

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Feast of the Nativity

By ROBERT LUDLOW

The white Host blends with another Christmas and the redeemed earth which received God on Annunciation day once more pays homage to man and to God who meet in the Divine Person of Jesus Christ. Our Lady of the Snows! and she who in anticipation of redemption was conceived immaculate found refuge, not in the houses of man, but in the mountainside and in nature and there as a virgin she brought forth the Christ who was to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. The Cross was light then and the translucent joy of divine union bore all prophecy in ease as she showed forth her Son to the wind and the snow and the brown earth. Last of all did she exhibit Him to man for there was an element of reluctance in placing Him sooner than need be in the path of His crucifiers. And yet she was full of grace and so she was full of charity and she thrilled to His manifestation as the star-glow took leave to point out His hiding place and His manger dwelling and the divine mother and spouse and the

ox and the ass and the whiteness of the snow in Bethlehem of Judea.

It was but a small time that man knelt there in the snow and worshipped, for he must quickly leave to prepare the instruments whereby to crucify Him. And the way back from Bethlehem was long and cold as the night is cold and black as the deeds of men. It was only a moment we would have longed to remain under the star glow and worship—there was the security of the womb, the nostalgia for holiness, a half perceived desire for redemption. And then we rose and went our way—from Bethlehem to Golgotha where we would

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Rural Proletariat

"The bourgeois get the cream for a thousand years. The time will come when there will be a change," spoke my Yugo Slav fellow worker, quoting his grandfather in Yugoslavia, as we hewed the jungle of offshoots around the date trees.

"And now Tito has given the peasants the land," he continued. "In my home town when the Nazis came to kill the Partisans the village priest pointed in the opposite direction from which they had had gone, but the big priests stood

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Stones and Bread

The most imposing structure in each city, town or village in this country of ours is not a church but a bank. In a way we have studded the nation with monuments not to the love of God, but to the love of Mammon. We have erected testimonials to the efficacy of thievery and not to charity. For according to Catholic doctrine what we possess in excess belongs to the poor; when we give of our excess we are not performing an act of charity but are rendering simple justice, and to refuse the poor aid and succor and help is to commit not a sin against charity but against justice. To keep our money and wealth locked up in banks or in the fictional wealth of stocks and bonds is to be guilty of theft, it is to be guilty of stealing from the mouth of Christ. Truly with the coming of Christ the poor became the new chosen people.

Jack London a turn of the century socialist, roustabout and adventure novelist described what is to be the attitude the Christian should have in mind when he wrote that "a bone to the dog is not charity—charity is the bone shared with the dog when you are just as hungry as the dog."

Mindful of the Poor
The whole contemporary spirit

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ON DISTRIBUTIVISM

Answer to John Cort

By Dorothy Day

First as to our disregarding the Popes. Our pages in the Catholic Worker are filled with excerpts from little-headed addresses of the Holy Father. Here is one:

"Life on the Land is a matter deserving special concern and consideration, though too often our sociologists and politicians tend to turn their minds instead to the problems raised by the concentration of large-scale industry. These latter problems have indeed an urgency and acuteness which we are far from questioning, but haec oportuit facere et illa non omit-

tere, it was right to heed the one wrong not to heed the other.—Matth. 23: 23." Pius XII.

Here is another good one:

"The Church wants some limit set to the dwarfing of man himself in these days through the emergence and dominance of the machine and the continued expansion of large scale industry. Among small craftsmen, personal work, till now at least, has kept its full value. The craftsman transforms his raw material and carries through the whole of a work; to that work he is closely linked, and in it there is an ample field for his technical skill, his artistic capabilities, his good taste, his deftness and delicacy of touch in making things that, from his point of view, are greatly superior to impersonal and standardized mass-produced things. And therefore small craftsmen as a class are, one may say, a picked militia defending the dignity and personality of the workmen."

And most familiar is that paragraph of Pius XI: "Bodily labor, which was decreed by Providence for the good of man's body and soul, even after original sin, has

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Thoughts On Property

I have been reading Henri de Lubac's "The Un-Marxian Socialist," a study of Proudhon, the social reformer of the middle of the last century. He was a contemporary of Marx, and had much in common and much in disagreement with him. It has brought to my mind some thoughts on property, and the fact that almost none of the people have the property to which they have a natural right.

In the first place, it is interesting to note that the vast majority of people who will eagerly affirm that democracy represents the principle

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ON PILGRIMAGE

This has been a tumultuous month what with a two-week visit from Tamar, Rebecca, Susannah and Eric. In spite of the fact that we are all convinced agrarians, there are some things to be said in favor of the city. One is that some of your friends are held captive there by jobs and poverty and such like grim necessities. John Cort unkindly refers to them in last week's issue of the *Commonweal*, as though they were wedded to the city. Marge and Joe Hughes are an example, with their three children. Anyway, the six children, racing about our few rooms, made a general hullabaloo and holiday atmosphere around the place. On one occasion Barbara Bouret with her two came over, and Harriet Sappe and hers, and Ann Freeman and hers, and if the twins were only big enough to have joined in there would have been a riot indeed. Eric, aged nine months, enjoyed the night life very much since he was cutting teeth, and appreciated the company until two

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MOTT ST.

This morning little George is sweeping out the courtyard, which is littered with cigarette butts, matches, scraps of paper and coffee grounds that have cluttered up from the night before. Passing through the yard I smiled at him and complimented him on his work, at the same time wondering whether the smile and compliment didn't appear professional, since George has such a terrific amount of humility that you generally feel as though you are being patronizing whenever you speak to him. He hesitated in the midst of his task, and smiled back. "You know I am always glad to help out. Someone told me that you are high

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PROLETARIAN PROBLEM

The 1948 Social Justice Statement, issued with the authority of the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in Australia, is entitled "Socialization," and this most vital aspect of a swiftly changing social scene is singled out for lucid and thorough treatment. It is seen in its true perspective as a problem arising out of the proletarian society created and maintained by Industrial Capitalism. Now that there are so many indications that private capitalism is being transmuted into State capitalism, "socialization" assumes enormous proportions as the chief instrument in that substitution of tyrannies. While Catholic social teaching does not oppose socialization as such when it devolves about some industry or service which cannot without national prejudice be left in the hands of individuals or corporations, it hedges this theoretical approval about with many qualifications, so that it must be a measure of last resort which is invoked when all other means of safeguarding the common good have been convincingly shown to be inadequate to meet the case. If this stringency is observed, socialization can never be used as a pretext for furthering sectional political interests.

However, granting that the maximum expansion of socialization admitted by Christian morality had been achieved, it would contribute nothing to the real core of the social problem — proletarianism. Indeed, by creating new departments of State, it would go far towards aggravating the dilemma of masses of economically dependent men in a servile conception of society. The Bishops' Statement faces up to this question in a most positive manner. It envisages the normal economic order as that in which the majority of men are working proprietors. Obviously, where the predominant number of men provide for themselves and their families by working

their own property, society is more free and dignified in as much as the citizens develop according to their natures as men and the stability of the family (and hence of the nation) is best assured where this system prevails. Even where enterprises calling for larger capital or more expensive equipment cannot be undertaken by an individual or family, there is a vast amount which could be accomplished by a co-operative effort—which, on the productive side anyhow has scarcely been attempted in this country.

Even in the most ideal arrangement, however, there will always be a certain proportion of wage-earners, for not all are able or willing to undertake the responsibilities that go with the ownership of even small productive property. The goal is to ensure of sufficient working proprietors that their number and social function lend a characteristic note to society. This is obviously the sane middle course between the extremes of Industrial Capitalism and Communism or Socialism. Anyone who imagines that the security men enjoy in Government jobs is somehow a superior social status to that of men working for private employers, has not begun to understand the meaning of economic freedom. Nor is it utopian to envisage a drastic modification of the system of mass production once the technical wonders of science have been diverted to catering for the needs of the small manufacturer and farmer. If the restoration of personal ownership in productive property could be brought about, the vesting of further power in the central political power would not be the menace it is today; for what is represents basically is the entrenchment and perpetuation of proletarianism.

Perth Record

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Reprinted from an earlier issue.

1. Christianity has nothing to do with either modern capitalism or modern communism for Christianity has a capitalism of its own and a communism of its own.
2. Modern capitalism is based on property without responsibility, while Christian capitalism is based on property with responsibility.
3. Modern communism is based on poverty through force, while Christian communism is based on poverty through choice.
4. For a Christian voluntary poverty is the ideal as exemplified by Saint Francis of Assisi, while private property is not an absolute right, but a trust which must be administered for the benefit of God's children.

II Two Bourgeois

1. The bourgeois capitalist believes in rugged individualism;
2. The Bolshevik socialist believes in rugged collectivism.
3. There is no difference between the rugged individualism of Bourgeois capitalism and the rugged collectivism of Bolshevik socialism.
4. The bourgeois capitalist tries to keep what he has, and tries to get what the other fellow has.
5. The Bolshevik socialist tries to get what the bourgeois capitalist has.

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On Pilgrimage

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a.m. quite a few nights. Beckie and Johanna, Tommie and Sue had a great time playing and fighting about possessions and there was much visiting of relatives and much talk of all the vital things that concern babies, which included the joys of country life compared to the hardships of city life for the young ones.

Another time Tamar wants a holiday in the city, I'll go to Stotler's Crossroads and take care of the children and she and David can come to the city and visit bookshops on Fourth Avenue and hear music and see a show or two, and visit publishers and gather material for the Cobbett Anthology Devin-Adair want David to do in his spare moments when he is not repairing his old farmhouse or working as a hired hand on a neighboring farm. (Plenty of work on the land at sixty cents an hour!) And then there were speaking engagements for me; one at New Rochelle college where I forgot I was supposed to talk on Communism, Capitalism and Distributism and talked on the works of mercy instead. They should have reminded me, but they were so interested in the topic I chose that some of the girls have been down helping us. I spoke also at a Communion breakfast in Rutherford, and the result was a carload of clothes for the needy a week later. They also promise some canned goods!

Late in the month, I spoke in Butler, Pa., at the forum of Msgr. Spiegel and was introduced by Fr. Hugo who has recently been transferred to that parish. Butler is near Herman where Jack and Mary Thornton and Gerry Griffin are now living on a fifty acre farm they are buying there. To make their payments, Jack has to work in a steel mill in Butler and Gerry is working as a farmer at St. Fidelis Seminary which adjoins their property. To get to Mass in the morning all you have to do is cross a level meadow and a slight hill, go through a woodland where the Stations of the Cross are placed, and there you are. The parish school is next door, and on all sides are rolling fields and hills. It is a beautiful and a happy spot, one mere toehold on the land. Let us pray they can keep their grip on it. It is a hard struggle for our worker friends on the land front. I also saw Bill Schirra and his wife, and visited Carl Bauer at the Center of Christ the King. He proudly showed me all the bacon and hams and lard and other results of their recent butchering, and we talked on group dynamics and working on the basis of qualities inherent in the individual rather than on the basis of natural leadership—ideas which will be very fruitful in the lay apostolate in the future.

Commonweal Controversy

Fr. Hugo added his contribution to the discussion on whether there can be a Christian industrialism by pointing out that the philosophy of industrial capitalism is based on a hedonistic theory of consumption,—that it forbids you to deny yourself, as Christ commanded, but makes it our duty to consume

more; also that it is based on the enlightened egotism expressed in Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations which preaches that wealth for myself benefits others, and is a denial of the consequences of original sin. He pointed out that it was good to see that Catholic countries are generally poor countries and that Catholics are generally at the bottom.

He referred us to a few good books, such as Penty's Tradition, Modernism and Politics, Haye's Political and Social History of Modern Europe, the new Cambridge economic history on Agrarianism in the Middle Ages and The Church and the Liberal Society by Emmet John Hughes.

House of Mary

Thanksgiving dinner I had with the Hugo family and that night I spent at the House of Mary down in the hill section of Pittsburgh, where Sister Cyril and Sister Angelica live in the Negro section and work at the House of Hospitality nearby as well as in the neighborhood. We went to Mass next morning at Rosalia Home, which is like our Foundling Hospital in New York. I had a chance to visit the hospital before I left next day, and was shocked to find that none of the mothers nursed their babies! It is the policy!

Bentleyville

That morning I took the trolley down to Bentleyville which is an hour south of Pittsburgh, and adjoining almost to the town of Donora of smog fame. Fr. Yunker is stationed at St. Luke's, Bentleyville, and his parish is a little paradise, physically speaking. It is made up of coal miners, and there are three mines in the neighborhood, all owned by Bethlehem steel. Most of his parishioners are Polish or Lithuanian. Across the little valley and on the side of another hill is a Slovak Church. Bentleyville is one and a half miles long. The entrance to one of the mines is not far from his rectory, and you can look across the little valley to the coal breaker which is twelve stories high and which is lit up like a skyscraper all night. The men work in three shifts and the whistles for the early shift woke us in the morning.

Father drives around in a 1935 Plymouth and can handle machinery and tools the way Fr. Roy used to at the farm at Easton.

He himself, when confronted with a housing problem in a former parish in Derry, Pennsylvania, got out, bought a lot, hired a bulldozer and put up a house in less than five months and had the dispossessed family whose plight had impelled him to the job, installed in it. He did this with the help of the fifteen year old boy of the family, and the younger ones and with very little help from anyone else.

A Work of Mercy

Here are some of the exact details. On August 19th he blessed the ground. They cleaned up the trees and brush. On August 22 the bulldozer moved the ground, costing \$45. There is no cellar and a two foot ditch was dug, 24 feet by

30. Eleven hundred and fifteen cement blocks cost \$227. The ceilings are 7 feet 8 inches high. The floor has a base of 6 inches of cinders and four inches of cement, and he bought it already mixed and two loads or so poured in the floor. The kitchen is nine by twelve, utility room four by nine, living room thirteen by fifteen, two bedrooms, nine by thirteen, and clothes closets two by six and four by seven.

The cement floor cost \$117. Attic floor, \$70. (The four boys sleep up there.) Windows \$220. Sheet rock \$190. Doors, because he made them himself \$9. Roof \$175. Shingles \$95. Bricks for the chimney, 1,000 for \$34. Lumber \$200. Plumbing \$100, what with buying second hand sinks and toilet. Nails and hardware and miscellaneous brought the entire cost of the house up to \$1,850. The family are paying it off at the rate of \$26.50 a month. Father donated the lot and the labor. He does not believe in interest, and recently loaned a fellow priest ten thousand dollars for building purposes without interest.

If there are further questions, write to Fr. Yunker, Bentleyville, Pennsylvania, and he will advise you on your building problems. If only workers had a knowledge of tools, given a piece of land to start with, they could put up houses for themselves by working Saturdays and holidays, buying the materials as they go along.

Cleveland

The next day Father Yunker took me to Donora to look over the situation there in order to write a first hand account of the situation, and then I proceeded on to Cleveland to see Bill and Dorothy Gauchat and the Blessed Martin House of Hospitality and Our Lady of the Wayside Farm.

Thanks to Grace Catavish and Clem Murray and other members of the Third Order of St. Francis and their priest adviser Fr. Daniel Feilsheffer, who have visited the house steadily every Friday night to go in for manual labor and the works of mercy, the house has had a new lease of life and it presents the appearance of another oasis of peace and joy in an ugly world. The Blessed Martin house is in a solid Negro district now, but its situation on a hill overlooking a river and the lake boats at anchor below is an attractive one. The place is homelike but small for their needs. However, now that Bill is a married man with a family of four children, and much work on the farm, the work of hospitality is spread to Avon too. At the farm at present there are two Mexican families and with the winter now upon us there undoubtedly will be more. Last winter when Bill read an account in a Cleveland paper of a family living in a tent in zero weather, he went out that very night and brought them in to the hospice they have on Our Lady of the Wayside Farm. During the summer a Negro, family stayed with them on their way to Erie, Pa.

Hospitality, the works of mercy, manual labor, voluntary poverty—these are the foundations of the work in Cleveland. It is the little way, and the effective way, small as the loaves and fishes were small in the face of a multitude's needs, but our Lord knows how to multiply such efforts. We can well leave it all in His hands and not worry about the results. Just the same, humanly speaking, we like to hear from our fellow workers as to how their work is going, so we beg them to write in and give an account of their stewardship every now and then, for the encouragement and enticement of others. It's the only way we will get others' houses started, so let your light shine!

(Next month there will be an account of the visit to Donora, scene of the twenty deaths which we unhesitatingly would lay at the door of finance capitalism, in other words, the United States Steel Company's zinc plant, which has made a vision of hell of the town of Donora.)

Mott Street

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hat, but that doesn't bother me. I pay for my keep by collecting empty bottles along the Bowery, which I am able to sell. Some days I earn as much as two dollars." George helps with the coffee line in the morning, and at the end of the work, when the line is served, he will ask permission to have a cup himself. When he has a short day collecting bottles, he will stop in and help serve soup to the afternoon line. Reminding me of The Psalm "I am a worm and no man," George brought our conversation to a close by stating, "I am a drunk and no good, but all the same I like to help out here." George was born and raised in Germany, and came to this country twenty years ago, but still speaks English with a very heavy accent. One would think he just landed six months ago from his control of the language. He is in his late forties, but still hopes to marry. One summer night George cheerfully informed me that his brother in Germany promised to send over a nice prospective bride for George.

Worker's Defense

Last night at our usual Friday night lecture we had a highly stimulating and informative talk by Roland Watts of the Workers' Defense League. He spoke on peonage in the South. Some of his group have ventured into the southern states whenever they had reason to do so. Mr. Watts told us of cases where colored people were held captives and worked as literal slaves. One appalling case was that of a colored man who was forced to work for eight years on a plantation without salary or decent living conditions. He was frequently beaten and his life was threatened if he attempted any escape. On one occasion he did escape, but was returned two days later, received a severe beating and remained on the plantation until the Workers' Defense League intervened. Mr. Watts informed us that the group is small and depends a great deal on volunteer workers and on donations. We will be happy to put any interested parties in touch with Mr. Watts and his committee. During the lecture on the South we couldn't help but tremble at the madness of a Northerner poking his nose in the working condition of laborers down that way, especially in behalf of the colored. At the same time, a question of Jacques Maritain, from Today, flashed before our eyes: "After the madness of the Cross, any other madness is timid, indeed."

Thanksgiving

About twenty-five of us made a wonderful Thanksgiving week-end retreat at our Newburgh farm. The conferences were among the best we have ever heard, and the days were filled with numerous activities. The women spent the work periods engaged in household tasks and we men took to the woods, three-quarters of a mile from the house, where we chopped down trees and dragged them out of woods. All of which enabled us to tighten up our belts a notch. I feel somewhat abashed at mentioning the little work we did when I stop and think of the dizzy pace that the cook, Charles Luddy, set with his superb meals. He started running for the kitchen at six in the morning and didn't leave until nine and ten at night. And while we were enjoying ourselves at the retreat, here on Mott street the house and the line were served an excellent dinner with five pigs raised by John Filliger at the farm, and three turkeys donated by some kind friends here in the city. Clare Huchet Bishop author of "France Alive," and Frances Tampkey spent the afternoon with us, serving the line.

Hospitals

This past month has been a great month for people in our midst going off for a spell in local hospitals. Jack English had a high temperature and had to spend three days in a nearby hospital. John Curran had to return to the

Veterans Hospital in Kingsbridge road with an abscess. And Joe Davin is still nursing a broken hip in Columbus hospital. Then Mary Whelan (Duane's wife) taxied over to a Brooklyn maternity ward to give birth to a fine baby girl, Margaret Mary. A few days later our good friend and neighbor Rose (Mrs. Joseph Scaltoni) gave birth to another girl at St. Vincent's Hospital. Since Joe Davin will be bedridden for a while we do hope our friends make it a point to write or visit him.

Housing Crisis

I couldn't help but reread an article about a man out in the state of Washington who was so desperate for a place to live that he had to move into a hollowed-out cedar stump of a tree. And from the description of his new home we must confess that it really doesn't sound bad. Could it be that in a few years, if this fight to the trees takes root (no pun) man will have evicted the monkeys and the birds from their homes? Then we will inhabit the trees while the poor monkeys and birds put up with our former apartments.

Tourist

After what seems like ages spent in New York City we finally made our way over to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yes, it was a Sunday afternoon. And we sort of felt foolish since we realized that we were spending Sunday afternoon, doing what you are supposed to do, collecting culture. However that is accomplished in gawking at a work of art that someone else has achieved, not you. Anyway we realized that there must be fire here where there is so much smoke, throngs of people poured in and out of the Museum all afternoon. We found ourselves slightly interested in the ancient works of the Greeks, Italians, etc. And it was a decided relief after having visited the Museum of Modern Art the week before to see statues of men and women that did look like what they were supposed to be. But we didn't quite feel at home in that building until we found ourselves among the statues and reproductions of Our Lord, His Mother and the saints. One of those caught our eyes particularly, The Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic. A most interesting conversation they must have had, I am sure. Of course in this most spiritual-surrounding we observed a sight that we hadn't seen anywhere else in the building, three children fought violently, punching, kicking and wrestling.

Readings

We started out to read the Life of St. Rose of Lima edited by Father Faber during our Newburgh retreat thinking that that was the time and the place to read a full length life of that great saint. But we were quickly caught up short when each sentence brought a gasp and a groan on our part. After painfully reading seventy-five pages we placed the book back on the shelves realizing that it was neither the time, place nor atmosphere to tackle that most mortified of mortified lives. We then dipped into "Stranger in the Earth," the autobiography of a New York Catholic newspaperman, Thomas Sugrue. We found his life and comments most interesting and his ability to write comparable to the best in that field of art, but we must say that the sum total of his brand of Catholicism is one of the most unorthodox that we have ever run across. I think that his reaction upon a visit to a Bowery tavern should be quoted here. "I looked down the line of faces. There was trust in every countenance; each man was relaxed, without responsibility, a soul free of the sin of economics, a parasite on the conscience of capitalism, a failure. What each might have been in a less competitive system, in a more cooperative society, in a civilization built on craftsmanship rather than mechanical cunning, was forever lost. They were part now of the

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ON DISTRIBUTISM

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everywhere been changed into an instrument of strange perversion: for dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded."

Also Pope Pius XI, in 1931: "We must reassert it the more strongly now, his (Leo XIII) salutary injunctions have been too often consigned to oblivion, either through deliberate suppression or in the belief that they were impracticable—a false belief, for they can and must be applied today . . . for modern machinery and industrialism rapidly flooding great tracts of territory—alike in the new world and in the ancient civilizations of the Far East—have enormously increased the numbers of dispossessed proletarians, those whose groanings go up from earth to God."

And here is our mandate:

Pope Pius XII on Sept. 1, 1944, "made explicit and formal Catholic social teaching what had hitherto been an inference from reason, repudiable by anyone sufficiently dishonest or sufficiently interested," (writes Harold Robbins).

"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 gigantic businesses 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 it should rather be directed and subordinated to it."

And in April, 1939, Pope Pius XII had said:

"In this age of mechanization the human person becomes merely a more perfect tool in industrial production and—how sad it is to say it—a perfected tool for mechanized warfare."

And as for the system as a whole: "The wounds and bruises of individualistic and materialistic mankind cannot be healed by a system which is materialistic in its own principles and mechanistic in the application of them."

It is sad to point out that these quotations are not the ones which John Cort, or even Fr. Smith or Fr. Cantwell seem to be familiar with.

Let me quote from a letter from a "worker priest in France."

"My life in the factory has begun to be a slow and increasing revolt against the capitalist world. This began with the inhuman attitude of the employer who inspects the workers like a room of machines. It continued with the question of the wages, of efficiency, of the conditions of women's work, the fighting for union rights, with all this atmosphere of factories, while the worker for a century has felt that he has been oppressed and exploited. Outside my own experience I had in the same line the reactions of our mechanic who is weighed down with forty years of work; he appears to me as a beautiful example of a specialist worker, who is conscientious, a type of man whom I love as much as a scientist or a statesman. His conversations which are rare are almost always echoes of this revolt slowly growing in the heart of the working class. Either it be that the worker has no right to eat his bread between seven and noon, or it be that his time is checked and his efficiency scheduled. The wage

earner is not a free man, he is sold out. He is not a man who works with an engineer or an employer, but a factor of production which has been hired and will be exploited to the maximum, not even directed by a human feeling of efficiency but rather solely by the profit of money. Capitalism distills today more than ever, in the consciences of the workers the feeling of being pawns and the urge to revolt." And the priest goes on to link up the indifference of the Masses to religion with their resentment towards the Church which they feel has exploited them and lined up with the capitalist.

The above papal quotations were sent me by my son-in-law, David Hennessy, of Stotter's Crossroads, West Virginia. He adds, "for side reading in the debate in the Commonwealth, reread Eric Gill in 'The Factory System and Christianity,' page 21, in *It All Goes Together*. Fr. McNabb in his *Old Principles and the New Order*, *Action Stations*, page 111, and follow this up with reading 'Sertum Laetitiae,' Pius XII's address to the American Bishops, in 1939. Remember he had a good look at America in his visit here. The N.C.W.C. edition, page ten, carries a list of the vices of the day here in America, in the midst of which he placed, the 'flight from the land.' You will note that this evil is not mentioned for discussion in the study club section and is not even listed in the index as the twenty other odd vices are!"

Speaking of David Hennessy reminds me of another crack of John Cort's, and that is that most of the agrarians are firmly entrenched in New York City. Irene Mary Naughton and I have been gathering names of those families, friends of ours, who have toeholds on the land, and we have reached well over sixty. They are pretty busy people so they don't have much time to enter into controversies.

But there are plenty of the priests and the people who are on our side, but perhaps they are not in high places, not so articulate nor so readily heard. I presume John means me and Bob Ludlow being firmly entrenched in the city. If he knew how many times I escape to my daughter's to garden, to can, to take care of the children; and then there is the farm at Newburgh which provided a breadline of 350 with pork (six pigs) apple sauce, potatoes and tomatoes on Thanksgiving day.

As a practical man, as a father, and as a tenant who is about to be evicted, I should think John would see our point, but he never has, in all the years we have known and been fond of one another. He is a wilful and a wayward son!

This is an old controversy that is being carried on. *Blackfriars* in England opened up its columns to it thirteen years ago or thereabouts. In the columns of *The Catholic Worker*, 1939, there was a controversy between Fr. Paul Hanley Furfey and Fr. John J. Hugo on "romantic agrarians." All the while John Cort was with us on Mott street it went on. He well knows our stand through all the years (I wish he would go over the back issues sometime) and that we begged people not to confuse immediate issues and a long range program, every time we were engaged in any industrial dispute. One of the reasons why he talks of our changing our position is because we were indeed active in '36 for instance, both in the seamen's strike and during the early organizing of the CIO, which we upheld in spite of all opposition then from press and pulpit. There was never a strike, whether it was the Ohrbach strike, the National Biscuit Company strike, a brewery strike, a stock yards organizing campaign, steel and auto strikes, or the sit-down strikes in which we were not accused of being either Communist or Communist sympathizers.

It is true we have been inactive in that field since the outbreak of

the war. We could only look with dismay on the prospect of bettering the conditions of workers in industries which were helping out and working along with the war effort. As for the General Strike, advocated not only by Robert Ludlow but also by me since the beginning of the war (see the early issues of *The Catholic Worker*), we advise people to think of it a bit more seriously, and not just as an anarchistic and nihilistic dream. Jack London, whose works on socialism and the class struggle are still best sellers in Russia, wrote a pamphlet once on the General Strike in the form of a story. The self-discipline, the thoughtful care of the sick, the weak, the children shown in this little study, are worthy of study in these days of violence, when the use of force has come to be the only weapon accepted by Communist and Christian alike.

Yes, we are quite willing to think in terms of immediate needs, the immediate struggle, and I



think we show that willingness to deal with the actual and the concrete in every issue of our paper which reach, we remind you, 65,000 people every month. That is the number of papers which go out. As to how many people see them, that is another matter. Oftentimes statisticians think in terms of so many readers to each paper, so that circulation figures are not too certain.

We deal with conditions of work, with wages, with housing, and the existence of our Houses of Hospitality in New York, for men and for women, in Rochester, in Harrisburg, in Pittsburgh (there it has been taken over by the diocese, but we started it), in Cleveland and Detroit testify to that. Our breadlines become longer. In New York, where jobs are scarce in spite of full employment in the rest of the country, we serve 800 meals a day at least. We have our feet in the gutters. Louis Murphy, of the Detroit house, says that we are the gutter sweepers of the diocese.

Just the same, I'd like to call our farm at Newburgh, *The Ivory Tower*. It is a title of the Blessed Mother, you will recall.

But we plead with our readers to keep a long view, a long range program of action. Hilaire Belloc, in his *Restoration of Property*, gives a good blueprint for action. He talks about large-scale machinery, what must come under common ownership (and he endorses communal as against state ownership) and what can be broken up into smaller units. His book is short, is factual, is practical, and it is just republished by Sheed and Ward, for two dollars in this country, and there is a seventy-five cent paper covered edition published in England.

One of the saddest things about this whole controversy is that our opponents look upon agrarianism as visionary. Here is what Chesterton said about such a criticism:

"They say it (the peasant society) is Utopian; and they are right. They say it is idealistic, and they are right. They say it is quixotic, and they are right. It deserves every name that will indicate how completely they have driven justice out of the world; every name that will measure how remote from

(Continued from page 1) color the brown earth red with His blood. As the earth has ever been colored with the blood of those who would not bend in the breeze, who would not serve the world. Whose lives have been wild and lonely and thrilling—who pave the roads of the earth in exile. Who are always at war and yet not using the weapons of death, or using them with no heart and in ignorance.

The Mass

The Mass of Christmas is a Mass of joy but it is also the representation of Calvary—it is the bloodless Calvary, and in it is gathered all the sorrow of man, all the bitterness of betrayal. It is the only convincing argument to pain and disillusionment and the ennui of exile. For if the world of 1949 hovers on a war of annihilation and if we are tempted to throw overboard Faith itself because there seems to be no purpose

to a world in which we have known nothing but war and depression and war and depression and again war and again, again and again till we grow weary of the telling—then it is that we can but recall that there is no sorrow we have known, there is no pain we have undergone or seen that was not experienced to an infinitely greater degree by the God who made us and who of His own will became man that He might suffer for us. If we are tempted to say that it was easy for Christ to suffer because He did so as a public spectacle, in view of the world and surrounded by devout followers, then it is because we have in nowise realized the nature of suffering, have never felt the night of sorrow. Redemptive suffering is suffering in love and He whose love burst all bounds suffered as no man has ever done or ever will do. We can see no pain in others or feel it in ourselves that He has not felt it to an infinitely greater degree. It went beyond physical suffering to the more awful depths of the soul. There in the loneliness of the mind He was tempted to betray His mission and there in great struggle and tortuous agony. He fought the good fight and emerged triumphant on Calvary.

Joy

How can we feel joy when all the world lives without hope? When we are bent on murdering one another? And yet we cannot repress joy, we cannot deny that it is there. And we know that it must reside in that which transcends all that we have known, that its root is in grace and grace is love and love finds its final resting place in God. The lesson of the Incarnation and the Epiphany of Christ at Christmas is a lesson of love and it is in love that Christian perfection consists and the call to this perfection rests upon all who have been baptised in His name. It is from this that joy comes as it is in the will that we lift ourselves to God. In our minds we would sorrow at the unexplained persistence of evil but then it is our intellects which tend to draw God to our level and which set limits which ultimately cannot contain Him. So that through all the dissatisfaction of the intellect the will penetrates to bring a joy that knows its justification in the transcendental.

But what of the concrete realization of this love in the world today? After the conception of Christ in Mary's womb on Annunciation day did she not run for joy to Elizabeth? Have we run with joy to the world to bring likewise the message of redemptive love? On the Way of the Cross, in the very midst of His great agony, did not Christ pause in sorrow and compassion for the women of Jerusalem? Of what nature has been our sorrow and how often have we shown compassion? When were You hungry and we did not feed Thee? We cannot feed the murdered dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. When were you thirsty and we did not give You to drink? The murdered dead of Europe cannot drink. When were You naked and we did not clothe You? There is no need to clothe men who lie rotting beneath the blood red sun. When were You shelterless and we did not offer You a house? But we have given the grave, and the warm earth will not refuse the dead. The might of Thy love O Lord has encompassed the earth, it has taken to all men, it has persisted beyond nation and race and color. The might of Thy love! And we have died to it, we have received it in dismay and not knowing what to do with it we have hid it in formulas and confined it to the pursuit of individual perfection, whereas in our public lives we have adopted other formulas, the formulas of citizenship. We have handed our consciences over to the State whom we have allowed to conscript us and we have declared that if this be murder (this bomb-

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RURAL PROLETARIAT

(Continued from page 1)
always with the landowners and bourgeois."

"Leo, you talk like a Communist," I remarked.

"Maybe in Yugoslavia I be a Communist," he replied, "but not in this country. I hear Bob Miner speak in Phoenix and he give good talk and I raise my hand and give a ten dollar bill in the collection, and also a ten dollar bill for my friend who has no money with him. But I find the Communists in this country are chicken hearted. I have a friend who talks communism and one day another friend, a Hindu rancher, heard him and said, 'You been in jail?'. The answer was 'no'. Then you are no Communist; you are a bourgeois', the Hindu said."

Leo was an expert who knew how to place the huge wedge to dislocate the shoot without spoiling the roots. These date shoots were set out according to variety, and were watered twice a week. There were about 800 in all and later they would sell from \$2 to \$6 each.

The man who had left when I commenced to work at the date grove had already tied male pollen in each of the from 8 to 16 bunches of potential dates in the female trees. Three male trees furnished all the pollen needed and some was sold to other growers who lacked pollen. My job for the next month or more was to saw off limbs that were dead or in the way of picking later on, and to tie each bunch to a limb above with wire in order that it would not become too heavy and break. I also clipped out every other string of dates—they were now the size of a pea. Thus giving the strength to make larger dates of those remaining. Although I cut off thousands of "ice picks" I found later when picking dates that there was always a stray one to pierce my hand or arm at an unexpected time. Some of the trees needed a ladder extended 20 feet and others were younger and smaller.

Carrots

Early one spring morning, having no work in the date grove or for the Old Pioneer where I live, I walked down the lateral toward the carrot field belonging to the big company for whom I had worked before the tax man caused me to quit in order not to have my wages garnished for my share toward the Bomb. This carrot work was piece work and workers were paid as the crates of carrots were filled, so I would have no trouble with Caesar today. Soon my Basque friend picked me up in his truck. Even then I was late for scores of Mexican families were singing, laughing and working.

Around the holidays and later when I worked for this same company cutting lettuce and broccoli at Deer Valley in the sandy ground on the edge of the desert I had passed the Navajo village and noticed the bright colored velvet of the Indians as they tied carrots. A friend who had been in the store at noon noticed that the grocer charged a Navajo more for the same article. I had noticed this practice among grocers in the deep South twenty-five years ago when Negroes purchased anything.

A mechanical digger went ahead and loosened the carrots. The foreman gave me a "claim," a space three rows wide and thirty steps

long. I pulled up the carrots and laid them in a row. I was checked out with four bundles of wire covered with tough paper which cost 4c each and was used to tie 4 to 8 carrots in a bunch, depending upon the size. Larger carrots were put in one crate and medium ones in another. Crooked, broken, small, or deformed carrots were discarded. Farmers came and got them by the truck load for their cattle free of charge. (Truck loads of culls were also hauled away in the lettuce, celery, cauliflower and broccoli fields where I had worked. Mormon farmers can much of this waste and make juice from grapefruit and orange culls and trade all this for apples and other waste products from Utah—the church in Salt Lake City paying the freight. Other people could do the same thing, but it seems that they would rather hold revival meetings and play bingo. I mentioned this idea of using culls to several priests but they were not interested.)

By noon I had five crates full, which netted me \$1.04, after paying for my wire. Then because of the heat we had three hours for lunch and came back and worked until dark. Here the carrots were of a good size, but the next day there were many small ones and it was difficult to make time. The Mexican parents bought soda pop and ice cream at 10c for their children without any coaxing. The children played but when they worked they worked fast and got much done. Several families of Angles were working in the field and there was a continual harangue on the part of the parents to get their children to work. They made more commotion than the whole field of Mexicans and were the only ones who cursed their children. In three and a half days I made \$8.48 and did not go back to get my last 96c as I had work the next day at the date grove and on my way home saw that the carrot crew had disbanded. Mexican families with a dozen working could make \$30 or more a day, but for a slow, single man like myself the only value was a deflation of the ego.

Looking for Work

Dates not yet being ripe, and having finished thinning them, I got up at 4 a.m. one July morning and went to the cantaloupe field near the cottage where I lived. However, there were two crews of Mexicans from California who had a contract for the job and local help was not needed. They worked from daylight until about 1 p.m. when they quit as it was too hot. They received \$1.25 an hour. I walked down the lateral to an alfalfa field and waited for the men to come to work, thinking I might work there, but no help was needed. I then inquired of another farmer. He had no work for me but spoke of a man three miles away who needed some fence built. I went there but the job was finished. I inquired at three melon fields along the road but no help was needed. Meanwhile I stopped at each farmhouse and asked for work. At the 14th house, after walking eight miles, I was told that I could hoe some weeds at once and help with the alfalfa that afternoon. The farmer was a pleasant young man whom I found out later had been an army captain. I worked that afternoon with a Yaqui Indian and a Mexican and next day irrigated alfalfa for 12

hours. After that for four months I hoed in their garden or did similar work every Monday. I walked the four miles and they brought me home after work. Every Monday morning I noticed the same men in the same cars passing me on their way to town, but they never offered to give me a lift. I never met anyone else walking.

For a few days I hoed maize for a farmer. I worked with a family from Oklahoma. This farmer was away on a vacation for several Sundays so I got up before daylight and milked his five cows before going to Phoenix to sell CATHOLIC WORKERS near Catholic churches.

For several Saturdays a young Mexican boy and I dug out and sawed tamarind trees that were interfering with nearby buildings. This was for the Old Pioneer.

Dates

Much of my time in August was spent in putting paraffined cloth bags over the now large bunches of dates so June bugs and birds would not destroy them, and in case it rained they would not become wet and spoil. The dates ripen a few at a time. Generally the ones most exposed to the sun ripen first, although a few on the hot inside of the huge bunch would also ripen. The bag was slipped over the top and the whole bunch explored for ripe dates which were put in a small basket and then emptied into wire trays that were carried three at a time to the date room to be sorted and then placed in cold storage until the tourist trade came in November. This date picking began the first day of September. A canvas was placed under the tree to catch the dates that would fall. All over-ripe or mashed dates were supposed to be placed in one corner of the tray to be used for date butter. However, most pickers threw these mashed dates out of sight in the grass rather than bother with them. Here I was paid by the day although in most groves pickers were paid so much per pound.

Time vs Piece Work

In all of the farm work I have done this problem comes up. In one lettuce field that I know of the men were paid so much a row to thin the lettuce. The work had to be done over four times as it was not done thoroughly at any time. Many times if paid by the hour they would loaf and soldier on the job. Yet I worked for one farmer who gave me such weedy rows to hoe that I was really paid but 25c per hour, although he had promised to pay extra for these bad rows, he did not do so. At another time we were paid \$1.50 a row but when more men came the next day for this good wage the boss laughingly said "supply and demand" and cut the rate to a dollar, although the rows were much more difficult. It is necessary to hoe large fields in a short time in order that they can be irrigated again. Thus large crews are necessary to do the work and a foreman cannot watch all the men all of the time. One employer who paid low wages said it was difficult to get a worker whose mind was concerned with the work all of the time. Did he want both mind and body for \$5 a day? Aside from the natural greed of the bourgeois one reason for the importing of Mexican Nationals was the difficulty of getting the sober white men by calling for them at daylight in Phoenix. With employers passing a "Right to Work" law in Arizona and church authorities refusing to back up labor it would seem that the worker should not worry about the work problems of the boss. I see no solution of the problems under capitalism.

The small farmer seems to have the same vice of greed that the big corporation has as a reason for existence, but without the efficiency of the latter. In my immediate vicinity nearly every farmer burned the rye or other stubble rather than disc it under and thus hold the water when irrigating. The big company did not burn the stubble, but disced it under, thus

not destroying the microbes that enliven the soil. Whether it was ignorance or sloth on the part of the small farmer I do not know. The water level in this valley has gone down 8 feet this season. If the small farmer cannot get enough water, or if pests or weather or prices combine to make his crop a failure he finds the easiest way out is to lease his land to the big company. Water is getting scarce and only the big company can afford to drill a well. Yet the real estate men continue to sell land to suckers when they know that there is not enough water for those already here. This is part of the free enterprise system.

I Get the Gravy

In September in the midst of date picking I was called to interview my third revenue officer at the Post Office. This man, unlike the other two, who had been courteous, was a go-getter. He wanted to know if I really meant that I would not pay my income tax; that this was a very serious matter. I agreed with him that it was a serious matter to help pay for

alfalfa with a blind and a deaf mule for the Old Pioneer. The next day I rode 40 miles west, beyond Buckeye, to a cotton field. I was the only white worker among Negroes. Here the cotton was of fine quality and I earned \$4.30.

In a few days I learned to pick cotton with both hands and reasonably fast so that by the end of the week I was picking 200 lbs. and making \$6. I bought a 12 foot canvas sack rather than rent one each day for 25c. While a sack will hold 150 pounds I found that to put 65 pounds in it was enough to carry up the ladder and dump in the truck. Time went fast in the open air. I walked the 2 miles to the highway by 6 a.m. and stood with my cotton sack over my shoulders in the dark so the cotton truck would not miss me. In the truck it was chilly, and each of us was wrapped like a mummy in his sack and wobbled like a pin in the bowling alley when the truck swerved corners or hit bumps. By ten a.m. I had taken off my coat and shirt as it was warm, and tied them around my waist as is the fashion in the fields. One morning

O KING

of the Gentiles and their desire, the corner stone that makes both one: **COME!** deliver mankind, formed from the dust of the earth.

war and the Bomb. He felt that I did not do my share in helping the government; that I get all the gravy. I told him that as a Christian Anarchist I had no share in the government, for I did not vote, accept subsidies, pension, social security or ration benefits from the government, nor call upon the police, believing rather to turn the other cheek. He asked for the names of my employers, saying that as long as I lived in his district he would get the tax money. I suggested that he follow me around in my daily hunt for a job and see just how much "gravy" I was getting. He jumped up and said it made him angry to talk to a fellow like me. Unlike the tax man contacted by my friend Caleb Foote, who felt no personal responsibility of right and wrong and compared himself to his desk, this man gave quite a bit of energy to a defense of the war system. The head tax man here is a Quaker. No one has to be a hangman; no one has to be a taxman. The next day I mailed the tax man a letter explaining in detail my ideas and also a marked copy of the CATHOLIC WORKER. It is now nearly two months, and I have not heard from him, but the red tape of bureaucracy works slowly.

Cotton Again

Now, in early November, date picking is practically over and lettuce harvest is commencing. I live in the midst of hundreds of acres of lettuce but the big company for whom I previously worked is hiring mostly Mexican Nationals by the week. Until they hire men by the day I will have no work in the lettuce.

I took a cotton bus west to the cotton fields on Election Day. I did not make much; only \$1.88, as they quit work to vote at 2 p.m. The next day I missed the cotton bus and walked 11 miles until I found a field in which I could work. I did a little better. Several fellow workers wanted to know how I voted. I told them that I voted every day by practicing my ideals against war and the capitalist system which caused war and did not bother to choose between the rival warmongers who sought to run the country. Each day that week it happened that I got a different cotton truck. The next Monday I disced and harrowed in wheat and

I thought I was doing fine as I was keeping up with the man next to me. Looking closer I saw that he was doing two rows to my one and not seeming to work any harder. The man who weighed the cotton and paid us before we emptied it was paid by the farmer to supervise the work. He received so much per picker also. His mother cooked and sold soda pop. One evening as we were riding home we stopped for groceries in Buckeye. Moving on homeward a young Negro was drinking two cans of beer, being kidded meanwhile by an older Negro who was a teetotaler, and who at the same time was eating a pie and a huge ring of sausage. The young Negro remarked that he had a cold, and never seeming to have heard of starving a cold, he had eaten 7 hamburgers, a bowl of chili, 6 soda pops, a bottle of milk, and now this beer. He did not come to work the next day.

Today I missed this truck and rode 50 miles to a desert cotton ranch which employed none but white people. The man next to me in the truck had recently come from California and said that after a strike last year cotton pickers were now receiving \$4 and \$4.50 a hundred there. There the union allowed all races to belong. In the packing sheds here no Mexicans or Negroes are allowed. As we passed a church this man remarked:

"Those folks are just playing at church, same as lots of unions just play. They don't mean business or we wouldn't be in the fix we all are." Here the cotton was not as easy picking and I only made \$4.26. They did not pay by the day but when the truck was full of cotton so I will have to go that 100 miles again some day next week and get my pay. It is generally 7 p.m. when I get home. One effect of this work is enjoyment of a rest at night.

Sunday Interlude

Last year I worked Sunday's but this year I determined to sell CATHOLIC WORKER'S in Phoenix and surrounding towns on Sunday mornings. Having free rent, it does not cost much to live. I make enough to send my daughters, in college, a substantial sum each week, and while this day work takes a lot of extra time I

(Continued on page 6)

O EMMANUEL

our King and Lawgiver,
the Expectation and
Saviour of the Gentiles:
COME! and save us, O
Lord our God.

+ From The Mail Bag +

Illinois

Ramsey, Illinois
Nov. 19.

Dear Dorothy and all of you,
Was more than glad to have your note.

It was in 1938, when you were here and, so many things have happened since then and, many of our best workers have gone home to Heaven. You asked about the children—we have eleven—but only six are living now.

Bessie married in 1942—her first husband was killed in France, Jan. 21, 1945. She has remarried now and she and Willard live in Montana. Our 19 year old son, John Edward, is with them. He and Willard are "roughnecks," working, drilling oil wells, out there. Their last well went down 3,650 feet and, no oil—all water, so the oil firm had them leave it open as farmers around it have to go 10 miles to get water to use.

The other girls—Margaret Irene

with more buildings and enough pasture to be able to grow our own hay for feed—that would save so much. Our surplus clothing and shoes (when we have any shoes—none lately)—all go overseas; but the appeals come in faster than we have enough clothing to mail out.

We got a big surprise this last week, when a county official—a non-Catholic sent us, a large box of men's suits and an overcoat—I'll send them—the coats and overcoat—to you—for the men, in the breadline—as this gentleman is so small in stature—I doubt if it would fit any of our overseas friends—we have the trousers all away here.

Our eyes are getting stronger but we can't read or write at night.—we need a new typewriter, but can't afford it just now.—We still write and do win a radio prize now and then and that helps.

Would like to hear from some

California

Rt 1 Box 268
Aptos, California

Dear Friends in Christ,

There is a new cry in our household—a cry that is music to our ears. The cry comes from little Mary Rita who makes one more soul to sing God's praises. She adds her voice to the rest to make a total of five lusty ones singing out to Him from our little green canyon. God is good and we are very happy and joyful because of His goodness.

The most convincing reason for remaining with both feet planted in terra firma is that it is such a wholesome, yea holy, place to raise, nurture, and educate the children for their whole purpose of existence. What better place or way to return those souls to their Creator than by His own creation. The cities are the creation of men while God creates the beautiful hills and meadows, trees and flowers. We shudder when we think of trying to raise our four robust little boys and their tiny new sister in the overcrowded, confining, dirty and dangerous city that is planned for business and adults only. No small wonder, then, why we vow to stay regardless of the cost.

Much more important, however, than these good material things that we have received from living on the land, are the spiritual benefits of such a life. The goodness of the life itself is the very heart and core of the matter. These benefits, material and spiritual, which in turn give happiness, are derived because the way of life is a way that helps us to love God as we should. It not only helps us to love God, it also helps us to know Him and glorify Him.

It must be understood that the "way of life" does not mean just farming. No, that is a very small part of it and only really a labor that permits the family to support itself. By the "way of life" it is meant the vocation, the manner of living, and the manner of working. All the things we do while living here on these fifteen acres tend to help us love God. Loving God means nothing more or less than doing what He wants. It means giving up our wills and doing His. It means a constant renunciation of our desires both of our will and of our body so that we can do the will of God. All these means of loving God are naturally and abundantly supplied to us in this Christian way of living. For instance, the constant struggle to wrangle the fruits of the earth from its bosom keeps us poor and thereby assuring a detachment from worldly things. All the constant needs of the family and the farm are real positive means of attaining the disposition necessary for clinging to God alone. It is not just a choice of giving up the attractions of the world, it is more often accepting what God gives and liking it. Nevertheless, this terribly poor life is not so terrible because we realize that God is a giver of good gifts. Any lack of luxuries only serves to help us love Him that much more when He give us the necessities in measure running over. Besides this it is real adventure and it is humbling to try and get the crops from the land without everything to work with. It must be rather dull to have all the capital, machinery, and help necessary to produce crop after crop. One would never have to pray to God for help.

Not only does this way of living strip the body of inordinate desires it also helps to overcome inordinate desires of the will through the means of obedience. There is of course the natural order of obedience in the family itself. But what of the head of the family and household, who must he obey? The picture would be incomplete if he did not have to subject his will to some higher power. In all states of life he has to of course obey the laws of God and of the State; but

in an agricultural form of life he must also obey the laws of nature. This is not the same as in the commercial system where the motive for profit is the only rule and where the most ingenious way to extract the most for the least is the highest way. When it comes to working with life, one must comply with the wonderful laws of nature—in reality but more laws of God—or court disaster. Plants must be watered or they will wither up and die. Animals must be fed or they will not produce. All these are natural and good inducements for the farmer to give up his will—he would much rather lie in bed—and thus prepare him for constantly giving up his will in regards to the things that are evil. It may even prepare him for the day when he may have to give up his life for another.

And take the crafts, we can hardly manage without knowledge of woodworking. It should be kept in mind that we are not talking of these things on the theoretical plane. We have learned how to work with wood because we needed a home to live in. Although we have not actually participated in the other crafts, we look forward to the day when we can begin to work with leather to make our shoes and jackets and to working with wool to weave it into clothes. In the near future we intend to expand by erecting more rooms, this time, however, made from the earth instead of wood. The soil found here on the farm will be formed into adobe brick to build what we need for practically nothing. There is even timber for the parts that cannot be made out of the adobe. This is nothing new as the Franciscan missionaries of California did the very same thing long ago. They moved onto bare land and used the materials found there to build the beautiful missions that became wondrous centers of Christian community life amongst the Indians.

This brings up the missionary aspect of farm life—the part we play in loving our neighbors and spreading the truth of God to others. One thing is certain, we are equipped to share things with our neighbor. We do have food to give, shelter to spare and labor and time to lend. As a neighboring farmer put it—we have everything but money. And when God shares His love so generously with us we cannot help but want to share it with others. We try to help wherever we can. Further, our manner of living manifests itself outwardly so that people do wonder at our happiness. Perhaps some day they will wonder what makes us happy—they will then be seeking the truth and perhaps we will be able to lead them to it. When our pleasant and even disposition does not seem to affect them any, the fact that we have so many children for our young age and that they are constantly healthy, clean and well clothed does. That jars them and is a terrific shock to their "system." Some are very concerned about it and actually speak out—but all are puzzled. We hope then that someday, seeing that we are doing it on nothing but

love—love of God, they will have the courage to turn to Him for support. It is our conviction that the only way we can lead others to God is by example.

But not the least important aspect of spreading the faith is the necessity of joyful recreation, something also necessary for our own lives. We have made a beginning by observing feast days and namedays, by reading at meals and by outings to the beach and church festivals. We want to have the children participate more as they grow older by putting on little plays about the saints and by taking part in family singing and dancing on Sundays. We want this canyon to ring with joy amidst the sorrow and anguish of the world around us. The people will see that there still is joy, that there is a reason for living and being happy. Then and only then will they know that Christianity is something to be desired, that it is more than a religion, that it is a glorious way of life.

All this has brought us to the conclusion that a family retreat is an important way to bring about the restoration of the family to Christ. It is a way that would help show other couples and single persons that Christian family life on a farm is a working reality. If these persons, interested in such a life, could be given the opportunity to actually participate in and enjoy the daily life for a short time, say a weekend at a time, they would obtain a true perspective of how good and practical such a way of life is. It is towards this goal that we are working. It will take time, energy and patience to build the necessary facilities for such a venture of a family retreat on our farm, but it has real possibilities and may be the answer to the problem of forming small Christian communities that are so badly needed today. God did not mean for families to struggle alone, they should work, play, and pray together, consoling, strengthening and mutually aiding one another.

So if it is God's will, so be it.
Sincerely in Christ
The Carotas

THEY DESPERATELY NEED FATS

No Marshall Plan or War Relief, only private packages can help our Missions in Europe now. No donation is too small for CARE FATS, 10 lbs. for \$5.50, if you send it to Sister M. Judith, 227 E. 72nd St. N.Y.C. 21, N.Y.

Appeals

Kurtz Belane
Budapest. XI
Szuret u. 25
Hungary, Europe

Sister M. Alice
Szt. Jozsef Intezat
Ferenci Janos u. 3
Sopron, Hungary, Europe

O ADONAI

and leader of the House of Israel, Who appeared to Moses in the flame of the burning bush, and Who gave the law to him on Sinai: COME! and with outstretched arm redeem us.

O KEY

of David and Scepter of the House of Israel, Who opens what no man may shut, and shuts what no man may open: COME! and bring out of his prison house the captive sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death.

is 17 and working 20 miles from home; Anne is 13 and in high school. We have a school bus that comes out for the rural children, otherwise they couldn't attend high school because of the long distance. Donna Jean, the baby, is 7 and in the second grade in school at our little school over here, however, right now, the teacher is in a local hospital, so there will be no school for a little while.

Robert, our eldest son, was in San Diego, Calif. since 1943 and in the Army. Now, he is home again with a wife and 2 step children. We have the children—a boy, 6 and a girl 9 with us here as both he and Evelyn must work for a while to begin all over again. Evelyn and the children are Methodists. The questions those children ask about Jesus and Mother Mary. They never grow tired of hearing stories from the Bible History.

We are still on the same farm we were on when you were here. Then, my grandmother died, in 1944. I have my 45 acre river bottom farmland. It is good land, but we can't build on it, as it's in the flood section. Last year, we only had five floods. That took everything and we had to mortgage our cows to get enough feed, pay up bills and carry on through the winter.

We have six cows—raised three of them and have three heifer calves now—we're trying to build up a pure-bred Guernsey herd, even if it takes time and work. Daisy May (one of the heifer calves) is a year-old this month, Rose and Elsie will be a year-old in May—the older cows will have calves this next spring—because of lack of feed and money, we didn't try to raise much in way of poultry, this last year, as feed was so high.—you don't know what floods can do to farmers, till you live through them.

We'd like to find a larger farm

of the CW helpers, who send parcels to the Russian zone, in Germany—our postmaster just won't take them for the Russian zone at all—friends in Chicago write me, they send parcels to the Russian zone, and have no trouble.—Our other packages are accepted and go through.

One lady and I, exchanged names of those we help overseas—she send's food parcels and we send clothing—she does baby-sitting to earn pin money to mail her food parcels overseas. We mention this as some one else might wish to do likewise.

Am sending a little Christmas offering—it isn't a large amount, but it's all we have right now—plus a few pennies left in our postage box—use it wherever you need it most.

May we request a little space for our pet colored mission—toys, candies, clothing, food parcels, to Mother Mary of St. Jude, The Holy Ghost Mission, Marbury, Alabama.

These little colored folks enjoy a Christmas, too, and Mother Mary always has a Xmas tree for them.

Am sending the good priest in Mexico a little offering, too, to help his orphans. It's cold today and it looks as if it might snow. We still use wood and wood fires and kerosene lights. Tell everyone hello—for me—and that we are proud and happy to be among the eleven houses left.—Since 1933—we hope to make a trip sometime—from New York to Frisco—with only a suitcase and a typewriter—and write about the people we meet and the conditions we see. A dream of ours for some years, but with the Grace and Will of God—it may be done yet. God bless all of you.

Sincerely in Christ
Carmen Delores Welch
Nazareth House of Hospitality
Ramsey, Illinois
R. R. No. 1

STONES AND BREAD

(Continued from page 1)

has infected the Christian approach to the poor, to the other Christs. We have institutionalized our dealings with them to such an extent that the sense of personal control and responsibility has disappeared . . . in one of the largest dioceses in the country a priest who works in Catholic Charities told me that they did not perform one real work of mercy, they had become merely a referral agency, turning over the poor who come to them to the proper state or city institution or agency to care for them. In the minds of the poor the state and not the Church represents the charity of God so it is small wonder that secularization is able to proceed at the pace it does; it is indeed small wonder that the state has a stronger claim to the loyalties of the poor than does the spouse of Christ.

Christ's Social Work

In the *Naked and the Dead* Norman Mailer describes a battlefield as having been severed into a score of parts, each one of them living and fighting in what seems to be complete chaos; it reminds him of an earthworm which has been bisected and then the parts cut in two again, each part living and squirming, trying to become an independent whole without the rest of the body. I was particularly struck by this comment for I have been thinking lately that there is something completely awry about the manner in which Christian charity is exercised today. When it is divorced from Christ; when it has little relation to His word; when we pass the buck to the state and to state institutions which pride themselves on neutrality with regards Christ; when Catholic institutions pride themselves on their identification with the secular arm then it seems to me that it is time that a halt was called, that we once again investigate the method Christ employed in dealing with the social and personal problems of His time. When like the segmented earthworm we attempt to build autotrophic institutions and do not realize that our strength as Christians is that we have a dynamite more powerful than any the world can muster—that in wrestling with ourselves and permitting Christian charity to nourish the activity of our lives, and design the pattern of the institutions we build we are not to consider our fellowmen as cases, or as a "bed" or as "file numbers" but as other Christs.

I had occasion recently to visit one of the largest Catholic hospitals here in New York City. The patient I was visiting was an old man, indigent and quite friendless. True enough he was a "charity" patient. At least he wasn't going to be able to repay the sisters who run the hospital for his care, the city was going to do that to the tune of \$35.00 a week. Even at the stage of admission to the hospital it was quite noticeable how the charity of Christ had flown out the window, and the mechanical efficiency of the social institution had taken its place. When I went to visit him the first time I went in the main entrance and asked for my friend's room number. The sister in charge behind the desk looked up in her files told me the number and then added that I would have to go in the rear entrance on the next street.

Charity Elevator

I didn't think anything of it until I discovered that actually I took the same elevator up to the charity ward that I would have taken a few steps from the information desk. It hurt me that the poor were being looked down upon; it was something like the jim-crow laws in the south but with a difference . . . this was a Catholic hospital, and while Christ didn't promise anything to or discriminate in favor of a person because of his skin, he did definitely favor and in a very special way love and identify himself with the

poor, and this came from an institution which prides itself on following not the ordinary way to perfection, but which has publicly vowed that they were going to work at the job, fulltime and 24 hours a day at that. It is operated by an order which in our own lifetime has produced a saint; and yet with many of her daughters alive, who still remember her, the fire of charity is no longer burning and has become an ember casting a feeble glow.

After this visit I had occasion to be a patient in this same hospital in the same charity ward, and the indifference to suffering was unspeakable, because these men were "Bowery bums" they were supposed to have lost all feelings, both emotional and physical. The food, attention and whole atmosphere on that charity floor was an abomination. I got out of bed three times while still running a fever to protest, to demand care for an old man whose leg had been amputated and whose dressing was steeped in pus and drainage. I left the hospital sick bodily but more wounded in my soul than these, the poorest of the poor and hence the closest to Christ's mangled heart were so treated. Truly the patience of the poor is immense, the sufferings of the poor are horrible and the reward of the poor will be great.

Visiting one of the border towns of the south a few months ago I again came across a similar situation, but this time it was because of the color of a would be patient. I have a friend in this town, a woman who since she became a Catholic fifteen years ago has devoted all of her time to the apostolate. She has gone wherever she felt that she was most needed. She has changed jobs, lived in real poverty because she wanted to do something for Christ, and because she wanted to bolster up a weak and persecuted segment of the Mystical Body. Yes, she is a Negro and from the North. It wasn't easy for her to go to a town full of jim crow restrictions. It wasn't easy for her to put up with persecution, subtle or crude from members of her own Church. But she did, she learned the mystery of suffering, and she grew in compassion for her erring white brothers. She was joyous when her bishop threw the Catholic schools of his diocese open to anyone regardless of race. When in a sermon he announced that the local hospitals were to be opened to colored too, the glow of pride in her church became contagious. Great was the interest manifest in the Church. Now it looked as if she would be able to mention the doctrine of the Mystical Body to her pagan friends, that she would have an effectual argument in the natural order against the Communist and Native-Fascist who were working so assiduously among her people.

Christ Asks

Shortly after the pronouncement about the Catholic hospitals in town was made my friend had to present herself at one of them for a routine medical examination. She went to the nearest Catholic hospital, one of the ones which up until this time had never treated Negroes. After her checkup she was informed by the doctor that if she didn't have an operation within a few days that he could not hold himself responsible for her condition and at that he believed that it was a touch and go proposition. She agreed to the operation and the doctor in charge began filling in her chart; when it came to the question of race, he didn't bother asking her which one she belonged to but asked the rhetorical question, "You're an Indian, aren't you?" My friend said no, that she was a Negro. This reply seemed to pose a problem and the social worker of the hospital was called in. She began asking the questions, and when it came to the one about race she too asked if my friend wasn't an

Indian, and she too received the same definite and calm answer. After all the bishop himself said that Negroes were welcome, and this place was run by "professional" Catholics; people who were eager to effectuate the teaching of Christ in all of its uncompromised vitality, in the spirit in which it was given in the Sermon on the Mount.

Christ Refused

The sister in charge of the hospital was finally called in and her decision was given. No my friend could not be admitted, she would have to go to one of those institutions which were provided for one of her "kind." "In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew or Gentile . . ." This hospital has a larger than life size statue of Martin de Porres standing in the entrance way. He is smiling at all who enter the place and somehow, unwittingly, the artist struck the right blow when he was carving the statue, for it is an infinitely sad smile. My friend went to a secular hospital, a white one which ordinarily does not admit Negroes but which because of the seriousness of her condition felt that they could not refuse her entrance. And



at this place she wasn't asked to deny the race in which God in His Providence saw fit to place her.

In greater New York City there is a school which was founded by a saint who is called the father of modern social work, a man who worked all his life with delinquent boys, a saint to whom no boy was impossible, to whom literally all children were the ones Christ was speaking of when he said "Suffer the little children to come on to me." A non-Catholic woman who is an acquaintance of mine enrolled her son in this school because she thought that they would be able to help her son whom she found difficult to handle. He was there two or three months and the fathers said that he was impossible; that he had better be withdrawn, perhaps one of the state maintained places . . . Another boy's mother was speaking to us, her son got into trouble and was committed to a reformatory. She became interested in the problem of delinquents, too late of course to help her own son much at the moment, but not too late to help other youngsters. She noticed that in New York the movies had the habit of running double bills, showing one picture which had been rated acceptable for youngsters by the Legion of Decency, with one which was unacceptable, and frequently with ones which were positively condemned by the Legion for youth. She interviewed the priest who is head of the Legion in town and called his attention to this state of affairs and was told that it was none of her business, and that since she had a delinquent child she had lost her right to offer advice.

Bowery

There are hundreds of women on the Bowery, and there isn't a Catholic hostel to care for them. The ones which will accept transient women demand that they be clean and non-alcoholic. The birds of the fields have their nests and the women stranded in this position have their doorways, and fire escapes and empty trucks and cardboard packing cases in the dead cold of winter.

When a man dies in a Bowery flop-house in the middle of night,

alone in a cubicle not as large as a prison cell, looking up at a bug stained ceiling and amid the curses and abuse that the destitute receive and mete out to each other, when he dies alone, embittered and with a body marked by the racking of mute suffering, the former temple of the Holy Ghost is not shown the respect that a dead dog receives. At least in that case the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is called. Here in the early morning the body is clothed, frisked of what is saleable and dumped in the streets. The hotel doesn't want the bother of an investigation. The body may lie there all day, just another drunk and when it doesn't respond to the billy stick there is a little further investigation, a hurried conference and it is buried in Potter's Field.

How are we to revitalize our charity, how are we to relight it from the torch the last saint handed down to us? The first step is undoubtedly personal responsibility. Day after day we get calls from friends of ours, lay men and women, from sisters and priests asking us if we can take in some man or woman they know; sometimes it is a case of just destitution, sometimes of a slight mental illness; there are expectant mothers who have been abandoned by the fathers of their children; there are the old folks who just don't fit into our city apartments and who are a source of embarrassment to their relatives because they wet themselves—because the younger people can't stand watching an older person wash out his dentures or because of the noises old-age produces in the depths of the bowels.

Whatever the reason, the first step is to pass the buck; to try and find someone else to care for them, to get rid of the responsibility which is rightfully their own. Frequently we are tempted to ask the individuals as they call if they have really considered trying to do something about the problems themselves.

One group of young priests in the diocese of Brooklyn have solved their problem. They have arranged with a restaurant in their parish to honor a note from any of the priests for a meal for any wayfarer who happens to stop at the rectory for a meal; they have arranged for a hotel in the parish to also honor a note from the priests for a room. This is certainly a step in the right direction, and these priests hope that the time will come when there will be families in their parish who will take over this work, work which traditionally is for the laity to perform. It doesn't take a great knowledge of theology to perform the works of mercy, and it is practically impossible to go wrong in performing them.

And then there are houses of hospitality. It is sad that after fifteen years so few of the laity have taken up the motion; they are waiting they say for the priests and religious to give them help and direction in this most simple of works. They are so infected with the notion of organization, with the idea that everything must be blueprinted that they are no longer able to proceed on their own. It is a sad commentary on the value of the freedom which Holy Mother the Church gives us that we refuse to use it. At times Catholics, the so-called liberal ones protest either privately or publicly the fact that they are so much under the thumb of their priests and bishops, and yet the areas of free action, the possibilities for the development of the spirituality of the laity are so enormous that they become fearful when confronted with this freedom. It is this point more than any other we must agitate on, the fact that we are free, responsible beings, that we must assume personal responsibility both to the poor, and in this matter of living the Sermon on the Mount and bringing about the Christian revolution the Holy Father has called for us, the laity and the clergy to bring about.

Jack English

Mott Street

(Continued from page 2)

reflection which man the profit-maker sees when he looks in the mirror of his environment." . . . And one of the most pleasant experiences we have had in reading was that of an article in the December 4th issue of America by E. Boyd Barrett. He is the former Jesuit priest who has returned to the faith after twenty-four years. We can remember years ago reading his books attacking the Church and the Jesuits and at that time we concluded that he was gone never to return to the Church, but we didn't take into consideration that his brother in Dublin would devote twenty-two years of his life praying him back in.

Visitors

We had a visit from Joe Flanagan, a former member of the Philadelphia Catholic Worker group. Joe is now working for an Airline outfit up in Iceland and claims that he likes that spot with its six months of days and six months of nights . . . We also had a pleasant visit from Evelyn Waugh, the English writer, who is touring the country.

T. Sullivan

Rural Proleteriat

(Continued from page 4)

enjoy it. One Sunday I went to the suburb of Scottsdale. Here I met Father Book, who is an admirer of the CATHOLIC WORKER. I had heard of him but had never met him; he is assistant pastor in the nearby college town of Tempe. He says mass at Scottsdale and the Yaqui Indian village of Guadalupe in the desert. He took me there that morning. He showed me the addition that the Indians had built with their own hands in this hot weather. They had not asked for help from the whites but had taken a second collection at mass for the materials. They had never thought of having a bingo party or raffle and in proportion to their income did much more for the Church than did their white brethren in the cities. This adobe church reminded me of the one in the pueblo of Isleta, N. M., which I had often attended when I lived in Albuquerque.

On another Sunday I was standing in front of a large Mexican church when the priest came out and upon seeing the CATHOLIC WORKER smiled and said that he had met Peter Maurin in Chicago years ago. He told me not to be bashful but to shout my wares. At different times I stand in front of Walgreen's store saying: "CATHOLIC WORKER, one cent; Catholic peace paper, a penny." Several Catholics have stopped and told me that although they never heard of this paper before they are glad to see someone beside the Jehovahs selling papers on the street. Often I meet some radical who knows of the CATHOLIC WORKER from other cities.

Ammon Hennacy

Appeals

László Jozsef
W. M. Korbaz
Csépel. Pest m.
Hungary, Europe

Komlossy Jozsefné
Budapest. XIV
Erzsebet Kiralyne u. 29
Hungary, Europe

Sister M. Petrina
Budapest. XI
Nagyboldogasszony u. 12
Hungary, Europe

Frantz Jantz
Adersbach. (17 a)
Hauptstrasse 40. Kr. Sinsheim
N-Baden, Deutschland, U. S. Zone
Europe

Eros Lajosné
Temesvári u. 44
Zamárdi. Somogy m.
Hungary, Europe

Feast of the Nativity

(Continued from page 3)

ing, this coming war of annihilation) then let the sin be on the State who, with the consent of our religious leaders, has decided morality for us. And we rejoice in this solution with the joy of Pilate washing his hands of the death of Christ. We are a people of double intents and double morality. We have reduced Christ to an exercise in logic.

Jail

These who have set themselves against the State, who have refused to bend their consciences to the devious ways of politicians, already we have taken the young of this group and jailed them. And there is no protest beyond that of the small groups who agree with them. Other than that there is a great indifference. For the most part it is a matter of—what's the use? The State is in possession, there is no point to bucking it, the war will come anyway. Nothing matters.

If we come to adore Jesus Christ this Christmas shall it not be because He is our God and our divine Brother? That we accept His life as the example to which we must strive to conform our actions and that there is no basis in this example to suppose that the Christian will have any other lot than that of the Cross. That the normal thing for the Christian will be opposition to the world. That he will be no stranger to jails and concentration camps. That if the world understood what Christianity is, then Christians would be hunted down and persecuted along with our Communist brethren and as being more dangerous and a greater threat to the bourgeois world than Marxists. And if we are not thus persecuted it is because we are not yet Christian, we have failed.

Prayer

Not that we should desire persecution for the sake of it, not that we should desire the world to remain pagan so that we might be persecuted, not that we should unconsciously desire war so that we would have an axe to grind in opposing it. Or run about begging the government to jail us. Our desire should be the desire of Christ—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Otherwise we are exhibitionists. Those of us engaged in social movements should welcome the day when such movements would not be necessary. But until that day comes, until justice prevails, until consciences are no longer oppressed, the normal thing for the Christian should be opposition to the mares of the community and the end of the Christian might well be the end prepared for Christ by the world, failure and crucifixion. Indeed we are not worthy of it.

Like the Virgin, the greatest thing we can do for justice, for the integrity of conscience, for pacifism, for our brethren in jail, for the dispossessed, for the proletariat, is to receive Christ in Holy Communion and to offer Christ in the Mass to the Eternal Father. Like the Virgin we must also not keep the secret of Christ locked in our breast but must go forth, as she went to Elizabeth, to bring the message of redemption to the world and to seek to involve the social order in Christ. God, who wills our free will, wills our prayers as causes of events, they are part of the scheme of things and we should not succumb to the logic which says that what happens happens regardless of them. By sanctifying grace we are participants in divinity and it is in the supernatural that the world will be remade in Christ. As active life overflows from contemplation of God so much will our participation

in the fight for justice take on a wholly new character and give birth to a revolution which, because it proceeds in Him, will do no violence to the souls or bodies of our brethren, will thrust no one before the judgment seat by those murderous acts which we are wont to defend from principles of expediency and patriotism. Our Faith will be propagated in love and will stand on its own merits, we will not call on the secular arm to protect it by means that can never be Christian means. We will become indifferent about the defense of our property, accounting the spirit of Christ of more worth and remembering that He forbade a violent defense of His very body.

Men of Good Will

"Peace on earth to men of good will" and we have no peace and it can only be that we are not men of good will. We are not men of good will as long as we say to the Russians "We will not disarm till you disarm, we will not trust you till you trust us, we will not love you till you love us." We are men of good will when we disarm though the whole world is armed to the teeth, when we trust even though we are not trusted, when we love even though we are not loved. Not the legalistic love that imagines love to exist at the same time as we prepare atom bombs and carry on systematic hate propaganda against the Russians. Such "love" does not escape the logic books, it has no reality in life. Man cannot perform habitually the acts of hate and retain a compartment in his intellect and a part of his will that loves. It is a delusion to imagine otherwise. Perhaps those who fight a polite war, who never get in the midst of the battle, who do not see their comrades mangled, blood soaked, dead. Perhaps they still believe the logic books and the professors and the 4 D's.

Do the dead at Hiroshima remember? Will we have to face them some day when we least expect it because we haven't given a second thought to their poor pulverised bodies. Will we have to face again the dead of Europe? Our own dead whom we com-



scripted to fight? The cry of earth, the vast groaning cry of the earth that received them will one day penetrate our souls that have taken all these things in stride because they have been done in the name of the State and we have been pleased to transfer what blame there may be to this fictitious entity.

Love! What a hard and bitter thing it can be. Along what road does it lead us, through what purgations! He who would embrace it must needs beg for great humility lest it become diverted from its primal object in God and become instead a perversion leading to eternal ruin.

And yet there is joy that cannot be taken away for it is rooted in the transcendental. And there is the joy of the earth and a clear dawn and the white blinding snow, the Mother and Christ manifest to man and the run of life and Christ again standing on the Eternal Shore to receive those who as pilgrims pass through the world without succumbing to it.

(Continued from page 1)

of private property, as against the Communist principle of collectivization of property—that the vast majority of these have no property of their own, except perhaps personal things, which are also possessed by people in collectivist economies.

It is interesting also to note that the present Holy Father recently said that the immediate aim of Social Justice was not so much to look for complicated programs of reform, but to attend at once to a widespread redistribution of wealth. Now real wealth is property, and the purpose of a widespread re-distribution of wealth is to give back to the dispossessed proletariat that amount of private property which is the very basis of their freedom, and the best human basis for the sanctification of the family and the community.

One of the terrible indictments against Christianity, as we are failing to live it, is that everywhere and always it seems today, Christianity is called out to defend the status quo, the millionaire's and billionaire's holding in "private property," the necessity for peace between classes, and the wrongness of violence between classes, whereas on the other hand it is called on to defend the necessity for war between nations, and the rightness of violence between nations.

I remember one of the first ironic and bitter reflections on this in literature that came to my attention. It was in the Irish play by the fallen away Catholic Synge, "Juno and the Paycock." The "Paycock," who does not go to Church at all, suddenly, on the acquisition of a small inheritance, becomes one of the most ardent defenders of the Church as the guardian of property.

In "The Un-Marxian Socialist," de Lubac writes: "In the years when he (Proudhon) first began to write, the traditional religion, for long engaged in supporting the 'Right to the Throne' was called in afresh to give its aid to 'Property.' This was the new idol, and the God of the Christians was commandeered for its service."

If there's anything that makes and should make us blush for shame it is the way in which Christ, the poor man, who had not whereon to lay His head, the lover of the poor, who said, "Wee unto you rich" should have been commandeered into being the upholder of the property-owner, especially of the large and powerful property-owner.

Industrialism by its nature tends more and more to increase the propertyless; it reminds me of a sieve through which the great mass of the people is slipping more and more into destitution, alcoholism, insanity, and especially the terrible slow misery of the proletariat. It is heartrending for us, and how much more so for the heart of Christ, to see how many millions of non-Catholics are indifferent to the Faith, how many more millions of Catholics leave the Faith, because of the sufferings of the poor looked on with indifference and with no sense of responsibility by Christians.

"Earlier than Peguy, he (Proudhon) had spoken in moving tones of man's misery. He analyzed at length the social phenomenon of pauperism and contrasted the famine suffered by some with the 'insatiable voracity' of others. He described that 'slow hunger,' that 'hunger of every moment,' of the whole year, of the whole of life," a hunger which does not kill in one day, but which is made up of all the privations and of all the regrets."

It is this same slow hunger, he also said, "which keeps alive the veiled hatred between the working classes and the well-to-do, and which gives rise in turn to the ferocity of rebellion and the tyranny of fear."

There is an all-night restaurant near us, where I occasionally stop in for coffee after early Mass. I have been impressed each time by the monotonous repetitious work

Thoughts On Property

of a Porto Rican who goes about clearing away the endless dishes, and mopping and sweeping the floor. "Woman's work," I thought, and yet no woman has the strength for eight hours or more of that continual carrying of heavy trays. No human being is made for that sort of work in such specialized form. A mind and a soul to be exercised, and other muscles than those used in carrying trays, and endlessly threading in and out between tables and chairs—always the same angle of the head, and crook of the elbow, and the endless bending of the back. As Father Buckley said to us in his recent lecture on "Work": "One does not use a fountain pen to hold up a window, or a watch's hand to clean one's fingers, nails. God forgive us for our misuse of men!"

Exploitation

But what struck me most as I watched him was the thought that, through economic history, whether Caesarism, Feudalism, Capitalism, Stalinist Communism (which is really Socialism), the Socialism of England, there is one recurring phenomenon—a maneuvering of the great mass of the people into more or less vicious forms of economic slavery for the profit of a few rich men.

Every place I turn, I see people in frightful insecurity and anxiety, and the latest means by which the few rich oppress the many poor is by making it impossible for them to have a roof over their heads.

One morning this same Porto Rican asked me about my Massal, whether it was a Bible. I read the Bible, he said; I am a Baptist. I was very surprised, expecting him, because of his racial stock, to be Catholic, in name at any rate. This is a Roman Catholic Mass book, I told him, whereupon he informed me that his mother had been Roman Catholic, but had changed when she came to this country.

Could the clue to explain this be given by the remark of a non-Catholic friend of mine? He said: Your churches are so big. Throughout Jamaica there are several hundred little Baptist churches, small and poor, often little stores.

Priest-Workmen

On so many points, the Church fails to touch the lives of the poor, and the remedy, the technique for reaching them again lies, in something Archbishop Cushing said recently: "If the Church cannot remake the slums, she should live in them." So it might be said, if the Church cannot restore their possessions to the dispossessed, she must herself become dispossessed. The priest-workmen in France and Germany have made a beginning of compassion for the proletariat—compassion, or suffering with, going into the factories, onto the docks. Sooner or later, perhaps, our miners, our many manual laborers, who, like beasts of burden, work day in, day out, lifting the endless loads of commerce onto insatiable trucks, sooner or later, they will lift their heads and see their shepherds, seeking them out. Then the masses will listen to them. Then they will talk the same language.

Last Friday night a friend of ours from the Workers' Defense League gave us a very moving speech on Peonage in the United States. Peonage is a virtual slavery, and it goes on in various parts of this country, notably in the South. Some of the stories he told us were certainly terrible examples of man's inhumanity to man, but one thing he said was a dramatization of the viciousness of absentee landlordism. There was one case of peonage where, in attempting to locate the owner, the property was not owned by the boss of the man enslaved, not owned by the boss of the boss, but owned by the boss of the boss of the boss. Each was getting their cut, with the result that the real worker, the one kept in virtual slavery, was overworked and starved. One of the most vicious abuses of property holding is absentee landlordism.

A Christian law should be passed making ownership of land dependent on use, and apprenticeship for a specified time and leading to ownership should make the employee status short lived.

A man has a natural right to the land, to work, to a family wage, and to some stability of work and home. Nowadays, everybody is a migrant worker, more or less, and very few workers stay put all their lives—the great majority, more or less refugees, more or less dispossessed, more or less uprooted.

The Benedictines take a vow of stability. How many of our families wish they could!

Peter Maurin used to say that we should live on less so that others may have more. What is that but a beginning of obedience to the Holy Father's plea for a redistribution of wealth, a personalist beginning that certainly we can all start. But it is not enough.

We must also begin to tell the truth in our schools, and work in all ways possible to change our institutions, frozen in social injustice. We must start credit unions in parishes, and other cooperatives which aim at decentralist settlements. We must begin to teach Christian Communism in our schools, or that combination of private and collective ownership where the family has that minimum of material goods which is necessary for its sanctification. We must substitute Christian poverty for our present combination of fabulous wealth and destitution, which dares claim to be a system of private property.

We must stop teaching our youth Business Administration in the capitalist structure, and for it substitute courses on such subjects as: How to become a small owner, Agriculture, Christian use of the machine rather than Machine use of Christians, Unions as a means to promote the long-range program of taking all men out of the proletariat into ownership, Worker-Ownership of the means of production (not state-ownership, but decentralist). The iniquity of expecting children of the poor to play on city streets with traffic, St. Thomas More on the immorality of letting a worker go without seeing that he has some other means of subsistence, or We are our workers' keepers, The Immorality of housing projects which have no provision for large families, and almost none for middle-sized families of four or five children.

Listen to what St. James says: "Brethren, you believe that all glory belongs to our Lord Jesus Christ; do not combine this faith of yours with flattery of human greatness. And here are you putting the poor man to shame. Is it not the rich who use their power to oppress you? True, you do well to observe, in their regard, the royal law you find in the words of scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. But if you flatter the great, you incur guilt; the law finds you out in a transgression."

Generations go by and from generation to generation justice is defeated. As Mary and Jesus and Joseph wandered the road towards Bethlehem, with all the poor for whom it was so hard to go to their birthplace for the census, so now the poor of the world, inarticulate, hard-pressed, cold, and hungry, are the refugees of the world, babes at breasts that are dry of milk because the mother is hungry, and perhaps without a father because he has died on the battlefield for what he believed to be justice, those who die of famine, and those who die of the "slow hunger," it is always the same. Unless we should at last listen to Christ, and make "a new earth wherein justice dwelleth."

The immediate task—it is the voice of him whom St. Catherine of Siena called our "dear sweet Christ on earth"—the immediate task is the redistribution of wealth.

Irene Mary Naughton

CULT :: CULTURE :: CULTIVATION ::

ARMOUR OF THE VALIANT

By RAYMOND LARRSON

I:

The TEXT

AND A GREAT SIGN appeared in Heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, & on her head a crown of twelve stars. And being with child, she cried, travailing in birth, and was in pains to be delivered.

—The Apocalypse

R HAIL, MARY, Full of Grace:
The Lord is with thee.

R Blessed art thou amongst women,
And Blessed is The Fruit of Thy Womb, Jesus.

V O Thou, Clothed with the Sun:
R Rise in thy might, O Mary:
Pray for us.

V O Thou, Whose Footstool is the Moon:
R Rise in thy might, O Mary:
Pray for us.

V O Thou, Crowned with Twelve Stars:
R Rise in thy might, O Mary:
Pray for us.

OREMUS:

O THOU, UNCONQUERED VIRGIN, who didst show forth to us *The Christ*, our Lord, Victor above all hell, Victor over all the hells of death: Rise up, O Mary, and show thy Power forth to us. Ask of *The Lord* our God to scatter the nations that delight in wars. Amen.

II:

V O Thou, Who cometh forth as The Morning Rising:
R Rise in thy Splendours, O Mary:
Pray for us.

V O Thou, Bright as the Sun:
R Rise in thy Splendours, O Mary:
Pray for us.

V O Thou, Terrible as an Army:
R Rise up in thy Powers, O Mary:
Pray for us.

OREMUS:

O THOU, UNCONQUERED VIRGIN, Whose power doth exceed all armies: Rise up, O Mary; show thy power forth to us. Ask of God, our Lord, thy Lord, to scatter the nations that delight in wars, that wars being wholly slain, *Christ* may rule, and we in *His Peace* reign, & in praise show forth the increased Splendours of your fame. Amen.

III:

V O Thou, Tower of David:
R Rise in thy Strength, O Mary:
Pray for us.

V O Thou, Built with Bulwarks:
R Rise up in thy Strength, O Mary:
Pray for us.

V O Thou, Armour of valiant men:
R Rise up in thy Strength, O Mary:
Pray for us.

OREMUS:

O THOU, Who didst show forth to us *The Christ*, our Lord, Victor above all hell, Victor above all death: Rise in might, O Mary; show forth to us thine undiminished, thy terrible & sovereign Power: ask of God our Lord, thy Lord to scatter the nations that delight in wars, that *Sole Victor Christ*, may reign, *Sole Lord*. Amen.

IV:

V O Thou, Daughter of Sion:
R Show forth the Powers of Thine Election.
O Mary: Pray for us.

V O Thou, Mother of our Saviour:
R Show forth the Powers of Thine Election.
O Mary: Pray for us.

V O Thou, Mother of Jerusalem:
R Show forth thy Powers from on High.
O Mary: Pray for us.

OREMUS:

O THOU, MOTHER OF THE CHRIST, Mother of Jerusalem, the Mother of the Saints: Rise up, O Mary; show forth to us thy Power. Ask of *Thy Lord* our God, thy God, to scat-

ter the nations that delight in wars. Amen.

O Lord: Show forth Thy Might.
O Christ: Show forth Thy Power.
O Mary: Show forth thine aid to us.

OREMUS:

O THOU, UNCONQUERED VIRGIN, Mother of *Christ*, solely Victor. Of Thy Power, smite for us down into the abyss of woes eternal satan and the evil spirits, that into *His Victory*, wholly, *Christ* may enter, & in *Him*, victoriously, *His* own may reign. Amen.

Lift up Thy Standard, O Lord.
Lift up Thy Standard, O Christ.

Lord: Have mercy on us.
Christ: Have mercy on us.
Lord: Have mercy on us.

—Amen.

V:

THE POSTLUDE:
A Litany

O Thou, Clothed with the Sun:
Rise in thy Might.
O Thou, Whose footstool is the Moon:
Rise in thy Might, O Mary.
O Thou, Crowned with Twelve Stars:
Rise in thy Might, O Mary:
Pray for us.

O Thou, Who cometh forth as The Morning Rising:
Rise in thy Splendour.
O Thou, Bright as the Sun:
Rise in thy Splendour, O Mary.
O Thou, Terrible as an Army:
Rise in thy Powers, O Mary:
Pray for us.

O Thou, Tower of David:
Rise in thy Strength.
O Thou, Built with Bulwarks:
Rise in thy Strength, O Mary.
O Thou, Armour of valiant men:
Rise in thy Strength, O Mary:
Pray for us.

O Thou, Daughter of Sion:
Show forth, O Mary,
The Powers of Thine Election.
O Thou, Mother of our Saviour:
Show forth, O Mary,
The Powers of Thine Election.
O Thou, Mother of Jerusalem:
Show forth thy Powers
From on High:
Pray for us.

V Lift up Thy Standard, O Lord.
R Lift up Thy Standard, O Christ.

O Lord: Show forth Thy Might.
O Christ: Show forth Thy Power.
O Mary: Show forth thine aid to us.

—Amen.

Eastern Front

STALINGRAD by Theodor Plievier, \$3.00; Appleton, Century, Crofts New York City

Plievier's book will immediately recall that other epic of another Russian invasion, War and Peace, and primarily because both of them are concerned with gigantic numbers of men engaged in the siege of one of Russia's city fortresses. This immediate parallel is called to mind and yet I am inclined to think that the comparison is a superficial one. There are several reasons why I would venture this opinion, but I believe that the culmitive effect of books is not the same. War and Peace was a labyrinth of plots and subplots; written by a man who professed to be an anarchist it made no critical appraisal of the state as it was known in those days; it was essentially a novel, a slice of life brilliantly caught between the covers of a book. The impact of Tolsoy's effort was derived from the fact that it followed the classically developed outline in which a novel should move and grow . . . there was a definitely outlined plot, climax and then the denouement. Plievier follows a different pattern.

In Stalingrad there is not the careful character delineation we find in the other book, but rather there is a feeling of the power of the mass as opposed to the importance of the individual; then there is the realization that this mass movement is not concerned with the welfare of the individuals but is primarily aimed at the aggrandizement of a particular class and finally not a class of one person. The whole plot is one of the awakening despair growing from the betrayal of the man for the nation and finally of the nation for one man's ideal.

Col. Vilshofen accurately expresses this notion near the end of the book when he is speaking of the failure of German nationalism to provide either help, hope or haven for the aspirations of the individual. "In the first place, the weapons were the wrong ones. And in the second place the blow was aimed in the wrong direction. Our failures at home and our guilt have produced even greater failures and even greater guilt toward the outside world. To my mind it is not our business to interfere in Europe and the whole wide world; above all we have to restore order; straighten things out at home."

"The weapons were the wrong ones" . . . this can only mean that the weapons of force and violence were the wrong ones; that instead the weapons of the spirit which are in reality the weapons of the personalist revolution are the ones to be employed. "The blow was aimed in the wrong direction" . . . if the direction of the Social-Democrat revolution of Germany was in the direction the stratification of the present acquisitive society; if it meant the solidification of the modern state; if it meant regearing of the class society we know today and the continued depression of the proletariat then the other direction can only be that of a personalist-decentralist society; a society in which the modern state as we know it today will disappear; one in which there will be a non-violent liquidation of the classes through the application of the Christian weapon of love; it will be a society in which vast numbers of men will not live in proletarian misery but in the warmth and joy of Christian poverty.

Jack English

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