



PETER MAURIN WROTE:

SHARE YOUR WEALTH

God wants us to be our brother's keeper. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, to instruct the ignorant, at a personal sacrifice, is what God wants us to do. What we give to the poor for Christ's sake is what we carry with us when we die.

As Jean Jacques Rousseau says:

"When man dies he carries in his clutched hands only that which he has given away."

WHY NOT BE A BEGGAR?

People who are in need and are not afraid to beg give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake. Modern society calls the beggar bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush. The Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods.

We read in the Gospel: "As long as you did it to the least of my brothers, you did it to me."

While modern society calls the beggars bums and panhandlers, they are in fact the Ambassadors of God. To be God's Ambassador is something to be proud of.

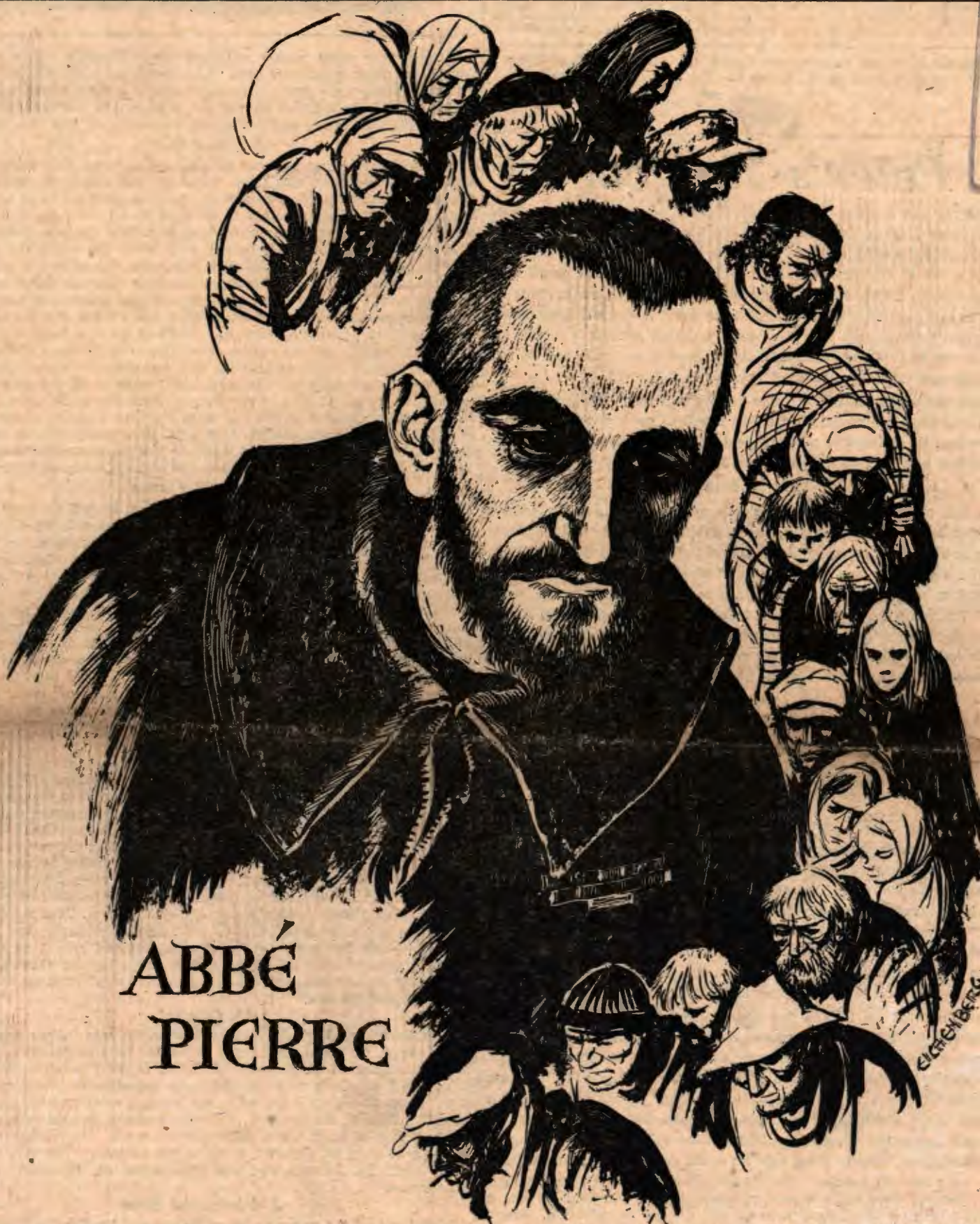
THE WISDOM OF GIVING

To give money to the poor is to enable the poor to buy. To enable the poor to buy is to improve the market. To improve the market is to help business. To help business is to reduce unemployment. To reduce unemployment is to reduce crime. To reduce crime is to reduce taxation. So why not give to the poor for business' sake, for humanity's sake, for God's sake?

RETREAT

The only retreat to be given this summer at Maryfarm, Newburgh, New York, will be that of Fr. Marion Casey, of Hutchinson, Minnesota. The retreat will begin Monday morning with a sung Mass, June 20, and will last through Friday. Please send in word of your coming so that we can prepare.

Send letters relating to the retreat to 223 Chrystie St., New York 2, N. Y.



ABBÉ
PIERRE

HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS

Last month we told the story of Felicia and how much she had to pay for furniture in order to get a little apartment on the East side. This month we met Abbe Pierre of France who stands almost alone in the world today as a priest who is the prophet for the family, who cries out for the family and its needs, and above all, who is actually building emergency cities for the homeless families of France. What he is doing, what he has done, could be done everywhere if we get back to looking on the family and groups of families as the basic unit of society.

Abbe Pierre is a former soldier and fighter in the Resistance movement in France and he wears a band of ribbon and other decorations on his shabby, heavy black cassock. He is a former member of the Chamber of Deputies of Paris. These are worldly honors that he has worn lightly together with

many others in the world today. What marks him as a man of God is the direct action he has undertaken these last five years in the performance of the works of mercy for the family. He understands the dignity of men, and he understands, honors and respects their privacy when they come to him for aid. He has won their devotion, so that he has had their aid, without which he would have been able to do nothing.

It all started when he bought a big house and used it for retreats, a youth hostel, meetings of the Young Christian Workers in Paris. Men came to him who needed a place to sleep, an ex-convict, a runaway boy, an unemployed truck driver. The first family who came were strangely enough, not one of the worthy poor, but a family of a man who had been a janitor or concierge himself and had been guilty of putting many a family on the street. When he himself was put

out with his wife and children and in-laws Abbe Pierre took him in. One must love a man even in his sin, as Dostoevsky says. One must love one's enemies.

Another family came, and then another, and it was these few so-called derelicts who built the first home, and in one summer, students from fourteen countries (like the work camps we know), assisted the first group to build five homes for families. This small accomplishment led to the deluge of appeals, the Niagara of human suffering that descended on the priest. The empty huts of prisoner of war camps, unused railroad cars,—everything was used for emergency shelter.

Many of us who remember the depression, remember the "Hoover-villes," the shanty towns that grew up under bridges in our own country. Here in New York there was one at the foot of East Tenth street, and another down by the

foot of Riverside Drive, by the Hudson river. I wrote stories about the ones that I visited in Seattle and Mobile as well as in our own home town. These accumulations of huts were called derisively "Hoover-villes," because former president Hoover promised "a chicken in every pot and a two-car garage behind every home." And instead we had depression.

When we heard Abbe Pierre at the lunch he had here at St. Joseph's house and at Town Hall, he spoke of the need for prophets, who would cry out for the poor, who would bring their plight to the attention of the others, and all in power. If the conscience of the people were aroused, they would respond. There would be an "explosion." And this is what happened. We saw slides of what had been accomplished in France in the way of building on the outskirts of the cities for the homeless. Some of

(Continued on page 7)



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Peter's Program

With the May issue of The Catholic Worker, we begin now our 22nd year. Peter Maurin, the founder of the Catholic Worker movement, died in 1949, May 15, on the feast of St. John Baptist de la Salle, in whose order of Christian Brothers he had taught for five years as a young man in Paris. He was preeminently a teacher, an agitator he liked to call himself, and he brought to us great books and great ideas, and great men, so that over the years, we have become a school for the service of God here and now. Many have come and gone in this work, finding their vocation in religion or in the world.

As usual we went out into Union Square this May Day to distribute some two thousand copies of the paper and to meet with old friends with whom we can talk of philosophical differences, and with whom we are united in a passion for peace and justice.

Peter's Book

On this anniversary of Peter's death we announce another edition of Peter Maurin's Easy Essays, to be published by the Thistle Press which is also bringing out another one of the Fritz Eichenberg albums shortly. (There may be a few copies of the first one left). This book will not only contain Peter's essays in new format but also some essays about Peter written by his friends, including one editorial from Blackfriars about Peter as prophet. When we listened to Abbe Pierre this month and his talk of the need for prophets, to bring to men in power the needs of the poor, to cry out unceasingly for justice, we thought of Peter.

Peter used to love to quote Eric Gill who said that Jesus Christ came to make the rich poor and the poor holy. As for the destitute, we can only reach them with love and the works of mercy, performed personally, at a sacrifice. You cannot preach to men with empty stomachs.

Our Temptation

Because Peter's program called for such practical things as houses of hospitality and farming communes or agronomic universities, we have often forgotten the first point in his program which was the need for clarification of thought, the need to clarify the "theory of revolution." He used to quote Lenin as saying, "there can be no revolution without a theory of revolution." But Peter's was the green revolution, a call for a return to the villages and the land "to make that kind of society where it is easier for men to be good."

Realizing that we had all too often leaped into the active work of trying to initiate these farming communes and agronomic universities, when our vocation was to write and speak and go out into the highways and byways, and that even the model society wasn't the first step in changing men's hearts towards each other, we started in 1940 a retreat house where all could come and make five days silent retreat to begin again the work of putting off the old man and putting on our Lord Jesus Christ. With Him we could do all things, and without Him we could do nothing. Our farms, Maryfarm and Peter Maurin farm, became once again houses of hospitality on the land as well as places where we could have retreats and days of recollection. People who need hospitality and who are suffering in body mind and soul, are not the ones to be starting agronomic universities, even though God has always used the mean and lowly, the weak and powerless to do his work.

We will get the work initiated, that we know. As it is now all over the country things are being done that never would have been done if there had been no Peter Maurin back in 1932 broadcasting his ideas through the new medium of the Catholic Worker. Before that he had worked as an individual, spreading mimeographed sheets, or even handwritten ones to all who would read, and stopped in the public squares all those who would listen.

Personalism, Anarchism, Libertarianism

His whole message was that everything began with one's self. He termed his message a personalist one, and was much averse to the word socialist, since it had always been associated with the idea of political action, the action of the city or the state. He wanted us all to be what we wanted the other fellow to be. If every man became poor there would not be any destitute, he said. If everyone became better, everyone would be better off. He wanted us all "to quit passing the buck," and trying to pass on the work to George to do. He loved using American slang, in his French peasant accent, which made it very funny, but it has kept his most popular essays from being appreciated in his native country, France.

Freedom

Above all, it was in the name of man's freedom that Peter opposed all "government ownership of the indigent," as one Bishop put it. Men who were truly brothers would share what they had and that was the beginning of simple community. "Two 'I's' make a 'we'," he used to say, "and 'we' is a community and 'they' is a crowd," a lonely crowd, he would have added if he had read Reisman's book. Men were



free, and they were always rejecting their freedom which brought with it so many responsibilities. He wanted no organization, so The Catholic Worker groups have always been free associations of people who are working together to get out a paper, to run houses of hospitality for themselves and for others who come in "off the road."

No Class War

In addition to being opposed to international and civil wars he was opposed to race wars and class wars. He had taken to himself that new constitution, that new rule of the Sermon on the Mount, and truly loved his enemies and wanted to do good to all men, including those who injured him or tried to enslave him. He literally believed in overcoming evil with good, hatred with love. He loved the rich as well as the poor, and he wanted to make the rich envy the poor who were so close to Christ, and to try to become closer to them by giving of their means to start these schools, farming communes and agronomic universities. Houses of hospitality are always run by the generosity of the poor who work in them and by the donations of the more comfortably off who send what they can to keep them going. But one realizes more and more that farmers and agronomists and craftsmen do not seek hospitality, do not "come in off the road." They might give a year or so of their lives if there were the tools to work with, even the houses to live in. It is a pitiful thing to house priests in chicken coops even though they have the privacy of one room, in these converted shelters. It is hard to expect a craftsman to work when he is cooped up in a dormitory and there is no space for his tools.

We Are All Greedy

No, another one of our mistakes in the past is that we have wanted to be all things, to do all things and while we have learned by doing, we have also learned what we cannot do. We can agitate, we can initiate, we can arouse the conscience but we cannot start a housing project for the destitute as Abbe Pierre has in Paris; or a model village, or an agronomic university either. Part of Abbe Pierre's great wisdom is that he limited himself to that most important work of the day, sheltering the harborless, without question, with the love of his fellow poor. He himself had gone out to sleep in the doorways, on the hard pavements, in order to give his bed to a destitute woman and child, and in reward for this folly of love, he had been enabled to arouse the people of France, so that in a brief year, more was accomplished than he had ever been able to accomplish by his seven years in the house of deputies in Paris. How Peter would have loved his single mindedness, his purity of vision!

We have had many with us who could not find their vocation. There have been the wandering monks that St. Benedict talked of. They want religious life and life in the world. They want to have families and to preach, not teach. They wanted so much, not recognizing it was God Himself they wanted, that they could not develop the talents God gave them, and wander year after year wondering what God wants them to do. Peter would tell them, "first of all, earn a living by the sweat of your own brow, not some one else's. Choose a work that can be considered honorable, and can be classed under the heading of a work of mercy, serving your brothers, not exploiting them. Man's work is as important to him as bread, and by it he gains his bread. And by it he gains love too, because he serves his brother, and love is an exchange of gifts. How often I have seen people begin to love each other, because they worked together. They began to "know" each other through the work they shared.

St. Benedict

How Peter loved St. Benedict whose motto was "Work and Pray." He is happy, no doubt, that I, his co-worker, was professed last month as a full oblate of St. Benedict, attached to St. Procopius Abbey, the mission of which is to work for unity between east and west, and which aims to set up a shrine to the eastern saints, at the monastery at Lisle, Illinois. He loved St. Benedict because he said that what the workers needed most was a philosophy of work. He loved St. Francis because he said St. Francis, through his voluntary poverty, was free as a bird. St. Francis was the personalist, St. Benedict the communitarian.

And Now, Sad News

This issue of the paper is being gotten out by Charles McCormack, Roger O'Neil, Ammon Hennacy, Pete Asaro, Peter Carey, Bob Stewart and Isadore Fazio. The sad news we have to tell is that Tom Sullivan is taking an indefinite leave of absence. The decision came very suddenly for the rest of us, and there has been great grief around the place. It was like Tom to wait until the death of Shorty before he made up his mind. He had wanted to go, he said, for a year, but such human needs as Shorty's kept him like iron chains. When Shorty died last month, he made his decision. The Lord does strange things with us. Like Habbukuk we are plucked by the hair of the head and deposited here and there in the apostolate. We had all thought that Tom, like Charlie O'Rourke, was with us for life. Vain assumption. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away. Tom was with the Chicago house and Chicago Catholic Worker until the war, and after the war he came to the New York house where, aside from the interval of a year—he went to Chicago for a wedding and didn't come back—when he went to Loyola and worked for TODAY magazine—he has been with us since, writing for, and making up The Catholic Worker each month, heading the house, having charge of the finances, and in general performing all the works of mercy.

Who knows—it may be like the last trip? This time he went for a vacation, and writes to tell us he is not coming back. Perhaps in a year, after a retreat, after a sabbatical year, he will be back. It is whatever God wants. There is some meaning to it all, Charlie McCormack said, with a very great sigh.

"Never mind," said Joe Motyka, who has been with us almost as long as Tom. "We got the paper out during the war, and we'll get it out again." Anyone familiar with Joe can hear his hardboiled accents, as he said it, but they know too, the sadness in his heart and in John Pohl's heart and the rest of the Chrystie street gang, at the absence of a friend.

Immigration

By George P. Carlin

On the Staten Island ferry one passes close by the Statue of Liberty on which are inscribed the following words from the "Golden Door" sonnet written by Emma Lazarus in the 19th century:

"... keep ancient lands your storied lips;
With silent pomp; give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to be free—
The wretched refuse of your teeming shores;
Send these, the tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

And today there is the McCarran-Walter Act...

The Act is not designed on the basis of any humane considerations for over-crowding problems in other lands. It admits primarily people from Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic nations. Most of these emigrants are no longer from "huddled masses."

The Act admits only 185 Japanese from a nation of 88,000,000 who are crowded into a tiny area totalling about 150,000 square miles (the size of our state of Montana). Its economic problems are almost insurmountable. These are today's "huddled masses yearning to be free."

If the Act were based on the Christian consideration of other countries' need alone, Japan would probably head the list. Unable to emigrate, the Japanese people are advised by their government to practice birth control.

His Holiness, Pope Pius XII has said: (Christmas address, 1952):

"When married couples wish to remain faithful to the sacrosanct laws of life established by the Creator, or, when to safeguard this fidelity, they seek to break loose from straitened circumstances which shackle them in their own country and find the only possible solution in emigration—in former times counseled by the desire for gain, today often imposed by misery—then see how they run up against the provisions of organized society as against an inexorable law.

"... an attempt is made to mechanize even consciences. Take note of the public prescriptions for birth control. Pressure is brought to bear by the administrative machinery of what is called social security; influence is exercised in the same direction on public opinion.

"These examples suffice to show how an organization motivated by a spirit of cold calculation, while trying to compress life within the narrow framework of a chart, as though it were something static, becomes the negation of, and an outrage to, life itself, and to the essential characteristic of life, which is its incessant dynamism, communicated to it by Nature and manifested in the immensely diversified scale of particular circumstances.

"... The desire to solve the difficulty with a formula that the number of inhabitants should be regulated according to the public economy is equivalently to subvert the order of nature and the entire psychological and moral world which is bound up with it."

The question is, can America admit more Japanese? Two answers which indicate the affirmative are here presented. Father William J. Gibbons, S.J., a demographer and economist, and Edward Corsi, former United States Immigration Commissioner (and a Fordham graduate) both have recently said that America could admit far more immigrants now than it does.

In an address before the World Congress on Population, meeting in Rome last September, Father Gibbons, on leave from Loyola University in Baltimore, stated that the United States "could without difficulty receive perhaps twice as many immigrants as it is now doing." (Continued on page 5)

The Deportation Of Francisco Fernandez

(Continued from Last Issue)

"Vulcania"

At sea—April 7, 1955
Holy Thursday

Dear Dorothy and Ammon,

It has been one day since we left N. Y. Yesterday I was tired from the commotion of the previous days; and my back was hurting. I felt physically and mentally tired. And then I asked, "Where are you taking me, O Father?" And I felt alone and lost for a while. I thought of Don Quixote charging the windmills. But my soul was not heavy for long. I felt that God, the Father renewed my strength.

I think of you, of the example of your lives and I know that I am not alone. God was merciful to bring me to you. I know you are praying for me and I know God hears your prayers. He knows well I do not know where He is taking me. He knows I would not know what direction to take if He would leave me tomorrow.

April 9, 1955—12:30 A.M.

I have just finished reading your book, Ammon. Having been with you these four months in which I had the privilege of laboring with you has helped me to appreciate it much more. I have learned much by your example, book and articles, which will be of invaluable help in the near future. My next project will be to read Dorothy's book. During Christmas time while baby sitting I managed to read four chapters of the book. The reason that your book was read first was because of the doubts that I will be allowed to bring it into Spain. The word Anarchist has one sense, one meaning in the Spanish terminology that is violence, the opposite of what you mean. So for the time being "Personalism" which you prefer, should be stressed in order to find converts in and among the people of Spain. Dorothy, I would like to thank you for the Holy Week Book that you gave me while on board ship, which proved to be the right thing to read. Not only because this is Holy Week but also of this trip I'm making back to face the Totalitarian power of the rulers of Spain. The words of the prophets comfort me and direct my eyes towards God as my only protector. But I know that if I put all my trust in God, I have nothing to worry me. For he will give me strength day by day to face whatever comes. My conflict, I fear, will not only be with the rulers, but also with my friends and family.

At my table we are six, five of whom are deportees, four Italians, one Portuguese and myself. Today I had a chance to speak about pacifism, etc., with one of the Italians. One came from Canada. In our conversation it seemed to me that he might be a potential pacifist and anarchist. I gave him Ammon's book since I have finished it and two C. W.'s to read. He would write you and subscribe to the C.W., but in each case he forgets it.

When I was at the Federal Prison in N. Y. C., I was locked up with a Negro who turned out to be a wonderful radical and anarchist though not a pacifist. But I have a great hope he will become a pacifist, if he would meet the right people. He spoke to me at length about his views of our present society. I'm convinced he spoke from his heart as a man who has been persecuted and judged unjustly. I was surprised to hear such a good talk about the view of our society. You would have enjoyed listening to him. I thought he should come and meet you. I told him about the C. W. and asked him to come to see you when he

was freed and where he will have a home in case of difficulties.

April 9, 1955

After supper today I came up and walked into the "Veranda" and they were praying the rosary which is prayed every evening at 8:30. The "Veranda" is a sort of lobby where people sit to listen to music, talk, play cards, etc., and also where they dance at night. The Reverend led the rosary with a clear, musical voice in Italian. People sat, others knelt, others stood up where there was room and there was not much room left. Behind the priest hung a picture of the Virgin Mary with the Child. After the rosary was over the priest came to the center of the "Veranda" where the band stands to play and started to give his audience an account of the Passion of Jesus, of His death, and resurrection. The priest must be about 50 years old and very handsome and very pleasant to listen to. He has white hair which gives him an air of elegance. He speaks with a clear, powerful voice, and sometimes you don't know whether he speaks or sings, his intonation being so musical. Later when he led in the singing, I could enjoy his voice much more. I was surprised I could understand almost every word he spoke about Christ in Italian. His gestures and words were full of meaning. Children played in front of him and around him and he felt very much at ease and sometimes when they got a little too loud he said to them very gently, in English, "goodbye, goodbye." The children smiled at him and they kept playing. At the end of his sermon, he led the audience into singing two hymns in Italian which I couldn't understand. The following day there was one Mass (Easter Sunday) at 9:00 A.M., and after that confession and communion at the Chapel. Then he said to us goodnight in Italian, English, Spanish and Portuguese and between laughs the audience corrected his accent and he corrected himself. Everyone laughed and then applauded him as he left still laughing. It was a pleasant meeting.

I went up to the deck after the rosary. I was thinking of Christ and of God and wanted to be alone. The deck is very dark. It must be kept dark at night because lights would interfere with the look-out seaman on the bridge. The wind is blowing powerfully from the South East while the gulf stream is helping us in our way eastward. The sky is clear and crowded with shining stars. I spent 15 or 20 minutes in the dark bow listening to the wind blow, watching the beautiful sky and thinking of God.

Easter Sunday—11:00 A.M.

We had Mass at 9:00 A.M. The entire "Veranda" was filled by a quarter to nine. The priest has improvised an altar on top of the piano. At ten to nine he took the bell and went around the hallways ringing it and yelling in a pleasant manner, "It's time for Mass," in Italian. He came back and gave the last touches to the altar. Five minutes to nine he took the bell again and went on his rounds gathering people for the Mass. It reminded me of the parable in which the Lord sent His servants to gather the people for the feast. During Mass people knelt as best they could holding themselves to chairs and tables as the ship kept rolling. Communion was given in front of the altar where there was nothing to hold on to and people were struggling to keep their balance. He had no altar boy and each person had to hold the plate under his mouth. The Mass was over in 20 minutes.

April 11, 1955—12:00 Noon

Dorothy, we are just passing the Azores Islands. And I have just finished reading your book or rath-

er the book you wrote about your search for God and your love for Him and His creatures. The islands look beautiful, always have. They stand like a small community in the worship of the Creator. And yet behind those mountains with green hills and little white houses there is already a big American Air base. Shame to man! That is the beginning of the destruction of this paradise. There is so much land over the world. Man could be so happy. But men don't appreciate the wonderful things God has given us. He is never satisfied. He wants more. Now he can travel all over the earth but that is not enough. He wants to go to the moon. He wants to conquer nature. And He is conquering it. But at what cost? His soul is the price.

In two days we'll arrive in Lisbon. Then Gibraltar. And later Barcelona. Gibraltar is only 40 miles from Cadiz, but the British wouldn't let me land there. Barcelona is about 800 miles from Cadiz. I'm wondering whether the Spanish government will give me a ride to some place, southward perhaps. Or maybe I'll have to travel on my own. I'll prefer to travel on my own. But I'm not worrying at all. Whatever comes God also comes with it. So there is nothing to worry about.

I was thinking about the organization that it takes to feed the population on a big ship like this one. We carry about 1200 passengers and I suppose 500 crew members. I thought that whether or not this preparation and serving of food could be carried on in anarchism, that is without organization at all but letting each one find his job and doing it as he pleased. The answer is no. That this strict organization must exist here.

The same way that a certain type of organization must exist here in a big city. A big passenger ship is like a big city. But why to build big cities and why to build big ships? A community of 200 persons should be about the greatest agglomeration of people in the land. The same should apply to a ship, for a ship is also a community. After having reduced our communities to that small number of population, then it will be the time to get along without organization, in a sort of anarchism.

We have organizations (governments, etc.) because we have created with our own complications the need for them. The unfair question put to an anarchist is how to do away with the organization and yet keep the complication. We have to do away with the complications we have created in life and then the organizations also disappear. A simple life requires little government, little organization. A complicated life by the nature of the complication requires government and organization.

April 12, 1955—3:00 P.M.

The wind still blows strong. But the sun is out, the sky is clear and it is pleasant. It is so good to be able to breathe such pure, fresh air as you breathe here on the ocean. Tomorrow at 4:00 P.M. we'll arrive at Lisbon.

Yesterday after the Rosary the priest spoke to us about the Virgin of Fatima. He was saying how this beautiful lady appeared to these three children. As he told us this story there were over a dozen little children playing on the floor in the empty space in front of him. The children then crawled on the floor, ran about him and sometimes yelled a little too loud. But he didn't mind them. He seems to enjoy them. When they get a little out of control, he raises his hand as he talked and motions them to be still. They obey him. I thought of Jesus as He preached and welcomed the children to come close to Him.

Tonight the priest will tell us the rest of the story about the ap-

paritions at Fatima. A few times during this trip I have felt that I should take communion. Last night again I felt urged to take communion. The last time I received was in 1945, when I was confirmed by the Bishop of Cadiz. It is, no doubt, my contact with you that calls me to communion again. Of course if I receive communion I'll have to have a better reason than that. It will have to be in commemoration of Christ.

April 13, 1955—10:00 A.M.

Last night the priest told us the rest of the story about the Lady of Fatima. The children—I seem to go to the Rosary to watch them play around the priest—they played around him as usual. One of them came and sat at his left side and sat there all the time very seriously as if he knew he was occupying a place of honor. We sang two Italian songs and then the priest warned us not to be late on board when we go (not me, of course) ashore in Lisbon, for the ship leaves at the exact time which doesn't wait for anyone. He also reminded us to be meditating on the Lady of Fatima and on St. Anthony of Padua who was born in Lisbon. When he was leaving I asked him if I could confess and take communion in the morning. He said to come to the chapel at 7:30 A.M.

My soul was very heavy last night, all night. I could hardly sleep and lay awake most of the night.

The chapel is small, simple, and beautiful. Purple is the predominant color. I had knelt for about 10 minutes praying God to make me like a little child and the priest came in. As a penance he asked me to pray 10 Our Fathers, since I had told him that the Our Father was the only prayer I knew. He led me into saying the Act of Contrition in Italian.

At 8:00 he said Mass and I took communion with other five women. A nun in the first row at whose right side I sat was answering the priest since there was no altar boy.

We should arrive in Lisbon about one or two o'clock so we must be about 80 miles from the coast. We are beginning to find a little traffic. We passed three fishing ships this morning and a small freighter northbound.

About noon we will arrive at Gibraltar. We left Lisbon last night about 10 o'clock. We deportees were not allowed to go ashore but were free on board the ship. This morning I went to Mass in the chapel where there were ten others and it reminded me of the Peter Maurin chapel. I will mail this letter from Gibraltar, so before I close this letter I want you to forgive me for writing so much and taking so much of your time. But I didn't want to converse with anyone but you during the past days. Although I address this letter to you Ammon and Dorothy, I would like you to tell everyone at Chrystie St., and at the Farm, that I think of all of them as I write. I cannot help but thank God for having brought me in my last days in the States to the Catholic Worker. I had met in there the best people—when I came on board I had to fill out a blank in which they asked me my profession, so I wrote The Catholic Worker. I could not find anything else to put down. And if anyone asks for me please give him my love.

What Now?

Since receiving the long letter above we have not heard how Francisco fared. We know that he was allowed to leave the boat, and he wished to go home to Cadiz to see his mother, but whether or not he ever got there, or whether he was picked up on the way, we have no way of knowing. Surely he would have written to us before if he had been able. We wish any of his friends who know his whereabouts, would write to us. God be with him wherever he is.

How It Began

Dear Friends:

It is almost ten years now since I began to read the Catholic Worker. It grew slowly upon me but now I couldn't escape reading it from cover to cover, even if I wanted to, which I don't.

I often think of Francisco and pray that God's strength and joy will bear him through whatever comes along. I remember one late summer evening last year here in Chicago when we were walking and talking. He hadn't heard of the Catholic Worker before and I said to be sure and stop to visit you when he was in New York. So it was a pleasurable surprise to read that he really stopped and stayed even to bake bread and sell the CW on the street. One remembers him with affection and admiration, and especially his centering on just the couple of books he had bound together. All my talk of reading a hundred and one things, and going to meetings and lectures had a hollow note then. If we know of anyone going to Spain these days, and there are lots of Americans going there now, it would be well to ask them to make any possible inquiries of him. The more that government is made aware that there are persistent friends of its victims, who do not forget, the more likely there will be humane treatment or release.

I remember you often in my prayers. I miss Bob Ludlow's articles on Christian anarchism. Best wishes to him in his new work, and, of course to Dorothy and Ammon, and to all.

With affection,

Romain Zahm.

Dan Sullivan Writes

"Your letter of April 7 arrived with the news of your friend and co-worker Francisco. Gibraltar is not too far from where I am living, so I was able to get there in time to meet the Vulcania. I thought for a time I was going to miss Francisco. The tender stays at the ship only half an hour, and it took 25 minutes to find Francisco. The ship personell were incredibly energetic in doing what they could. We spent 10 or 15 minutes looking for the sergeant at arms. It was explained to me that when the ship is in port they have to lock up the deportees. We found the sergeant at arms, but no Francisco. Francisco has apparently converted the sergeant at arms to the doctrine of non-violence for he was roaming about the ship at will. He is well known apparently. The sergeant at arms had half a dozen passengers scurrying around looking for "the Spaniard." Finally they found him. He looked extremely puzzled until I mentioned the Catholic Worker. That of course broke the ice and Francisco sends his warmest greetings to all of you. He looks as healthy as I do (which is pretty healthy) and is in the best of spirits. He has no needs at present and anticipates no difficulty in writing letters.

"The regime has recently proclaimed a policy of leniency towards the various kinds of exiles from Spain, and I suspect he may get off relatively easy.

"Please tell Tom I have been receiving my copies of the Catholic Worker, and that they are spreading the gospel in some strange corners of Andalusia.

"I will postpone the account of my doings until I return in early June. If I can do anything further at this end, please let me know."

"It is a high crime indeed to withdraw allegiance from God in order to please men; an act of consummate wickedness to break the laws of Jesus Christ in order to yield obedience to earthly rulers." (Leo XIII, Sapientiae Christianae.)

BOOK REVIEWS

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, by Thomas Merton, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 264 pages, \$3.95. Reviewed by John Stanley.

If not approached by the right people in the right way, this book will have a limited usefulness. Number one, it presumes a serious interest in life; (some might say "spiritual life," but others feel that this term often is the sign of a harmful schizoid mentality). Number two, it cannot be read through with much profit; all the reader will get is a few spiritual "kicks." It's for lectio divina, meditative reading. It would be a good book to use for a private retreat, a chapter, a conference. A few people could get together at a quiet place and give themselves a retreat with such a book.

This warning is given because—for the most part—this is a quiet, simple, unobtrusive book from the hand of a genius who loves God very much. Only in the last few chapters does he burst into song with some of the lyricism that was so touching in *The Sign of Jonas*. During most of these pages he tries to remain cool and hidden and quiet, almost impersonal. But even then there comes drumming through his heart-beat of affection for all those clogging around in dumb bewilderment, everywhere. This is the priceless quality that Dr. Shuster remarked on in his review of "Jonas" for *The Commonwealth* a couple of years ago; this love he has for his fellow men, his sympathy, his compassion.

Which brings to mind one or two small reservations: In a good chapter on "Sincerity," in which he connects his topic with the notion of love, he says, "If men do not love it is because they have learned in their earliest childhood that they themselves are not loved, and the duplicity and cynicism of our time belongs to a generation that has been conscious since its cradle that it was not wanted by its parents," and this cannot be denied. Ed Willock spoke of this, too, years ago. And then the author goes on to say, in pursuit of his condemnation of birth-control—which words he does not use—that people who fear to have children fear love, and that they should have them in spite of every obstacle—and he uses italics to stress his point. And he condemns our generation for not loving with "... enough courage to risk even discomfort or inconvenience." It is submitted that this is unworthy of Fr. Merton. Fr. McNabb said that heroism could not be expected of the ordinary man. Fr. Merton is an extraordinary man and he leads a heroic life; but heroes do not condemn non-heroes, especially when the fighting is being conducted in very different milieux. Perhaps birth-control should be discussed only when one can consider the social and economic ramifications of the subject, and by those very close to the situation.

Then, too, obedience for a non-monk is a tricky business. Who have been more obedient in the past score of years than the Buchenwald staff? Or the handsome, wholesome, laughing young men who rode the dark clouds for the saturation bombing of Bremen?

But these isolated considerations only serve to point up the calm and strengthening light of these chapters, originally conferences for those young monks of Gethsemani Abbey who have him as father master of the young professed clerics. They can fruitfully whet the appetite of how one can advance in the way to God, and in

MERCY

It is not for you to measure man's deserts. Mercy does not pronounce on deserts, it aids necessity; it helps the poor without scrutinizing the merits of the case.

St. Ambrose.

self-knowledge for this end; and in the love of brother for this end. There is only one danger in such books: Having read it, some might think they have done it.

There's an excellent chapter on "Vocation," which includes a peerless exposition of the "vocation" of St. Francis of Assisi. And another one on "Pure Intention" and its importance for the cultivation of love, in which he says, "And since no man is an island, since we all depend on one another, I cannot work out God's Will in my own life unless I also consciously help other men to work out His will in theirs. His will, then, is our sanctification, our transformation in Christ, our deeper and fuller integration with other men."

But it is when he is speaking of solitude and silence towards the end of the book that the tone of disinterested restraint that has been attempted lessens. He is fierce in his demand that our love for those we love should be so altruistic and pure that one will be prevented from ever considering to intrude into their solitariness, their secret, their mystery, their liberty—and this includes God. Love must be delicate and respectful.

Like Daniel, Fr. Merton is a man of desires, ever serving God, and wanting the best for the children of Israel, and trying to persuade them that there are other things to be striven for than the cushy jobs in Babylon.

NEITHER WILL I CONDEMN THEE by Franziskus M. Stratmann, O.P., translated by Hilda M. Graef, Blackfriars Publications, London, 1955, 79 pages, 8s.6d.

This book is about a community of nuns and sisters—who hid the author from the Nazis for years—that was started in the French city of Cadillac in 1864 by Fr. Lataste, O.P., where the latter visited and gave retreats to the women there. He saw that many women criminals needed help upon their release—to understate the case—and that, further, many of them had great spiritual resources which wanted husbanding. Many of them could not safely "go out into the world" for a long time. So he started a community connected with Third Order Dominicans and he called it Bethany, where Mary and Martha lived, and which name forms a connection between those sisters and Mary Magdalene and the public sinner who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears in the house of Simon and the woman taken in adultery. And today these nuns and sisters seek out and care for women—who need help in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland and the Dutch Antilles.

This book tells about the spirit of their work; there are no case histories—although there are a few photographs. It is mostly a spiritual treatise, and a good one, on the nature of penance and penitence, pride and humility, sin and shame, and charity and a Christian's relation to "the world." It is also a treatise on pacifism, even though that word is not mentioned, nor the words—I think—peace and war—at least in the political sense.

Sometimes you think he's going to be stern and frightening, then he shows the other side of the coin. For example, he speaks of the necessity for penance and penitence and that these cannot be evaded, but then he points out that it is only from the spiritually strong and advanced that one can expect much planned penance. Only the saints have a true realization of guilt, and only they can do what is just in regard to this, and it is they who must supply for the rest of us. If St. John of the Cross is not read correctly he can be completely discouraging; everything will come to a standstill; deep freeze. Fr. Stratmann says that it is necessary for the average person—generally speaking—only to do the ordinary day to day things in a conscientious, orderly,

HOW TO BUILD HOUSES

Last month the New York state legislature passed a bill which would encourage unions and other organizations to invest their funds in building homes for middle-income families.

Under the bill cities would be authorized to lend to unions and other organizations up to 90 per cent of the cost of non-profit or limited dividend housing and grant tax exemption up to 50 per cent of the value of the project.

New York legislators predicted that private projects would now be built with apartments renting for \$19 to \$20 a room. They found that private housing projects are now renting for not less than \$34 a room.

To put the law into operation, sponsors must be found. They must come from the ranks of business and civic leaders, unions, credit unions, and cooperative groups, because the law strictly limits the profits on such projects.

Building speculators and profit-seeking realtors have not in the past been attracted to build such housing.

Further support for the investment of union treasuries and union-management pension funds in housing came after the teamsters' union announced that it would throw its weight in voting shares to Sewell Avery in his fight with Louis Wolfson to keep control of Montgomery Ward & Co.

Many union officials objected strongly to the use of pension and welfare funds in this fashion. They suggested instead that Beck and others with large funds use the money to provide low-cost housing for union members.

In Cleveland, Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers (CIO), announced that his union wanted to team up with auto industry leaders to invest part of the pension fund in health facilities, housing, and other "construc-

tive community improvements." Reuther would invest these funds under strict supervision by both union and management and with proper financial safeguards. from "Work" (Chicago)

ST. EPHRAIM THE SYRIAN'S PRAYER OF PENANCE

O Lord and Master of my life, take from me the spirit of sloth, faintheartedness, lust of power, and idle talk. But give to Thy servant rather the spirit of chastity, humility, patience and love. Yea, O Lord and King, grant me to see my own errors and not to judge my brother, for Thou art blessed from all ages to ages. Amen.



loving manner. This, of course, is St. Therese.

Hagiography is one of the most dangerous sections of literature. Who has not for a time been St. Francis or Eric Gill or Gandhi, sharpening the scalpel to cut the cancer out of this "rotten world"—without anaesthetics, of course. A certain weekly uses the term "simplist mentality."

Fr. Stratmann says some good things: "Having firm principles is like having vows"; one is liberated. "Most Christians remain servants," and never become friends or lovers of God; therefore they are unhappy. "The staggering difference between the life of Christ and the life of the ordinary Christian..." and how we must not always remain with our own class and intellectual level, but that the barriers must come down and that we must love our enemies—and why—and that we must be reputed with sinners.

John Stanley

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IMMIGRATION

(Continued from page 2)
ing, which would mean 300,000 and 400,000 annually."

(Father Gibbons pointed out, however, that his estimate is based on the provision that added immigration would not be concentrated on the heavily-populated East Coast. He also stated that the United States today admits more immigrants than any other country in the Western hemisphere, a fact that critics often overlook).

Edward Corsi, in "Paths to the New World," published by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, declared that though the United States is now taking about 150,000 annually it could absorb as many as 500,000 persons a year.

"The history of our country," Corsi writes, "has been one of dynamic expansion. The productive capacity of the nation is rising rapidly today, perhaps as rapidly as in any period in our history. Our standard of living is the highest in the world. In the past twenty years our production has risen five times as fast as our population . . ."

"... An annual increase of even 500,000 from immigration would raise the annual rate of increase in the next decade from 1.1 per cent to possibly 1.4 per cent of the population of the present decade. The resulting rate of growth would be the smallest, with the exception of one decade, in the entire history of the country. Smaller immigration totals would have a negligible effect on the rate of population growth."

The Japanese, pink-cheeked girls and sturdy young men, would make fine immigrants. There are many craftsmen and artists. Japan has one of the highest literacy rates in the world. And Japanese farmers, who are among the world's best, could provide an example of patient cultivation of the land.

The situation is severe in Japan, and due to its basic economic facts of life (it has less farm land than the single state of New York, for example) will not readily improve without fraternal help from people in other lands. Though immigration to the United States is just a part of the answer for Japan,

a boosting of their quota from 185 to say 10 times that (1,850 a year—a tiny fraction of the estimates mentioned heretofore on the number the United States could absorb) would raise hope tremendously in Japan. It would be regarded in Japan as a gesture of good will that would be reciprocated a hundred-fold.

The callousness of Americans toward Japan as expressed in the McCarran-Walter Act is particularly dismal as thousands of Americans served in Japan during the Occupation and saw the problems of the Japanese at close hand. As I finished writing the above I received a note from a Japanese boy, Hisayuki Inoue, indicating the sadness of the Japanese plight. It reads in part: "I have gone to the pawnshop many times . . . I teach English and the Japanese reader to three middle school boys, and I make money, three thousand five hundred yen, by it a month. (Note: about \$10 a month). At some night I think that I want to death, but it is wrong. I believe it is wrong, and you said to me always in your letters (to live) for our Father . . . I want to go to America . . ."

Both Senator Herbert H. Lehman (D-N.Y.) and Representative Victor L. Anfuso of New York have introduced bills to amend the McCarran-Walter Act. Both bills would wipe out discrimination against those who live in Far Eastern countries. Representative Anfuso, speaking in the House of Representatives said, "... the chief objection to the McCarran-Walter Act is that it is based on the national-supremacy doctrine which maintains that the people of some nations were superior to others." His amendment provides in part: "There is to be no discrimination against any person seeking to enter this country as an immigrant, because of national origin, religion, race or creed." Readers of the Catholic Worker are urged to write to their Congressmen to support these bills.

Carolina Sharecroppers Become Farm Owners

ABBEVILLE, S. C. — A small group of tenant farmers and sharecroppers here have become landowners, thanks to the "Little River Farm Project" conducted by the American Friends Service Committee.

The successful completion of the project was announced last month by Wilmer and Mildred Young, a Quaker couple from Pennsylvania who launched it 15 years ago.

During that time the Friends bought about 2,000 acres of cotton and corn fields. The land was poor, and so were the propertyless people who farmed it.

Today, because of diversified farming, the land is richer and no

longer in the hands of absentee owners. The Youngs resold it in pasture and garden lots to 22 families, nine of them Negro.

In the 15 years the Quakers invested about \$23,000 in the project and three-fourths of the money has been repaid.

The Youngs themselves spearheaded many local farm changes by adopting them on their own farm. For example, they bought a flock of 100 laying hens, and switched their crops from soil-depleting cotton to hay and grain.

The Youngs also initiated other community changes. They provided a buzz saw to cut firewood; they built a sorghum mill to make molasses; a sawmill to produce lumber; and a hammer mill to grind feed. All these improvements paid for themselves out of fees for use.

Most of the families were able to arrange for their own financing to buy their land, but some were helped through a revolving fund set up by the Friends.

The Youngs reported: "The objective of shifting the people from the status of tenant to farm-owner has been achieved, and with the shift has come a new self-respect and sense of dignity which is even more important than economic advantage. One homesteader said: 'You know it does something to a man to own his own home.'"

Last month the Youngs left their Abbeville farm. They sold it to a family of local sharecroppers who are now a family of owners. The Youngs are now returning to Pennsylvania to start another Quaker project.

from "Work" (Chicago)

An Elizabethan "Prayer For Our Enemies" when the Armada threatened England.

Most merciful and loving Father, we beseech Thee, humbly, even with all our hearts, to pour out upon our enemies with bountiful hands whatsoever things Thou knowest may do them good—and chiefly a sound and uncorrupt mind wherein they may know Thee and love Thee in true charity and with their whole hearts — and love us, Thy children, for Thy sake. Let not their first hating of us turn to their harm, seeing that we cannot do them good for want of ability. Lord, we desire their amendment and our own. Separate them not from us by perishing them, but join and knot them to us by Thy dealing with them. And seeing we be all ordained to be citizens of the everlasting city, let us begin to enter into that way here already by mutual love which may bring us enlarged judgment. — Amen.

OUR POSITIONS

The general aim of the Catholic Worker Movement is to realize in the individual and in society the expressed and implied teachings of Christ. The basic reason why our society is un-Christian is because in our emphasis upon material wealth we mistake this so-called progress for spiritual growth. Inasmuch as we do have a feeling of restlessness and insecurity and a vague idea that all is not well we generally have the wrong method of bettering our conditions, for we think with Rousseau that man is born good and is corrupted by society. From this false basis it naturally follows that all we have to do is to change society and then we will have better people. The CW holds that we will have a better world when we have better people, and that the way to accomplish this is for each person to be a responsible individual: to change himself.

Spiritual

The spiritual basis of the Catholic Worker stems from the Sermon on the Mount. When Jesus was asked what to do with the woman caught in sin he said, "He without sin first cast a stone at her." He advised us to love our enemy, to turn the other cheek, and to return good for evil. Our whole society is geared to a return of evil for evil, for when we vote for a legislator who makes a law saying five days, five years, life or death, or when we vote for a judge who pronounces the sentence, or when we vote for an executive who appoints the hangman or the jailer we are making these men our servants, our arm to cast a stone. If we ourselves serve on a jury we are also denying Christ.

Economic

The economic basis of the Catholic Worker is that of the early Christians where, "From each according to his ability and to each according to his need" was the custom. And St. Paul said, "Let your abundance supply their want." Both of the systems we know of today, Capitalism and Communism—the latter being really state-capitalism, place the state as supreme. The Catholic Worker rejects the national state and all of the militarism that is a part of it. Those who thus reject the state are properly called Anarchists. Their idea of a free society may also be called Personalist or Distributist, and its basis is a decentralization of population, of factories, of life in general, with emphasis of life on the land: in village communes with outlying land, as the norm rather than the exception.

There is a positive kindness and generosity within everyone which comes from God and which is natural. This feeling is perverted by those rulers and exploiters who

(Continued on page 7)

CARDINAL LERCARO OF BOLOGNA

By VINCENT R. TORTORA

"The only politics or economics of our Cardinal," said his secretary to me thoughtfully, "are to give full justice to every man and to increase the grace of all the children of God."

And yet, His Eminence, Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, Archbishop of Bologna, Italy, is exalted in some quarters and defamed in others. His followers call him a great social and liturgical reformer. The Communists—and Bologna is the main city in the Reddest area outside the Iron Curtain—call him the "little boy scout Cardinal." There is probably no more controversial prelate in the Church today. Certainly, no other has captured the imaginations of worker and scholar, Christian and Communist. While those around him seethe and speculate, he continues in his complex duties with piety, humility and no small degree of detachment.

Seated uneasily, for many affairs of Church pressed him, in his ascetic quarters close to the Cathedral of St. Petronius, he said, with moving sincerity, "Why do so many people seek me out to interview me? I am doing no more and no less than a simple parish priest who is seeking to save the souls of his flock."

In the summer of 1952, the then Archbishop Lercaro greeted the faithful of his new post, Bologna, with a phrase that served to crystallize his social philosophy . . . "I was born poor; I have lived poor and everything I have is yours."

On a multitude of occasions since then, he has repeated the same words to his people in one form or another. One of the young men who is staying at the Cardinal's residence likes to recall the time when he answered the door bell and found a man standing outside who was begging for alms. "Go away until tomorrow! The Cardinal isn't receiving anyone today . . ." "The Cardinal receives every day," a sharp voice interrupted from behind. In one of his rare moments of anger, Cardinal Lercaro shouted: "If we were princes, I might be able to understand your actions. But, we are all poor and among the poor it is very easy to understand each other at all hours, even in the middle of the night."

One of the projects closest to his heart is the 78 unit "Village of Young Newly-Weds" not far from the University of Bologna, the oldest university in Europe. Poorer couples who have married during the Marian Year may live, rent-free, in the "Village" until they get on their financial feet. In this project, Cardinal Lercaro has remembered his own father who had to delay his marriage for many years because he lacked money and position.

Two "Houses of the Apprentices" were built by the Cardinal to house, at no cost to them, the hundreds of young men who came from the mountain towns to learn a trade.

About a dozen camps have been set up in the mountains and at the sea shore where children from underprivileged families as well

as poor adults may go for several weeks during the summer for a healthful rest. Those who can pay a token fee.

In what has come to be called the "Easter of the Bus Drivers," the Cardinal invites all the 1400 bus drivers of Bologna to join the children in the camps at Easter. Although 90% of them are card-carrying Communists and fellow travelling Socialists who are regularly subjected to intensive attempts at disuasion in cell meetings, 1000 attended last Easter.

When asked where the money came from for all these projects, His Eminence fixed his steely blue eyes on the crucifix hanging from the opposite wall and said, in his usual staccato cadence, "The more money I spend, the more I seem to receive."

Although the expenditures of the good Cardinal on social projects are very high, they fall far short of those by Communist Mayor Dozza. Bologna rests as the largest city left in the hands of the Communists since the elections of 1953 in which alliances of the non-Communist parties managed to unseat Communist mayors in other large cities. As a consequence, it has become a veritable showpiece. Quite naturally, the Communists exert every effort to make it a shining example of what they can do. Under the leadership of the white-haired Mayor Dozza, one of the largest hospitals and the largest sports center in Italy have been built; more industries have been brought into the city, more housing has been built and more bomb damage repaired than in any city of comparable size.

Though the 54-year-old Dozza impressed this reporter as one of the most urbane and bourgeois Communist leaders in Italy, he is not above frequent all out attempts to discredit the Cardinal in keeping with Party policy. In much that the prelate attempts, he collides head on with the mayor. And yet, both of them seem to get along very well together.

Speaking of Cardinal Lercaro, Mayor Dozza said to me "Many people compare us to Don Camillo and Peppone. But, where Don Camillo was a fool, our Cardinal is exceedingly clever. If he continues as he has, I may soon be out of a job."

Speaking of the Mayor, Cardinal Lercaro said: "He is a good, honest man. But, his ideas are so devious . . . God help him!"

Outside the relationship between the mayor and the Cardinal, the lines are crisply drawn . . . The Catholics hold tenaciously and the Communists, frantically. A gain by either side, consequently, is hard to come by. Yet, the Cardinal seems to have a slight advantage in the battle of social projects and a major advantage in the battle for souls. Through emphasis on religion and religious practices, His Eminence has reversed that conditioning in materialism which had long gripped many a soul in Bologna as the result of virtual Communist domination of secular institutions.

Instead, the Cardinal advocates

(Continued on page 6)

BLACK AND WHITE

"Don't property values go down when Negroes move in?" "Aren't Negroes happier by themselves?" "If Negroes and whites work and go to school together, won't this lead to interracial marriage?" FACTS IN BLACK AND WHITE just published by Ave Maria Press, written and edited by Friendship House answers 65 such questions. The pamphlet explores in bold, realistic strokes the areas of tension and misunderstanding between races.

In the introduction the editors

say: "We hope that this pamphlet will scatter some of the haze that makes Negroes seem 'strange' to white people and vice versa. We dedicate it to the truth, believing that the truth alone can make us free, free with the freedom of the children of God, free to love God and to love all men as He loves them."

Copies of FACTS IN BLACK AND WHITE may be obtained from Friendship House National Office, 4233 South Indiana Avenue, Chicago 13, (25 cents each, \$5 for 25, \$18.50 for 100.)

"When Russians have become Slavs, when Frenchmen have assumed the role of commanders of a force noire (French colonial troops — ed.), when Englishmen have turned into 'white men,' as already for a disastrous spell all Germans became Aryans, then this change will itself signify the end of Western man. For no matter what learned scientists may say, race is, politically speaking, not the beginning of humanity, but its end, not the origin of peoples but their decay, not the natural birth of man but his unnatural death." The Origins of Totalitarianism by Hannah Arendt.

MEET CAROL PERRY

(Two years ago I received a letter from a non-church pacifist wondering why I had joined "the worst Church." Later she read Dorothy's book and mine, and the CW which she had found among the Quakers, and became a Catholic. Here is her tax statement and excerpts from other letters. A.H.)
To Collector of Internal Revenue:

Enclosed is my 1954 Federal Income Tax Return. I am not forwarding any payment for the balance which I owe, because I find that I can no longer conscientiously support government budgeting which allots 80.52% for national defense, the military, and the cost of past wars.

I cannot continue to call myself a Christian and voluntarily contribute tax money for the organized murder known to us as, "national defense" and war. God created man, and man created the State, and where the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill" comes into conflict with the demands of the State, there can be no doubt whom it is that man must obey.

My Guilt:

I am fasting for 3 days as a penance for not having refused to pay these taxes last year, and for ten years before that. I still owe the government \$19.07 of my 1954 tax, which I shall not pay. This is the beginning of my refusal to cooperate with an un-Christian government. I am fasting now, because I did what is forbidden the Christian to do—I put man (the State) before God. I worked, and kept my mouth shut, because I tried to believe that I could live a comfortable, secure life and call myself a Christian; while the government took \$42.84 a month out of my check for arms, and murder.

Jesus said, "Return good for evil," but I supported a government which returns evil for evil. I have quit my \$72.50 a week job, which I held for seven years, and I am going to try to live like a Christian by changing my life instead of just talking about it. It is my belief that one of the essential places to start, is to personally accept the moral responsibility for how the tax money is spent, and since that means that I can no longer pay taxes for destruction and evil I have quit my soft office job to do day work. At least, I will be able to sleep at night, and with the help of God I think that I will be a lot closer to the true meaning of the name, "Christian."

Murder is our Business

Even though it is the impersonal hand of government that spends the money, the moral responsibility for how that money is spent still belongs to the taxpayer. When the bombs we had paid for killed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki we called it military strategy, but the fact is that we gave our financial support through taxes to murder. In the Nuremberg trials the United States maintained the principle that a citizen of Germany should have refused to obey when his government ordered him to do an evil act. That principle is equally valid for the citizens of our own country. Early Christians went to their deaths rather than worship the Emperor by placing a pinch of incense before his image. They also took the consequences rather than pay temple taxes to the Roman state for idolatrous worship.

John Milton said: "The passage, 'Render to Caesar what is Caesar's and to God what is God's' does not say 'Give Caesar thy conscience'."

Henry David Thoreau (in jail during the Mexican War for refusing to pay taxes): "If a thousand men were not to pay their tax bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them and enable the state to commit violence and shed innocent blood."

Carol Perry

April 11, 1955, San Francisco, Cal.
 Dear Ammon:

Now I will tell you something you already know—fasting and picketing is hard work. This was my first day and we passed out almost 1,000 copies of 2 pages. The sign got heavy and the wind blew in all directions. We met some sympathetic, some hopeful. One lady said, "Does that mean we won't have to pay any more income tax?" I said, "Don't pay it if you don't want to." She said, "Then what happens?" I said, "You take the consequences."

Ten minutes after we started a federal cop said that wasn't free speech and made us jay walk over to the federal building to find out from his boss what it was. His boss was pleasant, read the literature and phoned his regional office for advice. While waiting for a call back he chatted with us, asked for more literature, told me that I was violating the laws of the land. After the call he apologized and said he just had to be sure it was all right and wished me luck. At a quarter to five another cop tried the same thing, but we told him we had been through that already, so he put his face close to mine and snarled, "Well, keep moving." Two minutes later the Examiner reporter and photographer arrived. They took two pictures of me and the woman reporter asked what religion I was. She got a terribly shocked look in her eyes when I said "Catholic." She asked was I a practicing Catholic. I said yes, I had been to Mass and communion that morning.

I got very weak Tuesday, the second day of my fast, and Tuesday night I got sick at my stomach and was violently ill for the next 20 hours. It lasted too long to be psychic but whatever did happen I lost 8 pounds in 3 days. I felt I was doing penance at a great rate by Wednesday afternoon. The worst part of getting sick was that I missed two days of picketing because I was too weak to get around much on Thursday, and almost fell on my face when I went down town to pass out some stuff in the afternoon.

On Friday morning one young man was greatly disappointed when he found out that I was a Catholic. He said, "With your courage and initiative you should be a Jehovah's Witness. I told him about you and Dorothy and the CW but he wasn't much open to suggestion. I made him promise to read the Mass, so that he could at least argue intelligently about it. He isn't a confirmed J. W. yet, but said that he admired them because they do not compromise. He was a nice kid.

An older man said that I had forgotten the part in the Bible where it says to obey your rulers, that the responsibility was theirs. I said they aren't our rulers, don't you believe in democracy? That stopped him for a bit and he said of course he believed in democracy, but we should obey our rulers.

One man came out of the tax office and looked up and down the street and then came over and whispered in my ear that he agreed with me, that every word I said was true. The tax office employees came out in their lunch hour and got copies. Two tax men asked me if I really believed what I had written. I said that I believed every word of it and that nothing would make me stand there and hand out leaflets if I didn't. One theatrical looking woman came out of the tax office with my statement in her hand, "I'm sorry honey," she said, "I just paid it." About 25 different people asked for copies for their friends. I think the friendly people about equalled the mean ones. About three different men looked at me as though they would hit me if I were a man. I got so tired of being called a Commie that I was almost relieved to have a man tell me he didn't want any of that crap. It broke the monotony. A man took my literature and tore it up and

Blessed

When one translates the Beatitudes from the original Greek he learns that, although the translation contains the root of the thought, it lacks the branches and the background which distinguishes what was meant.

The first beatitude is commonly translated: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." "Blessed," there, seems to mean more that God is pleased with the poor in spirit, and so He makes them happy with His heavenly gifts. All in all, that is correct, but in translating the Greek word for "blessed," we get an added flavoring; as well as meaning "blessed," the word gives a connotation of "fortunate," and "happy." Fortunate is he to be poor in spirit. Happy is he who is poor in spirit.

And who is this person who is "poor in spirit?" He is one who has nothing for himself. He may be poor, or he may be rich, but he has little or no attachment to worldly things. He is lacking in the spirit and the ways of the world. From the Greek, poor, we hear overtones of "beggar," one who is without the necessities of life, either natural or supernatural. He begs God for the graces necessary for his spiritual growth; and he begs God, too, for the necessities of material life.

William Sullivan

Fraternalite

St Remy par Montbard,

Cote D'Or, France

Operation Suicide

This was the heading of a well printed leaflet which the War Resisters and the Catholic Worker sponsored when we picketed the Atomic Energy Commission at 500 Park Ave Thursday May 5th for it was that morning that the million dollar mock town was destroyed at Yucca Flats in Nevada.

One of the pickets had a small dog on leash with the signs "Today me; Tomorrow you." After some conversation with the police we continued our picket line.

"We may be approaching a point where we cannot be sure that we will not make all the world a laboratory and all living things the experimental objects" was our quotation from the Federation of Atomic Scientists.

And also from Prof. A. H. Sturtevant, Prof. of Genetics, California Institute of Technology: "Any increase in the world level of radiation can damage the race . . . and every new bomb exploded, since its radioactive products are widely dispersed over the earth, will result in the increase in this ultimate harvest of defective individuals."

We also quoted from Contemporary Issues of March, 1955 to the effect that: "Radiologists who receive low-level doses of radiation over many years die from leukemia (cancer of the blood) at a rate of 8 to 10 times that of other physicians."

Our final advice in the leaflet was "Those who are ready should volunteer to

Refuse to make or transport the weapons of war.

Refuse to serve in the armed forces.

Explore non-violent ways of dealing with conflict."

Ammon Hennacy

jumped on it. A few minutes later a nice old gentleman took my leaflet and said "I don't agree with you at all but I hope they don't put you in jail." I said "Thank you for those kind words. I hope they don't either."

My love and prayers with you and Dorothy.

Carol Perry.

Cardinal Lercaro

(Continued from page 5)

fundamental spirituality and the militant practice of religion. There are many ways in which he works toward this end.

His famous "Carnival of Children" begins on Epiphany, with a Mass at the Cathedral and is followed by games, ice cream, candy and gifts. Last year, 25,000 children attended. Said His Eminence with a big smile of gratification: "We have started with the young. We must pray that the seed we have planted will grow into a beautiful flower."

Less known, perhaps, are the Carnivals of bakers, shoemakers, barbers, et al. These begin with Mass and Communion and end with a picnic in Giardini Margherita or in the mountains.

The Cardinal also believes in bringing the pageantry and poetry of the Church closer to the faithful. More of the liturgical service should be in the vernacular, he has often said. Each Sunday he celebrates Mass in another of the 450 or so churches of his archdiocese. Thus, farmers in small villages and mountaineers in remote hamlets can assist at a magnificent Pontifical Mass. Moreover, the number of services conducted in churches of the archdiocese has more than doubled since the summer of 1952. When it was discovered that due to a series of oversights the Cathedral of Saint Petronius had not been consecrated since the day it was finished in 1390 A.D., His Eminence arranged an enormous city-wide ceremony and celebration.

In May of 1953, he organized a mission group called the Paulines and made up of young men and women, priests and brothers. Day after day, in some of the Reddest sections of Bologna, the missionaries talked Christ and His Church. They organized crowded processions to the cathedral to receive the sacraments. Several nights, about one hundred priests listened to confessions until almost dawn. Many lay organizations and clubs have asked for speakers from the mission group. Late this past summer, a group of about 20 Pauline missionaries embarked on an expedition to France with the express purpose of carrying the gospel to Italian migrant workers in places where it has been almost forgotten. The Cardinal calls them the "Gypsies of God".

The "Flying Brothers" are an even more forceful and colorful mission group led by Brother Toschi. Twenty young men of varying orders (Franciscan, Sacred Heart, Dominican, Servants of Mary, Canonici Laternese, Capuchin and Salesian) who have graduate degrees at secular universities make an extremely vigorous and resourceful mobile squad. They rush off to any part of the archdiocese (the Pope has recently given them permission to go anywhere in Italy) where the name, spirit or presence of Christ is being defiled by Communists. With system and ardor borne of intense faith and conviction, they proceed to counteract the communist agit-prop with a hard-hitting, realistic technique . . . As soon as the Communists have finished presenting their case, one of the brothers may ascend the same platform and present a rebuttal; another may speak through the amplifying system atop their jalousy; another may circulate in the crowd or in nearby cafes taking on whole groups in argument and another may say Mass in the local church. Since the brothers are all sons of laborers or farmers and can never be hung with the "agents of a vested interest" epithet, they gain the respect of almost everyone they meet. Many are the Communist meetings that have ended in a triumph for Christ through the "flying brothers."

Ex-priest Tonde, now a member of the Communist hierarchy, has been so flustered by the activity of the brothers in the areas around Bologna when he spoke that he all but refuses to speak to

anything more than small groups in private meeting places now.

Brother Toschi, leader of the "flying brothers", said to this reporter: "Our group has enthusiasm in abundance. But, many mornings we cannot start from our headquarters here at Saint Annunziata because we lack gasoline . . . His Eminence has so much else to spend money on."

Brother Rossi, another of the group, later took me to visit the religious-statistical files to which the Cardinal and he alone have access. The files, the only ones like them in the world, contain in code all the data compiled by the pastor of every parish in the archdiocese. In addition to the usual church data, there is a political section given over to a statistical report on the status of the Church compared to the status of the Communists. A sample card Brother Toschi decoded for me, without identifying the parish, bore these startling figures . . .

Souls in parish, 3518; active Communists, 1200; active Catholics, 18; men going to church every Sunday, 200; women going to church every Sunday, 300; men going to church only on Christmas and Easter, 500; women going to church only on Christmas and Easter, 700; agit-prop Communists, 350; atheists, 1200; children belonging to communist groups, 600; etc.

"Admittedly," added Brother Rossi, "This is one of the Reddest of Red areas."

With these statistics on hand, the "flying brothers" know the situation in advance when they go into a certain section. Even the Cardinal scans these cards before he goes on his frequent visits. Despite a secretary who does everything possible to encourage the Cardinal along conventional lines, the Residence is like a public meeting place. Anyone without a bed is welcome to find himself a comfortable spot in the sumptuous palazzo. The hungry may eat at a large familial table with the Cardinal and about 17 young guests.

The young men are the sons, to all intents and purposes, of the Cardinal. They live together in the utmost respect and affection. His Eminence is very interested in each one of them. He concerns himself with the smallest of their troubles, counsels, teases, encourages and comforts. About them, he says: ". . . They came seeking me because they didn't know where to go and were in great need. They were young men in search of work and students who were completing their studies. Adolescents who were deprived of a family too early in life have asked me if there was room in my house for them. There was room and here it is . . . Julius is about to get his degree in veterinary medicine; Paul is an errand-boy in a foundry; Anthony is a mechanic and a chauffeur; Frank will get married in a month . . . Now there are 17; but, tomorrow there may be more. Together we live a life of the poor, of honorable poor, you understand, who are content with what is necessary and shun all that is luxurious or superfluous. To them, I owe the comfort of my hearth, the company of dinner hours and of my recreation periods. They fill the solitude of an archbishop."

On one occasion, a group of children knocked on his door and asked, "Will you let us play in your courtyard? We won't make much noise."

"On one condition!" responded the prelate. "Just to go into the courtyard, nothing doing! You must go into the courtyard and play as you wish. The place is yours. If you shout and I hear you, it will mean that I am aware of your presence and that I will love you all the more."

The unpredictability of the Cardinal is cause for great concern among those close to him. What he does at one time may be totally unlike what he has done before.

(Continued on page 7)

HE HAS CARE OF US

God beholds thee individually wherever thou art. He "calls thee by thy name." He sees thee and understands thee, as He made thee. He knows what is in thee, all thy own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy dispositions and likings, thy strength and thy weakness. He views thee in thy day of rejoicing, and thy day of sorrow. He sympathizes in thy hopes and thy temptations. He interests himself in all thy anxieties and remembrances, all the risings and fallings of thy spirit. He has numbered the very hairs of thy head and the cubits of thy stature. He compasses thee round and bears thee in His arms. He takes thee up and sets thee down. He notes thy very countenance whether smiling or in tears. He looks tenderly upon thy hands and thy feet, He hears thy voice, the beating of thy heart and thy very breathing. Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it; and if He puts it on thee, it is as thou wilt put it on thyself, if thou art wise, for a greater good afterwards. Thou art not only his creature (though for the very sparrows He has a care) thou art a man redeemed and satisfied, His adopted son favored with a portion of that glory and blessedness which flows from Him everlastingly into the only begotten. Thou wast one of those for whom Christ offered up His last prayer, and sealed it with His precious blood. What a thought is this, a thought almost too great for our faith."

—JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Restaurant Workers Strike

There are three landmarks on Houston Street between Chrystie Street and The Bowery around the corner from the Worker: The Downtown National Theater, where Maurice Schwartz was playing in a Jewish comedy; the Chateau Gardens, a dance hall that formerly was a Greek Orthodox church; and the Fred Bunz Restaurant where they serve good food at a comparatively low price to the men on the Bowery in the shadow of the doomed Third Avenue "El."

Back to Newmanism

President Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, says:

"How can we call a man educated who has not read any of the great books of the Western World?"

Yet today, it is entirely possible for a student to graduate from the finest

American colleges without having read any of them, except perhaps Shakespeare.

Of course the student may have read of those books, or at least of their authors.

But their knowledge is gained in general through textbooks.

And the textbooks have probably done as much to degrade American intelligence as any single force."

Cardinal Newman says:

"If the intellect is a good thing, then its cultivation is an excellent thing.

It must be cultivated not only as a good thing, but as a useful thing.

It must not be useful in any low, mechanical, material sense.

It must be useful in the spreading of goodness.

It must be used by the owner for the good of himself and for the good of the world."

The workers of the Fred Bunz Restaurant have now been on strike for over a week. A union official of the Restaurant and Luncheonette Independent Employees, Local 1115, interviewed at the scene of the strike said that the object of it was to obtain a union contract and normal union wages and conditions. At present Mr. Jack Becker, who personally owns and operates the establishment requires a sixty hour split shift week for which he pays forty dollars. The two waitresses employed get seventeen-fifty a week—and tips aren't on the uptown scale. One man on the picket line, Ludwig Adler, has been with the place for fifteen years, and another, Abe Farber, ten years.

When the workers petitioned for the contract Mr. Becker took them into a back room and attempted to coerce them with an immediate increase in wages and a promise of more. Then he threatened them and fired one man for distributing leaflets.

The men on the Bowery are co-operating, giving full support to the strike; there was not even one customer in the place today at noon, a time that is usually busy.

John Stanley.

Working Conditions

This information pertains to the living conditions of the working classes in Spain today. The agricultural worker receives a daily wage of 8 pesetas (20c) for a 12-hour day; construction workers receive 10 ptas. (25c); shop employees receive 400 ptas. a month, roughly \$10; a postal employee, 500 ptas., or \$12.50; a train conductor 900 ptas., or \$22.50.

Life in Spain is notoriously cheap for the foreigner; but for the Spaniard it is a different matter. A single room cannot be rented for less than 150 to 200 ptas. a month; one kilo of bread costs 6 ptas., a liter of olive oil, 13 ptas., a pair of overalls, 90 ptas., a man's suit, from 1000 to 1500 ptas. The cheapest ticket to a movie or theatre is 10 to 12 ptas. All of these are official figures.

IBERICA, N.Y. City,
April 15, 1955

HEART'S HEART

By ANNE TAILLEFER

The wood of my own terrible quest
Has splinter after splinter,
Built your cross;

Splinter and splinter, they must draw
Your raw, abased and merciful blood;

Till it has fallen, drop by drop,
Upon my thirsting patch and flows
a singing spring:

Till then my cross it is to know—
and not to flee.

Cardinal Lercaro

(Continued from page 6)

He has led the way in a new attitude toward the Communists with his frequent exhortations that they not be disowned and isolated. Isolation would only lead them to turn among themselves and to their leaders for comfort and friendship and away from the Church and the democratic society. Communists must be understood and loved so that gradually they will recognize that there is a place for them outside the Communist Party.

When the official duties of the day are over and most of his young charges are in bed, Cardinal Lercaro seats himself at his desk and devotes several hours to his favorite recreation, the writing of ascetic and liturgical works. Before he actually writes, however, he spends about two hours in concentrated meditation and mental prayer. He has published such titles as "The Methods of Mental Prayer," "The Life of Monsignor Moglia," and "The Small Liturgical Dictionary."

His working day usually runs to 18-19 hours. "Woe is to me," he once said, "if one day I should go to bed without being worn out by exhaustion."

Indeed, Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro is one of the great leaders of the Italian Church who is endeavoring to effect a rapprochement between the Church and the common man and give Christianity a powerful new impetus in this disturbingly secular world.

Many observers here as well as in Italy feel that his youth, vigor and popularity make him an ideal candidate for the papacy.

FREEDOM

According to a dispatch from Cairo, Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox bishops urged the Egyptian government last month, to close down the Cairo branch of the American Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society on grounds that it is spreading Zionist propaganda. Church authorities complain that 112 Catholics joined the Jehovah's Witnesses and that there are 5,000 of this sect in Egypt.

This seems to be the old story of those in power seeking to stifle opposition by an appeal to patriotism. It is no doubt that the JW's, as we call them here, are venomous in their denunciation of the Catholic Church, but inasmuch as we are told to turn the other cheek and bless those who persecute us, we do not follow our own teachings when we seek to persecute our enemies under false charges of not being patriotic. The JW's are internationalist in their belief and have shown the strongest opposition to the last two World Wars of any group. We admire their courage and feel that they have a right to propagandize their belief.

"I sought my soul, but my soul
I could not see,
I sought my God, but my God
eluded me.
I sought my brother, and I
found all three."

Anonymous

"If a subject is convinced of the injustice of war, he ought not to serve in it, even on the command of the prince. . . . Hence flows the corollary that subjects whose conscience is against the justice of war may not engage in it whether they be right or wrong. This is clear, for 'whatever is not of faith is sin'. . . (The common people are now considered, and the presumption in favor of the state). . . Nevertheless, the proofs and tokens of the injustice of the war may be such that ignorance would be no excuse even to subjects of this sort." Francisco de Vittoria, De Indis et de Jure Belli, Carnegie ed., Pt. II, paragraphs 22-26.

THE UNEMPLOYED

By Liam Brophy

Men shuffling in the mottled shadows move
In shuttles of unpatterned despair;
In queues they gather to each grimly groove
As dour as prisoners caught in war's snare.

These, the unwanted and the wasted ones,
The flotsam of trade's fluctuating tide,
The non-productive tools, are fathers, sons,
With hearts to hold life passion and life's pride.

Here in the rancid air their spirits rot,
Their minds are clogged like deeply-trodden clay,
These, whom the busy world has quite forgot,
Are numbered here for their ambiguous pay.

All purged of nobleness and dignity,
And listless as dead leaves on a canal,
Their hanging hands hold untried potency
To carve bright cities on earth's pedestal.

FOR THE HOMELESS

(Continued from page 1)

the villages were homes with five acres each for farming.

We reviewed the book *Abbe Pierre and the Rag Pickers of Emmaus*, by Boris Simon, published by Kennedy and Sons, in the February issue of *The Catholic Worker*, and I call attention to it again, as a magnificent story of a priest who is working for the family.

We all know the story of Emmaus in the New Testament. After the crucifixion, two of the disciples were walking a sabbath day's journey (a short distance) from Jerusalem, talking of the collapse of all their hopes for a better world. A stranger came up with them and entered into conversation, and when they entered an inn, they prevailed on him to stay with them. He had been trying to explain that it was necessary for Christ to suffer, and so enter into his glory. When they sat down to the table with him, "they knew him in the breaking of bread." It is one of the most touching scenes in the Gospels. We have long felt, all of us at *The Catholic Worker*, that we "knew Christ in the breaking of bread," with all the men on the breadline, the women from the park benches, and all the members of our household who have wandered in for a few nights, and staying for years.

Our work is so like that of Abbe Pierre, except that we have dealt so much with the single, with the men on the breadline. There has not been so much destitution among the families, who have had shelter of sorts. Our farms, our houses have been repaired and maintained by the hard work of those who came for help and stayed to give help. And this is what happened to Abbe Pierre. To help him, the men he took in became rag-pickers, dealing in junk, giving their money to aid in his work. Giving all they had with the utmost generosity, other help came in. The amount that has been accomplished has been astounding.

Our visit with him was not an unmixed joy. There was a fearful fanfare, a deluge of people descended on us, many of whom were dear friends. But there were also those ever-present photographers who seemed to perch on mantel pieces and jump like monkeys from

chair and table to get proper shots. The French photographers were the worst. They took pictures of him dining with us, talking to members of our group, many of whom will doubtless be captioned "derelicts," and when he protested at their wanting him to address the breadline out in front of the Catholic Worker, an evidence of American poverty which they gloated over, they snarled, "We built you up, we raised funds for you, we made you. You've got to cooperate." How little they know the power of God! It certainly was neither the reviewer or the advertiser that made St. Therese of Lisieux's book the "best seller" it was! The Abbe's work will go on, with or without publicity. His is that faith which makes him see Christ in the poor and forsaken, the off scourings of society, the derelict. And where Christ is, there he also will be.

He did speak to the men on our line, and apologized to them for holding up their lunch, and they responded to his warmth at once. The final indignity offered him that day, and it was the feast of St. Joseph after Easter, was a limousine drawing up in front of the house, white walled tires, chauffeur and all, instead of a decent and adequate taxi to get him to his next engagement. Oh well! we can only hope that those responsible for that tasteless display of luxury, felt as uncomfortable as we did, while they waited by that long line of hungry men. Maybe that incident too had its prophetic quality.

From the

SPANISH UNDERGROUND

"A Strike Triumphs in Barcelona" was the headline in *SOLIDARIDAD OBRERA*, organ of the anarchist CNT union. The despatch told of an order issued by the management that henceforth the value of drills broken by the workers in the Terrestrial and Maritime Machinist works would be deducted from the pay of workers whose drills were broken. Within two hours a demand by the workers that the bosses themselves come down and use drills without breaking any of them, coupled with a sit-down strike resulted in the order being rescinded.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER,
Chicago, May 2, 1955

Fritz Eichenberg's

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OUR POSITIONS

(Continued from page 5)

skillfully entwine the negative feeling of fear of poverty, of old age, of national enemies, and who promise impossible benefits if only people will renounce their individual responsibilities and allow the state to take care of them. When we appeal to this goodness within man it is not with unrealistic sentimentalism or a negation of original sin, but with the knowledge that we are called to be "sons of God" and not weaklings.

The Bomb

Since August 6, 1945, when we dropped the first atom bomb at Hiroshima the guilt of wholesale murder is upon us, and doubly so, for in the name of Christ we say we are defending ourselves from atheistic communism while at the same time our atheistic capitalism invents new atomic terrors for the whole world. The only thing stronger than this atom bomb is this message of Christ to love your enemy. We do not have faith in God if we depend upon the atom bomb. We therefore advocate that those who can do so should refuse to have any part in our present system by refusing to vote for any officials, by refusing to pay income taxes for war, by refusing to work at war work, or to buy war bonds. For boys who are 18 years of age the norm is to be drafted into the armed forces. If we brought our children up with the teaching of Christ they might be ready to refuse to register at the age of 18 rather than to prepare to kill at the command of politicians.

The Way

To achieve this new society we advocate a complete rejection of the present social order and a non-violent revolution by direct action of the individual in cooperation with his fellow workers, rather than by political action or violence. For practically we can never hope to get 51% of the ballots or bullets, but nothing can stop an individual from refusing to cooperate with evil, or keep him from cooperating with others in boycotts, strikes, or communal enterprises; nothing except his own fear and lack of faith. Whether our efforts may appear puny compared to the huge aggregations of wealth and material power which oppose us is not important. The only thing that is important is as Malatesta said, whether each day we are trying honestly to live up to our ideal. We recall each day in our Missal the history of those who died rather than put a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar. We recall the life of Gandhi who overcame the mighty British Empire by his non-violent campaigns. His life

of voluntary poverty and his refusal to follow the denial of companionship to the "untouchables" reminds us that we believe in the equality of all men before God and that we denounce in this country the denial of rights to Negroes and American Indians.

As the world of materialism is tearing itself up with its atomic terror we call for the formation of a "new society within the shell of the old," as the I.W.W. preamble says. For a world whose basic ethic is "revolutionary love" which Vinoba Bhave in India is practicing today with his "land through love" whereby he receives free gifts of millions of acres of land for the poor. The application of these principles in our country means a return to the Jeffersonian principles that "That government is best which governs least," and "When we look to Washington to tell us when to sow and when to reap we shall surely want bread." It means a realization of the truth that as Bhave says, "Equal wages would have to be paid to all unless and until it is established that one with a greater responsibility feels more hungry than the one with a lesser responsibility." Our values are human need and not human greed. We know that a few of us cannot overturn this unholy system of exploitation with its pagan values. We also know that we can live to a much greater extent the Christian values which we believe in; that we can expect more from ourselves and others in depending upon love rather than distrust and violence. For we know with that great American, Thoreau, that one on the side of God is a majority.

Reality

As Catholics we should and do believe that the Sacraments of our Church which Christ gave to us are more real than the H Bomb. We believe that the Beatitudes are of more value than man-made laws. We believe that Christ redeemed us from original sin and there is within every person a possibility of "putting on Christ." To work that His "kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven," for which we pray we feel that we must act like Christians. This does not mean that we should kill each other in war, put each other in prison, or exploit each in either the atheistic capitalism of the west or the atheistic communism of the east. It means that we should withdraw as much as we can do so from participation in our non-Christian society. Our lives should approach that of St. Francis of Assisi in voluntary poverty. We should follow St. Peter who said to obey God rather than man.



ST. ANTHONY

LETTER

Azusa, California
17803 Woodcroft Street

Dear Dorothy Day or who ever opens the mail these days:

Better get this dollar mailed to you before we use it for something else. Wish it could be more but our finances continue to remain in a state of befuddlement. Usually there isn't this much left by the end of the month so the Lord must mean it for you. I know it won't make much coffee but at least it'll help.

I wish I could tell you how much the paper (Catholic Worker, naturally) has meant to us... It's been a source of real strength during a year of great trial for my husband, children and I. Reduced to a point where we simply cannot afford to buy books anymore, surrounded by a group of material-minded people—indifferent to the greater problems of the world around us—it has really been a bulwark for the two of us to lean upon.

I'm not sure you're interested in our reactions or sufficiently free to peruse incoming mail but I feel if I were in your work I would appreciate knowing the reactions of readers if only from the standpoint of feeling I was planting some of Peter's basic ideas in a soil hitherto barren.

The ideal of voluntary poverty—for one—is so dynamic to our way of thinking and has helped us to an acceptance—yea! even a giddy sort of joy in the day to day

Friday Night Speakers At the Catholic Worker

May 6—Philip Jebb on Hilaire Belloc.
May 13—Anne Marie Stokes on Joan of Arc.
May 20—Fr. Suarez on India.
May 27—Gerda Blumenthal on Malraux.

During June, Dan Sullivan, Edmund Egan and Don Conside will speak.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A CATHOLIC
ANARCHIST**
By AMMON HENNACY
Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

FARMING COMMUNES

A plan whereby Japanese government or private Japanese companies would rent land in the United States for farming communes, is put forth in a recent issue of "Social Order," the Jesuit magazine published at St. Louis University.

Father William Kaschmitter, M.M., in an article in the March issue, asks that a 10-square mile area of land in one of the 48 states be rented to Japan to form the farming commune.

The Japanese would gain the produce raised on the land which would be shipped back to Japan to alleviate the food shortage. Sending farmers to tend the agriculture on the rented land would also help alleviate Japan's crowded islands, where there are 88,000,000 people in a tiny amount of land.

A State renting the land would gain (1) the money from the rent (2) the development of land resulting from the intensive and careful farming of the Japanese, among the world's best farmers.

Far-fetched? Father Kaschmitter

sacrifices of our present poverty-stricken state.

Another thing—the idea of rural living appeals to us mightily... we have no idea where to locate any folks in this area imbued with these same ideals... we hoped perhaps you would know of some families out here whom we might contact to discuss this matter so dear to our heart. To our way of thinking, in this time of spiritual and moral crisis, it is indeed the ideal way of life for a Christian family to pursue. We are hoping within the next five years to be able to take active steps toward making this a reality.

Enuf for now... my cherubs are about to tear the house down.

Best wishes in your wonderful work.

Sincerely,

Mary Hamilton James

says it depends on how you look at it. An alternative to help for the Japanese, in some form such as his plan, is that Japan may leave the free world and go either Rightist or Communist, seeking to solve its severe economic problems by military means.

He recalls that World War II cost men \$1,385,000,000 in war costs and property damage (which averages \$2,800 for every family of five persons in the whole world today), and over 22,000,000 dead and 34,000,000 wounded.

G.P.C.

Reason Why

"What an American spends for a shoeshine is a day's wages in many parts of the world. The camera a tourist carries on his shoulder is worth more than all the food a family of five will eat in Indonesia in a whole year. No wonder we are the object of so much envy, and that envy can so easily turn into hate on the part of other peoples."—Alford Carlton.

Dom Verner Moore

Dom Verner Moore, Carthusian: "We should all realize that within each one of us is a hibernating beast, an unconscious personality, which can still become active unless we maintain our system of control. This system of control can in rare instances be destroyed by disease, but it can also break down through our own infidelity to ideals. It is a breakdown such as this that, barring major accidents... we can prevent by conceiving of life as a period in which to bring to completion a work of value and by living in the enthusiasm of its accomplishment."

Workers Defense League

THIS IS THE STORY OF TONY

He received an Honorable Discharge from the Army in 1946. Soon thereafter he went to work as a laborer in a Government department. He did his work satisfactorily and minded his own business. He got married, had three children and settled down to support his family the best he could.

Suddenly, in 1954, the Government suspended him from work as a security risk. If an ordinary laborer in a non-sensitive job can be considered a security risk, under any circumstances, what worker anywhere can be safe from such charges?

And what were the charges? The first charge was that Tony had registered in the American Labor Party in 1941.

But in 1941 the American Labor Party was a bona fide political organization with which Herbert Lehman and Fiorello La Guardia were also associated—more actively than simply as registrants.

The second charge was that Tony's sister was presumed to have been a Communist sympathizer. Even if this is true, how does that implicate Tony?

At the hearing, the examiner asked Tony why he hadn't tried to influence his sister away from her associations. Tony said he didn't know what her ideas were. They never discussed such things.

The examiner couldn't understand a family which didn't discuss. Tony tried to explain. As the oldest child in a large family he had to quit school and go to work to help out. There were too many hard times for him to be very close with his younger brothers and sisters. One of the vivid memories of his family life was the shame he had felt when he made his first Communion in a suit given him by a Catholic charity. Anyway, Tony said, politics isn't his business. His business is to provide so that his daughter needn't feel ashamed at her first Communion as he had felt.

Tony was cleared of these very charges in 1950. In 1954 he was subjected to the self-same ordeal on the self-same charges. It is a shocking intrusion on a man's right to work. And it is an unwarranted harassment of a man's family.

Someone referred Tony to the Workers Defense League. We defended him. His is a simple story but it involves all the basic principles of our heritage: sanctity of the home and family; freedom from guilt by association; protection from administrative conviction; safeguards against secret accusations and double jeopardy; the right to work.

Workers Defense League defended Tony as an individual who needed help, whose family's food depended on his job. That is the only way we know to defend our basic principles.

RESULT: Tony has gone back to work at his job after 5½ months of suspension without pay. He can now begin to repay the mountain of debt he had to incur to take care of his family. This is a happy ending. It might not have been so happy without Workers Defense League.

(The above story is a part of the appeal letter recently sent out by the Workers Defense League, 112 East 19th Street, N. Y. No. 3, N. Y. On several occasions the Workers Defense has generously come to the rescue of members of the Catholic Worker and our friends who have found themselves involved in court cases having to do with civil rights).

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