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FRITZ EICHENBERG

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

When one is travelling it is often only possible to write a chronicle like a Pepys diary and there is not much room for comment. So here is the bare bones of my trip during this last month in the way of a letter to our readers, which, thanks to Ammon Hennacy's street selling campaign, is increased by some thousands.

Nov. 1—Visited Mary Benson and Frances Mazet at Rehoboth, Mass.

Nov. 2—Upton, Mass. The over-100 acre farm which was originally called St. Benedict's Farming Commune, and which has provided a home for four families and their many children for many years now, The farm is now divided. The Roche family with fifty acres and their own and the old community house, because Bill was originally a farmer in Ireland and hopes to be able to get back to it some day. The Paulson and O'Donnell families have less—I do not know the exact figures but each family took what they needed. The Ericson family have moved away and there is another family building on the farm. There may not be communal property but there is what Julian Pleasants calls "Community of place." It is again the world in microcosm as any community is, whether it is a family, a street, a parish, a neighborhood. To me, whenever I visit Upton, it seems family life at its most beautiful.

No one knew I was coming, and it was so good to come into a warm kitchen to find Mary lying with her children on a rug before the open oven door, resting, and Carl and Frank engaged in the big studio making stained glass windows picturing the mysteries of the rosary. I had coffee later with the Roches, and one of the older girls showed me how to make cord rosaries with a five yard piece of fishing tackle and a hairpin.

Mary Paulson has the four-H Club meeting at her house and teaches the children many things. Recently Rita and Martie Corbin spent their honeymoon with the Paulsons and Rita learned how to stain glass windows are made.

Cult, culture and cultivation! There is certainly more than a suggestion of Peter Maurin's synthesis here.

Nov. 3—I spoke in Cambridge at the Radcliffe Catholic Club, to which the Harvard Catholic Club had been invited. I had dinner at the Friends' Center in Cambridge beforehand. Spent the night at John Cort's, a family which I dearly love but I begin to wonder if he does not do us a great deal of injury in accusing us so many times of going against the popes just because we do not espouse his own pet ideas of reformation of the social order.

Nov. 5—Spoke at Yone Stafford's in Springfield to a mixed group and was delighted to see old friends the Greeley's from Holyoke and Mary Newland, whose book, *We and Our Children* has just been published by Sheed and Ward. Yone is the Japanese daughter of a Tokio exporter whose life as a child was spent between Tokio and New York, and though she is not

a Catholic, she spent her Tokio years in the Sacred Heart Academy there. She has long been a dear friend of the work. Her husband heads a paper factory and is a lover of music and first editions.

Nov. 7—Direct to St. Paul, Minn., stopping over Sunday morning for Mass at St. Patrick's in Chicago. Staying at Maryhouse, in Little Canada and on Monday and Tuesday wrote another chapter on THERESE.



Nov. 11—Spoke at Mendota for Father Muellerleile's group. His church is on the river and he has had many Cana conferences on Sunday, a delightful spot for families. His display of Distributist Books, and back issues of the Catholic Worker cheered me mightily.

Nov. 12—Spoke at The House of Charity in St. Paul, which is run by a group of young men who are members of the Third Order of St. Francis and are hoping to form another order. They receive help from the community and from the state, provide night lodgings for seventeen men and food for many hundreds every day.

Nov. 13—Father Durand is the pastor at St. John's at Little Canada and I spoke to a group in the basement of the parish school.

Nov. 14 and 15—Spoke both evenings at the home of the Humphries in St. Cloud and visited with Leonard and Betty Doyle, Carlos and Mary Katherine Cotton, Jim and Elizabeth Powers.

Nov. 16—At 4:30 a.m. (the meeting lasted the night before until two.) I took a most comfortable train for Chicago where I arrived in most unseasonably warm weather, at three o'clock. I always spend my time in Chicago with Nina Polcyn who has charge of the St. Benet Library and Book Shop on Wabash and Congress, which is the meeting place for people from all over the world, actually. In addition to being a contact center, Nina provides hospitality for visiting lay apostles in her little three room apartment which she shares with Betty Yunker, who is secretary for Fr. Egan who runs the Cana and pre-Cana conferences in the Chicago area.

I spoke at St. Procopius on Wednesday and Fr. Claude who is novice master and has charge of the oblates (there is a group meeting in New York too) told me about the special mission of St. Procopius, which is to work towards reunion. Due to my own interest in THE THIRD HOUR and the arti-

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Cardinal Griffin of England

When an industrial strike is on, "families must stand together and the wife must share the burden with her husband," Bernard Cardinal Griffin told girls at a Young Christian Workers' rally.

He reminded them that they must support their husbands in all difficulties, even on "occasions when husbands have to take action with which they do not entirely agree."

The cardinal was thinking especially of young families in London's strike-riddled docklands where

during recent weeks many men had to tell their wives why they have not brought home their customary wage envelope. "Here surely families must stand together and the wife must share the burden with her husband," the cardinal said.

"Whether he be right or wrong in the action he may have taken in loyalty to his friends she must in the name of charity give him the love and affection which he needs especially in times of difficulty. In such a Christian home Christ dwells."

Five Days in Jail

By AMMON HENNACY

"Don't go away mad. Just go away." This is the sign as you enter and leave the cell block at Rikers Island, home of 3,500 prisoners of the Department of Correction, New York City. By the most visionary use of the word no one would suggest that anyone is ever "corrected" there. For from the time you are told not to smoke by a guard who takes a cigarette out of his mouth to tell you to get in the . . . line until your fingerprint is taken the second time as you leave, there is nothing but the assembly line of the "count" and the changing of guards and prisoners as different details are formed.

I had attended the movie "I am a Fugitive From a Georgia Chain Gang" in the early thirties and came home afterwards and cried all night, I couldn't take the remembrance of my days in solitary in Atlanta in 1918 and of the brutality I saw then all around me. Surely now 36 years later I ought to be able to do 5 days without a murmur. Marching from Dorm 8 at the far side of the workhouse with about 150 inmates we came at 5:30 a.m. to the main building where the eight or more three story cell blocks where those doing from one to three years have maximum custody. We marched two by two and when I saw through the glass door the dining room full of 750 convicts hunched over their aluminum plates eating their meagre fare in assembly line speed, tears of rage and pity choked me. Was this all that our boasted civilization meant? I remembered what Tolstoy had said when he had first gone to Paris and saw the guillotine separate the head from the body, and he had then started on the thought which led him to become a "Tolstolian": "There is no such thing as progress in the world," he felt if this was all that man could do to man. And again those immortal lines from Edwin Markham's *Man With The Hoe* that I had recited hundreds of times in solitary, came back to me:

"Down all the caverns of hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this;
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed;
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,
More packed with danger to the universe . . .
"Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world;
A protest that is a prophesy . . .
O masters, lords and rulers of all lands
Is this the handiwork you give to God . . .
How will the future reckon with this man
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings
With those who shape him to the thing he is
When this dumb terror shall arise to judge the world
After the silence of the centuries?"

In Denver in 1942 I had been arrested twice for selling the CW on the streets and spent over four days in jail incommunicado. The Civil Liberties Union was willing

to take the case to the Supreme Court but before there was time for such action I moved to Albuquerque and sold papers on the streets without any interference. Meanwhile the Jehovah Witnesses had carried the same issue through the courts and won. This summer Reul Amder, who had me speak at Reed College in Portland, Ore., told me that he was not allowed to sell radical papers in Berkeley without a license. He applied for a license and was refused and sold his papers anyway. He was arrested and found guilty and the Civil Liberties Union there carried it to the Court of Appeals and won.

Thursday evening October 7th Dorothy and I were walking a few blocks north from the CW office, and as we passed a large building on the corner of 2nd Ave. and 2nd

st. she pointed out the jail. I laughed and said I didn't care. The next day I was in it. I had sold the CW at 43rd st. and Lexington ave. for over a month each Friday from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. without any interference until that next day, October 8, when a cop told me to "beat it." I refused for I felt it was a free country and so was in the 2nd ave. jail for two hours, and was paroled for trial November 5. Meanwhile my lawyer, Emanuel Redfield of the Civil Liberties Union, advised me to continue to sell the CW's on that corner. One other cop told me to move on but I argued him out of it. The next Friday this same cop told me to move on and when I refused I spent two more hours in jail on the charge of disorderly conduct. Meanwhile as I mentioned

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Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

Open Letter to Dorothy Day

Dear Dorothy:

I presume that you notice that I have not written to you since you went away. This failure to write to you is due to my reluctance to pour out the troubles that go on all around us. Noble ain't it? However, I thought you might welcome this sort of letter. You might accept it as a Christmas card or a gift.

We had the traditional Catholic Worker dinner on Thanksgiving day. There was well over three hundred meals served. The members of our family had excellent turkey dinners and the men on the line had roast-beef. As my mother used to say, "I don't know where the money is coming from to pay the bills," but everyone enjoyed the food and went away satisfied. Three college students from a school in Brooklyn came over and helped serve the meals. We were also assisted by a Spanish born lady from uptown. She had spent most of her life in Spain and was most anxious to discuss her native land. When she said that the Spaniards had to make the choice of either Franco or the Communists, no third party, to direct their government, I decided to drop the subject. Why spoil Thanksgiving with an argument over a country I have never even been in and know so little about?

You know that lumber company down the street has closed off the lot next-door where our soup line gathered. One day last week a truck bearing the name of a fence Co. drew up to the door and immediately three workmen jumped out and set up a fierce looking wire fence. Three vicious looking strands of barbed wire were stretched across the top of the structure. Now our afternoon soup line is crowded on to the sidewalk running down to the theatre. We

were talking about this new fence to a neighborhood shop-keeper. He said, "They are going to use that lot for parking their cars and trucks. You know the last time that someone tried to use that area for a parking place, the kids in the neighborhood played havoc with the cars and even set one on fire. These kids in this neighborhood are real tough." After hearing this report on the children in our section, I decided that maybe there isn't any such thing as a bad boy, although, I assured the shop-keeper that we thought such carryings on by any children are simply dreadful.

I suppose you are wondering why this issue of the Catholic Worker is being printed so late in the month. Well there is no use lying to you, it is our fault and not the printers. The printers phoned this morning and said we could

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CHRISTMAS

Dear readers we wish you the happiest Christmas and New Year of your lives. You have our deepest gratitude for all your kindnesses toward us during the past twelve months. We would not be able to survive if we did not have the tremendous assistance of your prayers, kind words and generous contributions. Frequently, we may appear to neglect to express our overwhelming gratitude, but pay this oversight no heed, since you are all daily in our thoughts and prayers.

May we further impose on your generosity by asking you to remember each of us at the Catholic Worker at your first Christmas mass, in fact during all your prayers.

Gratefully yours in Christ,
THE EDITORS.

Heart's Heart

By ANNE TAILLEFER

the wood of my own terrible quest
has, splinter after splinter, built your cross
splinter and splinter, they must draw
your raw, abused and merciful blood
till it has fallen, drop by drop,
upon my thirsting patch, and flows a singing spring
till then my cross it is to know—and not to flee;

All Land Belongs To God

By LEE KLEISS

(The following was unintentionally omitted from the article bearing the above title in the November Catholic Worker. Apologies are offered to the author and the readers.)

Back at his quarters I asked for permission to walk along with his group for ten days. It was granted. Next morning I joined the morning prayers at 3:30 a.m. and we are off on the march by 4:15. It is still dark. One man goes ahead with a lamp, and another walks beside Vinobaji with a lamp. The rest of us follow behind. The villages we pass are still asleep. Daylight has broken when we reach a large village in which there is an enthusiastic welcome. In the rush we are all but trampled. A friend in homespun sees me and tries to make a path for me. This is the East, and I could not help but wonder if there had not been similar occasions in Palestine. The heat, the dust, the rush of barefooted, scantily dressed villagers all adds to the atmosphere.

Soon after our arrival at the day's destination, we are all served our breakfast, Indian style on banana leaves. We girls, some twenty from the training center had come along for one day, were given a little room. A rug was placed on the damp earth, and we entered. There was just barely enough space for all of us to lie down, but we were tired enough to sleep. Until the afternoon meeting time we slept, bathed and washed our clothes, ate lunch, talked and slept again. It was very hot. Others were not so privileged as they had to prepare for the meeting, attend to the day's mail, etc. Again a two hour prayer and speech meeting attended by an enthusiastic crowd.

That night I slept crowded between the other girls. It was not safe to stretch, you might kick the person in the next layer, and to turn over was almost impossible. At any rate I could not fall down as I was already on the floor. Hot and sweaty, I was glad to hear the 3 a.m. rising bell. We attended prayers and were off on a good dirt road. Already before sunrise the exercise of walking made us sweat. (It would be ridiculous to call it perspiring.)

A woman stopped us on the road. The members of the party tried to put her off to one side, but Vinobaji wished to listen to her. She had been dispossessed. The landlord claimed the ground on which her house rested. She was out on the road with two children in the rainy season. Vinobaji sent a message with the villagers to bring the landlord to the afternoon meeting. Afterwards both tenant and landlord faced their itinerant judge. It took three hours to settle her and another woman's case. A third woman had come but her landlord had not appeared.

Early morning prayers and we are off. This time the road is not so pleasant. We are ferried across some water. It is still dark, so I cannot tell if it is a river or just flood water. We wind our way along some field paths but soon have to take off our shoes and take to the water. We reach our destination at 7:30 a.m. Our new quarters are completely surrounded by water. We had to wade through two feet of water for nearly half a mile to reach them. Usually the quarters are in the local schools and often the school boys or scouts guard the place to protect us from the over curious villagers that usually swarm about us. Even if we are in a room, they manage to open the shutters and to peak in. On this little island the water protected us a little. As usual local hospitality prepares and donates the food for the group.

The next day we are forced to take to the railway tracks, everything else is under water. Of the three trains which pass, only one passenger recognizes Vinobaji and greets him. It was a sign of

the indifference of the world outside. I had to recall the enthusiastic welcome in Jerusalem and the quick forgetfulness.

In a similar manner the remainder of my ten days were passed. When we had not walked very far, and it was cool enough, we went in little parties directly to the landlords requesting land. Other days gifts were taken only during the meeting. These varied in size from 2 to 25 thousand in attendance. It is not the big landlords that Vinobaji approaches. He asks of all since, if enough little people give, the moral atmosphere will change. It is not a material communistic revolution he wishes to create, but a practical spiritual revolution. The final goal resembles very much a universal system of intentional communities similar to the early Christian communities; small village communities living together in the spirit of love like large families with no ownership of land and the needs of all being equally satisfied. The final goal would do away with all need of government, but such a goal is not immediately realizable, therefore Vinobaji believes a real democratic government to be necessary and good. But the mere possession of the vote hardly means democracy. Though the goal is that land should be used in common, at present the land donated is to be distributed to individual families.

Though the main request at present is for land, for the total revolution many gifts are possible. Firstly came BHOUDAN-gift of land, then SAMPATI DAN-gift of property (1-6 of one's income), BUDHI DAN-gift of professional skill and knowledge, SARATI DAN-gift of work, and lastly there has developed JIVA DAN-or gift of life. I spoke with one young man who has been asked, "Come follow me." He could not for he has a mother and a sister to provide for and a growing law practice. Again and again I am reminded of the similarity of Christ's preaching and healing tour on foot through Palestine. Some part of the message, such as the homespun clothes, may not be directly applicable to us in the West, and even if we cannot accept that he is Saint Vinoba, he still challenges us to become real Christians for it is the same age old message of love, non-violence, devotion and service that he preaches as he walks from village to village not knowing where he will rest his head at night.

The question this movement must bring to mind again is, WHAT IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY? ESPECIALLY IN THIS PRESENT WORLD CRISIS? If we are convinced of the non-violent way of life and the need to do away with the causes of violence, we must wonder, WHAT SHOULD BE OUR RESPONSE TO THIS REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT? Are we to go and beg for land? Symbolically this would be meaningful, but hardly practical. We do have tenant farmers, and migrant laborers, but it is hardly our primary problem. Our sympathies and verbal agreements are all but meaningless in the present emergency. India is in a state of crisis. If India can solve the land problem non-violently, she will have struck the strongest possible death blow on communism. How can we help?

The answer lies truly in Sampatidan-gift of wealth; a conscious lowering of one's income so as to raise the standard of living elsewhere. Money is needed to provide bullocks, ploughs, seeds, and a minimum share in the local co-operative for the new landholders. These are the families that have been working that very same soil for generations at the tremendous salaries of ten cents a day for an eight hour day. Besides the land which has been donated, at least \$100 is needed to give such a family a lease on life. But Sampatidan (Continued on page 8)

WORK CAMPS IN EUROPE

By KATE WHITE

The American Friends Service Committee sponsors an international work camp movement which holds work camps in the United States, Mexico, European countries, Middle East and India. But when they send off 75 American volunteers to Europe every summer they do not participate in American Friends Service Committee camps as such but in work camps which are run by European and International organizations.

The grandfather of all of these work camps is Service Civil International. This organization was begun by Pierre Ceresole right after World War I when he brought together about seven German and French volunteers to do voluntary manual labor in a farm area near Verdun which had been severely damaged by German shelling. It was a startling idea for a German to do voluntary labor in a French village — particularly in an area where Germans were strongly hated by the French. Pierre Ceresole was hoping to establish a movement which would have all the discipline of an army, all the concentration of power of an army, but be working for peaceful constructive ends. He did this by creating



—no room in the inn

a voluntary work force recruited from all nations which would do physical labor needed by a community and receive room and board in return. His hope was that this movement should be accepted by the governments of Europe as an alternative service for conscientious objectors. At the moment only the United States and Great Britain have any provisions for conscientious objectors.

This is a sketchy background for what I would like to say about the work camps that I attended this summer. All together I was in four different camps — one a project of the American Friends Service Committee and three projects of Service Civil International.

My first camp took place in a little village near Blois, France, at Foyer Amitie. In English the

words mean a home of friendship. It is a home but not in the institutionalized sense, it is rather a family. Marcel and Serge Froger, their wives, and their sisters are taking into their home young boys (14 and older) who have been deprived of normal family relations because of unfortunate circumstances — such as war — or because of their own difficult characters. The boys live in the family with the children of the Froger brothers who at the moment are still babies. The brothers teach the boys a trade, watch repair, and give them an education equivalent to our grade school diploma. Their home consists of two two room cottages — dirt floor, bare stone walls white washed, black rafters holding up the ceiling. The water comes from a pump on the other side of an old medieval arch next to their home and in front of the home is a lush green prairie to the stream.

We arrived seven in all — three boys and four girls. The boys had a tent up the hill and we had the hayloft in the attic. While the boys dug a well next to the house we worked up the hill clearing the land around a partially erected new building which was to house the boys and be their workshop. The earth was rocky, full of flint and rather difficult to pick. But from the hill was a beautiful view of a small green valley edged with forests and hills.

The family has very little money and their food is not only simple food but also sparse. We often thought when we were there of the daily sacrifices the Frogers make to share their home with these boys — meat once a week — wine on Sunday — no new clothes for the women — no washing machine — a country stream. All the money they could spend on things they need goes for the family enlarged by the four or five young boys — soon 12 boys. But they are not giving just money and hours of hard work — they are giving every inch of their life, they have taken strangers into their home and given them a family.

In the fact sheet about Foyer Amitie it says that Marcel Froger when working in youth movements in France was struck by the moral abandonment, the lack of inner life of the young people, resulting from a lack of family life. And so he and his brother began Foyer Amitie — to recreate a real family for these adolescents and to place them in the atmosphere of a coun-

try craftsman's life. This is what amazes me most about Marcel Froger. He has faced the problem of the moral vacuum of the post-war French youth. This is an immense social movement linked up with the history of French nationalism and here is Marcel Froger every day going a little hungry for extra things like a cup of coffee, a cigarette, to give a stranger the possibilities to find a creative moral life.

My second camp was in the industrial north of France — Roubaix. The ground in Roubaix is not earth as you usually find it, it is a black grit that looks like crushed clinkers. The camp at Roubaix lasted six weeks and averaged about 70 people at a time. In Europe volunteers come usually for two week periods for many of them are workers and have only two or three weeks off a year. The camp had the greatest variety of people I have seen in one camp.

Our work in Roubaix was the reconstruction of slum buildings; it was difficult but satisfying. In Roubaix about a hundred years ago they built a series of homes one and a half stories high, one right next to another. These houses are located in a square, inside the block so that you get to them through an alley. When you first see them they look like reconverted stables or garages. There is a distance of about 20 feet between the houses facing each other at the width and in this area the children play — the one latrine for about 70 people stands, and the local prostitute hangs out. Until two years ago these homes had no heat, no water, no electricity. The roof leaked and during the winter the walls were so humid they could not hold paint or paper for very long.

The landlord refused to do any repair work and the tenants were not willing to spend some of their hard earned money to raise the value of a rich man's property. A local organization figured out a scheme whereby the tenant could buy the property over a period of years and receive free aid in helping to fix it up. This is where Service Civil came in — the camp provided free labor which built latrines, dug septic pits, repaired the roofs, dug the ditches for water installation and did minor electrical work. Water installation means one spigot which runs into a miniature sink. This saves hav-

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Peter Maurin Farm

By H. YAMAMOTO

The beginning of Advent finds Peter Maurin Farm entering on a new phase, a goat phase. The community woke up one morning and found that Peter and his truck had been here at three o'clock in the morning to deposit three lovely white goats in the barn. Originally given to Maryfarm, one of the goats has now joined Tamar's Nanny and two are remaining with us, to replace Easy Essay, also known as Easy Aces, the formidable cow, who has gone home to Mt. Loretto. Ed, New Mexico's gift to the Catholic Worker, who found Easy's bull-like nature a trial, now takes pleasure in the goats' docile ways. During the winter months, we shall try to pass for an animal farm, with the goats, pigs, chickens and rabbits, not to mention the four cats. Fr. Duffy, looking ahead to spring, has had Mr. Hauber and tractor, assisted by the men, clear away and lime more of the land down by the woods. Fr. Duffy, Stanley B., and Tony have also been carting in black topsoil by wheelbarrow from the shoulders of Bloomingdale Road, which were recently scraped back.

The trees stand black and leafless now, after weeks of enchanting us with their vivid colors, and the woods are ankle-deep with dead leaves. There was a brief second spring during which Ken-

neth not only discovered spiderwort blooming here and there along the roadsides but field violets in our own backyard as well. Not a wisp of snow has fallen yet, but we are well into the colder months and very dependent on Leonard, who keeps the furnace stoked, and Mike, who day after day has sawed and chopped at the logs which Stanley B. and others have fetched up the hard way from the woods. The woodpile, incidentally, was considerably enlarged when Con Edison gave us the pole in front of the Farm. The pole figured in a collision with a neighbor's car one evening while we were at rosary (no one was seriously hurt.)

With Dorothy Day due to be away until March on her speaking tour, we seem to be going into more tailspins than usual, but it is still a daily miracle how we, coming from such a wild diversity of backgrounds and thrown together by our common needs, live as one family, struggling to respect one another's personalities. There are about eighteen of us here now, ranging in age from six to seventy, most of us survivors of a virus which knocked us for a loop this past month.

Thanks to you, our benefactors, we were able to have a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner with all the (Continued on page 8)

CHOIR

About three years ago Jane O'Donnell started a choir of Gregorian Chant in the Catholic Worker parish—Nativity—with the "lame, the halt and the blind," those who knew next to nothing about singing or the Chant. She persuaded Betty Leman who had studied at Manhattanville's Plus X School of Liturgical Music to take charge. Later, Phil Moran became director. For at least two years the choir sang the First Saturday Mass at Nativity Church. It also sang several times in the hospital Chapel on Welfare Island for Fr. McGowan. Last Christmas, the choir sang Midnight Mass for the Nativity Mission Center.

We are happy to invite men and women to join our choir who would be interested in learning to sing Gregorian Chant for God's glory. St. Gregory Schola practices each week on Tuesday from 7 to 8:30. Anyone interested please phone Phil Moran at WOrth 6-2079.

+ + FROM THE MAIL BAG + +

GREEN REVOLUTION

To the Editors:

I considered Miss Day's recent article on Distributism around David Hennessey's remarks a happy thing as well as the followup with Ed Maciniak's rather stinging self-defense.

There is much work of clarification needed. As one who is making the personal leap on a maximum of effort and a minimum of investment—therefore a covered wagon distributist—I offer a contribution to the discussion.

"Whereas everyone thinks alike, no one thinks very much" is a fact of varied human perception. It supplies the clue to the present day effortless agreement in regard to the "mores." It is not true of those who are come to "one mind in Christ." These days the latter achieve unity by dint of hard thinking and moral struggle.

It is perhaps more urgent than ever, therefore, that we all labor for this unity for the edification of a greatly torn human family as well as for dynamism.

The Industrial Council idea is obviously a proposal of applied ethics to the "top" of Industry. Who else is to council? It is not an appeal to any other persons than the top in Labor also. Nor is it an appeal for a change in our way of life, as is Distributism. Other appeals, as David pointed out, attempt the latter. Now there is nothing wrong in appealing to the "top." Our good, Holy Father has been "busy as a bee" all around his parish (which is the world) with varied approaches and objectives. I personally hope and pray he will turn to the "top" of the financial structure and condemn usury as the central evil it is and simplify in that one bold stroke so much that makes for confusion in daily life and personal sanctification not to mention the task of social reconstruction.

I personally admire the gall of a distributist who champions the Industrial Council idea. I think in doing so he leaves Distributism, however; and, with my own ideas about how deep the trouble is, I suspect that, after a lifetime of effort, if such an apostle can use all the fingers of one hand to count the managers he has won to the banner, he will have done more than well. There are scads of managers and they have "too much to lose" as the lie runs. In taking the other approach and going to labor, the Industry Council idea involves the shouldering of great burdens and responsibilities, as a unified group, of men who have been unloading lighter personal burdens of care many a year. Supposing a captain of industry to be won to the banner in that approach—I would cite the instance reported by Claire H. Bishop of the apathy of certain managers of good will encountered in their workers as to the shouldering of such responsibilities. I think I understand this apathy as the response of a muted humanity to a partial solution, as well as a testimony of the terrific responsibilities of management in such industrial structures as we have in the world today—few have a stomach for it! accept (sic), of course, in an irresponsible way. Chesterton wrote that under capitalism we have the worst features of Socialism without any of the benefits of Socialism. Those devastating worst features are known in the dehumanizing process. I think the whole measures such as Distributism will in the end prove the easiest. But we have to take them to ourselves. They cannot be merely advocated. When we take them we can hope others will take them. So, to sum up, I think our industrial problems too deep and involved for such a Council to cope with. That proposal will be of use after Distributism has healed the deeper problems.

I am a fanatic about what is incumbent in regard those deeper problems of the human spirit. I reason thus: If Redemption is the goal of the human Christian spirit and effort, then half measures, three quarter measures, are no measures. Our Blessed Lord never drove half the money changers out of the Temple, never asked anyone to give up half of their riches, never half healed anyone (save once, for a short time, perhaps to show us what such activity accomplishes. The poor fellow saw men like trees walking. Then quickly the healing was finished in gift of sight.) This basic Christian idea of full stature and a whole loaf, never wholly popular, never really understood (we don't know the whole of anything) is the only redemptive measure. It's the thing man cannot do but is called to do in Christ. Our responsibility is in the vision of the task and the will for it. Beyond that—all is Christ!! We are swallowed up in personality, gathered in unity. This is dynamism equal to the task we are called to today. This is required of us. God is preached to the Godless; morals to the immoral; ethics to the unethical. Christ alone suffices.

Lets face up to a man of full Christian stature—a man who faced up to Christ in our day, confronting our problems—Peter Maurin. We of materialist parentage, Catholic orientation, and Catholic Worker affiliation, didn't get the half of what Peter said when he was hopping about saying it. I think Peter's program is widely accepted as a Christian program in the round by those who have been exposed to it. I think many who found it anything else or thought it impractical will begin to see differently before long. Distributism is two actions, a breaking down and a building up. The first phase is Anarchy in terms of values, the second communal in terms of brotherhood. If we have been thoughtless and rash and failed a hundred times, it is still there waiting for us. Because the confusion is great and the situation delicate, the responsibility is heavy on us laymen to spearhead

the Green Revolution. We come to those deeper problems alluded to—

We need the Green Revolution for many more reasons than the merely economic and sociological ones, agonizing and pressing as the situation is in these areas. More than just for bodily health—breaking down as we are. More than for release of mind into reality—arid as thought generally is. More than for release from ugliness and exposure to beauty—overburdened as our moral life is. We need the Green Revolution for preservation of theological virtue in fact. Getting away from our roots in nature the supernatural order is suffering a growing paralysis.

Thinking and acting involves fanaticism in the language of the world. A fanatic who prefers the supernatural to the natural is a poor thinker. Sound values order. A fanatic who chooses material means over spiritual means is a poor worker. He wastes his energy. The fanatic who chooses the Truth over Falsehood whatever the cost, is a good thinker. The soul lives by the Truth. The fanatic who revolts against authority, however noble his reasons, is a man of bad will. He denies God.

The fanatic who revolts against mediocrity, affirming sound values, is a man of good will. In social life a man who sees a basic need and acts to fill it, is a good thinker and a man of good will. Before hypocrisy he stands guilty in betraying force, but he is approved by God and man. He will not be expected to be received for heroism is involved, but he gets results. The best result of heroism is more heroism. But it takes time. Heroism is not in knowing, but in taking the position.

Yours in the Green Revolution,
John Thornton
Russell, R.D. No. 1,
Pennsylvania.

Meaningful

Dear Friends:

We find your paper most meaningful in helping us keep touch with people, values and situations which often get lost in the press of busy family living.

Sincerely,
Henry and Jeanne.

Hennessey and Marciniak

2311 3rd St., N. E.
Washington 2, D. C.

Dear people,

Mr. Marciniak's exposition of the compatibility of distributism and what he calls the "industrial council idea," in your issue for November 1954, perhaps adjusts two different sets of words while leaving two different sets of thoughts just as far apart as they were placed in your issue for October 1954 by the reported opinions of Mr. Hennessey.

As far as social reconstruction goes, this much might be said: Mr. Hennessey's distributism is necessarily impractical because it is not desirable, to the peoples of today's world: on the other hand, Mr. Marciniak's "industrial council idea" is necessarily undesirable because it can not be made to work in the economic apparatus of today's world. Mr. Hennessey is the better economic realist and his distributism is structurally quite consistent—the unchangeable obstacle is the public psyche, which is firmly in the grip of forces long since gotten out of anybody's control. Mr. Marciniak is the better psychological realist and his "industrial council idea" could be peddled with the same fervor as were the Townsend Plan and the Single Tax—the unchangeable obstacle is the very nature of the modern economic enterprise which nowhere, under any system, permits a real self government by the people who are attached to it.

Mr. Hennessey is better off, though, in that he can actually do something to try to manipulate the public psyche, while Mr. Marciniak can not do anything to try to manipulate any economic enterprise, since he has none available for experiment. Mr. Hennessey doubtless knows the enormity of the task confronting him while Mr. Marciniak can afford to be optimistic with the over-confidence of a cheer-leader who is not in the game. Mr. Hennessey is directly practicing a program which follows from his principles; Mr. Marciniak is expounding principles which can be put into practice only by the mighty of the earth. There is a good lesson involved in the experience of Socrates with the government of Athens as compared to the experience of Plato with the government of Syracuse.

Aristotle, who was neither as concretely heroic as Socrates nor as abstractly idealistic as Plato, took his time and figured out the situation fairly accurately. He beat it out of town when the Athenians threatened him with the fate of Socrates, and he kept his philosophy detached from kingship, even though he had been the tutor of Alexander, as powerful a king as ever there was. Aristotle was hardly a social reformer, and yet his honest thinking has worn well over all the centuries of social change. We could do with more of the same today.

Sincerely,
Lawrence Moran.

Christopher House

Our little project bears a rather grandiose name: "Christopher House." Physically, it is a garage in the back of our house. It contains old clothing, mattresses, pots and pans, old books and all sorts of things people have thrown out. For whom? For anyone in this whole world who wants them. We call it a cooperative. We don't want to be "those who have" giving to the "Poor." We want to share lovingly. I never thought of that until this moment! But that is what we try to do.

As it works out, we first try to help all the very poor who come. When we started out there were 10 or 12 families we knew about, who due to large families or other reasons, needed help with clothing. Second, we were helping each other. Eight of us do the work in Christopher House. Most of us have a large family. (I have 7 children—living and 2 in Heaven.) Our husbands have good jobs. (My husband does nicely as attorney in the Quartermaster General's office—even so, I'm a pacifist but definitely.) Just the same, if we can exchange our outgrown clothes for some that fit, then we can use clothes money to help out others. Usually when the girls who work take clothes, we throw in a few dollars which we use for diapers, groceries, medicine, etc. for the

very poor. I'm telling you all of this with the hope you will make any suggestions for more closely corresponding to God's Will.

As time went on, other people heard about our clothing project. The Welfare Department and County Health nurses and Family Service Agency and many Protestant Churches asked if they could send the needy here. We have never turned down anyone although we don't always have everything that is requested—in fact, very often we all go into our own family clothing to help fill the gaps, and even then cannot take care of everyone as well as we should. We seem especially short of layette clothing always. That is one of our busiest departments—layettes, cribs, playpens, etc.

As for our support from the Church, may the Lord help me be truthful and charitable in telling you. In the beginning, we were a sort of volunteer branch of Catholic Charities. I found I could not practice Charity as I believed God wanted under their stipulations. For one example: they said I should never help a family at all unless they had been to the Agency office first and been interviewed. They said I was helping a lot of "undeserving and unworthy" people. Well, the only one

(Continued on page 7)

Freedom and Obedience

By GEORGE CARLIN

Dear Friends:

Rev. Father Damasus Winzen of Mt. Saviour was giving a lecture last week on "freedom and obedience." I promised him a quotation, which once made a deep impression on me. Have decided to re-copy it again and send it to you. Perhaps you could print it in the Worker. I believe this one contains within it the story of many a Pacifist—by analogy. It is a whole book on conscience, freedom, obedience, democracy . . . (Father Damasus by the way was very, very impressed by Ammon Hennacy's book). The quotation that follows is from a Historical Note written by Wilfred Raynal, O.S.B., to an addition of "The Imitation of Christ" (printed by Duffield & Company, 1909):

" . . . King Henry the Seventh, in the last years of whose reign many persons were almost ruined by the levy of unjust and exorbitant fines, petitioned Parliament for an impost of a subsidy and three-fifteenths on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Margaret with James IV, King of Scotland (1501). Owing to the opposition headed by Sir Thomas More, the motion was rejected by the Commons. This unusual spirit greatly angered the King, whose revengeful nature was doubly stirred when he was told by a courtier that the prime mover was but a beardless boy.

"It would not have served the King's purpose to do violence to the personal liberty of the young burgess, for in those days as in these, Englishmen kept strict watch over their parliamentary freedom. Means, however, were speedily discovered to satisfy the royal displeasure. Sir John More, the father of Sir Thomas, was unjustly sentenced to pay a heavy fine, and in default was cast into prison. His son was naturally much grieved at the affliction endured for his sake by an aged father to whom he was deeply attached. He asked the advice of several influential and friendly persons, as to what he had better do to obtain the release of his father. Amongst others he consulted Bishop Fox, who, true to courtly policy of the English episcopate of that day, advised the youth to acknowledge his fault and beg the King's

pardon. This Sir Thomas would gladly have done had not such an act implied a sacrifice of principle, and an avowal of a wrong of which he knew that he had never been guilty. His noble heart and delicate conscience instinctively shrank from a line of conduct so contrary to honour and duty. Yet, being unwilling to trust the inexperience of his youthful years, he betook himself to Richard Whytford, the bishop's chaplain. He soon saw that in him he had to deal with a real spiritual counselor and not with an ecclesiastical courtier. Whytford knew too well the weakness of the bishop's mind in all matters that related to royal power or will, and he perceived how ill advised he had sent away from him the sorrowing youth. Therefore, with all the earnestness of his soul he besought Sir Thomas, for the love of the Passion of Christ, not to follow his lord's advice. This fervent appeal spoke to the heart of the young man: at once all his wavering ceased, and he made up his mind to be true to duty.

"At first he resolved to go over to the Continent in order to avoid further persecution, but, afterwards thought it better to conceal himself for a time. During this practical imprisonment he devoted himself to the study of languages and of science, and when at times he felt wearied of mind he used to take up the fiddle, and this, as his biographer says, 'would recreate his tired spirits'."

End of quotation. The paragraph division is mine—it appears as one long paragraph—as are the underlinings mine.

I think it a very moving moment from the life of that Saint. One can imagine the young man's sorrow at his father's imprisonment, which he himself was responsible for. One can imagine the temptation it posed—to betray his own conscience and thus free his beloved father. One can imagine him seeking advice from the Bishop, and the "ecclesiastical courtier" telling him to be "practical," to think of his father, to be obedient to the King. And then one finally sees him strengthened by the "spiritual" priest, so that he was "true to his duty." Was it not this youthful test passed that formed Sir Thomas so that he was obedient unto God unto death?

+ BOOK REVIEW +

World Government

IN THE NAME OF SANITY

By Lewis Mumford . . . Harcourt
Brace and Co., N. Y., 1954. \$3.75.

By Ammon Hennacy

This book might well be a postscript to Mumford's series of four penetrating volumes on the Renewal of Life which I have had the pleasure of studying and reviewing since 1934. I find more in common with him than I do with many anarchists, pacifists and Catholics with whom I agree more in principle. So I was pleased to note his honesty in giving credit to my old conscientious objector friend Roderick Seidenburg for the following thought:

"Each culture evolves a characteristic bodily posture . . . thus Christianity brings to mind a suppliant figure on its knees in prayer; the Buddha sits in the calm of eternity . . . our posture . . . school children duck under their desks when they hear the siren blow . . . Prostrate, our heads deep in the mud, we face the future."

Writing to Mumford in World War II I remonstrated with him that such a student of history should support war. His reply was in full conviction that he was right and I was wrong. His integrity is shown in that after the A Bomb was dropped he openly opposed the use of this terrorism. The present book is a continuation of this idea, and he views our ABC warfare as being as insane as Captain Ahab going to his doom after Moby Dick: "Is the final purpose of the Nazi crematoriums in essence different . . . from the meaningless extermination of life that would take place in what we now politely call ABC war—a large scale effort to liquidate the enemy population? . . . complete annihilation of the hated object, is precisely the same."

There is not space here to review his attack upon our centralization of technical so called efficiency. His one new remark that "even the peacetime exploitation of atomic energy may bring grave dangers to organic life" is enough to halt the praise that many enthusiasts perhaps unconsciously give to this aspect of atomic energy to deflect criticism from the main purpose of using it for exploitation and war.

As this book was written when the loyalty test was at its peak it is well to note his brave opinion on this subject: "The measures we have taken to detect traitorous ac-

complices of the Russian state have subverted the American Constitution more effectively than 30 years of Communist espionage and plotting . . . in the name of freedom we are rapidly creating a police state; and in the name of democracy we have succumbed, not to creeping socialism but to galloping Fascism . . . Who are the marked men and women among us today? Who are the ultimate security risks? They are the people who still retain and still cherish all their human attributes . . . People who rise as Walt Whitman commanded 'against the never ending audacity of elected persons'."

Mumford feels that we have only two possibilities, "suicide by appeasement or suicide by war." To him the "impossible" thing that we must do is to have World Government and the steps that he offers are a world armistice for a year; publication by all competent authorities of the facts of what another war really would mean; then for Soviet Russia and the U. S. to take the initiative of transforming "the dummy model of the UN into an effective working machine: a complete system of world government." Then to show our good faith we should cease our war preparations when Russia is ready to accept World Government.

Where Mumford differs from the sentimental and political minded internationalist is that he depends upon the grass roots conversations of the common man who feels responsibility rather than the shifting of this responsibility to politicians. He feels that there is no "mechanical cure for this mechanical disease," and that "the first place in which to confront this monster is in oneself." For a Hitler or a Stalin would have no power to set the world on fire if we did not provide the fuel by the greed and fear in our hearts. It is this Personalism, this one-man-revolution technique and the essential courage and humanness in Mumford that makes his mention of the Sermon on the Mount so different from the sentimentalism of the Moral Rearmament program which says "peace, peace" while supporting the causes of war. Mumford feels that "if light comes it will be through self-help; by vigils and self examinations that may terminate in acts of grace that have heretofore been inconceivable."

To state simply that there is no more chance of politicians who

live by exploitation giving up the instrument of war, which would mean giving up their exploitation, and to begin working for a living, than there would be in a butcher putting a vegetarian sign in his shop will not change the mind of those who believe in World Government. Neither to say that there is no more chance of World Government ceasing to be a tyranny than there is of local governments ceasing their being corrupt prove anything to those who will have to learn not to "put their trust in princes." Really, we anarchists and pacifists stand as much chance to gain our ideals as do those who expect World Government.

Because Mumford relies upon the Whole Man, somewhat as given in *The Whole Man Goes To Work* by my friend Henry L. Nunn, reviewed in the Jan., 1954 CW, when he says, "Not the Power Man, Not the Profit Man, not the Mechanical Man, but the Whole Man, Man in Person, so to say, must be the central actor in the new drama of civilization," and because he appreciates the function of Our Lady in the quotation given below from Henry Adams, I do not feel like laboring on the difference in ideals as long as our ethics are so comparable. As honest and as a courageous man as Lewis Mumford will not be deterred from following the pacifist and anarchist ideal whenever he learns the inadequacy of trusting in governments. For really he puts a basic trust in that Personalism and decentralization which builds a cell of new life in the shell of the old, as Peter Maurin and the Wobblies used to say.

When Henry Adams saw the dynamo at the World's Fair he felt that this force would eventually destroy our civilization unless that spiritual force typified by Our Lady of whom he spoke in his *Invocation to the Virgin* became active.

"Help us to see, help us to know,
Help us to feel, not with our insect sense,

With yours that felt all life alive
in you;

Infinite heart beating, at your
expense,

Infinite passion, breathing the
the breath you drew."

Mumford continues, "Our numbness is our death . . . we must as a condition of survival, recover our humanity again . . . the capacity for love and confidence and co-operation, for humorous self criticism and disarming humility."

Then whether we win or lose the immediate struggle we will at least die for what we believe rather than for what we don't believe. We will not have to be drafted for we will enlist, not with hatred to kill in war, but with love of service now in time of the cold war.

Prayer To Saint Ephrem

SORROW on me, beloved, that I unapt and reluctant in my will abide, and behold winter hath come upon me and the infinite tempest had found me naked and spoiled and will no perfecting of good in me. I marvel at myself, beloved, how I daily default and daily do repent. I build up for an hour and an hour overthrows what I have builded.

At evening I say, tomorrow I shall repent, but when morning comes, joyous I waste the day. Again at evening I say, I shall keep vigil all night and I shall entreat the Lord with tears to have mercy on my sins.

But when night has come I am full of sleep. Behold, those who receive their talents along with me strive day and night to trade with them, that they may win the word of praise and rule over ten cities. But I in my sloth hid mine in the earth, and my Lord makes haste to come and behold, by heart trembles, and I weep the days of my negligence and know not what excuse to bring. Have mercy on me, Thou that alone art without sin, and save me who are alone pitiful and kind.

By Dachine Rainer

German Christians and World War II

(From WAR & CHRISTIANITY TODAY,

By Fr. Franziskus Stratmann, OP)

Shall our teaching remain purely theoretical, and not be applied in practice? Is the Christian moral teaching on war a sealed book, which ordinary people may not open and decipher, but only cabinet members and generals? Are the words of the Holy Father on the immorality of modern war meant only for specialists, who would expound them—interpreted almost beyond recognition—to officers and petty officers, who in turn would bring them to the troops and to the people? To speak concretely, suppose Russia mobilizes for an attack on the West and World Revolution. May not a Russian citizen then judge that it is a case of illegitimate war, and has he not a right to refuse army service, even though his lawful authority tells him he must obey? Have we become slaves and robots, or are we still thinking, free and responsible human beings?

Many will say, the Russian case is an exception; one may not, of course join in the fighting there. An important concession! Whoever allows and expects it for one case, concedes it in principle: he has broken with the rule of blind obedience to the state and the army.

But it is unlikely that the case of justified or even obligatory refusal has occurred only once, or even only a few times. It is generally agreed that no war can be objectively just on both sides. If, very often, there are many who fight with "subjective" justice, i.e., in the belief, due to limited perception, that only their side is in the right, there are also always many men who do recognize the truth. There is less need of knowledge than of the courage to follow it. For example, thousands of German soldiers recognized Hitler's war as criminal. The moral repute due that leader was nil, after all the events preceding 1939. Hitler and his aids had unmasked themselves as criminals on June 30, 1934, at the latest. Then came the overpowering of Austria and of Czechoslovakia. As the robbers next called for war against Poland there was no probability that they were justified.

Pope Pius XII told the Poles in 1939 that the aggression perpetrated against them was "irreconcilable with the precepts of positive International Law, as with the principles of Natural Law, and elementary human feeling." Similarly, he telegraphed consoling notes to the Queen of Holland, and the King of Belgium, whose lands had been assaulted against their wills and their rights. Who was ignorant of these statements of the Pope? But even if anyone did not know of them, he could have seen the true character of the German war, and deduced the consequences for his own personal conduct. Nevertheless, if millions of Germans hypnotized by the demoniac power of its instigator, and seduced by lying propaganda, engaged in the war, we will not here pass judgment on them. Knowledge and conscience were darkened by concepts of honor which after all were due not only to National Socialism, but had been traditional, and are found in all countries, although they are foreign to the soil of the Gospels. Within this tragically restricted domain of obscure knowledge there were numerous examples of duty well done and even of heroism.

But to the manifest heroism of those who did see through the sham and were strong enough to defy it, and allowed themselves to be called "national traitors," and to be imprisoned and executed—to this higher heroism, the others did not attain. One who did deserve special mention here: the Pallottin Father Franz Reinisch. This priest, who burned with love for Christ and Mary, received his draft notice in April, 1942. He was to be inducted in the camp at Bad Kissingen. He refused. On July 7, 1942, the Federal court in Berlin-Charlottenburg sentenced him to death. During his long stay in prison, there was no lack of attempts, even from spiritual quarters, to induce him to take the oath of induction; surely millions of others were opposed too, they swore with interior, if not with external, visible, audible reservations.

The court itself appears to have made an attempt to avert the execution, for two weeks after the death sentence was announced, there was another pleading. In vain. After legal processes were abandoned, Fr. Reinisch wrote: "It is a glorious day. All nature smiles . . . I am filled with an immense, burning desire for Heaven. Soon I will see Jesus and Mary, the royal bridal pair, face to face. I will celebrate the feast of August 15, the great Coronation day, (Assumption of BVM) in Heaven. I wonder whether I'll be lucky?" He had to wait until the 21st. He was very happy on his last night, with his final confession and Holy Communion. At 5 a.m. he was led to the death block with six others. One after another ascended the scaffold, and down swished the guillotine on his neck. The Pope was notified of the holy death of Fr. Reinisch. Answering the general of the Pallottin Order, the Holy Father said that he did not know whether one ought more to rejoice over such a heroic death, or to grieve at such a great loss.

(Translated by John Doebele).

Kind Treatment

"We modern Catholics are brave and resolute fighters. There is no lack of alert watchmen, courageous monitors, uncompromising and zealous guardians of orthodoxy—particularly the orthodoxy of other people. But there is far too little sensitiveness, understanding, mercy and divine long-suffering in our treatment of opponents as, indeed, among our opponents themselves. May God bring them—but ourselves first of all—to a better mind. Even the enemy of our faith should at least be taken seriously. And a patient hearing, understanding, forbearance and, indeed, respect, are due both to his convictions and to his person. If after this patient and sympathetic hearing his views are rejected, he is already half inclined to come over to our side. For such treatment will touch his heart, as a marvel of more than earthly origin. So rare are men who do justice to opinions they do not share. But among Christians such men ought not to be rare. They should be the rule, not the exception. No privileges or successes we could achieve for the Church in the world, the state, the school, or in society, are worth obtaining at the cost of the least act of uncharitableness. The men whose principles we combat are most commonly not our foes, but victims of our foes—and these foes are entrenched in our own hearts and minds, no less strongly perhaps than in the hearts and minds of our opponents."

Father P. Lippert. Quoted in "Religion of Mankind" by Otto Karrer. Sheed and Ward, 1945.

FIRST POEM FOR THERESE

"Life is a night spent in an uncomfortable inn."

I

ENCIENTE

You swim aloof in an ocean all your own
Free of moonlight and its tidal pull
Free of the sun and its parching glances
Miles deep, cavern grey, pre-Genesis
Your distant affairs have no larger purpose.
This is Utopia—for which you frequently will yearn
After your first rejection, you will live in the thrall
Of a previous Perfectability, entranced,
As in all moments outside time, you cannot know
That this will end, that you will suffer pain, be born, and grow.

II

BIRTH

Dark, miraculous, the dreaming journey of birth
From low cave to sunstruck shore
Through the open hospitable door
In the lobby of this uncomfortable inn
Your other life reluctantly must end.

III

CONSCIOUSNESS

Dark, blazing air waves burn with hot black jazz
From the Central Plaza high low rock bottom sweet jazz
Doctors a mulling infant world. Frenzied
Willie (the Lion) Smith growls grunts swings "The Saints"
And as they go marching by, trumpeting, winging
By Therese, in her cradled upper haven
After an idyl of nursing through a musical afternoon,
Calmly testing the mysterious nipple, the miraculous milk,
Laughs her two fluted Kingdom, eyes my cradle-rocking feet,
And completes her round of rudimentary being, from milk to
laughter to sleep.

Five Days in Jail

(Continued from page 2)

in the November CW, Dorothy and others sold on that corner with impunity. We all would have gone back the next Friday but it rained.

In court the two charges were tried together. Mr. Redfield made several objections and motions which were denied by the judge. A plain clothes policeman acted with the cop trying to prove that I was blocking traffic, but the cop did not present any direct testimony that I had actually blocked traffic, for I was simply an extension of the pillar against which I stood, so this charge was dismissed and I was sentenced to a \$10 fine or 5 days in jail. I know that the government is not allowed to put its hand in my pocket. I also know that I am never going to voluntarily reach in my pocket and pay one cent for the upkeep of courts and jails and police, or have anyone do it for me. As Dorothy has said about being "obedient" in the right sense I then took the alternative which is the 5 days in jail. A copy of the CW, and of my book which I had in a bag with the papers and which I sold if anyone asked for it, was marked as exhibits by the court clerk. The Court of Special Sessions will hear my appeal in December.

In court groups of four or five came in and the clerk in a sing song manner asked them, if they pled guilty to loitering, drinking, panhandling, or whatever the excuse might be for the cops to fill their wagon. They all nodded and were given 10 days, 30 days, etc. Several better dressed men said they had a job to go to and their sentences were suspended. Meanwhile the traffic cops who sold tickets for \$10 which exempted the buyer from a prosecution flourish and the police and the bookies are hand in hand.

There were 17 of us in one cell. The one vacant place when I entered was next to two Catholic Irishmen who had been rolled and robbed of enough to keep them for several weeks, they said. When they discovered that I had been selling a radical paper they sang, "Don't bite the hand that's feeding you," and wondered why I did not go back to Russia. Just then Patricia Rusk, who had been in court, came with Mr. Redfield and asked why I hadn't paid the \$10 fine and gotten out, for on appeal I could get the \$10 back again, but not the 5 days. I explained the matter of principle, and when my fellow prisoners heard the conversation they looked at me in a puzzled manner. One aged Jew got ten days for selling pretzels on Wall st. without a license. A fellow prisoner told me he ought to have had sense enough to payoff a cop and be free.

We jostled in the prison wagon up to the Tombs which is near the City Hall. I gave my meat sandwich to my patriotic friend. After a time I was lodged in Lower D, 12 with Dan who had bought a bottle of liquor when he cashed his \$55 Lackawanna check and had been rolled. Now he was picking up butts. I offered to buy him a package of cigarettes from the trusty but he said they charged 50c after lock up and it was better to buy Buli Durham when the regular wagon came around the next day, so I gave him a quarter. He was Catholic but had never heard of the CW. We were fed on trays which were pushed into our cells. There was a runway in the daytime where we could walk back and forth. In the morning my name was called "For Rikers." As we lined up in the outside corridor a screw with a cigar in his mouth yelled out our names, but his articulation was thus impeded, few could understand what he was saying. It seems he was an educated man for he used seven lettered words instead of four lettered ones as he shouted: "Get in the . . . line, you . . . bums."

Again we were packed in the wagon and jostled to 134 st. where we were not permitted to leave our smoke filled vehicle for the

breezes on the ferry. About 150 of us sat on benches in the big receiving room at Rikers Island and were counted and recounted and finger printed. We had to turn in all money, and whatever we had in our pockets, even the medals we wore around our necks, but were permitted to keep rosaries and missals.

We all stood naked and all body openings were examined supposedly for dope which we might smuggle in. The wine sores on the old men, the stooped and broken bodies of many, presented a sorry spectacle compared to the beautiful shiny black bodies of the Negroes among us, for there was no segregation here. We all took chances that the clothing handed us would fit. Most of us were short timers who went to Dorm 8 in the workhouse division.

My number was 419237 and Emil had the number next to mine. He had done 30 days for drinking and had only been out a few days

Guards and trustees hovered over us in the dining hall ready to grab our utensils and make way for the next line of men. Doing time in this workhouse there was never a sign of a clock, but I surmise that we ate our meals in 6 minutes flat. We marched out and at the door each one deposited his spoon in a box where a screw looked gloomily at us. As I was going out Tuesday I was not assigned to any work for Monday.

Saturday night I went to confession to Father E. Henderson. I had to march to breakfast so as not to mix up their bookkeeping, and I deposited my spoon in the box with the others but ate nothing. After Communion 16 of us had breakfast in Dorm 10. On this 22nd Sunday I was pleased to read the fine print before the Gospel which Dorothy often quotes: "If, says St. Hilary, 'we rely on the goods which depend on Caesar, we must not complain of the obligation to render him his own. But we must also render to God, what belongs alone to Him, our body, soul and will.'"

In my spare time I read my



E. ZUTRAU

and by some miracle of police inefficiency only drew 5 days this time for being caught in a doorway drinking from a bottle. The law in its majesty also does not allow millionaires to stop in Bowery doorways and drink from bottles. Emil is a counterman and swears that he will in the future stick to beer, for this he can take, but not whisky. Next time he will surely get 6 months he thinks. He is a fallen away Catholic but went to Mass with me the next day. When he did that 30 days and went to the Blood Bank his blood was too thin to be taken.

In this dormitory there were single and double cots. I had a top cot, and as is the custom in these modern jails there were no mattresses, only springs and several blankets and sheets. The man on the bottom bunk told of bits he had done and of some of the inside corruption of the police and the payoff that is made to the police generally. Two more pals whom I met as we sat on benches had good jobs in which they made about twice what I had ever made per week these past years. Drinking was the cause of their presence here. They too were Catholics. Several others whom I met knew of our coffee and soup lines but not of the paper. They said we had the best soup on the Bowery. They too found it difficult to understand why I did not pay the \$10 fine. They were more puzzled but in a pleasant way when I gave them my meat and coffee at meal time.

first of Chesterton, being **All Things Considered**. The one appropriate quote that I remembered was, "We do not get good laws to restrain bad people. We get good people to restrain a bad law." This is akin to my phrase that we will have a better world when we have better people and not by bullets and ballots and pushing each other around. The one-man-revolution. I also read Ibsen's **League of Youth**, and James Hilton's **Without Armor**, a tale of the Russian Revolution in which the hero finally becomes a Catholic. A Jewish man was in for 11 traffic violations. He understood all of the radical message of the CW although he had never heard of our paper.

It took us from 8 to 10 to get checked and rechecked and about 75 of us left on the ferry Tuesday morning with the usual seven lettered word thrown at us by the screw. Emil accompanied me to the CW where we were welcomed by Murray Kempton of the New York Post who gave his column the next day to the contrast of McCarthyite Catholics and we of the CW. On a tip from a convict Emil got a job in a restaurant for the next day, and with a much needed overcoat from the CW he hoped he was headed away from the bottle. A Msgr. Martin had complained at a Communion breakfast here in New York City that \$5,000,000 had been raised to fight McCarthy "solely because of his Catholic ideals." Kempton said that, "The forces against Ammon

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

cles Robert Ludlow has written on the Eastern rites and reunion, and the Catholic Worker apostolate of peace in general, I am very strongly attracted to this abbey. Our dear friend Fr. Chrysostom teaches there and offers up the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and it was my joy and privilege to be present at five the next morning after my talk the night before.

Fr. Chrysostom's strong interest is to work for peace too, and of course this monastery it is also a microcosm of the world, and there are strong differences of opinion about pacifism and the morality of nuclear weapons and war in general as a means of saving the faith. I had a good meeting with the women oblates who live next to the monastery and work in the cannery and printing office. They were building a new center for mailing and they have already increased the size of their house for days of recollection. They make their own cement blocks and do their own building, pointing out that labor costs are two-thirds of the cost of building. One of the women was bitten by a black widow spider last summer and is still suffering from the effects.

The Benedictine nuns who have their mother house and an academy adjoining St. Propogius made me most comfortable in their guest wing, which used to be one long dormitory and now is divided into little rooms. When I am travelling it is good to see the slow improvements made in our own and religious houses, seeing too, how successful a philosophy of poverty (not destitution) and manual labor is.

In Chicago I lunched with all the workers at 21 W. Superior, which houses Fides Press, Cana Conference, Work for the Blind, WORK and spoke to them all after lunch. Aside from the Young Christian Workers this is the headquarters for most of the lay apostolic work in Chicago.

St. Thomas the Apostle, on the South Side and Nazareth Academy in LaGrange, which is a suburb on the West Side, were the two high schools that invited me to speak and I found the young people as attentive and interested as ever. I always think of Claudel's statement, "Youth demands the heroic," when I speak to such groups. They seemed well prepared to listen.

I met John Doebele and Lucian Lupinski both of whom were in the Alexian Brothers hospital during the war as conscientious objectors, and they showed me a film, "The Works of Peace," which showed the ravages of war and the attempts made by the Bishops' relief committee to bring some aid to the stricken people. The next morning I went to Mass with the Lay Auxiliaries of the Missions near Chicago university and met many Vietnamese students. Fr. Jacques is their chaplain and Yvonne Poncelet their founder who showed films of her recent visit to Indo-China. I had dinner with Bill and Ruth O'Meara. (he teaches at Chicago and she at Loyola) and met Michael Akpan, a Nigerian student. Professors certainly can do a lot to help the Lay Auxiliaries of the Missions in their work of reaching foreign students.

How to list all the families I have visited since I left New York! At Notre Dame there were the Nuttings, the Pleasants, the Storeys, Fr. Mullaly and Brother John Chrysostom at a meeting at Terry and Ruth McKiernan's home in Hudson Lake. Terry and Ruth run **The House of Bread** in South Bend, "an honorable occupation." Terry

Hennacy have far more than \$5,000,000; they are all arms of all states from the traffic cop up to Georgei Malenkov. It is, he remembers better to light a candle than curse the darkness . . . We have no more radical instrument in our society than the Catholic Worker group. Its members are

(Continued on page 7)

will write, I hope, an entire article on this later. Outside of South Bend on 80 acres there are eight families living. The rain and snow that November afternoon kept me from visiting more than three of them. The Governors (he teaches in Niles, Michigan); the Ryans (both of them famous for their books on education) and the Pleasants with whom I had dinner. There are from four to eight children in each family. Julian talked a great deal about what obedience means in the life of the layman, material which had been left out of his recent article on masculine spirituality in **TODAY** and I am salvaging some of this with his permission for **The Catholic Worker**, January issue.

As I left South Bend late after a meeting in the basement of a little Negro Church, Terry and Julian gave me **In Quest of Community** by Nisbet of the University of Berkeley, Oxford University Press, and I find it is a book being read by many priests right now. Here is a quote from it:

"If there is any single origin of the institutional State it is in the circumstances and relationship of war. The connection between kinship and family, between religion and Church is no closer than that between war and the state in history . . . The war chief and his band are the earliest form of State, an aggressor on the province of the clan."

Two other wonderful books: *Where Nests the Water Hen*, and *The Tin Flute*, one of the country and the other of the city, both by B. Gabrielle Roy, a Canadian writer.

After South Bend, I visited Milwaukee and spoke to a journalism class at Marquette, and lunched with David Host and Nina and others of the faculty. The night before Don Gallagher met with us at Nina's house and told us of his family's two years in Louvain and Paris. Margaret Blazer, Florence Weinfurter and Betty Cuda Van Nels were there.

Betty is suffering with leukemia and we beg prayers from her many friends in the **Catholic Worker** movement who remember her at Ade Bethune's, at St. Benedict Farm at Upton at **The Catholic Worker** in New York.

We also ask prayers for Fr. Paul Judge who has given us retreats at Maryfarm who has been under treatment at Rochester Hospital in Minnesota.

My last two meetings in Chicago were at Wilmette, in the basement of the rectory of St. Joseph's church of John Meila's promotion, and with a group of young anarchists led, if they can be said to be led, by Joffre Stewart, in the vicinity of the University of Chicago.

"And now I am visiting at Joe and Alice Zarrella's in Tell City, Indiana, where he is working in a furniture factory and happy indeed with his beautiful family. There are four fascinating daughters, Kate, Paula, Mary Alice and Mary Joe, the latter two having extra names of Francis (de Sales) and Chantal. The weather is mild and a holy season atmosphere is already in the air as it is in every home where there are children. Alice is frying chicken and making lemon meringue and cherry pies for dinner for Fr. Rabin and Mr. Mattingly from nearby St. Meinrad's, and we in turn are going there Sunday for the conventual Mass and dinner after. I am to speak to the whole community, a high honor, on Sunday morning. The impetus which Peter Maurin gave us in this life of wandering drives me on. If it were not for Peter's mission which he is carrying on even after his death, I would be mightily missing my own grandchildren, and all my family in the east where I am torn between Maryfarm, Peter Maurin Farm, Christie street and my daughter's home on the Island. As it is, it is a happy thing to have but one job, a travelling apostolate, for these winter months.

Work Camps

(Continued from page 3)

ing to carry your water from the pump in the street and saves you the walk to dump out all the dirty water. It is not just a question of walking—have you ever tried to do all the washing of children, dishes and clothes with water that you have carried 100 yards or more heated over an oil burner, and then carried the soiled water back a 100 yards to dump it? It is no wonder that the mother of a family of six beams with joy as she shows you her one water spigot.

Amongst the work campers was a young priest from the Central part of France who used to say Mass at 6:30 P.M. when we all came home from work. He formed the nucleus of a small group which gave much of the drive and dedication to the group as a whole.

One Sunday we went across the border into Belgium to visit another work camp. This camp had more obvious political connotations since it was being held in a town where they were soon to vote on whether a status such as conscientious objector should exist under the law. The leader of the camp, Noel, about 26, Belgian, was a Catholic C.O. who had just finished serving a prison sentence for refusing to serve in the army. Since in many European countries you are required to serve a few weeks every year, if you take a conscientious objector position you are liable for prosecution every year until you are past draft age. In between prison sentences, Noel works in the work camps and the trade union movement, and in the Socialist political party.

The mining town where the camp was situated was full of middle-aged and older men who stand around the streets all day because they are too sick to work. The company's health service for employees checks the injury to each employee's health every year and grants him a pension which varies in amount according to the seriousness of his illness. Since the use of machinery in these mines, the average man completely wrecks his health in ten years. Most of them work as long as they can—the sicker they are when they stop the more money they make and even then the pension is just barely enough. It is interesting to note that it is taken for granted by the employer's medical service that working in the mines will break a man's health. As a friend of mine put it, the workers trade not their ability but their health for subsistence wages.

The third work camp was in Lille, a large industrial center for clothmaking in the north. Our camp here consisted of about 20 volunteers and our work was the cleaning and painting of rooms belonging to the aged and we worked in one community set up by the city for the aged. There were three buildings three stories high with about 50 rooms in each building. They had been set up in the time of Napoleon III and not too many improvements had been added to them since then. Each elder person had a separate room with his own water faucet (a recent addition). They cooked in their own rooms and lead a life independent of others in the building unless they choose otherwise. We did over the rooms of those who asked us

to work for them—boys and girls sharing all the work. It is hard to describe the atmosphere of this place. It had some of the intensity of Dostoyevsky's novels. Everywhere you looked you saw those who were suffering not from any social oppression but people who were just going through the agony of existing—of growing old and being alone.

My fourth camp took place in Germany and was one of the most interesting. We worked with a community of workers who were building their own homes. Some of them came from East Germany, some had lost their homes during the war. This was a particularly interesting camp because of the variety of religious and political beliefs of the settlers. At the same time you had Catholics, Protestants, former SS officer, former Communist officials, present Communist leaders, Socialists and right wing democrats, all of them doing not just the physical work together but what is more difficult coming to democratic decisions as to the running of the community—its purposes, procedures. It takes every ounce of real Charity for all those people who have a history of hate against each other, to work together democratically.

Our community of builders in Hemsheim, a village outside of Worms was run by an elder gentleman who had been an Admiral in the German Navy and had spent his days in a concentration camp during the Nazi regime. His body had been severely damaged but he himself as a man commanded great respect for his strength and honesty of character.

I was also amazed by the courage and hope of the Germans. Every city I saw was a framework of ruins with new modern strong homes springing up in between skeleton outlines. The old beautiful parts of the city have been frequently smashed and with them has gone some of the organic, historic quality of European cities. The new buildings going up are all modern and so the overall view of the city is more uniform, more American, less diverse in style, more crushing in its oneness. And yet the energy with which the people are rebuilding their homes is magnificent. And they are houses which are made of solid stone or cinder block and are meant to last a long time.

There are so many theoretical things you can say about such work camps and many of them are true. They do make you a bigger person because they are difficult physically and psychologically. It is hard to take orders from someone who is not always in the habit of using democratic procedures, whose national temperament is more emotional and fiery in its expression of directions. You learn what is called "international understanding" not by singing songs around a camp fire but by the necessity of working together and getting along to perform that work for a crying need.

And that is what I have tried to stress, the need, the need for physical help. I think work camps in the U. S. are more oriented to the individual development of the camper—bringing him in contact with the suffering of another and having him share that suffering. But in Europe physical suffering has come to everyone in the war, regardless of class. They all know what it is—the question is what to do about it?

The average French manual laborer makes \$54 a month—food in Paris is half the price of what it is in New York, clothes the same price, rent—sometimes double and even then you can't find a room. Many people live in tents outside of Paris.

Everyone knows these facts, but there is little hope it will change without a basic change in the economy. It is certain this economy will not get much better for people—it will fall but what will take

SAINT NICHOLAS



FIVE DAYS IN JAIL

(Continued from page 6)

pacifists, reconcilers, and anarchists, and they believe that the service of Christ involves secession from the state." He ended by saying that upon my return from jail I, "seemed altogether the least lonely man on earth."

The N. Y. TIMES had a good writeup also, on the front page of the second section, giving the price of the CW and of my book, and six people came in and bought the book and subscribed to the CW. Later three letters appeared in the POST favoring the CW and against the McCarthyites who would prevent the sale of the CW on the streets.

While Murray Kempton was interviewing me Lee Peery, who bakes whole wheat bread for us at Peter Maurin Farm, was up at 43 and Lexington selling the CW. The same cop tried to get him to move on but in his gentle Quaker way he politely refused, and finally the cop said to go ahead and he wouldn't bother us anymore. The next Friday Pat Rusk, who is the age of my daughters, went with me there again and the same cop saw us enter St. Agnes Church and smiled at us and has not bothered us on succeeding Friday's. While I was in jail that first Friday Pat had gone up to 43 and Lexington by herself and with temerity sold CW's expecting to be pinched any time. Now she is an old hand and sells more than I do and gives the McCarthyites a good argument. She accompanies Bertha Tisius and me when I soapbox on Wall st. Tuesday noons. We have gone to the gates of Fordham, and spend nearly all day Sunday's at uptown St. Patrick's and St. Francis, as there are Third Order meetings there in the afternoon. Even at 14th st. evenings we sell a few.

Some of my readings from Chesterton bore fruit on Wall st. last week when the familiar question about "Render unto Caesar" came to me. My answer was, "The trouble is that we give the things of Caesar: Pontiac's, bingo, huge buildings, money, to Christ, and we give the things of Christ: our souls, our lives, our time and energy, to Caesar. We have the whole thing turned around."

its place—democracy economically and politically, or totalitarianism?

I think Service Civil International is one of the groups which is not only helping those who are suffering most at the moment, but orienting people to new solutions to our old problems. They have no special politics or religion—but they are presenting the pacifist answer in actions as well as words.

Christopher House

(Continued from page 4)

getting help that I could guarantee was completely unworthy was myself. As for everybody else in the world, I will not decide; I want to be on God's Charity committee, not His Judging committee. Further, I cannot believe that a little bit of kindness via someone's old clothes will make anyone worse. How can Love do harm? Besides, I think so-called charity is getting too organized, centralized, united, in the Church as well as community. Neighborly charity seems to be quite out of style. Everything nowadays calls for one grand splash—one ample check absolves one of all further obligations to the poor, sick, homeless, blind, lame and orphaned. From the tiny bit we do, I feel pretty convinced that sharing with a poor neighbor one's own food supply and clothing does him far more good than all sorts of fine food and feathers after he has filled out 10 forms and heard a lot of advice about how to "manage." Enough of my preaching. So, we just plain broke off from Catholic Charities and went on our own. I have great sympathy for the pastor we had at that time. He couldn't say "yes" and he wouldn't say "no"—so we just kept rolling along. We were a problem to him, I'm sure. Other priests and laymen were horrified at us. They just did not understand. They said, I was trying to start an organization to compete with Catholic Charities, that I was working without the Bishop's sanction etc. There was so much hub-bub, when we were just a poor little group trying to practice Charity in my backyard. I'm a convert from Georgia Baptistism, and may often make mistakes, but God knows we desire to struggle towards real Charity, and I must say I've had very little encouragement and help from around here.

At present, thanks be to God, we have a wonderfully kind Pastor, who has told us we not only have his permission but his blessing. We thank God that this is true because certainly God would not be pleased no matter how hard we worked if we disobeyed our authority. Even with our Pastor's approval, we are constantly criticized. Strangely, the Protestants and Jews are all for Christopher House—it's the Catholics who are critical. We do have some Catholic friends though! We send clothing to Jim Guinan at St. Peter Claver Center (by the way, I heard you talk there once and will never forget it) and Llewelyn Scott, God bless him. Catherine Doherty has visited us twice and been very encouraging. Abbe Robert Kothen came to see us while he was teaching at Catholic University and said he thought we were on the right track.

As time goes on, we see that greater good comes from this

simple little work than one would imagine. For one thing, there's a sort of contagious spirit about this sharing. Some of the very poorest people have brought us fresh vegetables from their gardens which we could pass on to "city poor" who never get country fresh food. Some have offered to deliver clothing or furniture to others. I was quite touched when a very fine poor colored man brought us several sacks of chicken manure for our own garden.

There's an occasional headache, however, which I don't know how to handle at all. In one family where there are 11 children, we must give them a ton of clothes a year, but the father sells it and gets beer. I do not condemn him—in fact, I marvel that his wife keeps sober. Is it all right that we continue to give the clothes, hoping and praying that some day the little act of kindness will be the beginning of a miracle? There's another bunch who don't bother to ask—they open the House, grab everything in sight, and run like rabbits down the street! This summer once, my oldest son, 11 years was holding down the fort while I was away awhile, and they pushed him aside and grabbed away. What to do? Seems to me they need help worst of all, that they really are the "least of our brethren." Should I just have confidence that God will take care of the family, and that no lasting harm will come to the people taking the things?

Recently, a friend of mine in Alexandria has started a similar project in her parish with her Pastor's consent. She is Dot O'Donnell. She uses her large basement, and they call their's Marian House. (Fr. Keller wrote me he had heard about our group and wished we would not call it Christopher House because it would be confused with his work; however, it was too late to change it since everyone in town had gotten the habit of calling us Chris. House.)

Devotedly in Blessed Mother,
Katie Rock,
Virginia

APPROACH

Providence, R. I.

Dear Friends:

We are faithful readers of the Catholic Worker, and we admire your work. Unfortunately, the Catholicism which we see around us, is rather different from the Catholicism of yours. In theory, we believe that your approach is the right one, but in practice we can not do much about it, and there is little hope that things will change towards the better in the near future.

Sincerely Yours in Christ
Edwin Gora

Fritz Eichenberg's

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST

By AMMON HENNACY

INTRODUCTION BY DOROTHY DAY

A penetrating presentation of what happened to the body and within the soul of a man who refused to register for two wars, has been a tax-refuser for ten years, and tries to carry the same uncompromising loyalty to the Sermon on the Mount into every area of his daily life.

Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

not go to press on Dec. 8th as had been scheduled. Their reason was that here we are turning in material this morning which should have been sent in last week. I didn't dare mention that they were still going to receive this Chrystie Street copy. Of course I stormed at them over the telephone but finally agreed to go on the date most convenient to them. Well that is what we have to put up with when we are so delinquent in paying our bills. However, there are so many good things about our printers that I am sure that we are extremely fortunate that they print us at all.

I was wishing you were here last week when we received that subpoena from the City Sales Tax Division. You know that they have been after us for years to pay sales taxes on the paper. You could have taken this subpoena down and spoke with them, since I went down with the last one about two years ago. Two years ago that man made me sweat about their unreasonable taxes, he was quite impossible. However, this time I had to deal with an attractive young lady who was very understanding. She dismissed the case within five minutes after it started. We must remember that lady's name.

A number of us around the house are plagued with the common head colds. Ammon Hennacy suggested a prescription to me after he prefaced it with, "I know you don't believe in fasting which is the best way to get rid of a cold." Chin Chu is the worst hit by a cold. He has taken to his bed for over a week. As you know it is so difficult to get any personal information out of Chu. Consequently, we had to get a doctor in who told us that Chu has a cold and is run down. Your friend, John Murphy who had a stroke of paralysis three years ago, doesn't feel quite well these days.

We saw Henry Sanborn at Saint Vincent's hospital the other night. He has still to recover from that operation that he had on his mouth last July. All of us who visit him have to be satisfied with the short notes that he can write in answer to our remarks—he is still unable to speak. He is fed with a tube through his nose—a liquid diet. I asked him if this method of feeding was satisfactory, and did he ever get a taste for a piece of pig's feet or a dill pickle. He wrote that he is somewhat satisfied with the tube feeding. He is grateful for the postcards that you have sent to him on your trip. Henry is treated very well at St. Vincent's and he is well liked by everybody there.

Father Hessler of Maryknoll was in town last week. Since he was not able to speak at our usual Friday night meeting, we set a special speaking night for him, which was last Saturday. We had a good crowd and Father gave us an interesting talk on his work in Mexico. A Spanish Jesuit priest was in the audience. Father Hessler suggested that this man say a few words. The meeting broke up well after ten o'clock.

Remember that woman that we

were able to dislodge from the state mental hospital about a year and a half ago? Well she put in another appearance at the house last Wednesday. She was with her husband. They now have an eviction notice from their landlord for failure to pay rent. She put her husband up to paying a visit to the city relief department. They told him they could do nothing until he signed some forms and brought his wife over. He signed the forms but his wife refused to accompany him to the department. As she repeated, "I was told to stay away from them or they would place me in another mental hospital." Since the both of them decided in our office that there was no chance to obtain the money for the back rent from the welfare department then they asked would it be possible for us to lend them the money. After I got through telling them of our financial situation the wife turned on the husband and upbraided him for venturing such a thought. Although I am sure it was her idea in the first place to get the loan from us. The husband finally announced that he was not too worried since he could live at the Catholic Worker if they were evicted. The wife screamed, "What about me?" The man replied, "I am an old man and you are still young. You can take care of yourself." But Dorothy don't worry about these two since this is the third time in a year that they have come to us in an attempt to make a loan. They will survive—they have survival written all over them.

Father R. was in town and took three of us to see Graham Greene's new play the Living Room. In a way we were lucky to see this play since it closed after two weeks of performances. This being Greene's first play we were anxious to see what he could do. Suffice to say that Greene failed to turn out a competent piece of art. He has probably learned by now that you can't toss a problem on the stage and sort of expect it to work out by itself.

There was a phone call here last week from someone who said that he represented the Health Department. He said that he had a complaint from someone about the sanitary conditions of our library where we have a number of men sleeping each night. This phone call stated that there was going to be a representative from the department down to see us shortly. As it turned out a frequent visitor to our office answered the call and gave the party on the other end a strong rebuke. So we are expecting the worst—just like waiting out Hurricane Hazel or one of her sisters. If we are not at this address when you return we will leave a forwarding address with the man in the candy store on the corner.

Before you went away I was having trouble with my teeth. Well, they are in worse condition now. I thought of going to a dental clinic but I find it impossible to allow dental students to work on my mouth when I don't even have confidence in most of the work done by full fledged dentists. One day I finally went down to the foot of the Bowery off Chatham Sq. where I figured their prices would

Prayer To Saint Raphael

O RAPHAEL, lead us toward

those we are waiting for, those who are waiting for us: Raphael, Angel of happy meeting, lead us by the hand toward those we are looking for. May all our movements be guided by your Light and transfigured with your Joy. Angel, guide of Tobias lay the request we now address to you at the feet of Him on whose unveiled Face you are privileged to gaze. Lonely and tired, crushed by the separations and sorrows of life, we feel the need of calling you and of pleading for the protection of your wings, so that we may not be strangers in the province of joy, all ignorant of the concerns of our country. Remember the weak, you who are strong, you whose home lies beyond the region of thunder, in a land that is always peaceful, always serene and bright with the resplendent glory of God.

be reasonable. I walked around that dentist office for an hour and finally turned around and came home. At one point I stopped into St. James Church to pray for courage. My prayer was answered but the courage dissipated as soon as I stepped out of the Church. During my hour walk around that dentist office I kept asking myself, "Where is a good dentist?" The answer was always the same, "There is none."

I met Eddie in the kitchen the other morning just as we were having a cup of coffee. He told me that he had left a small dog in our back yard for the time being. He said that he found the dog on the street two miles from our house. "The dog is lost," he said and, "I am going to find the owner." I thought of the seven cats that we have in the house and then looked out at the dog in the yard. The dog was almost the size of a young reindeer and was tied to a chair which he dragged all over the yard. Although the dog was young and friendly, I guess it was just as well that he vanished as soon as he saw an open door on Chrystie Street.

This morning at two o'clock I was violently awakened by an angry mob of bedbugs. I didn't know what bit me at first consciousness. I killed twenty-five of them at least and stopped to smoke a cigarette. You get a terrible feeling of abandonment when this happens to you in the middle of the night and there is no other bed available in the house to move into. It is very cold in the house these nights with the temperature outside at sixteen above zero. I seriously thought of spending the rest of the night at my father's place but the thought of the long trip in the night stopped me besides I am not quite sure he would welcome me if I gave him the reason why I could not sleep in my own bed. However, after an hour the bedbugs allowed me to go back to sleep.

One of my severest critics around the office assured me that my bout with the bedbugs during the night was a prime example of "poetic justice" because he did not like my mentioning the bedbugs in the paper some months ago. Well, where there are bedbugs there is poverty.

Dorothy, I hope you haven't run into any bugs on your travels. As kids we used to sing, "Oh, say can you see any bedbugs on me? If you do kill a few, etc." I know that I should not write about bedbugs in this paper since it is at best a very indiscreet subject if not actually vulgar. However, these bedbugs are a part of our lives and they put up a stiff battle for survival like the rest of us.

Well, Dorothy, take good care of yourself and have a joyous Christmas. Don't refuse any money that anyone might offer you, even the widow's mite. I hate to be mentioning money foreverlasting but it seems that we have to have it.

P. M. Farm

(Continued from page 3)

fixings. Peggy cooked the turkey, Willard assisting. Several guests came for the occasion, including Ammon, Molly, Jonas, Ann, JoEllen, Daisy, and George L., who pitched in and baked the pies, and Bill, who brought us nuts. We missed the two Stanleys who celebrated the day with relatives, and especially Tony, who was in the hospital after a bicycle accident but was able to come home later in the afternoon.

Now in Advent, Kenneth is upholding the liturgical standard by making an appropriate wreath and Christmas pudding. Dorothy has sent us Helen McLoughlin's Family Advent Customs, published by The Liturgical Press, St. John's Abbey (Collegeville, Minn.), for our guidance. The booklet opens with the moving responsory in Advent, "We await a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will reshape the body of our lowliness after the shape of the body of His splendor. Temperately, justly, reverently, let us live in this world, awaiting the blessed hope and advent of the glory of the great God."

Otherwise, we go on as usual, beginning our days with Mass at our own chapel of St. Therese, at Our Lady Star of the Sea in Huguenot, St. Thomas' in Pleasant Plains, St. Joseph's in Rossville, or at St. Louis Academy, depending on the circumstances. Rosary we have every evening in the chapel at seven o'clock.

Lee continues to bake the bread for the house and for the breadline at Chrystie Street, driving his own product into the city in his own car. Dear Agnes, who faithfully keeps the linens, dishes and silver in order and sets the tables, in addition to making the second floor and stairway her special charge, also makes our traditions: we join her every evening possible in the cup of cocoa which is her nightcap. SI makes the cocoa, and if it isn't the sublimest brew in the world, somebody else can make it from now on. And Stanley V. works steadily at his printing, his handpress clanking upstairs like the pacing to and fro of someone in ball and chains. One of his recent jobs is the Prayer to St. Raphael: "O Raphael, lead us toward those we are waiting for, those who are waiting for us: Raphael, Angel of happy meeting."

The three small Scarpullas, Beatrice, Joseph and Andrew, come as regular as clockwork, to play with Paul every afternoon, and the Hennessy children—Becky, Susie, Eric, Nicky, Mary, and Baby Mar-

garet, too, when Tamar comes — over at least once a week.

Almost everyone takes turns at the piano in the hall, but the principal musicians are Leonard, Lee, and Stanley B., who practices Bach, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Mozart.

Weekends we are usually visited by friends, the most regular of whom are Evelyn Franklin and son Philip, who with his freckles and orange hair is the spitting image of Howdy Doody. We have also had the stimulation of a brilliant talk on George Bernanos and William Faulkner by Brittany-born Mrs. Anne-Marie Stokes, who has spoken twice at Chrystie Street on Faulkner.

LAND

(Continued from page 3)

Land is not a charity, a one time dole to one landless family. Those who sign the pledge, commit themselves for life. "The idea behind the demand is that all wealth, even though we may acquire it with an individual effort and skill, is not for us alone, but has been granted to us by God for all of us. The energy and initiative which went into the making of this wealth are themselves a gift of God." (Vinoba, Harijan, 29-11-52).

As the donor is asked to keep the money and to spend it in accordance with the ideals of the movement, it could be simple extension of the Mutual Aid Groups developed by some members of Peacemakers, U. S. A. Members are paying 1/70 of their income regularly and are pledged to give 1/7 of their income in case of emergency. This emergency constitutes mainly the temporary support of dependents of convicted CO's. Why not form more such groups and include the world? Regularly pay 1/7 a state of emergency, and send whatever isn't urgently locally needed to India. (Secretary, All India, Seva Seva Sangh, P. O. Box 43, Gaya, Bihar, India.) If we are looking for a real manifesto of good will to the Eastern and technically underdeveloped countries, we can hardly find a way that will be as welcome and appreciated than to join them and make a similar sacrifice in their efforts to raise the living standards of the millions of landless. Remember also what a high percentage of your tax dollar goes to fighting communism. Certainly the method of the Bhodan movement is the most constructive way of fighting and eliminating the very causes that give rise to communism.

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