THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XVII No. 1 | June, 1950 | Subscription: 25c Per Year | Price 1c

The Welfare State

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Christianity brought a new emphasis on individual worth, on the sanctity of the person. It liberated religion from an exclusive cultural context and from dependence on governments. As the implications of these teachings permeated the Christian body it was realized that for one man to own as property the body of another was contrary to the spirit of Christ—consequently it became apparent that slavery could not be tolerated. But slavery continued in different forms, in varying degrees.

Under feudalism it was conceded that man could not own man outright, that the lord had certain duties to the serfs. Nevertheless the serfs were slaves inasmuch as they were attached to the land as appendages, inasmuch as they were robbed of their natural right to the resources of the earth—a right which belongs to all people and for which no one should have to pay tribute to another.

Under capitalism slavery continued in another form—for under this system land and capital both are owned by a small minority while the vast numbers of mankind are dispossessed and have nothing but their labor to offer, consequently labor is regarded as a commodity to be bought and sold and consequently the worker is enslaved to those who own the means of production. For whoever owns the means of production controls the economy and who-

(Continued on page 6)

The Neighborhood We Never Made

By JOHN A. LYNCH

It was once said of a neighborhood in the city where I grew up that it was a "good Catholic neighborhood," but now that the Sicilians and the Italians and other "classes" were moving in it could no longer be called so. And in their wake, of course, would come the Jews, and, lastly, the Negroes, for who else but a Negro would live in a house after a Jew had moved out?

That was some time ago and the neighborhood thrives and still you can hear talk of "niggers" coming, for they have not come yet but the neighborhood is slowly drifting that way, and that way is a bad way, at least in the minds of the home-owners, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

I did not grow up in that neighborhood, nor have I ever lived there. I lived farther south in

(Continued on page 3)

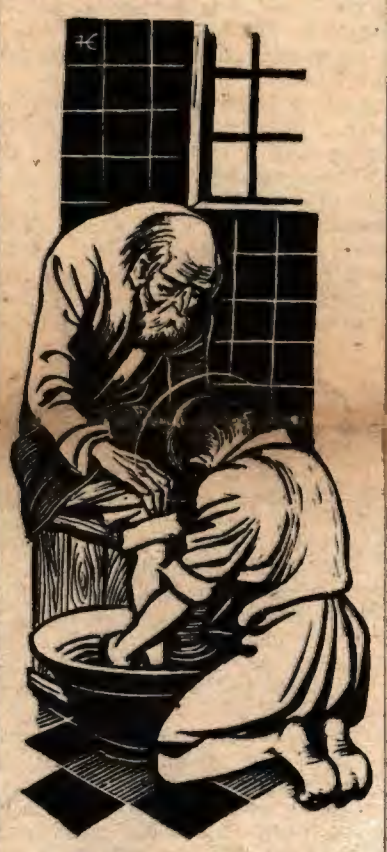
Dire Need of Hospitality House For Christs Poor!

By DOROTHY DAY

Last month I wrote that we had found a house. I am sorry to have to tell our readers that the place we so glowingly described is not available to us.

We are looking again for a House for our poor, who belong to us, who are our family.

I do not know how to love God except by loving the poor. I do not know how to serve God except by serving the poor. Poor people are those people who are standing out in the rain now, today, May 29, standing there with the rain soaking through their thin clothes, running down their faces like tears. They are standing there because they are hungry, and because in our fifteen foot by fifty foot dining room and kitchen there is warmth, and there is Everet Trebtoske and his staff, serving soup, a good heavy pea soup, with bread. Poor people are people like that colored man and woman who spent the night riding in the subways because they had been put out of their lodging, after they had lost their jobs and spent what little they had laid by. A priest sent them to us last night. There was no hospice in his parish, no Christ-rooms. Poor people is that sick man who has epileptic fits and cannot hold a job and who keeps trying because he doesn't want to go on relief. Poor people is that woman in jail who wants to come to us when she gets out, and that alcoholic dim-witted prostitute who plies her trade on the Bowery. It is that drunkard sleeping in a doorway, that old woman going through garbage cans. Sinners are poor people only it is getting so that only the poor are considered sinners these days. We are supposed not only to love sinners, but to have reverence for them, Fr. Faber said, because Christ came especially for them.



This is the way I feel, and this is the way Tom Sullivan and Irene Naughton and Bob Ludlow feel, and John McKeon and those others, Marie Roche, and Tony Aratari and Everet and Joe Cuellar and Dave Mason and all the others feel. That is why they are here, because they have a vocation to do this work at this time, and they want to love God. It is the only way right now that they can see to do it. Two of them are going away to the priesthood from here, and this has been a preparation for that tremendous service of the dispensing of the sacraments.

No Place to Go

But there certainly are great and insurmountable obstacles in our way to performing this service of tending a soup line and giving shelter. As we said in our last issue, we are being dispossessed from 115 Mott street. The house has been sold and we have been looking and looking for a home. We thought we had found one when we wrote last month, an ideal location, in a street of the poor, in a great parish, centrally located. But it turns out that we cannot have that house which we had set our hearts on. It is evidently the will of God manifested through the will of others. Perhaps we should stay in this neighborhood where the parish, the priests, the neighbors, lament at the thought of our going. We keep looking for a place.

It seems to be easier to find the money to buy a place than to find a habitable place to be bought. Down on the East Side buildings are being torn down faster than others are going up and every habitable building is taken. The

(Continued on page 3)

Co-operatives

By IRENE NAUGHTON

Halifax was deep in snow, and trucks and cars had made the steep streets a morass of mud and slush. But it looked good to me after the long trip on the boat. There had been a storm off Boston, and I had been seasick. Later on I learned that two ships had been lost in that storm, and that while I was thinking on my own miseries, some twenty men had gone down into the black waves, in the howling wind, and the muffling snows. How often we are reminded of our own littleness of soul, and our incapacity to be even aware of the needs of those around us, human beings dying and suffering. I think it is good for us thus to realize that we have nothing to give, and that if we do not throw ourselves on the infinite merits and compassion of the Heart of Jesus, and dispense them, we ourselves dispense nothing but poison, and deadly poison at that. We cannot love and we must love, that is the paradox of Christian life.

The longshoremen unloading the several ships at the pier wore heavily padded clothes, for it was very cold. It was a bustling scene; you had to watch your step not to be run down by the hand trucks going in all directions, and the big trucks too, going ahead and backing up. There were hundreds of barrels of packed fish, and tractors. Newspapers were appealing to the public to feed the starving robins, who had made the mistake of thinking that Spring was here.

Ken Green, whose brother John Eldon Green, of Prince Edward Island, had arranged my speaking trip, met me at the dock, and took me out to Mt. St. Vincent's, where I was to speak that evening. The Sisters of Charity of Mother Seton, and the girls of Mount St. Vincent set a note of friendliness and enthusiasm about ideas that con-

(Continued on page 7)

Migrant Workers

By AMMON HENNACY

"There's only one way the poor class of folks can beat this system," said the poor tubercular Oakie as we shivered together on the cotton truck on a dull February morning.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I could take my wife and six kids; rent me a few acres in Arkansas away from main highway; get me a mule, a cow and an old sow, and no one could boss me and starve me like they do now. I did it once and I'll do it again one of these days if I ever get away from this damned desert."

"I agree with you. Many professors have written books about just that way of life but few have gone back to the land," I answered.

"Folks hereabout was talking the other day of breaking in the stores to get something to eat. But I told them they are beat before they start at that game. Got to get back to the land; that's what I told them but they didn't want to get too far away from the dime stores, shows and taverns," he continued as we came to the cotton field.

This field had been picked over before and now just the bolls here and there that had been missed and the few that had matured late were left. The Oakie went one way and I worked next to two young Negroes. We snapped off the bolls and all and went half a mile two rows at a time before we were back to the truck. I had but thirty-six pounds and when the girl paid me I found that 2c a pound was the rate instead of three cents. I mentioned this to one of the Negroes as we were picking and he said:

"Lucky we gets the 2c. The other day they gave us slips of paper and told us to come the next day if it didn't rain and they would have the money. I told them to go to hell with such paper; I wanted something that got me my eats and I walked off the field. But most of the others stayed on for they had families.

This reminded me that I still had the slips for $4.18 for cotton I had picked in November at the Jim Crow ranch fifty miles away in the desert. The Negro went to eat some lunch and his row was taken by a husky white man who had lost his job in a laundry when his boss had sold the plant in Phoenix. One of his sisters had married a Church of the Brethern man so he was receptive to my conversation about Conscientious Objectors and non-payment of taxes for war. Here the cotton was a little thicker and when we came back to the truck I had 72 pounds.

"Got to watch these belly robbers. They'll doctor up the scales and cheat you of half the cotton. The other day I picked around a hundred pounds and the weighman said that he was only paying for fifty as he was not making much money on this second grade

(Continued on page 2)

FLASH!

Thanks be to God we found a suitable house this morning as we were going to press. However we do need ten thousand dollars more to make the property ours. In the name of Christ please help us, thanks.

The Editors

Sixteen

By BARBARA HEFFERNAN

I am forever being told that I am a child. I do not look like a child and I do not feel like a child. To be perfectly frank, I don't want to be a child except in love, humility and faith. But I am sixteen and therefore considered a child. "What does a child know of life? Even if you are ahead in school, school doesn't teach you about life," they say. What does a child know of life? What has sixteen years old seen? What can she understand? I have learned enough about life to know that Christ and Mary are each day being spat upon, being mocked, being cursed and scourged by unthinking people as I. I know one man hates another because of belief or color. I know that money is God among too many people. I know that all Catholics are not living as all Catholics should. I have met self-satisfied snobs that profess to be Christians and slur their very name. I have seen pain and unhappiness in Bellevue. An old woman of eigty-one, almost deaf and blind, and too old to be operated on. Someone has to come to take her home. Three weeks ago someone promised to come for her. She has never come. The old woman cries and screams, all to deaf ears—except One. They say, in her ward, that her one consolation is the rosary. She told us of beautiful visions she sees. They have been in the clouds, in the sky, on the wall, she says. But really, I suspect, they are in her heart. She cries because she missed First Friday. "What am I to do?" "Offer it up," you tell her, "pray, have faith." Then she asked my name. I told her and she said, "Pray for me." She doesn't think I'm a child, but then she can't see.

There is a little boy with a twisted back that I've wheeled down to Mass. He pulls up his bathrobe collar when he is wheeled through the wards. He won't look in—"anyone who comes here dies"—he is nine years old; he thinks I'm very old—but he's only nine. I told one of the nurses what he said. "He's only looking for sympathy," she said in a condescending manner. She thinks I'm a child.

One of the women last Sunday began to weep because it was Mother's Day and Father had said at Mass: "The saddest thing a mother can do is to die and leave her children." She has six. One of the tots reminded her of the littlest. She is having an opera-

(Continued on page 6)

Vol. XVII. No. 1 June, 1950

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder
Associate Editors:
ROBERT LUDLOW, IRENE NAUGHTON, TOM SULLIVAN
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
115 Mott St., New York City—13
Telephone: CAnal 6-8498

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

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

DEFEAT THE DRAFT

On the 23rd of this month there comes before Congress once again the question of whether to continue the draft. Those of us who agree with Pope Benedict XV in regarding the draft as a menace to society, as a denial of Christian values hope that the move for its continuance will be defeated. And that, if it is passed, there will be wholesale refusal on the part of the citizenry to obey it. The draft exists for a purpose—that purpose is war, and war can never be considered a Christian means even for defense. Even a "just" war is un-Christian inasmuch as it does not take into account the superior ethics of Christ, Who did not rest content with natural ethics, Who indeed superseded Aristotle as He superseded the Old Dispensation. And, in the light of modern psychology Christ has been vindicated. For the psychosomatic character of man does away with the distinction between physical and moral evil as they result from the conscious act of man. So that to injure the body of another is a moral evil.

We see someone suffering in Germany or in Poland and we rush to their aid—but, as Alex Comfort states, when we look back on our journey we discover that every step we took in rushing to the aid of these victims crushes the life out of some entirely innocent person. Again it is the psychosomatics of life and of Christianity. For physical violence cannot proceed without mental and spiritual violence and there is no halting the process. Like produces like and we can only halt this constant state of violence by making a clean break—by refusing to be conscripted for violence, by bearing witness in this totalitarian age to truths that take precedence even over what may be considered the common good.

R. LUDLOW.

Migrant Workers

(Continued from page 1)

cotton. I didn't like it but I stayed for the day but did not go back the next day."

"Yes," I replied, "I heard the fellows at the fire by the curb as we waited for the truck this morning talking about a cotton contractor who "short-weighed and ticket-paid the pickers and made a thousand dollars a month from poor folks as poor as he had been a month before."

He wanted to know if I was a Witness. I told him that I belonged to no church, for each one prayed more and did less than the other. I mentioned about the Oakie who had wanted to go back to the land and he replied that he was sorry he had gone out for day work for he had had more real income and satisfaction on the land. He spoke of several relatives who had made from $50 to $100 a week all during the war in war work and when they had lost their jobs had gone to live with his old father who had but $70 cash income a year but always had his cellar full of something to eat from what he had raised on the land.

"You can't farm in this commercial valley though. Takes too much for machinery and if you lose a crop through lack of water, bugs, or poor prices then the big company grabs your land for what they want to give. Have to get in the sticks," and added with a smile, "away from the places where you think you have to spend money."

We then discussed unions, radical organizations, churches, and the different methods of making a better world. The aim of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God was there but so many things interfered to make us all forget it. All these organizations came first and we forget our aim.

"And the more noise, the more traffic and the more big whirring machinery the more we seem to forget that the man next to us is our brother. I know folks back home in the country who never saw a city who feud like all blazes though, so it isn't only *where* you are or *what* you do that counts; it must be what you have inside," my friend said as we quit for the day, as the work was nearly finished. He had picked 130 pounds and I had picked 111. It was 4 p.m., and as he lived down my way I pocketed my $2.22 and rode with him eastward. On the way we saw some men forking cauliflower culls into trucks for their cattle and stopped to get some culls. But they were all gone and only the leaves cut from the top of the box as they were packed was left.

Around the Bonfire

That morning I had gone down to the highway to wait for the first bus to Coldwater, where I had heard they took on cotton pickers. I had previously asked the colored family on the corner with whom I had worked and they said that cotton trucks did not come by on this highway since the holidays. And the trucks in town only picked up regular customers and did not bother with the "slave market" at 2nd and Jefferson in Phoenix. A young driver of a milk truck which bore the sign "no riders," picked me up before daylight and took me toward Coldwater. His first pickup was away beyond Buckeye. After a time we noticed people gathered by the side of the road, and stopping, we saw a motorcycle tangled up against a telephone pole and a young man whose brains were scattered over the ground. Later we found out that he had worked nights irrigating and by some mishap had swerved across the road and been killed as he came home from work It was not yet daylight. The driver of the milk truck wondered why he stayed here for $75 a week when he had left a $125 a week job in Ohio. And the work of lifting heavy cans of milk on the truck was strenuous. I remembered in 1943 in Albuquerque, when I had swung cans of milk onto a truck for the farmer where I worked. One morning a new truck came for the milk which was an inch higher than the one previously used, and I could not adjust my swing of the can to this higher level for half an hour. It looks easy to swing these cans. One sturdy driver picked up a full can of milk in each hand and held them out at arms length, but he was an exception.

When I got off the truck a mile beyond Coldwater I waited for an hour. A farmer was discing with his tractor. I refused offers of half a dozen lifts as I wanted to be sure to arrive at a cotton field. A young fellow who was walking along told me that a corner, a mile east, was where trucks picked up cotton workers. I had met the Baptist preacher of this small town at a recent Fellowship of Reconciliation meeting. He was a subscriber of the CATHOLIC WORKER and liked Ludlow's articles especially. I had brought several pieces of pacifist literature along. In case there was no work I would visit with this preacher.

Coming to the fire, which consisted of an old tire burning and smoking, I discussed the prospects of work with young and old, male and female, white, colored and Mexican, who were there. One burly, middle-aged man in a bright mackinaw came with his bedroll over his shoulder, a small package of clothing and a three-cell lantern in his hand.

"Can't leave this stuff laying around. Folks will rob me. Damn working class is their own worst enemy," he muttered as we stood with our backs to the fire.

"You talk like a Wob," I said to him.

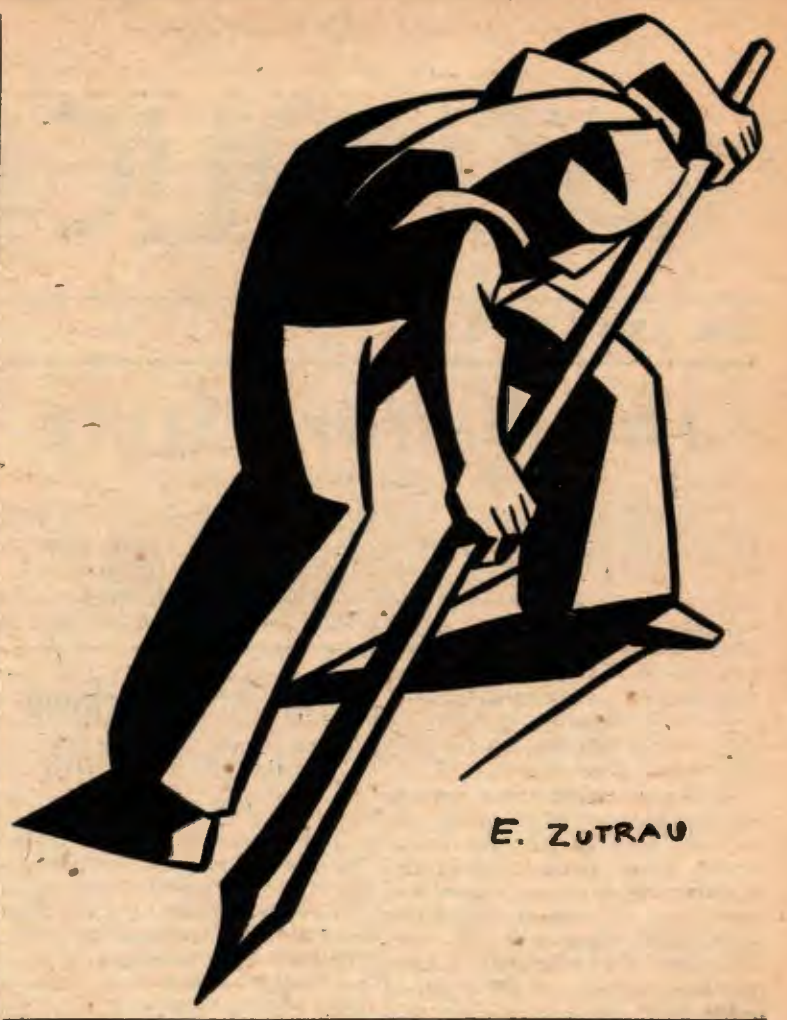
"Joined up with them during the free speech fight in Fresno in 1910. But after the war they lost that old fighting spirit. Couldn't beat them when they sang that old "Pie in the Sky" song, but now nobody sings. Have to keep moving these days to beat all the rules and regulations the master class try to enslave a fellow with," he answered.

Another Day

Joe Muller, who had done three years in Sandstone as a war resister with my friend Bill Ryan, came down from Chicago recently and is staying with me for a few months. For the first time in eighty years there has been a wet season in Arizona. I had but a day now and then chopping wood for the Old Pioneer, so when we saw an ad in the paper asking for cotton pickers several weeks ago we picked out a bright day in between rains and hiked ten miles north on lateral 14. We passed the Navajos at Deer Valley as they squatted in the carrot fields waiting until the carrot digger got out of the mud enough to prepare the way for their work. We saw three crews of cauliflower workers in a field but knew there was no opportunity for a day's work. The view of the mountains to the north and east was magnificent and well worth the hike. As we heard what we thought ought to be the advertised cotton ranch a couple in a very ancient car who were looking for the same work picked us up and we four came to the ranch. We were informed that the cotton was picked several weeks before and they had forgotten to take the ad out of the paper. We rode back with our friends to the bus line and on into Phoenix where we got some groceries and books at the library.

Another Bonfire

The night after I had made the $2.22 picking cotton it rained. The field boss had said not to come to work if it rained, for then the cotton would weigh more and he might get cheated instead of cheating us. So the next day I sawed wood into appropriate lengths for our small stove and Joe split it, for although it is mild here in the winter a fire is needed on rainy days. The next day we got up early and walked down the lateral by daylight, getting the bus to Coldwater. No one was here at the corner yet, so we collected some paper and wood. Just then two chunky good-natured Negro women came up with their cotton sacks and we all started the fire. As the flames leaped up a dozen



or more potential cotton pickers emerged from the alleys and shacks. Trucks of Mexicans and Negroes whizzed by from Phoenix destined away beyond Buckeye it seemed, but the drivers did not glance toward us. One lanky red-faced, bleary-eyed and slobbery-mouthed individual danced around the fire and in jerky pantomime acted out this story he was telling:

"There is a certain kind of a bullet and it only fits into a certain kind of a gun. When a fellow shoots with it (just like this) then he turns into a dog and right away a big eagle comes down and picks him up and carries him away and eats at him as he carries him. Now if they only made more guns like that . . ."

"Have another drink of muscatel! Get a soapbox! I don't want to listen to such silly stuff. Get a soapbox, I say," spoke up an unshaven man by the fire. He of the imagination saw a truck stop for the two Negro women and ran over and jumped on. We saw him hanging onto it as it disappeared.

"No use of going on that truck. They just pick what cotton lays on the ground—can't make more than 70c a day," remarked the man of the unshaven countenance, and continued:

"Last night the chief of police knocked on my window and wanted to know my name. I told him to get the hell away; that I didn't care for his kind. And did he go!"

A huge fat man with whom I had picked cotton in November winked at me as we listened to this braggadocia. He told of an ad the day before asking for 300 women to sew parachutes in nearby Goodyear. When hundreds of applicants arrived they sorted them out and hired but 25, which was all they wanted in the first place. Any who were over 30 or under 20 or weighed more than 120 pounds were not wanted. He added:

"A fat woman I know who is about my size and has had thirty years' experience in sewing could not get a lookin there. Getting so people's got to be all one size and one age and I suppose pretty soon they'll want them to all look just alike."

A farmer came along in a car and picked up two women who had worked for him before. This was all he wanted. Joe had been talking to a young man who lived in a shack for which he paid $30 a month. He received a soldier's pension of $90 a month so life was not quite so tough for him as for many others. My Oakie friend told of his wife giving the last of their food the other night to a big man who asked for a handout. After he had eaten he explained that he had just been an a drunk and spent his $70 pension and would now have to mooch until his next check came. The Oakie had been in the store the day before and a poor woman with two small children asked for bread, saying she had nothing to eat for today and there was no cotton to pick because of the rain. The storekeeper (who charged from 10% to 30% too much anyway) had answered that he was not running any relief and would not help her.

It was now after 9 a.m. and no trucks came. People drifted away slowly. I asked where the bridge was that went over the Salt River to the Pima Reservation, intending to visit my Pima friend Martin, with whom I had worked in the lettuce last year. There was a bridge at lateral 20 I was told, so Joe and I walked down that way. After a few miles one young fellow who had been standing around the fire drove by and stopped, giving us a ride for the remaining four miles to lateral 20. He spoke about not liking to stand around a fire with colored folks and remarked about how he would like to shoot one just as well as to look at one. We did not ask him how many notches he had on his mythical gun but tried to insert a word against such bigotry, but doubt if it did any good. We walked toward the river for a few miles and finally came to a dead end road. It seemed that the bridge was two miles up on lateral 22 and no one knew if the Reservation was there or further west. So we walked back toward home, stopping to pull a few carrots and sugar beets from the fields for our dinner.

We met some Oakies clustered around a woodpile in their yard enjoying the sun. The subject of continued rain here and snow further north came up. One young man remarked that it wasn't fair to drop food to the Indians while the white ranchers got nothing. How much he knew of white ranchers was another thing. The inference seemed to be that no airplanes dropped anything on that particular woodpile. All the poor kid knew was depression and war so for him to think of an All Time Santa Claus was understandable.

Nearing home we were picked up by a colored man, partly Indian, whom I had known before when he came to visit me in my cabin last winter when he was irrigating near the Molokon's where I lived. He was, as he described it, "A Witness, for they gives and they don't take, and they are not Jim Crow."

The Neighborhood

(Continued from page 1)

the city and we had for our neighbors for as far back as I can remember several Jewish families. Directly across the street there lived a man who had been a "shenie," a ragpicker, and his son and I grew up together, and later, after many years of separation, we were together for a while in the army. For a long time there were no "colored," as we called them, in the neighborhood. But gradually they came, and we got out. Every week white people were fleeing the neighborhood and it was a matter of who got out first who was to get the best real-estate closings. We sold to a man who was a factory foreman and he has never missed a payment yet.

We moved nine miles away to another neighborhood, one that was supposed to be better, and it was not until several years later that I learned that the "better" was the fact that no Jews or Negroes were allowed to live there. There was a "Protective Association" that saw to that, and all the white, Christian home-owners signed up.

Oklahoma

Later on I was to live in a city in Oklahoma for a while and that was a new experience, for I had never before lived in that part of the country, or been that far west. One evening there I went to the auditorium for a boxing match, the CYO had come out from Chicago to fight some local talent, and in the seats in front of me were some Oklahomans talking about the fact that the Catholic boys had been invited to their city. They had nothing against them but they thought that the matter was better left alone, that the Catholics should never have been invited in the first place, that they should have stayed in Chicago, if Chicago was like that. There didn't seem to be any ill-feeling among the men, only that it was something they did not understand and they thought it best not to try to. And they certainly weren't organized. The CYO didn't meet organized resistance.

And I was happy for that, for I had seen organized resistance at work. I do not know if the Ku Klux Klan has been organized in Oklahoma, and I cannot say accurately what the racial policy there is, toward the Jew, toward the Negro, and there too, perhaps, toward the Indian, but in the city where I grew up, just seven years ago this spring there was a "race riot," and it has left a mark on the city that will never be erased.

In the neighborhood where we then lived there was no rioting. None of the "better" neighborhoods did participate in the rioting, in fact, for in the better neighborhoods resistance was organized on a different level, a "nicer" level. But in the old neighborhood several people were killed within a block or two of where we used to live before we sold out.

Near the height of the riot I happened to be downtown and from the steps of the City Hall I saw a mob of two thousand or more white people chase a Negro boy until the police with riot guns drew a line and stopped them. I saw a Negro man knocked down and beat with pipes at a street intersection as he attempted to cross the street. I saw a Negro in his car thrashed and his car damaged and finally escorted to safety by the police.

What it amounted to was that we were keeping the Negro in his place. We were going to drive him back in the slums we had left him and keep him there. The difference in approach, I think, is only that in some neighborhoods we were being less bloody about it.

That same year I was to be in an army camp in South Carolina, and we often attended a Catholic church in a nearby city and there was definitely a separation between Negro and white. When the pastor finally, and we understood later that he had never really been asked about it before, let several Negro women attend Sunday Mass, there were cries of horror from some of the white women of the parish. One especially, who was always active in parish affairs, who was particularly helpful at the parish USO, refused to sit in church anywhere near the Negro women. This was supposed to be understandable, not from any Christian viewpoint, but because of the tradition that had been inbred generation after generation in the South. So it was a touchy subject whether the Catholic Negroes would be allowed in the "white" church.

California

After the war, for a period of two years, I lived in California, and I lived there in a city like no other I had ever been in before. It was a city without slums, a city practically devoted to what they called "decent living." One of our councilmen even said that decent living was our "only major industry," and "it should be a prime objective of the city government to foster and protect that industry in every way possible."

If there was racial discrimination in the city it was not very evident, for Negroes lived in the city, and Chinese also, and in California, that is sometimes a problem. It was in San Francisco that the white people once tried to pass legislation to keep all the Chinese in Chinatown, even then bursting at the seams, because of their importance there as a "tourist attraction".

But where I lived there were Chinese and there were Negroes, but the thing of it was that no one was poor. If you were poor you couldn't live in the city, there was no room. The Chinese and the Negroes lived on what might be called separate streets, which, perhaps, were not as expensively kept up as most of the other streets, but they were not slums.

Not very far from us, in and around other cities, people were living in barracks, in tents, in railroad cars, in whatever they could find and make use of, but not so with us. It was not allowed.

I am not sure that I understand all of this. But can it be some gross misunderstanding of love thy neighbor? Love him so much that you will protect him in every way possible: from other neighbors, from Italians, from Jews, from Negroes, from poverty?

I am sure that if this thing makes many people happy, it makes many more people unhappy. And I wonder now of the happiness of the children of a Catholic family in our neighborhood whose name was Hymen, children who more than anyone else in the neighborhood hated the Jews, but who themselves were Jewish, for their father had been converted to Catholicism, and this they did not know.

RETREAT

A long retreat, June 18, Sunday to June 24, will be given at Maryfarm, Newburgh, New York by Father Robert A. Brown who is chaplain of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital in Louisville, Kentucky. There has been delay in the moving plans and the retreats will go on as usual this Summer at Newburgh. One can reach the farm by bus from the Dixie Terminal on 42nd Street, or by Pennsylvania Greyhound, or by boat from West 42nd Street each morning at 9:30. The boat arrives at noon and a bus to Coldenham will go by the farm. Telephone Newburgh 916-J-2.

This retreat will be based on the Sermon on the Mount — on what it means to be a son of God, on our obligation to aim at perfection, to put off the "old man" and to put on the "New MAN"; it is a basic retreat.

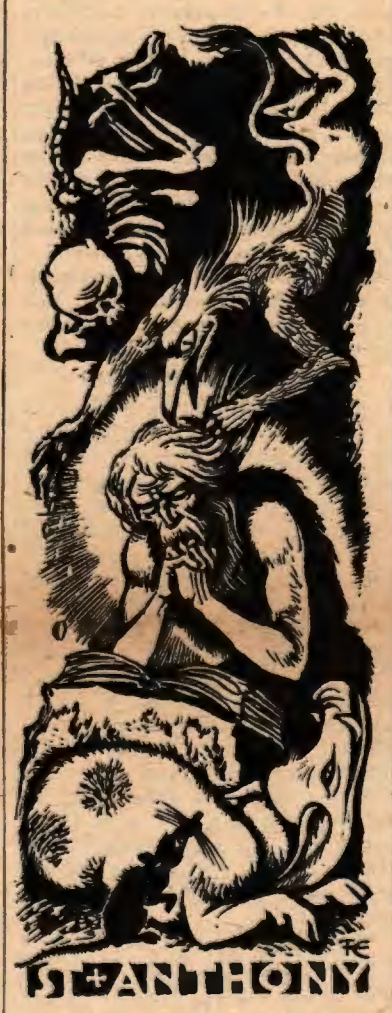
Write to Helen Adler, Maryfarm, Newburgh, N. Y. for reservations. There was a beautiful retreat over the Memorial Day weekend given by Father John Faley for a group from St. Joseph's House of Hospitality. Another was given over the June 4th weekend for a group of young Puerto Rican workers from Casita Maria.

Hospitality House Needed

(Continued from page 1)

only empty ones are loft buildings, business and factory buildings.

Right next door to us there is a seven-story building which used to be an occupied tenement. There are two narrow stores on the first floor, one of them now used by a shoemaker, who edifies us by always being on the job even before we are out to Mass in the morning. The other store is occupied by an old Chinese who has boarded it up since a long illness in Bellevue. Downstairs there used to be a spaghetti and sheeps' head restaurant and the gypsies used to come and partake of that latter delicacy and listen to violins. Now they have gone and the Chinese is gone and there is only the shoemaker. The rest of the house is unoccupied, all up through the long halls, flanked in the front by two four-room apartments, and in the rear hall by two three-room apartments. There are tile floors,



slate steps and iron railings to the stairs, up the high wall in the center of the house to the roof. You can scarcely see the floors for the plaster, the rubble, of which we have read so much these last years. People are living in rubble, clearing away rubble, etc. A strange word that, born of war agony. Then when you have reached the top stair, a way of the cross up through the deserted house, there on the roof, one of our Italian neighbors is keeping pigeons—not homing pigeons or racing pigeons, but just domestic ones.

The rear of the roof is surrounded by a high parapet, and the owner of the pigeons has done a rough job of re-roofing that. The front roof is in very bad shape, just mended enough to walk over it safely.

While we were up there in the sky, one sunny day last month, the owner of the pigeons came to feed his flock. To get there, he did not come as we did, through the shoemaker's store, and up through the dark halls, but over the roofs, over our roof next door, stepping over a five-story-deep areaway through an empty window and then up the stairs to the pigeons' yard.

We wish we could move in as he has, and just make habitable the place floor by floor and so take care of our needs and also accommodate the new owners of 115 Mott St. who are restlessly waiting to move in and start rebuilding.

The work required on that old building next door before one could get a certificate of occupancy, is gigantic. We had two friendly building inspectors go over the place with us. One was an Italian from the next parish. They pointed out that we would have to draw plans, or have an architect draw them, submit them to be passed on, then do the work required—whereupon it would be inspected, the complete job, and a certificate given us. There would have to be a new roof, new fire escapes back and front to the seventh floor, fire retarded halls, which means tearing down all the rest of the old plaster, taking out any wood, using metal sheeting and cement and plaster.

Every room would have to be replastered, or perhaps we could have these beautiful metal ceilings put in that are so common in tenement houses. They are a violation of the sacramental principle in that they are tin, pressed to look like wood carving. A common American failing, making wood look like marble and sheepskin like sable. There is a safe feeling about those tin ceilings. When your neighbors let their washtubs run over there is less chance of the plaster falling on your head. When the rats start scampering overhead between the floors, they make enough din to make conversation difficult (even Peter Maurin used to find their competition wearing) but you feel that they are safely sequestered. Every now and then in addition to the scamperings there is a loud and frantic squealing as though the father of the family were belaboring all the children and the wife besides.

Yes, there would have to be metal ceilings and probably they would be cheaper than plaster. Plasterers charge twenty dollars a day, and there would have to be a mountain of plaster used.

Then there is the re-wiring to be done and the plumbing. Tubs and sinks have been torn out and carted away. There are two toilets in the hall, to accommodate the four families which used to occupy each floor. There would have to be four. Or if we considered the two four-room apartments, one eight-room, and the two three-room apartments, one apartment, then the two toilets could remain but their entrances would have to be into the apartments instead of into the halls. Since there is a dumbwaiter shaft between one toilet and the rear apartment, that would have to be blocked off by floor and ceiling and so have a long closet.

It can well be seen that the work and materials required on such a job would come to many times the cost of the house. We have enough money now to pay for the house, but every adviser we have warns us against tackling such a job. We would be involving ourselves in tremendous debts even if we were given the credit, the chance to contract such debts, being without resources as we are.

The only word we can say in favor of the house next door is that there are windows into every room (with no frames or panes) that there is enough space for craft shops and laundry and library, that it is next door. But the money involved! The work! And the size of the place! We have 36 rooms now, and several apartments across the street, and two stores. In the house next door there are eighty-four rooms now counting two stores and rooms on the first floor. I can see those two stores being made into one large one and making an ideal dining room. But it is big. Maybe we are not intended to be big.

While Tom and Bob and others roam the streets looking for places (and we have all done a lot of searching) I now sit and read **The Foundations** of St. Teresa of Avila and think how different the times are in which we live.

We live in a city of eight-million where there is fear of epidemics and fires and A bombs and H bombs. We are hemmed in by regulations which are made to protect the poor from grasping landlords, as well as from disaster. In Europe today people are living as best they can and rebuilding as best they can. We would like to tackle that building next door in the same spirit, doing it floor by floor, moving in apartment by apartment, but it cannot be done. We would not be permitted and we cannot even contemplate trying it, because there is the business of water, gas and electric. There is no chance of our sneaking in, in the dead of the night as St. Teresa did with her nuns, and taking possession. It would be a matter of fifty thousand dollars worth of repairs. That is why the building has stood empty these twenty years. It is a sounder building than the one we are in—more spacious, airier, better halls what with tiled floors. There is many a building like it all through the city where the poor walk up with their children, their shopping bags. The dumb-waiter is supposed to be used for bundles, garbage and ashes. I lived in one such old tenement once on East Thirteenth street and the dumb-waiters were broken so tenants threw their garbage and trash down the shaft for the janitor to shovel out in the basement. I lived next to the janitor's family and he used to complain of the rats jumping out at him as he tackled the mountain of trash each day. That was the building where we had to cover our baby cribs with wire netting to keep the rats from gnawing at the babies' faces.

We can fight the rats, the vermin, the poverty of the tenements, but we cannot fight the city's regulations which become stricter year by year. We must find a place which is for sale, empty, with no violations recorded against it at City Hall which would require expensive remodelling. And any such places which are for sale, are filled with tenants whom we would not wish to move, and indeed whom we would find it impossible to move. Here in our own building the new tenants are a cooperative and can swear they wish to remodel for their own occupancy, and so they can give three months' notice to us to move. That three months is up on July first.

We must keep on begging our readers' prayers, their assistance to raise an adequate building fund. We have $20,000 now and the loan of $3,000 besides with no interest. If we could raise $25,000 more we would go ahead on the house next door. Of course we keep on looking. It is hard to know what is God's will.

We are tremendously grateful to our readers who have been coming to our aid so wonderfully. We know they want to help us in every way they can. If any of them know of any buildings, empty and ready for occupancy they must call us up and tell us. If they can help with funds, we beg them to help in that way. We are most literally blocked on every side. Oh, Lord, make haste to help us!

"Mountaineers are Always Free"

By DAVID MASON

Water splashed in all directions. Our sturdy old '36 Buick forded hubs-deep through a swift brook flowing across the dirt road. Then we turned off the road into an unfenced pasture and stopped beside the brook.

This was the destination we had driven all day to reach. A farm in the Allegheny Mountains, in the northeastern corner of West Virginia. A farmhouse of moderate size, a big barn behind it on a hill, outbuildings scattered between them.

Three children, their blonde hair flying in the evening breeze, were extremely busy bottle-feeding two white kids and a black-faced lamb at the fence near the house. Their mother, on the porch behind them, and their father, coming downhill from the barn, waved us welcome.

This was the Hennessy family. David, Tamar, Rebecca, Susan, Eric, and in the house, we knew, was the infant, Nicholas Joseph, aged five months, whom none of us had seen.

If you have been reading this paper recently you have seen the notices of David Hennessy's "Distributist Bookstall" at Stotler's Cross Roads, West Virginia. The bookstall is not a shop picturesquely located in a mountain crossroads hamlet. Dave is trying to sell books by mail to earn the cash income he needs for a growing family, and he specializes in the literature of distributism, decentralism and related subjects because of his intense interest in and devotion to the principles taught by Cobbett, Chesterton, Belloc, Gill, Father Vincent McNabb, Peter Maurin and the whole great company of leaders who have labored to turn men's thoughts and desires away from the centralization of big cities, big governments and big industry toward the decentralized life of the farm and the village.

Elbert Hubbard wrote, many years ago, a series of books which he called "Little Journeys." Each of these books was the story of a visit to the home of a great man. I would like to be able to write a series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of Humble Men," for there is today a growing company of earnest young men who are turning their faces away from the cities and their footsteps toward the land. They are young men who wish to raise up families and live with them in the way that they believe is most conducive to the realization of the true Christian life, and the things they are doing should be written about and published because they are furnishing examples which many will need to follow. Some of them are still unmarried, while others have been blessed with the great good fortune of marriage to young women who are in agreement with their plans and ideals. Dave is one of the most fortunate ones. Tamar, while she was still very young, said that her ambition was to marry young and have a large family. They have been married five years and have already two sons and two daughters.

Out of the "Stone Jungle"

This "little journey" began in New York on a fair morning in May. The old Buick, with Dorothy at the wheel and Helen Crowe and myself as passengers, rolled through the Lincoln Tunnel at 9 o'clock. We made haste through the indescribably ugly area of North Jersey, where the offal and effluvia of incontinent industry has made land, air and water unfit for human use and habitation.

Over Jersey City and Newark you ride high above bays and swamps and dumps and sprawling, smoke-spewing industrial plants on the Pulaski Skyway, a nine-mile-long bridge over cities. You begin to believe, long before this stage is completed, that man has ruined the whole face of the earth with his works, but there is a transition, so sudden that it is startling, soon after you leave Newark on Route 22. Within fifteen miles you are skirting the Watchung Mountains, driving through open country, and this continues all the way across the State to Phillipsburg, so that you are beset and bemused by the insistent, puzzling question: why, *why*, are all those millions of people piled up in that tiny area of New York when there is all this God-given beautiful land for man to live upon?

Hexeral

The area we passed through across New Jersey is actually a very small one, only a sample, really, of this spacious country. Easton, across the Delaware from Phillipsburg, is soon left behind, and you are headed, still on Route 22, for Harrisburg. This is the rich farming country of the Pennsylvania Dutch, a land of carefully cultivated acres of the fertile red earth, dotted with well-built spacious barns, tall silos and comfortable farmhouses. Helen Crowe was greatly intrigued by the hex signs painted on many of the barns, complicated patterns intended to ward off evil spirits, protection against witchcraft. One gas station where we stopped had a hex sign painted on a big metal disc suspended in an iron frame, which looked very much as though it had once been an advertising sign. It stood beside the fence surrounding the proprietor's home. A strange combination—modern gas station and hex symbol!

We would have liked very much to have stopped for a visit with Mary Frecon, who has been working so valiantly for many years to help the Negro families in the slums of Harrisburg, but threatening clouds were crowding the sky and we had to push on to reach our destination before nightfall.

Storm in the Mountains

Fourteen miles west of Harrisburg we entered the Pennsylvania Turnpike and enjoyed 47 miles of driving on a broad highway without crossings. That is to say, we enjoyed some of it, but the threatening skies made good their threat and poured torrents upon us. This would not have been too bad, but our windshield wiper died. The great tunnels were a real relief and respite, and we pushed on, though the road was lined with many big trucks whose drivers had pulled off to parking spaces on the side for safety's sake to wait out the storm.

From Fort Littleton we turned south toward Maryland on Route 522, and the storm ceased immediately. It returned several times as we drove 33 miles along the Appalachian ridge into Maryland (which is only about a mile wide at Hancock), across the Potomac and into West Virginia. Five miles more took us up into Berkeley Springs, and there was only the final twelve-mile stretch to Stotler's Crossroads.

It is good to make this journey in one day, because the swift transition from the metropolis to the mountain country strengthens and renews your conviction that this is the desirable home for man. You feel as though you had experienced a flight from another planet—a sick, dying, tortured planet, where even water is scarce.

Low-Priced Farms

Here, in the Appalachians, are available farm homes at unbelievably low prices—a thousand dollars, two thousand—for places that extend to a hundred or two hundred acres, with buildings, plenty of timber for fuel and building purposes. Some of the houses and barns need repairs, but they can be lived in meanwhile. There are places that can be rented for as low as five or ten dollars a month, so a family can live in one of them while looking for a permanent place. Dave and Tamar did that for a year, living in a big house that cost ten dollars a month.

These farms are not the kind where a man can make a fortune as a business farmer. They are definitely homesteads where a family can be raised and supported by subsistence farming, provided they have some thing to start with. There is a little work to be had in the neighborhood, in timber cutting, sawmills, canneries. Payment for such work is low, but living expenses are low in proportion, and wages are not the chief dependence of the family. All the conditions are present and waiting for people to live the kind of desirable Christian life that Peter Maurin talked about and wrote about for so many years. I do not mean that this is the only section where the agrarian ideal may be realized, or even that it is the best area for that purpose; I am only presenting it as an example, and as a definite possibility which is worthy of investigation by those whose thoughts and hopes are turning toward the land.

Dave has no desire to be a business farmer. He accepts farming as a way of life. It is not an easy way, according to city standards of ease. He has to carry the water for drinking and cooking from a spring about 300 feet from the house. City dwellers will regard that as an unbearable hardship, yet I wonder whether it is as much of a hardship as having to ride for an hour or more standing in packed trains to get to and from work. He will be able, eventually, to pipe water from another spring on a hillside, 350 feet from the house. The principal object of my visit was to see just what would be required to do that job, and I hope we will be able to accomplish it within the next year or so. You have to move slowly when your means or limited, as Dave's are.

The Secluded Bookstall

Dave's "bookstall" is a den, one of the three rooms on the first floor of his house. Customers enter it only by mail, which he gets at the postoffice in Unger's store, two miles away by road but only half that distance across country. He has to go the long way when Sleepy Creek is too high. Books and papers are piled everywhere in confusion, but Dave himself knows exactly where everything is. He has my own habit of saving newspapers and magazines indefinitely. He has carried on an extensive correspondence for years with the men who write books on the subjects in which he is interested, and has an impressive collection of their autographs and letters and autographed books and pamphlets.

Two neighbors who live in Cozy Hollow stopped by to try to fix our windshield wiper. They roam the countryside in a big old truck, doing odd jobs. Elsworth is a capable mechanic and Frieda a good helper. She wears trousers that are patched upon patches, tucked into high men's boots. They did not succeed in reviving the wiper on Friday, so returned to the job Saturday morning (the wiper motor was hopelessly worn; I had to install a new one after we returned to New York). Frieda brought a big bunch of wild flowers "for Grandmaw." Where or when, in the city, did your auto mechanic ever arrive with an armload of flowers picked on the way? ("Grandmaw," of course, was Dorothy!).

Their Good Produce

Dave and Tamar milk three goats and a cow. They get fifteen quarts a day from the goats, and make their own butter and cheese. They are not getting many eggs because their flock of chickens are still young, but those they do get are wonderfully good, with yolks so deeply colored that they look artificial to eyes accustomed to the commercially produced eggs of the city, and the same is true of the butter they make, which looks like overcolored margarine (doesn't taste like it, though, brother; that's BUTTER!).

Catholics are a very small minority in the area where Dave has chosen to pioneer, and he does not enjoy any of the advantages of contact with one of the newer Catholic communities on the land. There is an exchange of goods and labor on a barter basis, with little attention among themselves to money exchange. They have a well-developed sense of values with regard to their own produce and labor.

A Free Race

The country around them is a land of superlative beauty. The great long ridges of the Alleghenies are breath-taking vistas. It is hard to tell about them without sounding like a writer of travel booklets. One thing is certain, and that is that you don't have to be there long before you are convinced that it is the right place for the most important job anyone can undertake, which is the raising of a family. The worst that can happen there, you realize, is better than the best the big city

(Continued on page 7)

Love Song

kiss with time's tired sigh
the ache back-bitten gaze the
little gods homage out to thee:
calvaring their forgotten son
or father, but always and much more
their brother . . . why not?
what art thou to me?

caress with numb bones,
unshaven cheeks, sewer cement.
make it thine own thy bed,
to sleep and die upon.
why not? it is free!

cold clack of heel,
bully the club, move on!
no room—this acid inn
of sidewalk spit is full.

('gimmie a dime, a cup-o-joe!
God, my throat burns!)

the fetid flesh clings to coat
fibers—too worn to have a seam.
companion derelict complains,
'hell, gotta have a drink!
gotta die for a beer!
gotta have death!'

sleep in earth city gutters,
sleep, sleep and die.

low water dwells upon these dead
walking broiling tar sweat streets.
exist only seldom in the mental
vaults of the little gods who
incense themselves: place love nickels
in a pencil cap thurifer
to smoke out mind's reminder:
'By this shall all men know that
you are My disciples . . .
If you have love for one another.'

obscurity covers poverty's penitent
in death. character lacks
blood nobility: no tragedy then.
the little gods consign,
the little gods condemn!
but will He who has known and loved thee?

THOMAS E. COMBER

A SOLDIER SAINT

Martin of Tours Nov. 11—A.D. 400

He's a part of the great Communion of Saints, sure; but what is the meaning given to most Catholics in the title "Soldier Saint"? A soldier in practice (ask the vets) are trained to kill, and wasn't our Divine Master opposed to the violence of the sword? John the Baptist blessed soldiers but he also asked them to stop using the sword. Now, a soldier without the use of his sword or gun is like a child holding a lollypop and forbidden to suck it. Surely, Canon Law must forbid a Christian to bear arms and to kill, in view of the Fifth Commandment, and most of all in view of the Sermon on the Mount.

St. Benet's Library over at Bishop Sheil's C.Y.O. Center on Wabash Avenue yielded up the skeleton of Martin's "Soldier Sainthood." Butler's Lives of the Saints by Attwater and Gheon's—St. Martin of Tours removed the false illusions about this CHRISTIAN soldier.

Martin lived out his time in the 5th century! In compliance with **pagan custom** (everybody does it) he became a good soldier in Julian Caesar's army. Somehow (God knows His plan) Martin decided to study Christianity.

One day, shortly after his Baptism as a Christian, Martin was called to G.H.Q. to receive his share of "soup and fish," praise and some of the recently captured "loot." At his turn in the lineup our saint said, "I have served as a soldier, let me now serve Christ. Give the bounty to others who are going to fight, but I am a soldier of Christ and it is NOT lawful for me to fight."

Martin, as Maximillian, heard the usual charges of cowardice and slacker (procedures also familiar to our Modern Christian C.O.'s). To prove his good intentions our saint offered to advance on the enemy positions the next day—unarmed! Caesar denied his request and sent him to the guard house.

Dawn did not bring the horrors of zero hour! But rather the enemy sent envoys to Caesar asking to surrender. Such was the surprise that many called this enemy petition a Miracle; even Julian Caesar, pagan that he was, was moved to call Martin from his cell and discharge him from the service with honor.

Our hero resumed his studies; advanced in age and wisdom he became a Bishop—of Tours. Again he was called to defend Canon Law, the Commandments—the Beatitudes—His Master; this time in opposition to a **pagan** custom, adopted by (and maybe "sanctified" by) various neighboring bishops, namely — "lopping off heads of heretics."

St. Martin—soldier saint—soldier of Christ's army of the Communion of Saints said, "Cease—stop—it is enough to expose the heresy (lie) and excommunicate the heretic (refuse to give heretics the sacraments)."

Such was the pacific life of St. Martin; is it just a coincidence that Armistice Day and our Saint's feast are the same date—Nov. 11? Should not his lesson of Christ's TRUE PEACE be our way? An armistice is false—only an ARMED TRUCE!

St. Martin of Tours—saint of humility and self denial—pray for us!

Chicago's Peter Maurin House

Thursday in the Octave of Pentecost

Dear Dorothy,

We received your card and needless to say we were glad to hear from you. I'm sorry that we didn't write you before this to tell you about Peter Maurin House in Chicago.

We found a place that we thought would be quite suitable for a house of hospitality. It's located slightly southwest of the Loop on Loomis street. The address is 748 South Loomis. It is a double store connected on the inside. It had to be redecorated almost entirely but we had a slight discount if we would accept it without being decorated by the owner. It hasn't turned out too badly either since all the work and materials have been donated. The plasterer is coming Saturday to fix the holes that need fixing. After that we plan on painting. The rent is rather unfortunate we think; however, it couldn't be helped. It's the only place that turned out suitable. The rent is ninety dollars per month for two stores, each about twenty by sixty. There is a toilet in one of the stores and one of the plumbers' locals are putting in a shower for us.

The neighborhood is an ideal one. It is a Spanish-Italian neighborhood with Negroes a few blocks away. It is a rather poor neighborhood and we find a feeling of insecurity among the neighbors toward the idea of bringing in Madison street men. Four blocks away Mother Cabrini Hospital feeds, every morning, about fifty men. I think that the only trouble, if it would come, would be from the boys at the pool hall two stores away. Last Saturday our front window in one of the stores was greeted by a large stone at the bright hour of two in the morning. That has been the only practical trouble to speak of that we have met so far.

There were three of us who originally started but one has gone. John Cronin has gone to the Trappist monastery in Kentucky. He had for a very short time tried to get in Our Lady of New Mallory but he was advised to take a rest because he was sick.

At present we don't have a soup line at the house because as yet we aren't able to take care of a line at the house. We are still picking up our beds and furnishings. However, we do every day take a truck and take anything we have in the line of food to Madison street. We usually make up about five to ten gallons of soup with all the bread the men want. We get our bread from the Little Sisters of The Poor. We have been taking food to the men on the row about seven weeks now. We also sleep about thirty men every night and feed these fellows also. These men stay on the average of about two weeks—so far. We are still looking for a dependable cook for the house. We have one prospect in thirty-three-year-old Bob Curran who has helped us tremendously. He is a male nurse who has been thinking of renting a flat with us to set up a miniature sick bay for those men who need it. There are many men who are treated at the hospitals and signed out to go home. What they need is a good rest in peaceful surroundings. That also reminds me of the farm. We're working on that, too.

Fred O'Connell, my other buddy, reminded me to ask you to stop in the next trip through town. If it could be arranged we could have a little informal meeting at the house. If John McKeon hasn't left already tell him to stop in on the way to the southwest. Since we are very green at such a task please pray for us so that God may prevent the pitfalls that you can foresee. May God bless you in your everyday (as you might say) Pilgrimage.

WILFRED MISCHE and FRED O'CONNELL.

Washington Catholic Worker

THE BLESSED MARTIN DE PORRES HOSPICE
38 Eye Street, N.E., Washington, D. C.

May 31, 1950

Dear Friends of Blessed Martin;

Again we beg a little more of your charity, for we are in a very great need.

We are now in the house and the interior has been greatly changed. As it was seen by those who attended our opening on Sunday, May 7th. It was most impressive to follow Father Bernard Ransing, CSS, of Holy Cross College from room to room as he blessed each one, and prayed for the work that would be done there.

The repairs have cost almost $1,000 in materials and labor and the outside has not been changed, which gives a very discouraging effect as you approach the house. It, too, just has to be painted.

My credit has been strained to the breaking point, and yet there are still things that must be done if God will it. We have no sink in the kitchen, we need a hot water boiler for the one in the kitchen now is very old. And I still owe the workman who did the repairs, and he hounds my steps for the remainder of his pay which amounts to $124, his full bill was $467. Being a poor man I can well understand his need. He says that as a practical man, he can see nothing in my work and is therefore most unsympathetic and I am afraid sometimes a little abusive.

Right now my lot is not an easy one. Then, too, I would beg of my Washington friends some single mattresses as we have only two. We could also use a little decent furniture for our office sitting room.

To you who have been so kind and sent me a donation or gift and have not received any acknowledgement from me, please forgive me and believe that I feel very unhappy about it for it is not intended, but I have no one to help. And this is not because I would not welcome some help, or have not tried to get some help; but from a twofold misunderstanding, those who perhaps would help are waiting for me to ask them, and I don't know who they are, because I have asked so many who could not, and I am waiting for some one to offer.

I am hoping soon to have a real organization and then things will be done properly, but until then please be patient with me and keep the same faith in my efforts as you have before, and for all this the men in the house and I will remember you each day in our prayers.

I am sincerely yours in Christ,

LLEWELLYN J. SCOTT
Director

Detroit Catholic Worker

St. Monica's Day, with its lesson of patience and prayer, looms sweetly in my memory, since on the feast of that inspiring mother came something for which I had long waited. It was the opportunity, very important in principle to a Catholic Worker, to be free to go a-visiting some of the brethren. The opportunity came via a young man from Detroit, who was spending his vacation at Friendship House with his friend, Jim Guinan, a Staff Worker at FH. I jumped at the chance as the original plan had been for me to go for several months to help at Marybrook, the new center of information for the lay apostolate in Detroit, which Lou and Justine Murphy agreed to direct, and I was eager to visit it As our complications with moving to Staten Island were at a temporary standstill, the visit was possible. Starting early May 5, we made phenomenal time and found ourselves shortly after midnight at Marybrook, thirty miles south of Detroit, just outside Carleton, Michigan.

The week-end at Marybrook was refreshing and relaxing. After recovering from the almost nonstop flight from New York City, Lou showed me the beauties of Marybrook. It is a forty-acre farm, founded by Father Leo J. Trese (his *Vessel of Clay*, a challenge to honesty, recently appeared via Sheed & Ward), in the midst of his exceptionally beautiful and wholly rural parish, St. Patrick's by name. (Not the least of my joys during the visit, was participating in the beautiful Rogation Day processions at St. Patrick's.) The house is, thanks be, an ordinary farm house, with nothing pretentious about it, made quite comfortable and livable by Father Trese's foresight. There is a large barn, a carriage house, a chicken coop, a brooder house, a corn crib, a garage, and a beautiful old granary which is being made into a chapel, grouped in good array at a suitable distance from the house.

Tools for repairs on outbuildings are needed, and a tractor. So far, a generous neighbor has plowed and planted the grain crops, but one cannot expect that kind of an arrangement to go on indefinitely.

As for livestock, there are two pigs, and a recent gift of 15 pullets has begun the plan for at least 50 laying hens, so that there will be enough eggs for week-end groups and the Murphy children. (There are three.) There is also a plan for several head of cattle, as there is good pastureland near the brook which marks one of the boundaries of the farm. One notices immediately the abundance of old and gracious trees which follow the many bends and curves of the brook, and which mark the horizon and interlying boundaries of the almost completely level landscape.

It is very obvious, particularly as one takes one's first walk away from Marybrook, which usually is the pleasant half-mile stretch to St. Patrick's, that one is in the midst of a very disarming beauty. One can overdo the significance of impressions, and yet one cannot overlook the sacramentality of Nature and Life. It is amazing how, lacking the stimulating beauty of farms plunged in rugged valleys of sharp and awe-inspiring mountains, or the fascinating beauty of the panorama of the rolling land one sees in so many Eastern states, this small section has an equal strength in its power to inspire. All who visit Marybrook will be struck, it seems to me, by what must be a reflection of our Creator as the essence of Contemplation, the Spirit Whom nothing disturbs, nothing affrightens, Him Who feeds us with the fat of wheat and honey out of the rock. If it is possible for the variety of God's landscapes to suggest by analogy the feasts of the Church Year, then this little spot suggests Corpus Christi. Here one feels that if the best of one's efforts are given to the Lord, He will guarantee "the rational milk without guile" to those who go to Marybrook, sincerely and honestly seeking to learn more about the lay apostolate and the role that may be theirs to play in it.

Lou and Justine feel that the beginnings will be slow. There has been the initial retreat, a day of recollection, a week-end for the staff and a discussion week-end for students coming up. In the first place, the need for staff is a crying one. The volunteer labor of a few generous seminarians for periods during the summer will be a help, but more is needed (as are some materials for them to work with—lumber and paint principally!) On the household side of it, at least two young women who know how to work, need to cooperate with Justine in the accomplishment of all the tasks necessary for a modicum of peace and order when a group of people live together as a family. The problem of staff meets one wherever one goes. Where are the lay apostles? How white the fields are! Let us pray to the Holy Spirit with ever greater fervor that all may answer the murmurings of conscience to throw over a jaded and mediocre way of life for the adventure of living, eating, sleeping, praying, thinking, working, playing, singing in Christ, learning to know what this means.

The week-end at Marybrook over, came Monday morning and the trip to Detroit. I think this is a visit I shall never forget. First, we went to St. Francis House, a small 8-room house where the men who come to be fed were waiting in line. It was about 11:30, and the group had dwindled (they begin at 9 in Detroit; yet as we went through the dining room and had quite literally to brush by those waiting in the narrow hall, I realized there still was a goodly number. Again it was an experience of the poor eating in silence, a silence oppressive, not because it is empty, thank God, but because it is a silence of suffering, a silence for which, as Dorothy suggests, we should often offer the full silence of our beautiful retreats at Maryfarm.

Maryhouse, a small flat in a home at the rear of St. Francis House, on the next street, always makes a pleasant visit. Here Mrs. Miller, senior member of the Catholic Workers, always has her doors open to her wide circle of friends, ranging from her many godchildren in the neighborhood, to all the Catholic Workers and the group coming down from their homes to seek the refreshment and repose one finds there. Not the least among her activities are the visits Mrs. Miller makes in connection with St. Francis Xavier Cabrini Clinic.

The visit to the Clinic, which is in a school room of Holy Trinity Parish, was very interesting. The Clinic is rather singular—and I hope not for long—for it is staffed completely by volunteers, and ministers, at no charge, to the poor of Father Clement Kern's parish which is beautifully made up of all nationalities and races. It is Father's idea that, along with the medical aid given, should always run the parallel service of calling on these poor in their homes, trying to give an example of the love of Christ as the Good Shepherd. For example, the expectant mothers are invited to join a sewing group to make clothing for their babies, and it is there that informal instruction on Baptism will be given, climaxing with Father's giving the blessings before and after childbirth to each woman, along with a baptismal robe and a baptismal candle. It is a great boon to the men of St. Francis House that they are the ones who painted and carpentered to make the Clinic the clean and attractive place it is.

Then came the visit to the Nazareth Workshop and Library around the corner, two adjoining rooms in a former basement store, having good light, and serving the purposes their names indicate. It is here that the contribution of Jim Hunt is mainly channeled. In the workshop, a poster quotes the motivation in the words of Eric Gill: "Art is essentially the making of things intelligently and honestly, not the imitation of already existant things. Here Jim and those who work with him make crucifixes, hanging, many things for use in the Christian home, as well as mimeograph a little paper called "Challenge," which he and some of his fellow-students at the University of Detroit put out to stimulate thought on the U. of D. campus. With the development of Marybrook, the Workshop will be moved to the country, allowing for very concrete expressions and experiences of some of the ideas Lou

(Continued on page 6)

God's Poor

In the wild city of anytown
I see you hunger-eyed and bleary;
While the moist and grease
Windows of tap and bar
Stand their sorrow sentinel
Over the gutters and gully
That your refuse and spittle form.

We loath you and pity-wise
Our dirty red-brick abandonment
Ghettos you in the unvisited
Alleys and the streets of
Our forgotten family names,
As yesterday's mansions degrade
In tomorrow's sins and today's
Topic of slum clearance and
Eye-sore upheaval.

That is, some of us.

While the more sensitive among
Us look with longing eye and
Saddened heart; shaking the shaggy
Heads of comfort; doing nothing
Or little where there is much.
In the rust boxes we will
Deposit less than a tenth of a
half-tithe of closeted obligation.
And those of us who love you
Are helpless, for our love is born
Of the poverty that we would know,
Should know, and do not.

Meanwhile the cement claws cold
For the bedless body and
Diseased mind: sick soul.
Despite ourselves we look from
Warm windows and our comfort
Sicknesses well medicined in vain;
Begging that you will remember
Us as you go into your Kingdom:
Powerful in poverty and the chips of mercy;
Forgetting how we have forgotten you.

THOMAS E. COMBER

The Welfare State

(Continued from page 1)

ever controls the economy controls the lives of those who depend on the economy.

Capitalism and the State

It is an error to say that the principal characteristic of capitalism is laissez faire—the non-interference of the State in the economy—rather the fundamental principle upon which capitalism rests is that of production for profit. And while primitive capitalists would have preferred to realize this without the interference of the State (as long as the State was conceived of as a restraining force on individual greed) yet when it became apparent that the State, far from being the enemy of capitalism was quite willing to become the savior and representative of capitalism there was no long hesitancy on the part of leading capitalists to avail themselves of the State as a serviceable ally in defense of the profit system. Thus, with the protection of the State, employers formed combines and corporations and quite readily relegated laissez-faire to the anachronism which in reality it had become.

Capitalism today is no longer wedded to laissez-faire—it is wedded to the Welfare State. For as capitalism became more and more centralized and giant combines and corporations became a characteristic of it, it became imperative that its political expression would be that of the modern centralized and bureaucratic State. A necessity which arises out of the inability of capitalism to keep alive the people without the supplementary aid of doles and handouts from the State. So that the State becomes the instrument needed to save capitalism from collapsing. Capitalism thus perpetuates itself by utilizing means that were formerly regarded as specifically socialistic. That is what the New Deal was in this country and it was recognized as such by those capitalists who realized that laissez-faire was no longer characteristic of the system and so they saw in the New Deal what in reality it was, the temporary salvation of capitalism.

Capitalists who realize these things will turn to any form of authoritarian government that will protect the profit system—be it outright fascism or be it the welfare state. Throughout this whole evolution of capitalism from the early days of laissez-faire to the Welfare State the position of the people remains the same. They remain wage laborers, they remain dispossessed of their natural right to utilize the resources of the earth without paying tribute to landlords and capitalists and politicians. And those who appeal to the State to remedy the abuses of capitalism appeal to the political partners of the very system that leads to these evils.

A Denial of Personalism

The Welfare State, by canonizing bureaucracy, by treating of the citizenry as case histories, by cooperating in the systematic robbery of peoples in that their labor products are handed back to them in infinitesmal units as doles, this State constitutes a denial of Christian values. Of the worth and dignity of the individual, of the responsibility of each of us to our fellows. A responsibility that is not met by referring our brother to social service agencies, by dispensing charity through the proxy of the State—but a responsibility that is met in rendering personal service and by working for an economy in which it is possible for all men to control their lives because they control the means of life. The Welfare State exists at the expense of liberty—for who can exercise effective liberty when dependent for the necessities of life on the State or a small clique of economic over-lords?

It makes no difference whether the Welfare State exists as the will of one person or of a clique or of a majority of the people. For, as Proudhon points out, any government that is based on will, that has no reference point but the will of individuals, is tyrannical. And tyranny and personalism are antithetical concepts. Personalism finds its best realization in anarcho-syndicalism, tyranny finds its expression in the Welfare State. There are no services which the Welfare State provides that could not be provided by the people through unionized and communal undertakings. Medical care, education, old age assistance—all such services—would exist with freedom if undertaken by the people through units under their control and not under the control of a vast and impersonal and bureaucratized State.

A Soporific

What then is this Welfare State but a soporific offering to the people, the illusion of justice when, in reality, it is but a device to perpetuate the evils of capitalism? Because justice is not achieved, because the people are robbed of their right to an equitable share in the earth, because the means of production are owned by a small coterie of exploiters and the natural resources of the earth are appropriated by private individuals who exercise absolute control of them so that one may not even occupy space on the earth without paying tribute to the so-called owners — because of all these things which are not remedied, but rather perpetuated by the Welfare State, slavery still exists and will continue to exist till we are freed both from economic servitude and from dependence on the State for the necessaries whereby to live. It is unfortunate indeed that many who see clearly the evils of Statism in an out-and-out fascist regime will nevertheless look to the State here for a solution to social problems and thereby contribute to the building up of a more powerful and centralized State which, before long, will hold all things in its hands to the point where one will be unable to live without State sanction.

Is not the Welfare State but the political expression of infantile behavior patterns? Is not its attraction but the social expression of individual desire to return to the security of the maternal womb? For in the Welfare State, as finally arrived at, no one need worry about anything, for the politicians will worry for everyone and provide for everyone and the State will be a mother indeed to those who would be content to live always from the breast of this benefactor.

The Welfare State is thus not only a soporific in the social sense but provides an outlet for infantile reversions—inasmuch as it provides the individual with a father-mother substitute on which to be dependent. But it is an enslavement because it is a servile dependence on fellow mortals, it is a capitulation before exclusively imminent values rather than an adherence to transcendentals. For values which originate and end with man do not call, in adult behavior, for submission as do values which have their origin in the supernatural. The Welfare State is an attempt to treat all men, except the rulers, as children who must be cared for and disciplined and tagged.

Christian Values

Among the characteristics of capitalism and the Welfare State are these—the desire for absolute security in this life, materialism, self-interest, wage slavery. Despite the fact that many Christians have succumbed to these concepts and are immersed in this secularism it is apparent that such things are at opposite poles from the way of life which stems from Christ. "We have not here an abiding city" is the watchword of those who believe that the terminal point for man lies in God.

There will always be an element of struggle in man's life and it is neither desirable nor good that this should be eliminated by complete dependence on others. One becomes adult as one achieves this independence and it should be possible for all men to achieve this independence and the Welfare State guarantees that this will not be achieved.

Capitalism and its expression today in the Welfare State is materialistic—its criterion of values is narrowly that of the physical well-being of a few and subsistence for the many. But it appeals to the many by offering material advantages that they have been denied in other regimes and as the price for this it asks the surrender of the individual to the State. It asks that the workers continue to be robbed and as recompense it promises to give back a penny on every dollar stolen from labor. It continues to allow capital to be owned and controlled by those who do not produce it. Blinded by the immediate material advantages of "social service," people who have been conditioned by capitalism to disregard Christian values will sacrifice liberty for the penny returned on their dollar. Neither capitalism nor its political expression in the Welfare State presents any ideal other than the materialism which is constantly attributed to the Marxists. The Marxists at least have the honesty to declare themselves such. The Marxists, who are unconsciously transcendentalists, but who succumb nevertheless to the illusion that the State can be used on the way to achieving justice. The Welfare State appeals to self-interest. But like the capitalist who tries to convince the workers that their self-interest lies in wage slavery so

the Welfare State would convince the people that individual self-interest will best be served when all are wards of the government and when an all-pervading paternalism will rob them of initiative and independence and where a bureaucracy will exist to solve all problems—for the Welfare State has a disdain for the people and exalts the professional. Far from appealing to and building society on the communal nature of man, it appeals to and builds society on self-interest, which grasps an immediate advantage without counting what it will cost in the long run. Nor can people be blamed who have been emptied of physical and psychological content by a materialistic capitalism if, in their despair, they turn to such soporifics. We cannot have a civilization of exclusively imminent values and expect that people will be conditioned otherwise than by the narrow materialism and self-interest that such a society lives by.

The Welfare State corrects none of the essential iniquities of capitalism. People still work for wages rather than own and control their own means of production and distribution, and thus are kept dependent on a ruling class and are not free men. And as in Christ all men are free so is this spiritual freedom realized in the material world as well, in an economy of equals. And since the Welfare State exists that men may be less free, that they may become more and more the wards of the State and the State penetrates and dominates in more and more areas till finally freedom escapes us—since all this is true, it is good that those who still value the transcendentals of Christ turn against this modern State and look to the people, live with the people and teach the people once again that man has dignity and worth and transcendance and that man will find in himself, with God's help, the wherewithal to solve these problems without sacrificing that liberty which God Himself so highly values.

Detroit Catholic Worker

(Continued from page 5)

and Justine see as essential to intelligent work for the lay apostolate. The library will continue as a center of indoctrination, as it is accessible to many groups.

Then the visit to St. John Vianney House, a home where old-age pensioners, men, pool their resources, hire a cook, and have a certain peacefulness and tranquillity in their common life. The St. Thomas Aquinas Reading Room, a small store on Michigan Avenue, where there is an abundance of lighter but wholesome Catholic literature for the numbers of men, many of whom come on the line, and for one reason or another, need and appreciate such a little spot for rest and relaxation.

And finally came the visit to St. Martha House. Here, as at St. Francis House, is a family size house, which provides to evicted families for the most part, and transient single women and girls temporary food and shelter, and very often, clothing. The thing that strikes one more all the time is the advantage of a house which can be made a home, depending on the love in the hearts of the workers, over a series of flats or apartments. A week's visit at Martha House, being so close to the mothers and their children especially, seeing their needs and their gratitude, renews one's desire for the multiplication of Martha Houses where the great volume of transients may experience, even so briefly, the respite and refreshment that comes with participation in the life of those who are trying to embody Christian ideals of prayer and work and service. It is interesting to note the steady volume of intercourse between Martha House and the social agencies, who clearly recognize the value of this emergency service. All day long there are calls, well summarized by "Can you take a woman and three children?" To such agencies as the Traveler's Aid, Martha House is a boon indeed, because it is geared to the need of the moment. As one supervisor said on her visit, deploring the red tape demanded by rules and regulations, Martha House is doing a highly significant work. Again we meet the problem of dearth of workers. And we do not deny that the flexibility needed, the frustration of order that can come with emergencies, is a challenge; but, oh, for some more generous girls and women who would be willing to give themselves for some time to this beautiful service of Christ in the family.

Then after rushing to the Post Office, the Western Union Office and locating an old friend, we dashed back to Marybrook to keep an appointment. This was the unforgettable visit to the Detroit Catholic Worker.

And why do I think it unforgettable. Simply because it was overwhelmingly obvious that in spite of its difference from Mott Street, it was so very much the same. And wherein does the sameness consist? In its spirit. When we began to talk about the difficulties and problems, I saw that they were the same in Detroit as in New York; and the difficulties persist because of fortitude and fidelity, a resistance to compromising the ideas of Christian hospitality, the dignity of man and the poor, the need for clarification of thought as Peter and Dorothy expressed it at the outset of the work, and which Lou and Justine have undeniably kept alive in their hearts and minds. The difficulties are also those that arise because of the failures in seeing and treating the poor as people, using force in its various and more subtle forms, patronizing attitudes, the lack of vision and compassion among those who might lend a truly helping hand. It is all an echo of our problems in New York, and form our reasons for feeling that we must more than ever continue and try to exemplify these great principles so completely lost in a de-Christianized society. If the essence of a lay apostle's vacation is the refreshment that a witness to the fidelity of one's co-workers gives, then I have truly had a vacation in these few weeks at the Detroit Catholic Worker.

JANE O'DONNELL.

Sixteen

(Continued from page 1)

tion Wednesday. She began to weep again and I put my arm around her, but after only a few moments she drew away. Maybe she remembered that I am just a child.

I might sound very sarcastic, but I don't mean to. God made me when He made me; I have no complaints to Him. My mother says often, "You are a child; don't waste those years." It all depends on what you mean by waste. Sit back and let the world fall apart, get fatter than I am, make excuses for not doing what I should? Or do something worthwhile and beneficial? Maybe to make up a little for all the insults I fling God's way? Then adults say, "What can a child do that is wrong?" One thing: not being a child in love—being small in everything but pride. That must hurt Christ more than lust, for it is lust in its own way. To be more than God intended you, to desire the superiority of adult pride and authority.

Little children love to give money to a blind man, kiss old women, speak kindly to a beggar. But how few adults pause to give a blind man a nickel? They are too busy. Busy making money, buying clothes, too busy for God.

I want to be adult enough to be able to do what they can do and don't! To have power to go where they can go, but do not; do what they do not do, but to be child enough to do it because He wants it. His Heart cries for charity and love and patience as He has been charitable and loving and patient to us.

There are many child-like adults. I meet many of them at the Third Order at St. John's. Mr. Carey at Bellevue is another. He awes me just to speak to. He is intelligent but his charity surpasses any I have seen. It was he who mentioned Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker to me. I had never heard of you or it. I read your article "Poverty, Inc.," and I wanted a "share," but I haven't any money to give, but I can give prayers; those I give gladly. I have me to give, too, for the summer if you want me. I have read a lot about the Lay Apostolate, I understand it and I want to help. A child mightn't be able to give out bread and coffee but I can type, or scrub floors, clean slop pails if necessary. Or, being a child, I know children. Maybe I could help with the kids. I like kids and usually they like me. I've taken care of plenty of them. I've helped at playgrounds during the summer, I'm a senior lifeguard to boot. It's not much recommendation, I guess. Maybe books can't tell you of poverty or misery but I catch on quick and I want to learn. All the time while I am reading the article I kept feeling it was what I wanted to do. I prayed about it. I know in my heart it's what God wants me to do. So what I have I'll gladly give—if you want me. If you can't use me, you can use my prayers; those I shall always give.

ROSARIES

Bill and Dorothy Gauchat make rosaries on Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, Avon, Ohio.

Sterling silver, black beads	$4.00
Pearl or crystal	4.50
Moonstone	5.00

Appeal

65, Rua Do Campo,
Macao, South China.
April 16th, 1950.

Dear Friends:

Whenever public calamity occurs here in poor China, the thought of probing for help creeps up automatically in our mind as to whom should we appeal. As by past experience that, without the mighty amplifier of your so widely read paper "The Catholic Worker" our feeble voice could never be heard and the result would be nihil. But on the other hand, we are quite conscious of our possible abuse of your hospitality, so, whenever we turn to you, we do it with certain timidity. But, as the magnitude of the present calamity is such, that it eclipsed all previous records in China's 5000 year history; besides that, no one could suspect that in such a short interval of less than 4 years, the tragic story of bark, tree-leave and grass-root and even earth, eating business as food had to repeat itself, so we had to be bold enough to face our present problem so as to be able to discharge our burdensome duty in finding assistance appealing to you, for these unfortunate millions of famine stricken souls, that perish by the thousands daily.

It is to be admitted that a great part of the present unheard of famine in world history is man-made, that is, created by the so-called professed friends of China, in exporting all available foodstuff out of the Great Wall of China to a **"friendly Power"** of poor China, instead of bringing it into famine-stricken China ! ! ! And yet the present China People Government looked to them as their great benefactors, masters and guiding star. But in fact, the greater part of the victims are the innocent helpless children and women. But how to bring home to the good and fortunate people of the United States of America, who traditionally possess a willing generous heart ever ready to help, the present extremely tragic but real condition of this unprecedentedly serious famine, would constitute an insoluble problem without the indispensable and powerful co-operation of the press, specially of your, without which, hundreds of thousands of these famined victims bound to perish almost daily.

Thanking you most sincerely,
Very sincerely and respectfully yours
in St. Joseph,
REV. LAURENCE MAHN.

Mountaineers

(Continued from page 4)

has to offer. I am not saying this as a romanticist, or as a painter of rosy pictures. There is plenty of hardship to be faced, but the life there strengthens the body and the spirit to meet and overcome it. Dave and Tamar know this, and the knowledge is enabling them to raise a family of beautiful, healthy children who romp in the fields all day and at night are so ready to go to bed that there is not a murmur from them. They will grow up strong in the tradition of the State motto which Dave is fond of quoting: "Mountaineers are always free."

We returned to the city with great reluctance after a week's absence. What a great world of difference there is in the two ways of life, separated by that eleven-hour drive! Helen Crowe, who has spent many years of her life as a librarian, is unconvinced that the advantages are heavier on the agrarian end of the scale, though she does love the mountain country and thoroughly enjoyed her visit. She points out that I remain in the city, as though that fact had some bearing on the city-versus-land discussion. Actually it has no bearing. The raising of a family is an integral part of life on the land, and I am a single man past the age when I might hope to undertake to raise one. If I were so privileged, I would far rather choose to see my children grow up where they could play in fields and brooks and look up to myriad-starred skies than to have them playing in city streets, depending for their education and culture on big city schools, movies, radio, television and metropolitan museums.

Architecture

"Medieval architecture attained its grandeur—not only because it was a natural development of handicraft; not only because each building, each architectural decoration, had been devised by men who knew through the experience of their own hands what artistic effects can be obtained from stone, iron, bronze, or even from simple logs and mortar; not only because each monument was a result of collective experience, accumulated in each 'mystery' or craft — it was grand because it was born out of a conception of a grand idea. Like Greek art, it sprang out of a conception of brotherhood and unity fostered by the city. . . . A cathedral or a communal house symbolized the grandeur of an organism of which every mason and stonecutter was the builder, and a medieval building appears—not as a solitary effort to which thousands of slaves would have contributed the share assigned to them by one man's imagination; all the city contributed to it. The lofty bell-tower rose upon a structure, grand in itself, in which the life of the city was throbbing. . . . After having achieved its craft revolution, the city often began a new cathedral in order to express the new, wider, and broader union which had been called into life."

KROPOTKIN.

Wanted

We have a good number of back issues of the Catholic Worker available for distribution as sample copies. If anyone desires to engage in this work of propaganda, he can write for as many copies as he can use.

Nova Scotia Co-ops

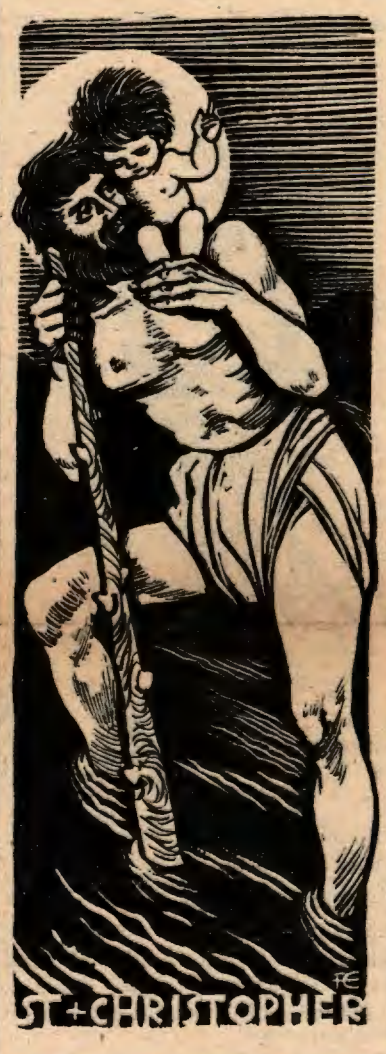
(Continued from page 1)

tinued through my whole trip to the Maritimes. One of the girls got up after the lecture, and asked me a question on the Servile State, and I was delighted to find that this book by Hilaire Belloc, and "The Restoration of Property" by the same author, were required reading.

The teacher of Religion at the Mount, and a young Jesuit Scholastic, and a few of the students braved the snows to come over from St. Mary's, the preparatory seminary.

Sydney

In the morning, two of the girls accompanied me to the six o'clock train to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, and at eight in the evening, an hour late, we pulled in. The whole railroad train crosses the Straits on a barge, through the ice floes, and the wheeling, fishing, hungry gulls. There I was met by Joe Laben,



who was a coal miner for twenty-five years, and has been for the last two years a field worker for the Housing Cooperatives. Joe and his wife Mary live in Tompkinsville, where I was to spend several happy days. And if I tell you quickly the story of Tompkinsville, you will understand Joe's great work, and the need for thousands more such projects.

Tompkinsville, in the heart of the mining section, was named after Father James Tompkins, one of Nova Scotia's co-operative pioneers, popularly known as Father Jimmy. It consists of eleven houses, each with six or seven rooms, basement and bathroom, and an acre of ground. There are fifteen acres of common ground besides. Usually a housing co-operative group studies cooperative principles and techniques a year, each of the group builds a model of his desired house, and construction of the eleven houses takes about a year under one hired carpenter, and the after-hour and Saturday labor of the members themselves. All cellars are built first, then building starts on the frames. All frames are finished before proceeding any further, etc., and in this manner, all the houses are finished almost simultaneously. To me one of the most significant principles of the Co-operative Housing Associations Limited, as they are called, is the fact that the houses are owned by the group, and not by the individual, and this in order that ownership should be identical with occupancy, and not degenerate into the curse and immorality of absentee landlordism. The group may give permission to a member to sublet his house up to a year, for a necessary trip, but he may only charge his tenant of that time the same price he is paying a month for maintenance, interest, and amortization, plus a small charge for wear and tear on furniture. If an owner wishes to withdraw from his house, he can sell his membership in the Association to the Association, who will open their ranks to a new member. The eleven homes of Tompkinsville are owned by the Arnold Co-operative Association, Ltd., and will remain so till the end of a twenty-five year period, when the members will decide whether they will own the houses individually or continue to own them jointly through the corporation.

The houses were built in 1937. They were financed as follows: Each member borrowed $1,500 from the Nova Scotia Housing Commission, was allowed $400 on his labor by the Commission, bought a strip of land at $50, and contributed $50 more to the Association. Using their own credit union the members borrowed this money, arranged to pay the loan back over a period of 25 years at the rate of $12.15 per month. This consisted of a payment of $9.65 on maintenance, interest and amortization, and a further $2.50 as a reserve for illness and emergency.

And the mine company houses that they replace? I saw some of them. They rise like a grey, evil vegetable growth from the slime of mud and the everlasting coal dust that grinds into faces, clothes, lungs, killing trees to make a bleak landscape. "You're a long time up from the pits before you stop spitting coal dust," said Joe Laben. The mines here go out three miles under the sea, and Joe remembers a time when faulty mining engineering resulted in a flood, and they all rushed for the cage, and made the top—all but two.

The Labens told me a story of a house that was worse. but not much worse, than the company shacks. A friend of theirs told them that one morning when she got up and went to the door of her own decrepit house, she noticed something oddly different in the silhouette of the landscape, but couldn't at first make out what it was. Then she suddenly realized that one of the shacks surrounding hers was missing, and looking up the road saw it disappearing over the horizon on a truck. Later on the man who owned it remarked that the sewer had come in, and he couldn't afford it, so he was moving back to the woods.

We have as bad, or worse shacks all over the United States, especially in our mining towns, and our sunless city flats, with their two, three, four families are worse still, with no open spaces to escape to. And if our families are homeless in New York, the fathers are sent to the Men's City Lodging House, and the mothers and children a mile away to the Women's City Lodging House. Certainly the Work of Mercy that most needs doing today is to shelter the homeless.

Coke Oven District

Joe took me down to the Coke Oven district in the Sydney slums. a dismal section where the Negro steelworkers live. They were brought up from the U. S. by the mills, because they can better stand the heat of the roaring blast furnaces, and Peg Power, of St. F. X. told me that she had heard that the mills had promised that "they would always be taken care of." There is a housing co-operative started by Joe among these, and the twelve or thirteen house unit will soon be started, and let us hope that more will follow.

DOSCO, which means the Dominion ore, steel, coal company, or something similar, is the company which owns the rich coal, iron and steel of Cape Breton Island, which drains from this rich island the wealth it produces, and causes chronic unemployment and seasonal layoffs among the workers, and drives the youth to the cities. If it were not for the economic betterment created by the credit unions, the consumer and wholesaler cooperatives, the housing cooperatives, and the untiring energy and sacrifice of co-op leaders, both clerical and lay, things would be infinitely worse, as they were twenty years ago, but undoubtedly the big task ahead is to start producer cooperatives among the miners and steelworkers. Just as it was necessary for the fishermen to own their fisheries, their boats and canneries, as they have through the blessed achievement of the Antigonish Cooperative Movement, so it is necessary for the miners to own their mines, the steelworkers their mills.

Several times on my speaking trip, I told my listeners about a very wonderful thing that happened in Pennsylvania, among United Mine Workers, as these miners also are United Mine Workers. A mine in Glen Ridge, Ill. was to be junked by the owners, throwing three hundred miners out of work. But there was a woman director or trustee of this mine, the widow of a former superintendent, of whom it can be said, I think, as the Bible relates of the woman who helped the prophet, Eliseus, that "she was a great woman." She made up her mind that she wanted the miners to get the mine, and she held out for selling the mine to a selected bidder, not the highest bidder. Which is a fundamentally Christian concept, and one that, if applied, could help to overturn our whole pagan business mentality. The result was that the three hundred miners themselves, took hope from her hope, and met and decided to try to buy the mine. They begged from door to door in nearby Centralia, and managed to raise twenty-eight thousand dollars. Others bid thirty-two thousand dollars, but they were up against a woman of character, and heart, and the miners got the mine, for the lowest bid. They have been running it for ten years now, and went out on strike—against themselves—in the recent UMW strike. God speed such solidarity, such brotherhood, and such ownership.

Antigonish

My bus got into Antigonish Saturday afternoon, April 15th, where Marie Therese and Charlie Conroy met me. The Notre Dame Sisters, with Marie Therese and Peg Power as couriers, took excellent care of me over the week-end, and I thoroughly enjoyed my longed-for visit to this great name in the social movement. Here I had the pleasure and privilege of meeting Dr. Coady, and many of the other selfless leaders in the St. Francis Xavier Extension Department and the Antigonish Movement.

Dr. Coady showed me a map of the Maritime Provinces marked with hundreds of bright-headed pins. Each pin marked a credit union, or a consumer cooperative store, or a cooperative wholesale or a housing cooperative. There are four hundred credit unions, alone. All seemed to know Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day, both of whom had gone to Antigonish to learn and to teach. The Catholic Worker has always considered the Cooperative Movement an allied movement.

At the time the Antigonish Movement started there was bigoted feuding between different religions and nationalities, much as there is now between Catholics and Communists in the labor unions. Dr. Coady was quoted to me as saying, "There is no Catholic and no Protestant way of catching fish," a remark that bit deep into the consciousness of the

(Continued on page 8)

Third Order Of Saint Francis

May it be that here too, the Salvation Army has but studied St. Francis? Here, too, has the Assisian left us a weapon which but needs a little practice to adopt it to the necessity of the day? Even so. Our army is in the midst of us, enrolled under the banner of the Stigmata, quartered throughout the kingdom, an army of over 13,000 strong, following the barrack routine of religious peace, diligently pipe claying its spiritual accoutrements, practicing what that other Army calls "Knee-drill" turning out for periodical inspection, and dreaming of no conflict at hand. Sound to it the trumpet. Sound to the militia of Assisi that the enemy is about them, that they must take the field; sound to the Tertiaries of St. Francis. Yes, the Franciscan Tertiaries are this army. They are men and women who live in the world the life of the world—though not a worldly life; who marry, rear with families, attend to their worldly vocations yet they are a Religious Order, with rule and observance. They include numbers of men and women among the poor. Nay, the resemblance extends to minor matters. Like the Salvationists, they exact from their women plainness of dress; though they do not exact ugliness of dress. Like the Salvationist again, they are an essentially domocratic body; a Tertiary peeress, writing to a Tertiary factory girl addresses her as "sister."

It rests with themselves to complete the resemblance in the one point now lacking. They are saying their Office, holding their monthly meetings, sanctifying themselves; it is excellent, but only half that for which their founder destined them. He intended them likewise for active works of charity. They are the Third Order of St. Francis; their founder's spirit should be theirs; and with the ecstatic of Alverno, contemplation was never allowed to divert him from activity. He who penanced Brother Ruffino because the visionary was overpowering in him the worker, with what alacrity would he have thrown his Tertiaries on the battlefield where reserves are so needed; with what alacrity would he have bidden them come down from Alverno, and descend into the streets! Nay, Pope Leo XIII, as if he had foreseen the tasks which might call upon them, has released them from the weight of fasts and prayers, which burdened them, reducing their fasts to two in the year, their prayers to twelve daily, PATERS and AVES. They are freed from their spiritual austerities and at liberty for external labors. They, therefore, if their founder live at all in them, seem the organization ready constituted for this work. In whatever town there was a Congregation of Tertiaries, they would endeavor to combine for the establishment of Shelters, and whatever, in the process of development, might ultimately grow out of them.

Things hard, not unachievable, I have set before you, children of Assisi; not unachievable, much less unattemptable. Scorn, you may have, contumely you may have; but witness that these Salvationists, being of a verity blind prophet, yet endured all this; and you, who know whereof you phophesy shall you not endure it? Can men conjure in the ways with the name of Booth, and not with the name of Manning? If they are shielded by the red jersey, you shall be shielded by the reflex of that princely red at Westminster. But rather then will I cry to you lineage of Alverno: Gird on your weakness as a hauberk of proof! THEY have grown stronger because they were weak and esteemed because they were despised; you shall grow stronger because weaker and more esteemed because more despised. What sword have they, but you have a keener? For blood and fire, gentle humility, for the joy of a religious alcoholism, the joy of that peace which passeth understanding; for the tumults, the depths of the spirit; for the discipline of trumpets, the discipline of the Sacraments, for the chiming of tambourines, Mary's name pensile like a bell-tongue in men's resonant souls; for the hearts clashed open by a whirlwind, the soft summons of Him Who stands at the door and knocks. If with these you cannot conquer, then you could not with chariots and horsemen.

—From "In Darkest England" an Essay, by Francis Thompson.

CALL FOR SAINTS

There is the fact, the absolute certainty, goodness inevitably produces goodness; it is unconquerable, it cannot be stifled, it has greater ramifications than evil can ever have. The Christian attitude should be this: one saint outweighs a hundred, a thousand, perhaps a million sinners. The sanctity of one saint prevails over the sinfulness of a thousand sinners. Sin is negative; sanctity positive. Sanctity is more powerful than sin; sanctity in fact is the only real power.

Accordingly, our whole Christian outlook should be an outlook of goodness, an outlook of sanctity. We should think first and foremost of sanctity and the power of sanctity, which is the power of Christ. Sanctity is the natural atmosphere of Christians. It is their daily life.

DOM ANSCAR VONIER.

Letter

(The following letter is from Dick Aherne, a member of the group that started the Philadelphia House of Hospitality and manager of the farm the Philadelphia group operated at Oxford, Pa., before the war.)

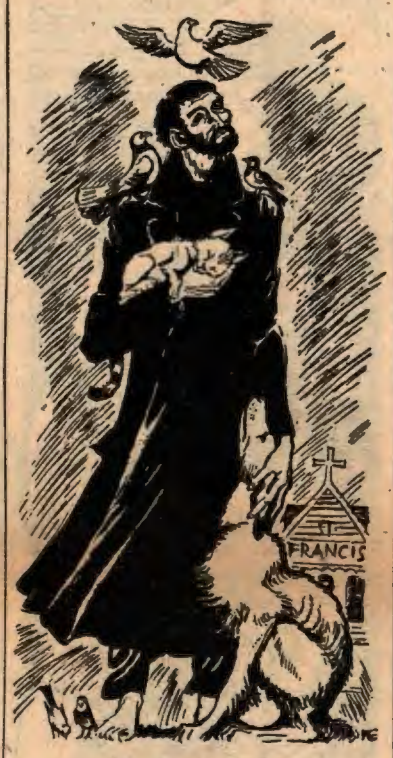
Bernville, R.D.1, Pa.
May 26, 1950.

Dear Dave:

Finally got around to writing a few lines. We've been living in the country for a year now, but I've hardly had time to enjoy it.

We haven't really had any slack season, although the so-called busy season's just about to begin. This year I've really gotten out of touch with lots of my friends, but hope to get back in the swing again some time soon.

Have you been able to secure ownership of a new House of Hospitality yet? I hope so. It's too bad that you couldn't move 522



South Front street, Philadelphia, over to New York.

Our family has increased two-hundred fold since we saw you last. We now have Michael, aged two, and Richard, nine months, and are expecting a new arrival in September.

Our farm family is increasing, too—33 sheep and lambs, 9 ten-week-old pigs and one sow, one cow, one heifer and one calf (3 months), 150 12-week pullets, 110 12-week cockerels, 300 one-week pullets, 50 laying hens.

Our farm is 140 acres, 25 acres woodland, about 35 pasture, balance tillable; two small streams, about like the small ones at Oxford; 7-room stone house, electrified. Last winter we had the barn electrified.

I'm on the V. A. farm-training program. Even with this help, it really keeps us stepping to increase our plantings and livestock to the point where we will be self-sufficient.

You may have heard that Hugh Byrne was with us since last September, but he is going to leave us in a week or so.

This coming harvest should be plentiful if the weather and breaks come our way. We have 21 acres of small grain; i. e., 6 wheat and 15 barley. In addition, 12 acres of husking corn and 19 acres of hay, 6 of which is first year.

We are working with soil conservation, and eventually will have the farm fields stripped and contoured.

Well, Dave, here's hoping that this letter finds you all well. Remember me to Dorothy Day and all of the others who are still there that may remember me. Regards from Kathleen and the children.

DICK.

Nova Scotia Co-ops

(Continued from page 7)

fishermen, and produced results, And while I was there he made another remark that I shall never forget, and would like others not to forget. It went something like this, "That lustreless look in the eyes, three generations of underfeeding are behind it." Here is a man, I thought, who understands concerning the needy and the poor, and blessed is he, as the psalm says.

In 1928, Father Coady met with a group of twelve farmers in a rural section of Cape Breton. They were able to succeed in a small cooperative marketing venture. Out of this incident emerged three distinguishing characteristics of the St. F.X. Movement, first, the small study club, second, discussion issuing in economic group action, and third, the willingness of the more intelligent members of the group to place their abilities at the disposal of the slower members. In the years since then, St. F.X. Extension Department has gone out over the land, mobilizing the people and getting them to ask themselves the double question: "What shall we study? What can we do?"

I am quoting from Dr. Coady's book, "Masters of Their Own Destiny," published by Harper and Brothers, and I urge all our readers to get it.

Sisters of St. Martha

Betty Sears McDonald who visited Mott St. several summers ago, and her husband Jack McDonald, who is studying at St. F.X., drove me out to Bethany, where the Sisters of St. Martha have their novitiate and a hospital. Here it was that Archbishop Morrison, great friend of cooperators, died the weekend that I was there, and his body was laid out in the cathedral at Antigonish, above whose altars is written in Gaelic, House of God.

The Sisters have their own farm, beautiful sewing work rooms, printing press. I had had a good visit with the St. Martha Sisters in Sydney also. These last do social work, and several are registered nurses. And in Charlottetown, I stayed at the hospital run by the St. Martha Sisters, although they are a separate autonomous group from those in Antigonish and Sydney. I had several pleasant visits with Sister John Baptist and Sister Herminia before I went to sleep at night, when I was eating the tasty snacks Sister Herminia brought me after my talks. Sister John Baptist and I were talking one night about the skillful production in the homes of the French Canadian girls. Sister said that one of her fellow novices some years ago, a French girl, used to quote her mother as drumming into her head when she was growing up, "If you can't take the wool off the sheep's back, and put it on someone else's back, you're no good."

This may sound funny, but it seems very clear to me that women are going to have to make a choice between production in the home, and production outside the home. Let us face facts. A working man, that is to say, an honest man, cannot afford to support a wife who does not contribute economically to the home. So that for a woman, it's either a kitchen, garden and preserving, chickens, and sewing, or a job outside the home and ill-supervised or few or no children. Therefore, I plead with the sisters in all our numerous Catholic schools to train girls for homemakers, gardenkeepers, and drop the stenographic courses. There are at least five million working mothers in the United States.

Prince Edward Island

Since the train from Antigonish to Charlottetown takes a circuitous route, and the plane ride is twenty minutes and cheaper to boot, I was forced in the name of poverty to take my first plane ride. Norman Riley, who is a field worker for the credit unions, drove me to the airport. It was the most beautiful day I can remember of all the Spring. Prince Edward Island is called the million acre garden, and from the air the small well-tended farms give it a landscaped look. John Eldon Green met the plane and introduced me to Father Hanley, his sister Peggy Green, and Marian McAfee. I met many wonderful priests at St. Dunstan's, the college where John Eldon teaches, as I did at St. F.X., St. Thomas, and all along my route, priests who have gone to the people, to the workingman, to the poor. Some of them have been called from the high work of the cooperatives to the higher work of sickness and suffering that most of us are not worthy of. Truly these are the seeds beneath the snow from whom others will harvest what they did not sow.

The next day we drove out on the island to visit Morell, an agricultural village with strong cooperatives well directed by Frank Dunn. The day afterwards we drove out to the tip of the island to visit Rustico, a fishing village whose cooperative endeavors would make a whole long story in itself.

Jerome O'Brien had some interesting suggestions as to Agricultural Cooperatives, and Agricultural machinery cooperatives. He said several young men had been discussing the possibility of buying some abandoned farms adjoining each other, and farming them as a cooperative endeavor. In the war, he said, many of the farms, following the false wartime boom, became overmechanized, and now they are talking about larger farms to support the machinery. It would be wiser, he said, to own these machines cooperatively.

We had a good talk too on Rural Industries to keep more young people on the land, and away from the big cities, and to promote self-sufficiency, regional sufficiency in rural areas. Both Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton Island should be self-sufficient agriculturally and in manufactures. Soap and coffins were among the diverse rural industries we discussed. What is most necessary is that agricultural skills, non-capitalist rural industries, and a theology of manual labor be taught our youth, and that our youth should start being ashamed of its current seeking of parasitical middleman jobs.

St. Thomas, New Brunswick

At St. Thomas, Chatham, New Brunswick, Al Campbell, a professor there, and Father McGrath met me. All my visits here, including the one to the cooperative at South Nelson, and the fine, hard-working women I met there, confirmed my ever-deepening enthusiasm for the Cooperative Movement. I talked to a mothers' group, and was deeply edified by these mothers of ten, thirteen, seventeen children.

And yet, Chatham, above the beautiful Miramichi river, typified also the insanity of modern economy. Those people who produce the greatest wealth, in human beings, in natural resources, for this is among the richest fishing grounds in the world, live in the deepest poverty.

Chatham has just lost its English pit prop market, and it is no longer the great long lumber producer that it was. As a result lumbermen and their families face destitution. What a blessing if it could be transferred to lumber production for homes. Let us hope so. Great work is already being done there, initiated by Father Ryan, Father McGrath, and other zealous priests, to restore weaving and home crafts, and bio-dynamic farming. Father McGrath is doing his best to initiate the Green Revolution, and one sees that this is the crying need everywhere. If the cooperative technique and wise planning were to be fully combined with the Green Revolution it would be a beginning of "the new earth." We need our young men to "see visions and our old men to dream dreams." Instead of our twenty-year-olds preaching a wordly prudence in the name of the family they may have some day and our twenty-five-year-olds thinking in terms of old-age pensions. "Prudence is the courage of the strong."