



The World's Children

His Holiness Pius XII is deeply pained because immense crowds of little ones are dying of hunger throughout Europe. In the spirit of humility, united with Christ in His Passion, Who writhes in pain for the little ones of all creeds and nations (approximately 234 million children), let us sacrifice our bread and warm garments. This can be accomplished throughout the year by supporting the United States Bishops' Council War Relief Services (N.C.W.C.); and by sending personal boxes to religious for distribution among orphans, abandoned children, refugees, families. It is possible to grasp the situation of millions by penetrating into the actual condition of Christ's Suffering Family in Austria.

Austria

Two-thirds of all the TB cases in Austria are in Vienna. With a food ration of low caloric value (less than starvation level) there are approximately 1,000 deaths per week from total hunger. Visualize a building down by the Danube Canal almost totally destroyed by bombings. This is the wretched home of 90 blind youngsters, ages 6-18, some maimed from the war. The tall, narrow building has a malignant atmosphere. A shaft of light penetrates the circular stone stairs "upon which is a constant procession through the half darkness of little mutilated bodies in grotesque clothes. They are silent, groping little creatures who do not even seem to belong to the human race." The Director of the Institute sadly lacks all Braille equipment, occupational supplies, and needs food, clothing, shoes for the children. A cup of sweet, hot cocoa once a week "would give them something to anticipate, like the

coming of Christmas." Vienna is filled with refugees and displaced persons. The sick and dying huddle together in box cars, unfit for cattle. Death is a welcome grace, in their battle against the cruel, slow process of starvation which eats the bones and flesh. One clinic hospital averaging 300 births per month and as many operations, has exhausted its supply of catgut urgent for surgery, as well as soap, medications, food, baby clothes, diapers, bedwear. The majority of doctors receive no salary. Thirty schillings a day is the wage for the average working man (\$3.). His family starves because lard (fat) costs \$3 per pound, sugar \$1.70, corned beef \$1.90, flour 60c., coffee \$3 (per pound prices), and a 5c. candy bar, \$1.

The Director of the Sodality of Our Lady, Rev. Otto Leisner, S.J., numbers 150,000 Sodality members under his care, youth, young families with children, and the aged. To increase their Christ-life, and to ease extreme want, Father depends upon our gifts of food, clothing, shoes. (Rev. Otto Leisner, S.J., Seitzergasse 3, Vienna I, Austria). There is no fuel for heat, no candles for light. Candles for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass are needed. Working in the spirit of Saint Paul, "while we have time we shall do good," a Benedictine priest begs "love-gifts" for 27 Carmelite nuns starving in their cloister, for 200 war orphans, the most innocent victims of the Kinderfreund Hitler. Father Wisinto writes, "The official Catholic Charity is doing very much, but the need is too great and dreadful here, and the Displaced Camps devour most the great part of the whole USA help. It remains still

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NOTICE

Those interested in a campaign against conscription by destroying their draft cards should get in touch with Jim Neuhauser, PEACEMAKERS, Mt. Morris House, 2013 Fifth Ave., New York 35, N. Y.

C.O.'s who register are again warned not to accept any classification higher than 1V-E, no matter what their draft boards tell them.

Unlike World War II, registrants under Selective Service are now classified in the lowest class for which they are eligible, beginning V-A, 1V-F, 1V-E, 1V-D and so forth up to 1-A.

If a local board classifies a C.O. opposed to all military training and service in any classification above 1V-E, it means his claim as a C.O. has been denied, and if he does not appeal, he loses the right to a 1V-E. Local draft board promises to the contrary cannot be trusted, and an appeal should be made in every case.

Pittsburgh Approach

By JOHN McKEON

Last night we were reading some literature forwarded to us by Grace Murphy, of the St. Gerard Family Guild of Pittsburgh. It dealt with tragedy so familiar to our time that by dint of repetition it has been classified with natural calamities, such as hurricanes, earthquakes and crop failures in the minds of most of us.

The subject, of course, was Housing. What a simple and homely word to have such a wealth of negative connotation for modern man: Frustration, Anger, Greed, Fear, Selfishness.

The extraordinary thing about the Guild, however, is the steps that they recommend—the help that they ask. We are hoping and praying that the response will be great. Letters have been sent out to every priest and every sister in the diocese, asking them in turn to ask their people, the heads of families, to begin now to do something immediate about the problem.

They not only ask for clothes, for listings of vacant houses and apartments, but also they put the following:

I volunteer my services to help in this supernatural charity:

() I can give () days in a distressed mother's home.

() I will welcome a child () children () into my home temporarily.

() I have a room (rooms) available for evicted parents with children.

() I have children's shoes and clothing (discarded as outgrown—in clean condition). Clothing for men and women is equally acceptable.

(Signed):

Name

Address

The Guild also proposes to deal with such topics as: Dowry and Vocation Funds, Marriage Counseling through pamphlets and clinic, Maternity Benefits, Financial Assist-

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Your Money and Your Life

Money is stuff that if you don't have any of it you only need a little, but if you have a whole lot of it you need a great deal more.

This definition is put right here at the beginning of this piece for the paper because some people I know around here and also in some other places are always saying "you must define your terms." That's not what I always say. What I always say is, I need some money. Two bits. Sixty cents. A buck. Isn't that what you always say?

If you are poor, "habitually unfinancial," that's what you say. But if you're getting a big salary, say ten thousand a year, you are always saying, "I need four thousand bucks." (Your wife most likely says six grand, but we won't go into that.) If you are a prominent resident of Washington, D. C., pulling down a cool seventy-five thousand, with an expense account of fifty thousand, plus free rent and plenty of free gratis service besides, you find out you need a hundred thousand more, and a lot of prominent people who haven't fully recovered from their surprise at finding you're still in the city, break their necks to O.K. it for you.

Moving into the higher brackets (if these statistics aren't boring you), we find the Wall Street operator (stock, not elevator) who deals in millions. Yesterday he had six million dollars, but today he's got to add a million and a half to it. Why? Because if he doesn't, his financial position will be weakened and he will lose the six million. One of my closest friends, back in 1929, had \$125,000 in stocks. He lost it because he couldn't raise a few thousand for margin payments. I was one of his pallbearers a short time later.

Then there are the big corporations. They have many millions

of dollars in capital, and they always need to raise more capital by selling new issues of stocks and bonds to pay for expansion of plants and services. Then they have to charge higher prices for services and products to pay interest on the bonds and dividends on the stocks. When a corporation has \$100,000,000 capital, those eight ciphers are vicious circles. Increase the circles, increase the viciousness. Remember the plight of the Iowa farmer, who had to buy more land to grow more corn to feed more hogs to make more money to buy more land—

These same corporations have worked out such strange methods of figuring and reporting profits and losses that it would make your head swim if you try to follow their reasoning. I used to have to read proof on the reports, and it beats the science fiction magazines for weird reading. The subject is too involved to deal with here at length, but we might consider a few details in passing. For instance, there's the practice of reporting that the General Soandso Corp., Inc., lost two million last year, when what actually happened is that it made eighteen million net, but its profit for the previous year was twenty million, so—a loss of two million!

Then there is the method of figuring percentage of profits, which has become common practice in the past 25 years. Before World War I, when a merchant bought an article for \$1.00 and sold it for \$2.00, he said that he made a profit of 100%. That's the way it was calculated in our old-time arithmetic books. Today, however, on the same transaction, the business man will say he makes a profit of only 50%. He now

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The General Strike

By Robert Ludlow

There is a great deal of misunderstanding as to the nature of the general strike, so much so that even Catholics who are socially conscious and even, in other ways, radical have closed their minds to this and indeed one such remarked that he who advocates the general strike is guilty of as great a crime as were those who invented the atom bomb.

First it should be clear that I defend no general strike that proceeds in violence for I know that violence produces such psychological results on man that it is seldom if ever that he recovers from it. That a regime which is founded in violence will continue in violence. That you never outgrow the means you use to attain your end, that your end settles in the framework of the means, it does not outgrow them. The world has fallen apart because we have excused actions that otherwise would be regarded as sinful because they have been done in the name of patriotism or of the class struggle. We have to hold ourselves responsible for the actions we perpetrate and if we proceed in a non-violent way, as Gandhi did, then if violence does result it will not be because of reprehensible action on our part

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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Reprinted from an earlier issue.

I. It Is Bad News

1. Mark Hanna used to say, "When a dog bites a man it is not news, but when a man bites a dog, it is news."

2. The fact that a man has bitten a dog is not good news, it is bad news.

II. Good Journalism

1. To tell everybody that a man died leaving two million dollars may be journalism but it is not good journalism. —

2. To tell everybody that the man died leaving two million dollars because he did not know how to take them with him by giving them to the poor for Christ's sake during his lifetime is good journalism.

3. Good Journalism is to give the news and the right comment on the news.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

Stottler's Crossroads, W. Va., January 11.

A good day to rest, cloudy and mild. This month I had two speaking engagements, one in Hagerstown and the other in Cumberland, Md., and so have a visit with my daughter and her family in between. I got here yesterday afternoon at four, Father Ballard driving me from Hagerstown, about thirty-two miles away. Our next door neighbor down here works at Fairchild's, the airplane factory there, where eight thousand are employed. He works nights and tries to farm days. He had counted on his grown son farming while he brought in a cash income, but the boy joined the army and is now in Japan. There are two young sons in school, and since they are closing all the smaller schools around here, they have to go by school bus twelve miles to the Berkeley Springs school.

My meeting was in Hagerstown where I was introduced by Paul Wagner, a CIO organizer (the auto workers include the airplane plants). Last year he had done a job of organizing the Victor products plant in Berkeley Springs (population 1,100) but said that as yet they had no contract. They would probably have to go before the arbitration board. We had dinner together, a good meal cooked

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Detroit Catholic Worker

Another addition has been made to the Detroit Catholic Worker. The St. Thomas Aquinas Reading Room was opened on December 29th to provide a warm and comfortable refuge from the cold and from the four walls of the rooming houses where many of the Old Age Pensioners are forced to spend their days. The reading room is crowded everyday with men who cannot find employment and others who just want to spend a few minutes to get warm.

The House

The line at the St. Francis House is increasing and there are many young faces among the ambassadors since the recent layoffs in many of the factories in the city. The line fluctuates from 300 to 500 everyday and many of the men ask for clothes which we do not have. Men's clothes are very difficult to obtain and any clothes which are not being used could clothe the ambassadors who come to us daily for a clean shirt or a warm coat, or a pair of shoes to cover their feet, from the ice and snow.

We are still housing between 26 and 30 men at the house and our mattresses are wearing pretty thin from the constant use. The coffee

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On Pilgrimage

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by his bride of a few months; and Dan Cassey, also CIO auto worker accountant from Detroit and a friend of the late Paul St. Marie, was there.

I had commented in my book "On Pilgrimage" on the grave difficulties attendant on organizing in such a district as this, and I did not know that I'd be meeting the organizer.

Nationalization

We talked of President Truman's suggestion to build Federal Steel plants, a first step to nationalize the industry, everyone foretells. The CIO men thought such a step in the right direction but according to the Popes and Eric Gill respectively, such steps are only taken when (1) the industry is too great for private management or (2) should be only a step towards turning over the means of production to much smaller groups representing the workers themselves. The latter certainly must be educated towards it, and must think in terms of the responsibility which goes with ownership.

First of all they must be taught to want it and as far as I can see, the drift of the clerical advisers of the workers is all in the other direction. Ownership of tools or factories is not at all a necessary development of the life of man; the proletarian state is perfectly compatible with sanctity, the belt, the assembly line, must be accepted, "It is here to stay," "you can't turn the clock back."

Even "my friend who ate sweet meats with me," as the Palmist said, those of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, in a public statement at their last conference in December have come out against us of *The Catholic Worker* movement in the recent Commonwealth controversy in endorsing our present industrial system and advocating a "moderate decentralization." All they want, what they will settle for, is a share of the profits, instead of a share in the ownership, and the decentralization of the physical business of factories and production, and not a decentralization of control by widespread ownership. As far as I can see the Catholic is far behind the pagan even in fighting trusts or corporations. What distinguishes most social planners is their desire to keep the Status Quo.

Their best dig around us here is a dig at our poverty, part of which is holy in that we voluntarily accept what we cannot help. We use it as a means of sharing what we have with others, and is something we will accept as inevitable if we want to get on the land, or out into the village atmosphere, away from the "occasions of sin" which both the Holy Father and Fr. Vincent McNabb have termed our gigantic cities. God knows nobody is helping the family towards these aims. There are no trust funds on which they can draw, no credit unions to advance money to young couples to buy on the land, little help from brother Catholics (although the letter from Farmer Hinks of the Eastern Shore of Maryland is an exception). Certainly what hurts most

of all, there is no teaching in that direction, so that those who are caught in the economic machine are positively discouraged from hoping to lead their children to another way of life.

In their anxiety not to appear "crackpot," or "fuzzy idealist" or "romantic agrarian" they bend over backward to boost what is at best a short range program and lose sight completely of the long range view of another social order. They not only disregard the lessons of history—why else did the Russian revolution come about except in desire of the people for land and work and responsibility, a sense of their dignity as workers? They are secularists in thinking that by bettering conditions on the belt, man the remainder of his time can be a whole man. As though one can "sin a little" or be just "a little bit pregnant," as one controversialist said.

To have any vision of "ownership by the workers of the means of production," a distributist economy, personal responsibility, a regional economy, is to them "visionary." They delight in pointing to the failure of the "vision" of the leaders of the Socialist Soviet Republics and they fall the people by expecting nothing more from them than the irresponsibility they now show as a result of the evil system under which they have so long lived.

The Dangerous State

In fact, our critics in their exaltation of the state, in their acceptance of the state, are guilty of the Marxism they condemn, as they little by little let the State encroach on one field after another. For instance if they endorse socialized medicine now (as the editor of *America* has done) they may find themselves in the situation of Cardinal Mindzenty tomorrow, because they will be forced sooner or later to protest the encroachment of the State, the little by little encroaching State which the Bishops of the United States warned against in their most recent statement.

Yes, the workers must be brought to want communal ownership so far have they strayed from the "responsible man." Now they want the security of government ownership. They want the government rather than the corporations to take over, so that they can all become civil or federal employees. Many a time in talking to young people at schools, I have noticed that their idea of security is to work towards a city job.

Of course when I speak along these lines there are always members of the audience who feel that I have gone "too far." One Protestant minister who reported my talk for the Hagerstown paper said that he agreed with all I had to say about the works of mercy (our care for the victims of our social order) but that he violently disagreed with everything else. The general reaction is that these are new ideas, so far have people gone in their acceptance of the responsibility of the state, the attitude of "let George do it."

This afternoon Tamar, Becky

and Susie and I took a walk down through Peter Yost's property (146 acres for \$2,100). The farm house is an old hand-hewn log house, two story, four rooms downstairs and two large rooms upstairs.

One immense room upstairs with windows on three sides was formerly three small rooms and a passage with stairs. It is renting for five dollars a month, and a family are moving in next week, by the name of Curran. There are so many Catholic names down here, and so few Catholics! Only in such a diocese as that of St. Louis have I heard of priests going to the land with their people. We certainly try to be realistic and the terrible dilemma of the choice between city streets and the countryside without church or school is a tragedy of our day.

It was fun going over the old house with its two tiny stairways, its pump on the back porch, the log barn and granary and other outbuildings.

"A better house than mine," Mr. Weber, our neighbor to the east, was saying just a few weeks ago at a pig killing at Mrs. Fearnow's. And then Christmas eve his old house burned down, and everything was lost, including \$2,500 in cash which the older people were saving in the house, remembering the crash of 1929 when so many small banks failed throughout the country.

The Weber farm is a beautiful place up over a hill through pine woods on the Hennessy property. We picked herbs on the way, sumac berries which our neighbor told us were good to swab the throat with (making a tea of the berries), and ground ivy and the tips of pine trees which the neigh-



bors hereabouts use instead of hot lemonade in case of a cold. I picked a box of mosses and pine for Johannah, who with Tommy and Mary Hughes all have whooping cough at 115 Mott Street. (Later in the month when Helen Adler took the terrarium to show to our neighbor florist around the corner, he arranged it for her, and told her of the hundreds of varieties of mosses he collected himself).

Neighbors

Fortunately the outbuildings of the Weber farm still stand, and one truck driver son borrowed a trailer in which mother and father and daughter are now living, with the rest of the family farmed out to neighbors. Everybody has already sent furnishings for the new house, which all are helping to build. They were pouring cement the day we were over there, and a local portable mill had moved in and was sawing logs for them, and they are going to have to build with green lumber just for the sake of shelter. The new place will be 25 by 25, and Mrs. Weber was lamenting on how small her kitchen was going to be. She was used to one so vast that it took two stoves to heat it. Mrs. Weber's life sounds like Ingunn's in *The Master of Hestviken*, that epic of Sigrid Undset. She has had five miscarriages, three still-born children and then seven healthy children! Two of those boys are now working on the telephone lines throughout the country, and another is driving cars out of Detroit. Two are working on the new house with three of the neighbors. Mrs. Fearnow said Mrs. Weber used to be a sickly woman, but now at fifty-four is beginning to get her health back! She's always had heart trouble, too. I must say that she looks younger at fifty-four than I do at fifty-one! Oh, the differ-

Mott Street

This morning on entering the office we came upon a little old man of sixty seated behind the stove. He sat there smiling and swinging his short legs which missed the floor by at least eight inches. His smile carried all the warmth and the charm of the Orient. Our friend turned out to be a Japanese who is truly among the dispossessed. His wife and children are dead. He had been driven inland from the west coast at the time of Pearl Harbor. His broken English is difficult to understand at first hearing and he has run head on into all the racial prejudice from one end of the country to the other. Although he has been in the country for thirty years he now finds it practically impossible to obtain work because of his race and age. At odd times he has been able to find jobs washing dishes. But now even those jobs are out of the question since four of his fingers on one hand are bandaged all of which were injured by the scalding hot dish water, flesh eating soaps and the cuts and bruises wrought upon the hands coming in contact with knives and forks.

Today finds him sleeping at the Municipal Lodging House and then down here for a cup of coffee. Every few minutes he interrupted his story by exclaiming, "But no one will hire me now because I am Japanese, remember Pearl Harbor." All this without bitterness but with an air of puzzlement. There was no getting away from this man, not that I wanted to, but other duties were pressing. At first contact he jumped from one subject to another with great rapidity and it all sounded rather disjointed. He hopped from a discourse on Jesus Christ, St. Peter and St. Paul to a discussion of a mechanical invention he has in mind if he can only find someone who is capable of mechanical drawing. Then he would turn to me at odd times and state, "you are young and you should help the old as it is fitting."

Although it was well past the time of the morning coffee line Jack English was able to round up a cup of hot coffee for our little friend who almost permitted the coffee to grow cold as he rambled on in his talk. Disjointed or not, the things that he brought out dug deep into our minds and produced an awful sense of helplessness as to what was to become of this poor little outcast. But this man gave no evidence of despair and at one time pointed up to our crucifix and stated, "although all men seem to be against me He is not and I feel

ence between city people and country people.

It is raining now, and there is a soft fall that I hope will clear up by morning so we can have another good walk. We hung out a line full of clothes today and the extra rinsing will do them good. And now I am having a cup of catnip tea, a country sedative and cure-all for colds and fatigue.

Later in January

One could write much more about delightful walks, and life on the land, but space is limited. At Cumberland I spoke to a parish group before returning to New York.

Here a Celanese factory is the largest industry, though there are many other factories and it is a railroad town, too. The factory used to employ 12,000 and now has only 8,000 due to increased use of machinery. Someone else put the figures at 15,000, but even quoting the more conservative estimate makes the situation shocking enough. What are we going to do about the increase of unemployed, who have been kept employed these last ten years only because of war and reparation for war, or preparation for more war? Is it not about time we begin some radical thinking of what a peace time economy would be like, and how to give men work at satisfactory and honorable pursuits? Who wants to go back to the cake and circuses of the depression, the gifts of Holy Mother the State?

Dorothy Day.

safe." It finally dawned upon us that we needed this man more than he needed us.

New Members and Visitors

Johnny Gabala of Stroudsburg, Pa., came down for another visit and immediately plunged into several jobs that were in dire need of being accomplished. With the aid of Joe he plastered up the ceiling of one of the rooms in the rear house; that particular ceiling has been threatening to collapse for several months now. After finishing that back-breaking job Johnny joined in with the assistance of Jack English and replaced a good sized part of the kitchen floor which had literally caved in on several occasions. They worked nights on the project in order not to hold up the cooking and so that it would be finished before Johnny started back to school. Johnny is now continuing his studies out in St. Louis University. Last night Jim Hunt of the Detroit Catholic Worker House of Hospitality, came in for a few days visit. Within the last week two new men came in to join in the work, Jack Campbell of Georgia and John McKeon of New York. We had no letters or previous contact with these two young men, however, they have been reading the paper. They hadn't known each other before and had arrived here on separate days but both of them announced that they had a fairly general idea of what the work is all about and wanted to join. It looks like they are here to stay and we are glad to have them. Now please God don't permit us to scandalize or disillusion them before they find their bearings. Like the time we completely shattered the illusions of that young visiting artist who believed that we were walking images of St. Francis and the more we protested the more he was convinced. Well, he found out, the hard way.

Newspapers

A terrible story appeared in one of the morning newspapers about one of the men that had lived and worked in our house for a number of years. The story related how our friend had, while in a drunken state, walked into a private home and unknown to the owner sat down and began drinking the house's liquor. The story had been angled purely for the laugh and the scorn that would ensue and there wasn't a drop of pity or compassion for the poor unfortunate individual involved. It was perfectly apparent that the newspaper had made no effort to go into the man's background with any idea of trying to understand the entire man with the exception of reporting that the individual had been arrested before because of creating a public nuisance with his drinking. God forbid that we should lose our complete sense of humor and there was a certain element of humor to the incident; however, it was completely overplayed and loused up. No one but us, except the man himself, realized the struggle he was daily making against the terrific hold that alcohol had on him. He had gone as many as eight or nine months without a drink and avoiding bars and companions who proved occasions of drink. He worked around the office complete days and quite a few evenings too just mailing out the paper, doing a great deal of the horrible and monotonous numerous tasks that the mailing out of the paper entails. An occasional movie in a hole in the wall on the Bowery and a visit to his relatives were the extent of his recreation. We beg our readers to remember this dear friend (and member of our household) in your prayers.

Lectures

Our weekly Friday night lectures go on and we generally have the room packed at each lecture. We never seem to have sufficient chairs and people stand throughout the talks. The talks vary in quality generally depending upon the speaker primarily and on the wide or narrow interest of the audience. During the past few

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The General Strike

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and we could proceed to meet this violence by passive resistance. I am quite aware that there are those who argue that one is responsible for violence that may result from non-violent direct action but I would concede the point only if the non-violent actionists deliberately employed means or a manner that would be calculated to antagonize even those who had no direct interest in the case. Such as needless exhibitionism, vengeful acts or petty name calling. But if these things are avoided and there is still violence then responsibility clearly rests on those who are of the opposition. Not because they are of the opposition but because they will not meet non-violence in a like manner but have no other defense of their case than that of force.

Withdrawal

A general strike is essentially a withdrawal of labor from an economic system that is regarded as immoral. And since a man's labor is his own to give or to withhold as he wills there can be no valid contesting of his right to withdraw his labor from such a system. Especially is this true if, as we believe, the prevalent economic system contains essential elements in it that are incompatible with sound morality as based on Christian principles. Society exists for man and if an economic system prevails that does violence to man's nature then he has every right and in fact a duty to oppose it and to withdraw his labor from it. From that standpoint there can be no valid argument against labor if it withdraw en masse from the system by means of a general strike. Inconveniences would no doubt result and perhaps actual privation but if the workers are convinced that the gains are worth it, that it is better to have a revolution and get it over with rather than put up with the day to day evils of industrial capitalism—then it is well and good that this should be and all men of good will should cooperate in such a strike. Provided always of course that it is non-violent and that the greatest possible precautions be taken to provide for those who will be in need during the process of the strike. The idea of some regarding conditions while the strike is in process is somewhat fantastic. For while hardships will indeed result (it is one of the costs that must be paid) yet a properly indoctrinated affair of this sort would not come about without great planning. Buses, street cars, subways, trains could still run—the workers could just refuse to collect the fares of the passengers. In order to feed themselves and their fellow workers (if the owners of plants and foodstuffs would not cooperate) they would be justified in appropriating and transporting such as is needed. Since this would be a country wide affair and the workers would be scattered over the land it would be impossible for State militia or the army to deal with it. Especially as the workers would refuse to transport such troops. All in all it would not be a happy state of affairs but if it is over quickly and a workers democracy comes into being it may be well worth the while.

The essential element of the general strike is that it is a withdrawal of labor from the capitalist system. Small beginnings of this are already made when genuine workers co-ops are set up or when one refuses to register for the draft, or when one refuses to pay taxes, or when one withdraws to the land or refuses to take a job in the system and lives in voluntary poverty rather than do so. These are indeed small beginnings but are valuable as showing by example that the way to destroy the capitalist system is to withdraw from it.

Someone remarked to me that while he could not pull for the general strike he could see a solution through the co-ops. In making

that statement he already put himself down as favoring the underlying ideas of a non-violent withdrawal of labor from the capitalist system which would be the motivating principle of such a general strike. Great and fundamental and radical changes have a way however of coming about with suddenness and once an idea takes hold of a people it is more likely to spread quickly and culminate in revolution than to persist gradually and piecemeal. Slow and reformist tactics such as my friend advocated have a way of becoming ancient and as they do so they depart more and more from their original purpose and (like many of the co-ops in this country) end up as little better than that which they opposed. Ideologies have swept with great suddenness amongst peoples and I think we should not regard it as impossible that Christian ideas on the dignity of man and the desirability of worker ownership and revolution in non-violence might some day be the prevailing view of the workers and usher in that desirable society which was prophesied by Micheas.

Non-Violent

The important thing in all this is to remember that violent revolution ends in tyranny and that consequently it cannot be condoned by the Christian. That if the general strike were to mean death or extreme misery or inquisitions or domination by labor bosses then it had better be forgotten. But if it could mean that the workers, realizing the inherent dignity of the person and the outrages offered to man in the capitalist system, decide of themselves to withdraw from the system and to instigate a non-violent revolution (using the tactics of Gandhi or adaptations of it like the sit down strike) then such an affair would indeed have in it hope of justice and would deserve the support of all Christians. I do not know if the time will ever come when the workers will be so indoctrinated and convinced of all this that such a general strike could come about. Nevertheless, in all these matters, it is better that we proceed on the assumption that this may come about rather than succumb to the pessimism of those who have resigned themselves to injustice under the plea that human nature is hopelessly corrupted and things cannot possibly improve.

Supernatural

People are inclined to regard such ideas as hopelessly idealistic and unattainable because we have become resigned to excluding the supernatural from society. And yet the whole Christian message contains the possibilities open to man if he will but cooperate with grace and go beyond nature. Grace is the seed of glory in us and as we proceed in grace so do we approach nearer to what life in heaven will be. And as this divinised life is open to all, as all are called to it, society itself would then be permeated by the supernatural and man could then accomplish what now seems impossible. The Christian cannot assert that this is impossible, for in God all things can be and justice can prevail on earth and there can be an end to exploitation and destitution and acquisitive class society. For as all become divine in Christ so will all be poor and none destitute. Detachment from the goods of this world will be a necessary ingredient of the revolution.

Human nature can be superseded and societal justice can be obtained if men will cooperate with grace. Someone remarked to me that grace could not enter into the social picture because man would then bind God to act. But he overlooked the fact that God promises grace to those who ask. That actual grace moves man to repentance and to restoration to sanctifying grace "ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and the door shall be opened to you." We do not bind God if we take advantage of the promises He has made.

I have said before that justice will come about when Catholicism

(Continued from page 1)

an immense plan for private charity." (Rev. P. Wisinto, O.S.B., Gmunden, St. Konrad, Austria). Please remember the Christ-like Dominican nuns working to the point of exhaustion, to feed and clothe 500 war orphans, 50 refugees. (Rev. Mother Superior, Konvent Der Fr. Dominikanerinnen, Vienna XIII, Hacking, Schlossbergasse 17, Austria).

Displaced youth from Czechoslovakia, leaders in Catholic Action, endure a terrible winter in Austria. Risking personal danger, they organized small groups in their camps, to keep aglow the flame of hope and love for Christ. They desperately need food, clothing. (Write me for addresses to reach them, and the blind children, hospital). CARE is a magic word in Europe, food boxes costing \$10, lard package \$5.50. They may be ordered from, and are shipped by CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y. American Fuel Relief for Austria, at same address, accepts orders for coal, coke. Prices upon request.

Germany

Relief boxes are a source of faith, hope and life for Germany. The pathetic abasement of the German people, their joy upon re-



ceiving spiritual love from America, is realized in their letters. From a Berlin family: "It is a wonderful thing to receive your packages. Winter has come, we have no firewood. But to be with hope, external cold is not so hard. On Christmas Eve we had a small fir tree with one candle on it, flaring in the freezing room. We tried to warm our hands at this one candle, and praised God this little glimpse of light could warm us. From your loving aid we take confidence and strength." A young mother lost her twin baby boys "who were born amidst air attacks and bomb hail. They died from lack of light, water, food, and from living in cellars." The third baby, Mathias Maria, had pronounced skull rickets. Now, at seventeen months of age, he is improving, and thriving on the food sent to his mother and totally blind daddy, by a Catholic Worker reader every month. Prac-

and the Left meet. The hope of earthly justice that motivates the Left is attainable, but only as man transcends the natural and unites himself to God. Without God man cannot proceed very far on the road, but with and in the Holy Ghost he can renew the face of the earth.

The World's Children

(Continued from page 1)

tically no clothing, shoes can be purchased in Germany, except on black market. Food is drastically needed. (Basic foods are fats, flour, sugar, milk).

Rev. Ludger Born, S.J., working to protect hundreds of families, orphans, refugees in extreme misery, and Seminary students, pleads for continued boxes. He personally makes all distributions.

Father Laurentius Siemer, O.P., labors without ceasing to lighten the sorrows of many students. Whether these Dominican priests, and 30 nuns engaged in youth work, starve or have sufficient strength to continue their apostolate for Christ, depends upon our answer. Rev. Laurentius Siemer, O.P. (23), Schwichteler bhf. uber Vechta in Oldenburg, Christinenhof, British Zone, Germany.

Hearts that trust and plead, and accuse, look to these religious for the bare elements of life:

Rev. Bruno Schmidt, S.J.
Berlin SW 11
Stressemannstr. 66
U. S. Zone, Germany

Rev. Hochw. Bergmann
Pfarrei St. Sebastian
22b Ludwigshafen V, a/Rh
Rheinfall, French Zone
Germany

Rev. Karl Klein, S.J.
Priesterseminar (20) Hildesheim
Bruhl 16, Niedersachsen
British Zone, Germany

Rev. Franz Hayler, S.J.
Rottmanshohe am Starnbergersee
13b
Post Assenhausen, Bayern
U. S. Zone, Germany

Sister Fridonia Neuhaus
Marianhaus Kath. Kindergarten
Duisburgerstr. 61
Dinslaken 22a, Nordrhein
British Zone, Germany

Rev. Hermann Leenen, S.J.
22a Essen-Borbeck
Schönebeckerstr. 91
British Zone, Germany

Rev. Romano Guardini
Universität Tübingen
Tübingen, U. S. Zone
Germany

Rev. Bruno Restel, S.J.
Berchmanskolleg
Pullach bei München, Bavaria
U. S. Zone, Germany
Rev. G. M. Drees, O.P.
Dominikanerkloster Dusseldorf
Herzogstr. 17
British Zone, Germany
Sister Katharina Axer
Attendorf (21) Regb. Arnsberg
Kreis Oipe Ursulinen Kloster
Engelbertstr. 2, British Zone
Germany

(The Russian zone of Germany accepts boxes weighing up to 22 pounds; (22 pounds for all zones), Postage, 17c a pound. Russian zone of Berlin closed at present. U. S. and British zones of Germany 6c a pound. French zone Germany, 10c a pound. U. S., British zones Berlin, 9c a pound. French zone Berlin, 13c. For most other countries, post is 10c a pounds. Slightly higher for Austria, Poland and Hungary.

Millions of children—abandoned, lost, confused, still march in armies of their own in all war areas. Gutter life and forest dug-outs are home to them. Countless numbers could be sheltered by religious, if we possessed Christliness and loved His world in Christ-wise fashion. The San Michelle Institute in Rome shelters many little children whose legs are stumps and eyes are sightless. Some have double amputations at the elbows. Orphanages and schools operated by the Salesian Fathers of St. John Bosco need clothes and food for thousands of meals each week. This particular house protects 300 boys ages 4-15. Director Don Umberto Sebastiani, the House of Don Bosco, Mandrone, Rome, Italy. An unusual case is that of Father George Kovalenko, S.J., chairman for Russian Assistance in Italy. Many Russian children under his care are in rags and starving, and he established grammar school and

high school classes for them. Rev. George Kovalenko, S.J., Russian College of St. Teresa Child Jesus, Via Carlo, Cattaneo 2, Rome, Italy. Father Wilhelm Klein, S.J., recently transferred from Hildesheim Germany, to be spiritual director of German youth studying for the priesthood, would be humbly grateful for your charity. He is at Pontifical German College, 13 Via S. Nicola Da Tol., Rome, Italy. In Sicily, Siano Con Voi Association continues its activity for the children of the streets. (Siano Con Voi Association, c/o Dr. Pietro Leone, Via Liberta 26, Palermo Sicily, Italy.)

The misery of the world is gigantic. Our responsibility is gigantic. Yet we seek to excuse ourselves, and transfer personal negligence to government agencies and organized charities. How can Catholics, Protestants, Jews remain unmoved before the Divine Justice of God? Hope for Peace is dim. But Peace is possible, and the promise of it positive, in Mary's Hands. Pray daily the Rosary to Our Lady of Fatima for the conversion of Russia. Add to intense prayer the precious duty, to feed and clothe His little ones of all creeds and nations. (Write me for instructions, additional addresses, postal regulations. If you cannot pack, please send me clean clothing for babies, children, adults, priests, nuns: new garments, also shoes and donations for food, soap, postage. For the love of God, I will gratefully ship your boxes overseas. Doris Ann Doran, 221 Morris Avenue, Providence 6, R. I.) Ask Our Lord for an enthusiasm that is Divine, for a ray of compassion emanating from His Sacred Heart. Such sacrifice and prayer become as so many little flowers of adoration scattered at the Foot of His Cross. God's Family becomes your family, and His Family includes the world.

Doris Ann Doran.

ADDRESSES

Rev. Henri Perrin, S.J.
16 Rue de Seine
Vannes (near Paris)
France

(Author of "Priest Workman in Germany," will distribute parcels to the desperately poor. He is working in a factory and lives in the slums.)

Rev. George Briand
Parish St. Vincent de Paul
96 Blvd. Jean-Jaures
Clichy, Seine
France

Rev. Jan Nowicki
Kalwaria Zebrydzowska
Seminarium Duchowne
woj. Krakow
Poland

Mother Antoinette Zaleska
Sacre Coeur, Polska Wies
p. Poblodziska
Poznan, Poland

Rev. Lawrence Mahn
65 Rua Do Campo
Macao, South China

Sister Rose Catherine, S.N.D.
Convent of Notre Dame
260 Kamiifuku
Okayama, Island of Honshu
Japan

Mother Elizabeth Britt
International College of the Sacred Heart
No. 1 Miyashiro-Cho
Shibuya-Ku, Tokyo
Japan

Sister M. Madeline de St. Joseph
Carmel de Nantes—France
90 rue de Condray
Nantes (Loire-Inferieure)

Rev. P. S. Fernando
R. C. Mission, Palliyadi,
Mulagumundu (P.O.) S. Travancore
Indian Union

Needs financial help for the construction of a Chapel.

Signorina Ingeborg Eichinger.
presso Vita
29 Via Quattro Fontane
Rome Italy

A convert who is constantly ill and who is getting little food. Would appreciate CARE Parcels.

No Plaster Saints

For a long time many Catholics have complained about the Church statuary which has so long been palmed off on us as the kind of thing we want in our churches. We have been given effeminate Christs who might better fit in a fancy drawing room than upon the cross of Calvary; the saints given us are nearly all of the Hollywood technicolor variety, weak, pretty and obviously without the physical courage, let alone the heroic moral cast which led them to that greatest of follies, the love of God and their fellowman so that today they rest, with Christ, on our altars as the models upon which Christians should pattern their lives. The whole notion of church statuary is to turn and hold man's minds to things of God; it was not intended to be merely decoration which was to fill empty corners of our churches nor was it intended to be merely another vehicle of prostitution for artists or means of profit for the assembly line.

Last month most of us at the house visited an exhibit by the Liturgical Arts Society which was intended to remedy some of these evils. The Society for the past couple of years has been sponsoring a Statuary Project, the prime purpose of which was to inject new life into this special church art, in such a manner that the contemporary forms might be utilized to bring the message of the saints to us, and that these statues would rivet our attention, not on the statues alone but upon the thought of the artist whose statue is in reality the fruit of his contemplation. The impact of these forms, of some of them at least is astonishing. They compel the mind to the subject at hand, and even in an art gallery turn the mind to the things of the spirit.

At the outset I should say that mine is an untutored art evaluation; by that I mean that I'm quite unfamiliar with the meaning of objectivism, modernism, impressionism and the rest. I say this, not out of snobishness, for there is that sort of snobishness which loudly proclaims its ignorance of these forms and then proceeds to damn them on the grounds of reflecting the spiritual disorder of our times and thus implying that the superior approach is to deny all new attempts and demand that we accept as good, true and beautiful those dusty objects of three centuries ago and their machine sired bastards of today. A point at hand is the traditional concept of Saint Francis.

The Poor Man

Generally he is pictured as a romantic looking young man, handsome, well fed, with a delighted, not joyous look, on his face. The rest of his body could be any man. There is nothing about the traditional statue of the saint which tells us that he was a poor man, indeed the poor man *par excellence* of the ascetic life, a poor man on whom even a Peter of Alcantara patterned his life and who tried in vain to measure up to his standard of poverty. What a scandal to the minds of his contemporaries Saint Francis must have been standing naked in his own village square after having given away all of his clothes. What an affront his emaciated appearance must have been to his own friars who in his own lifetime were busy mitigating and watering down his rule. And withal what peace and comfort and hope he must have given to those who came to him for help because of the joy and love he radiated. How many statues have you ever seen in one of our churches which begin to tell such a story. At the Art Project there is such a statue. It is by Texan sculptor, Charles Umlaf. Saint Francis is portrayed in a crouched position holding in one hand a cross and in the other a skull. Now this is more or less the traditional symbolism put into his hands by all artists. But this Saint Francis is a man near the end of his life, a life of depriva-

tion and wasted away by love. His ribs nearly pierce his flesh, the cheekbones draw the face up taut and the nose is pinched and the lips dried with cold. There is no need for coloring such a statue for the mind's eye supplies the blue shadows of hunger and fatigue. That is what we see at first glance, and yet immediately we are impressed by a happiness, and inner warmth which is discernable in the laughter wrinkles around the eyes and the mouth. I guess that I looked at the Saint Francis for a full half an hour. To me it was far and away the best thing in the entire exhibit. For the first time I felt that I was really looking at a poor man, a poor man such as you see on skid rows of the country, but lacking the despair and bitterness that involuntary poverty brings.

I was deeply moved by two other statues. Mestrovic's Crucifix has a corpus which is the Humanity of Christ suffering; indeed because of the great feeling of solidarity and strength and the all embracing reach of the arms you have a great sense that the beholder is somehow swept up into the crucifixion itself. But the feeling of Christ's manhood is inescapable, and this is as it should be for He could not have suffered in the God aspect of His nature but only in that about Him which was human. We too often think that it was only God who was on the Cross and forget that in His suffering that He suffered as man. And it is here that rests the key to the mystery of the union of our suffering with His, our common humanity.

Saint-Revolutionary

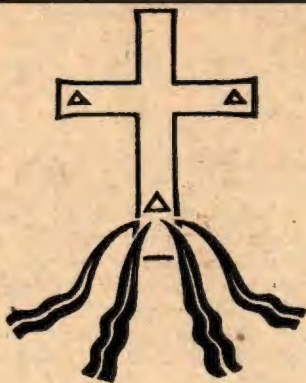
A great Saint Paul almost dominates the room in which it stands. There he is the Jew, the zealot, aflame with the love of Christ, the interpreter and the teacher of the Testament. He is obviously the intellectual with the frame and hands of the workman, the worker-scholar who is determined to bring his Master's teachings to the world. There is a strange resemblance in this statue to pictures I have seen of Lenin. I have always been impressed with the way in which Lenin's face traced his zeal, and love, and singlehearted devotedness to the truth as he saw it in Marx. If there was ever a man who was to Marx what Paul was to Christ it was this father of the Russian revolution. I can on reflection see that there is more than a superficial facial resemblance to the revolutionist in this statue, there is the same inner fire which must have possessed them both even though the one centered only on a partial aspect of the truth.

I have the feeling that those artists failed to impress me who tried to remain within the confines of the traditional church forms. It is as though the message was muted by a wall, a wall that the artist was hesitant to break through. The result is that while there are clean lines, virility and the rest there is little spirituality. They are an improvement over the ordinary truck we see on Barclay Street because there is no positive insult to the spirit. The Saint Joan of Helene Sardeau has impressed many, I didn't react to it but certainly she is more acceptable to me than is Ingrid Bergman.

The Liturgical Arts Society is certainly to be commended in this effort. Undoubtedly the exhibit will cause a furor and plenty of discussion. It may lead both our artists and worshippers to question again the function of art, and it may even force some of us to once again, "What is art?"

The full story of this statue project, with illustrations of all models submitted, will appear in the February, 1949 issue of the Liturgical Arts which may be had for one dollar the single issue or for three dollars a year from the Liturgical Arts Society, 7 East 42nd Street, New York City 17.

Jack English



A Day at Maryhouse

(Jan. 11, 1949)

5:30 A. M.—The ringing bell reminds us that somewhere the Holy Host is being raised, that we in Maryhouse are to begin another day of lifting our hearts and minds and apostolic works to Jesus through Mary.

Lucille stirs up the fire and we assemble in our Maryroom for the Angelus, Matins and Lauds (of our Lady's Little Office) and a brief meditation.

Then there is time for a few decades of the Rosary as we walk through the cold, dark streets to the Church of the Holy Rosary.

7:00—The Son is offered to the Father at Holy Mass and we offer ourselves as Slaves of Jesus through Mary, rejoicing in the opportunity to work for Him in the lay apostolate for as long as He will have us. The Eucharistic Christ gives us the strength to carry on His work, to perform the spiritual and corporal works of mercy among the colored members of His Body.

8:50—After Mass and a Holy Hour, we return to Maryhouse and find Mr. W. waiting on the porch, already late for work and worried about his wife in the hospital, wanting someone to stay with their four children who are quarantined in two rooms with whooping cough. Yes, Mildred will go right away, with soap and bread and peanut butter.

9:00—We pray the Little Hours and eat a simple breakfast as Marian reads aloud "Exile Ends in Glory." Then we scatter to our tasks, trying to keep a prayerful silence during most of the hours of work within the house.

Mary grinds the wheat and bakes the bread.

Claire types and mimeographs the pages for our children's classes and adult instructions.

As Dorothy begins to iron, a note comes from a needy family, so she goes to buy and deliver food and packaged fuel.

Marian opens the mail: an ad, an appeal, an alms. A friend of Maryhouse sends five dollars, helping us live completely on Divine Providence, without salary or endowment or any regular income, financing Maryhouse (a big bill) and Maryfarm (a little bill) and providing care for some of our ailing and elderly colored neighbors. Sometimes we go a week or two without a contribution, sometimes there is fifty dollars in the mail, at all times there is just enough to get along and not quite enough to make us forget God's constant care through His generous friends.

Lucille welcomes the visitors: Mr. and Mrs. O. needing clothes and bedding and also hoping for a used pair of children's ice skates, Mr. M. coming for instructions, a stranger in need of food. Miss McL. comes, having heard about Maryhouse, wondering what it is all about. So we explain that we are a little more than four years old, a group of Catholic laywomen without public vows or distinctive dress, trying to bring the charity of Christ to our colored neighbors.

11:30—Jane arrives in the Jeep from Maryfarm, with milk and cheese and squash and carrots and canned tomatoes, with reports of the quiet life at our seven-acre "cloister" at Little Canada, twelve miles from Maryhouse. We all take our turn living at Maryfarm, trying to cultivate an interior life

We scarcely dare claim MARYHOUSE (2024 16th Ave., So., Minneapolis 4, Minn.) as one of our own; they are doing the job of combining contemplation and action so beautifully and we here in New York do it so badly. However, they feel themselves "of the family," and so as members one of another, we are grateful to them for raising the level of the work by their disciplined lives in the lay apostolate. We have a woman's house in Detroit, Martha House, and the Martin de Porres House in Harrisburg is also for work with women and children. And we have our Maryhouse in New York on the top floor of 115 Mott St. There is also a story in this issue of the work in the English houses of Hospitality which take in men and women and families as best they can with their limited space. How many of these cells are needed in parishes, in our great cities! They are like an oasis in the desert.

through prayer and solitude, drinking in the sunshine and fresh air after months of soot and cinders in the city, growing and preparing food for ourselves and our neighbors, providing a summer place of prayerful study and healthful recreation for our colored neighbor children.

Rose sends in a reminder that Maryfarm still hopes for some linoleum and wallboard, four double-decker beds, a chicken house, a carpenter, and someone to drain our three-acre swamp.

Marie is also at the Maryfarm, making cheese and painting walls and studying compost recipes.

12:00 M.—Most of us can assemble in Maryroom for the Angelus, the Rosary, a hymn, and a few moments of spiritual reading. We have a schedule to aim at, although it is seldom possible for us to follow it completely, since God's loving providence arranges many surprises, many invitations for works of charity and our practice of abandonment.

12:40 P. M.—May the Lord bless us and these, His gifts, cabbage and whole wheat bread and honey and cottage cheese, all from His soil and bees and Susanna, His cow, at Maryfarm.

Father W. comes with a car full of clothes and canned goods, with a prayer that God may bless Maryhouse and our Lady's work.

1:15—S. stops in "just to visit." Yes, she liked the last Day of Recollection fine and plans to attend every time now on the first Sunday of each month at St. Leonard's Church, perhaps even bringing her landlady. She helps us push back the furniture, put up the folding chairs, and get out the books and slides and crayons for the release-period classes.

1:40—Most of us scatter to the rented houses and tenement rooms of our neighbors, each one to visit several of the sick and shut-in colored persons in our district, delivering a loaf of bread, cleaning a room, giving a bath, explaining a doctrine of God's true Church. We visit as many of our neighbors as frequently as we can, giving a greeting and an offer to help in any time of need. We are surrounded by sickness and destitution and misery and vice. We want to care for more of the sick and

find homes to replace their hovels and teach them the truths of God's Church, yet we are few in number, meager in our resources and feeble in our efforts. There is need for a FEPC and magazines and discussions, but there is also an urgent need for direct and personal works of charity, a pressing need for more prayers, more apostles, more alms. We want to flood the neighborhood with Christian works of mercy, and so we are always in need of food and clothes and fuel and books and money and rooms and volunteer workers.

5:00—Jane has been busy with the Jeep, delivering a great bundle of washed clothes to the nine C.'s with the ailing mother and the wandering father, shopping at the wholesale grocery, taking a box of potatoes and rutabagas to the O. family. Now Jane returns to Maryfarm, to come back to the city again on Saturday for more delivering and shopping and taxi service for thirty children who come to morning instructions.

5:15—It is quiet for a few moments and we pray Vespers.

6:00—There are three guests for dinner and there is talk about the joys and sorrows of the work, considering the thesis that past dangers were conquered principally by the religious orders, that present dangers will be conquered principally by lay apostles zealously assisting the hierarchy and religious orders. There is discussion about the constant effort to work out the proper Mary- and -Martha blend, the right balance between a deep interior life and zealous apostolic works, wondering if we would more effectively help draw our colored neighbors toward Christ by less talking and more doing, by fewer classes and more baking and housecleaning and mending for them, perhaps going out to work with them, steaming at the laundry, packing at the factory, scrubbing at the nightclub.

7:00—The visitors continue, two high school girls who fold and address copies of *The Catholic Worker*, Mr. R. wondering if we know where he can find a job, Grandma J. searching for a room with heat. (There is a large house for sale down the street, a potential rest home for our ailing and elderly colored neighbors. Does anyone here have eight thousand dollars?)

Tonight Marian meets the guests, Mary mends the clothes, Dorothy instructs a group of adults, Mildred, Claire and Lucille take a group of converts to the parish Holy Hour.

8:45—We chant Compline and make a meditation, offering the efforts of our day to our Lady, asking her to purify them and offer them as acts of love to her Divine Son, knowing that she will distribute His grace to those who are in the greatest need.

9:15—The doorbell rings again and there is a message that Miss B. has received her old-age pension check, has treated several of her friends at the tavern, is now in need of a companion, and tomorrow will be in need of soup. Yes, we will try to help.

9:30—"Dear Mother in heaven, we offer thee the rest we are about to take." Maryhouse will rest and regain strength for more apostolic works tomorrow, confident that our Heavenly Father will dispose all things sweetly if we sincerely try to go to Jesus through Mary.

CULTURE /ATION ::



Farmers and Economic Security

The term economic security demands a definition. For our purpose we shall define it as the economic status of a man who has a certain knowledge of a continued supply of food, clothing, and shelter sufficient for the normal processes of life.

To avoid misunderstanding, I will also define the term Capitalism as it shall be used hereinafter. Capitalism is a system of Economics whereby a man produces for himself the necessities of life through the management of productive property. The importance of this definition hinges on the words "productive property." What I want to bring out is that the man who owns his home, clothing, and icebox of food is not a capitalist. These things are personal property, the necessities of life, and cannot be considered productive property.

Can the average man in the city be considered a capitalist? The question is answered by the definition of capitalism—obviously not. From what then does he obtain the necessities of life? From the exploitation of his labor, mental or physical, or by the exploiting or helping to exploit the labor of others. Let us suppose, without for a moment conceding it, that the man in the city is receiving sufficient recompense for the support of himself and his family. Does this mean he has economic freedom? Most certainly not. Not unless he is reasonably certain that this recompense will continue indefinitely. He is certain of this only if his job is certain. And his job is certain only if our present system of Industrial Capitalism continues to operate at a smooth and efficient optimum. Now has this system ever operated this way? Have people derived any economic security by dependence on it? Not by a fireman's hat. Our history shows a series of booms and depressions, each one becoming worse than the last. If you think that this dependence on Industrial Capitalism leads to Economic Security, you had better check the straightness of your thinking.

How did modern man come to be so abjectly dependent upon industrial capitalism for the necessities of life? Since England was the seat of the Industrial Revolution a brief sketch of her history may prove illuminating. In the thirteenth century, the first of the Enclosure Acts were enforced, depriving the small independent farmers of their common lands and concentrating them into the hands of the petty nobles. With the coming of the Tudor family into power, these acts were more drastically enforced than ever, and the property of the Roman Church was confiscated. This concentrated and overwhelming proportion of the real power in England in the hands of the reigning family and an ever decreasing number of nobles. At the same time, with the flourishing of the Renaissance, a new economic idea came into acceptance, known as "Finance Capitalism." The importance of this development lies in the new concept of money it entailed. Prior to this, money was considered as something to be used as a medium of exchange; with Finance Capitalism, money became something that could be bought and sold at a profit, this profit being known as "interest." With the departure of

the Roman Church from England, which had consistently opposed this principle, Finance Capitalism developed unrestrainedly. The coming of the inventions of the Industrial Revolution found a powerful Capitalist class in existence, ready to obtain exclusive ownership of these inventions. At the same time, a huge, helpless labor force, composed of ruined farmers, due to the enclosure acts, and ruined craftsmen, unable to compete with the capitalist established sweatshop, was ripe for exploitation. This new element of society had been unknown in such numbers since the fall of the Roman Empire; once more the world was to see the existence of a Floating Proletariat, which has increased in numbers until the present day. Now as the economic status of the English grew more servile, they obtained more political freedom. In time they were able to regulate the degree of their economic misery by their vote, putting ever more and more dependence on the state for economic security. In late years, this has culminated in Socialism, through which the people hope to manage the vital industries of their country through their elected representatives for their own benefit.

Having shown how this mismanagement of Industry by the Capitalists has led to its management by the Socialist State, let us look at what is likely to develop out of this state control. One cannot be certain of the continued efficient operation of an electric power plant (to mention just one vital phase of Industry) unless one is also certain of a continued supply of fuel, lubricants, repair parts, and labor, to mention some of the vital necessities. Thus if one controls one phase of Industry it will be necessary to control those contributing to it, and sooner or later, the entire industry of the country will be socialized. The smooth operation of Industry inevitably depends on the labor complement. Since the life of the State depends on Industry, it will be forced to regulate labor. This obviously leads directly to forced labor (and the same thing can be said for the consumer), and to force a man to work, he must be absolutely, body and soul, in the power of the State.

Now what is the position of the American Farmer under Industrial Capitalism? In trend towards the huge factory farms of the Western and Southwestern parts of our country, he is suffering the same experience that the English farmer suffered under the Enclosure Acts. His position as a Commercial Unit in our economy is absolutely dependent on Industrialism. Should the vital industries of our nation fail to function properly, the farmer as a Commercial Unit ceases to exist. Now let us look at his position from the view of his supply

of the necessities of life. A good many farmers produce all or much of the food they require. In other words, they wouldn't starve to death if the industries supplying bananas and corn flakes failed to operate. But there are some who would. The farmer definitely is dependent on Industrialism for his clothing and shelter, especially for his fuel to heat his home. Of late years, the spectres of coal and oil shortages are ever before our minds. Still in the case of necessity, there are many farmers who could adapt their farms and themselves to produce enough of the necessities of life to exist. But it would be a mighty poor existence, and how many wouldn't survive? The vaunted independence of the farmer may not be all it is said to be.

Socialism, and Communism too, develop inevitably from Capitalism. They are merely more advanced stages of the same disease—Industrialism. Now if Industrialism is so evil, why haven't people reverted to the earlier, evidently more ideal society, prior to Industrialism? Before answering this question, I would like to qualify it by stating that today in America there are people who are striving to become independent of Industrialism, and also that the society of the Middle Ages was not at all times an ideal in action. But the biggest reason why people refuse to free themselves from Industrialism is that they will not give up the comforts of Industrialism for the sake of Economic Freedom. Not all the products of Industrialism are necessarily incompatible with Economic Security. It should be possible to produce these things according to need on a small decentralized basis. But this can only occur if a decentralized society is already in existence, and economically stable because it is directly dependent upon the farmer and his efficiency. This will require first of all, many more and smaller farms; it will require the craftsman who can produce the thing the farmer needs, other craftsmen need, and the trade wants. And by craftsmen I include the preacher, the teacher, the doctor, the lawyer.

Our pioneer forefathers did not hesitate to suffer untold hardships even to risking their lives and the lives of their families for the sake of economic freedom. It was this that wrote the most glorious chapters of our history. Today we are rapidly heading towards that same servility the pioneers endured so much to escape. Will we be willing to give up some small amount of comfort for the sake of the real American ideal? We must make this decision soon, as there is not much time left in which we may be able to exercise the principle of free choice.

Francis J. Coyle.

Holy Trinity Farm

Rhineland, Mo.

Dear Tom:

I am going to talk about the weather. You are tired of hearing about it, I know. Everyone complains about it and Dorothy in her book "On Pilgrimage" remarks how we complain too much rather than resigning the weather too, to the will of God. Of course modern big time commercial farmers don't think of rain as an act of God anymore. California and other western states are full of "rain makers" and rain machines.

Perhaps now, since I am a farmer I also pay too much attention to what I want and need in regards to the weather. This doesn't get done or that doesn't get done because of the weather. But perhaps it is Gods will that I take stock of myself and so he sends rain, and then sleet, and ice, and then zero and then snow. What can you accomplish, if you are of the activist mentality, against those odds.

After blaming everybody and everything one finally gives up, relaxes, decides to help the wife a little and get some reading done.

It's wonderful what the written word can reveal to a man when he stops moving the muscles, including those of the jaw and starts exercising the eyes and the brain.

During the past couple of weeks I managed to work my way through about half-dozen books. Of course, a couple of them were novels but you can't read through novels by Graham Green on an empty stomach or cobwebs on the brain.

My latest find which was finished in an afternoon, I couldn't put it down, was "On Pilgrimage." The book has been here for several weeks. Two copies came both addressed to the child-bearing side of the families.

My wife being too busy. What with the butchering of hogs, which calls for sausage making and rendering of lard. Besides with sick children on her hands, the book just gathered dust.

My reaction to the mere presence of the book was, I'm afraid, one which can be easily acquired around the CW at least one that I am guilty of. I had read Dorothy before. Old stuff! Nothing but her columns put between covers.

Then, I picked up the latest Commonweal the other day and read the review of "On Pilgrimage" by Father Leo J. Trese. So I read the book and became an enthusiast of Dorothy Day all over again.

That is, everything but the, "you turn the other cheek while I slap it," doctrine. But then that is another matter and one for long discussion. Someday, I hope to write a long disagreement on it so I can see a controversial letter in the CW instead of the usual "you are so wonderful" variety. There must be some people who disagree! Clarification of thought, Peter said, remember!

Aside from that, I think the book is terrific and should be a must for anyone who has been around the CW for five years or more. It could become sort of an armchair retreat for people who are so busy cutting trees that they can't see the beauty of the words. In addition to these people there should be thousands of other enthusiastic readers who would be interested in the pilgrimage Dorothy offers them.

I liked her honesty about farm life and the hardships and adjustments it demands. How well we know them after two years of hard work, of prayer and sacrifice. The sacrifice not so much on the part of the men but on the part of the women.

The last few days I know they have suffered. The children finally get well and then it rains and the wood is all wet and then it goes down to zero and ice forms on the wood. Did you ever try keeping a fire going with wood that has to be thawed first, then

dried and still keep warm in the process?

We men can overcome that a little better, I think. Not that we like zero weather or like to work out in the cold while our hands and feet are almost numb. Bill McAndrew says his hands sometimes feel as if they might drop off.

We are by nature more rugged, then too, from my own experience at St Isidore's farm in Northern Minnesota. I know what cold weather is; what it means to wake up in a log cabin with the temperature, inside with a stove going, at zero.

But then I was single and it was a great adventure and if we got up at eight or nine o'clock it didn't make much difference. There wasn't much livestock to feed and we weren't going anywhere.

Here it is different. We usually are going somewhere. To daily Mass if at all possible. There are twenty-five head of cattle to be fed. Ten hogs that squeal for food and warmth and a hundred chickens to be fed and watered. Here it is grim reality with families to support and debts to be paid.

Romantic agrarians they call us! Yes! if they mean that we visualize a better life; a more organic society; a life in community where, after many false starts we will learn to love and serve our neighbor. But with all, we are free men and women who will our own hours of labor, our choice of tasks. Yes! Necessity often makes demands on us but not routine or capitalist control.

It has been a busy winter and we are as always behind in our work. Behind, that is in the many things we would like to have done. There is fencing still to do so that our cattle won't roam over the country side and we spend precious hours searching for them. More hog houses to be built. The repair work on the barn has advanced fairly well but is still incomplete and now we are faced with the problem of housing.

There will be an addition to each family in the spring. Dave Dunn wants to move out in the spring and Bill has been with us now for several months so more housing is imperative.

At first we thought of buying a 16 x 48 Army barracks but decided against it and we are sawing our own logs. A neighbor who has a saw mill will cut them into lumber. We will need about seventy-five to a hundred logs. There are plenty here, enough for several more houses. All it takes is labor. No unemployment on the land.

So far there are thirty-five logs cut. The weather has been against us which explains my mood at the beginning of this letter.

If we can have them cut and sawed into lumber by the first of March, then season the lumber for six months, we will be ready to build in the Fall.

Instead of buying siding we are going to use cobble stone or field stone, as some call it, against the wooden framework. There is plenty of it on the farms.

If we can locate a mill where they dry lumber and groove it we will even have our own flooring from the farm. So far, no success!

Larry's dad died a week ago so he was in Milwaukee four or five days. Bill is still with us but he doesn't like the cold weather.

We haven't been off the place for a week. Roads are unpassable, all ice. Larry had to walk almost all the way from Herman Friday evening because we couldn't get out to get him. Instead of a crowded church this morning there were only a few at Mass.

Regards to all the staff

In Christ
MARTY PAUL

The great man does not say, "I must go with the times" — The great man is one who can dam the current and divert it.

—Father Vincent McNabb

On PILGRIMAGE

175 pages, paper covered, \$1.00. Collection of On Pilgrimage columns together with additional matter from the note books of Dorothy Day. Send in your order for one or more copies.

CATHOLIC WORKER BOOKS
115 Mott Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Detroit Catholic Worker

(Continued from page 1)

bill has not decreased and since the line is daily increasing we ask God that he will send us enough money to pay for the coffee. However, with the few donations which have been given to us, we have been able to put some fresh paint on the walls of the St. Francis House; and if it is God's will we will get enough to finish the rest of the house. The poor have a right to beauty and to pleasant colors. The men in the house are very pleased with their work and have taken a new pride in their home with the newly painted walls.

Meetings

There are weekly meetings on Tuesday and Thursday at the St. Francis House and we extend an invitation to anyone that is interested to come and see us and get into the round table discussions. On Tuesday, February first, we began a twelve week course on the *Mystical Body and Social Justice*. Father Kowalski for Blessed Sacrament Parish is leading the meetings on Tuesday night and on Thursday night. There are different priests and laymen who talk about the need of apostles in our highly industrialized city. There is much work to be done in the city and the youth of Detroit must take an interest in the social problems and use their energy to overcome these problems. There must be a restoration of Christ in all things.

The St. Anthony House is filled with the voices and screams of children from the neighborhood and all times of the day, and Mrs. Miller gives the children the cakes and cookies that we beg. She is in need of help from the young girls throughout the city to help her care for these "souls" which Christ loves dearly. These children need clothes badly and so, too, do the babies at the St. Martha House. We wish that we had more calls for men's and children's clothes.

An artist has decorated the walls of the St. Anthony House with murals from different episodes of the lives of the Saints.

Families

There are many calls at the St. Martha House from agencies seeking a shelter for homeless families in the city. Some of the families have been evicted, and others have come from the South seeking a new home only to find the faded stories of representatives for different automobile plants are false. There is a mother with five children in one of the rooms, and the youngest child is only three months old. Her husband is looking for work, but with the lay-offs there doesn't seem to be much hope. There is another woman with three little children who also cannot find employment anywhere in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Murphy, who lead the work in Detroit, are living at the St. Martha House with their two children and they are trying to provide the families with everything that they can, but the daily cost of milk and baby foods, and the things which new-borns should have is great and we wonder if our fellow members of the Mystical Body would help us feed and clothe our families who need so much.

We wish that the house was larger so that we might help every family that comes to us for assistance, but there are only three bedrooms upstairs and one downstairs so we have to turn many of them away. To hear the infants crying their praises to God is beautiful and we can't help thinking that there are many of these praises being sung in the cold doorways and the crowded bus stations in the city that should be being sung in the warm homes of our fellow Christians.

The St. John Vianney House is filled with pensioners who pool their checks to buy their food and pay the various bills of the house. It would be edifying to see a woman's touch in the house. Many of

the men are just barely able to get around, some are crippled and one is blind, and another is deaf. Two young women would be able to do much for these men.

There are five men living at the farm now, and we are hoping that it won't be long until we will be able to see the Murphys back at the farm which is their home.

—Jim Hunt

MOTT ST.

(Continued from page 2)

weeks we have listened to Father Rogers, S.J., of St. Peter's College, speak on the Theatre, Dr. Natalie Darcy of Brooklyn College speak on Philosophy, and Mr. Daniel Sullivan of Fordham University speak on Cardinal Newman. Between talks here we took a busman's holiday and attended the Suares lecture at Fordham University which was given by Jacques Maritain; also made our way up to hear Monsignor Ligutti talk at the Henry George school. I guess a person could find a free lecture every night in the week here in this city; I don't know what it would add up to but at least it proves an alternative to the movies, if you want an alternative.

Catholic Press Month

This is the month when all Catholic publications come out waving the flag for all Catholics to get in on the act of reading Catholic periodicals and of course we are all for reading our good fellow members' writings. However we realize that one can suffer third degree burns by refusing to have a certain amount of discrimination in selecting the proper reading material in this field as one can in being careless about secular literature. If you are at all interested in Catholic fiction we urge you to obtain a pamphlet entitled, "This Is Catholic Fiction," by Sister Mariella Gable, OSB, fifty cents per copy published by Sheed & Ward. Without any qualification whatsoever this is the best yardstick or criterion of Catholic fiction that I have ever come across. In this penetrating literary analysis Sister Mariella Gable discusses Bernanos, Mauriac, J. F. Powers, Graham Greene and many others. I could no more resist quoting this pamphlet than I could resist breathing. "The place for short fiction is the magazine. That is its normal outlet. That is where it ought to be found welding, as it might, a much more potent popular influence than do articles or essays. Catholic magazines have failed tragically in their opportunity to present Catholic fiction. There are, first of all, the Catholic magazines which cater to the 'pulp' mentality. They pour out miracles, three for a cent, cheaper than dirt. If the Catholic 'pulp' had the writing of Tolstoy's 'God Sees the Truth, But Waits,' they would have had mamma and the children make a novena for papa. He would never have been sent to Siberia, where suffering made a saint of him. He would have remained 'happily' at home, a mediocre Christian. The pulp writers think of themselves as having more pity than God. With the turn of the pen they rescue all and sundry from the cross."

"Catholic philosophy is opposed root and branch to the popular magazine fiction which features only happy-ending stories. The Church has the recipe for the only real happy ending there is. It is contained in her teaching on the mystery of suffering. To make prayer a means to material satisfactions, as if they were the end of all things to be desired, is a terrible betrayal. Life proves its untruth at every turn. Here we have not only a choice of wrong values, but an inversion of values."

Over a period of years in fre-

(Continued on page 7)

Pittsburgh Approach

(Continued from page 1)

ance, Home Help, Days of Recollection, Monthly Lectures on Christian Family Life.

As we read on, the familiar phrases of the people who would have gone to the St. Gerard Guild for help wove themselves into a kind of minor litany in our mind. How simply and directly those who are in need speak. These are not the phrases of a five-pound bound Governmental Report compiled in a room far removed from the struggle. "Father, help us." "Help us, please." "We have nowhere to go, nowhere to stay." "Just find us a roof over our heads." "We can pay the rent, but they won't rent if you have children." "They won't rent if you have children." And again and again, "We'll take anything."

Anything. Meaning, of course: "We've learned our lesson. We know now that standards of decency are a useless luxury to people in need in a competitive economic system. We know now that kids have a better chance to survive in a condemned shed than sleeping sitting up on a park bench in the winter. So we'll take anything. No hot water? No heat? Primitive sanitation facilities? Vermin? Don't mean a thing, mister. We'll take it. We'll pay what you ask and thank you. You see, we have the kids to think about."

We Are All Guilty

After a time, with the best will in the world, the words on the page blurred, ran together, became meaningless. We let the literature fall to the table and went to replenish the tiny coal stove in the center of the room. After all, we too were above the struggle. We had a room, small and cramped though it might be. Even though it was possible to touch the ceiling by lifting our arm above our head the room contained everything necessary for us to live: a stove, a bed, a table and a chair, and you can get along without the table and chair if you have to. But as we shoveled the precious coal into the greedy maw of the stove it was impossible to escape pondering sardonically on the truth of the old Irish proverb: "It is easy to sleep on another man's wound." Four walls and warmth and another's suffering is as far away as the moon. The printed record of need speaks with a small voice in the night of our time.

Our "Decent" Slums

After, when the fire was going, we went across the court yard of the St. Joseph House to the communal kitchen for coffee. When we came out the door into the back yard we stood awhile on the stone steps. Surrounding us on all sides the walls of the tenements rose black and steep in the freezing night. When you looked at those buildings it was almost impossible to escape a feeling of awe. What an ancient and ever-present thing Evil is. For eighty years those buildings and thousands like them on the island of Manhattan alone, have been festering sores on the body politic. And still they remain. Ever since they were built they have been busy breeding crime, disease, misery and poverty. Each year the infection has widened. But the final irony is in the fact that the people who inhabited them in their successive generations were not the broken ones of the system, the misfits, the outcasts of industrial society, "faceless as water, naked as dust," in the phrase of Benet; those who pass on the coffee or soup line here at the New York Catholic Worker. The people who lived in these rooms and fought their bitter, anonymous, foredoomed battle with dirt, disease, vermin and hopelessness were, in the delicate euphemism of the socially secure, "the deserving poor," the ones who still hoped, married and upheld a

Your Money and Your Life

(Continued from page 1)

figures the profit as a percentage of the selling price. A fine example (no pun intended) of arithmetical semantics! If this radical change in business practice has any purpose other than deception, I'd like to know what it is. In contrast, note that reports on wage increases are still based on the old-fashioned way of figuring percentages. We are told that wages in a certain industry have increased 100% in ten years, but if

the method used in calculating it was the same as noted above, the increase would be 50%.

Deception

Deception has become so common in the business world that it is the rule rather than the exception. Advertising is the very flower of deception. People are deceived into believing they must have the products of industries whose yearly sales run into astronomical figures. The money diverted to those industries represents incalculable economic waste, because the labor and materials involved could be used for the production of much-needed necessities. One of the important effects of deception in advertising is that the contagion spreads to the editorial columns of the newspapers and magazines which are supported by the advertising. Specious reasoning, plausible half-truths, are the basis of editorials, articles and news stories calculated to convince the readers that everything is just wonderful, or that things are, at least, not half as bad as they seem.

Take, for example, an editorial in a New York newspaper of Monday, January 10, headed "How High Are Those Prices?" Based on a report by the National Industrial Conference Board, it argues that prices of food and other necessities today are not nearly so high in comparison with prices in 1914, if the comparison is made on the basis of the hours of labor required to pay for a given article. It is stated that an average worker with an average-sized and average-hungry family, back in 1914, had to spend 30 hours on the job to earn enough to pay for a week's supply of food for his household. In 1949, it says here, you earn the same family-sized basket of food by working only 12 hours. So, the conclusion is, you are much better off today than you were in 1914. But the vital difference between life and expenses in 1914 and 1949 is totally ignored by the editorial writer. Consider the many expenses which must be met today which were not dreamed of in 1914. At that time, workers were not supporting automobiles, maintaining modern bathrooms, modern kitchens, electricity with all its appurtenant appliances, radios, television sets, telephones, going to expensive movies. Do I hear someone say something to the effect that it's their own fault if these things eat into their resources? The answer is that the newspaper and magazine advertising has brought about this change, which has resulted in increasing the worker's needs so that his demands for higher wages are the logical outcome of pressure exerted by those same publications which blast him for wanting more money!

Then there's the matter of taxation. The worker in 1914 paid no income taxes, and very little excise taxes. Today he must shell out for city, State and national income and wage taxes, and in most cases these fall most heavily, in proportion, on those least able to pay. Governments are the prime example of what I had in mind when I said that if you have a whole lot of money you need a great deal more. The more the State takes, the more it has to have, and you can't say no to it, as you can to a salesman, no matter how high your sales resistance. That is, you can't unless you treat the whole subject of money with disdain, as we try to do here at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality. You have to begin by deciding that you don't want any salary. That decision obviates a lot of worry about expenditures. No salary, ergo no income taxes, no car, no television, etc., etc. Follow this idea to its illogical conclusion, and you may arrive at that point of complete detachment long since achieved by one member of our "family" who took a 50-cent piece handed him by a priest in a nearby church and dropped it immediately in the poorbox.

That was the month the pastor started to send us the contents of the poor box.

EASY ESSAYS

by

PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 1)

4. The value of journalism is the value of the comment given with the news.

III. Public Opinion

1. To be a good journalist is to say interesting things about interesting news or interesting people.
2. The news of the occasion is the occasion for the good journalist to convey his thinking to unthinking people.

IV. Recorded Thinking

1. A diary is a journal in which a thinking man records his thinking
2. The "Journal Intime" of Frederik Amiel is the record of the thinking of Frederik Amiel.
3. The thinking journalist imparts his thinking through a newspaper by relating his thinking to the news of the day.
4. By relating his thinking to the news of the day the thinking journalist affects public opinion.

V. Maker of History

1. By affecting public opinion the thinking journalist is a creative agent in the making of news that is "fit to print."
2. The thinking journalist is not satisfied to be just a recorder of modern history.
3. The thinking journalist aims to be a maker of that kind of history that is worth recording.

system that was crushing them, physically, mentally and spiritually.

"But there is a lack of materials . . . trained men . . . but the European situation . . . but the unions . . . the defense effort . . . the lack of a fair return on investment capital . . ."

There is always a lack of everything but "buts." There always was. And the slums still remain. A phrase of the St. Gerard report came to our mind, "The situation is grave in Pittsburgh." Why Pittsburgh? Say Boston, Chicago. Say San Francisco. To be precise just say, "The situation is grave in 'Anywhere, U. S. A.'"

The answer? For any Catholic the answer is there. Within the corporal body of the Church a nucleus of concrete resistance to the evil of the problem of Housing is already in existence. Write to the Reverend D. A. Lawless, Moderator, The St. Gerard Family Guild, Chapel Office, Third and Ferry Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. Find out how you can be of assistance. You can give aid on many levels. And the need is so great that no Catholic can, in good conscience, stand aside from the struggle.

Liberty and the Christian

In this country we have not based our concepts of freedom on transcendental values, despite the idealism of the Declaration of Independence we have been guided by liberalistic and pragmatic concepts. We have not really believed in the inherent dignity of man or in rights that should not be surrendered to the State nor, when it comes down to it, have we even believed in the Rousseauistic foundations of liberalism. We have believed vaguely in something called the American way of life, but it has settled down to a romanticism of habits, of corner drug stores and hot dog stands and installment buying and jute boxes. It is no more than the people of any land who love their accustomed streets, their countryside, their routine of life. It is natural, therefore it is understandable—but it has no validity beyond that of any other provincialism. It is part of ourselves, indeed it may be one of the better sides of our being and yet it must be transcended.

Because this is so, because the American way of life is based on no values that are acknowledged as valid in themselves, we are sliding year by year into a greater servility to the State, every year has seen us surrender a bit more of our freedom into her keeping, she stands ready to take more. Capitalism has not worked and, logically enough, we have tried to save it by socialistic methods. I say logically because our liberalism has been determined by our pragmatism and that has divested it of any validity within itself. Because liberalistic capitalism demonstrated its inability to get anywhere without special privilege from the politicians and because the politicians showed a willingness to cooperate with capitalists provided the capitalists became "progressive" and allowed the government a hand in preserving the status quo it has been found expedient to give a socialistic covering to the American scene and now we have the era of "progressive capitalism." Because we have maintained the liberal clichés of the period of rugged individualism without the content, because we still have the corner drug store, the hot dog stands and installment buying we have not yet realized the implications of our continual bumping into the State—we do not know that the State has us firmly in its grasp, that it is firmly wedded to the exploiters and that we are the exploited. The State has taken away our rights one by one and we become servilely grateful when the politicians make a gesture of giving some of them back. We do not realize they should not have had them to grant at will. We have even granted the State, in the Selective Service Act of 1948, the right to define conscience and to tell us what religion is. In truth we have surrendered all. What liberties we retain we retain only till the capitalists and politicians decide that we shall not retain them. At any time they may take them from us for "the common good." And we have no recourse for we have built our society on grounds that have no foundation. We have not troubled to go beyond the temporal and the temporal will swallow us up as "progressive capitalism" slides gradually and inevitably into fascism. We are fast becoming wards of the State, in preparing for another war the politicians and the financial interests will be given opportunity to make us completely so. War can be made attractive because it allows for the indulgence in desires that we feel must be repressed in peace time. As there is a Cain in every man, now murder can be done with social approval. We all desire sexual release, now it can be indulged with government approval—the politicians will see to it that prophylactics are provided. Our inertia and sensuality are handy habits to be used and counted upon by the ruling class to keep us exploited and servile. We have become slaves to

our own passions and to the world and the devil and consequently we cannot expect to have any conception of liberty that would accustom us to resist the domination of the State, or to repel the attractions of collectivized and nationalistic greed.

Collectivized Murder

How far have we gone in sacrificing to collectivized and nationalistic greed? Pretty far indeed. Alan Bates, who is doing research and translations for us, sends me this conservative estimate of damage in the last war (which like all wars is due to collectivized and nationalistic greed): 14,504,000 fallen in battle; 29,650,000 wounded; 2,860,000 civilians killed; 5,500,000 civilians murdered; 24,243,000 bombed out, etc. All these we have sacrificed to our passions. They are mighty uncomfortable figures for the theologians—the ones who talk of primary intentions and lesser evils and by a heap of casuistry justify murder and proclaim the Sermon on the Mount to be heretical. Who talk of an obligation to murder. For despite their logic and their eager desire to appear acceptable to the rulers of this world there remains in us all the voice of conscience and we know that no earthly authority, ecclesiastical or otherwise, can dispense from the fifth commandment, that to kill the innocent is murder and that you cannot, there is no conceivable way by which you can, pursue war today without killing the innocent, unless you regard all guilty, the kids guilty, babies guilty, the workers guilty—they who have nothing to say as to the actions of their governments. In which case we might as well scrap morality. How inconsistent some of our theologians must appear when they grow purple with indignation over abortions and birth prevention and euthanasia and have no word to say about those who are murdered in war. Do we respect life or not? Do we believe that as we do not give life we have no right to take it indiscriminately? Why the indignation then at those who would favor a controlled taking of life at the request of someone suffering an incurable disease and the lack of indignation about those murdered in the war? In truth neither is justified, neither the murder of war nor euthanasia. But you cannot with consistency be indignant at the one without being indignant at the other.

The Catholic Church is greater than her theologians and, though they contribute to the understanding and clarification of the Faith, in the end it is not theological argument that determines a defined truth but the living authority of the Church who finds all things contained in the Person of Jesus Christ. Father de Lubac does great service to the Church in insisting on this point. And so there is no cause to worry, for the Holy Spirit who guides the Church will preserve intact the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount and though they be obscured for a time due to the influence of the Prince of this world yet they ever remain and their demands remain in the conscience of the Christian.

Rights

If I have spoken of rights that must be kept, that must not be surrendered to the State, then I must also speak of rights which the Christian will forego if he would remain true to the spirit of Christ. I mean specifically the right to self defense and the right to property. How are we to set a standard as to which rights should be insisted on and which rights should be given up? Any right which safeguards the freedom and dignity of man, which brings him more in conformity with Christ should be jealously guarded. But any right which brings with its insistence misery and sin and greed should be gladly surrendered for the higher life in Christ. We live in an age when it is not possible to save the world by the maxims

of the world, when natural law and natural ethics are insufficient to meet the demands made of us. Just as men who have the natural law written in their hearts will, with moral certainty, fall into error as time goes on unless they have a revelation to confirm right principles so we, if we follow natural means and are narrowly Aristotelian, will (in fact have) departed from the spirit and even the teachings of Christ. Our insistence on the rights of property and the rights of self defense, far from preserving the spirit of Christ, have in fact ended in a justification of mass murder and a political Catholicism that regards the defense of ecclesiastical property as the primary task and a burning issue of the day. It will end in that perversion of all religion—the defense of Christ by arms. As He forbade His apostles and disciples to defend Him in this manner when He walked the earth so also, for we are members of His Mystical Body, do His words still prevail through the centuries. They can be set aside by no one, there is no private revelation that can contradict them and maintain any validity. And Pius XI and Benedict XV reit-



erated them when they condemned the thesis that there is one law of charity for individuals and another for nations. That the Sermon on the Mount contained only counsels that applied to a select few and not to all and not to man as citizen but only to man as Christian. As though he were to shed his Christianity when he performed any act as a citizen.

Liberties

It is not a question of remaining indifferent to aggression and unjust acts by nations and peoples. But it is a question of meeting such acts in the spirit of Christ — of resisting them by no means that are alien to Him and that actually (in the case of modern war) involves of necessity the commission of mortal sin. For it still remains mortal sin to kill the innocent, it is written in man's conscience if it is not written in his revised texts of moral theology.

As I started to say in the beginning, we have not retained our liberties in this country because we have based them on liberalistic tenets and not on principles valid in themselves. We have some liberties, it is good to have them, I mean liberty of motion (if you can afford it), liberty of publication (until such time as the government clamps down) and these are indeed not to be sneezed at—they make life a bit more tolerable than in an out and totalitarian State (like Russia or Franco-Spain). But we've lost any reasons for preserving liberty so that when the time is ripe and the State wills it, everything can be taken away in the name of the common good and the necessities of defense. Our liber-

Book Reviews

Awake in Heaven: By Gerald Vann, O. P.; Longmans, Green and Co., N. Y. C.

The burden of this book by Father Vann is love. Within the Thomistic frame of reference he examines man and his relationship with God and with his fellowman. Despite the vastness of his subject and the brevity of the book he covers it quite adequately in his clear, easy style and yet he is sufficiently profound to stir the intellect and disturb the conscience.

Man by his nature is a lover and a maker. He is a creature of God. If he tries to become a god he becomes something less than a man. Education is all important in developing true manhood, but our education conditions the pupil for a cut-throat, competitive society. It teaches neither creativeness nor a sense of community, nor does it lead to a sense of reverence and contemplation. Prayer and contemplation should change the individual, orienting him in relation to God and his neighbor thereby producing Christian selfless love.

Activity is not lacking in the world today, but activity informed by contemplation is all too lacking. Redemptive action overflowing from contemplation will better the world. It will correct such errors as the twisting of the truth of the supreme importance of the person into the selfishness of individualism; the truth of the Christian duty to serve the human family into such evils as the state and tyranny; the truth of private ownership into the sin of absolute property. Contemplation should teach the power

ties rest on very fragile foundations indeed!

Should there be in this concrete world of ours freedom of religion, of press, of assembly, separation of Church and State and the other liberties associated with democracy? I think so, but not for the reasons the liberals give and which they are willing to scrap every time they decide the common good demands it. To grant these liberties, to believe in them, involves believing that man should be free to commit sin and to teach error. Some theologians, relying on reason as their guide, argue against them. But what they overlook is the fact that God Himself has respected the free will of man to the extent of permitting sins and errors to abound to the extent that He Himself came down and died to redeem us. He still asks for the free worship of man. To take away these freedoms is to coerce man to virtue and truth and it has neither value nor merit. I am aware of the argument of protecting the faithful against error but I am convinced that the greater good is in preserving this freedom with which God endowed man and which is the cornerstone of any meritorious worship of Him. We place too little trust in the grace of God otherwise.

The reason these freedoms have not been preserved in the various totalitarian States and the reason they are threatened everywhere is that we have placed our trust, not in the ethics of Christ which transcend the natural, but in States maintained by power and revolutions pursued in power. Leftists who turn their noses up at fascists have to show where any of their power revolutions have ended in anything but dictatorship — they have no examples to bring forth and they stand bankrupt. A revolution that proceeds in non-violence, that ends as a peoples affair, that continues in non-violence, is the only one which would preserve freedom and the only one which would approximate the hope of justice that motivates the left and which is their specific Christian heritage. It can be accomplished if we realize the inadequacy of ourselves and our systems of natural ethics and transcend these for life in Christ. It is the peculiar mission of the Church to lead man to such transcendence.

ROBERT LUDLOW

of love, a power unconsidered in a world preoccupied with power.

In an appendix Father Vann discusses Eastern mysticism now being expounded by Aldous Huxley. Though much is valid in this, the result is a complete death of self, a sort of dreamless sleep. In contrast, Christian contemplation should result in action, after purging selfishness (but leaving the personality intact); after putting off the old man and putting on Christ.

—Duane Whelan.

NAZARETH: A Book of Counsel and Prayer for the Married, from the German of Dom J. K. Scheuber, O.S.B. translated, adapted and enlarged by The Venerable Archdeacon M.S. MacMahon, P.P. V.F. Newman Press, Westminster, Md.

According to the preface, the original version of this little prayer book dates far back and it had long been out of print. It had been circulated all over Germany and Switzerland and its popularity among married women was very great. A few years ago, Dom Scheuber discovered a copy carefully and lovingly preserved by an old miner's wife and at the request of some Lucerne publishers, re-edited, revised and enlarged it. His wide experience as a preacher and giver of conferences had taught him that mothers are particularly attracted by prayers and instruction proper to their condition. During the period of bearing children they have need of quietude and reflection and in their partial retirement have time, too, to consider what the child after its birth will demand of them in care, in work, and in responsibilities. It takes into consideration the fact that some mothers will be kept from assisting at Mass on many Sundays or week days and teaches a great deal about the necessity for prayer in the home.

Mott Street

(Continued from page 6)

quent running battles against racism we have sometimes noticed that we have been able to change a few, a very few people's minds on the subject of discrimination towards Negroes. However, in most of the changes effected we realize that it is nothing more than a case of paternal tolerance on their part but at least that is somewhat of a start. But in discussions on anti-semitism we haven't noticed that much of a transition. Sometimes you will run across individuals who proclaim loudly and sincerely that they are not anti-semitic and they themselves will frequently combat out and out anti-semitism, however those same individuals unconsciously will give away their own anti-semitism. They might make a statement in their conversation that Jews are smarter than any other people, and they really believe it and think they are promoting good will towards the Jews. I ran across an outstanding writer on the question of anti-semitism who made the flat statement that there is a certain type of anti-semitic which pass off intelligence as being something Jewish. Recently the American Jewish Labor Council published an excellent pamphlet on this subject of anti-semitism entitled, "Is it true what they say about Cohen?" Here is a quote from that pamphlet: "A Protestant student is almost always admitted to the first medical school he applies to; Catholics, on the average, have to apply to three schools before they can gain admission; Catholics of Italian extraction have to make over seven applications; and the Jews have to make almost fourteen applications before they can find a medical school willing to admit them." (This pamphlet can be purchased at the Council's National Office, 22 East 17th Street, New York 3, N. Y. Ten cents per copy).

Tom Sullivan.

From the Mail Bag

Milwaukee Front

St. Paul the Hermit,
Jan. 15, 1949.

Dear Dorothy:

I often think of Peter, and of those days when he used to visit St. Louis, and I would travel around the city with him as he spoke to various groups. Recently, I was reminded even more forcibly of him as I reread Father Clerissac's *Mystery of the Church*, which P. gave me and signed "Yours for the Green Revolution." (As I look back, I can appreciate such actions much more, so characteristic of the man.) At that time, I found the book very inspiring, but on rereading it, it seemed so much more meaningful to me. The section on the Mission and the Spirit especially appealed to me, in which Clerissac points out that every man has a mission, but he must discover or rediscover what it is, and pray for the Spirit to inspire him so he may fulfill his mission (as priest, as husband, as lay-apostle, etc.) in the right spirit. I am paraphrasing his idea, but it did, as you can see, make me think of the one who gave me the book, and whose whole life was based on the idea of mission and spirit. His mission was to exhort men, in season and out of season, to rediscover their missions.

Since the war, Catholic Action groups have been growing in numbers and in zeal here in Milwaukee in the high schools and as a result of Cana conferences issuing in the formation of married peoples' cells. These groups are now opening a center (to be known as Cardijn Center) together with a book co-op. There is a great renewal of apostolic zeal which recalls the C. W. period prior to the war in Milwaukee. Although we are not engaged in "specialized Catholic Action," we are co-operating with this providential venture. All last year, we had a small group—composed of those few in town still left of the old C. W.—which met at our home. Several of these in turn have left town. So we decided that the wisest thing for us to do was to cooperate with the dynamic groups now in existence here.

At the same time, Idella is carrying on her apostolate of family life in Christ—we have both been speaking a lot on this subject—and we have been trying to deepen our thought on the implications of our mission in the intellectual apostolate. As De Lubac says, "A continuity is indispensable between theological work, apostolic action, and the currents of spiritual life. This continuity does not run only one way." I would add also, the philosophic life as a dedication of the intelligence to the service of Christ the King. We find this difficulty always arising, as I know you do, too. On the one hand, we feel more and more impelled to take more active part in immediate apostolic activity; on the other, we feel that so few have had the privilege of the background and training for an intellectual apostolate, and that it is one's duty to work very hard in that. Yet the intellectual apostolate does require deep concentration and quietude if fruit is to result. Active life can inspire you, even in the intellectual order, but too much activity destroys recollection. It is, of course, in the end, a matter of the balance that one must strike in one's life, a matter of making a prudential judgment (with supernatural prudence) on what God's Will is, and of conforming one's will to that Will.

In Christ, the Prince of Peace,
DON GALLAGHER.

Sometimes we begin to have a few desires—but we are afraid of them. We steal off into the darkness, like Nicodemus, afraid of our principles and afraid of ourselves—We are afraid that, if we start doing things, we will have to do a little bit more later on.

—Father Vincent McNabb

Evolution of Peace

My Dear Friends:

A group of seminarians from quite a few seminaries came here to St. Procopius Abbey at Lisle, Ill., last summer to study the means and ways of making CATHOLIC ACTION a living thing in the world, and in the first place among the young workers, farmer, and students. The writer of these lines went to all their sessions and was really edified by all their zeal for the task at hand. Let us hope and pray that CATHOLIC ACTION will become, through them, a living thing in the world and start a Christian rebirth here in America, even as it has already done in France. We have already reached the acme of formalism and verbalism in the domain of religion and our salvation lies precisely in the kind of Christian rebirth they are having now in France. To know what is being done there one should read a little book: *FRANCE ALIVE* by Claire Huchet Bishop (The Declan X. McMullen Co. Inc. 225 Broadway N. Y. C. 7).

During the discussion period that followed after one of the lectures a seminarian asked the Reverend Professor from the Catholic University of America what he thought about the stand THE CATHOLIC WORKER takes regarding the registration. His reply was rather surprising, at least to the writer of these lines. The latter was greatly surprised to hear from him a peremptory and altogether superficial answer to so grave a problem as registration for the military service—the service, the special task of which is to train the youth in the infernal science and art of killing men, of destroying their cities, towns, villages, of annihilating their very culture, of turning their beautiful lands into desert zones. The very idea of registration for such a service makes one shudder.

However, according to the above-mentioned professor, the attitude taken by THE CATHOLIC WORKER as regards the registration concerned is ALL NON-SENSE! Something irrational! Something pertaining to the domain of puritanism! Why? Because we must be ready to fight for freedom and liberty and not let the Nazis (and Communists, of course) overrun the country.

Conscription

The present writer rose to defend THE CATHOLIC WORKER. He pointed out that there is no longer freedom in the country in which the government conscripts the youth, the flower of mankind, and trains them for killing their fellow creatures and for effecting in the surest way their own perdition, bodily and spiritual. No modern war can make holy martyrs of them! The statue of liberty might as well be replaced by the emblem of atomic bombs and death and desolation and savage barbarism and final extinction of mankind. Where are the four freedoms for which we fought in the last world war? Can war solve any problems of mankind? What "freedoms" will the next war bring us? What does the conscription symbolize and stand for in any country? It symbolizes and stands for slavery. No country is really free in which there is conscription of this kind. If THE CATHOLIC WORKER'S stand is something irrational, then Christ's teaching on which it is based must likewise be something irrational. Christ, the King of Peace, came to establish peace and not to promote bloody wars. He Himself, of His own accord, died that we may live and have peace. During the last World War the Catholic conscientious objectors were ridiculed and reviled by us and considered as deserters.

As regards the horrible problem of war, a distinguished Catholic priest and philosopher of England brings out, in his book

on THE EVOLUTION OF PEACE, the authority of the Fribourg Committee of social moralists. "This is quite a respectable and representative body" says he: "since it wrote the RERUM NOVARUM that was signed by Leo XIII. This organization, some years ago, came to the conclusion that the best one could do with the medieval theology on war was to scrap it, since it had been negated by modern conditions and by the scientific improvements of the destructive character of war. It decided, however, that Catholic thought had not developed enough to justify any definite conclusions until Catholics had done some thinking for themselves. And that Catholic thinkers would be well advised to drop that charming habit of theirs of always repeating what Popes and Bishops and theologians had said before them on the subject, and instead to do some pioneering thinking for themselves. The function of Popes, Bishops, and learned bodies is not to head the laity and anticipate their thought, but to follow in the rear, there to pick up what is best and worth preserving and synthesize it into the Catholic system." Father Chrysostom Tarasevitch O.S.B.

Information, Please

Upper Fairmont, Md.

Dear Fellow Workers:

Have been very much interested in Miss Day's and other articles regarding social and community activities on the land. I have a good house (not modern) with some very good land and was using it only for storage a short time each year. My conscience accused me, so I have a DP family coming to live in it and tend the land. There is a hen house, shed for garage and large fertile garden. There is a well of pure water.

My wife and I are 58 and 64 respectively—have a girl in school who is 14, a boy 16 and a girl 19. We are both in ill health and must get our living from the farm. We have farm machinery, such as tractors, combine thresher, plows, cultivators, etc. I intend to let tenant till the richer and more fertile soil for truck crops such as tomatoes, strawberries, potatoes, sweet potatoes, etc. My 16 year old son could plant soy beans and other field crops which do not take so much labor. We have about 40 acres of legume, clover for seed, which comes on for several years. Could you give us ideas in regard to manner of sharing income, etc., in a Christian manner? Gas, repairs, etc., for machinery are a considerable drain on income. The new farmer ran his own farm in Bohemia and was well to do. Then he was in a Hitler concentration camp four years—and was compelled to flee from Red Terror, leaving all behind. Up to 1946 I had two grown sons home and did well on the farm. They have gone to the city to live. Thanking you for any information you can supply.

Upper Fairmont, as you will notice on the enclosed map, is on the lower Easter Shore and about midway between Princess Anne and Crisfield. We are in a little peninsula and favorably located for production of early vegetables. Adjacent salt water retards frost. Fish, crabs, oysters, etc., are plentiful. I feel that we are more nearly self sufficient here than any other section in the country. Father Stout of Salisbury has missions at Delmar, Ocean City, Westover (about six miles from here) and Crisfield, where mass is offered every Sunday and Holy Days. Instructions for children twice a week. When we came here from Iowa in 1926, Westover only had mass twice a month. Father has four assistants and has greatly increased his flock in Salisbury also. There is a prosperous Mennonite settlement about 10 miles east of here. My

The Homeless Front

The fifteen top leaders of the AFL, on Jan. 31, called on the Federal Gov't to make direct loans for the construction of fifteen million housing units in the next ten years. The purpose is to provide houses at \$8,500 each, or for rental of fifty or sixty dollars a month.

The housing situation is in such a mess that the government has to step in, as has been made clear in some of the recent encyclicals that the state has to intervene when private enterprise fails. But Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno* also made clear the principle of subsidiarity, that the State should not arrogate to itself functions which can be performed by lesser bodies. Therefore, when the government steps in with such a loan, its aim should be to change the status of tenancy into the status of ownership, and to step out in cases where rental is paid, the rent should gradually buy the house, and not be rent in perpetuity.

The AFL suggested that the loans should be made available to public agencies, cooperatives, non-profit and limited dividend corporations. The trouble with the public agencies is of course that the money paid by the government for housing will be considerably decreased by salaries to bureaucrats, the number of whom has increased fantastically in the past twenty years. The trouble with the limited dividend corporations is that the money paid by the government for housing will be eaten up by dividend holders and other parasitical middlemen.

We should remember that the two great revolutions of modern times, in the eighteenth and twentieth centuries were revolutions, the first against the landlords, and the second against the succeeding oppressive class, the petty bourgeoisie, or shopkeepers and middlemen parasites who waxed rich at the expense of the producers and consumers.

Landlordism is still with us and strengthening its hold, as is the parasitic middleman, and in addition

wife and I would like to see you any time you may happen to be near enough to call.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
John Hinks.

London Front

129 Malden Road
London, N.W.5.
England

The houses are small, poor and dingy, with many inconveniences, reminding us of Nazareth, which is our great joy and source of strength.

St. Joseph's House was opened in 1937 by the Y. C. W., who soon found it too small and moved elsewhere. The Manageress kept it open as a H. of H., inspired by Catholic Worker Houses of Hospitality in America. It has weathered all the storms of war and post-war and has not had to shut for one day. Three months ago St. Francis House was opened. It has already welcomed over 30 guests. It is becoming well known to Lady Almoners, Welfare and Probation Officers, the police and priests. The neighbors also send us people in distress.

We are able to give all this help free through the generosity of our numerous friends all over the world, with whom we keep in contact through this little monthly news letter, printed at home and very badly I am afraid as it has to be done in odd moments between the household duties. We send out about 300. Some of our friends come whenever they can and give us a helping hand. (We can never have enough of those.) We also have a little study circle to make us more familiar with the mysteries of our faith and the Papal Encyclicals. Some of our helpers visit the old and sick of the neighborhood regularly in co-operation with the S. V. P. and Legion of Mary.

tion we have the most recent of oppressors, the bureaucrat. In these three, America is nourishing the seed of another revolution.

The housing that the AFL suggests should be put in the hands of consumers cooperatives, which might very well be organized through the unions as well as through parishes. A friend of ours from Germany told me that some of the unions there constructed whole villages.

Mrs. Ligutti of the Nat'l Catholic Rural Conference has blazed a path in housing that might well be followed by other priests and laymen. The miners in Granger, Iowa, were in a very bad way financially. The Monsignor eventually persuaded the government to lend him two hundred thousand dollars. He and the miners built fifty houses at four thousand dollars apiece, all but six of which are now owned debt clear by the original miners. Each miner has also a few acres, so that their seasonal income from the mines is supplemented by help from the kitchen garden, a cow perhaps, pigs and chickens. To say nothing of how a mother feels when she can look out the kitchen window and see her baby sleeping in their own yard, or the children playing.

In all this matter of housing we should remember that every man with a family looks toward the day when his family can have at the least its own individual home and yard.

Where city apartment houses have to be constructed while we are working towards a better order, the rent of the tenants should gradually bring about cooperative ownership. The size of projects, and the plea of emergency is no argument against this. Most projects consist of a whole group of apartment houses each of which could easily be gradually owned, or occasionally bought outright by the tenants. The government has helped tenant farmers buy their rented land. Why can it not help towards ownership of dwellings also?

On the same day that this suggestion was made by the AFL, two much less ambitious bills were introduced in Congress to help some of the middle income and low income groups. In one bill, the Federal, state, and local governments would pay half the price of seven thousand dollar homes, which is a boost towards ownership. After all, if these people who need homes, had been paid a living wage by their employers who chose rather to pay excess profits taxes, they would have been able to buy homes themselves.

However, the same bill asks for a public housing program under which low income families could rent for as little as thirteen dollars a month. Low income families should be given individual homes also; certainly this is feasible in all but mammoth cities like New York or Chicago, and in any case, their thirteen dollars a month rent should be counted towards ownership.

There are numerous apartment houses in this country owned by religious orders, as well as Catholic laymen. I myself once lived in a house where the rent receipts were marked Boston College. (We have many good friends up there.) We Catholics who talk so much against Communism have an opportunity here to remove that social misery which breeds it. True these absentee property owners would be little by little cutting off their own income if they should enable their tenants to become owners. They would, however, be cutting off our skid towards the Servile State, in line with the Pope's plea for widespread ownership. After all, Our Father is a millionaire. Who knows what delights He would give instead of that income refused for the love of social justice? He who fed the Israelites with manna in the desert.

I. M. N.