Men Without Hope: Industry's Victims

A Factory Worker Writes: Ten years ago I joined the army to escape the terrible work and the terrible food. All fellow workers are "characters" like myself. Guts that have no goal in society's pattern. Farcical and bold like me unable to get up early in the morning no time on one to care or care for them. Each with a "history" of his own. Most of the funny looking and odd ... but good steady workers and craftsmen of a sort. But working much v 969 much as a "Bowery" bum and have learned to understand the meaning that lies in the words of Whitman among them. Wolfe and Sandberg. See the "lost souls" that make up the meandering shifting labor markets; the cold impersonality of union business. That is "business." For the first time, it seems, I've learned to appreciate somewhat the value of my own face and to look forward to the end, so to speak. Without the cash on his pockets "home" is made up. Money with man is made up. This is the world as it is today. All else is simply ideal and childish. When I see all these "poor men" who do as hard as they can without any appreciation from anyone ... Men who cannot afford to own the cars they build. "Men without hope or aim in life ... going from day to day in existence simply, because they have not the courage to destroy themselves quickl y, yet permitting the machine in which they are not in existence made slowly and necessary into the dust from which they came. The world some where some (most) men take Holy Father Asks for Aid On Personal Level

Our greeting is addressed before all others to the poor, to the oppressed, to those who, for whatever reason, sigh in affliction, and whose life depends, so to say, on the hope which can be breathed into them and the measure of help which can be procured for them. They are so very many, these beloved children! The unending pains of so many children may indeed weigh heavily on our heart, but the word of our Divine Master, "Let not your heart be troubled nor fearful ... I am going away and am coming back to you," (John xiv, 28), is a powerful spur to us to use every means in our power to bring comfort and relief.

Christ's Example
With all this in mind, the question rises: what has Christ's example taught men? How did Jesus act towards poverty and misery during His earthly sojourn? Certainly His mission as Redeemer was to free men from the slavery of sin, which is the extreme form of misery. Nevertheless the greatness of His most sensitive heart could not allow Him to close His eyes to the suffering and the sufferers among whom He chose to live. Son of God and herald of His heavenly Kingdom, He was happy in stooping compassionately to heal the wounds of humanity with its tattered rags of poverty. He was not satisfied with proclaiming the law of justice and charity; nor with condemning with withering anathemas the hard-hearted, the inhuman, the selfish; nor with the warning that the final sentence of the last day will have as the standard of its judgment the exercise of charity, as proof of the love of God. But He spent Himself personally in order to help, to heal, to feed. Certainly He did not ask whether, and to what extent, the misfortune before Him happened because the political and economic order of His time was defective or lacking. He was indifferent to that. On the contrary, He is the Lord of the world and of its order. But just as His action as Savior was personal, so He wished to meet life's other misfortunes with a love that was personal. The example of Jesus is today as ever, a strict duty for all. We wish to draw the attention of those who step forward as benefactors of mankind the superstitution which holds for certain that salvation must come by organizing men and things in a strict and unity directed towards ever higher capacity to produce.

Reapracacy
They think that if they succeed in coordinating the energies of man the resources of nature in a single organic structure for the highest possible production, by means of a plan carefully made and executed, then every kind of desirable benefit will spring forth: prosperity, security for the individual, peace.

If anyone still doubts about this state of affairs, let him turn his gaze upon the teeming woods and in shady trees are budding, and so at St. Joseph's Church in Rossville, we were able to have a similar gathering. The church is surrounded by a hedge, around by the drive and the front door again. We all felt happy in this renewal of the people's participation in the rites of Holy Week.

Men without hope: Apostle of Sicilian Poor On Trial

Here is the story of Danilo Dolci as published in the Anarchist weekly, and the New York Daily News, Sunday edition last week. That Dolci calls him an apostle of the poor and gives a more detailed account than Freedom. He has just gone on trial in Palermo, Sicily, for leading 200 unemployed men in rebuilding a road in the hope that somebody might pay them for it. The anarchist paper calls it a reverse strike of the unemployed laborers at Particella. The Massechusetts Guardians' Fund correspondent describes this strike as "the technique of doing a piece of unauthorized labor that requires the attention of the authorities to the need to provide employment or necessary public works." The official charge is of resisting a police officer that he would not refuse to walk in the Trials, using a technique we have criticized here. He was born in Cosenza. Dolci is thirty-one years old and has married a widow with five children. His mission as Redeemer was to use every means in order to help, to heal, to feed. Certainly He did not ask whether, and to what extent, the misfortune before Him happened because the political and economic order of His time was defective or lacking. He was indifferent to that. On the contrary, He is the Lord of the world and of its order. But just as His action as Savior was personal, so He wished to meet life's other misfortunes with a love that was personal. The example of Jesus is today as ever, a strict duty for all. We wish to draw the attention of those who step forward as benefactors of mankind the superstitution which holds for certain that salvation must come by organizing men and things in a strict and unity directed towards ever higher capacity to produce.

Alvaracacy
They think that if they succeed in coordinating the energies of man the resources of nature in a single organic structure for the highest possible production, by means of a plan carefully made and executed, then every kind of desirable benefit will spring forth: prosperity, security for the individual, peace.
The Daily Worker Case

During Holy Week, at noon one day, revenue agents suddenly raided the offices of The Daily Worker, Communist paper, evicting its editors, padlocking the doors, saying that this action was because of unpaid taxes. The editors claimed that there were no taxes due and that what the revenue agents were trying to stamp out was not a political activity but a摄入理了 of the press and so a violation of our guaranteed constitutional liberties.

It was a sudden gesture, totally unexpected by all those concerned and the result was an immediate protest on the part of radicals, liberals and a number of other Americans including members of Congress, who were not apt to associate the stigma of guilt by association, and who believe that openness, free discussion of ideas can never harm our way of life, or our Christian ideals.

During that great season of Holy Week, which this year began with the feast of Ascension (there is no time with God) which celebrates God becoming man, taking upon Himself our weak flesh, becoming like unto us in all things save only sin, all I could think of was that God loved each one of us in the same way.

If we can't get much further than seeking our own selves, conquered death, gave us hope. If we believe and hope in Him and trust are trying to grow in love of Him, we must try to reflect a little of this Christ love and trust and mercy in dealing with the matter from the standpoint of the newspaper alone). for it is likely that Raymond has been the first. • -

Today at St. Francis a grey with his sketch of me on the front page and carrying the newpaper for the first time, I met a woman who had stopped by to ask me if I was a Republican. I told her no,

The Holy Father in his Easter message says that not to "every appearance of faith is guaranteed the victory," and that faith is defined as "the vague and indistinct idea of Christianity, flabby and empty, which remains on the outer threshold of conviction in the mind and of love in the heart. It is not set into the whole structure of life whether public or private... true peace is not a state of repose like what is described by those who are the sons of the world." We are taught that it is a sin to keep silent when we should speak out in defense of the right, thus consenting to wrong... that God turns even malice and wrong doing to His own glory. If this must be true at whatever cost to ourselves... that it is only the truth that can liberate us. This is not consistent with all the things in mind we sent the following message to the editors of The Daily Worker:

"We at the Catholic Worker express our sympathy to The Daily Worker in the eviction they have suffered even though their beliefs are contrary to our own. Freedom of the press is not an empty right for us. In the Catholic Worker, as in the Daily Worker, we have liberty of speech and freedom in general is essentially a religious concept. The Smith Act itself shows that our country is so superciliously religious and so superciliously bound up with the consequences of a faith in freedom and man's use of it. (In a lighter vein), if we only had the space and could be truly charitable and hospitable we would offer the use of our offices and even of our mailing list, since the bureaucrats have confiscated yours, and we are sure that we would risk nothing in such a gesture but achieve a helpful clarification of thought. Yours for a green and peaceful revolution. The editors The Catholic Worker. D.D.

We have noted in our paper that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has obtained a warrant to search our offices and home of our editor, Dorothy Day, in connection with a raid on the offices of the Daily Worker.

We have been asked by the F.B.I. to appear before a grand jury and answer questions. It is time the Catholic Worker should make its testimony. Doubtless the F.B.I. has a right to investigate the Catholic Worker. Perhaps it is right to make a search of the offices of the Catholic Worker. Perhaps this is the right approach in our present time.

A number of weeks ago a search warrant was obtained for our office. We asked the district attorney why the search warrant was obtained. He said the charges were made by a number of persons who had been in our office.

We have been asked to answer questions with regard to our relationship to the Daily Worker. We are related to the Daily Worker in the same manner as a teacher is related to students. Perhaps the Catholic Worker and the Daily Worker are related in the same manner. Perhaps it is right to make a search of the offices of the Catholic Worker.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

BY DOROTHY DAY

A few years ago we had the joy of hearing Fr. Damasus, O.S.B., give a conference during Lent and he read us this story:

"In those days a Dorianic woman came to Eileus to Mt. Carmel; and when the men of God saw her coming towards them, he said to Gïst his servant: Behold the Prophetess is coming, let us go and put her all well with thee and thou and thy wife the wife with her.

And she answered: Well; and when she came to the gate of God to the mount, she caught hold of his feet and said: "Why wilt thou not receive me with your grace, and have mercy on me, and give me a succor, for I am desolate, and my husband gone away, and I have no inheritor of my goods, but only a daughter of fifteen years old. Let her alone for her soul is in mourning and the Lord hath hid it from me and hid it from me.

And she said to him: Did I not say of my lord, and did I not say of my lord, Do not hide thy face from me?"

The prophet had been fed by the woman during a famine and had been given shelter as he had foretold that day; and when he had eaten, the woman and he had fastened to the prophet. He responded at once and said: She shall have a son. And when she had got up, the prophet said: Go. And she went her way.

And she fell in the way on her way to her daughter. And when she had got to her she said: Let me now come and see my daughter. And she was not content and would not leave him until he went himself with her. She said to him: Go, let me go to your house and I will look after your little daughter for you. And the prophet said: She is not for me.

They were not considered to be living in fire traps. At any rate due to the tearing down of other slum areas, there are not many who have ever read and understood the privilege of listening to the story of Eliseus as expounded by the master class. But the prophet had hastened to the prophet. He responded at once and said: She shall have a son. And now that son had died. And she was not content and would not leave him until he went himself with her. She said to him: Go, let me go to your house and I will look after your little daughter for you. And the prophet said: She is not for me.

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ASCETICISM

CHRISTIAN ASCETICISM AND MODERN LITURGY

LITURGICAL PIETY by Rev. Fr. Grenier of the Oratory, University of Notre Dame Press. 296 pages. $4.95. Reviewed by Rev. Father O'Gorman.

After reading this book it is not hard to understand why the French Oratorian is one of Father Moret's favorite authors.

Father Bouyer starts out by ex- plaining the modern liturgy of the liturgy. In doing so he spares no one, neither the saints, nor the scribes and the Pharisees, no great religious orders nor that of Saint Paul, outside his vision. He sees God in all men and all men in God; as he sees he loves and when his heart opens the rack is placed and the hand is on the winch. He lives his life in the wasteland of the passions where a divided heart looks into the depths of the world and suffers the passion of the world. He lives the tensions of relationships between their high pitch and finds himself completely fulfilled. Walking through the night carrying a ladder he will till the rich soil the sleeper child Mauriac writes of Xaver:

"Struggling his muscles to the last bearable point, he still moved forward, and though his heart told him he could see before him the thin back of a man. He caught the gesture of aiming an angel of peace."

This sends blood to the head! Xavier cannot evade any of the passions in his life of those He moved amongst. Maybe even seemed a bit lax so the psychoanalytic self, being the equivalent of excessive love as a positive assertion of initiative, of responsibility, of self-hate. Self-hate in and falling under the thrust of pain-inflicting instruments.

M. Mauriac, the great novelist of our time, knows better than the others the secrets of relationships among men, who are marked only by the link in a chain, a bond of love, that is a necessary evil. It's the contrary of the world. It's the undoing of personality. "Stretching his muscles to the end in itself. When the first step is taken, it must be quite clearly, the ribs rising, the agonal gun at them."

The text of a Medieval Disputation broadcast on the B.B.C.

THE LAMB

by Francis Mauriac

Tr. by Gerald Hopkins.

Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, N.Y.

Reviewed by Rev. N. O'Gorman.

A saint loves God at his great risk. Love is the in- clusive net and no one escapes the Saint's gaze; outside his vision. He sees God in all men and all men in God; as he sees he loves and when his heart opens the rack is placed and the hand is on the winch. He lives his life in the wasteland of the passions where a divided heart looks into the depths of the world and suffers the passion of the world. He lives the tensions of relationships between their high pitch and finds himself completely fulfilled. Walking through the night carrying a ladder he will till the rich soil the sleeper child Mauriac writes of Xaver:

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I SPEAK MY OWN PIECE, Autobiography of "The Rebel Girl" by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Masses and Mainstream, 626 Broadway, N. Y. City, 1905. $2.50, paper; $2.65, cloth. Review by Sister Mary Joseph in The Catholic Worker.

I don’t want to be an actress! I want to speak my own words and not say what others have written, for I believe that I have just as much right as others to say what I please. I have no need to hear anyone else tell me how I should feel or what I should think. I don’t want to be an actress, I want to be a rebel. I want to fight for my rights and for the rights of others. I want to be free to express my thoughts and feelings without fear of censure or ridicule. I want to be a rebel, a rebel for justice, a rebel for love, a rebel for peace.

The REBEL GIRL

The Tidewater in 1912.

S. A. Thoreau

The LAWRENCE AND THE PATTERSON STRIKES: The 1912 and 1913 strikes of the Pullman Palace Car Company were the most dynamic force in labor in the U. S. The wages had been so low and the living conditions so poor that the strikers were starving. Families were evicted so friends in New York City and Boston and Philadelphia were able to raise money to keep the strikers from being deported or fired. The strike was over. The appearance of these poor, ragged men from the textile towns touched the hearts of all but the police who clubbed them and took them to the Poor Farm to keep them away from their families. The strike was over. The American flag was carried by strikers. Their orders were shoot to kill. We are not looking for peace today; we are looking for justice.

The Big I.W.W. Strike

The Lawrence and the Patterson strikers carried with them their famous American flag. When their strike was over, they went back to work. The strikers were 13 and 14 years old. They were typical of the American working class. They were not interested in politics, they were interested in work. The strikers were not interested in the American flag, they were interested in the American dream.

The Pullman Strike

The Pullman Strike was a strike by the Pullman Palace Car Company workers. The strike lasted from May 1 to November 8, 1894. The strikers were demanding a 25% wage increase and a shorter workweek. The strike was led by Eugene V. Debs, a socialist and labor organizer. The strike was crushed by the use of federal troops. The strikes were a testament to the power of the working class and the need for a revolution to bring about a society based on the principles of justice, equality, and freedom.
On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 21)

not wonder that Dick had the chance to speak, to defend one self, but that automatically all are guilty if they stand accused. They are guilty of the same count. That is the way it seems. It is the system. It is all too big, too ponderous, too everything. Nothing needs to be done. The law is there and the smaller church, the smaller institutions, many smaller courts, hospitals, and so on. And I wonder that there is ever any unemployment with all the work there is to be done in the world. Even the WillieRis, a Real estate manager of John Woolley the early Quaker, on the subway, I find I come to the same conclusion. Every workmen of the centralization, without community as a way of living. The trouble with all the communities represented was that they have time or talent to repeat or parrotical articles on what is going on—inferences, family relations, with the state and the "outside" world in gen-

erally. There was emphasis placed on the impossity of any land movement today in the face of general industrialization and urbanization. There was especially emphasis placed on the impossity of any land movement today in the face of general industrialization and urbanization. There was emphasis placed on the impossity of any land movement today in the face of general industrialization and urbanization. There was emphasis placed on the impossity of any land movement today in the face of general industrialization and urbanization. There was emphasis placed on the impossity of any land movement today in the face of general industrialization and urbanization. There was emphasis placed on the impossity of any land movement today in the face of general industrialization and urbanization.
The only way the White and Blue can see is Red.

It is useless to put all business out of business and to keep everybody in business. Is work has begun on the next century. One of the small oil build- ing with the water line run from the barn. Pipe from the various needed fixtures have been given to us by Greg Bailey, an old friend of the Worker from the Easton days.

The Reds of America

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By Robert Steed

Street Apostolate

I.

A common principle in the philosophy of the Church is that the only one who goes out every day to sell the paper and attempt to keep it in is the one who does it out three or four times a week.

Ammon picks his areas of operations and the exception of Fordham and St. Patrick's in the lower half of Manhattan, places like Union Square, The New School, The Jefferson School. There is nothing most of the bushes are on the radical side and usually in the same lanes and the same times, and the same places. So in order for the paper to reach every strata of society, I'd think of the Columbia University, Fifth Avenue, the corner of Fifty-Second and Fifty-third streets in front of Tiffany's, Fifth Street and Lexington Avenue. There are people all over New York City. The people one encounters in these parts of town are usually just the kinds of people that the types Ammon meets downtown, financially well off, conservative Republicans.

Columbia had been selling the paper off and on for about four months, and there was an entrance to Columbia before I ran into any difficulty too. The first day was a big day, and the Columbia University detectives, a fellow with a very obnoxious nature asked me if I was a student and when I replied that I was not, he said, "Big game, mate, you can't sell paper there unless the university owns the sidewalk itself."

His argument about the ownership of the sidewalk was not correct, but I didn't argue but let.

Then I called back to the WORKER and I asked Augustin and he said he thought there was too much work there. I should call the Civil Liberties Union and ask them what they thought about the idea. I talked to George Rundquist who told me that he was sure the university didn't own the sidewalk, so I went over the sidewalk along Broadway, although it does the part of the 116th street that runs through the grounds, and that was another big mistake if I was arrested the Civil Liberties Union would make a case of it for me.

So I did go back but I didn't run into the detective who had chased me before. Instead I met another who was a Catholic and who bought a copy of the CW from me. I hope that if I see him again next week after he has read the paper he will still see me.

Most of the students there are courteous and well mannered. I heard a fellow who bought the paper (I usually sell about 50 in a day there) who said, "You can always tell the Catholics because they are a minority and emotionally insecure and are very anxious to have a Catholic-Catholic student get what they consider to be the right picture of Catholicism."

Last week a group of about five Catholic students walked up to the dorm where I was doing new ball at me (he missed) and another bought the paper. This was scandalized when he went into answer to his query as to the week's events and he said he was an anarchist-pacifist. I told him to take it to the American Union who, I said, would let him know that we were really Catholics. After he came back; he had read the paper from the front page but had not been able to find Father Daly. He had heard that the students there saw the Catholics were becoming extremists and fanatical about the paper.

He quoted St. Thomas at me but didn't seem to have too many of his theological or spiritual qualifications for a war just. The only argument he had was that which justifies the making of bombs in the homes on factories and accidentally killing women and children who try to impress on him the significance of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount but he wasn't interested. He said that if he found the Church supported the paper then he might have to seriously reevaluate his acceptance of Catholicism.

Now the last thing in the world we want to do is to be the ones who are just the truth of the Church but as I said in the first place, it is the only thing that really matters and everything must be sacrificed for the Truth. And the only way to arrive at the Truth is to pose problems, not to answer them, and sometimes cause a "stink" because the Church does not want to be questioned. It is the only voice of the incident is to see someone who is not convinced in such matters to get excited. Too many Catholics simply don't know enough about the Church to answer the other about the crises of our time unless they are physically affected. They would probably be "scandalized" by that magnificent article of the World's magazine about THE FALLACY OF IRAN-PERSEPOLIS by Pere Dumery. They would be afraid to "scandalize" the Church that their DURUM to "Temptation to Do Good" too. In fact I intend to introduce him to the fact that there is an error in this book. But this is the type of "scandal" that many need to have thrust under their noses. Perhaps they should ponder these words of Pere Dumery: To find a way out of temptation and to condemn are the favorite pastimes of men who have nothing to create and who entertain no original ideas, but who are aroused by the popular current, reflecting and working with ideas. If the Church, as an organization, is not to lose the intellectuals in the 20th century, we must get rid of the pretense that the Church does not exist.

In order to get at those who, in spite of the Fathers and Doctors and the great masters of theology and the spiritual life, have a terrifying fear of a Catholic-Catholic student and are afraid of their convictions waver to such an extent that they fear irreparable damage to their worst and highest aspirations. Is this the time to think of the simplest test? Is the word of God to languid that we have to offer to the unconverted a wretched crutch? Valerian could say of such necessities that they really took too many pains to prove to us that the paper was not what it said. Maurice hurled at them: That God prefers imbeciles, that God prefers imbeciles to ass this!

The Fallacy of 26th Ave.

One day last week and a very busy day for me in front of Tiffany's when a wide-awake woman came in with a dollar bill in her hand and quivered "Is that Dorothy Day's paper?" When I replied that it was she handed me the dollar and said "This is for the building fund." Her name was Mrs. and to condemn are the favors of God. She had said earlier that she was an actress and was "be- some" and that the world was asleep now, in this tiny pile of metal we call gold. But in the way we solve these problems most of us are courtesies and well mannered and only lit- he is closing his eyes; and the day- erant and the ones who buy eminent historian of Thoin- without the spotlight of publicity. And justiee-,

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