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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

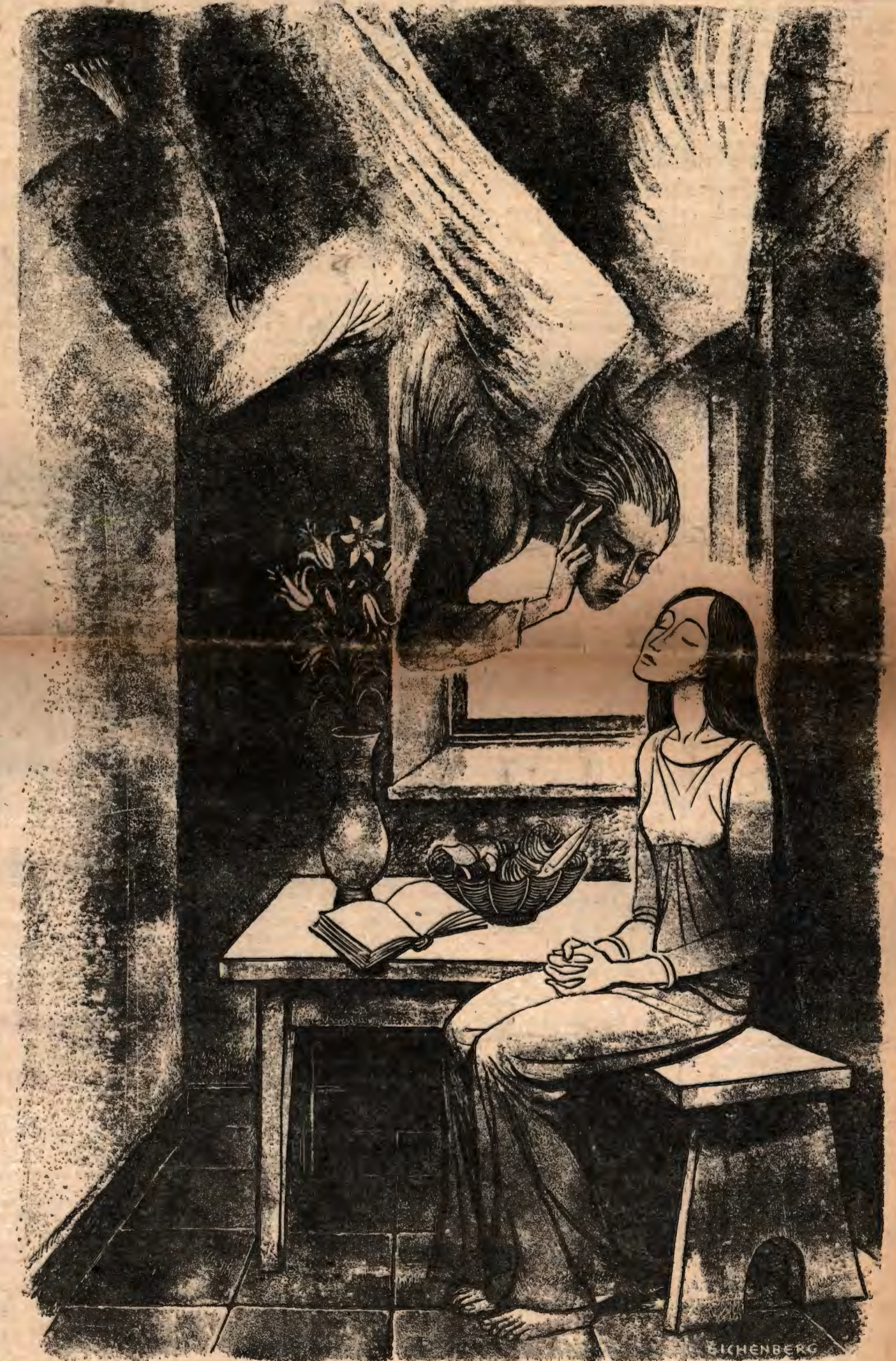
Love demands that we do not lose faith or hope in the work which we have to do. It is love of God and our brother which presses us on. Man cannot live under this present social order, of capitalist industrialism, which is only kept alive by preparations for war. The trouble is of our own making, so the remedy must be of our own striving too. It is by no means God's will that things are as they are, and to live in this social order as it is, and settle down to an acceptance of it, and seek to save our souls by prayer and suffering alone, as John Stanley recommended in his recent dirge for Distributism in the Commonweal, is a false religiosity. Man's work is as necessary for him as his bread. What if we don't see results? What if the Bomb hangs over us, and even our daily bread is spoiled by our farming and preserving methods, and smog fills the air? Our Lord comes to us daily and renews our bodily as well as our spiritual life, and if we do our share, we can exult in the faith of the young men in the fiery furnace.

It is true that what we have, our destitution, is worse than poverty. It strikes you with an awful impact when you come back to New York after a long trip west. We have destitution, homelessness, sick, badly clothed and ill nourished men, women and children, crowded into tenements which are worse than fifty years ago. Last month the New York Times had in its letter columns a report on housing, showing that more buildings were being torn down than were being built. Last week's Saturday evening Post had a report on the housing scandal, showing how politicians, builders and banks all in a way shared in fleecing the people of billions of dollars. The State has entered into our problems in a gigantic way, and in the most inefficient way. We had the choice, one might say, back in 1929 when the depression started and Wall Street collapsed, to work through parishes, neighborhoods, communities, beginning with our own responsibility for our brother, and every one cried out, "Let George do it," and the problem was handed over to the State. At a time of disaster the State must step in, everyone said, and churches and schools held firmly to this principle. It was only one half of a truth, since it is necessary before calling on the State, to do everything one can, oneself, individually and cooperatively, along neighborhood and parish lines, starting in the smallest way possible.

(Continued on page 4)

THE ANNUNCIATION

At that time, the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. Who having heard, was troubled at his saying and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Be-



hold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a Son and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the most High, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David his father; and

He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and his kingdom there shall be no end. And Mary said to the angel: How shall this be done, because I know no man? And the angel answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon

thee and the power of the most high shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth

month with her that is called barren: because no word shall be impossible with God. And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word. (Gospel for the Mass of the Annunciation). — March 25.

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Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN

Purpose of a Catholic Workers' School PROGRAM

The purpose of a Catholic Workers' School is to bring Catholic thought to Catholic workers so as to prepare them for Catholic Action. Besides presenting Catholic thought to Catholic workers a Catholic Workers' School presents a program of Catholic Action based on Catholic thought. The program of the Catholic Workers' School is a three-point program:

1. Round-table Discussions
2. Houses of Hospitality
3. Farming Communes.

ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSIONS

We need Round-Table Discussions to keep trained minds from being academic. We need Round-Table Discussions to keep trained minds from being superficial. We need Round-Table Discussions to learn from scholars how things would be, if they were as they should be. We need Round-Table Discussions to learn from scholars how a path can be made from things as they are to things as they should be.

COMMUNES

We need Communes to help the unemployed to help themselves. We need Communes to make scholars out of workers and workers out of scholars. We need Communes to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY

The Catholic social philosophy is the philosophy of the Common Good of St. Thomas Aquinas. Three books where this philosophy is expressed are: "The Thomistic Doctrine of the Common Good," by Seraphine Michel; "The Social Principles of the Gospel," by Alphonse Lagan; "Progress and Religion," by Christopher Dawson.

BETTER AND BETTER OFF

The world would be better off if people tried to become better. And people would become better if they stopped trying to become better off. For when everybody tries to become better off, nobody is better off. But when everybody tries to become better, everybody is better off. Everybody would be rich

if nobody tried to become richer. And nobody would be poor if everybody tried to be the poorest. And everybody would be what he ought to be if everybody tried to be what he wants the other fellow to be.

CHRISTIANITY, CAPITALISM, COMMUNISM

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

CHRIST'S MESSAGE

"No man can serve two masters, God and Mammon."
"Be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect."
"If you want to be perfect, sell all you have, give it to the poor, take up your cross and follow me."
—New Testament

"These are hard words, but the hard words of a book were the only reason why the book was written."
—Robert Louis Stevenson

WHAT ST. FRANCIS DESIRED

According to Johannes Jorgenson, a Danish convert living in Assisi, St. Francis desired that men should give up superfluous possessions. St. Francis desired that men should work with their hands. St. Francis desired that men should offer their services as a gift. St. Francis desired that men should ask other people for help when work failed them. St. Francis desired that men should live as free as birds. St. Francis desired that men should go through life

(Continued on page 8)

MARYFARM

By MARIAN JUDGE

During the first part of this month, Maryfarm was buried deep in snow. The drifts were piled high around our house and huge clusters of snow clung to the big pine trees in the front-yard. As Arthur remarked the other morning after the big snow-storm: "It is like a picture out of a book." Rose had a call to go to work on a case at St. Luke's Hospital that morning and Jim came to her rescue, shoveling, a path clear out to the highway.

On these cold days, Rusty and Patsy, our house cats, have been sticking close to the kitchen range and around the furnace, absorbing every bit of heat possible. Joe Roche says Rusty does not like the snow. There seems to be a bit of rivalry between them. One morning Rusty came in pretty banged up and bleeding. He could not eat for three days, but with Cecilia's good care, bathing his face in warm borax solution at regular intervals, he is now in good health—ready for another fight!

Our washing machine finally broke down and for a couple weeks we had to do our laundry by hand until our neighbors, the Petrillas, loaned us their old machine. On February 2, Feast of the Purification, we began a Novena to Our Lady and on February 14, a truck drove up to our back door delivering a beautiful shiny white washing machine, together with a few other useful pieces of furniture—an answer to our prayers, Our Lady's Valentine to us. We are so grateful to Father Sheridan of Holy Trinity in Poughkeepsie and Mr. Bell, a parishioner, who were responsible for these wonderful gifts.

On February 11 we celebrated the Ninth Anniversary of Maryfarm with a High Mass, singing the familiar one, the Mass of the Angels. In the evening, Father Faley joined us for dinner. John Filliger and Joe Cotter told about the many hardships encountered in trying to get started, the pitiful condition in which they found things on the day they moved in. Jerry Griffin and Jack Thornton were then in charge. High snow drifts surrounded the house. A wagon load of garbage stood in front of the kitchen door. Inside the house, what is now the dining room and also the bakery, were chicken incubators scattered about. John turned to Hans Tunneson and in a most discouraging tone remarked: "What say we go back to Easton." But they stayed and worked hard tearing down old partitions and putting up new ones, putting siding and flooring in the chapel and dormitories, converting the old chicken shacks into living quarters for the men and retreatants. Father Faley now lives in one of the converted chicken houses, which is of poured cement. The root cellar was dug and lumber from the woods was used to construct the walls, etc. Francis Coyle from Rochester, Michigan, came to lend a hand and many of the retreatants pitched in. Joe Cotter installed the plumbing and electricity.

The Petrillas have been generous in giving us several boxes of apples and for a number of days now we have had an "apple bee," the men offering their assistance in peeling the apples for sauce. George admits it is good practice. Having apple sauce on our table this time of the year is a treat and almost a luxury. Many thanks to our good neighbors.

Deane is kept busy baking the bread for our little family here which usually numbers about twenty, and also for the many ambassadors that God sends to our door each day. She has made a special study of bread-making and really has acquired a real art in turning out delicious and nourishing wholewheat bread. Occasionally in her spare moments, she

(Continued on page 6)

LAND THROUGH LOVE

Towards the end of 1951 we commented on the campaign of Vinoba Bhave for the voluntary redistribution of land in India. At that time he had collected 35,000 acres of the 50 million acres (one-sixth of India's cultivable land), he aimed at collecting by the end of 1957. How easy to smile at the political and economic innocence of this disciple of Gandhi who hoped to solve India's land problem by persuading the landlords to give away one sixth of their land.

Today Vinoba is the world's biggest "landlord." He has walked 11,000 miles and acquired 4 million acres in free gifts. Whether or not he ever reaches his enormous aim seems beside the point when compared with his extraordinary achievement in the first three-and-a-half years of his movement.

Two articles in the magazine ENCOUNTER under the title "Land through Love" tell us something about the Land Gifts Mission. Hallam Tennyson writes about Vinoba, considered as Gandhi's successor and Minoor R. Masani writes of Jayaprakash Narayan "who had for twenty years been the General Secretary and unquestioned leader of India's Socialist Party," and is now one of Vinoba's assistants in the Bhoodan movement.

Mr. Tennyson explains the origins of Vinoba's campaign.



Gandhian village workers held their annual conference in 1951 in Hyderabad, and Vinoba, a follower of Gandhi for thirty-eight years, set out from his Ashram to go there. "At that time large tracts of Hyderabad were dominated by Communists who had driven out, or murdered, the landlords and distributed their land among the poor. Entering Communist areas where armed police went in fear, Vinoba said, 'What is needed is to keep cool and not to get panicky'. He himself approached the Communists with calm and ruthless affection. 'You are like doting mothers', he told them. 'You love the masses and want to ruin everyone else for their sake. But doting mothers end by ruining their children, too.' With every word that he spoke the man and the occasion seemed to be drawing closer together. It was in the small village of Pochempelli that they coincided. Forty 'untouchable' families approached him. The Communists had given them land, they said, how could they not give the Communists their support? No one else had shown any interest in their misery.

"That evening, at his prayer meeting, Vinoba appealed to the local landlords: 'If you had five sons and a sixth was born to you, you would give him a portion of your estate. Treat me as your sixth son and give me one-sixth of your land for redistribution to Daridra narayan—God revealed in the poor.' A gaunt, intellectual figure, the village's largest landlord, rose, nervously adjusted his spectacles. He offered a hundred acres, and the forty 'untouchable' families, deciding how they could best divide the gift, said they could manage with as little as two acres each and returned twenty to the donor. It was this double act of generosity that began the Bhoodan Yagna, voluntary land sacrifice. There and then Vinoba decided to make the same appeal in every village, through which he walked. Such was the unpremeditated, almost accidental origin of Free India's first mass movement."

When Vinoba was asked whether he seriously expected to obtain 50 million acres of land by the method of loving persuasion, he replied: "I shall wait until the method is squeezed dry before discussing what to do next." But, Mr. Tenny-

(Continued on page 6)

Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

We had a quiet, dignified young lady join us at dinner one night. None of us seen her before or since. She ate her meal in silence and got up from the table. Instead of walking towards the nearest exit she made her way towards the counter separating the dining room from the kitchen where she stopped and addressed the cook and the entire kitchen staff. "I am not thanking you bums for a bit of the meal that I just ate." She pointed to a crucifix hanging on the wall. "I am thanking that Man on the Cross." With that piece of elocution she strode with great dignity towards the nearest door to the street.

A seventeen year old boy wrote a very glowing letter of encouragement to us. He had just seen his first copy of the Catholic Worker. He had to drop out of school to help support a large family since his dad is ill and unable to hold down a steady job. The boy has a chance to try out for a major league baseball team this spring and promises not to forget us when he hits the big money. In the meantime he sent us a dollar for a subscription to our paper.

One mother of a four year old girl sent in a dollar which the child had saved to contribute to us to feed the hungry. Once again we are reminded to finger our money very carefully when we think of such contributions. Even though

there isn't much money to finger these days—to sneak in a commercial.

Old Will just came to the door. Will is a former member of our household who is now living off a small pension check in a Bowery hotel. Will is foreverlasting telling longwinded stories with a maddening slowness. I began to tell him to get the story over with since I was busy. He laughed and conquered again with his tremendous humility and kindness: "You are never too busy to accept some money, I know. Well, here is five dollars for the house, the Catholic Worker, not for you."

Another member of our family departed from our domicile. This time it was Tony Aratari. For the past year Tony has been of immeasurable aid in mailing out the paper and in doing numerous other jobs around this old house. Tony left for Washington, D. C., where he expects to locate a position. All of us are going to miss Tony. That young man walks hand in hand with God and His Angels. It was typical of Tony to say on parting with us; "I hope you have a good Lent."

A little old woman comes in each day along with her twenty-seven year old son. They take their meals with us and live in a small place a good ways from our house. The son communicates with no one and

(Continued on page 7)

THE ULTIMATE QUESTIONS

(Following is the commencement address to Georgetown University by Hon. Charles H. Malik, Ambassador of Lebanon. Reprinted by the kind permission of the University's President, the Very Reverend Edward B. Bunn, S.J.)

War and peace constitute an ultimate question today requiring decision; so does the Asian revolution; and there is a third question of equal ultimacy. It is the rise and revolt of the masses all over the world. By the term "the masses" I do not refer to particular classes or peoples; for insofar as certain sections of mankind have been repressed, oppressed, denied light and freedom and being, whether this denial came about from outside or from the falsity of their own systems, it is right for them to bestir themselves and become human. The phrase "the rise and revolt of the masses" means that in one mode of the existence of all of us we constitute a mass in which the individual ceases to be able to think and judge for himself. Only insofar as this reduction of individual responsibility overtakes large classes or distinct peoples may we say that such classes and peoples have really become "masses."

What has happened is that for various reasons, both spiritual and material, this massive, unreasoning, turbulent mentality is becoming more and more frequent, more and more dominant, more and more overwhelming, more and more decisive, not only in this or that country, but all over the world, and not only with such and such individuals, but in the life of each one of us.

The result is the increasing prominence of the primitive and backward, the instinctive and dark, the unformed and ill-formed, the massive and quantitative, the irrational, the potential, the material, the under-developed and undeveloped. The forces of darkness have literally erupted into the light demanding to be recognized. Witness how people love to be anonymous, to travel unknown, incognito, to just let go every restraint, every sense of responsibility. The one moral characteristic of this age is the general breakdown of standards, the determination of the norms of truth and goodness by the tastes and whims of the masses.

When one is given day and night to the problems of the formless

and undeveloped, whether in his own life or in society, it is exceedingly difficult for one to keep his gaze upon the perfect and complete. One gets overwhelmed oneself. There is no greater tribulation than to try to retain the vision of the perfect, in all its reality and power, while you are moved by the clamor and need of the imperfect. This is the peculiar snare of the devil for our times.

The masses must be loved and saved. They can only be saved if powerful, actual standards of excellence are set up before them. Nothing is more important today than to know that absolute standards exist and to demonstrate their existence in theory and in life; to instill the sense of individual, personal responsibility so as to save man from falling into massive unreason and irresponsibility; and to inculcate the fear of God so that men might live in the certain presence of a hidden judge. Men are swept off their feet by massive mass movements, but what is supremely needed is to convince them of the irreplaceable importance of personal character, of the value of a single individual redeeming, by the depth of his

(Continued on page 7)



In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

On Monday, January 31st, Francisco and I from the CW and a dozen others from the same groups that had picketed in Washington the Saturday before, picketed the UN on the Formosa crisis. The police told us that the UN did not like our picketing and we replied that we did not expect them to like it. After about three quarters of an hour the police decided that we would have to move, so we consulted together at the Quaker headquarters and thought that it would be a good idea to fast and pray. I happened to be the only volunteer and I began my fast with silence the next day in my room on the 5th floor here at Christie street. After ten days when Dorothy was home from Montana we felt that this was enough to establish our concern on the matter.

Francisco had a notice to go to the immigration authorities the

other day. He waited for two hours in their office and was not called, so he left, telling them that he had other things to do. He will be baking at Peter Maurin Farm what has now turned out to be about the best wholewheat bread we have had, until the law untangles its red tape and decides what it is going to do with him. He is with me at St. Francis Church on 31st st. every Sunday selling CW's.

St. Patrick's

"Don't buy that paper, it's Communist," said a woman as she nudged a lady who was handing me a penny for a CW today at St. Patrick's. On another Sunday I met two people from Phoenix, a Quaker professor from Ann Arbor, and a CW friend from Baltimore. We sell very few papers here but we meet people from all over the country. A policeman did not want me on the same side of the street as the Church, and inasmuch as I sold less papers there anyway, I kept my usual place on the other side of Fifth Avenue. Each Sunday morning I see a man come up and inspect the garbage disposal boxes thoroughly. I never saw him find anything, but he goes to each of the four corners of each block all along the avenue. He must find it worthwhile. As in Phoenix when strangers saw me at St. Mary's and asked if this was a certain Protestant church, so here I find travelers inquiring for other churches and I send them on their way with a copy of "the best paper in the world." Two friends of the CW who are

(Continued on page 8)

Chicago's Peter Maurin House

By JACK WOLTJEN

May 10, 1955 will mark the 5th anniversary of Chicago's Peter Maurin House. Five years of apparent growth, from a borrowed bed in the corner of a Legion of Mary clubhouse to an imposing three story structure with chapel and chaplain complete. The house is a solid institution these days, but this was not always so.

I can almost hear Fred and Wil talking up a storm about hospitality. They were Friendship House staffers and itching to get down to Madison Street. I enjoyed sitting in on these wild avowals but thought both of these guys needed a jacket, until Wil cornered me one night and the next thing I knew, I was making the same kind of noises.

We tried renting a store front on skid row but they'd smile and say \$500 bucks a week and we wouldn't smile. We finally found a two store front deal on Loomis off Harrison, but they wanted some rent in advance and we were beggars. Wil and I heard about Harry Johns, the Miller High Life heir somewhere in the Wisconsin woods, and decided to give him a try. We found the trailer and Harry and I after picking our way through four thousand pamphlets on the Liturgy, found a seat in his little house and proceeded to plead our case. He looked like he'd heard it all someplace before, but heard us out, told us to write him in two weeks if we still needed the dough and, while tucking fifteen or twenty pamphlets on something or other in our pockets, showed us the door. In the meantime, the Legion of

Mary auxiliary had offered Fred the free use of their clubroom on Harrison (little did they know) and for the present, we were in business. Fred got hold of an old Dodge truck from somewhere, a couple of cartons of old bread from the Little Sisters, and two gallons of grape jelly. The first night down on Madison Street, Fred, Wil and Johnny Cronin brought home a bewildered old gent, deposited him in a bed towards the rear of the clubroom, and there he resided for almost two weeks, kibitzing the girls on their Tuesday night meeting and generally enjoying the sweet hospitality.

One day Fred received his bonus check from Penna. and Loomis street was ours. In but a very few days we were set up as well as we ever got set up. Fred put a large sign in the window telling the neighbors that if they saw anything in the place that they could use, they could come in and take it, the beginning of a long and futile feud between a great lover of stability and the greatest giver that ever lived. They came, they saw, they took and what they didn't see, they asked for. In a matter of days, we had a two hundred plus soup line and about sixty loyal comrades bunked on and under tables, stoves, etc. Everytime I'd wake up at night I'd hear an empty hit the floor and during the day, you had to watch where you sat because, someone always had one stashed under any flimsy camouflage. I remember one time, Wil walked up behind six guys seated around a fifth. He tapped the guy in possession on the shoulder, had

the bottle passed back to him and the hand remained poised in mid-air for the round trip while Wil poured the damn stuff down the sink.

And rats, oh man the rats. One night Jack W. woke up with one sitting on his chest and I could see its ears silhouetted against the street lamp outside. A whoop, lots of lights and a new found determination that something had to be done. It was. St. Francis Mische decided that the best way to keep the rats in the basement was to feed them down there, which he did, about ten pounds of stale bread a day and they stayed down there, tails wagging.

This was a rough neighborhood and we felt it but weren't quite sure until the first night we heard tires squeal and glass shatter. They fired five salvos through the front windows, hit-

(Continued on page 6)

EXPROPRIATION

Giorgio La Pira, the ascetic mayor of Florence, Italy, expropriated the Delle Cure Foundry last month according to a front page dispatch in the NEW YORK TIMES and turned it over to a cooperative of the workers with payment to be made at one-sixth of the amount a former bankrupt management had been paying.

Once before he prevented the closing of a factory that would have increased the number of unemployed in this Communist stronghold of the seventh largest city in Italy. The Mayor of course is castigated by all but the extreme Left, especially since there had just been a sit-down of the workers and the national police had disbanded them and turned the factory back to the management. He sent his municipal police to undo this action.

It is difficult for Catholics of the Right to argue with the Mayor for he lives like a monk in simplicity and is forever giving away money and clothing to the poor. As near as a Mayor can do who has police at his command he seems to apply the ideals of S. Francis of Assisi. What the national police will do remains to be seen. One thing is sure and that is that nearly all of the people in Florence love La Pira even if he does break the letter of the law.

By A. H.

GOD IS IMMEASURABLY GOOD

By GEORGE P. CARLIN

The other day in the N. Y. Herald Tribune there was an article on the possible formation of a new world. Scientists believe that Mars is changing from volcanic ash to a planet with vegetation.

The report of the American Astronomical Society is, of course, speculative. Whether or not it proves true, it is something that should not be disregarded completely. For if one thinks of it, less than 500 years ago the continent of America was unknown. It was on no map. Europeans believed the earth was flat. And yet suddenly it appeared to the eyes of men.

Catholics believe in a God who is immeasurably good. One has only to do one's best and put one's trust in Him, and all will be well. He is the God to whom David the shepherd sang, the God Who made the earth and the stars and the sea. Thus, it is that a monk in a strict order once said to this author, "Christianity is almost like a fairy tale." God looks down with patience and love on men. In contrast to this hope and trust is the despair

and the negativism of those who believe that the world is becoming "over-populated." Some articles have appeared in the CATHOLIC WORKER stating the opposite. Yet letters from readers indicate how widespread and subtle is this despair.

In reply one can only say that there is much land left in the world to be made productive. There are the ENTIRE CONTINENTS of Africa, South America, and Australia (almost as large as the United States) which men someday will develop. Some large areas like parts of North Africa that are now desert were even at the time of the Roman Empire rich farm lands, and will be made so again.

And secondly, who knows what is around the corner for those who, do their best, and put their trust in God.

* The report, by Dr. Dean B. McLaughlin of the University of Michigan, was delivered before the Society on June 21, 1954.

PEACE NOTES

The Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the convictions of Joel, Orin, Paul and Sid Doty Jan. 11. This is the second prison term for each of the men. The first prison terms were for refusal to register for the draft. These second terms are for refusal to report for induction. There have been 13 conscientious objectors who have been imprisoned the second time under the current draft law. It is clearly unconstitutional to be prosecuted twice for the same offense but as one of our economic royalists once said, "what is the Constitution among friends?"

Vern Davidson, a Socialist conscientious objector, received a 3 year sentence Nov. 30, 1953 for refusal to submit to induction. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals has affirmed his conviction. A motion has been made for appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court.

A new order has just been issued by the Army that conscientious objectors classified as 1-0 need not sign the loyalty oath DD98 which all members of the armed forces must sign.

Judge James Carter in Los Angeles gave 3 years probation to Jack Volov and Alec Bolderoff, Molokons, after they had refused to report for alternative service. Four others in Los Angeles got 4 years each for refusal to enter the armed services.

By A. H.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

ble. It is again the principle of subsidiarity, as well as what most people mean by democracy.

Nothing that was done during the depression, nor that is being done now seems to be helping in the problem of destitution, which has extended far beyond pure physical lines. There is a spiritual and mental destitution evident everywhere, with violence as an expression of the frustration of youth in the face of war and work which is a preparation for war, or in the production of so much which is useless.

Our "line" at Chrystie street goes on, day after day. There is one line early in the morning for coffee and the bread that Francesco is now baking at the Peter Maurin farm. (We are also given bread by the House of Divine Providence on 45th st.) There is another line for clothing, which Dick Charpentier gives out at ten each morning; then again at one-thirty there is the soup line, and more bread, together with the good pea or bean soup provided by Larry in the kitchen.

The amount of food that it takes to feed all the people who come to us is colossal. And yet it is always there. God provides. Our kitchen is small and our dining room seats only twenty-five, so people come in and go out, and eat quickly and silently as they do in a monastery.

Right after lunch, which we who are part of the family have at eleven-thirty, and is usually soup and bread too, we have the rosary in the library and about thirty pray together. One of the older men in the house leads it.

Supper is at five-thirty, and in between meals, people sit and read in the library, or just sit and talk quietly, and Molly works on her patch work quilt, and Slim reads mysteries, and the Puerto Ricans who come to get clothes quiet their children, and in general it looks like a waiting room.

People are waiting for spring, they are waiting until they feel better and can go and find a job. They are waiting too for someone who will listen to them and give them some grain of hope, some little explanation of their misery.

Hutterites

How different this picture from that of the Hutterites, whom I visited in Montana before I returned from my trip. There, in small communities on the land, living in groups of sixty to seventy five people, I found a people devoted to crafts and agriculture, living a life of early Christian communism, following the pattern of the life described in the second chapter of Acts. There are large families and fifty per cent of their number are children. They raise sheep and cattle and grain of all kinds in their colonies as they call them. They spin the wool they do not sell, on small spinning wheels which seem to be easier to use than the larger ones I learned of in Quebec. They are not adverse to modern machinery and attach motors to their wheels. A young couple drove Fr. Kittelson and me to the colony early one morning and as we arrived, one of the women was making feather pillows (they raise geese), the manager

was making brooms and the rest of the men were out on the range, feeding stock. We had lunch together in a long dining room where the table on one side was for the men, and on the other for women, and guests sat by ourselves at a sort of head table. It was quite monastic, since the custom was to eat in silence, but there was no reading aloud. The food was all raised on the place, meat stew with plenty of vegetables and bread and honey.

We enjoyed very much talking to the women and young girls, all of whom were friendly, with fresh bright faces, truly beautiful. They were dressed in long skirts of flowered black material, and had long gay aprons. Their warm jackets of the same material as their skirts was interlined. Their kerchiefs are always of polka dots on black. They gave a gypsy effect, nothing sadder about them. And when they sang for us, perched around on the beds in one of the rooms we happened to be visiting, there was a charming spontaneity about them and one felt strength and happiness in their voices. When Marie Stahl talked about their work, she said the young folks went out in the spring to gather willow branches, to make the baskets we saw them using in the laundry, and it took three hundred shoots, to make a basket. They were easier to peel in the spring. In another colony in South Dakota, they gathered the grasses used for broom making. In still another colony they did cabinet work and they made fine chests, in addition to the spinning wheels. These are the only private property which the Hutterites seem to own. Every child, boy or girl, on reaching the age of fifteen, is given a chest in which to keep his own personal belongings. It is only then too that they assume responsibility for work, though of course they help in chores before then. One of the young girls laughed and said she did not like to work in the kitchen, that she liked best to do embroidery. Marie showed us some samples of the very fine cross stitch samplers she had made when she was younger.

The big house we visited had twenty rooms and could accommodate guests in summer, and we were invited to stay longer next time. The other houses, ranged closely about as in a village, were made up of two or three apartments each, and there were no kitchens in these houses. There is only one common kitchen, dining room, bakery and store house. In addition to these buildings, and the barns and machinery sheds, there is a school which is staffed by a public school teacher who ate with the children and looked strange in her modern clothes, scant, rather short and not at all graceful as compared with the Hutterite women.

The children only attend school through eighth grade. They have found that young people who go out to higher education, lose their taste for the simple life, although during the last world war, when one-third of their men served in conscientious objector camps, 98% of them returned to their own way of life, after having been subjected to the impact of the outside world for four years. During the

HUTTERITE NOTE

The South Dakota Legislature passed a bill barring the starting of any communal groups and Governor Joe Foss is expected to sign it. This is directed against the 1500 members of the fifteen Hutterite communities in the eastern part of the state. In the war time vigilantes sought to frighten the Hutterites and some did move to Canada.

David Decker, minister of the Tschetter colony near Olivet, according to the UP, said that this bill "attacks the very roots of our religion . . . and we will stick to the teachings of Jesus regardless of what happens." This bill does not disband the present colonies but it is the entering wedge against the communal pacifistic lives of the Hutterites.

Rewrite N.Y. Times 3/8/55.

last thirty years only 100 have left the community.

There is another building which is used as a meeting house, and there are services which consist of singing, Bible reading and sermons, every afternoon at five. There is a longer service on Sunday morning. One of their number is elected as minister and he serves for life, copying the sermons which have been passed down from earliest times. The Hutterites began in 1528 and have kept their early form of religion and life. They do not believe in infant baptism and it is only after a novitiate of some months after they finish school, that they are baptised Christians. One hundred and one couples came to this country in 1874 and they have 98 communities now, in Montana, South Dakota and Canada. They number almost ten thousand now. The Bruderhoff groups with whom we have been friends since they began their settlement in Paraguay, began after the first world war by studying the way of life of the Hutterites, and afterwards allying themselves with them. There is a new colony of Bruderhoff people near Kingston, New York, and we hope to visit there in a few months.

Mormons

Marie told me that a group of Mormons had come to study their way of life and had begun a common life together outside of Salt Lake City. I had talked to a Mormon Bishop when I visited Georgia Kiernan who is teaching school in Lovell, Wyoming, the week before. I was much impressed by their welfare work, and their system of tithing themselves for the support of the church. A study could well be made of the methods of this church in caring for their own unemployed and poor, although I did not much care for the emphasis on help given the "worthy" poor. I'm afraid the kind of poor who come to us would have short shrift as the saying is.

Of all the groups I have visited, the Hutterites impressed me the most in their simple and beautiful life of work and prayer, and I would wish that we could do more to copy it. Here is a pattern of life like that of the Benedictines, only it is for families, and it is the family which is suffering most today.

One of our Catholic friends in discussing the Hutterites and their ideal life, said that she would like to join, but she would have to have her radio and her cigarets. That is the trouble. We would give up the necessities in order to keep the luxuries. Or is it that the issue of freedom comes in here, freedom to squander our patrimony and go feed on the husks of the swine? Radio, television, movies, tobacco, are not "intrinsic" evil, as the saying is, but then neither is the a-bomb or h-bomb. It is the use of them—how they are used. These theological quibblings are quite beyond the Hutterites. They simply do away with them altogether, in their pacifist, communist life.

For Judge

When I returned from my unfinished trip to Chrystie street, I went to visit Fr. Judge at Nanuet,

New York, where he is staying at a sanitarium run by Dr. Max Gersen of New York, who is a famous nutritionist and is having extraordinary success in treating cases of cancer by changing the diet of his patients most drastically. He is meeting with much opposition on all sides. We have established certain eating habits for ourselves, and taste is the criterion rather than nourishment. Peter Maurin wanted to serve soup for breakfast to the breadline, and we Americans insisted on coffee. I wonder how big a bread line we would have had if we had served the good vegetable soup that Peter wanted. We have soup and bread every afternoon each day, but we comfort the hearts of our destitute fellow workers with coffee! It is a gesture of love, and so it is not wasted.

But visiting Fr. Judge, we have resolved on putting in a bigger garden of all the root vegetables, carrots, beets, turnips, potatoes, etc. All grown without chemical fertilizer, and cooked properly.

This is seeing the problem of our destitution today on purely physical lines.

We could cure the evil in our spiritual order by the retreat which Fr. Roy began to give us, and which we have tried to keep up over these years, a retreat which gives us the proper orientation, which puts us on the beam, so to speak. We could cure the evil in the economic order by decentralization, by a return to that kind of a social order, a vision of which converted Douglas Hyde from his Communism, a social order which is neither industrial capitalism, nor atheist communism. We could do much to cure the evil of our deteriorated health which drags us down mentally and physically so that we have no strength of mind or body to do the work God put us here to do, by a return to organic farming, and eating the proper foods instead of indulging our appetites.

While we are alive, while there is this measure of peace, this "existence" there is hope, and we cannot live in the midst of such poverty as we see in New York without studying to do all we can to alleviate it. Such effort follows from love of God and our brother.

We must see the work we have to do in this one short life, and to recognize also that there is only "one thing needed." That if we seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, all else will be added to us, that everything else falls in line.

There is a wonderful chapter in Monsignor Guardini's last book, *The Lord*, entitled "Belief in Christ, Imitation of Christ." He says that Jesus came "to bring home the terrible fact that everything, great and small, noble and mean, the whole with all its parts, from the corporal to the spiritual, from the sexual to the highest creative urge of genius — is intrinsically corrupt . . . Human existence in toto has fallen away from God . . . Christ came to open men's eyes to what the world and human life as an entity really is; to give him a point of departure from which he can begin all over with his scale of values and himself." Once we see this, once we are born again, as it were, "We have a confidence which the world cannot give." Death is the fruit of sin, and we each must die and face the judgment. But our judge is also our Saviour. "What happens between birth and death is message, challenge, test, succor, all from His hands. It is not meant to be learned theoretically, but personally experienced and assimilated. Where this is so, aren't all things necessarily transfigured?"

"Unless man makes this transposition he will have no peace. He will realize how the years of his life unroll, and ask himself vainly what remains. He will make moral efforts to improve, only to become either hopelessly perplexed or priggish. He will work only to discover that nothing he can do stills his heart. He will study, only to progress little beyond vague probabilities — unless his intellectual watchfulness slackens and he begins to accept possibility for truth

and wishes for reality. He will fight, found, form this and that only to discover that millions have done the same before him and millions will continue to after he is gone, without shaping the constantly running sand for more than an instant . . . no single thing helps because the world as a whole has fallen from grace. One quest alone has an absolute sense; that of the Archimedes point and lever which can lift the world back to God, and these are what Christ came to give." And he goes on to warn us not to say "I am a Christian" because we are always only on the way to becoming one. We are en-route, on pilgrimage, and our job is to trust, to hope and to pray, and also to work "to make that kind of a social order when it is easier for man to be good."

The Vision of The City Dweller

You write of our city's evil
her vice
her filth
her slums
her multitude of sins
too horrible to name.
Yet, among this man-made forest
of towering steel
of cement and concrete facing
of rushing, bustling humans
of stampeding trucks and streetcars
of beggars and crying newsboys
I've seen a vision that you
poet of nature
no matter where you roam
among the irrational beings
of the almighty Creator
will never see.
I've seen the Christ
the Son of God
Redeemer
Model
Saviour of men.
His face has been reflected
in the glossy stare
of the grovelling drunk
as he wreathed upon
the icy concrete
in his alcoholic coma
—was tempted to call him pig
the flesh of a bastard—
but the Christ bent low
and took that shaggy head
within His bleeding hands
—my friend
my brother—
I've seen Him crucified
a million times
in the soul of the whore
as she lingers in her doorway
a chasm of iniquity
a source of scandal
a member of Christ.
I've watched Him blasphemed
at the cocktail parties of elite
where, among the laughter of
smoke and dry gin
the intellectuals
the instructors of the ignorant
the champions of humanity
struck His sacred face
and defiled His holy name.
Among the glaring lights
of an East-side Casino
I've heard him tried
by the regimental lines of dancing
women
—all legs and bosoms—
who with their pagan beauty
condemn Him to death
in the souls of sensuous men.
I've seen Him rise triumphant
in the slums of the poor
where a mother
surrounded by her motley brood
bowed their heads to thank Him
for the crust of hardened bread
they were about to eat.
Thus about our cities
day and night we saw the Christ
walking here among the wretched
giving strength to face the world
giving love
giving light
giving cleanness
giving joy
giving peace to those who dwell
within its walls.
O writers,
weep not for the city's fate,
rather hope that you shall find
mirrored in the million faces that
pass you day by day
the image of the Christ.

—jmk

JUST PUBLISHED

NEITHER WILL I CONDEMN THEE

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During the war the well known German Dominican, Franziskus Stratmann, was hunted by the Nazis but succeeded in hiding in a Flemish Convent—a convent of the Order of Bethany whose special work is to reclaim, by love and charity, women who because of their sins are branded social outcasts. The Christ-like attitude to those who have strayed inspired Father Stratmann to write this absorbing and moving book, which considers the spiritual implications of the Sisters' work and its lesson for the rest of the world.

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+ + + **BOOK REVIEWS** + + +

Dylan Thomas

Quite Early One Morning, Dylan Thomas, New Directions. \$3.50. Reviewed by Michael Harrington.

There are writers whose art seems inextricably connected with their lives: one thinks of Christopher Marlowe, of Milton, Byron, and in our own time, of Hart Crane. More often than not, the image of the person, especially if it is tragic or romantic, deflects criticism, at least for a while. This is certainly true in the case of Dylan Thomas.

Thomas emerged at a time when the rebels of twentieth century literature—Eliot, Pound, Williams, etc.—had become institutionalized, the proper subject matter for doctoral dissertations. He was actually a contemporary of Auden, Spender, Day Lewis, and the "Marxist" movement of the Thirties, but his recognition did not come until the Forties. By then, the social-consciousness and enthusiasm of the previous period had dried up. The poetic spokesmen of that mood had scattered in many directions.

In a sense, the scene was set for Thomas. He burst with an intensely personal idiom on a literary world which had gone through the severities of Eliot and the slackness of Auden; he seemed, as one critic described him, to be a man who had seen neither shoes nor toothbrush 'til his thirtieth birthday. There was a more general movement in England which was going in the same direction, the "Apocalyptic," but Thomas could not be confined to any school.

The personal nature of his artistic expression found a perfect counterpart in the man. His face when young (at least in the Augustus John portrait) was of great sensitivity, and even as his youth burned out, the ruin of the features of the young man had an appealing, romantic quality. His voice was magnificent; he was probably one of the finest readers of poetry in our time, and not only of his own work but of other poets as well.

More than all of this, he seemed to manage to have met every American interested in poetry in some bar or another. And this of course added to the legend, as did the stories of the many students who met him on his tours of the United States. At times, it became almost impossible to distinguish the poet and the poetry. And when he died, tragically, at 39, his death had an almost legendary quality about it, as if nature were imitating art.

The result was an almost immediate literary canonization. From all sides, memoirs, eulogies, apostrophes, and editorials. He meant something significant to our times, his genius seemed a natural element (like the wind in Iain) in an unnatural world, his death at the very height of his powers, inevitable. The anthologists adopted his name as a terminal point, as an indication of how far we had got: From Shakespeare to Dylan Thomas, from Chaucer to Dylan Thomas.

And therefore, the poetry is, today, obscured. It will probably be at least a generation before it can be considered in perspective (although some of the immediate studies have already proved a value). There is a sense of identification with Dylan Thomas which makes the reading of his work too personal an experience. Almost anything that is said now must be tentative, qualified by the persistent immediacy of his personality.

Quite Early One Morning is a book whose estimation suffers from these difficulties. For it contains many kinds of Thomas' work, poems, scripts, reminiscences, and so on. At times, it reads like jott-

ings for work to come, at times, like a finished piece. Its very unevenness—at times, its diary-like quality—implicates it in the whole problem of separating Dylan Thomas, the tragic, almost legendary human-being, from Dylan Thomas the writer.

And yet, it is, I think, a good introduction to his work. It does not confront the reader with the tremendous difficulties of his verse (difficulties inhering in the very precision with which Thomas so often used the ambiguous or the exotic). And yet, many of these slight pieces communicate the special quality which is so vivid in his poetry, the fascination with the visible object, the transmutation of the situation into symbol. And then, there is the humor.

Thomas would be incomplete without humor. The Rabelian side of his personality demands laughter, the tragic, irony. And both are present here, from the broad burlesque of his instructions on how to become a poet, to the more subtle self-deprecation ("and, alas, fat poets with slim volumes") of his essay on the literary tour in America.

This book should be read, for it is valuable to those who have not read Thomas, as an introduction, and valuable to those who have, as an insight into some of the slighter aspects of his work. It will not diminish the legend, nor make criticism easier. On the contrary, it will increase it. But even with all of these qualifications, it is impossible for a reviewer to deny himself some measure of the positive: here is a fine writer and a very worth-while book by him.

Living The Good Life by Helen and Scott Nearing... Man's Search For The Good Life by Scott Nearing... Social Science Institute, Harborside, Me., 1954. By Ammon Hennacy.

"No coffee, no cereal, no bacon, no eggs, no toast, no pancakes or maple syrup. Just apple, and sunflower seeds and a black molasses drink (for breakfast). Such a fare sent many a traveler on his way soon enough... They came to us all days of the week and we served them raw cauliflower and boiled wheat... We had certain things to do every day and we aimed to do them, come who would... We all follow this daily routine and expect those who happen to stay here for a time to fit in. Meat, tobacco and alcohol are taboo on the place. Our living is simple and austere; some would say hard and comfortless."

This was the practice of my friends, the Nearings, in their high up valley in Vermont where they lived from 1932 to 1952. The theory back of it: "We are opposed to the theories of a competitive, acquisitive, aggressive, war-making social order, which butchers for food and murders for sport and for power."

I had introduced Scott Nearing at Ohio State University in 1915 when I was secretary of the Socialist Party down town and of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society at the U. At that time we were both vegetarians but Scott was not yet a Socialist. In 1920 upon my release from prison I was an anarchist and Scott was teaching at the Rand School here in New York City. He was a Socialist and veering more

and more toward the Communist line which he has followed ever since as much as his individualistic temperament has permitted.

No book full of meticulous details of how to build stone houses, prepare compost, grow vegetables, prepare firewood, and how to be self sufficient would seem to hold the interest of the reader, but this one is an exception, and thrilling to an admirer of Thoreau. Austere as it might seem to those who literally love the fleshpots of the city there is a vitality and a sense of growth as we read of wornout land being rebuilt, various stones collected for fireplaces, walls and floors, and of the maple sugar business which provided a cash income.

In the depression when people with orthodox ideas were destitute Nearing, as an economist and as a radical, understood all of this debacle so was not overpowered by the situation. He had traveled over the world but did not feel like deserting this country by seeking a haven abroad nor to give up the struggle and creep into a corner. Others who could not take a change of status turned to "caffeine, cola extract, nicotine, alcohol and opium derivatives... Opiates became the religion of such people."

The Nearings' ask and answer the question: "Why should you avail yourself of these many advantages when fellow humans are deprived of them in the city slums?... where there is a choice... one chooses the better part rather than the worse."

In the second book Nearing gives an analysis of the Web of Circumstance in which we are a part of this system of exploitation, and he holds to the basic radical idea of "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." But as to what a person "needs" and what he is able to get is circumscribed by depressions and by restricted vegetarian communities. We should dream of this promised land Nearing says and work toward it as "on a pilgrimage" even though we never reach it.

Among the score of lecturers I heard in New York City in the 20's but one of them began on time, talked to the point at hand, answered questions briefly and concisely, and departed without any excessive conversation "on schedule." This was Scott Nearing. So it is to be expected that his analysis of events and his Utopia is to be developed through reason, although he does qualify this conception by saying that "This array of rational or mental human faculties and capacities must be supported by will, courage, determination, persistence, resiliency and discrimination, and must be held together by vision and faith."

Without the halo which Gerald Heard places in his Man the Master when world leaders are supposed to ask that Enlightened Compass what to do to keep us from disaster, Nearing gives us the near-technocratic impossibility that, "Sooner or later social scientists and social engineers will

and presents a refreshingly forthright plea and apology for intellectualism in the Catholic community. It eloquently defends the universality of truth against "simplism," that prevalent (material) heresy which sees truth as a means to good not realizing that truth is good, and which dichotomizes the most complex situation into strict alternatives of good-bad, yes-no, sheep-goats, as the case may be. Dr. Geissman has here written a short essay which not only reflects the spirit of Cross Currents itself, but which might well serve as a touchstone for any and all Catholic groups and movements which include among their ideals a desire to be intelligent.

Edmund J. Egan

develop a technique that will make it possible, by orderly procedure, to modify or eliminate an outmoded social apparatus in the same way that a modern community eliminates fire, health or safety hazard embodied in an outmoded building."

What bars this Utopia? Traditionally the answer is that "human nature" does not work reasonably but it would seem perversely most of the time. The answer that Nearing gives is that in the past half century three phases of our lives in this country have been radically changed: consumption of cigarettes from 8 to 392 billion; universal use of cosmetics; and the adoption of conscription in peace time as a norm of life.

From this basis that the origin of our troubles are social "rather than with nature or with human nature" comes the collectivist solution to "enlist in the public service a body of competent social engineers, give them general directives, accept and follow their programs and plans," and thus become a part of the Servile State.

Coupled with this socialistic dream there is energetic criticism of the role the U. S. plays as imperialist as "leading the anti-progressive forces of the planet." We are called upon to oppose the limitations upon our freedom, "to make known their case at every reasonable opportunity and on every suitable occasion... to communicate their opinions by every reasonable means, and to take the consequences of such acts." It would seem that a scientific approach would at least recognize that all dictatorships strangle freedom of expression and that silence on the part of lack of freedom behind the iron curtain is not in accord with the logical approach which the book seeks to make.

Nearing is not to be confused with those materialists who deny the function of man as an individual and of the spirit in man, for he says, "The program for the good life must be worked out on two levels—the individual and the collective. These two levels are interdependent, acting and reacting upon one another... underlying these social tasks, "behind and beneath all of these frontiers, is the last frontier—man himself... in tune with the universal pattern and with the Great Purpose."

During the 20 year sojourn of the Nearings' in their Vermont community they found it impossible to organize any community effort for common purposes of work except when the bureaucrats in Washington stopped the mail route. When service was resumed folks settled back in their old individualistic pattern. Some did come to a Sunday morning hour of music at the Nearings' but definitely not for any propaganda about the "good life." Nearing shows that logically this upland valley could support several industries and hand crafts and could live much more efficiently, but somehow they preferred their liquor, pies, venison in and out of season, and irresponsible freedom. Although really they were enslaved to gadgets, superstition and much less than the "good life" they did not call this enslavement.

In any discussion about Utopia all is futile unless there is a practical method of attaining this dream. Nearing discusses the methods employed by six great leaders. Confucius and Tolstol compromised; Jesus and Socrates denounced the status quo and died protesting. Lenin and Gandhi stressed practice rather than doctrine. Obviously there are but three methods of bringing about a change in the world, whether we try to change human nature by propaganda, by decrees of a dictator, or by liquidation of those who do not conform. These three methods are by bullets, by ballots,

(Continued on page 7)

Quarterly Review

Cross Currents bound volume, 1954 volume IV) \$5.50. Cross Currents, 3111 Broadway, N. Y., 27, N. Y.

That Catholicism must be catholic is a truth which has been hackneyed by those for whom general truths furnish a convenient shelter from the necessity of particular applications.

Cross Currents, a quarterly review founded and edited by Catholic laymen "to explore the implications of Christianity for our times," has raised this axiom from that level of parochialism which is often the fate of American Catholic writing, and has sought to publish essays of a type which reflect the Christian search for universal values.

In those areas which seem most immediately involved with the unfolding of the Christian message; philosophy, theology and literature, Cross Currents has drawn from the genius of thinkers throughout the Western world, and has presented their thought and work to the American readers to whom, for reasons of language or availability, many of the works would be otherwise inaccessible.

Cross Currents has taken advantage of a double aspect of the search for truth as regards Christianity. On one hand the unique directness of wisdom of those whose bond to revelation places them in the Catholic community, sounds the depth and richness of properly Christian truth. While the wisdom of those who are without the orthodox dispensation has its own uniqueness stemming from of course the varying circumstances of human genius, and also from the fact that the material, historical or psychological conditions attendant upon an essentially erroneous position, can dispose more favourably to certain areas and attitudes of truth than can an orthodox orientation.

Thus in Cross Currents one sees side by side the names of Pieper, Guardini, Congar, Mounier and Danielou; Kafka, Barth, Tillich,

Kierkegaard and Buber. The list of published authors, as the above sample may indicate, shows the periodical's level of interest to be of the highest. Volume IV, now available in a bound edition, bears evident witness to the continuing excellence and importance of the review. In the specifically philosophical area, of special note is the article by Josef Pieper ON THE NEGATIVE ELEMENT IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS AQUINAS (Fall '52), a treatment of the relation of hylomorphism to modern physical science by Julius Seiler (Winter '54), an important statement of basic tenets of his philosophy of action by the late Maurice Blondel (Spring-Summer '54), Albert Ple's movement toward a necessary spirit of integration in ST. THOMAS AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FREUD (Fall '54) and a previously untranslated Kierkegaard fragment, also in the Fall issue.

Two articles in volume IV deal with the priest-worker movement in France. Jacques Leclercq in HOLINESS AND THE TEMPORAL uses the priest workers as a point of departure, and Friedrich Heer in the following issues gives a treatment of the movement itself. The two articles taken together furnish invaluable insights into the relations among the temporal order and the supernatural, and the laity and clergy in the Church. Father Leclercq's essay also contains an interesting and lucid analysis of canonization and its relation to sanctity.

The book review section in Cross Currents seeks to give a perspective on intellectual activity with pertinent comment on important works, rather than vertical criticism of individual books. The editorials deal with broad trends in thought and mirror the character of the review. One cannot but mention in this connection Erwin Geissman's editorial ALL IS GOOD in the Fall '53 issue. It is "an introduction to (Cross Currents') fourth year of publication,"

Peter Maurin House

(Continued from page 3)

ding three guys sleeping on some tables in the front, busting an arm off a sacred heart statue in one window and lopping Mary's head off in another. We did something about that pronto. The next night, nobody slept on the tables. Soon the local Pastor had us over for tea, explained that we were surely doing a good work but that we would be very dead in a very short time if we didn't pack up and git. Being very plastic individuals, we started searching for greener pastures.

One day Bob Bosshart dropped in on us, said he had heard about a five room apartment for rent on Hubbard Street for ten bucks a month. Would we be interested? We were paying eighty at the time. I jumped into our trusty Dodge and sped over there. Man, God give it to you slowly in degrees. Loomis Street was a little hellish but this place! A big hole in one wall, no windows, nor doors, nor plumbing, nor gas but plenty of dirt and not too far from Madison Street. This clinched the deal. I received the short straw and had to clean up the joint. I remember the first bucket of water I threw on the kitchen floor. It rolled a few feet and then just disappeared. In time we cleaned it though and painted it, put in a portable shower and seven hopeful guys, Johnny, Stan, Earl, George, Dan, Francis and Charlie.

The first night there, somebody donated seven pounds of hamburger for Sunday dinner. Dan finished off six bottles of wine and four and one-half pounds of our Sunday dinner by six in the morning. And then Johnny, poor Johnny. First time he decided to taste the stuff again, he forgot to put his teeth under his pillow when he called it quits. Trouble, our dog, found them sometime in the morning and when I found her, she had crunched them into about forty odd pieces. When John woke up, he felt frantically under his mattress for ten full minutes before I could screw up enough courage to tell him. And Stanley, the best mechanic in Chicago excepting the fact that he'd pawn a hydraulic jack for a drink. Stan wanted so much to have someone dependent upon him. One time he jerked all the distributor wires so that we would have to call him in order to get the soup rolling.

And that soup, man, what soup. As long as it was plenty salty and had plenty of onions, the guys didn't care what it tasted like. We'd beg vegetables down at South Water market and sometimes we'd have to take twenty bushels of rotten cabbage to get ten pounds of good carrots. One time we walked into a wholesale slot, asked the guy for a donation and he laughed loud and long, told us to get the hell out, that we were leaches and a disgrace to our manhood. Another guy standing near, well dressed, natty looking, took issue with the owner. "Give da kid some carrots," "Da hell wid da kid," Give da kid some carrots" "Da hell wid da kid." "I said, give da kid some carrots" and with that he walks over, grabs a fifty-pound sack, throws them at us and says "Take da carrots." When we left, they were making like roosters.

We would make out as long as we hit the market on days that the little sisters weren't there. With their sweet little faces and innocent air, they'd walk off with the works and we'd end up digging spoiled cabbage out of a trash can. One time we were given about two hundred pounds of turnips. We put them in the soup a couple of times and they brought howls. Not wanting to throw them away, Fred suggested the south side and a poor family he knew. Off we went and about two months later, we had ditto with cabbage. Fred had the same

brainstorm and we rolled south. I knocked on the door and a little girl answered.

"Would your mother like some cabbage this time honey?" "No Sir," with a furrowed brow, "We're still eatin' turnips."

Soon we realized Hubbard Street wasn't filling the bill so we hunted for another place to work in conjunction. We found one on Green Street and Fred lost his heart. If a guy didn't drink before his installation at Green Street, he was a cinch to drink after. Because we were gone most of the time, we had to have the men supervise themselves during most of the day. Sometimes we would put one of them in charge and at Green Street, a good hearted old railroad man was put at the helm. A tremendous change must have come over Joe. Unbeknownst to us, for in our absence, he ruled with an iron hand. When the menu consisted of mashed potatoes, Joe would ladle each man out one handful and Joe's hands weren't exactly generous as he had three fingers missing.

Father Cantwell, then moderator at Friendship House and a good friend of ours, started sitting in on a few of our so called meetings. We would get together at some bistro, talk over the weeks events, what to do for this guy and about that guy. Father would sit there like a sphinx. Once in a while we'd say "Well, what do you think Father?" and he'd smile, render a tiny judgment and resume his Egyptian demeanor. I'm pretty sure he was interested in what we were doing but he hadn't ascertained we were on the fringe. In time, Father became a real strength for us. He would always come through when we needed him, to get us out of a jam, help us through a trying time. We were always being stopped by cops for something or other, a fender falling off, or no license plates. The thing to do was reach in your pocket for your wallet, entwining your rosary around it while doing so, leaf through your holy pictures while trying to find your driver's license, and if the guy was Irish you had it made.

This third floor deal at Hubbard Street made a Saint out of Mrs. Egan, the lady that lived downstairs. Sometimes we'd have a chow line right down her front stairs and then the Winter night fiasco when the thermometer hit twenty below and the sink froze, sending the water from a running faucet, over the sink, across the floor, down the walls, flooding her apartment. Never a gripe did we hear though.

Our turnover was slow at times. Fellows would stay on two, three, four months, sometimes they would leave and then hit the soup line again one night and come home with us. Our batting average was pretty low as far as straightening anyone out. At times we were a little non plussed as to what our direction was in this regard. As long as the men stayed with us, they wouldn't drink but as soon as we would bid them adieu for another try, they would stumble and fall flat. Here we were, trying to put these guys back on their feet, fitting them out with some decent clothes, a few bucks and maybe a job somewhere in some flophouse, hamburger joint, railroad dock or warehouse. From there they would probably get a small room in some bird cage plaza and after a few hours of staring at a wall and waiting for the morrow, thud, back on the row.

We were prescribing a medicant that would kill us if we took it ourselves. What then? They say Father Flanagan started with skid row, gave up in frustration and decided to get at the problem before it reached this stage, but these men weren't the juvenile delinquents of fifteen or twenty years ago. They were probably happy guys at that stage of the game. Now though, they were miserably

unhappy. Some people look at skid row with dreadful scorn. Do they think man enjoys this grave? Does a man like frozen feet in the winter after he's sold his shoes for a pint? Does a man like sleeping under a Chicago Tribune or selling his life's blood or huddling and shuddering alone all night in some alley? On the row, they can share their misery, they can dissolve in a sea of misery. In Society, they are great huge, sore thumbs, here they are anonymous, here there is a peace, a life without pretence, a fitting in. They've fallen off the double barreled express we call progressive living and here we were, grabbing them by the hand and trying to help them straddle this buzz saw again. Why not take advantage of the positive aspects of their situation. They were dematerialized, well, keep them that way. They had forgotten words like comfort, security, they didn't think in terms of bank accounts, new cars, position. They had most of the natural gifts in the proper perspective. Why not develop this? In a way they were not unlike monastics, except for the one difference. This emptying out created a vacuum, a void that the monk filled with God.

As I said earlier, Peter Maurin House is now a fast stepping outfit with a three story building and half a hundred success stories. They have a chaplain, Father Cantwell and a beautiful chapel on the third floor where the Blessed Sacrament resides and the chapel was for the most part, designed and built by the men. Two alumni from Green Street are in charge, Barney and Jack and the soup still rolls every night and has for almost five years now. Today, Fred can be found on his back under some car at a North Side garage making a few bucks to support his sweet wife and child and another due this Christmas and Wil is up in St. Cloud working on his own farm, from what I hear, and John Cronin is taking art down at the Institute in Chicago and doing real well at it. I've still got my farm in Missouri, trying to initiate a little action in regard to that lay monasticism I alluded to earlier, and married, and about to be a father for the second time.

(The present address of Peter Maurin house is 1146 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.)

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 2)

whips up a batch of luscious cookies to which Bill will testify.

Mary has been cooking the meals up until last Tuesday when she left to spend a few days at Chrystie Street and then to continue her apostolic work in some other capacity elsewhere. Mary was with us over a year and previous to that spent some time at Peter Maurin Farm. We shall all miss her and the tasty meals she prepared for us. Veronica, who has been with us since last August, is now trying her hand at the cooking and is doing a fine job.

Since Dorothy Day's unexpected return to New York, she has dropped in a few times. Her most recent visit was on Quinquagesima Sunday. She stayed with us until Shrove Tuesday. We had an early Mass that morning, her plans being to leave on the first bus to New York. However, a call came from Father Pothier of New York City that he would like to come to Maryfarm that morning. So the bus trip was delayed long enough for both of them to join the family for a fried chicken dinner, including homemade doughnuts.

A substantial gift of money was given to us from one of our readers and in her letter she specified to purchase a washing machine or to apply toward an electric pump. We are most grateful and ask God to bless her for her generosity to His Poor.

Marian Judge.

Land Through Love

(Continued from page 2)

son continues, "in a Bihar Village which he had visited three times without obtaining any substantial gift, I heard him promise to approach the absentee landlords personally on the peasants' behalf. Then I heard him add: 'But if they still hold back, will you refuse to cultivate their fields?' and I guessed at once that Vinoba well knew all the steps that were open to him and that he refrained from disclosing them so that no taint of coercion should damage his present relations with the rich."

Power, says Mr. Tennyson, is "perhaps the one taste for which the appetite grows keener with the years. Yet a man so long content with obscurity, who had in the end to be prodded towards the limelight by his colleagues, is likely to be tempted less easily than most by the sin of Lucifer. There are so many points already at which, almost unnoticed, he could have deviated from principle for the sake of quick advantage. Two years ago the Government offered him ten million acres of uncultivated land which had reverted to the State. They asked him to distribute it and develop it as he wished. But Vinoba did not take long to make up his mind. Land that belonged to the Government was the responsibility of the Government, he said. Besides, he had come not to organize but to disperse. He had no faith in institutions. 'People start institutions which in the end overwhelm their founders . . . who have not the courage to accept disillusion . . . Majorities are but brute force. The Land Gifts Mission has no membership and it makes no resolutions—only vows. In spite of the social and economic ideas to which Vinoba gives increasing emphasis, he is clear that his own role is merely to bring about a change of heart in the people and to increase their moral power. If that is achieved it will be the duty of the people themselves to influence the existing political parties to an expression of the ideas that they have imbibed from him'."

Vinoba has the "reverent support" of the political leaders and describes himself as a "mere human outsider," but in Tennyson's view it has become one of the successors—perhaps the only possible successor—"to a fast-declining Congress. That will be the signal for Vinoba to withdraw and for us to remember that he is not, like Gandhi, a politician-saint, but a saint temporarily on the fringe of politics." Mr. Tennyson makes an interesting comparison of the characters of Vinoba and Gandhi.

Vinoba accepts Gandhi's social and economic ideas—decentralization, self-sufficient village republics at the base of the pyramid of State power, non-violent non-cooperation in place of armed resistance—but he defends them in a dispassionate and rational voice. "He does not talk of the 'music of the spinning wheel,' but rather of harnessing electricity to the villages so that the spindle in every home may be driven by power. He expects the impossible from himself but not from others. He is, for instance, still vigorously free from any entanglement with money—even wealth gifts to the Bhoodan Movement must be in work or kind, never in cash—but this is a personal witness to the ultimate good, rather than any immediately practical policy which he expects others to follow. He divides machinery into labor-saving and labor-displacing categories. The first category—Jeeps, microphones, electric torches—he accepts joyfully if not for his own use at least for the use of others; whereas Gandhi extended to them no more than a grudging tolerance."

Mr. Masani describes the Bhoodan village meetings conducted by Jayaprakash Narayan. At one vil-

lage the mission was met with Communist leaflets that said "Beware of the net of illusion of Bhoodan Yagna. Whose friends are Vinobaji and 'Revolutionary Socialist' Jayaprakash?" The leaflet went on to say that they were enemies of the peasants who had come to mislead them and divert their attention from the real class struggle. Jayaprakash described to his audience the evolution of Soviet Russia. Not the peasants and the workers, he said, but those who controlled the Red Army and the Secret Police were enjoying the fruits of the revolution. "Jayaprakash then patiently explained to the peasants, perhaps for the first time in their lives, what had been happening in Russia and how on Stalin's death Malenkov, Beria, and Molotov had jointly seized power. He then spoke about their quarrels and about Beria's liquidation, and asked: 'Who decided for Malenkov or against Beria?' It was not the people, but the Red Army tanks which were stronger than the Secret Police. The man with the biggest gun won. Even wealth was not distributed. One man got a hundred times as much as another. Inequalities had increased. A new caste system had sprung up, and new exploiters ruled in place of the old."

In one village although a lot of danpatras (gift deeds) were signed the amount of land given was very little, not a sixth but in some cases not even a twentieth of the donors' land. Jayaprakash said to the people that if they were making these gifts not from their hearts but just to get rid of him, he would return their danpatras and ask them to think the matter over quietly when he was no longer with them. On the way to the next village, Mr. Masani asked Jayaprakash whether those whom he had thus reproached would not be only too happy to get back their danpatras and to call it a day.

When the meeting was about to begin, two men came panting from Surungapur, the previous village. After Jayaprakash had left their village, they had felt very unhappy and had gathered to take counsel. The result was that they had sent a message to say that they were sorry for what had happened earlier that day and that new danpatras were now being prepared which would satisfy Jayaprakash that the message of Bhoodan had really reached them. "What little faith we of the cities have in our fellowmen!" said Minoo R. Masani to himself.

Inevitably our first thoughts about Vinoba's movement is that it is a thing which could only happen in India, by which I suppose we mean only in a country where the influence of non-materialist philosophies is still widespread. "The question that one constantly hears in India is: 'Does such or such a thing get you any nearer God?' I am an agnostic, but I know what Indians mean. They mean 'Does something-progress, efficiency, productivity, television, whatever it may be—does it get you any nearer to fulfilling yourself; to achieving a keener awareness of reality, or a better communion with the rest of humanity, or with the Infinite; to justifying in any way your being here?' There are, of course still plenty of indications that this sense of values is not foreign to the Western World, the spontaneous solidarity offered to victims of natural disasters, the current adulation of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, are indications of the latent urge to express oneself in other ways than by making money. John Seymour has suggested, as a result of his experience at the training course for the India Community Projects Scheme that the real conflict will be between capitalism and communism on the one hand and the ancient non-materialist philosophies of the East on the other.

(Reprinted from Freedom, London, England, February 5, 1955.)

Ultimate Question

(Continued from page 3)

own being, a whole age. The tremendous assertion "for their sakes I sanctify myself" applies today to every man who, while loving the world and aspiring to help it, yet knows and sets his heart upon another real world of perfection which will save him, in the process of his trying to save this world, from losing his own soul.

The seductiveness of material things stands in the way of people becoming decisive and therefore really facing up to the ultimate questions. Civilizations have fallen when soft and silken things have so bewitched the mind that it could see nothing else worth seeking and enjoying.

It is true there are organized systems of tyranny and falsehood enslaving the mind. But an equally great enslavement is the worship of the soft and silken, of comfort and security. The man who interprets his life as consisting in the quest of more and more comforts, more and more pleasure, more and more years of the same sort of sensuous excitement, is not superior to the man whose mind is warped by false doctrine.

A life of comfort and security cannot understand, much less respond to, the ultimate questions, including the question of its own vacuity. Slothful and afraid, it will buy mere existence at any price. It cannot break away with meaningfulness, not even with harmful habits. Such a life is incapable of believing with all its heart, of standing up for and defending the supreme values of its own civilization, in a word, of becoming heroic. On the contrary, it will always find an excuse, it will always refuse to expose itself. Soft and easy living can never produce heroes of the spirit, and yet the present world situation requires, above military and material security, above economic abundance, above political wisdom, the rise of a new breed of men with the highest heroic stature.

This is the test of decisiveness and of the deleterious effect of the soft and silken; supposing you were told — and I believe it to be true — that you must count on parting with at least half of your possessions and you must expect besides plenty of suffering and hardship before you can really master the crisis, would you accept to pay that price? I fear there be many who would rather bury their head in the sand.

Whatever may be the material need of other parts of the world, certainly one of the greatest needs of the West is for the virtue of poverty to be once again preached and practised. And while it is perfectly true that the West in general, and the United States in particular, can teach Asia and Africa how to produce and multiply material wealth and therefore how to satisfy their appalling material needs, I assure you that if that is all you are going to mean to this humanity on the march, they will profit from and thank you for your teaching, but they will not on that account either love you or stick by you in your moment of need.

The grounds of love and community are all spiritual, and he alone is rich in spirit who knows how to be free from all material things. Again and again the poor have been called blessed, and we may be sure that God can only appear in our midst as one of the poor. It is difficult to compress a total problematic in one nutshell, but I am nearly persuaded that if only the West practiced voluntary poverty, all would be well with the world.

There is a movement proper to matter: it seduces. There is a movement proper to the masses: they overwhelm. Both movements blind the reason, so that we can no longer either see the truth or act in accordance with its requirements. But the situation is so critical that freedom from both movements is absolutely necessary if right vision and courageous action

are to be properly wedded to each other.

I will then sum up what I honestly see.

There is a universal revolution against all that has been held sacred and true for thousands of years. The more deeply you go into this revolution, the more you become convinced that it admits of no possible compromise.

The essence of this revolution, whatever form it takes, is to hate the authentic freedom of the spirit, to reject any ultimacy to the individual human person, to subvert the traditional norms of truth and conduct, to split up the total man into sensations and dreams, to reduce reason to conditioned reflexes manipulated in the interests of some arbitrary philosophy enthroned and backed by force, to spurn any objective truth, to defy matter and material security, and to deny the existence of God.

Where this revolution prevails, people like Aristotle, Paul, Augustine, Dante, Pascal and Kant find themselves utter strangers. Since, however, without such people and what they say and where Western history has no meaning, the call is for the defense of the soul of the West.

But such a defense will be hollow and half-hearted if it does not spring from absolute faith in this soul. Thus the real crisis is the crisis of faith. In fact if faith had been vigorous, the revolution probably would not have arisen.

What avails most so far as vision and decision are concerned is prayer, contemplation, adoration, the peace of nothingness, the love of God.

If the fantastic development of modern weapons should in due course have the effect of neutralizing physical war as the final means of settlement, then the struggle must move entirely onto the economic, political, intellectual, and spiritual planes. On these planes I am not at all sure that the West is yet adequately prepared.

The real West is hardly known in the East. What is known is only the commercial, technological and political West. But there can be no greater pity, no more ultimate question, than if the truth and light and spirit and freedom and love and vision which constitute the essence of the West should remain hidden under a bushel.

Western civilization, if it is to survive, must stand for what is genuinely and concretely universal in its heritage. This can only mean in the order of nature the moral law and in the order of God the Christian message in its concrete plenitude.

Without God and without the law of nature the West cannot save itself, let alone the whole world.

Even after the truest and clearest vision is revealed and the most courageous decision taken, there is no certainty that all will be well. Let no man therefore set his heart only upon outside things. What if the mess is inherent to the world! What if it could only be patched up a little here and a little there, but never quite eradicated! He will always be disappointed who puts all his eggs in the basket of the world.

Therefore we must have independent access all the time to another independent realm in which there is complete victory, a realm not dependent upon our subjective feeling and imagination, nor upon the manipulation of our body, but one that is real, objective, in-itself, given, full of truth and life. May it not be the case that the only sense in which all will be well with the world is for this independent realm to remain integral and whole even if the whole world went to pieces?

Beyond war and peace, beyond economics and politics, beyond the atom and its potentialities for good or for evil, beyond the question of whether Western civilization can be saved, beyond even



any immediate personal suffering or sorrow or profound secret unhappiness or even sin, beyond all this towers the supreme question whether we really know and are comforted by what Christ meant, both in itself and in history, when He said: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Scott Nearing

(Continued from page 5)

or by the revolution within the heart of each individual without waiting upon others to change.

As one who decries the use of war on the part of the U. S. it would seem that the employment of bullets to gain Utopia must be discarded. The decline of the Socialist Party in this country and the outlawing of the Communists would seem to preclude any importance to the ballot as a means of making a change. For the great mass of the people accept the necessity of capitalism and militarism, and very few radicals have refused to sign loyalty oaths, and fewer still have refused to be a part of the war machine. Where then are we to find a body of public opinion that will delegate to radicals the job of turning the economy from General Motors to social engineers? It simply is not going to be done—in Vermont, Maine or anywhere else.

It is right here that the fallacy of seeking to change the forms of society instead of the individuals who make up that society is shown. It is the Personalist basis of man as a responsible individual that is important. Nearing has shown himself to be such a responsible individual, *per se*. He has undoubtedly in his one-man-revolution persuaded many young people to stop and think. But when he steps aside from this individual solution into the paternalism of the state he cannot expect anyone to follow him.

There is a certain aloofness, a dogmatism which will not take into account the weaknesses and foibles of mankind, an unreality which expects cool reason to determine men's actions, a lack of warmth and of humor, which this Spartan plan of Nearings presents to us. Man as a glutton, a drunkard, a miserable sinner, yet within him is the possibility of the poor fish peddler arising to heights of eloquence and to achieve immortality by his forgiving of his enemies at the electric chair. Here in the Bowery squalor we find examples of devotion, unselfishness and love without which no technocratic society could be any more an example of the "good life" than the Potempkin villages under the Czar.

Man as a Person, man as a responsible individual, man as a warm human being. Man perhaps united voluntarily with his fellows. We hope that each of us will by our own lives make this kind of a life appear more attractive to those who are headed in the opposite direction. As Sons of God we will seek to achieve this aim, but save us from the wholesale catastrophe of the Servile State!

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

is very ill both mentally and physically. He is unable to work and is completely dependent upon the mother for support—the father had disappeared some years ago. The mother keeps the boy alongside of her constantly as she tries to make their room rent of ten dollars per week by selling shoe strings and razor blades outside of theatres and around busy street corners. She won't apply for any kind of city aid since she fears that they will take the boy away from her and lock him up. There are not many places that will rent to these two poor souls since the son might give you pause at first sight, although he is perfectly harmless and appears frightened by everyone else himself. However, there are a number of people who go through life delighted in being frightened by the harmless. Thus the woman and her son have to remain in a perfectly awful hole of an apartment. They don't have any heat, that is until we got them a small stove. The two of them are often terrorized by a man around their building who gets violent when drunk. He has kicked their door in and stamped on their pitiful belongings in a suitcase. We heard of a vacant apartment down the street from us but were sorry to learn that it was rented by the time that the mother and boy arrived there. If any of our readers in lower Manhattan hear of an apartment we would be most happy to get it for this worthy pair.

We saw Bob Ludlow last night and he appears quite well. He has quit his job in the hospital after one year and is once again in search of another position. This time he would like a position teaching in a Catholic high school. Bob had taught high school before and has a teaching certificate from the state of Penna. If you know of such a job or any other job please get in touch with us at once.

It is not intended that this column should become one of those Sally Joy Brown stunts but we must help our friends and strangers with this column if no other way is open. As you should painfully realize by this time we are not ashamed or reluctant to beg from you whenever we are so pressed. Peter Maurin was always wont to quote that we are to give others a chance to do good by begging from them. However, it is distressful to see how at times what little actual help people are willing to give to others—no matter how worthy the case may be.

A man who used to have to depend a great deal on us for his meals stopped by the other day. He said, "I am working now however I never forgot those meals I had here. I still remember your home-made whole wheat bread and would like to know if I could purchase a loaf of it daily." This—without advertising.

The city who is so concerned about our health sent what we hope is their last emissary. In a way it was worth all the trouble that we have had with the city just to meet up with this last agent. When this man arrived the men on line were having their noon-day soup and bread. It was most difficult to distinguish the agent from the men on the line

since he was dressed no better than most of our ambassadors. This man acted as though he was unable to see as he kept squinting his eyes behind the thick lensed glasses, and pursing his lips as though he was going to start whistling. He appeared relieved as we guided him out of the rush for the chairs and the soup and up into the office.

As soon as he got his hat on straight and his eyes began to focus he asked us one or two questions about the house. In answering his questions we were as cautious as a Commonwealth editorial. He noticed this and said, "Come you have nothing to fear." From there he went on to an eulogy which we denied not at all. He said, "You know I too am a Catholic and I am proud to see the wonderful work that you are doing among the poor. All of this is a credit to the Church. Why should the city or anyone else bother you good people. I never heard of your work before. Now I am most happy, this reveals the true strength of the Church. I always try to help a poor man out when I am asked for money on the streets but you have to be a little bit careful that they don't use it for drink, even though I like a drink myself. You know we Catholics as a whole are a mere bluff, we play the game, acting all the time. As a rule the Jews and the Protestants are much better in acting according to their beliefs than we are." After a most pleasant and entertaining half hour the gentleman left our house bestowing his blessings upon us as he went out the door. We couldn't help but throw out an invitation to him to have lunch with us. He said he would be ashamed to take the food out of the mouth of the poor.

We visited our friend and fellow worker, John Pohl, who is still a patient at Pilgrims State Hospital. He is in very good physical and mental condition and the attending psychiatrist was very encouraging. He offered that John was eligible for release at this present date. That is good news for John and all his friends here on Chrystie street. John has been sorely missed for these past two years. We asked him if he watched the television shows out there. He said he didn't care too much for them besides he is always aware that the people on these programs are free whereas he feels imprisoned. The encouraging psychiatrist represented for all the world like the picture that most people have in their heads of the average psychiatrist: he had those dark horn rimmed glasses, moon face, enigmatic smile and the heavy German accent.

As soon as we mail out this issue of the Catholic Worker we will be sending out our March appeal. Our last appeal in October, fell below our needs so we hope you don't let us down again.

"To hand over moral teaching to subjective and temporary human opinions instead of anchoring it to the holy will of the everlasting God and to His Commandments, means opening the doors to the forces of destruction." (Pius XI *Mit brennender Sorge*.)

Fritz Eichenberg's

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Market Place

(Continued from page 3)

nearby ask us in for breakfast after 10 a.m. and generally it takes half an hour to get warmed up, for the wind blows mightily on this wide street. We are here from 8:45 until 10:15 a.m. each Sunday.

Fordham

This is the noisiest place I have found in my street apostolate with the overhead elevated and screeching trucks and buses. I had thought once of soapboxing at the Fordham gate but the younger students rush out of the ground like mad for fear of missing a train. The older students are more leisurely and while few papers are sold it takes time for the word to get around that there is a difference between the DAILY WORKER and the CATHOLIC WORKER. One student liked our Christmas illustrations on the front page and bought 300 and mailed them out in envelopes for Christmas cards. Two other students help me at times sell CW's there and have arranged for me to speak to their Evidence Guild group. About half of the priests who pass by are friendly to the CW and all of the nuns are cordial. Now and then the high school students passing by stop and get a paper. I am here from

BRUDERHOF

The Bruderhof Community at Woodcrest, Rifton, N. Y., write of the 96 wooded farm they have, with 30 acres cleared land. Numerous buildings besides the spacious 13 room house provides accommodations for the families and single people who have come there from Macedonia Community in Georgia and Kingwood Community in N. J. as well as the Primavera groups in Paraguay. Here they will continue their making of toys and other wood work especially for children.

Visitors are welcome, although it is better to notify them of your arrival. By bus you can go on the Adirondack Line at the Dixie Terminal on 42 st., N.Y.C. buying a ticket for Rosendale, N.Y. and getting off at the intersection of Routes 213 and 32. Phone Rosendale 5151 to the Bruderhof. By car come north from New Paltz, N.Y. on 32 to Route 213, turning right toward Rifton for 1/4 mile under the new Thruway bridge to the private road leading to the Bruderhof.

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* * *

St. Francis near Penn Station

We had interviewed the priests in charge here and they were cordial enough although they said they did not have room for the CW among their other literature. They took our kidding about having room for a lot of less important papers than the CW in good humor and while they did not want the paper sold directly in front of their church they admitted that they had no jurisdiction if we stood nearby. Nevertheless Patricia, Francisco and I have each been ordered by ungracious priests to move on. We replied that we had a right to be where we were and intended to stay there. Here we sell many papers to regular parishioners and to the strangers who come from Penn station. Most of the priests and nuns who pass are friendly. We sell here until 2 p.m. Sunday's and then once a month when the Third Order of St. Francis meets in the afternoon we sell until 5 p.m. People come from all over the city then and we make many new friends. One man berated both Francisco and me for being "Jew bums" and two or three others have called us Communist but ordinarily we have a very interesting time meeting people. We generally attend 11 o'clock high mass and often Tom Sullivan gives me a knowing wink when he sees us shouting our wares as he leaves the church.

* * *

Wall Street

"I was born at 222 Chrystie," said a cop as he bought a CW from me, after asking if this was a real Catholic paper and where was it printed. "I understand your statement on taxes and agree with much of it, but this one sentence I can't believe," said a young man, greeting me as he unfolded the tax statement that he had gotten from me last August, from his billfold. We then had a friendly conversation for half an hour. A pretty blonde bought a CW and asked if I was Hennacy. Her roommate had bought a CW from me but had not remembered just where I was standing, so she had looked up in the paper where and when CW's were sold and came to get a copy. The next Friday she was at our meeting and on Saturday helped in the office and listened to a talk I gave to Catholic students here that afternoon. The elderly ex-Catholic who berates the Church often at Broad and Wall greets me

kindly and accepts a CW although he will not give a penny for it. I tell him to take it in Chrst's name if not in the Church's name. I am at Pine and Nassau from 11:30 to about 3 on Tuesday's.

* * *

Cooper Union

Very few Catholics attend these Monday night lectures. I spoke at the auditorium in 1920 at a peace meeting, holding the crowd for three quarters of an hour until Senator Borah came. Now from 9:30 to 10:30 Monday nights I do my best to penetrate the crowd as it surges forth after the philosophical lecture. Invariably I am invited across to the restaurant for a discussion with irate radicals who see no good in any church, especially the Catholic. They want to change the world by organizing people and it ends up I tell them with organization fighting organization with very seldom the people changing those very ideas and practices which prevent a better world. It is the old saying that you will have a better world when you have better people and that we will do very well if we keep the world from changing us into conformity. It is as that little known but great American poet, Vachel Lindsay, said in his poem—

The Leaden-Eyed

Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
It's poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed
Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly.
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap.
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve.
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

* * *

Union Square

It is just a nice walk from Chrystie Street to Union Street. Sometimes I walk up Fourth Avenue and give CW's to the book stores on my way up. In olden days all radicals were beaten by the cops until we established the right to speak our minds. Peter Maurin held forth here often. On August 23, 1952 Father Casey and I held a Sacco Vanzetti Memorial meeting here. So it is my favorite spot to shout loudly about the CW. I go at odd times like a Monday or a Thursday afternoon, although my regular time is Thursday evening from 7 to 9:30. I sold 100 copies in three hours on the afternoon of Washington's birthday. Yesterday I sold there also and spent an hour answering questions from a seminarian who had been to one of our meetings to hear a white robed Dominican Abbott from North Africa speak. He thought that McCarthy was putting up a good fight against Communism. We discussed the whole absolutist program of the CW and he agreed that the Sermon on the Mount was a better emphasis than tricky political methods. Last night I attended the 50th anniversary of the I.W.W. at the anarchist hall at 813 Broadway where fellow worker Sam Weiner gave the traditional "wobblie" talk, ending up with the last words of the I.W.W. preamble that Peter Maurin often quoted to the effect that we were forming a new society within the shell of the old. I did not know many of those present as I was generally in the west when I joined the I.W.W. in 1912 although I had spoken here in 1920.

* * *

The Law

Emanuel Redfield, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, reports that the Appellate Part of the Court of Special Sessions handed down a decision affirming my conviction for selling the CW and my Autobiography on the streets of New York City without a peddler's license. A judge of the Court of Appeals has granted permission for an appeal of the case which will be heard as soon as possible. Meanwhile I sell CW's from 11 to 3 at 43 and Lexington each Friday where I was twice arrested.

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 2)

giving thanks to God for His gifts.

THE THIRD ORDER

"We are perfectly certain that the Third Order of St. Francis is the most powerful antidote against the evils that harass the present age."

—Leo XXI

"Oh, how many benefits would not the Third Order of St. Francis have conferred on the Church if it had been everywhere organized in accordance with the wishes of Leo XIII."

—Pius X

"We believe that the spirit of the Third Order, thoroughly redolent of Gospel wisdom, will do very much to reform public and private morals."

—Benedict XV

"The general restoration of peace and morals was advanced very much by the Third Order of St. Francis, which was a religious order indeed, yet something unexampled up to that time."

—Pius XI

THREE WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING

Mirabeau says "There are three ways to make a living: Stealing, begging and working." Stealing is against the law of God and against the law of men. Begging is against the law of men but not against the law of God. Working is neither against the law of God nor against the law of men. But they say that there is no work to do. There is plenty of work to do, but no wages. But people do not need to work for wages, they can offer their services as a gift.

CAPITAL AND LABOR

"Capital," says Karl Marx, "is accumulated labor, not for the benefit of the laborers, but for the benefit of the accumulators." And capitalists succeed in accumulating labor, by treating labor, not as a gift, but as a commodity, buying it as any other commodity at the lowest possible price. And organized labor plays into the hands of the capitalists, or accumulators of labor, by treating its own labor not as a gift, but as a commodity, selling it as any other commodity at the highest possible price. And the class struggle is a struggle between the buyers of labor at the lowest possible price and the sellers of labor at the highest possible price. But the buyers of labor at the lowest possible price and the sellers of labor at the highest possible price are nothing but commercializers of labor."

SELLING THEIR LABOR

When the workers sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor they allow the capitalists or accumulators of labor to accumulate their labor. And when the capitalists or accumulators of labor have accumulated so much of the worker's labor that they do no longer find it profitable to buy the workers' labor then the workers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor. And when the workers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor they can no longer buy the products of their labor. And that is what the workers get for selling their labor.

The Nuremberg Trials

By BRUCE CUTLER

Most of us dislike killing, but audit war, and keep two sets of books or else resign. We hailed a second peace along the Elbe, but nine generals, and admiral, and three marshals were far too tempting for our advocates when the star of Allied victory lost its engineers' design. But what were thirteen hostages supposed to mine or plow, or make their reparations for?

Marching-to-the-sea, we made Hitler's course to empire hang upon a trial. The men Great Alexander judged and juried-were kings when conquered: such afterthought trials were a curse and kept up the genocide. We did no worse vengeance wise than another general from his den in Babylon, who found the wars too tame; then all the protagonists were dead, of course.

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