wide open to young workers, to union leaders. And this is why he loved with predilection the few young priests who had begun to live the daily lives of the workers; through them the Cardinal tried to listen attentively to the worker's world.

By thus meeting the working masses one risked blundering; in trying to discover ways of approach one risked losing one's way. But, with St. Paul, the Cardinal knew as Remi had known when he went after the Franks "the mystery which has been kept in silence from eternal ages, which is manifested now through the writings of the prophets according to the precept of the eternal God, and made known to all the Gentiles" (Romans XVI 26-27). All the Gentiles, that is to say that no man, or people, or social class can be excluded from participating in the divine gift, in Jesus Christ our Lord; and that consequently it is the duty of Christians and primarily of their bishops to make known to every human society, to each successive civilization enriching itself on the spoils of the preceding one, those good tidings of great joy (Luke, 11, 10).

If we want to penetrate in our turn, the spirit of St. Remi and Cardinal Suhard, how much better should we understand how justified is the conduct of some of our brethren in faith and obedience to the Church. Many among us, with scant reasoning, without reflection will only see them as dangerous innovators, men of pride or demagogues, thieving wolves, even, settled in the sheep-fold under sheep's clothing. Would it not be fairer to think and to say: they are Christians as I am, sons of the Church with more tormented and more passionate hearts than mine, doubtless, who try to introduce spiritual values in the worker's world, to prepare for baptism the civilization that is forging itself under our very eyes; why should I refuse them my respect, my admiration and my help?

These Christians and sons of the Church are priests and laymen, theologians, philosophers, sociologists, jurists, economists, engineers, workmen and industrial bosses employees and owners. They are all preoccupied with not letting technical progress destroy man's personality and precipitate the fall of the laboring classes

into materialism and collectivism.

Those among us who have chosen the better part are those who have chosen the school of St. Remi; they are in quest of souls. Into a growing civilization they want to put the leaven of the Gospel and they do not fear to face the future, being strong with the promises of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Some among you may think as they listen, that what I say is obscure, complicated and debatable quite as much as the economic, social and apostolic theories and the behaviour of these Christians that I give you as models. On the contrary, will they murmur, in St. Remi's time all was clear and simple, and from the first we would have agreed with our bishop to get to an understanding with Clovis, become his friends and bring him to baptism. Let them not be mistaken. Problems that history resolves easily are put by life in terms that do not permit finding their solution with the same facility. All was darkness around St. Remi, of what seems now to us as dazzling light, and it needed the bishop of perspicacious intelligence and a great strength of spirit to choose his way and proceed along it. Among his contemporaries there were many who held as impious his policy toward Clovis and who labelled as treason his courage in being willing to adopt a friendly attitude toward the barbarians.

To secede from imperial Rome whose domination had given to the world long periods of peace, Remi's compatriots had to consent to cruel sacrifices and to will that in these times of upheaval that the Church should remain the religion open to the whole of humanity and not the privilege of one people, be it even the Roman people, it needed a powerful faith in Jesus Christ and in the coming of His Kingdom.

Today, to be able to discern the probably irresistible force that orients the world toward a new form of civilization, one must bring to it, as well as fifteen centuries ago will and intelligence.

May the intercession of St. Remi win for us, bishops, priests and faithful of the 20th century, his graces of charity, of light and of strength, and also of harmony! May the pontiff who led to the baptism of Reims, Clovis, king of the Franks, and his people, help us to win to Jesus Christ the world of technology and the people of the factories and the mass of the proletariat and sub-proletariat! May St. Remi help us to write in the great book of history a new page to the glory of the supple and conquering genius and the perennial youth of the holy, catholic Church, Mother of humanity. Amen.

Translated by
Anne Taillefer.

South African Poverty

Archbishop Denis E. Hurley, O.M.I., of Durban, South Africa, spoke out vigorously before the Durban city council about the economic situation of African families, and called for wages almost double the present average of \$42 a month.

Breaking the figures down, the archbishop estimated that the average family spends \$16.80 a month for rent, fuel, soap, transportation, and clothing. The remaining \$25.20 for food comes to 84 cents a day for the entire family.

Asserting that "the accusing finger points at the white race in South Africa," the archbishop went on to say:

"There is nothing extraordinary about this picture. It is the normal condition of life for thousands of families in South Africa . . . The general mortality rate is a terrible reflection of the starvation that afflicts the African population. . ."

(Catholic News)

To A Botanist

To begin
recall your beauty.

I am agreed with God
upon the subject of your beauty:
me, and in me you.
And that unknown to us
its term was God.

I say beauty.
Understand
it is of the golden flesh of fallow-deer,
your body,
that I speak.

Nor forget—
that only through your flesh you spoke
to any—
aloud, or silently.
Saying: I see, I wonder, I love,
and teach.
Saying: I am me.

You taught
what is growing and green:
did you mean to teach me
what lives and is fire?

You raised up grass
upon your open hand
and said: "Grass flowers like a tree."
I did not doubt you.
Will you doubt me?
when I tell you,
you were born on the famous Sundays of spring.

You taught the fact,
unsure of what was merely fact
and what was miracle.
We shared the wonder of the fact:
one to another, for love's sake,
we have miracles to give.

Seeing
how you broke open things,
turning your wrist in understanding;
seeing
also how you touched things
with ten fingers of reverence,
it was easy to say
the stem, the flower,
must have known what hand,
whose,
touched and broke them so.

As false to say
as it was easy.

And we asked you
what is nucleus? what generation?
how good is life?
keep it for what?
You answered all our questions then,
most unforgetably my own.
Who shall answer
what you will have to ask?

From where, to where,
you always knew was God.
But how shook wonder in your mouth.

What if I should tell you
that
as cardinals bring to fertile earth
the seed you showed us in your hand,
a burning bird lifts up
to where it means to go
your spirit singing
in your flesh.

Surely,
as the eyes of your compassion
see the heart of pain,
your eyes of love see love.

I cannot think you are afraid
to look
and see
Love.

But if you look and see,
or if you look and do not see,
Love,
is how you are.

And we all
are in Love—
the gingko, you, and I.

You flowered
from the naked seed
flung out of christmas trees;
through you
then I was pierced
to fruitfulness.

For this
I wish the Holy Ghost a falcon
on my hand:
to cast Him now
to hunt you home.

Suzanne Gross

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. THERESE OF LISTEUX, translated by Monsignor Ronald Knox. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$4.50. Reviewed by Dorothy Day.

Here at last is the translation from the original note book of St. Therese sixty years after her death, and even now according to Msgr. Vernon Johnson in the introduction, the eraser had been used so liberally, there had been so much rewriting done by Therese herself, by Pauline (Mother Agnes) by the saint's own permission, that even all the means used by science to restore the original were in vain.



We will not really know the Saint until she reveals herself to us. We must be content, if any devotee of this most attractive of modern saints can ever be satisfied, with Monsignor Knox's translation, his last work of love before his death last year. I myself am delighted with the fresh, joyful spontaneity of style, the spirit of the book which is flowing, animated, humorous, profound. I am not going to compare Therese to Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, St. Thomas and St. Augustine as some modern intellectuals are doing. She is herself, unique. Perhaps the translation does not answer all my questions. There are passages in the Taylor translation (from Pauline's version) that do not appear in the Knox translation. Did Pauline write in these passages? There is one where Therese's nervous illness is described. In Pauline's version, nails in the wall (and what were nails doing in the wall of a model home?) appeared as gnarled fingers and her father's hat as a monster on his knee. These lines are not in the Knox translation. On the other hand the passage about Mother Marie de Gonzague's harshness to Therese at the beginning of her life in Carmel do not appear in the French notebooks according to Fr. Robert who reviewed in 3 articles the new translation in the London Catholic Herald. Fr. Robert has himself written a book which is full of spleen, so venomous is his criticism. He does not hesitate to accuse Pauline of lying, in and out of the confessional, and there is an implied criticism of Msgr. Knox in his letter to the Herald.

With my constant reading about and thinking about Therese these last ten years, I owe a debt of thanks to Abbe Combes whose writings also published by Kenedy, are full of the exact translation from Therese's own note books which Carmel made available to him. This new translation, the books by Abbe Combes, and the *Story of a Family* by Plat, are invaluable to those who have chosen Therese as their spiritual guide. We are deeply grateful to the publishers for bringing them to us.

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, by Boris Pasternak. 558 pages. \$5.00. Pantheon. Reviewed by Helen Iswolsky.

We might call this book: "The Anatomy of a Revolution." How appropriate that the hero of Pasternak's novel is a physician. And this physician, witnessing the Russian revolution does no flag-waving: neither red nor white, nor tri-color flags. He sees Russia stretch

ed out on the operation table. However this not a post-mortem. The doctor's name, Zhivago, is derived from a Russian adjective which means "alive." And indeed, the novel, in spite of all its terror, bloodshed, suffering and anguish, is not merely an "anatomic" study, but a hymn to the Resurrection.

Boris Pasternak, Russia's greatest poet of our time, and an outstanding prose writer too, belongs to the generation who made the 1917 revolution. This tremendous upheaval, according to the author's striking definition, happened without the slightest warning, "on a week-day," when people were busy with their own affairs and had no inkling of what was coming to them. The 1917 storm tore the roof off Russia's house; the house had seemed secure up to World War One. But in reality, the building was tottering, crumbling, and its attic full of dust, night-birds, bats and unidentified ghosts. All these were swept away, but soon other ghosts began to haunt the ruins: these were artificial ideologies, political and social doctrines with no link with reality, godlessness, long repressed lust for power, hatred, and a great deal which also remains unidentified.

Boris Pasternak knows all these ghosts, but does not fear them. He has pitted them against the living values of faith and love, of nature, art and freedom. Though in his mid-sixties, Pasternak is still very much alive. In fact, he seems to be, in his great solitude far younger than the sociable Soviet type; younger than U.S.S.R. junior writers, who, with a few exceptions, are straight-laced by the party-line directives.

The author of *Doctor Zhivago* published his first poems and a few short stories in the twenties and thirties. He was not a party-line writer, nor even a fellow traveller. He was strictly—himself. Since he was recognized both in Russia and abroad, as a very great poet, he was not condemned. Neither could he be encouraged. And so, Boris Pasternak was merely silenced for some twenty five years. He was assigned minor literary jobs, as for instance a new translation of Shakespeare. In 1956, after Stalin's death had brought about a temporary "softening" of literary Party Directives, Pasternak published a few of his most recent poems in a Soviet Literary Review. A year later, he submitted his novel, "Doctor Zhivago" to Soviet State Publishers, and outside Russia, to an Italian leftist publisher, who accepted it for translation. Soviet censorship did not permit the novel to appear in the U.S.S.R. and insisted that the Italian publisher return or revise the manuscript. This request was rejected, and so translations of "Doctor Zhivago" came out in Italy, West Germany, France and now in America. But nothing appeared in Soviet Russia.

We are here dealing with the English translation done by Max Hayward, Masha Harari and Bernard Gullbert Guernsey (the latter responsible for the twenty poems included at the end of the book). All three translators are experts in their field, and have mastered the difficulties of a text, which, like most of Pasternak's writing, is not liable to easy and slipshod interpretation.

Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago" is particularly difficult, because it is written on at least three or four levels: the personal story of the Doctor and his quite complicated human reactions; the story of the revolution of how it started; a vivid and perhaps unique presentation of these events and how the average Russians of various classes and various geographical regions experienced them—from Moscow to the Ural and Siberia. For Dr. Zhivago travels from the heart of European Russia to the Taiga—the almost impenetrable Siberian forests. This gives the author the opportunity to feast on the dramatic beauty of Russia's end less

expanses. Pasternak is a wonderful poet of nature; he can describe a storm, the awakening of spring, the summer, fall and winter months, a tree, a waterfall, a railway-track in the wilderness, in almost mystical terms. And this brings us to the central theme of Pasternak's novel, which carries, above all, a philosophical and religious meaning.

Yuril Andreievich Zhivago served as an army doctor in World War One. He married his childhood girl-friend, had a son, and together with his family was carried on the stormy seas of revolution. He belonged to the typical Russian intelligentsia, which welcomed the revolution and the end of the old regime, but had to face almost immediately the tragic years of extreme violence, cruelty, hunger, civil war, with red and white hands facing each other in a deadly struggle. Dr. Zhivago leaves Moscow with his family and settles in the Ural region, where he hopes to work and dedicate himself to man and the land, without getting himself involved in politics which are distasteful to him on both sides. Actually, he finds no escape. He is held as hostage by a red commander, symbolically called Liberius, but who has sacrificed liberty to totalitarian communism. Liberius destroys not only the bourgeois and the capitalists, but also the milder type of Russian revolutionaries, the anarchists, the Tolstoyans, the non-marxian socialists, to whom his own father belongs. Dr. Zhivago is treated with respect, and almost friendliness, since his services as a physician are needed in Liberius' camp, called the "Forest Brotherhood." The doctor has many "heart to heart talks" with Liberius, and challenges his dream of "reshaping" mankind. "He resents every cliché, every stereotyped and planned approach to life. In his mind, life is continual renewal and transfiguration. There is nothing abstract in Zhivago's own experience. For he knows not only revolution and its trials, but also the pangs of love, which, as he tells us, visits "our doomed existence like a breath of eternity." This "breath of eternity" is everywhere alive in "Doctor Zhivago." This is not only a great human, but also a great religious testimony. No wonder it was forbidden in the U.S.S.R. In this novel, we find many lines devoted to Christ, to the Immaculate



Conception, to Mary Magdalen. The poems are about Gethsemane, the Passion, Resurrection. Writes Boris Pasternak: "A miracle is a miracle, and miracle is God."

WILLIE MAE, by Elizabeth Kytte. Alfred A. Knopf, 1958. \$3.50. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

It is difficult to praise this short novel too highly. It is one of those rare things, a completely successful work of its kind. Willie Mae Workman is a Negro servant from Georgia—a real person who once worked for the author—and Mrs. Kytte has told her story in Willie Mae's own words. The result is a book which is wise, charming and important. It would be a book of real stature at any time because we meet a singularly rich personality in Willie Mae; it has an added importance in that it is published in these times so full of misunderstanding and ignorance. For

REVIEWS



all that, it is not propaganda; it is a book about people, and we meet not only Willie Mae but her whole world of family, children, and white employers. Mrs. Kytie has a singularly good ear, and there is not, as far as this reviewer (Georgia-born herself) could discover, a single false note of accent, expression, or outlook; though I was a little less than happy toward the end, in which events, after the leisurely pace of the first part, seemed rushed and in some ways less credible. The Southern Negro's Christian humility and Christian pride are both conveyed flawlessly. To have grown up in contact with other Willie Mae's, as did this reviewer, is a great privilege, and this book deepens one's understanding and love of them.

Books Received

By Beth Rogers
Cooking for Christ, by Florence Berger. National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

A paper cover edition of a notable cookbook, giving recipes for the feasts of the liturgical year. It is not a basic recipe book, but one to which cooks in search of appropriate recipes for special days can turn with profit. Mrs. Berger has included legends and folklore to accompany the food. Msgr. Ligutti says in his preface, "This book is an extension of the Missal, Breviary and Ritual because the Christian home is an extension of the Mass, choir and sacramentals."

A critical note on the appearance of the books; it would be helpful if the titles of the books were printed along the spine; since they are not, it is necessary to take the book off the bookshelf to see what the title is.

Image Books

Vipers' Tangle, by Francois Mauriac. 75c. One of Mauriac's greatest novels. It is good to have it in an inexpensive edition.

Saint Among the Hurons, by Francis X. Talbot, S.J. 95c. A life of St. Jean de Brebeuf, one of the Jesuit North American martyrs. This is an important work of biography and history.

The Church and the Reconstruction of the Modern World. The



Social encyclicals of Pius XI, edited by Terence P. McLaughlin, S.C., O.S.B. \$1.25. This is an image "original," especially prepared for this series. A basic book for any Catholic's library, to go along with Image's previous compilation of the social teachings of Leo XIII. Father McLaughlin has compared and collated all the English translations of the encyclicals, and used what he considers to be the best variant translations are included in the notes, and there is a biographical sketch of Pius XI and a discussion of the basic teachings of the encyclicals.

Maria Chapdelaine, by Louis Hemon. Image Books. 95c.

A reprint of the early twentieth century classic novel of French Canadian life. Hemon, born in France, a journalist for French newspapers, absorbed his material while working in Canada as a farm laborer.

The Story of the Trapp Family Singers, by Maria Augusta Trapp. Image Books. 85c.

The family's life in Europe and

America. A good addition to the Image library.

We Sing While There's Voice Left, by Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. (Sheed and Ward, \$2.50.) Spiritual writing that is pithy, sound, and practical. The range is extraordinarily wide, and the book seems suited to people in various stages of the spiritual life, including beginners. Some of the best things he has to say are about our personal responsibility for one another; the need for failure or seeming failure; modern restlessness and the "vocation of the missed vocation"; God's will as seen in the present moment; prayer and the liturgy; and Oriental people and contemplation.

The Inner Search, by Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. (Sheed and Ward, \$3.00) About the Christian life, Father van Zeller says, "The Christian aim is to live to the fullest possible extent the life outlined in the Gospel . . . an undertaking projected every time an infant is baptized . . . Once make reservations about the Sermon on the Mount and you begin to explain away the whole teaching of Christ. Take out forgiveness, or trust, or prayer, and the Gospel falls to pieces." The Christian ethic, he says, is to have love as the guiding principle of interior and exterior life. The book is mainly an expansion of these principles; Father van Zeller is an extraordinarily sure guide, whether he is talking about love of neighbor, love of God, the principles of asceticism, or contemplative prayer. He says, quite plainly, that "the consummation of asceticism is found in the initiation into mysticism."

Approach to Penance, by Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. (Sheed and Ward, \$2.50.) This develops more specifically one aspect of Father van Zeller's other books. The key to his approach is the statement which comes in the first chapter: "People are discouraged from approaching penance because they see it from the wrong angle . . . of what they will have to do in the way of disagreeable hardship. If they thought of it as turning wholly to God, which is to see it from the right angle, they would be more ready to pursue its implications . . . Once the soul is truly contrite about sin, and not merely crushed by the guilt of it, there is already a stretching out towards love which casts out fear."

Meditating the Gospels, by Emeric Lawrence, O.S.B. (The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. No price indicated.) Excellent meditations on the Gospels for Sundays and the feasts, centering particularly around the consideration of the Christian as apostle to the world. The book should be a help not only in private prayer but in providing material for discussion groups. As usual with St. John's Abbey books, the layout and typography are unexceptionable.

The Mystery of the Holy Innocents, by Charles Peguy, translated by Pansy Pakenham. (Harpers, \$3.00.) Parts of this have been published in the earlier "God Speaks"; as far as this reviewer knows, this is the first translation in English.

Peguy: His Prose and Poetry, by Alexander Dru. (Harpers, \$2.50.) A study of the great Frenchman's writings and ideas. First rate.

Saint Bernadette, the Child and the Nun, by Margaret Trouncer. (Sheed and Ward, \$3.75) A great deal less "sensational" in treatment than the same writer's previous books on Saint Margaret Mary and on Angelique Arnauld, and for that reason, a much better book. Recommended.

Spiritual Exercises, by William Perin, O.P. (Blackfriars, 34 Bloomsbury Street, London.) A reissue of a book which first appeared in 1557. Father Perin's work is an

English translation of a book by a Flemish priest who came under the influence of Ruysbroeck and his school; his originality, says the present editor, "lies in the freedom of his translation, and the richness and beauty of his vocabulary and style and his power of adapting to English temperaments, the spiritual doctrine of another school and race." This is a worthy book to put beside the other great meditative writings of the English school.

Lay Workers for Christ, edited by Rev. George L. Kane; introduction by Valerian Cardinal Gra-



clas. (Newman, \$3.00.) Autobiographical sketches by laymen whose vocations are fundamentally the same: "to be filled with Christ and to communicate this fullness to their surroundings." Among those included in the volume are Catherine de Hueck Doherty, James B. Carey, Jerome Kerwin, Romeo Malone, Dale Francis, and Dorothy Day.

Books for Young People

Blessed Robert Southwell, by D. H. Moseley. (Sheed and Ward, \$2.75.) The English Jesuit poet, martyred under Elizabeth. **Portrait of a Champion**, by Joseph E. Kerns, S. J. Newman, \$3.50. A life of St. Stanley Kostka. Both of these are wonderfully well written. The life of Blessed Robert Southwell is more inherently exciting, but Father Kerns invests the story of quietly growing sanctity with its own brand of interest, and sixteenth century Europe held enough adventure for travelers to provide plenty of suspense.

A Question of Values

SHERBROOKE, Que. — "I have been among lepers for 25 years; I have shaken their hands and embraced thousands of them; and never contracted leprosy."

So declared Count Roaul Follereau, "the vagabond of charity," who has not only devoted his adult life to aiding lepers, but to proving that leprosy is rarely contagious—and that lepers should not be made social outcasts.

This has been the French nobleman's theme in thousands of addresses made in 82 countries over more than two decades.

Spent \$2 Million

To date he has some \$2,000,000 for medicine and grants-in-aid to lepers, 95 percent of whom can now be cured, he says.

"In fact," he adds, "a victim of leprosy can be cured within a year with two injections a month of medicine costing only \$3 per injection."

Cost of 2 Warplanes

Count Follereau says there are about 15 million lepers in the world today, and that almost all could be cured "if both the United States and Soviet Russia would each donate the cost of one bomber plane to their adequate medical care."

He foresees the time when the disease will be promptly cured by being caught in its early stages.

"And," he added, "although lepers have been made social outcasts for more than 2,000 years, and uninformed persons still have frightening ideas of the disease, proper information will in time dispel these groundless fears."

Bridgeport Cooperative

Communities suffering economic recession are frequently beset by that wide-spread benumbed feeling expressed in the weary shrug, voiced in the listless "What can you do?" Nothing much, of course, individually. Cooperatively, nearly anything as is demonstrated in the July-August 1957 issue of *Social Justice Review* which carries a detailed and interesting article by the Reverend George J. Maclean, P.P. about the Bridgeport, Nova Scotia Cooperative.

While the cost of living mounted with an expanding economy across Canada, the precarious condition of the coal industry left numbers of miners unemployed. Following the shutdown of one colliery those miners who were working were held to a wage level almost as low as the relief payments made to the jobless. Faced with this bleak situation the miners began to supplement their incomes by gardening; owners of large tracts permitted their less fortunate fellow workers to cultivate a portion of their lands. This practical first step in cooperation led to the formation of a tractor association which purchased (with government assistance) a tractor, plows and harrows for the use of unemployed miners and their youngsters who were then transported to nearby blueberry barrens where they hand-picked and sold over two tons of blueberries. So promising was this effort that it led numbers of miners to attend courses in blueberry and small fruit farming. Study was followed by the incorporation of the Bridgeport Cooperative which proceeded to grow and market blueberries on a scale which soon created a need for greatly improved and expanded warehousing and freezing facilities which they then built.

The result in Bridgeport was a

series of explosions of the creative forces which lie dormant in the competitive community and stifled in the panic stricken. Bridgeport public schools made family gardens a basic part of their science program; steam, piped through a conduit from the mammoth furnace in the parish church is being used to heat a plastic greenhouse. And the local radio station which broadcast two-hour study and discussion courses found that this weekly program sustained student interest in spite of competing dance and T.V. programs. Those miners who think berries are for birds cooperated in a fishing project involving the purchase of a long liner equipped with modern gadgets like radio-telephone, radar, etc. at a cost of \$32,000, the Bridgeport Family Cooperative Credit Union supplying part of the down payment. Thirty percent of the gross value of the catch goes toward liquidating the cost of the liner; the total investment will be liquidated over a period estimated at three to five years. Skipper and crew of five members share sixty-five percent; skipper (who puts up part of the down payment) gets the remaining 5% as his personal honorarium.

Another group is specializing in the production of hogs and poultry to supply the constant demand for fresh meat. A financial campaign to raise \$25,000 for the daily expenditures required by such extensive development is underway so an ever-increasing number of people in the community share a direct interest in the Cooperative. Readers interested in learning how to turn disaster into blessing can obtain the *Social Justice Review* by addressing 3835 Westminster St., St. Louis, Missouri.

More details about cooperatives and credit unions may be obtained from St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

To Harbor the Harborless...

(From an article, "They Find Homes for Large Families," by Louis Belden. *Ave Maria* magazine, Nov. 2, 1957.)

A Milwaukee group, calling itself Family Foundation, Inc., is specializing in getting large families into decent housing. Young couples with more than five children, the group has found, have a particularly hard time finding decent quarters. Most can't afford to buy a house large enough, and most landlords do not want to rent to large families. Even public housing is not generally available to the very large family.

Family Foundation came into being to help these families find proper housing. The approach is surprisingly simple—it buys houses and moves the families into them.

One family with nine children was paying \$100 a month rent for two half-rooms without a private bath because they could not find a landlord who would accept so large a family. The Foundation got them a house. An undertaker wrote the Foundation that he had "buried two children of a family of 11 children" and added that he would be "burying the rest of them if someone didn't get them out of the wet basement" where they were living.

Two months later, after the Foundation had got them another place to live, the mother died, and another child went to a t.b. sanitarium. With so many children, the mother had been washing constantly and hung the wet clothes in the rooms where they lived. Added to the steam from cooking, "it was like living in a dripping mine."

The Foundation came into being in 1951 as a volunteer group. That year, donations were \$3,500; in 1956, they were \$10,846. The prices of the houses it has bought have ranged from \$9,500 for a single family house, to \$15,500 for a duplex. So far the Foundation has bought two houses and six duplexes, which have taken care of 14 families, made up of 20 adults and 81 children. The group has tried to find rental property, but

has not been successful. Priorities are established on a basis of need; the neediest cases being those families which are split up because of a lack of housing.

How It Began

In December, 1949, Mrs. Mynnie Fischer, read a story in the *Milwaukee Journal* of a man and wife who had been separated from their seven children for five years. The children were scattered about in foster homes and public institutions, and some of them did not know each other. Mrs. Fischer promptly turned over her home to the family for Christmas, and undertook to find a house for them. Though her husband was in the real estate business, she looked unsuccessfully for a year. Then she persuaded the reporter who had written the original story to run another one saying that a donor had contributed \$100 to a down payment fund for the family; the donor was Mrs. Fischer herself. Other contributors came forward, (Continued on page 7)

St. Joseph's Orphanage

The destruction of World War II, of the Island of Malta and Gozo, has brought a terrific need to organize an orphanage for boys. In 1944 an orphanage was built and a number of orphan boys are being taken care of now. Beside primary education, they are working to have a trade school that will give a start to these boys. I humbly appeal to you to help us, and our grateful heartfelt prayers will always go to you, and God bless you all.

Yours In Christ,
Rev. J. Galea
Asst. Director
St. Joseph's Institute
Ghainsielem GOZO
MALTA (Europe)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

erous city will loan us money on the assessed valuation of our house at six per cent interest, in order that we may have something to make a down payment on another house. All the condemned house owners must have lawyers and appraisers who get a certain percentage of what they are able to obtain in payment from the city for their clients. The city is also obliged to relocate all the 56 families it is dispossessing because of the new subway. They can offer them apartments in the far reaches of the Bronx, Queens, Staten Island which would be far from work and friends, and out of the group they have been used to living among, and if they refuse to take this shelter they can be put on the street. There is also the municipal lodging house and the "shelter" and many are the families being processed there who come to us for clothes. Try to relocate a family with eight children for instance. During the summer we had an Italian family at the beach who were living ten in a two room apartment and had been so living for four years. And this is the wealthiest city in the world.

We must relocate within the next few months and if we do not have a place, the city will have the tremendous added expense of housing in places comparable to ours, the scores we have been caring for over the years. In our struggle to illustrate by our acts the principle of personal responsibility and decentralization, we have saved the city hundreds of thousands of dollars, because we and our readers have taken less in order that others might have more.

Wednesday, August 6

Yesterday Dorothy Willock drove to the beach to pick up the little colored family she had left with us the week before. The Italian girls are coming tomorrow. Dorothy's car was so overloaded with eight children of her own and the family of four that the springs rubbed against the wheels and caused them to smoke. She was able to get down to us all right, but was not able to get home with the additional load so she left her two oldest girls and they stayed with Johannah and Mary at the beach house. The fifteen-year-olds stayed up all night drinking tea and went swimming at dawn. They had a wonderful time.

Thursday, August 7

One day I am in New York, another day on the beach, and with the activity, I am getting some writing done too—new chapters on the Therese book and a couple of articles. And there is always this column every month which takes a day, in spite of following my diary. I always add to the notes I've taken.

Much preparation in New York for Roger O'Neil's and Mary's wedding on Saturday. Roger has worked at the Catholic Worker for the past ten years, a prime example of the personalist. (I think he prefers that term to anarchist.) A wonderful example of kindness and patience and devotion to the poor. We will miss him mightily.

August 8

In our Italian family who are guests at the beach the mother works in a candy factory, the father is a mechanic, the oldest girl at the dime store, and the next oldest cares for the younger children. There is enough money earned for better housing but no housing available for so many children.

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 downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

August 9, Saturday

Today was the wedding day of Roger and Mary; the whole house participated. Charles McCormick had to rush the groom out to buy a suit in the morning and the bride was dressed by all the women in the house of hospitality. Anne Marie Stokes arranged the veil. If ever a house was filled with joy and good wishes it was 223 Chrystie street today. Mary is from Nova Scotia and had come to help us and stayed for the last year. She has a tender face and a radiant smile and everyone loved her. Celia Freeman came at six to start making salads, someone else decorated the yard with streamers and the library with white ribbons and bells and a table in the center for the wedding cake (there were scores of extra cakes). Charles Butterworth and Roland Gosselin, and Albert all made sandwiches and Anne Marie made the punch which filled hollowed-out water melons and was dipped out with inelegant soup ladles.

The wedding took place at Nativity Church on Second Avenue with Fr. Janner, S.J. officiating and the reception lasted until evening. Everyone who came in was welcome.

* * *

And then sadness! Roy Duke, who had been cooking in our House of Hospitality for the past four years, and who had bossed the job all day with the utmost patience, supplying knives to the Hughes children to cut up the fruit, and mayonnaise, to Celia for the salads, and himself cooking for the house and line, went quietly upstairs to his bed to rest and lay back and died. Mike saw how pale he was just before the end and called us quickly and we sent for the priest. Margaret relayed the news so that Larry who was his partner in the kitchen was at his bedside at once. We were both on either side of him when he breathed his last. We were praying the prayers for the dying, the ejaculatory prayers which were all we had time for, and then the priest was there to anoint him and give him final absolution.

Later Bob Steed and Ann Marie and some of the others recited the vespers for the dead there in the little dormitory which he shared with California George and Gordon.

In the case of a sudden death in a house like ours, the police come and then the medical examiner, and the policeman went through all his belongings to find out if he had any assets and the name of his nearest relative. Roy had only a sister in New Hampshire. His own wife had died of a heart attack many years before. They had no children. He suffered badly with arthritis and preferred to work with us where there was no tension, he said, and he could take off when he wished. He and Larry usually arranged the work between them. It was humbling to see how little he had—just one good suit, his work clothes, a change or so of underwear, nothing else. He accumulated no belongings, no books, no papers, no unnecessary clothes. "The clothes which hang in your closet belong to the poor," the fathers of the church say. "You take to heaven only what you have given away." Peter Maurin was always quoting and he too died as bereft of goods as Roy. What Roy had given, and richly, were man's two most precious possessions, his work and his time, and he gave them both with loving kindness.

August 10

This morning to the Russian liturgy at St. Michaels on Mulberry street, with Ammon. Helene Iswolsky was there, and Anne Marie, and this morning Frank and Maise Sheed. Visited Marge

Hughes who is at St. Vincent's Hospital and brought her Master of Hestviken to read. Coming home I met Jack, our Russian anarchist friend and we talked of social and ethical principles and the supernatural life as we ate a bowl of schav at a Jewish restaurant on Second Avenue. He was much struck by the statement "God became man that man might become God."

August 11

Today is Jimmy Hughes' birthday. he is nine years old. There was a party on the beach with a storm threatening, but it held off while we roasted hot dogs and marshmallows. Shorty, our Mohawk friend built the fire, and it was cold, drizzly weather so it felt good. Stayed-up late with visitors talking about community. The latest community is the Eric Gill community at Brookfield, Massachusetts where George and Mary Gulick and their children and Bob and Pat Rudolph and one single man are living.

August 12

Wrote all day and went in to the city for the wake of Roy Duke. It poured rain all evening. Many came from the St. Joseph's house and we said the rosary. When I returned to the house I found a telegram from Mary Humphrey saying Don, her husband, was dying. If I leave tomorrow after the funeral I can get there in thirty hours, and it is fifty-five dollars a round trip by bus.

August 13-22

Fr. Querado offered the Requiem Mass for Roy at nine o'clock. Thirteen from the house went out to the cemetery. In the evening I took the 6:45 bus for Minneapolis.



The bus travels by turnpike straight through with no city stops until it reached Chicago at 11:30 the next morning. There was time to go to Mass at St. Peter's church at noon before the 1:15 bus left for Minneapolis. The rest of the trip was on a two lane highway and through many towns though we did not stop for passengers. I got in at midnight and slept before going to the hospital to see Don and Mary. He had been stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage or with Collinger's disease, I am not sure which, and was paralyzed on one side, blind and could not speak. But he was conscious of his friends coming to him, and could nod his head yes or no, and he wanted the psalms read to him and showed his attention by the way he pressed the hand of whoever was sitting by him.

Don and Mary have been close to The Catholic Worker for twenty years, living first near the Milwaukee House of Hospitality, then at St. Isadore's farming commune at Aitkin, Minnesota with the Reser's and Martie Paul and Fr. Cordes and others, and then moving to Robbinsdale, St. Joseph, and finally to St. Cloud, Minnesota. Don earned the living for the family, (he had eight children) by making chalices and his house was filled with his paintings and carvings. Wherever you go in Minnesota you find the work of Don Humphrey. At the Newman Club chapel of the University of Minnesota it is his chalice, his monstrance that Fr. George Garrelts, national president of all the Newman Clubs of the country, shows you. He and Don had been friends for years, and had gone on vacations together, hunting with bow and ar-

row, painting trips to Mexico and so on. Don knew many priests and his house was the center for the laity too. Whenever I was in that part of the country, the meetings of all the families and friends of the Worker were at his home. And Mary presided over all, the valiant woman, herself a weaver, and maker of baptismal robes, and other things for the altar. Fr. Harvey Egan, Fr. Marion Casey, Fr. Garrelts, Fr. Fehrenbacher and many others came to pray for him. The University of Minnesota Hospital is one of the best in the country, and he had a round-the-clock care. But after a terrible struggle, just to keep breathing, he died two weeks after his stroke. Mary spent all her time with him, the hospital generously allowing her to use the other bed in the room. She was spelled by her daughter Rachel, and by her sister-in-law Joyce and others, so there was never a minute when he did not have a friend or relative by his bedside. He was a dearly loved companion to many, and a great craftsman. He and Eric Gill and Peter Maurin and all those who have gone before are together now, in the heart of the Trinity, knowing as they are known, loving as they are loved, and since there is no time with God, no separations, no space, we are together still, they do not have to wait for us, we are already there, family and friends—provided of course we are faithful to the grace God gives us.

Another Death

As I write this, there is another marriage tomorrow morning, Kieran Dugan and Sheila Johnson, and there is another death too to report,—that of Chad Smith, father of the family who lived with us for two years at Peter Maurin farm. He died after an operation for some kind of pressure on the brain, and he too leaves a wife and nine children. David will be released from the Army, Bernadette will go on to Lorain College where Bishop Hagerty, O.S.B. arranged a scholarship for her. The Smith family were from the Bahamas and are converts of the Benedictines there. One of the children is named for Fr. Quentin. Thelma is married, so that leaves Lucille, the sixteen-year-old girl to be at home and help her mother in her spare time from high school with Edmund, Charlie, Paul (my godchild), Quentin and Mac. Chad was buried by the side of his little son Charlie who was drowned four or five summers ago at the age of six. Our group helped sing the Mass, and we are proud too that our own helped dig the grave, in our Catholic Worker plot in Rossville, where Fr. McGraph is our good friend, and where the church is dedicated to St. Joseph.

Fr. Sheehan

And Fr. Sheehan also died this month, and his funeral is today as I write. He was a Josephite, a teacher in the seminary at Newburgh and had been the confessor and advisor to our Maryfarm group there. He was a faithful and good friend to all our group there, and we will be singing a Mass for him Labor Day at the Peter Maurin Farm.

This has been too crowded a month by far, with its two weddings and four deaths and with them all, the work must go on,—the hunting for a home and the caring for those who are with us at St. Joseph's house and Peter Maurin Farm and the two little houses, Maryhouse and Nazareth, at the beach. In a burst of efficiency, after many distractions Bob Steed, who is in charge of the House of Hospitality now, paid off so many bills that he overdrew at the bank and we had to get in touch with our more friendly creditors to ask them to hold the checks. (Even the bank covered some of them for us.) But one does not receive favors from the utilities and we cook a great many meals, for seventy-five three times a day, and for the breadline twice a day. We are down to nothing and it is not time to send out the appeal until the feast of St. Francis in October. We are praying

St. Joseph to keep us going and we are hoping too that you will send us some loaves and fishes, or their equivalent, so our dear Lord and Saviour can multiply them for us as He has done these twenty five years past.

Holy Mother The City

(Continued from page 1)

ly inform us that we have to pay rent on our property.

"Rent for what!" A collective gasp of incredulous surprise escapes from the lips of astonished actors. (This scene must be underdone or else it can run away with the play). "But how can we pay rent for this property since we own it and have legal papers to prove it."

The two men: "Sorry you no longer own the property; the City has taken over and now you are the tenants. You will have to pay rent."

But the City has not paid us for the property so how can they own it? We would indeed like to pay rent but how can we pay rent if the City does not pay us for the House.

In the Soviet Union such action is called "expropriating the expropriators," but our politicians recoil at the use of such bald headed phrases; instead we couch it in beautiful terminology and it comes under the heading of the "Right of Eminent Domain."

Final Scene: The playing of Hearts and Flowers, please! We would love to move and we would love to pay rent on the property which has been taken away from us, but we are unable to pay rent unless the Transit Authority pays us for the building. Please, Transit Authority, pay us for the building so that we in turn can pay the rent, which in turn will pay the salaries of your rent collectors.

And when we are cast into the streets for the non-payment of rent may we be permitted to own the clothes on our back. They are not too clean and will bring little at an auction sale. And surely you will give me permission to wear my eyeglasses. I think I own them (but I am no longer sure) since I paid for them. But then without my glasses I will be unable to read the orders expropriating them. Please, may I keep my glasses? Some of the men in the House have false teeth—do they own them or not?

Perhaps the Transit Authority will allow us to move into the subways. An underground House of Hospitality will be a lot of fun; though it might be too crowded, dirty and noisy. But it still might be a solution to our problems.

If by any chance having expropriated our House the City permits litigation, and the subway is delayed—I wonder if it is at all not possible that the City will keep our money in escrow and every year remove a sum until we have nothing and then instead of the City owing us for the House we in turn will be presented with a bill. It is possible . . .

But joking aside we are ready to move if the City would join our efforts to find us a home; or failing this would have the decency to pay for our property and would stop this idiotic behaviour of demanding rent from property which they have not paid for.

In the New Testament it says that if anyone asks for your coat give him your cloak too. We of The Catholic Worker are ready and willing to turn the House and the grounds over to the Transit Authority and reject all claim to it. But on second thoughts it is the readers of the Catholic Worker who gave the money to buy the house, to be used for the poor who come to us, and as custodians of a trust we must be true to it.

Open Letter

(Continued on page 2)

conflict with those of others; and they will not if we have right relations with God.

As I studied the relationship between love and peace, it became more and more apparent that pacifism was the only possible course I could follow.

There are other grounds for Christian pacifism.

In the Sermon of the Mount, which is a kind of Christian Manifesto, there are a number of counsels to non-violence. Jesus tells us that we should not even be angry with our brother, that we should not go to court to settle disputes, that we should turn the other cheek, that we should love our enemies and do good to our persecutors. He tells us the Golden Rule. In the Sermon he gives us the eight beatitudes. A careful analysis shows that each beatitude builds on the one before until they reach a climax in number seven and are summed up in number eight. Number seven is, "Blessed are the peacemakers; they shall be counted the children of God." These passages are too serious and too numerous to be ignored by a practicing Christian.

The popes have been troubled enough about world conditions to write about peace. Pope Pius XI wrote *Ubi Arcano Dei*. Pope Benedict XV wrote *Ad Beatissimi*. Pope Pius XII has dedicated his reign to peace. Likewise there is much interest among theologians today about the problems of peace and pacifism.

A number of saints whom we try to imitate in their holiness were pacifists. Any list of them would have to include Martin of Tours, Ignatius of Antioch, Maximilian, Irenaeus, Tertullian, Victorinus, and Francis of Assisi. The Christians in their early persecutions all passively accepted martyrdom at the hands of the Romans.

One may point out the traditional teaching of the Church on a just war. But the necessary conditions make a just war almost humanly impossible. Also, these conditions are in the realm of "natural morality," i.e. a heathen is expected to wage war in this manner. However, the Christian must conduct his life according to supernatural morality as well as the ethics of the natural law. It is upon revealed morality that I base my pacifism.

The moral evidence has piled up to such a weighty height that I feel conscience-bound to work for peace, not by legislation nor war preparation, but by spiritual means. Being so intent on peace, I would be grossly hypocritical to say "peace" and learn war. I am obliged in conscience, as a Christian, to repudiate war, violence, militarism, the armed forces, and—concretely—the draft.

These are my reasons for taking the stand of draft refuser:

1. My conscience forbids me to participate in war activities.
2. By registering as a conscientious objector, I sanction the draft law as it is written—military training for all except C.O.'s. However, I do not believe in military training for anyone, so I cannot cooperate with the law.
3. Registering as a C.O. is not a definite enough stand. I think that the position of non-registrant is the only way to do it. A pacifist should make a complete break with war. Registering will convince few, if any, of my sincerity.
4. By registering for alternative service, I free someone else that much sooner to learn war games.
5. Because of the fixation on the traditional "just war" teaching of the Church, I might have trouble getting a conscientious objector classification as a Catholic.
6. Because I have asthma, poor eyesight, and flat feet, I might get a 4-F (physically unfit) classification, without having a chance to express my disapproval of war.

I have based my stand on moral grounds, but I might also point out that Christian pacifism (as all Christianity) is also the practical

thing in the long run. Another war, which would equal or surpass the destruction wrought in Europe and the Orient during the Second World War, would be far too costly for any nation to assume. A nuclear war could spell the destruction of man himself. On the other hand, non-violent resistance can work miracles, e.g. Gandhi's freeing India.

I have taken this non-registrant position knowing full well what I am doing and knowing the possible consequences. I must be civilly disobedient in this case, so I have written this statement making my disobedience open and making it clear that I am a draft-refuser, not a draft-dodger. I am willing to be imprisoned for my disobedience if the officials think it necessary. I plead innocent of any wrong and guilty of disobeying the immoral draft law.



I want to say that I believe that our propaganda and war preparations against Russia are wrong. Atheistic Communism is primarily a spiritual and moral evil, and must be fought by spiritual and moral means. "If you want peace, prepare for peace."

Finally, although I see many of my country's policies as wrong, I want to assert that I love my American homeland, and desire its best interests and its growth in freedom, equality, justice, and charity.

Michael S. Willis
7807 Halton Ave.
Cincinnati 31, Ohio

Harborless

(Continued on page 5)

and \$3,500 was soon collected; this was enough to buy a house.

The next step was to form a non-profit corporation to buy property for a needy family, and let the family make monthly payments to the corporation. Part of the payment each month is applied to the first mortgage and part toward repaying the down payment. This, in effect, is a second mortgage. When the down payment has been restored, title is conveyed to the family, which then takes over the original mortgage and the Foundation has its original money back. This can be applied to payments on a house for another family.

Rent is set at the amount the family can afford. If for some reason the family cannot make payments, the county welfare department pays rent for the family; this has occurred only once.

The only stipulations that the Foundation makes are that the father be employed, the mother a good housekeeper and in control of the children, and that there be at least five children in the family.

The Foundation is run entirely by volunteers. Five or six women devote much of their time to the work; the officers of the Foundation are business and professional men, and there is a lawyer who has contributed his services from the beginning. The office equipment is Mrs. Fischer's telephone and three metal card files. The Foundation is non-sectarian and sets up no requirements as to the religion of the families helped; the family is referred to a priest or minister to help them with their spiritual needs. Those who work with the Foundation do not claim to have cured the whole problem of bad housing for large families; but they do what they can. They hope that other groups in other cities will come together to do the same work.

Hiroshima

(Continued on page 2)

ington Books, 346 Concord Ave., Belmont 78, Mass. Price \$3.75, illustrated, I had read before when I had visited June in the Village and eaten her whole wheat bread, yogurt and honey. This book was published, four editions, in 1941, but a young fellow who liked the idea of the simple life that she and her husband Farrar had lived all over the U. S., among the Eskimos, and years ago and now on their small island in Puget Sound, reprinted the book, with an added postscript by June. My Autobiography is about sold out and is not copyrighted. I wonder if anyone will like it enough to reprint it—or to try and live the life of secession from exploitative society that I emphasize. In fact that is a question most often asked me, "Do you think you are doing any good?" I think of course that I am doing the most good by my fasting and picketing or I would not be doing it.

We Who Would Not Kill by Jim Peck, Lyle Stuart, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. City. \$3, is written by my old friend and fellow picketer and jailbird. It tells of his time in Danbury prison as a conscientious objector in World War II. It is detailed and gives an unemotional picture of life in prison without hardly any preaching or moralizing, which becomes Jim's nature. Jim does not let you get inside himself and the book could be twice as long, but until Dave Dellinger gets time to write his account this remains one book that tells the story. Jim was the last one of the Golden Rule crew to get out of Hawaii jail and I will be glad to see him again as we meet to plan further civil disobedience in this area.

Three Priests by Joseph Dever, Doubleday, N. Y. City. \$4.50, tells of three boys who grow up together and become priests. One is a liberal who very nearly gets radical at times as editor of the diocesan paper, although he is a nephew of the Cardinal. Another is guided by the Holy Spirit and Irish humor to say the right thing, the daring thing, at the right time, but because he puts the spirit above the letter he always just misses out to the third priest who is scheming and prone to "scarlet fever" since boyhood. When I speak in Boston I always visit John



Cort and Joe Dever and their wonderful families. Joe is not a radical; he is a liberal, so this book seems too terribly tame to me, but it is interesting in depicting the struggle, even of liberals, with the "brass" in the Church. When I was reading this book I learned of a lobbyist who went to Trenton, N. J., advocating the bill to abolish capital punishment. He saw many priests there and was cheered to think that they would be on his side. When he met them he discovered that they did not know there was such a bill up for discussion; all they were interested in was the legalizing of bingo. While Joe does not discuss just this question the idea of conflict between the selfish and the social interpretation of religion is given, and the Trenton episode could well be a barometer of the spiritual life of the Church in America today.

As I continue traveling on the west coast, Denver, Cheyenne, Minnesota and Wisconsin until the first of November I will tell of my experiences in the CW.

Confucius, Gandhi

(Continued on page 2)

least yearn to believe, who have faith or at least a faith in faith... what makes us so often teeter on the edge of anger and collapse? Why is there in ourselves so little of the harmony and joy we would like to spread to others? What can we possibly light up if we ourselves are dark?

Is it perhaps that we're banking on changing the world? And quick? Are we pinning our hopes on results, REE-SULTS? Are we each attempting to hoist the world onto our shoulders, we who grow at best seventy-two inches up from the whether or not the world can actually be changed is unimportant ground and who must strain to lift a hundred pounds of potatoes or clear thoughts?



As Confucius would have said, and not worth thinking about. Or—to put it another way—is God's part of it, not ours. That human creatures keep trying to improve it is important, to the individual who does it, to mankind, and, I think, even to God Himself. And who should these individuals be? Who's responsible and privileged? Those who have ears to hear, those who do know what they do—we know who we are. And this is reasonable, because once your ears have heard, once your eyes have seen, once you know, happiness or liberation is henceforth out of the question for you, except in one direction, living for the common weal, which, in my loose definition, puts you, even if you're backing away from it, into politics.

Political religion is old stuff. Its essence is the struggle for power, unevolved since the trilobites fought one another back in the Cambrian Seas. But religious politics is something new. Its essence is the struggle for Grace. Politics as a religious form (in contrast to religion as a political form) has long been gestating, of course, but Mohandas Gandhi was its obstetrician. He delivered to us a working method of Christian warfare—peacefare would be more accurate—which means combat not quiescence, for though peace is its center, the peace is internal. Gandhi's contribution is in a way analogous to Einstein's but the gift of satyagraha is more significant than the gift of atomic energy—by the precise amount man's spirit is more significant than his body.

Formerly the words saint and politician were pretty close to opposites. Now in our lifetimes the world has had a saint-politician and largely because of him political action has acquired a dimension that is not merely temporal. But before we go charging off waving our Gandhian banners, let's be very sure we've heard him. Just why did Gandhi undertake what he undertook? Was his primary reason to throw the British out of India? . . . REE-SULTS? Or was his reason more like the reason of Confucius and the honey bee? Was the liberation of the subcontinent of India and the marvelous manner of it merely one of the by-products of a soul tagged M.K. Gandhi's efforts to feed its virtues and sublimize its vices, to seek out the nectar of the life in Truth, to liberate itself to God? Just one of the by-products, and maybe not even the most important? If India had remained a colony, if it were to revert now to dictatorship, if Gandhi had "failed", would Gandhi's sanctity or marvelousness be less? For one whose direction is

Godwards, the word failure is meaningless. Just like taking a knife and slicing the air into cubes. And in the twentieth century few will argue that air doesn't really have any existence or importance.

Religious politics is plain old political religion unless it involves love for those who don't love you. It's wasted effort. But it is absolutely impossible to love other people unless we get our minds off results. If we're banking on changing somebody or changing the world, and they don't change—and they won't, not the way we want them to—it will be impossible not to feel frustrated and frustration leads inevitably to anger (or to despair, which is passive anger) and anger in any form can't occupy the same space as love. So there we are again back in the Cambrian Seas.

Love as caritas is a frightfully abused word. Loving our neighbor as ourselves doesn't mean we should feel about Joe Smith and ourself the way an ordinary man and wife feel about each other or the way an ordinary parent and child feel about each other. Not passionate attachment. Compassion detachment. As a statement of the nature of caritas none has been as eloquent as the Sermon on the Mount and still its words have been perverted by countless politicians and hypocrites for their own ends ever since. But the final sermon of Christ, the Sermon on the Cross, "Forgive them, Father for they know not what they do," this was of an absolutely unpervertible eloquence, and very few politicians have used it since. Gandhi was one who did. He died not in long agony but with the instantaneous shock of bullets. Yet even so he died with his hands raised in blessing and his last words were God's name.

Love is just another word, lifeless unless clothed with the living flesh of human action. Love alive is what Gandhi meant by our daily means, which he cautioned us to watch rather than the ends, for, as he said, "If the means are good the ends are bound to be good." Never do the ends justify the means. What the true ends are we can't grasp any more than the honey bee can grasp the principle of plant-pollination. The ends are out of our range entirely, the ends belong to God. Detailed utopian blueprints, beautifully worked-out and sighed-over ideal societies, smooth-running hypothetical machines—these are not only a kind of arrogance, they are, like all arrogance, a form of ignorance. If there's love alive in it, the society's bound to be good.

In essence the reason of religious politics must be the search for nectar, the reason of the honey bee . . . and of Confucius.

The Machine

The more we invent machinery between us and the naked forces the more we numb and atrophy our own senses. Every time we turn on a tap to have water, every time we turn a handle to have fire or light, we deny ourselves and annul our being. The great elements, the earth, air, fire, water are there like some great mistress whom we woo and struggle with, whom we heave and wrestle with. And all our appliances do but deny us these fine embraces, take the miracle of life away from us. The machine is the great neuter. It is the eunuch of eunuchs. In the end it emasculates us all. When we balance the sticks and kindle a fire, we partake of the mysteries. But when we turn on an electric tap there is as it were a wad between us and the dynamic universe. We do not know what we lose by all our labor-saving appliances. Of the two evils it would be much the lesser to lose all machinery, every bit, rather than to have, as we have, hopelessly too much.

—D. H. Lawrence

THE LAND

Peter Maurin Farm

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

The Fall days come upon us long before the time set for its official arrival by the almanacs. The days are still hot and humid and the landscape is lushly overgrown with verdure. The sun's rays are still intense and it is not wise to go too long without a hat, but underneath all the aspects of summer can be found traces of its end.

The advent of autumn can be found in the early morning chill before the sun rises and also in the multicolored hues of green to be seen in the shortening twilight. Other signs can be found in a walk along a country road. The Queen Ann's Lace has begun to bunch up while the milk weed has begun to form its seed pods. Upon opening one I discovered hundreds of seeds each with a tiny silken strand ready to fly away.

Surprising enough the first change of color is to be found in the poison ivy. The deadly green has been transformed into a light green covered over with mottled splotches of brilliant red. But beautiful as it looks it is dangerous to touch. A careful search also discloses an occasional leaf turned red on the sassafras tree and the sumac. These herald the fact that in a short while the entire landscape will be ablaze in its autumnal colors.

The arduous tiresome work of constant weeding has begun to pay off in the bumper crops that we are getting from our fields and gardens. The struggle to keep down the weeds has come to an end, and the surviving weeds, since they no longer present a problem, will be allowed to coexist with the vegetables.

However, there has been no respite from their labors for our farm workers. The chore of weeding finished they have concentrated their efforts on picking the corn, tomatoes, string beans, beets, etc. The faithful workers have been John, Charles and Irving assisted by the Hughes children, Johanna, Tommy, Mary and Jimmy.

The canning department has been active in keeping up with the constant flow of vegetables coming in from the gardens. The shelves in the barn, at this early date, are already loaded with about a thousand jars of tomatoes, beets, string beans, etc. Last year enough food was preserved to supply our

needs through the winter—this year we hope to do better.

We are still sending in baskets of fresh vegetables to the City House and hope soon to send in a load of pumpkins and butternut squash. This helps to keep down our food bill.

Our two pigs have now become hogs with the amount of food that we have been giving them. (It is said that a pig is a pig until it reaches a 100 pounds and then it becomes a hog.) We hope to have a deep freeze by the time they are ready for the butchering. Even Ammon, our vegetarian, confesses that the only meat that makes his mouth water is the smell of bacon frying.

The bull calf who is now several months old is also destined to end his days in the deep freeze. We would love to keep him, but then none of us here at the farm are anxious to contest possession of a field with a bull.

"Be sure and mention Frances our goat," Mary Hughes told me. "We are going to keep her and John is the only one who can milk her. She came on a Feast of St. Frances and that is why we call her Frances. And be sure and mention my kitten too; I call him 'sneaky' because he is always pretending to be asleep. But don't call him 'sneaky' in the paper as he won't like it, call him 'spunky' instead."

Mary Hughes is ten and acts as a reporter for this column. She goes about interviewing people and writing notes for me. Mary is the first to answer the phone (that is if she can beat her brother Tommy); but as a good reporter Mary gets the facts.

The Hughes children are a real asset to our farm. Both Johanna and Tommy have become proficient at milking the cows. Tommy, who is conscientious, borrows my alarm clock so that he can be on time to milk the cows.

Milking is a true art and one must have a knack to coax the milk in a steady swirling stream. We have several kittens in the barn who benefit by the children's activities, since they are given the first taste of the milk.

A newcomer to our staff is Helen Perry who comes from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Helen is capable and efficient and has managed to fit into our way of life.

Among the many visitors during the past month were Leon and Elinor Paul; Eileen Corridan, who

had been one of our first editors back in 1933; Paul Magurie from Boston; Father Harry Machorsky Quebec; W. R. Fournier from Montreal; Russell and Marilyn Yohn from Elgin, Ill.; Betty Jane Duffy from Omaha, Nebraska. Minnesota was well represented in the past month. We were happy to welcome Mrs. Bernardine Johnson who came to attend the marriage of her daughter Sheila, a former staff worker. Also, Helen McIntyre, Catherine Lodahl, Rose McDonnell, and Marion Judge.

We were all saddened by the news of the death of Chad Smith. Mr. Smith and his family had spent two years with us and we felt very close to them. Chad died August 14 after a serious operation



and he was buried in our plot in St. Joseph's cemetery, Roseville.

The grave was dug by Charles Russell, Andy Spillane, Joseph Monroe and Johannah and Tommy Hughes.

The Requiem Mass was said by Father McCarran, from Brooklyn and young Quentin Smith was one of the servers. The Mass was sung by Ed Turner, Joe Monroe, Anne Marie Stokes and Johanna Hughes.

Please pray for the repose of the soul of Chad Smith as well as for the souls of Roy Duke, Father Sheehan, Don Humphries, Jim Kelly—all friends of The Catholic Worker who died within the past month. May they rest in peace.

HONEST VOICES NEEDED —AND LOUD TOO!

Dear Mr. Stanley:

I should like to comment on a letter from Mildred Hatch on the subject of nutrition and the poor which was published in the CW for June 1958.

I cannot agree with Miss Hatch that the poor can have good nutrition at the rock-bottom level in our present economy. For the truly poor, meat and fruit are always a luxury and for much of the year green vegetables are in the luxury price range too. The great American tragedy is that the foods which are the mainstay of lower-class diet—bread, rice, cornmeal, spaghetti, grits, etc.—are so completely devitalized in processing as to have scarcely any positive nutritional value apart from calories. In the interests of a soft, mild-

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Eric Gill

Respectable democratic-capitalist-industrialism is as atheistic, as destructive of responsibility and the human person, of hope and love, as is communism itself: that is, practical materialism has precisely the same effects as the dialectical materialism with which Marxists oppose metaphysical and spiritual truths; totalitarianism is a logical development of democracy. If all things are to be made by machines within a "rationalized" system there must naturally be more and more standardization.

Our present organization, while it keeps many in dire want, insufficiency and grinding insecurity holds up for our admiration and effort the pursuit of wealth and luxury; while many are ill clad and ill-fed, and ill housed, many have a standard of living that is absurdly high—this standard of living that the middle class consider their due especially outraged Gill's doctrine of poverty...

tasting product with good "keeping" qualities, all grain products on the general market are degenerated. This removes practically all the protein—a factor in which the lower class diet is nearly always deficient—and most of the vitamins and minerals. Further deterioration in food value takes place through months of storage.

My family eats whole grain foods by virtue of the fact that I buy them at a health food store at prices from 50% to 200% higher than the processed varieties on sale in the super-markets and this has raised our food budget about 50% over what it would be for similar foods purchased from the A & P. For the truly poor such an added expense would be prohibitive even if they had access to health food stores. But these foods are not available at our A & P, which serves a poor area of Atlanta. True, they usually carry wheat germ, but you can buy whole wheat flour only occasionally while a dozen or more brands of white flour are available. 100% whole wheat bread is rarely available, and may I point out to Miss Hatch that even oatmeal and "brown" rice as purchased at a supermarket are not whole grains. In addition, it is my observation that supermarkets in poor sections of our city keep much poorer quality and selection of fresh foods than in better sections, but the prices charged for them are no lower.

Granted that much money is mispent on "cokes, cakes and white bread," a flood of national advertising informs us daily that coke is "fresh and nourishing" and white bread is nutritionally superior to brown. There are few voices brave enough to protest this highly promoted fallacy. Even valid nutritional research organizations sponsored by our state and federal governments seem to promote it, or at least to have a conspiracy of silence on the subject. Books such as those Mildred Hatch offers to lend are not available to the local branch of our public library. We have need of loud and honest voices to tell the truth about food values to counteract this flood of propaganda.

In conclusion, it is my opinion that we will have good nutrition for our poor as well as our rich when the people have been educated to demand right foods and when whole grain products are available and cheap in all our stores.

Jeanne F. Mansfield
159 Hunnicutt St., N.W.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Request For Information On Communities

Distinguished Sir,

It is my pleasure to address you in my professional capacity of social assistant to request of you a list of dates and references which treat of the origin and progression of organization, how it operates, and is maintained, as well as the ends it pursues—the doctrine by which it is inspired and at the same time whatever other elements of information it possesses relative to the experimental communities—Maryfarm and Peter Maurin Farm. Personally I am greatly interested in obtaining the precise dates of the opening of the communities of Hutterites in South Dakota and Bruderhof in New York State.

The monthly Catholic journal in Argentina—"Christian Democracy" (No. 3, January 1958, pps 177-184) recently published an interesting article entitled "An essay on Christian Anarchy," written by Michael McCloskey from which I found the reference which moved me to write to you in the hope that this letter will be considered favorably and answered with concern.

It is not necessary, Mr. director, to point out to you the great interest that I have to learn of the growth of the Catholic Worker movement as well as the first results which it has already achieved, not only for my own information and concern, but also for its diffusion amid the circles in which the social assistant functions.

I leave awaiting gratefully your response, hoping for a fuller understanding by your attention to my urging request.

I am happy for this opportunity of greeting the director with the greatest consideration and I place myself at the same time at your disposal.

Eduardo Carlos Praprotnik
Calle Argeñel 3358.
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Canadian Land Venture

Dear Friends,

We plan to start a small, non-sectarian, self-sufficient community in or near the Peace River District of British Columbia, early this coming spring. Land is available there, and there is no draft. We are realizing just how much of this civilization is mechanized, impersonal, and yet controlling by means of economic and social pressures. We think that tho an individual could express himself here, it would be much more difficult than in such a community. Realizing that the rest of the world will not be moved by our example to plunge helter-skelter into communities, we will not be disappointed if they don't; we are going because we feel that such a life is the best way for us to find meaning and freedom in this age. This letter is an invitation to anyone similarly moved and interested in joining us—please get in touch with us for we are eager to talk it over.

It will mean a lot of hard work. The winters in British Columbia are long and cold; the land we can get will be uncleared and isolated; our first year will be without benefit of much experience or accumulation of supplies. We are spending much time and effort on preparation, investigating such fields as organic gardening, goose and goat raising, logging and trapping. Nonetheless it will not be easy, but we feel the eventual (and immediate) return is well worth the price.

Yours,
Mr. and Mrs. Eric Freedman
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