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MOTT ST.

In a flat dull monotone the phrase continues to repeat ever and over in my mind like the broken-record, "you just can't plan on a thing around here." There was supposed to have been plenty of time for writing this little column but unavoidable chores turned up such as: the finding of a bed for an old man who had been sent down by a local church, and the scouting up of a meal for a bed-ridden patient, plus the great search of a bottle of cough medicine for another guest who has a bad cold, oh, yes, there was also a friend who had to be seen off on a bus trip to our farm. And to top off the evening, guests in the form of Gordon Blake and Mrs. Miller and Elaine Curry suddenly arrived from the Detroit Catholic Worker group.

St. Francis

The Liturgical Arts Society who held an exhibit here in New York City several weeks ago have been extremely kind in donating one of their prize exhibits to us here on Mott street. The work of art given to us is the statue of St. Francis by the Texan sculptor, Charles Umlaf. In the February issue of the Catholic Worker, Jack English turned out a fine article on this statue and the Art exhibit in general. There is no end to our gratitude for this statue, a fine Lenten gift. And now our dear St. Francis occupies our dining room window, with the Cross in one hand and a skull in the other. Quite a few of our Italian and Chinese neighbors knot up around our dining room studying the statue several times a day, with a general approval from the majority. One of the onlookers stated that he had a terrific desire to give our Saint a hamburger, "he looks so hungry." Another claimed he certainly looks Italian. And most of the neighbors refer to him as San Francisco, none of this Anglicized business for them.

In this issue we are running an article on Naples by John Cogley, formerly of the Chicago Catholic

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C. W. Editors
Report On
Apostolate

Just as I sat down to write this story of a long and arduous trip Tom and I made last month, a trip which was full of encouragement and hope and what looked like renewed vigor and vitality in the apostolate here in the United States I picked up the latest issue of *The Cross and the Plough*, the publication of the Catholic Land Federation in England, one of the oldest rural-decentralist organs in the English-speaking world. In the present issue, announcement is made that they are ceasing publication. The editor's health, financial straits and the "general attitude in Church and State is such that no early action, or desire for action is to be looked for before the impending crash. A curious and culpable blindness seems to affect all concerned. In these circumstances the effort of continued publication isn't worth while." are given as reasons. And so I think that the story of this trip, personal as it is, is quite important at this moment. It may be that various groups separated as they are from others in the country are beginning to be weighed down by the job to be done and yet I'm certain that there is hope, that with renewed effort and dedication the work of the apostolate will become more clarified, that we shall begin to think in long term lines, that the immediate works of mercy will be practiced, that the apostolate of the written word will not be divorced from that of the lived action.

Pittsburgh

We had just finished mailing out the paper and boarded a bus at midnight at the Central terminal here in New York. We figured that it would be easier to leave then, sleep on the bus and arrive in

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TO THE BISHOPS OF
THE U.S.
A Plea for Houses Of
Hospitality

The Duty of Hospitality

1. People who are in need and are not afraid to beg give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake.
2. Modern society calls the beggar bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush.
3. But the Greeks used to say that the people in need are the ambassadors of the gods.
4. Although you may be called bums and panhandlers you are in fact the Ambassadors of God.
5. As God's Ambassadors you should be given food, clothing and shelter by those who are able to give it.
6. Mahometan teachers tell us that God commands hospitality.
7. And hospitality is still practiced in Mahometan countries.
8. But the duty of hospitality is neither taught nor practiced in Christian countries.

The Municipal Lodgings

1. That is why you who are in need are not invited to spend the night in the homes of the rich.
2. There are guest rooms today in the homes of the rich. But they are not for those who need them.
3. And they are not for those who need them because those who need them are no longer considered as the Ambassadors of God.
4. So people no longer consider hospitality to the poor as a personal duty.
5. And it does not disturb them a bit to send them to the city where they are given the hospitality of the "Muni" at the expense of the taxpayer.
6. But the hospitality that the "Muni" gives to the down and out is no hospitality because what comes from the taxpayers pocketbook does not come from his heart.

Back to Hospitality

1. The Catholic unemployed should not be sent to the "Muni."
2. The Catholic unemployed should be given hospitality in Catholic houses of hospitality.
3. Catholic houses of hospitality are known in Europe under the name of Hospices.
4. There have been Hospices in Europe since the time of Constantine.
5. Hospices are free guest houses; hotels are for paying guests.
6. And paying guest houses or hotels are as plentiful as free guest houses are scarce.
7. So hospitality like everything else has been commercialized.

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To Our Readers

You will notice that this is the April issue. We have published so late this month that we decided to skip an issue. Our May day issue will be out early so order now for mass distribution on this, our anniversary day.

THE EDITORS.

Cardinal
Brings to End
N. Y. Strike

It is, of course, yesterday's news now. Eight weeks ago the workers in Calvary Cemetery, belonging to local 293, which in turn was affiliated with the International Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers Union, voted to go on strike for what they considered just demands against their employers, the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The demands were for a forty-hour week for the same pay as the forty-eight hour week and time and a half for overtime. The trustees did not see these demands as justified, feeling so they said, that they would put an undesired burden on the public who owned graves in Calvary Cemetery.

That was the problem in essence. From there on in to the settlement of the dispute it became a classical lesson in how not to deal with a strike.

Eighty-five percent of the membership of the local and one hundred percent of the membership of the Calvary strikers were Catholic. Which is to say, all kinds, tapering down from the truly devout to occasional church goers. The peculiar slant this gave the strike became more apparent as the dispute went on.

The first day of the strike most metropolitan papers gave it minimum coverage and then left it strictly alone. To most of the non-Catholic population of New York, anything that is even remotely connected with St. Patrick's Cathedral is directly connected with His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, who is to them a figure of almost legendary proportions. No matter how rabidly anti-Catholic they may be they still treat him with that odd mixture of vague distrust and respect that Americans

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ON
Pilgrimage

Seasonably cold, the radio weather man says, but these March days always seem to be the coldest days of all. The sun is getting brighter, little green buds are coming out on the privet hedges in Columbus Square, my daughter writes me of all the planting she is already doing in the way of salads and early peas, and flowering shrubs, and we do know that spring is on the way. The very word Lent means spring, and indeed the season is austere and invigorating and joyful.

Naturally speaking we have been none too joyful this past two months, what with the cemetery strike going on. That is the reason we are so late in going to press. We couldn't bear to write about it until it was settled. So here it is, the middle of the month that I write this.

The story of the strike is told elsewhere; to me its terrible significance lay in the fact that at one end of the world Cardinal Mindszenty and Archbishop Stepinac are lying in jail suffering at the hands of the masses, and, here in our at present peaceful New York, a Cardinal, ill-advised, exercised so overwhelming a show of force against a handful of poor-working men. It was a temptation of the devil to that most awful of all wars, the war between the clergy and the laity, a heightening of the tension which is there and which it is the work of both to try to overcome. Peter Maurin always spoke of the division between the clergy and laity, the worker and the scholar, and pointed the necessity of overcoming it.

Our pacifism must be a complete pacifism, and our love must grow in strength to overcome bitterness and resentments. Yesterday while I prayed in our parish church, there was a baptism going on, and I thought how close the priests were to our hearts—how they came to us in all the most holy and happy moments of our lives, birth

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Poverty's Progress
The Exile

The cold, rain-laden, pre-dawn darkness that presses down on Mott Street in February is anaesthetic in quality. To venture out in it is to be washed clean of memory and feel, like a fly in amber, imprisoned forever in immediate misery, without hope or knowledge of future salvation. Like an anaesthetic also, those who inhale it do so out of necessity and the specific things done to them under its influence are not necessarily done with their consent.

At the Chinatown end of Mott Street, by the light of an orange crate fire in the gutter, a street peddler was going through the involved pantomime of preparing to earn his particular daily bread. At broken intervals in time, a figure would emerge out of the darkness of the Bowery beyond into the pool of light surrounding his cart and after standing for a few moments with outstretched, suppliant hands to the fire, move on down Mott Street. Seen from a distance, against the black backdrop of tenements, it might have been a Druid fire ritual, invoking the return of the dawn to a darkened earth.

Two blocks farther down Mott the tight knot of men in front of

the Catholic Worker House huddled together in obedience to the primal instinct for warmth. Faceless and silent in the surrounding darkness they betrayed the presence of life only by an occasional cough or the faint vapor of expelled breath. Gradually the group grew, pressing the core of the original knot back against the store-front. As the rain increased the later arrivals milled uncertainly in the open street; muscles contracting to the smallest area possible inside sodden clothes and then tried to burrow into the solid hedge of bodies. The pressure on the plate glass window became ominous.

"Knock off the pushin'." The voice was hard, peremptory, and came from among the group outside the shelter of the store front, standing unprotected in the down-pour. There was a muttering from the fringe of the group. "Sez who?"

"Sez me. You figger to make somepin out of it?"

There was a moment's silent reflection by the group in the rain during which many bitter factors in the equation were rapidly cal-

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Rural Proletariat

"Have a cigarette!" said the young driver of the cauliflower cart, as I was loading the heads just chopped off by the men in boots amid the tall wet deep green foliage.

"No thanks, I don't smoke," I replied.

"I noticed you didn't shoot craps with us as we were waiting for the frost to get off this cauliflower. You must be that guy I heard the boss tell about that don't get drunk, eat meat, pay taxes for war, or even go to church. Say," said he laughing, "just what the hell do you do to get any fun out of life?"

"I'm that guy all right. What else do you do?" I replied.

"Oh, I like to read stories," he said as we reached the end of the row.

"Did you ever think that the one who writes gets as much fun out of writing as the one who reads it? I do writing for my enjoyment. I'll bring you something of mine in the CATHOLIC WORKER tomorrow."

Coming to the end of the next row I saw a hat propped up in the damp irrigation ditch and upon looking closer found that it rested on the tousled head of Big Tony. Then I remembered how he came to a group of Anglos that noon and

said, "Here's a dollar that you can't throw sixes." After about half an hour—with his own dice—he had every cent from his opponents, so he mockingly tipped his hat and said:

"Thank you, gentlemen. Now I'll go to Tolleson and get a bottle." The good natured Mexican foreman had done Tony's work for him that afternoon.

The next day I was told to work in the dry-packing stand at the other end of the field. Here the cart loads were dumped and sorters quickly discarded the small, broken, and discolored heads and threw the good ones on the table where four packers put them in crates and slid them to the cutter, who with an enormous knife, cut off the tops even with the crate. The man at the end of the slide put on the tops and several fellows loaded the boxes on the truck. An inspector looked at a crate once in a while and if he found culls he would take them back to the sorters and admonish them to be more careful. My job was to fork the culls away so new cart loads could be emptied. Farmers came and got these culls for their cattle. The mystery which I never did get explained by boss or workman was why the packers, who had the east-

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Cemetery Strike

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usually reserve for visiting English royalty.

Because of his exalted position as a Prince of the Church, his being the most publicized figure in the American hierarchy and the best known the world over of all American cardinals, their patriotic, if not their spiritual instinct led them to anticipate his wishes by treating the strike as if it did not exist. The fact was, that in truth the Cardinal had nothing to do with the strike, until, weeks later when it had grown into an intolerable situation totally incapable of solution by the trustees, the trustees thrust it into his lap. Only then did the Cardinal enter the picture.

Communist Issue

On the basis of some very strange information proffered him by an adviser, the Cardinal became convinced that the strike was communist inspired and then that the strikers were using communist tactics. Also, that in some way the strikers had become guilty by association because the international union with which they were affiliated had been known to be organized originally by communists. An issue that had not come up two years earlier when the trustees negotiated a contract with the local. When the strikers, bending over backward to please him, swore a solemn public oath that they were not communist inspired, were not communists, and abhorred communist philosophy, the cardinal was quoted by the papers as saying, "I am gratified, but they are getting repentant kind of late."

Each day in the last two weeks of the strike the papers credited the Cardinal with the strangest statements, "I am proud and happy to be a strikebreaker." "This is the most important thing that I have done in my ten years in New York," etc.

A sense of shock went through the Catholic population. News Services grasped the statements avidly, flung them to the four corners of the earth through their wire services. Moscow took due note. The Daily Worker leaped gleefully into the fray, jeering, "Let Catholic working men and women note carefully the words of their cardinal and realize that here, as in the case of Cardinal Mindzenty, the issue is not religion but the economic and political misuses it lends itself to."

We, of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, came to know the strike and the strikers well. Early in the strike they started coming to us individually and in groups, having been cold shouldered by all other Catholic groups in New York with the notable exception of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, who stuck by the strikers through thick and thin, giving unsparringly of their time, funds and legal aid—convinced that the strikers' demands were just.

The Catholic Worker supplied pickets, direct relief, and encouragement whenever possible. We say it without shame. We went among them, into their homes, attended their meetings, were on their strike relief committee, lis-

tened to their grievances and formed our opinion: the strike was justified. We say it still.

It could have been headed off in the very beginning. The trustees could have shown the books to the workers if justice was on their side, proven in black and white that they were incapable of paying what the strikers asked. The strikers were not unreasonable or dishonest people. They were hard working, simple people driven by what they considered intolerable conditions to strike. The dispute would have been settled there and then instead of becoming a fratricidal war, looked on with glee and contempt by the non-Catholic population.

Misery

It is all yesterday's news now, those strikers who had to drop their life insurance because they couldn't meet payments, the ones with savings dissipated, the rent owed, the vacation money laboriously put by and now swallowed up in the paying of bills owed to the butcher and the grocer. The striker whose only child, a boy of sixteen was dying of a chronic kidney complaint, too ill to be moved to the hospital and who needed money desperately for food, medicine, doctor bills, rent, who still stuck with his union and refused to scab. The striker with seven hungry children who said to us, "In the name of God, how can they keep saying that burying the dead is a work of mercy and we should be satisfied to take less and I've got seven kids to feed? Feeding my kids is work of mercy enough for me and it takes more than what they're giving me to do it on." And the shamefaced seminarians in buses, surrounded by heavy police guards, who drove through the picket line to help break the strike, past the signs in the hands of the strikers that read, "Is Calvary the Graveyard of Catholic Social Justice?"

Apart from all this a precedent of dubious worth has been set in the struggle of the laboring class for better conditions. Because of the Cardinal's refusal to deal with them so long as they were affiliated with the Food, Tobacco and Agriculture International, the strikers on advice of legal counsel, voted to bolt their mother union, the CIO and join the Building Service Employees International, affiliated with the AF of L, headed by David Sullivan. Responsible labor leaders feel, and justly, that by forcing the strikers to do this the Cardinal has dealt a hard blow to the CIO in particular and labor in general. Hereafter whenever an employer comes to the conclusion that his workers demands are unjust, he can use the Cardinal's action as a precedent to refuse to deal with their demands unless they give up their allegiance to what he can term a communistic union. Today it is a local in the CIO, but tomorrow it might be any labor organization at all.

It's old stuff now, except those of us who went through it. And it will be a long time before we lose that nagging sense of shame and bewilderment that filled us when we first realized that there

On Pilgrimage

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and death and marriage with the life giving sacraments which their anointed hands alone could bring. And I thought too of the kind of love we should have for each other, if we were to see Christ in each other, a love which discounted the irascible remark, a confident love, a love which at times might look like folly indeed.

What more foolish a love is there than that portrayed in the gospel—the father for the prodigal son, the love of the shepherd for his sheep, the love which asked the servants to sit down so that the master could minister to them, wait upon them, wash their feet in a gesture of total and utter abandonment of love! And how far we are from it all!



Such a struggle going on shows how far we are from it, and how near to the surface class war is here in this country. There need be no Communist influence to fan the flame of resentment, the sense of injury which working men have been feeling over the years.

And in this struggle as in all the other varieties of war we have known, our job is to build up techniques of non-violent resistance, using the force of love to overcome hatred, praying and suffering with our brothers in their conflicts. During all the picketing which went on at Fiftieth street, the pickets spent as much time in church as they did on the picket line.

The Book On Pilgrimage is selling slowly and steadily. I meant to mention in this column that one of our readers donated five hundred dollars to put to the printing bill on this book. It is a good thing too, because try as hard as he can, it is impossible for Tom Sullivan, who has charge of the funds, to put aside the dollars that come in for the book, to pay the printer. The money is immediately misappropriated for running expenses of the house. We are already preparing another book, all of Peter's written paragraphs, letters, comments, which have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORKER since the paper was first printed in May, 1933. Peter did not write much—just the Easy Essays which appeared from month to month, and many times repeated. But in collected form they amount to a book of some three hundred to four hundred pages. They will be illustrated by Ed Willock, of Integrity, and it will be better bound than On Pilgrimage. We learn by our mistakes. Two months ago when I spoke to Peter about the book he expressed a preference for the title, CATHOLIC RADICALISM, so that will be the name of it.

—D. D.



were eminent Catholic laymen surrounding Cardinal Spellman, advising him, out of their own weakness, greed and lack of diplomatic ability to follow a course that must inevitably lead him to loss of dignity and humiliation. And all because they, the lay trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, could not treat with Catholic working men as human beings and brothers.

Mott Street

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Worker. John sent the article to us after it had foul tipped off another prominent Catholic periodical. The rejection slip could easily make one of the smirking secular magazines about town. The rejection slip reads thus: "Dear Mr. Cogley: Our first reaction to your 'Walk in Naples' was to publish it, but we had to reconsider and decide against it. It's very well done, but we're in hot water over our 'liberal' reviewing, and the remarks about prostitution would get us in more hot water. Thanks, however, for your thought of us and all good wishes." Signed the Editor. John sent the rejection slip and the article to us, stating that he wasn't trying to palm off a reject on us but hadn't sent it on in the first place because we generally have our share of articles pointing up the need for CARE packages to be sent overseas. He also added that he wished that certain squeamish people would go over to Naples and look around and they would soon discover that one can't write about post-war poverty in a war torn country without considering prostitution. To throw in my bit to the paragraph I wish the day would soon come when all editors would become just as squeamish about publishing prostituted art.

Joe Dever

Had a letter from Joe Dever, the short-story writer of Commonweal, Yank, and a number of collections of best stories. Joe's "FIFTY MISSIONS" compares favorably with the best of J. F. Powers, who is the top short story writer in this country, in our humble estimation. To get back to Joe's letter to Jack English and this writer, commenting on our visit to Chicago and Joe. "I am thinking of you guys and your wonderful visit here as I look out the windows at the stenographers across the street and wonder just how long it will be before Dever says, 'to Hell with this' and sweeps himself and his family along to freedom and starvation. Anyway, why did you come here and see me—already, I had my own conscience to wrestle with, your two makes it three I now have. 'The Man With Three Consciences!' I would like to quote more of Joe's letter but he has a P.S. demanding that his letter not be printed.

We are still slipping up on the reviewing of books coming into our offices each day but we try to review the best and skip the better - it - shouldn't - have - been - written category. Right at present we are digesting a tremendous work by Walter Shewring, "Rich and Poor in Christian Tradition," published by Burns & Oates, price 10s. 6d. This book contains a collection of attitudes towards riches and poverty written by recognized saints and scholars of the Church. The following is a must quote from the chapter by Jacques Benigne Bossuet (Bishop of Meaux, 1627-1704) "On the Eminent Dignity of the Poor in the Church."

"But because Christ her Founder came into the world to reverse the order pride had set there, it must needs be that the Church's policy is directly opposed to the world's; and I find that opposition chiefly in three things: First, in the world, the rich are everywhere at advantage and are given the first place; in the kingdom of Christ the primacy is with the poor, who are the Church's first-born and her true children. Secondly, in the world, the poor are subject to the rich and seem born only to serve them; whereas in Holy Church there is no entrance for the rich except on condition they serve the poor. Thirdly, in the world, favors and privileges are for the rich and powerful, and the poor have no share unless through their protection; but in Christ's Church, favors and blessings are for the poor, and the rich have no privilege unless by their means." Another quote: "A man may give for two motives: to win affection or to relieve necessity; through esteem

or through pity; there you have a gift, here an alms. With an alms, men commonly think that the giving is enough; with a gift, they take more care, there is an innocent art in setting off the gift by the manner and circumstances of its offering. It is thus that St. Paul assists the poor. He does not see them as so many unfortunates to be relieved; he sees that in their wretchedness they are the chief members of Christ and the first born of the Church.

Charles O'Rourke

Some two or three weeks ago Charley O'Rourke took himself off to Bellevue hospital to have his heart checked and thoroughly examined. It appears that he had been having a little trouble with that organ. The doctors made a brief exam and slapped our friend Charley in a ward-bed for ten days. By the way, in case you don't know, Charley has been in charge of the circulation department here for some six or seven years. No one around here could handle that department as well as he has, nor does anyone desire to try it even for size. Due to the poor food and the general inefficiency of such a huge, sprawling institution as that Charley was anxious to return to Mott street. We visited Charley several times while he was confined and found the atmosphere not to our liking, to understate the case. For one thing, there were too many people dying in that one ward; it is one thing to meditate on death and quite another to become morbid upon the subject. The gaping wounds in the ceiling, especially the one which resembled a leaking faucet with the water dropping steadily down through it into a pan, were not unlike the hospitals St. Vincent de Paul worked in. The internes and the nurses had more expression in their hands than they had on their faces, similar to ballet dancers. However, we were pleased to see the lack of discrimination, racially speaking, in the number of colored help that were employed around the hospital.

The doctors discharged Charley and he is now back in a bed here on Mott street, where he is making a speedy recovery.

Lectures

Friday night lectures continue each week with the walls of our lecture hall (dining-room) bulging. There simply is not enough room to hold the large number of people that show up here each week end, and it looks as though we will be forced to beg the use of the parish hall down the street from us. Last Friday night the question of cooperation with the Communists came up again. When can you cooperate? And how far can you go with the cooperation? Very few if any broach the question as to how far one can cooperate with atheistic materialistic capitalism. During the lecture last Friday night a few thoughts struck us while the discussions were in high gear, we didn't have the opportunity to voice these ideas then but we will do so now. Even though Communism rejects the Fatherhood of God, still it does promote the brotherhood of man, whereas Capitalism promotes neither while it does promulgate the Fatherhood of the Dollar. The old quotation, "Time is Money" has now changed to "God is Money." And now it is widely accepted without a protest that "A Dollar is your Best Friend." At one time God was your best Friend. If you ever sit down and list the slogans that are generally accepted by the public at large which militate against Christian principles you will begin to learn in a small way the distance that Capitalism has taken us from the teachings of Christ. And don't forget that as yet Communism cannot be held accountable for the wide gap that separates us from God. Of course, while you are attempting to measure that gap created by Capitalism someone else may be building a "better mouse-trap."

T. SULLIVAN.

Poverty's Progress

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culated: cold, hunger, rain, weakness, past defeats, ruin and then a silent acceptance of the unknown leader the one who, in any group, no matter how beaten or disinherited, arises to an emergency and is willing to accept responsibility and the implications of his acts. The one who is usually referred to with grudging admiration as "That ——— hero."

The pressure on the store front eased perceptibly.

Someone said, "Last night the paper said warm." The voice drifted away, hoarse, disembodied, at one with the ghosts of a thousand hopes that papers have murdered at one time or another. Impossible now standing there in the rain-swept, garbage-strewn street, to remember that last night had been relatively warm and clear. That if one had had the desire or the wish to look up from the bottom of the concrete well of Mott Street to the far sky beyond the rim of the tenements it would have been possible to see Orion blazing like a necklace of flung diamonds across the Negro throat of the night.

Well-fed, clothed and housed, it is possible to work out any number of satisfying philosophical ideas looking at Orion. The first magnitude star, Betelgeuse, in the constellation Orion is 750 light years away. So far, that to measure its distance from the earth one has to employ the dimension of time. Light travels at approximately 185,000 miles a second—x 60 x 60 x 24 x 365 x 750 and you have the distance. Truly, it is a far star and very beautiful. When you look at Betelgeuse, the light from it that strikes your eye in the moment of seeing left it 750 years ago, in the year 1199 and simultaneously, in the moment of seeing, the light that is leaving Betelgeuse, arching outward in time and space will arrive in the earth's orbit in the year 2699.

Well fed, clothed and housed, it is a comforting thing to know that He who created Betelgeuse and the far stars, planets greater and older than the one we inhabit, also notes the solitary sparrow's fall. But to a hungry man standing in the rain, Betelgeuse and all the stars that ever blazed aren't worth his future interest in a hypothetical cup of coffee. When one is hungry there is only one reality: Hunger. And only one truth: Food. And only one beauty: Physical Security.

After a time the darkness receded and shapes and faces became discernible. There was a general shifting and uneasy turning among the crowd. Somewhere from deep within it there was an insistent, courteous, sing-song voice carrying on what seemed to be a sustained monologue. No one within sight was talking. The crowd's eyes kept flickering over one another and suddenly with the instinct of a herd for an intruder in their midst, gave way, reformed, and there in the impromptu arena formed by their bodies stood a tiny, bare-headed Japanese conversing gravely with a bearded man in a stained and age blackened trench coat.

The bearded man, taken unaware by the crowd's maneuver and finding himself the center of attention with the Japanese, swiveled his eyes furtively in an effort to find an opening in the crowd into which to recede but found himself speared as delicately as a butterfly on the pinpoint of the little Japanese's courtesy. He smiled in agonized embarrassment, acutely aware that the crowd was looking down at the Japanese with all the outraged astonishment of a congress of crows invaded by a solitary wren, but the voice went on, oblivious, still insistent, still courteous, but unrelenting.

"You be wrong my friend. Not get job today, be hungry, be cold, no matter. Must try. Must believe. Me not Catholic but me Christian. Me believe Jesus Christ."

He broke off, smiling at the crowd around and then clasping his hands, bowed deeply to the painted cross visible on the store front of the Catholic Worker. "You under-

stand I say me believe? Not be feel bad no work. Not be feel bad boss make work hard. Not feel bad because be many bad peoples. Be bad peoples all over. Me not care. Jesus Christ not care. Hang Himself on cross anyhow. For you," he smiled up gently at the bearded face over him and then flung wide his arms—"for me, for all bad peoples, so they should know, be good peoples too."

He paused, looking intently at the bearded man and then began again, his voice patient and quiet, like a father explaining a sum in arithmetic to a backward child. "Me Joponals name Kenjiro Suzuki. Me gardener. Very good. Very good. Be make flower. Be make small tree. Be make shrub. All very good. Now no more make." His weazened boy's face broke with merriment. "Now no more make. Me poor man, no job, no money, no make flower, all stone, stone all around."

He looked at the crowd, standing silent and alien in the rain around him and whatever he wanted in their faces wasn't there because he began again, straining past their apathy and the bonds of an unfamiliar tongue to present the truth that was in him, Kenjiro Suzuki. He had come to America many years ago, he said, and had worked all up and down the West Coast, first in canneries and then as a gardener, and made much money and had lived well although no American had called him friend. Outside of his race he was looked on with distrust and suspicion. During the war he was part of the diaspora of the American Japanese, wrenched loose from their jobs, their homes and scattered like flung stones to various concentration camps. He could no longer garden and looked on with hatred and suspicion by Americans, he grew bitter. After the war, jobless and broke, he came to New York and there, in a flophouse reading room, had run across a Bible and read and came to believe. After that, whenever the going got rough, he would recite the passages he had memorized and he would feel better, not so much alone.

Whenever he could manage, in good weather, he used to go to Central Park and walk through the gardens planted by other men and sit under the trees until dark, but he was always careful to leave the park by sundown because he had been long ago told by fellow countrymen that it was dangerous for a Japanese to walk alone in public parks after dark. Americans were distrustful. It was too bad, because to sit in the dark on the grass with trees all around is a good thing for a gardener's soul, especially when he has been prevented for years from planting, but customs of a country should be observed and he had always complied.

In the summer too, he had gone to Coney Island to swim as often as he could afford, because he knew that to bathe in the salt water occasionally was a good thing for the body's health. But in the end he had become ill and then the occasional jobs petered out and now here he was on the Catholic Worker coffee line, but he was not alone. He wanted that clearly understood, because he was a Christian and had faith and besides, tomorrow, or even possibly today, he might find a job. Nothing was impossible if one had faith in God.

The quiet sing-song voice stopped and the little Japanese regarded the crowd gravely. There was a general, uneasy shifting and here and there a throat was cleared, a match held to a cigarette, but outside of that, silence.

The light in the window of the Worker went on and there was a hurried jockeying for place in the single file of the coffee line, then the door was thrown open and the file disappeared within. The bearded man hastened over the doorstep into the light and warmth saying to no one in particular or anyone who wanted to listen, "I asked him for a light." Somehow

Poverty

By THOMAS MERTON

In practice the way to contemplation is an obscurity so obscure that it is no longer even dramatic. There is nothing left in it that can be grasped and cherished as heroic or even unusual. And so, for a contemplative there is a supreme value in the ordinary routine of work and poverty and hardship and monotony that characterize the lives of all the poor and uninteresting and forgotten people in the world.

Christ, Who came on earth to form contemplatives and teach men the ways of sanctity and prayer, could easily have surrounded himself with ascetics who starved themselves to death and terrified the people with strange trances.



The surest asceticism is the bitter insecurity and labor and nonentity of the really poor. To be utterly dependent on other people. To be ignored and despised and forgotten. To know nothing of decency or comfort. To live in much dirt, and eat bad food. To take orders and work hard for little or no money: it is a hard school and one which most pious people do their best to avoid.

Many religious people say they love God, detest and fear the very thought of a poverty that is real enough to mean insecurity, hunger, dirt. And yet you find men who go down and live among the poor not because they love God (in Whom they do not believe), or even because they love the poor, but simply because they hate the rich and want to stir up the poor to hate the rich too. If men can suffer these things for the venomous pleasure of hatred, why do so few become poor out of love, in order both to find God in poverty and give Him to other men?

(From *Seeds of Contemplation*, by Thomas Merton, New Directions, Norfolk, Conn.).

It didn't suffice as an explanation for the embarrassment he had so obviously suffered.

But looking back at Mr. Suzuki waiting patiently in the rain for the bitter bread of charity it was easy to remember the story of the angel who visited the Cities of the Plain in his search for the ten just men who would by their presence save the Cities from destruction. One hoped that Mr. Suzuki would stay in New York. That at least would bring down the count to nine. For the rest, it was just barely possible that he would find a job and a gardening one at that. After all, there are gardening jobs in New York. Or were. Or should be.

John McKeon.

Days of Sorrow

By Robert Ludlow

Because these are the days of Lent and because they are days of sorrow and penance and because our hearts are indeed weighed heavy as we contemplate the weary feet of Christ walking again on the earth, in the silent, in the persecuted, we can but recall the evidences of His passion in the world today. We think of John Tsoukalis, who has but recently been executed by the Greek government for refusal to render military service. It was on February 11th that word first reached us of this. And we ask your prayers for him and your protests to the Greek representatives here. John was a Jehovah Witness and they are indeed a group hard to take in. Most C.O.s in the last war found it difficult to get along with them. They are not pacifists but they are conscientious objectors to serving in any war but the great battle of Armageddon—and then it will be a question of the good against the bad and the good will be led by Jehovah Witnesses and they will triumph and a theocracy under their direction will be established on the earth and it will be a good day then and the Lord of Hosts will rule the earth with a stout hand and all men will bow before Him. That is the belief, the legend, to which many simple souls are committed and it is these people who refuse military service to any earthly government. For them it is a matter of conscience and it is for following the rulings of his conscience that John Tsoukalis has been barbarously murdered by a government, which, since it sanctions such executions, has given practical proof of its disregard for the reverence due the person, for the pressing demands of right and wrong, for the free will of man—a freedom so marked by God Himself that He permits sin on the earth rather than violate it. Such action on the part of any government is tyrannical and the head of such a government is indeed a tyrant and, to use the words of a high Church dignitary, "Disobedience to tyrants is obedience to God."

Many Catholics, even moral theologians, who saw and taught quite clearly that there was no obligation to obey the Prohibition law when it was in effect, because they considered it an illicit interference in personal liberty, are finding great difficulties in the matter of the conscription law and feel that it must be obeyed despite the fact that Pope Benedict XV, who had nothing to say on the matter of Prohibition, did consider compulsory military training and conscription as evils that should be abolished and as laws that hamper man's freedom and as important contributory causes to war. If conscription is an evil law, as Pope Benedict held it to be, then the only effective way the individual can combat it, the only way it can be abolished, is for the individual to refuse to obey it (as individuals with the consent of religious superiors refused to obey the Prohibition law). And this can be done only by refusal to register for the draft. For once you register, you grant the right of the State to conscript and the State has no right to enforce an unjust and evil law. In a letter from Cardinal Gasparri to Lloyd George, in which the Cardinal presented the views of Pope Benedict, it is stated: "Compulsory military training has been the true cause of so many evils for more than a century; in its simultaneous and reciprocal suppression lies the true remedy." And in the letter to Archbishop Chesnelong it is stated: "For more than a century conscription has been the real cause of a multitude of evils afflicting society, for which a simultaneous and reciprocal suppression of it, will be the true remedy."

DISOBEY

It seems manifest that there will be no "simultaneous and reciprocal" suppression of conscription—indeed the trend is quite other-

wise. And so since this evil of conscription continues and hope of any other way of abolishing it disappears it becomes necessary for the individual who cannot square conscription or war with his conscience to disobey this tyranny, feeling that he is thereby obeying God.

This is the case for the C.O.—it is the case for those who have already been jailed and forgotten by this government. It is, in a sense, the case for John Tsoukalis or for Professor Gara of Bluffton College, Ohio, who has been indicted for counselling a non-registrant, whom he did not even know on registration day. All of those who are resisting the state in resisting conscription and war are upholding that elementary Christian principle that an unjust or sinful law or procedure of government should not be obeyed or acquiesced in. If we are going to overlook this principle, if we are going to insist on it only when Catholic interests are involved, then we cannot blame those whom we scandalize, those who think we are only opportunists who believe in human rights when Catholics are being persecuted, but not when someone with whom we disagree on theological matters is executed. The protest sent to the Greek representatives here by the War Resisters League and signed by a Jewish rabbi, a Protestant minister and a Catholic priest had not been considered newsworthy.

The Catholic press as a whole, has been pretty silent on the murder of two-thirds of the Jews in Europe, it has not had much to say about those murdered by the Franco regime in Spain, though it had plenty to say about those murdered by the Loyalists. It is not that we should be liberals holding every cause equally valid. As a matter of fact the liberals have been quite selective in their concern for justice also. They, like the Catholic press, see atrocities only on the side they want to see them on. They condemn Arab atrocities, they have no word about Irgun atrocities. Many of them now concentrate on Russian atrocities, which before they passed over lightly.

"Disobedience to tyrants is obedience to God"—this is elementary Christianity. It is the justification for resistance to the modern state, to the Greek government, to the Hungarian government, to the Franco government, to the Peron government. It cannot be true in one case and not applicable in another. It is justification for resisting the United States government when it invades the conscience of the individual as it does in the case of war and conscription. It is justification for resisting any centralized state, as such inevitably takes to itself functions that can be performed by lesser governing bodies.

WAY OF THE CROSS

These are indeed days of sorrow and it is but a matter of time before we shall all begin our separate Way of the Cross. And we remember again the Passion of One Who went that way before, Who continues to offer to the Father the unlimited value of His sacrifice and Who confers divinity on our sufferings if we but unite them to His. We recall the Divine Revolutionary before Pilate. How he seemed more drawn to Pilate than to the legalistic Pharisees. Pilate, who was agnostic and willing to forget the affair and who was pressed into it only when the priests reminded him of his duty to Caesar. The priests, who were of the pro-Roman faction, who upheld Roman rule over the Jewish people, who sold out the Jewish people and opposed the Divine Jew because he threatened their position. For them Christ had contempt, a contempt that in nowise hindered the perfect charity which, as God, He is. But it was the contempt He holds for a religious legalism, an orthodoxy devoid of love, and He is more toler-

(Continued on page 7)

Toehold on the Land

Rt 1 Box 268
Aptos, Calif.

Dear Friend,

My last letter told you that we would gladly take care of any sick priest needing a cation and now I wonder as to the reason for the silence. It most likely is because you are so very busy but we thought it might be because I mentioned our financial condition or perhaps you thought there might not be enough room. I have wanted to write and explain those conditions further but I kept waiting for a reply and hoping that you would certainly inquire further where you felt doubtful. Nevertheless I want to assure you that financially we are very well off—that is, in comparison to those that are really poor. Although our income varies greatly and is most of the time eaten up entirely by expenses, we live magnificently. We eat wonderfully and we manage to constantly pay our bills. We have a nice home in Monterey that is completely free from debt and although we have very little equity in our farm, we always have that to go back to. After I stated to you that our income was only \$90 a month, now raised to \$97.50, I was besieged with jobs. I took on some night time teaching again to add \$50.00 more a month, however, this will end in another month or two. A friend of ours asked me to take over a berry patch of about four acres in which I would make a couple of cents, I don't mean any more than a couple, a pound. Because of various conditions I will be very glad to average five cents an hour on the whole deal. On top of this some people saw fit to continue paying on a debt to us. So God has taken care of us although He manages to take it all back by means of the automobile we use to cart us and berries around. I long for the day when we can get rid of the car and get back to walking. I would much rather walk than have to continually pay out the terrible expenses of a car and to labor constantly to keep it in running condition. I do all the mechanical work myself, I have to—the frustration being that the cars and parts are made to wear out.

At any rate you can see that we are well off, in fact, we are very well off. We have already begun to lay up a supply of canned goods for the winter—the total to date is made up of 180 cans of berries, 108 cans of apricots, 17 quarts of jam and 26 cans of plums. Due to the fact that we are in a large farming community we procure our produce very cheaply or for trade.

The fact that God sees fit to take such good care of us is the amazing thing and the thing that keeps us literally on our knees thanking Him for all His Blessings. Why He should continue to bless us when we are not worthy is the mystery that keeps us constantly meditating on His love. God is good.

Our only sorrow is that more families and people cannot enjoy the peace and joy that we experience. But everywhere we look we see unhappiness. Every person we meet has troubles while we have none. Everything is perverted to a terrible degree—families, children, farming, marriages, religion, and life. Because of these conditions we are always seeking for means to do what we can. That is why we are writing to you about another idea of ours. We write to you because you are the only person we know of that even begins to understand.

We would like to have a place where families, and others interested in a Christian way of life could go and participate in a way of life that would be as near the ideal of the Christian community as possible. We would run it year round, the climate being entirely suitable to that end, so that the families could come at any time.

Our goal is a Christian community even if it is only made up of our children. However, starting something like this might easily bring us much closer to actual realization of a community. What would be offered to the families would be nothing more or less than community life. The daily schedule being nothing more or less than what would go on at a community. We do not pretend to know what that would be in the ideal, but since we have studied it considerably, we do have some ideas on it. For instance a daily schedule might run thusly: Mass, breakfast, manual labor on the farm and for the community, lunch, a lecture on Christian family life, a period in which persons could carry out their own projects, supper, discussion period and finally the office.

Now at first perhaps a family might come down for a day or so, then later for a week, finally once they could see what community life might consist in they might stay for keeps.

We already have the place, a farm ideally situated and suitable for such an enterprise. We have the building for the center of activities and or the eating and cooking—the farm house. We have no priest for daily Mass but should be able to get one as we know the pastor of the Santa Cruz parish near us. I realize that this is the touchy subject and would only be possible if it were done as a part of the Catholic Worker movement as we earnestly desire. We can get our little cabins to house the families as soon as we need them—that would take care of some housing. Food is plentiful here and would be obtainable if by no other means than labor. All we need are the people.

Barbara was concerned as to this fact—that is, what about the limit to the type and number. I believe that the type would be taken care of by what we would have to offer. We would offer nothing but the barest essentials not only to eliminate it being a rest camp but because that is all we have. We would have nothing but board beds and benches in the cabins, which are 9 ft. by 9 ft. army surplus barracks, no running water in the cabins, outhouses and the simplest, but not lacking in quantity, of food. A wood heater would be necessary especially for tiny children. We also have a larger cabin that could be used for a laundry and wash room.

Oh yes, I forgot that we would recreate. There would be ample singing and dancing and other forms of recreation. We want the community to ring with laughter—if it doesn't the world would be better off having none.

We think that this is a wonderful idea because it offers not a job, or a retreat, or a religion, but a Way of Life. That is the absolute need today. Some way whereby people can get out of the "system" completely. You and I believe that the thing needed is not how to sanctify the system but how to get out of the system completely and exist.

And now I ask you to think about this and let us know about the conclusions to which you come. If you think it is a good idea it may be an indication that it is God's Will. If it is God's Will we should like to begin at once. Since we cannot work alone and because you already have the experience from your family retreat at Newburgh, it is necessary to work with you.

We want it to be a part of the Catholic Worker movement. I wish that New York was not so expensively out of reach so that we could discuss this personally but until we can do better, the letter shall have to do. I do wish, however, that you could come out, you being a little more mobile than we; in fact, I would not like to begin such a project without you to help start it.

As for the other side of the picture—the impossibilities, the other failures, this, that and the other thing. I grant that it would be difficult and we would make mistakes—but it could not be possibly any worse than the way families have to struggle today to exist whether it be in the system or outside of the system. It is a terrible struggle alone—why can't we at least struggle together. The world is in a terrible way and there will be the abomination of desolation—but there will also be the elect.

Let us hear from you. God love you and keep you.

Most sincerely in Christ,
Mario Carota.

Covina, Calif.

Dear Friends:

Though not a Catholic I am one of your most ardent readers. It seems your philosophy on just about everything coincides with mine.

In regard to the article on Housing in the City I believe that the time and energy spent on temporary housing in the city should be spent on education and helping young couples move from the city as quickly as possible. We moved from Los Angeles when our three children were 5, 3 and 1. When a mother has little children it is very difficult for her to help with necessary carpentry and farming involved in establishing a home on a piece of land. How often I regretted that we did not do it immediately after our marriage.

There is no point in living in the city for one minute as any money increase is used up in merely keeping alive.

I know as I have lived in both the city and the country and feel that we live best from the stand-



point of family life, more fun for the children, better food and pleasant occupations for all. It is true that we have no money for the commercial type of recreation and sometimes are puzzled over how to make our clothing meet the needs of the weather and also to present a decent appearance so that our friends won't feel sorry for us.

The old farm house that we tried to make do burned down so my husband is building in his spare time, except for summers when we garden, a lovely type of ranch house, very simple but good. If we can do it, anybody who is not afraid of work could do the same thing if he values a home and family enough. We have received no training in anything we do and have learned everything as we go along. We go all the way with you in your attitude toward conscription and war.

Sincerely yours,
Hazel Davis.

CULT :: :: CULTI

Escapism: The Pope Speaks

The evil from which mankind is suffering today, is the neglect, the ignorance and even the complete denial of all moral standards and of every supernatural ideal.

In this age of mechanization the human person becomes merely a more perfect tool in industrial production and—how sad it is to say it, a perfected tool for mechanized warfare. And at the same time material and ready made amusement is the only thing which stirs and sets the limits to the aspirations of the masses.

Under our very eyes human society is breaking down its constituent elements into the mass of materialistic egoism, the one pitted against the other. Shortly it will cease to be a unity. What does remain of any true human cohesion is more and more dom-

inated by selfish interest or led hither and thither by the passions of the collectivity.

In this disintegration of human personality efforts are being made to restore unity. But the plans proposed are vitiated from the start because they set out from the self-same principle as the evil they intend to cure. The wounds and bruises of the individualistic and materialistic in its own principles and mechanistic in the application of its principles. To heal the wound there is only one sovereign remedy and that is the return of the heart and mind of mankind to the knowledge and love of God, the common Father, and of Him whom God has sent to save the world, Jesus Christ.—Pope Pius XII in an address to the international congress of Catholic Women's Leagues on 14th April, 1939.

Easter Blessing

Gracious blessings on our ovens
On our pots and pans.

Gracious blessing on our kitchen
On our churns and cans.

Guard our dairy all the year long
Guard our butter jar,

Bless our bread board, fire and shovel,
Touch our samovar.

Guide the ikon through our bedroom
Give us quiet sleep,

Guide the ikon through our farmyard,
Guard our cow and sheep.

Place the symbol o'er the lintel,
Make the holy sign.

Light the candle for the Saviour
There before His shrine.

Christ is risen,
Gracious blessing,
On each household thing.

Peace be on our house and your house—
Christ is risen this spring.

—A Russian Priest's blessing.

"With the monstrous weapons man already has, humanity is in danger of being trapped in this world by its moral adolescents. Our knowledge of science has clearly outstripped our capacity to control it.

"We have too many men of science; too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. Man is stumbling blindly through a spiritual darkness while toying with the precarious secrets of life and death.

"The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace, more about killing than we know about living.

"This is our 20th Century's claim to distinction and to progress.

"It is easy for us who are living to honor the sacrifices of those who are dead, for it helps us to assuage the guilt we should feel in their presence. Wars can be prevented just as surely as they are provoked and, therefore, we who fail to prevent them must share in guilt for the dead.

"I have not come here today to consecrate war and its evils for the sacrifices war has produced. For every man in whom war has inspired sacrifices, courage and love, there are many more whom it has degraded with brutality, callousness and greed.

"We have come to ask why it is that our young men must spend their bodies against the Siegfried Line—why it is men cannot live as bravely as they die.

"In our hatred and renunciation of war we must not forget that the roots of conflict flourish in the faults and failures of those who seek peace just as surely as they take shape from the diseases and designs of aggressors."

Gen. Bradley, Chief of Staff U. S. Army.

"Perhaps you say to-yourself: 'If I were asked to receive Paul as my guest, I should do so with all my heart.' Lo, you may have Paul's Master as your guest, if you so wish. *For He tells us: 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child, receiveth Me.' The humbler this brother is, the more truly do we receive Christ in him. For he that receives a great personage often does so through vain-glory; but he that receives a little one, acts purely for Christ."—St. John Chrysostom

CULTURE /ATION ::

Mechanization: The Pope Speaks

One leading mistake we may single out, as the fountain-head, deeply hidden, from which the evils of the modern state derive their origin. Both in private life and in the state itself and moreover in the mutual relations of race with race, of country with country, the one universal standard of morality is set aside, by which we mean the Natural Law, now buried away under a mass of destructive criticism and of neglect.

This Natural Law reposes, as upon its foundation, the notion of God the almighty creator and father of us all, the supreme and perfect lawgiver, the wise and just rewarder of human conduct. When the willing acceptance of that eternal Will is withdrawn, such willfulness undermines every principle of just action. The voice of nature, which instructs the uninstructed and even those to whom civilization has never penetrated, over the difference between right and wrong, becomes fainter and fainter till it dies away.

—Pope Pius XII in *Summi Pontificatus*.

This, according to the admission of all reasonable men, is everywhere the bitter root of evils: refusal to recognize the Divine Majesty, neglect of moral law whose origin is from Heaven, or that regrettable inconstancy which makes its victims waver between the law and forbidden, between justice and inequity.

—Thence arise the modern and blind egotism and thirst for pleasure, vice, drunkenness, neglect of the poor, base craving for ill gotten wealth, FLIGHT FROM THE LAND, levity in entering marriage, divorce, the breaking up of the family, the cooling of mutual affections between parents and children, birth control, enfeeblement of the race, weakening of respect for authority, or the rebellion against or neglect of duty towards one's country and towards mankind.—From the letter of Pope Pius XII to the American Hierarchy.

Cross and the Plough, Dec.: 1939

Christ's Surrender

Christ: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee under My wings as a hen doth her chickens, but thou wouldst not."

On a cold spring night, have you ever watched a hen gather her chicks and keep them so warm and secure?

It's winter, 1949, in dim, grey, Jerusalem. The feast of the Prince of Peace is passed, no warmth inside and outside—no surrender of hearts—chaos and hate.

"Peace to men of good will." No, peace? Just a will to conquer and divide.

The old racket. "For my vesture they cast lots."

Christ: "He that shall lose his life shall find it."

Man—Glorification of self, expensive cars, fancy clothes, sex and food.

What about the poor? Let them dig!

"The rich man died and was buried in hell."

The Wise Men: "They avoided pleasures that they might find happiness."

Our Lord to St. Thomas: "Thou has written well of Me, Thomas, now what dost thou want Me to give thee?"

St. Thomas: "Nothing but Thyself, O Lord."

Augustine the sinner plunged into the mire of vice seeking happiness to find illusion.

Augustine the saint: "For Thee we were made, O Lord, and our poor hearts shall never rest until they rest in Thee."

Does God want man's love?

"Thou shall not have strange gods before Me."

Berdyayev, Russian mystic, said: "Man is for the first time at home in the eternal divine human heart of Christ."

Eric Gill said: "Man is made for happiness and not for wealth, and the two are entirely independent of each other, and even inimical."

"The alternative is the Cross. That's the awful fact and it's not simply a matter of ethical behaviour as who should say: 'Take up your cross and follow Me.' It's also a matter of intelligent behaviour as who should say: 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.'"

Does God love you? He loves you so much He died an agonizing death for you.

In return, He wants the unconditional surrender of your love. God wants all. St. Thomas: "My Lord and my God." He who has Christ wants nothing. He who hasn't Christ wants everything to fill that empty gap, and ends up having illusion: "All things betray thee who betrayed Me."

Conclusion: "I must hate me and love Thee," for "he that is not with Me is against Me."

—Raymond Grace.

BOOK REVIEWS

AN ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK by Sister Mary of the Compassion, O. P. (Constance Mary Rowe, A.R., C.A.). Sower Press, Matawan, N. J., \$1.50.

With what joy have I read and re-read this inspiring little book (48 pages) "written for artists and art-lovers as it was thought out by an artist striving to equate her work with truth in the welter of the modern world." It is refreshing to read of eternal truths, of principles which come from God to guide the artists in creating and the public in judging after being overwhelmed by the welter of personal opinion of likes and dislikes of the art world today. Father Urban Nagle, O.P., in the foreword reminds us of that happy day when art was understood by the illiterate (all great art is!), when painting and sculpture were created according to true principles and all art tried "to bring men to eternal Beauty . . . to God."

In the early days of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, Constance Mary Rowe often visited its office and her drawings have graced the pages of the paper many times. Shortly before we met her she had won the Prix de Rome and a few years ago her work was exhibited in New York. She writes out of the fullness of her heart and mind and rich experience, and avoids all arty language. This powerful book should be read and studied

wisest choice of material for this intellectual giant.

The myths about artists only expressing their own ego, that emotional sprees and Bohemianism are a necessary part of their life are effectively proved false. Humility, discipline and hard work are essential in the development of the artist. Nature and the intellect have their proper place in every creation but for surrealism to denature art and for Braque to reduce everything to an intellectual abstraction is abnormal distortion. Work does not have to have a "meticulous finish" but must be made in a "perfect way" so that the life within it, the "soul" breathes through the paint, stone or wood.

In looking at art people complain, "It isn't human," "Gosh, never saw anyone look like that," being aware only of what is the surface, the form expecting art to mirror nature like photography. This is not the nature of art but of the ART of photography. In the same way ugliness or great intensity of feeling in another repels most people so that they forget the reality of the human soul beneath. These are the ones who are shocked by a suffering Christ on the Cross. They are satisfied with a calm, painless Christ poised on his toes but one must remember there was "no beauty nor comeliness in Him." A painless Christ is mediocrity in art. In a lesser way the saints in art must be a reproach to the mediocre just as their lives were. How else could they inspire us to pray. "No wonder, then that a work containing even a small part of truth so closely apprehended, sometimes shocks at first sight and seems strange—strange to eyes no longer accustomed to seeking form yet if it shows forth some truth it is only strange in appearance, not in reality."

The reason why religious art today is "untrue is because the artist is not childlike and confident enough in his affections for the objects he depicts." There is a far greater responsibility for the artist who desires to paint or carve God and the Saints. The recent Liturgical Arts Statue Project while an improvement over Barclay Street is still far from what it could have been. The reason, I think, is that the rules of the project were so narrow in that only a specified few were invited to participate. If the appeal to sculptors throughout the country had been made and from what was submitted, the judges picked the work of the ten best—and then these ten make the larger statues, the results would have been far superior and had more chance of being the great religious art we are looking for. It is not the subject which makes a work religious but the manner it was made. If sculptors loved God and the Saints they would have carved them long before this project. To go to artists nationally known for a religious statue is like asking the Hollywood movie star to please play a role in a passion play! In the NOTEBOOK there is a story of Our Lord rebuking St. Teresa for preferring poor works of art on the grounds of poverty. It is common belief that few churches can afford original work. This would seem to be borne out by the fact that \$1,500 was paid for the plaster statues in the Liturgical Arts Exhibit. Had they been done in stone this amount might have been justified.

Just as the "truer an artist's understanding is, the more creative and original he becomes because he has at his command a finer material with which to express himself so the truer the public's understanding is of art, the more receptive he becomes of his deeper appreciation." The artist expresses the heart of the people, "so that they have the right to demand work they can understand. In this way both will grow closer "to eternal beauty . . . to God." I hope

Sr. Mary of the Compassion sees fit to write a more personal account of her struggle before she was recognized as an artist and how she applied these principles. May this book INSPIRE prayer for artists in their difficulties amid the materialism today; enlighten as to the much misunderstood vocation; influence more "to turn to the arts for relaxation as the natural form of recreating" and more to "work at the arts as the natural way to earn a living."

JULIA PORCELLI, Sculptor.

WOBBLY — by Ralph Chaplin. University of Chicago Press, \$6.

Ralph Chaplin, artist, rebel poet, former editor of two I.W.W. papers, renounces in this book the radical ideas for which he agitated, fought, stood trial and served a long prison sentence. His story makes it clear that Chaplin rebelled against his own ideas when he was convinced they led only to a struggle for power. He attributes his change of heart to the disillusioning failure of the Russian revolution to give birth to a true workers' commonwealth. The infiltration of the American labor movement by Communists was a strong influencing factor in his conversion to chauvinistic nationalism.

As one who carried a red card in the days when Chaplin was editor of *Solidarity* and the I.W.W. was lusty, young and going places, I find his book intensely interesting as autobiography but inadequate as history. The story of Joe Hill is beautifully told, but the most poignant verse, his "last and final will," is unaccountably omitted. The story of the prison years leaves much to be desired. Much space is devoted to Captain Eddy, World War I aviator serving a life sentence in Leavenworth, while we are told virtually nothing about Bill Haywood and Vincent St. John in prison. Certainly the story of Captain Eddy has no important bearing on the history of the I.W.W., except in so far as he succeeded in converting Ralph Chaplin to acceptance of war.

As a Catholic, I am happy to know that Chaplin has learned the need for religion and has accepted the gospel of love, but I regret that he does not go further and apply that gospel to the great evil of war with his old revolutionary fervor. Twice in his book he writes of "the pattern of slavery"; it is regrettable that he does not see the nationalistic war as the ultimate working out of that pattern.

David Mason

"What is the use of loading Christ's table with vessels of gold if He Himself is dying of hunger? First satisfy His hunger; then adorn His table with what remains . . . tell me, if you saw a man in need of even the most necessary food and if you should leave him standing there, in order to set the table with dishes of gold (but no food), would he be thankful to you? Would he not rather be angry? Or again, if you saw him clothed in rags and shivering with cold, but without giving any thought to his raiment, you were to erect columns of gold, telling him that all this was in his honor, would he not think you were mocking him and treating him with the utmost contempt? But consider well that this the way you treat Christ when He goes about as a pilgrim, a homeless vagabond, and when instead of taking Him in, you embellish the floors and walls and capitals of columns, and suspend lamps from silver chains, but refuse even to visit Him when He is in chains. I am not saying this to criticize the use of such ornaments; we must attend to both, but to Christ first!"—St. John Chrysostom



and given to your non-Catholic friends, especially those who love the beauty of the middle ages but have been bewildered by the ugliness of churches today. Until Christian art schools are established, this book will enable artists to retain their sanity. We learn what one should look for in a teacher, whose function is to direct and guide the student in the reforming of known truths, for each artist can express some new aspect of God's truth. She goes on to explain how materials must be used according to their nature (not finishing plaster to look like stone!); the motives behind an artist's work; how all creative work is of the intellect with emotion giving it life; how an artist can retain his integrity; what he should receive in wages; ending with an examination of conscience for artists. In a general summation titled THE END OF ALL THINGS IS BEAUTY, she covers Christian art, liberty and inspiration. A bibliography showing her authoritative sources should interest the more scholarly.

There are very beautiful photographs of religious art of the past by Fra Angelico and El Greco. Modern art is represented by Blake's "Downfall of the Rebel Angels" and two of the author's own works—"Our Lady of Fatima" and a reverent "Pieta" which are very fine but one wonders at her other selections. These while technically well done will not stand the test of time, in particular the one of St. Thomas Aquinas which is more a caricature than a piece of sculpture. It is done in ceramic—scarcely the

On PILGRIMAGE

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A WALK IN NAPLES

"See Naples and die." I heard the phrase first when I was still in high school. Then when I finally got to Naples, I almost saw an opera instead.

We spent all Sunday afternoon travelling down Italian roads in a sightseeing bus. The old man at the desk in the hotel had said that Little Vesuvius was a must for all visitors, and that Sunday afternoon was just the time to make the trip. We took his word for it.

The night was coming on as we drove back to the city—via the scenic route along the bay, of course. It was sheer Fitzpatrick stuff, with Capri and Sorrento in the distance and the red sun hanging low over the blue, blue waters. Now that I think of it, I remember the time a few years ago when a Russian diplomat visited Chicago and was taken on a sightseeing tour by a group of city fathers. "Why didn't someone tell me that your city was so beautiful?" he was quoted as saying. The story was that he had been driven up and down the Outer Drive and through the parks all day.

The bus we were in was scheduled to pick up more tourists returning on the ferry from Capri, so the driver was anxious to dump us at the travel office in Naples. Obviously, the guides' speeches were not timed for a fifty-mile-an-hour clip. All the way back the guides were breathless and unhappy but went through with their end of the bargain doggedly.

"On your right ladies and gentlemen, is the castle where Victor Emmanuel came after he left Rome," they would be saying, and then before they had the last syllable pronounced it would be time to point out the seaside villa where the aged Princess of Someplace still lives in retirement. Ever the diplomats, the guides said little about the war-damage which all day had held the tourists' interest more than the untouched old castles by the sea. But as we ooh-ed and aah-ed at some tremendous destruction, one of them bent down to us, both Americans, and whispered comfortingly: "Don't worry, friends, the Germans did their share of it, too."

After dinner back in the hotel, the evening was still young. We asked the man at the desk what he thought we ought to do now. "Well," he said, "why don't you go to the opera? Tonight it's 'Manon,' with Beniamino Gigli. If you take a taxi you can still make it."

So we took a taxi to the opera house and were there in plenty of time. Immediately we felt a little foolish. We were both wearing bright plaid woolen shirts (at Sears-Roebuck in Chicago the man told me mine was just the thing for travel), no ties. The crowd standing around in the foyer was very fashionable, indeed. Most of them in evening clothes, and even the others wore dark ties and starched white shirts. When the ticket man said he was sorry but the house was sold out, we wondered about our shirts. But later that night back at the hotel the old man said Gigli was still very popular in Naples and that he should have warned us we might not be able to get seats.

Anyway, that's how it came

about that we saw Naples instead of "Manon." We decided to walk around, and for the next four hours we kept at it. I don't think I'll ever forget that walk. And, remember it took place in 1949, more than three years after the war ended. Someone walking around the city tonight will see the same sights. It was just an ordinary Sunday evening in post-war Naples.

Most of the Neapolitans who don't have seaside villas seem to live in crowded, smelly tenement houses of the kind that are to be found on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Maybe that is why they escape to the streets at all hours of the day and night. As soon as we left the opera house we melted into a crowd of them pushing its way aimlessly up and down the streets. I say melted. Not exactly. Everywhere, we were recognized as Americans. Maybe it was the plaid shirts; more likely, something more basic. Whatever it was, I don't think we missed a black marketeer, a pander, or a shady proposition abroad in Naples that night.

They came at us from all sides, sometimes literally running down the street through the thick crowd, arms stretched out like a football player's, to catch up to us. They offered to sell us everything from Rosary beads blessed by the Pope to their fifteen-year-old sisters. Then when they had finally accepted the fact that we weren't in the market for anything, they pestered us to sell something to them: American cigarettes, watches, fountain pens. Some of them were slick young characters straight out of the gangster movies. But others were only raggedy kids with a little English who had been sent out by their parents, they admitted, to bring back business for the adolescent daughters in the family.

Neither of us, at this stage of the game, is easily shocked. We had both run into prostitution before—in the tenderloins of American cities, in wartime London, even in postwar Germany. But to be approached ten times in a single block... and in every block! This was not the canny business, the professional harlotry of Piccadilly, the Pigalle or North Clark Street, but the prostitution of poverty. The skinny kids marketing their sisters should have been home in bed, getting enough sleep to go back to school in the morning. But these kids don't go to school. Their sisters themselves are at the age when, normally they would be having innocent crushes on movie stars and be busy electing class presidents. But they, too, are still displaced persons. And their parents? God forgive them. Who that is not as poor as they will throw the first stone?

We were not the only Americans in Naples that night. A big American aircraft carrier stood out in the bay. Its crew had shore leave in the city. At the opera house we had seen an American car drive up, two official stars marking it off as "command." But the young sailors were not at the opera. They were wandering up and down the streets of Naples, pursued as avidly as we were. Most of them it was obvious, had come a long way since graduation from high school last June or the June before.

As the night wore on, there were more and more drunken American sailors to be seen staggering out of bars, and more and more being led away from the center of town by the sleek young men and the ragged kids with a little English. Here was the corruption that war and poverty have brought to Italy reaching out to the youth of full-bellied U. S. But it is fair to say, too, that the drunken sailors were in the minority. At midnight, most of the American gobs were still wandering aimlessly and indecisively, as servicemen are forever doing in the loneliness of leave in a strange city. Some of them, arms loaded down with cheap souvenirs, were already on their way back to the ship. For these, every step of the way involved of necessity a "Begone, Satan." There was no let-up in flesh-peddling as the night wore on.

The innocence of some of the little kids mixed up in this busi-



ness hit us when one of them, after offering to bring us to his sister, refused to leave when we sent him away. Instead he stared worshipfully for a silent minute and then tagged along beside us, an obedient puppy. Finally we found out why. "You camboys!" he said. "Bang-bang! You bang-bang Indians. I never see camboys, only in cinema. Now I see you. You show me gun?" Those shirts again!

On the way back to the hotel, along the quieter streets, we saw dozens of the homeless children of Naples. One little boy about eight or nine was propped up, asleep, against the side of a building. He wore a picket's sign over his shoulder which told his story in emotional Italian. According to the sign (a homemade invention of brown wrapping paper and bright water-colored letters) he was a war-orphan who had no home and depended for food on the lire given him by "the good Christians" who passed him on the street. The very sign itself betrayed a professional hand somewhere. But the fact remained that here he was, after midnight, curled up on the street.

In a doorway, we found two more children, a boy six or seven and his little sister, four. The girl was sound asleep, but the boy heard us coming. He got up right away, holding the four-year-old in his skinny arms before us, like a priest lifting up a paten. Then he spoke in rapid Italian. We didn't understand a word he said. But he might have been saying: "Look, this little thing is your responsibility, too." We understood, of course, that he was making an appeal for lire. The sleeping child never stirred through all this. God knows how many times before morning the boy picked her up and held her, accusingly, before the eyes of passers-by.

In still another doorway there were three little ones mothered by an incredibly filthy girl about twelve years old. The girl had the instincts of an overly dramatic actress. She stood before us and pantomimed wildly and shamelessly to spell out their needs. All

SERMON OF ST. LEO, POPE

ROMAN BREVIARY

Lesson IV

The season of the year with its customary devotions reminds us, dearly beloved, that it is our duty as shepherd of your souls to exhort you to the observance of the fast. Now that all the fruits of the earth have been gathered in, it is most fitting that this sacrifice of abstinence should be offered to God who has so bountifully bestowed the fruits of the earth upon us. And what can be more useful to this end than fasting? For by its observance we draw near to God, we resist the devil, and overcome the allurements of vice.

Lesson V

Fasting has ever been the support of virtue. From abstinence spring chaste thoughts, reasonable desires, and salutary counsels. By voluntary mortifications the lusts of the flesh are extinguished, and the soul receives new strength. But since fasting alone will not obtain health for our souls, let us add, to our fasting, works of mercy to the poor. Let us spend in good works what we deny to indulgence. Let the abstinence of him who fasts become the banquet of the poor.

Lesson VI

Let us be zealous in the protection of widows, in the support of orphans; let us strive to comfort the afflicted, to reconcile those who are at variance. Let us receive the stranger, and succour the oppressed; let us clothe the naked and care for the sick. And then may every one of us, who shall have spent himself in offering this sacrifice of piety to God the author of all good, merit to receive from him the reward of the heavenly kingdom. Therefore let us fast on Wednesdays and Fridays; and on Saturday let us keep vigil at the church of blessed Peter the Apostle: that through his merits we may obtain what we ask, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

Appeals

Elizabeth Rave
73B Market Schwaben
e/o Munich,

Altes Schlob
Bayern, American Zone
Germany

Mrs. Kattina Koking
33 Kolokotrine St.—Zettenlik

Enante Paulo Mella
Salonica, Greece

Father Pius Parsch
Stift Klosterneuburg
bei Wien, Austria

Klara Muller
13A Holzkuhnhäuser
Wirzburgland
American Zone, Germany
Viktor Kempf
Same as above

Franz Fink
Moedling (near Vienna)
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Austria

Martha Henke
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Stef Glonerstrasse 11A
American Zone, Germany

Rudolf Seitz
Rothen Kirchen
Kreis Hunfeld

Gross Hersen
Amer. Zone, Germany
Hermie von Scheibenhof
16 Salminster

Kr. Schlietern
Bad Sodenstrasse 45
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Amer. Zone, Germany

Sister M. Ramunda
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v. der Elisabeth
15B Rudolstadt No. 1
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Russian Zone, Germany

Ida Blisfer
Reppenhagen
Bei Roggenstorf

Areis Schoeberg
Mecklenburg
Russian Zone, Germany

G. Reischuck
216 Bochum
Langendreer
Mariburgstrasse 15
Westfahlen
American Zone, Germany
(sheets, thread, etc.)

Ludwig Aumüller
Borham, Postnittenau
Bayern, Ostmark
American Zone, Germany

Christel Abelshausen
Bonn Rheinweg 146
British Zone 22
N. Rhein Province, Germany

Walter Rohse
15A-au-Schmalkalden
Thuringen
Koppisrain T
Russian Zone, Germany

Josef Stepien
Glinik-Mariam Polski
k/Lorlic

Cwojew Kreseowskie
Poland

Wladyslaw Ciombor
Glusik Mariam Polski
Gorlice, Poland

BISHOP'S FUND

FOR

VICTIMS OF WAR

We urge you to contribute to this relief fund for the aid to orphans, displaced persons, expelles, the aged and the infirm.

Collection at Mass

LAETARE SUNDAY

March 27, 1949

Editor's Report

(Continued from page 1)

Pittsburgh early enough to get out for a visit with Father Meenan. Each time I have come into Pittsburgh it has been in the morning, and each time I have made a silent affirmation to the effect that these cities must go. Pittsburgh in the gray of winter is a sight for only beasts to behold and delight in, it is not a place where man can look at his work and be pleased. Each side of the road is piled high with slag heaps, and the dismal and shaky houses of the mill workers, and the unreal light of the blast furnaces in the sky give us an intimation of what hell must be like. Hell, says Thomas Merton, is a place where a group of people who hate one another, and who disagree with one another are trapped for eternity. Imagine being trapped in any of the Pittsburghs of the nation! We left Pittsburgh in the afternoon and arrived in Chicago the following morning. Tom and I showered in the Greyhound Bus Terminal there and went on over to the offices of *Today* where we had a long and good visit with Father Carabine and Jim O'Gara. We talked of many things, of the work of the CW and of *Today*, but mostly about the need of avoiding superficiality in the apostolate. I had to pull out of town that evening for Milwaukee where I was to speak the following evening. I ate that night with Carol Jackson, Doreen O'Sullivan and Ed Willock all of *Integrity* and with Father James Gillis of the Dominican House of Studies at River Forest. Again we talked about the apostolate, and particularly the whole question of industrialism. We spoke of the necessity of studying Saint Thomas and the hopes that we have of getting a School of Theology for Laymen under way here in New York come next winter.

Milwaukee

Into Milwaukee early in the evening and Ed and I went to give a hand at the Cardign Center which was to open the following evening. There was not too much work accomplished on our part for there were again many people to speak to, and a lot to find out about the function of the center, which is to be a focal point for Catholic Action in Milwaukee. The center has acquired what was formerly a flop-house on Water street and through dint of plenty of hard work on the part of members from the various groups converted it into a splendid group of meeting rooms. Part of the house is to be reserved for a cooperative library which the group plans on getting under way shortly. There was much interest expressed in the establishment of a house of hospitality in Milwaukee again, many of those to whom I spoke expressing hope that the corporal works of mercy would have a place in the work going on. There is still a vital nucleus from the old C.W. group in town and together with the student's groups it is hoped that something will be worked out.

While in Milwaukee I stayed with Joe Dorzynski and his wife. They are a splendid young couple who came into the apostolate through the Cana Conferences. They have already started a cell in their parish and hope that through the mutual investigation of their problems that they will be able to work out some improvements. This clarification of thought which goes on is most important, for gradually most of the young couples see quite easily that the problems of our times are not superficial ones, that they are not ones which will be effected by partial changes, but that a whole reintegration of the Christian point of view must be made. Joe is in the realty business, and hopes that he may extend more and more into his business those Christian principles which will change the world, already he and his partner have discovered that it is possible to emphasize the service angle of this line of work, that they are helping people to get a hold of that they can maintain, that in size and location will

encourage rather than deter the realization of the Christian concept of marriage. With the Don Gallaghers working in the college groups, with the Jerry Quinns and the Joe Dorzynskis working in the married groups and with the Sister Madeline Sophies working in the high school groups and with numerous other (like the young man who made the beautiful brass lettering for the entrance to the Cardign Center, whose name I lost when I lost a little blue notebook en route. There was a young nurse whom I spoke to who is working at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Milwaukee whom I promised the paper to and whose name I lost who is full of zeal, both for the particular problems of her work, and for apostolate generally.

Chicago, Again

On Monday I was back again in Chicago and Tom and I started out on a long haul of visits and contacts. As with nearly everyone visiting on this sort of trip St. Benet's Library on Congress Street was our unofficial headquarters. Nina Polcyn and Margaret Blazer are a mine of information as to where people are located and who are the people to see in town. They are familiar with the groups who while not receiving an iota of publicity are doing such tremendous, quiet work in the most abandoned fields. St. Benet's isn't too far from the bus and train terminals, and all sorts of people from all over the country drop in there between connections. You can read, and catch up on your notes and exchange ideas and greetings and all this is an atmosphere of unhurried ease. We went over to Friendship House, which is a beautiful large establishment, magnificently equipped for the work of education and the works of mercy this group in the Negro apostolate perform. The group is particularly interested in the housing problem as any group working in the Harlems of our country must be. We spent the morning and lunch with them renewing friendships, and exchanging ideas. There is a very youthful air about the gang at Friendship House which is very appealing. They too spoke of necessity of a house of Hospitality being got underway, about the needs on skid row in Chicago and the need of the Worker's long range viewpoint being expressed again in Chicago.

That afternoon we went over to see the Pete and Katherine Resers. Pete was working but we had a long spiel with Kathy, and talked mostly about the necessity of families getting out on the land. Pete and Katherine have never given up this hope and dream, but with children coming regularly, and with the scale of wages that a man gets today in proportion to the price of food it would take heroic charity to make such a move. I was again reminded when thinking about this conversation of one of the aims of the English Land Federation, "to educate Catholics in the need for recreating a Catholic Rural Life, and in the necessity for restoring the conception of Family Subsistence Farming and to collect funds for all these objects." Where is there an organization with these aims who is doing something about it, and yet today I read in the paper that the American Church has dug up three million dollars to enter into a currency deal with Hollywood film magnates via Italy.

That evening we went over to see Al and Catherine Reser. They too talked a lot about the land. Al and Catherine spoke of the attempt they had made a number of years ago but again it is a question of finances and being stuck in the rut of the city. Al and Catherine are just about the oldest friends the CW has in Chicago and I had not seen them in nearly ten years. It was a wonderful renewal and I realize the import of the years when I spent a birthday in Chicago with Tom's friends, Jack and Peg Geary. We stayed with the Geary's where the hospitality was wonderful, I felt completely at home and was a little taken back when they decided that

(Continued on page 8)

EASY ESSAYS

by

PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 1)

8. So hospitality like everything else must now be idealized.

Houses of Hospitality

1. We need Houses of Hospitality to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor.
2. We need Houses of Hospitality to bring the Bishops to the people and the people to the Bishops.
3. We need Houses of Hospitality to bring back to institutions the technique of institutions.
4. We need Houses of Hospitality to show what idealism looks like when it is practiced.
5. We need Houses of Hospitality to bring Social Justice through Catholic action exercised in Catholic Institutions.

Hospices

1. We read in the Catholic Encyclopedia that during the early ages of Christianity the hospice (or the house of hospitality) was a shelter for the sick, the poor, the orphans, the old, the traveler and the needy of every kind.
2. Originally the hospices (or houses of hospitality) were under the supervision of the bishops who designated priests to administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of these charitable institutions.
3. The fourteenth statute of the so-called Council of Carthage held about 436 enjoins upon the bishops to have hospices (or houses of hospitality) in connection with their churches.

Parish Houses of Hospitality

1. Today we need houses of hospitality as much as they needed it then if not more so.
2. We have Parish Houses for the priests Parish houses for recreational purposes but no Parish Houses of hospitality.
3. Bossuet says that the poor are the first children of the Church so the poor should come first.
4. People with homes should have a room of hospitality so as to give shelter to the needy members of the parish.
5. The remaining needy members of the parish should be given shelter in a Parish Home.
6. Furniture, clothing and food should be sent to the needy members of the parish at the Parish House of Hospitality.
7. We need Parish Homes as well as Parish Domes.
8. In the new Cathedral of Liverpool there will be a Home as well as a Dome.

Houses of "Catholic Action"

1. Catholic houses of hospitality should be more than free guest houses for the Catholic unemployed.
2. They could be vocational training schools including the training for the priesthood as Father Corbett proposes.
3. They could be Catholic reading rooms as Father McSorley proposes.
4. They could be Catholic Instruction Schools as Father Cornelius Hayes proposes.
5. They could be Round-Table Discussion Groups as Peter Maurin proposes.
6. In a word, they could be Catholic Action Houses where Catholic Thought is combined with Catholic Action.

Rural Proletariat

(Continued from page 1)

est job of all with no stooping or even skill of sorting out culls, were paid from \$18 to \$40 a day and the rest of us got 85 cents an hour. It was a custom for the packer to get more was all the answer I could get. I worked here for three weeks and, as the Indian lives off the country wherever he may be, this vegetarian had cauliflower every night for supper. I found a combination of cheese and jelly made good sandwiches for dinner.

Irrigating Lettuce Land

Lettuce is the main crop in the part of the valley where I live. The efficient farmer discs, drags, scrapes and floats his land over and over until it is really level. In this Southwest everything runs southwest. The field is separated into "lands" about 100 feet in width. Often rye or other green grass is planted and then sheep at 4 cents per head per day graze. It is irrigated again and again as the sheep graze. Then it is disced and the remaining green and the sheep manure add to the value of the soil. When once water is ordered, it generally takes a day and a night to irrigate a large field. I have irrigated by myself at night in this fresh ground. No matter how careful you may be, the water will tend to furrow in on one side or the other and miss the opposite side. The expert (Mormons and Mexicans are the best irrigators it seems) knows just where to put the "checks" extending out like arms from each side to divert the water so that no dry land remains. You may have from two to six lands running at once depending on the volume of the water. First you put a "tarp" of canvas across the ditch, leaning it against sticks and banking it around with dirt making a dam; and generally, further down the ditch, it is well to put a second tarp in case the first one leaks or washes out.

Walking around in this mud to make new checks or to plug up a gopher hole where water is going in the wrong direction, your shins become sore with the rubbing of the boot tops against them. The shift is generally 12 hours at 60 to 70 cents an hour.

After the ground has been soaked and vegetation comes up again, it is irrigated another time or two. As it comes nearer the time for plant-

ing, special machines make straight level beds about two feet across with irrigation runs between. The lettuce comes up on the very edge of each side of this bed. First come the thinners who generally work by contract and thin out the lettuce to one head every 14 inches. Afterwards it is found that in many places there are two heads, or what is called "doubles." These are then thinned. This is done with a hoe with a handle about two feet long. A worker on the end of a long handle tends to get careless and chop anything in sight if the lettuce is small. Later, when the lettuce is bigger, long hoes are used to cut the weeds and grass. Meanwhile, at daylight or dusk when there is little wind, an airplane dusts the field to kill bugs and worms. A liquid fertilizer in tanks is emptied gradually in the irrigation water at the intake. The advantage of having a large farm is that the run-off water from one field is used on the next field—otherwise, it runs back in the lateral and is sold to another farmer.

Cutting Lettuce

When a good proportion of the lettuce has solid heads and especially if the price is high, the long yellow trailers are at the end of the field. Three men line up on each side of the trailer and two behind it and it is pulled slowly by a small tractor or, if the ground is wet, by a small caterpillar. The tool used to cut the lettuce is about one and one-half inches wide, sharp, and curved a bit. The handle is about one and one-half feet long. First, you feel the lettuce with your left hand and see if it is hard and, if so, you cut it with the knife in your right hand and throw it with your left hand in the trailer. I generally worked on the outside row and, if possible, got the side away from the exhaust, for it would soon give you a headache. This meant throwing further but there was less likelihood of there being a collision of human and lettuce heads. At times I have steadily cut lettuce without straightening up for the quarter mile of the row. Generally there are enough immature heads to give you a rest between. This work pays from 75 cents to a dollar an hour. When there is no frost you can commence at daylight, but when it is hot in the afternoon it is best not to handle the lettuce. When

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Days of Sorrow

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ant of the agnostic than He is of these. Pilate at least did not want to hurt anyone, he did not want anyone to suffer because he did not think as he did. That is an attractive and good quality of the agnostic, it is not something that should be shed by anyone as they abandon agnosticism for the Faith, it is a good they should bring into the Faith with them. It is the foundation of divine charity in us.

It was on the way of the cross that Christ was met by Veronica. She offered Him a handkerchief and He wiped the sweat of His face on it and left there the design of His face. As suffering in love leaves Christ in us, so that we become Christ, we are Christ in the world, He divinizes us. We become objects of worship. Not that we cease at the same time to be infinitely removed from Him, not but that He as God is divinely self-sufficient. But that we, as did Simon of Cyrene, grasp hold of His Cross and in doing so lay hold of eternity. Eternity begins in our souls as grace, it is the seed of glory, it is unfolded when complete maturity has been reached and we are ready for absorption in that fascination which is the Beatific Vision of God.

Another Verdict

Because Christ died not only as the result of physical injury but because he bore the sins of all men and they were such that they could not be borne without psychological suffering that surpassed any pain that has ever been the lot of man, there is in Him the

only entire and satisfactory answer to life and the misery of life and the persecutions by the world. He gave until there was no more to give, He stripped Himself, and was hoisted up naked to the sight-seeing of all men. And it was to the Blessed Mary, to her on whose word of acceptance the Incarnation depended, who gave through her consent redemption to all mankind, it was to her that man handed back the Christ she gave. But he was returned as murdered at the tribunals of the world, as too just to live in a world of injustice, as too radical to enjoy the protection of the respectable. He was given as a Divine Infant, He was handed back by us a mutilated corpse.

Every day throughout the world there is re-presented to the Eternal Father the death of Christ. Mystically, the separate consecration of bread and wine at Mass shows forth again the draining of blood from the tortured body of Christ. In that infinite sacrifice we are called to participate, to unite our own sufferings that they make up what was lacking in His. For if the Head of the Body suffers it is fitting that the Body (of which we are members) agonize also. That all men of good will, all who listen to conscience, whether they be formally correct or not, will conquer death with Him.

There will be a final reckoning in justice, the last word has not been said when the state holds its tribunals and the representatives of the world have pronounced their judgments. There will be another installment.

Editor's Report

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this was the dinner to open a bottle of champagne they had been saving for a number of years. Father Carabine was over for dinner that night, and Joe Devers the writer who is now living and working in Chicago. Each morning in Chicago our day began at seven-thirty and went well past midnight. After mass at the parish church we would start the rounds again. I was determined that this time in Chicago I would get to all of the groups, every time I had been in Chicago before there were some that I didn't get around to meeting.

Martin de Porres Center

I had never visited the Martin de Porres Center before where Mary Widman has been so valiantly working for these many years. She is over in the Negro section of Chicago, working mostly with children, and with potential converts. It has been a work which has not gained much public notice, and I guess that is the way Mary wants it. When Tom and I arrived at the house they were sitting down for supper, Father Lux the Dominican who is the spiritual adviser of the group was there, but Mary was out with a young man cleaning up a four family building they were helpful in obtaining for four families who had been living in unspeakable circumstances. One family, with seven children had been living in one room for a couple of years. The dePorres center managed to get the down payment on this building which is in good solid condition, and the families are going to pay off the cost in monthly installments. At the end of eight or nine years they will own the place outright, something which until this point had been beyond their wildest dreams. It is another example of the cooperative way, done on the small scale which if put into effect by the various apostolic groups throughout the country would definitely offer the necessary challenge to the state which we need in the practical order. Without cooperation, and the restoration of the sense of community all of the work we do in the practical order will be of little or no avail. Mary practices hospitality too for there was an aged, legless Negro there, who has been living with her a couple of years.

Our final day we had dinner at Nina and Margarets with Joe Dever and Carl Merschal. We talked much about the problem of the Catholic writer, the condition of the publishing business which Joe was quite familiar with and about art. Carl is a young artist who with a pretty solid talent finds himself floundering in an effort to establish himself in an uncompromised condition.

That day too, we visited John

Bowers who has the Holy Child House. Holy Child House was the original site of the CW in Chicago and John through all these years has run and maintained the place for the benefit of the kids in the neighborhood. We lunched with him and then shoved off for a visit with Father Tarasevitch of St. Procopius Abbey at Lisle, Illinois. Joe Dever made this trip with us and Tom and I were glad that he did. We had known Father through correspondence, and his letters to us, both private and those which were intended for publication were always a source of consolation and instruction to all of us on Mott Street. We were prepared for his absolute viewpoint on things Christian, on his uncompromising attitude towards secularism and his insistence at the same time that the charity of Christ should be extended to our enemies as well as to our friends. Father's letters were always phrased in the rich, full vocabulary that Slavs seem to always employ when using English. We found that Father was a shy, retiring gentle soul, the epitome of the pictured Benedictine, and yet at the same time from the depths of cloister he was aware of the problems of the time. Joe was a little jarred; he said that he had read Leon Bloy, but that he didn't realize that there were people in the world who took all of these things to heart. To him the revolution was a thing which was for group of Marxists; he was never really aware that the Christian revolution meant such sweeping and basic changes. Father gave him a quick spiritual transfusion on the subject of Russia and Joe left Lisle at least questioning things he had never questioned before. Today word reaches us that the FBI has been investigating Father, that each time one of his letters appear in the paper his superiors are questioned as to his activities.

Willock-Marciniak

That evening we attended the debate at the Sheil School and Ed Willock on the subject "Is a Christian Industrialism Possible?" Once again we came to the realization of how much work was to be done, just how far the disintegration has taken place in the Christian household. Willock presented the thesis that if one man was debased, that if our present system demanded the debasement of one individual, then the system must go. He spoke as the father of a large family, as a man who has worked for seven years on the assembly line. Ed Marciniak presented the view that we really didn't know if the system could be Christianized or not; that it was in the nature of a great adventure that Christians should embark on; that we must make the distinction between the system and the individual spirituality of the people involved in it. In neither case am I giving a complete picture of each man's views, only trying to suggest his line of thought as it struck me. I did feel however, that Willock came out the better in the argument. We were not discussing that evening whether or not the system could be Christianized without the assembly line or not, but rather whether the thing we have now was a fit thing for Christians to be involved in.

Detroit

That evening we pulled out for Detroit, where tremendous activity is taking place among the Catholic Worker Group there. Last month in the paper Jim Hunt wrote a pretty complete account of what is going on, and so I would like to pass on to two activities which I was most impressed by. The group, which is led by Lou Murphy has opened a reading room for the men on the line. It is a little removed from the house, but not too far away. It serves a much needed want, one which all of us in all houses of hospitality have felt were necessary adjuncts. The men have almost no place where they can go during the day and get warm, no place where they can read, or write a letter. When we visited the St. Thomas Room it was jammed; and

it was a cold day and it was easy to see that this refuge from the elements was greatly appreciated.

In nearly every large town too is the problem of old age pensioners. They don't get much money to really live on and the problem of how they are to sleep and be fed is a pressing one. Father Kern has solved it for some of the men. He was able to get hold of a large old house in the center of town. The men each month, and on a cooperative basis, pool their checks. They do all their own work with the exception of the cooking and for that they hired a cook. They eat well, are paying off on their improvements and have the feeling of security and of belonging which is absent in the lives of many old people. It is an example of cooperation on an age level I have never heard of before. They run their own show completely, making whatever rules they deem necessary and electing each month a new board of directors. We stayed on for the meeting that night, there was a talk about the establishment of a rural community for boys in Canada and it was good to learn that others even though they have a different viewpoint were thinking generally in the direction of the land. We were glad to hear that the Murphy's have attracted young men to the work and that they will be able to return to the farm in the spring. Color, bright color and a pleasant family spirit seemed to be the keynote in Detroit.

Cleveland

In Cleveland which is my home town and where I first came in touch with the Worker eleven years ago I visited my family for a day, got in to see Father Ken Saunders at the Cathedral where we talked generally of post war moral problems and then out to see Bill and Dorothy Gauchet at Our Lady of



The Wayside Farm in Avon. Bill is driving the school bus and working in the local feed shop to keep going. Bill and Dorothy have had a tough grind of it, and hope that they can get a press which will enable them to do some printing at home and thus relieve Bill of the necessity of spending so much time away from the farm. Tom and I remarked while we were at Gauchets that the CW families have been blessed with extraordinary beautiful children. There is a tough virile poverty in all their homes but the recompences in family life and beauty have been tremendous. That evening we went into town to Blessed Martin House of Hospitality where the Third Order of St. Francis has taken a great interest in the work. The line is fed there twice a day and hospitality is given. It is another example of the direct personal works of mercy which is so much lacking in our times. In Cleveland too we met up with Jay Morgan, formerly of the Chicago CW and now the father of three children.

Rochester

We pulled out of Cleveland in the evening and arrived quite early in the morning. We had only a few hours there because of bus connections. We did manage to get out to the house and see the work. Again hospitality is extended and the line is fed twice a day. Tommy Scallion is living in the house now and manages to create an atmosphere of genuine warmth. They have meetings on Tuesday evenings and we left promising that we would be back soon to meet the whole gang.

JACK ENGLISH.

Rural Proletariat

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there is frost you wait until it melts. (No portal-to-portal in this country.) Otherwise there will be a black smudge where you touch the lettuce. Then you work from 10:00 or 11:00 a.m. until dark.

This lettuce is hauled in to the packing sheds—two trailers at a time—which are in town or in sheds along the railroad tracks. Here the lettuce is wet-packed in crushed ice. It is dumped in huge hoppers; one person cuts off the excess leaves or discards unfit heads. Another places paper in the boxes at the head of the belt line. Another keeps him supplied with boxes. One hands the packer the heads and another tops the crate. When the price is high and the crop coming in heavily, the big money is made in these sheds with overtime. Many make \$30 a day. Here the packers get more than the others. The Union books are closed and it is difficult for a newcomer to get work in the sheds. If the price remains high, the field will be worked over and over again to get all possible good heads of lettuce. We worked half of Christmas morning. As the saying is here: "You work day and night, Sunday, and Christmas morning."

FILIPINOS

In the midst of the season crews of Filipinos come from California. There were about 45 in a crew. They manned a huge combine. As far as I could make out, this was the system they used: a crew went ahead and cut lettuce in the rows where the combine would travel (it looked like an airplane) and this was placed aside. A truck with empty boxes would keep pace with it on one side and one on the other to take care of the full crates. Lettuce heads were tossed on the wings of the combine and worked over just as in a dry-packing shed. The girl who lined the boxes with paper, the cutters, the sorters, the packer, and the man who nailed the boxes all rode on the combine. They sure ate up the field. They had huge lights and worked most of the night if necessary. The only drawback was rain which would bog down the heavy machine. They worked as a crew and each man received a more or less equal share of the 55 cents a crate the grower paid. These folks are very quick workers, sober and dependable. I know of a case where a Filipino leased land and raised lettuce, hiring men of his own race. Some Anglos grumbled about it and so he built a shed and hired Anglos also. This was dry packing of lettuce in the field. He found that the shippers had to repack most of the crates of lettuce which the Anglos had packed. And in the hoeing, the Filipinos could hoe twice as fast as the Anglos and much better. I will admit I would not speed up the average of the Anglos any myself.

I AM A SCAB

One morning the boss told us to get in the closed truck and we would all go to the sheds. I had never been there. I found there was broccoli to pack. We finished all there was in a few hours. Meanwhile, I had heard the conversation of the workers and had picked up a bulletin of the union and found out that there was a strike of the shed workers. (The fields are not organized.) I then looked outside and saw the pickets. The foreman told us he would take us home early for dinner and pick us up and pack lettuce until late that day. I told him I was not working in the shed that afternoon because I did not want to be a strikebreaker. He said, "You are already a strikebreaker." I replied that because I was dumb I did not have to stay dumb. Here the pay was about \$1.25 an hour but in the fields where I worked from that time on it was 85 cents. Afterwards they never asked me to work in the sheds and did not discriminate against me because of my refusal to scab, although the foreman would, at times, jokingly refer to me as a strikebreaker. The strike was finally lost and the head

of the union resigned and started a tavern. There is a dispute now between the AFL and the CIO, the latter being the first to organize here.

FELLOW WORKERS

One cold morning about fifty of us were cutting weeds out of the beds of small celery. This was done with a paring knife and was tedious work. Next to me was a fellow who had not been here before. He was sympathetic to the I.W.W. and as the work was slow we had an opportunity to talk. I had not found anyone for a long time who knew the meaning of radical phrases and who even quoted Veblen and Plato. He had never heard of the CATHOLIC WORKER and was glad to know of such a paper. (I always had an extra one in my pocket.)

At noon, one of the winos who could not help hearing our conversation asked me what I had been drinking. In my younger days, I would have uselessly argued with the man but now I only said, with a smile, "I don't drink." In his mind he was right, for what business did educated people have coming to these fields and talking a lingo which the others did not understand. The foreman and a few of the more sober workers knew that I was doing farm work in order not to have a tax for the bomb taken from my pay. I did not have the time nor the inclination to explain this to every newcomer. So, maybe to this man I did appear "drunk."

All that season a man was in the crew who, upon hearing the person in the next row say anything, would immediately begin mumbling a long line of semi-Biblical babble. This was not meant to be a part of the conversation which he was interrupting for he never looked up as he mumbled but was just an habitual "aside" on his part. I might say to my partner, "I don't eat meat." Immediately this man would mumble: "Meat—now there is all kinds of meat: cow, pig, and horse. Then fish is meat and so is chicken. I don't rightly know if an oyster is meat. The Lord said to Peter, 'Slay and eat,' so it must be O.K. Jesus ate fish but what kind of fish did he eat? That is a question. Samson was a strong man and he didn't eat meat. The elephant is the strongest animal and eats grass. Now I eat meat—when I can get it—but I was never really very strong—meat, meat, meat."

If he would hear the word whiskey from Provo, that would start a long dissertation on that subject with never a period or comma between the meat and the whiskey.

By Ammon A. Hennacy

"He it is whom we despise in the poor; hence the enormity of the crime. Thus, when Paul persecuted Christ's brethren, he was persecuting Christ Himself. Wherefore He says: 'Why does thou persecute me?' Let us then be so disposed in giving alms as if we were giving to Christ. For his words are more trustworthy than the evidence of our eyes. So when you see a poor man, remember the command He has given to us to feed him. Even though it be not Christ that we see, still, beneath these appearances it is really He who begs and receives. Do you blush at my saying that Christ begs? Blush rather with shame when He begs and you give not. That is shameful and that deserves punishment. For that He should beg of us is owing to His goodness, and we ought to rejoice at it. But if we do not give, we are guilty of cruelty. If now you do not believe that when you ignore one of the poor faithful, it is Christ Himself that you ignore, you will believe it when you are summoned to appear before Him, and hear Him say: 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these least, neither did ye do it to Me.'—St. John Chrysostom"

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