

CATHOLIC



WORKER

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HAROLD ROBBINS

By the death of Harold Robbins we lose one of the most devoted and strenuous leaders, if not indeed the real power-house, of the Catholic Land Movement as it developed in the period between the two wars. As a convert, he came under the influence of the Fathers of the Oratory, Edgbaston, and it was there that he married Gertrude Hickling. He was early attracted by the social teaching of the Church, which he saw expressed in the Encyclicals, the doctrine of private property, especially in land, small ownership, craftsmanship, and finally practical distributism. He took a poor view of scientific and industrial progress severed from the guidance of the Church.

On his return (mentioned in dispatches) from the first world war, he decided that merely to pay lip-service to the social teaching of the Church—merely to write articles and books about it and to hold public meetings and make public speeches—was not enough. Something practical must be done to bring about the actual return to the land and to Catholic principles of social justice. He set to work to get into touch with all people of similar views and to collect them together into a Catholic Land Association. The ideal he set before it was to establish a truly Catholic village in each diocese, with the Mass as centre of its life and every activity of agriculture and craftsmanship organized around it as an act of worship. Not one of his critics—Catholic or non-Catholic—realized better than he himself what a terrific task, what a heroic enterprise he was setting his hand to. He was sacrificing his life for what could not possibly bring him or

anyone else fame or profit. All that concerned him was to set up a shining example of Catholic social justice in actual being for all men to see. To human judgment the experiment was a failure, but no merely human judgment is of the slightest value in a matter of such consequence. We do not even begin to have the evidence.

Towards the end of the war he was smitten by a physical disability which gradually—very gradually—took from him the power of his lower limbs. "If Almighty God no longer needs my legs," he said, "no more do I." As the years went on the trouble spread to his hands, so that he could no longer write, and then to his eyes, so that he could no longer read. He endured these eight years of martyrdom with heroic fortitude. There was never a word of complaint. One of the most practical and self-reliant of men found himself becoming a burden to himself and to all around him, but there was never a single "I'm fed up." He saw the will of God in all things. Through the years of his life-work and through the whole of his affliction he was supported by the unflinching devotion of his wonderful wife, for whom no praise and no affection could be too much. Small wonder that the Catholic home at Weeford Cottage became a place of pilgrimage for priests.

By K. L. Kenrick
(Reprint from *The Tablet*.)

"THE INSULTED AND INJURED"

By DOROTHY DAY

Last week as I passed the second hand book stores on Fourth avenue, I stopped to look and there was a torn and battered old Dostoevsky, "The Insulted and Injured," a story which I had not read for many years. It was only twenty-five cents. I got it, and started reading it that very evening. It is the story of a young author, it might be Dostoevsky himself. He tells of the success of his first book, and how he read it aloud to his foster father, and how the father says, "It's simply a little story, but it wrings your heart, and what's happening all around one grows easier to understand and to remember, and one learns that the most down-trodden, humblest man is a man, too, and a brother." And I thought as I read these words,—"That is why I write, and that is the purpose of the story I am going to tell now, the story of Felicia."

She came in the other afternoon to St. Joseph's House to see if we had any extra clothes, a coat for herself, and something for her children. Felicia is twenty-two, and her husband is also twenty-two. She had her first baby just before she was fifteen, and he was not his father. She was grown up, then, when she was fifteen. When she found she was pregnant, she knew it wasn't playing for fun any more, it was playing for keeps, having babies. Now she was grown

up. She lied about her age, of course, and when she came out of the hospital she had friends to go to who would take her and the baby in, and she could nurse it, so she kept him with her for two years. Then she lost the job she had, where she could keep the baby, and she had to board him out, and it wasn't until after she was married, again and had two children that she was able to get him back. He was seven now. The others were one and a half and two and a half, and both walking. The apartment she had was four blocks away and across the park. You could see she had some sense of dignity, now that she was a householder, with a place of her own. She had come through a lot. There was that time when she had the second baby with her and her young husband had lost a couple of fingers in the machine shop.

His mother would take him in and the baby too, but not her. She had never wanted the marriage and her house was full of eight people already. They had only four rooms. So Felicia slept in the hall. That was when we first met her, and she was pregnant again too. She came to Peter Maurin Farm for a while, and then when her husband got better, he'd found another job and they got a two-room place on Eldridge street. It was a hideous scabrous place, with the plaster falling off the walls, and the toilet out of order in the halls, and cold water, and the halls smelled of rats and cats. The place she had now was much better.

She talked on that afternoon, and stayed for supper, and we had meat balls and spaghetti, and afterwards she got sick and could scarcely walk home. "Food doesn't

(Continued on page 6)

FOR A NEW ORDER

By PETER MAURIN

I. THE AGE OF REASON

1. In the seventeenth century a Frenchman by the name Descartes discarded Thomistic philosophy and formulated a philosophy of his own.

2. Saint Thomas' philosophy start with Aristotle and helps the reason to accept Revelation.
3. For Saint Thomas Aquinas reason is the handmaid of faith not so for Descartes.
4. The eighteenth century became known as the age of enlightenment or the age of reason.
5. An American by the name Thomas Paine wrote a book entitled: "The Age of Reason."

II. THE AGE OF TREASON

1. The use of reason was discarded by the intellectuals of the nineteenth century.
2. Romanticism, positivism, pragmatism, one after another became the fashion in the nineteenth century.
3. 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.
4. So the age or reason of the eighteenth century was followed by the age of treason of the nineteenth century.

III. THE AGE OF CHAOS

1. And we are now in the age of chaos.
2. In an age of chaos people look for a new order.
3. What makes for chaos is lack of order.
4. Because people are becoming aware of this lack of order they would like to be able to create order out of chaos.
5. The time to create order out of chaos is now.
6. The germ of the present

(Continued on page 8)



BEHOLD THY KING COMES TO THEE

MEEK AND SITTING UPON AN ASS

RICH AND POOR

But you will say perhaps, as the rich often do, "We must not give to a man whom God has cursed and meant to be poor." But it is not the poor who are cursed; it is written, Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. It is not of the poor, it is of the rich that Scripture says, He who increases the price of corn shall be cursed.

St. Ambrose.

THE HOLY SEE AND DISTRIBUTISM

Since Pope Leo XIII issued *Rerum Novarum* in 1891, many Papal statements have tended strongly to Distributism; none has receded from it.

Leo XIII said:

"The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humble class to become owners."

During the recent war, Pius XII has broadcast pronouncements on a number of occasions. They have the same force as Encyclicals.

At Pentecost, 1941, he gave unequivocal endorsement to the basic principle of Distributism in these words:

"Nature itself has closely joined private property with the existence of human society and its true civilization, and in a very special manner with the existence and development of the family. . . So-called civil progress would in practice be unnatural which was so exaggerated in its interferences as to render private property void of significance. . . Of all the goods that can be the object of private property, none is more proper to nature than the land. 'The holding' in which the family lives and from the products of which it draws all or part of its subsistence. It is in the spirit of *Rerum Novarum* to state that, as a rule, only the stability which is rooted in one's own holding makes of the family the vital and most perfect cell of society. . . If today the concept and the creation of vital spaces is at the center of social and political aims, should not one, before all else, think of the vital space of the family, and free it of the fetters which do not permit even the formulation of the idea of a homestead of one's own?"

In the broadcast on 1st September, 1944, the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of the second World War. His Holiness made explicit what

had always been implicit in good morals, namely, that technique must not have dominion over the natural law. I have ventured to state this principle in the following terms:

WHEREVER TECHNICAL PROGRESS OR ANY OTHER EXPEDIENT CONFLICTS WITH THE OPERATION OF A NATURAL RIGHT, THE NATURAL RIGHT MUST PREVAIL.

God knows, this is plain enough, but it has been denied both in practice and in principle for too long.

The Pope has now endorsed the plain teaching of ethics in terms which even commentators will have some difficulty in explaining away:—

"Small and medium holdings in agriculture, in the arts and trades, in commerce and industry, should be guaranteed and promoted. . .

"And it should not be said that technical progress is opposed to such a scheme and that in its irresistible currents it carries all activities forward towards the gigantic business and organizations before which a social system founded on the private property of individuals, must inevitably collapse.

"No. Technical progress does not determine economic life as a destined and necessary factor. It has, indeed, too often yielded timidly to the demands of the rapacious, selfish plans calculated to accumulate capital indefinitely.

"Why should it not then yield also to the necessity of maintaining and ensuring private property for all—that cornerstone of social order? Even technical progress as a social factor should not prevail over the general good, but should rather be directed and subordinated to it."

From Harold Robbins in *The Cross and the Plough*

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OUR SPRING APPEAL

CATHOLIC WORKER
223 Chrystie St.
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Feast of St. Joseph

Dear Beloved:

The first Christians were known by their love for each other, and we find that address in the epistles. "Love is an exchange of gifts," St. Ignatius said, and we certainly feel a great sense of love and gratitude to you when you answer our appeals. St. Teresa said she was so grateful a person she could be bought with a sardine! (Wish I could find that exact quotation!) Anyway all the small gifts add up and we sure need them.

As usual we have a houseful of beloveds to take care of right now, from an 80-year-old one at Maryfarm, to two unborn ones on the way. Men, women and children make up our large family. Helen Isvolsky, author and teacher, said once our places reminded her of Tolstoi's home, which pleased us mightily, and in a way describes our atmosphere. Since we have no writers of best sellers around here, and only charge a cent for THE CATHOLIC WORKER, we have to send out this semi-annual appeal to help feed our fellow workers, which include the breadline too.

There is spring in the air which makes it easier for that same breadline, thank God. Though it always makes me want to weep to see it. The two little privet bushes in the back yard have small buds on them and there is a glow on the plane trees across the street. Lent is Spring so there is even an element of joy in prayer and fasting, which usually come so hard.

It isn't such great things that our Heavenly Father is asking of us, after all. He is not hard on us. His yoke is easy and his burden light, because He is Love. The epistles and gospels teach us so much during Lent. This morning it was the story of Naaman the leper. He was asked to do such a little thing—to wash in the Jordan to be healed and he was indignant. He would have gone away if his servant had not said, "Father, if you had been asked to do some GREAT thing you would do it!" So he washed and was healed.

It is the same with us. We don't realize what great healings of body and soul will follow prayer and fasting, and the almsgiving that goes with fasting. It seems such a little thing to ask in the face of the threat of world war, in the face of the destitution we see of mind and body and soul. Yet if we do these things the results will follow. We shall be saved. We shall have our reward and here in this life too, a hundred-fold, pressed down and running over, a full measure. God is not to be outdone in generosity.

There are several around the Catholic Worker who are taking literally nothing but one meal a day during Lent—no coffee, no comforting bread besides. But all of us, you might say, are on the breadline, begging your help.

I write this sitting in old St. Patrick's church, around on Mott street, and I write with prayer that you will answer, and that God will bless you for it in your own homes and needs.

Gratefully in Christ,
DOROTHY DAY

ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

Father Lord died in January, and in this issue we are reprinting one of Peter Maurin's letters to him, another Master Agitator. We all loved Fr. Daniel Lord for the way he was bringing Christ to the youth of the country. He gave all his great gifts to popularizing and re-stating the great movements of the church in terms that high school and college young people could understand.

The first Catholic Action school I attended was back in 1934 at St. Francis Xavier High School, and it was there I first heard of cooperatives and credit unions and of the

I saw the sodalists in action during the year at their Saturday meetings, where they discussed what was happening in the world today, and always the primacy of the spiritual was emphasized.

It was Fr. Lord's sodalists who used to give out the Catholic Worker on May Day during the parade in many of the big cities of the country. The controversial nature of the discussion of war and peace which the Catholic Worker has undertaken more and more (what with class war, race war, the Ethiopian war, the Spanish civil war, the Japanese-Chinese war, the Second World War, the Korean war, the Indo China war and now the Formosa crisis) has made young people who have to face these issues hesitate to commit themselves on the pacifism which the Catholic Worker has never ceased to express. God bless their honesty, and thank God, too, that many continue to support us by their help, in spite of differences of opinion and the agonized doubts which we placed in their minds. Some priests complained that like the pharisees we placed on them burdens too heavy for them to bear, and did not bear them ourselves, and in many cases that was true. We admit our failure, over and over again to live like true peace lovers.

Fr. Lord dealt with the problem of war in several pamphlets, one entitled, "So you won't fight?" which favored the position of the conscientious objector. Later when war was upon us, and the youth of the country was conscripted, he tried to reach them with other pamphlets which did not handle the problem of conscientious objection but tried to deal with them where they were, with daily problems. (How far a man can obey his commanding officer, in this day of total war, is dealt with by Fr. Drinkwater in an article in the Commonweal last month.) The discussion is beginning to take hold, the movement to question war as a means to achieve peace, is beginning, and let us hope it will not be a slow evolution, but like a fire will take hold of men's hearts.

How many have cause to be
(Continued on page 7)

PIUS XII TO THOSE IN PRISON

Sacred Scripture (Romans 13, 2-4) teaches that human authority, within its own limits, is, when there is question of inflicting punishment, nothing else than the minister of divine justice. "For he is God's minister: an avenger to execute wrath upon him that doth evil."

This religious element in the infliction of punishment finds its expression and realization in the person of the guilty one, in so far as he humbles himself under the hand of God Who is punishing him through the instrumentality of men; thus he is accepting his suffering from God, offering them to God as a partial payment of the debt which he has contracted before God. Accepted in this way, punishment becomes for the guilty person a source of interior purification on this earth, of complete conversion, of resolution for the future, a bulwark against possible relapse. Suffering thus accepted with faith, repentance and love is sanctified by the pains of Christ and supported by His grace.

This religious and holy meaning of suffering due to punishment is impressed upon us by the words which the good thief addressed to his crucified companion: "Digna factis recipimus": "We receive the due rewards of our deeds," and by his prayer to the dying Redeemer: "Domine, memento etc.": "Lord, remember me when thou shalt come into thy kingdom"; a prayer which when weighed upon the scales of God, brought to the repentant sinner the assurance of the Savior: "Hodie mecum eris in paradiso": "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise (Luke 23, 41-43)"; the first pleasurable indulgence, as it were, granted by Christ Himself.

May all who have fallen under the blows of human justice, suffer the punishment inflicted upon them not in a spirit of duress, not without God and without Christ, not in revolt against God, not spiritually shattered by anguish; but may it open for them the way which leads to holiness.

Fourth Open Letter to Father Lord, S. J.

Dear Father:

We are living in a period of chaos.

Our task must be to create order out of chaos.

Creating order out of chaos ought to be the task of religious orders.

The Jesuit Order would do well to open up

Houses of Hospitality for the benefit of all college graduates, non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

In those Houses of Hospitality unemployed college graduates would be given an historical background.

Professor Carlton Hayes says that our religion is the only historical religion.

A Catholic historical background given the unemployed college graduates in Houses of Hospitality would be the best antidote to Marxist materialism.

It ought also to be that kind of historical background that would make them

Co-operators or Guildists

or Distributists or Communitarians.

It would make them look up to the individual, not to the State,

for the solution of social problems.

Yours for the Green Revolution.
(Written in the thirties by Peter Maurin.)

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

By David Marven

Down in Point St. Charles, in Montreal, on dreary old Center Street opposite St. Gabriel's Church, there's an alley-way running into a courtyard where an ancient one-time bakery stands. Almost every night of the week there's a sort of quiet activity in and about this old place, but when Thursday evening comes around, things begin to hum. Then it's distribution night at "Qui Est Mon Prochain?" (Who Is My Neighbor?), the name of the house and the small group of people behind it who have decided that they are indeed their brothers' keepers. A swarm of the poor from the surrounding districts come through the alley-way to the house and go away with clothes, food, fuel, second-hand furniture and stoves or whatever else the group can give them or do for them.

It was just about four years ago that a young Northern Electric plant worker, Jean Therrien, who has a wife and seven children, set about doing something for the poor. First he set up a distribution center in his back yard shed. As the project expanded, it moved to a vacant cellar and then to the old bakery. Other people became interested and began to help. A group of Therrien's co-workers at Northern Electric started making regular payday contributions and helped on the project occasionally. Now three families are spending most of their spare time on it (and as much of their resources as they can spare) and the group has a truck for heavy deliveries and pick-ups.

There's no philosophy behind this affair except simple Christian charity—no more, no less. "Qui Est Mon Prochain?" hope to get together eventually for community prayer and reflection, but otherwise they're unambitious. They have no desire to do anything more than to go on helping the poor in their small and quiet way.

(REPRINT FROM BENEDICT LABRE NEWS LETTER)

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By AMMON HENNACY

"Is that an anti-Semitic paper?" asked a Jewish man as I was selling CW's at Union Square. He and his friend had walked by and the friend had bought a paper from me a few minutes before and now he had come back to question me. I told him that there was not a Catholic paper more friendly to the Jewish people than the CW. He grumbled and said he thought it was like the Christian Fronters, and he wouldn't take a chance and buy it. I told him he did not need to buy it for I would give him a free copy and he should read it and see me again if had any questions to ask.

On Wall Street the other day I was called a Fascist by a person who I suppose also had an entirely wrong idea about the CW. I had not been called a Communist for months until the other Sunday a man and a woman shouted to me that they would see that I was not allowed to sell the CW near the St. Francis Church. A woman who had bought a CW from me there was told by this same man that she should not buy such a Communist paper. She told him that she had asked the priest and that he praised the CW. The drunken man who tore up a CW into small bits in front of me at 43rd and Lexington yesterday while muttering "damn Catholic" might have had any motivation as lucid as that of others who are unaware that the CW is more radical than any others left of center,—that is, taking the term radical in its true sense of going to the roots of spiritual and economic truth enunciated in the principle of "from each according to his ability and to each according to his need." (St. Paul said—"Let your abundance supply their want.")

The other night I went over to West 12th St. and stood in front of the New School for Social Research and sold CW's to the students who came out after 10 p.m. classes. The next day I gave a copy of my book to their library. I'll try to go there one night a week. I also want to spend one noon a week near N.Y.U. on Washington Square. It takes time to get known among the students but I find that the time spent at Fordham now bears fruit for I have interesting conversations with priests and students and sell a book each day to some one. A Protestant who is anarchist and pacifist bought a CW from me at Cooper Union and came over to the CW later to help sell CW's. He had traveled in Yucatan and knew of the work of our radical friend Father Donald Hessler, the Maryknoll priest there.

On St. Patrick's day the weather was cold and the wind nearly blew Mary McArdle, Mary Roberts and me off the corner as we watched the parade and sold CW's near Columbus Circle. I had been an Irishman all these years and never attended a St. Patrick's parade and I wondered how the bare knee'd Irish girls could march for five hours, for after three hours we had enough of it and our eyes were bleary with cold. An old time I.W.W., an Irishman from Conn. down to see the parade, asked if I was Hennacy and bought a copy of my book. He had read the CW and knew just about who would be selling CW's on Fifth Avenue that day.

Generally at 8 or 9 o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's a parade of some men's group attend Mass in a body and make up their formations outside first. It takes much courage for one of them to be seen by the others buying a CW. But every place I go friendly priests and nuns greet me and this helps

(Continued on page 8)



The Deportation Of Francisco Fernandez

By DOROTHY DAY

This morning, April 6, on the eve of Holy Thursday, Francisco Fernandez was put on the Italian liner, Vulcania, which stops at Lisbon, Gibraltar and Barcelona before it gets to Italy, and held under guard in the tourist class smoking room until the ship sailed at noon. Tom, Roger and I saw him off. Charlie McCormack missed out because he was trying to park the car. Ammon was away on a trip to Maryland. There was no time to notify any of his anarchist friends, since the call had come in from the Federal prison on West St. this morning that he was being deported this noon. The two agents of the Department of Justice kindly brought him down to the office of the Catholic Worker, so that he could get some warm clothes for the boat. Dick Charpentier gave him his leather jacket, and Bob gave him several pairs of socks and Smoky Joe contributed his shoes. The men came from the kitchen to wish him farewell and the whole house was sad to see him go. We had grown to love him very much. He had worked with us, baking bread, 300 loaves a week, making sandals, taking the Puerto Rican children from next door down to the farm for a rest for their mother and fun for them, and bringing one of the Scupoli kids into the zoo last week.

He had spent the last few days in the Federal prison with two or three hundred other prisoners, detained for narcotic charges, counterfeiting, and other offenses against the Federal law. There were the Puerto Rican Nationalists waiting to be sent back to Puerto Rico to the inhuman prisons there. Political prisoners, criminals, all are treated alike, the non violent with the violent, but the place is clean, the food good, the guards impersonal, not bullying. There were radio, television, movies. There were also bars at the windows and locks on the doors. When you visited, you sat behind glass partitions and spoke through a telephone. It is strange, sitting so close to anyone, looking them in the eyes, seeing their mouths move, and hearing them only through the earphones.

Francisco is in prison, without freedom, because he believes in free-

(Continued on page 7)

CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

Today, a cold, hard driving rain has pinned our ambassadors to the front wall of this house. They are awaiting their daily soup and bread. It is difficult to feel any sense of comfort here in our warm dry office since you can't help but observe these poor men turning and twisting to shunt off the rain and wind.

While this frightful weather is on hand it is hard to realize that Easter Sunday is only a few days off. Most of us here at St. Joseph's house have vaulted the expectancy of new wearing apparel for the Easter Parade. It doesn't take long to stifle that anticipation here along side of the Bowery since you frequently feel like a little fool if you are particularly well dressed while the poor are all about you in rags. It seems that Easter Sunday brings a sufficient reward since then the Church's Lenten regulations are lifted on fasting and abstinence. No matter how simplified those regulations are explained by the Church most people operate under a cloud of uneasiness. In two recent issues of Commonweal they say that there are excellent articles on the subject of Lent by Rev. Victor White, O.P. (Good Friday) and Rev. H. Reinhold (The Spirit of Lent).

As is our tradition each Easter Sunday morning, we hope to provide scrambled eggs and fried potatoes plus the daily breakfast of coffee and bread to our morning line of some two hundred men. God knows that it is little enough that we are able to do for these the poor. Yet it really is a good sized miracle that anything is ever accomplished when we stop to take stock of ourselves.

Tonight, a homeless eighteen year old boy walked in on us. Nuns from a convent phoned and said that they were sending him down, we asked them not to since there were no beds open, besides we have found it impossible to do anything with teenagers when they are mixed with adults. When our unwanted young man arrived we tried to serve him a late supper which he refused although he claimed that he hadn't had dinner.

He agreed to a cup of coffee while he sat and watched our nine inch TV screen. We tried to talk with him about Chicago which city he said was his home. We immediately asked him where he had lived in Chicago since we are always interested in talking with anyone about Chicago, wonderful town. This lad mentioned a street in Chicago which doesn't exist nor is there such a section of town that he said he came from. This inconsistency did not bother us since most of our imaginations around the Catholic Worker appear to skyrocket as though jet-propelled. The boy volunteered the information that he had recently lost both mother and father in an automobile accident. That he had spent all the money he had coming to New York in search of his aunt and a self supporting position. His present plans now include a hitch with the armed forces of this country. Fortunately for the homeless kid one of our guests was absent for the night and we were able to put the new guest up.

Last month there appeared in this column two appeals. One asked for a teaching position for Bob Ludlow and the other requested an apartment for an elderly woman and her badly crippled son. The results for the apartment were quickly evident. We were informed that a vacancy existed a few short blocks from here and we hurriedly passed this on to the good woman. She and her son rushed, as best they could, to the given address where they learned that the apartment was for rent except that present occupant insisted that the furniture be purchased in the bargain. As the two people were discussing the exorbitant cost of the furniture, the landlord of the building appeared in a wild rage. He said that the furniture belonged to him and that the tenant had no jurisdiction over renting the apartment.

However, we are extremely grateful to the kind readers who sent in some money for the cross ridden mother and son.

Bob Ludlow fared a little better than the two above. First he was

(Continued on page 6)

Noe Sees the Promised Land

Future echoes long
Dying from
Sounding tideless
Deep where only
Sea vine wraps
Chilled feet as
The Dove brings
In billowing

Wind to sweep Earth's
Face of water.

Long Noe stood
Swaying on
Rough hewn planks,
Gazing at the waves
In arid prayer,
Until new winds
Spilled from
Fanning wings
As white breast
Sank to his arm.

A long journey, my
Human lord,
Noe did not hear.
"My feathers fell
To the piling sea;
I saw the Kingdom, lord!"
The old man did not
Hear, but cried
To see the tight clutched
Sprig of olive tree.

Cold waters drew
Mack to the
Sun the high
Winds sank with the sea
"I have forgot,
God, all words but these,
'Praise! Praise!'
That I should see
The land, my flesh, stretch
Green before me!

"Earth! Earth! Long
Promised Food
Fully bared of the
Sea; soft sighing
Your soil has hung
Its buried years'
Fruit to the sun,
And I see! I see!
The earth sweet Dying
Of the Eternal One!"

By SALLY APPLETON.

There Is A High Wall Between

By EILEEN FANTINO

Hands fumble with a deck of cards . . . word follows word with the persistence of a subtle drum beat . . . the street noises soften. . . "Nobody's left that cares about you when your mother and father's dead. That's our club motto, we figured people except Negroes and Puerto Ricans and some of the Italian kids around the neighborhood, they're—how you call it—prejudiced. People outside don't like us—so we got to be tough. They ain't sociable so our club figures we got to be sociable with each other. If you're in the club you got somebody to help you when you get in trouble if you need ball money or something.

"You heard about that murder uptown. You know why the club gets mixed up in things like that? They got to show they're tough—nobody can push them around. They'll beat up and mug and worse. My father says I'm bad. He sent me up to a reform school cause we had a fight—but they let me out on parole now. He ain't my real father. My real father's dead. Like we say . . . when your mother and father's dead . . . there ain't

nobody to care about you.

"You know the cops are scared of the club. If they see a kid with the club jacket on they pull him in on account of that murder. But the kids know how to stick together. They can't break the club up. It ain't that the guys in the gang are really bad—they got to do bad things so those other people know they're tough and they're somebody.—We got a junior club too but the real tough guys are the seniors. I'm a junior. We never tell those seniors what to do, boy. You're in your club for life once you join. And you can't change. I'll never be a senior. The guys in the club figure we'll always stick together and be sociable and help each other." And so it went . . .

There's a high wall between the gang's territory and "outside" the land of plenty, opportunity, sunshine and love and they know it's a high wall. The desire for good is strong and generosity is spontaneous, but "outside" makes a mockery of it. The collective spirit is broken by poverty, rejection, humiliation and coldness. These undesirables of society seek to

heal themselves by community, a sense of belonging, a counter-exclusiveness and violent defiance of the society, the law enforcers and the law itself which seeks to dominate them. They will not place themselves under the power of "outside" represented by "law and order," the arm reaching from the other side of the wall.

The particular kind of "juvenile delinquency" which occurs in slum areas among minority or subjugated groups is an outburst of the inner tension built up not only by parental indifference, as in most cases involving in higher income neighborhoods. It is built up mainly by the structure of society itself, the society which is dominated by profit seeking "free enterprise" and the Puritan idea that wealth is a measure of goodness and a mark of the grace of God, the society which says those with money have the right to more money, those who can exploit other's labor have a right to the fruits of their exploitation, the society which says only those who are "acceptable" and can beat their way up the golden mountain of

business success have a right to the goods of the earth or are capable of "appreciating" them.

The concept of slavery is not dead in our economic system. The poor and undesirables of the world are kept in economic and psychological slavery. They are left to grovel for \$30 a week jobs, paying fantastic rentals for crumbling sium apartments and waiting on line for hours at clinics with their sick, barely fed, ill-clothed children.

These unacceptable groups have had years of rejection and hatred to deal with and are except for occasional instances consigned to low paying jobs, if they can find one, crowded slums where they are prey for fires, disease, and dope pushers offering them an easy but deceptive escape from the inevitableness of their lives.

His head is bent to one side . . . and the voice is rich, warm and sad . . . dank buildings cast their shadows . . . the sky isn't even worth looking at . . . "Like our gang says, 'There ain't nobody left who cares about you when your mother and father's dead.'"

TO PROCLAIM HIM

THE LORD by Romano Guardini. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, 1954. \$6.50. By Elizabeth Bartelme.

Among contemporary spiritual writers, Romano Guardini stands with the giants. His name is as well-known in this country, where only a limited number of his books have appeared, as it is to European intellectuals. His prodigious gifts have been revealed many times, but never have they been so apparent as they are in *The Lord* in which one is immediately aware of an outpouring of the fruit of profound experience and rare insight.

Strictly speaking, *The Lord* is not a life of Christ, but rather a meditation on the life of Christ, a probing of the mystery that separates the surface simplicity of the "historical" Jesus from the reality that is the God-man. Monsignor Guardini says explicitly that he does not set out to prove anything, that he is not trying to place the events of Our Lord's life chronologically in time, but only to obey "the Lord's command to proclaim him, his message and his works."

In order to do this, however, he has of necessity reconstructed the environment and atmosphere into which Christ was born. And he has gone farther. He has delved into the origins of Christ, humanly speaking. He shows the proud house of David with its twisted roots, the kingliness, distorted by sin, gradually declining to the point where the flower of the race is born in a stable. He shows Mary offering her fiat to the angel; Joseph blindly accepting the word of God with regard to his wife. And then the Incarnation.

From this point history turns in a new direction. The covenant made by God with Moses has been kept. God has entered the world and placed himself in time. Here Monsignor Guardini takes up his proclamation of the Lord himself. We are shown His submission to the baptism of penance, the gradual gathering of his disciples, the radical new doctrine exemplified in the Beatitudes. We are led through his public life, his unbelievable betrayal, passion and death. And through these events is unfolded the enormity of what was done to God. The murder of God—for this, Guardini points out, is what it was—was not, as can be

assumed, a necessity, but the alternative to which Christ turned because of his rejection by those to whom he had been sent.

Guardini's analysis of the rejection of Jesus is masterful. He explains at length the rigidity which had hardened the Old Law. Rather than a way of life which led men to God, it had become a mass of restrictions almost impossible of fulfillment. In one sense it prepared the people for acceptance of the Christian doctrine, but its guardians, the Pharisees and the Scribes, refused to relinquish it, for it was to them a source of power. Swayed by their masters, the people too turned on Jesus as a blasphemer; even his disciples, frightened, hid themselves away.

These, his chosen, we are told, have something in common with each believer, for all of them, even Peter and John, had their moment of turning away from the face of Christ, just as each day he is betrayed through sin by those who confess him.

But Guardini does not conclude with the death of Jesus. The Resurrection follows and he explains with great clarity this central fact that crowns the teaching of the Lord. Further, he develops the theme of Pentecost, and the beginnings of the new Church. And finally, in a burst of glorious prose he concludes his meditations with an analysis of the Book of Revelation.

These are the bare bones on which Romano Guardini forms the vibrant figure of the Christ. And always it is the Lord walking through these pages. When, for a moment, the author turns aside from Jesus to discuss a historical point, characterize a disciple, or draw a parallel to the life of twentieth-century man, it is only to realize the mystery of Jesus more fully.

The close-packed quality of the material—its density—does not lend itself to steady reading, and this in itself is an advantage. For in this book there is so much of value, such possibilities of enlarging one's vision of Christ, that the hasty reader would find himself missing many of Guardini's most cogent points. *The Lord* is truly a masterpiece and it is a measure of Romano Guardini's spiritual and creative gifts that he has given us this powerful study.

given a box of Aunt Jemima pancake flour by two American soldiers, and about how he went to the American embassy to find out how to read the directions on the package, and about the lovely surprise that happened on Shrove Tuesday. Paul Anthony, who loves pancakes with a devouring passion, liked this story best of all. He was even more delighted when his mother told him that Shrove Tuesday was coming soon (as it was, at the time).

The Ferryman told about the devil trying to win a ferryman's soul and the ferryman outwitting him time after time. "What does the devil want the ferryman for?" Paul Anthony asked. His mother, who doesn't know much about such things, tried to explain. She made a poor job of it, and she hoped that one of these days Claire Huchet Bishop would write a book for children explaining all about it.

About that time, Paul Anthony's mother started to lose her voice. The way you could tell, her voice began to sound like it was all covered with moss. So they saved the rest of the books and read them slowly, a little bit every night. That way, they lasted until the chicken pox was all gone, and even afterwards.

The rest of the books were a little hard in spots for Paul Anthony to understand, but he said he liked them all very much, and he is hardly the kind to say anything nice out of politeness.

All Alone was about how one act of charity by a little cowboy in the French Alps changed the whole village of Monestier from a lonely place into a friendly community. It reminded Paul Anthony's mother of a book she had read many years ago, *When The Mountain Fell*, also known as *Derborence*. That had been a book for grown people, but the flavor was the same: good and sweet and wise.

Twenty and Ten was a true story about 20 French schoolchildren who, with their teacher, Sister Gabriel, hid 10 Jewish children from German soldiers during the war.

And Christopher the Giant was about St. Christopher, patron of travellers, who carried the boy Jesus on his shoulders; *Bernard and His Dogs*, about the saint after whom the huge dogs are named. Paul Anthony's mother learned quite a bit from these books, too.

All in all, Paul Anthony's mother thought these books were the best bunch of children's books she had

"OUT OF HABIT"

BORN CATHOLICS, Assembled by F. J. SHEED, SHEED AND WARD, N. Y. \$3.50. By Ammon Hennacy.

From Riley Hughes, English born teacher at Georgetown University, who for many years as a child, "thought that everybody was Irish, the shocked discovery that this was not so was the first, hushed, far-away intimation of the Fall," to Jane Wyatt, the actress, who says that, "I imagine a great many of us stay in the Church out of habit and fear of hell-fire," this book gives the more or less interesting views of 19 born Catholics.

Also J. G. Shaw, the Canadian journalist, who felt that, "Some Catholics never grow up. Many stay in the cradle and keep their Catholicism an affair of the warm blanket, the wavy ribbon, the soothing noise and the bright rattle." And Cecily Hastings, Evidence Guild speaker, who would have liked to have been a convert since people told her she was only a Catholic because she didn't know any better.

Nearly all those who speak in this volume had some years in which they fell away from the Church or were only nominal Catholics. As Antonia White, English writer, said, "It was a shock to find that so many sceptics and atheists had a far stronger moral sense than Catholics, though they expected no eternal reward for their virtue." Some knew, as did my friend Noel Sullivan of Carmel, California, the "Sheep from other folds." Adventists, Anglicans, Anarchists... Yogi, Buddhists, Quakers, Bahais, Theosophists, Communists... potentially at least, to belong to the Soul of the Church, following in other words, what light they had and abiding by the dictates of their conscience. Courage, aspiration, honesty, unselfishness, dependability, characterized their lives." This is contrasted by Jean Charlot, French and Mexican artist, with, "The priest who lives on a big plantation, mans the owner's pri-

read in a long, long time. When the last word was read, her eyes were shining and she turned to Paul Anthony and said, "Now, aren't these books better than comic books anyway?"

And Paul Anthony, alas, said, "No."

AFRICA

Africa, World of New Men, by John J. Considine. Dodd, Mead & Co., 1954. 398 pp. \$4. By H. Yamamoto.

There is a queer thing about this book, which, by the way, is very much worth reading. Fr. Considine, who is editor of *Maryknoll*, *The Field Afar* and professor of Contemporary World Missions at Maryknoll seminary, is evidently a very intelligent man, and his informal report on the development of Catholicism in Africa is excellent. The writing is competent and civilized. In fact, all the people interviewed somehow manage to answer Fr. Considine in his own, well-turned literary style. Yet the book quivers and bulges and heaves. It is as though the multifarious and teeming life of this vast continent would burst through, at any instant, from the confinement of these urbane paragraphs and impersonal statistics. Perhaps, since I'm not at all sure that Fr. Considine deliberately worked to give this disturbing effect, it comes partly from the accompanying photographs, which speak volumes. Or perhaps it is purely a personal impression, since I cannot go along with Fr. Considine's underlying assumption that Western civilization in general and democracy in particular are great and good gifts to bear to Africa. Considering the variegated conflicts and confusions of Western civilization and the imperfections of democracy in practice, this is a perilous assumption.

With West Africa as his starting point, Fr. Considine followed a horseshoe-shaped itinerary, going southward into South Africa and up again into East Africa. Almost everywhere, both despite and because of its minority status, he found the Church a vigorous growth; in some sectors there was literally a crying need for catechists, for priests, and the cry came from the people themselves. And where there was adequate Catholic guidance, he found such impressive accomplishments as the Mass of the Canoe Men of Ubanghi in French Equatorial Africa; the Katanga Mass of the Belgian Congo, sung by the Chanters of the Copper Cross, led by Joseph Kiwele, composer of the mass; St. Anne's Cathedral in Brazzaville, F.E.A., whose "pointed arches resemble the bows of the long canoes that glide up and down the Congo"; the African Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows, near the Killimanjaro mountains in Tanganyika; the Trappist Abbey of Our Lady of Africa in the Cameroun, where Catholicism flourishes. Saying Mass one morning at Kabgaye in Ruanda (a United Nations mandate under Belgian trusteeship), he was charmed by the sight of mothers coming to the communion rail with their infants at their breasts.

Especially memorable is the chapter, *Doctor at Duncan Village*, the story of Sister Aidan, an Irish Dominican doctor in the Transvaal, South Africa. Beloved by the patients of her St. Peter Claver Clinic, which she started in 1949, she was nevertheless killed and

vate chapel, is accepted as little better than an overseer, the difference being that his job is to keep the workers in line with the Host, instead of with a whip."

Hugh Scott Taylor, born in England but teaching in England for 25 years, feels that "Fear and hope, however, are not of themselves sufficient to make us truly wise. We need wisdom if we are to survive in happiness." Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Austrian born and much travelled in America, has seen the Church at its worst and has not hesitated to speak of it. While he knows of the "Priest who is neither humble nor loving—these qualities go together—takes a Prussian drill sergeant as his ideal, not Jean Vianny, the Cure d'Arns," still stays in the Church and finds a robust faith built on positive action rather than negative fear of sin as his mainstay.

The most lively and inspiring account is that of the youngest of the group. Cecily Hastings, who speaks of the real scandal of the Church being the employment of the secular help from the state rather than that of spiritual means. This is emphasized also by J. G. Shaw who says that, "Man was not created to serve the State: Man was not created to serve the Church. Man was created to serve God." Miss Hastings goes to the heart of the meaning of freedom and the Church, and as an anarchist this appeals especially to me. "Freedom from" means freedom from any comfortable demands, which soon means "freedom from reality," freedom from the truth which makes us free. The freedom which is the effect of truth is not "freedom from" but "freedom to." Its measure is that it includes even the freedom to choose to stay within ear-shot and order-shot of the ecclesiastical fascist, and apply even to him, in the teeth of all he may do to make the application apparently intolerable, the words, "He that heareth you heareth me." Which is something like freedom." This linking of responsibility with freedom is very essence of realistic Christianity today. It is the antithesis of that cradle-Catholic of which J. G. Shaw has told us. In Miss Hastings' words, "It is certainly not comfortable to stay on board: but the alternative doesn't even try to disguise itself as anything but spiritual suicide."

CHILDREN

(EIGHT BOOKS BY CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP)

The Five Chinese Brothers, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Coward-McCann, 1938. \$1.90. *The Man Who Lost His Head*, illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking, 1942. \$1.50. *Pancakes-Paris*, illustrated by Georges Schreiber. Viking, 1947. \$2.50. *The Ferryman*, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Coward-McCann, 1941. (About \$1.90). *All Alone*, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Viking, 1953. \$2.50. *Twenty and Ten*, illustrated by William Pene Du Bois. Viking, 1952. \$2.50. *Christopher the Giant*, illustrated by Berkeley Williams, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, 1952. \$2.

By H. Yamamoto

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived at Peter Maurin Farm a small boy named Paul Anthony.

Paul Anthony was six years old and in the first grade at St. Louis Academy.

One afternoon Paul Anthony came home from school, and his mother took one look at him and said, "Well, well, what have you got now?"

It turned out that Paul Anthony had chicken pox.

But isn't God good! That very day Paul Anthony also found several presents waiting for him. One was a package of Valentines from a lady named Grace in Massachusetts. One was a twenty-mule team assembly kit from a lady named

Mary in California. And one was a silver dollar and a nougat candy bar, from a lady named Dorothy who had just come back to Peter Maurin Farm after three months of travelling.

Dorothy also said to Paul Anthony's mother, "Here are eight children's books by Claire Huchet Bishop. You can read them to Paul and review them for the *Catholic Worker* at the same time. You can kill two birds with one stone."

So Paul Anthony's mother agreed. "Oh, all right."

So one day soon after, when it was Sunday, Paul Anthony's mother read him four books. The first was *The Five Chinese Brothers*, all about a little boy who, like Paul Anthony, just wouldn't listen and thereby caused a lot of trouble for the five wonderful Chinese brothers. This little boy drowned. Paul Anthony's mother enjoyed the story and the pictures very much, but Paul Anthony frowned.

Then they read *The Man Who Lost His Head*, all about a man who really did lose his head from the top of his body and tried using things like a pumpkin and a parsnip instead. A kind little boy at the fair finally helped him to find his very own head again. Paul Anthony liked this story a lot, and said, "That man just dreamed he lost his head, right?"

The third story was *Pancakes-Paris*, which almost everybody in the world seems to know about already. This was about a little boy named Charles in Paris just after the war, and about how he was

Posters in East Berlin

While Communist activity has had little influence in West Germany, one piece of propaganda in East Berlin, on the theme of atomic warfare, has unquestionably been impressive. At all subway stations posters are up, carrying the following alleged statistics:

Out of 30,150 children born at Nagasaki between the explosion of the atomic bomb and the end of 1954, there were:

- 471 dead
- 181 interrupted pregnancies
- 1046 with degenerative deficiencies, viz.:
 - 429 with deformed lips or tongues
 - 59 with deformed throats
 - 243 with defective inner organs
 - 47 with defective brains
 - 25 with no brains at all
 - 8 without eyes

From 30 to 40 people are always reading the posters. They go away telling each other that any regime which was planning an atomic war could not afford to publish such figures. Everybody knows that if one government started such a war, the presumptive adversary would also use such weapons.

(REPRINT FROM WORLDOVER PRESS)

RETURN TO AFRICA

Fanasi O. Mgbaro
Snugwu Ukwu
Nigeria

Dear Miss Day:

This is Africa! I reached home April last — after spending six months in London. London I found not only infinitely exciting to the tourists but full of opportunity to those who are intellectually inclined. Since my return I have been to reunite with relatives, fellow-villagers and townsmen who are scattered all over the country as farmers, traders, labourers or civil servants. Urbanization is doing to Africa what it did to the more technically advanced countries centuries ago. It has done a great deal to disintegrate the solidarity of the village life. There is a great industrial awakening and the masses of the people are on the move. The changes that took place during the six years of my sojourn, as student, abroad are like the changes within a century. The main emphasis is definitely shifting to technological innovations. Added to this are, of course, the inevitable concomitants of the era—maladjustments and obstacles to progress. Yes, Africa is now expressing the full impact of the culture dynamics of the West, and our culture is in its death throes.

I tried hard to come down to the farm to see you before I left New York but could not find time. I only wanted to drop in and bid you a well-deserved farewell, for I shall always look back across the years to my student-days in America and cherish the memories of your unpremeditated inspirations at Haverford and Chrystie Street. Now I am back to my folk and the idea of the folkschool is still uppermost in our minds. Everywhere the desire for needs. I am dismayed because I find our villages still too poor to build or equip such a school or a cottage hospital. Philanthropism for such institutions is rare and far between, if ever heard of, in this corner of the

world. But my wife and I hate to sing a requiescat to the idea or write our epitaph in advance. In Memory of A Dream That Never Came True.

I have followed with keen interest the history of Chrystie Street from The Catholic Worker.

This is Christmas! I wish you all the blessings it can bring. My wife sends greetings and desires that you recommend us to the members of your staff and workers.

Please write to us, with special emphasis on your farm.

Yours cordially,
Fanasi

CALLING MISS SERVICE

Box 275
Edinboro, Pa.

Dear Ammon:

Have thought a lot about you but haven't been able to write. I have to now because I need to ask if you can put a little notice in the Catholic Worker to the effect that a Christmas card assortment ordered by

Miss Margaret Service
2422 Garfield

So. Minneapolis 5, Minn.

(unless I recorded the address wrong!) was returned after having been forwarded in Minneapolis to 2103 Columbus Avenue. The package was stamped "NOT HERE" at both places and the only way I have of getting in touch with her would be through an announcement in the C.W. that would tell her that we will refund her money (or remail the cards to her for next year if she wishes) if she will send us her correct address. I think I must have copied it wrong. It's the only mistake made in the sale, so far — and we feel badly.

Our love in Christ,

Betty Clendenning

Apostolado del Mar

M. Deuribartte, 15
Bilbao, Spain

Dear Brethren,

We are regularly receiving your paper encouraging us to go on with our heavy task of helping merchant sailors of every race and color in their needs. Most of them unemployed and destitute.

At present we are providing bed accommodations and very cheap meals to some members of Liberty ships which are coming to this port from Norfolk loaded with coal for our industry. These sailors missed the ship and are being duly treated by our Institution.

We have just read in the November issue of your paper, that after an appeal for sheets, you had to advise not to send anymore as you had already a surplus of sheets. This makes us think that sheets in your country is a very cheap commodity and we would suggest you make an appeal in your paper on our behalf, for trying to get at least 150 sheets and if possible some blankets to supply our 25 beds for a time.

If you succeed in this appeal, you can ship the parcel by the United States Line ships coming to this port once or twice a month, freight and charges to be paid here.

This would be a very interesting cooperation to our task, as being free of charge the use of beds and on the other hand very expensive sheets and blankets, it is a big trouble for the maintenance of this service.

Expecting to hear from you soon, we remain
Fraternally yours,

Trinidad Garcia

May God bless you with peace and grace in the coming year.

Literature

The Abbey School, Mount
Saint Benedict, Tunapura,
Trinidad, British West
Indies.

Dear Friends:

When I was a student at London University, August, 1951, to December, 1953, I sold the English CATHOLIC WORKER outside Westminster Cathedral and at Marble Arch, Hyde Park, next to Communists, Peace manifesto, Fascists, ex-Servicemen, etc. Nearby, especially on Sunday afternoons and evenings, speakers harangued crowds: Catholic Evidence Guild, Salvation Army, Colored Peoples' League, Communists, etc. Pimps, prostitutes, idlers, gamblers and decent folk all ran to and fro, or congregated near our Catholic stalls.

I am now a lay-teacher at this Boys' Boarding School. Trinidad is a British West Indian island near Venezuela. Our area is 864 square miles, population 700,000. Races, 1/3 Negro, 1/3 East Indian, the rest French, Portuguese, Spanish, Chinese, Jewish, Irish and all mixtures imaginable. Religiously we are 1/3 Catholics. The rest Hindus, Mohammedans, Anglicans, Presbyterians, 7th Day Adventists and all the like.

We fight against a flood of obscene and depraved comics, lust and crime magazines, lewd pocket books. Our foolish Catholics mostly support all these sinful things. Please publish this appeal for old, used, Catholic magazines, newspapers, books, booklets, pictures, Christmas cards, etc. The importers of filthy books have U. S. dollars to spend! We have none. We give literature to barber shops, doctors' waiting rooms, foolish Catholics, prisoners, etc. God bless you.

Angelus R. Sumesar.

FASTING

"The extent to which the message of Fatima has been watered down in this country, at least, is terrifying. We have stressed the first part at the expense of the other two. We certainly have not failed to stress prayer in general and the Rosary in particular. But penance and reformation of life might as well not have been mentioned by Our Lady for all the attention we give them. We are told that by penance our Lady simply meant the faithful carrying out of our daily duties and the acceptance of the crosses that God sends us. These things are certainly nothing more than what is expected from anyone who professes to be a Christian in even the most peaceful and wholesome of eras. But in an age as fraught with evils as ours I don't think I am wrong in saying that something more dramatic is needed. Our Lord said that some devils are only cast out by prayer and fasting. Certainly war is one of these!"

Robert Steed from current
Blessed Martin House Bulletin
218 Rear Turley,
Memphis, Tenn.

Plea for Letter

334 West 54th Street
Los Angeles 37, California
April 3, 1955

Dear CATHOLIC WORKER readers:

In June, 1952, one hundred Roman Catholics, priests and laity, meeting in Germany at a pacifist conference of the Catholic Working Group of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, signed an open letter to His Holiness Pope Pius XII. In this letter the Catholic pacifists appealed to the Pope "to condemn armaments and war, in the form in which it is carried on today" and the Catholic pacifists went on to state to the Holy Father "should such a condemnation be impossible, we dare to address to Your Holiness the earnest plea to stand before

Open Letter

Catholic Worker, 223 Chrystie St. NYC.
Feast of the Annunciation, 3-25-55

Collector of Internal Revenue,
Customs House, New York City.

Dear Sir:

I am openly refusing to pay my income tax for the 12th consecutive year. I will picket your office on April 14th as a protest against the continued making of atomic weapons and the irresponsible testing which the U.S. government performs. I will also picket you for ten days from August 6th through the 15th, as it is 10 years since the U.S., without warning, committed the immoral deed of dropping the first atom bomb on Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945. I will fast for these ten days and pray that atomic and all other warfare may cease. In conformity with the Gandhian principle of sincerity and frankness I am notifying you, the FBI, and the police, that I am openly subversive to all your schemes for enslaving the minds and bodies of men.

My action is taken for three reasons. First, as I refused to register for the draft in both World Wars I have no intention of supporting a Third World War. This I would be doing if I paid income taxes for war. To talk and write letters is not enough. Something more than conversation is needed, and my direct individual action is in line with the best of American and world thought and practice as exemplified by William Lloyd Garrison, Thoreau, Debs, Tolstoy, Gandhi, and Vinoba-Bhave now in India.

Secondly, as a Catholic, a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, I must follow my conscience which tells me to regard all men as members or potential members of this Mystical Body; to regard all men as brothers. This does not mean to kill them in war. I choose to follow St. Peter who said to obey God rather than men.

Thirdly, as an anarchist I cannot support any government, even in peace time, for the main function of government is to return evil for evil in courts and prisons, and to encroach upon the liberty of the individual by seeking to bribe him with false promises of pensions, subsidies, and social security while at the same time placing a premium upon informers and stool pigeons who are traitors to the true American spirit of independence and freedom. I do not take anything from Caesar and I do not feel like giving anything to Caesar. I choose a life of voluntary poverty like that of St. Francis and accordingly I appreciate what St. Hilary said: "The less you have of Caesar's the less you have to render unto Caesar."

As an added reason for refusal to support the U.S. government I protest against the new laws which rob the American Indians of their rights, and which seek to assimilate them into the broken-down system of dollar worship of the white man. My friends the Hopi Indians in Arizona lead an integrated, wholesome and ethical life superior to that of our fearful war mad world.

I wish also to protest against the submission of the American people to the tyranny of one man in the White House whose whole life is geared to militarism, allowing him to decide when he will destroy us all by starting an atomic war. I wish to protest against the schemes of the exploiters of this country for Universal Military Training and a peacetime draft which now is making a slave state of our country like that of Germany and Russia from which many of our forefathers emigrated in hopes of that freedom which Jefferson wrote of in our Declaration of Independence.

Ammon Hennacy

TREND

Dear Friends:

I am still receiving the paper regularly and usually find time to read most of it. The articles are interesting and contain a lot of food for thought. I admire your courage and generosity in feeding and caring for the poor in the big cities.

We are now ten years on a small farm of eighty acres and although we are fairly well established now it is still quite a struggle to make a living on a small farm. It seems the trend is toward larger farms and more machinery and we small farmers can't compete with them.

Yours Sincerely,

J. M. Galligan

R. I. Williamsburg
Michigan.

ers concerning this idea of a peace letter to the Holy Father.

In Christ,

Donald Reed

Summer Schools

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

Summer courses on interracial justice—based on a fuller participation in the liturgy—will be conducted by Friendship Houses in Chicago, Washington, D. C. and Shreveport, Louisiana, this year.

The Chicago Friendship House will hold a 9-day course, "The Christian City," in its own neighborhood, where the participants will live the life of the volunteer staffworker, with the opening and closing week-ends at a farm outside of the city—June 10 to June 19.

The Washington, D.C. House is offering 6 week-end courses on "A Christian Social Order" at Maria Laach Farm, Burnley, Virginia—May 27-30, June 10-12, July 15-17, August 12-14, August 26-28, and September 16-18.

The course to be held at the Shreveport Friendship House is set for the week of June 19 to 25.

These informal sessions are open to anyone 18 years old and over who is looking for ways to restore his community to Christ.

For more information write: Betty Plank, Friendship House, 4233 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 15, Ill.; Regina Martin, St. Peter Claver Center, 814 7th Street, S.W., Washington, D.C.; Mary Dolan, Friendship House, 1525 Millam Street, Shreveport, La.

"Insulted and Injured"

(Continued from page 1)

seem to do me any good," she complained. "I just feel so heavy after eating, I can't walk."

"But your husband has been taking care of the children these last few hours—you'd better be getting home!"

But it was the little seven-year-old boy, who was doing the baby sitting, taking care of the little ones, the year and a half and two and a half one. Somebody added, "And her gas and electricity is turned off, and there is an oilstove in the house. That's all the heat they have."

Aghast, we packed her off home, with someone to carry her package of clothes. When I had asked her if there was anything else she needed, she did not say food or money, or more clothes, but she looked wistfully at the radio which was playing in the room, and said that if ever an extra one comes in, she'd love to have it. "You gotta stay in the house so much with the kids. I'd like to help my husband. He gets only thirty-five a week as messenger, but there are no nurseries to take the babies. Not until they are three years old. Tony goes to school."

A radio did come in that week, and one bright cold sunny day we brought it over to her. She and the children were keeping warm on the floor below where the janitress lived, and the janitress didn't mind two extra kids because she had had twelve of her own, eight of them still at home. A lot of them were in school of course, so it wasn't too crowded with half a dozen kids around the kitchen and living room. Every now and then one of them would fall asleep on the floor or bed—there were beds all over the place of course—and the others would play around them. Maybe they didn't make too much noise because they didn't eat too much. But anyway, the poor are like that. Always room, always enough for one more—everyone just takes a little less.

The children stayed downstairs, while we went up to her apartment and set up the radio. We had forgotten that there was no electricity, but there again we saw the generosity of the janitress. Her husband had put an extension wire up the air shaft from his own apartment to her kitchen, and with a double socket we were able to connect the set and see that it played.

We sat down to talk a little, and in the quiet of her bare little apartment, she told me the history of her furniture.

"How I got this place," she began, "it was this way. You know people don't like to rent to Puerto Ricans, so they have to hunt and hunt to find a place to live. This house has Italians and Jews, and the place is all run down anyway, and nobody cares as long as the rent is paid, and each apartment brings in twenty-eight dollars a month and there are four on a floor and seven floors walk-up to the house. I'm lucky I'm on the third floor with the kids. There was an Italian woman living in the building and she told me about this place when I was over at Eldridge St. in that two room place, and we were desperate, the water frozen,

the toilet stopped up, so we had to move. She said, 'There's an empty place in the house where I live, where some friends of mine moved out, and it is my furniture in it, and if you will buy the furniture you can get the apartment. It will be twenty-three dollars a week.'

"My husband was getting thirty-five, and here we were going to have to pay twenty-three a week. Well, we had to move, that's all, so we signed a paper, that was last June, and moved in, and then from June to December 17th we paid her twenty-three dollars a week. And she paid the rent."

Felicia got up from the chair by the handsome kitchen table, it was the only whole thing in the house, that table and four chairs, and fetched a box from the kitchen shelf full of papers and odds and ends, and began sorting through them. "These are the receipts for the statue of the Blessed Mother—you pay every week until you pay thirteen dollars and thirty-four cents and it takes twenty-five weeks to pay. Langan Bros. down on Chambers Street. And here are the receipts for the rent."

True enough, there were the evidences of man's inhumanity to man, the exploitation of the poor by the poor. One set of immigrants, exploiting the newest set of immigrants!

"I got sick in December," Felicia said, "and my husband had to stay home from work to take care of me and the children, so he didn't get any pay, and she changed it then, this Italian woman. She said I could pay her ten dollars a week, and then pay my own rent to the landlord when he came around, so since then, that is the way we do it. . . And here are those receipts," and she tumbled more pieces of paper out on the table, each dated seven days apart and each testifying to the fact that Felicia had paid ten dollars a week on the scrubby set of furnishings I saw around me.

In the front room there was a dresser, two over-stuffed chairs, and there had been plastic curtains, and a davenport which had since fallen apart. It had been replaced by a smaller davenport bed that another tenant had given her. There was a crib which belonged to Felicia which they had bought at a second hand store. There was an ice-box, the old fashioned kind in which you put a cake of ice when you had the money to buy it, there was a stove which was a combination of coal and gas, but the gas was turned off and the coal stove was full of holes, and the pipe to the chimney in back had fallen away. I didn't look in the bedrooms, the two of them, but there was room for little else than the beds. There were two rear ones, off the kitchen, with air and light from an airshaft. Windows looked in on other windows, and only by peering out and looking far up to the sky, four stories above, could one tell whether it rained or shone. The rear room could be closed off from the other three, and there was a door into the hall, and since there were toilets in the hall, one could rent such a room to another tenant. My

first home in Manhattan, when I worked on the east side for the New York Call, had been just such a rear room. But there it was warm with a white-covered feather bed and there was always the good smell of cooking in the house. Here, there was no fire to cook by, and fire is twice bread, the Arabs say.

I sat there with Felicia at her kitchen table, pondering over the slips before me. For seven months she had paid \$93 a month, rent and furniture payment. Since then she had paid \$40 a month to the avaricious widow and \$28 to the landlord, \$68 in all, instead of \$93. That had been a generous reduction indeed!

"But this is terrible," I told her, frowning over the arithmetic before me. "The furniture was quite good when we moved in," Felicia said, trying to account for having been exploited and taken in. "It looked wonderful. You can't imagine how good it looked after Eldridge street."

Well, perhaps it did. Having lived in Italian slums for many years, I knew how the housewives scrubbed and cleaned, and how they made everything shine with elbow grease and detergents. But Felicia had neither elbow grease or money for soaps and cleansers. She probably wasn't very efficient about keeping a place up. After all, her experience was not long, either.

"How long are you supposed to pay?" I asked her, thinking of the papers she said she signed, she and her husband. Maybe it was all quite legal.

"We'll be finished a year from this June." Over a thousand dollars paid for junk, and nothing left of it by the time it's paid for. Enough money for a down payment almost, on a house in the country. Enough money, if ever one had that much all at once, to buy a prefabricated house to put on our twenty-eight acres in Staten Island where the children could run in the fields instead of being cooped in a city slum.

While we were looking over the receipts, the gas and electric bill fell out, \$38.64. And how would that ever be paid? I thought of a remark which Louis Murphy, head of the Detroit Houses of Hospitality was very fond of making, "It is expensive to be poor."

For some time as we talked I had been looking at an object hanging on the wall by the useless stove, and suddenly I saw what it was, a nylon shopping bag, the kind that bears heavy loads of groceries for shopping mothers without ripping at the seams, giving way in the handles, or tearing with the damp of leafy vegetables and peppers. Oh, the irony of that shopping bag, and no money to go shopping with. No wonder she was sick, little Felicia, after eating meat balls and spaghetti on an empty stomach. She might well have felt heavy.

Never mind, Felicia, Spring is here, and it won't be necessary to heat that apartment, and there won't any longer be the stinking smell of oil stoves. Soon it will be a hot sun pouring into the dank canyons of the New York streets, and the park benches will be crowded, and the children can absorb through their pores the bright sun and fresh air after the long winter.

Out in the park the sycamore trees are turning golden green, and the buds are bursting out. There is a veil of green on the bushes around the housing projects you can't live in. Even the grass is brightening and starting under the brown city soil. The earth is alive, the trees are alive again. Oh, mysterious life and beauty of a tree. . . Out in the woods of Staten Island (it is a nickel on the ferry and fifteen cents on the bus) there are birches, and beaches with their round grey bolls, the willows yellow-twigged, the bright green of pines, the maples rosy even on a grey day. There is green moss in the swamps, and the spring peepers have started their haunting call. Skunk cabbage in all their glory of striped green and maroon start up, out of the marshes and

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

offered a job in a hospital—fifteen hours per day. Hours not dollars.

Then a woman reader of the paper phoned about Bob. She had just the work for him. She wanted him to join herself and others in selling a new plus vitamin pill that recently appeared on the market. She said that this new product worked wonders, might even cure alcoholism, she added. I told her that Bob really wanted a teaching job and that he was not the salesman type. She went on to say that this position was actually money in the bank and that she would train Bob to sell. She said that she was taking an advanced course at Dale Carnegie School in how to train people to sell and sell. This opportunity was relayed to Bob which he graciously declined. However, Bob did finally obtain a place with a business concern as a clerk but would rather get back to teaching.

An anguished young mother of four small children came in seeking clothing. She said that her husband was hitting the pavements on the hunt for a job. This family of six are living in one room in a Boverly hotel and paying five dollars a night for the privilege. While the mother was selecting some garments for the family her seventeen month old son pulled away from her side and took a terrible fall down one flight of stairs leading to our kitchen. A member of our house, Johnny, scooped the infant up from the bottom of the stairs. The baby was unhurt but plenty scared. The mother stood at the head of the stairs and refused to open her eyes until she was assured that the child was uninjured. She scolded the seven year old child for her failure to guard the younger one. I blamed the mother but kept my mouth shut. I kept thinking that these are the poor and you would know that they would always be at the bottom of the economic ladder pushed aside by the more shrewd members of our society who know how to make a buck. Order was restored to this little family when the mother and the four children sat down to lunch with us.

Seventy year old John Murphy, our former cook, finally returned from six miserable weeks spent in ward A-6 of Bellevue Hospital. During his recent stay in Bellevue Hospital John suffered his second stroke of paralysis in three years.

line the little brook at the foot of Peter Maurin Farm. Oh love, oh joy, oh spring stirring in the heart. Things can't be so bad, if the sun shines. How soft the ground is now, there is good dirt for the children to dig in, and plenty of room for them to leap like the young goats on the farm next door. But in the country there are no houses and in the city there are houses, shelters, such as they are—there is human warmth—but the pavements are as hard as the greed of men, and there is no dirt for the children, only men's filth. The country now is oh, oh, and joyfulness, and the city where Felicia lives, is woe, woe, and want. Never mind, Felicia, God is not mocked. He is our Father, and all men are brothers, so lift up your heart.

This time his right arm and leg became immobilized just as his left side had suffered three years ago. Thus he lay in bed unable to do a thing for himself. The nurses and attendants ignored John as much as they could. They even expected the poor guy to feed himself. One of the members of our family, Veronica, went up daily to see and feed Murphy. On one occasion while John was being x-rayed he was handled so roughly and negligently that he suffered a broken collar bone.

Since he is back home here with us the incomparable Veronica continues to feed and nurse John Murphy. She was ably assisted by John Derry until he became quite ill last week. John Derry went to Bellevue last Sunday and asked to be admitted. Charlie McCormack drove John up in our station wagon since we thought he was quite ill. The doctors at Bellevue decided otherwise and turned John out within an hour giving him a few pills. On Tuesday we sent John to St. Vincent's Hospital where he was readily admitted since he was so seriously ill from heart trouble that they had him given the Last Rites of the Church and placed him on the critical list.

Soon after John Murphy returned to our domicile, John Pohl followed after a stay of two years at the Edgewood Division branch of the Pilgrim State hospital where he was being treated for lung trouble. John is well, happy and looking fine.

Last Wednesday night, our much loved Robert (Shorty) Smith died in a city hospital after his fourth or fifth operation for cancer. Shorty's death was a shock and sorrow that we were not expecting since we all expected him to recover from the last operation and return to us. Since we were not expecting Shorty to die so quickly none of us were with him, except Charlie McCormack, who was visiting Shorty and talking to him three minutes before he died.

Shorty was just fifty-five years of age at his death. He had been with the Catholic Worker for some eighteen years, fifteen of which he worked endlessly in our kitchen. It seemed that Shorty spent all of his waking hours in our kitchen. He must have averaged twelve to fifteen hours per day at his work. No one saw him sitting down in our dining room, even to eat his meals, which he gulped down while standing. He sat down plenty during his last three years, when he was too ill to work. Shorty made numerous heroic efforts to continue his work in the kitchen but finally had to crawl off to the sidelines and wait for death to overtake him.

Shorty asked nothing for all his work, naturally he received nothing like all the rest for whatever work was done. He would look forward to his daily package of Bugler tobacco and cigarette papers with which he would roll his own cigarettes. At times other individuals would have to pursue him to accept and wear better looking and more servicable clothing than what he was in the habit of wearing. He didn't understand the stress placed on this dressing in continually clean garments or the em-

(Continued on page 8)

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Francisco Fernandez

(Continued from page 3)

dom. He is ready to lay down his life for an idea, to place such an emphasis on freedom that men will begin to realize what they have lost. (We would not talk so much about it if we had not lost it.) Before the first world war, there were no such things as passports and visa's and all these barriers to immigration that the Pope has so spoken against when he cries out for living space for the poor. Now we are ticketed, and docketed and numbered, and registered and secured, and it is a sad and pitiful thing to see a man fumbling for papers to prove his existence, his right to work, to eat.

Francisco's life is a protest against the State. Offered a parole, he refused to sign it. To him, that would be placing a pinch of incense on the altar of Caesar. The early Christians no doubt were just as hard to understand. But in these days of the totalitarian State, when we have lived through the regimes of a Hitler, a Mussolini, a Stalin and their equivalents, when we see whole countries becoming satellite countries, we realize that if there were more Francisco's, unafraid of jails and firing squads, half the world would not be enslaved today. Or how much more than half is it?

Francisco deserted from Franco's Navy nine years ago and jumping ship stayed here in America, aside from one year in Paris. We do not know what will happen to him in Spain. We beg your prayers.

The following are some of the letters he wrote from prison:

Immigration Detention House,
Christopher and Washington Sts.,
April 1, 1955, 8:00 p.m.

Dear Ammon:

I feel urged to write you a few lines about my contact with Immigration officials today. Perhaps you can use them in the CW.

It is only when we come in contact with the state that we realize the evil it represents. I have realized again this morning as I waited in the detention room the evil of the Immigration setup. Man degrading his brother, telling him: "This is my land. I will not let you stay in here." Who has given man authority to say, "This is my land, I have the right to push you out?" In ignorance they believe they have that authority. "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

There were some thirty people waiting in the lobby to be called in. Fear is in their eyes. Fear of what their fellowman will do to him. Fear of what the immigrant inspector will decide in his case. His life depends on the decision of that inspector. That inspector represents the state. These men in the lobby live in fear of the state. It is awful to see face to face the degradation man is inflicting on his brother. A handsome young man with his wife and beautiful daughter of about seven waited too. They were accompanied by a lawyer. The man was nervously talking to his daughter. In her innocence how could she realize the struggle her father and mother are probably going through. The mother beautiful as she was looked almost in anguish. Most probably I assumed her husband is from abroad and they are trying to deport him in spite of having a wife and a daughter citizens of this country. Who has given the state the authority to break up a family? But they do it believing they have divine authority, and they do other things more terrible yet.

I was called in after 40 minutes of waiting.

INSPECTOR: Why did you walk out last time?

ME: I waited two hours. I had something else to do.

INSPECTOR: Well, you are not the only one who has to wait.

ME: I know that.

INSPECTOR: Why don't you want to go back to Spain? Are you a pacifist?

ME: Yes, I am also against governments.

INSPECTOR: Don't you even believe in this government?

ME: No, sir.

INSPECTOR: Don't you believe in government by the people and for the people?

ME: There is no such thing. The 160 millions of Americans are governed by a small group of people in Washington. The people in Spain by a small group in Madrid. The people in Russia by a small group in Moscow.

INSPECTOR: Well, you are entitled to your beliefs. But soon you will find out you have to abide by certain laws, common sense laws.

ME: I have already found out I must not abide by those common sense laws. You will use violence upon me. You have the physical power to force me. But you have no authority from God. That is what I question. Whether or not God has given you authority. To tell me or any man: "You cannot live here. You must go there. And so on."

INSPECTOR: In other words you are thinking of an ideal society, the age of Adam and Eve. But we are so far from that.

ME: Exactly, we are very far from that which means that we are living in a very corrupted society. And I am not going to sit and wait for the ideal society to come from the sky. I must stand up and tell you this way we live is wrong. I emphasize this to you by no longer going along with you, the state.

INSPECTOR: But you know wherever you go you'll be in trouble. There are laws and governments everywhere.

ME: I know I stand pretty much alone. What can I do against all your power. But I believe that the government of man is essentially evil and I am not going to bow down my head for fear of being cast into prison or fear of being killed.

INSPECTOR: You have a copy of the "order of conditional parole?"

ME: You gave me one on Jan. the 3rd but I don't have it with me now.

INSPECTOR: Do you understand the conditions of that parole?

ME: Yes, I do. But I didn't sign the parole. I refused to sign.

INSPECTOR (looking through the voluminous file) Yes, I see you refused to sign. Why do you refuse to comply with the conditions of the parole? Specifically, why do you refuse to comply with the condition No. 5 which asks you to report in writing your address every three months?

ME: Because by voluntarily accepting that condition and the others I then recognize your authority to place me under your jurisdiction and I don't believe you have any jurisdiction upon myself.

INSPECTOR: Why don't we have any jurisdiction upon yourself?

ME: Because no man but God has authority to tell another man where to go or where to come.

At the beginning of the hearing I refused to be put under oath on the ground there was no need to place me under any oath and I said that I would tell the truth anyway.

Inspector Neergaard told me again after the hearing was closed about Section 243 h of the Immigration Act of 1952 under which I may appeal to the Attorney General against deportation for fear of physical persecution because of religious or political beliefs. He offered me

(Continued from page 2)
grateful to Fr. Lord! He died of cancer, and worked right up to the last month of his life. May he enjoy refreshment, light and peace from his labors. And may he pray for us, still toiling in the vineyard.

Another Jesuit

A highlight of the month was the day of recollection given by Fr. James McCoy S. J., who is at St. Ignatius Church, New York. He had given us one Friday night talk, and came to Staten Island to give us three conferences at Peter Maurin Farm. It was a day of high winds (he was well acquainted with the wind from his years on Welfare Island where he ministered to the poor in the hospitals there) and it was very cold besides. I was wishing he could wear a skull cap like a Jewish rabbi as he sat in the chapel in his overcoat and scarf. The wind howled overhead and the oil heater didn't work too well and roared ominously from the down draft.

The three conferences were on faith, and each one of them could have been expanded into a book. There were about fifteen attending from the city and twenty home folks at Peter Maurin Farm. During the afternoon a family from Brooklyn with five children dropped in and the parents attended one conference while the three oldest boys wandered around the farm and looked at the goats, chickens and rabbits, threw stones in the winter pond (that dries up in summer) and their two youngest girls sat with Ann and Paul, and my six grandchildren, and played and listened to Stanley Vishnewsky tell stories about the girl and the miser, and the king and the nightingale and Oswald the hungry lion, of course.

his hand which I shook and wished me good luck as they took me away into the detention room.

If you can make a copy of this letter and send it to me I will appreciate it. I'd like to keep track of the statements I have made.

My love to the entire family,
Francisco.

Imm. Deport. Section, April 3, 1955.

Dear Dorothy:

I want to thank you for the words of love you wrote in Ammon's book. They are truly comforting and strengthening.

I want to tell you that I am not fearful of what man can do to me. The most they can do is to kill my body but they cannot kill my soul. My soul belongs to God and He alone has power over it.

I have much faith that if I lose my life for His sake I shall find life eternal. But I know I don't deserve the privilege yet. So I will not lose my life yet.

But being persecuted and cast into prison for His sake is already a great honor He has granted me, and I am thankful and joyful for His mercy. And how little do we give to Him who has given us so much! Love in Christ,

Francisco.

P.S.—My love to the entire family.

11th and West Streets.

To: Captain, Federal Prison.

"You have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." (St. Matthew 5: 43, 44).

Dear Captain:

You have asked me this morning if I would give you a hand in the bakery. I have refused to work in the prison because it is against my beliefs to work for any government. For government is essentially an evil institution which dedicates itself to return evil for evil. And I believe as Christ taught us that we must not return evil for evil. A prison is a place in which you return evil for evil. This is against the teaching of Jesus Christ.

In retaliation for my refusal to work you have ordered me locked up and my freedom within the prison wall restricted.

I do not wish to protest against your action, for I realize you have a duty to perform as Captain of the prison. And I feel that perhaps I am as much to be blamed as you are for my being locked up in this cell. I wish therefore to offer my prayers and fasting for your sins and for mine, that we both may receive light from God, our Father.

I will start my fasting now (April 5, 3:00 P.M.) with a prayer and break it on Easter Sunday morning when Jesus Christ rose from the dead. I will drink only water during these four days. I offer this small sacrifice to our Father in penance for our sins. I beg you to be with me in prayers.

You have nothing to be afraid that I may become sick from my fasting. I have fasted before and it will do me more good than harm.

I would like to ask you to place me in a cell by myself where I can hold my prayers in privacy.

I have spoken with my friends Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy and they suggest to me that since baking bread is a holy task I should offer my labor freely to you to work in the bakery. I agree with them that it would be a holy task to bake bread for the unfortunate souls in this prison. I would like thus to offer you my labor in the bakery as a gift to my fellow inmates. If you still want me to work I will be able to start as soon as I have recovered from my fasting.

Francisco Fernandez y Jimenez.

ON PILGRIMAGE

It was a most absorbing week end for me. Tamar and Dave went to the Glen Gardner community to visit the Dellingers (The Libertarian Press) and left me with the children, three baby goats and two nannies, and the chickens and geese, and a furnace and kitchen fire to take care of. No pressing of buttons around that house, to heat the place. But Hans came over to help too and Becky helped him with the milking and feeding and staking out of the goats, and Susie helped Eric. The wind was so high that Eric could not get the chicken coop door shut and in one gust he was blown half across the chicken yard. He had done a good job of watering and feeding the fowl and taking out the garbage, but towards the end he felt the elements were too much for him and he came in on the verge of tears. (He is only seven). "Hans is helping Becky," he said, "but no one is helping me." That was when Susie came to the rescue. All the children bottle-fed the three-day old kids who stayed in the house with us in a pen covered with straw made in one of the closets. Little Maggie, one and a half, kept bringing them toast, apples, glasses of milk, and trying to butt heads with them.

After Mass on Sunday we all went over to Peter Maurin farm for the conferences. How terribly attached I am to the Hennessy family, all of them. I pray to St. Ann to help me in being a proper grandmother and not too attached. The Little Flower stated many times that the love of family should grow with the love of God. But she practiced detachment to a great degree, even to the extent of hurting her sisters in the convent when she

gave what free time she had in recreation to some of the least attractive of the sisters at Carmel.

Besides the prayers of the saints, it is helpful to consider a little family like Felicia's just a few blocks away, and remember that Felicia, too, should be as a daughter, and her children my grandchildren, since we are all so bound together in the Mystical Body of Christ.

Freedom of the Poor

I have written before about the freedom of voluntary poverty, but I was thinking this noon as we were saying the rosary in the library about two old women, the involuntary poor, who have their freedom too which they jealously guard. They had rather be free to roam the streets, to take what food comes on our bread lines, to sleep where they can, at the Pioneer, a hotel on the Bowery where Holy Mother the city puts up penniless women, or at the Salvation Army, where they pay their thirty-five cents a night and are asked no questions, than take shelter on Welfare Island, or the Farm Colony on Staten Island where there is food, shelter and warmth these cold spring days.

Who does not know that keen desire for freedom, that love of freedom which God has implanted in the human heart. As Harold Robbins wrote, "Freedom is the primary and supreme reason for the existence of mankind. That He should be freely loved and served seems, so far as our thought can penetrate, to have been God's chief reason for calling us into being."

To be free to come and go, to walk the streets, to sit on the park benches, to breathe, to talk aloud, to have space to stretch, and get away from people when they are too much for you—yes you see a lot of this desire for freedom on the east side. Anna is a Russian Jew and they came to this country to have freedom.

There was an old man of eighty-four who used to leave Welfare Island to go on a drunk over on the Bowery every now and then, and we would find him stretched out on the doorsteps in the morning as we went to Mass. And I used to think indignantly, "Why don't they take better care of him?" meaning his family, or the city, or anybody else but us. After all, we were filled up, packed to the doors. There is always this instinct for anger, that something isn't done by some body. And yet never before has so much been done by State, city, welfare agencies, and they never take into consideration man's great and terrible and boundless-to-sinfulness-desire for freedom. It is only love that can penetrate to the roots of the problem and lead men to surrender that freedom to God.

There is no time with God, so while we suffer over the death of our friends, and the deportation of Francisco, and the continued suffering of Father Judge, in the sanitarium at Nanuet, New York, at the same time, we are rejoicing in our faith in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting which Our Lord brings to us so intensely at this time. It was wonderful to be reading Guardini's closing chapters of THE LORD at this time.

Ten of us from Peter Maurin Farm attended the Easter vigil at the Marist novitiate in Princes Bay, where I worked in the summer of 1929. The services were of unutterable beauty, beginning with the kindling of the new fire, the lighting of our candles, priests, novices, Marist Sisters and Handmaids of Jesus and Mary and then us. Inside the dark sprang into life, and outside the moon shone with tranquillity on the water. Our consciousness of new life was increased by the fact that Marian Shindell one of Fr. Duffy's catechumens had been baptised that very day. Weather, and the peace and joy in all three houses, Maryfarm, Peter Maurin Farm, on Chrystie Street, made this one of our happiest Easters.

In the Market Place

(Continued from page 3)

others so they are not so timid. An elderly woman at 43rd and Lexington said she did not like the picture of Christ in the CW she had just purchased from me and wondered if the CW was really a Catholic paper. I explained that there were all kinds of artists and art and that Barclay Street did not have a monopoly on Catholic art, and that she should ask any priest about the CW. Just then I noticed a priest approaching and said to her, "Here is a priest, ask him." It was Father James McCoy, S. J. who had recently spoken to us at the CW and who is giving a day of recollection tomorrow at Peter Maurin Farm. He told the woman that the CW was the best Catholic paper she could buy on the street. But after he left she muttered that our angels looked like prostitutes and that she would go to the nearby rectory and be sure about the CW. I told her I would be there every Friday selling the CW and to come back and get another copy if she liked.

Feast of the Annunciation

I got my thoughts together at our parish Church of The Nativity, and wrote my tax statement for this year. A Quaker lady from Pennsylvania wrote us saying that I ought to leave the Market Place and go back to Arizona and write about the land and my life there. Just that day a copy of the colorful ARIZONA HIGHWAYS magazine came and in it pictures of the sheep in the mountains and a story of their migration from the lowlands to the highlands seeking grass and water. Dorothy clipped this story and pictures to paste on the wall near her spinning wheel and loom.

Yesterday morning after mass at Peter Maurin Farm we knelt and kissed Mother Earth under the cherry tree outside of the Chapel in honor of the Incarnation when Christ first became man on the earth. I remember the Molokons blessing the fields in the spring according to some lingering thought from their Russian Orthodoxy in the old country. This was on Lateral 20 where I lived with the Old Pioneer west of Phoenix. The center of evil in the world is here in the east in Washington and around Wall Street so I must plough this stoney ground and seed it with revolutionary thought. Perhaps some day I may again be able to grow and eat vegetables in Arizona and to write about the Land of the Sun.

Dorothy, her sister Della, and I went one night recently to Carnegie Hall to see Hopitu, an opera of the Hopi, in which portions of the Snake, Butterfly and Eagle dances were given. When I read the program I knew that the supposed facts about the Hopi coming from Central America centuries ago was something dreamed up by a white man. I knew of course that "real Hopi" do not go forth in the white man's chaos and give their religious dances for pay. Yet for the people in New York who had never been in Hopiland this was the next best thing. To tell the truth I was lonesome for the Hopi myself.

A peasant opera preceded the Hopi program. To my untrained ears the enunciation of the Hopi singers seemed more understandable but perhaps I was prejudiced. There was the familiar beat of the drum and the jingle of ankle bells and the rhythmic Hopi motions. And even two anemic rattlesnakes crawled toward the footlights and were retrieved by a Hopi. Rumor had it that the mouths of the snakes had to be taped for the safety of New York City.

The chorus Hallelujah which followed was more inspiring. Whether it was the charm of the Hopi or that the presentation was better adjusted to our ears and minds I do not know. Afterward I said hello to a Hopi girl who said she was from Bacobi and a relative of my good Hopi friend in Oraibi. One Indian was from Santa Fe and I felt close to that high up city nestled in the mountains where my daughters now live and where Indians from half a dozen pueblos are to be seen at nearly every corner giving their color to this already colorful end of the Santa Fe Trail. (Bob who answers mail next desk to me in the office, played the piano years ago while his roving companion Vachel Lindsay, sang his poem of the Santa Fe Trail on that very route.)

Now today I have a letter from my Hopi conscientious objector friend in Hopiland with a clipping from the Flagstaff daily paper saying that, "The Hopi Indians of the village of Hotevilla do not need the government to tell them how to manage their stock and handle grazing problems federal officials were advised by tribal leaders at a meeting here this week. At the conclusion of the meeting many Hopis turned in their grazing permits and said they would no longer

Friday Night Speakers At the Catholic Worker

Father James McCoy, April 15, "On the conversion of St. Paul."

Brother Justin of Manhattan College, April 22, "Current Labor Problems."

William Clancey of the COM-MONWEAL, April 29.

be bound by federal grazing regulations."

In 1950 Dan Katchongva, Advisor to the Hotevilla Sun Chief, went with the Hopi interpreter, and Joe Craigmyle and me from Phoenix to Washington, D. C., when Dorothy and I and about 45 others fasted and picketed about the H Bomb during Holy Week.

The first Hopi I met was Chester Mote in Winslow in July of 1947 when I stopped on my way from Albuquerque to Phoenix. I had read about the Hopi being in jail as the only Indian conscientious objectors and had written to them. Chester met me at the bus and told me of refusing to turn over all but 40 of his 400 sheep to be killed by the government in their stock reducing program. He was put in the Keams Canyon prison for three months as a penalty and was given a check to pay for the sheep killed. He refused to accept this blood money from the government and messed up their bookkeeping. A little later came the draft and although the Hopi, along with other southwestern Indians, were not citizens and could not vote, they were drafted for war. The Hopi were told that if they registered as conscientious objectors they would not have to go to jail. Their dealings with the white man had taught them not to believe what was told to them. Accordingly they all refused to register but Chester, who decided he would register and see what happened. Chester and all the rest got the same sentence of one year and when they were released and refused to register again they were resented to longer terms.

I met Chester and Dan many times when I went to Snake and other dances. Now I recognized the courageous voice of Dan as reported in the ARIZONA SUN, "The White Man Seems to have forgotten his religion, his obligations to the Indians and his promises, but continues to try to force us to his ways. Today we find ourselves corraled in a small area known as 'District 6.' (This was done in 1943 when 5/6 of the Hopi land was officially taken from them by the government. Very little of the present Hopi land of about 30 by 100 miles is anything but barren.) Today I am without horses because Indian Bureau officials have confiscated them because I 'wanted to take care of them in the way the Hopi did for generations before the White Man came.'"

"Many of our people are sheepless because they refuse to follow Indian Bureau policies. I do not recognize the present so-called Hopi tribal council, nor have I approved the highway going through our land. I have always objected to any one coming upon our land to take our natural resources. But we know, too, that these resources must not be used for purposes of war, nor to destroy other people. These things are to be used only for peaceful purposes."

"In reply to statements by officials that the government's aim is to control erosion and do things to increase grass and water, Katchongva said, 'This land is not going to dry up, but will become very fertile if we do not forget our Great Spirit. Our way of life is good and well planned out for us by the Great Spirit, and we have been warned never to depart or deviate from it. Our land is not selfish. If we take care of it by the way we live and by prayer, by performing our ceremonies and by adhering to the instructions of our forefathers, then we may enter the everlasting life and not destroy ourselves at the Purification Day.'"

Last night I spoke here at our Friday night meeting on Person-

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 6)

phasis on outward appearance. For sometime, one or two kind people around the house thought it would be good for Shorty to literally step beyond the threshold of our doorway once in a while. Shorty was a real-stay-at-home. Shorty allowed himself to be escorted several times to a movie over on the Bowery. His complete indifference to the cinema defeated his benefactors so they finally left him in our kitchen.

Shorty was buried from Saint James Church. He was waked across the street from the Church at 31 James Street. It was in this parish, near Chatham Square, where he was born and raised. Everyone in our house who could walk or ride attended the wake and the funeral Mass for Shorty. As we prayed and stared at Shorty laid out in a dark brown casket, we felt that he looked somewhat strange dressed in a white shirt, blue tie and serge suit. He really looked nice and restful but we had never seen Shorty in a complete suit of any kind not to mention the tie and white shirt with a starched collar.

It is going to take a long, long time to get over the terrific loss of Shorty Smith here at the C. W. In our not too humble opinion, Shorty Smith made a major contribution of himself and his services to the Catholic Worker. Robert (Shorty) Smith definitely belongs on the honor roll with the great people who have died in the Catholic Worker movement which includes Peter Maurin, Larry Heaney, Charles O'Rourke and John Curran.

Henry Sanborn, another member of our family, died of cancer during the same week as Shorty Smith. Henry had been in our house about a year and was one of those poor souls who were seriously burnt in our big fire of April, '53. Henry died at Saint

alism. This is the word that Peter Maurin used in place of anarchism. Emanuel Mounier gave a certain meaning to it. In a sense it means a linking of freedom and personal responsibility. Mounier said that, "The best future one could wish for Personalism is that it should disappear without trace, having become the general climate of our days." In making my own definition of the word I would include this thought of his as a basis.

My definition is: "Personalism in its positive aspect is the acceptance of Personal responsibility to approximate the highest ideal known to the individual at the present, and to seek the company of those in history and in life today who will tend to develop this personality further. In its negative aspect it means to depend upon politicians, pressure groups, or the police and military forces. The soil in which this Personalism can grow is Freedom. It's aim is not technocratic efficiency, but is best expressed by the life of the early Christians, and by that thought of Marx in the Communist Manifesto in 1847: 'From each according to his ability; to each according to his need.' Personalism without courage is mere conversation, so a personalist should follow St. Peter who said to obey God rather than man."

Vincent's hospital were he had been operated on last July for a cancer which appeared first in the mouth. Henry's was a lingering death since he was expected to die last December, the cancer had spread to the lungs. The nurses and the staff at Saint Vincent hospital were tremendous in the wonderful care that they ministered to Henry during that long siege. Henry, himself rose to magnificent heights in his display of courage and silent suffering. At one point, he told a friend that he was offering up to God his long suffering and death for every soul on the Bowery. We were privileged to attend the beautiful funeral Mass and the funeral itself which were kindly arranged by the Fathers Brennan, Melody, and Donovan of the Holy Name Centre on Bleecker Street off the Bowery. These three priests do an exceptionally fine work in looking after the spiritual needs of the men in this section of the city. These priests are little publicized but should be lauded no end.

If there are any of you who have failed to receive an acknowledgment for your fine response to our spring appeal, we do want you to know that we are most grateful to each one of you. This work, such as it is, would not be able to continue without your support. We wish all of you to know, especially, those of you who could ill afford to send us a contribution, that we are frequently wilted when we open your letters with your messages of love and sacrifices. Many thanks, again and again. A joyous Easter to all of you.

For a New Order

(Continued from page 1)

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

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

IV. THE AGE OF ORDER

1. If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos the effect of those decisions will be a better order.
2. The new order brought about by right decisions will be functional not acquisitive, personalist not socialist, communitarian not collectivist, organismic not mechanistic.
3. 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. a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

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