



OLD TRUTHS FOR THE NEW YEAR FROM PETER MAURIN

A Bourgeois is a fellow, who tries to be somebody by trying to be like everybody, which makes him a nobody.

A Dictator is a fellow who does not hesitate to strike you over the head if you refuse to do what he wants you to do.

A Leader is a fellow who refuses to be crazy the way everybody else is crazy and tries to be crazy in his own way.

A Bolshevik is a fellow who tries to get what the other fellow has and to regulate what you should have.

A Communitarian is a fellow who refuses to be what the other fellow is and tries to be what he wants him to be.

THEY AND WE

People say:
"They don't do this, they don't do that they ought to do this they ought to do that,"

Always "They" and never "I."

People should say:
"They are crazy for doing this and not doing that but I don't need to be crazy they way they are crazy."

The Communitarian Revolution is basically a personal revolution.

It starts with I not with They.

One I plus one I makes two I and two I makes We.

"We" is a community while "they" is a crowd.

The Nazis, the Fascists, and the Bolsheviks are Totalitarians. The Catholic Worker is Communitarian.

THE C. P. AND C. M.

The Communist Party credits bourgeois capitalism with an historic mission.

The Communitarian Movement condemns it on general principles.

The Communist Party throws the monkey-wrench of class struggle into the economic machinery and by doing so delays the fulfilling of the historic mission which it credits to capitalism.

The Communitarian Movement aims 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.

The Communist Party stands for proletarian dictatorship.

The Communitarian Movement stands for personalist leadership.

WHAT LABOR NEEDS

A Communist Community is a Community with a common unity.

A common belief is what makes the unity of a community.

Norman Thomas says that "Ramsay MacDonald has failed to give to Labor a philosophy of labor".

What Labor needs is not economic security. What Labor needs is a philosophy of labor.

THREE WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING

Mirabeau says:
"There are only three ways

to make a living: Stealing, begging, 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

to the capitalists or accumulators of labor. **WHAT MAKES MAN HUMAN** Charles Peguy used to say: "There are two things in this world, politics and mysticism." Politics is just politics and is not worth bothering about but mysticism is mysterious

that is what makes man human. Creed and not greed, That is what makes man human.

BETTER OR BETTER OFF

The world would be better off, if people tried to become better. And people would become better if they stopped trying to be 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.

BIG SHOTS AND LITTLE SHOTS

When the big shots become bigger shots then the little shots become littler shots.

And when the little shots become littler shots because the big shots become bigger shots then the little shots get mad at the big shots.

And when the little shots get mad at the big shots because the big shots by becoming bigger shots make the little shots littler shots they shoot the big shots full of little shots.

But by shooting the big shots full of little shots the little shots do not become big shots, they make everything all shot.

Christianity has nothing to do with either modern Capitalism

(Continued on page 7)



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 their own labor not as a gift,

but as a commodity, selling it as any other commodity at the highest possible price.

SELLING THEIR LABOR

And when the capitalists or accumulators of labor have accumulated so much of the laborer's labor that they no longer find it profitable to buy the laborer's labor then the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor.

And when the laborers 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 laborers get for selling their labor

and is worth all our striving. To give, and not to take, that is what makes man human.

To serve and not to rule, that is what makes man human.

To help and not to crush, that is what makes man human.

To nourish and not to devour, that is what makes man human.

And if need be to die and not to live, that is what makes man human. Ideals and not deals,

Farmer in "Psycho"

By RICHARD FICHTER

(Cont. from Dec. issue)

As I lay on my bed under the too bright lights, a tall lanky man came and wanted to talk. I gave him a good welcome and he began telling me how lonely he was. He said he had terrible thoughts of dying. He feared his own body, and the sky and moon. He depended greatly upon his wife and in her absence felt fear. His wife had signed him in today at his own request because of his fears. He had been here before and had received shock treatments. Will you think I am wicked if I tell you I don't want to wake up in the morning, he said. He asked if I was afraid and I said "No, Love casts out fear."

He could not understand my lack of fear of anything but God of whom I have a respectful fear. He could not understand my inner peace without fear. I told him there was a tremendous amount of fear in the world because of the lack of love and repeated that love casts out fear. He finally said to me, "You are the sanest man I have ever met. Why are you here?" I then told him about the message of love I felt impelled to deliver in the TV program. He said he had read about the message and felt it had done good as some people had been talking about it

at the office which he had attended a few days ago. Some said I had overstepped my rights while others said I had an inner compulsion. I told him God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. He was of the Jewish faith but said I had helped him with my message of love instead of fear. I told him he, too, had helped me. I then asked him if he wanted me to rub his back again so he could return to sleep. This I did. He then said he was going to ask me a terrible thing to do—would I pray that his life be taken before he awakened in the morning. I told him that it was not my privilege to pray that his life be taken. That was only within the province of God. He then began to pray for himself. Hear, O Israel, the Lord God is One. He repeated it in Hebrew and it sounded beautiful and comforting. He finally repeated the Lord's Prayer and I began to pray for him.

Two young boys had stopped before us and the slender, dark-haired one called Sol, told many violent tales of racketeer life. He claimed he had done 4 years with the criminally insane. He had hit a man in a bar when he was drunk. The man had hit his head upon

(Continued on page 6)

Rawhide & Axle Grease

By JIM MILORD

The peacetime draft, surplus storages and shrinking credit added up to a gloomy employment picture in the Spring of 1949. I found myself along with a million others without a job. Every month the reports would send the jobless roll and unemployment claims rising by the tens of thousands. The old lay-off purge was on alright.

I found myself rather addicted to the pastime of eating and keeping housed and with our first baby coming along shortly there was little time for dallying around waiting for something to break. Our budget called for steady work.

By a fortunate bit of timing with a loss of only three weeks without a pay envelope, I drifted into the Chicago Belt Railway hiring office at a period of labor upheaval. The non-ops—clerks, messengers, machinists, roadhouse men, towermen, repairmen and what not were going from a 6 or 7 day week to the standard five day-40 hours.

The regulars were to receive six days' pay for five. This created a need for "relief" men to work the regulars' days off. This relieved the Railway from the overtime they did not like to pay.

The Belt is a tiny Railroad as far as trackage and equipment goes but its volume of business is tremendous. It is owned by a dozen or

more "trunk" roads which haul cross-country. The Belt's name was literal. It circled the city and environs tying up freight transferring to Eastern states and loads from the East to the West whose terminals were in Chicago.

I was hired out as a carman's helper trainee. Twenty other recruits joined me on the repair tracks (the Rip) as a class where the baffling but exciting world of interchange and cryptology was explained.

We spent eight weeks there repairing cars and learning how to inspect loaded and unloaded cars for defects. No car can leave an interchange point without an OK written on the side of the car in chalk by an inspector. This accounts for all those multi-colored syllables you have seen on boxcars.

If the car had broken ladders (grab irons), flat wheels, broken rigging or a shifted load the car could be virtual dynamite and endanger lives. Hence the need of a car inspector or car-knocker.

It turned out to be a long, weary, walking, stooping job but happily independent once you headed out into the Yards to work a track of cars. Part of the shift we coupled air hoses between the cars or "bled" the air from cars "set out"

(Continued on page 7)

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associated Editors:

AMMON HENNACY

ROBERT STEED

KERRAN DUGAN

BETH ROGERS

Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City—2

Telephone GRamercy 5-9180

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

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



CAESAR SPEAKS

The Rockefeller Report which calls for three billion a year for missile warfare is an insult to all freedom loving people, let alone to Christians. To oppose all out war and limited war by a frenzied increase in deadly weapons is suicide incorporated. The third scheme of the report is the most phony of all; for this armament increase to prevent "non-overt aggression concealed as internal take-over by coup d'état or by civil war" is in direct opposition to the history of our government in its support of every dictator in the world except that of the Soviets and their satellites. For today we support Franco, Salazar, Jimenez in Venezuela, Trujillo, and we have always interfered in Guatemala for the United Fruit Company. Our protection of the dictator Batista in Cuba and our readiness to back up the French in their current struggle in North Africa and the Cameroons adds to the insincerity of our great show of force for democracy.

We have already lost the race to "get there fustest with the mostest." We defer any talks on disarmament until we have achieved supremacy. What did we do when we had this supremacy but arrogantly denounce Red China and continue our support of the dictator Chiang? The logic of capitalism demands that we support all of our investments, and in this respect the Rockefeller Report is logical.

What we of the Catholic Worker wish to say is that the whole idea of a return of evil for evil in war is anti-Christian. When Christ told Peter to put up his sword, saying, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword," and when Christ refused to call down fire from heaven at the request of some of His disciples, he disarmed all of His followers. So we today call for this country to disarm entirely and to cease our exploitation, not only of our own people but of as much of the world as we can subdue by our investments.—Ammon Hennacy

The Fall Appeal

During the past three months in answer to our fall appeal we have received contributions from all over the world amounting to \$25,241. They came from this country in the following order: New York 1,224 contributions; California 290; Massachusetts 281; Ohio 260; Pennsylvania 250; Illinois 208; New Jersey 194; Wisconsin 152; Minnesota 119; Connecticut 106; Michigan 94; Maryland 64; Indiana 59; Washington, D.C. 58; Rhode Island 51; Washington 47; Missouri 38; Colorado 31; Kentucky 30; Iowa 29; Florida 26; New Mexico 24; Louisiana 20; Oregon 19; Maine 18; Vermont 16; Texas 15; Virginia 15; North Carolina 13; New Hampshire 13; Kansas 12; Arizona 10; North Dakota 10; Nebraska 9; Tennessee 9; Mississippi 7; Montana 7; Delaware 6; Oklahoma 5; Arkansas 5; South Carolina 5; Alabama 4; West Virginia 4; Wyoming 3; Idaho 2; Nevada 2; South Dakota 2; Utah 2. Then there were two donations from Hawaii and 36 from Canada, two from Puerto Rico. \$4,325 of this amount came from 34 donations of \$100 or over.

Once an upstate Doctor died and left a request to his daughter that the insurance policy of \$5,000 be left to the Catholic charity which had the least overhead, and as we have none at all we were surprised on a hot summer day when we were deeply in debt to receive that check. Recently a check for \$3,000 came from a friend from a foreign country who had visited our office and read our books and literature. This too, was a surprise. In addition we received \$166 from the following foreign countries: Africa, Australia, Belgium, Cuba, Denmark, Dominican Republic (not from Trujillo), France, Italy, Japan, Pearl Harbor, Philippines, Spain and Viet Nam.

If anyone who has sent money to us has not received an acknowledgement it is because of some mistakes on our part in the turmoil of our office where phones ring, visitors make hurried demands and the wind blows as doors and windows are opened. We thank those who have helped us help those who come to us. Ammon Hennacy.

ON PILGRIMAGE

Dorothy Day is on a pilgrimage to Mexico, and wishes all the readers to know that she will pray for their intentions at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. She will be back at the end of January.

Chrystie Street

By KERRAN DUGAN

Actu Pickets

One Saturday afternoon in the winter of early 1937 a group of electricians, plumbers, seamen and other rank and file workers met around the kitchen table at the Catholic Worker. Thus was born the now internationally established and vigorous Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. As anyone who followed the Senate hearings on Labor racketeering knows, ACTU has distinguished itself in New York City by coming to the aid of Puerto Rican workers, victims of so called "sweetheart" contracts, unethical agreements between company and union made behind the backs of workers. The incidence of such contracts seems interminable. One came to light last month at the Halben Chemical Company, on Bond Street, a few blocks from us. On December 6 the company fired five shop leaders who had insisted that they be allowed to join the Company-Union Contract. On December 9, the workers there went out on strike against racket Local 284 of the Teamster Paper Union. Since the scene of the strike was close by, the pickets came to our office in turns, to warm and refresh themselves. Although Roger O'Neill from the CW has participated in ACTU work from time to time, ACTU has gone its separate way over the years, and we, of course, have not gone with it, but it was a little like a family reunion when the Puerto Rican pickets were our guests during the strike. We also felt closer to ACTU on hearing the works that Danny Schuler of ACTU addressed to the strikers:

"Though most of the AFL-CIO officers are now in Atlantic City, the real leadership of the Trade Union Movement is in the hands of you, the workers, who are willing to sacrifice your comfort, jobs, and security for the sake of justice and human dignity. In these days of industrial peace it is no small thing to set up your picket lines in the face of public apathy and the bland strike-breaking activities of the police in pursuit of their sacred duty to preserve the "sanctity of property and contract." No convention resolution, no law, no investigatin committee can substitute for the direct action of free people in the exercise of their rights as citizens and workers."

The strike, by the way, was successful.

Caroling at Jail

On Christmas Eve a few of us went over to join Judith and Julian Beck in Greenwich Village to sing carols to the prisoners at the women's jail. Passersby joined us, so that it was about thirty of us who stood on the sidewalk across Sixth Avenue and raised our voices up toward the barred windows. One of the girls shouted down "Merry Christmas" from her cell, and we shouted the greeting back, and then greeting rang from one cell window after another and rained down upon us. Requests for carols were shouted out by the inmates too, and we filled them. When we moved to Greenwich Avenue, to serenade the inmates whose cells faced on that street, the lights of the jail had been turned out for the night. Here and there, to show her response, an inmate lit a match or a piece of paper at her window. Many people passing by looked up at the jail windows, as if it were the first time they realized that human beings were in captivity there in the midst of fashionable and hipster bohemia.

The Greenwich Village weekly, The Village Voice, carried the following account of our caroling, written by Howard Smith:

"On Christmas Eve, Dorothy Day returned to the Womens House of

(Continued on page 7)

In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

Why do you deny the authority of the State and accept the authority of the Catholic Church? Because I consider the function of the State as essentially exploitative with its denial of the Sermon on the Mount in the return of evil for evil in courts, prisons and war. When I became a Christian I did so because I felt that Christ was a rebel against the same old eye for an eye policy which has made the world a shambles. When I became a Catholic later I did so because I was first drawn to the pacifist-anarchist philosophy of the CW and came to see that, like Karl Stern, I brought with me all the good from Tolstoy and Gandhi. So the Church that I joined was the real one founded by that St. Peter who said to obey God rather than man. I accept the authority of the Pope on the essential matters of Faith, but on matters like anarchism and pacifism where he differs I follow my understanding of the Sermon on the Mount.

If I go to the wall and push a button which says light, another which says heat, and another which says refrigeration and I get the results expected I do not tear down the wall to see how the wires are put together for, not being an electrician, I could not put them back again. I accept the word of the electrician and leave it as is. But I do not take the word of the electrician about Franco, war, capitalism, etc. I accept what the Holy Father says about Heaven, Hell, Purgatory and the Faith but I do not need to accept his opinion on Franco, war, capitalism, etc. When asked if I believe in the infallibility of the Pope I answer that I do when he is infallible. I obey traffic regulations and most laws, not because they are laws but because I would act this way even if there were no laws. Good people don't need laws and bad people don't obey them, so what good are they? I obey the regulations of the Church because I voluntarily joined the Church. The Church allows me more freedom than does the State. The State has arrested me 26 times and the Church has not even scolded me. There cannot be a good State so I renounce it. I have seceded from the State and neither give taxes to it nor take benefits from it. Out of courtesy I will address the "authorities" in good humor and announce my proposed acts of disobedience, but I have no hope or intention of reforming them. I go to Communion daily and Catholics seldom censure me on my Catholicity.

Render Unto Caesar

Why do you refuse to pay taxes when Jesus paid taxes and said to Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's and unto God what is God's?

Dorothy Day gave the best answer: "The less you have of Caesar's the less you have to give to Caesar." (This is St. Hilary's answer.)

Those who believe in rendering unto Caesar will still do so no matter what I may say. To those who may have a doubt I will give several thoughts to build up their "rendering unto God" instead of to Caesar. When Jesus was asked what is the greatest commandment He told them the first one was to love the Lord with all your heart, and the second commandment was like unto it to love your neighbor as yourself. "Who is my neighbor?" asked those who wished to argue. Then Jesus told the story of the Good Samaritan.

Again Jesus was taken up on a high mountain by the devil who told him if he fell down and worshipped him He could have the whole world, in fact would not have to pay any taxes at all. But Jesus told the devil to go away.

Then again He was asked if He believed in paying taxes to Caesar. "Why tempt me?" he asked and requested that a coin be brought. Looking at the coin He asked whose image and superscription was there inscribed and was told that it was Caesar's. Those who tried to trick Him knew that if He said that taxes were to be paid to Caesar He would be attacked by the mobs who hated Caesar, and if He refused to pay taxes there would be some traitor to turn Him in. His mission was not to fight Caesar as Barabbas had done, but it was to chase the money-changers out of the Temple and to establish His own Church. Whether He winked as much as to say that any good Jew knew that Caesar did not deserve a thing as He said "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's and unto God what is God's" or not, no one knows. The U.S. Government considers that I owe over a thousand dollars in income taxes and if I offered a penny it would be an insult. Christ insulted Caesar when He offered Caesar a penny. I had announced in Phoenix that I would picket the tax man for a week commencing Monday. On a Saturday a cop told me not to sell CW's on his corner. I could have stood on my rights and stood there and been arrested for this minor offense and been in jail all night and Sunday and Monday and missed my real battle for the next week.

We miss the whole point for we give bingo, Pontiacs, money to the Church, to God, and we give our energies, our lives to Caesar. When we put first things first then we will be following Christ and not Caesar.

When will you win?

"Who is paying you?" asked a cop in Phoenix as I was picketing the tax office.

"No one," I replied.

"What do you belong to?"

"Nothing."

"How many of them are there like you?"

"Four. What difference would there make if there was five?" I answered, saying that Thoreau answered this question of being in a minority by saying that "One on the side of God is a majority." Thoreau was accused of being out of step. He said that he was "listening to a different drummer." Perhaps to celestial rather than martial music.

There are three ways to change the world. (1) Get 51% of the bullets. (We don't shoot.) (2) Get 51% of the votes. (We don't vote). (3) Change yourself. We have done this about 90%. We don't claim to do it entirely, for we use the postoffice; we can't afford our own. We pay taxes on buses for if we had our own the tax man would confiscate the bus. We take no pension, subsidy or social security from the government and do not aim to give it anything. Each day when I work I refuse to pay taxes. Each day the government loses and each day I win. It is the one-man-revolution of which Robert Frost speaks; "the only revolution that is ever coming."

We will have a better world when we have better people. And this will come gradually much as Tolstoy has described in his story of the bees that swarmed and buzzed around until they

(Continued on page 8)

Periodical Literature of 1957

By JOHN STANLEY and NORMAN STEIN

Here are some of the best articles that appeared in periodicals in 1957. They represent, of course, a personal choice; the list does not represent a scientific survey; it is simply a listing of those pieces which were remembered at the year's end as being deep-sprung and clean and life-giving. Save for ENCOUNTER, an English publication, and EXPLORATIONS, published in Toronto, they are all American enterprises.

The ANCHOR REVIEW Number 2: "The Triumph of the Fact" by Dwight MacDonald.

The COMMONWEAL Oct. 11: "The Future of the City" by Edward T. Chase, Nov. 22 & 29: "The Last Romantic" by Richard Hayes.

COMMENTARY September: "Contra Simone Weil" by Hans Meyerhof.

CROSS CURRENTS Summer: "The Lay Apostolate" by Karl Rahner, S.J.

DISSENT Summer: "The Auto Worker" by Frank Marquart. "The White Negro (Superficial Reflections on the Hipster)" by Norman Mailer.

ENCOUNTER September: "Dionysius and the Welfare State" by Geoffrey Gorer. December: "Young England, Half English" by Colin MacInnes.

EVERGREEN REVIEW Number 2.

EXPLORATIONS 7: "The New Languages" by Edmund Carpenter.

JUDAISM Spring: "Toynbee's Dependence on Spengler" by Raphael Patai.

LIFE Oct. 7 "What Makes a Criminal" by Ernest Havemann.

The NATION Sept. 21: "Hiss" by Fred J. Cook. Dec. 7: "Program for Peace" by C. Wright Mills.

NEW DIRECTIONS 16: "The World is Full of Strangers" by Kenneth Rexroth, "Obscenity in Literature" by Henry Miller.

The NEW REPUBLIC May 13: "Communist China." June 24: "The White Goddess" by Robert Graves.

The NEW YORKER "The Sky Line" by Lewis Mumford. Oct. 28: "A Reporter at Large: The Study of Something New in History" by Eugene Kinkead.

The REPORTER Nov. 28: "The Obstinate Confidence of a Pessimistic Man" by Albert Camus and Jean Bloch Michel.

THOUGHT Summer: "The Function of the Intellectual" by Thomas P. Neil.

Each one, of course, would have constructed a different list. It turns out that after having written down these few titles and authors the binding is a concern with the development of man—which, in a sense, says nothing. But it is meant to convey the idea that nothing must be overlooked, old or new, which will help each man create within himself an area of freedom to see the truth in himself in order to bring about the perfection yearned for. How much of the desire to bring about peace among nations and races, and to demolish slums, and so forth, is in part an exteriorization to do this thing within, too?

Here are a few comments on some of the articles:

The LIFE piece on the criminal is a good one, but it is remarkable that it appeared in LIFE; it contains a criticism of this society.

The article in CROSS CURRENTS on the lay apostolate contains the thesis that the participation of laymen in the work of bringing all men to the heightened sense of the full life of love and worship and truth must come from the layman gratuitously; laymen are not a species of pseudo-clergy to be used when convenient.

The EVERGREEN REVIEW DISSENT, and NEW DIRECTIONS 16 came out about the same time, providing an exciting confluence of similar streams of walloping cries. For a while in the late summer almost everyone was being arch and snide and amused—or, like Queen Victoria, "not amused"—by the whole San Francisco thing; a few were being secretly moved by this yell of hope.

The silence of despair echoed from Eugene Kinkead's piece in THE NEW YORKER on our prisoners of war in Korea; it was a sort of overture to Sputnik. In the same magazine Lewis Mumford continues from time to time his series on our urban culture; he pleads for sanity in the construction of our edifices.

Edward Chase in THE COMMONWEAL had ancillary contributions to make along the same lines. Richard Hayes with his review of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey into Night," and then John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" and so many plays before and in between establishes himself as a truly distinguished drama critic on a level with Walter Kerr and Harold Clurman, and Eric Bentley, who is not active now.

In a more traditionally scholarly mode the Meyerhof article on Simone Weil attempts to show that the woman was not a Christian, but a follower of the Marcion heresy; Father Oesterreicher has said, similar things. Raphael Patai tries to show in great detail Toynbee's dependence on Spengler. And Thomas Neil speaks of the fruitfulness of the intellectual life, both for society and for the individual; one is reminded of Cardinal Newman.

And so forth. Each one is pertinent.

Coal Mine Fatalities

Coal mining continues to be one of the nation's costliest industries in respect to fatalities on the job. The September issue of the United Mine Worker's Journal, reporting statistics from the U.S. Bureau of Mines, lists 286 fatalities among mine workers on the job during the first seven months of 1957 — January through July. This is an increase over deaths in the same period of 1956, which totaled 275. The monthly table of fatalities is as follows:

February	69
March	32
April	31
May	40
June	37
July	36

The accident rate in July remained high in spite of the slack period of employment in the mines, and in spite of a national campaign by the National Safety Council to reduce roof and rock fall accidents, one of the biggest causes of fatalities. Two explosions during 1957 took a total of 42 lives.

SPEAKERS FOR JANUARY

- Jan. 10. Andre Trocme. Pacifism in France.
 - Jan. 17. James Corcoran. Juvenile Delinquency.
 - Jan. 24. Nancy MacDonald. Refugees from France.
 - Jan. 31. Elizabeth Guzley Flynn. My Time in Prison.
- 8:30 p.m. 223 Chrystie Street.



Visit to Washington

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

Last November there was a prayer and conscience vigil in Washington, D. C. concerning atomic weapon testing. I went down to help out toward the end of the month. My trip also included a good visit with the Little Sisters of Jesus in Washington and a community Thanksgiving dinner with my mother in Warsaw, Virginia.

The purpose of the Prayer and Conscience Vigil was to provide some concrete way for people to express their concern about atomic weapon testing. We believe our government should neither use nor test these weapons. In the beginning we thought the prayer and meditation in the vigil room at 1705 N St. would be the center of the project. But it worked out that the vigil at the White House aroused and held the interest of the participants and became the center.

Each day about 11 A.M. Lawrence Scott or Ted Olsen would give a short talk on how to walk the line and hand out pamphlets. Ted gave some good details on pamphleteering. "Don't stand there like a vending machine with the pamphlet limp in your hand. Stretch out your arm full length. Make a personal offer in mind and gesture to each individual. Move promptly from person to person but don't run, it ruins dignity." Whereupon Ted galloped across the room to demonstrate his point. A little before noon the group walked to the White House about six blocks away. There was plenty of room for our demonstration because the pavement there is very wide, perhaps twenty to thirty feet. Each person was given a blue armband made of cloth which was fastened around the upper left arm with safety pins. The color blue was picked because the printed call sheet had come out in blue. But it also seems that blue is the United Nations color for peace.

On Tuesday we had about six people in the line. We used the marked cement blocks to keep our spacing even, each person staying about two marked blocks behind the one in front. The column moved up and down the pavement over a space of about 75 feet. At each end was a pamphleteer. Sometimes a passer-by refused a pamphlet at one end but changed his mind by the time he reached the other end.

The line kept going each day from noon till two P.M. and again from 4:15 to 5:15 P.M. I was late my first time and saw the line in operation from a distance. The

A Note for Catholics and Others

By FATHER J. F. T. PRINCE

"To compose differences," said the Pope in 1911, "to restrain the outbreak of hostilities, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxieties of so-called armed peace, is indeed most praiseworthy, and any effort in this cause, even though it may not immediately or wholly accomplish its purpose, manifests nevertheless a zeal which cannot but redound to the credit of its authors and be of benefit to the state. . . . Wherefore We most heartily commend the work already begun, which should be approved by all good men, and We most gladly lend the weight of Our authority to those who are striving to realize this most beneficent purpose." (Pius X, De Pace Tuenda).

Barely three years later, the governments of Christian peoples embarked on the first of two disastrous wars to end war. Both were holy, but in the second of the two crusades, it was thought proper as well as expedient to welcome to our side the U.S.R.R. Our ally, for years piously execrated in and out of season, still unregenerate, was beautified overnight. Yet never was it so evident that cant and cynicism can also be incredibly shortsighted. What had previously been a distant bogey became a very present reality, established beyond dispute; and within two years of victory we were bidden to gird ourselves once more for the fray. Our late friend had again become Enemy Number One, against the weight of human armament the Hydra but grows another head! There are moments when honesty and commonsense are very patently one, when Christianity and a clean policy pay. They are moments that the cynics frequently fail to perceive.

If, then, we would make sure of honesty and certain of sanity, we must do no less than retreat to the absolute value. What had the earliest teachers, the Fathers, of our holy religion to say?

In the fullest sense (and as the term is used today) the following and many others were pacifist both in doctrine and practice: Justin Martyr, Tatian, Cyprian and Lactantius. ("It is not lawful for a man to make bloody war in the defense of Justice—for Justice, the Justice of God wageh its own war.")

The use of physical coercion is not ruled out but this must not include the risk of damage to personnel either spiritual or bodily. The reason for the prevalence of pacifism in early pathology is easily discernible. The Christian Church comprising then every department of life and refusing to prescind from human problems and responsibilities, at the same time had no blessing for Imperialism other than the extension of the Kingdom of Heaven, nor for the accumulation of assets other than those of heavenly or enduring value.

And while, if you will, acquitting the later churchmen of insincerity it is certain that the early Fathers were greater realists in that (cf. Lactantius quoted above) they perceived that war in fact is rarely if ever genuinely waged in order to promote justice, but rather for the furtherance of selfish ends, however well disguised.

Clement of Alexandria and Eusebius (possibly because they were intimidated by the threatened employment of the argumentum ad hominem if they persevered in pacifism) used the Pauline text as a means of escape, reminding the faithful of the Apostle's injunction that a man abide patiently in his calling—which they conveniently applied to soldiering. So that by the time of Constantine there were large numbers of Christians in the army. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Roman Exercitus was genuinely regarded as a police force rather than a band of killers.

In this matter of war and the teaching of essential Christianity, we are strongly reminded of the late Abbot Vonier's words to the effect that it is the moral killing or hatred, and the literal rending asunder of the Mystical Body of Christ that is the worst crime, indeed the sacrilege of war. Thus early in the late war, we were told that we had no quarrel with the German people but were to kill them only per accidens in the fight against evil things. It was not long, however, before it was found necessary to instruct the soldier that the "only good German was a dead one,"—just as earlier the same was said of Frenchmen, Russians or whoever happened to be the enemy of the day.

thing that struck me first was the unusually slow pace of the walking. But that was good. It gave outward expression to the seriousness of our war problem and was an aid to calm thinking for those in the line.

Little Sisters

David Gale and Pat Murphy, who were full time helpers in the Vigil project, and I went to visit the Little Sisters of Jesus after supper Tuesday evening. This is a new order in the Church inspired by the life of Father Charles de Foucauld who died in Africa in 1916. The group started in France in the 1930s. They live in small units of two or three among the poor earning their living like those around them. The working life of Jesus with His family at Nazareth is their pattern.

Sister Therese Emmanuella welcomed us into a clean and tidy living room. Some craft work on several shelves in the room attracted us at first. Sisters or their neighbors in other parts of the world had made them. There was a walrus with whiskers carved out of ivory by the Eskimos. Tiny Japanese dolls had heads that wobbled but wouldn't come off. Sister pointed to a bald headed gentleman surrounded by children and said, "Gransessor." She meant grandfather, but has a French accent.

Then we sat down and Pat and I hammered away with questions for about an hour. Sister didn't seem to mind being on the witness stand. There are three in the group

and all get up in the morning at five minutes to five. Nine o'clock is bed time unless visitors are there. The rule bows to charity. This group does cleaning work at the Catholic University. Their identification with the poor is limited because they have the duty of training novices. The groups in Boston and Chicago are more fully among the poor.

We asked what practices helped them most to meet the dangers involved in their daily outside work. Sister felt that the personal letters of encouragement and advice that came from their foundress in Rome were a great support. Perhaps these are similar to the letters to the Little Brothers of Jesus from their Prior General printed in Seeds of the Desert by Father Rene Voillaume. Another helpful practice was a group revision of the day. Each evening the sisters consider together their failings of the day and try to see how to do better next time.

On a low table in the middle of the room was a photograph album with pictures from the other groups throughout the world. One picture showed some flimsy boats on a crowded river in Japan, called Sampans I'm told. Sisters live on these, and the Blessed Sacrament is there too. The order is growing. There are about 600 women in it now with 200 groups. News from each group is shared with the rest through their center in Rome. They would like to begin a group in New York City soon. We will be

(Continued on page 6)

Thou Shalt Not Kill

By FR. JOHANNES UDE

(Cont. from Nov. Issue)

The natural law, Christian ethics and the 5th Commandment

The Natural Law is the teaching on morals which man can recognize by the help of his reason. These ethics are the result of the sure perception that the will of man is free and that man and the whole universe, are God's creation and that the Creator assigns to each creature its nature and function.

The Natural Law is as old as mankind itself. It is one and the same at all times and among all nations, its importance undiminished.

The fundamental exigencies of the Natural Law have found crystallization during the course of history in the Ten Commandments. By these commandments of God, the relationship of man to his Creator is regulated as is the relationship between human beings and this with special consideration of the nature that God granted to the things created by Him. It therefore always demands action according to nature so that we can say: what is consonant with nature is also morally correct. Furthermore, morally good actions are always actions corresponding to nature. Still further: what is not consonant with nature is always morally unacceptable and what is morally bad cannot be reconciled with the natural law. By this order of nature, as far as man with his free will is concerned, the world is set up as a uniform, harmonious whole. Therefore the highest moral precept is: do good, avoid evil.

To behave well morally is always to behave in such a way that the order of things arranged by God is observed in its entirety; the very nature of things demands that. Morally evil behavior, on the contrary, is that which offends the order instituted by God.

As history proves, God has revealed His will to human beings in a special manner. This revelation by a personal God, which we of course faithfully accept, was begun in the Old Testament and first entrusted to the Jews. This Revelation has found, in the New Testament, in the Son of God, its continuation and its conclusion. Instructed by Revelation we know that God has not deprived fallen humanity of His grace but has, through the redemption accomplished by Christ, enabled it to reach the supernatural goal. This supernatural goal is the eternal contemplation and loving company of God in heaven.

Man is like a butterfly, knowing nothing of the light of the sun as long as it is in the cocoon. As soon as the cocoon bursts the butterfly struggles towards the light. Life here on earth is for man the life of the cocoon. Death comes, the covering bursts and the clear, bright light of eternity draws the soul to itself.

Man is supposed to reach his supernatural aim through the Church established by Jesus; for this purpose the Church has been equipped with sources of grace. Supernatural life presupposes natural life and builds on it. There is neither contrast nor contradiction but complete harmony between the exigencies of the Natural Law and revealed Christian law. No one's actions can be supernaturally good as long as they disregard the requirements of the Natural Law.

Man then, derives the truth from two sources: reason and Revelation. God, the originator of reason and Revelation would contradict Himself if the truths gained by reason stood in contradiction to the truths of faith. Truth is one, changeless and immutable. To be sure, human reason can err and men have erred off to too frequently but just because of this Revelation is necessary. With it human reason can and shall straighten itself out in order not to stray from the truth.

In the following investigations we shall consult reason but we will

place our findings side by side with the pertinent teachings of Revelation. It is to our special advantage that Revelation expressed itself very clearly and unequivocally on just the particular subject which is under examination. Where there is doubt about the content or the meaning of revealed truth, there, the infallible teaching authority of the Church, instituted for the preservation and interpretation of Revelation, has the final word. Wherever there are such decisions we are bound by them.

There is a principle, "Roma locuta, causa finita," which means "Rome has spoken, the discussion is finished." When the Church makes a decision involving her infallible teaching office, in a matter of faith or morals, that particular question is settled for the Catholic.

On subjects where Scripture does not speak or does not express itself clearly and where the Popes and Councils of the Church have not made decisions and where there may possibly be various opinions, there, every Catholic is free to follow whichever opinion seems to him the correct one. But in order that no one will question this all-important fact which is fundamental to all scientific discussions the Popes have expressed themselves quite clearly.

On orders of Pope Innocent XI the Holy Office issued on March 2nd, 1679 the following decree: "The Holy Father commands in virtue of the obedience due to him that theologians and all others beware, in printed works, in manuscripts, in thesis papers, in disputations, and sermons, of any condemnation or disparagements of views differing from their own until the Holy See has given its verdict."

Pope Benedict XIV said in *De Synodo Diocesana VII, 4-9* "Bishops are not entitled to impose any opinion in scientific matters on his subjects; the *causae majores* and the difficult questions concerning faith and church discipline belong, according to old custom, first to the Holy See."

Pope Benedict XV said in his encyclical *Ad Beatissimi* of November 1st, 1914: "Everyone is free to say and to defend what seems right to him; everybody may uphold his own opinion and no one is justified in suspecting an opponent who holds a different opinion of therefore being disloyal to the Faith."

Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical *Studiorum Ducem*, of June 1933 declared: "No one shall exact from others more than that which the Church, the Mother and teacher of all, demands. In matters where the most respected authors in the schools still dispute, and this and that opinion is being held, no one is to be prevented from accepting the opinion which seems to him the more probable one."

As long as we move within the framework of these rules laid down by the Holy See we may hope that our discussions on the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" may become truly stimulating and that our presentation, supported by reason and Revelation, at last will claim notice and thought. The Bishop of St. Gallen, Switzerland, Msgr. Scheiweiler, expressed himself concerning our book "Sociology," published in 1931, which dealt in part with the death penalty and the justification of war in the following words: "The author develops points of doctrine which today are not met with perfect agreement. The State is denied the right to introduce the death penalty. Dr. Ude defends this viewpoint with sharp arguments. Furthermore he states that nowadays, under modern conditions, there is no longer such a thing as a just war and that one has the right and even the duty to refuse military service. This position, strengthened by vigorous arguments, will surprise some but cannot be dismissed lightly in the



light of the newest developments in military affairs such as gas and aerial warfare."

The bishop of St. Gallen also touches on another very important principle, a principle central in the matter of free discussion: "The opinion of many writer is worth only as much as the arguments advanced for it are worth." It is to be hoped that those who invoke an authority in order to prove the accuracy of a controversial opinion may keep this truth in mind. However much of an authority a person may be he does not thereby become infallible.

God gave to the Israelite nation on Mt. Sinai what is generally known as the Ten Commandments. Ordered by God, Moses delivered these commandments on two stone tablets. In the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy these commandments are once more impressed upon the minds of the people. But these commandments given on Mt. Sinai by God's direct intervention do not represent an innovation or something hitherto unknown in the history of mankind. This revelation is, rather, an explicit command, a firm implanting on the Israelite mind of the exigencies of a rational ethic which has been known in a general way since the beginning of man's existence, but with special consideration of the individual characteristics of the people of Israel.

It is not too hard for man, provided he used his reason naturally and correctly, to discern the existence of God as the all-wise, all-kind, all-powerful and all-just Creator of heaven and earth, by the contemplation of the surrounding world. From this sure knowledge follows forcefully the duty to religion which could be summed up in the sentence: We must acknowledge God and reverence and worship Him. The first three commandments recorded on the first stone slab regulate the relation of man to God while the other seven commandments recorded on the second slab regulate the life of men among themselves.

By insight into human nature and the nature of things around us searching reason reaches the knowledge of human rights and human duties which should regulate the personal and social life of man. If calm and order are to prevail among men, if every man is to be assured of an existence worthy of him as a human being, if his rights are to be safeguarded, then care must be taken that the hierarchy and subordination in national and family life be in order; societal and parental authority must be recognized. For him who thinks without prejudice it is clear that justice is the foundation of all human life and that every man's right to existence and to property must be respected by his fellows. Every man wants to live like a human being and wants to be happy. In the two commandments "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal" this recognition is expressed. That sexual relations be regulated somehow is recognized more or less among all nations and finds its expression on Mt. Sinai

CULT :: CULTIVATION

Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

Both calves have arrived, Daisy's on November 30 and Josephine's on December 29. We had about decided to name Daisy's calf Annie—Beth's recommendation of Andrea for St. Andrew having gone ignored—but learned that the McPhee children from next door had got in ahead of us with Susan. So Susan it is. Josephine's son is, naturally, named Tommy for Thomas a Becket. Both are sturdy little black and white calves, and both were sired at Mt. Loretto. John Filligar is now breathing freely again and can sleep nights without having one ear open for noises from the "maternity ward."

During Christmas week, one of the gales that are a notable feature of Staten Island weather blew the roof off the shed that John had constructed to protect his hay and lime. Sheets of the tin roofing were blown over the fields, as far as the woods. Fortunately, that was the only damage done.

A Quaker Work Camp, led by Terry Evans of the American Friends Service Committee, spent the weekend of December 6 to 8 here. They whitewashed the barn, cleaned out a shed, painted the attic, and started cataloguing the library. The attic which has been a project of several weeks' duration, is now finished off as a reading room and library, thanks to the work not only of the work campers, but of Hans Tunnesen, Andy Spillane, Roy Styles, and Jim Fortune; The walls are lined with bookshelves built by Hans, and there are tables and chairs.

Pat Quinn, who spent the summer of 1952 at Chrystie Street, came out a few days before Christmas to give us a hand with preparations. She went from the Worker to the Grail, and has most recently been with the Grail in Scotland. She is now back in this country, teaching and taking classes at the Fordham Russian Institute.

Christmas Day, Ernest Lindgren drove up from St. Joseph's Farm at Cape May, New Jersey, to visit. He drove Magda, the children, and Hans back with him for a day, and then returned and stayed till Sunday. His visits are all too few, and we are always happy to see him. He is continuing to build up St. Joseph's Farm as a vacation and retreat place for poor families, mostly from the Philadelphia area, and has had as many as 28 people staying with him.

In common with most of the country, we had mild weather for Christmas, but two weekend snows during Advent froze our small pond deep enough for ice skating. The neighborhood children were here in full force—Scarpullas, Zammarchis, Reinhardts, McPhees, and assorted others.

Roy Styles, whose family own a 2,000 acre wheat farm in Montana, is visiting. He has been active in YCW work, and organized the first rural YCW unit in this country. His family are in a mission parish served by our good friend Father Kittleson. Roy has been doing some of the driving, fixing up radios and other equipment, and many other chores around the farm.

Thanks to the generosity of many people, the children, in particular, and the rest of us at Peter Maurin Farm, had a good Christmas. To all our friends who sent gifts and cards, our deepest thanks, and wishes for a blessed and happy New Year—from: Magda, the children, Agnes, Kathleen, Jeanette, Beth, John, Hans, Joe Cotter, Joe Roche, Leonard, Bill, Mike, Andy, Roy, Jim, Paul, and Stanley.

in the commandments "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." For the preservation of human order, furthermore, the unconditional confession of truth is necessary and the eighth commandment warns us not to "bear false witness."

The history of mankind demonstrates that in the course of thousands of years human recognition of the validity of the Natural Law as embodied in the Ten Commandments became confused with erroneous views and now and then even fell into oblivion. But even in the heaviest error a kernel of truth has always been preserved; among all nations there reappear again and again men who call attention to moral lapses and preach repentance in the spirit of the Ten Commandments.

We see in the Ten Commandments of God a religious document of the very highest importance for all men of all times and all places; its acceptance or rejection has decided in the past and still decides their fortune or misfortune. Only where the Ten Commandments are observed unconditionally is society in order; only where these commandments regulate the personal and public lives is happiness and peace to be found. Wherever these commandments are not observed, are declared unimportant, there society is bound to fall into disorder and to collapse. History has proven this from the beginning again and again. There human happiness and peace are unable to prosper. National-Socialist Germany has corroborated this truth by its shameful collapse. And all the other nations which ignore the Ten Commandments and trespass against them will also prove the truth by their collapse.

It is and remains the merit of Christianity always to have used its influence for the observance of the Ten Commandments and always to have stressed their fundamental importance for the personal, social, national and international life. But the teachings of Jesus, especially, point to the fact that the Ten Commandments are comprised in the great commandment of love, love of God and love for our neighbor. Christ said that upon these two injunctions depend "the whole law and the prophets." Everyone, both friend and enemy is our neighbor. This is the teaching of Christ.

The unprejudiced mind realizes without difficulty how right the Apostle of the Nations is when he writes "For the whole Law is fulfilled in one word; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Gal. 3, 14) and "owe no man anything except to love one another, for he who loves his neighbor has fulfilled the Law. For 'thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet,' and if there is any other commandment it is summed up in this saying 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; love does no evil to a neighbor. Love therefore is the fulfillment of the Law.'" (Romans 13, 8-10).

But unfortunately there is not, a single nation in the whole world which observes all the commandments without restriction. Therefore it is not surprising that there is everywhere misery, need, and satisfaction and hatred, and that the whole world has become a single great theatre of war, that peoples and nations are only striving to kill and slaughter one another as if murder, killing and annihilation were the means to bring peace and happiness to mankind. (To be Continued)

CULTURE ATION ::

Seven Books on Community

Reviewed by BETH ROGERS

The American Intentional Communities, by Henrik Infield. Community Press, Glen Gardner, N. J. 1955.

Catholic Colonization on the Western Frontier, by James P. Shannon. Yale University Press. 1957. \$5.00.

The Community of the Future and the Future of Community, by Arthur E. Morgan. Community Service, Yellow Springs, Ohio. \$3.00.

Community Journey, by George Ineson. Sheed and Ward, 1956. \$3.25.

The Eye, Arm, Spine of the Wilderness, by Sister Teresa. Ursuline Sisters, Maple Mount, Ky. 1957.

The Heritage of Community, by Arthur E. and Griscom Morgan, eds. Community Service, Yellow Springs, Ohio. 1956. \$1.00.

True Surrender and Community of Goods. Peter Walpot, 1577. Trans. by Kathleen Hasenberg. Mennonite Publishing House, Scottsdale, Pa. 25c.

An issue of **The Plough** (Society of Brothers, Woodcrest, N. Y.) has this statement by Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster:

"... (if) one is earnest about becoming a real brother he will gain in this striving the self-knowledge which will open for him the indispensability of the cross for the fulfilment of brotherhood... he will consider the vast power of envy, ambition, and jealousy which threatens to explode every community, he will have before his eyes the whole range of the mercilessly separating power of little habits and peculiarities, the irritability of nerves, the uncontrolled hunger for the sweets of life, and all the hostility of rivals thereby engendered...."

"Our own self-knowledge is not sufficient to reveal to us all the hindrances to brotherly love. Only in the light of Christ can we come to the deepest recognition of everything in our heart that rebels against brotherhood, only in the presence of the Redeemer do we know what spasm of petty feelings holds us chained as soon as we become involved in sharing work, suffering, and joy with our fellowman.... Without the crucifixion of the natural man all attempts at association must finally burst asunder in wild hate. For the natural man cannot really be a brother—whichever fails to see this does not know either what a man is or what a brother is."

This rather long passage is quoted because it seems to sum up the inner core of community, the problem of community, and also what should be the triumph of community. Worker once said that in community everyone knows everyone else's faults all too well; and someone else said, "Maybe the answer to the problem of war really does lie in community, because when you are finished living in community you have no energy left to fight."

These things are true, too, of the family, the primary community, nurtured and loved by the Church, which also fosters that other family life, the monastery. By analogy, may we not extend the Church's teachings about the family and the monastery to the larger community of the town, as well to what is nowadays called the "intentional community," a group coming to-

gether to live a common life and do a common work.

There are many books about community which could be mentioned, and which should be read by anybody interested in the subject. There is Claire Huchet Bishop's splendid book on the European communities of work, **All Things Common**. There is Katherine Burton's book on Brook Farm, **Paradise Planters**. Any of the books on the Nova Scotian cooperatives. Margaret Young's **Angel in the Forest**, the story of the settlement of New Harmony by the followers of Robert Owen and the less known George Rapp.

The books here discussed are seven new, or relatively new, ones; of these, **Community Journey** has already been reviewed in the **Worker**. It is mentioned here because, of the Catholic books, it is in a way the most philosophically articulate and it alone deals with the intentional community.

One of the things this reviewer was looking for was a common strand of experience in the widely varying groups described. In all of them there is one notable feature in common—the seemingly absolute necessity of a unifying religion. Claire Bishop, in **All Things Common**, says that when the members of the French communities of work drew up an ethical code which they felt to be the minimum basis on which the group could operate, they arrived every time at some paraphrase of the Ten Commandments; in other words, at natural religion. For communities of the type in which people live their daily lives together, something more than this, a religion in common, seems necessary. In her introduction to **Paradise Planters**, Katherine Burton says that perhaps one cause of the failure of that effort was the lack of a unifying religion.

The other factors that one finds repeated in the various communities described in these books do not appear so consistently, but are at least implicit in two or more of them. They are:

1. A daily period of manual work for everyone physically able.
2. Authority of function, as opposed to what might be termed a political type of authority.
3. A revulsion against the evils of the existing social system, resulting in basing the community on the ethics of mutual trust and a philosophy of mutual aid.
4. A desire to repeat the early Christian experience as a way of living the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.
5. Total commitment to one another.
6. Rising out of the idea of total commitment, the sharing all possessions. Ineson puts it: Brotherhood becomes real and not sentimental idealism. The principle, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs."
7. Prayer and some form of liturgy or ritual act as the binding force and the source of energy of the life of the community. In a Catholic community, this would be daily Mass and some part of the Office as well as private prayer.

The communities described range from pluralistic communities bound together by some form of special work; through the Society of Brothers with a unifying religion of the Protestant evangelical type, to Taena, a community of Catholic Benedictine Oblates celebrating the liturgy of the Church in a very

ST. TIMOTHY &
ST. PAUL



full manner. The two books on Catholic colonization describe communities which are not of the intentional type, but towns settled as a unit under the leadership of a dynamic bishop, which have all remained small towns with the greater closeness of relationship than one finds in the city.

Catholic Colonization on the Western Frontier. Father Shannon's book is a study of the settlement of ten Catholic villages in Minnesota under the sponsorship of Archbishop John Ireland. In 1876, Father Ireland was made Coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul, and—being above all things a man of action—only three weeks later announced his acquisition of 75,000 acres of railroad land for the purpose of settling Catholic families in Minnesota.

Ireland's dream was to open land to the desperately poor Catholics in the slums of Eastern cities, not only to enable them to acquire a measure of independence and live a decently free life, but to get them away from the bigotry then rising all through the East. This never really worked out. A family going to Minnesota to farm needed not only the railroad fare and a small down payment for the land but an estimated \$400 cash reserve to carry them through the first winter. There were several attempts to form joint stock companies and raise cash by subscription to provide land for the poor, but these efforts were in general failures. Whether some other way could have been found is perhaps an open question; in any event no one tried any other way.

It is Father Shannon's opinion that the greatest single factor in the success of Bishop Ireland's colonies was his ability to assure a resident priest for the people in each town. In each case, the priest was the first settler and the Catholic Church the first building. For Father Shannon, this leads directly to the conclusion that for Catholic colonization to succeed, the interest of a "solicitous local Bishop" is necessary. Any effort smaller than diocesan fails because it lacks episcopal backing; any effort larger, because it becomes unwieldy.

Father Shannon pays tribute to Ireland's practical wisdom in such matters as making the priests land agents and ruling out their actually holding title to the land. The founders therefore did not need large amounts of capital, and in addition a small income was guaranteed from their land agents' fees. The National Homestead Act limiting the amount of land one person might buy forestalled land speculation except on a very small scale.

One of the values of this study is the picture it presents of the success of group settlement. Father Shannon sees Bishop Ireland's work as a successful fusion of the group-settlement plans of the utopians and the more common pattern of settlement by individual families.

The Eye, Arm, Spine of the Wilderness is interesting chiefly as corroborating literature about the settlement of Glennonville, Mis-

(Continued on page 8)

BOOK REVIEWS

SOIL: The Yearbook of Agriculture, 1957. United States Department of Agriculture. Reviewed by Nicholas Rosa.

In spite of the inherent difficulties of earning a living by farming, people do "return to the land," whether they understand the difficulties or not. Of course, they soon find out. A surprising number seem to stick it out. Some are braced for the avalanche, but to others it is a devastating surprise.

The trend is still "overwhelmingly" in the other direction, with even the old folks giving up the farm and moving to town. The American people are a giant, but which giant: Hercules or Antaeus? For three centuries Americans have been squandering and destroying soil (and water, and timber, and anything else the Earth will give up). The resulting impoverishment of farms is one reason for the exodus from the land. A few generations ago, when a farm no longer produced, the farmer migrated to new lands Out West. But the Pacific was reached long ago, and today he migrates to town.

Meanwhile, more and more people are being born or are failing to die, to lay claim to a smaller and smaller store of resources. As our communities grow, the best land on the ever-expanding margins is first to be covered with buildings and asphalt. Not only must food come from farther away—and be more expensive—new problems like water supply and flood control develop. Most people are blithely unaware of the causal connections until catastrophe strikes, and often not even then.

"The social lesson of soil waste is that no man has the right to destroy soil even if he does own it in fee simple. The soil requires a duty of man which we have been slow to recognize."

This admonition is from "Soils and Men," the Yearbook of Agriculture for 1938, published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

The 1957 Yearbook of Agriculture is called simply "Soil," and in its preface Editor Alfred Stefferud quotes the original warning and goes on: "A purpose of the present book is to indicate the extent to which that warning has been heeded—and at times to repeat it—and to describe the knowledge about soils that scientists and farmers have since gained."

For newcomers to the land, as well as for established and immovable farmers, the Yearbooks of Agriculture are a beckoning boon. Most of the volumes put out in the last 20 years have been classics. Though "Climate and Man" (1941) has long been out of print, there is a strong demand for reprints of individual parts. "Trees" (1949) seems to be a rare collector's item now. Recent volumes have been "Grass," 1948; "Insects," 1952; "Plant Diseases," 1953; "Diseases of Animals," 1956; to name a few. "Water," of 1955, was both magnificent and timely, appearing in a year of terrible floods that occurred in the most "unexpected" places.

Needless to say, these books burgeon with practical information, on every important topic in the scope of the title. They also carry essays on "theory" and research, on commercial and economic factors, and on social aspects: most importantly, the conservation of the resource in question.

By conservation is here meant the wise use of the resource: the sustained yield, as well as the improved yield; the protection of both the private investment and the common weal. There are many positive ways to describe or define conservation; one should always be used with the word itself to

combat the all-but-universal impression that it means locking the resource away: "letting the timber rot where it stands."

The Yearbooks are perhaps most useful to the experienced practitioner, with his strong grounding in the fundamentals. Yet there is plenty for the beginning farmer, or the puzzled farmer, or even the small home gardener. The writers in the Yearbooks avoid excessively technical language, and their style is so consistently clear and good (as is the organization of "Soil") that the hand of the editor is to be detected, and shaken in congratulation.

The end-papers of "Soil" are decorated with a diagram, four captions, and two brief paragraphs that form a breathtakingly complete thumbnail "course" in soil science. This, plus the section of photographs and captions in the heart of the book, would be the delight of any schoolteacher, and every schoolteacher should know this book.

Solid, hard-covered, with almost 800 pages, "Soil" is also very handsome. Its striking cover design is surpassed (perhaps) only by the covers of "Water" of 1955.

Unlike "Soils and Men" of 1938, "Soil" does not treat of land use: the right and wrong places to put houses and factories, considering all the questions of soil, water supply, transport, recreation, timber, flood-control, etc. Land use will be the topic of the next Yearbook.

"Soil" can be obtained free. United States Senators and Representatives are allotted copies to distribute to constituents. Failing this, it can be had from the Government Printing Office, Washington, for \$2.25, and from many bookstores.

It is difficult to persuade most people of the need for husbanding of natural resources. Farmers were once stubborn about soil (even the use of manure was considered outlandish by some, long ago) but from quite early times there were those who cared for their soil and urged their neighbors to do likewise: George Washington was one of these. Lately, the American people have been awakening, slowly, to the broad idea of conservation.

This writer once engaged in a brief correspondence with Father Leo Ward of Notre Dame, in which we both observed the especial difficulty of getting across to Catholics the urgency of conservation problems, or their very existence. The "cultural lag" of American Catholics in the arts and sciences is now well recognized. In this, too, the "typical" Catholic exhibits a state of mind endemic in Americans in general a few decades ago. Emerging from a proletariat-coon, they want, as Father Ward said, to make fortunes the way "older" Americans made theirs. They hold fast to the illusion of unlimited resources. It goes with the illusion of unlimited opportunity.

American Catholics are, for the most part urban, and perhaps more solidly urban than any other group, diversified as we are in national origins, etc. Urban people generally tend to forget that mankind has any connection with the land, or that the land even exists.

Yet, strangely, Catholics are of preponderantly peasant stock, many of us only one generation removed. It is something for anthropologists to chew on: how easily and quickly our various stocks have shed all interest in the land, all memory of the land, all respect for the land or soil.

"Soil" is not only for farmers, but for anyone with any social sense, whatever his awareness of the screaming importance of resources problems. It should be in the library of every school and college, and read at least in part by every teacher, every editor, every bishop. It points up a moral issue that deserves the sober attention of us all.

A Farmer in "Psycho"

(Continued from page 1)

falling on the corner of the bar. He died from this blow. The boy had lately been released from the prison. He had signed himself in to Bellevue for two reasons. First, he had sold a car which he was buying on the installment plan and had not as yet paid for it. Secondly, he felt depressed, inferior, socially shy. He was unable to concentrate on any one job. He told me in a rapid voice many tales of gangster shootings. One of his friends had killed eight people including his mother and brother. Whether or not this story is true I do not know. I felt it to be typical Hollywood glorification of violence.

This place is indeed a prison and not a hospital. One is forcibly entered and then placed behind lock and key. He is at once a prisoner in body and spirit. He does not feel himself to be a patient to be healed. A patient would enter voluntarily. There should be no sight of lock and key. Every effort is made to make the prisoner feel he is a captive without freedom or privilege. Everything is done to take away dignity from his personality. The attendants have an attitude of tyranny. They impress upon one that he has no rights, no dignity, and no respect.

If a prisoner happens to retort to a mean remark the attendant immediately becomes violently enraged and yells madly. One can easily forgive them for it is easy to see they are not trained people but are ignorant. But it is not so easy to forgive the society which places them there as tyrants over the poor prisoners.

My English friend related an experience that happened to him. He was sitting on his bed and an attendant pointing to a puddle said, "You did that." "My God, No," said my friend. Immediately the attendant repeated the accusation. "Where do you think I was brought up. I graduated from Kings' College, London and have some breeding at least." The attendant had very little learning and fell into a rage. The tragedy of the situation is that the attendants are such important key people in the life of the patient, even more important than the doctor who is seldom seen and whose influence is not nearly so great as the attendants with their daily tasks. They should be trained personnel. They have an opportunity to help the patient make a change for the better.

Fear is the method of procedure. Fear, of course, is the basis of mental disease and instead of overcoming fear, the prison proceeds to instill fear.

One has a fear of what is going on and what will be the future. The prisoner is made to realize he is to know nothing, what, when or where. He is kept in constant suspense and wonder. He has the deadly fear of being kept forever. This fear grows and grows. He feels no one on the outside loves him. How can society permit this terrible crime? One can never fully realize this feeling until he, himself, experiences it; until he, himself is a prisoner in a mental institution. There is the constant fear of what will happen to one physically from a moment to moment. When do you get another needle? Every time your name is called there is another fear in you. I asked ten times for paper, ten times to use the phone. I am in constant fear they will confiscate my diary. They keep asking what I am writing.

Humiliation is part of the procedure. I have been in my pajamas, even for visitors, for two and a half days. I now have slippers but many do not have them.

Prisoners are treated as children, even by the student nurses. There is a constant attempt to convince the prisoner he is sick. The place itself is enough to suggest one must be sick to be here. One fights to keep from feeling humil-

iation or that he is really sick.

The interviews with the doctors have the same effect. The questions and tests seem stupid and show nothing concerning one's sanity or insanity. One would not have to be insane to be unable to subtract by 7's from 100. The procedure is: You are mad and must prove yourself sane. It is impossible to prove this and be your real self. The way to get out quickly is to sell your soul, do what you are told and act submissive at all times. If one has to be a slave to tyrants to prove sanity I'll take insanity.

Many of the people here are kinder and more pleasant than the ones supposed to be sane. It really is hard to be sane without one's freedom. How precious freedom is and how necessary for good health. True sanity is self respect. A man bows to no one save God. I cannot call this a hospital but an institution of destruction. Bellevue officials may regard this as harsh but the people here had a chance to prove differently. I am not asking for perfection. For with perfection there would be no need of Bellevues. If a soul happens to be different he is punished.

I am asking for improvements that do not require too much addition of money. It is mainly in the attitude. A changed attitude is needed at Bellevue. Lift the dignity of each soul, do not push it down. Substitute love for punishment and see the change that will come to pass. Make a person feel he is being helped and served instead of punished. Let the attendants be as servants and not tyrants. Train the attendants to be instruments of healing. Make the attendant the key person in mental therapy. Give no untrained worker authority over patients. Let the most dangerous thing in a ward be disrespect. Allow the student attendants access to the files that they may be able to help the patients. Don't emphasize rules but individual needs. Make a call for volunteers to do this highly important and useful work. The more students the better for their attitude is more wholesome.

Allow the student nurses all rights; to look at files, talk with doctors, use the kitchen, get clothes, eye glasses or any other useful thing for the patient's well being. In general, change the whole philosophy of the hospital from punishment and fear to help and love. Doctors are of course needed but they should not have author-



We have seen his star in the east & have come to worship him.

ity to go against the patient's will if they wish to heal this patient. Work and recreation should be provided. Idleness is a great contribution to insanity. Allow for exchange of mail and maintain a good reading room for the ward equipped with magazines and newspapers. Provide radio and television. Place a phone for the patient's use.

This morning I looked out over the East River and sang a hymn rather softly to myself realizing, if heard, it would be classified as fanatical.

This afternoon I was called in for another interview with Dr. Girsch. He pulled out a form and began asking me questions. Some of the questions and answers are as follows:

Q. Name 4 presidents of the

United States before Eisenhower.

A. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison.

Q. Who wrote The Illiad?

A. Homer.

Who wrote Hamlet?

A. Shakespeare.

Q. Who wrote Faust?

A. Goethe.

Q. If you saw an addressed, stamped envelope lying in the street, what would you do?

A. Take it to the Post Office.

Q. How would you go about getting out of a forest if lost without a compass?

A. Well, if you didn't have enough sense to keep from getting lost you probably wouldn't have enough sense to get out.

Q. Why should we pay taxes?

A. Definitely we should not pay taxes for war. The power to tax is the power to enslave. I think Thoreau said this.

Q. Why should man build cities?

A. Don't know that he should. It's much easier to be good in the country. More beauty to remind us of God. More love because man knows his neighbor. More democracy because of less people and therefore better representation.

Q. Why should we have laws?

A. God's laws are sufficient to run society. Many laws are evil and forced on man because he refuses to obey God.

Q. Where does rubber come from?

A. A tree.

Q. What is the story in Genesis?

A. Creation, Fall of Man, Growth of Abraham's seed.

Q. What is the Koran?

A. Moslem Bible.

Q. What is the Apocrypha?

A. A collection of uncanonized books between the Old and New Testaments.

Q. What is the meaning of Rippling Waters are Shallow?

A. Means all the noise of TV keeps man from thinking deeply about his existence and his relationship to God.

Q. What do an apple and orange have in common?

A. Fruit.

Q. What do a lion and cat have in common?

A. Animal.

Q. What do East and West have in common?

A. Directions.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

formed a swarm high up in a tree. I had often repeated his explanation about bee scouts flying around to this and that knot hole in a tree or to a new hive and finally a few at a time leaving this swarm from the outside of the big ball of thousands of bees, until finally they had all left. Obviously they could not all go at once. The bees that were on the outside and thus conscious of the outer world went first. In like manner we who are seceding from exploitative systems are removing ourselves from this useless swarm and have settled down to creative activity.

Dr. M. Lindauer of the University of Munich describes in TIME for Feb. 4, 1957 how scout bees that he had marked would search here and there, and did not all go in different directions, but finally reached an unanimous decision and they all went to one place. This is the unanimous decision which Quakers and anarchists practice, for they do not believe in majority vote or rule, but wait until all are decided. But the lesson for us is that the whole affair is peaceful and gradual.

Meetings

As Dorothy was ill with a cold I spoke in her place to two Newman Club meetings in Brooklyn where only one or two students were familiar with our radical message but scores of young folks asked questions much the same as I have listed below for hours. An adult group in Queens who were non-Catholic had seen Dorothy and me on Nightbeat and so I met with them. A very interesting meeting at Fordham before the Suarez Society and Fordham Political Union spread our message to the students there for the seventh time. My subject was "The Position of a Political Anarchist in the Catholic Church" and naturally the questions were on the idea of authority and freedom. One of the most controversial yet amicable meetings I have had in the east was before graduate students at Princeton University, few of whom were Catholic. I spent the night with Murray Kempton, my friend who is columnist on the N. Y. POST, and who lives in Princeton. The Quakers brought a score of students on a tour of ideas and as they always do the CW was included. They come from all over the country and of various beliefs and responded with alive minds.

Visit to Washington

(Continued from page 3)

happy to welcome them whenever they come.

Community Dinner

Warsaw, Virginia, where my mother lives, is three hours by bus from Washington. So I was able to join in on their annual Thanksgiving community dinner and bazaar. The dinner is a very old custom in Warsaw and people come from as far as Richmond to attend it. They serve it at the local Episcopalian Church.

On Thursday at little after 10 A.M. we were putting out the goods for sale on the tables at the bazaar. My job was to mark "\$.25" on paper tags for some dish towels. They were very good ones, the kind that really absorb the water. Two of my sister's children, Fred and John, around 8 and 6 years old, took full charge of the flower table on their own initiative. They handled the money and reported to me hour by hour the exact balance. Except for a break for lunch and some wild rushing about late in the afternoon when sales were slow, they stuck to their duty until we ate dinner at 5:30 P.M.

Besides a flower table there were tables for food, candy, wearing goods, and stationery. Most of the items were homemade. There were four stuffed monkeys made from socks. The heel of the sock formed the seat of the monkey so he sat up straight wherever you put him. All were sold at \$2.00 apiece. There were two exceedingly fine sets of crocheted table mats representing many many hours of patient labor. My mother's home-made mint jelly was popular too. The mint grows in her flower bed.

Full turkey dinners with all the trimmings, oysters too, were served steadily from noon until after seven P.M. There were plenty of voluntary helpers in the kitchen and at the tables. Some worked there the whole day. Afterwards there was a tremendous tub of food that had been scraped from the plates. But it wasn't wasted in an incinerator, a lady took all of it home for her pigs.

Some people seem to have an affection for old community customs like this one at Warsaw but believe that they are really a thing of the past out of harmony with modern life. Serious concern with them is looked upon as turning back the pages of time. But it isn't going back when an unconscious good practice of the past is consciously adopted in the present. True progress is measured by the conscious practice of the good, not by the passage of time.

Doesn't the meaning of progress depend on the kind of world we want to progress towards? If we want a world of leisure and high living standards, then progress will be one thing. But if we want a world of plain living and high thinking; a world in which people find their joy through unceasing service of others, their family, the national family and the world family, then progress will be something else. It seems to me the second kind of future is the real one, because all of us can begin living it today. For me the Little Sisters, the Washington Vigil and the Warsaw Dinner are small but good beginnings in this direction.

I was then asked to repeat after him a list which ran as high as 8 numbers in succession. Then I was asked to reverse the numbers and the doctor timed my responses. I was then given mathematical problems as follows:

Q. If 3 dozen oranges cost 96 cts. how much is one dozen?

A. 32 cents.

Q. If it takes 8 men to do a job in 6 days how many men will be needed to do the job in half a day?

A. I did not get this one.

This was the end of the interview. He said he would see me again.

Rawhide & Axle Grease

(Continued from page 1)

on our tracks by fresh engine crews.

My first assignment was in a South Chicago Interchange Yard. The traffic was heavy and a poor place to learn. My tutors were two spent old Slovenians, barely literate, with decades of seven day weeks behind them. Their whole life was the railroad. They were so inured to railroad-marriage that they resented the five day week and wondered what they were going to do with the time away from the treadmill they had trod for over thirty-years.

The work came in sporadic bursts of traffic starting lightly at the beginning of the week and increasing toward the week-ends. A thousand cars was a heavy night but I can remember them well. It was dangerous work. Through the narrow three foot aisles of boxcars, carrying our coupling hooks, lanterns and inspection sheets, we hurried along expecting the cars to lurch suddenly as they often did without warning.

As carmen were supposed to be allowed the "blue flag" privilege which rendered the tracks "dead" and gave us protection from any engine or cars being switched on the track we were working. However there were so many trains to inspect and calls to make to the yardmaster that blue-flagging was not used in that yard or any of the Belt Yard jobs where I worked as a car knocker. We took a lot of chances for \$1.66 an hour. This was brought home to me later when I worked on another railroad. More than one railroader called the Belt "a rawhide outfit." I will have to admit though that I held my job during the Fall strike of the steel mills which Harry Truman seized. The two of us would walk around for eight hours watching the pigeons eating the wheat kernels between the ties.

I transferred from South Chicago to Clearing following a rather crippling operation, to a place they called the "Hump." This "Hump" was a man-made hill over which trains were slowly but inexorably switched and shoved under their own power of momentum into a maze of tracks divided into units and controlled by a tower retarder operator who cut the speed of the descending cars by push button magic.

Our job was to train a battery of lights on each side of the trains and quickly write down the car number and initials as well as its type and destination and search for defects. Anything out of order was carded (while the train was moving) a "Bad Order" and shunted to the repair tracks on our speedy call to the Yardmaster's Office in the classification yards.

From time to time my partner would miss work leaving only one side of the cars inspected. I was a bit distressed the first time it happened and phoned my foreman. He told me to write on my inspection sheets: "One side inspection only." The cars were still sent sailing on their merry way over the Hump down into the dark yards. It gnawed at me for six months up there: what if an unknowing switchman got squashed in a shifting load or a grab iron rivet worked loose as he was hanging on it? I was protected but was he? The Belt didn't seem to care. After all the cars were the thing. The cars had to roll. Twenty thousand a day of them. Over the Hump. It was a steel against steel world out there.

The men were divided into two sharp groups. Those who had salvaged their sanity by extra-Railway activities or those whose lives had been tarnished by the jarring and hardening responses their nerves were subjected to in the work.

As junior man in seniority on the Humps, I was also marked up

as inter-Yard extra man to protect six other jobs in the Yard in the event of sickness. Through that winter the men got sick regularly and a week did not go by but I was called shortly after arriving at my appointed place of work to proceed to another classification or Receiving Yard and handle the inspector's duties there. This involved the rather difficult job of keeping six other men's regular jobs in your head at once. Of course it was impossible to please so many crewmen, yardmen, clerks and detectives who had to put up with your fumbling with phone rings and track numbers (there were over 100 track numbers to keep in your head.) So I really got around that Railroad that year in a faltering way.

There were the same old frustrations every night despite the challenge of the job. Pornography in the shanties and the air foul with smut and profanity. The Railroad thrives on indecent language it seems out there in the Yards.

There were cars of surplus potatoes and wheat and eggs for the mothballs somewhere. Cars of plastic trash — inconsequential junk like that. Obsolete war materials floated by on gondolas. And you help it all. You know you're a part of it all and you don't want to be. You like the work but your brain keeps sawing away and you try to get callous but you cannot. I figured I was normal enough. Arthur Pound explained it well to me when he said: "The less mind one has the less it resents that invasion of personality which is inseparable from large scale or mechanical enterprises." (Italics mine.) And less mind one has he says later, "the more will one be found immune to many of the pricks which irritate the normal man into seeing red, less fretted by monotony, less worn by systematic clutter . . . He accepts dumbly his appointed place in the scheme of things industrial, remains unbitten by ambition . . ."

My sourness over having to inspect these cars of trash or surplus or tax waste machinery was part of what I like to think all men intuitively feel: they know a wrong state of affairs is present and react accordingly. They know the true need of humanity and the difference between the phony synthetics created by greed and advertising. My bitter taste stemmed from a growing understanding that modern industrial business manipulated human necessities — food, shelter—and used these necessities as occasions for profit and prosperity.

It was part of a grand scheme to keep men (on this small parcel of the world's land area anyway) not in a productive state which is bad enough for its own sake but to keep men consuming. That is what counted. One executive is said to have gloated over the rising baby crop, considering their consumer potential in cigarettes and liquors twenty years from now.

I was getting tired of the midnight trick anyway with the coming of warm weather. Soon I began to chafe under the world of engine blasts and men cursing into a wheezing phone wanting to know where car 87498 was holed.

The next day after a night of particularly irritating crews (one of which threw a bull chain on my unprotected head under a coupler) I started reading the want ads again. It wasn't long before I was out nosing around for a greener pasture.

TEST OF SCIENCE

If science produces no better fruits than tyranny, murder, rapine and destitution of national morality, I would rather wish our country to be ignorant, honest and estimable as our neighboring savages are. Thomas Jefferson: Letter to John Adams, 1812. — Wash. Post, 12-18-57.

Braceros

Dear Dorothy,

The Catholic Bishops of Mexico have formally opposed the U.S.-Mexico Treaty of 1942, declaring no more "braceros" should be sent to the United States. The Mexican Hierarchy declares that of 2.5 million "braceros" entering the U.S. during the past 15 years, 40%, on returning to Mexico, have not rejoined their families. The Bishops also charge many have been morally corrupted while in the U.S. A Jesuit president of a Catholic college in Mexico says others lost their Faith; some having become Protestants. I have much other information from Mexico. I'm waiting to see if the treaty, which has been renewed annually since 1942 is again renewed when it expires. If it is renewed it will mean the Mexican government has scorned the Catholic Hierarchy. I will write you early in January about the possibility of an article on all this.

Gratefully,
Ted Le Berthon

PETER HORST

For the first time in this country a Judge has ruled that a conscientious objector who belongs to no church and who said that "the only supreme being in which he believes is love" was acquitted in court when U.S. District Judge Ralph M. Freeman in Detroit said he could find no rational evidence supporting the action of the National Selective Service Appeal Board in refusing to give Peter Horst a status as a conscientious objector.

Last year Peter and his wife Paula had a meeting formed in their apartment in Ann Arbor where the Fellowship of Reconciliation members and Quakers assembled. He is a senior at the University but is currently teaching as a substitute in the public schools there. His wife supports his radical pacifist stand. The law plainly states that a youth can only be a conscientious objector if he has arrived at his pacifist views because of "religious training and belief" which has generally meant membership in the historic peace churches: Mennonite, Brethren or Quaker. Depending upon the local draft board at times members of other churches have been allowed status as CO's if they are vouched for by members of their churches or especially by religious leaders. Our friend Harold Dodge, a Catholic, was recently allowed to be a CO. This was in Minnesota.

Ammon Hennacy

Peter Maurin Writes

(Continued from page 1)

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 trust, which must be administered for the benefit of God's children.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

Detention where she had spent almost a month this summer. With her were fellow members of the Catholic Worker Movement, pacifists, individualists — several of whom had also gone to jail for refusing, because of their convictions, to take shelter during an air-raid drill. They had come to Village Square to sing carols to the women inside. They stood in the freezing street opposite the towering building, and sang.

"It seemed hard for the unknown, like this reporter, to believe that anyone could reach the girls in that dismal place.

"The singing started with a kind of unsure sincerity. After the first song, they paused. Against the windows, silhouettes of the watching girls could be seen. Then, from behind the heavy windows, they began to shout. 'More . . . Sing another one' One girl yelled, in a throaty Puerto Rican accent that seemed to make standing in the cold wind worth it: 'Please? Please sing another one, you good people . . . God bless all of you!'

"The group really caught fire and sang with such zeal that they sounded good enough to be in Saint Patrick's. Every time they paused, the inmates thought they were stopping, and pleaded for more.

Circle the Prison

"The carolers circled the prison, giving each side a chance to hear, and each side responded like the others. Every time a girl called down, the singers seemed to take on a new fervor.

"Some passersby approached with the wry smile of sophistication, but no one sneered when he got close. In fact a great many stopped to join in.

"A slightly bald priest who looked very much like Barry Fitzgerald noticed that I was standing apart, and smiled in my direction. A few minutes later he smiled again, came over, and said to me with warmth: You can join us if you'd like. That is—if you really want to.

All Together

"So I sang right along with the group. I was singing with Catholic Workers, tourists, sailors, Villagers, actors, and a drunken woman who also felt the magnetism. We sang ourselves to tears to a bunch of tough girls we would never see.

"After a long time in the cold the carolers started to split up. 'God bless all you girls . . . we know next Christmas will be merrier, shouted the drunken woman in a blurred, tipsy voice, while she looked around thinking that perhaps she had made a mistake. Believe me, she hadn't."

Gifts

Mary Gargan and Veronica Flanigan stayed up in the office most of the night before Christmas, wrapping gifts for the fifty or so people who live in the house. There were also gifts for people outside the house, beautifully wrapped by Veronica Flanigan, and some of these were shopping bags full of toys and other children's things for Puerto Rican families in the neighborhood. One shopping bag was mistaken for another one, full of adult things, like cigarettes, destined for other recipients. When Roger learned of the mistake, he went scurrying to one of the Puerto Rican households, but he could not make himself understood to the Spanish speaking adults there and the only answer he received to each attempt at explanation was more profuse thanks and patting on the back and the endorsement from one relative of the family after another: "good cigarette . . . good cigarette . . ." Roger gave up and came back resigned to the mistake.

Brightening

Christmas was made brighter—figuratively—by the cooks and all

the kitchen men who served hundreds of dinners as if each were the important one. It was made brighter literally by Gordon McCarthy and his helpers, who put up a tree in the library, a Christmas card display in the office, and wreaths and lights on the front of the house; and by Jimmy Gosline, who did nothing more than keep at his year-round, interminable job of painting walls, ceilings and doors.

The Fire Again

Coming back from Midnight Mass at Christmas, Dorothy and I stopped behind the National Theater to make sure there weren't any embers in the perennial "fireplace" because there was a man sleeping with his head in the ashes. The scene made us both think how easily men could burn to death there, so close do they hug the makeshift flames on cold nights, frequently falling asleep by them. The morning after Christmas, almost like a nightmare come true, while Ammon and I were on our way to Mass, a couple of men were in the process of pulling a couple of other men away from the flames in what must have been the nick of time. Live embers fell from the sleeping men as they were pulled from death by fire.

Speakers

Carmen Mathews, an actress (most recently starring on Broadway with Don Ameche in "Bon Voyage") and an old friend of the C.W. read Dicken's Christmas Carol to us on the Friday before Christmas.

The Friday after Christmas, Arthur Sheehan talked about Marc Sangnier and Peter Maurin. Sangnier, editor of *Le Sillon* and a great intellectual leader in France at the turn of the century, had an apparently great influence on Peter before he (Sangnier) turned to politics. The influence was practical as well as philosophical. Arthur told us how Sangnier would, as Peter was to do later, seek out likely disciples, travel to see them personally and take them on long walks during which he would indoctrinate them.

The first Friday of this month, Mr. Joseph Zaparak, a Jesuit Scholastic who teaches at St. Francis Xavier high school, read and commented on Hopkins' "Wreck of the Deutschland."

Evictions

About a month ago a Puerto Rican family in our neighborhood with eight children was evicted from its apartment. Within the same week, another Puerto Rican woman (also, by coincidence, the mother of eight) came to us in desperation. Her family had been evicted, its furniture and other worldly goods piled on the sidewalk. The belongings were looted by passersby, the most serious loss being the children's clothes. Toward Christmas, with the help of friends, we managed to avert another eviction. Laura, a young Puerto Rican mother of three children whom we have known for many years, was facing eviction unless she could immediately pay a backlog of rent. A poet friend of ours was visiting us the night Laura was in the office with her financial problem. He immediately called a friend of his, who post haste sent the money Laura needed.

Psychoanalysis

Lee Pagano, the sandal maker, just back from Koinonia, was in the office and we were discussing Kenneth Rexroth's recent blast against attempts to dissect the artistic psychology clinically. Lee thinks that psychoanalysis is futile by its nature, turning whatever it touches into its own image. "The best example is the analysis of the man going to work. If he arrives early, he's anxious, if late, he is rebellious and if on time, compulsive."

From the Mail Bag

Two Letters from Japan

I.
To the Catholic Worker:
 The third meeting for the prohibition of atomic bombs and hydrogen bombs in a war was held . . . when we have observed the 12th anniversary of our baptism of damage and penance by the A bombs. The "wish to peace" rising above the sorrow came back again to our Japanese minds. We are in a position to judge more coolly and rightly what the heavy damage in that day means. August 6th, when the A-bomb was dropped—the terrific day which all of Japanese have never forgotten—is also becoming a terrific day for the world. By means of the constant efforts of the population, New Japan is progressing little by little, but the unseen destruction still works in the bodies of the survivors, and we know it not only effects their bodies but the blood of the descendants by heredity. We are anxious about the fact that the sufferers from the A-bombing have been dying of disease by the atomic heat and rays, developing sorrowful symptoms of it continuing into the far future.

Atomic power casts a dark shadow. Experiments of A-bombs and H-bombs which are being carried out undermine, gradually but steadily, the foundation of human life, on account of radiation in the air. Besides this, it becomes a great problem when, as in the case of Bikini, the ash of death is thrown about over our human heads. We cannot understand that mankind beyond our thought are put into the great whirlpool of atomic rays. Since future war includes the possibility of the use of such an atomic weapon, we should give impetus to the big-armorament limitation and disarmament, and we should appeal the prohibition of A-bomb and H-bomb to the public opinion and the right of all the world; with all other nations in this world we should do our best to save the world from the most terrible crisis.

I hope, through this famous Catholic Worker, that the day when this will be understood by all of the world will soon come.

Chiaki Gato
 c/o Yamashita,
 335 Yodabashi, Shinjuku,
 Tokyo, Japan. 9-20-1957

II.

I started out on my planned trip around the country. For this purpose I bought a bicycle, believing this to be the only way to get the closest contact with the country people which was, more or less, my chief object. One Saturday night I

packed up and set out, direction south west, Kyoto and Hiroshima being my first main object. After pedaling away all night and confronting great difficulties at almost every crossroad, I put about a hundred miles behind me, reaching next morning the foothills of Mt. Fuji. The not too good roads, and like so many countries the great number of motor vehicles poisoning up the air with their fumes, etc. leave only little enjoyment for bicyclers today in Japan, especially when it comes to walking up the mountain roads as is my case now. Along with the dawn came a gentle rain over the valley, which, however could not dampen my ambition and I started to walk up, pushing my heavily burdened bicycle for hours and hours . . .

Towards noon I was still walking up, only by now completely wet, since the rain got worse from hour to hour, and I had finally to take shelter under the roof of a house. Soon I was noticed by some people of the house or houses, as the rain came from all sides now, making me move around the house, and I was called to come in, warm myself and dry my clothes. Following the invitation I was placed before a charcoal fire located in a coverable two feet deep square hole in the center of the room; being left alone, I fell into a nap over it and soon after I woke up I was surrounded by perhaps as many as twenty-five children. The rain did not stop that afternoon so I was asked to have my supper with them and sleep in one of the classrooms as I learned now that I was in a school and home for orphans. I found it to be the custom in Japan to go to bed early, around nine o'clock, while the time for rising in the morning is around five. Yes, I was indeed very much surprised to hear the little children running about when it was just dawning and I had a peep at the weather which had not changed a bit. The clouds poured forth all day. I was asked again to eat with them and stay over night as before, which I did not refuse but it made me feel uncomfortable. By now I was acquainted with almost every corner of the compound and learned that there was a lot of work to do, especially repair work, in which I engaged myself in the morning of the third day as it still rained. They seemed to be pleased with what I was doing and agreed when I suggested on the fourth rainy day that I would like to stay for awhile and work for them. The clouds were empty on the fifth day and there was a slow clearing up

on the sky which made me feel very happy, for now I could plan and do some outside work. My quarters were shifted in the meantime to what they called the big boys, aged between ten and sixteen, with whom I then first got into a relation—sometimes, especially due to the language difficulty, a little edgy, but all the same they parted the last cookie with me—a relation as it usually exists among brothers and sisters. The same relation was, to my great liking, soon established with young and old and all of them. This was actually my original goal and it now was no pretention anymore and they gave me a true picture of their heart, the most necessary achievement for an understanding of another human being, a group of people, or a whole nation. It seemed that I was destined to come and stay on this place, for here were people from almost all over the country, men and women of all ages as one group of the most beloved of the Lord God, all here combined in one family. Just one example: I was fortunate enough to have had almost all the meals with the manager and his closest staff, so I knew what they were eating; to my great surprise I found their food varying only little from the rest of the people's if it did so at all. To judge about this was anyway very hard for there were four different kitchens, one for the boys and girls below the age of ten, one for the boys above ten, another for the girls above ten and one for the manager, teachers, etc. I indeed checked up especially on this point and finding so little difference of food between the groups I was struck with awe, for this I considered to come close to, or to be true religion.

About one week had passed when one morning at around eleven there was a telephone call. A reporter of the Yomiuri Shimbun, one of the three great newspapers of Japan, wished to interview me that afternoon . . . The gentleman appeared took some photographs and had indeed grasped my main ideas, for in the headline of the article, which was in the paper a few days later, he summarized: Peace comes through work and not through H-bombs. Yes . . . after having my passage arranged and everything in order I left for Kyoto, Hiroshima and back to Kobe again.

When I set out on my travels again, arriving at dawn at Hiroshima, I was told that all the places I wanted to visit were still closed . . . I went to what is called the Peace Memorial Hall, where the historic remains and also photographs of the atomic disaster can be seen. There are of course always visitors from all over the country, their hearts saddened by the sight of all this and shedding tears and one being of what is known as the "White Race" must automatically feel more or less uncomfortable among them, just as he will when traveling over the rest of the country.

Werner Reummelin

Note: Werner is an Austrian student who attended the University of Syracuse. He spent several days with us at Chrystie Street and Peter Maurin Farm. He mailed the above from Pakistan where he is now working. As he continues his travels he will write to us. Before he left the States he signed over his car which we are now using at Peter Maurin Farm.

SOLIDARITY — The Mystical Body Of Christ

A new order! And we half smile ourselves as we use again a phrase so often used, which has carried so much of hope, and which has been realized so little. God help the poor throughout the ages who have had this message of hope given to them only to realize it in tyranny and a new oppression! God help the poor whose lives go on under many regimes and always in destitution and sorrow, pressed down by the agony of day to day existence and the recurring hope of better things and a fuller life and the year by year disillusionment, until death comes in pity to remove what little of them clings to the earth and brings a rest they have never known, a joy they could not otherwise have experienced. We belong with these: the poor, the oppressed, the homeless of the ages who wander aimlessly in time, waiting for revolution, waiting for justice, waiting for eternity.

We belong with the Jews who are dispossessed, who wander the wastelands searching for home and dignity and tolerance. We belong with the Negro who cries for justice in a land that claims to be dedicated to it, and which only too often has offered the "justice" of lynch mobs. We belong with our Catholic brethren in any land where they suffer persecution and with our brethren of other faiths and with all those who suffer from the hatred of the world. It goes beyond society, beyond economics, beyond nations—to the realization of our common heritage, our joys that we live together, our deaths that we die together, our resurrection which we accomplish together, in Him who is the beginning and end of all peoples.

Robert Ludlow.

COMMUNITY

(Continued from page 5)

souri, also under the aegis of a bishop, this one Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. Here, too, the resident pastor was the first settler; he preceded the people by almost a year, and cleared some of the land himself with the help of two laymen who pioneered with him. It is a source book, with reprints of articles from the town paper, and articles written by descendants of the first settlers.

American Intentional Communities is a study of three communities: Campanella, founded by two Baptist ministers "seeking to relate the teachings of Jesus to the needs of man in everyday living"; Macedonia in Georgia, at first a non-religious community, which has since applied for admission to the Brotherhood with their specifically Christian basis; and Gould Farm, where people with histories of mental or emotional troubles can be helped by community living. This is a true sociological study, and the tables and measurements do not mean much to this reviewer. What interested her more was Infield's conclusion that there are two ways in which intentional communities can begin to exert a stronger influence: first as a way out if there should be a general economic collapse; second, to meet a genuine need of the society, as for example the material prosperity of America coupled with the growing prevalence of anxiety neuroses. This is a corroboration of the idea that has occurred in much Catholic Worker speculation on the subject; that community cannot exist in thin air, so to speak, simply for the sake of community living in itself, but must grow out of and meet a real need that is basic.

True Surrender is a translation of part of one of the early Hutterite documents, the Great Article Book, discussing the basic tenets

of that faith.

From the introduction: "The Christian demand for the sharing of goods (both production and consumption) is argued in a twofold way: (1) Brotherly love in its fullest extent where no one can speak any longer of mine and thine . . . (2) Self-surrender, yielding to divine commandments, resignation, giving up all self-willing . . . the realization of discipleship on the level of economics."

It is a most valuable sourcebook of quotations on the Christian attitude toward property. There are not only scriptural quotations but selections from the Fathers and early Christian writers—Clement, Chryostom, Augustine, and others, with additional commentary by the compiler himself.

The Heritage of Community consists of brief accounts of small communities all over the world. The editors say, "In some of the face-to-face societies of the past, and in some of those which survive, the primary-group community was . . . a vital social organism, with an intensity of social consciousness, a completeness of understanding, an internal harmony, and a stability and normality of personality, of which we seldom dream . . . We (should not be) diverted from our search for fineness by finding that the elements we respect and admire have often through circumstances been associated with other traits we would not emulate. The art of living calls, not for wholesale acceptance or rejection, but for critical and understanding appraisal and selections." Included are descriptions—all firsthand—of Eskimo communities by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, New Mexican by D. H. Lawrence, American Indian by John Collier, and others, very varied in type, by less known writers.

The final book, The Community of the Future, is a study of the significance of the small community, and in effect a plea against bigness and centralization of power. There is a chapter on intentional communities.

"The most quoted weekly in America"

The Commonweal

Editors, contributors and readers alike appear to agree that what is most significant and important about The Commonweal is that it is an embodiment of a point of view. It is a conclusion reflected in quotations from, and reference to, The Commonweal in various metropolitan newspapers and other mass media.

This viewpoint is most clearly manifest in The Commonweal's editorials each week on events and public issues. It also is developed, less directly perhaps, in a variety of articles on many subjects—social, cultural and political—by such typical contributors as: William V. Shannon, Christopher Dawson, H. A. Reinhold, Bede Griffiths, Francis E. McMahon, Thomas Molnar and Martin Turnell.

The Commonweal's approach is perhaps one further degree less obvious in its many literary articles and reviews of current books, movies and plays. But it is also implicit there. The magazine's varied content week by week adds up to an integral whole.

Why not examine this viewpoint for yourself?

13 Issues for \$2
 For New Subscribers Only
 THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

BOOKS ON DISTRIBUTIVISM

- Work and Culture by Eric Gill \$1.10
- A Short History of England by G. K. Chesterton 1.65
- The Crisis of Civilization by Hilaire Belloc 2.75
- Six Social Documents by Pope Pius XII50
- Social Teachings of Pope Leo XIII edited by E. Gilson 1.00
- Reconstruction of the Modern World by Pope Pius XI 1.35
- Back to Reality by Gustave Thibon 1.75
- What Ails Mankind? by Gustave Thibon 1.25
- Cooking with Whole Grains by E. V. Orton 2.00
- Financial Justice by J. F. L. Bray50
- The Servile State by Hilaire Belloc 1.75
- Sacred and Secular in Art and Industry by Eric Gill 1.10
- Property and Poverty by A. Crofts 1.75
- The Pleasures of Poverty by A. Bertram 1.75
- Rich and Poor in Christian Tradition by W. Shewring 1.50
- The Rich and the Poor: a Biblical Anthology50
- Where Man Belongs by H. J. Massingham 1.00
- Selected Writings of Wm. Morris 1.25
- Distributism, the Alternative by Hilaire Belloc15
- Distributism by Sagar35
- The Cross of Gold by Hilaire Pepler35
- Money is Sterile by G. Jansen35
- The Distributist—a quarterly paper—price per issue25
- Toward Simple Living by R. Stowell50
- Art in a Changing Civilization by Eric Gill 2.10
- On Kingship by St. Thomas Aquinas 2.00
- The Rights of Man by Pope Pius XII15
- Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism by A. Fanfani 3.10
- The Making of a Moron by Niall Brennan 2.60

Order from David Hennessy, Perkinsville, Vermont

Madonna Wall Panel

Ade Bethune's Russian Madonna mounted on maple with Pyraglass finish—\$2.00

Size: 3½ in. x 6 in.
 Specify color choice:
 Blue, Red, Green

ST. LEO SHOP, INC.
 NEWPORT, R. I.

A non-profit corporation for the liturgical apostolate.