

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Protest McCarran's Immigration Bill

Senator McCarran's Immigration Bill is before the Senate. It is based on old population figures and the belief that the Anglo-Saxons and Northern Europeans who originally settled this country acquired a permanent right to preferential treatment. Although the bill does lift some of the restrictions on Asiatics (but in lumping Oriental quotas together other problems are created), it is designed to operate along frankly racist lines. For people from the South and East of Europe, quotas are small, rigidly maintained. For favored groups (e.g., the English) who do not face the necessity of emigrating the quotas are ample. No transfer of the unused favored quota to the impoverished South and Eastern Europeans is allowed. The Humphrey-Lehman-Roosevelt Bill avoids most of these racist errors. We have fought several wars in the twentieth century against racism or because population problems were left to be settled by violence. Write against this racist policy now, while there is still time; address your Representative or Senator in Washington.

## On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Suddenly Tom Sullivan decides that a June issue must come out before June, and announces that all copy must be in by May 21. So on a cold (50 degrees) windy, rainy night, I sit down to the typewriter. There are never more than two battered-up old machines in the office and it is a pain to write on them. Our poverty also consists in having poor tools to work with. "Put in an appeal for a couple of decent typewriters," someone says. "We'll never have the money to buy even a rebuilt machine." "Put in an appeal for sheets, pillow cases, towels," someone else says. "Men are sleeping on old spreads, patched together table cloths, or just plain mattress." That's the way it goes. Always something more urgent than a typewriter.

### Travel

"Curved roads and narrow bridges." That phrase kept running through my mind last month on an all night ride on a bus. "It was one of those warning signs that suddenly strike you with their poetry and could be used as the title of a travelogue. My life this past six weeks has been something of a series of jaunts and yet with it all there has been a sense of leisure. You can't go too fast on curved roads and narrow bridges.

When one travels there are long solitary hours on a bus, times when you can't read, don't talk, and really get in some praying.

### Conyers, Ga.

The end of Holy Week, I spent at the Trappist monastery, Our Lady of the Holy Ghost, about twenty-five miles out of Atlanta, and it was really spring there. There is a guest house down the road from the monastery, situated beside a pond where the frogs croaked every evening, as we sat

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## Reunion With The Eastern Orthodox

By ROBERT LUDLOW

In commenting on some of the arguments and attitudes of "Roman" Catholics in their approach to Orthodox Christians my friend Father Vladimir Borichevsky (Orthodox priest) writes: "In all these quotations there is reflected the feeling of power and strength that American Catholic Ecclesiastics find in their statistics. We are not too much impressed by this flexing of physical and material muscle. The statistics prove nothing except that the Roman Catholics are numerous, rich and powerful, and that in contrast the Orthodox Catholics are administratively disunited, poor and weak—but only from a mathematical point of view. And there is much more to unity than the mathematical and practical aspects of it.

"We are very much distressed by this cynical attitude which seems to be primarily an American phenomena. Neither spiritual strength or truth can be conquered by the majority . . . we can find nothing but discouragement and

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## Poverty—U.S.A.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

If you would ask most people in the United States today about the state of the economy and its ability to fulfill a social role, the answer would probably be that "things are pretty good." Fourteen years—one hot and one cold war—after defense spending began in 1938 full employment and wage increases seem normal.

It comes as a shock to realize how badly this prosperity has functioned in the social order.

### Just Wage

The just living wage of which Pius XI wrote is somewhat vague and indeterminate; it requires adjustment to particular economic circumstances. Yet it is certain that it includes enough money for the minimum necessities of family existence, especially for the raising of children, and calls for a surplus which will eventually make the wage-earner an owner.

In 1949, fifty percent of the families in the United States had an income of less than \$3,100; the minimum cost of the Family Worker's Budget in 1949 was \$3,295. (Statistics are from Census Bureau

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## Our Dehumanizing Social Assembly Line

By EILEEN FANTINO

Staring up at our modern housing projects, we see the end product of a long and dehumanizing social assembly line, an assembly line which uses the raw materials of fear, insecurity, job-dependence, weakened initiative, ingrained conformity, discouragement, and stifled creativity. Without these characteristic qualities of our civilization the "housing project" would never have seen the light of God's bright yellow sun.

Let us begin with the most important creatures on earth, man and his family. What do they need for their temporal and spiritual good? Why do any of us settle for Apartment 5B, on the fifth floor, sixty paces from the east elevator, Building 42, Area A, Project No. 6? We bow our heads to the front office, paint our few walls "conformity pale green." We begin to think of limiting our vocation of procreation when the apartment shrinks in contrast to a growing family. Our neighbors sneak in and out of doors similar to our own, and a feeling of everyone "minding his own business" prevails. The thought is never lost that we are being watched, after the barrage of questions, forms, and investigations that preceded our entrance into this "hall of the mountain king."

The reason families will live in housing projects is that they have no other place to go. An excellent reason. Why don't they have any other place to go? They are bound hand and foot to a job that provides a wage, and depend entirely on the employer for worldly existence. Labor is sold for a price, the worker has no share in profits. The employer operates under a profit motive system,

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## The Holy Ghost Within the Church

"As the spirit by which man lives operates within the body, so does the Holy Ghost operate in the Church. Just as the soul vivifies all our organs, all our members, so does the Holy Ghost give life and strength to the Church. It is through Him that the eyes of the Church see—that is, the prelates set upon the heights who watch over the flock in the plain. As the soul speaks by the tongue, so, through Him, the tongue of the Church—that is, the doctors—instructs the nations. As by means of the feet the soul walks, so it is through Him that the feet of the Church—that is, the apostles and missionaries—are spread over the world to preach the Gospel to all creatures. As the soul acts by means of the hands, so it is through Him that the hands of the Church—that is, those persons who are active and self-sacrificing—distribute alms and multiply good works, whilst others devote themselves up to penance, apply themselves to the practice of humility, consecrate themselves to virginity, according as they are impelled by that same Spirit who animates and directs them by different ways to the same perfection in love."—St. Augustine.



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## EDITORIAL

### The Smith Bill

The Steel Strike has raised the entire issue of the rights of the working man in a democratic society.

The Taft-Hartley Law had many anti-labor provisions, e.g., to allow scabs to vote in a NLRB certifying election while denying that right to the workers who had been with a company for years, but this is as nothing compared to some of the schemes for industrial peace now offered to Congress.

The issue is not one of wages for a million steel workers. It now concerns this fundamental question: will collective bargaining be replaced by governmental or management coercion in the United States?

#### SMITH BILL

One bill which is under consideration has been proposed by Rep. Smith (D., Va.) Introduced as H.R. 7647, an amendment to the Universal Military Training and Service Act, it requires the Attorney General to enjoin any strike or lockout which imperils the national defense. If the dispute is not settled within 80 days, receivers are to be appointed to manage the company.

The receiver is forbidden to make any change in the wage structure or conditions of employment. During this period, it is a crime to instigate a strike, to agitate for a work-interruption, or even to provide funds for the payment of strike benefits.

The Bill has already been discussed before the House Armed Services Committee. In effect, it makes an apriori declaration that the union is always the offending party and that the worker must bear the entire cost of patriotism. Its passage would unleash the possibility of more virulent anti-labor action on the part of the courts than at any time since the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction act.

#### OPEN SHOP

Fairless and Randall and Company have enlivened the whole dispute by an intransigence and truculence that is contemptuous of collective bargaining procedure. They now hold that they are opposed to the union shop "on principle."

The Taft-Hartley had banned the closed shop (even Senator Taft realized that this was wrong in certain instances, i.e., the hiring hall), but the principle of the union shop has operated for a long time in the United States—and with subsidiaries of the steel corporations who are now so idealistic.

The contract to work in our society is not free. The individual is at a disadvantage (he needs money for necessities), the employer at an advantage ("he" is the multi-millioned U. S. Steel Corporation). The only way parity can be brought about is through collective action on the part of the workers. At the beginning of this century, this was the most viciously attacked program of the labor movement. Management attempted to stop it through yellow dog contracts and sometimes violence.

The established answer is this: that the individual worker must subordinate his (dubious) freedom to the collective good of his fellows. Only if this is done can a union maintain the solidarity necessary to adjust the inequities of the wage conflict. In addition, the union shop has worked positively to the best interest of management through bringing the union into planning in an advisory capacity. There is no doubt that this process can be—and has been—abused, but it is still fundamental to the labor movement.

An attack on the union shop "on principle," coupled with a contempt for bargaining procedure and the introduction of a Smith Bill, is far more serious than any question of wages or conditions of work. This strikes at the very vitals of the labor movement.

It becomes increasingly clear that the contradictions of armament economy are not confined to Europe alone. It is also clear that American labor, traditionally hostile to "ideology," must come forward with some sort of over-all solution and balancing of interests if it is not to be grievously harmed by the publicity campaigns of the steel barons.

It is clear that private profit is not only an inadequate motive for managing the crucial steel industry. It is sometimes a vicious motive.

### Worker Ownership in Germany

The New York Times has reported a strike of 250,000 workers in the Ruhr and Rhineland over the issue of co-determination (worker ownership and participation in management). More walk-outs are scheduled. The same technique was used last year to force passage of a law granting co-determination to the coal, iron, steel and chemical industries, but the present action was taken for enlarging the scope of the plan to defeat a draft bill which would make the labor council only advisory. The Times reported that foreign governments feared that any success on the part of German labor would give rise to demands throughout Europe for co-ownership. The strike action was sufficiently anti-Stalinist to involve a riot in which the majority of the men resisted the attempt of Communists to take over the demonstration.

## Church and State Relationship in Spain, Austria and America

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

The issue of the relationship between Church and State was well-publicized last month: the controversy over Cardinal Segura's "anti-protestant" statement reached the level of charges of heresy; the President of one of the wealthiest private educational institutions in the world came out against private education; and—none too well publicized—the Austrian Hierarchy approved an excellent statement on Church and State.

#### Spain

Over a month ago, Cardinal Segura issued a pastoral which came out strongly against the gentleness toward Protestants which he felt had been manifested in Spain, especially in connection with King George's death.

Several groups of American Catholics resented the anti-democratic implications of his statement. The Indiana Catholic and Record, a diocesan publication, made a strong case for religious freedom in the majority Catholic country. The Jesuit magazine America also indicated that it had no intention of instructing the Spanish Hierarchy on how to run their affairs but protested any attempt to universalize their principles and make them applicable to the United States. Now, the Spanish magazine Ecclesia has raised the spectre of heresy with regard to the American position.

Theologically, it is clear that there is an anti-democratic tradition on religious freedom within the Church. But it is also clear that this is not the only position. American writers of the authority of Heinrich Rommen and John Courtney Murray, S.J., have defended full religious and civil liberties for non-Catholics in the majority Catholic country. Jacques Maritain has joined with them.

Pragmatically, it would appear that taking the anti-democratic position is the surest way for the Church to lose popular support. There is no question here of instructing the Spanish Hierarchy on the conduct of their affairs. There is the question of legitimate historical generalization: that wherever the Church was in a position of power and oppression in the beginning of the modern era (Spain, France, Italy), it has lost the masses; that wherever the Church was a minority (England, the United States), it emerged as a defender of religious freedom for all and did not face a mass apostasy.

Catholics can (indeed they must) support religious freedom. The weight of evidence is that it is as necessary for the health of the Church as it is for the conscience of the individual. The Spanish issue has functioned well in reminding American Catholics of their responsibility toward freedom and human rights. It is to be hoped that they will not forget the lesson.

#### Conant of Harvard

In another area, it developed that the interest of the Church is the defense of liberty.

President Conant of Harvard called all private education anti-democratic. He would have any child receive his primary education in a public system.

Catholics (notably Archbishop Cushing of Boston) responded with the right argument—which is a defense of liberty. It is precisely to the interest of a democratic society to have a plurality of institutions in the field of education. A monolith of a school system opens the way for those who control that system to impose a single belief on their charges. Free schools are (or, should be) a bulwark for freedom in society.

Conant's position is not, of course, without value. It is true that these institutions have one aspect of sectarianism and the ghetto. Yet the American solution has always been to balance the conflicting elements, accepting the cost of sectarianism in defense of the higher principle of individual freedom and cultural plurality.

No Catholic has yet drawn attention to the relation between this issue and the Feinberg Law. For carried to its rightful conclusion, the Catholic position of defense of freedom in education applies to the Communist as well as to the religious. Attempts to achieve cultural unity against Communism through coercion are as dangerous as attempting to nullify diversity of belief of any kind.

#### Austrian Hierarchy

Unnoticed in the controversy over the Spanish issue and Conant's statement was the position approved by the Austrian Hierarchy.

Meeting at Marizell, a committee preparing plans for a rally of Austrian Catholics this September defined the goal of the Church in Austria: "A free Church in a free society." The Catholic Press Office indicated that the statement had the full backing of the Austrian Hierarchy.

"All bridges to the past are removed and we are building new ones," they said. "The Church enters this period without the backing of capital, emperor, the government, political parties or force. All this it denounces."

"We must never return to the status of state church which degraded the Church to a sort of ideological superstructure over a national apparatus and turned the priests into passive civil servants. There must be no return to a protectorate of any party over the Church which may have been necessary in its time but estranged tens of thousands. There must be no further attempts to realize Christian principles on a purely organizational or constitutional basis."

Religious News Service reported that the declaration continued, "The Church demands the right to develop freely, to freely carry out its missionary work and to build schools."

"The Church is willing to cooperate with the State in all questions of common interest, including family education; with all classes for the common good; with all denominations that believe in freedom and the dignity of man, the most acute problem of today."

The Hierarchy also realized the full implication of the Catholic stand on birth-control: "... remove the glaring extremes of luxury on one side and abject poverty on the other. Thousands of children remain unborn because there is no room or means to educate them, and give them a decent upbringing."

Read in conjunction with Pius XII's Christmas message on Church-politics, the Austrian statement is of great significance. It is now realized within major segments of the Church that alliance with tyranny provides the illusion of short-term success while incalculable long-term harm is done; that dependence on the State is not the way of serving the interest of the Church—that we actively desire "separation" (but not, in Justice Douglas' excellent distinction, "hostility"); that the Church must take a stand on moral issues but that it is not committed

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## Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

Last month, against my better judgement, I stated in this column that we were able to pay our bills up to the first of April as a result of your response to the Spring Appeal. We had no sooner gone to press when the bank phoned us to say that we had overdrawn our account. This for the first time in five years.

The voice on the other end of the wire suggested that I come up and see them in order to get a complete picture of the catastrophe. Confident that the bank had made the mistake I hurried up to point out their error. Not to make a long story a serial, I learned that the bank with their usual disgusting efficiency had not made the mistake, but that I had to the sum of \$150. Within the week the deficit was made up.

There must be someone over at the Internal Revenue Department who took to heart the over optimistic note of money matters around the Catholic Worker. Otherwise I don't see why they send me a personally addressed letter requesting that I pay a friend's income tax. Why, me? Well the letter courteously pointed out that their agent after contact with me had turned in the report that I said that we would take care of this little matter.

This was all news to me and I repeated to the department the same statement that I had made to their agent. The friend has been away from our house for almost a year and has been unemployed during that period and will be out of work for sometime to come. I definitely did not by the slightest inference state that we would pay this man's income tax.

As two friends of ours were leaving the house last night they told us that they were in a hurry to get to a meeting at a upper Park Avenue address. Answering their question as to the directions to take to get there, we listed the subways and the transfers. Before we had finished the list they grew impatient, "isn't there an easy way to get to Park Avenue from the Catholic Worker?" And, "how do people get to Park Avenue from Chrystie street?" There was a pause after these questions as we all realized the unintended but double meaning to the queries. Simultaneously we all shook with laughter as we thought of the leap from our address to Park Avenue.

\* \* \*

We know that summer is nigh even though there are no turtles in the neighborhood because men are beginning to send down their overcoats. And we are grateful for them since we will store them away for next winter when there will be a rush for this particular garment.

We are beginning to eye our back yard for the lectures that we will be soon transferring from our library. One corner of our back yard has a new face from last year. It seems as though there was a statue of the Sacred Heart up on a ledge. It looks like any other statue of the Sacred Heart but there was a consolation in it since the rain had practically washed away every vestige of paint and you weren't apt to notice it if you gave the yard a quick look. That has all been changed now since one of the guests in our house who can't speak English took it upon himself to repaint the statue.

Now our once inconspicuous statue is decked out in garments of dazzling red and wild yellow with a face of dark tan and eyes of blue. The bricks that serve as a background to this statue are painted a bright green in contrast to the rest of the bricks which are a washedout red.

Shortly after lunch today a man and woman walked into our office. They were truly the little people in every sense of the word. He was no bigger than a minute, as the Irish express it, nor was she

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# Life at Hard Labor

By AMMON A. HENNACY



SAINT AGATHA

## Maryfarm Journal

By MARJORIE HUGHES

After a month of frequent rains spring has lost its first freshness. Earth is less exuberant, more subdued, but richer and still beautiful. The golden glow has gone from the dandelions and already there are more white heads than yellow dotting the grass. The air is laden with the scent of purple and white lilacs replacing the more delicate yellow forsythia. Down at the pond there is the rejoicing of numerous birds and one notes a new call almost daily. How wonderfully the senses are pleased and soothed in the country. But there are more than enough mosquitoes to remind one that all this is created beauty and no resting place.

The rain has been good for the gardens. You can almost see the vegetables growing. Barney has planted an endless variety of flowers some of which are in bloom. He has the sure touch of the born gardener and an eye for landscaping as well. Most days the voice of the tractor is heard in our land and John Filliger can be seen in the distance ploughing or discing, a blissful child in front of him learning to steer.

All but five of the two-hundred-fifty chicks survived. They are very comical to see now, gawky, half-grown and naked looking, sprouting their first pin feathers. Out on the front lawn the five goats munch grass and call plaintively to the skittering kids. The rabbits devour bushels of grass picked for them by Joe Cotter. They are a bottomless pit. This week we get a cow—we hope—and that will complete the animal population.

Concerning the human population May has been a transition month at Maryfarm. Vincenza Baglione, Helen Adler and Don McCarthy have departed within the last two weeks to Grallville, Philadelphia and Chicago. Edith Spence, Mary Sullivan and John Clark left recently. And next week we will say goodbye to Father Sheehan and Father Hogan, the Josephites from Epiphany College who have been so generous to us in so many ways all winter. The doctrine of the Mystical Body is certainly a great consolation during farewells. It makes the separation so superficial.

Recent arrivals are Jane O'Donnell, back to Maryfarm after a year at Chrystie St., Mollie Powers who spent three weeks there for a change, and Diane Zdunich from Joliet, Ill.

Diane's first assignment was a big washing. She was about halfway through it when the washing machine which has been protesting for a long time quit completely and she had to finish the laundry the old-fashioned way, scrubbing board, elbow grease and hand wringing in both meanings of the

"I don't wear a label; I'm for all good causes," replied the young conscientious objector who, passing through Phoenix, had called the local paper to find my address, and had found me this evening as I was caretaker of Jersey cows at the sale of purebreds at the State Fair grounds. Many write to me or come to visit me who are drawn by different phases of my philosophy, so to save time I try to find out if their bias is Catholic Worker, I.W.W., pacifist, anarchist, vegetarian, life on the land, or tax refusal. This slogan of not wearing a label is fine, I told my new friend, for a young person in search of the truth, but at his age of 31 he ought to begin to have ideas that led to some definite belief and action. I admitted that for the average person of bourgeois tendencies to look at the Republican and Democratic parties and to think that wearing their labels was meaningless was a sign of progress. Like the housewife in the days when women did the baking at home who put the initials "T.M." on the top crust of one pie, meaning "Tis Mince"; and the initials "T.M." on another pie crust, meaning "Taint Mince," labels surely do not have any meaning.

The thought behind my friend's no label attitude seemed to be a desire to approach as many people as possible, on the street, in buses, at dances, etc., and to make friends and influence people by not scaring them with such words as pacifist or anarchist, but to rattle half-truths and half criticisms as a build up for "all good causes" and as a monkey wrench toward the status quo. This is a mass approach; mine has been to get the individual in this mass, if possible, to think. I remember forty years ago when well meaning friends told me that to use the word "Socialist" was defeating my purpose, and that some word such as "Progressive" that did not have such ill omen should be used. My reply then was that whatever word was used to designate a belief that word would always have a bad meaning to those who were being denounced. Today the word Socialist only means collaboration with war and has lost all its class conscious meaning. Even many timid anarchists whom I know prefer the word "Libertarian" for fear they will be called bomb throwers. I go on the principle of never being on the defense.

No one is very optimistic about the possibility of repairing the machine, a family-size model which has had five years of hard wear. With a full schedule of retreats this summer a washing machine is really a necessity and a sewing machine would be very useful to have too.

The annual indoctrination course for Friendship House staff workers is being held this year at Blessed Martin Farm a few miles up the road from us and there has been a good deal of visiting back and forth to the enjoyment of both groups. On Thursday, May 15, the anniversary of Peter Maurin's death, they joined us in singing a Requiem High Mass celebrated by Father Foley. They will be coming to sing Sunday Mass with us too as long as they are here which is good news for the lovers of plain chant in both groups.

During the weekend May 30 to June 1 there will be a retreat conducted by Father Sheehan for the Eric Gill Center. This week, before the retreatants start arriving, we will be busy cleaning the chapel walls which have grown quite shabby. The chapel is badly in need of new altar drapes and we are hoping someone will supply either the material or the money to buy them. The room occupied by the one indispensable Guest should be the most beautiful in the house.

give, so when I am called a bomb throwing anarchist I tell the accuser that the government is the biggest bomb thrower with its A and H bombs.

I told my young friend that he could always get a crowd to applaud mild criticism of war and for the lowering of taxes and raising of wages, but that this same crowd would really follow the blazing torch of super demagogues who spoke of "the great native intelligence of the common man," and who never meant to catch the bird but were adept in the case of putting salt on its tail. I pointed out that spiritual power was the strongest force in the world and that beside it all the two penny political victories did not mean a thing. Too many of us dissipate our energies by being "for all good causes" and never develop or use this spiritual power. And then we wonder why we become tired radicals and why warmongers rule the world. We refuse to use our strongest weapon, but at the ballot box where we are invariably outnumbered a million to one, we choose our weakest weapon.

As I was helping a farmer polish the horns of his cows he said he had heard that I was an educated man and implied, wonderment as to my being a day laborer. I explained my plan of working at day work on farms in order that no withholding tax for war should be taken from my pay. He wanted to know more about these ideas and for the next hour he heard the words anarchism and pacifism undiluted by "all good causes" and departed with the current CW and my promise to mail him future copies. In contrast another farmer wanted me to go back to Russia if I didn't like this country.

The cows for sale were listed in a catalogue with pedigrees and a record of their production of butter fat. The manager of the sale was discussing with one farmer about certain unregistered and non pedigreed cows which are called "grades," and many times these cows give more and richer milk than the purebred stock. But there is no guarantee that a heifer from such a cow will be a good producer; more than likely a throwback of scrub stock.

### Culls

In Albuquerque I worked for two men who specialized in extra fancy chickens. At one place I gathered eggs each hour from a trap nest, and marked the number of the chicken, taken from a leg band, on the egg she had just laid, and also in the record book. Those who did not produce a great number of eggs were thus culled out. "Why feed the culls?" my boss said. Each day a dozen or more hens would die of "blow-outs"; which meant that the very efficient egg producing machine had overstepped itself. The mediocre hens lived longer and did not blow-out. At a dairy in Albuquerque where I worked, my job was to go to any of the eight corrals and in the mud and manure drive the next string of cows to the barn to be milked. Nearly every night a calf would be born in this wet and cold discomfort and my job was to carry it to a warm stall after the milking was done. Very few of these calves, coming from cows that were "grades," died. Later I worked for a multi-millionaire who had highly priced purebreds. My job was to keep a fire in a stove in the barn at night and to feed these calves egg with specially prepared milk. Yet the death rate among these purebreds made my boss groan. Tuberculosis and Bangs Disease (premature birth of calves) seems also to be more prevalent among the inbred purebreds. Super efficient bankers jump out of windows when red ink instead of black ink records their business schemes. Efficient assembly line workers go berserk and often a supposedly steady bus driver leaves his route and drives right on to Florida to escape his tread-

mill of efficiency. At its best our system is efficient only in turning out quantity and at its worst it is trying to bomb us to death. Very expensive garden tools these days are held together only by the paint on the handle and are of very inferior design and workmanship.

When I was a social worker in Milwaukee in the thirties we were often derided by well to do Republicans for "coddling the culls" when we helped the poor. And from time to time I have heard radicals who were especially scientific and eugenic minded look upon the ideals of Jesus and Gandhi as perpetuating the life of the unfit and the misfit. Although I helped in the formation of the CW House of Hospitality in Milwaukee in 1937 I will admit that my interest in the CW was limited then to its pacifist and anarchist slant and that I felt this coddling of the bums was not so important. Since, however, my study of Tolstoy and acquaintance with Peter and Dorothy, and my ten years as an actual laborer, rather than a radical theorist with a good job, I have come to view this whole matter in different light. The conversation about grades and purebreds that night and my meeting with the young rattle-brain who was "for all good causes" helped me to clarify my ideas along this line.

In this age of the assembly line, of super-markets and super advertising schemes; and of Service Clubs to put a little holy oil of goodness on this theft, the illusion persists that this is a scientific and efficient age. Yes, we produce, but for what? If somehow we do have bums, poor housing, ill-health, new diseases, and poverty these can only be attended to by Community Funds, Heart, Cancer, and Give a Dime Campaigns; pensions and social security payments by the state. Charity Incorporated has no room for Houses of Hospitality where there is no record of aid given or even the name of the recipient. "They won't work if you keep on feeding them! They sell the clothing you give them around the corner for booze!" say the well fed parasites who also neither work nor help the poor except perhaps in a very dim and distant contribution to a fund, much of which goes for overhead. The idea of these professional do-gooders is to "give coals and treacle" to the poor, as Shaw said, and to keep them out of sight in order that the rich may not be reminded of the filth and degradation which is the foundation of their wealth. Good social workers are told not to "become emotionally involved" with their clients. Again, the mechanistic approach.

The CW breaks through all this sham. Instead of living in fine apartments to which we can repair after witnessing the other side of the tracks, we who accept Lady

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ST. ANDREW CORSINI

## Peter Maurin Farm

By EMILY SCARBOROUGH

On May 15th a requiem mass for the soul of Peter Maurin was sung. Dorothy was present, and Cecilia Curran, as well as Jim Boslet and Gerry Weakland, from Altoona, Pa. No one imagines that Peter is not in Heaven.

Hans at last has a new helper, Frank Miller. He is learning to bake. He seems to know carpentry too; he changed the direction of the vital door between Leonard's and the cook's parts of the basement, and put in a trap door above the chapel stairway. He also wipes dishes with assiduity, and appears to be well read. He has been with Father Rice in Pittsburgh, and at Father Lux's inter-racial center in Amarillo, Texas.

Peggy Conklin, Dorothy's old friend who was in jail with her over a free speech issue in 19... is still with us, cooking and cutting asparagus. Her husband came for supper last Sunday.

The Smiths continue to give joy. Celie makes a fine soup, and a pigeon-peas-and-rice Bahaman dish. All the children are in school, or anticipating it in the fall, except Paul. He has a cap and socks of a lovely blue, given him by his godmother, Dorothy. He attends mass, vespers and the rosary, and utters angelic liturgical sounds.

There are three new statues in the chapel—of St. Joseph, Our Lady, and the Infant of Prague, given us by friends. Hans made pedestals for the two first ones, attaching them to posts in the nave. Hans has also propped up the clothes lines, and done a lot of other improvements.

All the white parts of the house  
(Continued on page 8)

## A Plea for a Protest

Clear proof of the nature of the Franco regime's labor policy is now available to us—and this time it concerns Catholics specifically.

Basque workers, strikers and sympathizers of the strikes of a year ago spring, have been brought up on charges (Docket No. 168 of 1951 in the Vitoria Court). These charges reveal the character of Franco justice:

(1) Illegal association. The accused were members of the Basque Solidarity, a trade union affiliated to the International Federation of Christian Trade Unions; they were in contact with the Basque government in exile; one man was a Socialist. For this charge, a sentence of five years in jail and 8 years' deprivation of civil rights was asked for some of the accused.

(2) Propaganda. This amounted to making propaganda for the strike. Especially noted was the fact that the propaganda indicated that the Basque clergy sided with the workers (as they have all during the Franco struggle).

(3) Seditious Strike. Seditious because it was against the "national unity." There was, of course, no evidence of Communist participation—or for that matter of a general political character beyond protesting the venality of the government.

This time it is Catholics. This time there is not even a question of "common crimes" as when the CNT executive was arrested. No other charges were made.

If Catholics have been unable to protest the injustice done to Anarchists and Socialists, at least let them raise their voices now, even if the motive is sectarian, that these men are Basque and Catholic. But, for God's sake, let them protest.



# Toward a Theology of Hospitality\*

By JEAN DANIELOU, O.P.

Problems of hospitality are imposed upon us by current social realities: housing difficulties, displaced persons, who, today, in certain countries, constitute large colonies.

The unpalatable truth must be admitted that the Western Christian world is no longer prepared to meet the problem. I recall the testimony of one of our Chinese friends who made a pilgrimage from Peking to Rome. He stated that to the degree that he approached Rome, hospitality diminished, a fact that ought to trouble us. While he was in central Asia, all went well; when he traversed the Slavic countries, the hospitality that he received was still sufficient for his needs, but when he reached the Latin countries all hospitality was at an end.

From this rather harsh experience, we see that in the Western Christian world there is a famine of the sense of hospitality. We are of the opinion that on this point voices should be lifted in protest; that the duties of hospitality should form part of the training of children as well as figure in the formation of Catholic Action groups of youth and adults.

Hospitality is, first of all, a great human reality. The Greeks saw it in one of the marks of a civilized people. It can safely be said that, to a certain point, the degree of civilization of a race or a people, is characterized by their conception of hospitality.

It is possible to better understand what an advance the practice of hospitality represents when we recall the striking linguistic fact that in many languages, the same root word serves as derivative for the words "guest" and "enemy"; that is, at the base of the two categories is the undifferentiated reality—stranger.

The "stranger", that is to say, he who does not belong to the clan, to the race, to the biological or sociological unity, could be regarded under either one of two aspects: as an enemy or as a guest. It might well be said that civilization took a decisive step forward on the day that the "stranger" from an enemy, became a guest, that is to say, the day when the human community was created.

Up to that time, the human species in common with the animal species, were at war, one against the other in the primeval forests. On the day when, in the stranger, a guest was recognized; when the stranger was thereby clothed with a certain dignity instead of being vowed to execration, on that day, one might say, that an important change was effected in the world.

To explain the word derivative: in Latin the word which signifies guest is *hospes*; the word signifying enemy is *hostis*. These are two derivatives from the same root. Moreover, in German the inn is the *Gasthaus*, in which *gast* represents the same root. These facts are significant because linguistics bear within themselves, the history of civilization.

In Greek the word which signifies stranger is *Xenos*, also susceptible of sustaining a pejorative sense, as when one speaks of *xenophobia*, as well as a positive significance, as *zenos*, the guest. "Hospitality" in Greek is *philoxenie*, "love of the guest."

The primitive condition of the stranger is described in the fourth chapter of Genesis. It is the tragic cry of Cain upon the threshold of human history:

"I shall be a vagabond and a fugitive on the earth; everyone, therefore, that findeth me, shall kill me."

Usually the fugitive, the wanderer was slain; on the day when the stranger was accepted as sent by God, the situation was reversed. This inversion, the change in the primitive attitude is to be noted especially in the two great civilizations from which our own originated; the Greek and the Roman.

In the Grecian world we know the degree to which respect for hospitality was carried. This respect goes back very far in history. We recall the admirable pages in the Homeric poems devoted to hospitality; in particular, the episode in which Ulysses, returning from his wanderings, reaches Ithaca, presents himself in his home as a stranger and is received by the swineherd, Porcher, and by his own wife, Penelope, as a guest, both of them having failed to recognize the master of the household in the worn and tattered wanderer. This passage causes us to see faintly delineated, the future mysterious character of the guest who is other and greater than he appears to be. This guest is an unknown who one day will be recognized for what he really is, and on that day there will be great rejoicing for having received him in his humiliation.

In a text which is basic to Greek civilization, the Laws of Plato, we find a paragraph on the status of the guest in the Hellenic city. After having described the duties to fellow citizens, Plato reaches those which concern strangers. "We envisage now our duties toward the stranger—guest. It must be said that this is one of the holiest of engagements: every fault committed against him is, in comparison with that which concerns the rights of citizens, a most grave falling against a vengeful goddess.

"The stranger, being isolated from his comrades and his neighbors, is the object, for men and gods, of greater love. How many precautions should one take to travel even to the end of our road without committing the least fault in regard to strangers." When we read texts of this quality we realize just what that is which the Greeks called, "love of the guest" and which, in reality, is but respect for man, whomever he may be. We come then to understand what civilization is—essentially an order of things in which man is respected and love, and in which he is loved the more in proportion as he is

weaker, more isolated, more unhappy.

Every order of things in which the weak, the stranger, is despised, rejected, suppressed, is not a true civilization even though there may be found all the refinements of technical improvements carried to the highest degree.

Civilization must be credited for what it truly is; we must cease placing it in material progress; we must place it at a certain level of humaneness. The welcome given to the stranger-guest constitutes one of the most traditional and surest criteria for defining what is humaneness.

This quality which was found in the Grecian world, we find also in the Semitic world, and particularly, in the Arab world. It is a well known fact that their hospitality represents an ancestral custom. Even today the Bedouin of the desert practices hospitality as did his distant ancestors of the second and third millennium before Christ. From the moment that anyone steps over the threshold into his



CHRISTI SUMUS!

tent he is a guest, and by that, sacred, even though he might be a personal enemy. By the fact of having entered into the communion of the home, and even more, by having entered into the communion of partaking of food together, the guest thereby becomes sacred. Any act of violence or disrespect toward him becomes an extremely serious matter...

In the ancient ritual of baptism it seems that all that followed the baptism was a concerted movement of the rites of hospitality. The feet of the newly baptised were washed; their heads were anointed with oil and they were offered milk and honey. The ointment with which the face, seared by the sun's rays in a semi-desert country, was anointed is, with water for the feet and the shared food, one of the sacraments of hospitality.

From these elementary gestures that we find in the origins of our civilization, the Church makes the signs of this supreme form of hospitality which is the reception into the Church by the Divine Guest. But Christianity, in elevating them to the dignity of a sacrament, not only consecrates the ancient rites of hospitality, but also strengthens and leads to perfection, the virtue of hospitality. If we study primitive Christianity we shall see that hospitality holds a prominent place and that it appears as one of the essential virtues of the Christian.

So, the famine of hospitality in the world of today shows that, despite appearances, it is not a truly civilized world, and the famine of hospitality amongst the Christians

of today clearly demonstrates the superficial character of their Christianity.

In ancient Christianity, hospitality was not purely a private affair. It was one of the official acts of the Church presided over by the hierarchy. Hospitality was one of the virtues required of a Bishop, that is to say, of the head of the Christian community. St. Paul had already written in first Timothy: "The Bishop, then, must be one with whom no fault can be found, faithful to one wife, sober, discreet, modest, well-behaved, hospitable..." In the second century, Hermes, a popular author, wrote: "It is the Bishops and hospitable men who always show a free and joyous hospitality in welcoming servants of God under their roof." It must be said, therefore, that one of the characteristics of the primitive Church was that the Christian-stranger, arriving in a parish or diocese (Bishops then were comparable to the pastors of today) found there an organized hospitality. He had but to present himself to the Bishop to be received "freely and joyously." It is important to note the institutional character of hospitality in the early Christian centuries. It was offered by the entire Christian community under the direction of their head. In the modern world it was originally offered by hospices or "homes" for the poor which finally, have become just "hotels," that is to say, places where the guest must pay in order to be received and which therefore are merely commercial enterprises. The degradation of modern hospitality can be measured by the degradation of the word "hotel" which originally came from the word "host"—one who receives or entertains a guest. Our Protestant brothers have given us some notable examples, and the Salvation Army, in particular, has carried on a great work in this field; other works witness to a truly Christian conception of hospitality.

But there is another aspect. Hospitality signifies to give and to receive, and amongst Christians presupposes an exchange and tends toward a communion: it is an effort to open that which is closed, to enlarge that which is narrow, to re-establish a communication amongst men in such a way that the life of Christ can circulate freely.

We do not, therefore, fulfill our duty in its plenitude if we are content merely to receive those who seek us out. We must, ourselves, be, sometimes, the stranger who advances toward others. In primitive Christianity, the missionary, detached from everything in order to vow himself to the work of evangelization, lived upon the hospitality of those whom he visited and to whom he communicated the message with which he was charged. "When you enter a house, say first of all, Peace be to this house... Remain in the same house, eating and drinking what they have to give you... and tell them, the kingdom of God is close upon you." (Luke 10:5-9).

These words project a light upon the mystery of hospitality. We have a presentiment of it in pagan civilization. We have seen that the stranger arriving upon the shores of Ithaca was quite other than what he appeared to be...

The epistle to the Hebrews will say, in teaching hospitality to the early Christians: "Do not forget to show hospitality, in doing this, men have before now, entertained angels unawares." (Hebrew 13:2). The stranger, the guest, might be an angel. There is always some mystery about him. Rather, for us Christians, we always know who he is: Jesus Christ has told us. The guest is Christ Who thus expressly identifies Himself. In His eschatological discourse telling men by what they shall be judged He spoke these words: "I was a stranger and you brought Me home, whereupon the just will answer, Lord, when was it that we saw Thee a stranger and brought

Thee home?" And Christ will answer: "... when you did it to the least of My brethren here, you did it unto Me." This idea also recurs in the gospel: "He who gives you welcome, gives Me welcome, too; and He who gives Me welcome, gives welcome to Him that sent Me." (Matth. 10:40, Knox version). Thus it is Jesus Whom we receive in the guest; and He, alone, Whom we receive. He is forever identified with the guest. He is the stranger who came into the world and Who knocks at the door of our houses. "See where I stand at the door knocking; if anyone listens to My voice and opens the door, I will come in to visit him, and take My supper with him, and he shall sup with Me."

It is here that we meet with the mysterious exchange of perspectives. In exercising hospitality it is not the guest who is most favored but he who receives the guest. To receive a guest is a favor, a grace. At Benares it is considered an honor for a family to receive one of the voluntary beggars, students or the aged, who live by accepting hospitality. And when, toward noon, they appear to ask for a little rice, they are received with all the marks of respect.

The Rule of St. Benedict which faithfully preserves primitive Christian traditions, and which is, perhaps, the text through which we communicate most faithfully with the ancient traditions of hospitality, expressly states that the guest is to be received as the Saviour. Those who have ever knocked at the door of a Benedictine Abbey, even unexpectedly, has experienced what is true hospitality in a true guest-house for strangers.

But if it is Jesus Who is the guest we receive today, we must not forget that one day it will be Christ Who will receive us. Today He comes as a stranger in the world; He comes to men and men refuse to receive Him. But one day it will be ourselves who will be strangers in another world; ourselves who will travel into those mysterious regions, where there will be with us neither comrades nor friends to assist us, and where we shall feel to the utmost—terribly—what it means to be a stranger.

If we wish that one day, the true Host, the Host of the eternal mansions, welcomes us when we come to knock at his threshold, He has already told us what we must do in this life. He has said that we must know how to open our door to the stranger who comes to us for shelter.

Through this, we can understand the dignity of hospitality, since it has been prescribed by Jesus to be a criterion, the key to Paradise, by which we shall be judged in the last day. Hospitality must not remain in our eyes as a simple exterior practice, but as a true Christian mystery. It is meditating upon it that we shall come to love it and to discover in it, one of the essential aspects of our Christian life. May this discovery lead to a real and permanent change in our attitude, and may there arise in our parishes, churches, families, a true current of Christian hospitality.

\*Translated by Lyle Terhune, by permission of the author and the editor of *La Vie Spirituelle*, 29 Boul. Latour, Maubourg, Paris, in which this article was originally published.

## The Dove

Gift-of the Wounded,  
White Dove of fire,  
Breathed from thirsting lips upon an old death,  
The soul's mystery is Thy dwelling.  
One Bread in this common Fire is born,  
As the laden wind beats fiery wings into the fallen city.  
Promised Wind, mist-soft,  
Earth trembles into ashes,  
The sky cloak of silence is pierced by those fluttering wings.  
All fires are drawn into Eternal Flame.  
The Dove who is one  
Is willed to life.  
And tongues proclaim it.  
The Dove who is one,  
Beloved,  
In Her all wisdom shall unfold, and all life burn,  
And in this unity of flame,  
The Peace of ancient hills,  
Forgotten harmony,  
Voiceless songs still heard,  
Hope for the soul's true rest.

Eileen Fantino.

## Friday Night Talks At The Catholic Worker

223 Chrystie St. (8 P.M.)

James O'Gara—The Encyclical—JUNE 6.

Fr. Oesterreicher and Dr. Natalie Darcy on Fr. O's bk., "Walls Are Crumbling"—JUNE 13.

Father Joseph Moody—Church and State—JUNE 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald O'Grady—on Marriage—JUNE 27.



# + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

## Whittaker Chambers

**WITNESS** by Whittaker Chambers.  
Random House, New York. \$5.00  
Reviewed by Betty Bartelme

Identification of Whittaker Chambers is unnecessary. The Hiss case in which he was one of the two dominant figures was front page news for two years. The heated partisanship which this case aroused is still alive in many circles, and the memory of it will most surely be revived by the publication of this book, as it was by partial serialization in a national magazine earlier this year.

Under such circumstances it is safe to assume that few Americans are unfamiliar with the story of Whittaker Chambers. They undoubtedly know, for example, that his boyhood was strange and unhappy, his family life unstable. They know too of the interest he developed in Marxist doctrines which led him into the Communist party. They have read of his work for the party, first as a writer for Communist publications, later as an espionage agent in the underground. His subsequent break with Communism followed by his testimony in the Hiss trials is perhaps best known of all, but these facts alone do not constitute the whole substance of the book.

For *Witness*, though it has all the ingredients of a spy thriller—espionage, secret papers, flight from pursuers, informers, and at last the traitors brought to justice—is primarily a story of ideas—and it is as Chambers himself says, a terrible story. Man lives by his ideas, by a philosophy he develops or which is presented to him. He may not always be aware of this with his full consciousness and may, if his life dissatisfies him, strain against it with only a vague notion of what is wrong. Or he may on the other hand, live his life convinced of the worth of the path which he has chosen to follow. In either case he is guided by a philosophy which he generally has had little part in formulating.

Chambers, however, is a man who was aware of ideas and their strength. His highly developed sensitivity, apparent to an extraordinary degree in his account of

his reactions in varied situations, led him early to a conviction that there was something desperately wrong with the world. In Marxism he felt he had found a solution for these wrongs. Like many intellectuals of the 20's and the decades following, revolution on a cosmic scale seemed the only answer to establish an economic balance and a just social order. Chambers worked faithfully for years to further the aims of the Communist party with these ends in mind. The account of the movements of the underground have a horrible fascination as treachery after treachery is unfolded, as men fade from one identity into another, as the doubtful are ruthlessly cut down. Chambers' disillusionment, beginning with a pin-prick here and there, ended with a burst in 1938 when he and his family packed their belongings by night and fled beyond the reach of the party.

The rest of the story is concerned with his testimony against his former comrades before the House Un-American Activities Committee and at the Hiss trials. It deals with the new convictions which brought him to a belated belief in God and to a sincere desire to make amends for the harm he had done in the past.

However, Chambers never quite seems to come to grips with the problem of what to do about Communism. He feels that he personally is called upon to expose every facet of the organization to which he formerly gave his loyalty and which he now believes to be so dangerous. His primary function as an ex-Communist is to testify against those who worked in the underground—to root them out of government and other important positions where their influence could have a lasting effect on political direction. As an informer he understands that he plays a detestable role—and there is no doubt one feels that from between the informer and the traitor there is little to choose. Chambers has been both, but one cannot condemn a man who turns away from what he believes to be evil and chooses the good. Nor can one condemn a

man who sees it as his duty to save his country from the evil of which he is aware.

But it does seem necessary to point out that the evil of a materialism which prompted Chambers to join the party in the first place still exists. That he himself has become aware of higher values and of his own place as a child of God can be only a matter for rejoicing. But there is far more to be done than standing alone as a single witness against Communism. Chambers over and over again points out the firm grip that the Communist doctrines have on the minds of the party people. Under such a circumstance and in the face of such intellectual conviction, it seems naive to expect Communism to be overcome here or anywhere else by legal machinery. That process can only effect an occasional conviction, a certain outlawry, basically it changes nothing. Chambers' disillusionment in Communism and in the New Deal government under which it flourished may account for his seeming lack of interest in social reform. It does not change the fact that necessity for such reform still exists; that materialism still does its corroding work.

There is a tremendous pathos, however, in Chambers' story. Perhaps it is the loneliness of the path he has chosen which excites a deep sympathy for him and his family. It may well be too that this same loneliness is responsible for his constant expression that he stands as the single witness against evil in this country today. It is a quality in Chambers and in his book that is understandable, but it is nonetheless incompatible with the facts. For example, it is hard to take seriously his steady reiteration that no one—no one at all in the government was either interested in his story or willing to do anything about it. It is even more difficult to believe that responsible men were willing to tolerate charges of espionage to save their own faces and protect their "liberalism." There were many people who helped Chambers, and there are many more brave individuals in other situations who stand as firmly against evil as he. One cannot help but feel that through his experiences Chambers has become somewhat obsessed with his role of the single man who alone witnesses to truth.

One cannot read this book without feeling the weight of a great depression falling on him. It is as if the poison of evil has worked like yeast under a smooth surface, disturbing a spot now and then, pushing against the crust unexpectedly until the whole mass breaks with a terrifying surge. The spectacle of men denying their nature for a perverted idea is exposed in its shroud of darkness; an idea which cuts across all boundaries which bind men together, destroying the concepts of friendship, honor, loyalty, truth. Man is nothing for man is the norm. There is no Absolute—nothing greater than he. The idea is all and faithfulness to it automatically looses natural ties and instincts of common humanity. That such an idea could conquer and hold the minds of intelligent men seems monstrous; that they could not see the fallacy of the tenets of Communism seems unbelievable to those who have not or could not hold to such an idea. But it is the very tenacity with which they do hold the idea that makes them the tragic figures they are.

For what we meet in the true Communist, as Chambers points out, is a man who has found a faith. In a century where religion has been discarded, where God is put in a neat compartment or rejected altogether, men have found a new faith—one which demands from them all they have to give and accepts nothing less. The lies, the betrayals—they are measures of belief. That such a perversion of faith can grasp and hold the minds of intelligent men

throughout the world is a matter of terror. It can only be rooted out by a stronger idea—the religion of love. The due processes of law cannot do it—they are not equipped for such a task. Only a return to God in true Christianity will have any effect on the world which is racked by the disease of which Communism is only a by-product.

This Chambers firmly believes—but in spite of the brilliance of his analysis of Communism and its

power—in spite of the tremendous dramatic account of his strange existence, there is a defeatist note in the book. He felt finally that he must leave the party but in so doing he was leaving the side of the winner. It is a brave choice to make with such convictions, but a negative attitude. For if he truly chooses the good and strives for it, then he must come to the conclusion that the good can also overcome the powers of darkness as nothing else can.

## Open Letter

To His Holiness, Pope Pius XII

Our Dear Holy Father:

Convinced that burdened consciences should find a refuge in the Church, we, the undersigned, appeal to Your Holiness.

We are unable before Christ, the Living One, Who will be our Judge, to take part, directly or indirectly, in a war which, of set purpose and without distinction, is waged against soldiers and civilians, the guilty and the innocent alike.

In your pronouncement of October 29th of last year, your Holiness has emphasized the divine source and the inviolability of the unborn life in the mother's womb. In every war, for whatever cause, and from whatever motive it is waged, both the germinating life in the mother's womb and the blossoming life of countless equally innocent men and women are done to death.

We know of the distress in the shelters of bombed cities, we know the burden resting on the consciences of soldiers in aeroplanes who have to drop bombs on women and children; we know the troubled consciences of inventors and engineers and of working men and working women in munition factories.

With all respect we beseech you for a word which shall allay this distress of conscience.

Holy Father, what are we to do when we receive the command to prepare or to carry out that which before Christ, the Living One, who will be our Judge, we cannot justify? This dilemma does not begin with the outbreak of a war, it has long been obvious as perhaps the most terrible problem in Christendom. For everyone has, consciously or unconsciously, to take part in an economic system in the service of death. Everyone belongs to a State which, any day, may, with limitless authority, force on us our share in the guilt of the murder of innocent life.

We know that the problem which weighs on us can only be solved by a theology which takes into consideration all the facts connected with this problem, yet it is bound up with all the religious and secular duties on a Christian. It is a burden resting on the individual and must be borne individually.

If the Church were to condemn armaments and war, war in the form in which it is carried on today, this would doubtless be felt by the vast majority of our contemporaries as a releasing act.

Should such a condemnation be impossible, we dare to address to your Holiness the earnest plea to stand before World States as mediator on behalf of those who at any moment must face the distress of conscience of the present day. For, without such mediation, without legal protection, few will be able to resist. The rest will acquiesce and, by going against their conscience, will be injured in the most sacred part of their personality which the conscience constitutes and of which it is the foundation, and through which each individual has to do and to suffer.

And when consciences responsible to Christ are wounded and troubled, the Church Herself is wounded and defeated by the anti-Christian Powers of this Age.

With eager longing we seek from the Church that freedom which the world cannot give; we pray for a helping and protecting word which will make us strong to resist the sin of taking innocent life and to conform to the law of love.

At a time which would seem to be the last opportunity for such a petition, we beseech our Father and Shepherd for a pronouncement which will give us power to bear witness before the godless that we dread being in opposition to Jesus Christ more than we fear all the powers of this world.

Agreed on in Frankfurt on Main by One Hundred men and women, priests and lay present at a conference of the newly-formed Catholic Working Group within the International Fellowship of Reconciliation on November 17 and 18, 1951, and presented to your Holiness in filial respect and loyal obedience.

(The above message was sent to us for publication by Herr Kasper Mayr of Vienna, a Catholic layman editor of *Der Christ in der Welt*. He writes: The above letter was signed on behalf of the conference of Catholic pacifists held at Frankfurt, Germany, last November by three priests, Fr. Pierre Lorson, S. J., author of "Can a Christian Be a Conscientious Objector?"; by Fr. Stratmann, O. P., author of "World Church and World Peace"; and Fr. Manfred Horhammer, leader of the Pax Christi movement in Germany; and by five laymen, among them Dr. Nikolaus Ehlen, pioneer of the self-help settlement movement in Germany, and Hans Wirtz, a well-known Catholic writer on social and educational reform.)

## Church and State Relationship in Spain, Austria, America

(Continued from page 2)

to a partisan loyalty of political parties or governments-in-power; and that force can never be used to advance the cause of the Church.

The remarkable nineteenth century prophet, Jacob Burckhardt writing at a time when the Church was allied with reaction, foresaw the totalitarian outlines of the twentieth century—and the fact that within this monolithic world religion would free itself of alliances with tyranny and become the defender of individual right and human dignity.

The crisis of the monolithic state has arrived; and now the Church, in many ways, begins to fulfill Burckhardt's prophecy. The Austrian Hierarchy have made this clear.



## Life at Hard Labor

(Continued from page 3)

Poverty have given up worldly goods, insurance, and much of our privacy. This pull in the breadline; this drunk or prostitute; this mal-adjusted and perhaps lazy man—all of these may not be improved a bit by our help. Ours is not a success story; the Way of the Cross was also a failure. He at least might have led a rebellion against the Roman State instead of dying on the Cross and forgiving His enemies.

Where are we to look for those who are going to bear the Cross today? It is true that St. Francis, Tolstoy, Malatesta, Kropotkin and Gandhi left their inheritance and choosing voluntary poverty were able to accomplish much. We also print the word and deliver the lecture to the purebreds. We make no mistake in thinking that because a man is ragged that he is holy, for if he is avaricious he is as much a slave to money as is the rich man. (My banker friend Brophy jokingly told me that he would have to write a defense of the rich for the CW. I told him that he would end up contradicting himself and that the best defense of the rich could be obtained by giving a couple of drinks to a poor man on the street.) The Old Pioneer tells of stopping at a stand in the desert recently and being charged 15c for a soft drink. "This is 500% profit for you" he told the proprietor. "I'm not in business for my health" said this greedy and seedy defender of the capitalist system. The Old Pioneer also tells of 25c being charged for one common needle in the old days when everything coming into Phoenix had to be hauled from Maricopa Wells station beyond South Mountain. "The freight is what costs" was the alibi of the greedy merchant. Neither do we consider the product of the purebreds, Tommy Manville, the dear old DAR ladies, the useless royalty of Europe, and our own inbred Duponts and intellectuals who have nearly without exception prostituted their talents toward the making of bombs. There is some hope that among the bums we may find a John the Baptist to carry on the work when we have gone, but there is little hope from politicians whose integrity has already been purchased and from the super educated to whom a doctors degree, a deep freeze and a television set mean more than fighting for a lost cause.

How will we then come to a sensible way of life? Without war work we would have a terrible depression. Hardly a person but whom we will gladly earn this blood money! Hardly a person but whom we will pay taxes for more bombs! The rich will not give up their riches and the poor will not give up their pensions; (the young will not help the aged; preparing to "keep up with the Jones".) The froth at the top has little right to scorn the scum at the bottom; meanwhile we who do the work of the world support them both. The Old Pioneer remarked recently that Jefferson's plan of not having great wealth inherited was the right idea. This reminds me of the old Russian proverb: "Do not lay up your money for your son, for if he is any good he can make his own money; and if he is not any good he will lose it." So in our writing, our picketing, our speaking, our help to the poor in Houses of Hospitality, we must not show our sincerity by our voluntary poverty. No one would think of bribing us for by our lives we have established the fact that we need nothing. We need not fritter our time by building up "all good causes," which accept the tyranny of the state. When they are ready for it the rich, the bourgeois intellectual, the bum, and even the politician may have an awakening of conscience because of the uncompromising seeds of Christian Anarchism which we are sowing. To all of these we make our appeal and from all it is not impossible to gain a few adherents for that

time "when each shall give according to his ability and receive according to his need." For what does all our bookkeeping mean but a denial of this ideal?

Johnny Olson came back from a sojourn in Texas. In a splurge of affluence he bought five mouse traps and set them around our house. He caught the whole population which consisted of three mice. While I as a pacifist vegetarian would not cause the death of Brother Mouse yet as an anarchist I have no right to deny Johnny the right to catch them. The old mules, belonging to a neighbor, which I have used for plowing the garden these five years are now muleburger. They were not killed in time for the new government regulation which allows equine meat in weiners.

My friend Joe Craigmyle, non-registrant, and one-cylinder vegetarian and anarchist, runs a fruit stand and at times I have helped him pick oranges and grapefruit in groves where he has purchased the crop. Even in the month of May when the new fruit is on the trees the last year's crop is still sweet and juicy. As with apples, the fewer fruit on the tree the larger. There is not generally time to thin out the fruit but many drop off before maturity. An orange or grapefruit may look fine but if it is light in weight it is pithy and is discarded right there at the tree. The load is graded as to size when we return to the stand. Coming home from work the other night in Joe's truck we were discussing the idea of responsibility and of my reference in a recent CW article to the woman who called on every one else to remove the dead cat from the road. I remarked that I had seen a dead cat on the lateral that Sunday morning but being in a hurry to catch a bus did not practice my anarchist idea of responsibility in removing it. However, in the evening upon my return it was still there despite hundreds of cars and dozens of people on the road that day, so I took care of it. Just then we both saw to the right of us a two-by-four with four spikes sticking up. I said that this would soon give someone some trouble. By that time we were a quarter of a mile beyond it. "I'll back up and you can throw it in the ditch," said Joe. In my mind, then, Joe, who has not been much of a man of action, rose from a one-cylinder to a two-cylinder anarchist.

### Molokons

Recently I went to the federal court as a young Molokon who lives a few miles down the lateral had been out on \$5,000 bail for refusing to report to the army. Dozens of other young Molokons in the vicinity had been given CO status. Whether the draft board lost his CO questionnaire or thought they ought to get hard-boiled I do not know. I had phoned a local lawyer who had handled Craigmyle's refusal to register case and he promised to come to court but did not do so. His excuse being that he couldn't do anything about it. Judge Ling set Oct. 7th as date for a trial and the Molokon will get a lawyer from Los Angeles. The Old Pioneer tells of in 1917 when he went to the court commissioner with about fifteen Molokons who had refused to register. Two of them worked for him and he arranged for bail. They asked him if they could sing and pray. The Old Pioneer doubted if they could but asked the commissioner about it. "Hell no, this is a court," was the answer. "You'd better let them sing and pray and not look foolish for they're going to do it whether you give permission or not," said the Old Pioneer to the commissioner. So they sang and prayed. Now they register and do not sing or pray in court.

Today, May 15th, I received a notice that I owe \$2.15 interest and penalty on my \$192 tax bill for 1951 and unless paid within ten days my property and wages will be attached. This is an old run-around and I am not worry-

## Dehumanizing Social Assembly Line

(Continued from page 1)

therefore the wage is as low as possible in order to make the profit as high as possible. Existence is expensive. There is no money left over to put away for a home. There is no ownership in business, and no ownership of property, although it is the worker's labor that builds the capital and makes profit possible. The capitalist contributes capital, the worker contributes labor, but the profit cleared goes to the capitalist and stockholder, and the capitalist pays for labor as he pays for the material commodities used in production. There is no consideration of the dignity of the laborer or the sacredness of work done by sons of God. There is no consideration of the fair share of profits that belong in justice to the worker, and over and above that, the right of the worker to ownership of his tools and the means of production. Receiving the fruits of his labor, he would be able to provide his family with a home, the necessities of life, and a reasonable amount of security.

In wage dependence and insecurity is the source of another system of profiteering. The insurance companies feed on the worried state of the average head of a family, build up huge profits on insurance policies, and then, with a sweeping benevolence, erect housing projects with this money to provide decent housing for the harried workers, from whom they proceed to collect millions in rent. It is nothing less than a vicious circle, with the worker caught in the middle, wondering when and by what he will be devoured.

A family can certainly be given great graces in a slum, a housing project, a bungalow, or a farm. The question is does the worker have the right to expect a home of his own, and in his attempt to get one, to be delivered from the hands of the modern usurers and mortgage peddlers. Rare is the man who, if given a real choice, would not want to own his own home, a tree, a place for his children to play safely; a bit of brown earth to dig his toes in, and a patch of tulips near his front door. Once having embraced family life as a vocation, there is a deep rooted longing to provide for the family all that it needs for happiness, and the moral health on which it depends. There is such incongruity between our huge housing projects and the basic needs of the sensitive years of childhood. We need elbow room and breathing space, and a chance for creative repose in which to grow and respond to God.

If only we would listen to God, if we were really concerned for each other, we would find a way to live as a community family, and help each other to get what we need. We would find the faith in our hearts that says God will provide. We would give hope to the father who sees no way of giving his family their own home. We would drive out our selfishness and greed, and give entrance to the spirit of charity, which we have so often misunderstood and misused. Then homes would be built, and communities would sprout up, suddenly like Spring grass, because the cold tight grip of fear would be loosed, and men would begin to know each other as brothers. We would regain a sense of the sacredness of our labor, in which Christ shared, and in Him, discover its power to build a new order based on service rather than profit.

Today I ate the first Irish potatoes this year from our garden. The persimmon tree which the Old Pioneer's daughter-in-law gave me last winter now bears fruit. Watermelon, eggplant, tomatoes, squash, peppers and onions are doing fine. I am irrigating tonight and soon will come irrigating maize.

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

on the long porch. I was with Sarah Fahy who started the colored clinic in Atlanta which she turned over to the Sisters of the Medical Missions after it was well under way. On Holy Saturday her sister Peter Claver joined us and we assisted at the Holy Sacrifice midnight Saturday and remained through Matins Sunday morning until after three o'clock. It was unutterably beautiful, so beautiful that it cannot be written about. Jack English, now Frater Charles, has been there since last September, and it was good to see him and to have the permission of Abbot Robert to talk to him. He was filled with enthusiasm for a book on St. Aelred which he was reading and for the life he was living. "You are always conscious of being held up by others," he said. "You are never alone, never idle, never have quite enough food or quite enough sleep."

Fr. Abbott is indeed a father and is loved by all who meet him. Brother Hugh waited on us at table, and when we expressed regret at eating when we knew the monks were on bread and water Good Friday, he said brusquely, "That's my business. Besides, everybody's doing it."

I went around smiling to myself at such summing up. It is the business of Christians to fast and pray; and when everybody does it, it is much easier.

There are eighty-five monks and brothers at Holy Ghost Abbey and not only is the atmosphere one of profound peace, but of simple and generous hospitality to all around. One feels that here the monks are close to the soil, to the people around them, and there are always men from Atlanta coming to the retreat house for days of refreshment. When there are women guests, as there were the four days I was there, it was to see relatives who were in the monastery.

### Marycrest

One Tuesday night I spoke at Marycrest, Orangeburg, N. Y., the family project of which the Willlocks are the inspiration. We had supper beforehand and Ed spoke of the awful drive for work there was in him. He recalled the shame of the youth of his era who had no work in the depression, who left home rather than be seen around the house. He confessed to an inability to relax, to rest, to stop thinking, and ill as he is, this is serious. I hope the friends of the Catholic Worker will continue to pray hard for him and send gifts to help out during this trying period of illness. Remember, there are eight children and another coming. We are all brothers, and must help one another. Money is always the most urgent need of course, food prices being what they are. Ione Hedricks is generously helping Dorothy Willlock thank God. Ed means much to us all.

There were talks too at Free-

dom house and Haverford College and at Brandeis College in Boston and at General Theological Seminary in New York. At the invitation of Archbishop Cushing I spoke at the Harvard Catholic Club on May first, and at the yearly meeting of the Pius XI book shop. It was a joy to see Carl and Mary Paulson there. In New London I spoke at the Catholic circulating library and at Providence at Sacred Heart church for St. Catherine's library. I visited my old friend Fr. McKenna, the Marist for whom I had worked as cook at our Lady of the Elms on Staten Island many years ago and I also visited Mother Chiarini at Providence, who used to take care of Tamar at St. Patrick's Academy at Richmond, Staten Island.

### Peter's Anniversary

May 15, the feast of St. John Baptist de LaSalle, founder of the Christian Brothers, is the day Peter Maurin died, and on that day Masses were sung at both Maryfarm and Peter Maurin Farm and the day was celebrated as a feast day. On Friday night I spoke on Peter at Chrystie street, and Saturday morning at nine there was a Mass offered for him at our parish Church of the Nativity, on Second avenue. On Sunday afternoon, at the Peter Maurin farm there was a bus load of friends from Grace Church, Jersey City, and I spoke again about Peter, and personal responsibility and the apostolate. It was a good week of celebrating Peter's anniversary.

One of the most pleasing exchanges that comes into The Catholic Worker office is The Catholic Art Quarterly of which Ade Bethune was formerly the editor, and is now one of the guiding hands. Last month a most delightful supplement came in, The Catholic Elementary Art Guide, vol. v, 1952-1953 which is published to fill this objective—the right making of things needed for Christian purposes. Such as a crucifix, rosary, holy water font, nativity figures, candle holders, wall hangings, etc. Each issue is devoted to a specific problem, making illustrations, weaving, lettering, clay modeling, paper mache projects, printing processes, embroidery, etc. It includes step by step procedures, the philosophical aspects of each technique described, brief discussions of timely and seasonal Christian practices, etc.

This guide is not only for teachers, in schools, but for mothers in homes. Send one dollar check or money order for the art guide, or four dollars a year for a subscription to the Catholic Art Quarterly, to Ann Grill, 6332 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. The folder describing the art guide says to send your dollar to your local representatives, but lack of space forbids us printing the representatives, and we trust Miss Grill will

(Continued on page 7)

## Maryfarm Retreats

R.D. 3, Newburgh, N. Y.

**June 16-22—The Christian Life and the Works of Mercy**  
"... the order of charity outweighs the order of the flesh and the order of intelligence." (Fr. Jean Danielou, S.J.) The relation of true charity and compassion to service. Ways of understanding and meeting the social upheaval of our times. Week of study and discussion for young women. Msgr. Gerhard Flitken will give conferences.

**July 3-6—Fourth of July, Father Gregory Smith**  
To discern and make our own, the spirit of the Church's worship as the essence of lay spirituality, and the foundation of a vigorous, fruitful apostolate.

**July 27-August 1—Retreat, Father Paul Judge**  
The difference in the life of the soul possessing by Baptism the life of Grace, and the soul without the life of Grace. The urgency of our times to live by the Supernatural Virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity.

**August 18-23—Retreat, Father Marion Casey**  
N.B.: This is a change of date from Aug. 10-15.  
Within the Octave of the Assumption, this retreat will accent the love of God and the particular beauty of Mary's surrender to it.

**September—Five-Day Retreat, Father Robert Brown**  
Dates to be announced.  
The spirit of St. John of the Cross, and the need for a wholesome approach to asceticism as a powerful spiritual weapon in the present age. For further details write Vincenza Baglioni at Maryfarm.



## Reunion With the Eastern Orthodox

(Continued from page 1)

distress in an appeal which is fundamentally one of physical and material power and strength."

The worst thing about this indictment is that it is absolutely true—that only too often the appeal of our Catholic press and our Catholic societies is on a par with the advertising campaigns of commercial concerns in this country. We can never approach the Orthodox by this method and it is consequently with sorrow I note the tendency of our Eastern Rite parishes to "get on the bandwagon." To be aggressive and pushy and to adopt all the worst features of Roman parishes. But one could go on a long tirade on this and probably to no avail. Perhaps it would be more to the point to consider some of the points that separate us from the Orthodox and to see if there is not some possibility of mutual understanding.

### Filioque

Let us take the matter of the Filioque phrase in the Creed. Here is an example of a controversy conducted with bitterness on both sides and yet wholly unnecessary and fruitless. In the words of Father Sergius Bulgakov (Orthodox): "The controversy about the Holy Spirit has been conducted in an atmosphere lacking in love and actuated by the spirit of schism; it has been therefore a pointless dispute. The doctrinal disagreement about the Holy Spirit was lacking in 'spirit' and therefore its only result was emptiness and futility." According to the Orthodox theologian Nicolas Zernov "until this controversy was started, Christian writers often spoke and wrote about the Holy Ghost as coming from the Father through the Son, or from the Father and the Son. No one had hitherto considered that such expressions contained heresies, as also no one questioned the text of the creed which used the words of the Gospel (St. John xv. 26). But whatever were their motives, the innovators committed a sin; not a sin against truth, but against Christian fellowship and love." And those mostly responsible for this offense were those bishops of the Roman Church who, contrary to the agreement that the Nicene Creed would never be tampered with, added the Filioque clause to it. This innovation was opposed for some time by the Holy See but finally accepted and extended to the whole Western Church. This could not but give offense to the bishops and Patriarchs, priests and people of the Eastern Church who were not consulted on this innovation. Consequently Eastern theologians then began to advance reasons against the Filioque as a doctrinal conception, holding that it destroyed the uniqueness of the Father as the principle of origination.

An examination of the facts surrounding the Filioque controversy would seem to place the large proportion of blame on the Western Church for the tactless manner in which the Filioque was added to the Creed. But the point for us today is that this is so much water under the bridge, that the damage has been done and that, should reunion come about, the Holy See would not require the Filioque to be used in the Eastern Church—as indeed the Holy See does not require it to be used in any Eastern Rite Church under her jurisdiction where it has not been customary to do so.

### Epiklesis

If the Filioque controversy is an example of unbecoming conduct on the part of the Western Church, the Epiklesis controversy is an example of such unseemly conduct on the part of the Eastern Church. The old rubrics of the Byzantine Rite directs the priest to make an act of reverence after the words of institution—so they were evidently not regarded as merely the recitation of an historical narrative. The theory that an invocation of the Holy Ghost was necessary (i.e. the epiklesis) for the

consecration of the species is a fairly recent opinion in the Eastern Church. It must, however, be pointed out that there has always been a difference in attitude towards the Sacred Species in the Eastern Church from that of the West. When the sacred elements are removed from the table of the Prothesis, for the Great Entrance, they are accorded a reverence by the people which the West would give to the Species only after consecration. This because the Eastern Church has never placed the same emphasis on the time element in the Liturgy—so that, in some way, the Sacred Elements are the Body and Blood of Christ even as they are carried unconsecrated to the Throne at the Great Entrance.

Taking into account this difference in attitude it would seem, however, that to insist on the necessity of an epiklesis is untenable for several reasons. First, if the Eucharist is the re-enactment of the Last Supper (and I presume West and East hold this in common) then, taking the Scriptural accounts, we find no indication of such an invocation of the Holy Spirit. If the Last Supper contains all the essential elements of the Liturgy it is difficult then to see where the Eastern contention is valid. Secondly, if the epiklesis is necessary then those Rites not having one are invalid since they lack an essential part of the Liturgy. This would seem to be untenable even from the standpoint of the Eastern Church which, on occasion, has used the Liturgy called St. Peter's (at Mt. Athos, for example) which has no epiklesis. There is further something wretched about either the Western or Eastern Churches doubting the validity of each others Liturgy. To my knowledge no Roman theologian of repute has or does doubt the validity of the Eastern Liturgies but there are some Eastern theologians who cast doubt on the validity of the Roman Rite because of a lack of epiklesis. All of this, however, developed since the split between the East and West and is to be attributed more to political and factional rivalries than to genuine theological differences. For, even taking into consideration the Eastern aversion to fixing a moment, a point of time, at which the consecration takes place, yet the very insistence on the epiklesis as necessary introduces the time element as effectively as does the teaching that the consecration is effected by the words of institution.

### Temporal Powers

These are but two of the problems involved in this matter of reunion. There are more serious difficulties, difficulties that are seemingly unsurmountable, which will be unsurmountable unless both sides combine a great love and humility in their approach. The West has much to learn from the Orthodox Churches of the East. The inevitable results of the highly centralized system of the Western Church has been a certain tendency to formalism, legalism, uniformity. But in East and West alike the great evil has been the alliance of the Church with the temporal powers. To succumb to the temptation to have the State take up the cause of the Church. Which ends always in the Church taking up the cause of the State. Caesaropapism is a peculiar instrument of the devil to keep discord and schism alive. If the day should come when we decide we have tasted enough of the State and can do without it, then the Churches will once more be free. As they are not free even in the United States where religion is being coddled by the State as a handy instrument with which to fight Communism. And Communism is conceived as an evil by the State, not for ethical or religious considerations, but because it is deemed a danger to American imperialism and aggrandizement.

The Orthodox Church in Russia has been cleansed and purged of its enslavement to the Tsarist regime. Despite the subsequent

persecution under the present regime and even despite the fact that there may again be a tendency to become subservient to the State—we cannot overlook the fact that the Orthodox in Russia have put up an heroic struggle, have maintained the Faith—that they still preserve the authentic Christianity peculiarly theirs. In large measure this is also true of the other Orthodox Churches of the East. It is imperative that the differences between Orthodox and Roman Catholics be ironed out—that we be united. The excommunication of the patriarch Michael Cerularius in 1054 was a personal excommunication, it was never meant to be an excommunication of the Eastern Church as such. As far as the Russian Church is concerned, no one can point out when separation from the Holy See occurred. It is a condition into which they drifted with no set purpose, it is a condition which was utilized by the temporal powers for political ends and to serve the greed and ambitions of men in both the East and West. It is a condition that we must work and pray to end.



## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

be able to handle the orders. Or perhaps the shop, Designs for Christian Living, Box 5948, Kansas City 2, Mo., might be a better thing since they handle all the books listed also in the Art Guide.

These are guides for all parents and teachers, not just for the artist. Every man is an artist, every child, Ade always points out, and I remember her sympathetic appreciation of some paintings on the walls of the Chicago Catholic Worker years ago. One of the men from the breadline decided he would decorate our walls for us and the result was colorful but crude and rather too much a copy of what has scornfully been termed Barclay Street. When Ade showed up her sympathetic encouragement warmed all hearts. She and Peter Maurin always had so great a respect for the creative aspirations of others, that they warmly applauded all attempts at singing, playing, dancing, painting, writing—any cultural effort to do the thing one's self, instead of only listening to music made by others, admiring art done by others. They were firm believers in participating in life, not just being onlookers. Who knows what talents lie crushed and buried by just the not seeing Christ in others!

In a craft shop we had for a time on Mott street there was some beautiful wood carving done by men who had never made a crucifix or a statue before.

And at one of the retreats we had for families at Maryfarm, Newburgh, Julia Porcelli taught the children of the couples who came, how to make little pictures of our Lady, little pictures of the Cross, so that in effect they were making something of a retreat themselves.

We call attention again to the revised list of retreats for the summer at Maryfarm, Newburgh: July 3-6, Fourth of July week end; July 27-August 1—Father Paul Judge; August 17-23, Fr. Marion Casey. In September there will be another five day retreat under Fr. Robert Brown, the date to be announced later. These are all basic retreats dealing with nature and the supernatural.

Write to Jane O'Donnel at R.R. 3, Maryfarm, Newburgh, New York.

## Poverty, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 1)

Reports and an excellent study of income distribution published in Social Order for February, 1952.)

And yet, the Worker's Budget was calculated for an urban family of four; larger families would be even more hard pressed than the statistics indicate.

### Children

The effect of this distribution on children is even more out of line with notions of a family wage.

A quarter of American children live in families with income of less than \$2,000 a year; almost half live in families with incomes of less than \$3,000.

Children, of course, lower the family share of wages. With children, the wife is unable to work, and because of this, the average loss in income is around \$700.

One explanation for the appearance of prosperity is installment buying. In 1948, 62% of this type of transaction was concentrated in automobiles, department stores and furniture stores.

But even more unbelievable is the American tax structure. In a recent study of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report, it was revealed that the tax burden was heavier on families with incomes of less than \$1,000 a year than on those whose earnings totaled \$5,000 to \$7,500. This class-structured tax pattern puts the brunt of the cost of government on those least able to pay and reduces the money available for minimum necessities in the lowest income group.

### Proletariat

One fact which emerges from the income figures should clarify thinking on social questions. In as much as Marxists (and Catholics) have applied the term "proletariat" in the United States as meaning a stable, conscious class of industrial wage earners, they have overlooked significant groupings.

The slums of America are racist and rural to a much greater degree than they are industrial.

There were almost six million farm families in 1949—of whom 60% had cash incomes of less than \$2,000.

It is true that these families can supplement this income by the food which they grow; but it is also true that they need money to expand their equipment.

The condition of the migrant worker and the share-cropper is, of course, even more extreme since they often lack the supplement of food which the farmer-owner can rely on.

### Racial Slums

But by far and large the most significant of the oppressed groups is the non-white.

Over 18% of the non-white population in 1949 had an income of

less than \$500 (this, for families and unrelated individuals).

Over half of the non-white population had an income of less than \$1500.

Seventy-seven percent of the non-whites in the United States had an income of less than \$2500, while their privileged white brothers placed only half of this percentage in the same class.

Without considering racial prejudice, jim-crow (or economic exploitation based on prejudice—the employer who plays white against black in order to pay a least wage), such a situation has become important in the relationship of America with foreign nations. The great motive force of social change in this century has increasingly become the nationalist aspirations of the non-white. With the situation as it is within the United States, the country must face a grim less of moral authority and leadership.

### Bigoted Reform

It goes without saying that the income structure just described must be changed.

But in realizing this, there is a danger that we fall into a counter-blot, a bigotry of the left, of the social reformer. If this poverty today is seen as the means toward the well-being of some future generation, as merely an incitement to class consciousness on the part of these involved, then we have changed people into objects, means.

The problem must be faced as one of the future—and of the present. Immediate relief through any means which are not clearly immoral must be studied. To think otherwise, to view this poverty as a force in a historic dialectic, is not only the dehumanization of the poor; it is the dehumanization of him who thinks it.

The reaction to this poverty should be partly one of calculation, of how can it be eradicated, but it must also be of the Beatitudes, of hunger and thirst for Justice, of love and grief for what goes on before our eyes.

### Poverty

It is the hope of our time that poverty become a memory.

As far as this refers to the destitution which still exists in the United States after reform and war-prosperity, we can only join in the hope, though with some pessimism.

But the poverty that is voluntary and not destitution; this is another thing. Only when the necessities of life are satisfied and destitution eliminated can man become poor in spirit. And we seek to trade the poverty of the destitute, of the industrial worker, the Negro, the Puerto Rican, the share-cropper, to trade this for a society in which the poverty of saints is possible.

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## Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

have been painted, by Ed and Dan Collins' brother John, so that it shines like the sun. Ed is a dream of a worker, besides having a disposition such as never was seen.

We have a new gas stove, bought with money sent by a friend. It is elegant, and the cooks—of whom we have four—find little fault with it. The day it came, there was a crisis in our domestic relations. Hans, upon whom we had depended to knock out a cupboard where the stove was to go, was baking. Tamar had flu (a temperature of 104); we were trying to get over there. At that moment the gas man came, to put in the stove. He had no interest in who knocked out the cupboard. Leonard had other fish to fry. It seemed like a total breakdown. The gas man was not co-operative. I was about to tell him sadly and bitterly to go away, when Ed appeared and said in a pleasant tone—"I'll knock it out." Seldom has woman heard sweeter words. When I returned from Tamar's, the closet was out, and the stove was in. Hans later adjusted it to the gas tanks.

We have been cutting asparagus, all of us—a pleasant occupation at sundown. Leonard bunches it in a machine, cuts off the ends and ties it up in raffia, then lurches forth in the Chevrolet with Bernadette and Lucille, to sell it. They never return with any. If you saw Bernadette and Lucille, you'd know why. The money is going towards the hot water heater.

Quentin Smith (Quee) goes to sleep standing up, bent over on the cat.

We had five days of gloomy rain, after which it was springlike. Leonard's sweet peas and lettuce are getting beyond him. Rita's vegetable garden is going to be one of the wonders of nature. There is positively nothing that is not in it, and all is transplanted and hoed. Bill Feney, a visitor from the Island now with us, and Cyril, have been faithfully working in it, with Rita. We've had radishes twice from it.

The brook is lovely. There is a water moccasin in it, who glides along like gold.

We hope before long, friends willing, to have a decent hot water heater. There was a crisis for about ten days; the grate in the jack stove that heats the boiler was broken. In the end Leonard found a way to mend it, but it won't be permanent. The sweet dispositions of the inhabitants during that period were edifying to me, who tends to complain about every single thing.

Dunstan Coleman visited me, his grandmother, for a month. He and his pal Quee (Mr. Peanut) turned on the kerosene tank faucets, and did other things. They and Charlie went to ball games and played with Janet and Arty Reinhardt, neighbors, and Jerry. They pumped in the swing and attended the rosary, behaving decently. (Charlie Smith has the sweetest smile of all.) Rita was Texas Star the cowgirl to them. "Dusty" slept out in my hermitage.

At night Rita plays Mozart.

Dan had a fire-horse Dalmatian for a time. There was also a puppy here. Friends of Dan's removed the three bantam roosters.

He had an awful time catching them. We are going to have egg-laying chickens in return. Tommy, Black Diamond's daughter, has been flirting desperately with two outrageous-looking toms that steal around the grasses. Bijou never came.

Bill McAndrew has been about. He took Rita to five movies, at one sitting. He still brings butter and charm.

Kit Smith (Dave) is handsome as butler, dish-washer or dancer. His older sister, Thelma, is graduating next month from St. Peter's School, in St. George. We all studied the class book: Thelma is prettiest.

Little Mac makes remarkable drawings. He and Lucille go to the grammar school in Pleasant Plains on a bus.

Chad Smith their father found after living in England and in the Bahamas that America, the land of the free, has some odd customs. The segregation LAWS in Miami, Florida, surprised him, and the treatment his wife and family received in Cincinnati will not soon be forgotten by them. The fact that Catholics and other Christians were as bad in their attitude as non-Christians was mystifying. In Miami there are no parochial schools for Negroes. Thank God these lovely people are here with us, where their goodness and charm and intelligence can be appreciated, and where some of the American enigmas can be explained to them. It is an inspiration to see them at mass.

Our place has many birds. You can hear their different calls from tree to tree, near the house. Out by the asparagus patch the air is full of them.

Our old friend the goat, now owned by Mr. Prasse next door, keeps leaping the fence and eating amid our asparagus. Mr. Prasse has some beautiful Abyssinian goats (different from her), and pretty little kids, which the children love to visit.

Ray Taylor passed some days with us. He runs the Eric Gill Center, in New York. Since we are noted for our lack of organization here at PMF (all the work of this house and outdoors being done on a spontaneous and voluntary basis), and that frequently provokes criticism, I asked him how he did. He told me that the ones who ask to have regular work assigned to them are the first not to perform it. This cheered me; for whatever may be our individual struggles, I cannot see that as a community we are not happy. Everything always gets done; every crisis is met. A large cause of this general happiness I believe is that the people feel free, and loved. They are left to the Holy Spirit (who speaks differently to different persons); and are not pressed by the superimposed wills of others.

For some weeks we had as many pecans as we could eat—shelled. This was due to Freddy Baker. In the cooking line we've had ducks by Rita, liver by Mary and cake by Bernadette.

Helen Stansbury, a non-Catholic from New York, was here. She marvelled at the Sunday after-dinner dishwashing. "Your organization," said she, "is perfect. How

do you do it?" This last Sunday we were visited by about sixty parishioners of Grace Episcopal Church, Jersey City, and their three priests. They seemed delighted. They are doing their own lay apostolic work, under the same Christ. All of us sang Benediction hymns together in our chapel. Dunstan and Mr. Peanut were wild with excitement at beholding a bus drive right up to our back door, and disgorge an infinity of passengers. They weren't satisfied until they saw every single one of them get back in. Dorothy spoke on Peter Maurin to the crowd, movingly. We served coffee and ginger snaps which Mt. Loretto gave us. Everyone was gay.

Mary Roberts has been cooking satisfactorily to all, and making religious drawings in the evenings, which are quite original. They show both the evil and the good of human piety, and provoke study. She is turning the chicken house into a hermitage, which will now give us four, with Hans' and Leonard's abodes.

Mike Gunn and Joseph Flanagan, who worked with the Philadelphia



house of hospitality, and were greatly aided by the Quakers there, came to see us.

Some time ago Henrietta Hronek, head of the women's penitentiary in Cleveland, visited us. Many of us had known her at retreats at Maryfarm. She is one of the most agreeable women I ever met. She spoke at Chrystie Street on her work. By accident, it was not mentioned in Dorothy's or this column, or in the paper at all. I called D.'s attention to that. She said: "That's the kind of thing that happens to saints."

Betty Dellinger came again, to our intense pleasure, bringing Tasha. Fathers John Kean and Joseph Konrad, who used to give conferences here, came from Brooklyn to see Father Cordes, whom they found greatly improved. Rita Ham came again, and Diane. We had also a visit from Bety Lou Geenty.

Bill Robinson, a friend of Peggy's, was here twice.

Father Cordes looks better and better. He is floating in cocoa.

Agnes has been suffering from what she thinks must be pleurisy—terrible back pains. We gave her hot water bottles and Johnson's plasters, and the Smiths lent her their electric heating pad; and Mary takes cocoa to her. Her lack of complaint makes one ashamed. John Murray hasn't come back yet. We still miss Kenneth.

Chad Smith read Chancer's Prologue, to the Canterbury Tales, one evening, and made it fascinating.

If anyone breaks down the others take over, with little criticism and much understanding. No one knows at what moment he is receiving heroic charity. (During May Father leads us after mass in the Litany of Loretto. At the rosary, each decade is led by a different person. You feel a personal share in it, and in Our Blessed Mother's mercy.

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

much taller. At the outset of the conversation you might be led to believe that they were man and wife. However, the lady quickly corrected this presumption.

She and her sister have known this little old man for a number of years. At times the two sisters have helped the man with both food and money when he was hard pressed, even though they both had a difficult time supporting themselves with work as maids. However this woman registered no protests in regard to helping this friend, in fact she seemed happy to have been able to do it. Besides being short and elderly the man was minus one hand which had been chewed up in a machine shop some thirty years ago.

The little man in a regular fighter's crouch stood in the middle of the office sweeping the air with his left hand, the good one, telling how he had been arrested by the city police for carrying a sandwich sign advertising a barber shop. The police claimed that this type of occupation in a busily congested area tied up traffic along the sidewalks. Soon after the man was brought to the police station the case was dismissed and the poor fellow was out on the street looking for another job.

"A sign carrying job is a lazy man's work," said our little friend. "I am not sorry that I lost that particular type of occupation but I have to eat and pay for my room." At one time he gained a brief respite from the rat race of making a living through the assistance of the city home relief department. However that was shortly terminated when he refused to be placed in a city shelter.

At this point the woman spoke up to relate how the man had lost his hand in a machine shop some thirty years ago. A lawyer took the case up for a settlement and kicked it around for some months before he finally dropped it. A second lawyer was engaged with the same lack of results. She wondered whether we would have a lawyer look into the case which we did. We found that anything that old was hopeless in the court of law and was strictly for the birds.

A couple of articles of clothing were found small enough to fit the man, which was the purpose of their visit here in the first place. As he was leaving our house we invited him to move in with us or settle at one of our retreat houses. This offer he gratefully declined, it would not be in line with his fierce desire for independence.

A couple of weeks ago I listened to the Barry Gray show over radio station WMCA. On that particular night Barry was interviewing Joseph Ryan and Anthony Anastasio, two of the most powerful labor leaders in the Longshoremen's union. In view of the present and past activities of these two individuals along the waterfront, I was surprised that they would allow themselves to be questioned on the radio.

My surprise was short lived as I heard Ryan and Anastasio handle themselves. Anastasio gave a pretty good imitation of not being able to understand English and consequently blocked simple questioning. The interview with Ryan was just as futile. Ryan was in a very affable mood and seemed to be enjoying the occasion with wisecracks and overly sincere responses to questions. At the conclusion of the interview it was very clear that outside forces will have to be supported to correct the waterfront situation—such as the campaign

Congressman Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., is engaged in.

About the time that I listened to the radio interview of Ryan and Anastasio, we had a good visit with a seaman from the West Coast. This friend is a member of the ILWU which union is lead by Harry Bridges. I informed this seaman how we had been receiving literature from the committee that is defending Bridges against deportation on the allegations that he is a Communist or was one. The literature points out that Bridges is a victim of the ship owners and other vested interest on the west coast who believe that they can smash the ILWU once they get Bridges out of the way. It also pointed out that Bridges had been cleared of the charge of being a Communist by the Supreme Court of United States. They quote Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy: "For more than a decade powerful economic and social forces have combined with public and private agencies to seek the deportation of Harry Bridges... Bridges incurred the hatred and hostility of those whose interest coincided directly or indirectly with the vicious and inhumane practices toward longshoremen that Bridges was combating."

I asked our visiting seaman what he thought of Harry Bridges. He replied that he thought that the ILWU was one of the finest unions in the country and vastly superior to the longshoreman's union on the East Coast. As for Bridges, he answered that he thought that he was one of the best if not the best labor leader in this country.

During a search for a book now out of print entitled The Forgotten Paraclete by Mgr. Landrieux, I visited the PARACLETE BOOK SHOP at 76th street and 3rd avenue. It is a recently founded religious book store which carries an excellent line of religious books and periodicals plus a show case of liturgical jewelry.

It was quite obvious to me that the two girls who manage the Paraclete book store have a genuine apostolic zeal that is needed for their very worthwhile project. At present we are arranging with them to handle reprints of Fritz Eichenberg's works that have appeared in past issues of the Catholic Worker. We urge you to contact that store if you are interested in obtaining these reprints.

On or about July the 21st we hope to have a Mass said for the repose of Charles O'Rourke here at Nativity Church. It will have been two years since Charlie's death and God knows that anyone who knew him could not have forgotten him. We have known some first class co-workers here at the CW over the years but none impressed us with a more Christ-like spirit than did Charlie. I realize that it doesn't make sense to compare people since God made each one unique, perhaps to give each one of us a particular facet of His image in which we are made. But Charlie was a mainstay and an anchor to all that found the ground shifting under them.

A letter from Frater Charles (Jack English) of the Conyers, Ga. Trappists. He says he is still happy in his vocation and wants to be remembered to all his friends. He also requests prayers and promises to pray for all the readers.

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