



Pie in the Sky

By Peter Maurin

I BOURGEOIS CAPITALISTS

- 1 Bourgeois Capitals don't want their pie in the sky when they die; they want their pie here and now.
- 2 To get their pie here and now Bourgeois Capitalists give us better and bigger commercial wars for the sake of markets and raw materials.
- 3 But as Sherman says: "War is hell."
- 4 So we get hell here and now because Bourgeois Capitalists don't want their pie in the sky when they die but want their pie here and now.

II BOLSHEVIST SOCIALISTS

- 1 Bolshevik Socialists like Bourgeois Capitalists don't want their pie in the sky when they die; they want their pie here and now.
- 2 To get their pie here and now Bolshevik Socialists give us better and bigger class wars for the sake of capturing the control of the means of production and distribution.
- 3 But war is hell whether it is a commercial war or a class war.
- 4 So we get hell here and now because Bolshevik Socialists don't want their pie in the sky when they die but want their pie here and now.

III CATHOLIC COMMUNIONISM

- 1 Bolshevik Socialists as well as Bourgeois Capitalists give us hell here and now without leaving us the hope of getting our pie in the sky.
- 2 We just get hell.
- 3 Catholic Communism leaves us the hope of getting our pie in the sky when we die without giving us hell here and now.

Open Our Doors— Fr. Swanstrom Say In Moving Appeal

Strong condemnation of Allied policies of expulsion, deportation and enslavement of conquered and displaced persons was expressed by the Very Rev. Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom in an address at the fifteenth annual conference of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Chicago March 11.

Msgr. Swanstrom, who is assistant executive director of war relief services, NCWC, said:

"The Allies, by their policies of expulsions and deportations, have struck a deeper blow at family life than the Nazis whom we fought and vanquished. Since the cessation of hostilities such deportations have increased and have become the pattern of the peace that we are making.

Millions Involved

"Ukrainians from Eastern Poland have been deported to areas within the borders of the Soviet Union, although never in history were the Polish Ukrainians subject to Russia. Hundreds of thousands of Poles from the eastern lands have been deported to the western territories. These western territories near the Oder and Neice Rivers were taken provisionally from Germany. In order to make room for Polish settlers, 2,000,000 German families were placed on the road in box cars and sent to the shrunken borders of Germany. No one knows how many survived the deportation.

"Another mass expulsion unparalleled in its brutality and inhumanity was the deportation of 7,000,000 Sudetanlanders from the border-area of Czechoslovakia. This deportation was marked by a rather new feature. The skilled men among the Sudetanlanders, fathers of families and bread-winning males, were often kept behind to operate factories and work in salt mines, while their wives and children and the women in their families were loaded into box cars and sent out into the night of misery, deprivation and death. Record was kept of one caravan of homeless, helpless Sudetanlanders. It consisted of cattle cars containing 2,500 Sudetanlanders which were sent out from Troppau in the middle of last winter, the first winter of this present peace. Eighteen days later the caravan of misery

(Continued on page 4)

Of Love and Peace —Babies Speak

New York, March 28—Out of the mouths of the kindergarten class at public school 90 in Queens has come the answer to the problem the world is using its best brains and millions of dollars to solve.

The children composed a message to Warren Austin, senior United States representative to United Nations, who replied that they had confirmed his faith "in the great purpose" upon which 54 nations are serving. The two letters are being circulated in schools throughout the nation.

The kindergarten solution:

"War is fighting. People hate and take people's clothes away. They should think not to make a war. They shouldn't have guns.

"In Sunday school they say: 'thou shalt not kill.' People have to be good. The thing is to make them very kind by giving them good training in this world.

"Why don't they love one another and help everybody? And make some buildings for families to have more cows and horses and lambs? And apple trees and pear trees?

"And train the people to make things; to be a baker and things like that.

"Please ask God kind make the children across the ocean, and the Americans too—every little boy and girl in every country—to make them better.

"We love you."

ST. JOSEPH

The year 1947 is the centenary of the extension of the feast of St. Joseph's Patronage to the Universal Church. The feast this year falls on April 23rd and the occasion is the more worthy of note because 1947 is also the tenth anniversary of the Encyclical on Atheistic Communism, in which Pius XI declared: "We place the vast campaign of the Church against world communism under the standard of St. Joseph, her mighty protector. He belongs to the working class..."

He was not old
As people say,
But liked to toss young Christ
Aloft and play.
Of kindly men in whom the blood
Of David ran
And fair to look upon
A youngish man.
May you share the joy of him
who dwelt with those;
The never aging son of man
And Juda's Rose.



Report on France Visitor's Subject At CW Meeting

On St. Valentine's day we were honored by a visit from Father Georges Briand, who spoke at our Study Club meeting. He is a member of one of the newest orders within the Church, the Sons of Charity, which was founded in 1918 with the aim of winning back the worker to the Church. Father Briand's own parish is in one of the Red districts of Paris—"Clichy-Rouge"—and is the original parish of St. Vincent de Paul. The following is a condensation of Father Briand's remarks.

CP and MRP

In the turmoil of French politics today two dynamic groups stand out: the Communists and the MRP—the Popular Republican Movement. The MRP, though not an explicitly Catholic party, is Catholic in spirit. Its program is one of wide state socialism. Its leaders have come mainly from those groups, such as the Jockists, who have been sewing the seeds of Catholic action since the first world war.

Although numerically as strong as the Communist party, the MRP is actually weaker because it lacks the support of the Trade Unions which have a power far beyond the number of their votes.

The trade unions are the backbone of the Communist party, which has succeeded in identifying itself with the cause of the working class. It has done so partly through the usual boring from within techniques, partly through its vigorous work in the war-time underground. The Resistance, too, gave it a brilliant opportunity to do some discrete purging of potential rivals within the labor movement.

Class Solidarity

The acceptance of Communist control by labor is at best an uneasy one, for the Communists

(Continued on page 2)

ON Pilgrimage

Statesmen journey around the world in search of peace—headlines scream at us from the newsstands and we are heedless. We hurry home, we do not buy a paper because there are more important things to do—there is Peter's supper to get; and there's the question as to whether little Mary has gained back the ounces she has lost since birth. There is peace at home (for us it is 115 Mott st.), and the need to nourish and protect, to guard and guide, is a divinely appointed duty. There are still three meals a day to get and the welfare of those around us, who depend on us, to see to. Our job is to make an oasis of peace wherever we happen to be.

Spring

There is a haze in the air today and the sunlight is like golden dust. It is over forty outside and there is no need of any heat in the house since we are still wearing our wool clothing. Across the street the playground officially opened and there is a game of ball going on there. The street is lined with baby carriages, in addition to trucks, push carts, horses and wagons, and human beings who live on the street in these neighborhoods. We relax in peace, conscious of our peace because we have had such a hectic week of anxiety. We have realized life and death recently, we have been on the verge of each.

On the one hand, little Mary Hughes, now two weeks old, arrived on the scene, and she is unbelievably quiet and beautiful. We sit and look at her placid content with awe. There is nothing quite like it in the world. Johanna and Tommie may riot around—thank God the house is sound—but she smiles amiably through it all. Everyone is running in and out to see whether she wakes up long enough to eat, whether she hadn't cried a little through the night. An occasional squawk

(Continued on page 3)

Encore for the Piper

By GORDON C. ZAHN

Once upon a time, we are told, a magical Piper came to Hamelin-town and by his music so charmed first the rats, and then the children that they followed him to their destruction. The fat and the lean rats, the rich and the poor rats, the worker rats and the upper class rats—what an awesome sight it must have been to see them tumbling over one another in their furious haste to meet their doom. And then the tragedy—the heart-breaking spectacle of the children caught in the same deadly spell, sacrificed to the blindness and the selfishness of their elders. The story has no sequel, but it is pretty safe to say that, had the people of Hamelin been given another chance, they would have been only too willing to "pay the piper" and avoid the horrible spectacle of his tragic encore.

We are more fortunate than

the people of Hamelin-town; we have another chance. The wild orgy that began with an ominous roll on the drums in the dying months of 1933, that crescendoed in a mighty thunder of tympany at Pearl Harbor and then reached its finale in two world-shaking crashes of the cymbal at Hiroshima and Nagasaki is now spent. The hangover is upon us. We can now look about us in the cold light of the morning and see to what a land of death and devastation, of sorrow and despair, we have been led by The Piper. We have another chance. More and more it looks like it is our last chance. But we have learned nothing.

In Moscow and at Lake Success the "great men" of the world—the distinguished generals, diplomats and generals-turned-diplomats—play at charades. They imitate the

(Continued on page 2)

House of Hospitality

Many things have happened at the House of Christ the Worker in Philadelphia, since we reopened last year.

Once more striking seamen have been given a headquarters for their soup kitchen and a waterfront center during a succession of strikes. Now the place is housing an evicted family of father and mother and seven children on one floor, and giving office and hiring hall space to the longshoremen's union on another floor.

The house was reopened on St. Anthony's day last year after a period of idleness during the war. Faithful Hugh Harry, who

was a teamster for many years, had remained there as caretaker and it is to his credit that we had a house to get back to and that it had not reverted to the state it was in when we took it over eight years ago. But it's a big house, with plenty of cracks and crannies, and plenty of dirt and soot got in during the years we were away.

Woman to the Fore

Fortunately, Mary Helen Adler came along just at the right time and did yeoman service, through most of the summer, scrubbing through many layers of dirt. Helen is a college grad-

(Continued on page 4)

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August

(Member of Catholic Press Association)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

GERRY GRIFFIN, Managing Editor

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

115 Mott St., New York City-13

Telephone: CAnal 6-8498

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly. Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



Easter Blessing

Gracious blessing on our ovens,
On our pots and pans.
Gracious blessing on our kitchens,
On our churns and cans.
Guard our dairy all the year long,
Guard our butter jar,
Bless our bread-board, fire and shovel,
Touch our samovar.
Guide the ikon through our bedroom,
Give us quiet sleep.
Guide the ikon through our farmyard,
Guard our cow and sheep.
Place the symbol o'er the lintel,
Make the holy sign.
Light the candle for the Saviour,
There before His shrine.
Christ is risen!
Gracious blessing on each household thing!
Peace be on our house and your house,
Christ is risen this spring!
(From an Easter card.)

The Piper

(Continued from page 1)

motions of peacemakers and try to make sounds like peacemakers. And all the while The Piper fidgets impatiently in the wings. All over the world the "little men" pray for peace, but their prayers are lost in the applause that never really stopped, the applause that is steadily growing. And the fanatical claque—the Fulton Lewises, the Upton Closes, the press (Catholic even more than secular), and more recently, President Truman—stands and screams "Encore!" And The Piper is ready. The Piper is always ready.

Overture In Greece

Mr. Truman's proposal is the beginning. We will be able to look back and say: This is the point where the Moscow meeting came to naught; this is the moment when the United Nations gave up the ghost and joined the League in the limbo of vanished dreams. Mr. Truman abandons internationalism; Mr. Truman even abandons the Grand Alliance of the Big Three victor nations; Mr. Truman proposes a crude and unilateral imperialism. Specifically he has asked the American Congress to furnish the Greek government with a loan of 250 millions, half for military expenditures, half for its other "miscellaneous" needs. He has asked that American military and civilian personnel be sent to advise and assist the Greek government.

In making such an unprecedented proposal, the President lays much stress on the intense hardships the Greek people are suffering and makes strong appeal to the motives of charity. He also predicts the collapse of order in Greece if that nation's government is not given aid.

Were he blessed with Mr. Roosevelt's amazing facility for fooling all of the people all of the time, he may have stopped here. But, since his own ill fortune is such that he fools none of the people at any time, Mr. Truman was forced into that state of diplomatic bankruptcy we call honesty. The real reason, he admits, is that the United States wishes to "stop the spread of Communism." Translated that means: The U. S. is out to stop Russia and is prepared to use buffer states and atomic bombs to do it.

Mr. Truman admits there are grave implications in such a plan, but he neglects to elaborate upon them. True, he hints that 250 millions is only the beginning, a first installment so to speak. But there are other and far graver, implications. First, it means that we have abandoned the United Nations as an instrument to achieve international peace and order in favor of a "lone wolf" role. It means that we must be prepared to back our buffer state; and that means that universal military training will be necessary. It means that our President was a damn fool several months ago when he "fired" the only man in his cabinet who could see whither we were heading and who had enough integrity to give open warning. Though Mr. Truman would probably try to deny it, the "implications" taken together total World War III. It means that the song of The Piper will again be heard in our land.

A Real Solution For Greece

We think too much in terms of flat alternatives. We are told that either we must abandon Greece to Communism or we must adopt Mr. Truman's proposal to support a rotting structure, the decomposing, maggot-ridden shell of fascism

that is the present Greek government. Neither of these alternatives is acceptable.

Greece is threatened with Communism because Greeks are starving, naked and homeless and because Greeks are burdened with a reactionary and unfeeling government. It is within our power to defeat Communism in Greece by eliminating the first reason and permitting the second to collapse of its own dead weight.

This is more than a question of "loans"—it is a question of charity. More than that, it is a question of moral obligations. The time has come for this nation to pay off on the glittering generalities it has been mouthing ever since FDR and Churchill took their boat-ride in the Atlantic and fished up the scrap of paper they called a Charter. We must give, not lend, the necessary food, clothing, medicine, etc. to our European brothers in need—even if, and especially if, it means personal sacrifices like rationing and price control.

Such aid must be direct, given to the Greek people, not to or through the Greek government. And, to avoid the suspicion—or the temptation, for that matter—that we are using this aid as a "club" to insure acceptance of American economic domination of this vital area, we should invite the United Nations to appoint a commission to observe and advise us in this work. Full authority and full control over distribution would remain in the hands of the U. S., however. Only through real charity can we hope to earn international respect and friendship.

If the people of Greece are fed and clothed, the ground-work will be cut from under the Greek Communist movement. For Communism anywhere thrives only on discontent. As for the monarchy, as soon as Britain and the U. S. remove the "props" which have thus far maintained this artificial cover for a fascist cess-pool, it will collapse and the way will be opened for a real democracy. It should be the official and announced policy of our government that no recognition will be given to any resulting government that is not a valid democracy. Given a chance, the Greece that gave the world its heritage of democracy can and will show the world that there is an acceptable middle-way between the alternatives of a fascist monarchy and a communist dictatorship. But one thing should be clear, the United States could find no better way of subsidizing communism in Greece than to follow the plan Mr. Truman has proposed—to pour hundreds of millions of dollars into the vain effort to continue the present regime against the wishes of a suffering people.

Crusade Against Communism

In Greece we can begin the Christian counter-attack on Communism. The problem here, and its solution, is pretty much the same as the pattern prevailing throughout Europe. Communism is a man-made religion. It is an expression of man's attempt to conquer man-made problems. Wherever people starve or freeze or suffer illness and neglect, Communism is a threat.

Report on France

(Continued from page 1)

are not popular with the rank and file. There is, however, a strong sense of class solidarity—an inheritance that goes right back to the French Revolution—among the working classes. Even though many of the workers are Catholics, they feel that not to vote for their own party would make them traitors to their class.

The support of the MRP, on the other hand, comes largely from the white-collar groups. Although their numbers are large, they do not have the articulate and concentrated strength of the Trade Unions. The party suffered, too, in that in its beginnings it received the support of the Capitalists and of the rich in general. Emphasizing this support, the Communists succeeded in associating the MRP with the side of reaction.

Wherever workers face insecurity or exploitation, Communism is a threat. Wherever man is denied his basic rights and dignity because of prejudices and hatreds, racial or national, Communism is a threat. Communism feeds on such stuff as this. Wherever people are driven to despair, you will find a Communist threat. (And, it is further evident that since these things are inevitable results of war, wherever there is war there is a threat of Communism. That is why Mr. Truman's plan can not work.)

We who are Christian have the real answer, the God-given answer. In Christianity we find the epitome of the principles of justice and charity through which these ills can be eliminated. Even though we Christians have refused to try it, Christianity is the answer. We have permitted the Communist to steal our thunder; it is the Communist alone who offers a concrete program based on the Christian ideal of universal brotherhood. They have stolen and defiled that ideal by openly welding it to the antithetical principles of atheistic materialism and violence. We have betrayed the Christian ideal by compromising it with materialism and force, by distorting it to fit whatever seems expedient at a given time. Which is the greater sin, it is difficult to say.

This is probably our last chance. We who are Catholics are called to a new crusade, a crusade to wipe out Communism by removing the causes of Communism. To achieve this, we must lend every effort to bring about the collapse of capitalism and the substitution for it of a truly Christian social order throughout the world. We must speak now before our voices are drowned in the sound of marching feet. For The Piper has but to step out on the stage, and the weird dance of death will begin anew. And all of the people—the lean, the fat, the old, the young, the rich and the poor—will fall in line, perhaps with less enthusiasm than before, perhaps more from the force of habit than from any faith in the rewards promised by this song they have heard so often. But they will march. The danger is that perhaps—nay, probably—this is the time the mountain will close behind them.

with the traditional enemies of the working class. The situation is fortunately becoming clearer with the formation of a party of the right which has drawn off these indigestible elements.

Works of Mercy

A recent challenge to the Communists has developed in the *mouvement populaire familial*—a family movement of people interested in solving the bitter problems of the day along Christian lines. The movement is directed to all people of good will. There are no requirements as to Sunday Mass, Easter Duty, or the like. Many people who are otherwise quite indifferent to the Catholic Church are won over to the Catholic side rather than the Communist. Parents who themselves remain indifferent often send their children to catechism instruction. On the plane of practical action these groups combine in forming expeditions to the country to find food, in placing city children in farm homes for the summer, and in similar co-operative endeavors.

Justice Not Charity

The cultural gap between the poor and the well-to-do in France is wider than it is here, and there is a good deal of sensitivity about it. The well-heeled are being asked to allow the poor to solve their problems in their own way. Lady Bountifuls who used to work off the requirements of Charity with Christmas baskets are asked to see to it rather that their servants are paid a decent wage and that their husbands practice the precepts of social justice in their businesses.

On the religious side experiments of a startling nature are being made. It has never been too difficult, even in a Communist district, to get the children to make their First Communion. This day has been traditionally one for family reunions and great celebrations. But experience has shown that as soon as this day has been reached the children stop coming to Mass.

Knowing the Faith

It has come to be recognized that France is not even a dormant Catholic country. A good part of it is a thoroughly pagan country. Why not then go back to the methods which were used in the early Church for the conversion of the Pagan? Now when a youngster comes to the priest for instruction for his First Holy Communion he is denied the privilege of Confession and the Mass until he has earned the right to them. He is made to spend a good two years in preparation before he is permitted the wonderful treat of attending Mass. In the meantime he is taught the meaning of the liturgy through such means as pictures and plays. These latter-day catechumens develop so strong a sense of the awesome value of the Mass that it takes on a life-long importance for them.

The work goes on in many directions. The summer camps, about which Father Briand has written to the Worker, have proved a valuable counter-pull to the summer camps of the Communists. In some places, as a preparation for their ministry, a number of priests have tried the experiment of doffing their cassocks and entering the factories as workers in order to learn at first hand the psychology and problems of their future charges.

Do these novelties seem shocking? They do to some Frenchmen. But when at a public convention recently the protest was made that the channels through which the Holy Ghost works have been established over the centuries, the answer was given, "The Holy Ghost is not dead. Let Him go on working."

Dan Sullivan

Pax Column

It was due to the permissive will of God that war was allowed under the old dispensation, as it was due to the permissive will of God that divorce or polygamy was allowed. And if it was for the sake of prudence that God permitted this, there also came a time with the coming of Christ when this concession to man's weakness came to an end. For as long as man remained without the redemptive grace of Christ, which comes with the new dispensation, he was incapable of supernatural living. It was the great purpose of Christ to enable us by His victory over sin to share divine life—so that the criterion of our actions from henceforth would be, not the natural ethics of pagan philosophers or that of the old dispensation, but rather would be given to us in those great utterances whereby He, as God, declares "you have heard that it was said of old . . . but I tell you—any man who is angry with his brother must answer for it . . . he who casts his eyes on a woman so as to lust after her has already committed adultery . . . you shall not bind yourselves by any oath at all . . . you shall not offer resistance to injury . . . love your enemies, do good to those who hate you . . . it was to suit your hard hearts that Moses wrote such a command as that (i.e. divorce) . . . if any man puts away his wife and marries another he behaves adulterously towards her." In this latter we have an example of an intrinsically wrong act (divorce) being allowed under the permissive will of God and by Christ being prohibited entirely. There are those who argue that war is not an evil in itself inasmuch as there were such in the old dispensation. This is their answer—that just as divorce was allowed so was war allowed—yet with it all God was not pleased. And under the Christian dispensation war is always an evil as it is always opposed to the supernatural ethics of Christ.

Blasphemy

Those who attempt to justify war on the basis of Aristotelian ethics or the old dispensation blaspheme against the divine governance of the world. Like Lot's wife they turn back with longing to former times and seek the old ways of an eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth, and so it was with Brand in Ibsen's play. They talk of just and unjust wars—of the rules of St. Thomas—rather than the obligation laid on us by Christ to go beyond natural ethics. "Do not think," He states, "that I have come to set aside the law and the prophets. I have not come to set them aside, but to bring them to perfection." And He brought them to perfection by superseding natural man—by opening to us supernatural life. Henceforth to judge our actions from the natural plane or to live our lives from natural motives means to blaspheme against the divine evolution of history. It is not a matter of counsel that we forsake natural standards of measurement, it is of precept for "if your justice does not give fuller measure than the

justice of the scribes and pharisees you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And yet, according to natural ethics and the old dispensation, the scribes and pharisees were just men.

Saint Paul

St. Paul has summed this up. "What, then," he says, "was the purpose of the law? It was brought in to make room for transgression, while we waited for the coming of that posterity, to whom the promise has been made." And so natural ethics and the old dispensation are past experiences of man which must be forgotten as he lives redeemed by Christ, refusing to violate or rend the Mystical Body by war which always is opposed to that oneness in Christ to which all are called.

Thomistic Rules Obsolete

Therefore it is that the thomistic rules for a just war are academic and obsolete—war can never square with supernatural ethics or with the spirit of Christ. War is never a Christian solution. It must be rejected along with divorce and polygamy as having been superseded, as belonging to a dispensation that has ended. To hanker after or justify any of these things is to deny the redemption and the authority of Him who dared utter "you have heard it said of old—but I say unto you."

Catholic Press

Today the Catholic press is helping to lay down the justifications for war against our Communist brethren. There is no appeal to mercy, no recognition of the Russian as made in the image of God, no recognition of the good existing with the bad in Communism—no realization that what is bad in Communism was borrowed from our ideological forerunners (atheism and materialism) or that what is good in it is Christian. Instead there is blind hatred, the acceptance of any propaganda that tells against Russia.

Our Lady of Fatima

Where is there the attempt to convert Russia? Will she indeed be brought to Christ by the atom bomb, by submarines, by hate? Did not Our Lady of Fatima say that Russia would be brought to God by our prayers and penances—did she say anything about using the atom bomb or fighting to preserve the capitalist system which has indeed nurtured the very selfishness in us which she blames for Russia's plight?

Violence will not solve this thing—nothing will solve it save a realization of our responsibilities as Christians, as men called to apply supernatural ethics to our lives and to society—called to forget the past and press forward to new and better things.

C.O.'s Still on Trial

The government still persists in bringing to trial the C.O.'s at Glendora and Big Flats. No matter what the immediate cause of the Glendora strike or the Big Flats walkout may have been, the men essentially rebelled against the whole C.P.S. setup—the precedent it gave of

slave labor demanded from minority groups.

Not In Freedom

These men did not accept C.P.S. in freedom, they did not enter into a contract with the government and then fail to live up to it. A contract, to be valid, must have two parties to it—and free parties. The only party that was free in drawing up the C.P.S. contract was the government. It was free and backed up its position with guns. The C.O. accepted or went to jail. It would have been better if we had gone to jail in the first place, but even if we didn't we still had no obligation to carry out the C.P.S. program. For one thing it was and is illegal, violating as it does the specific provisions of Congress that the program shall be under civilian direction and

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



be work of national importance. It was under military direction and the work was singularly unimportant.

Lies And Slavery

C.P.S. was built on lies and has brought about slavery incompatible with the Christian ethic. It is a violation of the person and dignity of man, it is a thoroughly fascist affair. Its only witness is to stupidity, it is a mediocre and cowardly solution offered by a mediocre and cowardly government. It is to be hoped that the cases against these men will be dropped; that pacifists down to the last man will refuse further cooperation with any such system and demand total and unconditional exemption from military service so that we may be free to engage in non-violent sabotage of any war.

Anarchist

The Christian today has duty as an anarchist. To fight the State which has taken to itself so many of the things that are not Caesars. Which seeks to dominate and enslave man—in his mind and in his body—which has fastened unbearable conditions of life on the proletariat; which has made the practice of Christianity a moral impossibility; which is but a front for capitalist greed and exploitation and imperialism—a vast hideous apostasy which brings doom and sin and everlasting death.

ROBERT C. LUDLOW

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

brings a crowd of fond friends and relatives to admire the strength of her lungs.

And Peter

And Peter gave us a great scare this month. He had been spending the winter in Rochester, in the warmth and comfort of Teresa Weider's home, and in order that he might spend the last half of Lent in town, I went up to fetch him in the middle of the month. He stood the trip well, visited the Newburgh farm, arrived in New York safely, and then after a day at Mott street disappeared! Friday night we always have meetings, Dan Sullivan of Fordham, the chairman, and after supper we asked Peter if he didn't want to come down to the meeting. At eight he was not in his room, nor in the meeting down stairs; he was visiting the Currans, someone said, and so we didn't start looking for him until eleven. By that time it was learned that he was not there, nor had been.

Everyone began scattering in all directions looking for him. Cabot sat up in the office all night, hoping for a call; the police were notified, Galivan and Rocco made a tour along the Bowery, visiting the "horse markets" and some of the lodging houses; and we all sat and conjectured and worried. Could he have visited some former friends? His memory was failing him often, and he used to refer to Easton as Kingston, where he had lived and worked before he met me. Could he have gone to Kingston by bus? Could he have gone to Easton?

When we had notified the police, the cloistered Maryknoll Sisters, the Carmelites of Newport, and Abbot Dunn of the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, begging them to start offering up prayers for his safe return, we had done all we could.

War of the Sexes

Where could he have gone? Could it be that he tired of being cared for? Miss Weiss had written to him constantly and was always sending him presents. Mother Weider had surrounded him with loving care all winter. And now I was complacently gathering together salad greens and fruits and bringing him meals on a tray, and taking that peculiar feminine delight in having somebody helpless to wait upon. Maybe he had had too much of a good thing. Maybe he rebelled against this softness and had decided he would go back on the Bowery to end his days in solitude and poverty, in the midst of those in whom we try to see Christ in His most degraded guise. It was cold too, those days he was gone, and Rocco spoke mournfully of the wolves on the Bowery who wouldn't hesitate to knock an old man down and steal his coat. And did he have any money in his pocket when he left? Or marks of identification? We knew that there must be letters, and that Miss Weiss always sent him a dollar when she wrote. He might have had a complete lapse of memory and while his money lasted, be taking a thirty-cent room on the Bowery these nights. Indeed, they were warmer than Mott street many a time.

We slept uneasily, we dreamed of hearing his footsteps on the stair, of hearing his cough, of his call. Dorrity, he always called me. But there was no sign of him. His accent was so thick, and had become thicker these recent years, so if he did ask directions, falteringly, would people take the trouble to wait patiently until they understood him, and answer him? Or would he be too independent to in-

quire? There are strong streaks of the anarchist in Peter.

Yes, Peter is bearing his cross now, not being able to use the mind in which he used to take such keen delight. "I can no longer think," he says now and then, sadly. Because he has thought so clearly and so well in the past, we do what no journal has ever done before. We keep reprinting his little essays from month to month. There are always new readers, always these whose eyes are more opened now to read and to understand. Only this month Fr. Daberto wrote and said that when the sisters in his parish in the Philippines first read Peter's essay, *Pie in the Sky*, they laughed but then they began to see what was in it.

Yes, Peter is bearing his cross, just as Fr. Roy is bearing his. But the spirit of independence is there too, and perhaps all too human he had gone away because we were taking too good care of him. I looked at the bundles of parsley hanging in my room, at the salad waiting for him on the window sill, and I grieved.

Home Again

But then, suddenly one noon, after he had been gone four days, he returned. He was thinner, but his color was better. He had been lost he said, and he was smiling happily to be back. He had been riding on busses up to the Bronx and down to South Ferry. He had stopped in coffee houses and had soup or coffee, nothing else. He had slept in those same coffee houses until he had been moved on. Half a dozen times police, (those same police who had been notified) asked him why he was hanging around, loitering; they told him to move along. If he had not had an accent, if his clothes had not been so crushed and dusty, if his shirt had not been so dirty from his travels,—in other words, if he had not been a shabby old foreigner, to whose queries no one would be patient and listen, he would not have wandered as he did for four days and nights. He had thought he was in Rochester part of the time, he said. He knew if he could just get the right bus he could get home. No he had not asked the way, it was all his own fault.

What the human frame can endure in the way of fatigue and hunger! Strangely enough, Peter looks all the better for his adventure. After two days in bed, he now says he feels fine, instead of the usual "all right," with which he answers your question. He will get up this afternoon and put on Gerry Griffin's clothes, since his own are in the cleaners, and sit down in the office for a while. And just to see that he does not get lost again, we will put notes in all his pockets. "I am Peter Maurin, founder of the Catholic Worker movement." That is the way Miss Weiss addresses all her letters to him. "I live at 115 Mott street, half a block north of Canal." And we ask any of our friends and readers, if they see him wandering ever, to bring him home. At the end of Lent, we will have his room fixed for him at Maryfarm, Newburgh, and he can sit on the porch in the sun and watch John spreading manure over the fields ready for ploughing.



Fr. Swanstrom

(Continued from page 1)

reached Berlin. Only 1,050 persons came out alive."

"No one will tell in this generation the effect of deportation, of exile, of the enforced separation of families, of the disruption of family life on the little children of our day. It may well be that by allowing the family, the basic unit of human society, to be so torn asunder, we have already arranged for our future, a catastrophe the like of which has not been seen."

It is a terrible and frightening commentary on our post-war world that the crime for which we Allies hanged Herr Sauckel is now being perpetrated against the vanquished. Five million German soldiers whose crime is that they were conscripted into Hitler's armies, are now separated from their families because they are performing slave labor for the Allies. These men were captured as prisoners of war. As prisoners of war, and even as enemies, these men had the rights of human beings, of men, of children of God. Of these rights they have been deprived by nations which fought a war for the rights of human beings. Many of the men now performing slave labor in French mines, in Russian towns, factories, mines and roads, are the fathers of large families. A great deal of the misery that is found in Germany today is due to the fact that the breadwinners of families, the fathers of little children, the sons of aged parents, the elder brothers of orphans are separated from those whom they should be caring for and protecting. Think of what the prolonged absence of these men means to the family life of our former enemies! Is there any solution for this prolonged separation of families?"

"No help for these displaced persons, about 80% of whom are Catholics, is in sight unless the remnants of families are allowed to resettle in new areas of the world where they can look forward—rather than backward. So far, the United States has not opened its doors to any appreciable number of these displaced persons. What a contribution it would be to family life if we could admit a sizable group of these displaced persons so that the outward movement from the camps could begin and other countries, particularly South America and Canada, could follow the example of the United States."

"Helping families feed and clothe their children in these times of hunger and destruction is a basic and primary service that we in America can give. It is only through our making available food, clothing, and medicines to the traditional Catholic welfare agencies of Europe that they can continue as cohesive forces in the disintegrating social fabric of that continent. But they as agencies, as well as the families that they serve, need our help in a deeper sense if there is to be any real strengthening and reuniting of the millions of family groups in Europe. We must pray for the suffering families of Europe and for those who serve them. We must fight for the rights of families broken by want and by separation. We must oppose the inhumanity of deportations and the bestiality of slave labor. If we cannot help secure the rights of family life to the unfortunate millions in Europe, how much longer can we hold these rights secure for the families of the United States?"

House of Hospitality

(Continued from page 1)

uate with a strong conviction of the need for manual labor and voluntary poverty. She lived with a Polish family across the street for the summer and they are still asking after her now that she is out spending a year at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Seamen on Strike

Transient visitors were few during the summer, and then came September and the seamen's strike. We immediately offered to let the Seafarers International Union use the house to prepare food for the pickets, and for sleeping quarters. It was a lively place from that day on, until the end of the strike. This was no new experience for the Philadelphia house, for the very first use that was made of it, when the sole claim we had on it was a hundred-dollar option, was as a soup kitchen for the striking tanker seamen, back in 1939.

Right on the heels of the AFL strike came the National Maritime Union walkout, and the CIO seamen moved into the house as their brothers were leaving. N.M.U. stewards took over our big kitchen, and that was where Lucille came in.

Lucille is a lady who has a large cafe and a perfectly respectable rooming house for ladies and gentlemen. Her establishment is separated from our backyard by an alley which serves as an entrance for the patrons of the perfectly respectable rooming house after the night. Lucille visited our house for the first time the afternoon the N.M.U. stewards arrived. She was accompanied by several of the young ladies who live in her house, all wearing arm bands proclaiming them to be members of the Ladies Auxiliary, N.M.U. They had brought aprons, too, and were apparently ready to settle down in our house for the duration of the strike, but their plans for a nice social time were rudely shattered when they were informed that the house was for the exclusive use of the striking seamen. Lucille was inclined to dispute our authority to rule that the house was for men only, but was soon convinced of her error, and left. She was not easily discouraged, however, and returned several times during the strike, usually quite late at night, and usually in the company of friends. Her visits were invariably quite brief, and she was eventually convinced that the House of Hospitality could not be converted into an annex of her perfectly respectable rooming house. The men of the stewards' department found her cafe a convenient visiting place; however, and their voices could be heard across the alley, sometimes softly chanting old plantation melodies, sometimes raucously shouting about someone named Barbareeba.

Who Got the Beef?

One of the exciting highlights of the strike was the disappearance of a large quantity of meat from the big icebox in our yard. The stewards brought about 160 pounds of prime beef one afternoon, but when it was time to cook it for the pickets the next day, the quantity had unaccountably shrunk to a mere 30 pounds. As far as our knowledge goes, the mysterious disappearance was never solved. It was generally suspected that the choice cuts had somehow made their way over the back fence.

Close association with the seamen during that strike emphasized for us more forcefully than any previous experience the stark truth that society rewards many of the men engaged in this laborious and hazardous occupation with a mocking compensation. Too often the nature and conditions of their employment make normal family life unattainable. Most of us know

what they receive as a substitute, and it is an ugly picture. It is easy to say that they get the kind of life they choose to live, but what of society's responsibility for permitting conditions which make that kind of life inevitable for the thousands who have never been offered anything better?

Sometime after the strike had been settled and life at the house was once more quiet and comparatively serene, Jim Votta told me that a friend of ours, an attorney, had a difficult job for us to do, if we were willing to undertake it. (Jim is one of the original Catholic Worker group in Philadelphia, and his interest in the house has continued unabated to the present day.) The job was to try to raise some money on the sale of "goods and chattels" left by an old couple, recently deceased, in a house on North Sydenham street, in Philadelphia. The woman had died in a Catholic hospital, leaving unpaid a sizable hospital bill, and there was no money to pay for her funeral. Our lawyer friend thought it might be possible to realize something from the things left in the house.

A Full House

We went to the house to investigate. That was where we found the three tons of moth-eaten carpet in the parlor and dining room. We also found hundreds of rolls of wall paper in two bedrooms on the second floor. There were trunks and boxes all over the house, filled with an indescribable assortment of junk, old electrical supplies, old tools, rags, books. The cellar was jammed full of wood and other building materials. There was a great quantity of felt rug padding in the same rooms with the red carpet, which also held an old piano and an organ, in addition to a huge wardrobe, and much miscellaneous junk. The kitchen, in a shed at the rear, was so cluttered with old pots, pans, dishes and gas stoves that we couldn't walk through it.

On the third floor we found an old woman. Her name was Catherine, and she had been renting one room there for some years. Catherine, aged 72 years, told us she was an aunt of Johnny, who is heard on a radio program advertising a cigarette. She told us about the old couple who had lived in the house. The man had been a paperhanger, painter, electrician and maintenance man. He had worked around theatres a great deal, and picked up everything that was to be thrown out. He took it all home and stored it, and that's how the house got that way, so full that only the two third-floor rooms of that nine-room house could be occupied, and so malodorous with mildew and other smells that we found it difficult to breathe without nausea. There were little packages of sugar cached here and there throughout the house, all of it ruined by the odors, of course. Other kinds of food were tucked away in nearly every room.

We managed to realize enough on the junk to pay the woman's hospital bill and to bury her. Her husband had been killed some months before in a fall from a ladder. Neither had any relatives, so far as could be learned, and they were not members of any church. After we had sold everything that

Charity begins from the inside.

Kind words are an apostolate in themselves.

Give me souls; take away everything else.

Love is a fire which goes out if it does not kindle others.

It is only the first few wrenches to the will that really hurt.

could be disposed of, there was still some building material and window sashes that no one would buy, so some of the men came down from Maryfarm and took it back with them. We also salvaged considerable firewood for the house from the debris.

Father Lawrence Mahn arrived in Philadelphia about the time we were working on the house full of junk. The Maryknoll fathers, his old friends in China, had sent him to Mott Street, and from there he had gone to Maryfarm, where he remained for five days. His story and his appeal have appeared in previous issues of the Catholic Worker, so there is no need to repeat them here. We are happy to have been able to assist him in little ways during his sojourn in the City of Brotherly Love, and regret that his visit must soon come to a close. He plans to start on the long voyage home in April or May, depending upon when he can obtain passage, so he wishes us to extend his thanks again to those who have so charitably responded to his appeal in these columns, and desires also to wish everyone a joyful and holy Easter-tide.

New Tenants

In December we invited Local 1291, International Longshoremen's Association, to move into part of the house, as the local had received notice to vacate its headquarters in the block below us on Front Street. The invitation was accepted, and the union now uses the second-floor front room for an office and the entire third floor as a hall during the day. For this use the union pays us fifty dollars a month, and this has been an important part of the support of the house during the winter. The arrangement is only temporary, however, as the union is now buying a building on Second Street which may be ready for occupancy in a month or so. We had hopes that the union might buy our house, thus enabling us to move further up-town to a site more suitable for our purpose, but apparently our building does not fit the specifications. Our house needs a great deal of repairing, and at present our income is not sufficient to pay up accumulated back taxes. We are greatly in need of an active group of interested workers, such as we had before the war, and our daily prayer is for that intention.

An Evicted Family

Last month we received into the house a family of nine, consisting of a father, mother and seven children. Rather, we have the parents and four of the children as this is written, because the other three little ones are still quarantined in the temporary shelter of the Catholic Children's Bureau, where they were taken at the time the family was evicted from its \$20-a-month home in the city. The three will be with us by the time this is off the press, however. It is not going to be easy to accommodate this large family in our house, with the union still occupying part of it, but we will manage somehow, and will do our best to keep the family together. The best the city authorities could offer was to break up the family; they even said they would send the mother to the home for the indigent, without her seven-month-old baby. Her oldest, a boy, is nine years. There are four girls and three boys. We had the two youngest, Mary and Madeleine, baptized on Passion Sunday at Old St. Joseph's Church. Madeleine is two years old. There are two more yet to be baptized, which will be done as soon as possible after they are brought from the shelter.

The father of this family, a veteran of the first world war, has a job, but he does not make enough to support such a large

Letters

Catholic Mission
Mattul, P.O.N. Malabar
India

Dear Editor:

You have become my greatest benefactor in many ways, but chiefly by publishing my letter in your wonderful paper. I continue to receive help both in cash and in kind from every part of the U.S.A. and even from London. Really I cannot find words to convey to you my sentiments of joy, gratitude, encouragement, confidence and strength. You have changed my life for the better. I feel quite a different man now. I can go on with my work and face the future with a serene mind and heart. May God bless you a thousand times and fully reward you in His munificent way. Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!

In union of prayers, ideals, works and merits.

Fr. Tafferel, S. S.

We print the above letter, not because our readers desire thanks. If they did good works for this motive instead of for the love of God, they would be having their reward now, and would miss out on a greater one from our Lord Himself. But even our Lord said once, "Where are the other nine lepers?" showing that he expected those helped to pay a debt of thanksgiving.

We can never thank our Lord enough. Thanksgiving is a beautiful heart-warming emotion, so we can always thank our friends not only for their gifts, their love, but for giving us the chance to feel so.

We hope the above letter will show how much encouragement our readers give when they assist missionaries in these poverty-stricken areas, and will encourage them in turn to keep on helping them.

We will keep on printing addresses in the paper, begging our friends to send food and clothing as often as they can, and to pass around addresses so that others can do so.

Mother St. Anne
404 Aratama-cho, 2 chome
Odawara-shi, Japan.

Sister Mary St. John
Convent of Nazareth
Himmel Maastriahe
Holland.

Fr. K. S. Michael
Mettupatti, Dindigul
Madura Dt. S. India.

Fr. Gilbert Photo
Kadri, Kankandy Post
S. Kanara, S. India

Fr. J. Mod, S. O.
Salesian House
Trapatpur, N. A.
India.

Mrs. Michael Richardne
Budapest (5)
Paseony at 33A
Hungary.

Sister M. Josephine
625 Michigan Ave., N.E.
Washington 17, D. C.
(Will forward packages of clothes and food to Germany.)
Doris Ann Doran
221 Morris Ave.
Providence 6, R. I.
(Will send more addresses on request; also will forward food and clothing to Europe.)

family. It is well known that the poor are extravagant, but who has taught them to be otherwise? Many are willing and anxious to teach them how to practice birth control, but who offers to teach them pocketbook control or sales resistance to counteract the blandishments of the advertiser and the purveyor of alcohol and other luxuries and non-essentials? So they go on the rocks with their \$35-a-week salaries (for nine people).

What will we be able to do for this family? Very little probably, but there they were on the street, and someone had to take them in. At this moment we are as poor as they are, but at least we can give them a roof over their heads, and that is something. Perhaps our act of faith will open up a way to more substantial help for them. The man has a job, what he needs is shelter.

And what I need at 522 South Front street, are friends and fellow workers to come in and help out—so this is to let our friends know that the House of Christ the Worker is open again. Let us hear from you.

Dave Mason