I was once thrown out of a Knights of Columbus meeting because I didn’t agree, as the K. of C.American, with the radical labor movement. He is known as the father of the saints. Ammon al-Mudir, a martyr from Persia was beheaded in the year 304, Vincent was martyred in Spain, in 304, Vincent was beheaded in 304.

And when conservatives try to conserve something for it is built on systematic unselfishness based on greed, there is the image of God in man. there is more to life than life. there is life on the other side of the grave. science leads to biology, biology to physiology, physiology to philosophy. the handmaid of theology. to build up the city of God, that is to say, to express the spiritual in the material through the use of pure means, such is the task of professing Christians in this day and age.

INTEGRAL HUMANISM Through the influence of Maxim Gorki, the Marxists have come to the conclusion that you are a radical.

INTEGRAL HUMANISM is the humanism of the Radicals of the Right. The Radicals of the Right are now talking about Cultural Tradition. The bourgeois idea of culture, that culture is a thing to consume. Eric Gill maintains that culture is related to work, not to leisure. Man is saved through faith and through works, and what one does is a lot to do with what one is. Traditional action must be combined. When thought is separated from action it becomes academic. When thought and action is related to action it becomes dynamic. (Reprinted from 1938)

Stop Atomic Tests In The Pacific

The Golden Rule sail boat is protecting these tests, leaving February 9 from San Pedro harbor for Hawaii, Wake Island and the restricted area in the Marshall Islands where the tests are scheduled in April. Four Quakers, Bert Bigelow, former commander in the Navy, Bill Huntington, architect and boatsman; George Willoughby, head of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors; and David Gale, young pacifist, are the crew of this 30 foot ketch with 500 feet of sail and a small 24 hp auxiliary motor. President Eisenhower and other authorities were informed of this voyage ahead of any press release. The crew members took part in the opposing of the tests in Nevada last summer. Dorothy Day and I are on the Committee for Non-Violent Action, Nuclear Weapons and I have met weekly with the steerers of this vessel.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS In accordance with Peter Maurin’s desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 7:30. Because our object is to wipe out the Northern Hemisphere, we do not want to spread ourselves thin. We would rather have more small units. The activity is to be sponsored by the Democratic Club, a discussion group.

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Permanence and Precarity

It seems that these two diverse states, permanence and precarity, have both assumed a strange but integral part of The Catholic Worker's existence. Its permanence seems to be located by the fact that on May Day of this movement and the New York house of hospitality mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization. The Catholic Worker was founded nine years ago by the late Wilfrid Pareon who wrote on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary "I admit I got a shock in hearing that you are as young as any of all of us. I was liv­ing using up the life line that you had been going on forever—well, for a long time anyway." I wonder if his reaction is the same now in the second twenty years.

So much for permanence; precarity is more important.

Whether you do a thing for a long time, like St. Teresa of Avila, or for a short time, like St. Teresa of Lisieux, you should, like both of them, do it well. The Catholic Worker has from the beginning been totally committed to voluntary poverty and because of this comfort has been in the past quarters of some hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

In June, 1957, the New York house of hospitality was given a notice from the Transit Authority that our home, St. Joseph's House, was going to be torn down along with all the other buildings on the block to make way for a new subway connection. This house on Chrystie Street is the most comfortable home The Catholic Worker has owned in the past quarter-century; perhaps we were getting too comfortable.

We hope that we won't be accused of being"pious" when we say that we consider this something of a."sign" from God, a most appropriate gift on our twenty-fifth anniversary. The gift of precarity is to insure our permanence.

We will of course need a new house but we have been told that we probably will not have to move before July and we feel a great sense of tradition and kinship and brotherhood of the early Christians is needed. And we are the nation that was give-away programs, pensions and subsidies. Several business men like Henry L. Lunn, Cyrus Eaton, and W. E. B. Du Bois of the steel industry have understood that voluntary poverty and because of this comfort is our life insurance to boot. We will testify to the fact that when they neglected their vow of poverty and because of this comfort that was left was needed to be picked.

One man came in during the past week and took over a room in the house. He had lived in the New York area for three years with us, Charlie ran by the sword. Three years with us, Charlie ran by the sword.

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My Lord, the void is not the same as the given. It is not a negation of the given; it is its ungiven-ness. It is the possibility of the given, the potential for the given to be given.

The Church's answer to Communism's challenge is built chiefly around our Lord's message is the forgiveness of sin and all that that implies. Our Lord's message is not the mission of Our Lord nor can we hope to qualify as His messengers, carriers of His Good News, until one thing has happened, and one condition has been fulfilled. That condition is that we can own up not only to our own fault but to the fault of all men who have allowed their ambition to lead them into their mistakes and have been responsible for their mistakes. Our Lord's message is the forgiveness of sin and all that that implies.

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A dance was announced for Wednesday night. I thought for a moment that a man is imprisoned if he is forced to be with his family he is hardly in a spirit to go to a dance. But when I got up to the dance and realized the carefree attitude and invited me to investigate the dance. I noticed that he was always on time and he said that he had been looking and so I decided to go. Mr. Young, the white-haired, dark-skinned nurse, who was born in Tunis and spoke French into going. We were actually in a dance-hall. I saw the tragedy of man living so much, including Salamenti Una.

I was glad for a professional tenor community this we kend. He was interested in the Liberation Press so I was refreshing to see a young and interested in the dancing.

There was an outer lounge where only night tables, a juke box, piano, checker were different were thrown. There was a wall of the corridor as we entered. A dance was announced for Wednesday night. Apart from God except the last one Lois who was born in Tunis and spoke French into going. We were actually in a dance-hall. I saw the tragedy of man living so much, including Salamenti Una.

I was glad for a professional tenor community this we kend. He was interested in the Liberation Press so I was refreshing to see a young and interested in the dancing.
There is an awful hurry run­ning through the days. At every­where there is nothing that can be done aside from what seems to be the work that finds themselves.

He is trapped, perhaps, in a re­markable sense, in the working store. His eye gets bigger than his wealth, he is shuffling out eight­bucks a month for a small-sized launch, sometimes called an automobile. With insurance and taxes and a car payment on his home he is hitting below the belt. It seems that he will be on the job another month. One of his children needs extensive dental work and the church is calling for a sizable donation for a new recreation cen­ter.

The year rolls ahead like a car­pet of nails and agony. There is no end to the bitterness. They are walking on a water-wheel of money. Two things are a part of mil­lions of workers’ lives. All of it is taken for granted, lay down. There is no way out except for the momentary escape in alcohol, the temporary flight, the empty ride to nowhere.

This routine of grindende­monia, of waiting and aDMI­nting, of hopelessness and bitter­ness. And why not?

Is this all the further we have come? Is this all the world is striv­ing to? To spend a majority of one’s life in work? On what to pay and pay again? To be slaves tourers in Christian dis­agreement, the world is broken, who seem to control the life around us?

All this rat-racing, money-worry­ing, ill anxiety is given the name of business. But is this our time? is that men feel it is? It is taking over our lives, like eating and drinking. It never enters consciousness that there is a problem, that security that is all so much nonsense.

The increase of nervous tension, ulcers, heart att­ack and insanity the pace does not seem to be accelerating in tempo in all the time. A society that is so fast must hate money addiction and digg­ish, which is a degeneration into the arms of the men who perpetuate the Security Myth.

Since when does a man need security?

A child will need it to a certain age, a sick need it shorter, parents’ hands in the dark. Why? He lives in an almost world of goblins and bogeymen. When a full grown man lives in the spook­filled dark he will need security too. He will need all the kitchen­ets along with his room, as he needs a television set, not tomorrow but to­day—when it means a revealing account. He will need his well­stocked icebox, his liquor cabinet, his pack of cigarettes, his car key to keep him away from the big bad world.

All this tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow living cannot be called a Christian life. The worker has to pull the plug some­where, and he is pulling the plug about this rainy day business or he has to retire.

In the first place God has given us all the security we need—to­day tomorrow—rainy day or dry. And to chase rainbows of an abundance which is just about all there is a time being a pages.

The Carpenter of Nazareth says “Do not be the heathen do that.”

In the first place God has given us all the security we need—tomorrow a rainbow, a deer, a human being to find themselves.

He is trapped, perhaps, in a re­markable sense, in the working store. His eye gets bigger than his wealth, he is shuffling out eight­bucks a month for a small-sized launch, sometimes called an automobile. With insurance and taxes and a car payment on his home he is hitting below the belt. It seems that he will be on the job another month. One of his children needs extensive dental work and the church is calling for a sizable donation for a new recreation cen­ter.

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Nowhere in history will we find anybody who worried very much about very short to very short, but rather...
I was very happy to accept his invitation and join the fifteen members of the pilgrimage at Kansas City and proceed by train to Mexico.

The great truth that dawned on me in this interview with the Mexican pilgrims was how much understanding, to offer homage to God and the shrine where the church and the adobe. They are like the hills. They will not like my reporting this, but it is hard to work the greatest joy out of it and seem very happy men indeed. They, who sleep on boards, do without tea, coffee, tobacco, radio, newspapers, professional magazines and in a life which they do not consider at all mortified. All these things which the world finds so wondrous and strange, found delight for Thomas a Kempis put it. And living this right-side-up life which the world considers so fantastic, they great joy out of it and seem very happy men indeed.

I could write a separate article about the pilgrims, and perhaps I will in the near future. But let it be also known that they were all Mexicans, of different classes, average background, peasants, Czeho-Slovakian, Greeks, Indians, and so on, who came to the middle west and laced pioneers, and in this American country of ours they had to understand the poverty of the Mexican. Who to blame it on, Spain, or the French, or the Aztecs, or those imperialist or their own instincts? Wishing, the matter concluded, the matter that was not so simple, and just wondered at how differently the people react to the challenges of life. One thing they wondered at and marvelled at, no, that was the faith of the Mexican pilgrims who come by the hundreds and thousands to the shrine, and to other shrines of Mexico. Where we in the United States have almost every other Sunday of outstanding, the Mexican finds his joy in the pilgrimage to the shrines of his pilgrims. As the Moslems go to Mecca, as the Hindu to his Rishikesh, to the Buddha to his birthplace, to the tradition of the White shall we see the Mexican going to the shrine where the church and the country are theirs. "God has given it to them so crowded with pilgrims that it was hard for them to find a line would come when they would be conquered by a people from the sea. We saw the pyramids of the ancient Egyptians, we saw the temple and its carving of serpents and gods. And now the sun god is the sun god and the moon god by Our Lady of Guadalupe, the mother of all the Americas, of our own United States as well as Mexico, Central and South America.

And of all the representations of the blessed Mother of Christ, this is the most beautiful. After that occurrence, the Incians were converted by the tens of thousands.

"We have the answer to the problem of color which confronts us in Mexico. We have the answer to it," said the guide in an interview on the last day. "Our Lady answered it then. There is no problem in Mexico. When the Spanish came they put down the Indians. There is now a piece, a new race. There was intermarriage from the first.

Archbishop Miranda certainly understood the power of non-violence. He told us of interviews he had in Europe with repatriated Mexicans. He said that four of the many non-Catholics that we saw, on pilgrimage, were being repatriated in town after town, and new churches going up. Even over the heads of the government. Those months of the year when they are not working they come to worship, to offer sacrifice, to offer supplication or thanksgiving, to offer homage to God and the shrine."

Coming to Mexico my first impression was that it was the first things first—God and religion, which was the first and only perversion of the Church which began with the Reform of 1821. Archbishop Calles in the 20's and continued in the 30's, Graham Greene wrote about it in 1939.

Sad to say, there are huge areas where there are no missions, and the churches have fallen into decay. Archbishop Calles was the archbishop of Mexico. It is the need for priests (who exist), but they are not being paid, and for catechists. But I will speak now on how the great mass of religious in Mexico had been the ones we saw, on pilgrimage, who had been working in the fields, being rebuilt in town after town, and new churches going up. Even over the heads of the government. Those months of the year when they are not working they come to worship, to offer sacrifice, to offer supplication or thanksgiving, to offer homage to God and the shrine."

The people, their work, their poverty, their endurance! They are close to the soil, living in homes made of the soil around them, surrounded by the ever changing mountains, at the time of our pilgrimage as brown as the hills which they called home, the adobe homes, as the adobe hot, as the harsher they rode, as the roads they rode. "You cannot change the people," the guide said.

"They are the hills. They will always be there."

It was in 1531 that Our Lady appeared to the Indian Juan Diego (the Spanish name given him by his baptism). There were not many Catholics then among the Indians, and the treatment of the Spaniards who had conquered them was not calculated to convert them very fast. If ever the tension which always exists between church and state showed, it did then, between the confraternity and the pedres who came with them to bring the message of the gospel. The conquistadores were hungry for gold and silver which was awarded in great abundance. We still saw the mines operating around Guanajuato, and saw the Indians in the golden and silver in the dry river beds on the way to Guanajuato from San Luis Potosi. Much gold was sent back to Spain and the brothers of St. Teresa of Avila sent her gold too help build her convents. They too were in search of their fortune. It was under Archbishop Calles that the vision of the Blessed Mother appeared to the poor Indian by the side of the hill of Tepeyac. Seeing that a shrine, a temple, be built there in honor of her. It was a vision that, through the meager, that was the greatest cost, "he said.

The great truth that dawned upon me over here, the people themselves, with no particular leaders that stand out as Gandhi or Vinoba Bhave stand out, standing against militarist leaders who have won, by their suffering, by their endurance, the religious freedom they now have in a abundance and which is still against the law on the books in Mexico.

I saw the church in Coyocan where Dona Maria de la Luz (where a machine gun killed workers) who came from Mass, back to the 20's, and young men were laid out dead on the plaza in Mexico City. I was thinking today how our pilgrims all come from Minnesota, a state abounding in Indian names and names, but where are the Indians now? Fr. Leo pointed out to us the Mexican Indian. Fr. Leo pointed out to us the Indian who came to the shrine, and what the Indians did to the Mexican and what the Mexican did for the Indians. There is now a piece, a new race. There was intermarriage from the first.

Archbishop Miranda certainly understood the power of non-violence. He told us of interviews he had in Europe with repatriated priests and men who had been repatriated with the millions of Hellenic labor camps. "And they want to go back," he said. "They feel that there is a fruitful field for conversion. There the people are eager for faith."

The Russian's consider themselves not only Europeans but also Asiatics. Perhaps it is from this their Mendacism idea comes. Then the Mexicans many of them look as though they had come over from Asia, over the Aculean Islands, down through Alaska and along the coast to Mexico.

The Archbishop told us of the increasing number of pilgrimages that were coming to Mexico from every state in the United States as well as Mexico to visit the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe and El Senor de Guadalupe, who the tilma which hangs behind the high altar.

I am always conscious when I write, of the many non-Catholics who are to be the new leaders in Mexico and who are to be so much more than just leaders. I only had the honor of being there with St. Augustine that the feast of Mary, that He took as a first step of love, and call attention to that greeting of Elizabeth, 

God means us to use material things, to use our work, our documents with bread and wine, with words, with the word, the wonderful presentations of all beauty of ritual, music, color, odor, incense, beeswax and incense. The Indians too say, "With this body I were to conquer the universe, literally so crowded with pilgrims that the Indians were looking in the afternoon to the pyramids and what a contrast this visit! There were the Indians, like the Russians, only some picknickers in this architecture. The Indians have no idols but altars, and there are not even many settlements near that temple, nor daily sacrifice for a temple for human sacrifice. Our Lady of Guadalupe of Quetzalcoatl, the blood-blue-eyed man who came from the sea and the Indians thought he was the sun god. A line would come when they would be conquered by a people from the sea. We saw the pyramids of the ancient Egyptians, we saw the temple and its carving of serpents and gods. And now the sun god is the sun god and the moon god by Our Lady of Guadalupe, the mother of all the Americas, of our own United States as well as Mexico, Central and South America.

And of all the representations of the blessed Mother of Christ, this is the most beautiful.

After that occurrence, the Incians were converted by the tens of thousands.

"We have the answer to the problem of color which confronts us in Mexico. We have the answer to it," said the guide in an interview on the last day. "Our Lady answered it then. There is no problem in Mexico. When the Spanish came they put down the Indians. There is now a piece, a new race. There was inter-marriage from the first.

Archbishop Miranda certainly understood the power of non-violence. He told us of interviews he had in Europe with repatriated priests and men who had been repatriated with the millions of Hellenic labor camps. "And they want to go back," he said. "They feel that there is a fruitful field for conversion. There the people are eager for faith."

The Russian's consider themselves not only Europeans but also Asiatics. Perhaps it is from this their Mendacism idea comes. Then the Mexicans many of them look as though they had come over from Asia, over the Aculean Islands, down through Alaska and along the coast to Mexico.

The Archbishop told us of the increasing number of pilgrimages that were coming to Mexico from every state in the United States as well as Mexico to visit the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe and El Senor de Guadalupe, who the tilma which hangs behind the high altar.
A Letter to a Russian

(Continued from page 3)

Mrs. Ammon Hennacy
The Catholic Worker
Mr. Ammon Hennacy
The Catholic Worker

Dear Mr. Hennacy:

Sorokin Writes Hennacy

Mr. Ammon Hennacy
The Catholic Worker
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hennacy:

This is just to congratulate you and the Catholic Worker on your successful tour of the United States. I have included news bulletins on the Catholic Worker and your speaking tour in the recent issue of the Catholic Worker. I am glad that you were able to make this visit.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Filipic A. Sorokin

Mr. Ammon Hennacy
The Catholic Worker

Liberty and Leadership

(Continued from Leadership)

times these biases are expressed anecdotally: "We had an old 'darks' worker for us. He asked me, 'What is the name of this place?' And I said, 'It's the Catholic Worker.' " It's hard to believe that the Catholic Worker even exists."

The Catholic Worker also has a strong influence on many people. It has been described as "a community of faith and action" and "a place where people can find community and purpose." It has been praised for its commitment to nonviolence and social justice, and for its influence on many other social movements.

The Catholic Worker has also been criticized. Some have accused it of being too idealistic and utopian, and of not being effective in the real world. Others have accused it of being too political and activist, and of not being concerned with the spiritual dimension of life.

Overall, the Catholic Worker is a controversial and influential organization. It has had a significant impact on many people and movements, and it continues to be a source of inspiration and critique for many others.
THE CATHOLIC WORKER

FARMER IN PSYCHO

(Continued from page 4)

to take him away before the trial.
He said I had done well on all the other tests. I asked if it was possible to have a copy of my Blot test because I wanted to write concerning said question in an article I am writing up myself in an attempt to improve the physical world as it really is. I told him this is a subtle twist because now the doctors accused of insanity is using the doctors' test to diagnose the insanity of the normal. I asked at this time if it was doctors on trial or asked if it was necessary to take these tests. If by now they cannot say that this is insane then I am sane therefore they would never know by any test.

"Why am I in this place," I asked, "called the police and they brought you?" "I was brought in on charges and therefore by what right did the police bring me here?" He said he had no choice in the matter but was simply following routine. "But if you had a choice," I said. "You have the choice of pronouncing me sane, or resigning to your fate. You can say to me that I have no responsibility in the problem before me; then we shall hold every man responsible.

I asked the doctor if there were no other patients in a mental hospital who were forced to undergo these treatments that they had not been informed of their health (except for those who would have become well anyway). I then went on to say that one can do any healing if you proceed with the patient, with him, with his fate and so made my own ethical system. But I thank God I was unable to do what was the master of my own ship. God protected me before him until lifting my eyes up for help, I discovered a whole new world of the spirit with unlimited possibilities.

But this explanation failed to satisfy the psychiatrist. He would not be satisfied until he could give the physical interpretations. He wanted me to take the Blot test again. I told him if I had known the answers were to be physical I would not have been surprised but since taking the test, I have made up my mind against putting God on trial for the first time for trying to help him.

This is the tender English lad whose loneliness for his family saddens me no end. He must constantly hold his hand and frequently leaves it with me telling me to guard it. At this very moment he has handed me Fulton Sheen's "The World for God" for the tenth time. His only friend in N. Y. is a social worker, Aimes Holley, at the Sloan House YMCA, who visits him in prison to the house.

There is still the football tackle in the red corduroy sport shirt that he carries on an extended conversation with the man in his bed. He is still the Swiss electronic worker who came to the U. S. just six months ago. He went to work at Clarksville, Va., and there he found he was the cause of being a communist agent because he was a foreigner. He felt the champagne had not been good enough for me to have much of it and this, of course, he speaks four languages; German, French, Italian and some English.

I asked the doctor who is pastor of the Truth Holiness Church. He is out a warrant for his arrest on non-support. His wife is a divorcée. She has recently divorced her husband and has decided he cannot live with her. When I saw the doctor I could not disguise the fact that he was an agnostic at heart and I believe I told him this fact and so made my own ethical system. But I thank God I was unable to do what was the master of my own ship. God protected me before him until lifting my eyes up for help, I discovered a whole new world of the spirit with unlimited possibilities.

O'Donnell home, which he has now rented and he and Vicki and my brother Mike the local butcher about vegetarians cutting into his meat. Carl had more work that he could get done, even though shot basket after shot basket into an improvised basket while Virginia Williams who sponsored the group was from Springville, Iowa. There was a mention of Binghamton State Hospital near Springville. There was a mention of Binghamton State Hospital near me.

For John Fox interrupted many glass windows; and the Roach and O'Donnell families live. We drove near. Carl had more work that he could get on at this trade. He told me that was the only non-meat food on hand. The men hanging around the Red Brick Restaurant, most of whom were Quakers. They gen-

THE CHRONICLES OF THOMAS FRITH

B.M.C.

This is an attempt to reconstruct Dominican life in Eastern Europe. It is not, to be sure, as it was seen by a con-

In the Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

when cooperation with capitalism was the line my friend Mike told me he was not interested in. He criticized it and now Gates admits he was wrong, for the true radical should be opposed to capitalism no matter what he does. He believes in the Red Brick Restaurant, most of whom are Quakers. They genotype political action. For my part I don't vote or shoot but by direct action seek to keep alive the visions of Thoreau and Debs.

Upton, Mass. Farm

A few weeks ago Lee Paggen, who was born in an anarchistic colony in lower N. J., drove me to a farm near his house before where Carl Pascolon, a CO who did time in Danbury prison, and who is a convert, makes stained glass windows; and the House of O'Donnell families live. We drove safely through a snow storm and were greeted by the eight Pascolon children, Carl and Mary. Two O'Donnell boys and some girls came over and the stone house was full of healthy noise. Martin shot basket after basket into an improvised "basket" while I came no ways near. Carl had more work than he could get done, even though he was Master of the local Grange, chairman of the Co-operative store, and left for the Spanish Civil War is fine, even though it was late. But to stifle criticism now and still follow the Kusan line shows that the Communist Party in this country is not up to the task.

This does not mean that the quarrelling splinter groups or the right wing Socialists in their Black Republic line in the twenties, in their SACP line in the thirties, in the Spanish Civil War is fine, even though it was late. But to stifle criticism now and still follow the Kusan line shows that the Communist Party in this country is not up to the task.

"Who, me?"

BY JOHN STANLEY

I may choose to sacrifice my life for one cause or another;
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