

# CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XVIII No. 12

JULY-AUGUST, 1952

Subscription  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary

This day the holy and animated ark of the living God, she who conceived in her womb her Creator, rests in the temple of the Lord, which was not made with hands. And her ancestor David leaps, and with him the Angels lead the dance, the Archangels celebrate, the Virtues ascribe glory, the Principalities exult, the Powers rejoice together, the Dominations are joyful, the Thrones keep holiday, the Cherubim utter praise, the Seraphim proclaim her glory. This day the Eden of the new Adam receives the living Paradise, wherein the condemnation was made void, wherein the tree of life was planted, wherein our nakedness was covered. (Sermon of St. John Damascene.)



## Big Steel's Opposition To the Union Shop

The steel strike ended after this article had been sent to the printers. It is too early to comment on the terms—how strong a union shop was won is not yet clear. But the fact that Murray and Fairless are going on a speaking tour of the plants to show that the company "really" isn't against the union is significant. One wonders how many of the workers will buy that. Be that as it may, this issue of the union shop is still very much alive, and we print this article as a discussion of it.—Ed.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Those defenders of the rights of the working man, Ben Fairless and Clarence Randall, are at it again.

They are against the union shop. That is "compulsory" unionism. They call it a yellow dog contract.

To put the record straight; the yellow dog contracts was the inspiration of turn-of-the-century industrial barons. When he was hired, the worker had to sign a contract that he would not join a union. Attempts to break the contract were met by goon squads. The rationale which upheld this practice in court was "freedom of contract"—the worker is free not to work for this employer, so the employer can make any conditions he wants.

Eventually, the nature of this "freedom" was realized: freedom to starve for any worker who wanted to protect his rights.

And the answer was that the workers had to recognize their collective responsibility to each other in order to insure their individual freedom: the union movement.

And a way to strengthen that collective responsibility was the union shop: to demand of each worker that he fulfill his duty to his fellow workers by joining a union.

It was the only way to maintain freedom.

But now Randall and Fairless (remember the organization of steel; and the massacre outside of Chicago?) have discovered that this is a yellow dog contract.

They couldn't even sell it to the Republican National Convention which went on record in favor of the union shop.

They call it compulsory unionism.

Under the closed shop, the union does the hiring. You must belong to the union before you are hired. But the union shop requires that within a certain time period after being hired you join the union. It requires that if you are in a plant and getting the benefit of union organization, that you share some of the responsibility for it.

The union does not have control over your job.

The merits of the closed shop are debatable. It has been coercive in some instances in the past. It has allowed union hier-

(Continued on page 8)

## Freedom Within Labor

By ROBERT LUDLOW

In the final analysis it does not matter who wins the election. It would, in the long run, be no better if a third party candidate were elected. There would be no greater area of freedom, for we are a people dedicated to coercion as a way of life, we are a people unwilling to utilize that freedom with which God endowed us. Whether we adhere to the Right or the Left we have divested ourselves of any resources other than the political, which of its nature is coercive. Our limited imaginations fail to take in other means, fail to see the inner contradictions of political means, fail to realize the effect political means have on ourselves. How they insidiously enter into our being so that, if we are for unions we would want it compulsive that all workers join unions, if we are for Socialism we would have Socialism the law of the land, we would be the ruling class and use the State to enforce our will just as it is now used to enforce the will of present rulers. There are even pacifists who support political action and who would make pacifism the law of the land. So that, in respect to freedom, they are no more genuine devotees of it than those Catholics who would coerce by legislating morality.

We may talk of the martyrs of labor, we may talk of martyrs for Catholicism, or atheism. But, if the sum total of it all means simply this—that we (who of course represent these martyrs) wish to establish our own tyranny, then it has not been worth the fight, they have died in vain. It matters little from the standpoint of freedom, whether people are shoved around by the capitalist police or the Socialist commissars. It is self-evident that, whoever runs the State will have to do this shoving around—unless

(Continued on page 7)

## Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

We feel as though the heat experienced on Chrystie street during the past two weeks is a real sample of Hell. We hope that we will never be in a position to confirm this comparison. However, the heat in no way deterred the work that goes on in the house here each day. The kitchen is a veritable furnace but the kitchen force prepared and served the usual number of meals per scheduled. Without these superb men in the dining room the work would be at a standstill.

Since our arrival at Chrystie street, two years ago, we have had frequent scares through observing one of the walls in our addressograph room literally crumbling. At first it was a few huge cracks in the plaster and the plaster around the cracks began to fall. Then the bricks showed through and the cement holding the bricks began to sift down. Finally the bricks became dislodged. As we fearfully watched all this we thought that something should be done before things got serious.

With a great sense of relief we were delivered from this burden of watching and waiting by the direct intervention of Peter Carey and Smoky Joe. In a few short days they cemented the bricks and plastered the crumbling wall of our addressograph room.

Three weeks ago we enjoyed the return to our house of a former guest. This time it was Mr. Lavalley who had been with us on Mott St. for a number of years. He has always been fondly referred to as The Professor, due to his deep interest in languages and his constant desire to teach others. Already he has a group of ten or twelve people here in the house studying Spanish. Despite the intense heat he is teaching his little

(Continued on page 6)

## One Man Revolution

By AMMON HENNACY

The Old Pioneer and I had read the summary of Whittaker Chambers' book in the Saturday evening Post. Any Irishman detests an informer. I had belonged to the Workers Party for three years although I had never attended a meeting. I had taught American History in their groups in Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco each week during the winter of 1924-25. And Mother Bloor had Thanksgiving dinner with us. At that time the head of the party was my old time comrade of 1917 in Ohio, Charles E. Ruthenberg. My wife and I had visited him in Sing Sing in 1920. The pacifists and anarchists whom I knew then were of a very tame sort. I paid my dues by mail to Chicago a year ahead at a time and never met a local Communist. I wrote to Ruthenberg from time to time. He understood that I was still an anarchist but for the time being was working with the Communists because I respected him. By the spring of 1925 I knew that my classes did not care a thing about American history; they only wanted to have the word "Revolution" repeated again and again. So I quit paying dues. I had known Earl Browder, Bob Minor and others in the days when we were Socialists together. A little later I reread Tolstoy's Kingdom of God is Within You, got hold of a copy of the London Anarchist paper FREEDOM, and came back to right thinking and right action.

As I read Chambers I recognized the type of sentimental radical who had just enough conscience to not enter fully into Communist trickery for a long stretch of time; and who had just enough knowledge and feeling of religion to use it as a cover for his weakness of character. I have met many tired radi-

(Continued on page 6)

## Love and Justice

By DOROTHY DAY

There has been a steel strike for over a month, and Rita Ham went over to Harrison, N. J., to draw pictures of steel mills, and closed gates and pickets. The sketches were as good as Goya or Louis Lozowick. She draws men and women sitting around the library, with compassion and truth. Victims of an industrial system.

Bob Ludlow, Michael Harrington and Roger and Dick and Martin have been out on picket lines to call attention to the regime of repression and injustice which still endures in Spain. There have been meetings, talks, study. A vast program of civil disobedience has been set going in South Africa, and our sympathy, and aid in any form we can give it, must be with these African brothers of ours.

And friends write to remind us, thinking we forget, that but one thing is necessary, love, and "seek ye first the kingdom of heaven."

All action springs from love. That was what Dante said. "Our God is a consuming fire," St. Paul said. One is driven, when one loves, to ways of expressing that love, to physical expressions of love, to a desire for union with others, and this love may find its expression in picket lines, in articles and speeches, crying out against injustice, destitution and violence. It is a work of mercy to rebuke the sinner, to comfort the afflicted, to enlighten the ignorant. We must choose what means we can, and they must be pure means.

St. Paul wrote, "Know ye not that you are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? But if any man violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy. For the temple of God is holy, which you are." What reverence we must have for our brothers, for the bodies of our brothers, and what consuming care we should have that they receive what is needful, that they be not exploited.

As for ourselves, yes, we must be meek, bear injustice, malice, rash judgment. We must turn the other cheek, give up our cloak, go a second mile.

A recent Communist pamphlet says, "Religion has not ceased to be a harmful and reactionary ideology since it attempts to inculcate contemptuous attitudes towards all that is earthly, and by token distracts from the building of Communism . . . The preaching of the life

(Continued on page 2)

## Pacifist Conference at Peter Maurin Farm

There will be a pacifist conference at Peter Maurin Farm the weekend of September 5th with discussions by Bob Ludlow, Mike Harrington and Ammon Hennacy. All are invited. Hans is preparing a men's dormitory in the barn and there will be plenty of garden vegetables by then.

It would be good to write ahead and let us know you are coming. Call the Catholic Worker in New York for directions. GRamercy 5-8826.



# 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, TOM SULLIVAN, MICHAEL HARRINGTON  
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY  
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2  
Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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



## Love and Justice

(Continued from page 1)

beyond the grave and the summons to take thought only for the saving of one's soul are radically hostile to Soviet concepts. Faith in life beyond the grave vitiates the believer ideologically, develops in him a feeling of extreme individualism and paralyzes his will in the struggle for Communism."

We are afraid this is often true in the struggle for social and racial justice. The old I. W. W. song, "You'll get pie in the sky when you die," is too often the comfort of the Christian. We hug to ourselves, "After all, God will make it up to them, 'He will throw down the mighty from their seats and the rich he will send empty away . . . He will fill the hungry with good things.' And we do nothing, or do little, and leave the rest up to God.

But the crisis is urgent. The Holy Father cries out to rouse Christians from their lethargy. There are stirring calls from the Australian and French hierarchy, to name but a few pastoral letters.

We know that we can do little, but we must resolve to do all. To give ourselves completely, without reserve, to offer ourselves, to be willing to lay down our lives for our brothers. We must pray to want to. We must pray to become men of desires, and those desires will overflow into action.

It is not a counsel of perfection—this call to love. "A new precept I give unto you," Christ said, "that you love one another as I have loved you, to the laying down of one's life for his friend." This was a physical fact in Christ's life and should be a physical fact in our own. If we are afraid, we must pray not to be afraid, to be fools for Christ. Love includes justice.

## Detroit Catholic Worker Appeals

THE DETROIT CATHOLIC WORKER  
ST. FRANCIS HOUSE  
1432 BAGLEY—WO. 2-5857  
P. O. BOX 615

Dear Friends in Christ:

"AND THERE WAS A CERTAIN BEGGAR NAMED LAZARUS WHO LAY AT THE RICH MAN'S GATE, COVERED WITH SORES."

For 15 years, we at the Detroit Catholic Worker, through your generosity, have been the rich man to whose gate has been coming Christ in the guise of the modern Lazarus. We who daily trust in Divine Providence, through the technique of voluntary poverty, consider ourselves rich in the serving of God's Poor. For as St. Augustine says, "The service you owe the needy is to join in bearing some of the burden that oppresses them." The poor man's burden is need, and our urgent need of the moment is to be able to buy 25 feet of land of the city of Detroit, so that we may continue to feed, clothe, and house the many who come to us, daily.

Our landlady died and willed that her property be converted into cash and the money used to construct an orphanage in her hometown in Italy. Through the executor of the estate we are being given the opportunity to buy our House of Hospitality for \$4,000. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward J. Hickey, ex-Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Detroit, now Pastor of St. Mary's Redford, personally gave up \$500 for the down payment. Through our appeals in the MICHIGAN CATHOLIC and this letter we are trying to raise the balance. To date we have received a total of \$1,124.14; the balance due is \$2,875.86.

"No man gave," says the text, that is all; Dives is not reproached for refusing. Lazarus holds his peace, leaving his sores to plead for him. The sores pleading for him today are: neglected old age; physical handicaps; scarred war veterans; periodic unemployment; poor housing, and exorbitant rents. One wonders how long he will hold his peace, in these times of plenty. Owning the 25 feet of land and keeping our House of Hospitality open, God Willing, we may through the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy cleanse, and bind, the sores of Lazarus with your Christ-like Charity towards us.

In return we will have the Holy Sacrifice offered in our Parish for you and your intentions, and our daily Rosary will be continued in remembrance of you.

Sincerely in Christ the Worker,

LOUIS J. MURPHY

## A.C.T.U. Needs Immediate Aid

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists began fifteen years ago in the kitchen of the Catholic Worker. Since then, we have had many differences of opinion about fundamental questions in the labor movement, and these still persist, to some extent. Be that as it may, "The Labor Leader," official journal of the Association is in trouble. 3,000 new subscribers are needed by September, at a reasonable \$2 per year. It prints a wide coverage of strike and labor activity throughout the United States which is valuable, and though the CW can't subscribe to all the interpretations put on these events, it can subscribe to the principle that free discussion of these problems among Catholics sympathetic to labor is necessary and good. Our readers can subscribe by sending \$2 to: Labor Leader, 327 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

# ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Today is the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On such a feast when I am saying the Joyful Mysteries, I think of my sister or daughter, and of visits to them. It is fitting also to think especially of young mothers who are pregnant, since Mary was with child when she went to visit her cousin Elizabeth who was also with child. Such distractions make the meditation very much alive.

She went with haste, over the hills, and she was very young, only sixteen tradition tells us, and she must have been very beautiful and quiet and eager. I love to read of her going with haste. The lesson in the missal for this day is from the Canticle of Canticles.

"See where he comes, how he speeds over the mountains, how he spurns the hills. No doe, nor fawn was ever so fleet of foot as my beloved. And now he is standing on the other side of the wall; now he is looking in through each window in turn, peering through every chink. I can hear my beloved calling to me, Rise up, rise up quickly, dear heart, so gentle, so beautiful, rise up and come with me. Winter is over now, the rain has passed by. At home, the flowers have begun to blossom; pruning time has come; we can hear the turtle doves cooing already, there at home. There is green fruit on the fig trees; the vines in flower are all fragrance. Rouse thee and come, so beautiful, so well beloved, still hiding thyself as a dove hides in a cleft rock or

crannied wall. Show me but thy face, let me but hear thy voice, that voice sweet as thy voice is fair."

Tomorrow I am beginning a visit of a week with my grandchildren, while Tamar and David go on a vacation and the rest of this column will not be written on this donated typewriter, a very good rebuilt one, which came in answer to my appeal last month, the gift of a father of five children and himself a poor man I am sure; but I will be writing by hand under the mulberry trees, in snatches, and I will write to rest myself, and to recollect myself, and it will be a form of meditation, another way of practicing the presence of God. I will write at night when the children go to bed and I will try to be conscientious in keeping this little diary, for the sake of all the other mothers of small children who are trying to lead the spiritual life, a supernatural life, and who feel submerged, exhausted, by the weight of the physical.

Everyone knows the little booklet by Brother Lawrence, *The Practice of the Presence of God*. It is claimed by Quakers, Episcopalians, Lutherans, many others, just as Thomas a Kempis is claimed by all.

*The Ways of the Pilgrim* is another little book written by a Russian Pilgrim who was looking for a spiritual leader who would teach him how to pray without ceasing as we are told to do by St. Paul. One

(Continued on page 7)



## The Peace of Christ is Not Achieved By Violence

By EILEEN FANTINO

"Peace I leave you, my peace I give you: not as the world giveth do I give you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid."

The peace of Jesus Christ is not the peace of this world, not the ebb tide of a violent sea, that false silence preceding the rushing waters of war. Humanity buries itself time and time again in violence because we refuse to understand the meaning of our existence. We refuse to lose ourselves in Christ by submitting completely to the law of charity. This resistance we offer Christ is the root of our blind acceptance of the law of violence, with its ultimate result, war. We whitewash the evil in our own souls and throw spotlights on the evil of our "enemies." Flags unfurl and trumpets blare as we announce to the world our mission of preserving human dignity. Rushing into the battlefields, we kill our brothers, and kill God, in Whose image every soul is created, and Whose name is Love. What kind of doublefaced Christianity can justify the wholesale murder of thousands of innocent people? What can we call the insanity that makes a man think he serves God when he drops an atom bomb on the flesh and blood of a whole city?

God is no longer our God when war comes because He has ceased to be our God before war comes. Our faith is not always in the positive power of love, in Christ, not when we're put to a real test, not when it costs us something, or we are threatened. Then we place our faith in guns, rockets, radar screens, A-Bombs, the Marines, War Bonds, the width of the Atlantic and Pacific, and sugar rationing.

When the world cools down, and all the dead are buried, what has happened to the evil we thought we were burning off the face of the earth? It's still there. What have we proven? We've proven that we are the stronger side. What disagreements have we settled? None. What spiritual change do we see in our enemy? None. For evil, we who professed to have less evil in us, have returned evil, for violence we have given violence, for terror we have given terror. We've matched bomb for bomb; and hate for hate.

Jesus stands before His enemies, humble and loving, asking forgiveness for them. This is not weakness and cowardice we see on Calvary. The legions of Angels stayed in Heaven, and the obedience of Our Lord in one act of submission moved Heaven and earth. From that moment the stones of the tomb have been splitting, and the glory of the Resurrection has conquered darkness. We who profess faith in the divinity of Christ must also profess faith in the power of love. The world has conditioned us to respond with violent resistance when we are confronted with an enemy, synthetic or real. Christ had another message. He does not give as the world gives. He has no sympathy with national interests. He would not be King of an earthly city. He has no sympathy with power politics and big business, and no foreign markets to protect. He does not want to make the world safe for Democracy. He wants to make the world safe for His children, all of them, not just those on our side of the world. He wants us to love one another. "This one commandment I give unto you, that you love one another as I have loved you." This is not a convincing argument if you reject Christ and His law, but if you do accept it, can you kill your brother and profess to love him? Christ said, "He who is angry with his brother is in danger of hell fire." Is this the Christ that some would have us believe blesses our wars?

The tragedy is that we do not try Christ's way. If evil is imposed on us it is only external. It can not damn us. There are other means of opposing evil besides violent means. Violence is the most negative and unfruitful approach to the problem of evil. Christ's way is: returning good for evil, and love for hate. Following Him would make war impossible, but in the eyes of the world it's a fool's answer.

Some of us are so ready to die on the battlefield and so reluctant to die for Christ, so quick to use violence and so slow to realize that sons of God can be won over only by love, and that God Himself would not force us to choose Him, no matter how bitterly we fought to destroy Him and His creatures.

War is such a complicated business, obviously the evil can never be concentrated exclusively on one side. The causes are complex and interwoven, the tension and fear so great, but Christ is simple. He gives us Peace and the unity of the Spirit which makes His Mystical Body one inseparable whole. If one member is hurt, so is the Body and so is its Head. When we kill anyone, even though we believe it to be in the service of God, we are also killing part of ourselves, and part of Christ, Who has willed that we abide in Him and He in us.



## Approaches to Birth Control and Over Population

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

In Das Kapital, Marx characterized Malthusian theory: as the pessimism of the bourgeois.

Catholic discussion of contraception has too often been apriori. It has not considered the questions which Marx indicated so brilliantly. It has not conceived the problem in its historical and political context, nor realized the economic and social attitudes implied by the advocacy of birth control as a population technique.

For, birth control as the individual choice of a disintegrating western bourgeoisie is one thing. But as a mass technique within non-bourgeois, revolutionary cultures, it must be subjected to empirical discussion and evaluation.

### The Historical Context

The rise of population as a function of scientific and hygienic discoveries is well known. But the historical background of the mechanics of food distribution, which made this increase a problem, are too often forgotten.

To take one instance. In a recent book, the Chairman of the Executive Council of the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations wrote: "The prevailing starvation in South America is a direct consequence of the continent's historical past. This history is one of colonial exploitation along mercantile lines. It developed through successive economic cycles the effect of which was to destroy, or at least upset, the economic integration of the continent... During the course of each of these cycles, one finds a whole region giving itself up entirely to the monoculture, or mono-exploitation, of a single product—at the same time forgetting everything else, and thus wasting natural wealth and neglecting the potentialities of regional food supply."

Given the historical background, we must identify Malthus' view as naive. Hunger is not a result of the geometric progression of birth as against the arithmetic progression of resources. It is rooted in concrete events, as a result of political and economic organization; more precisely, it is to a large extent, the guilt of western capitalism.

### The Present

Given the historical—and not the mathematical—causation of overpopulation problems, the present must be analyzed in the same concrete fashion.

For instance, China.

The density of China as a whole is small in comparison with other nations: 104 people per square mile, as against 686 in Holland, 725 in Belgium, countries which have not faced a calamitous peacetime food crisis.

Yet place this figure within the economic and social structure of China: an agrarian country where farming is conducted by primitive methods in extremely limited areas. The result is that the functional density in China is 1341 people per square mile. In short, it is not so much the natural situation which has given China its population problem, but rather the social organization of those natural resources.

This economic organization expresses itself ideologically within the hearts of the people as moral commandments, beliefs, popular customs.

It should be obvious that there is no simple solution to such a problem. The general answer probably lies in the direction of industrialization (which requires many human beings!), and in a more rational use of farm land.

But what is more obvious. To believe that such a complex problem of economic organization and cultural belief can be solved by the introduction of a technique which is grounded in the conditions of the western middle class is to fly against all the evidence. Such isolated action, profoundly out of

harmony with the culture, cannot even afford temporary relief.

Though one cannot condone the violence and police state aspects of Mao's rule, we can at least realize that it is based on a realistic appraisal, and calls, not for birth control, but for industrialization and scientific agriculture.

As Doctor de Castro of the UN writes: "The uselessness of such an approach is especially apparent if its sponsors hope in this way to put an end to starvation. It would be futile to try to control reproduction by means of propaganda when biological, psychological and economic patterns all work to make the population bigger and bigger."

### Technology

This is not to imply that the problem is simply solved. The realization that economic and political organization are the core of the tragedy is only the beginning. Gigantic obstacles are in our way. Western failure to provide a meaningful alternative has driven the Asiatic masses to Stalinist enslavement because it at least promises the start of a rational solution.

But more crucially: man has not learned to live with his scientific capacity.

Fruit trees can now be grown in the Arctic. Watermelons now ripen North of the Arctic Circle. Wheat has been developed that has five heads on a stalk instead of one. Three British farmers walled off a North Sea inlet and turned 1,500 acres of sea bottom into rich farmland. The "Ninety Mile" dessert in Australia has been settled. Israel has created hydroelectric power by funneling Mediterranean water downhill to the Dead Sea.

De Castro points out that we possess the ability to feed four times the present population of the world.

Yet at this point, Stalinist imperialism promises a solution to the masses of the world, but in reality exploits their resources to aid in the industrialization of Russia—a speeded-up, more brutal form of what the Western capitalist accomplished in the 19th century, yet the same process. And western democracy pledges the "development of backward lands," but places its faith, and ninety-five percent of its international budget, in armies, and fails to solve problems of hunger within the "Free World" itself.

The rejection of birth control as a mass technique and the affirmation of the complex economic nature of the problem (requiring means of solution in accord with the situation) is a long range approach. Yet there are actions which must be taken now.

World immigration policy must be changed. Thus, sparsely settled Australia places restrictions on oriental immigration and this must be changed. Within the United States, the recent McCarran Bill is racist and totally in contradiction to what must be done.

Regional and national development must be undertaken. Yet in order to do this, opposition to the internal economic organization of countries like the United States is required. For it is doubtful (as the fate of Point Four, and political impracticality of Justice Douglas' Point Five, demonstrate) that a policy guided by businessmen and policies of "free enterprise" will ever undertake the necessary steps.

But this, at least, must be understood. Though we would defend the individual civil right of the citizen to practice birth control (morally, because of his obligation to follow his conscience, even if it be wrong), we must condemn the idea that birth control offers a mass solution. And we must not only condemn it on moral grounds. For given the nature of the problem, birth control does not provide a workable technique, and

(Continued on page 6)

## Maryfarm

By DIANE ZDUNICH

Big Stinky has invaded Maryfarm and we are assured that all Maryfarm activities will be accompanied by an amazing stench hereafter. Those of us who pride ourselves with delicate nose machinery will suffer a little, but we all take pride in Stinky's working capacity and endurance. As long as Stinky endures—we will endure Stinky. Stinky is a flycatching outfit which clears a whole area of flies, working on the principles of sensory attraction and following the crowd.

We have had a retreat here over the July 4th weekend which was given by Father Gregory Smith, O. Carm., Prior of St. Albert's Seminary, Middletown, New York, on the Spirit of Worship. Taking the encyclicals of the Holy Father on the Mystical Body and the Liturgy, Father Smith stressed the oneness that exists among us, and that the realization of this is heightened by conscious participation in the Sacrifice. In the spirit



of the retreat, Father taught the novice Mass singers a Mass for the Sunday following the 4th, which closed the retreat. It seemed almost an impossible feat, but it certainly turned out very well.

Our wonderful cow, Daisie Mae, is giving 18 quarts of milk a day. There is enough for the family to drink, cook with, make cheese and occasionally have—butter. John has been in the hospital just lately and the days he was gone certainly offered everyone—even the cow—a little more than a diversion. John had been the milker and a very speedy one at that, and now the cow and the rest of us were getting to know each other for the first time. Daisie Mae must have been very astonished to see a different person sitting on the stool everytime she turned around. Well, everyone was getting a sore arm and the cow was starting to put her foot down—in the milk, so one of our neighbors took over, who was so fast at milking that the cow never had a chance to realize it was someone new. John is back now and things are starting to get back to normal on the animal side, but all of us will remember the time it took a whole hour to finish the milking. And we still have sore arms.

It is funny how everyone seems to pop up at the same time here. We will have days with no visitors and then suddenly they come from everywhere.

Lately we have had the Dave Hennessy's with their five children. It really was family-like to have them and the Hughes children all here at once. That same night the Hennessy's came, Tom

(Continued on page 6)

## The Non Violent Revolt in South Africa Against Racial Discrimination

A revolution has begun in Africa. A revolution without violence on the side of the oppressed.

On April 6th, 1952, the 300th anniversary of the white man's coming to South Africa, over 100,000 people gathered in different parts of the South African Union. They protested the racist laws of that country, laws as ferocious as those of Hitler Germany, and laying claim to Christ as their inspiration.

The President General of the African National Congress, Dr. J. S. Moroka called for 10,000 civil disobedience volunteers by June 26th. The answer was enthusiastic.

J. B. Marks, President of the Transvaal African Indian Congress, was among the leaders threatened by the government if he persisted in his activity. In disobedience of this order, he addressed mass meetings and said: "Life is very precious and very valuable, but if for the freedom of our people I must give it up, I will give it up. I will give it for true democracy in this country. I will give my last drop of blood."

On June 26th, the next stage of the campaign was reached. In Port Elizabeth, prayers were said. In Durban, Johannesburg, Cape Town, mass meetings were held.

Police chiefs assembled to discuss how to break the uprising. John Ngwevela, of the African National Congress, Ismail Bhoola of the Indian Youth Congress, J. B. Marks, and other leaders were arrested.

Volunteers from Johannesburg led by the President of the Transvaal Indian Congress, Nana Sita, were arrested at the Boksburg Location, 20 miles from Johannesburg. Permit Regulations do not allow non-whites to leave certain defined areas.

Fifty-four resisters were arrested in Johannesburg. They had been on the streets after eleven o'clock. Which, for an African, is a crime.

Thirty volunteers were arrested in Port Elizabeth for defying apartheid (segregation) laws at the railway station. Non-whites are prohibited from using the same facilities as whites.

Violence has not been used by the volunteers. The government will not hesitate to use it, clubs, or, guns.

At the same time, within the United States of America, a democracy, there were apartheid laws in the South and a racist immigration bill on the statute books.

The struggle is world-wide: our prayers and help must be with our African brothers—and with our American brothers.

(Note: It has been reported that Ghandi's son withdrew from the campaign because it would not pledge total abstinence from violence. This is, of course, a serious development. However, thus far, the civil disobedience campaign has NOT made use of violence—although its members have been beaten and jailed!)

## Peter Maurin Farm

By EMILY SCARBOROUGH

One morning, Frank Miller, our present baker, was on his way to Mass when he noticed the bakery door unlatched—contrary to his regulations. Glancing in, he beheld the place in a shambles, and two web-footed goslings rolling about. Hastily shutting the door, and latching it, he went on to Mass, thinking to put off dealing with such a situation until he had had spiritual fortification. After breakfast there was an uproar; the goslings had escaped. All of the Smith children, and some of the adults—among whom I, who caught a gosling—engaged in the pursuit. They had been brought by Mrs. Mazet of Providence, our good friend, and were intended for Tamar. She had arrived late at night and the goslings, unbeknownst to Frank, who likes regularity, had been unceremoniously installed, by someone in the bakery. Mrs. Mazet and four friends brought something else not seen before on these premises: steaks; not to mention chicken. By a series of contretemps and misunderstandings this interesting lady (who is by the way, a silversmith, an illuminator of manuscripts, as well as a farmer) got none either of the chicken nor of the steak. We apologize, assuring her of the great merit she will receive hereafter, and inform her that we never ate such steak.

\* \* \*

Stanley has been visiting us; John McKeon came twice, to our joy; and Michael Kovalak. Stanley's brother, "Little Walky," is a steel worker of huge proportions; he was here while the steel strike in Baltimore was going on. His accounts of life in the steel mills, and in the U. S. Army in Europe, were spell-binding.

\* \* \*

Peggy makes beautiful flower arrangements for the dining room table. She got dozens of plants for nothing—using only her gold zinnias, and blue hydrangeas—from some nursery, and installed them. She wrote a Scotch sign for the bread-box. For quite a while she has been setting the table, with fidelity.

Leonard is as deeply involved with the Smith children as ever;

they command him. He fixed up two playhouses for them, and is constantly making them gadgets and toys. Before April first, no soul dared touch Leonard's hammers, and as for peeking into his desk drawer, one of us would as soon have stuck one's head into the apartments of the Royal Bengal tiger in Central Park. But the Smith children are milk in his hands: his hammers lie over the countryside, and strange objects are to be seen protruding from his drawer. He drives them to the beach. He can't discipline them. They play hob with his life, following him down to his private abode. When he shuts his door, they poke sticks through his screen. Mrs. Smith between the hours of seven and nine at night is like a general directing her armies on the field. She has a system for getting every one of them scrubbed every evening, by another of them. She stands no nonsense. When she heard about sticks having been poked through Leonard's screen, she took action. Mac said Quee did it, Charlie said Mac did, and Quee said it was Charlie.

\* \* \*

William McAndrew, Jr., comes weekly. He can't imagine why. Everyone is glad when he appears; the intellectual tone rises. Subtleties are understood.

We have among us, and have had for some weeks, the Rev. Clarence Duffy, of the diocese of Kilmore, in Ireland. Hans and Ed, with lumber given for the purpose, transformed the other end of the barn into a sacristy, and a room for Father Duffy; since the barn lists six inches, this carpentry was an achievement. Like all Hans' work, it is neat and beautiful. He and Ed are laying the floor of a dormitory above. They have just finished repairing the Smith's porch.

\* \* \*

Fred was here for a fortnight. He repainted the Peter Maurin Farm sign, white-washed the fence, clipped the hedge, cut the lawn, sewed up the leather breaks in the station wagon seat, and did a

(Continued on page 8)



# + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

## Constructive Anarchism      Quartet in Heaven      The Existentialists

**CONSTRUCTIVE ANARCHISM**, by G. P. Maximoff (Maximoff Memorial Publication Committee, 2422 N. Halsted St., Chicago 14, Illinois; \$2.50). Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

The analysis of capitalist society by Maximoff is pretty much the traditional one among leftists and much of what anarchist and Marxists have been saying, and saying truly, for these many years. Saying it so often that their objections have been relegated to the literature of clichés. Saying it so often that it is received with a shrug of the shoulder, if not denounced as subversive and automatically rejected by the great majority of thinking individuals who do not realize the inherent worth of subversion. Maximoff points out that capitalist society is composed of two fundamental classes, capitalist and proletariat — that the former and less numerous possess all capital, the tools and means of production, and that the latter possess only labor power, physical and intellectual. That capitalist production is commodity production in which the market is the most important feature in the distribution of goods. That consequently the criterion of distribution is not what people need but what they can afford to buy. And that, while it is true that present day industrial techniques makes it possible to produce more than is required to cover the needs of all humanity, yet there are millions who cannot satisfy even their elementary needs. And further, that competition with capitalists of other lands in an attempt to place distant markets under monopolistic control, with the assistance of the State, and the resulting formation of trusts and cartels and syndicates and the consequent dictatorship of banks and stock exchanges, has resulted in a capitalist "planned economy" based on the calculation of purchasing power and not on real need. Maximoff further points out that capitalist democracy is no more than a protective covering for this disguised dictatorship. He points out that "State Communism" is no solution inasmuch as, in such a set-up, the entire population is subdivided into occupational groups and subjected to the control of a class of officials under whom they are compelled to labor.

With this analysis I am in full agreement though there are other factors which I believe enter in and which Maximoff does not treat of. By that I mean that his analysis of our present capitalist society is almost exclusively an economic one, and within that context true, but since I do not believe that economic factors exhaust the situation I think there could be drawn up an indictment of the system in psychological and philosophic terms also. Though it is also true that ethical considerations underlie Maximoff's objections. Incidentally, in this matter of an economic criticism of capitalism, St. Thomas Aquinas had some principles which, if applied, would make the operation of the capitalist system impossible. For example he states "it is by its very nature unlawful to take payment for the use of money lent, which payment is known as usury; and just as a man is bound to restore other ill gotten goods, so is he bound to restore the money which he has taken in usury." (Q. 78 Art. 1 P. II-11) Also "He that is not bound to lend may accept payment for what he has done, but he must not exact more. Now he is repaid according to equality of justice if he is repaid as much as he lent. Wherefore if he exact more for the usufruct of a thing which has no other use but the consumption of its substance, he exacts a price of something non-existent, and so his exaction is unjust." (ibid Reply q. 5). It is evident that St. Thomas' condemnation applies to ordinary interest as we know it

today, he makes no distinction between "interest" and "usury." But it can be seen what havoc his teaching would make of capitalist banking and finance.

### Socialization

In treating of the remedy Maximoff points out, what Marx also pointed out, that capitalism prepares the way for socialization. For, by uniting individual producers in one enterprise, capitalism socializes labor and in this way prepares the ground for the socialization of ownership which inevitably leads to a communization of production. However he is no believer in gradualism. Rather he states "I believe that the proletariat is capable of attaining its full liberty only thru revolutionary violence i. e. by direct action against capitalism and the State." p. 23 Again he states "Socialization of possession, is a revolutionary act involving violence, and its success depends on the use of force, whereas the socialization of labor is a process which demands for its unfolding the presence of both favorable circumstances and correct timing" p. 27. However he also believes that we should be concerned with the day to day struggles of workers. "Anarcho-Syndicalists view the everyday struggle of working classes as of tremendous importance. They believe the reduction of hours of work is a great blessing since, after a long working day, the worker is so weary that he has not the time or energy for social problems or communal issues." p. 39.

There is no point in going into all the details of the new society as Maximoff outlines it. In general he believes that the organization of an International Confederation must be preceded by a Communalistic Revolution, replacing the State by Communes and Trade Unions. He believes that liberty without equality (bourgeois democracy) is but formal liberty and that equality without liberty (State Communism) is also not the solution. And that anarchism (specifically Anarcho-Syndicalism) has the solution inasmuch as both liberty and equality are possible in such a system. And it will be well to read the book itself to get all the details. It seems patent that anarcho-syndicalism calls for a type of government but, in large part, self-government. I remark this because I think a lot of nonsense has been written, both by anarchists and their opponents, relative to anarchists' rejection of all government. But there is no reason why the Communes and Trade Unions of the anarcho-syndicalist society should not be regarded as a type of government. There is no point to placing needless verbal difficulties in the way.

### Disagreements

And now I must come to some matters of disagreement with Maximoff, a regretful disagreement to be sure. For he states "Hence the second step will be the organization of armed forces according to all the rules of military science, but in complete harmony with the fundamental aims of the Revolution itself." p. 136 "as to peace and public security, a citizens guard service would be organized for this purpose." p. 31 He also states that there "will be need to provide for training of specialists in all branches of military service . . . the services of the officers of the old army and the technical intelligentsia will have to be utilized by the Revolution" p. 138 Now, despite the fact that Maximoff states "I am an anti-militarist" p. 25, I very much fear that the militarization necessary in such a set-up as the "peoples' militia, which Maximoff advocates, will guarantee the destruction of the ideals of the Revolution and end up as merely another tyrannical system. When he states of the Russian Anarchist-Communists that their activities

(Continued on page 8)

One of the pleasantest and most engaging studies in sanctity that has appeared in some time is Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Quartet in Heaven* (Harper & Brothers, New York). Of the four women she writes about, three are canonized; the fourth, Cornelia Connelly, qualifies for inclusion by reason of her exceptional virtue.

Miss Kaye-Smith, in her introduction, confesses that her quartet falls easily into a sort of series of heavenly *pas de deux*. Thus we have the matrons, St. Catherine of Genoa, and Mother Connelly, and the maidens, St. Therese and St. Rose of Lima. This, however, is not the only juxtaposition of the four. Environment, psychological makeup, and the time in which each lived sets in motion the grouping and regrouping within the circle. Therese and Cornelia are modern saints as opposed to Catherine and Rose whose scene is set much earlier. But it is Rose and Cornelia who are the Americans, while Catherine and Therese are rooted in a European culture.



A fresh pattern results when Catherine and Rose take their places as saints in the "grand manner," and the two nineteenth century women shiningly exemplify the perfection of the more "ordinary" virtues.

Which of the quartet is the most appealing is hard to judge. On a human level Cornelia Connelly's story is certainly the most dramatic. It is touching to read of the beautiful, gay and contented wife's renunciation of her happy life to allow her husband to enter the priesthood. His subsequent apostasy and the estrangement of her children from the Church was agony to her—her sacrifices must have seemed fruitless indeed. Yet the establishment of her teaching order had a profound influence on the religious education of girls, and Cornelia followed her painful path with perfect confidence in the will of God. St. Catherine, on the other hand, was a mistreated, melancholy wife, drifting into neuroticism when her sudden "conversion" changed her from a devout, moping girl into the dynamic woman whose penances, ecstasies and good works converted her husband as well as countless others.

The maidens are equally unlike. Rose, practicing brutal penances, is scarcely a subject for imitation but rather, an expiatory figure. Her innocence and beauty are in sharp contrast to her awareness and horror of sin; like "a visitor from another world" she shrank from it and atoned for it in her own person. Therese, however, with her Little Way of exemplary performance of the humblest, most boring duties; has drawn to herself a host of followers.

Sheila Kaye-Smith has some interesting things to say on the nature of sanctity in the epilogue of her book. Her comments on such phenomena as extra-sensory perception and its relation to sanctity are arresting. The notes on the sympathy of the saint with the natural world, and on the productivity of suffering (in which she uses the symbolism of wine as the expression of her ideas) are filled with freshness and beauty.

And the comments, as well as the individual sketches, tie together what I felt to be her main thesis—

(Continued on page 8)

**THE EXISTENTIALISTS**, A Critical Study, by James Collins, Henry Regnery, Chicago, \$4.50; *Homo Viator*, by Gabriel Marcel, Henry Regnery, \$3.50. Reviewed by Michael Harrington.

Pascal said that man was a creature incapable of absolute ignorance or absolute knowledge.

At the beginning of the modern age, man thought himself on the verge of absolute knowledge. Finally Hegel presented him with a philosophy in which all of history, all of reality, operated as the function of a system.

Kierkegaard rebelled against this essentialism. He affirmed that existence did not happen because it was thought, but was seen, observed, engaged, because it existed.

Many Catholic college graduates profess Thomism. Yet often they are objectivist, analyze black and white, prone to feel that once man is defined as a rational animal that discussion about him is exhausted. Historically, this was, as Etienne Gilson has pointed out, the result of a confusion in which Suarez and Christian Wolff masqueraded in the manuals of scholastic philosophy as Thomas, when their teaching was opposed to that of the Angelic Doctor. Actually, the result has been that many a Catholic considers that reality takes its characteristics from itself as it is thought, and not that thought learns from reality.

The modern existentialists have emphasized man's ignorance in Pascal's formula. All of them realize that conceptual knowledge is, at best, the merest approximation of reality (indeed, Thomas taught this), all of them have emphasized the non-rational and intuitional in our knowledge of reality.

Unfortunately, the movement has been identified in the minds of many Catholics with the left-bank. But in truth it represents one of the great traditions of perennial philosophy and one of the great traditions of Christianity, of Augustine, Bonaventure, Pascal, Kierkegaard, and the modern Catholics, Rousselot, Darcy and Gabriel Marcel: it has much to teach us of ourselves.

### James Collins

James Collins describes modern existentialism. He identifies its immediate heritage of Kierkegaard and Husserl and studies four of its most important modern manifestations; Sartre, Jaspers, Marcel, and Heidegger. The book is written for the student; it is tightly reasoned, complex, but certainly valuable to anyone with some academic background in philosophy.

I regard its publication as a significant event in the intellectual history of the American Church. It is a sign of maturity.

For Collins, a professor of Philosophy at St. Louis University, has written a book of great brilliance and insight and breadth. I would pay him the extremely high compliment of favorable comparison with Gilson. For in the *Existentialists*, one meets the same sympathy, the same remarkable ability to describe another man's thought fairly and accurately even when it is disagreed with, the same kind of intellectual charity that one finds in our greatest living Thomist. The subject matter of the book is a limitation (and I certainly hope that Professor Collins turns his gifts to a wider range, both historically and conceptually), but it is a good book, a fine book.

Too often, the intellectual work of American Catholics has been marred by a polemic spirit, an over-simplifying and lack of depth. These qualities are entirely absent from Collins' work and this is an achievement for us.

I would particularly recommend the Thomistic philosophy which emerges in the critical sections of the *Existentialists*. I have rarely seen such a concise and intelligent statement of Thomist values (my

own bias is Augustinian, to magnify the compliment).

All in all (as should be apparent by now), I am excited by this book. It is not a great book (the limitations of the subject matter and the type of analysis would alone keep it from this achievement), but it is a well-wrought book, clear, brilliant and fair. It should come to us as a welcome indication of the vigor and vitality which can come from the Catholic intellectual community in the United States. Professor Collins deserves our deepest gratitude.

### Gabriel Marcel

In addition to the need of Catholic students to avoid a sterile conceptualism and the corrective which existentialists give to this trend, there is another reason why we should consider these men seriously.

In all of the existentialists, there is a knowledge of the freedom and personal responsibility of man. In some this freedom is consigned to a darkness. But the Christians among the existentialists have much to teach us about personalism. And as we go forward in a social movement, it is necessary that we examine the metaphysical and religious depths of our belief in the person.

Gabriel Marcel has long spoken of the personal in man. In *Homo Viator*, he returns to one of his favorite themes: that the notion of community is essential to the notion of person. That a man becomes himself in community with God and his fellow man; that without these relationships, man is vague, indeterminate.

Marcel also feels deeply the radical fact that man awakens with existence about him, given, and finds himself a wanderer because he is a creature of spirit. *Homo Viator*, *Man the Wayfarer*, is a title in the Augustinian tradition of pilgrimage, and it is the work of Marcel to give us this deep spiritual truth.

Along with the other existentialists, Marcel operates through an analysis of an actual situation. This keeping of the concrete case is an important antidote to the sometimes overly apriori character of Catholic thought. And since Marcel is an artist (a playwright), the analysis is doubly rewarding.

Some of the essays in *Homo Viator* are complex, dense, learned, and more profitable to the student than the general reader. But the book also contains essays which are more general (perhaps the most important essays are of this character) and rooted in situations which we all understand. It is a good introduction to his thought, and no matter what our philosophic persuasion, it can be read with great profit (Maritain, for instance, has used Marcel's distinction between problem and mystery in one of his best books, *A Preface to Metaphysics*).

Henry Regnery is to be especially complimented for making these books available. I am in emphatic disagreement with this publisher's catalogue when it comes to political books, but in philosophy, the Catholic owes Regnery a debt of gratitude. In addition to these two books, Regnery has published, Marcel's *Mystery of Being* (two volumes); Heidegger's *Existence and Being*; Thibon's *What God Has Joined Together*.

But again, I think it particularly important that Catholic students read books like these. The essentialist, conceptual inheritance from Suarez and Wolff must be done away with. A reverence for reality must be learned, our failure at absolute knowledge must be learned. Books such as Marcel's are a great aid to the Christian in doing precisely this. And books such as Collins' *Existentialists* strike a new note of hope for us, as thinking men and as Catholics.



## Full Summer

Past solstice: not yet the length of a month past;  
And now to leave, to go forth from the house,  
Aware of the first lack in the light  
Where but the light had sprouted.

So. That autumn edges? Days go short?  
Is it not of God's hand, all?

As in the North, remember, at the year's  
Change again toward its final quarter,  
After the somnolent summer held sustained its peace on  
the sea;

Then would the autumnal storms be blown in at night;  
And we picked our way down to the shoreline at dawn;  
And the eastern light, strong at our backs, thrust out to sea,  
And threw a different face on the sea;  
And we saw how the inswell of storm,  
That had troubled the face of the water far out,  
Disturbing those listless nooks of the tide,  
Those eddies, where all stagnant summer the sea held to  
its hoard,  
And now brought forward, shells, bottles, glass balls, pieces  
of wreck,

Many wonderful shapes, many wonderful things of the drift,  
Dead legions of the life of the sea,  
Strewn flotsam gifts of the ocean-going fleets,  
All there, all to be touched—but at next tide  
As solemnly gone, quite taken,  
That glittering beach, far as the sight fell,  
Picked clean. Even the gulls  
Gone.

And yet the sea was the same.  
The sea was the source in which all tides were manifest.  
It was the sea we went to.

So God in His seasons.  
And the God-seeker, the man God-loving,  
He will not worship entire opulent Fall, or sparse Winter,  
And will let frolicsome Spring go its own way for once.

But will look rather to that eternity within the flux,  
Where the source of all seasons holds them back at His mighty  
heart,

And breathes on them in their order.  
For the seasons seen are only the things of time,  
And time seen is only the order of things,  
And all things will fail.  
But the source of all things will never fail.  
For the nature of things lies in their being apart,  
They may suffer reduction.  
But the source of things is not fashioned of parts,  
And may not be reduced.

And we, being things, love things, and the sequence of things.  
We love the seasons. But what we seek of the thing  
Is that greatness within the thing  
Which keeps it in being.

Therefore praise Autumn, praise opulent Autumn,  
And breathe the white breath of Winter,  
And revel with Spring;

But love what Autumn will never succeed,  
Nor Winter curb, nor Spring survive,  
Nor even Summer, the tall triumphant Summer,  
Will never surpass:

Love Him.

WILLIAM EVERSON.

## APPEAL

**ST. FRANCIS BOOK SHOP**  
Care St. Francis of Assisi Mission  
Route 1, Box 28,  
Greenwood, Mississippi.

Dear Sirs:

Five of us women of the Catholic laity are planning to open a Catholic book shop for colored people. It is the first time in our locality that white women have worked among the colored.

So far we have visited the sick in the Negro hospital, but we want to get closer to them and we want them to feel close to us; therefore, we hope to establish an information center, especially for them, which we shall call "St. Francis Book Shop," and we shall do our work in connection with St. Francis of Assisi Mission, staffed by the Franciscan Fathers. We have been given the sanction of Most Reverend Bishop R. O. Gerow, Jackson, Miss., and of Rev. Father Luke Pedtke, O.F.M., Route 1, Box 28, Greenwood, Miss., to whom you may write for reference.

We ask your help, please, so

that we can get started with the work. Would you kindly send us any books or pamphlets or anything that would help an infant project like ours get started? We would be grateful for a free subscription to *The Catholic Worker*. From our observation week after week at the hospital we find that people are hungry for good books, and they ask us for these Catholic magazines and booklets that we have been distributing among them. Won't you help us to bring Christ to them?

We beg your prayers for the success of this work and ask that you please recommend it to others, perhaps through the pages of *The Catholic Worker*.

Thank you, sir, and God bless you—always.

Sincerely,  
(Miss) Marguerite Kelley.

P. S.—In writing to us, please use the temporary address at the top of this letter. We will send you the permanent address when we get set up.

## APPEALS

St. Augustine's Day 1951.  
My Dear Miss Day,

We are a group of nuns of the Congregation of St. Anne working in the Mission of Madathattuvilal in the diocese of Kottar S. Travancore S. India. Besides our work in helping in Missionary labours, our special line is education of the young. We run Free Primary Schools, Sunday Schools and conduct Sodalties and associations.

We came to this mission in 1945 and took up an old dilapidated school building for a temporary accommodation. We obtained a good site and commenced building a convent to suit our needs. Lack of funds to carry on legal cases forced us to stop the construction for some time. Now thank God all legal clouds are lifted and we are permitted to recommence and finish the building. But with all our resources, we can scarcely even half finish the construction.

Our present building is very old and crumbling and I fear the roof (thatched) of our outhouses would be soon carried away by the wind and should we have the downpours of rain that is usual in these parts our rooms will be flooded and the roofs and walls may give way. They are in such a precarious state.

We request you therefore to be so good as to make a correct and strong appeal in your much esteemed and popular paper, on our behalf for the financial help we need so urgently. I can assure you that I, the Sisters and the poor children among whom we work will offer daily prayers and sacrifices for you and the success of your most noble and self-sacrificing work.

May God bless you.  
Thanking you and in union of prayers,

I remain,  
Yours devotedly in the Sacred Heart,

Rev. Mother Mary Victoria  
Christ the King Convent  
Madathattuvilal  
Thuckalay Post  
S. Travancore  
S. India

My Dear Friend:

I write to you in the name of Mgr. Carreno, Provincial of the South India Salesian Society, in order to bring to your knowledge a few distressing facts.

Through the Press you know already a lot about Asia, and your gallant G.I.'s, who have crossed the ocean, will be able to tell you a lot more when back home. But there are certain sidelights which will escape any press reporter.

Our people are hungry! We bring God's message to them, but you can't talk of Redemption to hungry stomachs, unless you multiply the loaves. We are desperately at grips with a tragic situation. We have opened orphanages, dispensaries, technical schools, agricultural colonies. We are exhausted already . . . and yet our people are still on the verge of death by starvation.

In various Districts of South India (for instance in North Arcot, which is specially entrusted to us) there has been no regular rain for more than four years, hence no crops.

The U.N.I.C.E.F. has given us over one hundred thousand pounds of powdered milk. God bless them! But it is not enough.

Brother, help us! Help us save our people from the grips of hunger, and from the grips of communism.

Christ starves in His brothers. Our people suffer without a complaint, without a curse, without rancour or envy. They are thankful to you for a handful of milk powder. Help us tide over this crisis: soon we shall be in a position to help ourselves. Alas! not now still.

May God love you.

Yours gratefully,

Rev. P. Meliga  
Secretary, South-India Salesian Society,  
D'Castor Road, Madras 12, India

## Catherine-The-Carmelite

When the womb-dike burst and death flooded your life,  
Ere you had known the sweet, dry goodness of the sun,  
You struggled with the lusty quickness of a male,  
You, Catherine-small, valiant in the boiling red sea of the womb;

You struggled, sucking your mother with you, down and down,  
Until the nimble, rubber fingers lifted you deftly  
From the awry cistern of your primeval repose;

Then up and up, together, mother and child,  
Up to white beds and clear, cool air,  
Up to a world of sun, moon and stars,  
Truman and Taft, the Red Sox,  
A taxi honking like a mallard in the distance,  
Up where your father splashed the dying coals of his terror  
with ten-cent beers.

Into the world you came in strength,  
Clutching the priest's stole at the font,  
Your canary-talon tight as he poured you  
Into Christ-citizenry;  
And the prophecy uttered by the cleric:  
"She clutched the stole, she'll be a nun;  
If tightly held, a Carmelite."

Catherine-the-Carmelite,  
Welcome to our revolving stage of woe and laughter,  
Tarry with us in peace, our daughter,  
Before you go to Carmel.

JOSEPH DEVER

## Catholic Worker & Associated Houses, Farms, Cells

St. Joseph's House  
223 Chrystie St.  
New York 2, N.Y.

Blessed Martin House  
299 South 4th Street  
Memphis, Tenn.

Maurin House  
486 5th St.  
Oakland 7, Calif.

St. Joseph's House  
61 Tannehill St.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

St. Joseph's House  
402 South Ave.  
Rochester, N.Y.

Blessed Martin House  
38 Eye St., N.E.  
Washington, D.C.

Blessed Martin House  
1017 N. 7th  
Harrisburg, Pa.

Blessed Martin House  
2305 Franklin Ave.  
Cleveland 13, Ohio.

St. Francis House  
1432 Bagley  
Detroit, Mich.

St. Martha House  
1818 Leverette  
Detroit, Mich.

Peter Maurin House  
1342 W. Hubbard St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Blanchet House  
of Hospitality  
340 N. W. Glisan  
Portland 9, Oregon

St. Francis House  
28 Luna St. S.W. 10  
London, England

St. Joseph's House  
129 Malden Rd., N.W. 8.  
London, England

### CELLS

Don Humphries  
927 13th Ave. N.  
St. Cloud, Minn.

Mary Durnin  
2512 S. Madison  
Appleton, Wisc.

Eleanor Drouin  
61 Adams St.  
Biddeford, Maine

### FARMS

Maryfarm  
Rt. 3  
Newburgh, N.Y.

Peter Maurin Farm  
469 Bloomingdale Rd.  
Pleasant Plains, S.I., N.Y.

St. Benedict's Farm  
Upton, Mass.

Little Way Farm  
Rutland, Vt.

St. Joseph's Farm  
Cape May, N.J.

Our Lady of the Wayside Farm  
Avon, Ohio.

St. Benedict's Farm  
Lyons, Mich.

Holy Family Farm  
Rhineland, Mo.

Agnus Dei Farm  
Aptos, Calif.

Mary Benson  
Rehoboth, Mass.

Maryfarm  
Little Canada Rd.  
St. Paul, Minn.

## APPEAL

Pondy High Road—  
Villapuram  
South Arcot, South India  
October 9, 1951.

Dear Miss Day:

I write this to ask you kindly to have my request advertised in your paper *The Catholic Worker*.

We have been paying very heavy duty on Gift Parcels to our needy orphans. I wrote to Delhi asking the Controller to exempt us from duty as we really could not afford it.

This reply came to us—Persons sending out parcels should produce a certificate from the Embassy or Consulate of the Country from which import is being made to the effect that goods supplied are in the nature of gifts and intended for free distribution.

You will be helping in a very good cause by having this advertised. Our friends and benefactors may like to send our orphans Christmas gifts—I have a few requests to make—an organ for our Chapel, curtains too for our Dear Jesus—25 yards of any material—a gramophone for my poor orphans to gladden them at Christmastide. Please do your bit to help us.

God love and bless you always is the sincere wish of.

Yours sincerely in Jesus,  
Mother Benigna of Jesus.

"The sweatshop system! . . . The Bloody Sweat as a systemic Jesus' Bloody Sweat intended to be the silent partner of famines and massacres! . . . It might be thought that men have gone mad for having leaned over the edge of this gulf." (Leon Bloy, *Le Sang du Pauvre*.)



## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

group every night in the week. During the day the Professor can be seen asking others in the house to join his class.

We have a steady line of Puerto Rican mothers and their children seeking clothes here each day of the week. Some of them have to walk a couple of miles to get here. Frequently the mothers come in carrying infants in their arms with others tugging at their skirts. We know that they are nearly all Catholics and we often have the desire to talk to them about our mutual Faith. However we stifle this desire since we know all too well how disastrous this coupling the issue of clothing with preaching religion can be with a captive audience.

Some of these women and children come in while a few in the house are saying our noon-day rosary. Even though we don't suggest that they join us in the reciting of the beads they walk into the library where we gather and pray with us. Today an elderly woman and her five children all walked in during the middle of the rosary and knelt down alongside of us to pray to God and his Blessed Mother. As you pray with them you can't help but think how pleasing these people must be to God. For they are treated as the refuse of society by their fellow Christians and despite all that they cling tenaciously to the Faith. These are the poor and woe to us who have been remiss in our obligations towards them.

Our very good friend and fellow worker Charlie McCormick is on a much deserved vacation through the South. Charlie has been doing a fine job of driving our station wagon for the past three years and this is his first absence from the C.W. and the station wagon in three years. During the month of his sojourn he has visited the Trappist in Georgia where he made a week retreat and helped out with the work there for the other two weeks of his stay. At the present he is visiting with our good friend Madeline Krider in Florida. We hope Charlie will soon be back since he is sorely missed. Besides which I have been driving the wagon in the meantime and I am a little weary of my dear friends reminding me that I do not have the same sweet patience of Charlie when it comes to driving them to the beaches, etc., or wherever else their heart desires. I have also become more impressed with our dire need of a reliable station wagon that will take you seventy miles in less than eight hours. So if you have a good used or new station wagon that you would be so kind as to donate to us please call this number immediately—GRamercy 5-8826.

During the past couple of weeks we have had the pleasure of visits from five newly ordained Jesuits. We were deeply impressed by their broad visions and their tremendous zeal not to mention the numerous other excellent qualities that go to make up a first rate priest. One of them was quite intent on doing something about the sadly neglected group of Puerto Ricans found in this city. Another was planning to open up a center for men along the skid road in another large city. All of them plan to keep in touch with us and we knew we will benefit from this particular contact.

Two of our very good friends and part-time fellow workers, Eileen Fantino and Mary Ann McCoy have started a center for the poor in the Puerto Rican section of this city. These two girls have full time jobs where they put in eight hours a day doing office work and are devoting the rest of their time to getting their center underway. They have rented a store around 101st and 1st Ave. which will be the base of their activities. Recently they have been teaching catechism to the Puerto Rican children

in a nearby parish and now the good pastor has welcomed them into his parish with their new venture. We hope to have a complete story about this tremendous work in the next issue of the CW.

A friend of ours who is a recent visitor to Rome related to us how the Holy Father displayed a vivid interest in a young lady who is likewise engaged in working with the Puerto Ricans in New York. The Holy Father selected this girl out of a group who were having an audience with him and he questioned her for some ten or fifteen minutes. The onlookers received the impression that the Holy Father was greatly pleased with that particular apostolate.

The Reverend Francis Doino, S.J., pastor of our parish Church, Nativity on Second Avenue, has been transferred within the past week. During the two years of our residence in this parish Father Doino has been our only pastor and our relations with him have been most happy and gratifying. Our best wishes and prayers go with Father Doino, a priest we will surely miss.

Current issues of the magazines, the Missionary Servant and the Catholic Digest carry complimentary articles on the Catholic Worker. We have often heard it said that when they begin to write nice things about you, it is a sign that you are failing—we wonder.

Shin Chu returned to the house a month ago. He greeted us as though he had only been gone an hour instead of seven years. He cooked for the house while we were living on Mott Street. His bearing around the house confirmed the frequent comment that the Chinese are silent and mind their own business. So after seven years' absence his only remark was in the form of a question, "May I stay with you again?"

This casualness was a little too much for my curiosity. So I pried but didn't get very far. The height of his reply was to say that he had spent two years in Boston. Doing what he didn't add. People like this drive me mad. I want to know what is on a person's mind. What do they think about this and about that. I think it is criminal to have to dig and prod to achieve a person's opinion on a thorny question.

The mailing out of the June CW was interrupted by a man who pitched a case of delirious tremors on our front step. If you have ever dealt with people who were in the throes of the DTs you know that a hospital is the only place for them. Most of us stood around the poor man—simply helpless. A few minutes after it happened and while we were waiting an ambulance, a doctor friend of ours showed up with a donation of a man's suit. He examined the man and reassured us that nothing could be done until he was hospitalized.

The following afternoon another man who did not live in our house paid us a visit and he too shortly went into a case of the DTs. This man pitched and heaved on our library floor and we had to call an ambulance for him in the same manner.

Shortly after this episode a well dressed young man put in an appearance and proceeded to ask questions about the work and ourselves.

"Now you people here—have you dedicated your lives to this work?"

"Yes, for the period that we think this is the Will of God for us."

"Would you be avoiding obligations in the outside world by losing yourselves in this cause?"

"No, if we had outside obligations we would not be in the Catholic Worker."

"Maybe you are of the opinion that life is easier here than in the harsh world beyond your doors. Perhaps that is the reason for your hiding behind this movement."

At that point our eyes narrowed

## Maryfarm

(Continued from page 3)

Sullivan drove up in the station wagon, bringing along another man from Chrystie street to stay at the farm. We spent the night cleaning chickens which Tom drove back with him.

Right now we have several new people staying with us; among them, Bud, who is our cook and a specialist on chocolate cake. Then there are Eileen and Maureen Montague, who are from Easton, Pa., and once lived at the Catholic Worker farm outside Easton. Ione Theilman, who has been helping out the Ed Willock's is here for a week or so. Mrs. Willock gave birth to a baby, Ellen, just recently. Mrs. Patrick Coyle of Rochester, Michigan, will be here probably till the end of the summer.

There are many wonderful changes since the last column. A washing machine—which has it all over the old handscrub method—



can you imagine? With a spindrier and all. A sewing machine which will make sewing a lot faster and easier as soon as we find a needle that fits it. The chapel is newly painted — it's now ivory colored with a white ceiling, and and green draperies have replaced the old ones. There is a gas stove in the kitchen which is much more efficient than the one that occupied its space before. The men have been haying lately and the barn is really quite full. The land is yielding good, wholesome, fresh vegetables; and most everyone here has a good, wholesome, fresh appetite as a result.

Marge Hughes and family are moving on August 15th to Waverly, N. Y., where they will live on an 102 acre farm.

There is still a great need for many things. The house here has not been painted since Maryfarm was bought. It looks sad and is sad. The weatherbeaten paint is giving way and spots of wood show all over. Inside the house one of the rooms on the top floor needs painting. The altar vestments are frayed and very grey looking. The vestments for the priest and altarboys are in the same condition. In every room there are many things that need repairing or replacing, some we can make do.

and he noticed it. "I am not trying to offend you—I am just asking questions that have been on my mind."

Thinking of the two cases of DTs among other things we tried to appear unruffled as we answered, "Life is hard anywhere my friend. When you are on the outside you think it is easier here and when you are living here you are sure that it is much easier beyond these walls. I have lived under both conditions, naturally I wasn't born in the Catholic Worker."

On the next floor I heard him questioning another worker. This other worker suggested that he read all of Peter Maurin's Essays and he might get a fair idea of what brought us to join the Catholic Worker.

## One Man Revolution

(Continued from page 1)

cals and those who have frankly decided that their radicalism was youthful folly so for the remainder of their lives they would eat, drink, and be merry. I have also met former radicals who have become holy jumpers, Jehovah Witnesses, and even Christian Scientists, but in each case they carried their radical sincerity and self sacrifice into their new belief.

As I read of the life of the early Quakers I could not place Chambers into any sincere relationship with them. He did quit the party. That was well. He could still have been a radical after studying Kropotkin and Tolstoy, for a man of his learning could not be ignorant of the anarchist philosophy. If he liked life on the land he could have made a living on the land instead of accepting the thirty thousand pieces of silver a year from that super apologist of capitalism and war: TIME magazine. Whether all that he said about Hiss is true or not is not important. The problem is not "how bad is Hiss?" but "how good is this Chambers who talks about God and Freedom, and who after the travail of body and spirit must return to his capitalist vomit?" There is no sackcloth and ashes worn by this capitalist farmer and successful writer who has chosen to prostitute his clever mind to capitalism instead of to Stalin.

This baby business about "being on the losing side" does not come well from one who seems to be winning plenty of applause and cash in his new venture as the poor bashful boy from the wrong side of the tracks who fought the well dressed and high and mighty money changers in the State Department. In this election year when the slimy policies of our statesmen may be due for a change in direction, but not in sliminess, Chambers may well be on the winning side.

The comment of the Old Pioneer on Chambers was that he was reminded of an old time owner of a saloon and dance hall here in Phoenix who was quite a drunkard. One night he was drunk and went outside and slept off his spree on the pile of horse manure which was there in the days before automobiles. He was awakened by the scream of a woman, and staggering into the dance hall with the horse manure sprinkled over him, he shouted: "I come to defend the honor of woman."

### IRRIGATING

I have been irrigating three or more nights each week. Because of the heavy rains there is plenty of water this year and it is not rationed. If a farmer does not use up all the water he has ordered or is allowed in one year he is not permitted to carry it over to the next year, for no one can tell if the next year will be one of drought or not. Various crops need various amounts of water. In this two crops a year valley melons, lettuce, wheat and barley require 2 acre feet. Cotton takes 3 to 4 acre feet. Alfalfa 7 to 8 acre feet and celery the most of all: 9 acre feet. The average amount used by a farmer is 4 acre feet. Melons are irrigated with a small flow of water down each row for as long as 24 hours. The idea being that the moisture will gradually sub up to the roots. Thus not so much water is used as when a whole field of alfalfa is flooded. In this hot country when most seed is planted and irrigated another irrigation must soon follow so that the seed will be sure to start growing. An acre foot is the amount of water that would cover one acre a foot deep. The sanjero has a measuring device whereby he can tell how much water goes over a board. Thus 20 inches flowing over a board 8 feet long for 24 hours is an acre foot.

Generally the farmer I irrigate for uses 150 inches for three days and nights, switching the water from alfalfa to new plowed ground,

or wherever it is needed most. If the ground is very dry the water may shoot over it in a hurry and not penetrate to much depth. Then the next irrigation will use up much more water. The other night three lands (divisions about 33 feet in width with a border of dirt separating one land from another) ran smoothly in newly ploughed land and required no attention from me. Two other lands were not level and I had to make checks all along, as the water went to one side of the land entirely. Last night I did not cut off the water soon enough from the end of the quarter-mile run and too much of it flowed over into the highway. In this field there was no ditch to catch the overflow; the ditch being across the highway, so I hot-footed it to make openings for the water to escape. I always jeered in a highminded way toward those who let water run into the road, and now I, myself, am the guilty one. James, my boss, said he got the blame for being a poor farmer, for of the 50 people who might pass, only one would know that I was the hired man who was the culprit, but all knew him.

\* \* \*

Field after field is flooded with lights these past few weeks at night for the Navajos and Mexicans who tie carrots all night. Little money in it. Walking to a neighboring farm the other morning some young Mexicans who knew me pointed and motioned for me to come to the field where they were turning melon vines out of the ditch. I shook my head and said, "le otra," pointing to another job toward which I was headed.

### Garden

The out of state person who comes here and wants to raise even a small garden has much to learn. The seed catalogues are not written for this dry climate, and even the good articles that appear in newspapers do not sink in. One has to learn by bitter experience. These newcomers say it is a dry country so everything must have plenty of water and they proceed to pour on the water. The sun bakes the ground and cracks it open and the air gets in and the plant dies. Do not pour water on top of the ground. The right way is to make a trench and run the water in this trench beside the plant until it subs up and moistens the roots, the top soil remaining dry. When tomato plants are blooming lay off the water for they will not set and form tomatoes but will grow into tall green bushes. And after the tomatoes are green if you water them too often they will not ripen. Same with watermelon; when the blooms appear go slow on the water; then when the melons form give them the water which makes the watermelon. Irish potatoes seldom bloom in this climate. We have been eating them for about a month, but we will have to consume them quickly or give them to friends for in this dry climate the potatoes will soon wither away.

## Birth Control

(Continued from page 3)

this is a matter of empirical evidence.

We of the West are responsible. Failure to solve Japan's overpopulation in the twenties led toward Pearl Harbor. Ratification of the so-called Christian treaty with Japan, which makes the same mistake, leads toward the same kind of tragedy. There is no easy way, such as the advocacy of birth control, out of such a complex situation. Yet we certainly cannot be content with proposing measures out of the pessimism and despair of our own culture.

<sup>1</sup> I have relied on three recently published books for most of the statistics in this article. *The Geography of Hunger*, by Jesus de Castro (Little Brown); *Too Many of Us*, by Albert Neveitt (Indian Institute of Social Order); *Let There Be Bread*, by Robert Brittain (Simon & Schuster). I would enthusiastically recommend all of these books.



## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

of our readers sent me this last month, and I hear that Harpers is going to bring it out soon. It is included in a Treasury of Russian Spirituality, published by Sheed & Ward.

Just last week at Wainwright House, the headquarters for the Layman's Movement where I spoke, a little pamphlet was handed me, "Letters of a Modern Mystic" containing some of the writing of Dr. Laubach, on this same subject, practicing the presence of God. In his letters he begs others to write of their experiences along these lines.

I believe too, that this practice of the presence of God, is the Little Way of the Little Flower, the saint of our times who spoke of her way of spiritual childhood, which consisted in doing everything for the love of God, even to the picking up of a thread from the floor. For mothers who bend ceaselessly in their futile attempts to achieve some order in a household of small ones, the sanctification of the smallest action will be of comfort.

"All is grace," St. Therese exclaimed, even, I suppose, to the spooning oatmeal into tiny mouths, only to see the oatmeal smeared a moment later in the hair. Oh patience, patience! One may laugh but it is a suffering.

Last night I arrived at my daughters' so that Tamar could tell me what Mary should eat, what her schedule is and so on. Mary is eleven months old; Nickie is 2½; Eric is 4½; Sue will be six in August and Becky is 7½. In addition to his job in New York, David has a little mail order book business, handling distributor books. We must emphasize the fact that it is a "mail order" affair since several times recently people have come all the way from New York hoping to find a book shop at 201 Winant Ave. and have been very much taken aback to find a shabby unpainted cottage of five rooms and attic and porch, set back from a cinder road where there are only six other houses in the midst of four acres of burnt over wilderness. This section of Staten Island which used to be a fertile place before the days of Jersey industrialism and smog, is sparsely inhabited and is reached by taking an Arthur Kill road bus which goes from St. George to Tottenville, a ride of an hour and a half. David's place is about 55 minutes from the ferry, and when you get off the bus you climb a gentle hill through fields of second growth and tangled underbrush. In the spring frogs are vibrant in the marshes, and in the summer the song of crickets and katydids and cicadas fill the air and the birds, thank God are not discouraged by the smog but fill the trees with their warblings.

The house that David and Tamar are now living in had been rented for the past ten years and has not been painted in all that time. It has been ill-treated as all rented houses are and it is in bad need of repair. But when it was ten above zero it was warm and these last dog days of July it has been comfortable too, except in the attic.

It is a shabby house, but solid, and the sun shines in the kitchen and living room in the morning and in the three bedrooms in the afternoon. There is electricity and a big enough bathroom to accommodate the washing machine which Tamar acquired after her fifth child.

(This little account of the physical aspects of her existence is owing to our readers who have read *On Pilgrimage*, the collected columns published a few years ago which contained an account of the Hennessy life before Eric was born, on a West Virginia farm where there was neither running water nor electricity. The farm had cost \$1200 and was a dream of a place scenically but it was twelve miles from town and church and school and doctor or any kind of a job and

one cannot earn a living for a growing family under those circumstances, if one has been brought up in the city and has not the skills or strength required for country work. And there was the loneliness too, of living for three years in a community where there were no Catholics for ten miles. No neighbors called, only one old woman and her two young foster children.) When David acquired a job which took him away from West Virginia, they sold the place to a Washington family who drive out weekends and spend their holidays there.

The Staten Island house with its four acres cost \$6000. I know it is not fashionable to talk about money and the cost of things, but these days when no one can rent a house and young families are thinking of down payments, it is practical to talk about prices. The last issue of *Integrity* was all about Housing, but there was no mention of costs, or land values, except in the most general terms. In these days it is considered to be just as indelicate to talk about money as it is about God.

But we like to call attention to the fact that in New York City, if one has to work there, there is a possibility to live on "the wrong side of the tracks" and have space for garden and goat, chickens and geese, and if there are no neighbors to complain, pigs and a cow. On Winant avenue there are Norwegians, Italians, Irish, colored and white. Truly an American street, and some children go to public school and some to St. Louis Academy or the Tottenville parochial school.

David commutes four hours a day however, two coming and two going, and that means bus and ferry and again a bus; but there is rest for the eyes and refreshment for the nostril on these trips. Thank God for the five day week, however, for the proletariat who sees no way out of his proletarian condition.

The children all woke up bright and early this morning, afraid their mother would leave before they got up. But she had a full day before her. She had not slept, she said, for two nights, she was so excited at the idea of a trip, but young mothers are used to broken sleep. She was vigorous enough to mop the living room, kitchen, bathroom and bedroom floors which the children had previously swept out.

She kept remembering things in the course of the morning: "The chlorox is under the sink in the bathroom, and the mouse poison and poison ivy powder is under the back stairs." Then she went out to water the geese who were waddling around the front door. "They are a grazing creature and have to run loose, but ah me, what is going to happen to my garden."

Becky will be goose girl, we decided, like the maidens in the fairy tale and keep shoeing them when they stray in the wrong places.

It has been very hot these last weeks and there has been no rain. The leaves of the sassafras tree are turning and dropping already and the children had been making collections of them. Tamar went to water the garden, tie up the tomato vines and bury the garbage. Finally she was finished.

As the time approached for her to leave, I too began to anticipate homesickness for her, as well as the children, so we planned a little expedition ourselves. It was glaringly hot and the sun was at its height, but drastic situations require drastic remedies. As Tamar stood at the road looking pretty and fresh in her pink nylon, her little suit case in her hand, I piled Nickie and Mary in the carriage and with the other three hopping with excitement, we set off in different directions. We to Peter Mau-

ria Farm, and Tamar down the road to catch the three-fifteen bus. We were all going places, so it was all right. At the farm the Smith children and the Hennessy children fell into each others' arms and we stayed for supper, and a happy time was had. By the time we walked home a little breeze had sprung up, baths were in order, and at eight o'clock the great, silence had descended on the house.

In the morning we sit out under the mulberry trees to say our morning prayers. Which means that I read matins from the layfolk's breviary and the three oldest children join in the Our Father and the Glory be the Father. Nickie sat entranced for a time and then he began making a tower out of beer cans, screaming whenever they fell down. When we had finished matins and sang the Salve Regina (the children much prefer English hymns) everyone scattered.

The days are busy. The children awake at seven and the sun is already high. There was only one shade in the living room facing east, so I put up a dark blanket at the upper part of the other window to keep out the glare. There are so many needs around the house. Screening, shades, linoleum, paint—all things that cost money. It is no use saying hard work is enough. Materials are needed to work with. It is a part of poverty to do without these things, to have insufficient strength to take care of five children, wash, cook, clean, garden and can. (It is a part of destitution to have no philosophy of work as well as no philosophy of poverty and not to accept manual labor as part of a penitential as well as creative life.)

And all the futilities, the obstructions, the interruptions of any kind of work. The geese have gotten into the garden and stripped the kale, cabbages and broccoli plants. There has been no rain. "All nature itself travaillet and groaneth."

The children are always ravenous. Mary Elizabeth is like a little bird with her mouth always open. She has three good meals a day and milk in between. And in spite of garden, how much work and money it takes.

The days fly by. It is a good life, a life removed from the world and yet close to life, to reality. One does not have to listen to the news repeated twenty-four times a day, every hour on the hour, over and over again. It is one thing to turn to God seven times daily, at Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers (and Compline, thrown in for good measure.) It is better to practice the presence of God and pray without ceasing as Fr. Wm. Doyle did.

The great temptation for the mother is to stay up late and savor the silence and peace, to read a little, to sew a little. Physical fatigue is great and it is a joy to relax. The children all sleep through the night and don't stir after they touch the pillow. So my nights were refreshing.

Tamar left Thursday; the family wedding in Washington was on Friday. Saturday they drove on to West Virginia and spent the night with Mrs. Fearnow. "The new family in our old house are also poor," Tamar said happily, "and so they appreciate everything we had and did. They used all the old furniture we left, and have taken care of the perennials and fruit trees we planted. The land is cultivated, and they've drained the lower meadow."

After Mass at Berkeley Springs, they had driven on to Hamburg to see Dick Ahern and his successful farm, and from there to Easton where they saw Helen Montague and the Franklins who have our old lower farm.

Monday night they were home (and I had not expected them till Tuesday.)

That, one might say, was my vacation. We have been busy enough the rest of the summer, with the ordinary life of Chrystie street, and Sunday to Wednesday of one week at Pendle Hill, Philadelphia to speak to the Quakers,

## Freedom in Labor

(Continued from page 1)

the State ceases to be what it is, and then of course it would cease to be a State. The various Socialisms give us no hope that the State will be other than it is.

### Closed Shop

In the field of labor we see how this works. Once the element of compulsion enters in, once official labor decides to enforce the closed shop, or any variation of it, then, far from improving the conditions of labor as a whole, far from keeping the unions militant and free from corruption, they ensure that corruption will be the norm of the unions. The closed shop guarantees a steady income to the union leaders, they have no financial worries, they become married to the capitalist system and the capitalists even save them the trouble of collecting dues by establishing the check-off. The union and its bosses settle into a complaisant slumber, the capitalists



learn to like this arrangement which saves so much trouble. And once again we see how, once the element of coercion enters in, the very ideals for which we strive evaporate before our face.

If you have union of Church and State you end up with domination of the Church by the State. You end up reducing the spirit of Christ in the Church almost to extinction. If you have union of Labor and the State you also have the domination of Labor by the State and the consequent extinction of the freedom and independence so necessary to a vital labor movement. Mistaken zealots who praise the union shop, the Wagner Act, F.E.P.C. and all the other legislation which seeks to substitute coercion for the free consent of peoples are unwittingly digging a grave into which the corpse of labor will, in time, be placed. The funeral march of labor will undoubtedly be led by labor leaders, New Dealers and Fair Dealers Progressives, Socialists and dogooders. They have become the professional moral blackmailers who, everytime they advocate a new compulsive bit of "social" legislation, charge those who disagree with cold-heartedness and lack of concern for the "Workers." All the while they are preparing a new tyranny, all the while they are tying labor more closely to the State and more closely to the capitalist system. All the while they are ensuring that it will be the State that will own and control the means of production and distribution and not those engaged in production and distribution. Freedom and the various Socialisms have become antithetical terms.

### Steel Strike

Parlor pinks and vague leftists are adepts at stereotyped thinking. They set up a "line" and whether one adheres to it or not determines how one is evaluated in terms of pro or anti labor sympathies. Take the matter of the steel strike. Should anyone not get on the bandwagon and show enthusiasm for the strike one is regarded as excommunicate in the eyes of professional labor leaders and the progressives. And yet the steel strike was against the best interests of all workers. Because it was an attempt to make more attractive employment in an industry whose primary concern is the production of war material with which to

murder fellow workers in other parts of the world. No amount of higher wages and better working conditions could justify making such employment attractive. The deaths resulting from the production of war materials are, in the final analysis, a more compelling factor than the increased comfort of those engaged in such production. And yet progressives, as a whole, instead of urging (by persuasion, not coercion) that the workers in steel refuse to produce war materials supported the strike. The facetious argument that it at least delayed war production cannot stand up under analysis. For, in the long run, better wages and working conditions will make for more efficient war production and more than compensate for what inconveniences might be suffered. It comes down again to a matter of values. Those who rejoice at a bettering of labor conditions irrespective of the circumstances are committed to the proposition that man lives by bread alone. They see only that labor gains material advantages. They are blind to the fact that labor loses morally in that it continues to agree to produce the means for murdering fellow workers, provided the terms of the contract are to their satisfaction. The self-interest of organized labor can be as horrible a thing as the self-interest of capitalists.

### No Concern

But organized labor, in this country, has shown little interest in these issues. Little real interest in any issues that do not narrowly concern their material needs. During the last war they competed with all other groups in displaying their patriotism, they signed no-strike pledges. It was apparently no concern of theirs that those who are murdered in wars are fellow workers. Organized labor has not concerned itself overly much with questions of racial equality, with the murder of fellow workers in fascist Spain, with the question of thought-control in this or other countries. It gave and gives little, if any, support to conscientious objectors. On all of these issues, issues that call for some concern beyond matters of personal material advantage, organized labor in this country has been lacking in effort and interest.

Practically no labor groups have shown any interest in the Gandhian revolution. Practically all of them would use violence if they felt it necessary. Which means that, in the final show, they would not hesitate to rule by coercion should the opportunity present itself. We do well to fear any movement that will use violence as "a last resort." For the "last resort" always arrives and once any group gets a taste of violence it inevitably finds it to its liking. Just as a chicken will live at peace with its fellow chickens till it happens to get a taste of chicken blood and then turns cannibal, so any group, once it tastes violence, is finished for any worthwhile revolution. It doesn't matter that the violence was started by the other side, what matters is that it was replied to with violence. What matters is that we have allowed our desperation to betray the cause we espouse. What matters is that we have not learned the lesson which God sent Gandhi to teach us.

Somé Catholics will not like this, some Catholics think it is presumptuous of God to have raised up a saint in our times who was outside formal membership in the Church. Nevertheless the example, the lesson, is there. We do well to heed it, we do well to reflect that God may well raise up a prophet outside the fold to teach humility to those within the fold—to show that the grace of God is not to be circumscribed. That, if there are ordinary means of grace, there are, by that very fact, extraordinary means of grace and that, in our time, this lesson has been incarnated in the person of Gandhi.



## Constructive Anarchism

(Continued from page 4)

seem to rely exclusively on the activities of a bureaucratic secretariat, that they are, in fact, nothing of an improvement on the Bolsheviks, he is curiously blind to the fact that just as "the fate of all political parties is to become opportunistic" (p. 82) so the fate of all militias is to become militaristic. In fact I do not hesitate to state that Maximoff, by advocating violence, has sanctioned the use of a reactionary method which destroys the very possibility of any permanent worth coming from the revolution he advocates for the simple reason that he will have set up the military paraphernalia (utilizing the officers of the old army) which never fails to pervert any revolution, which never fails to set up another class society, which never fails to end eventually in another dictatorship. There is nothing about an armed people that would make them any the less enemies of liberty than the Nazi Gestapo. How else can the Revolution be defended? If not by methods of non-violence then not at all. For if the Revolution is defended by violence, the very defense will end the Revolution. Experience has shown there is no way out of that dilemma.

### Education

Nor can I agree with Maximoff's solution of the education question. Instead of entrusting it to many groups and to the different communes, it is to be taken care of by a "Union of Educational Workers." I agree with Maximoff that our present State schools are not really educational centers but are propaganda centers for nationalism. But I very much doubt that schools run by a "Union of Educational Workers," all ostensibly committed to the ideology of the Revolution, would be anything other than propaganda centers themselves. It seems to me there must be a variety of schools and under a variety of auspices.

Nor could I agree that "He who does not work of his own free will shall not eat," (p. 28) if this is meant in a rigid sense that takes no account of psychological factors, which may be as forceful as physical disabilities to prevent one from working. I rather imagine though that Maximoff would take these in consideration even though he neglects to do so in his book.

There is also a curious inconsistency in that, after having stated that opponents of the regime would not suffer disabilities, he then states "prisoners of the civil war will belong to this temporary category of criminals against liberty and equality." p. 140.

Also he states "the parents will have the right to natural authority over their children, but this authority must not stand in opposition to morality." p. 142 But he neglects to state just who will determine "morality." In fact, taken together with his statement that

"labor will be compulsory for all" (p. 149—as a quote, evidently with his approval, from Bakunin), he would seem to advocate a set-up which would require quite a bit of "bossing."

### Religion

Maximoff lists with approval nine points of the Preamble to the Statutes of the Basel Congress. The eighth point states "All organizations and individuals, who are members of the International, recognize truth, justice and morality as the basic principles for their behavior towards each other and towards all peoples without difference of race, creed, or nationality." (p. 51). But then he states "Religion has outlived its right to existence, and I fight against it as a survival of the past. Consequently I am an atheist." p. 25 "Religion is not a public service, the social revolution is, by nature, anti-religious." p. 120 He advocates the abolition of religious marriage. p. 141 He quotes the Geneva Section to the Brussels Congress "Religious thought, as a product of the individual mind, is untouchable as long as it does not become a public activity." p. 121.

There is nothing surprising about these statements. It is also understandable that many leftists should feel this way about religion. Since, for most of them, their only introduction to religion has been what contacts they may have had with religious pressure groups and since they have witnessed the all too frequent support given by officials of the Church to regimes and systems which have not been concerned with the oppressed except to oppress them. The type of religion which most leftists oppose, and which they identify with all religion, is precisely the type which many religious people feel is also the enemy of true religion. However, because of this animosity to "religion" many anarchists are annoyed with any elements, calling themselves anarchist, who are religious. Many anarchists feel that it is impossible to be a Christian, for example, and an anarchist. Nevertheless it must be stated that the attitude of such anarchists is quite anti-libertarian. And Maximoff's statement that religion will not be touched so long as it is kept a strictly personal affair makes a farce of any real religious liberty. It is like Franco telling Protestants that they have religious liberty but they must not exercise it publicly. It seems to me the true libertarian standpoint would be that all groups, religious and atheist, should be allowed freedom—personal and public freedom. But that neither group should attempt to use violent means to enforce their ideas. That one can belong to either group freely. That Catholics, for example, be allowed the full practice of their religion, including religious marriage, but that Catholics (nor any other group) should not try to enforce their specific principles

on others. But, it may be retorted, marriage is a social question and society has the right to regulate it. But, in the practical situation, it must be conceded that, even in an anarchist commune, there are going to be different opinions on the question of marriage. So, as far as the Catholic problem is concerned, it would seem the truly libertarian thing that Catholics should be unhindered in living out marriage as they see it. Assuming, of course, that there is no attempt to impose these standards on others. But, it may be said, Catholics won't do this. It is quite true to say that most Catholics will, here and now, oppose an anarcho-syndicalist set-up. But, should such a set-up come to be, and should there be no persecution of religion in it, the Church would adjust herself to the new conditions.

Maximoff states "One of the reasons for the weakness of the Anarchist Movement is to be found, therefore, in the still uncompleted process of the division of anarchism into clearly defined factions, groups, or 'parties.'" p. 73 There he would seem to provide room for those of us who feel that the religious approach is reasonable but unfortunately, like most of us, he contradicts this attitude when dealing with the question elsewhere.

I do not wish to end on a note of criticism. For though I disagree with Maximoff on these points I have mentioned there are yet many questions in which I would see eye to eye with him. The whole anarcho-syndicalist approach, the replacement of the State and capitalism by a decentralized society of Co-Ops and Communes and Unions seems to me most desirable. We know that capital's democracy has not produced justice, we know that Socialism (Marxian and political) has not produced justice. If justice is to come at all it seems quite likely it will be in such a pluralistic society as that envisioned by anarcho-syndicalism.

## Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

barber shop job on Leonard. Mary whitewashed the kitchen.

Father Duffy has taken firm hold of the scythe, and mowed down all the grass. He has built an irrigation system, greatly needed, involving the drainage from the house, and is anticipating a cow and compost pile. Author of *A Farm in Ireland*, he knows what he is about. On Sundays, when his conscience won't let him work, he is to be seen gazing at various land projects he has in mind.

Rita went on a cleaning rampage, going over the entire house. The hall closet, which had resembled Fibber McGee's, she reduced to a pristine purity, to such a point that when I accidentally opened it, expecting to have to dive and rummage for the dustpan, I stood transfixed, I stood a long time, viewing the necessary and single-hearted objects, arranged perfectly with an artistic eye. Rita, let it be known, before going to the Grail and coming to us, was a fashion designer, and an artist for commercial concerns. We have, as a matter of fact, more than one skilled worker amongst us, who for the love of Christ is rattling the washing machine, and carrying out garbage. Leonard was a highly skilled mechanic, overseeing complicated and delicate machine jobs in a factory.

There constantly are birthdays. Mary makes bigger and better cakes. She made one for her own self on July 16. The fanciest one she ever did—in tiers—was for Hans.

The children play baseball and pick blackberries. They found a baby sparrow. The Story of the Five Chinese Brothers was told to Bernadette, Lucille and Mac after breakfast one morning by Peggy, Frank, Stanley and myself, with 20th century variations. The three young ones were pop-eyed.

## Quartet in Heaven

(Continued from page 4)

that of the saint as "the Whole Man of God's intention." She does not feel that His intention is fulfilled completely in any one individual, but that the community of saints realizes the ideal as a whole. This is amply demonstrated in the contrasts, likenesses and fulfillment in Love of Miss Kaye-Smith's quartet. It is a charming book, readable, sensitive and filled with stimulating ideas on what makes a saint.

### St. Therese and Suffering

Another more specialized study is Abbe Andre Combes' *ST. THERESE AND SUFFERING* (P. J.



Kenedy & Sons, New York). In this work on St. Therese, the Abbe Combes traces the development of her doctrine of suffering from the early years when she lost her mother till the time when even her desire for suffering was consumed by the union of her will with the will of God to the exclusion of all desires. The book is a scholarly one, drawing on the saint's autobiography as its chief source of reference and study, but without neglecting other work which has been done on the same subject. The first section, important as it is in establishing the nature of Therese's early suffering, lends itself to study by specialists rather than inspiration to the general reader; however the latter sections on Therese's struggle toward a true understanding and full, joyful desire of suffering are most absorbing, and an excellent refutation of claims that her doctrine is in any sense puerile.

### The Ascent of Mount Sion

E. Allison Peers continues his task of translation of the works of the Spanish mystics in his new volume, *THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SION*, by Bernardino de Laredo (Harper & Brothers, New York). Bernardino de Laredo was a Franciscan lay brother who lived in the sixteenth century, and who wrote not only a treatise on the mystical way, but also two successful medical books as well. However, the latter would only be objects of curiosity today, and it is for his "Ascent" that he is remembered—and for the influence which it had on St. Therese's thought.

Mr. Peers has written an excellent introduction to his translation (which consists only of the third section of Laredo's book) giving a critical analysis of the work presented here and discussing briefly the untranslated sections. He compares Laredo with other mystics of the period, placing him in a secondary category. Laredo's style is heavy going at times, but some of the passages are notable for their beauty and sincerity. The work cannot be compared, however, with that of St. Teresa despite what she drew from it.

### Catholic Authors

A new edition of *CATHOLIC AUTHORS*, by Matthew B. Hoehn,

O.S.B. (St. Mary's Abbey), has just been published. Father Hoehn has attempted to compile as complete a catalogue as possible of all writers in this country and Europe who are practicing Catholics. Biographical sketches of each author, including a list of published works, have been written by various contributors, and they vary in quality as much as do the works of the writers represented. Critical comment would seem to me to have no place in a compilation of this sort; nevertheless it is included, and it is all favorable—and odd thing, surely, where artists of distinction jostle those of definitely inferior talents. The book, in spite of its size, has a number of notable omissions, but on the whole it really doesn't seem to matter as the point of bringing out such a volume escapes me.

ELIZABETH BARTELME.

## Big Steel

(Continued from page 1)

arches to entrench and to practice nepotism in the skilled trades. And it is probably necessary in some cases (hiring halls), which means that it must be provided with democratic checks, not denied.

But this is not even the issue. It is the union shop which does not require coercion.

Senator Taft is for it. The vast majority of American workers who have had a chance to express their preference, have freely voted for it in elections conducted by outside agencies.

To reject it would be, in truth, to institute compulsion: it would provide an absolute veto power to any minority of workers over the freely expressed wishes of their fellow workers.

But to go beneath the surface. Why are Fairless and Randall taking this principled stand (which they break in other contracts with other unions)? This is probably the most important factor in the weighing of their charges.

It is that the "freedom" which they demand is a freedom for themselves to break the union. In other words, the alternative to the democratic process of the union shop which demands the responsible participation of each worker, is the bosses shop.

That naked, compulsory, coercive power in the interests of the owner is the issue becomes more obvious each day.

The steel companies have, with certain minor exceptions, presented a united front. If Bethlehem Steel wants to sign, as reported, it cannot. The whip is out. Discipline is being maintained by the industry leaders.

And this is the struggle, not the phony one reported in the full page company ads.

The American labor movement has used compulsion in the past, and that is bad. It very well might use it in the future. And in such cases the rights of the individual worker must take precedence over any right of the union. (Let us hope that this defense comes from within the labor movement, not from reactionary politicians.)

But in the steel strike there is no question of this. There is this question: whether the free expression of the vast majority of the workers shall prevail, or the coercive power of the companies.

DAVID HENNESSY  
Distributist Books  
201 Winant Ave.  
Staten Island 9, N. Y.

The Economics of Charity by A. Doboszynski.....	\$1.00
Hilaire Belloc: An Introduction to His Spirit and Work by R. Hamilton .....	1.25
Christianity and the Land by Pope Pius XII.....	.35
The Importance of Rural Life according to St. Thomas Aquinas. by Rev. G. H. Speltz .....	2.25
Flee to the Fields: the Faith and Works of the Catholic Land Movement (symposium) .....	1.75
Crisis of Civilization by Hilaire Belloc .....	2.75
The Church and Capitalism by Count del la Torre.....	.30
Distributism as a Catholic Thing by John Todd.....	.30
Personalism by Emmanuel Mounier .....	3.60
Art in Christian Philosophy by Shewring, W.....	1.00
Eric Gill; a retrospect by Rev. D. Chute.....	.30
An Artist's Notebook by Sister Mary of the Compassion.....	1.75
Autobiography of Wm. Cobbett .....	2.50
The Common Man by G. K. Chesterton.....	3.00
Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism by A. Fanfani.....	1.50
World Conflict by Belloc .....	.20
Towards a Theology of Manual Labor, Rev. Sorg, O.S.B.....	2.50
Lost Property: Distribution of Property in an Industrial Age. by Paul Derrick .....	2.50

### BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

223 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N. Y.

The Long Loneliness by Dorothy Day  
Published by Harper & Bros. \$3.50

Applied Christianity by Father John J. Hugo  
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00

On Pilgrimage by Dorothy Day  
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00

The Gospel of Peace by Father John J. Hugo  
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00