

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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"Blessed be Jesus Christ, True God and True Man"



On Pilgrimage

My pilgrimages for some time now will be between New York and Staten Island, what with the changes that have been going on in the work and staff. Tom Sullivan's entrance into the Trappist Monastery at Conyers, Georgia will come as a great surprise to the readers of *Chrystie Street*. We are all praying that he will be praying for us, and although we miss him, we feel that in many ways he is closer than ever to us all.

We are trying again to dispose of Maryfarm, Newburgh, perhaps on a 99 year lease, and so the retreat in June will be the last to be held there. Fr. Casey will give our annual retreat there, and we hope that the next will be at Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island. As it is we are going to have a day of recollection there one Sunday a month from now on and later we aim at a weekly conference on Sunday afternoon with vespers, rosary, benediction and compline after.

Activity

Right now there is a skeleton crew (a dozen people) at Maryfarm, and John Filliger is at Peter Maurin Farm helping Hans and Fr. Duffy, with the building and farming there. The carriage house is being made into two rooms, and there will be an additional room in the carpenter shop. Behind the chapel there is a large room which will hold several men, and of course the dormitories in both hay lofts, on either side of the chapel will take in the rest of the family. The women will be a little crowded for a while in the main house. The problem will be for us to keep the men warm in winter. At Maryfarm there were innumerable little stoves, wood-burning or coal-burning, according to the health and age of the room's occupant. Most of the cold months they burned

coal. Another example of how expensive it is to be poor!

As soon as the carriage house is completed, the work on the new chapel will begin and we are very ambitious there. We want a basement to contain an oil burner, four rooms to house our resident priests and visitors and then the chapel. Philip Jebb, architect and son of Distributist editor Jebb, and grandson of Hilaire Belloc, who is visiting this country, is drawing up some plans for us. Other friends are studying New York City building codes, and whether or not we would be permitted to use the good clay all around us and the field stone to make a rammed earth building.

Help Needed

In spite of the fact that we are aiming to sell one farm, paying off the mortgages, paying back taxes, and our piled up bills, we will be taking whatever money we can get out of Maryfarm, and it will come in installments at that. There is also a \$4,000 mortgage on Maryfarm. So I am afraid we are never going to be any richer, no matter how much buying and selling we do. The way we are building the two rooms in the carriage house is this: first lumber, and cement and sand and building blocks came from lecture money from Montreal where I visited last month. Second batch of lumber comes from \$20 Carol Perry contributed. The Marist Fathers contributed some flooring, and Frank O'Donnell some beams, and so it goes. It's hard on the builders, especially when a good carpenter and cement man comes along and offers his services free, and then no materials to work with! The lumber yard won't give us credit or we would be tempted to buy ahead!

Anybody want to help build a

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(June is the month of the Sacred Heart, and in the terminology of the Catholic, devotion to the Sacred Heart is devotion to and gratitude for Christ's love for men. God became man that man might become God, one of the Fathers of the Church said. He stooped to our lowliness in order that we might rise with Him. When He was here with us in the flesh He was not recognized. He was a worm and no man, an outcast, abject, disfigured by suffering at the end. He will suffer on the Cross until the end of time. As long as we do not see Christ in the least of these, his brothers, we are denying Him. He has said it. Here is Fritz Eichenberg's moving picture of Christ on the breadline.)

ABOLISH PRISONS

Judge Forman, who sentenced a number of conscientious objectors in World War II, and Dr. Ralph Banay, former psychiatrist at Sing Sing prison have recently condemned the prison system.

Judge Forman in a speech in February at Newark, N. J. said, "I know of no person I have sent to prison who, because of his sentence, emerged a better man."

Writing in the New York Times Sunday Magazine, Dr. Banay stated that prisons have a deeply damaging psychological effect.

Fr. Ude's Letter

Dr. Konrad Adenauer
Chancellor of the
West German Republic
Bonn

Right Honorable Mr. Chancellor:

Permit me, who as a Catholic priest and retired university professor, live in the solitude of the mountain world, but have always been interested in secular problems, to address an open letter to you as Chancellor of Western Germany and as a Catholic Christian. You stand in the floodlight of world publicity in a highly responsible position. In your hands is laid the fate of the whole German people. You have reserved to yourself and your Government the decision upon the life and death of your citizens, without consulting the people themselves. On your decision how to submit to God's great Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" depends the existence or nonexistence of the German people.

"Thou shalt not kill," runs the Fifth commandment of God, which binds all men without distinction therefore you, too, Mr. Chancellor, in special wise as a Catholic Christian. This Commandment, I will equally emphasize here, holds without exception, holds for ever and ever, and is essentially a consequence of the great Commandment proclaimed by Christ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The duty of love imposed by Christ on all men without distinction includes even one's enemy, even him who marches against us as an unjust aggressor with arms in hand, since Christ commanded: "Love your enemies!" One who possesses this love binding us all in conscience will "if one strikes him on the right cheek, turn also the other"; this love "returns not evil for evil" but "overcomes evil

with good"; "for, 'thou shalt not commit adultery,' 'thou shalt not kill,' 'thou shalt not bear false witness,' 'thou shalt not covet,' and if there be any other commandment, it is comprised in this word, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

In my book *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, which goes to you under separate cover and which I pray you to read intelligently, I take my position regarding the Fifth Commandment of God, as a representative of the Natural Law and of Christianity, with the declaration that this Commandment is valid without exception.

I know, Mr. Chancellor, that if one appeals at once to the moral theologians and official representatives of the Christian churches, Catholic as well as Evangelical, who almost without exception hold the view that the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" is not valid without exception, that in certain circumstances one may, even as a Christian, kill in a morally permissible way, and indeed must kill. You, Mr. Chancellor, by your monstrous efforts for the rearmament of the German nation, are adhering to the proposition advocated by power politicians and diplomats as a whole, whether of the capitalistic Western bloc or the communistic Eastern bloc: "If you wish peace, prepare for war, be armed."

Unfortunately (I am almost ashamed to say it before those of other faiths) the question whether the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" is valid without exception, is a "moot question"; that is, one rates as a fully accredited Catholic if one holds the one or the other of these two views, since our infallible magisterium, which has to decide what Christ has taught in

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Fr. Ude's Letter

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truth, has not yet decided which of these two is the really Christian view. Materially these two views stand opposed as contradictories: "The Commandment 'Thou shalt not kill' is valid without exception," and "The Commandment 'Thou shalt not kill' is not valid without exception." One of these two views is thus heretical, and must therefore be condemned as such by the infallible magisterium. With this conclusion, however, we have touched the central problem upon which everything turns, because:

If the Fifth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is valid without exception, then militarism with everything that pertains to it, thus defense duty, armament, every war without distinction, also killing in self-defense and imposition of a death penalty, are condemned by God as gravely sinful. It would then be quite senseless and superfluous, for example, to wrestle with arrangements for the abolition of ABC-weapons, over "humane" warfare, over "just defensive war," etc.

If the Fifth Commandment of God is valid without exception, then the rearmament of the German nation, contrived by you, Mr. Chancellor, in understanding with, and by the help of, the capitalistic Western bloc, and defended by moral theologians, would be a grave offense against God's Commandment, exactly as is the already accomplished armament of the Western bloc and the Eastern bloc. Then the only right position of the German nation that you must take into account would be honest unarmed neutrality; adhesion neither to the Western bloc nor the Eastern bloc, refusal to be mis-used as cannon fodder for capitalist or communist interests. Only honest unarmed neutrality can and will keep our nation from the threat of war, build a bridge between Eastern and Western blocs, and prepare the way for a reunion of Western and Eastern Germany, since an unarmed Germany would no longer be a threat to its neighbor states. Our nation thus has use for nothing but peaceful dealings.

According to our attitude toward the aforementioned central problem, our conduct in a given individual case will therefore always be totally different. For instance, whoever advocates the validity of the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" without exception, will be a conscientious objector, whereas the advocates of the opposite view will render military service. But who is right? We advocates of the unexceptioned validity of the Fifth Commandment of God can appeal with complete confidence to the unexceptionedly valid Great Commandment of the Gospel, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The Fifth Commandment is indeed only a consequence of this Commandment. Advocates of the opposite view, however, can not adduce a single conclusive passage of the Gospel for their view, but support themselves on so-called "grounds of reason," which often "consider

only the standpoint of utility.

The objection nevertheless, that the German nation without rearmament would be helplessly exposed to an attack by the Eastern bloc, naturally does not at all come into the question for a convinced Christian, since a convinced Christian knows, in accordance with the assurance of the Gospel, that "for those who love God (and thus obey His Commandments without remainder), all things turn out for the best."

Perhaps, Mr. Chancellor, you will reproach me with being no realistic politician. Yet as a convinced Christian you must concede to me that Christ was the greatest realistic politician, as by God's will He ought to be, and that the observance of Christ's Commandments without remainder in every situation in life is the only right and effective realistic politics.

According to my more than half a century of occupation with the question of peace, peace is the integral (total) final state that is brought about by every man ordering his personal and social life (married life, family life, life among the people and in the state, and international life) in the sense of the demands of the ten Commandments of God and the demands of the Gospel of Christ.

To return to the central problem: Mr. Chancellor must reckon with the fact that a great part of the German people wish to know no more of military duty, armament and war, and repudiates killing at the order of superiors on conscientious grounds. Do you wish, Mr. Chancellor, to force the German people, in so far as it does not share your view, simply with a "Sic volo, sic jubeo; stat pro ratione voluntas," to finance, at the cost of their standard of living, the rearmament demanded and planned by you in understanding and collaboration with the capitalist Western bloc, and to be ready, upon command, to take arms and finally to kill? That would be an unprecedented invasion of the sphere of conscience of the individual citizen. Therefore, right honorable Mr. Chancellor, according to my conviction, you have the duty, out of your sense of Christian responsibility, to ascertain the will of the people by a referendum, and to let the people decide in a free election whether it shares your view or not. That alone would be genuinely democratic, too. In this connection I ignore the fact that armament and war, by natural necessity, can only be accomplished by inflation.

If you, however, Mr. Chancellor, are of the view that the view advocated by me is heretical, you are quite free to present it to the infallible magisterium of our Church and to request that it be finally settled by an infallible doctrinal decision whether your view or mine is the one advocated by Christ. I would be very thankful to you if you would apply to Rome, yea I beg you outright to take this step, whereby many millions and millions of Catholics and Christians will finally be delivered from

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PETER MAURIN WROTE:

THE AGE OF TREASON

The use of reason was discarded by the intellectuals of the nineteenth century.

Romanticism, positivism, pragmatism, one after another, became the fashion in the nineteenth century.

In a book entitled: "The Treason of the Intellectuals"

Julien Benda, a French Jew, says the intellectuals gave up the search for truth and consented to become the paid propagandists of nationalists as well as capitalists.

So the age of reason of the eighteenth century was followed by the age of treason of the nineteenth century.

THE AGE OF CHAOS

And we are now in the age of chaos.

In an age of chaos people look for a new order.

What makes for chaos is lack of order.

Because people are becoming aware of this lack of order they would like to be able to create order out of chaos.

The time to create order out of chaos is now.

The germ of the present was in the past and the germ of the future is in the present.

The thing to do is to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks.

THE AGE OF ORDER

If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos the effect of those decisions will be a better order.

The new order brought about by right decisions will be functional not acquisitive, personalist not socialist, communitarian not collectivist, organic not mechanistic.

The thing to do right now is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.



"Who Does Not Use the Sword Will Perish by the Cross"

Editor: The Catholic Worker:

A few days ago I received a letter which was written by a doctor who graduated in the same year as I from my medical school in Frankfurt—that means way back in 1930. This doctor discovered by some chance the German translation of a book of mine. He tells me about his life during the past twenty-five years, first as a medical officer in the Nazi Army in France and Russia. In 1942 he contracted typhus in Russia and has since then been a sick man although he is still active in practice. The letter is written from a small Franciscan monastery in the mountains of Central Germany.

He says among other things: "I am worried about the political development not only in Germany, of course only as far as a Christian can be 'worried'. We should not be surprised that the children of this world know how to solve their problems only by violence. However, I am filled with sorrow by the path along which the majority of 'Christians' are marching under the leadership of their shepherds. I am a friend of the philosopher Reinhold Schneider, of Freiburg in Germany, and I am a great admirer of his works; I am in favor of a radical rejection of violence and a radical return to the Sermon of the Mount."

"Perhaps Simone Weil may have explained it properly for our time: 'Whoever uses the sword will per-

ish by the sword—whoever does not use the sword will perish by the Cross!'"

"I see in all tendencies towards 'Christian' politics (of course there is no such thing) a false optimism of culture, an utopic attempt to use the satanic means of the children of this world and to move away from our duty as followers of Christ—namely to remain in between the fronts of this world underneath His Cross, and to 'stick it out' there. The only 'freedom' which we should defend is the 'freedom to suffer' and to have compassion. The central question of European Christendom of today is neither submission nor atomic war (with the Cross in the right hand and the atom in the left hand)—but rather to break through that deadly circle and to come to a 'nuclear fission' of our own Christian substance. We have to learn to overcome in our own heart the relationship of 'friend-enemy'. Love, social justice, readiness for the last sacrifice—in this way we could go back to where the Church in the first two centuries left off."

I thought that these quotations from the letter of a one time medical officer of the Germany army which reached me in this month of May 1955 (ten years after the Nazi collapse) would interest some of your readers. With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
Karl Stern
Ottawa, Ontario.

A Re-evaluation

By ROBERT LUDLOW

During the eight years I was at the Catholic Worker I accepted certain principles, advocated certain ideas, some of which I still accept, others which I would modify, and some which I do not accept because I never accepted them though many had the impression that I did simply because I said nothing in print one way or the other about them. The underlying principles of the C.W. I hope I shall always accept—the ideas of personalism, social justice, respect for all. The ideas of racial equality, of resisting the growing power of the State, of refusing to go along with the hate campaigns necessary to wage war these days and a refusal to participate in wars which of necessity must also use weapons whose very composition makes for their indiscriminate use. I do not think I have to preface any critical evaluation of ideas which I myself helped to spread by protesting my loyalty and indebtedness to the C.W. I left not because of any personal or ideological disagreement and these re-evaluations I express after a year and a half absence.

Christian Anarchism

I now think it was unwise that we employed the term anarchism or "Christian" anarchism. Because I think it useless to take a term which has a well established meaning, to which certain groups have a prescriptive right, attach to that term specialized meanings which very few people understand and then use the term as an expression of policy. It was inevitable that the term would create more misunderstandings than it ever cleared up. And I do not exclude myself when I state that I very much fear that a good part of the psychology behind the use of the term was a somewhat immature desire to appear more radical than the next fellow, to out-left the leftists, to shock without enlightening. If you ask hit and miss on the street where the nearest Catholic Church is you will almost always have pointed out to you a Church in union with the Roman See. The commonly accepted meaning of Catholic is just that. As such the Church in union with Rome has a prescriptive right to this term. However certain

Anglicans (to give but on example) insist on using the term "Catholic" in a specialized non-traditional sense. They call themselves Protestant Catholics. Now if you grant their premises (which I do not) their position is logical. They mean they are Catholics who protest against what they regard as the unwarranted claims of the Roman Pontiff—as such they are Protestant Catholics. But I very much fear that most people would be quite confused by this because this small group has combined two words which have a history behind them, divested them of this history, and so, far from making clear their stand, they have only served to obscure it.

So with the word anarchism. It has a history behind it and that history identifies it in the minds of most people with groups who, in theory at least, reject all authority. Not only all temporal authority but all divine authority. One has but to consult the accepted interpreters of anarchism to realize that their position on authority is one no Catholic could consistently hold. And when you mention anarchism to people, that is what they take it to be. And those who do reject all authority have, by this criterion, as much prescriptive right to the term anarchist as do adherents of the Roman SEE to the term Catholic. So it is only leading to confusion and obscurity to insist on its use. Similarly with the term Christian anarchism. Who has a better prescriptive right to this term than the Tolstoyans? And yet we have only to read Tolstoy to realize how unacceptable his religious notions on authority would be for the Catholic. Is it not then somewhat childish to insist on grabbing these terms from our anarchist friends as though we had more right to, use them when all history shows they have more right to the terms?

As for the ideas of anarchism I never felt that individualist anarchism was at all compatible with the Catholic ethos. Consequently I used the term syndicalist anarchism. Individualist anarchism is the sociological counterpart of Protestantism. Viewing the individual in an atomistic, isolated

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Peter Maurin Farm

By HISAYE YAMAMOTO

Well, it wasn't just the people. The Staten Island spring had been erratic, too, blowing hot and cold, and acting as though it hadn't really made up its mind to stay. For instance, we had such a hot spell during Easter Week that the fire engines raced, whining and wailing, up and down Bloomingdale Road all day long. That was the day we got to watch tall orange flames licking up a considerable patch of woods and meadow directly across the road while we (several of our men were missing, because of the emergency) ate our noonday dinner and discussed, pro and con, the theory that Bloomingdale Road is of sufficient width to stop a fire. There was a slight break in the meal when the smoke got so thick that it was deemed advisable to yank in the wash from the lines. A short time after that, the weather turned so bitter and so many of us took to our beds with colds and such, that we had to beg Leonard Robinson, who had already gone on a summer schedule, please to send up some heat. Things like that.

But the apple, cherry, peach and pear trees blossomed somehow, in delectable masses of pink and white. The purple lilac outside Dorothy Day's door burst forth, and the wisteria became a purple cascade over one side of the front porch. Field violets appeared along the roadsides and in our own backyard, and Peggy Conklin (who knows the name of almost everything) brought in a couple of bunches of white violets. Those curious shells, striated maroon and green, of skunk cabbage popped up along the creek in the woods, and in the woods down the road a way, the ground was starred profusely with the tiny white flower called spring beauty. There was also the strange green lily called jack-in-the-pulpit, and the sweet promise of wild lily-of-the-valley and fern. And the grass grew a bit greener every day.

The two doe rabbits came through in plenty of time for Easter. Black Diamond, of course, and Toughy, the barh cat, produced kittens. The goats, Esmeralda and Matilda, gave birth to two kids apiece, one of which (Tristan) was exchanged, so that we had

with us also Isolde, Brunnehilde, Mechtilde, and Hermenegilda. Mark McNamara, who is no longer with us, gave them their elegant names and followed through by treating us to a feast of ice cream and bubble gum on the Feast of St. Hermenegild, martyr.

Now, as we approach the Feast of the Ascension, Fr. Duffy is back from his week up at Rhinebeck, so there is Mass in the chapel again. Beth Rogers is back from Georgia, where she was visiting her sick father, and we have resumed prime, rosary and compline. Capable John Filliger has come down from Maryfarm, as a sort of one-man advance guard, and taken over the care of the goats, chickens and rabbits, in addition to helping Hans Tunnesen with all the building which will be necessary before Maryfarm and Peter Maurin Farm merge. Three whole Jims, Gilligan and Finn and Carnevan, and Tony De Soto are also in on this expansion program. Work got underway after Peter Asaro and Roger O'Neil drove in from the city with a truckload of lumber.

Peggy and husband Howard, and Leonard, too, have been out searching along the woods and the former asparagus patch, so that we have been able to enjoy fresh asparagus (which we understand costs 60c a bunch in New York city) with several of our meals. Out in Fr. Duffy's garden, the peas, carrots, radish, corn, spinach, lettuce and beets are beginning to come up.

The privet hedge up front is green now, as well as the lawn, and the pansy plants given us by Mr. Hauber down the road and the gladiolus bulbs from Mr. McDonough of Boston, both touched by Peggy's green thumb, are thriving. The tulips which Evelyn Marsden put in several months ago around the Blessed Mother's pedestal now brighten the yard with their bold red and yellow colors. In back the grass threatens to go wild; there are pig-ears, dockweed, wild carrot, dandelion, lambs'-quarters, not to speak of poison ivy and ragweed. The spider-wort and wild myrtle make blue the roadsides, while here and there are wild pink geraniums and red-and-yellow sorrel grass. Out in the woods we have even picked wild azalea, which looks very much like pink honeysuckle, and the tiny white bells of wild huckleberry.

For the time being, the days, while still variable, are more sun-filled than not, and the members of the community, aside from some quibbling, are praying together and working together under the terms of some invisible and heart-warming truce. Visitors come (recent ones: a group from Friendship House, Betty Delinger with Natasha and Daniel, Charles Pegis, Jim Cantillon, Rita and Martin Corbin, Duncan Bracken, Marian Shindel, Ernest Lindgren, Mrs. Anne-Marie Stokes) and not a few claim—sometimes to our great surprise—to have found here a feeling of peace and refreshment. Thanks be to God.

By AMMON HENNACY

"Gandhi went to Heaven with his shoes on," said a priest from Pakistan as he noticed the picture of Gandhi by my desk. The next day he brought me a picture of Tolstoy which I attached to the postcard of Atlanta Prison that Tom Sullivan sent me from Georgia. Kropotkin, Malatesta, Debs, Jefferson, Joe Hill, Albert Parsons and John the Baptist complete my roster so far of radical saints. This Father Pinto is a friend of Father Visuvasam of South India whom I found occupying my room when I returned from my speaking trip in New England. They have both spoken to us about Vinoba Bhava and the history of the early Christians, converts of St. Thomas from the first century in India. These priests accept Gandhi and pacifism without question, although they are puzzled about anarchism. They are in this country to learn about our methods of credit unions, technical efficiency and our approach to social problems. They are happy men and a joy to have with us although our slang befuddles them. Bedbugs are something they knew nothing of and now that Father Visuvasam has a dozen of them working on him he asks how I got along with them. I explained that they do not bite vegetarians so I was never bothered with them.

In New England Colleges

Prof. Claude Bourcier of Middlebury, Vt. college had written last fall asking me to speak at his college and other places in the state. Upon inquiry it seemed that ecclesiastical authorities felt that I "did not have the proper attitude toward my civic responsibilities," which was putting it mildly. Prof. Bourcier ordered four of my books for the authorities and within a few months they felt that I had the same right as St. Peter to obey God rather than man. Accordingly on April 18th I spoke at Trinity College in Burlington, Vt. About 25 nuns and 75 students were present and a few of the students were interested after the meeting. A professor from St. Michaels College was present and I was pleased to spend the night with Prof. Spencer and his charming family. Mrs. Spencer made French whole wheat toast which at midnight with maple syrup was appreciated. (They buy cracked eggs nearby at a third the regular price). In the morning we drove through the rain where I spoke to his class. He outlined on the blackboard that there were those who wanted more government and those who desired less government, but here was a person that did not believe in the State at all. I was deluged with intelligent questions, and I learned later that the next day the class discussed the problems which I had presented.

That night I spoke to a small group of Protestant pacifists in the Episcopal church in Brattleboro, spending the evening with my old time Quaker friend from Phoenix, Charles Kelly, at nearby Putney. This Putney School is of the type of the Progressive school in Fairhope, Alabama, where I taught in 1924. The next day being Founders Day with a vacation for all I could not speak to any classes as had been planned.

Middlebury

I spent that night as the guest of Father Barrett at St. Mary's in Middlebury. After Mass in the morning, he looked up the word anarchism in an encyclopedia and thought that it meant chaos, and that we ought to have "law and order." I replied that we had law and disorder. After some further discussion he asked me to speak to some 8th grade classes at 11 o'clock. I told the youngsters about my Quaker great-grandmother and how the Quakers were kind to the Indians and were kindly treated in return. I also men-

In The Market Place

tioned some snake stories about the Hopi and of the wonderful Hopi Way of life. I then explained that I was not a Hopi or a Quaker but there was a way by which I could carry out these same ideals within the Catholic Church, and proceeded with an explanation of the CW pacifist anarchist ideas. The youngsters and the nuns asked many questions.

Prof. Bourcier then had me meet some local intellectuals at a luncheon where the main interest was why I, a radical, had joined the Catholic Church. It was a matter of Grace from God and not intellect I explained. For the next three hours I spoke briefly and answered questions from the students of a philosophy class at Middlebury College. Only two of those present were Catholic. Then it was time for a sort of assembly meeting in a larger class room where the response was enthusiastic. Mrs. Bourcier made me an omelette at 6:30.

at the same time we explored all the ramifications of radical thought and action, meanwhile throwing a Vermont stone now and then out of the garden. Bob will sell his 50 acres across the road to any young Green Revolution couple for what he paid for it, although there is not much of a house on it. Bob had made a date for me for that Sunday afternoon at nearby Goddard College in Plainfield where the main questioning I went through from these liberal minded students was why I had joined the "worst Church." They were a lively group and lots of fun.

Hartford Theological Seminary

Andy Mills and his pretty little wife had me speak in a Methodist Church last spring in Columbia, Mo., and now that they were on their last lap preparing to go to India as missionaries here at Hartford they had me speak to a group of students. Andy and some other friends were pacifist but not Catholic or anarchist but

STREET APOSTOLATE—HENNACY AND WHOEVER HE CAN GET TO SELL PAPERS

MONDAY—9:30 to 10:30 p.m. in season, New School, 12th st. near 6th Ave.

TUESDAY—11:45 to 2:45 p.m., Wall and Broad and nearby Pine and Nassau sts.

WEDNESDAY—1 to 4 p.m., Fordham gate, 190th st.

THURSDAY—7 to 9:30 p.m., 14th and Broadway-Union Square.

FRIDAY—11:30 to 2 p.m., 43rd and Lexington.

SATURDAY—At times around Union Square.

SUNDAY—8 to 10 a.m., St. Patrick's; 11 to 2 p.m., St. Francis near Penn Station.

The local newspaper had announced that a Catholic Anarchist would speak that night at St. Mary's parochial school and at Mass the previous Sunday the same announcement was made. Here I had a standing-room-only wonderful meeting until the last questions were asked around 11 p.m. Some students came who had not heard me and also some non-Catholics from the town.

I had noticed The Long Road Home by John Moody of Wall Street, an old friend of Peter's, in Fr. Barret's library and borrowed it to read on my way. That night I spent at the home of Justin Brand, an organic farmer, a non-Catholic who reads the CW. As I left the next morning Prof. Bourcier introduced me to the local bookseller who purchased a copy of my book.

Parsnips and Cottage Cheese

Bob Stowell of Cabot, Vt. had written to me previously and I was anxious to meet him. Along near dark I walked the longest 1 1/4 miles on record up a dirt road where the ground was still springy with frost and the snow was melting and the water running in refreshing streams over the rocks. I still like rain and water after my years in Arizona. Finally I reached an old farmhouse and met young Bob Stowell and his wife Ann. He had taught English and Russian literature at a State University and was fired for his pacifist ideas. He had bought this 50 acres for \$700 and another 50 across the road for \$200. He had repaired the house and barn and without a phone or electricity was happy. Ann brought forth whole wheat bread from wheat which they had ground themselves and some cottage cheese and mint tea. My new friends were pacifist, anarchist, vegetarian-Quakers so we had much in common. In the morning I made friends with the beautiful Jersey cow, saw the hand printing press where Bob makes some cash income for land and poll tax, and the loom where Ann weaves. In the afternoon I spaded a plot 18 by 30 feet and dug up some parsnips. For the first time since my childhood days in Ohio where I had dug "parsnips" as my grandfather called them, I had all of this delicious cold climate food that I could eat. Bob and I being both men who could talk and work

they all liked the CW. Arriving I found that there had been some discussion before the meeting was allowed to be held on the campus. Those in charge of the rooms felt that the President of the college should accept the responsibility of having an anarchist there. He felt that the Board of Trustees ought to have the responsibility. Andy would not delete the word anarchist from the announcement and it was finally settled if the word Catholic were put in front of the word anarchist (as is usually the case) I would be welcome. I suppose that the idea was that no one would get the impression that I was a Protestant anarchist. So I can now tell my Catholic friends that I am hiding behind Holy Mother the Church. Faculty members and students were in the rather small audience and the questions later from the students were provocative. As usual why a rebel would join the Catholic Church had to be explained.

Dartmouth

The secretary of the Christian Union, a pacifist non-Catholic, had asked me to speak to the students here whenever I was up that way. Here I was also welcomed by several Catholic students of the Newman Club, although the Club as such was embarrassed that I was in the vicinity. From 7:30 I spoke as I usually do for about 45 minutes about my youth as a Baptist, my days in prison where I became a pacifist, a Christian and an anarchist; my years as a social worker in Milwaukee, and finally acquaintance with the CW, and my life in New Mexico and Arizona, and of the Old Pioneer and the Hopi, and now my anti tax campaign. The meeting closed at 10:30 and interested students discussed the problems until long after midnight. The atmosphere here is bourgeois and secular but the interest in vital problems is not hampered by dogma. The next morning Prof. Schultz had me speak to his class. I had met him the night before as he greeted me saying, "I have read and argued with you in your column for years over your radicalism but the thing that finally got me was your life on the land and the Hopi, and now I won't argue."

He was a Catholic and a World War II veteran. I was sorry I could not have met him earlier. (Continued on page 6)

INTER-RACIAL LAY-APOSTOLATE WEEK July 3-9, 1955

For Catholic girls and women who can spend a week in prayer to see where GOD wants them as lay-women in the modern world.

Cost for the week:

Students, \$15.00

Working women, \$20.00

Anyone wishing to, may stay a second week at no additional cost.

For Folder, write

REV. LEO NEUDECKER
Kellogg, Minn.

BOOK REVIEWS

"To the Very Gate of Heaven"

The Golden String, by Bede Griffiths, O.S.B. P. J. Kennedy and Sons, 1955. \$3.50
Reviewed by Hisaye Yamamoto

You really can't say. The Seven-Storey Mountain, written now, might have likewise emerged without the clutter. For if peace and order abide anywhere in this world, they do so in the life of the 49-year-old Bede Griffiths, Benedictine monk of England's Prinknash Abbey. And in this, his autobiography, which might be described as the adventures of an intellect which discovered itself subordinate to a soul, Dom Griffiths does not say a mumbling word.

However, he says himself that it was not always so. His beginnings were tranquil enough. Even with a father who could not reconcile himself to business losses and subsequent poverty, Dom Griffiths' childhood and young manhood were regulated by all the sedate and charming virtues implicit in rural English middle-class life. This meant a casual Anglicanism, public school, Oxford. But there was the mental ferment of new ideas, obtained from teachers and friends as well as books, beginning with Thomas Hardy, whose novels awakened him not only to the wondrous details of the fields, woods and skies around him, but to the tragic sense of life. Then there were Ramsay MacDonald with socialism and pacifism, George Bernard Shaw, and Samuel Butler, whose books converted him from a vague paganism to outright skepticism. Swinburne intoxicated him, and Shelley sharpened the pleasure he took in nature. Thus primed, he fell easy victim when, one day during his last term at school, all nature seemed to conspire to make him stand still and respond to a mysterious glory. Henceforth, "the sight of a wild rose growing on a hedge, the scent of lime tree blossoms caught suddenly as I rode down a hill on a bicycle, came to me like visitations from another world."

At Oxford, he studied English literature under C.S. Lewis, who had not yet become a spokesman for Christianity. He was there cured of socialism and trust in any political action; intellectualism and science were also given the go-by (although, it must be pointed out, the rejection was one that only an intellectual could make), in favor of a romanticism which he and his friends found best expressed in Keats, and later Shakespeare, Chekov, Beethoven's Four Quartets. Morally, they were conscientious followers of Christ, but they could not see that organized religion had anything to do with His teachings. And D. H. Lawrence supplied the answer to another important problem: "... he taught me what I believe is the only true solution ... namely that sex is essentially a 'holy' instinct."

Then came Spinoza and Berkeley to tantalize with their intimations of God, and

St. Augustine's Confessions, grasped in part, to give him inklings not only of what it might be to love God but of what it might mean to do so as a Catholic. It was Dante, however, who finally pulled apart the cobwebs of the romantic fallacy. It was Dante who taught him "that in the victory over passion there is something greater than tragedy." St. Thomas Aquinas, the Bhagavad Gita, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Giotto and Bach reinforced for him this more challenging conception of life.

Meanwhile, he had visited Paris once and explored its worldlier aspects, but what he returned to again and again, alone or with a friend or two, was the English countryside: the untouched woods, the ancient fields, the dreaming villages. And it was no longer the surface of nature which drew him but the unknowable source beneath. In the spring of 1930, he and two friends from Oxford entered upon "an experiment in common life" in a small Cotswold village, and the account of these pastoral months, rigorous but above all young and joyous, is pure gold. The experiment, beginning as an escape from industrialism, evolved into a deliberate seeking after God. Towards the end, the three young men "began to pray on (their) knees ... on the bare stone floor, not in the kitchen but out in the cold at the back of the house. ..." It was during this time, too, that Dom Griffiths abandoned Plato for Aristotle and discovered for himself the inexhaustible Testaments of the Bible.

St. Paul, particularly, clarified "the modern dilemma" as having its roots in the very nature of man: "The history of our own civilization, its rejection of God, its development of a false science, its materialism, its immorality, was simply the history of all human civilization." Granting this, there was nothing to do but to acknowledge Original Sin and its tremendous concomitant, Jesus Christ crucified. "From there, Bede Griffiths returned to Anglicanism, only to be diverted by Bede's early church history of England. This led him at last, fearfully, to the Catholic Church, which on first encounter caused in him such ambivalent reactions that he decided to 'make (his) peace with the Church of England.' He found in himself a strong bent towards asceticism, and he indulged this desire for fasting and mortification, but obtained no real satisfaction. Trembling on the brink of darkness, he was once guided by St. John of the Cross ("I will lead thee by a way thou knowest not to the secret chamber of love") to an ecstasy of such overflowing love that he believed "all (his) troubles over," ... but he was to suffer more vertigo, even after coming to the writing of Cardinal Newman, who would clinch for him the argument for the Church of Rome. He was received into the Church

on Christmas Eve, 1931, and a year later, after an extended postulancy, was clothed as a novice at Prinknash Priory, a Benedictine monastery which, like himself, had started out under Anglican auspices. His glowing defense of the monastic life is as joyous as his remembrance of that earlier "experiment in common life," but the joy here is of another quality, of a mature fulfillment which is rarely met.

The observation will be made that Dom Griffiths came to God more through reading than actual living. Because shaken though he was by his mystical experiences with nature, he was guided to them as well as to his faith by a series of fortuitous discoveries in books. And as far as we can see, circumstances always permitted him dignity; there was never a time when he had to endure squalor or sordidness in his personal life. Also, the emotional perversities which beset most of us were obviously never very strong within him. His was a way abounding in grace. Nevertheless, like St. Augustine and others before him, Dom Griffiths knew shuddering and anguish before he arrived at the simple, hard core: if we would go towards God, we must give up not only our will but our very reason.

Then, he promises, in place of the feeble, the fallible faculties we have been so reluctant to yield, we receive back, not the madness we had in our small faith feared, but God's will and God's reason, which are synonymous with His love.

From the evidence about us, it is given to few to follow this example, to catch ahold of what William Blake saw as "a golden string" leading us to the very gate of heaven. But it is good to have made even a vicarious ascent to the peak of this Everest of the soul; it is good to have this confirmation that it is still possible. So, there is really nothing new in this book. It is merely the story of another man's search for truth. Yet it is surely among the most eloquent, most moving and most lucid testimonies ever put down on paper: what we get and keep is the sense of something shining, and running to and fro like sparks among the reeds.

Promised in Christ. 55 pages. Grailville, Loveland, Ohio. Reviewed by Beth Rogers.

Because of the many pressures of a secular society against the Christian concept of marriage and the family, some young Catholics have been turning for help to some of the traditional Catholic ceremonies surrounding the Sacrament of Matrimony. Primarily, and most important, there has been a deepening awareness of the importance of the nuptial mass, with the congregation often receiving Communion together with the bridal party.

Also going back far in Catholic tradition are the ceremonies of

TOLERANCE AND THE CATHOLIC. A symposium translated by George Lamb. Sheed & Ward, N. Y. 1955, 109 pages, \$3.50. Reviewed by Helene Iswolsky.

This book, as the Editor's note tells us, "is the product of a joint effort. The subject was studied in the Doctrinal Meetings held at La Sarte in Huy (France) in October 1951." In other words, this is a collection of essays—a most welcome contribution indeed to Catholic thought and interpretation of our most acute problems today. "In modern civil or secular society, the foreword to the book explains, Christian inevitably rubs shoulders with non-Christian. . . in their capacity as citizens; both (Christians and non-Christians) are concerned with a temporal, secular good which they have in common. Yet each has behind him a system of thought which the other will not accept."

Such a presentation convinces us immediately that meditation on tolerance in our days should be most illuminating and vital. Eight prominent Catholic writers, discuss in this symposium the pro and contra of the problem, in the light of Christian tradition, dogma, and Papal encyclicals. There are a number of points dealt with in the light of Catholic teaching throughout the ages, and each point had to be and was examined separately. Two main angles are more specifically brought out in our own time: A) political, social and scientific theories promoted by secular teachings, and here we have, of course, the entire "build up" of Marxism, i.e. atheist communism, with all its implications, or just plain "anticlericalism," non-Christian trade-unions and labor-management organizations, conflict between Church and State, etc., none of which can escape the Church's scrutiny; B) a number of contemporary ideologies, which are non-Catholic, and even non-Christian, and yet are religious. This concerns millions of people who place spirit above matter, who believe in a God—Transcendent Master of our world, of our lives and destinies: Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, etc.

"It is undeniable," writes Albert Dondeyne, in his essay (included in the Symposium), "that religion always manifests itself as a search for communion with the ultimate principle of all that is the Absolute." Quoting from R. le Senne "Introduction a la Philosophie" A. Dondeyne reminds us that religion "is the process whose distinguishing feature is to seek in the deepest part of the soul an increasing participation in the primal energy of things, to ask love to identify us with the supreme generosity of the spirit, in short to make us create, by restoring and ceaselessly developing our union with the

Symposium

original dynamism of all that is."

The "Tolerance Symposium" brings to our attention a few fundamental facts, too often ignored or unknown. Thus for instance Joseph Masson, S. J. gives us some essential statistics (even though we are not too impressed by statistics, we must at least be aware of them): "Christians today make up 28% of the human race and are divided into 342 million Catholics, 127 million Orthodox and 135 million Protestants. Among non-Christians there are monotheists—Jews (about 15 million) and Mohammedans (220 million, more than 10% of the lot)—but the most numerous group (61%) is made up of the remaining non-Christians, who number more than 1,300 million (these figures are quoted by Joseph Masson from the World Almanac and Book of Facts). This is what Masson describes as our present world's "religious pluralism," highlighted as far as our modern research methods go in "all its statistical brutality." But even without such surveys, mechanically computed, we are aware of the fact that our Christian conscience must face religious and—eventually, unfortunately, non-religious, secular pluralism. In other words we are far removed from Medieval Christianity, when there was but One Church, fully accepting Christ's message, and delegated to teach "all other nations."

Today, the Catholic still dwelling in that one absolute Ecclesia, is brought into immediate contact with those other nations. How must he face them? Is it going to be antagonism, i.e. intolerance, or an attempt of hasty conversions, imposed and almost enforced? or does it mean peaceful "coexistence," provided concessions are made "on both sides?" Or does this imply true toleration, as so often exemplified in the Church and yet so often misunderstood and misinterpreted? This last issue, which is open to every Catholic, is clarified, and can be fully presented, as for instance by the Symposium, because it is the true solution. And this simply means, that the Catholic may cooperate with the non-Catholic provided this is for the common good, and does not contradict the teaching of the Church. Thus obviously, cooperation with the atheist Communist is not possible, whereas cooperation with Moslems (in the field of Pakistan medical work for example) is not only approved but encouraged. "In the field of nutrition," to quote once more Joseph Masson S. J. in his essay on "Religious Pluralism," times of scarcity have brought together Catholic missions, group of Hindus and official neutral organizations in India. In an endeavor to protect more important rights than health and the life of the body, and to defend human dignity and freedom, almost all the Christian de-

(Continued on page 6)

For The Engaged

The formal betrothal at the altar of the church, and of the crowning of the bride on the eve of her marriage.

The formal betrothal is the solemn promise by the couple (not, of course, binding under the pain of sin) that they will one day exchange marriage vows, and that in the meantime they will prepare for married life by a holy and exemplary courtship. The priest then blesses the engagement ring, after which the couple are blessed and sign a certificate of their engagement. The betrothal may be followed by Mass.

The crowning of the bride by her mother usually takes place on

the eve of her wedding, and may be the climax of a prayer hour. The crowning is a ceremony that has been long in use in many Catholic countries, and stems from the early Christian custom of crowning the bride and groom during the wedding ceremony.

The booklet issued by Grailville gives one form of the ceremony for both the solemn engagement and the prayer hour and crowning of the bride. In addition, there is a valuable section of notes on preparation for marriage, including a bibliography of books and pamphlets on aspects of marriage, sections on wedding invitations,

(Continued on page 6)

Appeals for India

We know that some of our readers will be interested in entering into correspondence and helping out the labors of the three following priests with whom we have come in close contact this last few months.

There is Fr. Emmanuel Visuvasam, who is staying at Leo House, West 23rd st., New York City. He is here for the coming year to try to collect some money for a vocational school for the poor of South India. He is very much interested in the work done in Nova Scotia in building up cooperatives and credit unions. He is a brilliant speaker and held us all spellbound when he was visiting us with his very clear exposition of Hinduism, Buddhism and Catholicism.

Fr. Felix Pinto, order of St. Peter, he calls himself, is staying at Divine Providence, 225 East 45th st. He and Fr. Emmanuel are both secular priests, from opposite ends of India. Fr. Pinto is from the archdiocese of Karachi, in Pakistan, and one evening he showed us a magnificent film of life in India and the work of the missionaries in the city, and in the desert and hills. Riding a camel through the countryside is nowhere near as comfortable as travelling on busses. Nor do the thatched huts, daubed with cow manure to keep out insects look too attractive as stopping places. But Fr. Pinto heartily takes all things in his stride. The Moslem state has withdrawn all support from Catholic schools and there is a subtle persecution going on there too. It's a miracle how anything keeps going in this world.

Fr. Protasio Suarez is another Indian priest, from Goa, and he can be reached through Maryknoll, 121 East 39th st., New York City. He's appealing for help to build the seminary for native clergy since all foreign clergy are on the way out in India, and there is a great need to build up prep seminaries. They need just about everything in the way of supplies and furnishings and he will write you and tell you about his work. He too spoke at The Catholic Worker and begged our reader's help.

Doty Brothers Martyrs For Peace and Freedom

The Doty brothers are now doing their second bit as non-church religious objectors to war. Joel, 28; Orin, 27; Paul, 26, and Sid, 25 were accompanied by their father William Doty, who did time in World War I as a war objector, to the Ramsey County, Minnesota jail, where each will do two years for "refusal to report for military service." The first time in 1951 they got sentences ranging from 18 months to two years for refusal to register for the draft.

As it is illegal to convict a person twice for the same crime the trickery of the government is shown by their automatic registration of the boys for the draft without their knowledge or consent. Further deceit on the part of the authorities in the case of Joel, who lacked a month of being 26, was performed when the draft board classified him as 2-A—working in an essential civilian occupation, which extended his age limit to 35. Then as he was unemployed a month later he was re-classified 1-A in order to get the two years.

I corresponded with William Doty when I lived in Phoenix and Dorothy met Joel on her recent western trip. The moral strength of these brothers is something rare in these days of compromise. Such men are needed in the uncertain times ahead of us when Caesar bribes most of us with pensions, subsidies, G.I. education, and false promises of peace and prosperity.

A. H.



Mary Whelan

Help Needed This Summer For Puerto Rican Camp

Again this summer Helen Russell, Mary Anne McCoy and Eileen Fantino are trying to take some of the Puerto Rican children in their neighborhood of East Harlem to the beach for the summer. What we would like to do is to rent a beach bungalow or obtain the use of some other camping facilities, so that the children could spend all their time on the beach in the sun and sea air. We are begging our readers who have children of their own and who realize what slum life is and who want to do something about it, to send contributions for this project

to these girls who are living as close as they can to these most needy of our city's poor folk.

Those of you who read my story of Felicia, those of you who have read Eileen Fantino's stories of the Puerto Ricans (the most recent is an article in the Commonweal for June 11th) know how urgent is the need.

Any beach bungalow will cost about \$500 for the summer. Please help. As for the food, we'll think about that later. "A baby is always born with a loaf of bread under its arm," the Spanish saying is. If they ask Our Father for bread, he won't give them a stone. D. D.

Poor Folk

By FELIX ORTIZ

Poor people are treated badly almost everywhere they go. This statement may seem quite obvious and elementary to the reader, yet we very seldom read about such elementary things except in a paper like the Catholic Worker. I am a Puerto Rican anarchist and I do most of my writing for Individual Action, an anarchist monthly published at 15 Sheridan Square in New York. Those who (like myself) are inclined to theorize should give their "high-falutin" theories a rest once in a while and return to a consideration of the "obvious."

In New York if a sensitive person who happens to be poor falls ill and goes to a free public hospital his condition is liable to get worse as a result of the aggravations and humiliations inflicted upon him by cruel nurses and attendants. Lincoln Hospital, for instance, is a Hell-in-the-Bronx. Most of the patients there are poor Negroes and Puerto Ricans, therefore the nurses and attendants seem to feel that they have the right to treat them like dogs. On second thought, I doubt that they would treat dogs as they do human beings. The nurses, in particular, are constantly hurling insults at patients.

The famous and much praised Mount Sinai Hospital in Manhattan has one side on Madison Ave. for the poor patients and the other side on fashionable Fifth Ave. for the rich. When a rich man comes in the doorman bows, the nurses smile graciously, and the rich man receives prompt attention to all his needs. On the other side of the

When the Communications Workers of America (CIO) went out on strike against the Southern Bell Telephone Co. over two months ago I began selling the CW in front of the main office here in Memphis and have continued to do so almost every day. I sold the paper to members of the union, as well as to management, and non-striking employees. Quite a few of these people are Catholics.

Then about two weeks ago mass demonstrations of the union and their sympathizers began in protest against the company's policy of bringing large numbers of "scabs" down from the North to operate the switch boards and thus render the strike ineffective.

Groups ranging from 150 to 500 persons gathered at about 9 p.m. and stayed until after mid-night to heckle the "scabs" as they came and went to work. There were eggs and rocks thrown finally the company got an injunction against the union and now pickets are limited to two and the police are stationed in front of the building day and night to see that no crowds gather.

On the last day of the mass demonstrations I took a large sign with pro-labor quotations from the Holy Father's May Day allocution and one by the labor priest, Fr. Drolet, concerning the strike, and joined the picket line and walked for about six hours without resting or eating as I had no one to relieve me.

That night I found out how much penance Ammon Hennacy really does when he fasts and pickets because I was kept awake by continual nausea and the next day the muscles in my legs were so sore that I could not walk.

The following day being Sunday I did not picket. Monday morning a friend told me that a representative of local ecclesiastical authorities was trying to get in touch with me, being displeased by my picketing.

I called the good priest and said that I had heard that he did not want me to continue picketing. He told me that he did not "see any reason to drag the Catholic Church into this." I immediately thought to myself that this was very much the same thing the anti-clericals had said when Rerum Novarum was issued but I promised him that I would not picket any more. So I went back to selling the C.W. (something the Bishop had given me permission to do.) Then after a full ten weeks of spending almost every day at the strike the police questioned me for the first time. The conversation went something like this:

Policeman (in a belligerent tone): What are you selling there?

Me: "A newspaper."

Policeman: "What kind of paper?"

interested in higher pay and long vacations than in anything else. In contrast, the expensive private schools are doing quite well. I recently gathered information about private schools by interviewing children, parents and teachers. The parents are paying large sums, therefore the teachers treat the children nicely and act very pleasantly. It seems as if the alchemy of gold can transform base personalities into precious ones.

These things are not news, of course. These conditions have existed for a long time. Yet, the press and radio are constantly extolling the blessings of our democracy and equality when all around us we can see that abominable injustices are committed every single day by money-mad and power-mad people who have lost the most elementary notions of ethical behavior in their endeavor to conform and adjust themselves to a capitalist system that is rotten to the core. Add to this a large military machine, a war-mongering government, and the H-Bomb and we have a nice state of affairs indeed.

Street Apostolate

By ROBERT STEED

Me: "A labor paper."

"Let me see it." (I gave him a copy which had a Catholic Interracialist in between the pages.)

Policeman: "How long have you been selling it here?"

Me: "Since the strike began."

Policeman: "Have you been questioned before?"

Me: "No."

Policeman: "Have you got a pedler's license?"

Me: "They told me at the Court House that I didn't need one since I don't sell it for profit. I buy each copy for 1c. and sell it for 1c."

Policeman: "Let's go over to the squad car." (At the squad car I met two other officers.)

1st Policeman: "Look at these papers."

2nd Policeman: "What are they?"

1st Policeman: "Communist papers, nigger papers."

(Then I go through all the previous questions with the 2nd cop and they look over the papers.)

3rd Policeman: "Do you want to do away with segregation in Memphis?"

Me: "Yes!"

3rd Policeman: "If we did you'd have more murders and rapes in one week than we've had in ten years."

Me: "I doubt it."

2nd Policeman: "Would you want your sister to marry a 'nigger'?"

Me: "I don't have a sister."

2nd Policeman: "If your Mother and Father separated would you want your Mother to marry a 'nigger'?"

Me: "It's not allowed to marry again after divorce."

3rd Policeman: "If your Father died would you want your Mother to marry a 'nigger'?"

Me (irritated): "This conversation is getting a little silly isn't it?"

1st Policeman: "Are you sure this isn't a Communist paper?"

Me: "It's a Catholic paper!"

2nd Policeman: "Does the Catholic Church in Memphis support this paper?"

Me: "My Bishop allows me to sell it."

1st Policeman: "We'll take both of these papers down to Headquarters. You can go now but we'll be seeing you."

Me: "O.K."

May 21.

I sold the C.W. for about three hours yesterday in front of the Fischer Lime and Cement Co. Results: few sold, no incidents. I sold the paper this morning for the same length of time but with different results. At first no one seemed to have the courage to approach me and buy one but things began to pick up after the first hour and I sold quite a few, mostly to the colored workers on strike. Not many of the non-striking white office workers of the company bought a copy. They seemed to be practicing strict custody of the eyes as far as I was concerned.

The company photographers came out and snapped my picture as they had done at the phone strike. Almost everyone who walked or drove past stared at me intently, being surprised to see a white person associating with colored pickets. Some good soul shouted "you Catholic son-of-a-bitch" at me as he drove past. This had also happened at the phone strike. I suspect it was the same person.

To make it a perfect day the same priest who had told me to stop picketing at the phone strike drove by to say that he had received three phone calls about me that morning (from the management of the company?) and he forbade me to sell the paper and more until he had talked to the Bishop about it.

A priest also told me that Dorothy Day was a "crack pot" and that all the C.W.'s ideas on the social order were a "lot of damn foolishness" and that I should be spending my spare-time playing baseball or tennis instead of getting the Catholic Church in trouble by selling the CW at strikes. Now I pray and await the Bishop's decision.

(On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

chapel? To be very direct, we have the workers, (and labor is one third the cost). We do need money for this project.

Canada

Last month pressure of events kept me from reporting on my visit to Canada. I spent only a week there but could fill the paper with all the people I met and the places I visited. There is not time to write in detail about the shrine of St. Joseph's and of Brother Andre and they are well known anyway. Fr. Murchland offered Holy Mass for us in the original little chapel and showed us all over the Mount, and it is glorious to see and best of all we loved the little room where Brother Andre lived with his oil stove, his little iron bed, his few poor sticks of furniture. The devil bothered him so, just as he bothered the Cure of Ars, that he took to himself a roommate, a sick barber, who slept in the same room with him, and to whom Bro. Andre ministered.

(We should be praying to Brother Andre as well as to St. Joseph, and of course Mother Cabrini, for these modest building projects of ours. Fr. Murchland is editor of the magazine published at the shrine and it is a very good one too.)

We began our visit to Montreal by going to the Mass at the shrine, which is offered up every evening at nine o'clock, and we ended it by my morning visit with Marjorie Connors who is in charge of Patricia house for women, on Murray street.

Labre House

The men's hospice, Labre House, on Duke street, is not more than ten blocks away, and Tony Walsh who initiated and keeps going this work of hospitality in Montreal was being plagued by the necessity of moving at the end of the week. We had lunch there one day, a group of us and we were greatly impressed by the good foundation they have made. Even if like Don Bosco they have to move again and again, each place they visit will be a home, a center, and the impress will remain among the people with whom they settle. There are weekly meetings, and the new paper published by the group, called Unity, will deal with the work of the lay apostolate.

You can subscribe by writing to Tony Walsh, UNITY, 123 Duke Street, Montreal.

Patricia House

I stayed at Patricia House while in Montreal, and felt greatly privileged to be in the same house with the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld who live upstairs in their little Fraternity, which is made up of the upper floors of two old houses. Patricia House is one floor of one of the houses, and the back door looks out on a swamp of mud, a courtyard on which opens other small houses where families of twelve and fourteen people live. Here is real destitution. Patricia House is the poorest house on the street.

Mrs. Connors is sharing the little four room place (in which nevertheless four people can be accommodated) with another woman just at present, and every afternoon at supper time there is a group of children in the neighborhood who come in for supper. Clothes are distributed all the time, and there are always some of the women in the neighborhood to be found sitting over a companionable cup of tea or coffee with Mrs. Connors, pouring out some of the troubles of the neighborhood. The kitchen just holds a stove, sink and big square table which can seat eight children at a time. Usually about sixteen come in every night for the supper, of stew, soup and rolls and coffee. The politeness of these little French children from this dismal slum can be measured by the fact that I took a nap behind the curtain while Marjorie served supper. She loves to cook, and cook-

ing with love, everything she serves is delicious. She cooks, she builds fires in the obstreperous stove and how she ever kept warm in a Montreal winter, is a mystery. The place is so small one always either roasts or freezes. It has the same clammy walls Mett street had. But Marjorie is a happy creature and it is sure that the love of God warms her as she too warms others around her.

Little Sisters

It poured rain that first morning I was there, and to open either front or back door meant going through a Niagara. Gutters are unknown here. We went through this cold shower bath to get upstairs to the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld who have the apartment and the garret above us. Although only two or three usually live in these "Fraternities" there are seven there now, what with some of the little sisters waiting to get working visas to the U. S. so they can open the first house in Chicago. The little chapel (there is a Holy Hour every Thursday which our friends attend) is bare and beautiful with an altar made of three blocks of wood. The stations are crosses, there are twelve square stools for the Little Sisters to sit on. Adjoining it there is a sitting room and kitchen. Upstairs there is a dormitory in the attic. I am going to have dinner with them on Thursday before the Holy Hour. From seven to eight on Thursday Dr. Seng has a little clinic for the children of the neighborhood downstairs at Patricia House.

Foyer de Charité

Leo Kinbough is an old friend of ours who came to make retreats at Maryfarm, Easton, and since those early days he has had much to do with the beginnings of the community of poor families which came somehow or other to become the Foyer de Charité, the beginnings of a house of divine providence like that of Joseph Cottelengo in Italy. Leo is one of the few who have had a vision of a community of families dedicated to voluntary poverty (not destitution) since they had little homes and ground to till, a combination of private and common property such as Peter dreamed of in his farming communes. A start was made, and some families are still there, but now the weight of the effort has been put behind the hospital and the care of the single destitute person. Just as many other family community efforts have failed, and mainly for want of the physical and financial support of the single and unencumbered, so too Leo's work is a seed which has fallen into the ground and died. It is following the pattern of all work for Christ. The personalist and communitarian revolution which Emmanuel Mounier wrote of is still unbalanced in that the emphasis is still on the personalist instead of on the communitarian.

Samaritains

A group in Montreal, the Samaritains, however, have been dedicating their help to families this last fourteen years. There are 75 or 80 of them (I am not sure of my figures) and they live in community under the direction of Abbe Saey of St. Irene's parish on Atwater street. There are three centers, one of them an infirmary, which is the most attractive of the three. After a short but good visit with Fr. Saey, and obtaining his blessing, one of the Samaritains took us down the street to a big corner store which was curtained in white and indistinguishable from surrounding stores by any mark except cleanliness. On opening the store door, however, the inner door showed a crucifix, and holy water font. When we went in the first thing, aside from the women who were engaged in various works of sewing, mending, cooking, etc., was two long rows of black bound books on the wall. They are the writings of the

saints, our guide told us, St. John Chrysostom and others of the early fathers, right down to the saints recently canonized.

The girls wear a uniform garb, black, dark blue or grey, very plain and serviceable, and rather like that of modern orders of women, such as the Missionary Servants of the Holy Trinity. Some of the girls have work rooms and make all the clothes, from heavy overcoats to denim aprons and dark dresses.

Two things I had heard of these women and girls were most striking and made me want to know more of them. One was that they served the poor families, going out two by two working one day at cooking, washing, cleaning, and spending the next day in prayer. That does not mean that the needy family with the sick mother went without help that alternate day. While one girl prayed, the other worked. There was refreshment for soul and mind and body so that there was no danger of their becoming "empty cisterns."

Silence

The other great thing which struck me was the fact that aside from a little necessary talk in the families when they were at work, they kept complete silence. That silence was most useful for work too, as they were there to work, not to waste time in conversation with the family they helped. They could listen, they could talk a little, but the work came first, serving the family.

I enjoyed my visit with the girls very much. For one thing, they know *The Catholic Worker* and their faces broke into radiant smiles to greet us. Leo did what interpreting was necessary, and our guide also spoke English.

Work

Just before I left New York Ammon Hennacy and I had visited the little Fourth Street Play House and saw Chekoff's Three Sisters which was excellently done, and one of the things which amused us just much as their nostalgia for the city and the future and the boredom with the present, was the nostalgia for work. What is needed, two of the most attractive characters kept insisting, was that "one should work," work to exhaustion, so that one could fall asleep feeling one had earned his rest.

One character, the fiance up to the time he was killed in a duel, was always on the way to work in the lumber yard, having given up his service in the army, which Tolstoy pointed out was an excuse in those days for doing nothing. "Soldiering on the job" as an expression dates from the times when there were few battles and the life of the army was an honorable and irresponsible one. In our days the white collar job, the clerk's position, is looked to by immigrant parents as a release for their children from drudgery of manual labor.

Work, prayer, silence, these are the works, the spiritual arms of the Samaritains. They are the "just men" who are saving Canada. Silence is the rarest spiritual work of the day. Once Aldous Huxley on reading in *The Catholic Worker* about the silence of our retreats and the effort to have silence in our retreat house, sent us a check for twenty five dollars. "Anything to further the cause of silence," he wrote. Here there is truly silence, and the hard work which means earning one's living by the sweat of one's brow. The spirit of love was palpable and there was none of the somberness one might expect from the rigorous lives these women lead. In the infirmary the work is suffering and silence and prayer, and what work is necessary to keep the place going.

And this silence was chosen by the girls themselves after some years of working together, and only consented to by Fr. Saey, because of their insistence. "Since then," he remarked once to Leo, "they have had peace and so have I."

Dorothy Day

Iswolsky

(Continued from page 4)

nominations in South Africa have during the last few years undertaken joint protests, proclamations and practical campaigns against Apartheid and the colour bar. Similarly, the emancipation of the Negroes in the United States is being pursued jointly by many different groups."

These examples suffice to show, that the Church's concern with tolerance is not a process of intellectual "hair-splitting," but an immediate and practical task of Wisdom and Charity. Among the contributors of the Symposium we have a Jesuit, several Dominicans, we have such authors as the great liturgist, L. Boyer, and the great economist, Yves Congar. To analyze the essays of each of these writers would require separate reviews. Suffice it to say that the finest Catholic minds have met in this Symposium, and have reached similar conclusions: *Gustate et Videte*, this is the message of the Catholic to all nations. Even those peoples who are not Christians have not denied Christ, they had no opportunity of knowing Him. His attraction is felt today in far away countries, among men of many tongues, cultural traditions, ethical codes. His yoke is light, it need not be enforced. Neither does He need make concessions, having given everything up in a supreme act of love.

Catholic tolerance, therefore does not look out for "fellow-travellers." It means simply this: to help the fellow who travels along with you, to get on his way, to

Ude

(Continued from page 2)

their conscientious need. I have already appealed to our magistratum in my book *Thou Shalt Not Kill*.

Right now, when peace negotiators, statesmen, diplomats and politicians on either side can hardly know how to help themselves any longer, are so to speak "at the end of their Latin," a decision from the highest office would be for the realm of the Catholic Church with its 472 million Catholics, indeed even for the whole world, a historic, actually revolutionary event of the very greatest significance.

It is not to exercise petty criticism upon yourself and your work, Mr. Chancellor, that I, a man of eighty-one years, have written this open letter, but to provide according to my conscience and in keeping with my inmost conviction a solution for the problem of peace, to the solution of which you, Mr. Chancellor, would be called by your position and your influence in a special way, if you could decide to appeal to our only appointed office for this in Rome. The whole German people, indeed all men of good will in the whole world, would thank you for it sincerely.

Accept, Mr. Chancellor, the expression of my high esteem, with which I am

Your obedient
Prof. Ude

stand on his own feet, and to redeem his fullness in Christ.

Helene Iswolsky

Market Place

(Continued from page 3)

not have time to meet his five daughters and his wife, but I had to rush to get to Boston that night.

Newman Club, Boston U.

When Father O'Connor had heard me speak to the Quakers in Cambridge over a year ago and when I had gotten acquainted with him at John Cort's he asked me to speak to the Newman Club. Here I had an interesting meeting of students and townspeople, with Father O'Connor in the front row enjoying my discussion with patriots in the audience. John Cort came in with a package of whole wheat flour in the midst of my meeting and that night I was happy to see Helen and the new baby, Alice. Afterwards I phoned the friends around Boston whom I was not able to meet in this hurried trip.

Holy Cross, Worcester

A student by the name of Bob Morris bought a CW and my book at 43rd and Lexington last fall and asked me to speak at Holy Cross whenever I was up that way. When I arrived from Boston he greeted me cheerfully with the information that the Dean had called him in that afternoon with the news that the CW was subversive and that I would not be allowed on the campus. Later in the day Bishop Wright wrote to Morris praising the CW and asking that I phone him after the meeting. When the Dean was shown this letter he allowed the meeting to proceed. I spoke for about 45 minutes and then answered questions until 10:30. About 20 students wished further information on these "subversive" ideas and it was 1:30 before I went to bed. I asked to be awakened at 5:30 to make the bus to New York. In point of interest and sincerity this proved the best meeting I have had in years; and all because of the courage of young Morris in not backing down.

May Day, Union Square

Usually Union Square has been the one place where there is free speech the year around and always on May Day. This year radicals were tricked by the authorities for April 30 and May First were allotted to the businessmen of that vicinity for their patriotic "Union Square, U.S.A." The Communists therefore had their demonstration

on the afternoon of the 29th. Dorothy, Bertha Tisius, Mary Roberts and I gave out about 2000 copies of the CW to the crowd and met some old time friends. Paul Robson sang and Howard Fast spoke.

Alleghany College

Two Quaker Professors at this college in Meadville, Pa. had used my book in classes and together with two Catholic students had asked me to speak to the students. I arrived at noon and the students at the co-op house had questions ready for me. Then a session with another class that had not known about the CW followed by an assembly meeting with further questions until evening. At dinner I was the guest in a fraternity house where most of those present I think regarded me as a curiosity, but a few students led a discussion of the problems I had presented earlier. Then I went to the home of a Quaker professor and until 11:45 was the target of questions from the students who had studied my book in class. This is the way I would prefer meetings with students, for although many of the same general questions were asked as usually come up there was a deeper consideration of the issues. I was just able to get a train and arrive the next night in New York City an hour late for the first War Resister Dinner that I had attended in the 25 years of membership. Now I will commence soap-boxing at Wall and Broad streets Tuesday noons, and continue the selling of CW's daily.

Engaged

(Continued from page 4)

the engagement and wedding rings, and suggestions for the wedding reception. Music for the parts of the ceremonies that can be sung is also included.

Promised in Christ is prefaced by a quotation from Pope Pius XII: "The whole civilized world . . . benefits when family life is orderly and flourishing, and when the young are accustomed to look up to it, to honor it and to love it as a holy ideal." The booklet is admirably suited to further that end.

Conversations on Distributism

"The trouble with Labor," said David, as he poised himself on the ladder outside the kitchen window, talking to me at the kitchen sink inside, "is that it is forced to fight for the same thing it is fighting against. It is fighting for money, when what it should be fighting for is property. That is the big fight today, — money versus property. Industrial capitalism tends to bigger and bigger monopolies, 'interlocking directorates' the Popes have said; and the unions right now are certainly under water, all but drowning. They are really fighting for their lives, just for the right to exist, and that doesn't leave much time or energy to formulate aims and purposes aside from wages and hours. And the higher the wages, the higher the prices. Property's the thing. The Popes have said that as many as possible should become owners. They said to deproletarianize the workers."

David is always worth listening to on these subjects but our conversations must of necessity be elliptical and disjointed what with swing shifts, hours of work, his duties on his four acres and with his wife and six children, (and another on the way.)

That day his work was from seven to four, and he had time before supper to screen in the kitchen windows. As he stood on the ladder outside the window, the baby goat nibbled delicately at the leaves of the little peach tree, the six ducks made an exploratory procession through the garden back of him, and Margaret and Mary Elizabeth, (Maggie and Liz to their father) climbed up the ladder by his side to hand him tacks. Maggie is not yet two and Elizabeth is not yet four. I, the grandmother, have nervous prostration watching them on ladders and high up in the mulberry trees. Another argument for early marriages. You can take it better.

David is worth listening to, because he works for a subsidiary of one of the greatest monopolies, and is a member of a union which competes with still another union for the membership of the workers, the

International Mine Mill and Smelter Workers, and at the same time he lives on four acres (and yet in the city too) and has wife and children, goats, chickens, ducks and geese, not to speak of turtles and chipmunks, rabbits and parakeets and other live things. He is scholar and worker, and in the latter capacity earns his living by the sweat of his brow, and in the former, runs his mail order bookshop whose ads we carry every month, and whose books illustrate the ideas we are always talking about in *The Catholic Worker*, for a "new society to be built here and now, within the shell of the old."

"The two great sins against increase, according to the teaching of Thomas Aquinas, are usury and sodomy," he went on, taking some tacks from Lizzie's outstretched palm. "And one is apt to lead to the other. Take those men at the factory. They are trying hard to become owners, and after years of steady hard work in that plant are trying to buy their own homes. You should hear them talk about their gardens and the drought! The older ones bought older houses with more space around them. But the younger ones are buying these new houses which cost fourteen thousand dollars, and after a good down payment take thirty years to pay off. By the time they get through paying the interest and the instalment on the mortgage, they will have paid \$33,000 for those same houses. and by thirty years, the houses will have fallen apart. And there is not enough room in them for an increase in the family either, and so that is where sodomy comes in, an ugly word but the saints of the church didn't mince their words. Sodomy is birth control, according to church teaching."

David's job is in a foundry, where waste materials are smelted in furnaces, and ingots of copper, brass, lead and zinc are turned out. It is a basic industry since metal is to industry as food is to the body. The work is hard and about 400 are employed not counting the office force.

"Industrialism can't give man

the three basic necessities, food, clothing and shelter." David went on. "For instance mass production can make fridges, but not the food to go in them. Of course people can argue that we do have factories in the fields and we do have mass production of food. But all rural-lifers who are working for the family farm can tell you that such mass production does not produce as much per acre as smaller units and the soil is depleted and poisoned and the health of the whole population lowered. Under industrialism the world is starving, and the vitamin factories are flourishing..."

"And about clothes! Under the Jewish law, and the Christian too for that matter, organic material is supposed to be used; wool, cotton, linen, not mixed, nor an imitation of these."

"Eric Gill has written about clothes. And about money too. His book *Money and Morals* has chapters in it on the politics of industrialism and unemployment. Newman Book Shop put out a good pamphlet on money recently by Fr. G. Jansen, O.P. called *Money is Sterile*. Then there is *The Cross of Gold* by H. D. C. Pepler, and *Financial Justice* by J. F. L. Bray, an Aquinas Paper published by Blackfriars. I've got them in my list. Two new books came in today, *Home Made Homes* by Ronald Duncan, who is a Ruralist and a Gandhian too. He wrote a book on Gandhi before his death. The other is *From the Waste Land*, by Edward Hyams, a socialist but he preaches agriculture, craftsmanship and religion. They all go together. Of course Bede Griffith's book, *The Golden String* brings all these things out best of all."

David got down from his ladder and with the help of Eric and Nickie moved on to another window, which happened to be behind a large refrigerator which all but cut out light and air! So our conversation was interrupted.

But such conversations, just as such articles as this, must of necessity be suggestive and provocative, and to learn more, there are always the books!

D. D.

Hunting Witches

Tenants of the 28 Federally-aided, low income housing projects in the City, numbering 30,000 people must sign a statement to the effect that no person living with them is a member of any organization on the Attorney General's subversive list. This order was given by the City Housing Authority last month. Failure to sign the statement will mean that legal action may be taken to force eviction, and a false answer to the statement would make the tenant liable to prosecution for perjury. The letter which was sent out with this order was accompanied by the "Attorney General's List," which numbers more than 200 organizations, and papers including *Industrial Worker*, an anti-Communist, anti-capitalist paper to which we at the CW subscribe. So far *The Catholic Worker* is not yet listed.



Kingston, N. Y. and Paraguay and Uruguay. We are still talking and writing about community for lay-folk, and anxious to learn what others are doing. Unfortunately the "do-ers" are often not the articulate, and writing letters and articles takes much more time than one realizes. I'm afraid none of us like to be told and we indeed do go on, each making the same mistakes over and over. Here, however, are the names of a few farms, but I am afraid most farmers and craftsmen are too busy to answer letters. They should, communicate with each other, of course. Brotherly love and help should extend far beyond the family, the little neighborhood. Write Wm. & Dorothy Ganchat, Avon, Ohio, Louis Murphy, South Lyons, Michigan. John Martus, South Lyons, Michigan. Ed Johnson, South Lyons, Michigan. Carl Paulson, St. Benedict's Farm, Upton, Mass. Ernest Lundgren, Cape May, Courthouse, N. J. Jack Thornton, Monica Farm, Rt. 1 Springboro, Pa. Bob Spencer, Jericho, Vt. Fr. Clarence Duffy, Peter Maurin Farm, Pleasant Plains, S.I. 9, N. Y. John Thornton, Green Acres, Rt. 1, Russell, a. Mario Carota, Aptos, Calif. Holy Family Farm, Rhineland, Mo.

The only Catholic agricultural school we know of is the Don Bosco Institute, Huttonsville, W. Va. Boys can begin studying there in their 8th grade.

BOOKS ON DISTRIBUTISM, THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO THE TWIN EVILS OF CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM

The Golden String by Bede Griffiths, O.S.B.	\$3.50
Home Made Home by Ronald Duncan	1.50
From the Waste Land by Edward Hyams	1.75
Deserts on the March by Paul B. Sears	1.75
Money is Sterile by Rev. G. Jansen, O.P.	.75
The Cross of Gold by Hilary Pepler	.35
Financial Justice by J. F. Bray	.45
The Economics of Charity by A. Doboszynski	1.00
Taxes and Justice by Anthony M. Reynolds	.15

DAVID HENNESSY DISTRIBUTIST BOOKSHOP
201 Winant Avenue, Staten Island 9, N. Y.

Missouri

Wednesday morning and believe it, we are dry again. We had a fast starting spring but things stopped so abruptly, I almost went through the windshield. We are in good health and spirits here though and have had one of the best and earliest calf crops to date. We have 26 on the ground and 9 more to come in a few weeks. Katie had her colt, a filly. She was bred to a palomino stallion and is now bred back to a Stonewall Jackson.

Our baby is growing fast and is very sweet and pretty. She can roll over and talks to us quite often now. Her eyes take on a very serious mien when talking. We thought she might be reciting psalms by this time, but I guess they just don't at 3 months. Judy has been sweet and happy for a long, long time now.

News from the Holy Family Farm, Rhineland, Mo.: Little Ann Heaney is back from the hospital. She can only be up for an hour or so each day. Ruth Anne has had signs of pleurisy. Marty Paul has been making a few bucks selling oak barrel staves bolts for whiskey barrels. I believe he has sold 5 truckloads at \$80 per load. Frank Lakey is still going strong in St. Louis and Joe Cuellar writes that he is coming out.

Dorothy, could you supply me with the names of C. W. farms or friends throughout the country? I ran across an old Catholic Worker May, '53 with letters from Bill Gauchat, Avon, Ohio, Dorak, Al Cook etc. I'd like to write all of them; discuss mutual aims and progress. And perhaps work up an article on it.

Jack Woltjen and family.

Ohio

Recently returned from a nice visit with Jack and Mary Thornton in Springboro and Dick Kennedy in Erie, Pa. Upon returning home I find that we are very lonesome for the companionship of people like them.

We have lived here in a town of 20,000 with a minority Catholic population for four years and have yet to meet anyone with like interests. For various reasons it is impossible for us to move elsewhere. We have a large house and a growing family (5) and expecting. Thought that perhaps you might know a family who would like to settle in a small town with intention of moving on the land. We have enough space here that we could share our home with another family until they could get on the land.

There is employment available in a V.A. Mental Hospital and although the wage is only a little over \$50 a week to start there is job security and an opportunity to perform one of the works of mercy. The cost of living here is also somewhat lower than in metropolitan area.

Ammon knows what our situation is as he visited with us a year or so ago. There is much work in the lay apostolate to be done here, but we are without the qualities of leadership that are so necessary. Felt that there might be someone from a metropolitan area that would consider settling in our locality. Would appreciate it if you published our letter or at least mentioned our desire in the paper.

Pat and Mary Murray,
312 E. 4th.
Chillicothe, Ohio.

Toeholds on the Land

Route 1, Box 156
Mount Angel, Oregon

Dear Friends in Christ,

Since there have been symposiums on a dozen other subjects in this paper, how about one on Christian community life? Let us begin by soliciting letters from Catholic Worker farms, with honesty as the keynote. How about a rule of life? How much prayer in common? How remote or separated should the families be for domestic tranquility? Do you consider that you have succeeded or failed, or rather are succeeding or failing? The important question is WHY? Along that line I would like to ask if it might not be that they did not dare enough rather than that they attempted too much? There seems to be needed in this experiment a certain generosity, a certain willingness, to dare before even beginnings can be realized. Dissolving into the surrounding community would hardly be failure if you carried over in some small way the ideals you were seeking to establish and there was hope of future growth. The idea is to gain strength by mutual help in putting into practice principles of organic functional, community life, principles which have long been neglected. We believe, do we not, that man can hardly be expected to return all things to Christ when his likeness to God, his creative faculties, have become dulled because of present worldwide corruption of truth? Man's use of God's world is largely wrong. His "ora" silent or muddled; his "labora" unholy and often without dignity. He needs agronomic universities on the land where he can pray and

work in peace as he attempts his return to truth. He must try "to make a cell of good living in the chaos of this world" as did Eric Gill.

The CHRISTIAN VILLAGE group here is still in the process of taking the first step and not in any position to talk or write, present letter notwithstanding. There must be many more who hesitate in bewilderment and confusion. Experienced advice is badly needed. A really competent evaluation of past and present communities all over the world would help enormously, and the letters would not take long to write and are most necessary. It seems stupid for each group to make the same mistakes over and over.

On the feast of the Assumption last August 15th we joined a pilgrimage to the chapel on CROOKED FINGER ridge above the Benedictine milk ranch. The people of the mission had cleared a broad winding path from the nearest farmhouse through the fields to the Church. They lined the path with tiny evergreens and little shrines to our Lady. The grove about the Church was cleared and filled with more shrines. More than 7,000 pilgrims filled the path and the grove with rosary responses and hymns to our Lady. A sudden shower drenched all, but no one minded. During Benediction the sun shone forth though thunder rumbled in the distance till after Mass. The reverence and devotion of the crowd brought tears to our eyes.

The effort brought forth by the small mission group at CROOKED FINGER was surely rewarded. Our search for land began there five years ago and we have returned

to the search many times in spite of warnings about the difficulty of farming on the high windy ridge. Our one experienced farmer knows cattle raising which would be practical there. Perhaps we should bury St. Joseph medals on each piece of land around the Holy Rosary mission and let the good spouse of our Lady work up a buy for us.

We must truly say that Christ's Blood has saturated and sanctified this whole earth by His passion and death. We are only to shake from our feet the dust of that place which rejects our offer of friendship in Christ. It is so much in the hands of God that we finally decided to send an advertisement indicating our plight to the archdiocesan paper as one possible way out of our fruitless search in the hope that some one will assist us with working capital, land or both.

Basic reforms in the works of mercy among the workers and destitute, such as you do, together with such efforts at land and community reform as we are attempting, should do much to re-establish all things in Christ. God speed all these efforts in His good mercy.

Sincerely in the Precious Blood,
Mayanna Manion

Editors note:

Many of our friends have gone to the land after reading the CW, and after marrying and starting a community of their own. They have farms, but not "Catholic Worker Farms."

Some farms which started as C.W. farms no longer consider themselves such because of differences of opinion on controversial matters like pacifism and anarchism. There are no true communities among us like the Hutterites in South Dakota, Montana and Canada, and the Bruderhof in

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality

No use trying to revive Chrystie Street. If Roger or Charlie or Al or Peter or any of the others around the house don't write it, we'll just have to collect a few notes every month to let our readers know that things are still happening. Oh for a dull moment!

The latest is a summons from The City to show up before the Housing Authority to answer to violations of the multiple dwelling act.

The summons is to Tom Sullivan, but Tom being in a Trappist monastery, and the house now being in my name instead of his (in accordance with our expression of personal responsibility in contrast to corporate responsibility as it has become under corporation practice in business) I will have to answer to the court.

We have not been able to get any clear answer as to what the code is or what the law is, and whether we fall under the multiple dwelling law. We are a house of hospitality, not a lodging house, and nobody pays either for bed or board, and we are a family, living under one head, which at present is Charlie McCormack. Of course the family has become quite large, fifty-five of us. What is happening in the case of all the Puerto Rican families to an apartment, and charged Park Avenue prices by the landlords?

If this summons business continues, and the judge refuses to come visit St. Joseph's house to see the comparative comfort of our quarters, we can foresee that we will be spending some little time in prison in the near future. Certainly there is no money in the treasury to pay unjust fines.

Holy Mother, the City

In spite of the acrimony of our dialogue with her whom we have nicknamed Holy Mother, the City, New York does try to do right by its children. Nowhere else in the United States does one find such a municipal lodging house, such hospitals as Bellevue, such a place for the works of mercy as Welfare Island. Considering the fact that the Catholics form the greater part of the population, perhaps be-

cause of the influx of the Puerto Rican, our city government is doing a very good job and doing far more than taking up the slack.

Last month Al Gullion found a man crouched over the ash cans in front of the next building and in addition to emaciation and dereliction, if one can use such a word, the man complained of not being able to breathe. He was able to walk the twenty steps to the station wagon and was taken to Bellevue, put to bed there, and given immediate care. Next day we had a telegram collect, that the man was in critical condition. A week later we received a notice by telegram that he had died, another week later came one of these frightening blue papers from the hospital, a service of notice upon the same person, now alleged mentally ill, that he was going to be committed unless someone showed up before the Supreme Court which sits for such cases at Bellevue.

Priest from India

For the last month our house has been blessed by the presence of a young priest from South India, Fr. Emmanuel Vasuvassum, who after fourteen years spent in Rome, found the contrast with Chrystie street quite astounding. He showed perfect grace in adapting himself to his surroundings and we had some most illuminating conversations with him on the subject of Buddhism and Hinduism. Fr. Suarez and Fr. Pinto, also priests from India spoke at the Friday night meetings last month and were most interesting.

Fr. Janner

Our Puerto Rican priest at Nativity parish, Second Ave., brought a bus load of his parishioners to Maryfarm for a Sunday picnic after the seven o'clock Mass. It was a beautifully hot day, the ground was baked as hard as cement and though we prayed for rain we were delighted they had so good a day.

Fr. Janner is hoping to find some nearby camp for his boys, and for his young married couples to use during the summer. Failing that, he hires busses to take his summer schools on outings once a week. I mentioned this because last year he got help from one of our friends and maybe they will remember his work again.

New Subway

There is a project under way to build a new subway down our street which will make for much confusion and activity. Every block or so there is a pump going, a drilling going on, as though they were seeking oil or some other such treasure. What they are doing is actually drilling and taking samples of clay, rock, or whatever there is beneath all those pavements and water systems and wirings that overlay this rock which is Manhattan, and find out now how to set about their work. What a complicated and tremendous task! What knowledge and vision is necessary for this work. In addition to the hard labor of those manning the pumps, bringing up the yellow clay water from below, there is the man with the plans, the blue prints, the director, without whom nothing can be done. When we were young and singing the class war song we thought that only the workers did the job. Beginning with planning the farm at Easton, we soon learned differently. Of course we had the off scourgings as St. Paul called his fellow Christians. But we spent at least five years putting up with fetching water from the spring, doing with



Harold Robbins

I wanted you at Catholic Worker to learn about Harold's death. He died as he lived; never complaining and accepted all as God's Holy Will. He remained as cheerful as possible until about three weeks before his death, when he realized he could not live. I have just read in the Feb. "Social Justice Review, 1946" Declaration of Principles, embodying what Harold wrote 20 years (at least) ago, but now patent to all. He worked for justice from the time he was received in the Church at 18 or 19 years of age, with little encouragement. And in my humble opinion huge industrialism can never be wholly done for the honor of God. Much of the work is not worthy to offer to God. Man is not allowed to create but obey the machine, and it demoralizes. One has only to witness how few keep the faith when they begin to work on such as assembly lines, etc. No wonder they go to "the dogs" and the Cinema to take the dullness away. All this cry about leakage and never the real answer, but to bolster up even more industrialism and even to industrialize the "backward" nations. Well, you know more of this in your country than we do.

Harold was always a companion, and we read each day to him, as even his slight went. He died a holy death joining in the prayers and kissing the Crucifix whilst we said the plenary indulgence prayer. As you know perhaps, the Bishop of Aberdeen (Fr. Walsh) came to his requiem, which we did not expect; he had a great regard for all the work Harold did. I wrote Tom Barry and sent TABLET. Our new Archbishop (Fr. Grimshaw) was a subscriber to THE CROSS AND THE PLOUGH and I had a personal letter from him when I sent Harold's memorial card to him.

Yours sincerely,
Gertrude Robbins

candle and lamp light, and enjoying it too, until Fr. Roy came along.

That is all right for a family at first, but as the children come along, the women get tired of being the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. The men draw enough for the barn and the garden. Fr. Roy by his direction and knowledge had us digging trenches, laying pipes, wiring the barn and house, all in a few months. When one sees bridges and dams and tunnels and such things as this new subway, one is amazed at what man can do, in the material field. And he has hardly explored the surface of the spiritual. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. If there were a proper synthesis, if our order were geared to man's needs rather than his desires, if production were for use rather than profit, then "it would be easier to be good," as Peter said, — "to put on Christ," as St. Paul said.

D. D.

A Re-evaluation

(Continued from page 2)

sense, it despairs of all co-operative ventures for the common good and finally can offer nothing but a one man revolution. But that is far from the Catholic conception of man as dependent not only on God but on society—on government. Syndicalist anarchism escapes this somewhat by advocating cooperation, by working through unions, by not making the individual the all important item in the revolution. And indeed a case could be made out for syndicalist anarchism as a form of government provided it were the will of the people. For as I pointed out sometime ago St. Thomas states that the people, if they so choose, may retain governing power in their own hands rather than delegate it to others. But the mistake of syndicalist anarchists lies in this—that they assume that it is the will of the people to retain authority in their own hands (or at least it is the will of the people if the people only knew the facts and were enlightened) and thus to advocate a here and now rebellion against legitimate governmental authority. Nor can we as Christians escape this reasoning by saying "if you do not use the things of Caesar you do not have to obey Caesar." For in matter of fact we unavoidably use the things of Caesar and so we cannot escape that obedience called for by Christ to Caesar in all things that do not invade the realm of God. And it is simply not in the Catholic tradition to make the realm of God so large that there is no room left for Caesar. If that were so Christ's words would be meaningless.

This by no means should be taken to imply an acceptance of the status quo, for the Church has recognized the right to criticize, to advocate change, to disobey when the government is clearly in the wrong. What we should not do is go under an *a priori* assumption that all government is evil and unjust *per se* and is to be automatically disobeyed. As long as the people choose to delegate authority, that delegated authority has the right to demand our obedience in all that is not sin. And, as a general rule, it is for the Church to determine when it is sin. On matters where she has not ruled we are of course free to differ. So that there are good Catholics who refuse to bear arms and good Catholics who do bear arms—as one example of this permissible divergence.

I can then no longer hold with those who present anarchism as a goal capable of realization or those who, while stating that it cannot be realized (short of a mir-

acle) nevertheless continue to propound it, apparently as a result of a psychological imperative, or because they deem protest as protest its own justification. To insist that mankind as a whole become such (by personal reformation), that an anarchist society would be possible, is like insisting that all become celibates or that all become Trappists. The Church wisely holds that this is possible only for a selected few, that the great majority must work out their salvation otherwise. And so the Church does not demand that the average Catholic live like a Trappist, and her moral theology takes into account the frailties of the generality of mankind so that she does not place on us a burden too heavy to be borne. In the secular sense perfectionist anarchists are akin to the Jansenists in their rigorism, and just as the Jansenists consigned most of mankind to hell, because most of mankind could not approximate their standards, so one hears frequently from this type of anarchist that "the masses are the asses."

It remains true however that the national State is a hindrance to man—not because it is a State but because of the concept of national sovereignty which makes of each State a strutting egoistic maniac ready to pull the trigger at any offense to its vanity. Through labor unions, through non-governmental organizations, and (most importantly) through the Church we may help to oppose this concept, and work for some union in which the individual States will agree to surrender national sovereignty in favor of a world society.

Burnt Child

Society of Christ the King,
Danville, Va., Pentecost

Dear Dorothy:

I want some special help and thought you might be one to aid a little Negro girl of less than three years who fell into a pan of hot ashes when two days old. She spent three months in the local city hospital for Negroes and came home terribly disfigured. Her head on one side is without hair and the healing is not complete. Her face on one side and her upper lip are very badly twisted by the scar tissue. This dear little girl has a sad life ahead of her unless something is done for her soon. She is one of nine children, the eldest thirteen. Their parents have been share-croppers who recently lost their tenancy because of physical disabilities. This family is badly undernourished and, very rare among Negroes in this section, they are small and frail. They began coming here some months ago to get food and clothing, but they kept this baby, Geneva by name, out of sight until yesterday when six of the children came to spend the day here.

Any kind of skin-grafting is a long tedious expensive process, but surely there must be some kind person or persons who will take pity on this poor baby and give her a chance for a normal happy life. Already she hangs back and hides her face. It is a pathetic sight indeed. Her three sisters are bright and gay and want to help themselves. We intend to do all we can for them but alas—we also are among the poor who can only share what they have for their own needs. We have no funds to draw upon. I know of no charitable agency on whom I can call with confidence. Perhaps in your travels you have learned of some source from whence relief for this baby will come. Please do your best.

Affectionately,
Mother Teresa.

"It is from intemperance of desire, sheltering itself under an appearance of public good or love of country, that come the rivalries and enmities that we see between nations." (Pius XI Ubi Arcano Del.)

Work

Last month we used two stories which had been printed in WORK which had to do with housing and land—in other words, property, which is proper to man.

This month WORK has a long review of Hallam Tennyson's book on Vinoba Bhavé, who has collected four million acres for India's landless poor. That is as much as the U. S. government owns. Other stories in this issue are about working wives and mothers, Sunday closing laws, Abbe Pierre and his work in Paris for the homeless, and Fr. Marion Ganey and his work to overcome the money lenders among the Fiji Islanders, by building up credit unions and co-operatives. There are also stories on group health insurance as well as on the recent strikes in the South.

We unhesitatingly recommend WORK as the best labor paper in the country, and advise our readers to send to Ed Marciniak, 21 W. Superior St., Chicago, 10, Ill., one dollar for a year's subscription.

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