

CATHOLIC WORKER



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SEGREGATION ON WAY OUT IN CHICAGO

By JOHN DOEBELE

TWO recent judicial opinions, both condemning race restrictive covenants, allow us to hope that the quasi-legal walls which for the last 25 years have forced Negroes to live in the worst sections of many American cities, may soon crumble.

"Since housing is a necessity of life, as an original question a contract of 32 property-owners that they and their successors will not sell houses to Negroes would seem to stand on much the same plane as a contract of 32 grocers that they and successors will not sell food to Negroes . . . The Committee on Negro Housing of the President's Conference on Home Ownership and Home Building said in its Report in 1932: 'Segregation . . . has kept the Negro-occupied sections of cities throughout the country fatally unwholesome places, a menace to the health, morals and general decency of cities, and plague spots for race exploitation, friction and riots.' It would seem clear, as an original question, that a court of equity would have nothing to do with such a contract unless to prevent its enforcement or performance . . ." said Justice Henry Edgerton of the United States Court of Appeals. (1)

"The influx of Negroes into urban communities in response to the increasing demands of industry for labor, together with race segregation . . . have made it impossible for many Negroes to find decent housing in large centers of population . . . Negroes migrating into urban communities have found barriers at every turn . . . The choice lies between the continuation of such conditions [as reported in the above cited Conference] and the expansion of urban Negro districts . . . Race restrictive agreements undertaking to do what the state cannot must yield to the public interest in the sound

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The Assumption

Retreats So Far— Retreats to Come

Fr. Urban Gerhart, from Cleveland; Fr. George Garrelts, from Robbinsdale, Minn.; Fr. Myron O.F.M., from Paterson, N. J., and Fr. Pacifique Roy, our chaplain at Maryfarm, have given the retreats so far at Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

The retreats to come are those of Fr. Dominic Fiorentino, of New York, August 5th; Father Meenan, of Pittsburgh, August 19th, and Fr. Ehmann, of Rochester, August 31.

Many of the retreatants come early and stay late, and a number are coming back to spend the rest of the summer, to help prepare the place for the retreats to come. Cecilia Hugo and Mildred Petty both have given their summer to the work. We now have upper and lower dormitories in the barn for women. We have made a private room for Peter Maurin, who was sleeping

in the dormitory. We have put the men in the stone house, the families who came in the St. Lawrence room and priests in St. Martha, which used to be the kitchen of the stone house. Even the attic, with all the holes in the slate roof through which you could see the sky, has been made into a sewing room and extra dormitory for the helpers. Such mending has been done as Maryfarm has never seen before. We have had enough help so that we could turn the collars of all the men's shirts and mend the holes in garments of us all. Altar linen has never been so spotless, tables and altar decorated so beautifully. We can see now how so much is accomplished by monasteries and convents. We, too, have bell ringers, bread makers, table setters, gardeners, readers for the table, berry pickers, as well as cooks, dishwashers and clotheswashers. How wonderful it is to be able to distribute tasks, so that now a few do not have to do it all. It is possible to take joy in one's labor, and to learn this joy is part of the retreat. A philosophy of labor means taking joy in one's work, and recognizing that it is not only penance for one's sins but co-creating with the Lord.

As I left the farm the other day, Mary Frecon, head of the Harrisburg house, was creating a garden where there had been waste land before.

Our retreats are tastes of heaven, samples of living close to God, and close to one's fellows in brotherly love and service. We have had young and old, families and single people, all nationalities, colored and white. We have had priest visitors and lay visitors. And we have had our Lord Himself. The Chancery office of Philadelphia, in which diocese we are, granted us the great privilege of having our Lord in his Humanity and Divinity upon our altar during the retreats.

THE calmer our hearts,
the more active our lives.
The more tranquil we are,
the more busy.
The more resigned,
the more zealous.
The more unruffled,
the more fervent.

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G. Griffin Home, And Others Too, But Not to Stay

Gerry Griffin, former head of the work here in New York, sharing the responsibility with Joe Zarrella, has been home on a furlough this last month. For the past three years he has been with the American Field Service in Syria, North Africa, Italy and Holland. By the time this paper is out he will probably have sailed for India. He is a lieutenant, in charge of thirty ambulances.

Bob Sukoski, son of one of our printers, and for some years a leader in the Catholic Land Movement (Alcuin Community), is home on furlough. He was wounded in Germany, losing his right arm almost to the elbow. He is going on with his work,

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NOTES BY THE WAY

Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.
June 28, Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul. Up at 5:30, first Mass at 6:00, Prime at 6:30, sung Mass at 7:00. At breakfast we read the epistles and Gospels from the feast of St. Irenaeus and also of the vigil. Also Rodriguez on Silence.

Today we mailed the sheep's wool to Mr. Bartlett, Harmony, Maine, to be washed, carded and spun to knit socks and sweaters for the winter. One sheep and two lambs have wandered off into the woods and the boys were out looking for them these last few days.

Last night at supper we had reading at the table about the Cure of Ars. He sounded rather extreme with his condemnation of dancing and singing and his endeavors to gain back his parishioners. But I began to think of the rural slums that we see around us in Easton, Phillipsburg and Glendon, and I can see well how he had to fight drunkenness and disorder and the kind of dancing and singing that go with it.

Our retreatants are engaged in all sorts of tasks, gardening, cleaning the barn, mending the road, baking, sewing, cleaning, etc. Today Mr. Eichlin brought us three loads of hay under a lowering sky, our neighbors the Haskows helping, and Stapley and David unloading into our beautiful old barn.

All the families on the farm have goats and rabbits and chickens. Tamar and Dave loaned Grace Branham their goat for the summer, and she is giving three quarts of milk a day. She "came in" on April 3, the day Tamar's baby was born, and since the cow was dry at that time, the three quarts of goat's milk certainly came in handy. Now Grace has the goat, and she sends down the surplus that she cannot use to Fr. Roy and Peter.

Went to see Helen Montague.
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The Servile State

On the eve of Hilaire Belloc's seventy-fifth birthday, the Servile State was ushered into Great Britain with Prime Minister Attlee taking the place of Churchill. Contrary to the opinion of most conservatives, the new government is not a step toward collectivism, but a solidifying of capitalism, with the sop thrown to the proletariat of social security, health laws, education laws, etc. The State has taken possession of the masses, with their approval. Most people look upon the new regime as the lesser of two evils, and a step forward in progress.

Hilaire Belloc wrote the book, "The Servile State," back in 1912, and since then there have been three editions, the last in 1927. This Great Catholic book has never been printed in America. It can be read now in the reference room of the New York Public Library. Belloc foretold the Beveridge plan, the "womb-to-tomb" plan as it has been termed. Beveridge, a henchman of

Lloyd George and Churchill, put over the compulsory insurance law in 1910 and this brought Belloc to write "The Servile State." In our own country the New Deal grew out of such social legislation. And Catholics throughout the country are again accepting "the lesser of two evils" and trying to apply Christian principles to it. They fail to see the body of Catholic social teaching of such men as Fr. Vincent McNabb, G. K. Chesterton, Belloc, Eric Gill and other distributists, as they came to call themselves, and lose all sight of the little way, which the great modern Saint Therese has pointed out. They go with the crowd and try to sanctify the pagan teaching of modern economists. During the Spanish war they saw no other way than that of Franco in opposition to the Loyalists. They fail to see that there can be such a thing as a Catholic position. Our Communist brothers are not so lacking in faith. They continue hammering away at their plat-

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Germany's Opportunity

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

In the newspapers and on the radio there is an ever-recurring theme these days: German industry must be destroyed.

American military, political and economic leaders, and prominent personages associated with foreign trade are either glorying in the destruction already achieved or urging the complete destruction of German industry so that, they say, Germany will not again wage war.

Their desire for the destruction could have something to do with the removal of a competitor in the field of foreign trade after the war, but let us assume, for the moment, that they are sincere when they advance as a reason one more likely to get the support of the people who don't like wars, or war makers.

The Simple Life

The destruction of German industry and the consequent forcing of most of the German people to the simple life of agri-

culture, arts and crafts would be a good thing for Germany and for the world.

In Germany, despite the assertions of the modern Pharisees, there are many millions of people who were not and are not Nazis. Many of them were in the concentration camps because of their expressed hatred of and opposition to Nazism. There were many more who just kept quiet, as people will do anywhere in the world, when they are intimidated, or scared of consequences, when they have their bread and butter, their lives and those of their loved ones to think about. That is not a German weakness. It is a human one of which tyrants and intimidators everywhere take full advantage.

Christian Tradition

There are several million people in Germany with a Christian background or tradition. The Nazis may have scared those people and broke them; externally, to their will. They did not and

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SECURITY

CHRIST told Peter to put aside his nets and follow him. He told the rich young man to sell what he had and give to the poor and follow Him. He said that those who lost their lives for His sake should find them. He told people to take no thought for the morrow. He told his followers that if anyone begged for their coats to give up their cloaks too. He spoke of feeding the poor, sheltering the homeless, visiting those in prison and sick and also of instructing the ignorant. He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." He said, "Be ye therefore perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect."

But the usual comment is: "You must distinguish between counsel and precept. You forget that He said also 'All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given.' He that can take it let him take it."

Paul Claudel said that young people have a hunger for the heroic, and too long they have been told, "Be moderate, be prudent."

Too long have we had moderation and prudence. Today is a time of crisis and struggle.

We Oppose the Wage System

In this present situation when people are starving to death all over the world, sitting in the midst of ruins, when religion is being warred upon throughout the world, our Catholic young people still come from schools and colleges and talk about looking for security, a weekly wage. Workers, soldiers, remembering the depression, are clamoring for security.

They ignore the counsels of the gospels as though they never heard of them, and those who are troubled in conscience regarding them speak of them as being impractical.

Why they think that a weekly wage is going to give them security is a mystery. Do they have security on any job nowadays? If they try to save, the bank fails; if they invest their money, the bottom of the market drops out. If they trust to worldly practicality, in other words, they are out of luck.

If they sell their labor (see Peter Maurin's essays) they are prostituting the talents God gave them. College girls who work at Macy's—is this what their expensive training was for? Boys who go into business looking for profits—is this what their Catholic principles taught them?—are hovering on the brink of a precipice. They have no security and they know it. The only security comes in following the precepts and counsels of the gospels.

Members One of Another

If each unemployed nurse went to her pastor and got a list of the sick and gave up the idea of working for wages and gave her services to the poor of the parish, is there not security in the trust that God will provide? This is but one instance of using the talents and abilities that God has given to each one of us.

What right has any of us to have security when God's poor are suffering? What right have I to sleep in a comfortable bed when so many are sleeping in the shadows of buildings here in this neighborhood of *The Catholic Worker* office? What right have we to food when many are hungry, or to liberty when so many are in concentration camps?

St. Thomas says, "The counsels of perfection are, considered in themselves, expedient for everybody," and he adds charitably, "but owing to the varying dispositions of people there are some for whom they are not expedient because their inclinations do not tend in that direction."

But to those in whose minds these questions are stirring there are those words directed—

"Today if you shall hear my voice, harden not your hearts."

BREAD OF PEACE

By JAMES ROGAN

This is the Bread of Peace we come to seek,
Food of the angels at the altar rail.
Disguised in veils of wheat He gives the meek
Himself; what other king has found so frail
A guise to dwell at rest among his own?
"Eat of my flesh," He cries, "and drink of the wine
That is my blood, and then you will be shown
That only in this broken bread of mine
Can you find joy; for peace is never sought
And found outside my loving, breaking heart.
It was for you I gave my life and bought
With blood my people, set by love apart.
I am your peace. When will you come to me?
Come in the darkness. Come and you will see."

Gospel of Peace By Fr. J. J. Hugo Now Available

A new book, paper bound, 134 pages in length, with illustrations by Ade Bethune and Fr. Catic, is now available for our readers. Send what you can to cover the cost of printing. We don't know what the printing bill is yet, but perhaps twenty-five cents will cover it.

"How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the Gospel of Peace; of those who bring glad tidings of good things!"

Bring this book to your friends, read it and meditate on it, and pass on to others, or order copies for others.

The first chapter contains a discussion of the justice of war—can there be a just war?

Although the notion of just war is in complete harmony with the notion of charity, the concrete reality of war is never, or hardly ever, compatible with the practice of charity. In actual reality, wars are waged out of hatred, fanatical nationalism, the desire for revenge, greed, or the lust for power; and in their actual conduct they rely on unjust means, like lying propaganda, the murder of civilians, the bombing of cities. This means, in effect, that the possibility of just warfare is scarcely more than theoretical.

In some newspaper column recently, the writer said that he witnessed the burning of a fleeing Japanese. "Why do we worry about the use of gas?" he wondered, and added that he would rather be smothered with gas than burned alive.

The usual opinion is that, now that war is upon us, we must carry it through to a finish and then think of peace afterwards; or that the war is almost over now and it is too late to discuss the justice of a war which has been going on for five years.

We believe with St. Paul, that we must cry out in season and out of season; that if we were silent, such silence would mean consent to such atrocities as are being committed today. We believe, too, that the writings of Fr. John J. Hugo are the most important contribution of the present day to the theology of peace, and that he is carrying on the work that Fr. Stratman, the Dominican, began in Europe when he wrote "The Church and War," "Peace and the Clergy" (now out of print).

After discussing true peace and false peace, Fr. Hugo points out the way to peace. The book closes with a reprint of "Patristics and Peace," giving quotations from the early fathers of the Church and from the saints.



FOOD FOR THE SOUL

In the Vineyard
Weapons of the Spirit
Applied Christianity
Gospel of Peace
All by Fr. John J. Hugo

Price—what you will,
to cover cost of printing

Spiritual Reading
Is the Oil
That Keeps the Lamp
Burning

Notes by the Way

(Continued from page 1)

Her six children have measles right now and during the winter it was whooping cough. The oldest is seven. What vigils young mothers must keep, and what fastings! Some of the retreatants are staying over for a week and they are going to help out in the household for a few days.

Coming in on the Lehigh train as I write these notes, first there are hills, then fields, a patchwork of them, haying, wheat ripening. Then little towns and suburbs of bigger towns with little homes with grape arbors and goats and chickens and people working and sitting outside under the trees.

Then the hell and disorder of the industrial plants, and the countryside laid waste. How can it be that industrialists are not ashamed of this ghastly disorder?

I forgot to mention that this morning, the last day of the retreat a white dove flew in the chapel! Symbol of peace and love, it made us very happy.

June 29th

Today, two FBI men came in to see Fr. Duffy about a draft evader. He knew Father and had talked to him on a number of occasions. With the stand he is taking, this is the last place that he would hang out, with us fighting conscription as we are, issuing articles on its immorality, etc. These two men, a Mr. Walsh and a Mr. Seccor, used first a bullying tone, then an emotional appeal, and then threats, trying to make Father Duffy promise that he would let them know if he came across the young man they were looking for. We have had many a man from the FBI come in to interview us but none so stupid in their behaviour as these two.

This evening Boris, a Russian boy from the East side who has been dropping in since the seaman's strike in 1936, came in. At the beginning of the war, he made us his insurance beneficiary, and so he has come unscathed through many a trip, bringing home ribboned cards announcing he was under fire in the Atlantic, Pacific, Mediterranean and all the seven seas, wherever they may be.

July 4

Reading Raissa Maritain's "Adventures in Grace" and was much interested in her account of Pere Clerrisac's spiritual direction. He had a great admiration for primitive Christianity and the works of the early Fathers. Jacques and Raissa were reading St. John of the Cross at the time and were intensely desirous of sanctity, and conscious of the need for effort to attain it. Pere Clerrisac emphasized God's grace rather than personal effort. A point which I well understand. It interests me much to see this struggle of two points of view which goes on still, and I do not see why there should be any opposition between emphasizing the need for effort toward personal sanctification and at the same time the calm faith that God can do all things. "Love God and do as you will." I love the Maritains for their love for St. John of the Cross.

The chapters of Raissa's book relating to her parents' conversion were most beautiful. How I would have enjoyed knowing them, visiting them there in Paris. We are introduced, too, to Peguy, Roualt, Bloy. I am still reading the book, so this is anything but an adequate review.

Today I visited the cloistered sisters at Maryknoll, had the refreshment of hearing a conference which Fr. Damasus was giving the sisters. I had a most enjoyable visit with him later and he is going to bring his Catholic Action group for a retreat on the farm, which will be a great joy to us all. Fr. Damasus in his conference emphasized waiting, praying, praising the Lord rather than planning rebuilding, mak-

ing world plans. He told the story of Paula, Paulina and Pontifex Maximus, and the advice of St. Jerome on how to deal with the noisy child and the cranky old Pontifex Maximus. "Teach the child," he told Paula, "to climb on the knees of the cranky old man, and sing softly in his ears the Holy Saturday Alleluia, and that will probably do more to convert him than all brilliant arguments." I shall remember that when we sing to the Lord on the farm.

Out of Jail

One of our hardest working fellow workers is just out of the Tombs where he has been taking a rest for the past five days. He says it is an airless place, all closed in with only slight openings at the very top of the gigantic windows. It was so unbearably close that the men all went around in trousers only. But the guards wore their uniforms. One man died and two went insane on his tier of 65 men. He does not know how many persons the Tombs contain. They were locked in their cells only part of the day, during the rest they roamed the corridors. For meals there were kidney beans, spaghetti, stew, mostly potatoes, "nothing any good, but then, what do you expect in jail?"

Dress

Waiting in a coffee shop out of the rain, for a bus. There was a young woman waiting there also and from her conversation I discover she is a driver, waiting to go on duty. She wears toeless back suede pumps with very high heels, rayon stockings, a black rayon dress, tight and short with a very low cut neck, with a heavy costume jewelry pin which drags it down still lower. It made me consider not only the lack of modesty of modern dress, but the need for functional dress. This young woman was evidently strong, vigorous, and self-respecting. Her life was not an easy one. She worked long hours, piloting a heavy bus through congested streets. She was not a harlot. She lived, not by her body, but by hard labor. But she dressed like a harlot. Probably because she could not afford to buy work clothes. It is indeed too bad that our styles, our concept of painted beauty has come to us from Hollywood and from loose women.

July 5

After a visit such as yesterday's to Maryknoll, I feel free of care, loosed of all burdens. What a holy and a happy life! None was recited at 3:00 in English; vespers sung at 5:00 in Latin; supper, then Fr. Damasus' conference; then recreation when we all had a talk together; then compine.

Mass the next morning was at 6:45 and I caught the 7:45 train. The river was beautiful, so calm and hazy one could not see the opposite shore. Bouncing Betsy and sweet clover made the air sweet.

Easton Again

July 21

It is 9:00 in the evening and still light enough to sit outside, and write. An almost full moon is coming up over the hill. I am sitting on Tamar's front step, between the forsythia bush and the mulberry tree, watching the kittens. The mother cat is chasing crickets. It is clear up here but over the town there is a pall of smoke from all the factories. An airplane flies overhead, a night bird cries out, the ewe under the cherry trees, now returned, bleats for her two adventurous lambs. The other sheep, which Fr. Magee gave Tamar and David for a wedding present, runs around loose with the little kid of the Angora goat. Every now and then they come up on the porch of the little cabin I occupy on the farm and stampede around. The other night I was saying my prayers, and the big round sheep with the long

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GERMANY

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could not destroy that background or completely eradicate the Christian training and ideas that went with it. With that Christian tradition, and with their hardworking and industrious habits, or virtues, the Germans, or a majority of them, have a unique opportunity of not only establishing a truly Christian culture but of demonstrating to the world how people can live much better and with more dignity as human beings in a decentralized economic set-up in which the enslaving machine, the Frankenstein monster, is dethroned and effectively controlled, and in which the welfare and happiness of human beings owning their own means of livelihood, working closer to nature and with their fellowmen rather than for them, is more important than the money bags of industrialists, or the destructive "advantages" of modern "science," and modern "progress."

To The Land and The Guilds

The Germans going back to the land and to a peasant, or individual and working ownership of it, and becoming primarily a nation of small independent farmers and craftsmen, organized in a modern form of the guilds which once flourished in Europe, could, with their background and natural qualities, not only lead themselves but other nations of the world back to sanity—and to God.

That could and may result, but it is not "being planned that way" or for that purpose by the people who are crying so loudly for the destruction of German industry.

Causes of War

In June of this year General Eisenhower proclaimed in London that "Germany will never return to what it called normal—that is, a position in which it can compete with any other highly industrial nation in the world." It is largely because of that competition that German industry is to be destroyed.

It is, incidentally, because of that competition, irrespective of what we are told by war makers, that wars are fought and that they will continue to be fought unless the people not only in Germany but everywhere else in the world, begin to look for the satisfaction of their needs, for food, clothes, and shelter in their own territories, and for the right of access to the land and natural resources from which these needs come.

Every country does not have all the needs, or all the luxuries, that its people demand, but the demands of all can be met by the free exchange or trading of goods which to one country are surpluses and to another necessities.

The important thing, however, is that the exchange be conducted as between independent parties owning, controlling and freely disposing of the surplus products of their respective countries with justice to everyone concerned, and at all times safeguarding the welfare and interests of the producers or workers.

Greed

It is the contempt for the rights of others and the greed of powerful interests who have corrupted the word "trade," that cause wars and that will go on causing them unless the plain people in every country begin to control not only the men who love wars but the greedy people, the "industrialism," and the "trade" interests that bring them about.

Unique Opportunity

Germany in defeat—humility is a great cornerstone—can make a virtue of necessity and dis-

credit for all of us the industrialism, the "science" and the "progress" which, from within and from without, has broken her flat to the ground. Instead of rubbing in that defeat and being vindictive and uncharitable in the process, we should, those of us who are Christians and who think of all men as our neighbors, encourage the German people to grasp the unique opportunity which is theirs and to help them to realize its wonderful possibilities.

HOME AGAIN

(Continued from page 1)

however, as soon as he is released from the hospital.

Dwight Larowe, former head of the Catholic conscientious objectors, who changed his position (God knows why; we don't) to infantry in the army, is back from Germany, and also will be on his way back to camp shortly.

Tim O'Brien, father of three children, author of many of the Ben Joe Labray stories in the Catholic Worker, and of the letter about bull pens for children at our retreat house at Easton, and of a letter on the land from Germany, just arrived on his thirty-day furlough.

John Givens, formerly of the Seattle group of friends of the C. W., member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and in this war a seaman, came in to visit us between ships. Previously he had been shipping out from the west coast, but now from Baltimore. He is on his way to France and will take greetings from us to Emmanuel Mounier, editor of *Esprit*, and author of "The Personalist Manifesto."

Martie Rooney, of the Rochester group, also a Lieutenant, visited us on his way home. He had spent the last year in a German prison camp.

Jack English, who was with one of our Cleveland groups, stayed a week with us and helped clean house. He was just out of the hospital, and had spent the last thirteen months in a Rumanian prison camp. He was a photographer on a bomber. His companion in the clean-up job was Richard Strachan, not long released from a prison term for his stand as a conscientious objector, not only to war but to conscription.

During this past six weeks, since the last issue of the paper came out, Jon Thornton, one of the Easton farm group, was sentenced to four years for refusing conscription. His wife and two children are on the farm. He is serving his term at Danbury, Conn. Jon was formerly one of the group running the Baltimore House of Hospitality.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE

A COMPETITIVE hell of demonized interests surrounds us. . . . The crowding together of people into cities of millions has done its share. Cities are places of escape, full of secret corners into which one can comfortably crawl away to hide from the deeper reality of life. Here, in workshops, offices, moving-picture theatres and night clubs, man overcomes the thunderous realization of what he truly is and what he is not. He overcomes his sense of worship that should force him to his knees; he overcomes the fear of guilt within him, which is deeper than fear of death. Space becomes the inside of an office; time becomes a working hour for which one is paid, or an hour of amusement for which one must pay. Our strong spiritual powers are lulled to sleep until they fade out in an indifferent cynicism. The monastery of Mount Athos is no place of escape from the world, but New York, Berlin, Paris and London are.

—FRANZ WERFEL, "Between Heaven and Earth."

SERVILE STATE

(Continued from page 1)

form when they have only one or two representatives in the government. They do not say, "choose the lesser of two evils, accept the present social order and sanctify it." They present their positive Marxist program. The recent upset in the ranks of the Communist party of America is over just such an issue. Earl Browder is accused of trying to go along with capitalism, of seeking concordances instead of upholding the pure Marxist teaching.

Belloc's Visit

Hilaire Belloc, who foresaw the present shape of things so clearly, is now living in retirement in Sussex, England. The last time he visited London it was to see Fr. Vincent McNabb. The last time he came to America he lectured at Fordham and came one evening to visit The Catholic Worker, we are happy to say. John Cort and I were invited to dinner with him by Harry McNeil, then teaching at Fordham, and in honor of our distinguished



CORNERSTONE OF OUR LIFE

E. M. Cautch

guest. Professor McNeil took us to some famous restaurant to dine, and the meal was of many courses. I hope Hilaire Belloc did not notice how John Cort, used to the slim meals of the Catholic Worker (we were feeding 1,500 a day then), reached over to my plate after every course and finished what I had left. It was an enormous dinner and I was too stimulated to eat, but John ate automatically, and quite unconsciously, all of his own and a good part of mine.

A Suggestion

Why does not Mr. Bruce, the Catholic publisher of Milwaukee, who achieves so outstanding a success in the circulation of his publications, bring out "The Servile State" for the benefit of that great body of Catholics interested in post-war economics?

Security for the worker, not ownership; security for the industrialist, the owner, not confiscation—that is what Beveridge plans and Wallace plans of permanent employment lead to.

There is more vision, more Catholicity in that plan of the Auto Workers Union, CIO, to buy one of the Ford plants for reconversion and make prefabricated homes for workers. At least this is a step in the right direction toward ownership and responsibility.

Segregation Doomed?

(Continued from page 1)

development of the whole community," concluded Justice Roger Traynor of the California Supreme Court. (2)

What is heartening about these opinions is that where other Judges have consistently acted as though such contracts affected only the signers, the present views take account of the hardships inflicted upon others, people who had nothing to do with the contracts:

"... the parties hereto do hereby mutually agree, promise and covenant, each with the other and for their respective heirs and assigns, that no part of the land now owned by the parties hereto; shall ever be used or occupied by, or sold, conveyed, leased, rented, or given to, anyone not a Caucasian. This covenant shall run with the land and bind the respective parties hereto, their heirs and assigns, for the period of 21 years . . ."

runs a typical such contract, or restrictive covenant, as they are commonly called.

Overcrowding Results

It is one thing if 2% of the homes of a city are thus closed to Negroes; something else if 80%—the figure often quoted for Chicago—are blocked off, or if the blocked homes form a ring around the existing Negro community. An increase in the population can then only mean overcrowding. It may, and usually does, mean not only overcrowding, but utterly wretched housing. For if the landlord knows that his tenants have no choice but to rent from him, he is quick to raise rents; slow to undertake any repairs or improvements.

In recent decades, there has been a very marked increase in the number of Negroes in Northern cities. In Chicago there were 109,000 in 1920. Today there are more than 360,000. Yet the area available for Negro homes has changed hardly at all since 1920, chiefly because of restrictive covenants. And the homes are largely the same houses which in 1920 were being abandoned as worn-out. Today they are occupied by from three to ten times as many people as they originally housed.

If the community is overcrowded, schools, recreational facilities, even such services as refuse collection are over-taxed and fail, until the area becomes simply uninhabitable, if measured by the standards customary in other sections of the city.

The Right of Property

In 1917, in *Buchanan v Warley*, the Supreme Court voided as unconstitutional an ordinance of Louisville, Kentucky, which would have required residential segregation. Quoting a Federal statute re-enacted after the adoption of the 14th Amendment, which "expressly provided that all citizens of the United States in any State have the same right to purchase property as is enjoyed by white citizens," the court added, "Property is more than the mere thing which a person owns. . . . It is elementary that it includes the right to acquire, use and dispose of it. The constitution protects these essential attributes of property. . . . Property consists of the free use, enjoyment, and disposal of a person's acquisitions without control or diminution save by the law of the land."

The efforts of a group of individuals, acting as private citizens, to deny their colored fellow-citizens the right to acquire or use property, would seem to be something less than the law of the land, but courts generally have upheld such efforts in the form of restrictive covenants, and in effect have made local governments responsible for segregation, because public officials are ordered to enforce court decisions. Restrictive agreements, being the most successful method

of evading the Supreme Court's ban on segregation by law, became widespread during the 1920s.

As Kahen (3) points out, the result of unofficial segregation has perhaps been worse than that likely under segregation by law.

"Restrictive covenants covering wide areas, and enforced by injunction, are capable of imposing much more drastic restraints than are segregation ordinances patterned upon zoning ordinances. Moreover, whereas zoning ordinances may be readily modified to conform with changes in political, economic, and social conditions, well-drafted restrictions are likely to be impregnable for an indefinite period."

Papal Opinion

The tendency of courts to ignore or to side-step questions of morality: "... the public policy of a State of which courts take notice... may not—properly—be found in our personal views of sociological problems..." was considered by Pop Pius XII in his Christmas address of 1942:

The juridical order has the high and difficult scope of insuring harmonious relations both between individuals and between societies, and within these. This scope will be reached if legislators will abstain from following those perilous theories and practices, so harmful to communities and to their spirit of union, which derive their origin and promulgation from false postulates. Among such postulates we must count the juridical positivism which attributes a deceptive majesty to the setting up of purely human laws, and which leaves the way open for a fatal divorce of law from morality. . . .

We have a possible example of positivism in the opinion from which Edgerton dissented:

In view of the consistent adjudication by this court that a covenant against Negro ownership or occupation is valid and enforceable in equity by way of injunction, it must now be considered to be the settled law in this jurisdiction. . . . we are cited no new laws, nor indeed to any other course or practice of Government officials, which the private action of the original owners of the block in question contravenes. . . .

To this court— . . . the only question now open for discussion is whether . . . the purpose of the restrictive condition has failed by reason of a change in the character of the neighborhood, so that its enforcement would impose a hardship rather than a benefit upon those who were parties to its terms. In *[Hundley v. Gorewitz, '42]* we said: . . . Whenever, therefore, it is shown that the purpose of the restriction has been frustrated and that the result of enforcing it is to depreciate rather than to enhance the value of the property concerned, a court of equity ought not to interfere . . . [by enforcing the covenant]."

An Anti-Social Barrier

This and similar considerations were dismissed by Justice Traynor:

. . . the question whether the restricted area should stand as a barrier against expansion of the Negro district cannot be determined entirely by findings with regard to property values and the interests of property owners. It is also necessary to determine whether maintenance of this barrier would deprive the colored population of any feasible access to additional housing and compress it within the inflexible boundaries of its present district at the risk of a congestion whose evils would

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A Loaf for Dad

By JOAN QUILTY

I DIDN'T remember till I got home that mother had told me to bring a loaf of bread when I came back from the playground.

When I came out of the grocery store a car was stopping at the curb. A colored man and woman were helping a real bent little old colored woman out of the car. I stopped to watch. Colored people hardly ever came to our town.

There was a little boy in a blue suit, as big as my brother Punky, who is three and a half. This little boy was bad like Punky; he kept running around and around his mother and father. The old colored woman was so bent she just shuffled along. They went into Davidson's Restaurant next door to Joe's Market. It looked nice and cool and dark through the window.

I waited. Sure enough—they came out again right away. I could have told them.

Before mother sent me back downtown she had opened the ice box door and given me a glass of lemonade that she had gotten ready for lunch. The pitcher was frosted white. Then she wiped my face with a cold wet washcloth and told me to stay in the shade. It was an awful hot day.

It's three blocks downtown. We have two blocks which are filled with stores. That's downtown. I didn't care that I had to go back, because under the trees all the way down it is like walking through a cool dark tunnel. I like to go through our park—that's where our playground summer school is—because the grass smells cool and greenish. The trees there are the tallest and blackest in town.

My father just can't eat a meal without bread. No, he just can't. He says so himself. It was ten minutes to twelve, our church tower clock said. St. Peter and Paul Church is before you get to the park, and it is the biggest church in town, all brick. My father says, though we are a little town, we have one of the handsomest churches in the Archdiocese of Chicago. The Catholic School is the biggest school in town, too, because most everybody in our town is Catholic.

I'd know when it was twelve because the factory gives a little whistley shriek. And then my father would rush right home!

I ran down the slanting sidewalk of the park and out into the sunlight. It's hot downtown because there aren't any trees. It felt like when I go down into

the basement to help father in the wintertime; he throws open the furnace door and the heat seems to want to swallow you up. It made me feel sort of sick. Running across the street, the sun was like a hot hand pressing on my back.

When I finally opened the door of Joe's Market, sweat prickles were making my hair itchy. It was black and cool inside.

I watched the colored man and woman help the bent old colored lady back into the car. Then the man went over to Wilson's Restaurant, and the Tea Shoppe down the street. Finally he went

RESTAURKA



—Ada Bethune

into the Jewel. He came out with a loaf of bread, a bag of something and a carton.

The little boy who had been climbing around on the front seat of the car sat down and be-



SAINT MARY MAGDALENE

+PRAY+FOR US SINNERS

E. M. Caticch

gan to cry when he saw his father.

"I don' wan' pop. I wan' water. I don' wan' pop. I wan' just water. Please, daddy." The little boy was just as bad as Punky can be when he is hot and cross. His father looked the way mine does when we're sick and naughty and he doesn't know what to do.

"I don' wan' to stay in car. It's hot. I'm so hot. Mama!" I don' wan' stay in the car." But his mama was fussing over the old woman in the back of the car. It was hot where I was in the shade. It must have been awful hot in the car out in the sun.

The Angelus began to ring. I ran. I could have told them there was a water fountain in the park. Maybe they thought we didn't want them in our park, either.

CULT :: CULTI

Three Sonnets

By CLAUDE McKAY

I

It is the Negro's tragedy I feel
Which binds me like a heavy iron chain,
It is the Negro's wounds I want to heal
Because I know the keenness of his pain.
Only a thorn-crowned Negro and no white
Can penetrate into the Negro's ken
Or feel the thickness of the shroud of night
Which hides and buries him from other men.

So what I write is shot out of my blood.
There is no white man who could write my book
Though many think the story can be told
Of what the Negro people ought to brook.
Our statesmen roam the world to set things right.
This Negro laughs, and prays to God for Light!

II

I turn to God for greater strength to fight
The enemies of decency and truth,
Because He holds the Sacred Light
To lift me in His everlasting ruth.
Lord of the world, if I had only trod
In my youth's prime the straiter way of life,
The joy that comes from having faith in God,
Would now exalt me in the thick of strife.

So help me then, that I may never quail
Before unrighteous men, though they're equipped
With devastating weapons, clothed in mail
And arrogant and think they can't be whipped!
Because they have bamboozled simple men
To think that all life lies within their ken.

III

Around me roar and crash the pagan isms
To which most of my life was consecrate,
Betrayed by evil men and torn by schisms
For they were built on nothing more than hate!
I cannot live my life without the faith
Where new sensations like a fawn will leap,
But old enthusiasts like a wraith,
Haunt me awake and haunt me when I sleep.

And so to God I go to make my peace,
Where black nor white can follow to betray.
My pent-up heart to Him I will release
And surely He will show the perfect way
Of life. For He will lead me and no man
Can violate or circumvent His plan.



The Parable of Bread

By MARY ALICE DUDDY

[In "Orate Fratres"]



THE sunny kitchen at Grailville was full of the warm smell of baking. The breadmakers had sifted and cleaned the wheat, ground it into flour, mixed and kneaded the dough. They had shaped the warm spongy mass into generous loaves and with a sharp knife had traced the sign of the cross atop each one. Now their task was almost finished. Proudly they took the brown, crusty loaves from the oven, tested them to see if they sounded hollow to the knock (the sign of thorough baking), and ranged them on the racks to cool. In a few hours the bread would be on the dinner table, the least noticed, perhaps, of all articles of food, the sturdy mainstay of life.

Few people think of commenting on bread, or seeing anything significant in it. Why should they? Bread is only bread, something that everybody eats, that everybody takes for granted. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," God had said to the first man, and people have eaten bread in some form or other ever since the sons of Adam learned to plow. No crop can ever have gilded the fields, or swung before the winds, more often than wheat.

*The young green wheat, divinely swinging,
The young green wheat, forever singing.
From Adam to Moses men*

plowed the soil, sowed the grain, ground it into flour and made bread. Probably bread was taken as much for granted then as it is now. But during the years of wandering in the Sinai wilderness the Jews came to learn something of the significance of bread and the reverence it should call forth because of what it was foreshadowing.

"THEY shall make me a sanctuary," God said to Moses, "and I will dwell in the midst of them." And in this sanctuary, this first temple that the Jews built under God's most detailed instructions, what was to be placed there, in the Holy Place? Bread was to be placed

there. "You shall take fine flour and shall bake twelve loaves thereof...and thou shalt set them six and six, one against another upon the table of the Lord."

Nothing was too fine, or too beautiful or too rare, for this tabernacle in the wilderness. Built of wood that was reputed incorruptible, every wooden surface overlaid with beaten gold, every vessel in it solid gold, yet in it was bread, the humblest, commonest thing in the world. It was understandable that the innermost recesses of the tabernacle should house the tablets of the law, the miraculous rod that had blossomed, and a dish of the miraculous manna that had fallen from the sky. But was bread then also miraculous, that it should be set beside the golden candlestick with its seven branches, beside the golden altar, where "the clearest incense" glowed? "Thou shalt set upon the tables loaves of proposition, in My sight always." It may have been thought by the men who built the temple that bread was there merely as a sign

that all their necessities of life were from God. Its significance was more than that. The bread in the Holy Place was the shadow of the Living Bread that God would send down from heaven when all those builders had been fifteen hundred years in their graves.

From the day that the first temple was finished, and so long as there was a temple to be the hub of the people's faith, "the bread before the face of the Lord" was every week renewed. Twelve years before Christ was born the building of a new temple was begun—the new temple, which would also be the last—and still the Holy Place housed the golden candlestick with its perpetual light, the incense and the bread.

When the temple had been eleven years in building, Christ's old kinsman, Zachary, was allowed to take his turn to go into the Holy Place, to trim the candles, to wave the censer, to renew the bread. But a year afterward, Christ was born. The Living Bread that had been thus foreshadowed in the temple for more than forty generations came down to earth. The significance of the Holy Bread, on which God would always fix His gaze, became clear; all that happened in the life of the grain, and of bread, was to be a showing forth, in the humblest of

ways, of the history of God made man, of "flesh made bread."

BETWEEN the things of earth and of heaven there is a real, if mysterious, relationship. The parables Christ spoke tell in human terms of spiritual realities that are infinitely higher. The miracles He worked were parables in action. Every created thing is, in a sense, a parable, a sacrament, because all creatures and all that happens in the world do mysteriously reflect things of heaven. And of all created things few have so plain a parable, or mirror more clearly their higher reality, than bread than flour; than the wheat that is sown in the soil.

"That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die first," said St. Paul. He was only echoing Christ's own words that were prophetic of Himself: "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the earth, die, itself remaineth alone." Christ was the wheat sown in spring, on Annunciation day: "but if the wheat die it bringeth forth much fruit." For Christ that self-annihilation began with His first cry, it ran through every moment of His life, in a world of earthly values and standards, in which He could never feel at home, any more than an ordi-

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CULTURE VATION ::

St. Benedict Manasseri

By JULIA PORCELLI

JUST recently I met a famous person, a real hero from my mother's home town in Sicily, that has been the same for hundreds of years and would have gone on that way except for the destruction of this war. His name is St. Benedict the Negro, and I met him in the pages of a pamphlet entitled "Race and Grace," by Fr. Marion Habig, put out by the Franciscan Herald Press in Chicago. If my mother had not come to this country from San Fradello (or San Philadelphia) when she was 13, I would have been born there too, as all my mother's family for centuries lived there, and I would have grown up

knowing all about this Franciscan lay brother for whom my Uncle Benny is named. But I was born in New York City, far from the beauties and peace of Sicily, where everyone owned their homes and land, raised their food, milked their goats, grew their own grapes and casually picked figs off their trees as they walked by.

I never knew Benedict till this spring, but we are very good friends for many reasons, one of them that he is a family saint, bearing one of our family names—Manasseri—which was the name of the man who owned Christopher, Benedict's father, a slave from Ethiopia.

Benedict's mother, Diana, had been a slave, but had been freed by her master, who gave up his wealth to become a simple hermit. Both Christopher and Diana were Christians with a great devotion to the Blessed Mother. They had decided to live in celibacy rather than bring a child into slavery, which was a heroic way of protesting against slavery—and proves how Christian they were—but their master (God bless him!), out of love for them, promised to free their first child if they would live together. This they consented to do, and this first one was Benedict, blessed before conception. And all the town nicknamed him "Il Santo Moro" (the holy Moro, although he was not a Moor, but there is used for Blackamoor or Negro).

Even though many thought him holy, and the town was probably 100 percent Catholic, our Benedict suffered many insults because of his color and because he was a slave, until he was freed at 18. Maybe he would have been insulted more today in our South, but I am sure he would have been patient and silent, just as he was then, but only because he found strength in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Maybe that is what made him a saint—he had to run to church to pray for his persecutors so often. One time the insults were so great, the super-human effort of being silent caused blood to burst from his nostrils. After this Benedict was very ashamed and prayed longer.

Benedict was an illiterate farm laborer, who lived in poverty, giving away most of what he earned, which caused his fellow workers to laugh at him for being such a fool. One day, while they were mocking him, the hermit, who had been a nobleman, walked by, stopped and prophesied: "You now make fun of this poor Negro, but soon his name will be famous. He will join us at the Hermitage."

The next time he met Benedict he repeated his invitation. Benedict sold his oxen, bade his good parents good-by, and became a hermit. His virtue was so great, the other hermits acknowledged his superiority, and soon people flocked to the cave to witness miracles he performed



St. Benedict The Negro

*Patron of the Colored Race,
Patron of Farmers,
Lover of Solitude and Prayer,
Devoted to Fasting and Penance,
Burning With Charity for Your Neighbor,
Tireless in Healing Every Sickness,
Ever Attentive to Those Who Invoke Your Help,
Pray for Us.*

*From pamphlet, "Race and Grace,"
by Fr. Marion Habig, O.F.M.,
Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago, 10c.*

to help the needy. Soon the little community had to leave for a more solitary cave near Palermo, which St. Rosalie had occupied in the twelfth century. When their superior died, Benedict was chosen to take his place, in spite of all his protests of his ignorance, the fact that he was the last one to enter the community, etc. He ruled them well until 1562, when the Pope decided the hermits should join one of the existing orders.

Accepting this as the will of God, Benedict entered the Franciscans' house in Palermo as a lay brother, together with another hermit who lived to 112 years and at the age of 100 gave testimony in the process of Benedict's Beatification.

He served as a cook for 14 years, and, "being a saint, he was very strict with himself but just as kind towards his brethren and always anxious to prepare the meals as well as he could." To his great surprise he was elected superior of this big monastery. He reminded them he might be a good cook, but he had no education, was the son of a slave, and couldn't rule educated monks and priests. But out of obedience he had to accept. They knew he was superior to them in holiness. Whenever free of his duties, he performed works of charity or helped in the kitchen, washing dishes, carrying wood, sweeping the floor, digging in the garden or going out to beg, set-

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ST. AMBROSE
PRAY FOR US

By M. Cattich

PRAYER OF ST. AMBROSE

O Lord who has mercy upon all, take away from me my sins, and mercifully kindle in me the fire of Thy Holy Spirit. Take away from me the heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh, a heart to love and adore Thee, a heart to delight in Thee, to follow Thee and to enjoy Thee. For Christ's sake, Amen.

Voluntary Poverty And Pacifism

SUCH Christly ways as evangelical poverty and pacifism must forever remain, like the Way of the Cross itself, sheer folly and scandal so long as we are speculators and legislators rather than doers of the Word with the personal voluntary good will to do the deeds of fraternal charity purely and simply without coercion of God, man or beast. Unlike the princes of the nations (Matt. 20, 25. I Cor. 2, 6), Christ the Pacific King of kings, wants His Kingdom of Peace on earth to come by good-willed volunteers of Love, not ill-willed conscripts of law.

Volunteers not Conscripts

The Breviary points out, on the anniversary of the Stigmas of St. Francis, that Christ said to all: 'If anyone is willing to come after Me,' that is, to imitate Me, whereunto I do not coerce, but invite. Therefore did He say, 'If anyone is willing.' Whence St. John Chrysostom: 'If anyone gave away gold or disposed of a treasure, he would call none with violence, but men would rush. How much more so ought we, when called to heavenly treasures! Indeed, if the nature of things persuade to hasten, and you hasten not, you are not worthy to receive.' Therefore did Christ say: 'If anyone is willing to follow My example.' (Sept. 17, Franciscan Supplement.)

But in what conceivable way are we good-willed volunteers of love to follow Christ's Way of the Cross when we deliberately follow instead our own ways of the world, except of course for those commandments—mostly prohibitive—which even Old Testament and sub-Christian heathen morals respect? How different an idea of personal

Ammon Among the Indians

He visits Isleta Pueblo

ONE Sunday morning in June I arose early, picked a cup of mulberries from the bush at my door, which with sugar and cream and some bread made a delicious breakfast. I had borrowed a bicycle from Lipa's brother Joe, and after attending to the irrigation of the orchard I started down the road to the Indian Reservation in which is located the Pueblo of Isleta, seven miles to the south. The road was uphill and down and quite sandy, so that progress was slow. Here it wound along the edge of the bluff overlooking the two ribbons of the Rio Grande with a wide expanse of sand bars between. Horses grazed on the lush grass along the river in the lowlands near the Santa Fe bridge.

House to House

Coming into Isleta a rather large adobe house with buildings of the same material occupied the corner between the road and the bridge. An Indian with an exceedingly large brimmed hat was feeding some animals. An auto, partly dismantled, stood in the yard. Just south of the bridge is the dam which throws the water through the spillways for the reservation.

It was now 9:30, and upon inquiry of the priest's housekeeper I was told that today's Mass had been at 8:00, and next Sunday it would be at 10:00, as the priest had 10:00 o'clock Mass at a neighboring town this morning.

I had taken fifty old copies of the CATHOLIC WORKER along, and I commenced to knock at each door and give a copy to each family. The houses were on narrow semi-streets winding here and there, as in Santa Fe, and each yard held farm machinery, wood, and the familiar wagon in which I had often seen the Indians from the orchard on their way to town. Nearly every woman who came to the door spoke

to me in English and thanked me for the paper. Several extremely wrinkled old men came to the door, and although they may not have understood just what it was they received, thanked me for the paper. Perhaps twenty houses were locked; the people were in the fields or gardens in the outlying parts of the reservation, or visiting. Here I did not leave a paper, as I saw I would not have enough. One noticeable thing about the houses is that they are large and roomy, although perhaps a married son or daughter would live in one end of the house.

A Fine Household

A man and his wife were on the porch of a nice appearing house, and when I gave them a paper they said that three families lived there. First a pretty dimpled young matron appeared and later another comely young woman, and each got a copy of the paper. While a younger sister and brother looked at the paper I stopped a moment to rest. I explained where I worked, and that this was a Catholic paper a little different from the others, in that it did not support war. The young ladies said that about 100 young men from the pueblo had been drafted.

Good People

Later a mother and daughter invited me in when I gave them a paper. The house was very clean and roomy (more so than my own). A huge coffee pot like we used for threshers in the East stood on the stove. Two stars on the door indicated that men were in the armed forces. I mentioned the story that my Quaker great-grandmother had told me of Indians not harming Quakers, who did not lock their doors, fight the Indians, or give them liquor. They recognized the name Quaker, but did not know of any such thing as a conscientious objector, saying that war was bad but boys had to go, and what could you do about it. I replied that many Catholic boys were in concentration camps or in prison in preference to going to war. I told them of the five Hopi Indians who had refused to register and had gone to prison, and of the injustice of Indians being made to fight the white man's wars, after being despoiled of their country and not being allowed citizenship.

A Bear Story

A beautiful granddaughter with a clear bright complexion and bright dark eyes, about 8 years old, came in for a few minutes. I had been telling about the long hike my wife and I made many years ago, and told the girl the story of the bear that almost got us in Florida. We had been warned of wild bears in a desolate part of the country through which we were hiking; these animals were made more fierce by shots of hunters at that season. Looking back, we saw a black form loping over a distant hill. We had purchased some Greek candy at Tarpon Springs the day before, and laughed at the thought that we would have to feed the bear some candy, as we could not run as fast as he could, and the trees were too small to afford protection. We looked back again and saw that the black figure was coming over the hill a few hundred yards away. I took the candy from my wife's pack in readiness to pacify the bear. Our hearts jumped when we heard a noise behind us. I turned to give the bear the candy and saw only a young Negro on a bicycle. We laughed nervously and told him that we had mistaken him for a bear, and we all ate some candy. We could not have been more upset if it had really been a bear. The little Indian girl thought that this

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C.P.S. News

C.P.S. Camp No. 76,
Glendora, Calif.

Dear Editor:

What a long time since we saw, spoke and exchanged greetings! Time is so fleeting! As you might know, via the proverbial grapevine, I transferred on May 29 from the Trenton, N. D., camp. Dan Faith, Frank McGuire, Joseph Krock and Gus Matula, Catholics, and Bill MacArthur, former Warner, N. H., men, came along with 30 others from Trenton.

Joseph Schaeffer, Catholic, formerly at Warner, has been here two years. Francesco Buonacasa, Catholic, formerly at Powellsville and Coleville, is here too.

John Barsotti transferred from Trenton to work as cook for the smoke-jumper C.P.S. unit at Missoula, Mont. Paul Franceschini was released from Trenton because he is 45 years of age. He is now working at his old trade, cabinetmaking, in Philadelphia. This leaves Vincent Schwoyer, Leo Ostrenga, Andrew Cheokan and Peter Lasauskas, Catholics, from Warner, still at Trenton. (Schwoyer was originally a Big Flats assignee.)

John Stephenson, Negro, is still at Big Flats, where he went from Swallow Falls, Md. Charles Squillacote is still enduring Mancos, Colo., government C.P.S. camp, since his expulsion from Rosewood.

John Tizdale received a 4-F from Trenton early this year.

This is a U. S. forestry camp comprising two main camps. Dalton, here, two and one-half miles from the small town of Glendora, and Tanbark, 12 miles in the mountains. Also, about 16 side camps — tanbark stations equipped with quite new fire engines all scattered in the Angeles and the San Bernardino Forests of the Sierra Madres.

Our work is supposed to be fire suppression and pre-suppression. As yet I have not been out on a fire, but 15 of our men at this camp just returned yesterday from a 4,000-acre burn near Redlands. The tankers are frequently called. I am working in the Glendora U. S. Forestry experimental office.

I understand that Ray Pierzchalski is awaiting Selective Service approval to go to Mott Street to do A. C. C. O. work. He is a fine person and I hope he is approved promptly.

I was home on furlough in Allentown, Pa., in May, before transferring here. My father had just returned from the hospital before I got home, and my mother was in the hospital about the whole-time I was home, so I could not get to Easton nor to New York to see you or Arthur, nor to Washington to see Paul Mundy. I wrote Paul and Art before I left Trenton to try to arrange to come to my home and asked Art to invite you too, because of my parents' ill health. The Quakers paid my train fare.

On my way eastward I visited Bishop Muench at Fargo, N. D.; Archbishop Beckman at Dubuque, Iowa; the C. O.'s at Alexian Brothers Hospital in Chicago, and Father Hugo at Kittanning, Pa. On my return trip I visited Fr. John A. O'Brien at Notre Dame University. It was indeed most unfortunate that I could not speak with any of you, considering how close I was to you, especially because of my visits on the way.

With a prayer to Jesus for His mercy and a Christian peace.

BOB KNOBLACH.



OF MANY THINGS

Dear Editors:

I haven't heard from you yet on whether all the saints who were soldiers left that type of life, so cannot consider that at this writing, but I wanted to mention a few things.

First, thanks for sending me out to see Richard Collins and his farm.

Second, I actually got out there, and was very glad to meet him and family. He showed me his "homestead" and very willingly answered all sorts of questions about it. He wants to help me in any way he can in getting settled and started ("rooted") in a similar type of life. I'm not unsympathetic to this, but have a few preliminary problems, such as the war and a tolerable job thereafter, to get out of the way. Mr. Collins wanted me to report to you that I had been out to his place. He claims he knew nothing of farming when he started his project about five years ago. So maybe I can learn from neighbors and books just as he did. He recommended some reading matter, including Gill, of course; Teller and Sir Albert Howard, and the extraordinary character, Cobbett. Wouldn't it be a good idea for the Catholic Worker to publish periodically (say once every six months) a bibliography on rural living?

From the visit to Mr. Collins' place, I sure learned many things new to a city dweller. And there is a lot more I'd like to learn. He mentioned that he had drawn a diagram for a four-room (one downstairs, three up) home for someone at your Easton farm. I suppose that is the plan you mentioned that Thursday we met. I'd like to see such a house, or plan; how about publishing it in the Catholic Worker, if that's O. K. with Mr. Collins? I believe he thought it would cost \$2,500 to build (assuming artisans and material were available). You should see his Coleville setup. I think he has the beginnings of a community, a Catholic community, or part thereof, there. You mentioned to me about learning farming by settling near some brothers at a monastery, "throwing yourself on them." Is that legitimate? Aren't people supposed to support themselves? I think they are; I wouldn't want strangers throwing themselves

on me unless I could take care of them.

Third, may I suggest an amendment or refinement in your condemnations of "modern industrialism" whenever you mention that "ism" in your paper, and especially as contained in that scathing indictment, "The People Perish" (Jan., 1945). (I'm just catching up on some back numbers of the Catholic Worker). I suggest you and your authors on that subject keep in mind what seems to be a connotation of that term, limiting its definition.

(a) Definition of industrialism: "Social organization in which industries, especially large-scale industries, are dominant." (Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, fifth edition.)

(b) The narrowing connotation is in one of the definitions of "industry": "... one (branch of art, occupation or business) which employs much labor and capital and is a distinct branch of trade; as, the sugar industry."

In other words, "modern industrialism" can mean our social disorganization, but the term (modern industrialism) often conjures up the idea of factories and machines, for with them this "Industrial Revolution" started. Hence you are "scattering your shot" or not condemning everything of the same ilk which needs condemning when you inveigh against merely the factory system or a branch of trade. Equally evil is the whole social system of a propertyless wage-slave class, equally evil is modern social work, modern commerce, modern domestic service, modern censorship and propaganda enlisted in some private interest, modern commercial farming—in short, every modern attitude and endeavor which ignores God. Furthermore, it should be stressed that it is not so much organizations or groups of people that are wrong as it is evil wills. This was implied in "The People Perish"; the "lies" basic to modern, evil-willed, human operators are: (a) that unseen things should not influence human life; (b) that the object of life and life's works and arts is profit or power. Men and organizations characterized by such errors of mind and defects of wills as these are what is evil, not merely or solely "modern industrialism." When men sell

"their souls (which really aren't theirs to sell) to any false god under any guise, such as "liberty," the result is misdirection and moral evil.

Fourth. Here are some recent (?) evils you may like to remind people of, hoping they (readers) will not grow lukewarm but "overcome evil by good;":

(a) People seem glad about waging war.

(b) People seem glad about bombing Japan, whereas we should be working out this job "in fear and trembling," even though we are right.

(c) People are surprised that the Germans do not consider themselves responsible for the Nazi war. When the leaders of our government and armed forces err, do we consider ourselves responsible for their misdeeds, or do we pass it off with a weak, "What can I (we) do?"

(d) People are insensible to injustice in election machinery. In certain districts in New York City, I am told, Dewey "got" zero out of 400 or 500 votes! I don't believe that reflects popular opinion. (In a similar way the Nazis came to power.)

(e) People let agents of government decide moral issues on the grounds that only such agents are possessed of all the complex, relevant facts (selling one's conscience to the government); e.g., whether the war is just, whether it was good to kill pigs, plow under cotton, etc.

(f) U.S.S.R.

(g) Government by pressure groups rather than the common good.

(h) Widespread ignorance of what contributes to the common good, as a comparison of after-effects with issues in the elections of 1860, 1912, 1916, 1928 and 1936 proves.

(i) Lack of widespread public discussion, especially among Catholics, of the justice of particular wars, acts of state, policies, strikes, black markets, etc., and of free press, free speech, etc.

Fifth. I suggest you periodically (every six months?) reprint your program, recatalogue the evils and so remind your readers of the integrated aspect of your and our proram. Or would that require reprinting every issue? A summary listing should be possible.

Keep up the good work, and please spare a prayer.

LT. JOHN B. STRAUB.

From A Sick Friend

I made Confirmation all right. We almost got lost—the tubercular contingent; the "very least" who arrived late and had no arm bands or flowers. Father Larsen met us at the church door and hurriedly passed out our name cards. Eddie Leung, the Tai-Shan convert next to me; little Joe Grant, who has lived a good five of his sixteen years in sanatoria, and some other boys I don't know well; a flourishing Italian girl—with amazing dimples, wearing the dress her mother had made and sent up to her; a serene West Indian girl, a convert—all of us, without individual sponsors, shuffling in at the very last; the whole parade of us marshaled by the Sisters. Oh yes, Raphael, the colored altar boy, was with us too. He seems full of Christ's enterprise, *un chretien leste et devot*. The Knights of Columbus came in, the perspiring stout men with their broad sashes and the toy swords. God's army doesn't keep very good step. The whole thing went off with a kind of casualness, without regard to the visual effect. There was confusion, crowding, a lot of gauche display. As a spectacle it was a flop; sure, it

wouldn't be worth a newsreel shot.

However, what is important, and consoling and heartening is that it managed to get done, without too much fuss, that it happened at all (with the bombs falling and spewing out firepaste all over "military objectives," for military cartographers know little of the topography of the heart), this ceremony WAS held! And two by two the "other soldiers," the lesser ones, walk out with hands clasped and the smell of oil on them, under the crossed fake swords of the fraternal knights, and return to their places to affirm, not deny. They affirmed their belief, that broke like a great roaring wave against the reredos: the Credo, the Pater and Ave in unison.

Coming back to the sanatorium in the bus we had a treat. The driver took us by another route than that by which we came. We went past many barns, smelling of dung, and the goodness of it seemed to strike the senses with all the implications of earth and husbandry. A long, thin crane stood in a shallow pond by the road, and the Italian girl, a city child,

gave a shrill scream of delight and recognition.

Just before I reached the Bishop, at the Confirmation, I asked the Holy Ghost to keep me from presumption—we can get so drunk with it; it is soporific that deadens us.

Would you like to see some of my George Herbert devotional poems? They are so good. He could sing so beautifully of God, with the consumptive's yearning for greenness, and a lover's joy, and sweet dismay at the thought of the nearness of death. A real Christian; one can forgive his youthful Latin-ate diatribes against the Papists.

Thomas Merton, as quoted in the "Commonweal," is modernly eloquent. He has the topical speech of the younger poets, their perfervid cadence. I rather like him. The "idiom" is familiar, the subject is timeless. To him, Christ is real; to e e cummings, He is but a sentimental fixture; to Eliot, a desperate preoccupation.

Thanks so much for offering the brush and paper, but I have everything I need. Say a prayer instead for little Joe Grant, who turned positive today.

God keep you wheresoever you may wend.

SEGREGATION

(Continued from page 3)

inevitably burst the bounds of that district . . . (4)

And he quoted approvingly an opinion of Justice Cardozo: "The Multiple Dwelling Act . . . seeks to bring about conditions whereby healthy children shall be born, and healthy men and women reared, in the dwellings of the great metropolis . . . If the moral and physical fibre of its manhood and womanhood is not a State concern, what is?"

Both Edgerton and Traynor showed by extensive references that they had been investigating the social effects of restrictive covenants. Edgerton could say:

It is a matter of common knowledge that the emergency [D.C. housing shortage] is now acute. We cannot close our eyes to what is commonly known. The conditions in which many of the 187,000 Negroes in the District of Columbia have long been obliged to live are now worse than ever. Since restrictive contracts and covenants are among the factors which limit the supply of housing for Negroes and thereby increase its price, it cannot be sound policy to enforce them today . . .

Possible Favorable Action

The decisive ruling on restrictive covenants will doubtless come from the Supreme Court. It may be that the various State legislatures will outlaw covenants as contrary to public policy; such legislation would be more desirable than a court decision, because more definite. The difficulties of setting up state FEPC's indicate however that such anti-covenant legislation need not be expected for some time yet.

It appears quite likely that the Supreme Court, presented with a good case, may indeed outlaw covenants. In *Steele v. L. & N. E. R.*, December 1944, the Court said: "Discriminations based on race alone are obviously irrelevant and invidious." That the Court will not be hampered by the old distinction between the "private" actions of individuals and government action is seen in the decision given in the Texas primary case.

The United States . . . law grants to all citizens a right to participate in the choice of elected officials without restriction by any state because of race. This grant to the people is not to be nullified by a State . . . which permits a private organization to practice racial discrimination in the elections. Constitutional rights would be of little value if they could be thus indirectly denied . . . In reaching this conclusion we are not unmindful of the desirability of continuity of decision in constitutional questions. However, when convinced of former error, this Court has never felt constrained to follow precedent. (5)

Finally, as Edgerton points out, we have the fact that Mr. Justice Rutledge, now of the Supreme Court, went out of his way in 1942—as a member of the U. S. Appeals Court for the District of Columbia—to raise doubt about the constitutionality of restrictive covenants. Furthermore, both Rutledge and Murphy were favorable to a review of the *Mays* case, although the majority were not (May 28).

- (1) Dissenting in *Mays v. Burgess*, January 29, 1945.
- (2) Concurring in *Fairchild v. Raines*, August 31, 1944.
- (3) *Kahn, Validity of anti-Negro Restrictive Covenants*, University of Chicago Law Review, February, 1945.
- (4) In *Fairchild v. Raines*
- (5) *Smith v. Allwright*, April 3, 1944.

Voluntary Poverty

(Continued from page 5)

or contrary to reason, then we declare that the Gospel cannot be followed, and thus insult Christ, the Author of the Gospel."

Hardly less emphatic to clarify our idea of personal good-will voluntarism is the lifelong battle of Blessed Poor Lady Clare, who volunteered till her very death with utmost constancy and fortitude for her most cherished evangelical "privilege of poverty," despite persistent, though well-meant assaults, not only of family and citizens, but even of Popes and Cardinals, to make her give it up. A queer and utterly uncoveted "privilege" indeed! But she did not flinch even when Gregory IX at the pious wishes and honest desires of petitioners, sought with the best of intentions, says Joergensen, to force upon her a poor capital, that she might live in peace and security like other nuns, and even when he advanced the power he had to dispense her from her voluntary resolution. In this most singularly memorable of personal efforts to follow Christ, the Poor Lady, urged by no law but the love of Christ, crossed swords with these anguished historic words that penetrate to the division of joints and marrows: "Holy Father loose me from my sins, but do not exempt me from following Christ forever." Here is no self-seeker outside the conscriptions of the law, but a personal good-will volunteer of the Gospel yielding the fruits thereof. And it is not irrelevant either that she who could say "silver and gold have I none" could also trust in the whole armor and custody of God, and twice put to flight the monster of war that menaced the Assisian Republic. To this very day, on June 22nd of each year, this is still celebrated in Assisi as a national festival.

Love or Only Law?

In those very days of holy imperialism, in spite of the fact that oppressive state potentates and magnates, in order to get more taxes and warriors for Caesar, forbade the citizens to sell all they had and give it to the poor, as well as to put up the sword according to the Gospel, there were legions of penitent brethren who personally volunteered for evangelical poverty and pacifism. So much so that the clergy had to protect the flocks of volunteers.

But today, what reason can we nominal Christians give for failure to volunteer for the beatitudes of the peacemakers and of the meek? And this, even where secular powers no longer enact military conscription laws for those whose conscientious good-will is to practice evangelical pacifism, but do so only for those who will not conscientiously renounce taking up the sword and being war-wagers? When millions of Christianed persons, unable to claim obedience "to God" and His Word testified and exemplified by Christ, can no longer shelter even behind the sham of obedience "to men," constituted in authority—Caesars? In what conceivable way are we good-will volunteers for evangelical pacifism unless we have the personal good-will to practice it, however "just" it may be not to "put up the sword," or not let go "coat and cloak," not to "suffer to be enslaved," not to "suffer wrong," but "vindicate" our violated rights with might, "resist" evil and mobilize under war-eagles rather than rally under the wings of the peace-dove? How have we the good-will to take up the Cross and follow Christ, unless we have that greater redemptive love to

lay down our own life for the brethren (John 15, 13; 1 John 3, 16), both enemy and ally, on the Way of the Cross? How will all men know that we have the good will to be Christ's disciples unless we renounce being "brothers slaughtering brothers" (Pius XII), renounce the piling up of "massive ruins defiled with the blood of brothers," whatever might be the reason, be it "a war undertaken for a just or an unjust cause." (On the Mystical Body of Christ.)

Involuntary Poverty and

Pacifism

Likewise, how are we volunteers for evangelical poverty, unless we have the personal goodwill to practice it, however "just" it may be not to "sell everything and give it to the poor," not to work daily "to have wherewith to give to the needy" brothers, everyone "according to his needs," not to have "all things in common," and to refuse not to be solicitous for tomorrow, and not to capitalize (nolite thesaurizare, Matthew 6, 19)?

Of course, whether we like it or not, in this every-man-for-himself jungle that forces involuntary poverty and pacifism on everybody else, whoever we be, must all and always be prepared at any moment to be made poor and pacific willy-nilly, by the normal course of events, and without in that event becoming unresigned apostates or betrayers of Christianity for all that. Sooner or later, involuntary pacifism is the fate of all "strong men fully armed" who will "put up the sword," their "chariots and horses," and "all their armor wherein they trusted," and push back another mile, when, but only when, they have lost the battle, whether right or wrong. Involuntary poverty and pacifism enforced by "misfortune" is the fate of the vast majority of honest, wise and prudent self-seekers, and of all of them in the long run. But this is not the voluntary poverty and pacifism of the Gospel which are not woes, but beatitudes that are harmproof to "rust, moth, worm, robber, and those that kill the body," or any other "misfortune."

Perfectionists or Sinners?

Wise and prudent in our own conceits, we would readily abandon all this evangelical idealism of the Way of the Cross as a confused blunder of foolish and impractical "perfectionists." But instead, Christ ironically (or paradoxically) calls the imperfect, even the sinners, to follow it. (Luke 5, 32; Matthew 9, 13.) Sinners whose human hearts breed "evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies . . ." And if we want not the complete Gospel, but, whether as individuals or a group of individuals, to stop short of its perfection to hold (or seek) "our own," and wage wars—so necessary to hold what we have—rather than let go cloak and coat . . . then we are forced by Christ's own insinuating Word into the awkward and presumptuous position of most foolish and impractical perfectionists who hold themselves capable of entering the Kingdom despite the fact that in those conditions this be harder than for a "camel to pass through the eye of a needle."

It is all very well for us to be armchair philosophers and jurists to speculate and stipulate that in abstracto wealth-owning and the entailed war-waging are not intrinsically evil, and are "lawful" if pursued with justice and love. But there still remains to see how much a heavy burden can be laid upon our own shoulders, or those of others, to be carried in concrete. The wishful speculative illusion

involved has been laid bare over and over again.

Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi, who with St. Francis, his associate, had experimentally and by operative study so well caught the "philosophy of Christ" often uttered golden reminders for such self-conceived speculative illusions about voluntary poverty. Once on being asked by lordly prelates of the times to pray for them, he made this reply: "It is surely not necessary that I should pray for you, for it is evident that you have more faith and hope than I have, because you who have so much power and the glory of this world hope to be saved, and I who live so poorly and wretchedly, fear in spite of all that I enter not the Kingdom."

In England, when Henry VIII proclaimed the conscription of every man between 16 and 60, just before the ill-fated mercenary and obsequious clergy of the times lamentably pledged its oath of loyalty for a nationalistic and tribal Catholicism of King and country, the Oxford reformers—St. Thomas More's own intimate fellowship—assailed the prevailing mercenary passivism, and at the risks of getting their heads chopped off like "good soldiers of Christ," confessed "how hard a thing it is to die a Christian death slaughtering one another on the battlefield. How hardly possible it is for those who really have that fraternal love without which 'no one can see the Lord' to thrust their sword into their brothers' blood." And this, when brothers of both enemy parties have just risen from the Peace Table of the one and same Lord of lords, where they have drunk the Cup of Salvation whereby they are made Precious Bk brothers, and have just partaken of the Bread of Life by which is enlivened their incorporation to the Sacred Body of Christ. This Christly mentality (Sensus Christi, 1 Cor., 2, 16) in us is of course easily warped by our human tendency to sense all things in a comfortable casuist's frame of mind, and with a heart choked with "the care of this world" (Matthew 13, 22).

The Reason Why

When minded to see no good reason for voluntary evangelical self-denial beyond the conscriptions of the law, we may remind ourselves of the immortal words of St. Francis to the Bishop of Assisi who exerted pressure to make the meek pauper hold poor savings: "If we possessed anything," he pointed out, "we should require war-arms to defend our possessions (with those of the feudal lords), for the good things of this world are continual occasions of dispute and lawsuits, and they lead to violence and to War. They destroy all love of God and our Neighbor, and that is why we will not have any possessions in this world."

This lays the axe at the very root of the whole tree. For the classical maxim "Dieu et Mon Droit" (God and My Right) was substituted the evangelical axiom "My God and My All." If divided and lukewarm, our love is as fruitless as the law itself. If wholehearted, it cannot operate without the Cross, which is the Power of God that overcomes the world. If we be willing to do the will of our heavenly Father, we shall "know all about the doctrine," but "he who does not love, does not know God, for God is Love." (1 John, 4, 8).

BROTHER PEREGRINUS:

THE UNDYING WORD

"The word of Christ was not silenced when only one Voice spoke it. Out of pain and death it drew strength until it was the light of the vast world. Still it lives in our hearts, and there is no fool strong enough in any oppressors' hands to wrest it out." (German pastor).

Ammon Among the Indians

(Continued from page 5)

would be a good story to tell to her playmates.

Dinner

Now it was noon, and they invited me to eat with them. Peas, with a side dish of chili which made the tears come to my eyes and my mouth burn; bread baked in the oval adobe oven outside the door, and coffee. They brought sugar from the cupboard especially for me, but as I did not use it, nor they either, it remained untouched. They were interested in the five Hopi Indians who refused to register. I spoke of some old Indian men I had met at the doors that morning and wondered how old they were. "They may look old, but they are not so old," my hostess replied. All families in the pueblo were Catholic except two or three who had a Baptist minister meet with them in their homes.

Customs

Nearly every house had several dogs near the door, but not one of them growled, although I was dressed in the white suit I had worn in the dairy, and my white



Gandhi cap, and must have appeared unusual to them. Several notices of silversmiths and their wares were posted at houses. All the Indians had splendid teeth, and not one bald-headed Indian was to be seen. The older men wore hair braided or rolled at the back. The older women wore white leggings wound around and around, and bright shawls. The men wore gaily colored shirts. The children ran to bright colors, as do the Spanish. The generally accepted idea that Indians do not beat their children, that they are not afraid and seldom cry was found to be true by my observation, and in answer to questions on that subject. "The Navajos simply go 'Sh-h-h' and the children cease whatever nuisance they are making," one lady told me.

An Indian Philosopher

I approached one house where a large wire and wood net or container hung between four posts, partly filled with corn. In response to my knock an elderly man asked me to come in. His daughter was there, and later his wife came in. He looked at the paper and saw that it was Catholic, and thanked me for it. He asked me to sit down. I said that this was a Catholic paper that did not believe in war, and taught that all men were brothers and should not kill each other.

"The skin may be a different color," he answered, touching his tanned arm, "but the Great Spirit is in the heart of everyone. The Sun is the father that gives light and makes the corn grow. If it seems to shine too much for us, we must know that it shines for everybody; some who need it more than we do. A man who curses the good Mother Earth because the crop does not grow is sinful. We must plant good seed, and God and Mother Earth bring us good food. A good man does not curse God, Father Sun or Mother Earth. Good health comes from the good God."

That man's son is in the occupied German territory now. The father had never heard of conscientious objectors, but felt that war was evil, especially for Indians, to fight for the white man when they were not free themselves. He too was interested in the five Hopi Indians who had

refused to register. I told him about my Quaker greatgrandmother, the activities of the Quakers in hiding escaped slaves, and of my own opposition to war and refusal to pay war taxes.

The Priest

It was now 1:30, and I went to the house of the priest, which was inclosed to the right of the church behind adobe walls. He was baptizing Indian babies, so I waited on the porch. Corn grew knee high in the patio, and rabbits played in the inclosure bedded with clover. I had brought the housekeeper some asparagus I had gathered in the orchard that morning, and I smelled it cooking. Soon the priest, a big man, appeared. He greeted me cordially. I had written him a letter previously explaining that I was coming to his parish to distribute the CATHOLIC WORKER, and had mailed him several copies. He knew the truth about Pearl Harbor and was not in favor of obliteration bombing. He felt that we had taken land away from Hitler and given it to Stalin, and remarked that Stalin had not used the wholesale slaughter that the Allies did against the enemy, thus building good-will for the extension of empire. Neither had he countenanced the race hatreds which were a part of western so-called civilization. He also remarked that, as in the last war, the arms factories of international cartels had not been touched, while hundreds of thousands of civilians had been burned alive. I gave him a copy of the Conscientious Objector, which he had not seen before.

Homeward Bound

On the bicycle going through the pueblo toward home several children and older folks recognized my white attire and waved to me. A jeep full of guards from the German prison camp passed me, and one of them who knew me wondered what I was doing down there. They had often met me as I had passed their camp on my way to town on Sunday mornings. Nearing home I stopped for a drink of water at the home of cousins of Lipa who I had met before. A look at the well in the orchard proved that the water was running properly. I was very hungry and prepared a good bowl of rice and raisins with a dash of cinnamon and nutmeg, then went to the orchard to turn the water into another row for the night. As Joe was by himself in the dairy I helped him cool the milk. It was now evening and a good time to put in writing my experiences of the day before the rush of irrigating the orchard and cultivating the garden next week could erase some of the incidents from my memory.

AMMON HENNACY

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The Belgian Jocists During the War

By R. KOTHEN

Since September, 1939, many of the leaders and members of the movement were "mobilized" in the army. There in the ranks, they had the opportunity to practice a new form of "Catholic Action."

But in May, 1940, it was the invasion.

The first consequence was that a great number of the best leaders were taken as "military prisoners" in Germany. Among them was the chairman of the JOC, Victor Fallais, who remained there five years.

There was also the rush of the refugees, flying to France, and amidst them, more than one hundred thousand boys, from 16 to 19, who received the order of the government to go to the South of France, to be a "reserve" for the army.

Instantly the Belgian JOC established in June, 1940, its headquarters in Toulouse and began to help all those boys, who were abandoned since the capitulation. A tremendous work of helping was done there, and in August and September, all those were "repatriated" in Belgium; here again the best of the work of repatriation was done by the JOC. Slowly the movement began again its activities, but without general meetings and without any publication. All that was prohibited during the occupation.

But in all parishes small groups of workers gathered, silently, round a curate to study and to act.

But here again a very great number of young workers were taken as slaves in Germany for forced labor. This was, of course, a new and big obstacle for the work of the movement in Belgium.

But the Jocist in Germany found there as comrades the Jocists of France and other occupied countries, and with some "Catholic young workers" of Germany and elsewhere started new sections. It seems that more than eight hundred Jocist sections were created in Germany. This was soon discovered and prohibited.

More than two hundred of the leaders were then sent from the German factories to the concentration camps. And now there are a few of those leaders back in Belgium and France who ask to go back in Germany to do over there the apostolate among the young workers.

In Belgium, the movement was persecuted. Canon Cardijn, his assistant chaplain Father Nagnus, and two national leaders were put into prison—under the charge that the movement was anti-Nazi, but without any other "specific" charge. They remained four months in prison.

Canon Cardijn had to be arrested again the day before the liberation at Brussels (September 2, 1944) but he managed to escape.

A lot of priests and leaders all over the country had some trouble with the Germans.

I, myself, have had many times to go to the Gestapo H. Q. or the Feldendarmarie, and at Easter, 1942, I was called before a tribunal in Berlin. But with a great chance—probably a special grace—I never have had a very serious trouble.

As individuals, many chaplains and leaders have had an active part in the "Resistance"—and so many were shot or thrown in concentration camps.

The first Belgian priest to be shot was Father Firket, federal chaplain of the JOC of Liege, who was shot the day of the Feast of Christ the King, 1942. Others followed.

And now we have just heard of the death in Dachau in January,

1945, of the two founders of the JOC—the first collaborators of Canon Cardijn in 1919—Fernand Tonnet and Paul Garcet. One day the history of the Resistance shall be written.

And now, once more, the movement is growing, but now again the best are taken in the army—and it is a new difficulty.

It is certain that those huge sacrifices made by the Belgian young workers will be transformed, sooner or later, into fruits of victory.

For the general situation, here in Belgium, we are in full confusion. It is the inevitable consequence of the war.

JOC in France

I am now just coming back from a journey in France (Paris, Lisieux, and Lille) and I come back with a great hope.

The Catholics are for the moment extremely "dynamic." Especially they are considering great sectors of the French public life as a "missionary field," where new methods of apostolate are to be found.

Wherefore exist the new "Seminarie de la Mission de France," at Lisieux. In Paris, Cardinal Luhard has gathered round him a few priests who form "La Mission de Paris." And the chaplains of the JOC of France are forming "La Mission Ouvriere." These are publishing a periodical: "Masses Ouvrieres."

The religious orders are doing a parallel work. It seems that we are going to see a big "putsch" of the Church in France. I hope the other countries—and we in Belgium too—we are going to follow that example.

R. KOTHEN,
Monastere De La Visitation.

An Invitation

Dear Friends:

Ever since reading Catherine de Hueck Doherty's article in the Catholic Worker (April) on A PILGRIMAGE, I have been filled with a desire to make one. But she lived in Christian Russia, where it was an accepted fact that pilgrims walked the roads barefoot in their simple gowns and begged for hospitality, along the road to the holy places, while I live in pagan New York City.

Then I remembered New York City's number one citizen, Blessed Mother Cabrini, soon to be canonized, whose holy body rests in our city in true peace. Belle and the Baroness were so enthusiastic about the idea of a pilgrimage that they are opening Friendship House for the pilgrims to Mother Cabrini's Shrine.

Would you like to join us for Mass on Labor Day, eating a simple breakfast at Friendship House of coffee and home-made whole wheat bread (although some will fast until noon), then walk up to 190th Street, where Mother Cabrini is at rest in the chapel?

It will be a Pilgrimage of Peace, and we will walk carrying our lunches. "A Pilgrimage was a sort of prayer, an act of penance, thanksgiving and praise," says the Baroness, and all of us have much to thank and praise God for as well as do penance when the world is still at war.

St. Benedict Joheph Labre, who spent most of his life making pilgrimages in France and Italy, is a good Saint to dedicate the first Pilgrimage of the Lay Apostles in New York City, September 3, 1945, the year of Our Lord.

Please write to me if you're interested.

In Christ,
JULIA PORCELLI,
79 East 121st Street,
New York 35, N. Y.



Notes By the Way

(Continued from page 2)

solemn face and the tiny little kid stood at the door looking in at me with great interest. We owe a great debt of gratitude to that sheep. We have 16 skeins of wool, which cost only \$1.80 to spin. With the three additional sheep we will be able to weave quite a bit of cloth. We have not as yet found a loom and are looking for a small one which can be moved around from room to room on the farm.

Weather

During the month there was a regular twister here in Easton and Phillipsburg. One house was washed down a cliff and six people killed. Our own wheat crop was ruined and the corn, cabbage and tomatoes were spoiled for miles around. The farmers have suffered a great loss. The storm lasted for four hours. Six inches of rain fell and terrible hail for a noisy half hour broke the windows in the greenhouses near the town. The lightning struck many small trees on our place but through it all the children on the farm slept and the animals—cow, heifer, calf, sheep, goats and pigs, bowed their heads meekly out there in the fields and "weathered" the storm. They are an example to us.

Mott Street Again

Up at 6:00 and down to St. Andrew's for 7 o'clock Mass which Msgr. Nelson says. He hears confessions after this Mass every morning. Then a leisurely walk through Columbus Square and Mulberry Park where cats and fellow workers from our breadline sleep side by side each these hot days and nights. Then a pause to talk to Katie on the corner about some assistance we need to give to some of our poorer neighbors.

Katie has just been on pilgrimage, an annual event with her and her sister and daughter and other relatives who make up a group from Mott street. Another group go from Mulberry street.

Every year on the eve of the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, pilgrims gather from the Italian parishes in all five boroughs and walk to the church on First avenue and 115th St. Katie and her sister go in socks, two or three pair, but the younger women go barefoot. They start out from Hester street, which is our corner, at 10:00 at night, and walk over to First avenue and then straight up to 115th St. They arrive at their destination at 1:00 in the morning in time for the first Mass of the feast and there is a beautiful sermon and all receive communion and then make their way home again by car or bus for breakfast and a few hours of sleep. Katie was on the job at 6:00 the next morning and working all day selling vegetables and she never felt tired at all, she said.

"It was so beautiful, walking up along the river, and the air was so fresh and cool," she said. "We stopped to look at the water and at the boats and we enjoyed ourselves. We do this every year—it is a promise we all make to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Next year, you go with us, if we are alive," she added.

Pilgrimage

Because we have long been planning a pilgrimage, and because we missed this one, we will make a pilgrimage on the Feast of the Seven Sorrows of

Parable of Bread

(Continued from page 4)

nary human being could feel at home in the sea-depths. The grain in the soil surrenders itself to the pressure of the earth and darkness, and the damp, and the slow, blind life that crawls in the clods. Such was the measure of Christ's surrender to this world that was foreign to Him, hateful and vile to Him because sinful.

The wheat springs up, "first the blade, then the head, afterwards the full grain in the head." Christ died to Himself in becoming man, and the seed grew golden with the merits that sprang from this act. Then the sickle was put in. He was cut down by His passion. He was bruised for our sins under the flail. He gave His body to the strikers in the threshings. He was ground under the millstone of the Cross that He might become food for many. Wheat is transformed by fire into bread, our daily bread: and what was the Last Supper but a transforming of Christ into bread, effected by His love that burned brighter than the fire? "This is My body, which is given for you."

IT was not mere coincidence that the ceremony of the cutting of the Passover sheaf, which took place every year, should coincide with the death-day of Christ. The day before, while the people had made choice between Christ and Barabbas, officials from the temple had gone out to the fields to choose which of the early sown wheat they would sacrifice. This they bound with thongs and left standing in the field. Next day, while Christ's life was dripping away in His blood, His hands and feet torn with the sickle of the nails, three men cut down the wheat that had been chosen. Then followed the passion that all grain has to go through if it is to become bread and be the life of men:

I was lifted up,
I was cut down,
I was broken,
I was burned.

And at last, while Christ was lying dead, His offering completed, the wheat, now flour, ground fine and soon to be the holy bread, was being offered in the temple. No more could be done to Christ now, the limit of His pain was reached. "Bread wheat must be broken small," God has said through Isaiah. "Bread wheat must be broken small; but the thrasher shall not thrash it for ever, neither shall the cart-wheel hurt it, nor break it with its teeth."

The grain of wheat has to die to itself to produce any harvest; it has to be transformed by the fire of love to become the food, that people could not live without. That is the course of the common seed wheat, it was the course of Christ's life; that of His followers must be the same. The story of wheat, and of bread, is the story of Christ—

I was lifted up,
I was cut down,
I was broken,
I was burned.

All four elements

the Blessed Virgin Mary, September 15, to the Shrine of Mother Cabrini, walking from the Catholic Worker headquarters to the shrine at 701 Washington Ave. (around 185th St.), where the body of this American saint, Italian born, rests today. If we leave at ten in the evening, Katie, the experienced pilgrim assures us, we will arrive in time for the first Mass the next morning. This is walking at pilgrim's pace, of course. We chose this time of the year, since it is easier to walk lightly clad than it is in the winter, impeded by many garments.

We will make the pilgrimage to beg our blessed Mother to intercede for us to bring about peace.

of the round world meet in me for men's feeding.

For I am strength,
I am cleanness,
I am freedom,
I am light.

I am lifted,
and draw men unto me;
the fair body
of God's Son.

Bread is only bread, our common daily food. But to the bread bakers at Grailville who have followed the process from the planting of the wheat to the serving of the finished loaf, it will never again be commonplace. For them, young women, eager to share as lay apostles in the work of redemption, the parable of bread holds the secret of Christ's apostolate and their own.

St. Benedict

(Continued from page 5)

ting all the community an example of the true Franciscan spirit. He also gave orders to the porter never to turn anyone away empty handed, and the providence of God rewarded him by power to increase food that was left innumerable times. Benedict would not allow anyone to throw away even scraps of food, but insisted they be saved for the poor.

Once the brothers cleaning dishes did not heed him, so Benedict grabbed the brush with which they scraped the food into the pail, and squeezed blood from it, saying, "This food is the blood of those who have given it to us for the love of God." The brothers fell on their knees and begged his pardon, and never forgot this lesson.

St. Thomas Aquinas said he learned more by prayer than he did by study, and this is the only way Benedict learned anything, for he never went to school. Yet learned priests and theologians came to him for advice on difficult passages in the Scriptures and left, amazed at his replies. The Archbishop of Palermo and Viceroy of Sicily also came to him for advice. Today, with almost everyone able to read and write, has holiness increased? Maybe if Negroes in this country knew of their truly successful brother who has arrived in heaven, they would have inspiration to become saints. Certainly if we imitated him we wouldn't be having race riots, lynching and intolerance.

He is patron of farmers, saved fields from insects, winds and bad weather by extending his hand over them in prayer and sprinkling them with holy water. All his life he tilled fields, and his blessing increased fertility and made more abundant harvests.

Benedict prayed for slaves who were being transported to America, and I am sure is waiting to be known and loved among descendants of those slaves. The Church is happy to remind all ages "that God's grace plays no favorites among the races."

At the age of 63 Benedict died on April 4, 1589, saying "into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." And I love to think that Benedict spoke the same dialect that my 88-year-old grandmother can only speak.

"May devotion to him grow in these sad days of racial, national and similar unworthy prejudices, leading all mankind to that true brotherhood on earth which should be the model and foretaste of the eternal brotherhood of heaven."



D. D.