

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Men Without Hope: Industry's Victims

A Factory Worker Writes:

Ten wasted years since my discharge from the army and life's too short to waste another day. This job is a hard one, and I work on very heavy equipment, on the go every instant, bring my own "lunch" (buy a sandwich on the way to work, then some milk from machine they have that dispenses ½ pint for .12c). All fellow workers are "characters" like myself. Guys that have no part in society's pattern. Fortyish and bald like me unable to get up early in the morning on time, no one to care or care for them. Each with a "story" of his own. Most of them funny looking and odd . . . but good steady workers and craftsmen of a sort. Been working very much like a "Bowery" bum and have learned to understand the meaning that lies in the words of Whitman and Thomas Wolfe and Sandberg, as pertains to the "lost souls" that make up our meandering shifting labor markets; the cold impersonality of the great cities and the "anatomy of loneliness" . . . For the first time, it seems, I've learned to appreciate somewhat the value of my own life and to look forward to the cold gray days, as does the squirrel. Without the cash in his pockets a "bum" is made of a man. With money a man is made of a "bum." This is the world as it truly is. All else is simply idealistic and childish. When I see all these poor men who do work so hard with no appreciation from anyone . . . Men who cannot afford to own the cars they build. Men without hope or aim in life . . . going on from day to day enduring their existence simply because they have not the courage to destroy themselves quickly, yet permitting the machine in which they are caught to mangle them slowly and inexorably into the dust from whence they came . . . In this world where some (most) men take better care of the cars they drive

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH COMMUNISM

By PETER MAURIN

There is nothing wrong with Communism, but there is something wrong with Bolshevism. The thing wrong with Bolshevism is that Bolsheviks are not Communists; they are Socialists. For if the Bolsheviks were Communists, they would build Communism. And the Bolsheviks do not build Communism; they build Socialism; they build State Socialism. The Bolsheviks probably hope that the State "will wither away," and that they will be able to pass from State Socialism to Communism without the State.

TWO REDS

Some time ago I was discussing in Harlem with a Russian Red and an Irish Red.

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Apostle of Sicilian Poor On Trial

Here is the story of Danilo Dolci as told by Freedom, an English Anarchist weekly, and the New York Daily News, Sunday edition last week. The Daily News 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 someone might pay them for it. The anarchist paper calls it a reverse strike of the unemployed laborers at Partinico. The Manchester Guardian's Rome correspondent describes a reverse strike as "the technique of doing a piece of unauthorized labor to call the attention of the authorities to the need to provide employment on necessary public works." The official charge is of resisting a police officer (he went limp and refused to walk to jail, using a technique we have criticized in our friend Dick Kern) and for organizing an unauthorized demonstration.

There has been such widespread protest at his arrest, both from liberals, communists, leading intellectuals, so many petitions have been received from all over the country, that the one concession of an immediate trial has been granted. According to Freedom, the custom usually is to hold such political prisoners for a year or more before public trial.

Dolci, who is described as a writer and social worker, was born at Trieste, is an architect by training and a follower of another well-known social worker, Don Zeno (who was responsible for a community of the poor and friendless—Nomadelpia). "Dolci is described as a preacher of non-violence who has lived among the poorest and most derelict people of Sicily, at Trapatò and Partinico, to restore a sense of human dignity to the people of the depressed areas." He is trying, the News comments, to follow in the footsteps of Mahatma Gandhi.

Dolci is thirty-one years old and has married a widow with five

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"THE POOR YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE WITH YOU"

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, 27-28), 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 not 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 superstition which holds for certain that salvation must come by organizing men and things in a strict unity directed towards ever higher capacity to produce.

Beauracracy

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 world of misery, and let him ask the different classes of the

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Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

We have finished digging out from under the Big Snow of Passion Sunday week-end. We were snowbound for five days, and even now, ten days later, patches of snow in the woods and in shady spots everywhere are reminders of those surprising three days, when it snowed and snowed, and we thought it would never stop. With all this, the hyacinths are coming up and trees are budding, and someone the other day saw a robin. Palm Sunday was sunny, and so at St. Joseph's Church in Rossville, we were able to have a proper procession during the services. The whole congregation processed out of the church, around by the driveway, and in by the front door again. We all felt happy at this renewal of the people's participation in the rites of Holy Week.

Many people have asked how Father Faley is. He is still in St.

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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 wanted was a glimpse at their files, the names of those who were contributing to make up their deficits, and their subscription lists. They have appealed the case to the courts, and protested to the President that this action was an infringement on freedom of the press and so a violation of 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 plenty of other daily papers who were not afraid of 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 the Annunciation (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 so particularly that He bore our sins, died for our sins, conquered death, gave us hope. If we believe and hope in Him and I 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 our fellows, friend and enemy. At times like this we can't get much further than seeing our own sins, our own guilt, especially since we as a country seem to be trying to outdo Russia in ways of killing off as many people as possible with guided missiles. One thing which will guarantee a continuance of the arms race is to play up a spirit of fear and such raids as that on *The Daily Worker* is as much calculated to inspire that fear of ever present menace and danger in our midst among the citizenry in general as it is to outlaw the Communist or make existence difficult for him. (We are not trying to judge the case only as a tax case, and don't know anything about political parties and their payment of taxes. We are dealing with the matter from the standpoint of the newspaper alone).

The Holy Father in his Easter message says that not to "every appearance of faith is guaranteed the victory," and that appearance of faith he defines as "the vague sense 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 death, but rather the power and activity of life."

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 ends . . . that we must be ready to uphold truth at whatever cost to ourselves . . . that it is only the truth that can imbue men's hearts with true freedom. So with all these 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 a concept fundamental to Jeffersonians and libertarians and freedom in general is essentially a religious concept. The Smith Act itself shows that our country is so superficially religious that it is not willing to take the risk and 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 healthful clarification of thought. Yours for a green and peaceful revolution. The editors *The Catholic Worker*. D.D.

P.S. Seriously speaking, since it has been called to our attention that the faithful are forbidden to read Marxist writings, we withdraw our facetious offer of our mailing list.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By Ammon Hennacy



Coming down from the 5th floor, front, before 7 a.m. I meet Tom who is up earlier mopping the halls and the office. He has his own schedule of washing certain walls until he has gone over the whole building. I meet him Monday nights when I sell CW's at Cooper Union, as he is much interested in the lectures there. He is more scientific than religious and much more political minded than I am. George, the night watchman, tells me of anything exciting that has happened during the night. He has about the worst job, for he must tell drunks who come to the door that they are welcome here—when they are sober. Either then or when I return from 7 o'clock Mass Little Tommy remarks cheerfully about the weather.

I do not go to Mass daily because I am so pious, but having become a Catholic at the age of 59 I have to make up for lost time. Also, I have so much to learn that a daily reading of the saints in the missal is of itself some of the education which I need. After Mass I buy the New York Times and read it for 20 minutes while I eat an apple or drink some tomato juice. I then hand it over to Bob Stewart who is generally up early and at the desk opposite mine where he is acknowledging contributions sent to the CW. Walking down to the East Broadway Postoffice for the mail I have often noticed in the doorway of a condemned building an old man who has made this 3x4 space his home for the night, lined with cardboard and old newspapers for a cover. He was there all during the recent snow storm. Being not far from the Delancey Street comfort station he is fairly comfortable and free. Maybe he makes his living gathering cardboard and selling it. A block or two south of the CW is an unused large doorway to a large building where there is room for about half a dozen men to hole up in a similar manner.

I see the same men searching garbage cans all along the way, some having sacks in which they collect bottles, others specializing in rags, others munching something to eat which they have found. There is not much use in going over the CW garbage cans for it is likely that Raymond has been there first.

At the Postoffice I sort out the mail, some of it has to be forwarded and some has insufficient postage which is better attended to right away. I put the letters for those who live in the house in one pocket of the bag which Rik made for me in Phoenix and which I use for the double purpose of selling CW's and carrying the mail. Another pocket has the letters for Dorothy. My own I put in my own pocket, and the general CW letters remain.

Back to the office by 8:30 to 8:45 I open the mail and enter in our ledger the amount of money sent in, mailing at once any new subscriptions and putting them in the basket for this purpose, and for the change of addresses. Keith in the file room came from Chicago some months ago and he quietly attends to making out the cards and stencils. Any of the letters which require an answer I attend to as quickly as possible that day.

Monday's and Thursday's I aim to stay in the office all day to catch up on correspondence. Tuesday's from 11:30 to 2 I am at Pine and Nassau meeting my Wall Street friends. One stretch of soapboxing there was enough to establish the fact that a Catholic anarchist had delivered his message that time belonged to God

and not to bankers—even 1%. Folks who wish to stop and discuss with me can do so on Tuesday's. Tuesday nights I go to the New School for Social Research near 6th Ave. and 12th street where from 9:30 to 10:30 I meet interesting students. Wednesdays I am at the uptown Fordham gate from noon until after 4 p.m. Here I have many friends and I meet students who ask questions and later come down to our Friday night meetings. Wednesday nights I go to the Jefferson school near 6th Ave. and 16th Street where Marxist ideas are taught. If questioned about our non-political stand my answer is that in Russia the enemy of the free worker is the bureaucrat and the Communist, that in this country the enemy of the free worker is the bureaucrat and the capitalist.

Some Thursday nights I go with one or two others to the cheap movie on 3rd Street beyond Ave. B where Russian and Italian movies are shown. At other times I sell CW's at 14th and Broadway where I meet a great variety of people out for Thursday night shopping. Friday's at 43rd and Lexington from 11:30 until 2, where I was arrested twice for selling the CW, I meet many friends. I choose this corner because it is near Grand Central and the U.N. where strangers can become acquainted with the CW. Saturday afternoons I try to be again at 14th and Broadway. Sunday I attend 8 o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's and sell CW's there to visitors from all over the country until 10. Then I go to St. Francis near Penn Station until 1:35 p.m. meeting some whom I know, but mostly travelers in and out of the Statler Hotel and Penn Station. Any time I have left over I use in compiling an index of the CW. I am picketing the income tax office here Friday, April 13th.

Kind To Animals

Today at St. Francis a grey haired woman shouted to me "Why don't you drop dead?" I told her I didn't feel like it. Shortly afterward she knelt to caress a small Scotty dog which a man had on a leash; then she went on in to Mass.

Duffy, the black dog which was brought here as a puppy, and who was petted and overfed, died the other day at the nearby veterinarians of distemper. Since Herman the tom cat had left to roam the streets Duffy had taken his place as our house pet. Now we have a box full of kittens in the office.

Meetings

The other day the Rev. Howell, the kindly Methodist minister who pilots groups of students over the city, had about 50 from Drew University in front of our place. He was up at the entrance telling them about us. I gave him copies of the November issue with Tom Cain's excellent CW positions and he asked me to briefly explain our radical ideas.

Last Sunday I attended a disarmament meeting at the Community Church uptown and listened to a panel composed of professors, state department experts, Norman Thomas, and a Quaker. I had been asked to be in the audience and present our view if and when the opportune time came. We had met in ten groups of about 20 each and discussed the subject and then had come back for general discussion.

Someone mentioned that what was needed was a new political party. I said that this was the time for an anarchist to speak and I told them of Randolph Bourne who was the only editor of the NEW REPUBLIC in 1917 who did not fall for Wilson's "war to end war", and who said that "war is the health of the State." I pointed out that the State was founded upon exploitation and to expect politicians who lived by a war economy to do away with war was like expecting a butcher to put a vegetarian sign

in his window. Butchers don't do that. Each year well meaning and kindly folk held just such meetings to find the best way of putting salt on the tail of the bird. Each year they wrote letters, passed resolutions and voted for the "best" man without changing their own lives. There are three ways of getting peace in the world: getting 51% of the bullets which is the approved way of all governments, although most of those present didn't shoot; getting 51% of the ballots—the worst I wished them was that their "good" man would get elected and they would find out he was just like the others. The other way is for us to change ourselves, and as a first step, at least for pacifists, I ended by suggesting that a refusal to pay income taxes was an overt act understood by militarists.

One of the most interesting meetings I have had in years was at the ritzy Canterbury School at New Milford, Conn. This is for boys from 14 to 18, and as is true in small communities I had a larger crowd than in the bigger cities where there is so much competition. This school is run by Roman Catholic laymen. I visited their beautiful chapel. About 180 were in attendance and gave fine attention with so many questions that I was not able to answer them all before closing time, and continued to answer the queries in a standing room only at history class next morning. After the meeting I was pleased to meet Father Quinn and faculty members and wives where informally the CW and all of our ideas were discussed. The boys bought 20 of my books and asked for 50 copies of the CW to be sent. I was also pleased to see them playing hockey which I had never seen before. The March 12th issue of their paper THE TABARD gave a fine front page picture of the CW with Eichenberg's Peaceable Kingdom as in our December issue, along with his sketch of me on the front cover of my book. Their description of my life and talk had a few small factual mistakes but not more than the city papers generally have, but on the whole showed a lively interest in the issues I presented.

Jesus De Galindez

Last night I attended the monthly Spanish rice dinner of the anarchists at the Libertarian Hall on Broadway, along with a Catholic from Chicago who is a new reader of the CW. The main subject of discussion was the sudden disappearance of Jesus De Galindez, head of the Basque government in exile, a devout Catholic of Republican rather than anarchist tendencies among his countrymen in Spain. He had spent some time in the Dominican Republic opposing the despot Trujillo. He had also cooperated with anarchists here in anti-Franco picketing, and was beloved by all for his tolerance toward our extreme ideas, and for his courageous spirit in fighting tyranny wherever he found it. It was pointed out by speakers that the police and the FBI are very quick to catch those who rob banks, but do not exert themselves to find those who assassinated Carlo Tresca, nor to solve the disappearance of Julia Poyntz years ago, and of Galindez today. Galindez taught at Columbia and had recently a book off the press denouncing Trujillo.

Quakers and the Law

Yesterday I went to Philadelphia to attend the trial of my tax-refusing Quaker friend Dick Downham at Judge Welch's court. Dick had registered when at the age of 18 and later becoming a Quaker and an anarchist he became classified 4E and was ordered to do work of national importance under the direction of selective service. This he refused to do but nothing was done about it by the draft board until recently.

The Quaker Judge who in 1940 (Continued on page 6)

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

What is charity, and what is the love of God?

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 from the Old Testament:

"In those days a Sunamite woman came to Eliseus to Mt. Carmel; and when the man of God saw her coming towards him, he said to Giezi his servant: Behold the Sunamitess. Go therefore to meet her and say to her: is all well with thee and with thy husband and with thy son? And she answered: Well. And when she came to the man of God to the mount, she caught hold of his feet and Giezi came to remove her. And the man of God said: Let her alone for her soul is in anguish and the Lord hath hid it from me and hath not told me. And she said to him: Did I ask a son of my lord, and did I not say to thee, Do not deceive me?"

The prophet had been fed by the woman during a famine and had been given shelter so he had foretold that she would have a son. And now that son had died, and she had hastened to the prophet. He responded at once and told his servant to go and lay his staff on the child so that it would recover, but the woman was not content and would not leave him until he himself went with her. The servant had been unsuccessful, so Eliseus himself went into the house, and "behold the son lay dead on his bed; and going in he shut the door upon him, and upon the child: and he put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he bowed himself upon him, and the child's flesh grew warm." And this, Fr. Damasus explained, was the kind of charity and love we should have for each other. We should become so close to our brother that it is almost as though we had become one flesh. We should be growing toward the realization that "we are all members one of another, one body in Christ."

How far short of this we always fall in our care for others! St. Francis kissed the leper and so came to love him. Aldous Huxley has often in his writings spoken of the extreme gestures of the saints, in their attempts to overcome the revolt of their own flesh and to show their love for the sick and the sinful. We here in this country, in revolt against the poverty and hunger and sickness of the world, have tried to clean up everything, build bigger and better shelters and hospitals, where misery could be cared for in neat orderly rows, with bedspreads that may not be ruffled by the crooked limbs of age and bedside tables that will not hold the clutter of those who try to make a home around them with little possessions and luxuries. We have tried to do so much what with Holy Mother the State taking over to so great an extent the care of the poor. And the civil service lists grow, and the charity is only as warm as those who administer it. There are not many who have ever read and understood the story of Eliseus. And who of them have had the privilege of listening to the story of Eliseus as expounded by a Fr. Damasus?

Thinking of these things we are humbled indeed at all our failures considering our understanding of the subject. And we are humbled and grateful to the great mass of kind people who want to love, who want to care for those who are in need in the Eliseus way. During the past month, they have sent us more than half the money required, to meet the requirements of all the new laws passed in regard to "multiple dwellings," to keep our work going.

We have been classified as a multiple dwelling, a hotel, and the very fact that those who come to us cannot pay, deserve, the city tell us, all the more protection from the state, because they cannot go elsewhere. All the Puerto Ricans in our neighborhood who are living in unspeakable conditions of poverty, cold, with defective plumbing, lack of heat, several families crowded in one apartment, due to the tearing down of other slum areas, evidently are not considered to be living in fire traps. At any rate they have not met with the terrible urgency that we have, what with the summonses, fines, accusations that we are operating a fire trap!

"We Never Had It So Good"

The fact of the matter is that for the first time in the 23 years of the Catholic Worker existence, we have had central heating, bathrooms and toilets on every floor, plenty of hot water for our washing, large airy, and sunny rooms and so on. Since the tragedy of the fire, three years ago, in which five men were burnt, one of whom died of pneumonia, we have been doing everything possible to make our house secure against such a thing ever happening again. It was not the building that was at fault that time, but the carelessness of a man who smoked in bed, which meant a smouldering cigaret which burst into a flash fire, an open window on the fire escape which created a draught, and then the searing, terrible experience of a fire, which no one ever forgets.

So we put up an additional fire escape, appointed a night watchman with a keen sense of smell and a wide experience, cleared up all materials stored in the basement and tried, each time we were told by inspectors, to take care of each complaint month after month.

The trouble is we did not realize the need of a lawyer who would know the law and interpret the law to us. We got mixed up on what they meant when they said we had to file plans, and it was all but too late when we hired an architect.

I was thanking God that I had Miss Dorothy Tully beside me when I had to answer a summons to appear before Judge John Nichol for violation of the building code, and she having just come into the case (she had been looking into other matters for us) was as astounded as I was when the judge imposed a fine of \$500 for being a

slum landlord and operating a fire trap, a fine which he mitigated a few moments later by coming down to \$250, with two days to pay. The housing inspector also announced that there was already a vacate notice issued against us to take effect the following Wednesday morning.

All this came as a most stunning blow, and my first reaction was that on no account would I pay such a fine, but rather go to jail instead. But I knew I could not do that. I realized that such a move would not help the fifty or so people in the house who were dependent on the house for shelter and who would have to find homes within a week, I could see them being herded off to municipal shelters, mental hospitals, old age homes, the farm colony, hospitals on Welfare Island—to all the huge, cold institutions that break the hearts and spirits of so many. Some of our family could be put on the relief roles and given furnished rooms and money for meals—I knew that—but many could only live in a family such as ours. Neither the giant institutions, nor the lonely isolation of the hall bedroom would fit their case. There was of course The Pioneer, a hotel on the Bowery for women, where single women are referred from the family shelter. Here the city pays their hotel bills, and they are given a meal ticket to a neighboring restaurant, but this can scarcely be called the home which our St. Joseph's House of Hospitality undoubtedly is.

And what an expense for the city, and for the taxpayer! Andrei, a Puerto Rican longshoreman who had lived with us for four years, recovering from an accident which resulted in a crushed leg, had just recently been put on relief, and it was costing the city \$8.50 a week for his room alone. Multiply that by fifty and it means \$425 a week rent which we can be said to be saving the city. Not to speak of meals, three a day, and clothes, and carfares and all the little incidentals. Someone said to us yesterday, "You have the most expensive family in the city of New York," but that is certainly untrue. It is the city itself that supports the most expensive family. How many people there are who have salaries of, let us say, thirty thousand a year? And how many people do they support on that sum? Do they think feeding a bread line of two or three hundred twice a day, and seventy-five others three meals family style, and housing fifty more—all on thirty thousand a year, a very expensive proposition? My figures are rough of course. It may be more or less, and yet when one considers the farm at Staten Island where twenty more live, we are over estimating our cost.

Of course the city had not asked us to do such work. We were in fact intruding on what the city fathers had come to think of as their responsibility. They did not want to listen when we spoke of personal responsibility, and family responsibility, or parish responsibility, or the principle of subsidiarity. Maybe we talked too much about it and confused the poor inspectors. They were only doing their job when they studied the laws, and new ones being put into effect every year, and studied our old building, a hundred years old, and tried to figure out where we were going to get the money, poor as we were, to do all that would be required. Maybe that was why they never would tell us in detail just what had to be done. They talked vaguely of sprinkler systems in the hall, and fire retarding, and we started to save for the sprinkler system, and waited for more definite orders. But they were going on the assumption that we, the stupid citizen, knew the laws, and knew the violations which had been placed on the house in the last few years. We didn't even know how one went ahead to find out. Now, at last, we have learned the painful and hard way, the necessity of having lawyers, to study for you, to speak for you, and to protect you from injustice. I had called Dorothy Tully in so late that she did not even know there had been a fire, let alone what the details of the case were. So we both had been rather defenseless before the judge. It all came to a head, to a crisis, instantly.

It was Wednesday, Feb. 28, when this happened, and in two days the month of St. Joseph would begin. All we could do was to pray to St. Joseph. And for a small town carpenter (although a somewhat travelled man what with exile in Egypt) he certainly set the wheels in motion.

The first thing that happened was a telephone call from Will Lissner of the New York Times, a star reporter who always signs his articles, who understands Catholic social principles, and who was telephoning on another matter altogether. I told him of the morning's occurrence, and he hastened down to see us. The fine, he said, seemed an exorbitant one. He visited the house, called the judge and the commissioner of housing, and wrote a story about it for the New York Times the next day. His story led the judge to reconsider, so that he called up Miss Tully to come in with me, her client, the next morning. It also reached W. H. Auden, who had just recently been awarded the chair of poetry at Oxford for the next five years and who was soon going back to England, though he has been a United States citizen since before World War II. With all the spontaneity and warmth of love of the true poet Auden hastened to rush over to The Catholic Worker, meeting me just as I was leaving the house before nine a.m. on the way to the court at 151st Street. There was already a group of men hanging around near the entrance to await for the ten o'clock distribution of clothes (after the mail comes in) and as he seemed to be stepping out of the group, I had thought he was one of the unemployed men who had come to us, as they often do in snowy weather, to get extra clothing, overshoes, something they need for working at clearing the streets. "I did not look as bad as that, did I," he protested afterward, and I could only assure him that many a man in unfpressed tweeds, a bit drawn in the face from cold or from fatigue came to us with other basic needs than expressing loving kindness. Just the same I was embarrassed. I had been so harried, so worried, that I could scarcely see, let alone

identify anyone, and when Mr. Auden pressed a piece of paper into my hand and said, "Here is two fifty," I truly thought it was two dollars and fifty cents towards the fine. When I opened the paper in the subway and saw Two hundred and fifty dollars, signed by Auden, I could have wept for joy, it was so beautiful a gesture. Naturally I told the Associated Press reporter who was at the court to cover the case, so that this story too went out over the wires and was printed in many papers throughout the country as an engaging little incident in metropolitan life.

When I appeared before the judge again that morning, he said he had not known we were a charitable institution, and he held the fine suspended for the time being, while he gave us time to get the work done on the house to conform to housing codes. When the building inspector grumbled that it would cost at least \$28,000, the judge wanted to know whether we thought we could manage it. I told him that St. Joseph could. "Who is this St. Joseph?" he wanted to know, and Mr. Brady, the inspector answered that he was the saint to whom he prayed when he had to appear before Judge Nichol. "Does it do you any good," the judge wanted to know, and the inspector said "No." St. Joseph is not to be involved in politics or spheres of influence. He works much more directly.

The next incident in the drama occurred when we tried to see the Commissioner of Buildings, who would see only our architect, agreeing that the vacate notice also could be suspended if within twenty-four hours we had signed a contract with a sprinkler system man to put pipes in all the rooms, not just in the halls. The work to be showing when the building inspectors called the next week.

Since new legislation has meant that hotels and rooming houses were all deep in the work of remodelling, it was truly a miracle that we found a man at once who could do the job. We investigated a dozen sprinkler system firms and got estimates, and the man we signed on for the job had a most striking resemblance to the statue of St. Joseph which stands on the mantel in the office with flowers surrounding him (and now palms and pussy willows) and the vacate notice hung around his neck. So as not to obscure the statue the notice hangs down his back like a cape.

The Press

With all these visits to court, to municipal offices, lawyers, architects, sprinkler men, Charles McCormick, manager of St. Joseph's house and general treasurer, and I too have been very busy. In the midst of it all, newspaper reporters and photographers came to visit us and took pictures of our library and offices and dormitories so that by now their files are filled with many a view of St. Joseph's House. The ladies in the library all loved having their pictures taken, Mollie, Veronica Kane, and many of the men all presenting a most studious appearance as they sat around appearing to be reading. As a matter of fact there is always a great amount of group therapy going on what with gossips and rumors and tales of adventure, the search for jobs, for homes, for relatives. I'd like to have recordings of all the tales told in our library. Through it all, the men of the press were kind and courteous and sympathetic, and the stories that appeared were also in the same spirit. With the result that in two weeks fifteen thousand dollars came in, to get our work well under way—the work of installing a complete sprinkler system throughout the house, and the self-closing doors, fire proofing and all the other changes the city is calling for. We were somewhat discouraged by one inspector saying that it would take \$40,000, rather than \$28,000—but after all, our Father is a millionaire, indeed a billionaire, and St. Joseph is in turn the foster father of His Son, our brother. So what have we to fear? We will get what we need. The state spends far more on one guided missile. We have sent out our usual spring appeal, and have no doubt but that our bills will be covered, and for food, too, which after all is one of the biggest items around here. Through it all, the line goes on, the house continues to eat, and while the plaster falls, the dust settles, Roy and Larry continue to get out the best meals in the city, corned beef and cabbage, steaming potatoes, hot tea or coffee, good food, cooked with good love.

One funny thing about the publicity, the papers kept emphasizing work done for the men of the Bowery, emphasizing the men to such an extent, and always speaking of me doing the work, when they might better have spoken of the other members of the staff; so that a detective calling up about a friend said that it seemed rather funny, me working with all these men. I told him that one of the things that made our work human was that two floors were devoted to women who had a great deal to do with the upkeep of the house, making it a cheerful and bright place to live.

Help came in from all over, from the police department's pension fund, from parole officers, from doctors and nurses, and lawyers, from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Joint Board, from the president of the State Senate, from priests, from Bishops, from Monsignori. We were heartened by visits from one of the priests from Catholic Charities, by a contribution from the pastor of our parish.

We All Are Guilty

In writing about all these our vicissitudes, I do not want to give the impression that we feel ourselves persecuted. Such laws as we have been in conflict with are for public safety, and we have been trying to comply. It is just that laws become very complicated. The inspectors have been trying to do their duty, and the judge his. As I have sat in courts, all of them overheated and stifling, and seen the crowded dockets, the masses of documents relating to a million minor offenses from traffic violations to leaving garbage can lids off, the few judges there are to take care of the work (the city claims it cannot afford more) I

(Continued on page 6)

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

ASCETICISM

CHRISTIAN ASCETICISM AND MODERN MAN—Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 E. 40th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y. \$6.00—Reviewed by Robert Ludlow

Since Christ was a perfect man He possessed a perfect body. I don't know if that is a necessary follow-up. It seems there were traditions to the contrary. One tradition that one of His legs was shorter than the other, hence the slanted bar on the Slavic Byzantine Cross. But that tradition based as it was on one of the psalms which stated the Messiah to be the most abject of men and having in him no comeliness did not survive. Survived rather the first I mentioned, survived also as an explanation of why He suffered from pain more than anyone. The more the perfect the body, the more refined the senses, the more responsive to pain. Duller men lasted longer on the Cross than He. The pain He felt reached a degree of intensity never before or since experienced, with Him it was purely redemptive, there could be no question of a pathological slant to it since in Him was not the contrary pull of evil. It's redemptive quality was vicarious, sinless He was in no need of redemption. God as well as man He came as the Redeemer. Asceticism played no great part in His life on earth. We know of the forty day fast. But for the most part He conformed to the usual life of those He moved amongst. Maybe even seemed a bit lax so as to be known as a wine-bibber. At any rate we look in vain for those spectacular displays of penance we read of in the lives of some of the saints. So it was for the most part in the primitive Church. There was penance, but a negative thing. It was not generally sought after as a positive thing, a self-inflicted pain united with the pain of Christ and having merit as such. That conception rather waited till Medieval times to fully develop. Every once in a while the Church has to remind some enthusiasts that asceticism is one means of perfection. Never is it an end in itself. When it becomes an end in itself or when too great stress is laid on it, it becomes pathological—breeds a joyless morbid religiosity which may proclaim orthodoxy on paper but breathes the spirit of Calvinistic gloom.

There is this problem however of a perfect body. A relative concept as far as we are concerned. I mean we cannot have a perfect body in the sense He could, one free from the disruptions of the effects of original sin. So pain could not be as intensely felt by us as by Him. But the fact is brought up in this book of the differences in times and places and the relevance of all this to ascetical practices. That as we become a very urbanized, very "civilized"

people—and we do in our mode of living, it is beside the point to go into the "barbarities" of civilization (they are there but not expressed in the way we live from day to day)—as we become then "refined," as the body becomes more sensible to pain a curious thing takes place, not in all, not in a majority, but of enough significance to bring about a re-evaluation of the positive infliction of pain as an ascetical practice. Due to the presence in us of what was not in Him there seems to creep in a relationship between pain and pleasure. A pathological tinge of pleasure, a relationship of the erotic to pain which the unwary, the unknowing, follow in the name of religion to their own psychological undoing. There is also a marked increase in passivity connected with this phenomena, a pathological desire to submit, but a submission having its roots in the erotic and as such not the "free" submission of the Christian. Hence the need for great care and introspection in the use of such positive pain-inflicting instruments as formerly were used as a matter of course. That could in certain circumstances advance to holiness of life but in others be the undoing of personality.

The reason this leads to disintegration of the person is not because the erotic is evil but because it represented an arrested stage of erotic development, a fixation in the oral or anal erotic states, which are essentially narcissistic and therefore essentially compensatory for self-hate. Self-hate in the psychoanalytic sense being the equivalent of excessive love as used in this book. The whole process of the psychoanalytic process, as well as of the Christian teaching, being to wean one from the particularized exclusive familiar love to that of love for the "outsider," the "stranger." To an assertion of initiative, of responsibility, an adjustment to the reality principle.

Analogically reasoning (and therefore inconclusive) we can see this even in the history of the Church. How those who fell away from the present living authority of the Church as expressed in Rome's willingness to teach now, to define now. Those appealing against her to the "primitive Church," those accepting only the first seven general councils, both became fixated and refused the challenge of a Christianity that rested essentially, not on archeology or traditions but on a living present and existential Church.

An asceticism that is not strictly subordinate to the love of God and neighbor, an asceticism that leads to bad tempers, to an icy "spiritual" veneer, to a pathological desire to dominate or be dominated, this is the false asceticism which is in need of reevaluation and elimination and the treatment of the whole problem is well handled in this valuable symposium by theologians and doctors.

LITURGY

LITURGICAL PIETY by Rev. Louis Bouyer of the Oratory; University of Notre Dame Press; 284 pages, \$4.95. Reviewed by Robert Steed

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

Father Bouyer starts out by exposing many "false conceptions" of the liturgy. In doing so he spares no one, neither the saints, Popes, Doctors of the Church, the great religious orders nor that venerable classic, Dom Gueranger's *Liturgical Year*, which is criticized for its "incredible weakness of scholarship."

He also has something to say about the art which developed as a "reaction against the spirit of the Middle Ages," which "craved the super-human instead of the super-natural, as witness the paintings of Michaelangelo and the

LET IT STAND THIS YEAR TOO
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT;
PERHAPS IT
MAY BEAR
FRUIT



statues of St. John Lateran with their hysterical gesticulations."

He tells us that while "it may seem cruel to criticize so unmercifully what was the beginning of a re-discovery of the liturgy" it is necessary if we are to ever get back to a true conception of what the spirit of the liturgy really is.

The next few chapters trace the history of the development of the liturgy and the modern liturgical movement and its leaders.

But it is when he begins an exposition of the epistles of St. Paul and their Eucharistic doctrine that he shows himself to be one of the finest writers that has ever dealt with this subject and can be favorably compared with Abbot Marmon himself.

One of the most beautiful things in the book is a translation of some Jewish liturgical gems, particularly the Shema Israel and the Mishnah which would make a very fine post Communion thanksgiving. He also gives us some beautiful excerpts from the liturgy of St. Basil.

In a chapter entitled *Ministries in the Mystery*, which deals with the relation of the bishop and his clergy in the liturgy, he asks a provocative question: "Would there be any objection to a priest's occasionally foregoing his private Mass in order to be in the sanctuary and to attend the bishop's own Eucharist, receiving Communion at his hands as the first of his people and then helping him to distribute the holy bread to others?" And of course he does not fail to put in a plug for the old stand-bys: lit-

(Continued on page 6)

The Net of Love

THE LAMB
By Francois Mauriac
Trans. by Gerard Hopkins
Farrar, Straus and Cudahy,
N.Y.C. and Reviewed by Ned O'Gorman.

A saint loves God at his great risk. Love is the inclusive net and no one escapes the Saint's embrace, no one is 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 at their high pitch and finds himself sundered there and fulfilled. Walking through the night carrying a ladder he will use to give comfort to a sleeping child Mauriac writes of Xavier:

"Stretching his muscles to the last bearable point, he still moved forward, and thought, as he moved, that he could see before him the thin back of a man. He could see the vertebrae quite clearly, the ribs rising and falling under the thrust of painful breathing, the purple weals of flagellation; the slave of all the ages, the slave eternal."

M. Mauriac, the great novelist of our time, knows better than anyone the calamities and secrets of relationships among men who are marked with divine love deep within. To look at another man, to sit beside him, to touch him, to pray for him is a greeting more absolute than the embrace of one's own son. The Saint is full of nature (a remark Mark Van Doren once made about Tolstoy) and cannot evade the world. The hankering for God is so complete that all men present to him the anticipatory beatitude, the sudden vision, the necessary conquest. Saints are dupes of beauty and of men as a streetwalker is the dupe of love. The ordinary man lives a life of careful evasions; his safety is in his limitation of love, in the fencing in of his sensitivity so that he is never too accessible to other men and other things. The world holds the Saint at its risk; the Saint holds the world at his risk.

The Lamb is the story of Xavier Dartielongue, a Saint, and those who pursue him and those whom he pursues. Xavier meets Jean de Mirbel in his railway carriage enroute to a seminary. He noticed Mirbel takes an unhappy leave of his wife and drawn by his special temptation to "others" he is persuaded to return to de Mirbel's home. The centre of the story is the relationship between Xavier and de Mirbel and it is seen through a complex of other meetings and other conflicts; between Xavier and de Mirbel's wife, his wife's mother, a foundling they plan to adopt, and the foundling's nurse, de Mirbel

pursues Xavier like a spy, demanding the information, the straw to clutch, for he is the predatory man who discovers himself at the edge of despair.

The action takes place in a country of the most audible and visual force: the sound of cartwheels, the throaty cry of a shepherd, tinkling of sheep-bells, rooster's crowing; the sight of mist, lines of pine, meadow streams, water spiders, nettles, grasshoppers, a moth, alder stumps and a bunch of grapes. Xavier wanders through the fields and in the halls of the great house; he goes with the foundling to his secret island, to visit a doubting priest in his rooms, to the gardener's shed for a ladder, through windows to cover a sleeping child. He follows the paths of all but de Mirbel, unless, as is made clear at the finish, his distance from Mirbel became shorter the farther he got away from him. The figure of de Mirbel lurks like a dark angel. Roland and Xavier are talking and we read:

"He took Xavier's hand and gave him a tug. Neither of them noticed a face pressed to one of the first-floor panes. Mirbel opened the window and went through the gesture of aiming an imaginary gun at them."

This sends blood to the head!

Xavier cannot evade any of the people he meets, they burn into him. In *Dominique* he finds the brief image of consummation. In the meadow Xavier and Dominique sit alone:

"He shook his head, and moved closer till their shoulders touched. She twined her fingers in his: the palms of their hands were in contact. So little did they move that a dragonfly perched on Xavier's knee. In the meadow beyond the stream, a light mist was rising. The sound of bleating, the throaty cry of a shepherd, the tinkling of sheep-bells, reached them from the road. Dominique's feet were bare in her blue rope-soled shoes."

Newman writes in a prayer: I have my mission. I am a link in a chain, a bond of connection between persons. I shall do his work. I shall be an angel of peace.

There is no chance in the world of God's will. Xavier moves toward his destruction like the lamb to the altar. He becomes the victim and gives himself with innocence and an understanding that only the Saint knows. I shall be crude and withhold the end. I shall hope to entice the reader to a book that in 156 pages is all one has the right to hope for in any novel. No statements are implied about the spiritual life that are facile and clever. Something is said about joy, that it is not the exclusion of despair; something is said about love, that it is not the exclusion of ugliness; something is said about Christ that is not the exclusion of men. Something is said about relationships that is the exclusion of pride.

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LABOR HISTORY

THE REBEL GIRL

I SPEAK MY OWN PIECE, Autobiography of "The Rebel Girl" BY ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, MASSES AND MAINSTREAM, 828 Broadway, N. Y. City. 1955. \$1.75, paper; \$2.50, cloth. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.



don't want to be an actress! I want to speak my own words and not say over and over again what somebody else has written. I'm in the labor movement and I speak my own piece, said Gurley, as she was always called, to David Belasco, when at the age of 16 she came to him upon his invitation for an interview. When her Socialist father wrote out radical essays for her to present to school she got there early and rewrote them as she wanted them.

This exciting, well-printed book, lacking an index, shows pictures of Gurley soapboxing 50 years ago at the age of 16, of Gurley with Debs and with Haywood, and a facsimile of a letter Joe Hill wrote to her two hours before he was executed in Salt Lake City in 1915. He said in part: "You have been an inspiration (to me) when I composed the Rebel Girl . . . now that I am gone be sure to locate a few more Rebel Girls like yourself."

She was born in 1890 at Concord, Mass. All four of her great-grandfathers joined Wolfe Tone in 1798 to help free Ireland: Gurley, Flynn, Ryan and Conneran. Her father was shanty Irish from County Mayo where the Flynn's said "God help us" and her mother was lace curtain Irish from Galway where the Gurley's said "God bless us."

She was baptized in the Catholic Church, but belatedly by aunts, for her father fell away from the Church like many others when Father McGlynn at St. Stephens in New York City was ex-communicated for refusing a summons to Rome to clear up a controversy between himself and his Archbishop over labor and Henry George, although he was reinstated later and had a Church at Newburgh. A great many of his parishioners and the children who came after him were lost to the faith. Gurley grew up tutored in radicalism by Jim Connolly, Irish Catholic editor of THE HARP, who was executed in the Easter Rebellion in 1916. She was taught also by Jim Larkin who boasted that in his family tree "a man was hung in every one of four generations as a rebel, Jim was a practicing Catholic and one of the founders later of the American Communist Party. Gurley quotes from the Irish historian T. H. Jackson, "Adherence to the Catholic Church came to be a point of honor with the common people of Ireland. Unlike other Catholic countries, the Church in Ireland was not identified with the ruling State and was persecuted by it. Laws were passed at one time under British rule forbidding Catholic schools or places of worship; nor were Catholics allowed to own property or be elected to office. Priests were forced to say mass secretly out in the hills. No priest was allowed to enter the country."

She joined the I.W.W. in 1906, knew the "saint" as Vincent St. John was called, and whom she admired more than any man she ever met, and Bill Haywood with whom she fought because of his centralization of authority in Chicago. She was the only woman arrested with

the Wobblies in 1917. She knew William Z. Foster when he was an I.W.W. and now later as head of the Communist Party, and she quotes Phil Murray as saying that he was one Communist who would always be welcome at his door because of his efforts in the steel strike of 1919.

Her father was a traveling map maker and they lived all over the country before settling in Harlem, and while not poverty stricken she knew what it was to have to decide between spending a nickel for a loaf of bread or a bar of soap, as Rose Pastor Stokes said to the rich woman who thought that "the poor could at least keep clean." She describes her life with Jones, the first western Wobbly she met, and married. Of living for years with Carlo Tresca, the anarchist, after he was released from Blawnox prison in Pa. and came to New York City to edit his anarchist paper.

The Class Struggle

In these days of labor and capital uniting to bless capitalism and war, and the welfare schemes of the grandsons of the "robber barons" who founded our dynasties of today, we need to remember that there was a class struggle in the years up to 1925 that Gurley writes about. (Her second volume will tell of her conversion to Communism and of her sentence under the Smith Act.) A vice president of Armour Company once told a union organizer: "Tell your union friends that organized labor will never get anything from this company that it hasn't the power to take." We must remember the Wobblies murdered at Centralia, Washington, on Armistice Day, 1919, of the seven men who got 25 to 40 years, and of the thugs who were never prosecuted; the six jurymen who swore later that they were coerced into finding the Wobblies guilty. We must not forget the Ludlow, Colorado massacre where women and children were burned to death in the tents in which they were living after they were evicted from company houses during the coal miners strike against the Rockefeller interests. Here the militia had fired into the colony, and besides 30 strikers were shot and killed. We are reminded of Grabow, Louisiana company lumber town with a high wooden fence around it and workers paid with 'scrip' instead of money. Here the I.W.W. fought the battle of these serfs. We learn of the Triangle Fire near Washington Square in 1911 where 146 women and girls were burned to death and no bosses were jailed for locking the doors for fear union organizers might get inside. It was these locked doors that made the firetrap.

Migrant Workers

The burning on May 1, 1917 of their bundles, which they carried on their backs, by the migrant farm laborers of the I.W.W. was a dramatic gesture meaning that from now on the employers were supposed to furnish clean camps with linen for the men. However one still sees "bindle stiffs" on the highways of the northwest. It was the cheating of these migrants in the lumber camps and big ranches by the fake employment agencies that caused the I.W.W.'s to protest and resulted in free speech fights in many western cities. These agencies who placed men on jobs and got their commission, only to have the men discharged after one pay, to be replaced by another man on whom they made a commission, called upon the police to prevent the Wobblies from exposing their fraud. Gurley was in the free speech fight in Missoula when she was eight months pregnant. She tells also, of the Spokane free speech fight where, "28 men were forced into a cell 7x8 feet in size. It took four cops to close the cell door. This was called the 'sweat box.' The steam was turned on until the men nearly suffocated and were

overcome with exhaustion. Then they were placed in ice cold cells, and 'third degree' in this weakened state." The call went out in each of these struggles and hundreds of Wobblies came in and filled the jails until the police gave up. She tells of a lumberjack who rode with her on the trains as a sort of guard. She praised the beautiful scenery and he replied: "Can't enjoy the scenery under the capitalist system."

The Big I.W.W. Strikes

The Lawrence and the Paterson strikes in 1912 and 1913 advertised the I.W.W. all over the world as the most dynamic force in labor in the U. S. The wages had been so low that as the strikes were prolonged the children were starving. Families were evicted so friends in New York City and Boston and Philadelphia offered to take the children into their homes and care for them until the strike was over. The appearance of these poor wide-eyed serfs of the textile bosses touched the hearts of all but the police who clubbed them and took them to the Poor Farm to keep them away from their striking parents. It was at a funeral of a striker who was killed in one of these skirmishes with the police that Col. Sweetzer of the militia "ordered the militia not to salute the American flag when it was carried by strikers. His orders were 'shoot to kill. We are not looking for peace now.'" (Today scores of children of the Doukhobors in British Columbia are in asylums because their parents will not send them to government schools where they are taught the glories of war, preferring to teach them at home instead. Many of the parents are also in prison.)

It was in Paterson that the strikers paraded with silk flags and signs saying: "We wove the flag; we dyed the flag; we live under the flag; but we won't scab under the flag." Girls worked for from \$1.25 to \$1.85 a week; and expert women weavers made \$7 a week and men weavers \$10 a week. "One little girl made 66,528 yards of ribbon at Bamford's for \$64.45." While the owners could not afford to pay decent wages they were also cheating the public by weighting one pound of silk in solutions of tin, zinc or lead, thus adding from three to fifteen pounds. Of course this weighted silk would crack and not last a fraction of the time that pure silk would. The I.W.W. brought hope to these starving and exploited people.

Gurley had met Tom Mooney when he was a young Socialist speaker and they had occupied the same platform in Wallace, Idaho. She fought in free speech fights with Frank Little, who was lynched in Butte in 1917 by the patriotic vigilantes. He was part Indian and said that he was "a real American and a real Red."

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

Those who want to know of this great injustice should read Boston by Upton Sinclair. Gurley tells of visiting Sacco with Mary Heaton Vorse and how a Catholic medal fell from his hand. He explained that his boss's wife was a good woman and had given it to him to help him in his trial and he did not want to hurt her feelings and refuse it. The \$3 that Debs got when he was released from Atlanta prison he sent to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Fund.

When my wife and I were in New York City attending the Rand School from 1919 to 1921 we often stopped in to chat with Gurley. I spoke to her once on the phone in Milwaukee after she became a Communist. While as an anarchist I disagreed with her, I have the greatest respect for her long history as a fighter for the rights of those who need help. Her confinement in the Alderson, W. Va., prison where she is now doing 5 years is evidence that she is still a fine Irish rebel. Her book is a vibrant story of labor's struggles in the first quarter of this century.

J.F. POWERS

THE PRESENCE OF GRACE by J. F. Powers. Doubleday, New York. \$2.95. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

If J. F. Powers had grown up with his nose pressed against a rectory window, he could hardly have observed more closely the life within than he seems to have done without this singular privilege. His attitude toward the clerics who populate most of the stories in his new collection is one of almost familiar intimacy coupled with affectionate understanding. He may stand outside the world he views but he approaches its people with a knowledge of their problems, their work, their eccentricities and their moments of splendor that springs from the heart as well as the mind.

Take for example Father Burner, the graceless hero of two of these stories, as well as of the title story in Powers' earlier collection *The Prince of Darkness*. Father Burner is an ordinary man, busy with his parish calls, his golf, his poker-playing friends from other parishes, wrapped in dreams of new buildings (when his pastor seems likely to retire)—in short a man preoccupied with the business of living. But something more complicated constitutes Father Burner's makeup—he is aware of the presence of grace. And so is his creator who so expertly and humorously traces this priest's step from darkness into light in "Defection of a Favorite."

Told in the first person by the pastor's cat this story has an air of fantasy that its author handles with flawless skill. The arrogant cat controls every situation and observes his humans with a wry eye and grudging respect (when called for). This odd and intriguing animal gets somewhat out of his author's grasp, however, in the other story, "Death of Favorite," in which the characterization of the priests is unconvincing and the cat too central a figure to shed much light on the human beings involved. The drollery of this latter story escaped me at first reading some years ago, and I find no new excitement in it now.

The most brilliant story in the book is "The Devil Was the Joker." This is a wild tale of an embattled ex-seminarian fighting for his life with the wily serpent, Mac, the satisfied ecclesiastical salesman who has Myles firmly in his grip and refuses to let him go. This story with its incredible denouement has everything that a short story should have and perhaps an extra touch of genius as well. The plot is much too good to give it away in a review. Just read it.

There are more stories in this volume that are going to stand up for more than one rereading. The title story in which an eccentric, almost doddering old pastor, demonstrates charity to his curate is a little marvel. "Dawn" is a chancey jest, with no charity whatsoever demonstrated. "The

Poor Thing" is a bitter study of a warped personality.

In general, I felt that the stories concerning priests were better than the studies of the laity, but let it be on record that judging from present and past performance it would seem to be almost impossible for J. F. Powers to write a bad story. If there is in this book no one piece that can touch that earlier soaring masterpiece, "Lions, Harts and Leaping Does," nevertheless Powers has maintained a consistent level of performance that practically no other American short-story writer can claim.

With *The Presence of Grace*, J. F. Powers has run away with all the ribbons. No better collection will be published for some time to come.

BOOK REVIEWS

One of the reasons we run so many book reviews is because our readers are so far flung that they have no opportunity to browse in bookstores and libraries as we do—also many of our 65,000 readers and more do not have the money to buy books. Which is no recommendation to the publisher to send us books for review, but then we review books that are not specifically sent out for review besides.

FIREPROOFING

As of Easter morning we have received \$23,876.40 toward our fireproofing, coming from all but seven of the forty-eight states and from nine foreign countries. The sprinkler system is installed and awaits only the opening to the water main to see if there is enough pressure. If not, a pump costing about \$1,500 will be needed to raise the pressure. Many people sent in money because of various newspaper, radio, and television publicity not stating which one impelled them to contribute. When they mentioned the source of their interest in us I marked it down. This is the breakdown. From the John Daly Program, \$113; Garroway Program, \$165; Mr. Auden and the Strike-It-Rich Program, \$437, including the \$315 he won for us. Those who heard of us in the COMMONWEAL magazine, \$293; in the JUBILEE, \$184. A total of these of \$1,192.

Of the amounts sent in \$4,000 came from \$100 donations; \$1,000 from \$200 donations; \$250 from one such donation; \$1,000 from \$500 donations; a total of \$7,250 in amounts of over \$100. The balance from small amounts, 382 of which were of a dollar or less. One letter came with 11c., some others with cards filled with dimes, and today \$1.32 in three refunds from Sears Roebuck purchases. Several groups of school children and of college students sent in collections. A Salvation Army girl sent in money twice from the south. Someone sent the Fire Department money, and some sent the judge money for us. Three Archbishops and seven Bishops sent us substantial sums; also many priests and nuns helped us. Most of those who sent in money do not take the CW, so they will receive this copy. If anyone has been missed it is either because we could not decipher their names or because of the rush, names have been lost. If you want the paper send for a copy.

Here is where the folks live who came to our aid. New York City, 657; New York State, 350; N. J., 149; New England, 148; the South (including one lady from Montgomery, Ala., where we have never had a subscriber), 131; the mid-West, 84; Pa., 70; Ohio, 48; Washington, D. C., 43; Wisconsin, 39; California, 39; Chicago, 28; Maryland, 21; Philadelphia, 17; and 26 Foreign, coming from Canada, Ireland, Argentina, Canal Zone, Guatemala, Bolivia, France, Germany and Italy. Next issue I will give a further account of what we receive and how it is spent. As Dorothy has written, we didn't know from day to day if we would be allowed to stay here, for when bureaucrats get started they have little imagination.

A. H.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

do not wonder that one is never given a chance to speak, to defend one self, but that automatically all are guilty if they have reached the pass that they have to go into court. That is the way it seems. It is the system. It is all too big, too ponderous, too unwieldy. Everything needs to be decentralized, into many smaller churches, many smaller institutions, many smaller courts, hospitals, and so on and so on. And I wonder that there is ever any unemployment with all the work there is to be done in the world. Everyone works too hard, too long hours. Reading the diary of John Woolman, the early Quaker, on the subway, I find he came to the same conclusion. Everyone works too hard, too long hours, and that is why the workman takes to drink as a relief from tension he said. He himself took up the trade of tailoring and only worked enough hours to earn himself a modest living.

Of course one could move away from New York, but even Staten Island with all its wide open spaces is a part of New York City. They say one can buy a one hundred acre farm in Nova Scotia by the seashore for five hundred dollars, but the problem is transporting our little island of people to another country. I have also, with my own eyes, seen farms in West Virginia for two and three thousand dollars, thirty five miles from the nearest town where employment can be found. If we could all get back to pioneer principles and practices, and desert fathers' asceticism, we might try that.

Seriously we feel our vocation to be in the world, loving the world, because God so loved it that he gave his only begotten Son for it. And the simplest witness that we make is that witness of love of our brother, because we can only show our love for God which is the first great commandment by our love for our brothers. "Love is the measure by which we shall be judged." Where there is no love, but love, and we will find love, St. John of the Cross wrote.

"Love or Perish," is the name of a popular book today. T. S. Eliot's play "The Cocktail Party" is about people who fail because they cannot love. Our lack of that kind of love which desires to give, to give up, to strip oneself in order to give, is what leads to wars, "each one seeking his own." The failure of every acquisitive human being leads to an acquisitive society, which leads in turn to the welfare state or the welfare city, where our form of charity seems out of place, outmoded, ineffectual, extravagant. And yet it is the charity which our Holy Father has called for. We must read his words again in this current issue of *The Catholic Worker*, in the reprint of portions of his 1932 Christmas message. And it is the charity which would empty huge and evergrowing mental hospitals throughout the land. Because we seriously state that this charity of the land and the state is the kind that tries to care for the body, without caring for the mind and the soul. And it all goes together. In leaving everything to the state, we are going Marxist without realizing it, with a materialism, with a "temptation to do good" at home and abroad which is coercive and overriding. Such are the implications of so simple a passage in the program of Peter Maurin, "to reach the man in the street and his problems by practicing the works of mercy, at a personal sacrifice."

Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

sented Arle Brooks to prison as a CO and who said that he felt like Pontius Pilate in doing so, was asked by Walter Longstreth, Dick's Quaker lawyer, to consider the staunch Quaker position which Dick was taking. And in questioning his client he said, "Richard will tell the Judge thy concern in this matter?" Dick replied, in part, "I am unable to accept any position or assignment under military conscription, for conscription is 'The keystone of modern war.' I cannot resist evil while permitting myself to be a part of that evil."

The Judge learned that Dick once worked with the Quakers in Mexico and sentenced him to 5 years to work with them there, putting him on probation for that length of time, Longstreth looked abashed at this long sentence and the Judge asked him if he thought this was excessive, so they settled on 3 years. Dick had come prepared to go to prison so he was happy to work at his trade of carpenter, in all good honor. I had a fine visit with Philadelphia pacifists after the trial. (Parts of Dick's letter to the draft board follow the end of my article.)

I had never visited Eastern Pen-

itentiary before. I had visited our friend x before at Broadmeadows. He has been sentenced to death for an especially brutal murder. There is no doubt as to his guilt, but being a fallen away Catholic there is still some hope that he may return to the sacraments by the time his appeal is decided one way or the other. The Governor sets the date of execution. We ask our readers to pray for him as we do daily. Despite the gloomy fortress, built in 1824 with walls of the cells 4 feet thick and with no windows except a slit in the domed ceiling, as cynical prisoners remark, "to let the prayer through," our friend was cheerful and looked much better than when I had seen him last. One thousand prisoners are here in solitary confinement, which 150 years ago was thought by the Quakers to be conducive to communing with God. What happened was that the prisoners became crazy or morose and religion was not advanced. Our friend is spending his time reading the poetry of Gerald Manley Hopkins, Raymond R. F. Larson, and the works of Spinoza and he recently read Tolstoy's Resurrection. As a psychomatic effect of my visit I lost my appetite for a day and went around at a slow pace.

Dick Downham's Letter to the Draft Board:

As I have said before in my correspondence with the board, I am unable to accept any position or assignment under military conscription, regardless of the exact nature of the assignment. I am completely opposed to the principle of conscription as a great evil in itself, as well as its being "The keystone of modern war."

I repeat again, I do not believe in exemptions for conscientious

objectors. They should stand in complete resistance to conscription, rather than accept shelter under it. A pacifist should be as willing to stand by his principles, and accept whatever sacrifices are involved, as those because of a different philosophy or lack of a

I DO BELIEVE, LORD = HELP MY UNBELIEF



philosophy accept to way of violence.

As Paul said, "We should obey God rather than Man" (This was Peter. A.H.) When we are faced with an ungodly and unchristian

Community Conference

Last month there was a meeting of the Fellowship of Intentional Communities (Regional Branch) at Pendle Hill, Pennsylvania, at which Robert Steed and I were present. The other groups represented were the Glen Gardner Community, made up of Catholics and non-Catholics, the Society of Brothers, Hidden Spring, Gould Farm, Tanguay Homesteads and Pendle Hill itself, which is a community of study and so a very good place for the conference. The discussions were on sharing within the community, sharing between communities, and the relationship with the state and the "outside" world in general.

Emphasis was placed on the impossibility of any land movement today in the face of growing industrialism and centralization, without community as a way of living. The trouble with all the communities represented was that none of them have time or talent to report or write practical articles on what is going on—finances, family relationships, relations with the state, so it is good to have these quarterly conferences to keep close contact with each other.

The Community of Brothers at Rifton have a magazine *The Plough* which can be obtained by writing to them at Rifton, New York. And we will try in succeeding issues to present more material on this movement which would have been dear to Peter Maurin's heart. There is an interesting chapter in Edmond Wilson's *To the Finland Station* on the growth of communities in the United States which he calls the great nursery for these experiments, from the time that Robert Owen came to America in 1824 and was helped by Horace Greeley in the *New York Tribune* to propagandize his movement, which resulted in forty groups going out to build what they called phalansteries (including Brook Farm in its second aspect). Katherine Burton has written a very good book on Brook Farm, *Paradise Planters*, which can be obtained at any library.

The hardships of many of these early communities is dealt with in Part II, chapter 4 of Wilson's book, which is the briefest account available. Calverton and Morris Hillquit have also written books on the community movement in the United States.

The foundation of the Community of Brothers is a religious one and Tom Potts who represented them at the conference emphasized their basic desire for a church community rather than a community of families. But the fact remains that it is just as a community of families that their work in South America, England and the United States is so impressive. Recently they have united with one of the Hutterite communities in North Dakota, so there is constant emphasis on the dynamic quality of their witness. They have not only a deep religious sense, an emphasis on the importance of the interior life, but also an acceptance of voluntary poverty, hard work, discipline, a practical working out of that scene at the last supper, where Christ in washing the feet of his disciples, told them that as He had done, so were they to do likewise. I would love to see a community of Catholic families established near them, in either New York or North Dakota, so that they might learn from them some of these profound truths. The nearest beginning we have ever had to a community of families was at Upton, Massachusetts, where four families lived on St. Benedict's farm, and although the men worked individually and supported their families, there was community of land, and a great shar-

ing in many ways with each other. This community has divided up the land, however, and now they are a community of neighbors. The same has happened at the Detroit farm at South Lyons, Michigan, and at the Holy Family Farm at Rhineland, Missouri. There have been many attempts at farming communes, beginning with Maryfarm at Easton, Pennsylvania, and spreading over the country, but there has been nothing we can point to as success. We can only say that we have lived, we have suffered, people have married, brought forth children and somehow have managed to keep going. But the suffering of it all is what stands out the most and with faith we may conclude that this dunging the ground, this ploughing the field, will eventually bring forth fruit. The vision of community is not yet clear, there are not yet those in *The Catholic Worker* movement who have the vision, or the time, the skill, the ability to work it out. Or even the spiritual foundation.

In the face of war and taxes, however, it still seems to me the only practical and workable method of getting away from the cities and to the land. The ever changing editorial staff of the *Catholic Worker* has had its hands too full with Houses of Hospitality and the issuing of the paper, meeting head on with the sufferings and anguish of the present day, to be able clearly to work out this aspect of the program of Peter Maurin. And it is true that faith in it has been lacking, the vision obscure. Given the people to carry it out, we are sure that God would send the means, as He always has to houses of hospitality. The fact remains that we have never been able to take the funds sent for the poor, to establish families on the land. What farms still remain are given to caring for the poor so that they too have become hospices on the land. Our farm at Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, is a farm only because Father Duffy, and now John Filliger concentrates on that aspect of it. The vision there is to raise as much as possible for the soup line in New York, besides providing those who live there with fresh vegetables and wholesome labor and to have days of recollection monthly and summer conferences and retreats.

The Glen Gardner community is built around an industry, a printing press, and though they have gardens and a cow, it cannot be said to be a farm. The Rifton community is materially building itself up around a toy industry, a factory where many of the men and women work in making blocks and other constructive and durable toys for children. What with an office force and salesmen who are also missionaries on the road, there is plenty of employment. Their difficulty is lack of housing. But there are already around 150 people there, with well run kitchen, bakery, school room, laundry, nursery, and so on. It is a joy to visit the place.

There was a good deal of talk at the conference about means of livelihood, from the raising of peanuts to the making of overalls and all the work that could be done between communities. But the conclusion that I reached after a day and a half of sessions was that we must deepen our own interior life and pray for understanding and that the dear Lord would send laborers into His harvest so that this work can grow.

The conference took place between blizzards on Friday and Sunday, though the proper promise of spring was before our eyes, with the children of Pendle Hill tapping the sugar maples for syrup.

D. D.

BOUYER

(Continued from page 4)

urgy in the vernacular and active participation of the laity.

There are other chapters on such subjects as the Easter liturgy, the Divine Office, Baptism, and the final one on The Liturgy and the World (social order). Nor must we forget to mention the chapter on non-liturgical devotions such as novenas, holy hours, devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Stations of the Cross, etc., which is controversial to say the least.

This book deserves a wide circulation and would make a wonderful text-book for our Catholic high school religion courses. It is the first in a series on the liturgy by the University of Notre Dame Press. We eagerly await the next installment.

DOROTHY DAY WILL SPEAK

The friends of the *Catholic Worker* are sponsoring a meeting in Boston, on April 27, at 8:00 p.m., at Old South Meeting House. John Cort will be chairman. John used to work with *The Catholic Worker* on Mott street, and is now working for the Newspaper Guild in Boston and is married and the father of a goodly family. Ignatius O'Connor and Mrs. Cahill of the Pius XI Book Shop are in charge of the meeting.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST

By AMMON HENNACY
Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

COMMUNISM

(Continued from page 1)

And the Russian Red understood me sooner than the Irish Red. Having understood what I was saying, the Russian Red started to explain to his friend, the Irish Red, what I was talking about. When the Russian Red had finished explaining, the Irish Red turned toward me and said that while he agreed with most of what I said, he still believed that the Catholic Church was not the friend of the working-men. Many Catholics are much disappointed when Wall Street corporations or political organizations or Catholic associations fail to provide them with economic security.

LOOKING FOR A BOSS

A Catholic working-man once said to me: "There is only one thing between me and the Reds, and that is a good job." Everybody is looking for a boss, and nobody wants to be his own boss. And because everybody looks for a boss the Reds want the State to be the boss of everybody. Because everybody consents to play somebody else's game for the sake of a pay envelope, the Reds try to find the way to assure a pay-envelope to everybody so as to force everybody to act like everybody. But nothing will be changed when the Reds will force everybody to act like everybody, since nobody is nobody when everybody tries to keep up with everybody.

AMERICA AND RUSSIA

American Republicans want their friends on the public payroll, but only their friends. American Democrats want their friends on the public payroll, but only their friends. But the Reds want everybody on the public payroll, not only their friends. The American idea is to keep the Government out of business and to put everybody into business. The Russian idea is to put the Government into business and to keep everybody out of business. But business is only business, whether it is the State business or private business; and I am trying to make it my business to put all business out of business, including the State business, which is a big business.

RED AND GREEN

Our business managers have made such a mess of things that people are inclined to see Red. And when people see Red it is useless to present to them the Red, White and Blue, because they can no longer see the White and Blue of the Red, White and Blue; all they can see is Red. The only way to keep people from seeing Red is to make them see Green. The only way to prevent

a Red Revolution is to promote a Green Revolution. The only way to keep people from looking up to Red Russia of the twentieth century is to make them look up to Green Ireland of the seventh century.

THEN AND NOW

Three thousand years ago when a Jew met a Jew he asked him "What can I do for you?" Now, when a Jew meets a Jew, he asks him "What can I get out of you?" Two thousand years ago, when a Greek met a Greek they started to philosophize. Now when a Greek meets a Greek they start a business. A thousand years ago when an Irishman met an Irishman they started a school. Now when an Irishman meets an Irishman you know what they start—I don't have to tell you.

THOUSAND YEARS AGO

When the Irish were Irish a thousand years ago, the Irish were scholars. And when the Irish were scholars the Irish were Greek scholars. And when the Irish were Greek scholars the Irish spoke Greek as well as Irish. And when the Irish spoke Greek as well as Irish, Greek was Irish to the Irish. Greek was Irish to the Irish and now Irish is Greek to the Irish. Irish is Greek to the Irish now and Hebrew is Chinese to the Jews.

SHOUTING WITH ANGLO-SAXONS

Now that Irish is Greek to the Irish and Jewish is Chinese to the Jews. They shout with the Anglo-Saxons: Service for profits Time is money Cash and carry Business is business Keep smiling Watch your step How is the rush? How are you making out? How is the world treating you? The law of supply and demand Competition is the life of trade Your dollar is your best friend So is your old man. So the Jews are no longer Jews. So the Irish are no longer Irish. So the Jews and the Irish are no longer green. And that is what makes the Reds Red.

PALESTINE, IRELAND, AMERICA

It was forbidden to the Jews to hold title to land in Palestine. But it is not forbidden to the Jews to hold title to land in America. It was forbidden to the Irish to lend money at interest in Ireland. But it is not forbidden to the Irish to lend money at interest in America. The Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church wanted the Jews and the Irish to try to become better; but the American politicians don't mind if the Jews and the Irish are trying to become better off in America. But America is not better off since the Jews and the Irish are trying to become better off in America.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 1)

Vincent's, having had two operations. He has one more to go, and then he will be home. With Father absent, we do not have daily Mass. But the Blessed Sacrament remains in the chapel, and Father Crane of the Marist Fathers' Novitiate at Princes Bay, comes once a week to offer Mass for us.

Every once in a while, there is a crisis over disposing of the latest batch of kittens. During the past few weeks, with Black Diamond's latest brood to be put out for adoption, some of us eyed every visiting small child and every head of a family as a potential kitten market. But only a few days after we were rid of the last of Black Diamond's family, John told us that the black cat in the barn has three black babies.

Work has begun on the new cannery. One of the small out buildings is being converted, with a water line run from the barn. Pipe and various needed fixtures have been given to us by Greg Bailey, an old friend of the Worker from the Easton days.



More bookcases have gone up in the front dining room, with shelves to the ceiling. It is wonderful to have, for once, shelf space for expansion. All the books that have been packed away for months are now where they belong—in the library—and included in the bookcases are extra wide shelves for our record albums. The pre-Easter fixing up has also included repainting the dining rooms, where the walls were showing the effects of the winter's coal burning. This is being done by Chris and Fred. We hope also to have enough paint left over to do the halls. Hans having whitewashed and painted the kitchen only a week or two ago, we have a truly fresh appearance to face the spring with.

We have had visits from both new and old friends. Pat Rusk has been visiting during Holy Week. We have made the acquaintance of two families on the Island, the Sternbachs and the Oakes, both young couples with several children. The March Day of Recollection brought Vincenza Baglioni and Ella Cleary, both from near Orangeburg, where the Willock community is. Vincenza is doing family service work there, and Ella is a physical therapist at Rockland State Hospital.

With warmer weather at hand, we hope that many friends will come out to see us. The farm is a pleasant drive from New York and from towns in New Jersey, too. And the mile walk from the bus or train is a pleasant one also. And we extend, of course, most cordial invitations to friends from out of New York area who may be here on vacation, to include a visit to the farm on their itinerary. Everyone is most welcome.

THE POOR

(Continued from page 1)

indigent what answer society is wont to give them, now that the individual person is being lost sight of. Let him ask the ordinary poor man, destitute of every resource, certainly not rare to find in the cities as well as in the towns and rural areas; let him ask the father of a needy family, the constant visitor to the public assistance office, whose children cannot wait for the distant and vague realization of a golden age which is always in the future.

For a long time, the constant answer which society has given to these poor people is that their case could not be handled on a personal and individual basis, but that the solution must be found in a new order to be established, in a system which will embrace all, and which, without essential prejudice to freedom, will bring men and matter to a more unified and growing strength of action, thanks to an ever more extensive utilization of technical progress. Though We are far from believing that the constant reference to the future mighty organization of men and matter is a mean diversion invented by persons who do not want to help, and even recognize that it is a firm and sincere promise calculated to instill confidence, yet We do not see upon what serious foundations it rests. Whoever, therefore, would try to meet the needs of individuals and peoples, cannot rely upon the security of an impersonal system of men and matter, however vigorously developed in its technical aspects.

Every plan or program must be inspired by the principle that man, as subject, guardian, and promoter of human values, is more important than the practical applications of scientific progress, and that, above all, it is imperative to preserve from an unwholesome "depersonalization" the essential forms of the social order. It is upon that solid basis, and not upon worthless and unsteady systems, that We call upon men to build the social fabric. Solidarity demands that outrageous and provocative inequalities in living standards among different groups in a nation, be eliminated.

Love The Poor

During the arduous years of Our Pontificate We ourselves desired that what has poured in to Us from all parts of the world from the faithful who are well off, should pour out in a constant stream to help Our poorer and abandoned children. We wanted to be at the side of the refugees and to help them to return to their homes. We have sought out the orphans to assure them of a roof, bread, and motherly care. We were anxious to reach the imprisoned, the sick, the prisoners of war still kept far from their homeland, and the victims of terrible floods.

Unfortunately, on every occasion, to Our great sorrow, We have been faced with the realization that Our resources were, and are, unequal to the grave and numberless needs. For this reason We would wish that a more intense love

for the poor should give rise to a flood of help, rolling on headling in holy impetuosity, which may penetrate wherever there is an old person a poor person sick, a child abandoned, who suffers, a mother desolate because she can do nothing to help it.

Beloved children, poor and destitute of all the earth! We pray Jesus to make you feel how near We are to you in fatherly care, full of anguish and concern. The Lord knows how We would wish to be everywhere and almighty, so that We might enter into each of your dwellings and bring you help and comfort, bread and work, serenity and peace. We would wish to be near you, while you are weary in the fields or in your workshops, while you are laid low by sickness which afflicts you, or tormented with the pangs of hunger.

Personal Action

We cannot conclude without mentioning that the very best charitable organization would not suffice, of itself alone, to assist those in need. Personal action must intervene, full of solicitude, anxious to span the distance between the helper and the helped, drawing near to the poor person because he is Christ's brother and our own.

The great temptation in an age that calls itself social—when, alongside the Church, the State, the municipality, and other public bodies devote themselves so much to social problems,—is that when the poor man knocks on the door, people, even believers, will just send him away to the agency or social centre, to some organization, thinking that their personal obligation has been sufficiently fulfilled by their contributions in taxes, or voluntary gifts to those institutions.

Undoubtedly, the poor man will receive your help in that way. But often he counts also on yourselves, at least on your words of kindness and comfort. Your charity ought to resemble God's, Who came in person to bring His help. This is the meaning of the message of Bethlehem.

These considerations encourage Us to ask your personal collaboration. The poor, those whom life has rudely reduced to straitened circumstances, the unfortunates of every kind, await it. In so far as it depends on you, make sure that no one shall say any more, as once did the man in the Gospel who had been infirm for thirty-eight years: "Lord, I have no one" (John v, 7).

Pope Pius XII: Excerpts from 1952 Christmas Message

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In keeping with the aims of the Catholic Worker we hold meetings each Friday night for the clarification of thought: first the speaker and then a question period. After the meeting coffee and tea are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. The meetings begin at 8:30 p.m. Everyone is invited.

Experienced stenographer desires steady work: 30 hr. week. Write "C" c/o the Catholic Worker.

Street Apostolate

By Robert Steed



AMMON is the only person around here with enough discipline in his nature to do anything with absolute regularity so he is the only one who goes out every day to sell the paper and nothing but the rain can keep him in. But occasionally I get the urge and lately I have been going out three or four times a week.

Ammon picks his areas of operation with the exception of Fordham and St. Patrick's in the lower half of Manhattan, places like Union Square, The New School, The Jefferson School (a Marxist institution) some of whose habitués are on the radical side and usually in the lower income brackets. So in order for the paper to reach every strata of society I picked places like Columbia University, Fifth Avenue and Fifty - Eighth street in front of Tiffany's, Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue in front of the Waldorf. The people one encounters in these parts of town are usually just the opposite of the types Ammon meets downtown, financially well off, conservative Republicans.

Columbia

I had been selling the paper off and on for about four months in front of the main entrance to Columbia before I ran into any difficulty then two weeks ago one of the 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 told me that I could not sell the paper there since the university owned the sidewalk and I was trespassing. His argument about the ownership of the sidewalk did not sound very plausible but since I wasn't sure I didn't argue but left.

When I got back to the WORKER I asked Ammon and he said he thought the fellow was bluffing and that I should call the Civil Liberties Union and ask them what they would advise me to do. I talked to George Rundquist who told me that he was sure the university didn't own the sidewalk along Broadway, although it does own the part of 116th street that runs through the grounds, and that I should go back and if I was arrested the Civil Liberties Union would make a test case of it in the courts.

I did go back but I didn't run into the detective who had ordered me away 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 be as affable.

Most of the students there are courteous and well mannered and the ones who buy the paper (I usually sell about 80 in a day there) who are Protestant, Jewish or agnostic seem very interested and often stop to talk or enquire about Dorothy. It is the Catholic students who give you the most trouble because they are a minority and emotionally-insecure and are very anxious that the non-Catholic students get what they consider to be the right picture of the Church.

Last week a group of about five Catholic students walked by, one threw a snow ball at me (he missed) and another bought the paper. He was scandalized no end when in answer to his query as to the nature of the paper I told him it was anarchist-pacifist. I told him to take it to the Newman club chaplain who, I said, would let him know that we were really Catholics. About half-an-hour later he came back; he had read the tax refusal article on the front page but had not been able to find Father Daly. He said that he was shocked to see the Catholics were becoming extremists and fanatical radicals on the subject of war. He quoted St. Thomas at me but didn't seem to have too firm a grasp of the venerable scholastic's requirements for a just war. The only argument he seemed to know well was that which justifies the practice of dropping bombs on factories and accidentally killing women and children who live next door. I tried to impress on him the significance of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount but he wasn't interested. He said that if he found that the Church supported the pacifist view he might have to seriously re-evaluate his acceptance of Catholicism.

Now the last thing in the world we want to do is to be the cause of some one's leaving the Church but as I said in the last issue "the Truth 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, raise issues, discuss, search and sometimes cause a "stink" because the Church does not usually settle questions if there is not difference of opinion among the faithful.

One gratifying thing about the incident is to see someone interested enough in such matters to get excited. Too many Catholics simply don't care one way or the other about the crises of our time unless they are physically affected. Our young friend would probably be "scandalized" by that magnificent article in the current issue of CROSS CURRENTS by Pere Henri Dumery entitled "The Temptation to Do Good" too. In fact I intend to introduce him to it if I see him again. 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 flare up, to vituperate, and to condemn are the favorite pastimes of men who

have nothing to create and who entertain no original ideas, but who are aroused when others dare to continue reflecting and working with ideas. If the Church, as an eminent historian of Thomism asserted, is not to lose the intellectuals in the 20th century, as she lost the working class in the 19th, we have to prevent the Church from giving refuge to those who, in spite of the Fathers and Doctors and the great masters of theology and the spiritual life, have a terrifying fear of boldness of the spirit. Do their convictions waver to such an extent that they fear to see them crumble at the slightest test? Is the word of God so languid that we have to offer it the support of wretched crutches? . . . Valéry could say of such mediocrities that they really took too many pains to prove to us that God is so stupid. And Maurice hurled at them: "That God prefers imbeciles, there are only imbeciles to assert this".

\$26 on 5th Ave.

One day last week, and a very cold one, I was standing in front of Tiffany's when a young lady came up to me with a dollar bill in her hand and queried "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." I thanked her and she hurried away down the street. About five minutes later she came back and asked me if she could send us a cheque. I didn't recognize her at first as the girl who had just given me the dollar and I handed her a paper saying that she could find the address inside. She laughed and said "I already have one. Can I deduct this from my income tax?" I told her that she couldn't because we were not listed with the city as a charitable organization and that to be so listed one had to be incorporated which we don't believe in. She replied that she would send us the cheque anyway. Then she left for the second time. Before she got to the corner she turned around and ran back saying: "I'm afraid that if I wait I may spend this" and she handed me \$25. She asked me if I went to school and she was quite surprised to find the editors of a newspaper would get out on the street and hawk their own paper. I told her that Peter Maurin had said scholars should be workers and vice-versa. She said she had thought that I was probably a Fordham student and I replied rather disdainfully that the Ivy League type don't do such things. She said that she hoped that I wouldn't catch my death of cold and I assured her that I wouldn't and she hurried off.

Factory Workers

(Continued from page 1)

or the golf clubs they use than they do the men who work for them. One day in the lives of these men . . . an hour to rise and wash and shave and eat and run for the subway . . . an hour to travel (as sardines in a tin can). A clock to punch. The fear of retribution should they be one minute late (they are docked ¼ hour out of their pay). The knowledge that tardiness means dismissal. Fear of not being able to fill the quota that some young shining engineer (disinterested) has set for them upon their work sheet. Four hours of torture . . . then wonderful half hour to sit down (beside the machine monster) and eat the miserable sandwich with a Pepsi-Cola or container of milk . . . then back to the sacrifice. "Nine hours tonight" says the night-foreman. You work 9 or you get canned in two days. Only 5 more hours to go, now four, now three and a half and finally that happy stillness as one by one the roaring hum and growling of the steel and bronze slowly diminishes . . . and only little clangs and wooden knocks and air-hoses are heard and then voices or whistlings or a song, as the business of cleaning up the machine begins. This monster of steel and cast iron, all gleaming handles (made shiny by men's hands in constant use) red and green buttons and calibrated dials . . . this must be cared for, this must be tucked in for the night—kept warm and clean, oiled and adjusted, checked and adjusted . . . this must be in order for the "day-man." Then the 5 minutes to clean ourselves change our clothes, punch our cards and make way down the 19 flights of stairs leading to the street below . . . the fifteen minutes of walk to the subway at 3 a.m. in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge. The endless wait for the train (they run every half hour at 3:15 a.m.)—the hour's ride to the dingy room—and loneliness. The sweet glorious feeling of knowing that wonderful sleep is there for you — "perchance to dream" and all is quiet. The world is asleep now, in this tiny ½ hr. moment when the night man is closing his eyes; and the day-man about to open his. So on it goes, scraping together a tiny pile of metal we call gold that may one day free us of all this—but the doctor gets there first. A man with pick and shovel, a street cleaner, a postman, phone operator—anything—with hardly any training or special knowledge makes as much money. Yet here are men who had to start at the bottom—then drill-presses, then one machine after another, years of learning and working until finally they are operators on

lathes, or millers, or grinders, or jig-borer, or shapers, etc. . . . where one tiny mistake—one instant's neglect, one forgetful movement of the hand or foot, one little error or miscalculation—can mean blindness, mangled limbs, pain—or even horrible death . . . all this goes at \$1.75 per hour . . . if you are a really qualified man. One boy near me paid an agency \$30 to get the job at \$1.42 per hour on a drill press. So on it goes and they sicken or quit—and are instantly replaced by another face—"more rich in hope" . . . not knowing of the slow death that waits for him; caring nothing of that hand departed, who used to stand there in the same spot before the monster, and made the sacrifice too. Wherever I went these past four or five months, I saw men trying to get jobs, desperate for work, willing to do anything for a chance to busy their hands to be able to eat and live like more than dogs. They say these are good times. They are lying. Unemployment and low wages are everywhere, and I fear that some great depression is about to fall . . .

Excerpts from letters

Dolci

(Continued from page 1)

children and adopted nine more. He testified that his roadbuilding demonstration was only an attempt to ease the desperate poverty in the town of Partinico. When he was brought into court he was manacled and chained to four of his 22 co-defendants. His defense was conducted by "ten top lawyers" according to the News.

Dolci's life and thought has been largely influenced by Christian social thinking, according to Freedom. "His arrest has stirred the Italian conscience because for the past four years his words and actions have embodied those ideals of human dignity and justice, which too many intellectuals and progressives preach but do not practice. Very few of us will ever find ourselves in the position of Danilo Dolci. Yet each one of us is faced with similar problems, without the spotlight of publicity or the feeling that our actions may have bearing on much wider issues. But in the way we solve these problems not only is our own personal future shaped but also that of the community as a whole."

P.S.: The New York Times reported April 1st that Dolci was released under a fifty day suspended sentence. Of the 22 workers tried with Dolci, four received suspended sentences of fifty days and the others were fined \$14 each.

THE FALLACY OF AN ARMED PEACE

"Numerous troops and an infinite development of military display can sometimes withstand hostile attacks, but they cannot procure sure and stable tranquility. The menacing increase of armies tends even more to excite than to suppress rivalry and suspicion."

—Leo XIII: Consistorial Allocation, 1889.

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